The Rise of the Drackens

by StarLight_Massacre

Summary

Harry comes into a very unexpected inheritance. He is a creature both rare and very dangerous, a creature that is blacklisted by the British Ministry. So now he must avoid detection at all costs, whilst choosing his life partners and dealing with impending pregnancy at just sixteen. With danger coming not just from the Ministry but even other creatures, what was he supposed to do?
Welcome to Dracken Life

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Warning: Slash, violence, moresome, language, blood, Mpreg, creature fic.

Pairing: Originally Draco/Harry/Blaise is now Draco/Harry/Blaise/OMC/OMC

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This chapter was adopted from Beautiful Kaos on Fanfiction. Net and was originally called Dragon Kind. The Dracken concept is hers, not mine; I’ve just fiddled about with it. This first chapter is made up of bits and pieces of the first chapter she wrote before putting her story up for adoption, I have tweaked it and added a lot to it, but the underlying plot for this one chapter is hers. Everything after this one chapter is mine.

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The Rise of the Drackens.

Chapter One – Welcome to Dracken Life

Harry James Potter woke up slowly, languidly, in the early hours of the morning on his sixteenth birthday, not knowing what had woken him up, but he found out soon as he realised some very surprising, unexpected and, quite frankly, shocking changes.

The first thing his groggy mind, that was still clinging to the last remnants of sleep, made him aware of was his changed eyesight. Everything was so perfectly clear, even in the near darkness of the early morning. He had never seen with such startling clarity before, even with his glasses on and now the dim box bedroom of number four Privet Drive was like a whole new experience to the young wizard.

The tiny dust motes floating in the air, the individual strokes of paint on the bedroom walls, the specks of dirt on the carpet, he could see it all. Colours, he noticed, were more vibrant and there was so much more to everything, every colour, every shape, every pattern. He never knew there
were so many shades of white before. His eyesight was better than any human could hope to achieve.

After staring for twenty minutes at the pattern the wood grain made in his battered, second hand, dresser Harry figured he had better see what other changes he might have gained whilst he had been sleeping. Hopefully they were as wonderful as his new found eyesight.

After listening for a few silent minutes to check to make sure that the Dursleys were still asleep, he tip-toed down the hall to the bathroom. Upon entering the cool, tiled room he could only stare in shock at the reflection staring back at him in the mirror. The boy in the mirror was about five foot five, a little taller than he’d been when he’d gone to sleep. His face was not as round any more, but thinner. He had high cheekbones, a thin nose that was placed neatly over full lips. His eyes were a deep emerald green framed by long, sooty lashes. His hair was pure silk, cascading down to the middle of his back like an inky black waterfall, which was also very new, there was no way the Dursleys wouldn’t notice that his hair had grown several inches overnight.

His body was still slender, but he was a little more shapely than he’d been. His waist was pulled in under his rib cage and his hips were bigger and more rounded than they had been before. He had strong, long legs, and a pert bum. His skin was perfectly smooth and unblemished. Not a freckle or scar marred the ivory flesh and that was new too. Every scar he’d had when he’d gone to sleep the night before was gone…all of them bar one, the lightning bolt on his forehead, and there’d been quite a few of them too. But now, with them all gone, with all of the other changes, he was beautiful and that wasn’t a word that he would have every picked to refer to himself before.

After stripping off his clothes to get a better look at himself, Harry peered once more into the mirror. He could hardly believe the reflection in the mirror was actually him. He twirled around before a glint of something caught his eye. He looked closer; trying to see what it was that had caught his attention. He gasped loudly partly in shock, partly in horror as he caught sight of what had caught the overhead light. Scales! He had hundreds of tiny scales on his skin!

They were small, white scales, so perfectly blended in with his pale skin that he could barely tell that they were there at all. After looking closer he saw that the scales were all over his body. They started at the top of his neck and went down his shoulders and back. They continued on down his bum and his legs. They glittered on his chest and stomach as well, reflecting the harsh bathroom light.

The scales did not cover every inch of him, but were in some sort of intricate, random design. Looking at his face he saw that there were scales there as well, but they were so much smaller than the others that they were easily missed or over looked unless you knew that they were there. They were on his forehead, circling the lightning bolt scar but not actually going near it, and they speckled over his cheekbones, flowing over the bridge of his nose like a masquerade mask. Looking closer Harry also spotted the scales on his chin, neck and they were even on his ears! He couldn't believe it; this had to be some sort of weird, realistic dream.

‘What the hell am I?’ He wondered in slight panic. ‘Maybe I'm some sort of snake or lizard, perhaps a dragon? Do I actually have wings or anything?’

No sooner he had finished that particular thought when he felt an agonising, searing pain in his back. He fell to his knees and gasped as quietly as he could, so that he didn’t wake his relatives, as he felt a strange weight upon his shoulders after a ripping sensation and a warm liquid gushed.
down his bare back.

Glancing fearfully up into the mirror he saw there were indeed wings sprouting from his back, they were attached to him by thin, but solid protruding bones that started at the base of his neck joined up with his shoulder blades and merged with the middle of his rib cage to support the huge wings on his back. He was bleeding heavily and the wings were covered thickly in blood and a mucous like membrane.

The patches of the leathery white wings that were clean of blood were covered in the same white scales as the rest of his body, only they were larger, more easily seen and had ridges that could be felt where the scales on his face and his body were completely smooth to the touch. Harry stared in awe at the beautiful appendages he had just gained. They were almost as tall as he was. He flexed them carefully, experimentally, wanting to get used to the feel of them. He stretched them out as wide as they would go, being mindful of the bathroom appliances and the light fixture above him. He made a rough estimate that his wing span was probably about eleven or twelve feet.

‘I wonder if I can fly with these. It would be so much better than flying on a broom. I wonder if I can get them to go away as easily as they come.’

The wings immediately receded into his back with just a thought and a slight twitch to his back muscles. Thankfully without as much pain as calling them out had caused him.

‘I’d better get back to my room before the Dursleys get up. I really don’t want to deal with them right now. I just want to get my things ready.’ Harry thought to himself as he redressed and padded back to his bedroom. ‘Thank Merlin I don’t have to spend another night in this house. I don’t know why I was sent back here in the first place. Voldemort is gone now and the Death Eaters are all in Azkaban. Well, most of them anyway and I would be just as safe in the Leaky Cauldron.’

Back in his room, dressed once more in his too large clothing, Harry decided to do some self-research. He wanted to know what sort of creature he had become. So getting out all of his books on magical creatures he flipped through them all until finally in the last and the thickest of the books, one that Hagrid had given him the year previous as a birthday present, he found a short excerpt that could possibly explain his creature inheritance to him.

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**Drackens (Or Dragon Kind.)**

*Drackens are a rare breed of magical creature. They are believed to be nearly extinct with the number of the creatures’ population dropping significantly as more Drackens choose to breed with humans to avoid detection, causing the bloodline to dilute and eventually die out.*

*The drop in Dracken populace can also be accounted to wizards, who hunt Drackens for their blood, organs and scales which are useful for certain potions, rituals and spells.*
Drackens have been classed as dark creatures since the eighteen-forties by the British, American, Asian and European Ministries of Magic and have consequently been deemed as a dangerous threat to civilised society.

There are rumoured to be less than a hundred living Drackens worldwide, though it is unclear if this number is accurate as Drackens have become adept at hiding their defining characteristics making it easier for them to blend in with human beings.

‘Interesting. I wonder if there are any Drackens at Hogwarts. Surely I’m not the only one. But then again if there are so few worldwide...’ Harry shook off those morbid thoughts and turned back to the book.

There are two kinds of Drackens. The dominant Dracken and the submissive Dracken. Or the Alpha Dracken and Beta Dracken.

Dominant Drackens, or the Alpha Dracken as some cultures have come to know them as, are ninety-eight percent of the time males. There have been only two reported and proven cases of a dominant female Dracken. Dominants are always much larger and more vicious than their submissive counterparts. This is to protect their submissive and any offspring they might have.

Dominant Drackens are very possessive of what they deem is theirs and are very territorial, most likely due to the dragon blood in their veins. A dominant Dracken will be at his most vicious and dangerous when his submissive is in heat, is pregnant or is nesting. Any threat to his submissive or his young will be removed as quickly as he is able to do so.

Dominant Drackens appear to be outwardly cold and cruel. It is only with his submissive and his young that he will show any tenderness. But even then the dark side of the Dracken will show through as a dominant Dracken will still be rough, unknowing of his own strength.

A dominant Dracken will punish his submissive if he feels the submissive has done wrong, though he will never cause his submissive any permanent harm as a Dracken, like their dragon counterparts, is a very vain and prideful creature and having a beautiful, flawless submissive will be a source of great pride for a dominant.

The dominant counterpart is the submissive Dracken, or Beta Dracken, who are typically female, though there have been several reported submissive male Drackens; none have been verified as their dominant partners have always hidden them away before verification can take place.

Submissive male Drackens, like dominant females are exceptionally rare. It is a rumoured belief that submissive male Drackens are perfectly capable of carrying and giving birth to young, but it is assumed that this is only possible if the submissive Dracken breeds with a dominant Dracken as it has been tested and verified that copulating with a human male blocks a submissive Drackens natural breeding cycle, resulting in the Dracken becoming barren and unable to conceive a child. This is not true however of the dominant Dracken, who is fully able to impregnate a human woman, or man, if he so chooses. The male submissive and the female dominant are anomalies and without further proof we are unable to separate fact from fiction on whether or not submissive males can impregnate humans like their dominant male counterparts or if dominant females turn barren when breeding with a human like their submissive female counterparts.

Though submissive Drackens are smaller than their dominant counterparts, they can be just as
dangerous if provoked, nearly ninety percent of documented deaths caused by a submissive Dracken were over the Dracken’s offspring being threatened or harmed. A submissive will rarely kill for their dominant as, exactly like their dragon ancestors, the dominant male is expected to take care of himself and his family, it is a submissives job to protect the young and not her dominant.

A submissive may, in some cases, have more than one dominant mate. A powerful submissive Dracken requires more than one dominant to impregnate her for the conception to take up; it is unclear as to why, as the Drackens are so few in number that nearly all of them hide themselves away as a safety precaution.

Both dominant and submissive Drackens are extremely durable, adaptable and notoriously hard to kill. Because of their tough skin most spells will not affect a Dracken and their scales are highly reflective, allowing spells to just bounce right off of them. The only exception is the killing curse, Avada Kedavra.

Drackens are also reported to be allergic to salt water, which with prolonged exposure can cause the skin of a Dracken to become irritated and inflamed. Though the allergy is not deadly, it can cause serious harm including; itching, burning, boils and if in contact with the eyes of a Dracken for any extended period of time can cause blindness.

The characteristics and features of a Dracken include:

Scales:

Dominant Drackens have scales covering approximately fifty to sixty percent of their body, excluding their wings which are covered entirely with scales just one inch apart from one another. The dominant will have darker, coloured scales ranging from black to dark reds, blues, greens and purples etcetera.

Submissive Drackens have scales covering approximately seventy-five to eighty percent of their body. A submissive Dracken’s wings are also entirely covered with scales an inch apart from one another, but the submissive Dracken differs from the dominant because a submissive Dracken’s scales will start out solidly white and will, with time, change to reflect the colour(s) of their dominant(s).

Wings:

A dominant Dracken’s wings are large and powerful, much like the dominant Dracken is himself, spanning up to twenty-five feet in length depending on how old, how tall, how heavy (and/or) powerful the Dracken is. Dominants will display their wings for a potential mate. The larger the wings, the more impressive they’ll be to a submissive.

A submissive Dracken’s wings are not as large as their dominant counterpart, spanning out at approximately thirteen or fourteen feet at most. This is most probably because the submissive Dracken is smaller and lighter than a dominant and also because the submissive does not need her wings to entice a dominant mate to her.

Both dominant and submissive Drackens can use their wings for flight and can travel for long distances and at great heights without the need to stop for rest or without the worry of altitude.
sickness.

Fangs/Claws:

Both dominant and submissive Drackens have fangs and claws, though these will be considerably bigger on the dominant Dracken. The fangs and claws are usually kept sheathed until needed for killing, hunting or protecting. Both are large and deadly, but a submissive Dracken’s claws are very acidic. This acid is secreted in the nail beds and can coat the claws in seconds; the acid is so corrosive just a few swipes can burn a medium sized hole through a human body.

Breeding Cycles:

Submissive Drackens go into heat several times a year, but despite this it is believed that there are only two periods of time in a single year in which a Dracken can be impregnated.

Breeding cycles vary with each submissive, but the most common time for a Dracken to become pregnant is in the winter. The average range of days for a submissive Dracken to be in heat is ten days in which a dominant Dracken will breed his submissive almost continually to ensure the largest possible number of offspring. Neither the dominant nor submissive will feed during this time of continuous mating.

Pregnancy:

The gestation period of a submissive Dracken is approximately seven months, during this time the dominant Dracken will be so severely protective of his submissive that he will rarely let her out of his sight and he will not let anyone near her, not even family members, the only exception to this is if the submissive Dracken has more than one dominant mate, in which case, only the other Dracken will be allowed near her.

It is believed that in order to keep the offspring healthy and growing strongly the dominant Dracken will need to share his fluids with his submissive. He will do this by kissing his mate to share his saliva, touching to share his sweat, ejaculating into his mate to give his semen and feeding his blood to his mate and child.

Symptoms of Dracken pregnancy include; Nausea, irritability, dizziness, sensitivity to cold, craving raw meat and accidental magical outbursts. When close to birthing the submissive Dracken will feel a need for high, dark places. Once the submissive finds/makes a suitable 'nest' they will stay there until after the birth.

Birthing:

A submissive Dracken will give birth alone. The dominant(s) will not be permitted entry to the nest until after the birthing is over. A submissive will give birth to between one and seven or eight young or 'chicks' as they have been labelled by the Ministry. Once the birth is over and the new mother has nursed the chicks, the Father(s) will be allowed to enter the nest. The chicks will nurse for twelve weeks before becoming mature enough to be weaned if the Mother so wishes it.
Harry closed the book, having read the small section through several times. He swallowed heavily and placed the book down with his quivering hands. He now had so many questions and absolutely no way to find out the answers and no one that he could ask about it.

‘I’m a submissive Dracken.’ He thought detachedly, willing his hands to keep still as they shook continually. ‘I’m going to have a dominant Dracken as a mate; I’ll be expected to give birth to Dracken young.’

Harry breathed evenly and deeply to dispel the raising bout of panic that was causing him to hyperventilate. He had gone to sleep as a human; he had woken up as a submissive Dracken. A male submissive Dracken, which were thought to be mere legends and not actually real.

‘It’s okay. I can handle this. It’s not completely horrible.’ He coached himself, trying not to make any noise as he walked to his window to watch the world in the early morning light.

‘I think I could enjoy being a Dracken. Of course, I’ll never be able to tell anyone what I am. There’s no one I’d trust with something as life altering as this. Except maybe Remus. Do Drackens and werewolves get along with each other or are they like werewolves and vampires. They must do, after all Remus was friends with Mum and Dad and they had to have been Drackens to have made me. I wonder if anyone knew about them being Drackens. Probably not. Well if my parents didn’t tell Remus then maybe I shouldn’t either.’

Harry sighed at the prospect of keeping this from Remus, the man who had been his rock these past few months following Sirius’ death. Thinking of Sirius made Harry wonder if his Godfather had known about his Mum and Dad being Drackens. Sirius was his Godfather for fuck sake! He had been his Dad’s best friend and the Dracken transformation had to have happened when his parents were sixteen as well, surely someone as close to his Dad as Sirius would have noticed the changes? That made him think about his parents getting together; they hadn’t done so until they were seventeen, but if the Dracken genes came out at sixteen, what had happened during that gap year? They had been in school together; Sirius had said his Dad had fallen in love with his Mum from the moment he had laid eyes upon her, so why had it taken a year for them to get together after their inheritances. He doubted that he would ever find out now.

Thinking about his parents, got him to thinking about himself. He didn’t like anyone, he hadn’t fallen in love with anyone at first sight, he hadn’t even had time to sexually explore anything, let alone practice like he knew his year mates had. What if his dominant didn’t like him? The section he had read hadn’t said anything about that, but it did explain why he couldn’t force himself to ogle girls like Ron and it probably explained why he didn’t drool over Fleur in forth year like all the other boys.

‘I guess it does explain why I have no interest in women at all, I’m not meant to be with one. A man
would be able to protect me better anyway. And if he’s strong and powerful he can help me to protect our children. My mate will have to be powerful and handsome. A strong mate will give me stronger children.’

The thought made him purr deeply in delight before Harry came to his sense and bolted away from the window. Where the hell did that train of thought come from? Babies at sixteen?! His mind had to be playing tricks on him.

‘Relax. Relax and calm down.’ Harry soothed himself, wrapping his arms around himself for comfort. ‘This is your natural instinct. The Dracken populace is dwindling; your instincts are going to be screaming at you to have children to boost numbers. You’d better get used to it. Fighting will only bring more pain and I've had enough pain to last a lifetime. Try to let yourself be happy. This could turn out to be all right in the end, just wait and see.’

Harry sighed again. He was tired of fighting, he was sick of the pain. He wanted to be happy. He wanted a strong, powerful man to call his own and he definitely wanted children to love, protect and care for. He’d have a family, a real family of his own. Children to rely on him, who would depend on him and love him and he’d also have a mate to protect him, to love and care for him. He needed this and he thanked his parents for being Drackens so that he could have this chance at happiness.

Harry turned from the window and put the book back into his trunk before he sat down on the bed. He couldn’t let anyone but his mate see him in his true form; he would have to practice at controlling his appearance.

First he stripped off his shirt again and willed his wings to appear. The process was less painful this time around, but the wings were still accompanied by blood and Harry took the time to clean his wings and to stroke his scales, he shivered and let go, just touching his wings was a thousand times more pleasurable than stroking himself the few times that he had masturbated.

Calming down and deciding not to touch his wings again like that, Harry concentrated on getting his claws and fangs to appear. It took a bit more concentration and will power to get them both to come at the same time, but they did. His claws were an inch long and razor sharp. He wondered how much acid he could produce, but no amount of willing made the acid come, Harry reasoned that he must be in danger before the acid was secreted. Just running his claws lightly over his bedspread, slashed it into ribbons, his claws would be able tear through flesh like a hot knife through butter.

His fangs were equally sharp, though not quite as long as his claws, there were four of them, two on the top, two on the bottom. The upper fangs rested comfortably on his bottom lip without piercing it when his mouth was closed.

Next Harry concentrated on willing them away. First his fangs and his claws, then the beautiful white wings, then finally he used all of his concentration to hide his scales away; this had the unforeseen reaction of his hair receding rapidly into his scalp until it was its usual messy mop. Once it was over Harry looked at himself in the reflection of the window, everything was exactly the same as it was when he had gone to sleep the night before.
The only thing Harry didn’t concentrate on removing was his new eyesight, he had been blind for so many years that now that he had the freedom of not wearing glasses, he wasn’t going to. If anyone asked him about it he’d simply tell them that he had gotten laser eye surgery during the summer, but he doubted anyone would notice let alone comment on it, no one ever saw past the scar anyway. Not even Ron or Hermione apparently.

He had had no word from anyone the entire summer he had been here in number four. Not that he had really been expecting any, not after his fall out with Ron during the last term of school. Hermione, not wanting to jeopardise her shiny new, budding relationship with the redhead, had not made contact with Harry either. He was sure that they would get over their idiocy eventually, but he was not so sure that he would be willing to forgive them this time. Hermione maybe, because this was the first time that she had ever turned her back on him, but Ron? How could he possibly stay friends with someone who had proven that he would turn on him time and time again?

He had been whisked away to Grimmauld Place, the one place that Harry had never wanted to see again. The memories and the pain were so acute that he found he had no appetite for Mrs Weasley’s cooking, which made her worry and fuss over him even more, and he found that he couldn’t sleep at night. Though that might have been because of the fact that he was still sharing a room with Ron, who hadn’t spoken a word to him all summer and hadn’t even looked at him past a few withering glares and sneers.

Harry kept mostly to himself as Ron and Hermione whispered together and snogged in the corners of the rooms to Grimmauld Place.

He heard the adults worry over him, some less than polite comments that he was deranged and unhinged after Sirius’ death, some saying that he had never been right in the head to begin with, that he was being antisocial, moody and sullen. He always smiled when Remus and the elder Weasleys defended him viciously and often violently and one Order member had even fled the house with a saucepan over his head after pushing Mrs Weasley too far.

He assured everyone who asked that he was fine, and really he was. He didn’t too much like being in Grimmauld Place again, but he was mostly beating himself up with his own thoughts on being a Dracken. He worried about everyone he met being dominant Drackens, he had nightmares about getting pregnant as a male and he sometimes had little panic fits over becoming a creature, but he was truly fine, he felt liberated, free. Harry supposed that that had something to do with the wings attached to his back, he loved flying, the wonderful, freeing sensation of the wind through his hair, to know that he could up and fly away whenever he wanted to, it relaxed him, eased the tension in his shoulders, calmed him, but no one believed him.

Ginny stayed close to him and so did Fred and George, making him laugh and smile and peek out of his shell a bit, which eased a few of the adults worries over him as they watched him play a game of tag with Ginny around the kitchen, ducking under the table, weaving around chairs and knocking people over. Fred and George joined in and even Charlie forgot he was an adult as he was tagged by Fred, which was more of a head slap. Though Charlie did only go for Fred, so Harry reasoned that maybe he wasn’t actually playing with them but attempting to murder his brother instead. The game was only called to a stop when dinner was ready and Harry ate minimally, but nonetheless more than he had had so far at Grimmauld Place which made Mrs Weasley much happier.
August was really uneventful as Harry caught up with the homework that he hadn’t been able to do at the Dursleys with the help of Remus and Bill. He moped about a bit, played silly games with Ginny and helped Fred and George with their joke shop creations whilst avoiding Ron and Hermione like the plague, several times Hermione had made to come and talk to him, but Ron either recaptured her interest or Harry darted away before she could open her mouth. He didn’t want to speak to them.

When the morning of September first rolled around Harry was sitting in the kitchen waiting for everyone to be ready so they could set off for Kings Cross Station and then on to Hogwarts. He had been packed and ready for days as he hadn’t seen the point in emptying his trunk just to pack it back up a few weeks later.

“How are you feeling, Harry?” Remus asked him softly as he sat with him in the kitchen listening to the herd of elephants charging up and down the stairs, Walburga Black screaming with all her might about Mudbloods and traitors.

“Fine. A bit excited, but nothing like how I was when I was younger.” Harry answered calmly.

Remus looked at him strangely. “You seem to have simultaneously gotten more childish and more mature this summer. You played those childish games with Ginny to keep her from being bored, yet you seem to have become an adult before your time.”

Harry smiled as he looked to Remus, his sole surviving Father figure. Several times over the month he had wanted to tell Remus about his Dracken inheritance, but every time he bottled out. What was he supposed to say? What if Remus reacted badly and told everyone else and he became an outlaw? Where would he go then? What would he do? He couldn’t take the risk.

“HARRY! REMUS! WE NEED TO GO!” Mrs Weasley shouted from the hall, her voice just a smidge louder than Walburga Black.

Harry jumped up and hugged Remus tightly, not that it made a blind bit of difference to the werewolf, who held him back.

“Come on, cub. Are you sure you’re all ready to go?”

Harry nodded his head. “Everything's packed, I have my new books and school supplies and I made doubly sure that I packed my socks and boxers, let’s go. I can't wait to get out of here.”
Remus looked at him sadly, knowing what he meant; it was hard for him to be here too, where he had fond memories of an adult Sirius before he had been taken once again from his life. He had stayed mainly for Harry, to a lesser extent to say goodbye to his old friend, because he hadn’t had the chance to before he died.

“Is Hedwig on her way to Hogwarts?” He asked as he saw Harry carting around an empty owl cage.

“Yes, I let her go yesterday so she’d be there waiting for me.”

“Alright then, let’s get going before Molly shouts again.”

Harry grinned as he claimed one more hug before heading into the hallway with a flustered Mrs Weasley and a troupe of people and trunks.

“How are we getting to the platform?” He asked curiously.

“Ministry cars again.” Mr Weasley told him as he caught Harry’s question over the din of noise.

Harry sighed but climbed into the car that didn’t have Ron and Hermione in it as he reached the curb and the dark green cars on the road, even if he did end up in the ‘adult’ car, at least it meant he had a bit more time with Remus.

Eleven hours later found a sleepy and very hungry Harry taking a seat at the Gryffindor table in the Great Hall. He sat down at the end, having no wish to sit near his friends. Ex-friends, he reminded himself bitterly. He got a few curious looks from his classmates but ignored them. It was none of their business anyway.

The hall went quiet when Professor McGonagall brought out the sorting hat. The tattered old hat sung its usual song of the houses, but also gave a cheerfully cryptic message about the rival houses soon being united. The new first years were sorted into their houses, the last student, a tiny blond boy, took a seat at the Ravenclaw table and finally, after the Headmaster had made his usual announcements, they were free to eat.

Harry had to be very careful not to pile his plate solely with meat as in the past he had eaten mainly fruits and vegetables due to his almost non-existent diet at the Dursleys, he had found that fruits
and vegetables had lined his stomach better than meat and stopped the hunger pains for longer, but lately he had been craving meat more and more, ever since his birthday and subsequent inheritance actually, it must have been part of being a Dracken.

The bloodier the meat the better in his opinion, so he placed a large piece of blue rare steak on his plate along with his vegetables and chips. Once or twice Harry had caught himself thinking of how delicious it would taste to find something fresh to sink his teeth into. The thought made him shudder and it was not with disgust.

As he was about to take a bite of his steak he was suddenly aware of a pair of eyes drilling into him. Discreetly looking around for the source he found no one until he glanced up at the head table. It was Snape. Of course it was Snape. The Potions Professor’s black eyes bore into him. Harry could not discern what that look was nor what he had done to gain himself such a look. He’d only been here for an hour.

Harry met the man’s eyes for a moment before he quickly lowered them, his new found instincts telling him that without a dominant mate to protect him it was unwise to pick a fight with someone who could harm him. Glancing cautiously at the man from beneath his lashes he saw Snape’s eyes narrow in suspicion at him.

Harry looked away from the man and kept his head down for the rest of dinner. He couldn’t afford anyone, least of all Snape, finding out about his secret.

A delicate scent reached his nose and all at once his body started quivering and he tingled, as if his scales were trying to make an unwanted appearance. He pushed the feeling back ruthlessly. He couldn’t afford to let them appear, not now, not in front of the entire student body. It would only spell utter disaster for him…and if he’d read that excerpt right, then it might even spell his death.

Dessert had come and gone and the Headmaster finally sent the children off to bed. Harry waited until the hall emptied out a bit before heading up to Gryffindor tower. Once he entered his dorm room he ignored Ron, said goodnight to Seamus, Dean and Neville, before he tugged closed his bed hangings and stripped off his clothes and climbed into bed. Despite being worried that Snape would find out about his secret, he fell asleep almost instantly.

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It was two weeks into term and that light scent was driving him crazy! It was constantly around him, as if the actual castle was the one making it. It was driving him to the brink of destruction and he had hourly battles with himself to force his Dracken side down. No one else noticed of course, but Harry counted this as a blessing, the last thing he needed right now was another round of newspaper articles on how crazy and unstable he was after he’d defeated Voldemort several months ago.

Snape was also watching him relentlessly. The man was absolutely unshakeable. No matter how much Harry tried to act invisible or divert his attention to something else those eyes were always there, watching him closely. Snape thought that he was up to something unsavoury and until Harry stopped being so jumpy and nervous, he was unlikely to stop, but Harry was just so worried that Snape would figure out that he was a Dracken that he couldn’t control it, he needed a dominant, he couldn’t face off against Snape on his own, not now that he had come into a submissive inheritance, not when he was concentrating so much on making sure his scales and wings wouldn’t
just appear one day in class for everyone to see.

It was Halloween night and Harry had no interest in attending the feast. Instead he was taking full advantage of everyone else being at the feast to let his Dracken side out for the first time in two months.

He was deep in the forbidden forest, the moon, though not quite full as it was waning, was very bright tonight and lit the way for the young Dracken as he weaved his way through the undergrowth. Not that he needed the light, as a Dracken he had excellent night vision, but the moon was so big and beautiful tonight, Harry was glad that it was there to light up the sky.

After walking steadily for over thirty minutes, Harry deduced that he was far enough away from the school and called his Dracken features forward. It had been so long since he’d been able to and now that he could finally do so he felt the instantaneous bliss of letting go. His hair, his scales, his wings, his claws and his fangs all made their appearance. The white scales that covered his wings and grew in patches on his face, neck and hands glowed dimly in the moonlight. It was a beautiful sight to see, not that anyone was there to appreciate it other than himself.

Now that the liquid relief of letting his Dracken appearance out had diminished, there was something else that he had been wanting to take care of for the past three months, tasting raw meat. Opening his new enhanced senses wide he listened for a specific movement. He could hear squirrels in their nests, owls hunting for their breakfasts, rabbits nibbling on clovers, mice scurrying along in the underbrush and then he heard what he’d been listening for, hoof falls on the leafy ground.

About thirty yards ahead of him were four deer. In an instant Harry was off, running with lightning speed and before anything else registered he had sunk his fangs into the jugular vein of a small doe. He wasn’t strong, or experienced enough to go for a buck; he’d leave that to his dominant mate.

The three remaining deer had scarpered, bounding off into the forest. The deer that Harry had latched onto kicked in an effort to free itself and he swiftly sliced through its neck with his claws, silencing it for good.

The taste of blood was intoxicating and Harry could hardly keep himself from moaning aloud. Using his claws and fangs he tore off chunks of the still warm flesh and devoured it. It was the most delicious thing he had ever eaten and he couldn’t get enough. He crouched down and dug in, tearing away at the hide with his fangs and claws to reach the tender meat underneath.

Halfway through his meal though, Harry stilled instinctively. He cocked he head, listening, ignoring the rivulets of blood pouring down his neck from his chin as he tried to puzzle out what had disturbed him. There was something out there. His head snapped itself to the left and he growled menacingly.

The growl that answered him was a deep, earth rumbling growl that shook him to his core. Harry shrank back. The figure that stepped out from behind the group of trees at the edge of the clearing he had chosen to eat in was tall and slender, but that wasn’t what troubled Harry. No. He was a
dominant Dracken. The first thing that Harry noticed about the Dominant was his wings. They spanned at least twenty feet and they easily dwarfed his own, which he pulled in tighter to cocoon himself, to protect himself.

The next thing that Harry noticed was the man himself. He was tall at approximately six foot three and was very muscled for such a slender body; he was not wearing a shirt. Scales done in bottomless obsidian and a deep dark amethyst were scattered over the man’s wings, olive scales picked out over his bare, tanned skin that Harry could barely make out. His hair was as black as his scales and was chopped into layers that just covered his ears. His face was smooth and strong, angular and exotic looking. His slanted indigo eyes were cold and hard, but filled with warming lust as they devoured as much of Harry’s skin as they could, lingering on his face and especially at his neck.

This man took the breath from Harry’s lungs, took the oxygen from the very air around him and as Harry took a deep, shuddering breath, the Dracken opposite him made his move.

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StarLight Massacre. X
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Chapter Two – Shifted Perspectives

Harry moved instinctually as he threw himself to the side to avoid the Dracken who had leapt at him. He kept moving and he dodged the trees and bushes with an almost feline grace. He could hear the other Dracken behind him, crashing through the same undergrowth as him, and god help him, but the other Dracken was much faster than he was.

Harry refused to slow down, even with the other Dracken gaining on him and growling like a thunder storm, he’d run until his legs gave out on him and even then he would crawl away from this man. He would not give in meekly without some sort of fight.

With his breath coming in short, painful bursts of air, Harry tried to lose his assailant by cutting to either side of himself randomly, but the Dracken following him just moved with him easily, keeping pace and following just a hairs breadth from his back and it was then that Harry got the sinking suspicion that the other Dracken was just playing with him, that he was enjoying the chase through the forest and he didn’t see any possible way in which he could lose Harry, so he wasn’t trying too hard.
Putting on a burst of speed, even though his chest already felt like it was on fire, he weaved through a tightknit group of trees, getting a slash to his cheek and numerous pricks from thorns in an unseen bush that he’d trampled through, Harry stumbled and tried to make up for his mistake by jinking left very quickly, avoiding a large boulder, skirting around a tree that was oozing a dark liquid before jumping over a large puddle, it was as he was doing the last that Harry was suddenly seized around the waist in mid-air and the added weight sent him crashing to the forest floor. A harsh growl and large hands squeezing around his throat kept him still and silent as the other Dracken sniffed around the back of his neck. The book that he’d read several times since his inheritance had not mentioned this at all!

A strong, muscled tongue licked a slow, sensual line up the spinal cord in his neck and almost instantaneously Harry’s mind set changed. His instincts were telling him that this Dracken wasn’t going to hurt him, that if he had meant him any harm he would have bitten into him and not merely licked him. The other Dracken was vying for his attention. This Dracken was a possible mate.

Harry didn’t know if this frightened him or aroused him, so he settled for being a terrifying mix of both. He had found out only three months ago that he was a Dracken; he couldn’t have a mate already! It was far too soon.

Harry quivered in fright as the Dracken continued to lick and lave his neck with his tongue, tasting him, marking him with the scent of his saliva.

Was this how his Mother had felt when she had first realised that his Father was also a Dracken and a possible mate? Had he pursued her immediately? Had her will been strong enough to hold him away for a whole year? Harry didn’t think his will was that strong, not when the only thing that he wanted in the world was lying on his back, licking at him gently.

Harry tried to roll over, he wanted to look into the eyes of the man who was doing such sinful things to his body, but the hands that had loosened to rest around the base of his neck tightened into a punishing grip.

Harry whined and stilled once more, but he shifted his body to try and convey to the other Dracken that he only wanted to turn over.

“Hush little one, I’ll take care of you. Just stay still.” The other Dracken purred. His voice was deep and smooth, like velvet honey. There was just a hint of an accent, but it was too light for Harry to pick up on exactly what it was.

The tongue came back to find a spot behind his ear that had Harry’s body jumping in excited surprise and a dark chuckle fell from the other Dracken’s lips.

“You’ve been driving me wild with your intoxicating scent for two months. I couldn’t find you; I would follow the scent only to meet dead ends or a class in session. I tried sniffing you out at meal times, but you have been avoiding me, Prezioso.”

Harry shook his head as much as he was able to and long fingers that tangled through his messy mop of black hair stopped him as they tugged harshly.
“Yes, you have. Why else would you run from me? I don’t like being avoided or run from, *Prezioso*.”

Harry had no clue what Prezioso meant, but he knew that tone of voice. The other Dracken was angry and annoyed with him. He shrunk in on himself and whimpered.

“Oh, no, I understand, *Prezioso*. You didn’t know what you were doing, but you will learn. There will be no more running from me, will there?”

Harry shook his head and he was rewarded with the hand that had clenched into his hair loosening and massaging his scalp instead. It felt amazing.

“Can I see you?” Harry asked bravely, hiding his fear and strengthening his voice so that the waver wouldn’t be heard.

“Of course you can, *Prezioso*. I would love nothing more than for you to gaze at me for hours on end.”

Harry cautiously turned onto his back so he was chest to chest with the Dracken on top of him. He looked deeply into those indigo eyes. They were so familiar, but the face was unlike anything he had ever seen before. It was hardly surprising; he didn’t look anything like Harry Potter when he was in his Dracken form, why would this person look the same as he did in his human form?

“You are so beautiful, *Prezioso*.” The other Dracken told him softly, running those long, elegant fingers over his cheek.

Harry really looked at the other male lying on him. He was so handsome it was unreal. High cheekbones, chiselled nose, strong jaw, those slanted indigo eyes and a sensual mouth that was curved over deadly looking fangs that were just a little longer than his own.

“Do you like what you see?” The indigo eyed Dracken asked him cockily, a smirk curving that mouth more.

“Yes.” Harry answered in a whisper.
A moment later his mouth was seized in a harsh, bruising kiss that left him speechless and unable to do anything other than to fully submit to his mate, because there was no doubt in his mind that this Dracken would now be his dominant mate. Harry was too desperate for love, too desperate for any sort of affection that he would only be hurting himself if he tried to hold himself away from this Dracken now, after what they had done here tonight.

He was not as strong willed as his Mother and his childhood and poor upbringing had left him craving for any sort of love or attention, this man could give him his dream of a family and Harry would take it with both hands.

“What is your name, Prezioso?”

“Harry.” He answered without pause. “What’s yours?”

“I’m Blaise; I shall assume that you came into your inheritance either this summer or in very early September as you were not here last year. Or should I say that you weren’t inherited last year?”

“That’s right.” Harry answered. “I came into my inheritance during the summer.”

“I have been a Dracken for a year already; I turned seventeen on October the twelfth.”

His mate was older than him by ten months; his mate had been a Dracken for over a year already. Any questions that Harry had, his mate would likely be able to answer them for him. He felt safe and comforted as his mate, Blaise, explored his neck and face with his fingertips, staring at him as if he were the most amazing thing that he’d ever seen in his life.

“You are very strong, Prezioso, there will likely be others vying for your attention. I will share you only with the minimum number of dominants that you need to impregnate you with our children, I will not allow you to have a harem of men. I will not be pushed aside nor be ignored because you have so many men around you that you do not have enough hours in a day to spend time with us all.”

Harry looked up into the enraged face of his new mate and he lay completely still as Blaise’s claws came dangerously close to his throat.

“I don’t want a harem.” Harry whispered out honestly, staring into Blaise’s eyes unwaveringly,
willing him to see the truth in them. “I just want a family.”

A rough kiss to his lips answered Harry’s statement and Blaise’s hands slipped around his neck to lift his head for a better angle.

“That was the right answer, Bello.” Blaise exclaimed as Harry tried to regain his breathing. “I will not be disgraced by having a whore for a submissive mate.”

“I’m not a whore!” Harry bit out harshly.

Immediately Blaise’s claws dug into the back of his neck and Harry cried out in pain.

“You do not speak to me like that, Harry. As your dominant mate, as your protector and the future Father of your children, I will be respected.”

“Respect is earned and not freely given.” Harry answered strongly, but he kept his voice placid.

He would not be an inferior person to his mate just because he was a submissive Dracken. They would go into this as equals or Blaise could go away and leave him to find another dominant mate, one who would treat him as an equal and not just someone to order around. He’d had more than enough of that at the Dursleys.

Blaise smirked and licked his cheek slowly as he retracted his claws to leave his fingertips caressing his neck once more.

“I have a strong mate.” Blaise whispered, almost to himself. “So strong and so stubborn. You are perfect for me, Prezioso.”

Harry felt pleasure fill him as his mate praised him. He confidently lifted his arms to wrap them around Blaise’s broad shoulders and Blaise smirked down at him.

“Never be afraid to touch me, Harry. You will never be rejected from my body.”

Harry nuzzled into Blaise’s strong neck now that he had been given the go ahead to touch his new
mate as much as he wanted, loving the silky skin under his nose and cheek.

“You are endearing, Bello. Are you still hungry? I interrupted your meal and I need to prove my worth to you as an adept hunter. I will catch us something.”

Blaise stood up and pulled Harry easily to his feet, dusting him off, letting his hands linger upon Harry’s body, before he gave Harry a sweet kiss to the lips.

“Stay right here, Prezioso. I will be back very soon; I am a very skilled hunter.”

Blaise was gone in a blink and even with his new eyesight, Harry only saw a streak of black and purple reflecting in the moonlight. Harry wanted to move into the hollow of the tree to his left, he didn’t feel comfortable out in the open where any predator could stalk and attack him, but his dominant had told him to stay still, he didn’t want Blaise’s claws back in his neck again and that book had said that dominants punished their submissives harshly for doing anything wrong.

Debating with himself, Harry weighed the pros and cons carefully, before deciding that his dominant would rather have an alive mate when he came back rather than an obedient dead one and he crawled into the hollowed out tree.

The rotten inside was warm and Harry snuggled down in the decaying leaves, wrapping his wings tightly around himself for warmth and protection. He found himself thinking idly that this would have been the perfect spot to nest if it was a bit higher up. As Harry realised the train of thought he was on, his eyes snapped open and though he couldn’t see it, his face had taken on a look of abject horror.

This was the hundredth time that he had caught himself thinking about nesting and having children since his inheritance three months ago, but it was the first time that he had pictured those children as a perfect blend of himself and Blaise. He swallowed. He didn’t know Blaise at all, only that he was a dominant Dracken and that Harry considered him a good, strong and capable mate. That was it, other than his mate went to the same school as him, was in the same year and his birthday was October the twelfth. He knew nothing else about him and Harry refused to have children with a stranger.

“Prezioso? Where have you gone to, Harry?”

Harry crawled out of the hollow tree and found himself being crushed to a solid chest. Expecting punishment, Harry did not expect to be pushed in front of a huge, mouth-watering, stallion. Blaise sat behind him and Harry tensed up for discipline again, only for Blaise to start grooming him, gently pulling the leaves and twigs from his hair.
“Eat up, Prezioso, before your meal bleeds out and goes cold.” Blaise urged him.

Harry carefully cut a piece of flesh from the stallion and offered it to Blaise first, who chuckled and shook his head.

“This meal is for you, little Harry. I have eaten my fill.”

“I can’t eat all of this by myself.” Harry told him, not even thinking of mentioning that the reason for that was his summer starvation.

“I wouldn’t have expected you to. I caught the biggest animal that I could find to prove to you that I am more than capable of providing food for you and our future young.” Blaise told him with that damnable smirk, still picking bits of woodland out of Harry’s nest of hair.

Harry sunk his teeth into the bloody meat and moaned lightly, Blaise stiffening behind him. Large, muscled arms wrapped around Harry’s shoulders and he was yanked backwards and into a passionate kiss, Blaise licking and lapping at his bloodied lips and chin.

This time, Harry fought against Blaise, moving his mouth and tangling their tongues together. Blaise growled, but he didn’t punish him, so Harry took it that he wasn’t doing anything wrong and twisted in Blaise’s arms to press up closer to his dominant mate.

It was Blaise who broke their kiss and pushed him again towards the stallion, urging Harry to eat until he couldn’t anymore. With all the bits of twigs and leaves gone from his hair, Blaise settled for running his fingers through it and stroking the silky skin of Harry’s neck.

When most of the stallion was gone and Harry was so full that his stomach had distended and all he wanted to do was sleep, Blaise stopped playing with his skin and hair and instead he wrapped Harry gently in his arms, rocking him softly and cooing to him.

“We can’t sleep out here. People will notice that we aren’t in our dormitories.” He said sleepily.

“Relax, Prezioso, do not fret so much. I will take care of it. No one would dare ask me where I have been and those that do dare, are friends who know better than to ask in the first place.”

Blaise had inadvertently reminded him that he now had no friends to track his movements and he frowned, before he snuggled into Blaise’s warmth. Blaise was the only one he had now.
Blaise smiled softly down at his sleeping submissive. Harry was so beautiful, so fragile looking, but he had seen his mate take down that doe, his mate was deadly too; beautiful and dangerous. The way that he had used his claws to tear out the throat of the doe, how he had pounced on her as she had been grazing unexpectedly, how he had torn at her with his fangs, the noises he had made as he had devoured her flesh.

Blaise shivered and groaned lowly. Harry would be the end of him. He had only met one other submissive Dracken since coming into his inheritance last year, a spoilt girl who had believed that she was the only submissive Dracken in the world. Her parents had ruined her, all three of them believed that she should have the strongest, most powerful, handsome dominant with the largest wings; they had called all dominant Drackens to their manor house in Toulouse to meet their daughter.

Needless to say that whilst she was a very beautiful girl on the outside, her insides were rotten, she had treated the dominants that had come to greet her into the Dracken lifestyle like dogs that should bow down before her and beg for her attention.

Blaise wouldn’t forget Miette Amarante Solange for a long time. She had been so despicable that dominants, including himself, had just upped and left. She had ended up with a dominant so desperate for a mate that he would have taken just about anyone.

He fully believed that it was her karma coming back to punish her for being so spoilt and arrogant. He looked down as Harry’s breath hitched, but his submissive just turned his head further into his stomach and cuddled closer.

Blaise knew exactly who was in his arms, but he couldn’t bring himself to care. The moment he had seen those startlingly beautiful, emerald green eyes, he had known who was in front of him, because there was only one person in Hogwarts with eyes so stunningly green as the ones he was looking at. Harry Potter.

He knew he was going to have one hell of a war to overcome when the word got out that there was an unknown, unmated submissive among them, but he was willing to fight to the death for his mate. Harry was worth it, he would die a thousand times in agony for Harry and that was only after knowing him for a single night.

He knew that he was breaking the rules, knew that he would be punished for not informing the Dracken Counsel immediately that there was a submissive Dracken in his vicinity, but from the first lungful of Harry’s light, chestnut scent, he had wanted the Dracken for his own.

He didn’t want to give every unmated Dracken in the world a fair chance at winning Harry, he wanted Harry for himself and no one else would be getting him. At least, not until he had firmly established himself as Harry’s mate, then he would have to let Harry chose more dominants in order to get him pregnant. Though not one more than was needed to get a clutch of babies.

Harry snuffled in his sleep and Blaise smiled down at him again. Harry was so adorable and endearing. He was natural and sweet, unlike Miette. Blaise could already envision himself having several clutches of children with Harry, all of them sweet and just as endearing as their Mother, where with Miette all he had been able to think about was the spoilt spawn she would create. That was if she ever fell pregnant in the first place, there was a rumour travelling around the Dracken community that she had slept with human men before her inheritance just because she didn’t want
to go through the body altering pregnancy nor the pain of labour.

Blaise looked to Harry’s flat belly. It would look gorgeous rounded and ripe with his children. He growled in pleasure and wrapped his arms more firmly around Harry. Submissive male Drackens were so rare that every dominant would come to see Harry, would try to get his attention and become his mate. Blaise couldn’t allow that, not when dominants outnumbered submissives by twenty to one, there weren’t enough submissives to go around and the longer a dominant Dracken was without a mate, the more vicious and desperate he got as his instincts screamed at him to breed a clutch of children to boost numbers.

Blaise didn’t want to end up like that, he wanted a large family. He wanted clutch after clutch of children with Harry, only with Harry.

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Harry woke up warm and comfortable in an unfamiliar bed. He blinked before he sat up and looked around, every muscle tensing and his senses on high alert. That is until he looked at where he was. He was obviously in the Slytherin dormitories, the copious amounts of green and silver and the excessive use of snakes attested to that, but what really made him calm down was the scent of the unfamiliar person lying in the bed with him. Blaise.

This must be what Blaise looked like without his Dracken features. He was just as handsome, still as strong and unshakable, still broad shouldered and he still had the powerful, yet slender body. But his scales were gone leaving behind flawless, olive toned skin. His wings were gone and Harry lamented the loss of such beautiful appendages.

Lying back down, Harry watched as Blaise slept. His dominant looked so strong, even as he slept, those broad shoulders raising and falling with each breath, his face just as unemotional when he was asleep as he was when he was awake. Blaise’s mouth just wasn’t made for smiles.

A bed creaking had Harry looking over his shoulder to a gap in the green hangings around the bed. A shock of white blond hair had Harry making the final connection his brain had been waiting for. His dominant mate was the best friend of Draco Malfoy. The Draco Malfoy who hated the very air he breathed.

“Blaise!” The sleep roughed voice of Malfoy cut through the morning silence. “Blaise, get up! We have to get to the library before the Gryffindor beaver steals all the good books again.”

Blaise’s face crinkled as he was pulled from sleep, but he was too slow in answering the blond, who ripped the bed hangings open, only to leap back in shock when he saw Harry cuddled into Blaise’s side.

“Potter? What the fuck are you doing down here?!”
Malfoy went to grab Harry’s arm, but he was intercepted by another hand that gripped his arm. Harry felt Blaise press against his back as he sat up in the bed.

“Quit your yelling. I’m up. I think we all are.” Blaise grumbled, looking around to see the face of Theodore Nott poking out of his own bed hangings.

“Fuck you being up, what the hell is Potter doing in your bed?”

Blaise wrapped his arms around Harry and pulled him in close to his chest.

“Isn’t that obvious?” Blaise asked with a raised eyebrow. “Now leave him alone and go and get dressed, you take half an hour to get ready and I don’t.”

Draco opened his mouth, but a stern glare from Blaise had him grimacing and turning to go into the adjoining bathroom to get ready.

“I apologise for him, Harry, he is never at his best in the mornings.” Blaise told him softly.

“Did you carry me here?” Harry asked with a small blush.

Blaise’s sensual mouth curved into an irresistible smirk and he nodded once. “I did. I loved holding you close to me; you kept moving your head to place your ear over my heart.”

Harry blushed again trying to control himself, but all he managed to do was blush harder. Blaise chuckled and stood up from the bed, throwing his arms behind him and over his head to stretch, his back cracking.

Harry did the same and started looking for his robes, it was a Saturday and there were no lessons, but he didn’t have any other clothes.

“I will not permit you to wear the same outfit twice in a row, Prezioso.” Blaise’s voice whispered in his ear.

Harry turned around, his anger taking a place in his stomach. He was embarrassed enough to have
been caught in bed with Blaise by Draco Malfoy of all people, but to be told that his clothes weren’t good enough was pushing a very fine line.

“I can wear what I like!” Harry hissed.

“No, you cannot.” Blaise answered sternly, his eyes turning to cold and harsh flint.

“Yes I can!”

Blaise’s hand shot out and gripped Harry around the neck, his large hand squeezing tightly in reprimand. Sharp, delicate points put pressure upon Harry’s skin as Blaise let his claws push through his fingers.

“You will wear a set of my clothing until you can get to your dorm room to change into a set of clothes that you didn’t wear and run around a forest in yesterday. I will not see you, my mate, wearing dirty clothing.” Blaise hissed.

Harry wanted to continue to defy Blaise, he didn’t want to be a doormat, he wanted to prove that he was defiant and that he wouldn’t quiver and give into Blaise’s demands, but this relationship, mateship, whatever it was, was brand new and Harry didn’t know how far Blaise was willing to go. He didn’t want to be in pain and Blaise had compromised. He sighed and nodded carefully, very aware of the claws at his neck.

Blaise let go of his throat and pulled him into a hug instead, placing a lingering kiss to Harry’s head. He pulled Harry over to the wardrobe beside his bed and took out a soft, navy jumper and a pair of designer jeans.

Blaise shrunk the clothes and, much to Harry’s embarrassment, tried dressing Harry himself.

“I’m not a baby!” Harry told him angrily.

“You are my mate and I will look after you.”

“But I don’t need you to dress me!” Harry stated. “That isn’t looking after me, Blaise. It’s humiliating.”
Blaise was confused. His understanding was that a submissive would relish having a mate dress them, it was seen as a dominant caring for his mate, but Harry was being defiant at every turn.

He sighed and held the clothes out to Harry, who snatched them with a glare. He had known having a mate would be hard work, what relationship wasn’t? But he had never in his wildest dreams thought that his mate would be so stubborn and hard willed.

He supposed it came with having Harry Potter, the only person in existence to have survived the killing curse, the sole person to have destroyed the Dark Lord, as a submissive mate. He needed to decide what he wanted more, Harry as a mate, or his sanity.

Chuckling softly as he watched Harry shyly and bashfully shimmy into the tight jeans, Blaise decided that his sanity could take a backseat for once, Harry would be a perfect mate for him and he was willing to compromise to keep Harry happy, at least on the less important things.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: I know that Blaise and Harry are a little OCC, but it won’t last for long. Blaise is shocked that Harry is a Dracken and Harry is still a bit stunned that he isn’t human anymore.

Don’t worry all you Draco lovers. He hasn’t noticed that Harry or Blaise are Drackens yet, he’s too wrapped up in his own life like the self-centred narcissist that we all love him for, but he will notice soon and then Blaise will have to fight for Harry.

StarLight Massacre. X
Possessiveness and Jealousy

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Three – Possessiveness and Jealousy

Harry had to admit that Blaise’s clothes were so much more comfortable than anything he had ever worn before. He loved the tight, dark blue jeans and the navy blue sweater. They fit him so perfectly and he deduced that he had been a fool to argue with Blaise about what he was wearing, though he wasn’t going to tell Blaise that.

Harry was all for sneaking out of the Slytherin dormitory under a cloak, but Blaise would hear nothing of the sort and they walked out to breakfast together, in full view of the other Slytherins, who glared at him as he walked through their common room under the heavy and protective arm of Blaise.

The girls in particular were very vicious in their heated glares and Harry felt not only uncertainty, but also an unfamiliar spike of possessiveness. Blaise was his dominant mate! They couldn’t have him and he would strip the flesh from their bones if they tried anything to get Blaise away from him.

The intensity of his possessiveness frightened him; he had had next to nothing to ever be possessive of. He had had nothing growing up as a child, no toy or game that was ever strictly his, hell even his clothes weren’t his. The only possessions he owned that he felt remotely possessive over were his invisibility cloak, the marauders map and his Firebolt and those were all for sentimental reasons. The cloak had been his Father’s, the map had been his Father’s, Sirius’ and Remus’ and the Firebolt had been given to him by his Godfather, his dead Godfather.

But those three things paled in the possessiveness he felt for Blaise. He would slice up anyone who dared try to steal his mate from him, which contradicted what the book he had read had told him about submissive Drackens. That book had stated that submissive Drackens wouldn’t fight for their dominant mate, but Harry would fight with every last breath in his body for Blaise.
“Do not worry, _Bello._” Blaise murmured to him. “These pathetic human girls hold no comparison to your stunning beauty. They are glaring because they are jealous of your flawless features.”

“I think they are jealous of me for having you, actually.” Harry answered back. “They want you, not me.”

“Well they will have to remain jealous then as they will never have me.”

“I don’t understand. You could have one of them if you wanted, hell you could have all of them. The book said there were no repercussions for dominant Drackens taking humans.”

Blaise chuckled deeply and the arm around Harry’s shoulders squeezed him gently.

“Ah, Harry, how adorable you are. You should not believe everything that you read about our kind in books. Most of the information is either muddled up or downright wrong. True there are no repercussions for a dominant male to have a human, but a dominant will _always_ want a submissive Dracken over any human. Submissive Drackens are becoming less and less common, _Prezioso_; dominant Drackens now outnumber the submissives by approximately twenty dominants to one single submissive. We would not go with humans through choice.”

Suddenly Harry understood a whole lot better and he felt secure enough to even glare back at the girls sneering at him, much to Blaise’s amusement.

When they reached the Great Hall, Harry automatically veered off towards the Gryffindor table, until a hand gripping his arm stopped him. Blaise raised a single eyebrow and began tugging him towards the Slytherin table.

“I don’t want to sit at the Slytherin table!” Harry argued, trying, and failing, to pry Blaise’s fingers from his arm. “Blaise!”

“You will sit with me.” Blaise told him firmly. “You will not be out of my sight, or out of my reach.”

“This is ridiculous!” Harry hissed. “I’ll only be across the hall!”
Blaise sat down and pulled Harry down next to him, he did not let go of his arm.

“Eat your breakfast.” Blaise ordered, but Harry glared at him poisonously. “Harry, eat your breakfast.”

“What if I don’t? Are you going to force me to do that as well?”

Blaise’s eyes flashed dangerously, but Harry didn’t care as he bared his teeth in a primal show of defiance.

Blaise cuffed the back of his head hard and Harry winced, every ounce of defiance leaving his body at once. He huddled down in his borrowed jumper and curled in on himself as much as possible on the bench.

He didn’t like being punished by his dominant, but it all felt like it was happening too fast. Three months since becoming a Dracken and he already had a mate and Blaise had said that books didn’t have all the answers and that the answers they did have were either wrong or partial truths. The information he knew about his own species would have filled an eggcup, probably half an eggcup if most of the information he did have was wrong.

He felt like he was losing himself. He was not a doormat; he would not grovel or crawl around after Blaise on his knees. He was not a weak person! He had relied on himself for so long, he had practically raised himself, had fended for himself, yet now his instincts were forcing him to forget all of that and rely on Blaise for everything.

He didn’t need anyone to protect him! He had been doing just fine on his own and that was even before he had gotten razor sharp fangs and acidic claws. It wasn’t like he was defenceless or incapable of protecting himself!

A pair of lips nuzzling his cheek had Harry melting into Blaise’s embrace, despite what felt like the entire hall watching them. He wanted to remain angry at Blaise, he wanted to defy him and show that he was not a weak, pathetic, little creature to be kicked around, but he couldn’t bring himself to hold onto his anger at Blaise, not even after he had hit him, had humiliated him, in front of the entire school.

“Just eat something, Mio Prezioso.” Blaise whispered to him and Harry found himself filling his plate before he had really registered what Blaise had said.

Was this some sort of power dominant Drackens had over their submissives? Could a dominant force a submissive to do what they wanted or was Harry just fed up of fighting? Was he really so desperate for any sort of love and affection that he would cave in to any and all of Blaise’s demands?

He had to admit though that having Blaise’s large, warm hand rubbing gently at his lower back was much better than receiving a cuff around the head from the same hand. But he couldn’t think like
that! He would not lose his personality just for an easier life! Blaise would just have to get used to
compromising and not having his own way all the time.

Albus Dumbledore was very concerned. Very, very concerned as he watched Harry enter the Great
Hall with a sixth year Slytherin named Blaise Zabini. He watched as Harry made to go to the
Gryffindor table, only to be pulled forcibly towards the Slytherin table instead.

The last straw however had been the very harsh smack to the back of the head that the Zabini Heir
had administered. He would not stand for Harry being abused right under his very own nose. He
would have to put a stop to this abusive relationship, if indeed that is what it turned out to be.

He rose from his place at the Head table and made his way over to the Slytherin table. He placed a
wizened, wrinkled hand on Harry’s shoulder and was met with a gasp of surprise from his favoured
student and a low growl from the young Zabini Heir, who was glaring a hole through his head.

“Kindly remove your hand from Harry’s person.” Blaise ordered him as politely as he was able to
through gritted teeth and balled up fists.

“I was wondering if I might have a word with you, Harry.” Albus addressed the young Gryffindor,
his eyes twinkling. “I do so miss our afternoon talks over tea and as today is a Saturday, I had been
hoping that you would do me the pleasure of accompanying an old man for the day.”

“Of course, Professor.” Harry answered politely with that beautiful smile that reminded Albus so
much of a young Lily Evans.

“Ah, Harry my boy, you spoil this old man too much.”

Harry chuckled sweetly as he stood up, ready to accompany his Headmaster. Blaise however had
other plans as he stood up between Harry and his Headmaster.

“I was going to spend the day with Harry.” He hissed, not even pretending to be respectful
anymore.

“Blaise! Stop it.” Harry chided.
Blaise’s hand shot out to grip the back of Harry’s neck, his claws digging in, safely hidden by Harry’s hair.

“I suggest, Mister Zabini that you let Harry go this instant and come with me to my office.” Albus thundered.

“I suggest that you stay out of things that don’t concern you!”

“Mister Zabini.” A silky voice interrupted. “I would hope that you will follow the Headmaster’s request, I would hate to see a member of my own house in detention and believe me I would make it an extremely…torturous experience.”

Harry looked into those deep black eyes and shivered. Snape knew. He knew exactly what he and Blaise were and he did not look happy with Blaise.

“Severus, perhaps you could accompany us to my office. This discussion should be held away from curious little eyes and ears.”

Snape nodded his head and with a force Harry would never have believed from the skinny man, he pried Blaise’s hand away from his neck and guided Blaise out of the Hall, Harry and Dumbledore following more sedately.

The trip was silent, but Harry could not help but rub his neck to ease the pain that was there. He didn’t notice Dumbledore’s keen eyesight pick up on the unconscious action.

Once inside the office, Dumbledore sat behind his desk and motioned for Harry to sit in the chair the furthest away from Blaise, who had been forced into the chair on the right by Snape.

“Now would any of you boys like some tea? I have always found it very relaxing.”

Both Snape and Blaise shook their heads mutely, but Harry smiled and nodded. Dumbledore knew Harry could never resist a cup of honey tea.

Albus chuckled in joy as he prepared Harry’s favoured tea and slid the white and yellow china cup to his favourite student, before sipping on his own peppermint tea. Sighing in pleasure he surveyed the angry and struggling Zabini Heir over the rim of his cup.

“Whatever is the matter, Mister Zabini? Surely you will not deny Harry a simple cup of tea?”
Blaise growled and Snape had to exert even more pressure upon Blaise’s shoulders to keep him in his chair. Harry would have thought it impossible to keep Blaise down seeing as he was a dominant Dracken and could rip Snape’s arms from his sockets. Something seriously wasn’t right.

“Albus, there is something about Mister Zabini that you should know about.” Snape spoke over Blaise’s growls.

Harry gasped. So Snape did know. He truly did know that he and Blaise were Drackens.

“Which would be what, Severus my boy?”

“Blaise is a dominant Dracken, a species of humanoid dragons.”

“I am fully aware of what Drackens are, Severus. Several have passed through this fine school since my becoming Headmaster. However I am curious as to why this was kept a secret, it is the foundation rules of this school that all non-human students are to be made known to the Headmaster of the school upon their inheritance. If I remember rightly, then Drackens have their inheritance at sixteen. Why was I not informed of Mister Zabini’s creature inheritance last year?”

“It was decided between myself and Marianna, Blaise’s Mother, that Blaise’s inheritance should be kept a secret due to his position in the school. The war with the Dark Lord was still raging when Blaise came into his inheritance, his Mother did not want her only child to be used as a weapon by the Dark Lord.”

“Ah and of course, the more people who knew, the more danger of the secret getting out, naturally.”

Dumbledore stroked his beard and Harry huddled down in his seat. He wanted to know what would happen to Blaise, what would happen to him seeing as he was a Dracken as well and hadn’t informed the Headmaster upon his inheritance, regardless that he hadn’t actually known about his creature status, nor the foundation rule of the school about informing the Headmaster about it.

“What does all of this have to do with Mister Potter?” Dumbledore asked seriously. Steepling his fingers over his half empty tea cup and looking sternly over his half-moon spectacles.
“He’s mine!” Blaise burst out furiously.

“I came into an inheritance this summer, Sir, on the morning of my sixteenth birthday.” Harry put in quietly. “I’m a submissive Dracken.”

“Blaise, you know the laws!” Snape burst out furiously. “You could be killed over this!”

“Harry’s worth it.” Blaise answered defiantly.

“Think of your Mother!”

“Madre would agree with me!” Blaise hissed, his accent becoming more pronounced the angrier he got.

Snape took a deep breath and he sighed.

“You know that he cannot be kept a secret, Blaise. The laws are firm; all dominant Drackens need to prove themselves to a submissive.”

“What?” Harry exclaimed in shock.

All eyes moved to him and he quivered, but remained staring back at them.

“The laws on this are clear, Potter. You have to be announced as a submissive Dracken and all dominant Drackens who are in search of a mate must prove themselves to you.”

“But I don’t want them to! I don’t want another dominant! I want Blaise!”

Snape closed his eyes, a grimace taking over his face.

“You have already woven yourself into him, Blaise; I hope you are ready for the repercussions of
this. You know the Counsel will punish you. Elder Getus’ grandson has recently come into his inheritance as a dominant Dracken; he has been searching for a submissive for him since.”

“Elder Getus’ grandson can shove his inheritance up his arse! Harry is mine! No one is going to take him away from me! Not even the Counsel.”

Snape swallowed as the look of pain on his face increased.

“You know that as a male submissive Potter will be highly sought after. That you did not immediately contact the Counsel upon finding him will be seen as a great injustice, Blaise.”

“I don’t care!” Blaise hissed.

“Why do they need to be informed that Mister Zabini has kept anything from them?” Dumbledore asked with a happy twinkle. “Wouldn’t it be easier all around if Mister Zabini was to plead ignorance in this matter and I will contact the Counsel today and inform them that I have recently discovered a submissive Dracken in my school?”

Snape blinked once before he nodded. “This idea has merit, it could work if both of you are careful. Potter, you must act as though you and Blaise are not already mates and Blaise, you cannot under any circumstances attack another dominant for touching Potter. You must act like he isn’t already your mate.”

“How did we even become mates?” Harry asked timidly. “We didn’t do anything.”

Snape sighed and looked to him as if he were the stupidest slug in the barrel, which he probably was.

“Drackens do not need intercourse to become mates, Potter. It can happen suddenly or gradually, over time. In your case it happened suddenly, which indicates that you are a very strong submissive and that you are drawing in mates to yourself to keep your power grounded so it does not lash out and inadvertently kill someone.”

“Our Drackens recognised each other as mates when I first licked you, Harry. We were mates from that first lick.”
“I do not need to hear such information, Blaise.” Snape cut in with a strong grimace. “What matters is that you are both mates and have to act like you are not, which is going to be monumentally difficult.”

“Not really. When all the other Drackens come here all I have to do is touch Blaise and say that he’s my mate.”

“You cannot be so stupid, Potter!” Snape groused. “It isn’t going to be that easy! All dominant Drackens have to congregate in one place before the process can even begin, you will have to put up with dominant Drackens trying to touch you and sweet talk you until then. They will say anything, will promise you everything to get you agree to be their mate. As the Dracken closest to you, Blaise will not be able to go near you until all other Drackens have arrived.”

“But I like having Blaise near me.”

“Do not whine, Potter. There is nothing that can be done about it.”

“Harry my boy; I will do anything and everything I can to make this experience more comfortable and less traumatic for you. I believe that the submissive Dracken chooses the place of meeting so as to be in a comfortable, familiar place.”

“Yes, that is correct.” Snape answered promptly.

“Harry, it might prove beneficial to use Hogwarts as your meeting place, this way you cannot be harmed and I will have the Professors, the ghosts and the portraits looking out for you.”

“Thank you, Professor, I wouldn’t know what other place to use.”

“If the submissive cannot come up with a meeting place then the congregation will be held at the Dracken Counsel Hall.” Snape cut in.

“Now, this meeting will be a waste of time, so we must hasten it along as much as possible.” Dumbledore stated. “We do not want the other students finding out, or the media getting a hold of the story.”
“How do we hide this?” Snape asked.

“I will put up a makeshift house on the other side of the lake and heavily ward it. We need to control this as much as we can, with Harry not having a guardian this will be much more difficult, but as Harry’s Headmaster and this being during the school year, I will be happy to act as your guardian Harry.”

Harry nodded immediately.

“Blaise said that I was going to need more than just him as my dominant, why would this meeting be a waste of time if I need more than one mate?”

“Because you won’t get all of the mates you need at once, Potter.” Snape told him. “You get your first dominant after your inheritance and then your breeding cycle will start. After your first period of heat has ended, you may gain a second mate. If you require another mate, you will need a third meeting again after your next period of heat and so on until you have the required number of dominant mates.”

“He will not have any more mates than necessary to impregnate him!” Blaise burst out, glaring at the Potions Professor.

“I’ve already told you I don’t want any more dominants than I need to get a clutch of children!” Harry shouted back.

Blaise’s glare switched to Harry and they stood there glaring at each other until Blaise growled so deeply that the sound reverberated through Harry’s lungs. Harry dropped his head, satisfied that Blaise had gotten the message, but before he pushed his dominant as far as punishing him. Who said that he was too stupid to learn anything?

Harry smiled and looked up through his eyelashes at the dour Potions Professor. He could learn new things just as well as the next person, regardless of what anyone else said.

Blaise opened his arms and Harry happily walked into the circle of his dominant’s arms. Those steel bands of muscle closed around him and immediately the feelings of peace, safety and protection washed over him, making all of his muscles relax and turned his body boneless. He had to admit that he loved the feeling of being cared for and protected, not that he’d tell Blaise that, at least, not so soon after they’d just met he wouldn’t.
Their tea with Dumbledore had taken them well past lunch and after assuring the concerned old man several times that he wasn’t actually being abused and that if Blaise even tried to take advantage of him or push him into something that he didn’t want then he’d have his balls lodged into his chest cavity, the two of them, him and Blaise, were free to go.

Blaise nuzzled and licked at him gently all the way down the spiral stairs and groped him through the borrowed clothing.

“Blaise! Please control yourself, I’m starving.”

That stopped Blaise in his tracks and his head shot up.

“You’re hungry? I will catch us something to eat, I will not have my mate go hungry.”

Harry shook his head and sighed. “Blaise, you can’t catch a deer for me at two in the afternoon, not with little first years happily exploring the 

forbidden forest and fourth years daring each other to see who can go the furthest in, you’ll be seen!”

“I will not have you going hungry, Prezioso. It goes against everything that I am as a dominant Dracken.”

“Yeah, so we’ll just go to the kitchens. Honestly, Blaise.”

“I don’t know where the kitchens are located, I know logically they are down near the Hufflepuff dormitories, it’s the only place that they can possibly be located, but Draco, Theo and I couldn’t find them when we went looking in our first and second years. We think that they might be warded to keep students out.”

Harry smiled secretively. “Lucky that you have me then, because I found the kitchens and how to get into them.”

“You are just full of surprises, Mio Prezioso.”
“I know nearly all of the secret passages in this school, Blaise. Didn’t Malfoy ever tell you about the time in Hogsmeade where my head suddenly appeared?”

“Yes he did. He ran straight to Professor Snape to tell him. It was never proven how you did that, or how you got past Filch.”

“I know two passageways out of the school and into Hogsmeade.” Harry told Blaise proudly.

“My clever little minx.” Blaise cooed, nuzzling at his neck again.

“What is with you and my neck?” Harry asked, even as he tilted it to the side to give Blaise more access to it.

“You have the most beautiful neck that I have ever seen.” Blaise answered, his lips a breath away from touching his skin.

Harry shivered and pressed closer to Blaise as those lips descended once again onto his neck, nibbling and licking.

“I want so badly to leave my mark upon you, but I can’t.” Blaise whispered. “The other Drackens would know immediately that you have been marked by someone else, it would ruin our entire plan.”

Harry moved away from Blaise, even though he really didn’t want to and he took his hand instead.

“We are almost at the kitchens.” Harry told him as the familiar picture of the bowl of fruit came into sight.”

“I have walked past here a thousand times and not once have I gotten a hint that the kitchens are near here.”

Harry grinned as he reached out to tickle the pear in the fruit bowl. It let out the familiar, high pitched squealing giggle before it turned into a doorknob. Harry twisted it and pushed open the portrait, which had now become a door, with a flourish.
The exclamations and greetings from the house elves made Harry grin as he praised them and then kindly asked for a late lunch, early dinner with lots of rare meat. They happily accepted and sat him and Blaise down at a cloth covered table in the corner, before placing mounded plates in front of them.

“This is incredible.” Blaise told him, looking around whilst eating the delicious meal in front of him.

“I felt the same way when I came here for the first time.”

“Are those the house tables?”

“Yep, how did you think the food got to the tables so quickly? It doesn’t just appear out of thin air at the feasts you know; the house-elves lay these tables with the food and then use their magic to make it pass up to the tables counterparts in the Great Hall which is directly above us.” Harry explained.

Blaise shook his head with a wondrous smile on his face. “I had always wondered how that happened, Draco and I believed that it happened by magic, of course, but we had previously believed that it was the Headmaster’s magic, not house-elves.”

“Speaking of your friends, won’t they miss you?”

“No. They are used to me going off on my own for a couple of hours every other day. What about Granger and Weasley, everyone in the school has noticed you have been separated from them, what happened, Harry?”

Harry sighed and stabbed his jacket potato with more force than was necessary.

“Ron got jealous after that newspaper article that wouldn’t stop gushing about how amazing I was for defeating the Dark Lord last April. He said some hateful and hurtful things and well, I shouted back and then he said that I could stay alone forever with my fame and glory. That I would die a miserable, lonely old man and after that I told him I never wanted to speak to him again. Hermione sided with Ron because they’re going out and she didn’t want to do anything to jeopardise their relationship, she’s loved him for a long time. I haven’t spoken to either of them since May and they seem to be doing just fine without me.”
Harry shrugged, trying for nonchalance even though inside the breaking down of their friendship was tearing him apart at the seams. They had been friends since they were eleven, four years was a long time for everything to just disappear overnight.

Blaise slipped around the table and held him close, stroking his hair and rubbing his side gently.

“You have me now, Prezioso and nothing will split us apart. We will find you as many dominants as you need and then we will start having clutches of children. We will be a family, Prezioso, I will ensure it.”

“What if no other dominant wants me?” Harry asked insecurely.

Blaise laughed deeply and kissed Harry’s little nose.

“Oh Harry, of course they will want you, they will be fighting and killing each other just to get your attention. Submissive Drackens do not remain unmated for long after their inheritance, Prezioso. You could have been the ugliest, stupidest, most pathetic submissive in the world and you would still have dominant Drackens flocking to you. Unfortunately for me, you are the most beautiful, intelligent, fertile and powerful submissive in the world, I am going to have to have dominance battles daily to keep you mine.”

“I don’t want you to be hurt.”

“It is unavoidable, Harry. I will have to get into battles with the other Drackens to prove I am worthy of you, to prove that I can protect you and our young, it is inevitable that I will be hurt at some point, whether minor or majorly I cannot say for certain.”

Harry did not like that at all. In fact he didn’t like this entire situation at all. He didn’t want other dominant Drackens flocking around him, touching him, groping him, he could look after himself, but he could barely stand up to Blaise, what if there was a more powerful, cruel dominant Dracken out there? How would Harry cope if he became his mate?

He would just have to get this whole debacle done and out of the way quickly. He still wanted Blaise as a mate at the end of this and he wanted him alive.
A/N: Thanks to all of you for reading and reviewing, remember that I like hearing from you, so criticise away if you must, point out spelling or grammatical mistakes or just let me know your ideas or thoughts on this story, I love hearing them.

StarLight Massacre. X
An Influx of Dominant Drackens

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry did not like that at all. In fact he didn’t like this entire situation at all. He didn’t want other dominant Drackens flocking around him, touching him, groping him, he could look after himself, but he could barely stand up to Blaise, what if there was a more powerful, cruel dominant Dracken out there? How would Harry cope if he became his mate?

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Four – An Influx of Dominant Drackens

Harry hated this. He hated it with a bloody vengeance. He wasn’t even allowed to go near Blaise. After Dumbledore had informed the Dracken Counsel that there was a submissive Dracken in Hogwarts a Counsel Elder had appeared almost instantly afterwards and he had been stuck to Harry ever since, like some sort of animated shadow, assuring him that he was never to be alone or unprotected, and that as Harry’s chaperone, the elderly Dracken had to accompany him everywhere.

Harry was at his wits end already, honestly at the end of his tether with the elderly Dracken, a man named Quintalus Trintus, who wouldn’t let anyone and he meant anyone near him.

The other students were talking, rumours were flying around and spreading like wildfire about him having some sort of deadly infectious disease which was why no one was allowed to go near him and he felt like screaming out his frustration for everyone to hear him.

As it turned out there were three dominant Drackens currently at Hogwarts. Blaise was one of them, which he’d already known. Very, very surprisingly Snape was another of the three and the third was unknown, but Elder Trintus, his chaperone, could smell his pheromones around the school. Harry begged to anyone who was listening that Snape didn’t start vying for his attention like a horny teenager too; he wouldn’t be able to bear the thought of it, nor get over the sight of his Potions Professor doing something as normal as offering him a bunch of flowers or trying to have a civil conversation with him.

Blaise was playing his part of unmated, dominant perfectly. He was testing the limits of Harry’s chaperone to the max, just like any other unmated dominant who was interested in a submissive would do, and then some. Harry would giggle and chuckle and laugh and sometimes even cry with mirth at some of the things that Blaise was doing to get his attention, even going so far as to send him several dozen ruby red roses, a huge bar of Honeydukes finest chocolate fudge because he knew that it was Harry’s favourite and he had given him a kitten for the day, which had really freaked Harry out seeing as the kitten had exploded into confetti after twelve hours. Elder Trintus had had to calm him down and explain that it wasn’t anything that Harry had done to the kitten, but
it had just been a spell. There was a spell to turn parchment into an animal, but it only lasted for
twelve hours before the animal reverted back to its previous paper state. It was a very advanced,
impressive display of magic that should have been well beyond a student of any age. Blaise was
well and truly showing off.

Nothing was said about Blaise having an unfair advantage because he had a head start on all of the
other dominants, it seemed that if you were further away from the submissive then it was just
tough luck and you had to work doubly hard to impress the submissive, in this case him, when they
arrived.

It took only sixteen hours after the announcement was made for the first of the dominant Drackens
to arrive and when they did, they had immediately started raining attention down on him. It was
like feeding time at the zoo, every Dracken flooded him with attention that he didn’t actually want
and Harry barely had time to say hello to Blaise, let alone get near him enough to cuddle. He was
starting to feel lonely and trapped the longer he spent away from Blaise.

Harry had been moved to the makeshift house, which was more like a hotel than a house, where the
only good thing to happen was that he was free to wander around with all of his Dracken attributes
on show. He loved the freedom of walking around with his wings out, but unfortunately the
dominant Drackens had taken being in a huge house all on their own with a submissive and only
one chaperone as Harry wanting the privacy to have sex with them.

Harry had been groped more times in the past hour than all of the hours he had been alive. His
chaperone was having a hell of a time keeping tabs on every Dracken that had turned up and it was
to Harry’s understanding that the poor elderly Dracken had called for reinforcements within the
first hour.

When he had gotten two minutes alone with Blaise, his chaperone yelling himself blue at one
particular Dracken who had shoved his hand down the back of Harry’s trousers to fondle his bum,
his mate had told him that the other Drackens were being so vicious because Harry was just so
desirable to them as a prospective mate. He was gorgeous and had a personality to match which
was drawing in every Dracken he met. Harry was just so glad that Snape wasn’t here; he really
couldn’t imagine the humiliation and embarrassment of having one of his teachers grope at him
like the other Drackens were doing.

Blaise had been shooed away like a bothersome cat when Elder Trintus had finally finished biting
the head off of the other Dracken and he had left with a wink and a kiss to the back of Harry’s
hand, which had made Harry chuckle.

His chaperone had leant against the wall and had panted, pulling a handkerchief from his pocket
and mopped his damp brow.

“You are something else, my dear.” He had told Harry softly. “I have never seen a meeting this
ferocious in all my time of being a submissive chaperone. But then you are one of the more perfect
catches.”

“Perfect catch?” Harry asked confusedly, wondering why he was being compared to a fish.
“Yes, my dear. You are stunning to look at, which alone would have gotten you a mate, but your outstanding personality really makes you shine a league above the other submissives, that you are so powerful and fertile just adds more bonuses on top of everything else.”

Harry hated being spoken about like he was some sort of pedigree animal, but he held his tongue. His chaperone was the only one who was keeping Harry from having his skin groped off. Blaise couldn’t help him seeing as they both had to pretend that they weren’t mates, if Blaise really wasn’t his mate then he’d be on the same side as the other dominant Drackens, trying to touch as much of him as possible, he wouldn’t be stopping the other Drackens.

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It had been two days and Harry was already bone tired. He had spoken to so many different men, had accepted so many gifts, some that he did actually like and some that were ridiculous, including a box of condoms, and had been told so many names, yet the only one he remembered was Blaise. Blaise giving him a single bracelet made of platinum, because he knew that Harry wouldn’t wear silver because of Remus. Blaise giving him a gorgeous grin and a small bow which had made Harry giggle. The other Drackens were just nameless, faceless people who were getting in Harry’s way of spending time with Blaise.

“Well, my dear, I think this meeting might be over sooner than I had believed.” Elder Trintus stated later that night when Harry was safely in his rooms, away from the other Drackens, but also away from Blaise.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked sweetly, sipping on his favoured honey tea.

“You seem awfully receptive to only the one Dracken out of the bunch that are here.”

“Oh. What does that mean?” Harry asked, playing ignorant.

The elderly Dracken chuckled. “Oh it is impossible not to be endeared by your sweetness, my dear. One can tell that you were not raised by other Drackens. You are so down to earth and not in the least bit spoilt or overindulged, that will surely change when you receive your mate, he or she will spoil you rotten and make sure that you want for nothing.”

“No, I wasn’t raised by other Drackens, my parents were killed when I was a baby and I was sent to live with my Mother’s Muggle sister.”
His chaperone shook his head sadly. “Had the Dracken world known of your existence you would have been given to a Counsel member. Such a shame. But back to you only being receptive to only one Dracken, it means that your Dracken side is being strongly drawn to him, your Dracken likes him very much, much more than the others, it will not take long before you are both mates.”

“Oh, but that’s good isn’t it?”

The elderly Dracken chuckled again. “Only a quarter of the dominant Drackens have arrived, the others will not be happy that they have missed out on a chance to win you.”

“It’s their fault for not getting here quicker. I’m glad it’s almost over; I can’t take so much attention. I’ve been kissed and touched so much in just two days. I’m not used to it. The first couple of hours of the first day really frightened me.”

“Do not fret, dear one, I will always be near you and these rooms are your sanctuary. If you feel overwhelmed then you only need to tell me and we will take a break here. But you are just so special that the other Drackens cannot get enough of you. Another point that makes you so endearing to the dominants is that you are so untouched; it excites them to know that they would be your first. Though they wouldn’t be your only, you are too powerful to have only one dominant.”

A sharp knock on the door preceded another elderly Dracken entering Harry’s private rooms, but what made Harry put his cup of tea down and stand up from his armchair, ready to run if the need arose, was the young dominant Dracken who had entered the room by the elderly Dracken’s side. An unmated dominant Dracken. An unmated dominant Dracken who stopped dead in his tracks as soon as he stepped into the room and inhaled the air deeply.

Deep brown eyes pinned Harry in place and a ferocious snarl was released from the other Dracken’s mouth, demanding Harry to submit.

“Elder Getus, you know that unmated dominants are not allowed in the submissive’s private rooms! This is a serious breach of protocol.” Harry’s chaperone, Elder Trintus, stated furiously, standing up himself and putting himself between Harry and this new dominant.

“I had only wished to introduce my grandson to the new submissive Dracken, Quintalus. We have only just gotten here and I thought that it would be nice to introduce them both to one another whilst you and I caught up with recent affairs.”
“Be that as it may, this is against the rules lain down for the safety of the submissive in question, these rooms are supposed to be a safe haven, a place to retreat to if it all gets too much. How can you expect the submissive to feel safe surrounded by so many dominants if his private sanctuary is invaded by an unmated Dracken?”

“We are hardly invading, Trintus.” The other Elder said, suddenly much less friendly than before. “I had just hoped that the little one might be feeling receptive to my grandson, I had only wished that they would get along.”

Before either Elder could speak again the dominant Dracken had leapt upon an unsubmitting Harry, who let out an undignified squeak and dropped to the floor to avoid the dominant, rolling under the coffee table and around the settee.

“Dominic! Stop this undignified display at once!” Elder Getus demanded.

His grandson, Dominic, obviously didn’t listen as he jumped onto the settee, trying to grab Harry over the back of it. Harry moved further away and edged around the room until he reached the door. He flung it open as Dominic ran at him and slammed it closed behind him as he set off running, his instincts telling him to get to Blaise, that he needed his dominant mate to protect him.

Harry was very lucky that Dominic did not appear to be as fast as Blaise was in the forest, or Harry would have been caught. It was severely unlucky though that he was in a hotel sized house full of unmated dominant Drackens, who were all in the same frame of mind as Dominic. To get him and grope him at any and all cost.

To Harry it seemed that there were more dominants than there had been when he had retired to his room for a break, but then he wouldn’t know any of them from Adam, the only Dracken he had been paying any attention to was Blaise and he wouldn’t have recognised anyone else if he had been introduced to them five minutes prior.

Harry made the heinous mistake of peeking over his shoulder to ascertain how far away the other Drackens were, the next thing he knew he had hit something so solid that he saw stars. He was hoisted up and he heard the belly rumbling growl above his head. It was an unfamiliar growl, but those arms were so protective, so strong and solid that Harry clung to the Dracken he had run into. The only thing that Harry could discern was that he was taller and thicker than Blaise and much more solidly muscled.

The Dracken holding him growled so ferociously that Harry ducked his head under the other male’s chin; he heard at least three answering growls and two hisses before he was lurched sideways as the Dracken holding him started running and then flying, his absolutely huge wings beating the air violently.

Flying was so much faster than running and Harry squeezed his eyes closed so he couldn’t see the carpeted floor passing by at such disorienting speeds when he wasn’t the one in control of anything, he kept his eyes closed right up until the Dracken carrying him was tackled in mid-flight, right over the banister of the stairs.
The Dracken landed heavily on his back and Harry landed on top of him, but before he could get his bearings back he was ripped from the dazed dominant’s grasp and he was again held tightly as the new Dracken ran with him. A door opened and then closed and Harry heard a very strong locking spell chanted in a voice he recognised so very well.

“Prezioso, are you alright? Speak to me, Harry.” Blaise’s slightly breathless voice whispered into his ear. “Why did you leave the safety of your rooms?”

“One of the Elders brought his grandson into my rooms, Blaise. He was in my rooms! He tried to touch me, to grab me, so I had to run.”

“Oh Prezioso, Mio Prezioso.” Blaise exclaimed holding him tighter and wrapping his beautiful black and purple wings around him.

“Can I stay with you? My chaperone has already noticed that I’m more receptive to you than any of the other Drackens, he said that this meeting would be over soon because of it.”

“Of course you can, Harry, I would never turn you away, especially not when your rooms have been invaded.”

Harry smiled and snuggled in tighter to Blaise. This meeting had thrown him in at the deep end without armbands when he didn’t know how to swim. He was dreading when he had to have another meeting to find his second mate, why couldn’t Blaise be enough for him? He wasn’t greedy; he didn’t want more than one mate, so why did he have to have more than one mate just to get him pregnant?

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The house was in uproar when the Elders and the dominants figured out that Harry was missing, but safely tucked up in bed with Blaise, Harry found that he didn’t care as his dominant stroked each of the sensitive, white scales on his pure white wings.

He was purring again, a deep, rumbling noise that came from deep within his chest as Blaise pressed his lips against his neck over and over whilst playing with his leathery wings.

Harry was not idle either as he explored the bare chest of his dominant for the first time. He had seen Blaise without a shirt on once, it had been that first time in the forest which seemed like so long ago now, but in reality it had only been a few days, but he hadn’t touched Blaise’s bare skin once. Until now that is.
Blaise was smooth and firm, there was a scattering of hair around his bellybutton and a soft line of hair that went below the waistband of his sleeping bottoms, but other than that, Blaise was smooth and hairless, deeply tanned and firmly muscled.

Harry ran his fingers lightly over one dark brown nipple and then the other, loving the shiver that rolled down Blaise’s spine each time. He played with the darkly tanned skin, curiously comparing the olive tone to his own porcelain white with hints of pink.

Blaise chuckled and pulled Harry’s hands from his body, tucking them against his chest as he rolled over to trap them between both of their chests.

“If you carry on with that, Prezioso, then neither of us will be sleeping tonight.” Blaise whispered darkly.

“Is that such a bad thing? I’m done with this charade of a meeting. I want to announce you as my mate to the whole world, Blaise. I don’t want to be touched or kissed or groped by anyone other than you.”

“You will change your mind soon, after your first heat when your Dracken side realises that I alone will not be enough to impregnate you.”

“That’s later on, Blaise. I’m talking about now. I want just you for now. I don’t want them.”

Blaise sighed and buried his head into Harry’s long, black hair, he loved his mate’s hair, both long and silky when he was showing his Dracken features and short and messy when he was showing his human features. In both forms it smelt the same, like chestnuts.

“The other Drackens will call foul play if we announce it so soon, but then they always call foul play when they have not been chosen by a submissive, so it will not be looked into much, but the fact that you haven’t even compared wing sizes or spent a great deal of time with any Dracken will count against us, Bello.”

“I’ve had dominant Drackens flashing their wings at me for two whole days, Blaise! None of them entice me at all, I look at their brightly coloured wings being shoved into my face and I’m thinking, huh, another pair of wings, how nice, now get out of my way please. I don’t want to see green wings, blue wings, yellow ones or bloody red ones, the only wings I’m even remotely interested in are black and purple and I’m looking at them right now!”

Blaise silenced Harry with a ferocious kiss and Harry forgot about everything as those skilful lips
teased his apart for a strong tongue to lay claim to his mouth.

Harry woke up on his third morning in the Dracken hotel, as he had named it, well rested and relaxed for the first time in months, perhaps even years. The reason became apparent almost immediately as he found himself cuddled under Blaise’s heavy, yet comforting, arm. One black leathery, purple scaled wing pulled over the top of their sleeping bodies like an umbrella, protecting him, and Blaise, from the bright sunlight filtering through the un-curtained window.

Yawning and stretching, Harry made a small, soft noise, but Blaise was awake and alert within seconds, sitting up and scanning the room for danger, before retracting his claws and fangs when he came to the conclusion that there was no apparent danger.

“Morning, Prezioso.” Blaise murmured, lying back down next to Harry and stroking one pale, but sleep reddened, cheek.

“Morning, Blaise.” Harry answered, happily leaning into Blaise’s touch.

“Are you hungry? I can hunt for you.”

Harry shook his head fondly. Blaise sounded so excited at the prospect of going and killing an animal for Harry’s breakfast. Blaise was always offering to hunt for Harry; he had to wonder if it was in the dominant genes to hunt for every meal or if Blaise just liked hunting. Either way Harry was feeling more like having cereals for breakfast than meat, so regretfully he turned Blaise’s offer down with an explanation.

“You want cereals? You’re going into the first stages of heat, Prezioso. You need the grain for energy; soon you’ll want fruits and vegetables for slow release and energy storage.”

“Oh, but then the other Drackens will know that I already have a mate, the breeding cycle doesn’t start until I have a mate.”

Blaise nodded. “I know, Prezioso. We will announce our mateship later on, but first we have to be seen interacting with one another and you will have to watch some of the other dominants, then disregard them, if you really don’t like them, Harry, then simply reject their gifts and attentions. As the submissive the power is all yours, no one else’s. You have the right to reject or dismiss any Dracken that you want to, you can even send them away. Don’t let them bully you, Bello, they’re
Harry smiled happily at this revelation and he hugged Blaise, mentally thanking him for giving him the strength and confidence he needed to get rid of the other dominants. If he was allowed to dismiss them and send them away from this hell hotel, then they couldn’t touch him, no more running from them, if they did something that he didn’t like then he’d damn well get rid of them. Unfortunately it would look too suspicious if he ordered all of them apart from Blaise out of the house like he wanted to.

Harry carefully slipped out of Blaise’s room and practically skipped down the corridor and into the breakfast room. Blaise was going to have a shower and take his time so it wouldn’t look in the least bit suspicious.

The massive hall that rivalled Hogwarts’ Great Hall fell silent as he entered and Harry had the odd thought that he was walking down death row as he confidently walked to the head of the table where his ‘special’ seat was located. Honestly it was more like a throne than a chair with a thick, soft, plush cushion for him to perch on with a padded back and arms.

“Oh, Harry, dear one. We have been searching all over for you.” His chaperone, Elder Trintus, stated with relief.

“I spent the night in the castle.” Harry lied smoothly. “I had to get away from this house, especially after my rooms were sullied.”

“Yes, about that, Harry, Dominic is very sorry for his behaviour.” The other Elder cut in, looking sorrowful. “He wishes to make it up to you.”

“He doesn’t have to, in fact I don’t want him to, what I want is for him to leave.”

“You don’t know what you’re saying, Harry.” Elder Getus told him firmly, chidingly.

“Yes I do. I will not stay here whilst he is here. I want him gone!”

“Get rid of him.” One dominant growled. “How can we properly interact with Harry if he is
constantly running away from him?!”

“Let us not be hasty, all of you reacted the same to Harry when you first got here, Dominic is no different.”

“We didn’t act like him!” Another man, this one at least six foot eight with wide set shoulders to match, burst out harshly. “We respected the rules! None of us would have dared to enter the submissive’s room, only Dominic has been rude and disrespectful enough to do so! Harry’s rooms are supposed to be his own, no one is allowed in them because it is his space.”

“He’s right; no one else has barged into my rooms like that.” Harry answered, giving a smile to the huge man, who smirked back, his gorgeous blue eyes sparkling, puffing his chest out under Harry’s attention like he had just been told he’d won gold in an Olympic event. “There are some of you here that I just can’t be around, we are completely incompatible and you’ll never be my mate, I can’t concentrate on any of the others if you’re here.”

“Alright, dear one, you can come with me after your breakfast and we will interview each Dracken in turn, if you aren’t compatible with each other, you have the right to reject them.” Elder Trintus told him.

“I like that idea; it will give me a chance to spend some one on one time with all of you to find my prospective mate.”

The dominants all started murmuring to each other, but mostly they just growled at each other. They weren’t here to make friends after all; they were all in direct competition with each other. It was a shame; Harry thought sadly, none of them would be his mate, at least not this time around, but they all thought that they had a chance.

Harry happily ate his second bowl of cereal and then moved onto two pieces of wholemeal toast. He made sure to eat several pieces of nearly raw, cubed lamb because he was being watched closely, even though he didn’t really fancy eating meat and then it was time for the showdown. His one on one interviews with the dominant Drackens. He had a feeling that he just wasn’t going to enjoy this as much as he was supposed to.

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Harry was going to be reduced to cold blooded slaughter. Honestly if this kept up he would have no other choice, it would be them or him and Harry would much rather it be them. He had deduced, in just three hours, that dominant Drackens were pompous, arrogant, self-satisfied, egotistical
bastards.

Harry had been under the false impression that this interview was to learn about his compatibility with his prospective mate. But apparently it was him sitting in an armchair listening to a bunch of dicks and egos telling him their accomplishments, their prowess’s and their achievements.

Even Elder Trintus was looking quite astonished at their level of rudeness and self-centredness, at least Harry wasn’t the only one. Honestly he hadn’t once been asked how he was or even what he was interested in, there had been one Dracken who had been very into a hobby called caving, which Harry had expressed a slight interest in, so the guy had explained everything about it to him, before going on to brag that he had a trophy in mountain biking, a subject that Harry wasn’t in the least bit interested in.

“I can’t take this anymore.” Harry complained to his chaperone as they took a little tea break. “None of them are right for me! What if I never get a mate?”

Which wasn’t likely seeing as he already had one, but Harry’s fear was more for his future clutch of children, which he’d never have unless he found a second, possibly third and fourth mate. He wanted Blaise, of course he did, but he also wanted his own children. Was he doomed to pick an ignorant berk to spend the rest of his life with, to spend time with, to mate with and to have sex with, just to have children?

“Oh, Harry dearest, don’t be daft, of course you’ll find a mate. Really they can’t all be this selfish! There must be one among the hundred or so that are here that you like.”

“What if I don’t like any of them? And you told me that I will need more than one mate to get pregnant, I can’t choose one, how can I pick two?! What if I need more than two? Oh god I can’t do this, why can’t I just have the one mate? Why can’t one mate be enough for me to have a clutch of children?”

Elder Trintus sighed and took a refreshing sip of tea, before he looked at the distressed young man across from him. Sixteen, this boy was just sixteen years old he thought sadly and the biggest age group of the dominants was in the late twenties, early thirties range. He wished that there were more submissive Drackens, then he wouldn’t have to watch time and time again as a submissive was paired with a dominant three times older than they were.

“Your Dracken instincts know what they are doing, Harry. You may have already subconsciously chosen, you have, after all, been inhaling the scents of all of the dominants here for the past two days. Just get through these interviews and if at the end you still haven’t chosen then we will think of something else, but for now, we still have about sixty more dominants to interview.”
“Three hours and we aren’t even halfway.” Harry mumbled, throwing back the last few gulps of his honey tea and swallowing hard. “Someone give me the strength to carry on.”

Another hour and Harry wanted to slice up the next dominant Dracken that he saw. But unfortunately for his killing urges, but very fortunately for his sanity, it was Blaise who sauntered through the door next. His gorgeous, wonderful, amazing mate, Blaise.

“Good afternoon, I’m Blaise Mariano Zabini, seventeen.” Blaise greeted with a small smile that had just a hint of smirk in it. “I hope that you are well.”

“You know you are the first person to even ask me how I am. I’ve had an entire day of being bombarded with selfish remarks and comments and I’m just so glad that one of you isn’t too self-absorbed to actually ask me how I am!”

“How dull and utterly disgusting behaviour.” Blaise replied with a wink that was hidden from the chaperone. “I’ve brought you some more chocolate; you told me yesterday that you had none left so I went out this morning and bought you some more.”

Harry nearly pounced on the bar of chocolate that was offered to him and opened it immediately and bit into it.

“Thank you so much, I love chocolate fudge bars.”

“I know, I remember you telling me the first day we were in this house.” Which was a lie as Harry had told Blaise that he liked this particular chocolate bar a few days after their chase through the forest on Halloween, when he’d been eating the last bar that he had.

“You remember that? I didn’t think anyone was listening to me. That and I doubted anyone could hear me over the squawking of that huge Dracken, the one with orangey wings.”

“I was listening to you, Harry.”
Harry blushed lightly and coyly took a look at his chaperone, who was writing something on the clipboard that he had had all day during the interviews. The elderly Dracken had better not be putting anything other than praise down for Blaise or Harry would have his head on a plate.

“What are your interests, Blaise?” Harry asked, pretending to be politely interested. “What do you like doing during your spare time?”

“I spend most of my time studying; I am in the mind frame that my school years are for study. I wish to get a very good job, the very best that I can, in order to provide all the necessary and luxury items that my mate could possibly want. We would need a big house for us to share with our children, I will not see my family wearing rags and clothing costs money and also I would wish to feed my family the very finest foods to ensure the highest amount of nutrition.”

“How do you do anything else other than study?” Harry’s chaperone asked, surveying him.

Harry made sure to jump slightly, acting as if he had been so engrossed in his talk with Blaise that he had forgotten that the other Dracken was there. It worked as Elder Trintus made another note with a wide smile.

“I like walking.” Blaise answered. “If I had a mate, I would like to think that we could enjoy walks through the countryside together.”

“I like walking barefoot through grass.” Harry told him with a smile and a small blush. “I also like dipping my feet into the lake and walking through the forest and I’ve never actually told anyone that before.”

“Then I am honoured that you have told me about your secret wanderings.” Blaise answered with that gorgeous grin.

Harry laughed and broke a bit of his chocolate off, offering it to Blaise, who instead of taking it like Harry had expected, lowered his mouth to suck it from Harry’s fingers.

Blushing deeply, Harry smiled and moved from his armchair and over to sit next to Blaise on the settee opposite him. He cuddled into his side and subconsciously started purring.

“I think that this interview is over, Harry, my dear. You have obviously chosen a mate for yourself and a very fine mate as well. You get on really well with each other, Blaise, you have obviously been very serious about your mate from the very beginning and you have been listening to Harry
and what he says, which is more than some other dominants can say. We will be seeing each other again, Harry. As I have already said you are too powerful to only need one mate and I would be honoured to be your chaperone once again.”

“I’d love to have you as my chaperone again, but I really wish I didn’t have to go through all of this for a second time.”

Elder Trintus chuckled at the cute little submissive, he honestly thought that Harry had no idea how beautiful he was, inside and out, if only he were unmated and fifty years younger, he thought wistfully.

“I think that your next meeting will go much more smoothly, Harry dearest, you will, after all, have Blaise with you for your second meeting and you would have already been mated and had your first heat. Blaise, as your first mate, will not accept any dominant touching you without your permission; he will likely fight them to encourage them to stop.”

“I don’t like violence.” Harry stated softly.

“Then I will make sure that you will see nothing, Mio Bello.” Blaise told him seriously, wrapping a huge wing around Harry.

“I always do love seeing a mateship form before my eyes; you are a very strong and powerful submissive, Harry, to bond with Blaise as quickly as you have.”

“I could feel a connection with him right away, from that first time when he introduced himself to me with a handshake.”

“Dear Merlin, you are much more powerful that I could possibly have believed, Harry. Mating over a simple handshake, it takes a submissive on average three days before they recognise a mate, but if you and Blaise mated together the first time that you shook hands, it would possibly explain why your Dracken has been rejecting all of the other dominants.”

“I don’t mean to hurt their feelings, I just really like Blaise.”

“That is quite alright, dearest, they are not going to be happy, but then the only way they would be happy was if you had chosen them as your mate, which you are not going to.”
“Can I go back to having a semi-normal life now? I’m sure the rumours in the school are terrible by now. When I left I was dying from an incurable, deadly disease. Merlin knows what the students have come up with now.”

“Of course, my little dear. You leave the clean-up to me, you just have to announce Blaise as your mate to the other dominants and then you are free to do as you please.”

Harry did not relish the thought of telling the hundred or so dominant Drackens that they had wasted a journey or that he already had a mate and it wasn’t any of them.

He stood in the huge common room, looking at all of their hopeful eyes and lustful gazes and tucked his white wings into his body, some of the white scales were getting a slight purple tint to them and Harry couldn’t wait until he finally, proudly, wore the colours of his mate.

“You spent longer with him!” One dominant burst out. “I want a longer interview as well.”

“None of you are going to get another minute of my time. I’m sorry, but it seems that I have already found my first mate. Elder Trintus believes that Blaise and I mated from our very first handshake, which is why I have been less receptive to any of your advances. I’m sorry, but I am no longer looking for a mate.”

There was uproar, yells of denial, screams of rage and deep growls that had the hair on the back of his neck standing up on end.

Harry was very glad for the strong presence of Blaise at his back, his arms around his shoulders and his wings flared out, ready to wrap around him if needed.

“You all know that you cannot seek retribution.” Elder Trintus spoke up loudly, his voice easily carrying over the shouts and growls of the dominants. “Against Harry or Blaise. But this isn’t over yet, Harry is a very powerful Dracken and will require another mate at least, possibly two or even three more, you all have the chance to try again.”

Harry hated that too, being offered up like a piece of meat or a raffle prize. He might not be human anymore, but he was still a living person and he deserved the basic respect for that. He still had feelings and thoughts and he was still the same person that he was before, he just had wings, claws and fangs. Oh and his scales, he couldn’t forget his glittery, white scales, which were turning a very light purple in patches. He couldn’t wait until they went the same dark amethyst as Blaise’s, he smiled and looked at his wing scales over his shoulder. He really, really couldn’t wait for them to reflect his bond with Blaise.
With most of the dominants calm now that they had been informed that they could possibly become his mate still, Harry felt secure enough to walk through them, with Blaise of course, and out into Hogwarts’ grounds.

He slipped his hand into Blaise’s much larger one and smiled to his mate. Now they had time to get to know one another and enjoy their relationship. At least until it was ruined by the introduction of a second mate, but that was way off, he had to go onto his first heat period before he had to pick another mate. Harry smiled at Blaise from under his eyelashes, first things first though; they had to get to know one another better and maybe get in some practice before he officially went onto his heat. It never hurt to practice after all, he thought with a salacious grin.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: So Harry and Blaise are now officially mates, not that they weren’t before, but now everyone knows. Harry is on his way to his first heat, which is going to be a chapter of nothing but pure smut which can no longer be posted on this site, so if you want to see that chapter you have to venture to a different website to find it.

Harry is not being abused by Blaise, nor does Blaise throttle him. Blaise places his hand over the back of Harry’s neck and digs his claws in as a reprimand for bad behaviour. It has to be painful to make it an incentive for submissives to be good. A submissive needs to be obedient to their dominant because back when Drackens were new, they were hunted and killed. A submissive needed to listen to their dominant immediately and not ten minutes later when it could be too late for both of them.

That instinct has passed down through the genes and while they aren’t in as much danger as their ancestors, there are still a lot of people who do not like Drackens and would see them exterminated. Blaise is trying to instil his dominance on Harry to help keep him safe, he is not abusing him.

StarLight Massacre. X
He slipped his hand into Blaise’s much larger one and smiled to his mate. Now they had time to get to know one another and enjoy their relationship. At least until it was ruined by the introduction of a second mate, but that was way off, he had to go onto his first heat period before he had to pick another mate. Harry smiled at Blaise from under his eyelashes, first things first though; they had to get to know one another better and maybe get in some practice before he officially went onto his heat. It never hurt to practice after all, he thought with a salacious grin.

Harry had come to the conclusion that Blaise was the only mate that he ever wanted. He didn’t want anyone else, fuck his genes or whatever it was that said he needed more than one person to become pregnant.

How ridiculous was that anyway? Girls got pregnant at the drop of a hat; it was why Hogwarts’ Medi-nurse was female, so that girls would feel more comfortable talking to her. Harry thought that that was a load of shit too. He wouldn’t feel any more or less embarrassed or humiliated talking to a woman about his sex life than he would a man. He’d be equally mortified either way.

As he lay on Blaise’s bed in the Slytherin dormitories, three days after the hotel from hell incident, Harry was contemplating when he would go into heat. He was still eating cereals and toast by the plateful and had recently added crackers and biscuits, but he wasn’t devouring bowl after bowl of fruits like Blaise had told him would be sign of the last stage of his breeding cycle before he went into heat.

The only thing that pointed to him progressing at all was that he couldn’t stand to be near meat of any sort, raw or cooked, which indicated that he was just over the crest of the middle period of his cycle. Blaise wasn’t worried at all, he said that breeding cycles could take weeks even months before the submissive went into heat, it was different for every submissive.

Harry didn’t know what he wanted his cycles to be, on the one hand, he really wanted to experience going into heat with Blaise, on the other hand, the minute he came off of heat, he would have to have a meeting to find his second mate.
“What’s floating around in that gorgeous head of yours, Mio Bello?” Blaise asked, coming from the bathroom fully dressed, much to Harry’s disappointment.

“I’m just wondering about going into heat.”

“The only thing that fills your head these days.” Blaise stated affectionately. “I’ve told you, Harry, it will happen when it happens. There is nothing to worry about.”

“I was thinking that maybe we should practice first, before I go onto heat.”

“Why?” Blaise asked, looking faintly offended. “I am a good lover, Harry. I don’t need to practice.”

“But I do, Blaise. This will be my first time; the heat is a primal act between Drackens that is rough and instinctual. I don’t want my first time to hurt, Blaise.”

“Oh Prezioso, come here.” Blaise cooed cuddling Harry tightly. “Why didn’t you tell me that you were afraid? Of course if you want me to make love to you beforehand I will. I would be honoured to.”

Harry smiled and held Blaise against him. “Thank you, Blaise.” He whispered.

Blaise gave that sexy smirk and took Harry’s hand in his own. “Come or we will be late for breakfast, you need to eat.”

“Why are you always trying to feed me? I feel like a pudding.” Harry sighed, he was not used to eating so much, even when he was at Hogwarts and away from the poisonous influence of his relatives.

“It is in my instincts to feed my mate, just be lucky that I am already a year into my life as a Dracken, a Dracken who is new and is mated would not be able to control his instinct to feed you. He would drag a dead animal to you in the Great Hall, in front of everyone. Would you prefer that?”
Harry looked faintly horrified. He didn’t know what to settle on, absolute disgust or faint amusement.

“That’s gross.” He finally settled on saying as Blaise tugged him out of his dormitory and into the common room.

Blaise gave him a wicked smirk as he pulled Harry to cradle him under his arm, hugging him close.

“Gross or not, it is how our instincts dictate that we should act. It takes a while for us to get a hold of our instincts; it took me eight weeks of running around and trying to force my housemates to submit to me before I could control myself. I don’t know if you remember but I was being labelled as insane this time last year.”

“I remember a mention of it and that was only because you tried to get a Gryffindor seventh year to bow down to you.”

Blaise grinned then. “I remember him, he thought he was stronger than me, strutting around like he owned the place, my Dracken had to put him in his place. It was after that incident that Professor Snape got involved and started teaching me.”

“It’s strange thinking that Snape is a Dracken. He doesn’t look like the rest.”

Blaise sighed sadly and nodded. “His mate died, Harry. When a Dracken’s mate dies, we turn bitter and sour, especially as Professor Snape didn’t have time to have a clutch of children with his mate. Without a mate and without children, well we sort of lose ourselves and we waste away. Many decide to commit suicide, but Professor Snape is far too strong to ever sink to that level.”

“My god, I don’t know what would happen if you suddenly died.” Harry breathed in horror.

“Don’t think about it, Mio Bello. It is usually the submissive who dies anyway.”

“Oh thanks for that.” Harry laughed in mock outrage.

Blaise chuckled. “Not that I would ever let you die, Prezioso. Professor Snape was separated from
his mate when they died, he couldn’t protect them.”

“That’s awful, I feel bad now for ever thinking ill of him.”

“Don’t worry about it, Harry, you didn’t know. He doesn’t want people to know.”

Harry nodded at the hint to not mention it or to bring it up as they entered the Great Hall. Being used to sitting at the Slytherin table, Harry didn’t even try to veer off towards the Gryffindor table anymore, not that Blaise would have let him. It wasn’t like there was anything over there for him anyway; he’d only be eating on his own.

The only new thing about this was that Malfoy was back. Harry had had the feeling that the huge blond had been avoiding him since he had found Harry in Blaise’s bed, but he didn’t know Malfoy all that well, for all he knew it could have been normal behaviour.

Blaise sat down next to a girl with long, yellow-blonde hair and opposite a boy with a pointed face and light brown hair. Harry recognised the boy as Blaise’s friend Theodore Nott. This seating arrangement unfortunately left Harry sitting opposite Malfoy, who was being mauled by a fourth year girl, with the same blonde hair as the girl next to Blaise. Malfoy calmly pushed her off of himself every now and then with one arm, without stopping the calm, measured bites of his breakfast.

Harry watched curiously and Malfoy, as if he could feel Harry’s gaze, lifted his head as he was chewing his bacon to lock eyes with him. Harry tilted his head questioningly as the girl once again tried to climb onto Malfoy’s lap and the blond man sighed.

“Daphne, could you please remove your sibling from my proximity.” Malfoy’s low, serious voice cut through all surrounding conversations and drew people’s attention onto himself.

The blonde girl next to Blaise peeked around his mate’s huge shoulders and looked embarrassed and faintly shocked.

“Astoria!” She exclaimed sharply. “Come here and leave Draco be, I’ve told you before that this behaviour is unacceptable and the continuance of it will see a letter finding its way to Mother and Father!”

“She obviously hasn’t been taught properly.” A pug faced girl that Harry knew as Pansy Parkinson sniffed over her glass of pumpkin juice. “No self-respecting Pureblood woman would act like a desperate whore.”
Daphne flushed a brilliant red and glared hatefully at Pansy as she stood up. She took a hold of her sister’s arm as she passed her and started dragging her away.

“There was no need for those comments.” Harry stated quietly, looking at Parkinson.

Blaise immediately stopped his conversation at the sound of his voice and turned to look at him, whether he was reprimanding him with his eyes or just giving him support Harry didn’t know. He didn’t care, it was wrong of Parkinson to say such things out loud, even if she did think them.

“Keep your nose out, Half-blood.” Parkinson sneered.

“Do not speak to him like that.” Blaise threatened lightly.

“What do you even see in him, Blaise?” Pansy asked snootily, looking at Harry critically. “He’s too short, too skinny, he doesn’t look after his awful hair, his face is disgusting, he can’t see further than his own nose and he’s stupid as well. His only redeeming qualities are a passing skill in Quidditch and his eyes, only since he lost those disgusting, plebeian glasses though.”

Harry would never admit how much those words hurt him. Hadn’t he heard something similar from Ron’s mouth not seven months ago? Blaise however was growling continuously under his breath. Harry took a hold of his hand and squeezed it reassuringly.

“You will apologise to Harry immediately.” Blaise demanded, giving a pointed look to Parkinson, who quelled under his glare.

“I apologise.” She stated huffily and turned away from them both, engaging Millicent Bulstrode in conversation.

Blaise wrapped an arm around Harry and the diminutive Dracken rather thought that if he had been able to Blaise would have wrapped a wing around him as well.

“Do not listen to her, Mio Bello.” Blaise whispered into his ear. “You are so beautiful and she is jealous because she will never be as stunning as you are. Not with that nose at any rate.”
Harry giggled lightly and snuggled in tighter. He felt glad that Blaise had defended him, he had been too stunned to do so himself, what with Parkinson sounding so much like Ron. The only difference had been that Ron had slighted him for his fame as well; it seemed that Slytherins had no problem with his apparent celebrity status, just his appearance and his blood status, or lack thereof.

Harry growled as yet another male student went past and smacked his bum. It seemed to be a new game that the Gryffindors had started. Seamus had done it first, but Harry could tolerate the flirty Irishman doing it, he had known Seamus for five years and they both knew it meant nothing serious, it was Seamus’ way of showing that they were still friends, well that and he liked Harry’s new look.

Dean Thomas had done it as a joke because Seamus had, then after that it was like a tidal wave had hit, he couldn’t go anywhere without having his arse smacked. Blaise didn’t know about it…yet, but Harry was sure he was going to blow up about it and probably kill someone if he ever found out about it. He had to put a stop to it himself and soon.

Walking into the library, Harry went into the potions section and scanned for the particular book that he wanted, which typically was right on the top shelf. He was five foot five, but you had to be over six foot to reach the top shelf of the library in any section.

Sighing and resigning himself to dragging a chair over to reach it, because not only could he not take out his wings to hover high enough to reach it, but he wasn’t allowed to use magic in the library anymore thanks to six, third year students who had had a duel in the study area last month.

“You’re not going to be able to get it down by pouting at it.” A smooth, cultured voice told him.

Harry knew that voice before he even turned around to see the hulking figure of Draco Malfoy. Harry hated that the blond had seemingly shot up a foot during the summer, they had almost been the same size last year, he had been five foot three and a half and Draco had been five foot seven, now the blond was at least six foot five, six foot six in height.

“I was just about to get a chair.” Harry defended hotly.

Malfoy rolled those silver coloured eyes and stood up from the chair that he had been sat in. Harry hadn’t seen him when he’d come down this way to get the particular book that he wanted.

“Which book do you want?”
“The big blue one.”

“Well that’s helpful seeing as there are several big blue books that you can’t reach.”


Harry wasn’t sure, but it looked like Draco went ten shades paler, which was quite a feat as he’d been look extra pale this term and slightly sick.

“Why do you want that book?” He asked, striving for nonchalance but only achieving Harry’s curiosity.

“Because I do.” Harry replied. “Now are you going to get it down for me or do I have to go and get a chair?”

Draco reached up and took down the book from the very top shelf; he didn’t even need to go on his tip toes to reach it. He handed it to Harry reluctantly and it made Harry so insanely curious. What was in this book that Malfoy didn’t want him to see?

“Thank you.” Harry stated, before scurrying away before Malfoy could change his mind and snatch the book back off of him.

Harry checked the book out and quickly left the library. He went out into the grounds and sighed as the fresh air hit him. His wings twitched under his skin and Harry had to concentrate doubly hard to keep them hidden. He wanted to bring them out and flex them.

He made his way over to the lake and sat down against the tree closest to the edge; he pulled his shoes and socks off of his feet and happily dipped them into the water. Blaise would probably kill him for doing it, what with it being the end of November, but Harry didn’t care, he had always loved the feeling of the icy water lapping at his toes.

He cracked open the book and started at chapter one. He had planned on just looking up Dracken pheromone suppressors, seeing as he didn’t like advertising himself to every Dracken within a fifty mile radius, but Malfoy had made him so itchingly curious, he had to find out why the huge blond hadn’t wanted him to read this book.

So he was being nosy, he really didn’t care, Blaise would have an eppy fit if he knew the reason he was scouring every page of this book, he valued privacy, but Harry was just too curious to let it
drop. The truth was that Draco Malfoy had always fascinated him. He followed every move the blond made religiously and his eyes always found a way to follow his blond nemesis, only he wasn’t so much a nemesis anymore. Ever since they had come back to school things had changed, Malfoy wasn’t going out of his way to torment him, in fact he hadn’t even insulted him and had even helped him get the book from the too high shelves.

“Potter! Get your feet out of the water.” A sharp, icy voice demanded.

Harry automatically did as he was told, the voice of a dominant Dracken forcing his submissive will, but he looked over his shoulder at who had ordered him to do so, his emerald green eyes meeting and holding the jet black eyes of Severus Snape.

“Hello Professor.”

“I see Zabini hasn’t yet taught you enough. Drackens do not like the cold, Potter. Prolonged exposure to the cold will make you very, very ill.”

“Oh.” Harry frowned; he loved dipping his feet into water.

“I can see that Zabini is not going to teach you efficiently enough. I expect to see you in my quarters after dinner, Potter. This is not a request.”

With that the Potions Professor strode away, his black cloak billowing out behind him as per usual, but Harry was half expecting the sky to fall down. He was going to have private Dracken lessons with Snape! Of all people it had to be Snape.

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Blaise was not happy at the idea of private lessons with Snape, a dominant Dracken at that, never mind that Snape wasn’t looking for anyone because he had already been mated, and he insisted on accompanying him.

“Honestly, Blaise this is ridiculous.” Harry grumbled.
Blaise’s hand curled around the back of his neck and squeezed lightly, warning him not to say another word, however Harry was incensed by the action. He was not some obedient little puppy!

Moving his shoulder to try and nudge Blaise’s hand away only made the hand squeeze tighter and Harry mewled in pain. He twisted in Blaise’s hold and tried to kick out, but Blaise moved his leg to block the attack.

“You can't be with me twenty-four seven, Blaise! No matter how much you fucking want to! What if I get a detention? Are you going to walk me there holding my hand?”

“Why do you want to be alone with Snape so much? Is it because he’s older than me? More experienced? He sure as hell isn’t better looking.” Blaise hissed.

“Would you listen to yourself? You’re being a jealous dick! I don’t know what experienced is! I don’t know what inexperienced is because I'm a virgin! I’ve told you that already so get the fuck off of me!”

Blaise let his claws come out to touch the skin of Harry’s neck and pulled him closer so their faces were as close as they could get.

“Do not speak to me like that.”

“I’ll speak to you how I damn well please!”

Harry gasped as Blaise’s claws dug into his skin, but he still threw his arms out to push at Blaise’s chest.

“Let the fuck go!”

“Oi!” A new voice joined their argument in the assumedly deserted corridor. “Let him go!”

Harry looked to the side and could have groaned as he saw Cormac McLaggen, a seventh year Gryffindor, standing by an open doorway just a few feet from them. He walked closer and Blaise started growling, a low sound which Cormac probably couldn’t even hear, but Harry could feel under his hands which were frozen against his mate’s chest.
“Do not stick your nose into other people business!” Blaise threatened.

“It is my business if you’re abusing a fellow lion.”

McLaggen was either stupid or crazy, probably both, Harry deduced. No one would willingly walk towards an enraged dominant Dracken. Not that McLaggen knew that Blaise was a dominant Dracken, but the pheromones that Blaise was releasing into the air should have scared any human off by now.

“Back off!” Blaise snarled, pulling Harry behind his own body and keeping him there by hooking four claws into his robes. At least it wasn’t his skin.

But fucking hell, Blaise was seeing McLaggen as a threat. Harry needed to diffuse this situation immediately!

“McLaggen its fine. Just go away. I’ve got a detention with Snape now anyway.”

“I’ll walk you there.” Cormac stated confidently.

“No you won’t!” Blaise burst out. Harry could feel his mate’s wings pulsing under the skin of Blaise’s back, through his shirt and his robes. If McLaggen didn’t leave soon, he wasn’t going to walk ever again.

“I’m going to be late!” Harry shouted at them both. “I’m not being late for Snape, you two stay here and fight like barbarian cavemen, I’m leaving!”

With that he hurried down the corridor and further into the dungeons. He had gotten a short missive from Snape at dinner, which had told him that his private quarters were located around the corner and six doors down from the potions classroom.

Solid arms wrapped around his waist and lifted him from the floor. They were unfamiliar and too wide to be Blaise’s.

“Little submissives shouldn’t be wandering around on their own, especially when they haven’t
consummated their mateship through a period of heat.”

Harry didn’t recognise the voice and he started struggling more viciously and lashing out to break himself free.

“Well you are a fiery one, good. I hate little obedient slaves; you’ll be that much more fun to be around.”

“Let go of me!”

“But you fit so well in my arms. I promise that you’ll come to love me after we have mated, you won’t be able to resist me when I have given you a baby.”

Harry felt his entire body tremble with rage and he didn’t care who was watching or who might see, he brought out all of his Dracken features and dug his claws deeply into his assailant’s arms. Not that he needed to seeing as his wings had almost taken the other Dracken’s head off.

“You little bitch! I’ll kill you!” The dominant Dracken screamed. Harry didn’t recognise him; he wasn’t a student here, had he been at the meetings a few days ago? Damn it, why hadn’t he paid more attention?!

“What is going on here?” Snape’s silky voice cut through the noise, just as Blaise ran around the corner.

“He attacked me!” The dominant Dracken stated. “I was just talking to him and the little psycho took a chunk out of each of my arms!”

Blaise snarled at the other dominant from his place cuddling Harry, who clung to Blaise like a lifeline. He didn’t want another dominant to take Blaise’s place. He didn’t want anyone other than Blaise’s babies. He had been shaken by the threats of forced mateship and a clutch of children with someone he didn’t love.

“You won’t be able to resist me when I have given you a baby.” Harry shivered, was it true? Did a dominant Dracken only have to get him pregnant to get his love and affection? He needed answers.
“Mr Potter, is this true?” Snape addressed him, those jet black eyes warning him to not even think of lying.

“No. Well yes, I did attack him and I did gouge his arms with my claws, but he grabbed me from behind when I was walking to your rooms and he wouldn’t let me go. He said that I shouldn’t be walking alone when I haven’t consummated my mateship, that he would make me love him once he gave me a baby. I don’t want his baby!”

Harry flinched as Blaise damn near roared in his ear. Snape was there then, holding Blaise around the throat with both of his arms and trying to calm him down. Harry wanted to step away in fright, but he didn’t want to leave Blaise’s side in case the other dominant snatched him and forced him to mate with him. He didn’t want to mate with anyone other than Blaise!

“Potter, go to my rooms immediately.” Snape ordered, but Harry didn’t move. Blaise was the only one who could even try to order him around.

“Get a hold of yourself, Zabini and get your mate to safety before you go on a killing rampage.” Snape snarled.

Blaise’s head snapped around to look right at Harry, those gorgeous indigo eyes were furious, murderous and Harry did take a step back then, only for those eyes to soften and for Blaise to scoop him into his chest.

“Shh, Mio Amore, I’m not going to hurt you, I’m not angry with you. Please go to safety, I know you don’t like violence and I don’t want you to be harmed.”

Harry gave one last look to Blaise before he walked off to Snape’s rooms. He didn’t care what happened to the other dominant Dracken; he didn’t even want to think about it, so he gave in and left, because really, he just did not want to watch as Blaise tore him apart, which is what was going to happen and nothing could stop him, no person, no law, nothing. It was within Blaise’s rights as a dominant Dracken to grievously maim and kill any who touched, harmed or upset his mate and Blaise was right, Harry really didn’t want to stick around to watch it.

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Snape’s private rooms calmed Harry instantaneously. They reminded him of a forest, of trees and leaves and woods and flying. Everything reminded him that he was a Dracken and he had had no
want whatsoever to tuck his wings back in, or his claws or fangs or scales. He wanted them out, he wanted to feel the air against his leathery wings, he wanted to stretch them out to their fullest, which the extra wide, extra high ceilinged room actually allowed.

Yawning, his jaw stretching wide to accommodate his mouth full of sharp little teeth and four curving fangs, Harry automatically lay down in front of the near enough wall length fire, loving the wash of warmth it gave him, and he started purring deeply.

Snape was right, he would much rather be lying here in front of this huge fireplace than swimming his feet in icy water.

A hand stroking his hair had him bolting up right and snarling, before he realised that he was looking into the amused indigo eyes of his mate and he settled down again, purring even louder as Blaise pet him like an animal. It just felt so good.

“Did you kill him?” Harry asked in a quiet voice.

“Yes.” Blaise answered without hesitation. “I’d kill for you, Harry. You are my mate and I will not have anyone scaring you like that.”

“Won’t you get into trouble for killing him?” Harry asked quietly.

“No, Mio Bello. Not after what he threatened and tried to do to you. Forcing a submissive into a mateship by impregnating them is not just breaking a serious law, it’s obliterating it. It does not matter that he never tried to do it; just threatening to do it is enough for a death sentence that is how serious this law is. The Counsel would have executed him anyway for his threatened actions. It is better that I am seen to be protecting and honouring you than to be seen as weak by sending him to the Counsel just to be executed anyway.”

Harry nodded and silence filled the room, but Harry couldn’t keep silent for long, he had too many questions that he needed answers to.

“Could he really have made me love him just by getting me pregnant with his baby?” Harry asked, looking from Blaise to Snape, who had seated himself in a black armchair which looked to be made out of dragon hide.

“Yes.” Snape answered with a no nonsense tone. “It is a flaw in the submissive’s genetic make-up. A submissive, like yourself, will love any and all children that they give birth too and because you’ll love every single thing about your children, you will not be able to hate the one who gave them to you, because your children would be half you and half the dominant who gave them to you. In time you would be unable to hate the one who had given you your children, but because
you feel such strong emotions for them, which used to be hate, it would transfer into love.”

“Why love?” Harry asked in a small voice.

“Because not only could you not hate them, but you wouldn’t be able to feel any negative emotions towards them either and love is the strongest positive emotion a person can feel.” Blaise told him gently, still stroking him.

“So all of the negative emotions I would have felt towards him would have built up and are then turned into the strongest positive emotion I could have possibly felt, all because of my child?”

Blaise nodded and brushed his fingers against his cheek, before he lay down next to him, their noses touching and they just stared at each other.

“Is this the reason that you didn’t want to leave me alone? Because I haven’t gone into heat yet and I could be attacked by another dominant?”

“Yes.” Blaise told him. “My instincts will calm down once we have consummated our mateship, but until then I will not want to risk leaving you.”

“Why was he even here?” Harry burst out. “He is too old to be a student here, why was he in the school?!”

Snape sighed and rubbed his eyes. “The other Drackens haven’t left yet, Potter. You need another mate and none of them want to risk losing you because they cannot get here in time. They are staying close by and many of them are holed up in the temporary house over on the other side of the lake.”

“They’re still on Hogwarts grounds?!” Harry asked, very upset by this revelation.

“Shh, Prezioso.” Blaise soothed. “I am not going to leave you alone. If you thought that I was bad before, it will be nothing compared to how I am going to be from now on, I cannot control myself now that they have made a move on what is mine, I cannot afford to leave you for even a moment.”
It should have bothered him, it really should have, as he valued his privacy and alone time above almost everything else, but it didn’t. He felt relieved, he felt safer now that he knew that Blaise wouldn’t let him be attacked or let any other dominant impregnate him to force him into loving them.

Maybe he would put a stop to it later, much later, after he had already fully mated with Blaise. But for now, he could live with Blaise constantly being at his side.

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Two days later and what Harry had been waiting for finally happened. He started craving fruits and berries of all sorts. It happened quite literally overnight. One day he was still eating cereals and toast, the next morning, he saw a bowl of apples and he sat down eating one after the other like he was a starving man.

Blaise had looked at him and then plastered himself to his side, an arm firmly around his shoulders and back and he glared at everyone who came within a five foot distance of him.

“Could you at least pretend that you have some table manners, Potter?” Malfoy told him with a regal sniff.

Harry swallowed his bite of apple and cocked his head.

“No.” He answered before going right back to eating his apple.

Blaise had chuckled and happily handed him every fruit within reach, proudly watching as Harry ate them all.

“What in the name of Merlin is wrong with you?” Theodore Nott had asked.

Harry shrugged a slender shoulder and swallowed his blueberries. “I’m hungry, sue me.”

“There’s hungry, Potter and then there’s eating enough to feed a herd of Hippogriffs.”

“If Harry wants to eat everything off of every plate in this hall he can!” Blaise stated.
“Fine, whatever.” Theo stated morosely. “Whatever happened to us being best friends? What happened to friends coming before girlfriends, or boyfriends in this case?”

“We are still friends; I just need time to settle down with Harry first.”

“Blaise, you’re acting as if you’re going to marry him! This behaviour isn’t normal.”

“I am going to marry him, as soon as we are out of school.”

“That isn’t you!” Theo burst out. “You haven’t been with Potter for a month yet and you’re already talking about marriage!”

“Quit your whinging, Nott.” Malfoy drawled. “If Zabini wants to spend more time with Potter than with you then let him. You don’t need him to hold your hand, its Potter he’s marrying not you, so stop acting like a jealous lover.”

Theo went bright red and stood up from the table, moving to storm away.

“Theo!” Blaise called out. “Don’t bring this up again. I’ve told you several times I will never be with you. You are my best friend and that is how our relationship is going to stay.”

Harry watched this interaction with interest. He wasn’t at all threatened by Theodore Nott. He was a human and Blaise had told him that any Dracken would choose a submissive Dracken over a human, so he was secure in the knowledge that Blaise wouldn’t leave him for the other boy.

“We would be good together.” Theo whispered so quietly it was like listening to the wind.

“We will never be together. I am happily with Harry and we will be married.”

Harry watched Theo’s Adams apple bob as he swallowed heavily. He nodded once before he left the hall at a quick pace. No one from the other tables noticed him, no one ever noticed the Slytherins. They were discarded and disregarded when they shouldn’t have been.
Harry was now learning that labels and net stereotypes were dangerous. Not all Slytherins were bad where not all Gryffindors were good.

It was childish to think that every Gryffindor was a squeaky clean, goody two-shoes and that every Slytherin was a dark, evil, vile cretin that wanted to take over the world. There was so much more to a person than a stereotype and it was unfair to label someone and to group them with the few bad people who they shared a school house with.

Harry was a Gryffindor and he had killed several people. He had taken down Voldemort just seven months ago. He had killed Voldemort, it didn’t matter that he was a Dark Lord or a ruthless, merciless murderer. Harry had killed him, one moment was all it had taken and he was dead. He had killed some of the Death Eaters as well. All dead and nothing to bring them back. A good person didn’t kill anyone; a good Gryffindor didn’t kill another living thing, a good Gryffindor did not use the illegal Unforgivable Curses.

“Harry?”

Harry blinked and turned his head to look at Blaise questioningly.

“Are you alright?”

Harry smiled and nodded. “I’m fine, just thinking too hard.”

“I hope you aren’t reading anything into what Theo was saying.”

“No, I wasn’t. I’m not threatened by him.”

“Good, because nothing has ever happened nor will it ever.”

Harry smiled fully then and rested his head on Blaise’s shoulder, still popping blueberry after blueberry into his mouth. He wasn’t a good person, he had killed numerous people, but then Blaise had killed that other Dracken too, they had both killed others, so maybe they were meant for each other, they could be bad people together.
Afternoon Tea Talks

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry smiled fully then and rested his head on Blaise’s shoulder, still popping blueberry after blueberry into his mouth. He wasn’t a good person, he had killed numerous people, but then Blaise had killed that other Dracken too, they had both killed others, so maybe they were meant for each other, they could be bad people together.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Six – Afternoon Tea Talks

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Harry groaned as he rolled over and once again found an arm tugging him back into a solid chest. He wanted to get up, but his stubborn mate had other ideas.

Peering over his own shoulder, Harry sent a glare to a sleeping Blaise. He once again tried to wiggle out of Blaise’s hold, only to be rewarded with a tight squeeze.

Growling, Harry had had enough. He put his hands in a good position on Blaise’s forearm and he pushed as hard as he could. He managed it, but it truly said volumes on how strong Blaise was that it had taken all of Harry’s strength just to move an arm, an arm that was attached to a heavily sleeping body. He would never be able to fight off Blaise if his mate turned violent, not that Harry ever thought that he would, he was more worried about the other dominant Drackens going up against Blaise than his mate turning on him.

If Blaise had this much strength, then so did the other Drackens and if it varied with size and amount of muscle, then it was something to worry about as some of those dominants had been at least seven feet tall and thickly muscled to go with it. Some of them were so broad they had to turn sideways to fit through doorways, and okay maybe he was exaggerating just a bit, but that’s what it seemed like to him. They were huge, thick and broad men who could crush his puny head with one hand if he upset them.

Oh fuck, why did it have to be him? Why was there such a pathetic law that said every submissive that came into their inheritance had to meet every single unmated dominant in the world? It was preposterous! He hoped to fucking Merlin that he only needed one more dominant mate to get him pregnant. He only wanted children, one child would be absolutely fine with him, he just wanted his own child, was that such a bad thing?

Crawling out of the bed now that he was free of Blaise’s arm, Harry wandered into the Slytherin boys’ bathroom and turned on a shower. His childish, prejudice mind had once thought that the water down in the dungeons would be icy cold, but contrary to what he had previously thought the water was actually warmer than in Gryffindor tower, his logical mind supplying that of course the water was warmer here, it was colder in the dungeons than in the rest of the school and obviously Dumbledore didn’t want any of his students getting frost bite.
Harry had also noticed the permanent, expertly weaved, warming charms warded into every room of the Slytherin dormitories. The common room wasn’t warded, but there were twelve fireplaces strategically placed around the cavernous room compared to the one and only fireplace in Gryffindor tower. Harry realised that when he had broken into the Slytherin common room with Ron back in second year, only one of those fireplaces had been lit and the few occupants of the room had been grouped around it. Obviously there was no sense in lighting all of the fireplaces if only three students were in the common room anyway.

Washing his body and his short, messy mop of hair, Harry stepped out and towelled himself dry before realising that he had left his clothes in the dormitory. Sighing at his preoccupation with being angry at Blaise for not letting him go, Harry wrapped the towel around his naked self and padded back into the boys dormitory.

“Advertising yourself, Potter?” A silky voice asked him softly.

Turning around Harry met the silver eyes of Draco Malfoy, who was sitting up in bed with a book in hand. Harry had a biting comment on the tip of his tongue, but it got stuck somewhere in his throat when his eyes met the gloriously bare chest of one, Draco Malfoy.

It was smooth, broad, muscled and hairless, a delicate shade of porcelain white with two identical, light pink nipples, erect against the cold of the dungeon air. Draco’s abdomen was crunched up in his part sitting, part reclining position against the headboard and it showed off his abdominal muscles clearly, Harry hadn’t even known that Draco had a six pack, let alone one that was so defined.

There was a thin, very fine trail of white blond hair travelling from his bellybutton to under the thick duvet covering his lower half. Oh dear god, did Draco sleep naked? Since when had he become Draco, and not just plain old Malfoy, anyway? Harry swallowed and averted his eyes.

A low chuckle took his attention right back to the muscled, ivory god in front of him.

“You obviously like what you see, Potter. You can’t take your eyes off of me. What would Blaise think if I told him?”

‘He’d likely kill you in jealous outrage.’ Harry thought, but he didn’t say it outwardly.

“I’m just looking.” Harry replied as nonchalantly as he possibly could. “It’s not as if I’m caressing you.”

“I’d like you to.” Draco answered with such a devilish smirk that Harry’s knees went weak.
“I…I just…I…” Harry trailed off because he had absolutely no idea what he was trying to say. He needed to get back into control of this situation and quickly.

Draco chuckled deeply, sexily and it went straight down Harry’s spine and into his already partially erect cock. He swallowed heavily and wetted his bone dry lips with the tip of a raspberry pink tongue. What the hell was going on here?! How had he lost so much control of this situation in mere minutes?

“I need to get dressed.” He stated shakily more for his own benefit than Draco’s.

“By all means, I am not stopping you. It isn’t like you have anything that I haven’t seen before. Though I wouldn’t be averse to seeing what you have to offer.”

Those silver eyes were now a dark grey in colour and Harry was sure that there was a meaning in it, but he couldn’t for the life of him figure it out, he couldn’t think at all, his mind was being clouded. He could barely breathe through an intoxicating scent floating over to him on the air. He was too hot and the room was getting warmer.

A cool, solid arm wrapped around him and Harry jerked his head back to look into sleepy indigo eyes.

“Are you well, Prezioso? You are looking very flushed.”

“The water of my shower was too warm.” Harry replied quickly.

Blaise chuckled and pulled him back to sit on the bed and drew closed the bed hangings, blocking out those invading silver eyes. Harry could breathe easier and as he sat on Blaise’s bed in nothing but a towel that was slipping from his slack grasp, he couldn’t even think of his mate who was so gently laying kisses on his neck and throat.

The day passed in a huge blur of motion and noise and Harry could honestly say that he didn’t remember a thing about it. Harry had deduced that Malfoy’s behaviour had something to do with the book he hadn’t wanted him to have, he was more than halfway through it already and he hadn’t found a thing, on either Drackens or anything that could possibly make Malfoy so afraid to see him with the book. Because that was what the huge blond was, Harry realised, he was afraid. Those silver coloured eyes wouldn’t leave the book in his hands when he read it at dinner, he would
constantly search his face as if he was looking for some sign that Harry had found out whatever it was that Malfoy didn’t want him to find. It was creepy.

Harry happily sipped on his honey tea as he sat opposite the Headmaster in the Headmaster’s office, Fawkes happily crooning in his lap as Harry’s free hand stroked that gorgeous red and gold plumage.

“Are you settling down, Harry, my boy?”

Harry sighed and twirled his teacup.

“I thought I was. Things were great until that big lummox went and frightened me by telling me that he could make me love him by forcing me to have his children. Now I don’t want to leave Blaise’s side and I can’t go near any boy who is bigger than me.”

“Yes, I had the great delights of receiving the poor soul’s body. Brought here to this office by a near hysterical house-elf who had been ordered to bring it to me by Professor Snape.”

“I had wondered how they had gotten rid of the body so quickly; it was barely ten minutes before they joined me in Professor Snape’s office. I didn’t want to ask, I didn’t really want to know too many details.”

“Yes well, suffice to say that that boy regretted his actions towards you immensely, Harry.”

“Are all of the dominants still here?” Harry asked seemingly distractedly as he stroked Fawkes, but the Headmaster could see through the guise.

“Yes, Harry and more come still every day.”

“More?” Harry asked hysterically, his head shooting up and his eyes wide in alarm.

“You are one of the rarest treasures to a dominant Dracken, Harry, their potential mate and Mother of their children. Many of them are well past the point of ready to settle down and have children, but they can’t because they haven’t found a submissive mate.”
“Why don’t they go with humans? I know Blaise said that they prefer another Dracken, but if they outnumber a submissive twenty to one, then surely some of them would go with humans to settle down.”

Dumbledore sighed and with a wave of his wand he refilled Harry’s teacup.

“A dominant Dracken will not give up his search for a submissive, Harry. Even if he does settle down with a human and has children with them, he will not stop searching for a submissive. He will still be at each and every submissive meeting, regardless of his human family at home. He would disregard them all for a chance to be with a submissive Dracken. He won’t be able to help it.”

“So they don’t go with a human because they know there is still a chance that he might be chosen by a submissive and that that isn’t fair on the family that he’d be leaving behind.”

“Exactly right, my boy. But most of the dominants that have settled down with humans are over the age of fifty; they are past their supposed prime and know there is very little chance that they will be picked by a submissive because of their age alone. A submissive looking for a mate is only sixteen years old, Harry. Sixteen year olds do not generally want to be with fifty, or even thirty year old men.”

“That’s so sad. Age is just a number, if I found a man who I honestly loved, who was kind and gentle and patient, who took care of me and our children, I wouldn’t care how old he was, he could be a hundred and fifty for all I would care.”

Dumbledore smiled at him proudly.

“Of course you would, Harry and that is why you are getting so much attention from the other Drackens, they can sense that you will not be discriminant in your choosing of a mate. They can feel it in their very blood, you are giving the older dominant’s hope and that is something they have never felt before.”

“But why? Surely I can’t be the first one to have ever been indiscriminate?”

“No, you are not. But you are the first in a very, very long time.”
“But why, Professor? Why would a submissive discount an older Dracken as a mate?”

“It is a vanity thing, Harry, nothing more than that. A young, pretty submissive who has so much male attention from young and handsome dominants does not want to be saddled with an elderly gentleman as a mate, regardless of how kind he is to her.”

“That’s ridiculous!” Harry snapped. “I would much rather an older and kinder mate than a young, stuck up, cruel git!”

“That, my boy, is what makes you so special, you are ignoring your vanity instincts that say you should have the most handsome of Drackens as your mate, not that I’m saying young Mister Zabini is ugly mind you.”

Harry laughed at the little wink that Dumbledore gave him and he happily bit the head off of a ginger newt. He chewed slowly, savouring the flavour of the biscuit, before he swallowed.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had any vanity instincts, I just don’t care about looks or fashion and I wouldn’t care if my mate didn’t either, after all if I did then that would be very hypocritical of me.”

Dumbledore sighed. “I have seen this sort of thing before, Harry, a submissive Dracken came into her inheritance only a few years before you came to Hogwarts, she was a Ravenclaw student here and for a Ravenclaw she was very vain and not as interested in studying as she had once been in her younger years. She had a meeting here at Hogwarts, much like yourself, but when she saw who had turned up to greet her, she had been livid.”

“Why?” Harry asked curiously.

“All of the submissives thought the same way, Harry; they wanted a young, handsome dominant with the brightest, biggest wings.”

“All that was left were older dominants.” Harry answered, cottoning on.

“There were a few younger dominants too, Harry, but a decade ago the biggest age range was thirty-five to forty years. There were very few dominants under the age of thirty and next to none under the age of twenty. There wasn’t very much to pick from.”
“What did she do? She had to have picked a mate, the urge is far too strong to resist, Blaise and me, we were near strangers and I let him touch and lick me when before I would never have let anyone near enough to me to do as such.”

“Oh she did pick a mate, Harry. After she had ordered away everyone over the age of twenty-five.”

“My god, how many were left after that?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Four. A sixteen year old, a nineteen year old, a twenty year old and a twenty-four year old female dominant, who was ordered away immediately.”

“She didn’t even give the female dominant a chance?”

“No, Harry, just like she hadn’t given the dominants over twenty-five a chance. It is very rare to find a male submissive like yourself, so female dominants rarely get a look in and are often forced to act more submissive than they are to mate with another dominant Dracken.”

“I can’t see that ending well.”

“It rarely ever does.” The Headmaster sighed.

“Which of the three dominants left did the Ravenclaw choose?”

“Well my boy, see if you can answer that yourself. One dominant had the brightest blue wings I have ever seen, only they weren’t fully grown being only nineteen feet in length as he wasn’t fully grown. The second had twenty-two foot wings in a dull shade of yellow and the third had twenty foot wings in a brownish-green colour. Can you guess which one she chose?”

“I wouldn’t be able to pick on just size or colour of wings, but from what I heard the size of the wings is important, the bigger the better, so I assume she chose the dominant with the twenty-two foot, yellow wings regardless of personality.”
“Correct you are, Harry. She dismissed the very young, only recently inherited sixteen year old because his wings were only nineteen feet in length, I believe his wings are now a record twenty-eight feet in length and are still as brightly blue as they ever have been and she dismissed the twenty year old because his wings were smaller and a brown colour.”

“I wouldn’t mind a dominant with brown wings, it would remind me of the forest and you said his wings were a brownish-green. I would love his wings, they would calm me down a lot.”

The proud smile and twinkle in those pale blue eyes made Harry blush a bit.

“You are such a loving and caring person, Harry; I am amazed after everything that you have been through that this beautiful and selfless young man in front of me is the outcome.”

Harry did blush at that and ducked his head shyly. Dumbledore chuckled.

“But back to the point at hand. Submissive Drackens normally do not like older dominants, so all that is left are older dominants. The Ravenclaw was forced to pick between only three dominants and none of them were very compatible to her, all because she refused to have an open mind and was too vain to consider an older dominant.”

“I…I can’t see myself with anyone other than Blaise, but I know that I need another mate at least, so I am going to go into the next meeting and I will give everyone a fair chance, no matter their age. In fact, I think I’ll do things differently and start looking for an older mate, that will shock them all when I start from the oldest and work my way down.”

Dumbledore chuckled and patted Harry’s hand which was lying on his desk.

“Indeed it would, my boy. You would make the older dominants very, very happy if you did that, even if you don’t end up with one as a mate, they would likely be happy just to be considered. Perhaps you will set a new trend.”

“I hope so. I hate attention and everything, but those dominants deserve the fair chance of having a clutch of children and a mate!”

“Quite right, Harry, quite right.”
Silence fell upon the two, a very companionable silence in which each man sipped their cooling tea.

“What will happen if the Ministry finds out that I’m a Dracken?” Harry asked quietly, voicing the fear that had been on his mind for a while.

“If they try anything, Harry, we will get you away immediately, before they can take you. Australia does not recognise Drackens as dark creatures and neither does South Africa, but they are considered more of a neutral grey. If the worst comes to the worst, we will get Blaise and yourself, any other mates you may have and all children that you may have, out of the country and into either Australia or South Africa. You only need to seek asylum, Australia takes in a high number of Drackens and protects them from exportation and South Africa boasts a large Dracken culture, it is almost the perfect climate for a Dracken and many Drackens, if they do not live there already, holiday there often. South Africa is the central hub of Dracken society.”

“I would rather not leave Britain. This is my home. I was born here, my parents are buried here.”

“I know, Harry, but that is only the worst case scenario and they would have to find you first, but right now I wouldn’t worry about it, you are still being heralded as the Saviour, I doubt they would admit that you were a Dracken, they would rather just simply ignore it.”

“Until they become bored with singing my praises and turn on me like they always do.”

“I will do my utmost to protect you, Harry.”

Harry smiled and drained his cup of honey tea, before using both arms to cuddle Fawkes like a teddy bear.

“I shouldn’t need protecting. I should be allowed to stay in my country of birth! I’m going to change everyone’s views on Drackens. We aren’t soulless killing machines; we only kill to protect our own! That Dracken was threatening me and was going to use my children against me! Blaise had every right to remove him as a threat.”

“Of course he did.” Dumbledore nodded serenely. “It isn’t like you are killing humans, only other Drackens.”
“Exactly and if I was threatened by a human, I would only have to immobilise them and call for the Aurors.”

Dumbledore inclined his head and looked at his time piece on the desk.

“Oh dear, Harry, you have been here for five hours, I do believe that Mister Zabini will be beside himself with worry.”

“Oh! I always forget the time when talking to you, Professor.”

The elderly man chuckled. “You do like flattering this old man, my dear boy, now run along before Mister Zabini tears through the castle walls looking for you.”

Harry gave his trademark grin and bounced out of the room, going in search of his errant mate.

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After nearly an hour of having every inch of his body checked for injury, bruising or odd marks, of having every inch of him sniffed to make sure that no dominant had come near him, Harry had finally assured his mate that he had spent five hours safe and sound, talking to the Headmaster.

He was now lying on his stomach, on Blaise’s bed having his back and the back of his neck licked repeatedly. It was so soothing and calming, yet very arousing and erotic.

“Honestly, Blaise I’m fine.” Harry purred, loving the heavy weight of Blaise sitting on his bum.

“I know, I’m just getting my scent back onto you, you smell of ash and fire.”

“Oh, that was probably Fawkes, Dumbledore’s phoenix; he stayed on my lap for the whole five hours.”

“I still can’t fathom what you spoke about for five hours.”
Harry chuckled then let out a slight moan as Blaise got him right on that one spot that made his skin tingle and his bones quiver, it just felt so amazingly good.

Blaise laughed deeply and stayed on that one spot, licking, nibbling and teasing it and Harry was panting for breath after only a few seconds of delicious torture.

“Keep it down!” An annoyed voice yelled at them from the other side of the room and Harry bolted upright and curled away from Blaise in mortification.

Blaise actively clenched and unclenched his fists, breathing deeply and heavily and Harry’s eyes widened. Nott had just interrupted them. They had been having sexual contact that could quite possibly have led to them mating for the first time and Blaise was seeing the disturbance as an interruption to their mating. Harry could not let Blaise kill his best friend when they were never going to have had sex at this time; Harry didn’t feel comfortable enough yet, despite his impending heat.

“Blaise?” He called, moving to straddle Blaise’s thighs. “Blaise, you know nothing was going to come of the licking. It was just to put your scent on me remember, we weren’t going to mate.” He whispered softly.

Blaise’s arms wrapped around him tightly and his mate buried his head into his neck, still breathing heavily, but his hands were now caressing the skin of Harry’s back.

“We will never be able to mate under these conditions. You deserve better than a quick fumble in a boys dormitory with four other men listening in.”

Harry smiled. “That’s part of why I went to talk with Dumbledore. I asked for us to have a set of private rooms. He agreed and said he could have them up and ready for us in a few hours.”

Blaise grinned naughtily and Harry went pink.

“My sweet, thoughtful, diletto. You are so clever.” Blaise cooed.

Harry preened under the praise from his mate and he snuggled in tighter. He loved being praised by his mate, it felt so different from being praised for a correct answer by the teacher, not that he had too many of those with Hermione in the class. He felt loved and cherished. He could slowly
become addicted to praise from his mate, it was so much nicer than being punished by his dominant. Harry hadn’t been punished in days, not since that time when he had been going to Snape’s private rooms for his Dracken lessons. It felt amazing and made him feel elated and he wondered why he had ever fought against Blaise in the first place.

Harry was reminded why he fought Blaise only four hours later as he dropped down onto his knees to avoid Blaise’s hand shooting out towards the back of his neck and he sunk his slender, curving fangs into the soft flesh of Blaise’s side in aggravation.

His dominant yelled and Harry rolled away to avoid Blaise, who had dropped down onto his arse, both hands pressed over the freely bleeding wound in his side.

Blaise snarled at him as his Dracken attributes burst free of his human appearance. Harry unsheathed his claws and let his wings burst free of his back.

Anyone watching them would have thought that their fight was over something major from the way that they were acting, but it wasn’t. The fight was over what colour their bedroom carpet was going to be.

They had been given their new private rooms on the seventh floor of the school, Dumbledore had pulled out all the stops and a lot of house-elves had volunteered to put the room together so it had taken less time than expected. The only problem had been that every room had been white and they were going around with their wands colouring in the walls, floors, ceilings and fabrics.

Harry wanted the bedroom carpet to be red, to convey romance and passion. Blaise wanted the bedroom carpet to be green, not because of his ties to Slytherin, but because of Harry’s eyes. Neither one was willing to compromise so Harry had yelled at Blaise and Blaise had tried to reign Harry back in. It had ended in a fight that Harry was currently winning by avoiding his dominant’s attempts to grab him.

Harry leapt onto Blaise and sunk his fangs into the back of Blaise’s neck, only to be pulled over a shoulder and held tight on a constricting grasp.

“Let go!” Harry screamed.

“Calm down now!” Blaise demanded.

“No! Get the fuck off of me!”

Blaise snarled and Harry suddenly found himself flat on the floor on his back with Blaise lying on top of him.
“Get off!” Harry screamed, his voice cracking with the volume of his shout.

Blaise, thoroughly fed up with his disobedient little mate, pressed his lips harshly to Harry’s stopping his ear splitting shouts, his heavy body stopping, or at least attempting to stop, Harry from bucking from the floor.

Blaise took his lips from Harry’s to breathe in some much needed oxygen before he peppered his unresisting mate’s face with kisses. He went back to Harry’s plush, pink lips and teased them apart before pressing his tongue into Harry’s delectable little mouth.

Harry tasted of pomegranate. Blaise smiled despite himself, in Greek Mythology Hades had lured Persephone into the Underworld with a pomegranate. He knew he would follow his little mate to the ends of the earth, perhaps that had been what Persephone had felt when Hades had offered her that ripe red fruit.

Harry lay passively under Blaise. He didn’t know what had just happened or why he was suddenly not angry anymore, he felt relaxed and calm, safe and secure. Despite the fact that five minutes ago Blaise had been trying to skin him.

“Mio Amore. L’adoro, Harry, mio piccolo amante.” Blaise breathed a hair’s breadth away from his lips.

“What are you saying?” Harry asked breathlessly.

Blaise smiled lovingly down at him. “My love. I adore you, Harry, my little lover.”

Harry went pink, but smiled happily. “Where did you learn Italian? It is Italian isn’t it? I don’t think it’s French.”

Blaise let out a spontaneous burst of laughter and held Harry close to him.

“Oh Harry, you are so precious to me.”

“What did I say?” Harry asked in surprise.

“You are perhaps the only person in the entire of Hogwarts who does not know that I am part
Italian. I have an Italian Father and a French Mother, yet I was born here in Britain.”

“That must be a strange feeling, where do you live?”

Blaise’s face went dark. “I live with my Mother in France, Mio Prezioso. My Father is dead.”

“Oh, I’m sorry!”

Blaise smiled and pressed a kiss to his forehead.

“He died a long time ago, Harry, much like your own parents. I was only a few weeks old, but at least I still have Mother. She will adore you; she has been waiting for grandchildren since I hit puberty.”

“I…I’m not sure I’m ready yet.” Harry confided. “What if I’m a bad parent?”

Blaise smiled reassuringly at him and sat up, pulling Harry into his lap to cuddle.

“You will not be a bad parent, Mio Bello. Your inner instincts will guide you.”

“What is it like having a Mum?” Harry asked softly.

Blaise felt his heart crack just a little at that question and held Harry tighter.

“She has always loved me, but often displays it in harsh ways. She is a dominant Dracken too, Mio Bello, and my Father was a dominant Dracken. Long ago, before they were even born, they were betrothed to each other, one of the last ever Dracken betrothals, as it became an illegal practice shortly after their births to betroth any Dracken for the very reason that the male child could be a submissive or the female could be a dominant. They were set up to be married as soon as their parents knew for certain of their genders, but my Mother turned out to be a dominant Dracken, something that my Grandparents had not counted on. They did not know until Mother hit her inheritance of course, but by then it was too late to turn back, the betrothal papers were solid and locked with magic.”
“How horrible.”

“Do not get me wrong, Prezioso, they loved each other dearly, but you and I clash and we are dominant and submissive, could you imagine the fights for a dominant with another dominant? I was their only child and Mother only got worse in her pregnancy and then later when I came about, she was too protective and hardly let Father see me as she tried to be the caring submissive Mother and the protective, sturdy dominant Father by herself, as her instincts dictated that she should.”

“What happened?” Harry asked in a small voice, tilting his head to press a comforting kiss to the underside of Blaise’s chin.

“She killed him, Harry. It was an accident but it was destined to happen sooner or later. They were both too strong, both too controlling and dominant, neither would give an inch to the other, it wasn’t in their nature to do so. We fight, diletto, we draw blood, we bruise the other, can you imagine their fights? How bad they would have been. She didn’t mean to kill him, but she did kill him and she has never really recovered from losing her mate in such a tragic way. She tried to move on, though never with another Dracken, she has human men now, but they never seem to last long either.”

“Does she kill them?” Harry asked.

“Yes. It has gained her the name of a Black Widow, but she does not mean to kill, except for the one Husband who thought that it a good idea to slap me when I was just four years old, she killed him purposefully. All Drackens are insanely protective of their children and that I am my Mother’s one and only child, well perhaps she overreacted, but she would not survive the loss of me as well as my Father, her mate.”

“I don’t know which one of my parents was a Dracken, I didn’t even know that they or I was magical until I was eleven, let alone that we were some sort of magical creature.”

“There is a potion to determine which parent was the magical creature, Prezioso; I shall ask Severus if he is willing to brew it for you.”

Harry smiled beatifically and Blaise fell a little bit more in love as he held Harry in his lap. He could still scarcely believe that he had his mate already, what with the majority of the current dominant Drackens being in their early thirties and still being without mates, he had thought that he had a few years to wait yet, but he was so glad that he had Harry though, they would have beautiful
Severus Snape sighed as he stirred the Jarvey eyes into the potion. Blaise had asked him if he could brew the creature inheritance potion for Potter. He remembered making this potion before, when he was seventeen, for his own mate, who wished to know where the Dracken genes had come from.

He had lost his mate, his beautiful submissive mate. They hadn’t had any children, he had suspected that his mate had been pregnant, only just, but he had been driven wild by his instincts to protect his mate, which pointed to his mate’s early pregnancy. How he wished he knew now for certain.

Dropping in a teaspoon of salamander ash, he stirred counter clockwise and waited. He had had no idea that Lily was a Dracken or the mate of one. She had never said. Potter had never shown signs of being a Dracken either, so maybe Potter junior’s Dracken genes came from further up the family tree, perhaps a grandfather or a great Aunt.

“How I wish that you were still here with me.” Severus whispered sadly, looking to the mantel piece where one of the only pictures of him and his mate together sat.

He missed his mate every single day and often wondered why he hadn’t just died and joined his mate yet, but he didn’t wish to kill himself, his Mother had always told him about strength and how one needed to remain strong in life to be strong in death.

He had learnt strength the hard way, his Father, Tobias, had not been the nicest of men and had beaten him and his Mother right up until his Dracken inheritance. Seeing his only son turn into a scaled, part dragon with wings had been the last straw for Muggle Tobias Snape and he had had a heart attack that had killed him outright.

His Mother had touched his face and had smiled at him, it was then that it had come out that his Mother’s dead brother had been a Dracken and a great-great Grandfather had been one also. He had inadvertently killed his own Father and freed himself and his Mother, who still lived in Prince Manor surrounded by kneazles and a few select house-elves.

Finishing up the potion, Severus allowed it to cool before he bottled it up and placed it to the side ready to give to Potter and Blaise. How had it come to this? He was like a Father to all of his Slytherins, many of whom came from either abusive or neglectful homes, he cared for them and so he was reluctant to see one of his closest Slytherins, his own godson, get involved with a submissive Dracken.

He knew Blaise was a Dracken himself and he was happy that he had found a mate already, but submissive Drackens were so easy to be killed. They died and sometimes it was for no apparent reason, his mate had died without reason. He still had not found his mate’s body, if there was even a body left to find in the first place. He had no idea where to start looking and he had given up scenting out his mate after two years, there wouldn’t have been a scent left to find now after so
many years had passed.

Snarling and furiously swiping away the lone tear that made its way out of one of his onyx coloured eyes, Severus sat heavily in his dragon hide chair. He breathed in deeply and calmed his mind using his heavy knowledge of Occlumency; he doubted he would have lasted half as long as he had if he were not so proficient in the mind arts.

There wasn’t a day that went by where he didn’t regret not going with his mate that fateful day. He had known that something was wrong, but they had just had a quarrel and he had ignored his mate’s worried and preoccupied state. He had let his own submissive mate leave their house in that state and his mate had never returned. He felt such overwhelming guilt and he bore it with a heavy heart and a mind of pain, if only he had stopped his mate that day, if only.

Harry actually giggled when Blaise poked his fingers deeply into his sides, tickling the hell out of him in their brand new, purple, bedroom.

Harry was lying on his back on the purple carpet having the breath tickled out of him as he used his knees to try and push Blaise off of him.

“Blaise! I can’t breathe.” He giggled.

“But that giggle is just too cute, Prezioso.”

“I do not giggle!” Harry stated churlishly during a breathing break.

“Oh no?” Blaise asked with a raised eyebrow. “Then what is that beautiful sound that comes from between your lips?”

“I’m laughing! Not giggling, I don’t giggle.”

“Oh really?” Blaise asked with a mischievous grin, before he started tickling Harry mercilessly.

Harry giggled in forced delight as he thrashed and tried to get away from Blaise’s attack.
“You, Mio Bello, are giggling.”

Harry grinned as Blaise’s fingers stopped moving; he leant up and pecked Blaise’s lips with his own.

“I’m not giggling, Blaise.”

Blaise smiled softly down at Harry and Harry was amazed to see it, Blaise hardly ever smiled. He usually smirked or grinned, but never smiled.

“You look so handsome when you smile.” Harry told him.

Blaise let out a chuckle and pulled Harry up to rest against his chest, their faces touching as Blaise looked deeply into those green, green eyes.

“You are beautiful, Harry; no matter what you do you are always beautiful.”

Harry pushed at Blaise in embarrassment and shook his head.

“No I’m not.”

“Yes you are, Mio Amore.”

Harry rolled his eyes and yawned widely. Blaise stood up with Harry in his arms and walked up the solid set of stairs into the cavernous upper area of their bedroom. Dumbledore really did understand Drackens as he had placed their absolutely massive bed as high as he could manage underneath a huge glass skylight.

Blaise laid him down in the very centre of the bed before he crawled in next to him. They had already changed into their pyjamas, or Harry had seeing as Blaise slept commando in only a pair of pyjama bottoms.

Blaise covered Harry up in the purple duvet and pulled Harry to cuddle him gently. Pressing a kiss to Harry’s cheek, Blaise placed his head on the pillow and held his mate tightly as Harry fell asleep in his arms. He smiled at the beautiful picture of serenity, calm and peace that Harry made in his sleep. He was so happy and he couldn’t wait for the heat that he could feel pressing ever closer, but
first Harry wanted to ‘practice’. Blaise fell asleep with a very naughty smile on his face and wicked thoughts taking up his dreams.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: A bit more info on Snape’s mate in this chapter, very subtle hints and clues, but only one person out of all my reviewers has guessed correctly so far, hopefully with these new hints a few more will guess correctly.

Thank you all for reading and reviewing,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Chapter Seven – The Practice Heat and the Real Deal

Harry had decided that tonight was the night that he wanted to lose his virginity to Blaise. He had talked it over with Blaise and his mate had smirked and his eyes had gotten a decidedly lustful quality to them as he grinned and nodded his agreement.

“You’re a demon.” Harry complained, rolling his eyes as Blaise leisurely roved his eyes over him.

“You love me this way.” Blaise answered, wrapping his arms around Harry’s svelte waist.

“I love you full stop.” Harry answered, loving how Blaise stiffened in shock at hearing Harry proclaim his love for him for the first time.

“I love you too, Harry.” Blaise answered huskily, seductively.

“You know we can’t have sex now.” Harry exclaimed in shock. “We have classes in half an hour.”
“You are right. Half an hour isn’t nearly long enough for me to completely ravish you.”

“Blaise!” Harry snapped, his face turning a bright pink.

Blaise chuckled, wrapping an arm around him and leading him out of their brand new rooms and all the way down to the Great Hall for breakfast.

Harry was now eating so many fruits and vegetables that the house elves had started sending up extra bowls just for Harry. After all, who else would eat vegetables for breakfast?

He sat next to Blaise and avoided looking at Malfoy opposite him, who had gone from avoiding him like the plague to following his every step.

Harry had found the Dracken section in the potions book and was amazed at how many potions there actually were. Awful, horrible potions that he couldn’t imagine any Dracken ever taking. The worst one in his opinion was the ‘Dissolvere Pullus’ potion, or roughly translated as The Chick Dissolver.

It was a damned abortion potion for Drackens, who the hell would abort their children?! He had shown it angrily to Blaise who had petted his head and kissed his forehead and explained calmly that it was for submissive Drackens who had been raped and had gotten pregnant by a dominant who was not their mate, to stop the dominant from taking advantage of the submissive using the child.

Harry had calmed down then as he realised that the potion was not used as a quick and convenient tool to kill off babies but a way to stop submissive Drackens from being forced to love a dominant that had raped and impregnated them with a baby.

He had also found out that a submissive would usually get only the one baby from their first ever clutch, their bodies not wanting to overwhelm them with a clutch of five babies on their first ever conception. It was a sort of easing in period where the submissive got used to their instincts and became more comfortable looking after a baby before they had their next clutch, which could produce anything from between one and five babies.

He had also learnt that even if he had six clutches with the maximum of five babies, there was no guarantee that any of them would be Drackens. There had been a dominant and submissive couple who had had fifty children over seventy years and not one of them had been a Dracken. It wasn’t any wonder that the Dracken population was declining.

“Do you have enough fruit, Mio Bello?”

Harry wordless pointed to the bowl of cubed kiwi and Blaise snatched it from the table as if someone else would get there before him and take the entire serving bowl.

Harry happily spooned a good sized portion of the ripe kiwi into his own bowl before letting Blaise
take it away as he speared some with his fork before eating it happily.

Harry smiled around his fork as he looked at Blaise who was spooning fruit into little pots so Harry could snack on them during the day. Harry was coming to adore the little things Blaise did for him, he was such a thoughtful mate and he really was loving and kind, except when he was giving Harry a punishment, then he was hard and unyielding. Not that Harry took the punishments lying down, the deep bite mark on Blaise’s side attested to that.

Harry did feel bad though as he watched as Blaise stretched too far reaching for some cucumber sticks and pulled on the scabs. It had bruised horribly as well. He’d make it up to Blaise somehow, though he doubted that with their impending sex session that Blaise would care if he was missing a leg.

“Harry?” Blaise called out softly. “We have potions and we need to leave. Have you had enough to eat?”

Harry picked up a handful of white grapes and nodded as he took Blaise’s hand with one of his own whilst the other continuously popped the grapes into his mouth one by one, so that he didn’t actually choke.

Blaise carefully led Harry down into the dungeons with his friends all around. He glared as Draco got too close to Harry and he tugged his mate into the side of his body and wrapped an arm around Harry’s shoulders.

Harry looked up at him with such adorable confusion that Blaise pulled him up slightly to press their lips together. Harry’s lips tasted of the grapes he was eating and Blaise couldn’t help but flick his tongue out to have a quick taste.

Blaise pulled Harry in tighter when Harry made a small noise in the back of his throat against his mouth. A small growl had him holding Harry crushingly tight and raising his eyes to glare at Draco, who was glaring back. He didn’t know what the fuck had gotten into his friend, but he would not have anyone, and he meant anyone, encroaching upon what was his! Not a Dracken, not a human, not a damned bloody veela. Blaise remembered all too well the chaos those Beauxbatons girls had brought to the school. The veela Fleur had been very beautiful, she had kissed his little mate numerous times, she would not have him.

“Blaise! Too tight.” Harry muffled against his chest, pushing against him to try and release his face from his mate’s robes.

Blaise immediately loosened his hold and held Harry’s face in his hands, checking to make sure that he hadn’t accidentally done Harry any damage. He gave one last glare to Draco, before carrying on down the corridor.

“Having fun with your new posse?!” A shout from a voice that Harry knew very well echoed down the corridor.
Harry looked into the rage burning blue eyes of his once best friend and sighed lightly. He had been hoping to avoid this; he didn’t want to get into a fight with his ex-friends. They might not care for him any longer, but he couldn’t forget four years of friendship in a few months. They had been through so much together and how they could disregard him so easily hurt him deeply.

“I don’t have a posse.” Harry replied calmly, clenching his fist into Blaise’s robes to keep his anger, and his tears, in check.

“Whatever, Potter! Strutting around as if you own the castle!” Ron snapped.

“Potter could easily buy the castle if he wished.” Draco replied coolly. “But I suppose you wouldn’t know anything about that would you, Weasley? What with you not being able to afford the bare essentials?”

Ron went as red as his hair and that enraged, jealous glint came back to his eyes as he started towards Draco, unsheathing his wand as he did so. Hermione and Seamus held him back.

“Stop it.” Harry told Malfoy, glaring at the blond.

“As you wish.” Malfoy drawled boredly.

“Already taken over the Slytherins have you?!” Ron spat at him. “Got Malfoy to do your bidding haven’t you, you traitor!”

“Ron that’s enough.” Hermione spoke up from behind her boyfriend.

She placed one of her small hands onto Ron’s arm and tugged him back into the Gryffindor line. She didn’t once look up or make eye contact with him and that hurt Harry as well. The three of them had once been as thick as thieves, now Hermione couldn’t even look at him and Ron was spitting spiteful things at him from down the corridor.

Harry sighed. It wasn’t what he wanted, this wasn’t how he had envisioned his friendship ending up five years ago, he had thought that he had made some friends for life. He had been wrong, so very wrong and it hurt.

Dean sidled up to him, ignoring the warning growl from Blaise and patted Harry’s head like one
would a dog.

“Don’t worry about it, Harry. Ron’s being a jackass and Hermione’s being a prude. You still have the rest of us to look out for your back, which reminds me; I overheard the loud mouth talking to his sister. I wouldn’t recommend the treacle tart tonight.”

“At least he remembered that it was my favourite.”

“Dobby did actually, they went down to the kitchens and he mentioned that you hadn’t eaten it in a while and wondered why. Hermione picked up on it and started to see if there was any truth to it.”

Harry startled at that. Hermione was watching him? Did that mean that she still wanted to be friends? Was she just torn because of her love for Ron? Or had she just taken an interest in passing as she was prone to do?

Harry deflated at that and Blaise, feeling the difference in his stance, brought his other arm around his front to give him a sort of sideways hug.

“Harry has been advised to eat more fruits and vegetables by Madam Pomfrey.” Blaise lied smoothly. “To build up his immune system, she seems to believe that he will come down with something again soon and we are trying to prevent it.”

“Madam Pomfrey seems to think it will be unavoidable no matter what I do.” Harry added, picking up on Blaise’s thought process immediately, they needed a ready-made excuse for when he went into heat, after all they couldn’t just disappear for ten days and then pop back up like nothing had happened.

“It isn’t contagious is it, Har?” Seamus’ Irish lilt asked as his head appeared over Dean’s shoulder.

“No, Seamus, just a viral infection, though it’ll probably keep me in the hospital wing for a month.”

“Nothing new there then.” Dean grinned, as Seamus threw his head back and laughed deeply.

Harry smiled and it felt good to laugh with his old friends, even if they weren’t his best friends, Seamus and Dean were his friends and he had missed them.
“Honestly, Harry, the year hasn’t started until you’ve spent at least a week in the infirmary.” Neville piped up, a bit nervously in front of all the Slytherin sixth years, but he smiled kindly all the same.

“Thanks for the vote of confidence, Nev!” Harry grinned back before saying with exaggerated enthusiasm and excitement. “I’ll be sure to pass my illness onto you. We can spend the week in the infirmary together!”

“I think I’ll pass.” Neville stated.

“I won’t! A week off of lessons!” Seamus enthused.

“You mean a week in the hospital wing doing homework and catch up essays.” Dean told him.

Seamus’ face fell and Harry laughed at him from his place snuggled into Blaise, trying to lean away from Malfoy, who appeared to be inching closer.

All of them were stopped from saying anything else by the classroom door being thrown open and Snape’s head appearing around it.

“All of you get inside now and leave your insipid conversations out here!”

Harry gave a secret grin to Neville, Dean and Seamus and happily walked into the potions classroom with Blaise.

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Harry chuckled under his breath as Blaise rushed to save their potion yet again. He must have done something wrong for it to have gone from a light shade of red to a violent, deep orange, but he had been sure he was following the instructions properly.

He looked at the chalkboard and wiped the sweat from his eyes; he squinted and tried to read the tiny, sharp, scrawling letters through the potion fumes of about twenty other cauldrons and Neville’s creation, which was spewing blue gas. Oh, no he had done it wrong; he hadn’t added the powdered moonstone before adding the beetle eyes.
“Dear Merlin, are you trying to kill us both?” Blaise hissed.

“Not purposefully, but I’m terrible at potions.”

“I can see that, Harry! Didn’t you know that you can't add pixie wings and beetle eyes one after the other into a potion without adding moonstone between them??”

“Apparently I didn’t.” Harry grinned unrepentantly.

“Merlin, Harry! It’s in chapter seven of the potions textbook we were assigned for this year!”

“You mean I’m supposed to read that? I’m using it as a paperweight to stop my parchment from curling.”

Harry laughed at Blaise’s gobsmacked expression and went back to their potion. It was red again, a darker red than it had been before, but it was still red nonetheless, until Harry read the next line of instructions which clearly said ‘add the lacewing flies’ in Snape’s god awful writing and he tipped in the bowl of lacewing flies, then the potion went a poisonous yellow.

“I think I did something wrong again.” Harry told his mate seriously.

Blaise snapped out of it and looked at the potion, before he cursed and dived for the hellebore extract.

“Damn it, Harry! It meant several flies, not an entire bowl!” Blaise stated exasperatedly.

“Then why did we have an entire bowl laid out?!” Harry demanded.

“Because a handful of the lacewing flies need to be added to the potion every ten minutes after line twelve! The instructions clearly say that!”
Harry peered through the fumes and read the line twice over and then read a few lines down.

“Huh, so they do.”

Blaise sighed and picked up his hand before laying a chaste kiss to his knuckles.

“If we don’t come out of this lesson alive, Mio Amore, please know that I love you.”

“Oh stop being so overdramatic!” Harry demanded. “I’m not that bad!”

“It pains me to inform you that you are that bad, Mio Bello.”

Harry huffed and turned back to the chalkboard, reading through the next line of instructions twice and then once more to be sure before he picked up the tiny bottle of cobra snake blood and tipped exactly one drop into the potion.

“Harry, no!” Blaise cried.

The next thing Harry knew he was knocked to the floor with a heavy body on top of him, before he could ask Blaise what the hell he thought he was doing a massive explosion shook the very floor he was lying on.

He sat up and peered around at his fellow classmates, who were all staring wide eyed at the place where his and Blaise’s desk used to be. He touched Blaise when his mate didn’t move or make a sound and let out a relieved breath when one indigo eye opened to glare at him.

In the shocked silence that permeated the room, Harry shifted nervously and wiggled about on the stone floor.

“I don’t know what I did wrong.” He told his fellow students seriously. “I read the instructions three times.”

“Cobra blood reacts very violently with the hellebore extract that I used to stabilise the potion and with the amount of lacewing flies you added I’m surprised the floor is still intact.” Blaise told him.
“Oh. Well at least no one was hurt.” Harry replied meekly.

“Due to the containment ward that I hastily placed around your cauldron, Mister Potter.” Snape’s silky voice cut through the room like a knife. Harry had been wondering where the snarky git had been hiding.

“Thank you for saving us, Professor.” Harry simpered sarcastically. “But perhaps if your handwriting wasn’t so small and illegible this might never have happened.”

Harry’s eyes widened the moment he realised what had spewed out of his mouth. He could see Seamus and Dean out of the corner of one eye smothering their laughs into the sleeves of their robes and Blaise out of the corner of his other eye edging away from him like he had the plague. He’d be having words with his mate about loyalty if he survived this encounter.

“Detention with me tonight, Potter, seven o’clock, do not be late or I will be forced to make your life a misery.”

Harry was so tempted to tell his professor that he already made Harry’s life a misery, but he managed to control his wayward tongue. He needed to replace his brain to mouth filter because it was obviously broken.

“All of your potions will be ruined by now.” Snape told the rest of the class. “You all have Potter to thank for that, so let me see…I think five points from Gryffindor for every potion you ruined. That equates to fifty points from Gryffindor, Potter, because your feeble mind cannot even follow written instructions I highly doubt it can handle number equations.”

Only several people laughed at Snape’s barb. Pansy Parkinson, Theodore Nott, Crabbe and Goyle were to name a couple. Ron let out a snort, but he looked torn between amusement at Harry’s humiliation and anger at the prospect of losing so many points in early December.

Harry curled in on himself so he didn’t have to look at the sneers sent at him by the Slytherins nor the angered looks from the Gryffindors. If it had been any other situation he would have held his head high and glared right back at them, but with it emerging that he was a Dracken, not knowing where the genes came from, the whole losing his virginity tonight that was making him nervous and the entire situation with the dominant Drackens and the prospect of picking another million mates just so he could have a baby, well he wasn’t feeling very confident or much like himself.

Arms wrapped around him and a low growl rumbled through a large chest and vibrated through his body. Harry buried his head into Blaise’s neck and inhaled the soothing scent deeply. He clung to Blaise as Snape ordered everyone to leave due to the fact that the lesson had now ended because their potions were unsalvageable.
Ashamedly Harry felt tears well up in his eyes and he strove desperately to blink them away. The last thing he wanted was for Blaise or Snape to see him crying and thinking him weak minded and pathetic.

“Let yourself cry, Mio Prezioso.” Blaise cooed to him. “It’s part of the breeding cycle, your emotions are going to be out of your control until after the heat.”

“Does this mean I’m closer to going on heat?”

“Yes, you are now in the last stage of the breeding cycle, I’d say in about a week you will be on heat.” Blaise told him gently.

“Be thankful that your breeding cycle is two months long, Potter.” Snape told him. “I knew a Dracken who had a sixteen day breeding cycle. It drove both the submissive and the dominant mad.”

Snape got a faraway, thoughtful look on his face and Harry realised that he was most likely thinking of his own mate, though the thought of sex and Snape in the same sentence made him shiver in revulsion. Snape had always been and would always be a teacher to him.

He didn’t think he’d be able to handle having a heat every sixteen days that was a horrible thought. He could barely handle having a heat every two months, though this was his first one ever, he might change his mind after having sex with Blaise for the first time. He peeked at Blaise through his fringe; his mate was speaking with Snape about the Dracken gene potion to find out where Harry’s Dracken blood came from.

Blaise was so handsome and so powerfully alluring and that he had said that he didn’t need to practice for their heat indicated that he was a good lover. Harry grinned at the turn his thoughts had taken. He doubted he would want to go into heat every sixteen days, but every two months? He wouldn’t mind having a sex marathon with Blaise for ten days every two months.

“Wake up, Potter!” Snape snapped, waving a vial of a potion under his nose.

“This is the potion to tell you where your Dracken genes came from, Bello.” Blaise informed him, coming to stand close to him.

Harry nodded and looked to Snape for instructions.
“It was too much to ask for that you listened to a word I said ten minutes ago.” Snape sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Swallow the potion and then prick your thumb with this knife, press your blood onto this chart.”

Snape indicated the small knife and the blinding white, circular piece of paper. Harry nodded and threw back the entire potion, grimacing at the horrid taste. He picked up the knife and jammed it into his thumb and let it bleed for a bit to build up the blood before pressing it onto the chart.

He was not prepared for the sucking sensation or the zap that started at his thumb before spreading through his whole hand and then through rest of his body. He ripped his thumb away and glared accusingly at Snape.

“Did I forget to mention that it might be painful? What a shame.” Snape drawled as Blaise held Harry’s hand gently and kissed the bloodied thumb.

“How long do I have to wait?” Harry asked.

“It depends how far back your genes are.” Snape answered slowly, as if Harry were a particularly moronic idiot.

Slowly words started forming on the circular chart, blooming outwards like a flower opening to the sunlight.

Harry looked at the names on the chart and smiled. His name was in the very middle of the white chart, then the name Lily Evans was on one side of his and the name James Potter was on the other side. Two names came from his Mother’s name, Deidre Campbell and Jackson Evans. His grandparents. He grinned at finally learning their names; Aunt Petunia had always refused to tell him who they were or what they were like when he had asked when he was younger. The only thing she had ever told him was that they were decent, hardworking people who didn’t deserve to be bothered by loathsome freaks.

He looked at the two names branching off from his Father’s name and saw the names Dorea Black and Charlus Potter. Black, he was related to the Black family through his paternal Grandmother! More names appeared on both sides and Harry looked quickly to see it was adding siblings. Petunia Evans appeared branching off from his maternal Grandparents names, attaching itself to his Mother’s name. On his Father’s name nothing appeared, but three names appeared next to his paternal Grandmother’s name. Pollux Black, Cassiopeia Black and Marius Black. His Grandmother had had two older brothers and an older sister. The next level of names appeared, but only on his Father’s side.

“Your genes come from your Father’s side of the family.” Snape told him, also looking with interest at the chart.
Harry looked up at his Professor and nodded distractedly before quickly looking back down to follow the two lines connecting the four Black siblings to two new names. Cygnus Black and Violetta Bulstrode. The name Cygnus Black was glowing a soft yellow.

“There you have it, Potter. You got your Dracken genes from your Great-Grandfather Cygnus Black. The genes skipped his children and even his Grandchildren and manifested in you.”

“Lucky me.” Harry sighed, his eyes not leaving the parchment.

“The Black family is well known for having Dracken blood within it and no, before you ask your godfather was not a Dracken.” Snape added.

“I wasn’t going to ask, but it would be just my luck that I am the only one in three generations to get the Dracken gene.”

Blaise put an arm around him and pressed a lingering kiss to his temple.

“It isn’t all bad, Mio amore.”

Harry looked up at Blaise and smiled.

“No, it isn’t all bad.” He agreed going up on his tiptoes to press their lips together in a sweet kiss.

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Harry nervously squirmed on the bed as he watched the sliver of bathroom door that he could see from his position. It was late evening and Blaise was having his usual shower at his usual time, only it wasn’t a usual night and Harry was nervous enough as it was without waiting.

His heart started racing as the water turned off and he wiggled even more in the nest bed as he had taken to calling it. He looked up through the skylight and drew in a deep breath at the sight of the almost full moon. It looked so beautiful, tonight really had been the best choice to give himself fully to Blaise, he just wished that his mate would hurry the hell up before he changed his mind through sheer cowardice.
He had wanted to get undressed, anything to make the waiting less painful, but he had gotten shy and embarrassed just sitting on their bed naked, waiting for Blaise to return so he had pulled his boxer shorts back on.

He played with the little curls of hair on his legs, he rubbed his goose bumped arms (it was December after all and it was damned cold.) he curled his toes and played with his fingers, he bit at his finger nails and he rubbed circles onto his bubbling belly.

He couldn’t relax, he just couldn’t. He knew that Blaise was drying off and drying his hair, but it seemed like an eternity before he emerged from the bathroom. It was then that Harry started feeling sick.

“Mio Prezioso, we don’t have to do this if you don’t want to, the heat leaves no room for fear or nervousness, just instinct.” Blaise told him calmly, giving him a readymade way out, but Harry didn’t want his first time with Blaise to be dictated by instinct.

He shook his head and reached out for Blaise, who was as naked as the day he was born. Blaise wrapped him up in his arms and gently stroked his back with light fingertips, causing sparks of pleasure to run down his spine.

“I want to do it now.” Harry stated. “I don’t want my first time to be fuelled by instinct. I want to do it myself, without the instincts to guide me and take away my free will.”

Blaise smiled at him and picked him up gently, only to lay him on his back against the cool bed sheets.

“Please don’t be afraid, Harry; there is nothing to be afraid of. I will not hurt you, I will prepare you properly and we will keep to foreplay all night if you feel you aren’t ready enough.”

Harry smiled up at Blaise and pulled him down for a sweet kiss, which turned more passionate when Blaise teased his mouth open and stroked his tongue over his own.

Harry let his hands wander over Blaise’s well-muscled chest. Seventeen or not, Blaise had a nice body that was still growing and still gaining more muscle mass. Unfortunately Harry’s sixteen year old body seemed to have been stretched to its absolute limits with the Dracken inheritance and he was positive he was actually shrinking; Blaise chuckled and told him not to be so daft, that of course he wasn’t shrinking.

Blaise moved from his mouth, over his cheek and down to his neck, there he stayed and nibbled and licked in his skin, Harry let out a breathy sigh at the sensation of it and tilted his head to the side.

Blaise grinned against Harry’s neck and licked from the base of his neck, right up to his ear.
Harry’s body jerked uncontrollably and Blaise happily stayed at the one spot behind Harry’s earlobe, right on the neck muscle that made his beautiful mate quiver.

Blaise slipped down Harry’s body and moved to get rid of the last shred of clothing that separated their bodies from being in full contact with the other. Harry however shot up and gripped the waistband of his boxers tightly, preventing Blaise from pulling them off.

Blaise looked questioningly at his mate and took note of the red blush on Harry’s cheeks.

“I…I…can we leave them on?” Harry asked timidly.

“How would that work, Prezioso? How can I make love to you through cotton?”

Harry blushed a brighter red and slumped down.

“What’s the matter, Harry?” Blaise asked, very concerned for his mate as he sidled up to him and wrapped a comforting arm around him.

“I…I’m not as big as you are.”

Blaise shook his head in exasperation and tucked a finger under Harry’s chin, pulling his head up for a kiss.

“It does not matter, Mio Bello, I am the dominant here. There is nothing wrong, nor shameful, about being smaller than I am. I am not a good indicator of average size, being well endowed even before my Dracken inheritance.”

“It got bigger with the inheritance?” Harry asked, his embarrassment forgotten in his curiosity.

“Yes, like I got taller and wider and you grew taller and lost your baby fat.”

Mine didn’t get bigger or smaller.” Harry stated, his cheeks going a bright shade of red again.

“Because you are not a dominant, Mio Amore, only a dominant Dracken’s penis swells with his body.”
“Oh.”

“Now am I allowed to see my mate in all of his stunning glory?” Blaise asked with a teasing grin, his hands moving to the waistband of Harry’s boxers again, but he waited for Harry to shyly nod his head before tugging them down his shapely legs.

Blaise took a nice long look at Harry, feasting his eyes on Harry’s naked body for the very first time. He found out quite quickly that he could stare at Harry uncovered for minutes at a time and not realise how much time had passed when Harry started squirming and embarrassedly covered himself with his hands.

Blaise chuckled and gently plucked Harry’s hands from his lap, holding them in his own as he looked at Harry’s small, but perfectly proportioned genitals before moving his head up to look lustfully into Harry’s eyes.

“You are so beautiful, Harry. So, so beautiful.”

Blaise laid a kiss to Harry’s inside thigh and revelled in the sharp intake of breath that he got in return. He nibbled on the flesh under his lips and Harry quivered, the skin between his teeth shaking in excitement, which made Blaise react.

His semi-erect cock pulsed and filled with even more blood, making it harder and hotter. He enclosed it with his hand and stroked it a few times to alleviate the pressure building before he moved the hand to hold Harry’s hip as his tongue did wicked things to Harry’s mouth.

He caressed Harry, teased him, played with him, stroked him, touched every inch of that gorgeous, silky smooth, body. He had Harry mewling under him and he was so excited his breathing came in harsh bursts.

“Harry, Mio amore. Sei talmente bello, così sexy.” Blaise whispered into his ear before he bit at it.

Harry had no idea what Blaise was saying. Bello and amore were familiar terms that Blaise said daily that he was beginning to see as endearments, he understood the word sexy that was thrown in there, but the rest were just pretty words. It didn’t stop his blood from pulsing faster through his veins nor his heart to thump harder in his chest though.

“Blaise. Please stop teasing.” He whispered out, hoping that Blaise put him out of his misery and stopped teasing his nerve endings.
Blaise grinned down at him and Harry had the distinct feeling that Blaise had been waiting for him to put a stop to the feather light touches.

“As you wish, Mio Diletto.”

Blaise kissed his way down Harry’s body and swiped his tongue around his beautiful mate’s navel, dipping his tongue into Harry’s bellybutton smirking as Harry made a small sound and wiggled on the sheets.

He moved further down and nuzzled the inner most part of Harry’s thigh, where it met the groin area. Harry gasped and squirmed, but Blaise held his hips in place as he let his tongue lick up Harry’s hard shaft for the first time, lingering around the head and getting his first taste of his beautiful mate.

Harry tasted delicious and Blaise lapped at him delicately as Harry shouted out his shock and pleasure. Moving his mouth further over Harry, Blaise sucked carefully at the head of Harry’s cock, trying not to overwhelm him with too many sensations at once, he had to keep reminding himself that this was all new for his mate.

Savage pride filled him as he thought about what he was doing, that this was the first time that Harry had ever been touched like this, that his mate was untouched except by him. He was the first, no matter that there would be at least one other dominant mate to join them, he had been Harry’s first and he would always have that over the other dominants.

Blaise moved his mouth smoothly down Harry’s shaft before pulling back up; keeping an even suction and watched as Harry almost completely lost himself in the pleasure. Blaise couldn’t help himself as he pushed his head down again and swallowed Harry in the back of his throat before pulling back up whilst his hands played with the silky skin of Harry’s perineum and the absolutely tiny, virginal rosebud that he had to somehow fit himself into.

Harry screamed his release silently, too shocked and overcome with pleasure to make a noise, his first ever non-self-induced orgasm robbing his voice as his hands clenched themselves into Blaise’s thick, layered hair and tugged mindlessly.

“Dio Mio amore, vorrei che questa notte non finisse mai.” Blaise spoke to him breathlessly.

“I don’t understand what you’re saying.” Harry panted out confusedly.

Blaise smiled at him as if he were the most precious thing on the earth and tucked a piece of his messy, flyaway hair behind his ear.

“God, my love, I wish that this night was never ending.” Blaise translated with a smirk.
Harry felt himself going pink in the cheeks, but he smiled up at Blaise nonetheless, reaching out to
his mate who came to him willingly and laid a small kiss on the corner of his mouth. Blaise tasted
musky and it was with a start that Harry realised that he was tasting himself in Blaise’s mouth.

Blaise moved himself to lie on his side facing Harry and pulled his mate onto his side to face him.
He drew Harry into a deep, loving kiss as one of his hands fondled that gorgeous bum, a finger
dipping in between those curved cheeks to delicately press against Harry’s entrance. Harry gasped
and tried to move away, but he encountered Blaise’s chest before he could move away from the
questing finger.

“How does it feel, Prezioso?”

“Strange and new, but it’s quickly becoming one of my favourite feelings.”

Blaise chuckled deeply and pressed his fingers in a bit faster, going in deeper, before pulling out
and searching for that one place that would make Harry scream for him.

He knew exactly when he found the little circular gland of nerve endings when Harry suddenly
arched against him, that pretty little mouth opened in amazement and his name was whispered on a
broken plea.

Blaise tortured that little gland with firm fingers and very soon Harry choked out his second
orgasm, his body jerking uncontrollably.

Blaise took advantage of the overwhelming amount of pleasure Harry was feeling to lube himself
up and press into Harry delicately. He had promised not to hurt his little mate and the only way that
that was possible was for Harry to be in the euphoric, coital bliss that was the direct afterglow of an orgasm.

The position was a bit awkward until Blaise rolled over Harry and pressed himself fully into his little mate. He kissed and teased those lips as Harry made small mewling sounds in the back of his throat.

Harry was so hot, so moist and so deliciously tight that Blaise had to stop and breathe for a moment before he lost himself completely. He pulled himself out carefully, pushing back in just as slowly, he sped up a bit when he heard no pained sounds from Harry.

Harry arched himself up to wrap his arms around Blaise’s neck, he couldn’t take this sort of slow, torturous ecstasy, it was killing him.

“Blaise, please. I can’t take much more.” He begged choppily as Blaise continued to push in and pull out of him at a snail’s pace.

Blaise smiled and pushed in a bit harder and was rewarded with a wail. He pulled out carefully before he pushed in faster and his smirk came back when he heard the scream that that got him. He had found the angle that he needed.

Using his arms he held Harry in the position that he wanted him in and with his legs as leverage, he thrust into Harry as quickly as he could, having his neck squeezed tightly as Harry yelled out his shocked pleasure.

Once Blaise was assured that Harry really wasn’t feeling any pain, he started moving harder, aiming deeper and he almost lost it prematurely when Harry wrapped those lithely muscled legs around his waist and started thrusting up against him using his own body as a tool to slam their hips together.

“Harry! Dio! Fuck!” Blaise cursed out, his one hand holding his body up, the other caressing every inch of Harry’s smooth flesh it could reach.

“Blaise! Blaise! I don’t…tight feeling…don’t know…” Harry babbled choppily, not knowing what the new sensations he was feeling meant. He had never felt the near pleasure pain of the tightness building up in his gut.

Blaise growled when he realised that Harry was so close to his release. He pushed himself harder, faster, giving that one last extra burst of pleasure to tip them both over the edge of orgasm and over the edge they went, screaming and yelling out their shared gratification of their utter carnality.

Blaise kept himself elevated above Harry so as not to crush his little lover, but he could only manage to remain that way for a few moments before his arms gave way and he collapsed next to Harry, who was lying oh so still on the bed, his eyes closed. If it weren’t for the heavily heaving chest Blaise might have thought he had killed his mate.
“Are you alright, *Mio amore*?” Blaise asked after Harry made no movement or sound apart from his heavy breathing.

“That was amazing.” Harry answered through a screamed raw throat. Blaise took immense pride in that.

He grinned and kissed the red, pleasure flushed cheek, brushing away the completely disarrayed tufts of hair.

“I’m not going to be able to walk for a year.”

Blaise chuckled. “You stroke my ego so beautifully, Harry, but I think a year is a bit of an exaggeration. You will be sore tomorrow, but I have a cream to apply to help with that, you will be just fine.”

Harry smiled as he cracked open his eyes to see the sight of a completely sated Blaise Zabini.

“You’re so handsome.”

“And you, *Mio caro*, are the most beautifully alluring, stunning creature to have ever walking this planet.”

Harry fell into an exhausted sleep with a smile on his face, lying on his side with Blaise’s large body spooned up against his naked back. He had never thought he could be this happy, what with the rushed mateship, the fact that he had hardly knew Blaise before they had mated and the supposed animosity between the Slytherins and the Gryffindors, but he was so glad, so relieved that it had all worked out in the end, he was so happy in the here and now, it was a shame that it would all be ruined soon by the appearance of another, unknown, dominant Dracken.

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Harry woke up a week later, on the fourteenth of December, sweltering hot. It was too warm and he couldn’t breathe. He kicked the heavy duvet from himself and ripped his pyjamas from his body, but his skin was just so warm.
He twisted and rolled, but he couldn’t find a cool spot on the sheets and he was so uncomfortable that he mewed in distress, which woke up Blaise who had been sound asleep beside him.

The moment Blaise inhaled his eyes went wild and he grabbed Harry’s waist and pulled him to lie underneath his body.

“Do not worry, sweet one.” He whispered into his ear whilst simultaneously kicking off his sleeping bottoms. “I will take care of you. I will take away the heat, I will fix this.”

Blaise had become hard within moments of smelling the scent that Harry was exuding and he didn’t wait a moment longer before pushing himself into Harry, joining them together for only the second time in their relationship.

Blaise was warm too and Harry couldn’t take the heat, his instincts told him that his mate could take it all away, but Blaise was making him hotter! He writhed and moved with Blaise as his mate pulled out and pushed back in with a primal force that he hadn’t used the first time that they’d had sex.

Harry screamed and clung to Blaise, digging his claws into his mate’s shoulders, breaking skin and still digging deeper. Far from putting him off, it seemed to make his mate move faster above him and it was all Harry could do to keep himself from being pushed right over the side of the bed.

He hadn’t noticed that they had both shifted into Dracken form, he realised when he opened his eyes to see his dominant’s huge wings fluttered out to their fullest length and when he moved his hands over his mate’s shoulders to his chest and he saw his blood covered claws.

He couldn’t keep his eyes open for long under the onslaught of debauchery and he moaned and mewed and wrapped himself completely around his mate as the pleasure forced his eyes into the back of his head.

He had been wrong, the heat didn’t force him to do anything, it didn’t turn the sex into a foggy scene that he felt like an outsider to or couldn’t stop. He could stop this right now if he wanted, but he didn’t want to, he didn’t want Blaise to ever stop, he doubted very much that he had the strength or will power to stop this.

“Blaise!” Harry forced out of his constricted throat. He pushed himself at Blaise and Blaise growled at him, moving his hands from the bed to Harry’s shoulders, moving his legs from their stretched out position to come up into a kneeling position.

Suddenly Blaise was so deep inside his body that Harry had trouble breathing in enough oxygen, he gasped and wailed and there wasn’t anything that he could do! Blaise had his upper body pinned down by the shoulders and his legs were wrapped around Blaise’s hips to keep them connected together. He wailed again and Blaise snarled, moving his arms yet again to wrap them around Harry’s back, tugging him upwards until they were chest to chest and Blaise was still thrusting into him, only now gravity was forcing Harry to sink as deeply as he possibly could onto Blaise.

His breath was forced out of his lungs with every thrust; his body was spasaming in such absolute
pleasure that Harry could barely control it. This was so different from the slow and sensual love making that their first time had been.

Harry made a small, indistinguishable noise in the back of his throat and his arms shot up to grip Blaise’s hair in two fists, he tugged and yanked on it and Blaise lurched forward and sunk his fangs deeply into Harry’s neck.

It was Harry’s undoing, he unraveled and screamed out his release for the world to hear, not that they could, and Blaise followed after a single mouthful of Harry’s blood.

They lay on their shared bed, panting and quivering in the afterglow of their passion, staring at each other’s lax and unguarded faces. It did not last long. Only what seemed like mere moments later, Harry felt his body surging with blood and excitement again, his nipples pinched together and became sensitised, his breath came in harsh gasps and his cock hardened and thickened.

Blaise’s pupils dilated as the scent of Harry’s heat pheromones reached his nose; he shivered in delight as his body became instantly ready for sex again. He rolled onto his back and dragged Harry on top of him, pushing right into his delectable mate and moving slower than before, but hitting deeper as he moved Harry’s hips down and onto himself with every thrust.

Harry balanced himself by moving to his knees and wrapping his arms around Blaise’s neck, using his elbows and forearms to keep himself steady as Blaise hit that spot deep inside of his body that had him seeing black and white dots.

Their bodies rubbed together, eased by the sweat that had formed, making it easier for Blaise to hit the right angle, making it easier for Harry to continuously push himself back onto Blaise.

Harry’s gut tightened in a new, but familiar sensation, he pressed his mouth to Blaise’s and got a few quick bites from sharp teeth and a silky tongue entwining with his own as Blaise stroked the soft skin on Harry’s sides.

A hand moved from his side to his nipple, which was rubbed gently between a finger and a thumb, before it was tugged harshly making Harry gasp and twitch as he released his pleasure onto Blaise’s belly. Blaise followed quickly after and Harry lay fully on his mate, resting for a few minutes, but he didn’t even have that little respite, his erection came back even quicker than it had the last time and before he could even draw in a breath, he found himself face down on the bed, Blaise’s large hands holding his slender hips, his prostate being tortured as Blaise moved within him harshly.

“Blaise!” Harry cried out once he found his voice.

“Mine.” Blaise snarled his hands roving all over Harry’s back and sides, his tongue poking out to lick at the back of Harry’s neck, before nibbling on his favourite spot.

Harry gasped and mewled, trying to squirm away from Blaise’s tongue, but his mate had a steel grip on his hips.

It was so swelteringly hot that Harry was finding it difficult to breathe, he was sweating and he was getting weaker where Blaise seemed to be getting stronger the longer they remained connected
together. His blood had turned to fire and his skin felt like it was melting as he buried his face into the pillows of their bed, but even they were too warm.

He screamed as Blaise stopped moving within him and started doing something with his hips that left that huge cock inside of him, but nudging his prostate with every roll of his hips. He writhed and wiggled, mewed and screamed for Blaise as his orgasm hit. His mate crouched over him, Blaise’s chest to Harry’s back, but leaving his lower half enough room to move.

“Ti voglio bene!” Blaise cried out as he released into Harry, lying flat on Harry’s back as he panted harshly.

Harry breathed deeply and evenly, not even able to move a muscle. He was bone-tired and completely exhausted. It was only a couple of hours into the heat; they had approximately ten days of continuous sex before the heat ended. How did Drackens even survive this?

Harry didn’t have much longer to contemplate it before he found himself on his back looking into wild indigo eyes as Blaise pushed himself back into his abused entrance. He cried out and wrapped his arms and legs back around Blaise’s body, holding him tightly. His mate was supposed to take away the burn, but instead he was burning more quickly, but he couldn’t bring himself to pull away from Blaise, a huge part of his brain stopped him from pulling away from his mate.

Blaise’s hands slipped down to cup his bum as he pushed himself harder, faster. His instincts telling him that he needed to conceive a clutch of children with his mate, though he knew quite logically, in a small part of his human mind which had been taken over by his Dracken instincts, that it was impossible at this time to make a clutch with Harry. Though he wanted to, he wanted it very much.

Harry released himself first and Blaise happily followed. Thankfully they were allowed a minute of rest and recovery before their bodies demanded that they copulate again. Harry couldn’t take much more of this, he couldn’t stand the heat, the sex was just making him burn all the more hotter, why did Drackens have to feel this level of burning pain? What was the purpose of it?

Harry didn’t have time to come to a realisation on his own before Blaise had once again moved him into a new position and entered his body with a harsh, fast thrust of his hips, driving away any and all thoughts that weren’t about his mate or sex from his mind.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Keep reading and reviewing and I will continue writing! Thanks again,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

Thankfully they were allowed a minute of rest and recovery before their bodies demanded that they copulate again. Harry couldn’t take much more of this, he couldn’t stand the heat, the sex was just making him burn all the more hotter, why did Drackens have to feel this level of burning pain? What was the purpose of it? Harry didn’t have time to come to a realisation on his own before Blaise had once again moved him into a new position and entered his body with a harsh, fast thrust of his hips, driving away any and all thoughts that weren’t about his mate or sex from his mind.

Chapter Eight – Christmas Meetings

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Harry woke up rather quickly with his eyes feeling gritty and it didn’t take long to realise that he’d been woken up so rapidly because he had one hell of a pounding headache. For several minutes he just lay there, in the bed, trying to remember where he was, why he was there or what the hell had even happened. Then it all came flooding back to him. He’d had his first heat period.

He had been on his heat period with Blaise for ten days! That meant that today was in actual fact Christmas Eve. Well it was the early hours of Christmas Eve, it being only five o’clock in the morning.

Unfortunately other things took higher precedent than the fact that it was Christmas Eve, like his swollen bladder and his gurgling, roaring stomach that was demanding something to eat. Harry was just glad that Blaise had already used that cream to heal him up because he was still feeling stiff and sore and that was after the cream had been applied to his body. He didn’t want to think on how much pain he would be in if Blaise hadn’t used the cream.

Harry didn’t notice that Blaise wasn’t in the room with him at first, not until after he had spent five minutes emptying his bladder and giving his face a wash to make him feel more alive. He looked around the bedroom, went back up the stairs to the landing that held their nest bed and then he went to check their sitting room, but Blaise really wasn’t there.

Collapsing into a heap on the carpet, Harry felt oddly numb and lost. He let out a high pitched, inhuman squealing roar that he was sure had echoed all throughout the school. It sounded a bit like a dragon’s roar only in a higher pitch. He remembered well the sounds a dragon made from the first task of the Tri-wizard tournament. He’d had an unrivalled front row and VIP experience of a dragon roaring in his face and he knew the sound they made deep in their chests just before they spewed forth their destructive fire.

Harry curled up on the floor. He felt detached from himself, like he was missing half of his body. He let out the squealing roar again and this time he felt about a hundred answering vibrations in his very bones.
The door to his rooms slammed opened and before he could turn around there was a loud thump and the sound of the door closing again, but Harry didn’t care as the moment his eyes clocked deep black, layered hair and indigo eyes he pounced on his mate and licked his cheek, hugging him tightly.

“Harry, why are you giving out a distress call?” Blaise asked seriously.

“What?”

“You’re sending out a distress call to every dominant in the proximity, which I don’t know if you remember, is quite a few hundred.”

“I couldn’t find you.” Harry answered softly.

“Oh, Mio amore! I went hunting for you! I knew that you’d be hungry when you woke up.”

Harry looked over Blaise’s shoulder to see the half torn apart deer and his stomach rumbled loudly.

“Eat up, Harry; I have already eaten my fill.”

Harry near enough dived on the still warm corpse of the deer and happily tore chunks of meat from the bones to devour, getting blood everywhere and being watched by a very pleased, smug Blaise, who was watching his mate eat the meal that he had killed just for him.

Once he was full to bursting point, Harry leant back and groaned, patting his full belly.

“Do I even want to know how you dragged a fully grown buck up here without being seen?”

Blaise grinned. “It was easier with a concealment charm and it’s very early in the morning. It was only really the portraits and any wandering ghosts that I had to hide my kill from.”

Harry grinned back and reached out for Blaise. He felt so much better; his body was back to its normal temperature, he was no longer burning and he didn’t feel uncomfortable or pained anymore, with the ending of the heat, he had gone back to normal.
“Do you feel any better, Prezioso?”

“Yes, I was so uncomfortable at the beginning of the heat, I felt like I was being boiled alive.”

Blaise held Harry close and licked his mate’s neck.

“I’m sorry, Bello, it couldn’t be helped. Your body temperature had to reach one hundred and ten degrees.”

“Why?!” Harry asked stunned.

“Harry, why do you think Drackens call the mating period ‘heat’? Like our dragon ancestors we need to raise our body temperatures up to a certain degree in order to conceive a child. Drackens do not like the cold and we need heat and obviously sex in order to conceive a baby.”

“Our body temperatures have to be raised to a hundred and ten degrees to get children?” Harry asked astonished.

“Yes, and again when you are nesting and you are in labour, your body will raise its temperature to a hundred and ten degrees to keep the babies healthy and comfortable.”

“About that, how will I give birth, Blaise?”

“I’m not too sure, Mio amore. I’ll find out for you, I know that female submissives just birth their children naturally, but I’m not certain how you will give birth seeing as you are a male.”

Harry did not like being told that his mate didn’t know something so important as to how he would birth their children. It made him angry.

“What do you mean you don’t know?! You’ve been a Dracken for a year!”
“I can't know everything, Harry! A year isn’t all that long and male submissives are so very rare that I never thought that I would ever see one, let alone meet and mate with one!”

“But you’re my dominant mate! You’re supposed to know!” Harry screamed.

“I will find out for you, now calm down and stop yelling at me.” Blaise hissed.

“No!”

Blaise was on him quicker than Harry’s eyes could keep up. Blaise had not been that fast before the heat.

A hand around the back of his neck forced him to his knees and kept pushing to get him onto his stomach, but the hell would Harry make it easy! He swiped a leg out and caught the back of Blaise’s knee, knocking it out from under his mate and letting him collapse next to him, before he leapt up and ran, or he tried to.

Blaise grabbed his ankle and yanked him back down before plastering himself to Harry’s back, pressing his considerable weight down onto his mate.

“Get off of me!”

“Not until you calm down.” Blaise told him, licking over the back of Harry’s neck, lightly nibbling the skin with his teeth.

“Oh! Blaise…no!” Harry moaned, caught between anger and pleasure.

“Yes, my love.” Blaise whispered, finding that one spot behind Harry’s ear that made his mate melt.

“Why am I so angry?” Harry asked miserably.

“Because your Dracken has realised that you are not pregnant. He is angry that he will not have young to carry and nurture.”
“But surely my Dracken knew I wouldn’t get pregnant, I need another mate before I can get pregnant.”

“We know that love, but both of our Dracken sides didn’t. Our Drackens run on instinct and not much else, love. The reason you have only me as a mate currently is because, though we knew otherwise, our Drackens fully believed that we would gain a clutch of children from mating. Your Dracken is angry that I couldn’t give you a child and my Dracken is feeling inferior and useless because I couldn’t give you a child.”

“Oh, Blaise! Please don’t feel like that, I’m sorry I need another mate, I don’t want one.”

Blaise smirked that gorgeous tilt of lips and kissed Harry gently as his mate rolled over so that they were face to face.

“I don’t feel like that, love, but my Dracken does. Again it is purely instinct, you knew we weren’t going to get children, I knew that you needed another mate to get a baby, but our Drackens have only just found out, so give them some time to settle down.”

“I feel like something is missing.” Harry confided softly. “Before this, you were enough, but now there is a small hole inside of me that is craving someone to fill it.”

“That is your Dracken telling you that you need another mate. You will start releasing pheromones to attract the dominants to you again and then you will start calling to them. To minimise the risk of damage or injury we should hold the meeting as soon as possible, in a few days at most.”

“After Christmas though. I want our first Christmas together to be just you and me.”

“Not Christmas, love, Winter solstice. Christmas is a Muggle thing.” Blaise chastised lightly.

“It will always be Christmas to me.” Harry stated stubbornly.

Blaise smiled and pecked Harry’s lips, standing up and pulling Harry into his arms. A bout of unexpected anger towards Blaise had Harry curling away from his mate.
“I’m sorry.” Harry whispered sadly.

“I know, Bello. It isn’t your fault.”

“I want a bath.” Harry decided, suddenly remembering that he hadn’t washed or bathed in ten days. “Join me?”

Blaise smiled lecherously and dragged Harry off to the bathroom wordlessly to ‘bathe’.

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Blaise went hunting again for dinner and then again on Christmas morning, his instincts were too close to the surface for him not to hunt, which suited Harry just fine seeing as he had such an enormous craving for raw meat that it was all that he wanted to eat. Blaise said that it was to make up for the weeks of just grains, fruits and vegetables that he’d been eating recently.

Harry finished eating the mare that Blaise had dragged through the castle just for his breakfast and he smiled happily at Blaise. His emotions still hadn’t calmed down and he still had unexpected bouts of anger towards Blaise, his Dracken seeing his inability to give him children as a failure.

Unfortunately Blaise’s Dracken was moping about and was feeling like a failure and nothing Harry did could convince Blaise in Dracken form that he wasn’t a failure, as a result Christmas was spent in their human forms despite having the privacy to be in their Dracken forms.

Harry shyly handed Blaise a beautifully wrapped gift and watched as his mate carefully opened it and rustled the tissue paper inside before locating the gift.

Blaise pulled out a very thick, very heavy and very, very old book. He looked it over carefully noticing that it oddly did not have any title that he could see. It was covered in smooth, but age cracked, brown leather and the pages were very yellow, dry and musty with age.

Blaise carefully opened the top cover of the book and his heart almost stopped at the inscribed letters on the front page. Cægan Æðelræd Bealusearu.

“Harry? Where…where did you even get this?” Blaise whispered reverently.

“I had a hell of a time tracking it down for you. Remember I got you to write it down for me because I couldn’t pronounce it? Well I took that paper into every bookshop, and second hand junk shop, because you never know what you’ll find in those, and I hunted for it for you, because I remember that you said that you really wanted it and that you and your family had been looking for a copy for generations.”
“We agreed on no ridiculously expensive gifts, Harry! This must have cost you not only an arm and a leg, but both arms, both legs and all of your internal organs of yourself and all of your descendants for at least the next ten generations!”

Harry chuckled softly, bordering on a giggle. “It didn’t cost me anything, Blaise. I finally got fed up of hunting and getting nowhere, so I asked the goblins for help when I went to withdraw some money, I told them that I’d had no luck looking for it and they turned around and told me that a copy, this copy, had been sitting untouched in my bank vault for seven hundred years. I already owned it, so it didn’t cost me anything to get for you.”

Blaise mouthed wordlessly, unable to form how much this actually meant to him. “I…thank you, Harry, thank you so much!”

“Thank me by giving me my present before I go stir crazy!” Harry grinned bouncing a bit on the settee he was sitting on.

Blaise smiled so softly and tenderly at him Harry stopped all movement. Surely Blaise couldn’t feel the level of love he was displaying just for him, could he? Did he love Blaise as much as Blaise seemingly loved him?

His Dracken roared and clawed at his chest, saying a firm no. They should hate Blaise for not being strong enough to give them younglings, but that wasn’t Blaise’s fault. He needed more than one mate, he was too strong.

‘I am not too strong, he is too weak!’ A voice hissed in his head that sounded suspiciously like his own. Harry gasped, clutching at his head.

“Harry? Prezioso, are you alright, what is it?”

“My head hurts.”

Blaise held him so gently, run such soft fingers through his hair and pressed such light kisses against his temple that Harry started crying silent tears. Blaise deserved better than him. His own Dracken was rejecting Blaise! On Christmas day no less!

“Innamorato, what is wrong? Why are you crying?” Blaise asked stunned.
“The anger is back.” Harry whispered through his tears.

“Hush now, mio Diletto. We knew this would happen, we knew our Drackens would not be happy that we hadn’t conceived children. It’s alright if you are angry.”

“But I don’t want to be angry with you, Blaise. I love you!”

Blaise smiled and gave him a sweet kiss. “Ti amo, Harry.”

Harry cuddled into Blaise and breathed deeply to calm himself, he didn’t want to hate Blaise or be angry with him. He truly meant it when he told Blaise that he loved him.

Blaise handed him a small, very intricately wrapped box and Harry looked at it, not wanting to open it and destroy the beautiful masterpiece it was.

“It isn’t my chocolate then.” Harry stated with a grin.

“I buy you your favourite chocolate twice a week, innamorato, this gift is special.” Blaise told him, bringing him in for a hug.

“I don’t want to open it.” Harry said softly, before hastening to explain when Blaise looked upset and offended. “It’s too pretty! I don’t want to destroy it.”

Blaise chuckled and did a little wave with his wand before he run it up, down, over and around the little present.

“What did you just do?” Harry asked curiously.

“I took a photo of it, Prezioso. A proper photo, not those silly flat muggle ones, but a moving wizarding one so you will always know what my first Winter solstice present to you looked like.”

Harry hugged Blaise tightly before he carefully opened his present. It was a little blue velvet box and Harry pried the hinges open gently and gasped at the contents.
Sitting nestled in a bed of crushed silk and velvet was the most beautiful bracelet that Harry had ever seen. It was an inch wide and looked more like half a cuff than a bracelet, it would fit snuggly against the base of his hand, but it would not cover his ulnar styloid. It was made of solid platinum and had a large emerald in the centre; an emerald that looked so much like his and his Mother’s eyes that it took his breath away. On either side of the emerald was a smaller, but no less beautiful amethyst. They were deep purple in colour, the same colour as Blaise’s wing scales.

“Oh, Blaise I love it!” Harry exclaimed, taking it out of the velvet and silk cushion and he flicked open the clasp. He wrapped it around his wrist and fastened the clasp again, loving how it was tight against his skin, but didn’t cut off his circulation.

There were small carvings on the bracelet, looking so delicate and flimsy that he didn’t want to touch them. They looked like vines wrapping around the bracelet with off-shooting spirals.

“It’s so beautiful, Blaise, but what the hell? You tell me not to give you an expensive gift and here you go giving me this?!”

Blaise grinned. “This is a family heirloom, mio caro. The only thing I spent money on was resizing it to fit your tiny, elfin wrists and changing the gems from diamonds and rubies to emeralds and amethysts.”

Harry grinned as well and hugged Blaise tightly. Blaise unclasped the bracelet when Harry’s head was turned and took it off of his wrist and Harry gasped, pulling back and looking at Blaise with wide eyes.

“You missed the inscription on the inside band, Harry.” Blaise told him, pointing out the elegant, cursive letters on the bottom.

‘Ti penso moltissimo.’

“What does it mean?” Harry asked. He had a very warm feeling from the words.

“I think of you always.” Blaise answered with a smile.

Harry nearly melted as Blaise fastened the bracelet back onto his wrist and kissed the back of his hand gently.
“Ti amo, Harry. Ti amo.”

“Tee ammo?” Harry questioned.

Blaise chuckled and pressed his lips to Harry’s temple. “Ti amo. I love you. I love you deeply, Harry.”

Harry smiled happily, ignoring the warmth in his cheeks as he pressed a kiss to Blaise’s soft lips.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

Christmas day was turning out to be one of the happiest that Harry could ever remember. They went down for dinner in the Great Hall, where they found only a few students along with the Professors.

“Harry, my boy, it’s so nice to see that you are feeling better!” Dumbledore cried out jovially, sending him a wink.

“Yes, I felt better a few days ago, Professor, but I didn’t feel up to socialising much and yesterday was when I started to truly feel like myself again, but it being Christmas Eve, I wanted to spend the day with Blaise.”

“Of course you did, my boy. I am glad that you are feeling better, I hope you don’t have a relapse.”

“Madam Pomfrey said that if I did then it would be a small one a few days after I started feeling better, so I suppose if I’m going to relapse it will be any when from now to a couple of days away.”

Blaise sat Harry down before sitting down himself and serving Harry a plateful of food, knowing that Harry and himself had eaten purely raw meat for the past two days. He made sure to put a bit of turkey and chicken onto the plate, before he filled the rest with vegetables and side dishes.

Harry smiled at him and started eating with polite manners that he hadn’t had when he was tearing apart the mare that Blaise had hunted for him. Blaise would rather watch Harry eating the prey he had killed for him.
“Someone said that you had Dragon Pox!” An excitable second year Hufflepuff burst out.

Blaise glared at the little girl and she recoiled, but Harry sent his own glare to Blaise who sniffed and went back to his dinner.

“I didn’t have Dragon pox, but the illness that I did have is contagious through skin to skin contact, so I couldn’t leave my special rooms. Blaise had already caught it from me, so he stayed with me to keep me company.”

“But what about food!” The little girl asked, exuberant as usual now that Harry was talking to her.

“The house elves brought us our meals; they are a different species, so human illnesses don’t affect them.”

“Oh. What was it like?”

Harry went pink cheeked as he remembered the ten days of continuous sex and the pleasure it had brought, the smells and the sounds he and Blaise had made.

“It was pretty boring.” Harry stated lamely.

Blaise’s head snapped to glare at Harry. He leant in close and blew in Harry’s ear.

“I guess I’ll have to up my ante the next time, Prezioso, so that you are not so bored.”

Harry went a furious red in the cheeks and he pushed Blaise away from him. He didn’t need to defend his words. The little girl was twelve; she didn’t need to hear that they had been having non-stop sex for ten days. No one at this table, of age or not, needed to know that they had been having sex at all. It was bad enough that Snape and Dumbledore already knew.

“I hope that you do not relapse, Harry.” Dumbledore stated gravely.
“So do I. I’ve missed enough lessons as it is, but I just have a gut feeling that it’s going to happen.”

“If it happens it happens, Potter.” McGonagall stated. “Just make sure you catch up with all of your work.”

“Don’t worry, Professor, it’s all done and I’m even ahead in certain subjects! Blaise is trying to tutor me with Potions as well.”

“Do try not to blow out one of the castle walls, Potter.” Snape told him.

“I’ll try, Sir, but I can’t make any promises.”

“I think I am competent enough to stop him from blowing out a wall, Professor, but blowing off one of his own hands…” Blaise trailed off with a sigh and Harry nudged him as Dumbledore chuckled merrily.

Harry shook his head and popped a Brussels sprout into his mouth, chewing moodily. He stabbed at his peas and carrots before placing a forkful of mashed potatoes into his mouth and swallowing. He glared at Blaise as his mate laughed at his sulky behaviour.

The dinner passed by amicably and Harry found himself laughing and joking with Blaise and the younger students. Blaise pressed a kiss to his ear and licked it.

“You would make a wonderful Mother, Mio Bello.” Blaise whispered.

Harry smiled happily and snuggled in with Blaise, still spooning Christmas pudding and extra thick double cream into his mouth, giving the odd spoonful to Blaise.

Students began trickling away at eight and Harry yawned against Blaise for the third time in five minutes.

“Come on, Mio amore, let’s get you into bed. You still need to take it easy after your illness.” Blaise told him, standing up and pulling Harry to his feet.

Harry leant heavily on Blaise until they were out of the Great Hall and away from the curious eyes of all those who were left in the Hall. Blaise swept Harry’s legs out and caught him easily, carrying
him cautiously up the stairs.

“I can walk!” Harry tried to sound angry, but a huge yawn that almost unhinged his jaw ruined the effect.

“I know.” Blaise soothed gently. “But I want to carry you.”

Harry didn’t have the energy to fight Blaise. He just gave in and let his body relax as he was carried up to their rooms and into their bedroom. Blaise carefully climbed the narrow set of stairs leading up to the ledge that their bed was on and placed him down on it.

Blaise happily undressed Harry, quelling any arguments with a soft, ‘I want to do this for you.’ Leaving Harry undressed, Blaise undressed himself and climbed in next to his ethereal mate, covering them both up and wrapping his arms around Harry’s waist.

“Sogni d’oro, mio amore.” Blaise whispered, kissing Harry’s cheek before settling down to sleep.

X

Harry was back in his private rooms in the hell hotel. Only this time it was more bearable with Blaise firmly by his side and his chaperone not too far behind them.

There were approximately one hundred and twenty dominants living here, there had been four deaths already from fighting and another several were injured. To be honest Harry was astounded that there wasn’t more than that, but apparently word had gotten around that he didn’t like violence and the dominants were trying to curb themselves, which he was actually grateful for.

“So, Harry.” Elder Trintus stated happily. “Here we are again.”

“Yes, I have no idea how I’m going to choose another dominant from all of these!”

“One submissive once held a gladiator like challenge.” Trintus told him reflectively. “Yes, she made all of the dominants fight each other. The one left standing at the end became her mate.”

Harry was horrified that anyone could be so cruel and heartless.
“So all the others just died?” He asked in absolute disgust.

“Oh no, dear boy! No, we placed up safety measures, a rarity as normally we would let the submissive gain their mate by any means that they see fit, but obviously we couldn’t just cull all the dominants down to one. No, we made a single rule that if you were knocked down for more than three seconds then you were automatically disqualified. It saved many dominants, but there were more than a few casualties and quite a fair few deaths too, despite the safety measures in place.”

“Can I just spend some time with each one?” Harry asked.

“You want to do the interviews again?” Trintus asked.

“Not exactly. I want to be able to walk around with them; I want to see what they are like when they are relaxed and comfortable, not crammed into an overstuffed armchair opposite me. I think some of them were nervous and hid it behind inane nattering.”

“Alright, my dear, let’s get started, after all you cannot be ill for too long or your classmates will get suspicious.”

Harry walked hand in hand with Blaise, who had his wings stretched out to their max, making them seem longer than they were, but he still got dirty looks from the other Drackens, who were flaunting their twenty-five foot wings, clearly telling Blaise that theirs were bigger.

Harry was dismayed to see that Dominic, the presumptuous twat who had burst into his rooms during his last meeting, was standing right in the front with his grandfather.

“Harry, sweet one.” Elder Getus greeted. “I hope you are well.”

“I am, thank you.” Harry replied politely.

“You remember my grandson Dominic.”

The big dominant held his hand out, but Harry didn’t take it. There was a gleam in both of their
eyes that he didn’t like. Perhaps they remembered that he had mated with Blaise over a simple handshake and believed that it would work twice in a row. The only problem was that he hadn’t mated with Blaise over a handshake, but a single lick to the back of the neck.

“Yes, I do. I seem to remember telling him to leave and to not come back.” Harry answered coolly.

“I have seen the error of my ways.” Dominic told him, his voice very pompous and insincere.

“Good, but you will still never be my mate. I don’t want you as my mate!”

“Now Harry, it isn’t a choice as such but a need to have the strongest mate possible. Dominic might be the best suited mate for you.”

“He’s not.” Harry replied stubbornly and loudly. There were a few snorts, laughs and titters from the crowd of dominants.

“If we could calm this down a bit.” Elder Trintus boomed. “Harry wishes to get to know all of you in turn; he wishes to see you when you are relaxed and comfortable. You will not be permitted to take Harry away from this house or its grounds, you will not be permitted to be alone with Harry without myself and his first mate, Blaise, present and you are not permitted to touch him at any time.”

“Dominic will be going first.” Elder Getus stated as if it was his god given right and hell did Harry’s temper raise another few notches at that.

It was as if he wasn’t even a person capable of intelligent speech or thought patterns. His white wings, now with their shiny, deep purple scales flared out and he bared his fangs to the elder man and hissed deeply.

“He won’t!” Harry declared harshly. “He won’t even get a fucking turn because I don’t want him anywhere near me!”

“All dominants deserve a fair chance at becoming your mate, Harry.”
“Then why are you pushing your grandson at me? Why does he have to go first for everything? That isn’t fair to the others! What, is he so undesirable and so vile as a person that he needs your help getting him a mate because he can’t get one on his own?”

There were gasps, laughs and surprised snorts after his outburst. Elder Getus and his grandson were not included. They looked angry and offended and Harry did not care in the slightest.

Blaise placed a single hand on the back of his neck, he didn’t squeeze or apply any pressure, it was a warning to calm himself down lest he get himself into trouble.

Harry let his body relax and let his temper cool. He wouldn’t achieve anything by yelling. He knew he didn’t have to go anywhere near Dominic and the Elder knew that as well. Shouting was just giving him a headache and making him grumpy, it would be better if he turned and ignored them both, but ignoring something like that was never Harry’s strongest personality trait.

“I want a list of all the names and ages of the dominants.” Harry told Elder Trintus, before taking Blaise’s hand and storming away to cool down.

Harry estimated that it would take at least an hour, maybe more to get the names and ages of the dominants, enough time for him to work out his frustrations with Blaise, who was very happy to help him.

They were tangled on the carpet of his private rooms before the door had fully closed, kissing and biting at the other’s mouths. Harry’s breath hitched when Blaise moved his mouth down his chin to nibble on his neck.

Blaise squeezed Harry’s sides, moving his hands down to grip at his mate’s hips, before moving them up again to divest Harry of his shirt. Licking a sugar pink nipple, Blaise smirked as Harry yelled out in surprise.

“Blaise, no teasing, please. I just need to get my anger out.” Harry whined.

“As you wish.” Blaise answered, ripping Harry’s trousers from his legs, taking those bright grass green boxer shorts with them.

A knock on the door had Blaise roaring in rage and Harry scrambling to cover himself with something before Elder Trintus cautiously peeked around the door frame.
“I am so sorry!” He gasped as he caught sight of Blaise lying over a near enough naked Harry, who had only just managed to get his boxer shorts over his private bits in time.

“It’s okay.” Harry assured, throwing his arms around Blaise’s neck to stop him from pouncing on the poor elderly Dracken. “Did you want something?”

“I…the list is complete. We took a register at the very first meeting; we have been updating it with every new arrival.”

“Oh. Alright. We’ll be there in a minute.” Harry answered, pretending that he wasn’t laying in his boxer shorts underneath Blaise.

The Elder nodded and left very quickly as Blaise snarled angrily.

“We’ll continue this later, Blaise.” Harry assured him. “Nothing will stop us tonight.”

Blaise sighed and held Harry tightly, running his hands over Harry’s bare skin, squeezing those beautiful thighs possessively, before moving up over Harry’s covered arse and stopping on his lower back.

“Ti amo, Harry.” He stated seriously.

Harry grinned impishly. “Ti amo, Blaise.” He stated back, pronouncing the words carefully and a bit heavily, watching as Blaise smirked in happiness.

“You are learning.”

“I am. You’ll have to teach me more Italian, Blaise. I need to know what you’re saying to me.”

“Anything for you, little love, anything for you.”

Harry chuckled happily and shimmied back into his trousers and buttoned up his shirt.
“Let’s get this over with. I don’t want to be here any longer than necessary.”

Blaise nodded and he wrapped an arm around his shoulders. “Remember that I’ll be with you every step of the way this time, mio amore. If you don’t like one of them, just hide behind me and I’ll protect you with my life.”

Harry shook his head at the declaration, but he didn’t say anything as he walked out of his private rooms and back down to the Dracken common room. There wasn’t anything that he could say and he couldn’t argue either, Blaise would only tell him that he was his dominant and that was how it was supposed to be. Harry sighed silently and he walked, hand in hand with Blaise, to try and find his second, and hopefully last, dominant mate.

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Choosing the Second Mate

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Blaise nodded and he wrapped an arm around his shoulders. “Remember that I’ll be with you every step of the way this time, mio amore. If you don’t like one of them, just hide behind me and I’ll protect you with my life.”

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Chapter Nine – Choosing The Second Mate

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Harry sat in a small, cosy room off of the Dracken common room and he held the thick plastic folder he had been given in his hands and just gawped at the amount of names on the pieces of parchment that it contained.

Name after name was listed, some names he couldn’t even pronounce, some names were so long that they took up three lines of the parchments and others were so common that there were two or three of them reoccurring throughout the list.

The ages next to the names ranged from Drackens in their seventies all the way down to just turned sixteen year olds and Harry couldn’t believe that several sixteen year olds had made their way here from all over the world, most of them alone.

Next to the ages were a colour, or colours, and another number that he had been told were the dominant’s wing colours and sizes, so that he could further identify the more commonly named Drackens so that he didn’t accidentally scratch off the wrong person.

Harry took a quill to Dominic’s name immediately, who was listed under the section for the sixteen year olds, scratching it out with excessive force, much to the amusement of Blaise.

“Calm down, Harry, wait until you see his face and do the same with your claws.” Blaise advised him.

Harry giggled lightly and a bit hysterically and scooted over to cuddle into Blaise. Everything felt
so out of his control, he felt like a passenger in his own body, on a rollercoaster with nowhere to go but down.

“My dear, are you well?” Elder Trintus asked concernedly as he saw Harry’s face crumple as if he were about to cry.

“I just…I…why couldn’t Blaise be enough? I don’t want anyone else in my life. I want a family! Not a group of men accosting me and groping me every time I walk into a room. How many is it going to take?”

“I would think that one more dominant will see you with a child, sweet one.” Trintus told him thoughtfully. “But you might need one, maybe two more on top of that to ground your magic and to see to the needs of your Dracken.”

“I only want as many as I need to have a clutch of children!” Harry stated sharply.

“I wouldn’t advise it, my dear. Without an extra dominant to ground you, you may have bouts of irrationality or even very well go insane. I remember one submissive who fancied herself so in love with her first mate that she refused her grounding mate. Then six years down the line she ended up killing all of her children and then, when her lucidity came back to her, she killed herself in the grief of what she had done, leaving her dominant mate to suffer for years before he decided to join them.”

“That’s horrible.” Harry declared, feeling faintly sick at the thought of a Mother killing her children.

Blaise swallowed bitterly and held Harry tightly. He didn’t want to share his mate with anyone, but he didn’t want Harry to kill their children and then himself even more. Nothing else mattered when it came to Harry and his health, even if that did mean that they would have yet another dominant male, or even a female, who would push him out of the frame and claim all of Harry’s attention.

“It is horrible, yes, but that is the fate of a Dracken who refuses their grounding mate.” Trintus said simply.

“Blaise?” Harry questioned timidly.
He remembered very vividly that first meeting in the forest with his first mate, of how vehement Blaise was that he would not be permitted to have a harem or any more dominants than strictly necessary to get him pregnant.

“Discount my harsh words of before, Mio amore.” Blaise said softly, brushing Harry’s cheek with the back of his knuckles. “I did not know before what the Elder has just told us. I would rather add as many dominants as you need than to suffer the loss of you and our children a few years into the future.”

Harry smiled beatifically at him and Blaise felt his heart jolt. He had come to love Harry so very much. How was it possible to fall this deeply in love with someone in just two months?

He was truly amazed that it had only been two months that had passed when it felt like he’d known and loved Harry for an eternity already. A very good, loving eternity that he would live over again and again.

He felt like he knew Harry, really knew him, in the same way that decades old lovers knew the other like the backs of their hands. He wished to spend every minute of every day with Harry, which was probably why he was so jealous of adding in more Drackens to their relationship. It was needed to get the full family that they both wanted and craved, but Blaise still did not like the thought of sharing Harry with anyone.

It wasn’t even a Dracken thing; Blaise thought sourly, he would have been exactly the same had he been born a human. He would not have wanted to share Harry at all, not with anyone. Blaise believed fully that he was taking the news so well because he wasn’t human, because he was a Dracken and it was common for a submissive to have at least two mates, one to get them pregnant and then another one to ground their magic. It was rare to find a submissive that was weak enough to only need the one dominant to impregnate and ground them or a dominant strong enough over the submissive to do both. He would not have coped very well had he and Harry been human and Harry had informed him that he wanted more than one lover.

“Perhaps it would be best, dearest, if you got this over and done with?” Elder Trintus suggested carefully.

He had never seen a submissive so reluctant to take a second mate before, in his decades of experience all submissives craved children, their bodies demanded them, yet here this young, sixteen year old boy sat, looking so miserable that Quintalus just wanted to hold him, rock him and coo at him as if he were his own child.

“I suppose you’re right.” Harry sighed, making no move to untangle himself from Blaise’s lap.

Blaise smiled at the picture of misery that his mate made. He hated that Harry was upset and loathed himself for feeling so smug at Harry’s misery, but he couldn’t stop the pleasure or pride he
felt knowing that Harry really didn’t want any more mates. He knew that Harry would get used to them in time and that he would come to love them all, but at this moment in time, Harry wanted him and only him.

Harry stood once again in the absolutely huge common room that held over a hundred unmated, dominant Drackens who were all vying for his attention. Well most of them were anyway and they all seemed to be under the age of thirty. The older dominants were standing in the back, as if they instinctually knew that they had already been discounted, as if they were only here because their instincts demanded that they had to be present for his meeting.

It broke Harry’s heart to see the hopeless and lost expressions that they all tried to hide. They were acting as if they had absolutely no shot whatsoever and Harry swallowed. He hadn’t talked his plan out with Blaise. He didn’t want his mate getting jealous or feel any more inadequate because Harry went looking through the older dominants first, but he had to give them hope that not all submissives were arrogant, stuck up pricks that wouldn’t touch them with a four foot stick just merely because of their age.

“Harry has reviewed all of your names and ages and has now decided that he would like to begin his search for his second mate.” Elder Trintus called out loudly, ensuring that all the dominants in the room heard him. “Harry, are there any deciding factors which would make you completely discount one of these dominants as your mate?”

Harry had known that this question was coming and he looked to Blaise, who didn’t smile, didn’t move his facial muscles, but wrapped him up in his arms comfortably, silently telling him that the floor was all his and that Blaise was behind him one hundred percent in anything that he decided to do.

“Just get on with it!” One of the younger dominants shouted out impatiently. “Get rid of the granddads and start the process already, the waiting is killing me!”

“Who are you?” Harry asked.

“Serif Ribbin. Twenty-three.” The dominant with lush heather coloured, twenty-four foot wings answered proudly.

Harry went down the list of parchments and found Serif on the list, glad that he was the only one so that he didn’t have to spend any more time on him looking for wing colour; Harry took his quill
and exaggeratedly scratched out the name.

“Thank you, Serif, you can leave now.”

“What?” He demanded.

“You can leave now. I don’t want a cruel or spiteful man as a mate. Bye bye.”

Blaise smothered a chuckle by pressing his mouth into Harry’s hair. Serif was dragged out forcibly by the reinforcements that had come to protect Harry. The ‘security’ was made up of about eight to ten mated dominants who had agreed to be Harry’s protection for his meetings.

“Right, let’s start looking for my next mate.” Harry stated lackadaisically. “But first things first, if any of you are currently married or have a significant other at home, then you can leave as well, I don’t want to be labelled as a home wrecker, thanks.”

“How do you want to do this?” An older dominant asked from the back.

He looked like a hard man, with slate grey scales and charcoal coloured eyes. His hair was black, but it was thinning and lightening at the temples. He had a few facial scars, the most prominent of which looked like a claw scratch going down his left cheek, most likely put there by a right handed submissive; Harry felt such burning curiosity to ask.

“Who are you?” Harry asked instead and the dominant’s eyes hardened.


Harry had noticed that all the dominants answered with their name and age, like it was a raffle number or a military identity. He held a small pale hand out and smiled softly at the man, who blinked and looked faintly stunned.

“I think I’d like to get to know you first, Arsenio.”
“He’s forty-two, Harry.” Blaise ducked down to whisper in his ear.

“I know, I heard him perfectly well thank you and I don’t care much for ages, Blaise. I love a person for who they are, not for the number of years that they’ve been alive.” Harry whispered back as Arsenio slowly picked his way through the crowd of silent Drackens.

He still looked stunned when he reached the small dais where Harry and Blaise were standing with Elder Trintus, though he tried to hide it. He looked like Harry was about to suddenly call out that he had been joking and that he wanted to get to know a young eighteen year old instead.

“You can’t be serious!” Dominic Getus had found his voice at last. Harry had noticed him mouthing wordlessly for about a minute now.

“I thought that I told you to leave?” Harry stated harshly, looking dispassionately at Dominic.

They were the same age near enough, Dominic was only two weeks older than him, but the difference in their maturity levels was astounding. Harry didn’t know if it was his upbringing, his personality or the knowledge that he would be a parent as soon as he went onto his next heat period with Blaise and his new dominant that made him more mature, but whatever it was that had matured him so much at such a young age, it was missing in Dominic. Dominic who had been spoilt, like so many other Drackens, by his family, most likely from his very birth when his scent would have declared him a Dracken to any other Dracken standing near him.

It was the only time when a Dracken could be identified by their scent before their sixteenth birthday. The scent of a Dracken child was very strong at birth, but it dissipated very quickly thereafter. The scent would be rapidly diluted by the smells of the outside world as quickly as one to three hours after the baby had been born, not to return again until the child’s sixteenth birthday when the genes awoke in the child’s bloodstream and brought out all dormant traits and attributes.

Arsenio reached them on the dais and he gently picked up Harry’s hand, laying one of the softest kisses that Harry had ever felt to the face up, curled palm. Which brought out more questions in Harry’s mind, were older dominants more gentle? Had they learnt to be softer and gentler over time? Was it only the younger dominants who were harsh because they hadn’t fully learnt to control their instincts? Or was this purely something that Arsenio did? So many questions, no answers yet, but Harry found that he would really, really like to find out.

Arsenio really was a kind man, despite his harsh demeanour and appearance. He held Harry’s hand like it was made from spun glass; he didn’t tread on Blaise’s feet and backed off immediately if Blaise growled or hissed at something he did.
They were walking around the Dracken hell hotel, Harry taking advantage of being able to actually explore it this time around now that he had a lot more protection and all the dominants were stuck in the common room. Blaise was on one side of him and Arsenio was on the other, telling him all about Greece, his homeland. Harry found himself wanting to visit the country one day, even if Arsenio didn’t turn out to be his mate.

“How did you get this?” Harry asked, running his fingers lightly over the scar on Arsenio’s cheek, his curiosity finally bubbling over.

Arsenio smirked slightly as he reached up to touch the scar with rough fingers.

“A female submissive who did not like hearing some home truths.” Arsenio answered reminiscently.

“Did it hurt?” Harry asked, fingering the scar delicately, running his fingertips over the healed, but tight, puckered skin.

“It hurt a hell of a lot.” Arsenio answered, standing still and slightly slumped so that Harry could touch his face. “But I have met a lot of submissives like her and you are nothing like the others.”

“So I’ve been told.” Harry answered wryly.

“What did you say to her?” Blaise asked interestedly.

Harry looked over sharply; this was the first time that Blaise had actually taken any interest in another dominant. Did this mean that Blaise liked Arsenio? Or was he just being civil for his sake?

“I just told her the truth, that she was a pampered babyish airhead who would never get a real mate because of the way that she acted. I might have thrown in a few vulgar words here and there, but then I was only twenty-two at the time.”

Blaise chuckled. “I did the same thing with the only other submissive apart from Harry I have met. Miette.”
“Oh, you were there for the Solange meeting in Toulouse then?” Arsenio asked. “I didn’t even have words to say to her, I just left…quickly.”

Blaise chuckled again. “I couldn’t help shouting a few choice words at her, but there were so many other dominants yelling different variants of the same thing that I doubt she heard any of it.”

“Was she really so bad that dominants just left?” Harry asked, looking between the two.

“Oh yes.” Arsenio answered. “She was a real piece of work.”

“I’m almost certain she believed herself to be a Queen or something from the way she was acting.” Blaise added. “She ended up with a sixty-two year old dominant, the only one desperate enough to stay.”

“The rumours that have been circulating are now proving to be true, eleven months in and they still do not have a child.”

“Maybe she needs more than one dominant.” Harry pointed out logically. “If only one was desperate enough to stay…”

“We would have been called back regardless of our feelings towards Miette.” Arsenio answered with a shake of his head. “If she had needed a second dominant, we would have had to have gone to her home again because we left of our own free will; she did not order us away.”

“We’d go back just to leave again.” Blaise muttered darkly.

“How could any Dracken not want a child?” Harry asked. “I can’t wait for my children, I want as many as I’m physically able to produce.”

Blaise chuckled and kissed his temple. “You are adorable, Prezioso. Ti amo.”

Harry grinned happily at Blaise, before giving his attention back to Arsenio, whose giant hand was cradling his own tiny appendage carefully, as if the delicate bird bones in Harry’s hand would snap if he exerted too much pressure, it made Harry feel so very cherished.
The rest of the day passed in a similar fashion. Some of the older dominants weren’t nearly as lovely as Arsenio had been, some were kinder, but harsher with their touches, some were strongly outspoken, but treated him like a little doll. There were some who were so set in their ways that they believed that Harry should be kept locked up in a house with a chain and ball. Harry made sure to put a small X next to their names on the list of names that he was carrying around.

He was making notes next to names and on some he put a little tick, if it got that far then he would go to a second round sort of thing and see if he liked them anymore after a second interview with them and hopefully he would choose a mate from those who were left.

Dominic was being a very spoilt brat, but he wasn’t the only one. Many of the younger dominants were beside themselves in anger that Harry was only paying attention to the older dominants, the so called ‘granddads’ of the Drackens who had come to see him.

“When do we get a turn?” One of the young ones burst out impatiently, but not unkindly, he was bouncing slightly and reminded Harry of a little puppy, a puppy on either a sugar rush or on crack.

Harry smiled kindly and took his hand and pulled him off into the gardens, Blaise following behind at a sedate pace with Elder Trintus. He wasn’t insecure anymore. Harry fully believed that Blaise was now too used to Harry walking around with other dominants to care, but he did feel better knowing that Blaise’s indigo eyes never left his back.

“I’m Henley.” The boy burst out, because really that was all he was, just a boy. “Oh shit, right. I’m supposed to say my age as well right? I’m sixteen. Sorry, I’m new to all of this, this is my very first meeting, I only came into my inheritance just before Christmas, my birthday is the seventeenth of December. My dad rushed me here the minute after I had finished turning into a Dracken and it was confirmed that I was a dominant, he and my Mum thought that I might be a submissive, but they were wrong. My Dad didn’t want me to miss you, but he needn’t have bothered, Elder Trintus told us that you were in the middle of your heat period and wouldn’t be around for a while, but I stayed anyway.”

Harry didn’t know whether to laugh or coo at Henley. He was one of only two dominants who were actually younger than himself. The other one was only just younger though, being born on the fourth of August. Henley was his youngest dominant suitor and Harry just wanted to bundle him up and mother him, which probably was a very bad thing seeing as Henley was supposed to be vying to be an equal lover of his with Blaise. He doubted it would work when all he had the urge to do was sit down and read Henley a fairytale story in front of a fire, underneath a thick blanket, perhaps with a mug of hot chocolate and fuck it, that was a really strange urge.
“I hope I’m not boring you.” Henley suddenly said and Harry blinked before he smiled softly.

“You’re not boring me, please carry on.”

“Well my sister’s dominant mate, Georgio, is really tough and he’s really big. He’s huge and he can be scary at times, and I know I’m not big or tough or scary, I really hope you aren’t embarrassed by me being here.”

“Oh, don’t feel like that!” Harry cried out, reaching out to hug Henley, who despite being younger than him, he was taller than him, though he wasn’t nearly as tall as some of the other’s. Harry estimated that he was about five foot ten inches, with a lot of room to grow in the next couple of years, after all Blaise was still growing too.

Henley’s arms wrapped around him and they just held each other. It felt nice, like how you would hold a brother or a son. Harry found he liked it and he cuddled in closer.

“I’m not at all embarrassed about you being here. Dominic however, him I am ashamed to have propositioning me.”

“But he’s the grandson of one of the Elders!” Henley cried. “It’s supposed to be a huge honour to be mated to a family member of an Elder.”

“I don’t care if he’s the Prince of Salem, I’ve told him to leave several times and he’s still here! I don’t want him at all, but he’s ignoring me and won’t leave.”

Henley giggled but then covered his mouth as if he shouldn’t have; Harry smiled encouragingly and took Henley’s hand into his own. It was bigger than his own hand, but not by much, their hands fit together like puzzle pieces.

“So what do you like doing, Henley?”

“I’m still in school so most of my time is taken up with school stuff, but I like playing Quidditch and I like swimming, our school has an indoor hot spring. The school was built over the hot spring so it’s on the ground floor. We don’t have dungeons like Hogwarts does, but I suppose they get really cold in the winter, don’t they? The hot spring keeps the entire ground floor and most of the first floor of our school warm no matter what the season. I guess it’s difficult for you to swim in
the lake, it must be icy cold, even in the summer time.”

“I like dipping my feet into it and I like walking around barefoot.” Harry stated hastily as Henley stopped to draw breath.

“I’ve never walked around barefoot outside before, I mean I suppose I did as a little kid, but mum doesn’t like me going out without proper seasonal wear on, I have to have a scarf and gloves, a hat and a jumper in winter, I have to wear a hat, sunglasses and sun cream in summer, that sort of thing. I’m not even allowed to go barefoot on the beach, I have to wear sandals or flip flops. She’s very protective.”

Harry mentally cooed at Henley’s pouted, put out expression. Henley would make an amazing dominant later in life, when he was in his twenties, but for now, he was just a little boy whose dad had dragged him here and whose mum smothered him. Harry supposed it made for good life experience; this was, after all, Henley’s first ever meeting. Then it was Harry’s first meeting as well and he took it as a huge compliment that none of the dominants who had come to vie for him had stormed out on him like Blaise and Arsenio had with Miette.

Harry looked at the man opposite him with a tilted head. He knew his face from somewhere, he wracked his brains and prodded his mind to remember because it was killing him. Then it came to him as the man fluttered his bright blue wings, those matching, absolutely gorgeous, deep blue eyes glinting mischievously at him from under brown eyebrows. He was the man who had defended him in the fake first meeting.

“Hi.” Harry greeted shyly.

The man grinned easily and shook his hand, before laying two gentle kisses to it.

“Hello. I’m Maximilius Diadesen Maddison. Thirty-one, with the mental age of a twelve year old.”

Harry chuckled at the man and happily accepted the hand that was held out to him.

“I must say congratulations to you for getting under the skin of that little snot Dominic. He hasn’t stopped bragging to everyone whether they’ll listen or not about how he’s going to have you for a
mate just because his grandfather is an Elder.”

Harry’s fist clenched before he breathed and smiled.

“He needs to take a serious rain check.” Harry answered seriously. “If he thinks I’ll let him be my mate just because his grandfather is an Elder he needs to open his eyes, and ears, a bit more. I’ve told him to leave several times now and the little fucker is still here!”

Maximilius chuckled deeply and the sound went straight to Harry’s cock via his clenching gut, which made him turn pink cheeked.

“I…um…what do you like doing?” Harry stammered, his face going red as he heard Blaise chuckle from behind him.

“Eating and cooking. I eat a lot of food, so you can guarantee if you accept me as a mate that we’ll be spending quite a bit of time in the kitchen. I really like cooking and I’d be so happy to cook for you and Blaise every day and though it might not seem like it at first glance, I do have a quiet side…a small part of my personality it might be, but it is still there.” Maximilius shrugged a massive shoulder and grinned down at Harry, who was probably just the right height to lick and suck at a nipple.

He blushed deeply and cursed his raunchy thoughts, blaming Elder Trintus for interrupting him and Blaise that morning.

“I like reading in front of fires. I’m not a huge fan of the cold and I’m more reclusive in the winter months.” Maximilius carried on.

“I like sleeping or lying down in front of fires, Blaise is the one who reads in front of them, personally I don’t see how you can read in front of a fire because all it does it make me sleepy.”

“His favourite thing to do is to lay on me as I read, we have a bear fur in front of our fire and if I can’t find Harry, I go looking on the bear fur, because nine times out of ten that’s where he is, sleeping peacefully.” Blaise cut in.

Maximilius threw his head back and laughed. That laugh again went straight to Harry’s cock and he subtly readjusted himself as the two dominants laughed together. He didn’t know what was
happening, why did Maximilius’ laugh affect him so much?

“So Maximilius, do you have a job?” He asked, trying to take his mind off of his throbbing erection.

“Oh, fuck no, call me Max, you sound like my Mother.” Max stated with a roguish grin. “I do have a job, I work for a potions company that makes and sells potions to stock hospitals and small chemists all over Britain.”

“You’re a Potions Master?” Harry asked impressed.

“Damn right I am. I worked hard to get my Mastery in potions too, I finally achieved it when I was twenty-six, it isn’t the record, but I’m still one of the youngest to ever do it so young.”

“That’s impressive.” Blaise stated. “It might not be the record but doing a ten year mastery in six years is still an accomplishment.”

“How do you know he started his Mastery at twenty?” Harry asked, fretting that he might have missed something that was said.

Blaise chuckled along with Max, but pressed a reassuring kiss to his cheek.

“I know because a witch or wizard is not allowed to start a Potions Mastery until they are twenty years of age.”

“Oh.” Harry blushed a bit again, but didn’t duck away, he wasn’t ashamed that he didn’t know little titbits like that about the wizarding world, he hated the Dursleys but he wouldn’t be ashamed of how he’d grown up because if he started doing that now then he’d probably break down and go mental, he’d be sharing a room with Lockhart in St Mungos before the end of the week.

“You’re adorable.” Max told him sincerely, bending down to kiss his hair.

Harry was surprised that Blaise actually let him, but his mate was grinning at him and moved over to them to throw an arm over his shoulder, his and Max’s arms crossing on his back.
Harry found hope, perhaps it wouldn’t be so difficult to find a mate that Blaise got on with after all. He seemed to really, really like Max and Harry really, really wasn’t opposed to him. Perhaps things wouldn’t be as bad as he had first thought.

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Harry was exhausted at the end of the first day. The dominants had wanted to carry on the meeting throughout the night, but Harry could barely walk through exhaustion, so Blaise had cut through all the dominants arguments and using his authority of being Harry’s first mate, he had taken Harry to bed where he had curled up and snuggled into his pillow.

Blaise had clambered in next to him and had wrapped him up in his arms, holding Harry as he fell into an exhausted sleep.

Blaise stayed awake, thinking about the last day. He had watched Harry interact with all of those dominants; the majority of them men, a handful were women or boys. He saw how Harry acted and it wasn’t what he had expected. Harry didn’t seem interested in them as mates, but more as friends or in the case of the youngest dominant he had even acted parental, dashing Harry’s fears of not being good Mother material. The only two he had been at all receptive to had been Arsenio and Maximilius.

Despite what he had previously been feeling this wasn’t really a good sign. He didn’t want Harry to have another mate, he didn’t want competition to contend with for Harry’s attention, but he wanted children with Harry and that would be impossible without at least one other dominant Dracken. Compromises compromises.

Blaise sighed lightly so that he wouldn’t wake Harry before he settled down to get some sleep, maybe tomorrow would prove more eventful. Harry deserved to have more of a selection for his second mate than just two dominants, because if he did need a grounding mate after this, then he would only have Arsenio and Max to choose from and out of them both, only Max was a good enough fit.

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Harry woke up to Blaise nibbling on his collar bone, he laughed softly and run his fingers through Blaise’s thick, soft hair, tugging on it lightly.

“Morning, Mio amore.”

“Morning, Blaise. What time is it?”
“Seven.” Blaise answered distractedly as he licked over the hollow of Harry’s throat.

“Should we get up?” Harry asked before Blaise found a particularly sensitive spot which made him moan.

“Do you want to?”

“Not really.”

Blaise chuckled and stroked firm, yet gentle, fingers down Harry’s sides. Harry giggled, though he would deny it vehemently if ever asked, and he leant up to kiss at Blaise’s lips and chin.

“Are we going to finish what was interrupted yesterday?” Harry asked with a wicked grin, readjusting himself on the bed to make himself as open and sexually alluring as possible.

Not that Harry needed to, Blaise thought to himself with a smirk. Harry had the ability to get him hard with just a look.

Blaise covered Harry with his body and kissed Harry with every ounce of passion and love he held for his mate. He had already gone to tell Elder Trintus that he would be being intimate with his mate this morning and that if he interrupted them this time that he wouldn’t be walking away again.

Grinning as Harry mewed under him, Blaise unbuttoned Harry’s shirt loving the small flush of colour spreading down Harry’s body from his cheeks.

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He couldn’t stand it anymore. He just needed a small peak in at the submissive. He wasn’t going to do anything; he just wanted to see him again. He was so beautiful, so delicate looking and his smell was inebriating.

He had cast spells upon himself to keep him from being heard or scented out, he just had to avoid being seen, it wouldn’t be that difficult, he only wanted a small peek after all.

He heard the noises before he came even close to the submissive’s private rooms and he snarled lowly at the sounds of moaning and growling, of skin hitting skin. He hated that another Dracken had gotten to the submissive first. Harry had smelt so pure, so fresh at that first ever meeting. Virginal. Now he wasn’t, the other Dracken had deflowered him, had stripped that pure scent from Harry’s skin.
He reached the door where the sounds were originating from and he pushed it open carefully, for all the notice it got him he could have kicked it in because the two entwined on the bed didn’t notice the door opening or him framed on the threshold.

Sweet, beautiful Harry was laid out on the bed, his long black hair was spread out on the white and gold embroidered bed covers. His white wings, which were now blemished with a deep amethyst colour, were cushioning his back. His long pale legs were wrapped around the other Dracken’s waist and his hands were holding on tightly to the headboard. The other Dracken, Blair or something as equally unmemorable, was drenched with sweat, vile sweat that was dripping onto sweet Harry’s soft and pale chest. He was leaning over Harry; his hands were placed on either side of Harry’s head so he wouldn’t lose his balance. The both of them were covered in sweat, Blair pounded into the boy under him steadily, never losing his pace. Sweet, lovable Harry threw back his head screaming the name of the other Dracken, Blaise, as he hit that sweet spot deep inside of him that made him see little white dots dancing in front of his eyes.

He almost snarled when he watched that atrocity Blaise lean down to kiss sweet Harry lovingly. Harry returned Blaise’s kiss in the same loving way, before a loud moan and a gasp broke them apart as Blaise did something with his hips that had Harry tugging on the bars of the headboard.

“More…harder…Blaise…please…oh god…more” Harry breathed out, his legs squeezing around Blaise’s waist tightly, urging him to go faster and deeper.

The vile dark haired Dracken said nothing but he started to thrust even harder than before into delectable little Harry, who looked so beautiful and tantalising stretched out on the bed of white silk.

Harry screamed and arched his back, pressing his chest into Blaise’s who was kissing along Harry’s neck and shoulders, placing small bites and long licks to the ivory white skin, marring it with bright red marks. How dare he bruise and mark Harry!

He was going to step forward, he was going to put an end to this vile display, but he stopped when Blaise wrapped his arms around Harry’s shoulders and shifted into a different position before he pulled Harry off of the bed to sit in his lap. His cock still buried deeply inside little Harry, who shuddered when Blaise’s cock went even deeper inside of him.

Blaise started thrusting into Harry again, but not as forcefully, Harry writhed and mewed and it stopped him dead. Those noises, Merlin those noises would be enough for him to get off on. He made sure not to move, not to make a sound; he didn’t even dare to breathe as he watched Harry experimentally lift himself onto his knees before sliding back down onto the piece of trash that had stolen his innocence.

Harry gasped so loudly, wrapped his arms tightly around Blaise’s neck, how he wished Harry would squeeze tighter and not let go until the other Dracken was dead. Harry repeated his previous actions and then started getting faster and dropping quicker, that vile Dracken’s breath hitched and Harry screamed in pleasure, the sound vibrating down his spine. How he wished that it was him who was causing Harry to scream like that.

“Keep going, Mio Bello.” The thief encouraged as he kissed Harry again, cupping one of Harry’s absolutely gorgeously round, plump bum cheeks in a large hand and he actually had the gall to squeeze it!
He was mesmerised by the sight of that beautiful bum raising and falling onto a cock that wasn’t his own. How he would give his very life to be in the position of the other Dracken right now.

The Dracken, Blaise, leant back with Harry until he was flat on his back on the bedspread, his knees bent and his feet flat on the duvet, his toes touching the pillows where Harry’s little head had previously lain. Sweet Harry was now kneeling on top of the other Dracken, looking a bit unsure and Merlin how he wished he could have that beautiful boy sat astride him.

Harry placed his small, delicate hands on Blaise’s chest and smiled beautifully as he lifted himself up carefully and slowly pushed back down onto Blaise’s cock. He was forced to watch, entranced, as Harry gained more confidence under the sure hands of Blaise, encouraging him with light strokes and soft words of love.

The noises the both of them were making was causing his body to arch in pleasure, his eyes never left Harry’s pleasure flushed face, or that supple, soft looking body moulded with lithe muscles and gorgeous curves.

Blaise moved his own hand and placed it over Harry’s small, but perfectly proportioned cock and he started to stroke it gently, softly, as if playing with something easily broken.

Harry threw his head back and wailed, the gorgeous length of his neck stretched and arched as he continued to fuck himself on Blaise’s cock. Those sinful pink lips let out a loud scream as he came undone, releasing himself onto the other Dracken’s chest and arms.

Growling, Blaise twisted around so that he once again had sweet little Harry pinned to the mattress underneath him and he was on top. He pulled himself out of Harry’s clenching channel before he thrusted back into sweet, delectable Harry with a force that had Harry’s tired body arching from the bed, ripping a scream from his raw throat.

The other Dracken continued to brutalise his Harry and it took all of his will power not to pounce and rip the other Dracken off before showing him exactly how delicate submissives should be treated.

He almost screamed in rage when the other Dracken let out a choked moan and started thrusting erratically into Harry, leaning down to seal their lips together in a primal kiss before cumming inside of the exhausted, deliciously sated boy pinned underneath his body.

Blaise carefully pulled himself out of Harry and collapsed on top of him, turning his head to the side and nuzzled the side of Harry’s face, trailing his hand down to the heaving chest. He reached his hand back up to brush back a strand of wild hair that was in his lover’s face.

“Ti amo, Harry. Li amerò per sempre.”

“Ti amo, Blaise.” Harry whispered out softly, his throat sore and his body still not being recovered enough.

The next thing Harry knew, Blaise had disappeared from his side in a flash of orange. The sounds of snarling and ripping had him tiredly propping himself up on an elbow to see Blaise and another Dracken wrestling on the floor.

He yelled out in shock before he snatched up his wand before remembering that Drackens scales reflected offensive spells. Unsure what to do or what he could possibly do in this situation, Harry picked up the pillow lying beside him and he had thrown it before he had even thought things through.
“Stop it right now!” He screamed, his voice cracking twice with the pain it caused his already screamed raw throat.

The other Dracken, who had to have been six foot four and about thirty-eight years old, stopped immediately upon hearing his voice, Blaise however didn’t and with the other Dracken’s attention being on Harry, it was very easy for him to reach over and slice deeply into his exposed, vulnerable throat with four of his claws, digging the fifth claw, the one attached to his thumb, into the other side of the neck to get a cleaner swipe.

Blood spurted everywhere and Harry just sat there with his wide green eyes, blood covering him and everything around him.

“Bl…Blaise.” He called out, his voice quivering.

Blaise was there then, sweeping him up and carrying him off to the bathroom, running the water and submerging the both of them in the pool sized bath which was filling very rapidly.

Blaise washed and caressed him, scrubbing off the blood and Harry let him do so, huddling in Blaise’s arms. Someone had watched them making love, someone had seen them together, had watched one of their most intimate moments, it didn’t matter that he was now dead. It could have easily been the other way around, Blaise could be dead and Harry could have been being raped by an unknown dominant Dracken.

Harry clung to Blaise as if he would fall from the face of the earth if he didn’t. He let Blaise dry him off, let Blaise dress him gently before he was carried carefully in Blaise’s arms, facing the way they were walking because Blaise had taken hold of the dead Dracken and had started dragging him through the hell hotel, the body making a loud, wet thump after every step of the stairs and then they reached their destination. The dining hall which was full of dominant Drackens whose heads snapped up at the heavy scent of blood.

“What is the meaning of this?” Elder Getus demanded, standing up on the other side of the room.

“If anyone, and I mean anyone, tries to take Harry from me, this is what you’ll get.” Blaise hissed threateningly, hauling the dead man up with a show of absolute strength before slamming him onto the dining table, knocking food, plates, bowls and glasses everywhere.

“Harry, are you well dear one?” Elder Trintus asked, scurrying over.

“I’m fine, just a bit shaken up. He…he attacked us as we…as we were…” Harry trailed off with a
pink blush and held tighter to Blaise, who was glaring at everyone.

“Well one more off the list is what I say. When are you going to pay me any attention?”

Harry turned his head to stare incredulously at Dominic, who for all the acknowledgement he showed, was acting like there wasn’t a dead body on the table in front of him.

Harry unwrapped his legs from Blaise and stood on the floor, Blaise stooping down to make sure he was actually on the floor before he let go. Harry stalked up to Dominic and stood in front of him, leaning into him.

“What did you just say?” He hissed in a deadly tone.

“When am I going to get my turn?!” Dominic answered back, stressing his words as if he thought Harry was stupid.

Harry reacted purely on instinct and jammed his clenched fist into Dominic’s nose, listening to the satisfying crack as it broke under the pressure.

Letting all of his frustrations out, Harry launched his knee into Dominic’s gut and brought an elbow down on his back, before kicking him repeatedly as he lay curled up on the floor.

Arms wrapped around him and Harry turned immediately, arm up, claws out, ready to swipe out the person’s eyes, only the eyes were a familiar shade of indigo.

Blaise held Harry’s head into the juncture between his neck and shoulder, forcing him to breathe in his scent, which calmed him immediately. Blaise pulled him away from the whimpering Dominic who was being fawned over by his grandfather.

“No one demands anything from me.” Harry told Blaise, but in the stunned silence nearly every Dracken there heard him. “I told him several times that I didn’t want him here and that he was never going to be my mate, I told him and he didn’t leave.”

Harry could see Henley from his position looking over Blaise’s shoulder, his young face was pale and a bit wary, but he grinned to Harry and gave him the double thumbs up, Harry smiled and laughed a bit at him. Henley really was too cute for words.

“I know, mio amore. You can do what you please in this house. He refused to leave even after being rejected, it was within your rights to attack him for his insensitive outburst.”
“Come along, dearest. You need some privacy and some rest while your rooms are cleaned up.” Elder Trintus chided, appearing at his elbow and shooing them into the little room off of the common room, which was opposite the dining hall.

“Am I in trouble?” Harry asked worriedly.

“No dear, no. Your mate has explained that you were within your rights to attack Dominic, just as Blaise was within his rights to attack the Dracken who attacked you. I’m afraid Elder Getus will not see it this way however, he is very fond of Dominic, he is the only one of his grandchildren who inherited his Dracken genes, his own children having been skipped.”

“What will he do?”

“Nothing!” Blaise snarled.

“He can’t do anything, Harry dear, now you just stay here and calm down a bit before we resume the search for your second mate.”

Harry nodded and he cuddled into Blaise, breathing deeply and evenly to calm his racing heart. He could hardly believe what he had just done. He had been so angry that he had just reacted, apparently when he didn’t think things through his Dracken took over and he became violent.

“Harry, are you feeling better?” Elder Trintus came back in to ask a few minutes later.

“Yes, thank you.”

“Alright, dear one. The first dominant off of the remainder of the list wishes to see you.”

Harry stood up with a sigh and taking hold of Blaise’s hand he tugged him out of the room to meet a tall, statuesque woman with jade and teal coloured wings.

“Hello Harry, I am Keeley. Thirty years old.”
“Hi Keeley, this is Blaise.”

Harry watched as Blaise and Keeley shook hands a bit stiffly before the day carried on pretty much the same as yesterday, only Blaise was far less receptive and was very cold towards the other dominants and very possessive of Harry. He hardly let anyone touch him or get close to him and he put himself between Harry and his prospective dominant. These meetings had now taken a turn for the worse because Harry refused to take a dominant mate who Blaise didn’t also like, but Blaise wasn’t giving any of them a chance anymore.

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Harry wasn’t getting anywhere, Blaise wasn’t letting any of the other dominants touch him, some he wouldn’t even let near him and it was making everything more stressful and tense.

“Blaise, love, please.” Harry begged as his mate scared away yet another dominant by wrestling with them and with a quick jab to the temple, he had knocked the poor nineteen year old unconscious.

“Perhaps it would benefit you both if we stopped for today.” Elder Trintus sighed.

“It will take too long.” Harry complained. “People will talk and I’ll have to have another heat in two months and I’ll be away for ten days, the longer this takes the more people will become suspicious, I’m just glad that it’s still Christmas break and there are minimal students at Hogwarts to poke around in my business.”

The Elder Dracken sighed and nodded, before going out of the room to see if there were any other Drackens brave enough to come forward. Between Harry’s display of beating up an Elder’s grandson that morning, Blaise presenting the dining hall with a dead body and his continued bad mood it was any wonder that there were any Drackens left to choose from.

Harry heard Blaise suck in a breath and he looked first to his mate and then to where he was looking and his heart stopped and he leant away from the Dracken who was coming towards them in a reaction of pure shock. He was gorgeous with pale alabaster skin, bulky muscles and beautiful silver and pale blue wings. He was blond haired and had silver coloured eyes. Sitting opposite them was none other than Draco Malfoy himself.
The Ultimate Choice

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Chapter Ten – The Ultimate Choice.

Harry was sure that he must have been seeing things, he even rubbed his eyes to make sure, but no, Draco Malfoy was still sitting there. Those silver eyes were still staring at him, those silver and blue wings did not disappear and neither did the matching scales.

“Good afternoon.” Draco greeted politely, but all Harry could do was gawk like an idiot.

“Draco?” Blaise asked questioningly. “I…I didn’t even suspect that you were a Dracken, your smell, the way you acted.”

Draco sighed heavily and ran a hand through that sun kissed white-blond hair.

“I tried to hide what I am.” He said simply and honestly. “I didn’t want to be a Dracken, I still
don’t. I was hiding what I am with suppression potions, but I don’t know what happened, they stopped working and the Dracken inside of me demanded that I release it. I refused but it clawed its way out anyway.”

“It would have been Harry’s appearance. Nothing can keep a dominant Dracken away from a submissive.” Blaise explained. “Harry calling for a dominant and releasing pheromones would have overridden anything that you were taking to supress your Dracken if you were in close contact with him and with Harry sleeping in the Slytherin dormitories every night…” Blaise trailed off with a shrug.

“Why would you hide yourself?” Harry asked, his eyes on that shirt covered chest, remembering it when it had been bare to his perusal with bunched up muscles and pale, silky skin.

“My parents, Potter. Neither of them are Drackens, I have no inkling as to where my genes came from, but my parents will not be happy about this at all. My Father speaks of little else other than the pure blood of his Heir. If it emerged that I was a creature, not a human, he would disown me at best.”

“You got your genes from your Mother; the Black family is overflowing with Dracken blood.” Blaise informed his blond friend.

“I got my genes from the Black family, my Great-Grandfather Cygnus Black.”

“Cygnus Black is my Great-Great Grandfather. His oldest son, Pollux was my Great-Grandfather.” Draco said a bit awestruck at the revelation.

“Your Great-Grandfather and my Grandmother were brother and sister.” Harry whispered out, he was actually related to Malfoy, it was distant and diluted, but it was still there. “Will that mess with the mating or any children?”

“No.” Blaise told him simply. “Magic is a powerful entity, Harry, as long as Draco isn’t your brother, Father, son, first cousin, Uncle or Nephew there won’t be any problems or repercussions.”

“You boys are talking as if you have already mated.” Elder Trintus pointed out from his seat in the armchair to the side of them.
Harry cocked his head and surveyed Draco. He looked different without the cruel sneer or the harsh lines to his face.

“I need to be sure.” Harry told the Elder. “I won't have my children put in danger of illness or deformity because of my choice in a mate. If anyone poses a risk to my babies, they will be gone before they can blink.”

“You will make a wonderful, yet formidable, Mother, Harry dear.” Trintus told him with a smile. “You are protective of them before you even have enough mates to become pregnant, a very promising sign.”

Harry went pink but he tried as best as he could to ignore the comment that the Elder had just made.

“Is it likely that Draco got his genes from Cygnus Black?”

“It is possibly very likely.” Draco answered. “My parents aren’t Drackens, my Grandfather Cygnus Black wasn’t a Dracken and neither was my Grandmother Druella Rosier. I’m not sure about anything after that.”

“The chart I did to find out where my genes came from named any and all Drackens in my line.” Harry stated. “Only Cygnus Black was a Dracken apart from me, his children Pollux, Cassiopeia, Marius and my Grandmother Dorea weren’t Drackens.

“My Great-Grandfather, Pollux, married Irma Crabbe; the Crabbe’s have absolutely no Dracken blood in them at all.” Draco sighed. “So we must have gotten our Dracken genes from the same place, Harry. May I call you Harry?”

“Sure, as long as I can call you Draco.”

Harry grinned then and chuckled. “Draco the Dracken. Maybe your parents knew all along, Draco is Latin for Dragon right? And Drackens are a race of humanoid dragons.”

“Except I was named after the constellation Draco, like all of the Black family. My Mother wished to honour her roots.”
“Why Draco? Why not another constellation like Vega or Vulpecula?”

Draco’s nose scrunched up in disgust at the names and that pointed chin rose defensively.

“I fully believe that my parents chose my name because it was one of the better sounding constellations that hasn’t been used before in the Black family, not because they thought that I was a humanoid dragon.”

“Why don’t you just ask them? If you become my mate I won’t let you hide who you are.” Harry told him seriously.

“To be honest, Potter I don’t even want to be here. My instincts are screaming at me, I find myself searching for you in a crowd, my eyes are drawn to you, your scent intoxicates me, my Dracken took over my body to bring me here for this meeting and the one before it…”

“You were here for the first meeting? I didn’t see you.” Harry interrupted.

“Because you are blind, Potter. You ran right into me, I just had to hold you after that first contact. I saw the other Drackens running after you, I couldn’t let them get you, you were MINE! I ran with you, then I started flying and you felt so good in my arms, all wrapped around my body. Then I was tackled in mid-air and thrown over the banister of the stairs, my only thought was to protect you, not myself, but you. I landed hard on my back and had all of the air knocked out of my lungs, someone ripped you from my arms but I could barely breathe let alone attempt to protect you.”

“That was me taking what was mine from you.” Blaise answered. “Only I didn’t see it was you, all I saw was someone holding my Harry. I saw a bit of blond hair, a flash of pale blue wing and that was it, I grabbed Harry and ran.”

“Then I escaped from you too and ran to the castle.” Harry lied fluidly giving Blaise a pointed look, reminding him that Elder Trintus was in the room.

“You’re a slippery little bugger when you want to be.” Blaise said affectionately.

Harry blushed twelve shades of red and smacked a hand against Blaise’s thigh. “There is no need
for that!”

Blaise chuckled deeply and Harry smiled. He adored Blaise’s laugh.

“I didn’t see your face.” Harry answered Draco. “I felt your body. I remember thinking that you were wider and thicker than Blaise, and taller, but I didn’t bother looking up at your face, I tucked my head under your chin and let you carry me to safety, you were so safe, I knew you wouldn’t hurt me like them.”

“I would not dream of harming you.” Draco told him, sounding a bit put out because of that fact. “My Dracken won’t even allow me to tease you anymore.”

Harry laughed and sent a cheeky wink to Draco. “Blame it all on the Dracken; we all know you love me really. We’re too obsessed with each other not to be.”

“Speak for yourself, Potter!” Draco spat. “I am not obsessed with you!”

“By your own admission your eyes automatically search for me, my scent appeals to you, you can’t leave me alone, even before our inheritances we would intentionally seek the other out. You are obsessed with me.”

Draco went pink with anger and his fists clenched with the need to punish his cheeky submissive. Only Harry wasn’t his...not yet. But he would be, oh most certainly he would be, then he’d be taking the palm of his hand to that pert little bottom and turning its soft paleness into furious red.

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Harry was still awake at three in the morning that night. He couldn’t stop thinking about Malfoy. Draco was the third Dracken at Hogwarts, he had told them that he had been forced to tell the Headmaster due to the founding rules of the school and he didn’t want to risk being expelled, but he hadn’t told anyone else.

Harry thought that it was sad that a young man of sixteen couldn’t confide in his own parents for fear of being cast out of the family. He would like to think that if he still had his parents that he would tell them everything from his deepest fears, his highest dreams and his widest aspirations. That Draco couldn’t even tell his parents that he was a Dracken for fear of rejection and disownment, it was sad and for the first time, Harry felt bad for his once school boy nemesis.
Rolling onto his belly and cuddling further into a heavily sleeping Blaise, Harry’s thoughts went a mile a minute. He wanted to help Draco, but how could he? It was for the blond to decide in the end, they were his parents and it was his life, but how Harry wanted to take a stick and beat some sense into the older Malfoys. Draco was their son, their only child, they should love him for who he was and what he aspired to become, not get rid of him the minute that he did something that they didn’t like or approve of, it wasn’t like Draco had chosen to become a Dracken either, it wasn’t like it was a lifestyle choice, it was something completely out of their control. They were born this way and they couldn’t change themselves just to suit other people’s wants or wishes. They were Drackens now for the rest of their lives, the least other people could do was be happy for them and support them as they needed it.

“Harry?” Blaise’s sleepy voice cut through his internal monologuing and Harry turned to look at his drowsy mate.

“I didn’t mean to wake you.” Harry said softly, tucking a piece of Blaise’s sleep tousled hair out of his mate’s eyes, smiling at the adorable sight Blaise made, not that he’d ever insult his dominant by telling him that he looked adorable when he had just woken up.

“Why are you still awake? What’s wrong?” Blaise voice got steadier and deeper as he came into full awareness; his eyes darting around for danger as he pulled Harry into his arms to protect him from the shadows.

“Nothing’s here, Blaise. I can’t sleep because I’m thinking too hard.”

“About what, mio Bello?”

“Draco. I… I can’t believe that anyone’s parents would disown their only son just because he came into an inheritance that he couldn’t control.”

Blaise smoothed Harry’s hair away from his face and kissed that rounded cheek gently. Harry was so thoughtful and caring towards others, he just wished that it didn’t keep his little mate up all night.

“Draco will be fine, love. He’ll work out what’s best for him and he’ll do it. He’s always been the same, we don’t always see eye to eye, but he is one of my friends and I’ve known him for a long time. His birthday is on June the fifth, so he’s had a long time to think about things and he’ll ultimately decide what he wants to do. What Draco Malfoy wants, Draco Malfoy gets, its always been the same.”
“What if his parents do disown him, Blaise?”

“They won’t, but Draco is afraid because there is always the possibility that they could, that his Father could hold his inheritance and his legacy over his head for the rest of his life, that he could use it to get Draco to do as he wishes with the threat of cutting him out of the family if he refuses. Draco will not stand to be manipulated or controlled and it is that that is making him so leery of telling his parents.”

“I could never treat my children that badly, Blaise. Please let us never treat them so badly.”

Blaise leant over and kissed Harry lingeringly. “Of course we will never treat our children so poorly, mio amore. We are Drackens, mates and children are everything to us. Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy are humans; their only thought is to themselves, they have no obligation except those that they choose to have. They do not have instinct screaming in their heads and hearts that they can’t do something they want to, if Narcissa Malfoy wished to stab Draco, she could, if Lucius Malfoy wished to disown his only son, he could, we as Drackens could not, our Dracken sides would not allow us to.”

Harry nodded and his heart squeezed tightly for Draco, who was set up to lose everything if his Father wished it. Could he put a potential mate through that? Could he force them to choose between everything they had ever known and himself? Which would be the better choice, a companion for life or your parents and their legacy?

Harry himself would give up his entire legacy to have his parents back with him, but he knew it was impossible so he would choose a life companion and children, a family of his own, but Draco still had his parents, they were alive and well. How could he possibly make a choice? Would Harry have made a choice if he had been in that position? Would he still have chosen Blaise as a mate if his parents were threatening to cut all ties with him?

“Go to sleep, Bello.” Blaise murmured softly, pulling him down to tuck under his chin. “You are thinking too hard and for no good reason.”

Harry sighed and snuggled into Blaise, wrapping himself completely around his mate, revelling in the love and protection that such an action garnered him. He closed his eyes and evened out his breathing, he needed to get some sleep. He had a second mate to choose and he needed every ounce of brain power he possessed to choose the right one, for himself, for Blaise and most of all, for his second mate too.
Harry sat in the cavernous dining room with Blaise at his side and Elder Trintus sitting near them. Harry was picking at bits of raw meat, having already eaten his fill, but dominants took in more food than a submissive, so he was patiently waiting for the hundred or so dominants to finish devouring their meat.

Henley had gotten the pride of place sitting the closest to Harry and he was nattering at a mile a minute, Harry listening to him with a wide smile on his face. Henley was just too cute for words sometimes. The way he would constantly swap his cutlery into different hands when he was eating as if even when doing something as normal as eating he couldn’t keep still, how his legs were bouncing against the stone floor, the way his copper brown hair kept dipping into his left eye, causing him to brush it away irritated and with a scowl on that pretty boyish mouth.

Harry was resting his hand on Henley’s arm on the table top, something that the other dominants had picked up on and were not happy about. Harry didn’t care though, Henley needed protection, he needed love and care and confidence. Harry was hoping that having a submissive pay him one-on-one attention with a room full of older, bigger, buffer, stronger dominants would give the little slender sixteen year old the boost that he sorely needed.

“…So can we please?” Henley turned to him; fork stuck in one side of his mouth and those puppy dog eyes, large, wide and imporing. Hell Henley would have made a killer submissive if he wasn’t so bloody tall and likely to get bigger. He had that willowy, gangly, awkward look a teenager gets when they are nowhere near finished growing, both upwards and outwards. Harry didn’t know what it was but Henley looked unfinished, like a painting put down, just waiting for the artist to come back and put in those few final touches to turn it into a masterpiece.

“Sorry Henley, what did you say? I couldn’t hear you over the noise.” Harry told him softly and politely.

“It’s cool if you don’t want to, I’ll understand, but can we remain friends even if you don’t pick me as a mate? Please? I like you.”

Harry smiled widely and pulled Henley into a huge, tight, hug. He heard growls and snarls and an answering roar from Blaise, who knew exactly what was going on as he was close enough to hear their conversation and was warning the other dominants off.

“Of course we can, Henley; I’d love nothing more than to keep in touch with you.”

Henley gave that cheeky, tooth filled smile and Harry had the mental urge to coo at him and pet those copper brown waves. He managed to restrain himself, just, but he really wanted to cuddle Henley up under a blanket in front of a nice warm fire.
“You should avoid the baby dominant.” A voice growled from behind him. “He can’t give you what you need. You need a proper man, one who can make you scream in ecstasy and actually has the balls to get you pregnant.”

Harry glared up at the twenty something dominant who was standing behind him. Henley looked crushed and Harry slid over from his chair until he was sitting on Henley’s lap. Blaise had stood up and was standing between the new dominant and Harry and Henley.

The dominant was tall, not as tall as Maximilius, who at six foot eight was one of, if not the tallest person there, but he was at least six foot four and his burgundy red wings were twenty-four foot long. He was bulky as well, to go with those huge shoulders. He was a thick set man and had a nice body, a very nice body in fact, but that ugly sneer slashed a potentially pretty mouth into something twisted and bitter.

“I would much, much rather have Henley as a mate than you.” Harry snarled, throwing his arms around Henley’s neck and pressing a light kiss to those plump and pouty lips to get his point across.

He had never kissed a potential mate before and he heard the outraged snarls and gasps from the other dominants.

Henley pushed a hand through his hair and gripped the back of his head and pulled Harry’s lips against his own again. This time the kiss changed into something more passionate and with the introduction of Henley’s tongue, Harry melted into that slender, but muscled body.

It wasn’t a bad kiss, Henley was surprisingly a good kisser, not that Harry had much to compare to, but it just couldn’t ignite his blood like a single kiss from Blaise could. Harry had worried for a few seconds before he had leant forward that kissing Henley would be like kissing a son or a brother, but it wasn’t.

Henley wasn’t his son or a brother and his Dracken recognised that now. He didn’t need to Mother Henley, Henley didn’t want another Mother, he wanted a lover, a mate and children of his own. It was something that Harry couldn’t give him, but he could give him confidence, it was the least that he could do for the sweet boy whose Father had dragged him here, away from the rest of his family, just before Christmas.

“Harry dearest? Have you chosen your second mate?” Elder Trintus asked carefully, wary of interrupting two Drackens mating.

“No. I’m not his mate.” Henley answered sadly, though he was smiling that toothy smile. “I don’t think I was ever meant to be with Harry, but I hope that there will be other submissives just like him in the future.”
“You’re such a lovely person, Henley.” Harry answered, cupping that boyishly rounded cheek in his hand. “Don’t ever let anyone change who you are. Not every submissive wants the biggest, buffest or the most violent Dracken as a mate. In fact that last one is a major turn off for me and I’m very likely to run in the opposite direction.”

“I won’t, I don’t want to change anymore. My Dad said I should become whatever the submissive wants me to be, but I’d just be setting myself up to fall won’t I? If the submissive picks me through a lie, then how can they love the real me?”

Harry smiled, he was so proud of Henley, a just turned sixteen year old who had made a discovery that half of the dominants in this room, who were older than he was by years, decades even, hadn’t made in their lifetimes. A submissive didn’t want a false dominant who was only pretending to be something for that particular submissive, Harry himself was holding these interviews and meetings so that he could dig through their masks and find out the people that they really were under the guise that they thought that he wanted to see. He wanted an honest mate, one who didn’t try to hide themselves or didn’t lie to him and fucking hell, he wanted Draco Malfoy, needed him like he needed the blood rushing through his veins, but could he do it? Could he put Draco through hell with his parents just because he wanted the blond as a mate? Did he even have the right to?

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Harry endured another four hours of being ‘wooed’ by nameless faceless dominants before he ran into someone who he could actually stand to be near. He was six foot six with jet black wings and deep, yellowish gold scales. His hair was pitch black and his eyes were hazel, but had a curious goldish-green shade to them when the light hit his eyes just right. He wasn’t as obviously muscled as some of the other dominants, he looked more like his muscles came from manual labour rather than weight lifting twenty times his own body weight several times a day but the muscles he did have were solid and compacted until every time he moved those muscles strained under his clothing, like they wanted to break free of their confines, it was an added bonus that he was a nice man as well, if a bit quiet and misunderstood at times.

“Hi, Nasta.” Harry called out.

“Harry.” He greeted with that low, deep rumble.

Nasta Tabrien Delericey was one of the older dominants; he was thirty-six years old and was a man of very few words. At first Harry had thought that perhaps Nasta had a problem with English, but after getting to know the man a bit better and poking and prodding relentlessly he had found out that the man had been born and raised in West Wales and had no problem speaking, writing and
“Would you like to sit with me?” Harry asked, indicating the patch of grass next to him by the lake side. True it was the end of December, coming up to January, but Harry couldn’t keep away, the water kept calling him back.

Instead of verbally answering him Nasta took him up on his offer and eased himself down onto the patch of grass that Harry had defrosted with a spell and had warmed up with another.

He reclined back on those solid forearms and gently tugged Harry to lean against him. Nasta was really warm and Harry buried his frosty, red coloured nose into Nasta’s chest and he did the same with his frozen fingers, only he slipped those under Nasta’s shirt and held onto the warm skin of his sides.

A thick, heavy arm draped around his back and tugged him impossibly closer, a large hand moving up and down his back quickly and with a heavy pressure, giving him some friction to warm up his cold body. He hadn’t noticed how cold he actually was before now.

“You will freeze to death one of these days if you aren’t more careful.” Nasta grunted at him, sitting upright and removing his thick, woollen coat before wrapping Harry up in it in a manner that left no room for arguments or protests.

The coat came to Nasta’s calves, but it covered Harry’s feet, but it was so warm and cosy and it smelt like fire and musk, just like Nasta did and Harry inhaled deeply.

He didn’t bother asking Nasta if he was cold wearing just a jumper as Harry had taken his warm coat. The man probably wouldn’t answer or would just give him a look that told him not to be stupid, that of course he wasn’t cold and if he was he wouldn’t care nor accept the coat back.

Harry smiled and pressed a chaste kiss to Nasta’s stubbled cheek. Nasta’s arm tightened around him and pressed the full length of their bodies together. Harry grinned when he thought that if Elder Trintus were here he’d have a heart attack at the position they were in, Nasta reclining back on just one forearm, the other still wrapped around Harry’s back and Harry sat straddling the older dominant’s lap, cuddling close to keep warm.

As it was, Elder Trintus and Elder Getus were trying to control the situation in the common room involving several dominants; it was why Harry was taking a small break outside so he wouldn’t be accidentally hurt in the ‘fray’ going on inside.

Blaise was around though, he had gone to stretch out his muscles, but Harry knew that he wouldn’t have let him out of his sight, wherever Blaise was, he could see them both perfectly and had possibly moved close enough to hear them and react immediately if it was needed, not that it would be needed, but instincts were instincts after all.

“Do you have a job, Nasta?” Harry asked curiously, sometime later as he realised that this was the
perfect opportunity to get to know the other man a little better.

“Yes.” Was the deep, immediate reply, but Nasta did not elaborate, Harry wondered if Nasta had a phobia of speaking too much.

“Can I know what it is?” Harry peeked up at the dominant to find those gorgeous hazel eyes, that had taken on a golden hint to match his scales in the weak winter sunlight, were looking down at him with something akin to adoration.

“I work on a dragon reserve back home in Wales.”

Again no more information that what Harry had asked for. Getting information, hell, getting any words from Nasta was like squeezing blood from a stone.

“What sort of dragons do you keep?” Harry tried to keep the man talking.

“Mostly Welsh greens, we can’t have many of the exotic or tropical dragons, they can’t adjust to the unpredictable, fluctuating climate or the wet and windy weather of Wales.”

Nasta’s hand slowed the up and down motion on Harry’s back, but did not stop, turning the movement more into a caress that was both relaxing him and warming his skin under the borrowed coat.

“Do you find it, I don’t know…strange that you’re a humanoid dragon working on a dragon reserve?”

“No. The dragons like me more than the ordinary humans. They listen to me and they never try to hurt me purposefully. I’m less of a threat to them because they understand my instincts and motives better than the unreadable, complex humans.”

That was probably the most that Nasta had ever said in one sentence to him before and Harry rewarded him with another kiss to the cheek, again Nasta’s arm squeezed impossibly tighter and expelled the air from Harry’s lungs, making him laugh huffily.
“I love the way you laugh.” Nasta told him quietly.

“You don’t have to try and crush me to get me to laugh.” Harry replied with a cheeky grin.

The one side of Nasta’s mouth lifted in a smile slash smirk. It’s appearance made Harry’s knees go weak and he was incredibly grateful that he was already sitting down.

They lapsed into the familiar silence that seemed to always be around Nasta, it was a very welcomed change from the noisy, headache inducing dominants that were always squawking and shouting at him or each other in the hell hotel.

Harry must have fallen asleep because the next thing he knew he was being rudely awoken by shouting and growling. He was being held carefully and gently in someone’s arms, both his head and body being protected by a large hand and a thick arm respectively.

Harry looked through the fingers of the hand protecting his head and he sighed as he saw the familiar form of Dominic. That twat just could not take a hint! He was still wearing the plaster on his broken nose and the black eye that Harry had given him was still a dark contrast to his otherwise pale skin.

“Give him to me!” Dominic yelled.

Nasta raised a black eyebrow incredulously and moved to walk around the annoying little bug in front of him, but the boy leapt in front of him.

“I am the grandson of an Elder of our kind! I order you to give him to me!”

“You cannot even protect yourself from a submissive, how do you think you will fare against me, boy?”

“I don’t need to fight you! My grandfather will get rid of you; he has been getting rid of all the dominant threats like you since these meetings started! He is barring every dominant who Harry is showing the slightest bit of interest in from these meetings! They won’t be able to get him as a mate and you’re going to be next!”

Harry held in a gasp of horror as he heard that outburst. He hadn’t seen Arsenio or Maximilius since he had had his one-on-one meeting with them yesterday. They hadn’t shown up for dinner last night either, or breakfast or lunch today. He had thought that maybe they were sleeping or off doing something else, but if they had been barred from entering the hell hotel or the grounds of Hogwarts…oh fuck, Elder Getus was screwing with his mate meetings! It wasn’t any wonder that
he couldn’t find a second mate if every dominant he showed the slightest bit of interest in was barred from his meetings!

“That is interfering with a mateship, you and your grandfather, Elder or not, will be killed for this indiscretion. It is one of the most harshly punishable crimes to interfere with a submissive’s mate meetings.”

“A new law has been passed, haven’t you heard? It is now against our laws to kill a mated dominant!” Dominic stated proudly. “Our kind cannot risk the submissive killing herself, or himself in this case, because of the lost chance of more children to boost our numbers.”

“Your grandfather may be mated, but you are not.” Nasta stated coldly.

“I will be. I will be mated to Harry once every other threat has been disposed of!”

“Harry told you last night that he would rather be mateless than be with you.”

“No submissive ever wants to be on their own! That was all talk and bluster, he’ll change his mind in a moment when faced with the reality of a life alone.”

“He will not be alone.” Nasta said with a cruel smile. “He already has his first mate and of course because of the new law, no mated dominant can be killed, we can’t risk Harry killing himself now can we? It might drop our numbers.”

Harry grinned up at Nasta, who saw it and smiled back, but didn’t take his eyes from Dominic. Harry mouthed the word Henley and Nasta’s eyes narrowed.

“What about the baby dominant, Henley? If you are getting rid of all threats, then why is he still here? Harry has shown a real interest in him.”

Dominic snarled. “He wasn’t a real threat until this morning! After that kiss they shared at breakfast. We wanted to get rid of him too, but the kid’s Father is here and when that boy isn’t with Harry he’s with his Father, we can’t get to him, but we will! There will come a time when he’s alone and he’ll be barred too.”
Harry felt his body sag with relief. He didn’t want little Henley hurt just for being friendly. They would never be mates and the both of them knew and understood that now, even more so after the kiss at breakfast.

“You’re despicable. You won’t get away with it. Don’t you think that Harry will notice when all of those he is interested in just disappear? He’s not stupid.”

“Oh he will notice and he will be crushed that all of those that he is interested in have left him for a submissive meeting in Finland, a petite little dark haired girl with impossibly wide brown eyes. Irresistible to all dominants.”

“There isn’t a submissive meeting in Finland; we would have all felt the call.”

“We would have yes, but a submissive wouldn’t feel another submissive calling for dominants.”

“You heinous bastard! You will tear Harry apart with this! You’ll hurt him for no reason, making him think that he’s undesirable and that all those who previously liked him have left him for another submissive!”

“I don’t care as long as I get him as a mate!”

“You don’t care about him at all!” Nasta growled, his black and gold wings vibrating with angry energy.

“He is too powerful to pass up! He is powerful and fertile and his children will be a force to be reckoned with.”

“You loathsome little worm!” Nasta snarled. “How could you think to use a child in such a way?”

“I guess my instincts are broken!” Dominic snarled back and Nasta reared back like he had been hit.

“You’re taking a potion to supress your instincts, you little fool! Do you know how dangerous that potion is?!”
“My grandfather is controlling my dosage, I will have Harry and our children will be the most sought after in the entire world. Think of it, the child of an Elder of the Drackens and The-Boy-Who-Lived. How much do you think one child would auction off for? Five hundred thousand Galleons?”

Both Harry and Nasta were stunned with horror and shock. Harry felt sick right down to his stomach and he could feel the bile trying to force its way out of his throat.

“It will never happen.” Nasta snarled, recovering quickly. “Harry knows your plan.”

“You won’t tell him!” Dominic stated confidently. “You won’t have the time to explain it to him or get him to believe you before my grandfather gets here to bar you from seeing him.”

“I don’t need to tell him.” Nasta stated with a smug smile. “You already have.”

Nasta moved his hand to Harry’s forehead to show Dominic Harry’s wide open, horrified eyes and the sixteen year old dominant screamed in rage. Harry let out the inhuman, high pitched, screeching roar that Blaise had told him was his distress call.

He immediately felt a hundred answering roars from all over the house and Nasta held him tightly, placing his back to the wall as the ante-room they were in before they reached the main part of the house was filled up with dominants in full Dracken form, all of them ready to fight to protect the submissive who had called out for help.

The two Elder’s waded through the sea of dominants to get to the front, Elder Trintus trying to get as close as possible to Harry and Elder Getus standing next to Dominic, a hand on his grandson’s shoulder.

Blaise was there then, snarling at Nasta, flashing his fangs and claws, his eyes brimming with deep anger, betrayal and behind that anger was panic and fear.

“I trusted you with him!” Blaise snarled venomously.

“What is the meaning of this?” Elder Getus yelled over Blaise. “Did you think that you could kidnap the submissive for yourself?! This is unacceptable.”

Harry knew exactly what the man was doing and he wanted to stop it now.
“Blaise!” He cried out, trying to get his dominant on his side, but he just made Blaise even more frantic as his wings twitched and he swayed from side to side, trying to find an opening to kill Nasta and get Harry back.

“I am not trying to kidnap…” Nasta started harshly, but he was cut off.

“Do not speak!” Elder Getus commanded and Harry felt a weight of power with the command.

Nasta’s mouth slammed closed with a hard crack that had to have hurt his teeth, but Harry could check on Nasta once this situation was diffused, preferably immediately.

“You’ll be up to face the Dracken Counsel for this crime! You’ll be put on trial and executed as the Elders see fit! For this heinous indiscretion you, Nasta Tabrien Delericey, are hereby banished from seeing and speaking with the submissive in question, Harry James…”

“NO!” Harry screamed out over the Elder, cutting him off and drowning out his words with his own. “Blaise! No! It’s not Nasta! It’s him!”

Harry pointed to Dominic and Blaise’s entire focus changed immediately. Blaise trusted him implicitly and it made Harry melt a bit inside, but he would savour that trust that his dominant had in him when he had the time to. He could not let Elder Getus banish Nasta like he had Arsenio and Max.

“What is this?” Elder Trintus demanded harshly, his friendly, approachable demeanour changed into something deadly and powerful. This was the reason that he was one of only five Elders chosen to become a submissive chaperone.

“He told us everything!” Harry yelled to make sure that everyone heard him in the quiet room. “He is getting his grandfather to banish everyone that I am showing an interest in! I liked Arsenio, he’s gone! I liked Maximilius, he’s gone! I liked Jensen, he’s disappeared without a trace! I liked Henley, but the only reason he is still here is because he stays with his Father! I really like Nasta; he was next on the list to be barred! He just tried to banish him in front of you all! He isn’t trying to kidnap me at all! He’s trying to save me from that putrid slug who wants to sell my children on the black market to the highest bidder!”

Harry panted for breath in the silence that followed his furious outburst.
“It’s all true.” Nasta said quietly. “Harry and I heard every word, but Getus didn’t realise that Harry was awake and listening, he thought he was just telling me and that I would be gone before I could reveal his plan.”

There was more silence, the kind where people just didn’t know what to say or what to do, before there was an earth shattering roar and Blaise moved quicker than Harry had ever seen him move before. He had leapt upon Dominic, taking them both to the stone floor, and his mate began smashing the back of Dominic’s head into the unyielding stone beneath, shouting at him and snarling.

“How dare you think you can try and sell my children! Even if you somehow mated with Harry do you think that I would just vanish?! That I would agree to let you sell our babies?! Did you?!”

“You wouldn’t have lived long enough to give Harry children!” Dominic spluttered out and Blaise roared again, slamming Dominic’s head into the stone even harder.

“I am no fool! You wouldn’t have been able to kill me if you had hired help!” Blaise spat. Harry had never seen him so upset or enraged before.

“Dominic, how could you have done such a thing?” Elder Getus stated making his voice go low and saddened, Harry saw red.

“Don’t act like you weren’t in on it!” He yelled. “You’re the one who has banished the only dominants that I saw fit as mates and all for nothing! I wouldn’t have picked your grandson if he was the only dominant here! I’d have stayed with Blaise no matter how much it hurt not to have children! I’d rather be on my own for eternity than have your grandson as a mate!”

“You’re making a mistake!” Dominic yelled ignoring the snarl Blaise gave him. “You’re choosing wrong! You’re supposed to go for the young, handsome Drackens with the largest, most colourful wings! Not ugly men old enough to be your Great-Grandfather!”

“They are going to be my mates for life! I can choose whoever the hell I please! Forgive me for wanting a nice, kind dominant who treats me well and will help me raise our children right! Not some pompous, stuck-up jackass who is cruel and harsh and would sell our children for a lousy five hundred thousand Galleons! My children are priceless and they won’t be leaving my nest!”
“Anyone who thinks differently is not a Dracken at all.” The smooth cultured voice of Draco Malfoy cut through the silence.

Harry held his arms out to Draco and Nasta reluctantly, very, very reluctantly, let Harry pass into Draco’s arms. Harry just needed to feel that measure of safety again, like he had when he had been running from the dominants the last time that he had been in this house for a mate meeting.

Harry sniffed a few times before raising his face to Draco’s, who was looking down at him with grey coloured eyes. They had gone the same colour as they had that day in the Slytherin dormitories. They had darkened with something that Harry could now identify, having watched Blaise’s indigo eyes darken in the same way. Lust. Draco was looking at him with eyes that had darkened with lust and arousal.

Lust for him, for his body and it was that which kept his head tilted towards Draco as the huge blond bent down and captured his lips in a searing kiss, making the ultimate choice between his parents and his legacy or having Harry as a life mate. He had chosen Harry.

Harry gasped and wrapped both arms around Draco’s shoulders as Draco’s arms shifted his body until he was plastered to Draco’s front with those large hands holding his thighs in place around a trim waist.

Harry whimpered and flared his white and amethyst wings out, before he wrapped them around Draco to hide their furious, passionate kisses from onlookers. He heard a scream of rage from Dominic, before an answering roar from Blaise cut it off in the middle. He heard Blaise go back to pounding Dominic into the floor, he heard Elder Getus yelling at Blaise to get off of his grandson, he heard Elder Trintus screaming at Elder Getus about misuse of power, corruption and sabotage of a submissive’s mating rites and he heard the hundred or so dominants scream out their displeasure at having missed their chance to get Harry for themselves yet again, but none of it mattered to Harry, who had just claimed his second dominant mate.

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Chapter End Notes

Thank you all to everyone who has read and reviewed, even if it is a short review telling me what you thought of the chapter or story as a whole.

StarLight Massacre.
Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry whimpered and flared his white and amethyst wings out, before he wrapped them around Draco to hide their furious, passionate kisses from onlookers. He heard a scream of rage from Dominic, before an answering roar from Blaise cut it off in the middle. He heard Blaise go back to pounding Dominic into the floor, he heard Elder Getus yelling at Blaise to get off of his grandson, he heard Elder Trintus screaming at Elder Getus about misuse of power, corruption and sabotage of a submissive’s mating rites and he heard the hundred or so dominants scream out their displeasure at having missed their chance to get Harry for themselves yet again, but none of it mattered to Harry, who had just claimed his second dominant mate.

Chapter Eleven – One was Bliss. Two is Murder.

Harry had been steadfastly assured by Elder Trintus that, former Elder, Justo Getus would be severely punished by the other Elders of the Dracken Counsel, but unfortunately the brand new law that he’d passed couldn’t be reversed because all of the other Elders agreed that it was still a good law to have in effect. So Justo Getus, as a mated dominant, could not be legally executed without the permission of his submissive, who was a truly horrible woman who thought that her Husband had done the exact right thing and that her grandson deserved to have Harry as a mate just for being alive and born the grandson of a, former, Elder. But Justo Getus had suffered the humiliation of being stripped of his Elder title, a very serious, and dishonourable, punishment that was both embarrassing, humiliating and disgracing. It was nothing less than that monster deserved in Harry’s honest opinion.

Dominic was a moot point seeing as the Elders had all agreed to take him back to the Elder Hall and execute him; Blaise however did not like that one bit. He had other plans for the thing that had stated so crassly that he would sell his children on the black market and he had taken Dominic hostage in the dungeons. He had assured Harry that he wouldn’t be in any trouble and would in fact be saving the other Elders the trouble of having to kill Dominic themselves; the Elders didn’t like killing other Drackens if they didn’t have to, like nearly all politicians they didn’t like getting their hands dirty.

Harry was currently buried in a bed that was so filled with pillows and blankets that he barely had room to lay in it. Blaise had made sure that he was comfortable and cosy and warm because he and Draco were going to do some ‘dominant bonding’ by killing Dominic together…slowly.
Harry supposed that he should be happy that his two dominants were seemingly getting along alright; he just wished that they didn’t need to kill a sixteen year old in order to do it.

Sighing Harry snuggled down further in the bed, resting his head on a pillow so soft it had to have been made with cotton wool. He yawned and tried not to think of what Blaise and Draco were doing in the dungeons with Dominic. He shouldn’t care about him anyway after what he and his grandfather had done to him, and what they had been planning on doing with his children. Dominic was going to be executed either way, it didn’t really matter if it was by the Elders’ hands or by Blaise and Draco’s, he was still going to end up dead for what he had tried to do.

Blaise stood in the middle of the dungeon room and he calmly, calculatingly observed the little worm wriggling on the floor. Draco had tied him up with a spell that had conjured silk scarves from his wand tip. Blaise had no doubts that this particular spell was not meant to be used in this way or for this purpose, but it kept the cocky dick from trying to escape from them.

Draco was stalking around the outside of the room, making sure that everything had been covered by the silencing spell and that there were no weapons with which the little twat could hurt them with in the unlikely event that he actually escaped from his silk bonds and tried to defend himself.

“We’re ready.” Draco informed Blaise, sending a sideways glare at the filth as it screamed behind the scarf that they’d stuffed into his mouth.

“I’m wondering now if we should keep it down here overnight. We do have a gorgeous submissive waiting for us upstairs in a bed big enough for three.” Blaise answered, looking to his blond friend, fiercely stabbing out his jealousy. He didn’t want Draco in the bed with him and Harry, but he had no other choice, besides the look on the worm’s face was worth bragging about being in bed with Harry, he could brag as much as he liked down here in present company, as the filth would die soon anyway.

“I would rather get it over with now and not have to bother with him again. He is already cutting into the settling period, you know from experience that Harry will not be able to sleep unless I am near him. It was the same when you first mated with him.” Draco answered carefully, trying not to scream at Zabini that he didn’t want him in the bed with him and Harry. He had to keep reminding himself forcibly that Blaise had mated to Harry first, that Blaise had had first rights to Harry and that he was the intruder. It didn’t do anything to help settle the spoilt little boy inside of himself. He wanted Harry all to himself and that had been impossible right from the start of things.

“True.” Blaise nodded, looking back to the little worm on the floor. “How do we do this then, Draco? Slow and painful or quick and painful.”
“I would say quick and painful, so that I can get to Harry quicker, but he deserves to be punished slowly for daring to think that he could sell a child. Harry’s child.”

“Slow and painful it is then.” Blaise snarled as he imagined Harry’s devastated face if anything had happened to their children.

Dominic screamed again through the scarf and tried to rip apart the bonds; however conjured items were made with magic, so they didn’t break as easily as the normal, store bought product would have done.

“Be quiet you little rat!” Blaise snarled lashing out with a hard kick. “I’m going to enjoy ripping you limb from limb. How dare you think that you could get away with force mating to Harry and then selling our children to some scummy lowlife like you!”

Draco unsheathed his claws and he dug them deeply into Dominic’s calf muscles, stretching them and wiggling them around to cause the maximum amount of pain, ripping through the muscles and tearing the skin without needing to pull his claws out of his legs.

Dominic screamed and screamed through his scarf gag and Draco growled with dissatisfaction.

“Take the gag from his mouth; I want to hear how much pain I’m causing him! I want to hear him screaming and pleading.”

Blaise glared at the bigger blond and he waited a handful of seconds before he did as was asked of him, he was not a submissive, he was not beneath Draco bloody Malfoy.

Dominic screamed continuously when the gag came out of his mouth and Draco grinned, twisting his claws and shoving them in even deeper, the tips of his fingers brushing against the skin on the filth’s leg.

“Don’t make him pass out; I want him awake until he dies.” Blaise snarled.

Draco nodded silently, his jaw clenched to restrain himself from snarling back at being ordered to do anything. Harry came first and he always would, closely followed by any children that he had, for that purpose he had to get along with Zabini, not matter how much he wanted to kill him and be alone with Harry. He already knew that Harry would not appreciate him killing Blaise, or his other prospective mates, no matter how much he actually wanted to. Harry would not want to be with someone who killed everyone he tried to speak to.

The screams that Dominic rewarded their hard work with riled their Drackens up even further as
they systematically tortured him, causing the most nerve wracking of pain whilst keeping him conscious and alive.

“I wonder what the tender meat of his belly would taste like.” Draco mused aloud, staring pointedly at the tanned, hairless expanse of pale skin.

“I would bet that he tastes disgusting, after all his insides are black.” Blaise warned from his place stripping the skin from Dominic’s left shin.

Draco hummed in agreement before he took the rat’s right arm and snapped it back at the elbow. The scream was beautiful and it echoed off of the dungeon walls sending shivers up both of their spines.

Dominic vomited through a combination of shock and pain, his body sweating profusely as tears ran down his cheeks.

“That almost went on my two hundred Galleon shoes!” Draco growled as he slammed Dominic’s head into the vomit and used it as an impromptu mop.

“Please! No more!” Dominic croaked out.

“I’m sorry, what was that?!” Blaise demanded. “Real dominants do not beg for their lives! They take their punishment with dignity! Didn’t your Grandfather teach you that or was he too busy filling your head with ways to rape innocent submissives?!”

“How could you even think to sell a defenceless baby?!” Draco carried on. “Do you know what people who buy Dracken babies do to them? They keep them in a tiny cage until they are sixteen. Can you imagine that? Sixteen years in a little cage, being fed just enough to keep you alive!”

“Then once the Dracken comes into their inheritance, they take them out their cage and strap them down onto a table.” Blaise took over. “On their backs first of course, the inside wing scales are much more sensitive than the outside wing scales after all, then they pin the wings down with metal stakes right through the wing bones, can’t have the Dracken retracting their wings now can they?”

“Do you know what they do next?” Draco stage whispered, tugging on one of Dominic’s lime green wings. “They scrape off every single, individual scale with a chisel.”
“The only thing that is sharp enough and thin enough to remove our scales.” Blaise added in, conjuring a plain chisel and placing it against one of the slightly raised, jade green scales.

He let Dominic feel the cool metal, the sharp edge, before using the palm of his hand he slammed it into the flat bottom of the chisel and he prised off the one scale.

Dominic screamed so loudly that he lost his voice, screaming silently as pain tore itself through his body originating from the point where his scale had once been.

“Do you know why it hurts so much?” Blaise asked conversationally. “It’s because of two reasons. Reason one is that our wings are one of the most sensitive pieces of anatomy that we possess, the inside scales more so, that’s why we get aroused when they’re touched and why we can reach orgasm if they’re stroked just right.”

“Reason two is because each and every scale has at least two to twelve nerve endings inside it, depending on where the scale is located.” Draco cut in, conjuring his own chisel to place on another scale, this one turquoise blue. “Not to mention the amount of blood vessels in them, which is why you are bleeding so heavily from just one missing scale.”

“Which brings us back to what happens to our proverbial Dracken tied down on a table. They will let him or her bleed to death. Can you imagine the slow, painful agony this Dracken would be in? Having each and every scale removed, growing weaker and weaker, screams becoming harsh sobs of pain and choked Gasps for air before finally, sweet blackness claims them. They will never wake again. They will bleed to death on this table, surrounded by people who neither care nor lose sleep over it, content that every scale they collect will get them sixteen Galleons, mere pocket change to some.”

“Could you live with that, knowing that that Dracken could have been your own child? Your own flesh and blood! The baby that you sold to them so that they could treat it like a fucking animal and then kill it sixteen years later?!” Draco snarled.

Dominic was snivelling into the floor, not caring that the side of his face was still lying in the pool of his vomit.

Draco let out an inarticulate roar of rage before slamming the chisel into that bright, turquoise blue scale and tearing it off.

Dominic screeched with utmost pain and threw up again, tears falling faster and mucus dribbling down over his lips, bile trickling from his throat. How he wished for death’s embrace, anything to stop this terrible pain.
“Did you know that our wings are never more sensitive than in the first year of our Dracken lives?” Blaise told the cowering boy on the floor. “You’re still sixteen aren’t you? Not much older than Harry and just slightly younger than Draco here. You are feeling everything that your future children would have felt had we let you live long enough to have them and sell them.”

Blaise pressed the chisel against a pretty teal coloured scale and dug the chisel in slowly, going deeply into the wing before levering it so that the handle went down and the blade of the chisel came up, tearing off another scale as it did so.

“How many scales do you think he has?” Draco asked, putting up a façade of cool, disinterest even as his silver eyes gleamed with excitement. “A hundred thousand maybe? You know if we strip him of his scales we could get one point six million Galleons and if we haggle a bit we could get even more.”

Blaise chuckled darkly and ripped off another scale. “Did you know that the brighter and more pretty the scale the more Galleons we can get? There are some potions that need a certain colour of scale; I can think of three off of the top of my head and two of them need blue scales, something that you are in possession of, worm.”

“It’s something to do with the hormones needed to make the colour.” Draco informed his friend conversationally. “Different chemical hormones in our bodies make different colours that react differently to certain ingredients. I know for certain that orange scales react violently if used in a shrinking solution, the chemicals that make the orange pigment reacts to the bat saliva and turns it into a corrosive acid which then reacts with the foundation ingredients to cause one hell of an explosion.”

“I know yellow and green scales are used in healing potions and look, our vile ‘friend’ here has green scales too. St Mungos will pay through the teeth to get their hands on those.”

“Please, no more! I’ll do anything.” Dominic sobbed.

“Don’t you think that your children would have begged for their lives as well as they were strapped down and put through the same hell that you are now going through? Only you’ve been a pampered prick for sixteen years, not starved, abused and kept in a cage!” Blaise yelled tearing off a green scale at the same time that Draco sawed off a blue one.

“PLEASE!” Dominic screeched.
"No!" Draco hissed. "You would have seen Harry killed for taking his children from him! It would have DESTROYED HIM! All for your selfish gain! He would have begged and pleaded for his babies back, but you would have already sold them to be reared and slaughtered like pigs! You wouldn’t have been able to get them back for him even if you had wanted to!"

Blaise yelled in rage as he heard Draco say that, he had been trying not to think on how Harry would have reacted to learning that his own mate had sold his children and he dreaded the day that Harry found out what would have happened to his defenceless babies had Dominic managed to get his hands on them. How crushed he would be, how sick it would make him to learn the abominable truth.

Seeing red, Blaise ripped off four scales in quick succession, hearing, but not caring, about the screams and pleads that Dominic was emitting. Harry was his sweet, but fiery submissive mate, this thing would have betrayed sweet little Harry in one of the worst possible ways, he would have watched as Harry retreated and withdrew into himself before finally not being able to take the slow, mournful suffering anymore and he would have watched as Harry had killed himself from his overwhelming grief.

This bastard would have caused Harry this unbearable, slow suffering, would have watched and not batted an eyelid over it! All for five hundred thousand Galleons a child.

Roaring again, Blaise stabbed off several scales before throwing away the chisel and sinking his claws into the tender belly of the other dominant, ripping and tearing.

Huge arms encircled his shoulders and just held him as silent tears made wet tracks down his face. Harry was the most important person in the world to him; just thinking about what Harry would have gone through if this spineless prick’s plan had succeeded caused the blinding rage to set in again and he used both fists to cave in the gurgling Dominic’s rib cage, finally killing the worthless mass of flesh.

Those arms held him tighter and a face pressed against the back of his neck, soft soothing noises coming from the strong throat. Blaise turned around and let himself be emotionally weak, just this once, accepting the comfort from the other dominant that he would be sharing Harry with, that he would share the rest of his life with and share all those precious moments with. He let out all of the pain and anger and sorrow that he felt, the images of a little girl looking just like Harry, but with his wing colouring strapped to a table and screaming and pleading with her captors as they peeled her deep amethyst wing scales off one by one, of Harry sitting in the corner of a dark room, tears marring his beautiful face, a picture of the little girl in his hands and a little pink teddy in the other held closely to his chest, rocking slowly backwards and forwards before picking up the silver knife sitting next to him and plunging it deeply into his own broken heart.

“It will never happen.” Draco assured Blaise, knowing exactly what he was thinking as he was picturing something very similar; only the child that he was seeing looked just like him, with Harry’s stunning emerald eyes.
Harry was sitting up in bed when Draco and Blaise finally made it into the bedroom, jogging up the winding stairs to reach the platform that the bed was kept on. They had both stopped off at the Slytherin boys’ dormitory first, so that they could have a quick shower and grab a change of clothes so that they didn’t subject Harry to any unpleasantness unnecessarily.

Harry just looked at them blankly for a moment, before gesturing that they join him in the bed, which they did so after stripping down to their boxer shorts, or in Draco’s case, boxer briefs. Harry snuggled in with a dominant on either side of him, holding him close. He knew what they had done, that their hands were now blood stained with torture, but he found that he didn’t actually care.

He had found out quickly that he hadn’t been able to sleep; he had thought that it might be his conscience beating seven levels of hell out of him for letting his two dominants kill a sixteen year old, but he found that sleep was misting his eyes the moment that he came into contact with his two dominants.

He didn’t care about Dominic, didn’t care that he was dead; in fact he was actually quite glad that he was dead, all he cared about were his two dominants who were holding him so close in the bed that they would now share. At least for a little while because if he really did need a third mate then he was going to need a much bigger bed.

All three of them got to sleep in the next day, it still being the Christmas holidays there were no lessons to get up early to prepare for and with Harry knowing the location of the kitchens they didn’t even need to get up for breakfast as they could just go to the kitchens when they wanted to.

Draco was the first one awake and he remained perfectly still as he looked to the flawless face that was turned towards him. Harry truly was beautiful and he felt so privileged to be able to wake up next to him and he hoped to wake up next to him for the rest of their lives.

It was strange, he hadn’t wanted to be a Dracken, he had fought every single step of the way, but now, looking into the finely boned, delicate face of Harry ‘Scar head’ Potter, he realised that he didn’t want to fight anymore. He was perfectly content to lie here and never move if it made the young man sleeping next to him happy.

Unfortunately he couldn’t continue lying next to his little mate for much longer as nature called him urgently to the bathroom, where after he finished his morning business, his vanity called him to bathe and primp himself. He had been bad before, but with the Dracken inheritance and the proud, vanity instincts, he became almost manic with his morning routine and Merlin help anyone who even dared to slight his appearance or clothing.

“Are you going to take all day?” An annoyed sleep slurred voice demanded. “The rest of us mere mortals need the bathroom as well you know!”
Draco’s hand itched to smack his submissive’s arse red raw, but he controlled the urge and instead he unlocked the bathroom door to let Harry shuffle inside and take care of his own business. Draco’s annoyance lessened as he realised just how badly his submissive had needed to take a piss. He wouldn’t be a good dominant if he had made Harry wait for another five minutes. Making him hold in all that urine would have been cruel.

“Come on, Harry; piss for Britain why don’t you.” Blaise teased from the doorway.

“I was going to ask if you wanted to join me in the shower, but now I think I’ll share it with my flannel instead.”

“Oh don’t be like that, Prezioso. You know I was only teasing.” Blaise backtracked.

“Nope. You can have a shower all on your own.” Harry stated as he flushed the toilet, washed his hands before stripping off his boxers and climbing into the shower cubicle.

It was the first time that Draco had seen Harry completely naked and his mouth was bone dry and his muscles twitched to move and go and join him himself, his blood filled cock tenting his black trousers fully agreed with his muscles, if only his brain would regain function so that he would be able to remember how to move his tension filled limbs.

All of that beautiful, silky looking soft skin layered over firm, lithe muscles and such a delectable looking bum, he had to taste it.

“Don’t even think about it.” Blaise growled softly so that Harry wouldn’t hear him over the running water. “If Harry says no, then he means no, got it!!”

“He said no to your company not mine!” Draco growled back.

“He’ll react badly to you, I’m trying to help you here! Harry is very shy and he will not welcome your sudden advances, give him some time to adjust to you first!”

Draco snarled, trying to work out if Zabini was doing this on purpose to block any intimacy that he might have had with his submissive and thus make sure that he had less one-on-one time with Harry or if he actually was trying to help.

Growling angrily Draco stalked towards the bathroom door, but stopped as he reached Blaise.
“If you are lying to me, I will maim you whilst you sleep.”

“Duly noted.” Blaise spat back, watching as Draco walked through the doorway back into the bedroom.

Harry never took very long in the shower and he was in and out within ten minutes. He came out wearing a fluffy white towel and looked so adorable with his messy hair, dripping wet and falling all over his face and neck that Blaise chuckled and kissed a delicate cheek.

“Where did Blondie go?”

“I believe he went back into the bedroom to primp in the mirror we keep beside the wardrobes.”

“I am not primping in the bedroom mirror!” A harsh snarl came from the next room.

“Of course you’re not.” Blaise answered soothingly, whilst rolling his eyes to Harry, who stifled a giggle with his hand.

“If it’s a fight you want, you’ll get it!” Draco stormed into the bathroom and shoved Blaise’s shoulders.

“Stop it!” Harry cried out in horror. The last thing in the world that he wanted was his two dominant mates fighting with each other and over such a little thing as a teasing remark too.

The both of them ignored Harry as they faced off with one another, Blaise furious that Draco had physically manhandled him and Draco’s instincts telling him that he needed to both impress his new submissive and show the other dominant just who was bigger and stronger.

“Stop it now or I swear to god I’ll walk out!” Harry threatened, holding his towel closer.

When neither Draco nor Blaise took any notice of him and continued wrestling around the bathroom floor Harry got angry.
“I’m going to slice up all your clothes and books!” He threatened.

When this still got him no reaction he took a pair of scissors from the bathroom cabinet to cut up their clothes with and walked to the bathroom door. Half way there his Dracken side came out, coaxed out by the fighting dominants and his own anger. As his hair rapidly grew to tumble down his back he got a better idea and he fingered the silky tresses. He wouldn’t miss the hair, it was a pain to brush and keep tidy and it was always in the way. He honestly didn’t know how girls, and some men, could keep their hair this long, but then he supposed that that was why girls were always wearing ponytails, buns, plaits, braids and the like, to keep it from getting in the damned way so much.

The million Galleon question, however, was how much did Draco and Blaise like his long, shiny hair and would they even care if he cut it all off in rebellion?

“I’m going to cut all of my hair off!” He shouted over their snarls and roars and it was then that both of their heads snapped towards him, taking in the long, silky wave of jet black hair and the pair of scissors he had in his hand.

Harry ran and put as many obstacles between them as possible, clenching his hand around the end of the pair of scissors so that even if he fell they wouldn’t hurt him.

He backed into a corner of the common room slash living room and gripped all of his hair in his hand and placed the hair between the blades of the scissors.

Draco and Blaise found him like that, glaring at the both of them with his hair in his hand held tightly to his head and the scissors poised, ready to snip away that beautiful fall of hair.

“Harry, mio diletto, please don’t.” Blaise begged. “I am sorry. I let my instincts take over and I couldn’t pull myself away from them when I heard you shouting, please don’t do this.”

“Your hair is part of your Dracken appeal.” Draco told him and Harry turned his glare onto the blond. “All submissive Drackens have long hair in Dracken form, Harry.”

“I don’t care! I won’t have you fighting! We’re supposed to be a family! How can we be a family if you are always at each other’s throats?! How can I bring a child into this world when you two quarrel and bicker over the smallest things?! What example would that set for our children?!”

“What are you saying?” Blaise asked fearfully.
“You stop acting like kids and learn to love one another! We will be a family or we will never have children! I would never bring a child in this world with you two fighting and shedding blood all over my newborn baby!”

Harry’s rage grew and his hands tightened, cutting into a few strands of hair which fell over his closed fist like wilted flowers.

“All right, Harry, whatever you want, but please put the scissors down. I’ll try to get on better with Draco, I promise.”

“No! You won’t try at all; you will get on better with each other! You were friends before all of this happened, you can at least be civil to one another in the beginning, but you will love one another before I will bring a baby into this world!”

Both dominants nodded, they just wanted Harry to put the scissors down and Draco, who was unused to Harry’s bouts of rebellion, was growing angry with his submissive. They shouldn’t be having this discussion, they had told him to put the scissors down and he should have damn well listened to them!

“It’s alright, Harry. I promise that Draco and I will work things out, we just need a settling in period to get out all of our bad feelings and then we’ll be fine. It’ll be alright.”

“Just put the damn scissors down already,” Draco snapped, being glared at by both Harry and Blaise for his impatient outburst. “What? Harry is a submissive he should do as he’s told!”

“I am not a doormat!” Harry yelled, his anger flooding his body once more, making him feel shaky as Blaise had been calming him down and edging him away from any drastic actions, but Draco was riling him right back up again. “I will not jump the minute you tell me to! I will not bow to your every command nor crawl around after you like a love sick dog! I’m a submissive Dracken, Draco, I can’t help that I was born a submissive, but all that means to me is that I get to carry our family’s children, other than that there is no difference between us in my eyes! If you carry on like this then you won’t be fucking me and you won’t be getting children until the moon turns neon green! Do you understand me?!”

“I am your dominant mate…!”

“And so is Blaise! You have to learn to put up with each other because I will not put one of you
before the other! I already love you both the same! I want children with you, but not if every hour of every day is a fucking power struggle between you! I won’t have it!”

“We understand, Harry.” Blaise soothed him gently. “Please put the scissors down.”

Harry sniffed and moved to take the scissors from his hair.

“You’d look awful with short hair in Dracken form anyway.” Draco huffed and just like that Harry saw red.

Putting the scissors back against the base of his skull, Harry let out a small yell of utter frustration and he closed his hand tight, the blades of the scissors easily cutting through his thick fall of hair. He threw the mound of hair onto the carpet and the scissors after them, glaring at Draco who looked a bit shell shocked, staring at the pile of hair, as if he’d never seriously thought that Harry would actually do as he’s threatened to do.

Harry’s head immediately felt lighter without the mass of hair and he fluffed up the remaining hair. It felt nice, he felt more like himself as his hair bounced back into messy tufts of uneven patches as the weight that was holding it straight and neat was taken away. He would have to visit a proper barber to have it evened out and cut neater, but he felt elated.

It didn’t last for long as Draco leapt at him and grabbed him into his arms, dragging him to the settee and sitting on it. He tugged the knot out of the towel that was the only thing that Harry was wearing, the only thing covering his naked body and Harry yelled out, trying to cover himself as the towel came free.

Before he could even scream, shout, cover himself or punch Draco in the nose, he was flipped over Draco’s knee and a hard slap landed on his left bum cheek. Harry found his voice then.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!” He yelled out.

His only answer was an even harder slap to his other bum cheek.

“Stop it!” He screamed, trying to wiggle his hands free, but they were clasped tightly together in one of Draco’s huge hands. He tried rolling off of Draco’s lap, but the hand that continued spanking him just quickly and effectively tugged him back before carrying on with the slaps.

“You are never to disobey your dominant!” Draco breathed harshly bringing his hand down continuously onto Harry’s now flaming red bum. He had been right; it looked even more delicious stained red and covered in his handprints.
It took twelve hard slaps before Harry started crying, twenty slaps before Harry stopped yelling abuse at Draco, twenty-five before he stopped trying to get away, twenty-eight before he started pleading for Draco to stop and thirty-four before he started begging for Blaise.

“I am sorry, Prezioso; it is against the Dracken laws to interfere with a dominant punishing his submissive. It is Draco’s right to punish misbehaviour in any manner in which he chooses.”

“It’s just your luck that I prefer spanking to punish unruly little subs.” Draco growled. “That I love seeing my hand turning your pale, peachy little bottom flame red.”

“Please stop, I’m sorry.” Harry whispered as the continuous, stinging smacks to his arse caused it to throb painfully and the humiliation of being in this position made tears of shame clog his throat.

Draco ignored the soft pleads to stop until Harry stopped begging and just lay on his lap passively, sobbing his heart out.

He petted the beacon red bum and soothed it, feeling the heat radiating from it from at least two inches away from Harry’s skin.

Draco moved Harry until he lay over the arm of the settee, his little sub too docile to move, too humiliated to do anything other than what Draco did for him.

Blaise moved to Harry’s head as soon as the punishment was over, smoothing the butchered hair out of Harry’s red rimmed eyes, brushing the still falling tears off of his cheeks and kissing those red raw lips, from where Harry had bitten into them at the start of the punishment to keep from crying out.

Draco leant down and pressed a loving kiss to one bum cheek before kissing the other, letting his tongue come out to soothe the heated skin, loving the tiny little speckles of pale flesh coloured scales that covered Harry’s skin.

Harry let out a broken sob and just lay there like a weak little kitten and let his dominants do whatever they pleased. He had lost the battle, but he had won the war. He might have a red bum and wouldn’t be able to sit down comfortably for a few hours, but his hair was gone and that was a permanent change. He had cut it and it would take years before it grew back to the length that it had been before and if he had any say in it, he would keep his hair short in both his human and Dracken forms, in his opinion short hair was just better suited to him and regarding his appearance, his opinion was the only one that mattered. No matter how many punishments he had to endure, no matter how many times he had to do this, he would not take any demands or orders that his dominants gave to him lying down. He would stand up for himself and he would fight against them every single time if he had to, until they understood that he was not an animal to be trained and ordered about. He was a person and he demanded the same common decency that all people deserved.
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“Come on, Harry, let’s get you to bed.” Blaise said softly, glaring at Draco over Harry’s body.

“I just woke up.” Harry mourned.

“I know, it’ll just be until I can get some salve for you.” Blaise promised him. “Then you can do as you please.”

Blaise gently carried Harry back into their bedroom and up the stairs that were attached to the outside wall and he placed Harry gently into the bed. The sunlight that was coming through the skylight above made Harry’s naked body glow with the harsh light, his scales reflected that light and they looked like little mirrors. Blaise touched a group of them and smiled mirthlessly.

“You just stay here, mio amore. I’ll be back soon.”
Blaise kissed Harry gently and he let his mate stretch out on top of the duvet, basking in the warm sunlight that encased their whole bed, trying not to be distracted by the sight of Harry’s beautiful body.

Harry turned onto his stomach to get more comfortable and Blaise was reminded exactly why he had put Harry to bed at ten in the morning. He held his hand over the burning red bum and he clenched his fists tightly. Draco seriously needed his mind checked by a professional if he thought that he could hit Harry so hard and for so long without any repercussions.

Blaise kissed Harry’s cheek, which was lying on his folded arms on the bed, before he turned and jumped right from the platform, ignoring the stairs, and he landed in a crouch.

“Blaise, are you okay?” Harry’s soft voice called from up on the platform.

“Perfectly fine, Prezioso. Go to sleep or just bask in the sun for a little while. I’ll be back soon.”

It was very fortunate for Harry that he couldn’t see the look on Blaise’s face, or he would never have slept again.

Blaise walked out of the bedroom and softly closed the bedroom door behind him, placing up a hasty silencing charm before storming into the common room and yanking Draco out of his seat, the blond had still sitting where he had cruelly punished Harry for such a small, trivial offence.

“What the hell was that?” Blaise hissed, lashing out and catching Draco’s chin with an uppercut as hard as he could possibly manage. It hurt his knuckles, but damn did that bright red mark look good on Malfoy’s chin.

“I was punishing an unruly submissive!” Draco hissed back defensively. “He shouldn’t have cut his hair! He should have listened to us!”

“He would have listened if you hadn’t opened your huge mouth and shoved your whole foot and half of your leg into it! Harry looks gorgeous no matter what length his hair is! He’d look just as good covered in muck and dressed in a sack with a shaved head! How could you have hit him so hard?! He’s going to be bruised for a week!”

“I didn’t hit him hard!” Draco snapped back.

“His arse is already bruising, Malfoy! Why the hell did you give him forty spanks? That’s an outrageous, excessive number of hits just because he cut his fucking hair!”
“How many do you give him then?! Two or three? That’s not enough to even chastise him!”

“I don’t hit him at all!” Blaise spat. “I squeeze the back of his neck; if he carries on I either squeeze tighter or dig in claws.”

“So digging your claws into his neck is better than spanking him? At least I can’t paralyse him!”

“Yes it is better because I have never so much as bruised him, Draco! My claws have never pierced his skin! The closest I have ever come to hurting him was when I broke his virginity! It isn’t a dominant’s place to hurt any submissive let alone their own!”

Draco looked confused and Blaise sighed and dug his fingernails into the palms of his hands to keep from punching that strong, flawless face again.

“Punishment is fine, Draco, but only if the punishment fits the crime. Harry cutting his hair was a minor offence. Harry has a temper, it won’t be beaten out of him, it’s part of who he is. He also has a very high level of justice and morals, that is just Harry. If you take those things away from him, he wouldn’t be Harry anymore; you cannot punish him so severely for such a small thing as an act of rebellion. He can do what he wants with himself, Draco. He’s still a person!”

“We have to punish the small offences or he won’t learn to obey us when it comes to something serious.”

“He would listen. Harry is not some stupid little pet, Draco, he has a brain and he has his own set of instincts that tell him to listen to us.”

“Then why didn’t those instincts work this morning?”

“Because Harry’s anger over took his natural instincts!” Blaise cried, hoping to Merlin that Draco got this through his skull before he damaged Harry irreparably. “I don’t want a broken submissive for the rest of my life, Draco. I want Harry to remain exactly as he is! If you can’t accept that then I’m going to have to eliminate the threat you pose to my submissive.”

“He’s my submissive as well!”
“But I don’t want to kill his personality or his soul! You need to learn what is acceptable and what isn’t, Draco and quickly. What you did to Harry this morning was not acceptable and if you ever do it again, I’ll step in to stop you. Fuck the laws that prevent it, I’ll take my chances with the Elders!”

Blaise took hold of Draco’s arm and dragged him out of the room.

“What the fuck are you doing?!” Draco yelled.

“I don’t trust you alone with Harry and you need someone else to talk some sense into you, we’re going to Snape, me to get some salve for Harry and you to learn exactly how much is really too much!”

Severus was slowly going insane, he was sure of it. Being surrounded by all of these Drackens was bringing back all sorts of memories, instincts and thoughts that he would have rathered remained buried.

Thoughts about his own submissive and his life before he had lost his little mate. He remembered his submissive perfectly, despite there being very few pictures left. That soft black hair and laughing grey eyes, the slight and slender body and that beautiful, confident smile.

Eighteen, his mate had died at just eighteen years of age, two years after becoming a Dracken and only nineteen months after they had mated for the first time. Why?

He asked himself that question every single day, why had his mate died? Why had his mate left their house that day? Why had it been his mate who had died and for what purpose? He had no answers, no one had any answers and it was for that reason that he remained behind. He refused to move on until he knew exactly how his beloved had died and why.

A hammering on the door to his private quarters had him sighing in exasperation, if this was that infernal Ravenclaw with more questions on the essay that he had set for the winter holidays he would throttle her.

He carefully placed the photograph that he had been holding and staring at back onto his mantel piece and scrubbed his face with long, thin, pale hands, before fixing a harsh scowl onto his face and striding towards the door of his rooms.

He had been all set to yell at whoever was on the other side, but he had not expected who was standing on his threshold. The newly mated Blaise Zabini and Draco Malfoy. They were glaring and snarling at each other and Severus sighed, ushering the two boys into his living room and gesturing for them to sit on opposite chairs.
“What is the meaning of this?”

“I need some salve for Harry, Sir.” Blaise told him, his voice tight with anger.

Severus rubbed the bridge of his nose with a forefinger and thumb.

“What for and what happened to the boy?”

“Bruising and because Malfoy hit him too hard!”

That made Severus’ head snap up. He knew the boy had had a second meeting for a second mate, but he had had no idea who had been chosen.

“Why was Mister Malfoy hitting Potter at all?”

“I’m his second mate.” Draco grumbled.

“I had no idea you were a Dracken, Draco. Your Father didn’t mention it to me at all.”

“Because he doesn’t know.” Draco answered, raising his head to send icy eyes at his mentor.

“How could he not know he had an adolescent Dracken in his house all summer?”

“I took the suppression potion for six months; I’d still be taking it if it hadn’t started becoming ineffective.”

Severus blanched and went even paler, making his skin seem grey in colouring.

“You took a suppression potion for six months?” He asked softly, dangerously quietly. “Which
“The one that covers everything, instinct, appearance, actions, I didn’t want to be a Dracken! I thought that if I just kept taking it then everything would be fine.”

“Idiot boy!” Snape snapped, standing up and looming over the form of the boy he saw as a second Godson, whipping out his wand and performing diagnostic checks.

“You should not even be allowed near a submissive!” Snape hissed which perked up Blaise’s interest and got him listening intently to his Godfather. “That potion was designed for temporary use only! It is supposed to be used to hide us from those wishing our kind harm, it isn’t designed to be used for longer than two months, three months at the absolute maximum, you could have killed yourself!”

“Instead he almost killed Harry.”

“What did you do to the boy?” Snape asked, almost dreading the answer.

“I just spanked him.”

“For twenty minutes!” Blaise burst out. “Forty hits and all of them were way too hard!”

Snape closed his eyes and run a hand down his face. “Blaise, the top shelf of the cabinet furthest from the door, the green paste in the round tub. It’ll soothe the skin and heal the bruising. Draco and I need to have a little…chat.”

Blaise nodded and he went to retrieve the paste, sending one last glare to Draco before he left to go and tend to Harry. He wasn’t finished with the blond yet, not by a long shot, after Professor Snape was finished, he’d take his revenge on what was left for his little mate.

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Harry couldn’t sleep. He hated the settling in period because no matter how much he didn’t want Draco near him at the moment, he needed the brute to be able to sleep.
Sighing and sitting up, making sure to use his knees and not his burning bum, Harry got up and got dressed. Blaise had told him to stay, but to be honest he didn’t feel like doing anything his dominants told him to do today.

The suddenness of Draco just grabbing him and dragging him around had startled him for those few crucial seconds in which he could have gotten away from the blond; he wouldn’t be taken by surprise again now that he knew how the big brute liked to punish his submissive. Spanking though, really? He never would have thought the blond would lower himself to do something so undignified as to spank anyone.

But now that he knew otherwise and he would damn well make sure that he was ready to fight the next time Draco decided to humiliate him. Punishment he could deal with, being spanked like a naughty toddler he could not, his cheeks burnt as much as his bum every time he thought about it.

Making his way down to the lake, Harry spun around in a circle, loving the frosty air and the clean, pure whiteness of the freshly fallen, crisp snow. Everything seemed muted when snow had fallen, like the blanket muffled out every other noise. It was so quiet and peaceful, especially before lunchtime, which would be when the few occupants left in the castle would converge upon the grounds, building snowmen, making snow angels and the always epic snowball fights.

He grinned as he remembered last year, when he, Fred and George had taken on Ron, Hermione, Seamus and Dean. He, Fred and George had won, mainly because they had cheated by putting one of Fred and George’s inventions, stunning gel, inside the snowballs. They had wrapped the snow around the gel and when it hit bare skin, namely the faces of their poor victims; the unlucky victim was stunned for thirty seconds, allowing them to be pelted with a dozen more snowballs.

Harry sat on a high rock at the edge of the lake, crouched on his feet so his sore bum wouldn’t touch the cold stone, and he looked out over the frozen mass of water. This time last year had been a happy time for him. He had still had his two best friends, he wasn’t a creature whom the Ministry hated and his life had been happy. Yet now he may not have had his two best friends, but Voldemort was gone, he had a mate whom adored him and whom he adored back, he had another mate who he loved, but at the moment disliked, and he was content with his life and he was so much happier now than he ever had been before. He actually had a future, that future may have only been having mates and children, but really, that was all he needed, it was what he wanted. A family.

Arms wrapped around him and a nose nuzzled into his hair. Harry started and looked up at the person touching him, only to relax as he realised that it was only Nasta. “You scared me.” Harry told the dominant Dracken. “Sorry.” Nasta replied shortly, but sincerely as he rubbed his nose against Harry’s cheek. Nasta tried to pull Harry back gently, so that he was sitting down properly, but Harry went down on his knees instead, not willing to let his bum hurt more than it already did. Maybe he should have stayed in bed until Blaise got back with that salve after all.
“You are in pain.” Nasta told him, not asking, knowing.

Harry stayed quiet, but so did Nasta and the older Dracken had a lot more practice at being silent than Harry did and he finally broke after fifteen minutes of straight, oppressing silence.

“My new dominant, Draco, punished me because I cut my hair when he told me not to.”

“He should not have punished you so much that you feel any pain. It is not a dominant’s place to hurt their submissive, not even through punishment.” Nasta told him seriously, those hazel eyes flecked with a light, sage green in the dim, weak winter sunlight. There wasn’t enough light for those eyes to go golden like the scales on his wings, but Harry would bet that those eyes looked gorgeous in the summer sunlight.

“But I cut my hair when he said not to.”

Nasta snorted softly in amusement. “All submissives push their new dominants, it is a way to test their boundaries and find out what they can do and what will cause them to be punished. For example if you were to dance around naked I would find it terribly amusing, yet I know certain dominants would punish you for it, they would see your body as being theirs, not for anyone else’s eyes. It is usually younger dominants who would cover you up in jealousy and possessiveness and punish you for bearing all, most of us older dominants would laugh. We are more secure in ourselves, more secure in our mateships and in the knowledge that our submissive is ours and will not stray from us. Each dominant will see your actions differently; there were many who believed that you should have been punished for what you did to Dominic in the dining room as they are of the belief that you should have let your dominant mate handle the defence of yourself, to them a submissive fighting for themselves is a turn off to them. I however thought that you looked just as sexy beating the shit out of him as you always do.”

Harry grinned at Nasta, who was opening up to him more and saying more to him. That last bout of speech was more than Harry had ever heard him say put together.

“I don’t know what to comment on.” Harry answered with a naughty grin. “That you think me beating the hell out of someone is a turn on or that you want to watch me dance around naked.”

“I…that is not what I meant.” Nasta told him, his cheeks turning a telling shade of red.

Harry laughed and forgot for one moment that his bum had been slapped raw. He turned around to
face Nasta and sat heavily on the rock on his bum.

Harry yelped and scrambled to get off his bum, slipping and sliding over the rock as pain danced through his lower body.

Nasta lifted him up easily with an arm around his back and his other hand hovered over his arse.

“I can feel the heat from here, through your clothes, how hard did he actually hit you?” Nasta demanded furiously.

Harry had never seen the calm, reserved, near silent man this angry before, not even when he had faced Dominic saying all of those disgusting things about what he wanted to do to Harry and his future children.

“It…it wasn’t that hard!” Harry defended poorly. “It’s nothing.”

“Harry, are your dominants abusing you?” Nasta asked him seriously, his deep voice dropping down to a low, growling bass.

“No!” Harry replied quickly and sharply, remembering how the Dursleys used to treat him. That was abuse. Starving him, beating him until he could barely breathe and keeping him in a cupboard for eleven years. That was abuse, not a bloody spanking, not matter how sore his arse was at the moment.

Nasta just looked at him before lifting one of those muscled arms to his mouth and biting down, he pressed the bloody part of his arm to Harry’s mouth and Harry looked at him horrified.

“Such a look.” Nasta told him with a hint of wry amusement. “Dracken blood has healing properties, just take a bit and you won’t feel the pain anymore, the bruising will remain however as I am not your dominant mate. Your mate’s blood would work much better, but any Dracken blood will do in a pinch.”

“Why didn’t Blaise know of this?” Harry asked suspiciously.

“He is still a young dominant, Harry, he is only a year old. I have been a Dracken for twenty-one years this February.”
“You’re birthday is in February?”

“Yes, the third. I’ll be thirty-seven.”

Harry smiled and he carefully flicked his tongue out to taste the blood dribbling down Nasta’s arm. It tasted like blood at first, nothing special. Coppery and metallic, like sucking on pennies, but there was a very subtle hint of power in the blood, was it to do with magic or the Dracken? He didn’t know, he hardly went up to people and asked to taste their blood.

Harry licked gently against the teeth marks and smiled as his bum started to go numb and the almost forgotten pain in his fist (left over from battering Dominic.) began to fade away too. He felt so much better and overall stronger and healthier now.

“The next time you are injured or hurt, just ask your dominant for a bit of blood, you don’t even need a lot, just a few mouthfuls. They need to get used to it anyway, you will be biting holes in them with your fangs when you are pregnant.”

“Why?” Harry asked slightly alarmed at hearing that.

“When pregnant you will need to feed from your dominants bodily liquids to keep your growing babies healthy and strong, this includes blood, saliva, semen and sweat.” Nasta told him.

Harry’s mind jolted back to the book that he had read when he had first found out that he was a Dracken.

‘It is believed that in order to keep the offspring healthy and growing strongly the dominant Dracken will need to share his liquids with his submissive. He will do this by kissing his mate to share his saliva, touching to share his sweat, ejaculating into his mate to give his semen and feeding his blood to his mate and child.’

Holy fuck was this pregnancy going to be complicated! It was then that Harry thought to ask Nasta about how he would give birth, surely after over twenty years of being a Dracken Nasta would know?

“Nasta?”
The older Dracken just looked at him, not saying anything, but giving him his full, undivided attention to prompt him on.

“Do you know how I’ll give birth? Blaise doesn’t know and Draco doesn’t even want to be a Dracken, so I doubt he’ll know.”

“With male submissives it is harder. It will take all of your strength and energy, Harry and your mates need to be ready to get to you as soon as possible.”

“But you know how?”

“Yes.” Nasta remained silent for so long that Harry was about to prod him to tell him when he started speaking again. “You will essentially give yourself a caesarean section, Harry. You will be in Dracken form and you will use your claws to slit open your abdomen and the walls of your womb and you will pull your baby out. You will need to have a flask of some sort with one, or all, of your dominants’ blood in it because as soon as the baby is out, the cord is cut and the placenta is removed, you need to drain it before you bleed to death or get an infection.”

Harry gaped at Nasta and silently begged him to tell him that he had been joking.

“I…I can’t do that!” He squeaked, coughing to cover up the fact that he had squeaked, but the amused smirk told him that Nasta had heard it.

“You can do it. It’s a natural instinct mixed with a lot of common sense.”

“There! I can’t do it; I’ve been told a million times that I have no common sense to speak of!”

Nasta shook his head at how adorable the little submissive was and took him into his arms.

“You can do it. The common sense bit is just drinking every drop of your dominants’ blood, making sure the baby is actually breathing and safe in the nest and pulling out the placenta.”

“Ergh, I have to pull bits out of me, that just doesn’t seem right.”
Nasta chuckled and pressed a soft kiss to Harry’s forehead. “I am sure you will do just fine, every submissive has misgivings about their first pregnancy, it gets easier the more clutches you have.”

“I’m going to be scarred something terrible if I have to keep slicing myself open.”

Nasta shook his head. “Dracken blood will get rid of all scar tissue if you take it quickly enough. Now little Harry, tell me which dominant bruised you, I would assume that it is your new one, your first dominant did not seem the type to hurt you so.”

“It was Draco, but he only spanked me.” Harry assured, then realised what he had admitted to and went red with embarrassment.

“Some dominants prefer spanking; personally I have never found it appealing.”

“How would you punish me?” Harry asked, before blushing a brighter red.

Nasta’s hazel eyes sparkled and he run gentle fingertips over Harry’s cheek. “It would depend on what you had done little submissive, but I am a biting sort of guy. I would press my teeth against the inside of your wrist, then if you carried on I would bite down, not enough to break the skin, but enough for a brief spark of pain, if you still carried on after that, then I would bring out my fangs and they would pinch your skin. No dominant, not a single one, has the right to make his submissive bleed or feel excessive pain, there are strict laws against it.”

“What do you mean laws against it? Could Draco get into trouble? I don’t think he knows of the laws.”

“Then he needs to be taught by someone who does know the laws. He could get into very serious trouble had he made you bleed. Submissive blood is even more precious than dominant blood. That he has hit you hard enough to bruise is also an offence. It is against the laws lain down to protect the submissive mate from abusive dominant mates.”

“It wasn’t really abuse, Nasta, he just hit me a bit too hard.” Harry replied softly. “Blaise thinks it’s because he was taking a suppression potion.”
“He was taking a suppression potion?” Nasta asked seriously. “For how long?”

“I…about six months.”

“He should not be near you.” Nasta stated furiously. “It will take him a while to come back into himself after being under a suppression potion for so long. No wonder he hit you so hard, he most likely does not know how hard he hit you or how much it was hurting you. His instincts will be skewed and he will be unable to judge his actions, or yours, properly.”

“So it was an accident?” Harry asked a slight hope in his heart.

“If it is true that he has been under that suppression potion for so long then most likely yes, it was an accident, but that is no excuse! He should never have hit you in the first place!”

“It’s alright. If it was a onetime thing, then I can deal with it. If he starts doing it regularly or hitting me any other way, I’ll skin him alive.”

Nasta smiled at him, those perfectly white teeth glinting. No wonder he had a teeth fetish. If Harry had teeth as white as that then he’d be biting everything in sight as well. Alas he drank far too much tea to ever have teeth so white without bleaching them and he wasn’t that vain.

“At least I know you don’t drink coffee.” Harry mumbled, bringing up a little finger to push Nasta’s top lip away from his teeth so that he could glare at their pearly whiteness.

Nasta laughed and pulled him into a hug. “I drink pure fruit juices or green tea, I always have. My Father would have locked me in my bedroom if he even thought that I had drank coffee when I was a teenager and now, I just don’t like the taste of it, it’s too bitter for my tongue.”

Harry smiled a bit sadly. “I’ve never really had anyone to care whether I drank it or not.”

Nasta’s eyes narrowed at that comment, but he said nothing. It wasn’t his place, Harry didn’t even know him all that well, but he would keep an eye, and an ear, out for Harry and if he found out that anyone was abusing the little submissive, he’d kill them, quickly and simply. It would be an elimination job only.
“Are all the other dominants back yet?” Harry asked curiously. “The ones that Elder Getus sent away.”

“Many of them believed that their chance was gone so they went home to wallow, it will take them a while to get back depending on where they are coming from, but some have come back.”

Harry smiled. “I’m glad. They deserve just as much of a chance as everyone else!”

Nasta cupped Harry’s small face in his large hands and he pressed their lips together gently. “You are too kind, Harry. Many of those dominants do not deserve you and would not treat you properly.”

“I’ll weed them out.” Harry told him surely. “I don’t go into these things half-cocked and Blaise is happy to help me and I’m sure with how jealous Draco is showing that he is that more than half of them will scatter or be beaten to a pulp.”

“You don’t like violence.” Nasta stated, playing with Harry’s messy tufts of black hair.

“I know I don’t, but Draco does. He seems to be channelling the violence and vanity instincts more than any other, I’m not sure if that’s the fault of the suppression potion or not.”

“It is. His instincts will be all over the place until the potion is completely out of his system. That he has been taking it for so long is a cause for concern, it could have lain down deposits in his soft tissues.”

Harry sighed and leant into Nasta, letting the older man hold him and calm him. He wished that Blaise was there, Blaise’s cuddles were the best, he had just the right amount of muscle, just the right height and knew just how much pressure Harry liked, squeezy tight, but not enough to make him feel crushed or suffocated. No one else seemed to be able to hug him like Blaise.

“Harry!”

Speak of the devil and he shall appear, Harry thought wryly as he looked to see Blaise charging through the snowy grounds towards him.
“Harry, why did you leave our rooms?” Blaise demanded as he reached them, swiping him from the rock and from Nasta’s arms to hold him.

“I needed to get away to clear my head.” Harry answered.

Blaise sighed but he nodded, holding Harry tightly. Merlin, how much fear and panic had he been in when he had realised that Harry wasn’t in their rooms? He had thought that his heart had stopped beating, thoughts and horrific scenarios going through his mind as he thought what could have happened to his little mate.

“I was so worried about you, Mio Bello! Please don’t do that to me again.”

“Where is Draco?” Harry asked more than a little bit wary.

“He is with Professor Snape, learning exactly how a dominant should treat a submissive, what he did to you this morning was unacceptable, Prezioso, never let anyone treat you like that, ever.”

“Oh don’t worry, Draco’s going to get payback for what he did to me, no one spanks me like that and gets away with it! I was thinking about turning that cologne he likes so much into skunk liquid, that and I was hoping to have sex with you with him lying next to us. That will teach him not to mess with me!”

Blaise shook his head as Nasta chuckled beside them.

“The latter is very evil, Harry, besides I think between myself and Professor Snape, Draco will be sufficiently punished.”

“You don’t understand, Blaise! He humiliated me! I am not a naughty toddler! I deserve the same amount of respect as any adult! I am not pranking him because he hurt me; I’m doing it to make myself feel better about being humiliated by him.”

Blaise nodded. “That is fair enough, Bello, if you need any help, just ask for it. Now let’s get you back inside, you are freezing cold and I have the salve for you.”
Harry nodded his acceptance and waved goodbye to Nasta, who smiled at him and jumped up onto the rock he had been sitting on and waved to him, before turning to face the lake so that he could brood in perfect silence.

Harry was once again lying on his huge bed having his bum smoothed by Blaise’s hand, applying the green paste to the bruised parts of his bum. He had told Blaise about Nasta giving him his blood and Blaise had smacked his head with a hand.

“I should have remembered that! Hell I was told enough times! I’m so sorry, Harry.”

“That’s alright. I also found out from Nasta how I’m going to give birth. I’ll cut myself open with my claws and pull the baby free.”

Blaise went white under his tanned skin and he kissed the base of Harry’s spine.

“I think that would be unbearable to hear.” Blaise whispered into the skin of his back. “I am glad I will not be allowed near you enough to see it. I would likely lose my mind.”

“I’ll need a flask of your blood as well, to heal the split once the baby is out.”

“I’ll make sure to make one up every day for you, just in case you go into labour early.”

Harry smiled and turned to look over his shoulder at Blaise, who leant forward and kissed him deeply, lovingly, passionately.

“No sex for a few days, Harry, not with your bottom so injured. Professor Snape’s orders.”

Harry sighed and nodded unhappily. “I’m going to go change Draco’s cologne. No one will want to go near him then.”

Blaise chuckled. “He can’t even punish you for it, Bello. He won’t know for definite it was you
and this isn’t even worth a punishment.”

Harry grinned wider and he hugged Blaise before scooping up his wand and jogging naked to the bathroom, where Draco’s cologne had been placed in the wall cabinet over the sink. He opened it and sniffed deeply. It really was a nice cologne, spices and slightly musky with a hint of sandalwood. He grinned; Draco loved this cologne and put it on every morning. He waved his wand over the bottle and inhaled again. He almost vomited and quickly screwed the lid back on, casting a mild scent disperser on it that would wear off after eighteen hours, enough time for Draco to put it on before it started smelling foul. The wonderful thing about skunk liquid was that it was so terribly difficult to get rid of it, no matter how much Draco scrubbed, he wouldn’t get rid of the smell. It was perfect.

“You are too pleased with yourself.” Blaise told him as he waltzed back into the bedroom.

“I feel elated!” Harry replied. “I’ve got my own back on a dick who humiliated me and now I can humiliate him in return.”

Blaise shook his head and went back to reading the book that Harry had given him for Christmas. It was a bitch translating it, but it was everything that he had been expecting and more.

“I’m going to go and visit Dumbledore. I’ll be back in time for dinner!”

It spoke volumes on how much their relationship had grown and how comfortable their Dracken’s were with each other now that they were settled that Blaise just waved him off with a warning to be careful.

Harry rushed to get himself dressed and happily made his way through the school, not having to go up or down any stairs because the Headmaster’s office and Harry’s rooms were on the same floor and he chirpily spoke the password (Toffee Tails) to the gargoyle.

He knocked on the door and was told to enter. Dumbledore was rustling through a pile of parchment when Harry entered and he closed the door behind him, but when the elderly man looked up he cried out in joy at seeing him.

“Ah! Harry my boy, come in and sit down! Tea?”

“Yes please.” Harry smiled, sitting down opposite his Headmaster, gratefully accepting the china cup full of his honey tea.
“What brings you here, my boy?”

“Can’t I just come and have a chat and a cup of tea?”

“Of course you can, which reminds me.”

Dumbledore stood up and swept around his office like a small hurricane, obviously looking for something.

“Now where did I put it? Ah, here we are.”

He handed Harry several colourful boxes and a pile of letters.

“Christmas presents I believe, Harry. I hope you don’t mind that I intercepted them and kept them here for you, I didn’t think it a good idea to interrupt your mate meetings with these given the senders of a few of them, so I kept them here, I had meant to give them to you sooner, but it must have slipped my mind.”

Harry chuckled, but grew sombre as he realised what Dumbledore had meant by who had sent them, some of the packages were from the Weasleys.

Harry opened the letters first and smiled at the Christmas cards from Remus, Hagrid, members of the Order of the Phoenix and one from the Weasley family.

He almost cried when he read the hurtful words in the letter Ron had sent him, Hermione hadn’t sent him anything, but he hadn’t been expecting her to.

“Who has upset you, dear boy?”

“Ron being stupid again.” Harry replied swiping away the moisture from his eyes angrily. “Calling me names and saying I’m a traitor to Godric Gryffindor for fraternising with the enemy.”

“Meaning Misters Zabini and Malfoy.”

Harry nodded and put Ron’s letter to the back of the pile.
“Well I can certainly say that Godric Gryffindor would have been proud to have you as one of his lions.”

Harry smiled and opened his present from Hagrid. It was a bundle of bright and colourful feathers.

“Ah, I see Hagrid has been preening the Hippogriffs again. Hippogriff feathers are very valuable.”

“He sent me a box full of unicorn tail hairs last year.” Harry grinned. “I don’t think Hagrid knows the value of the things he sends me and if he does, then he obviously doesn’t care.”

“I believe it is the latter, dear boy. Hagrid has never been a materialistic person and as long as his pets are healthy and well, he is happy.”

“Good old Hagrid.”

Dumbledore chuckled and Harry put aside the bundle of feathers to open the next parcel. It contained books from everyone’s favourite werewolf teacher. Lupin had given him Defence books and a book entitled Pranking Potions for Morons with a small note that Sirius had seen it in his Snuffles form and had bought it for him last March and had been planning on giving it to him for Christmas.

That made Harry a bit sad but he held the book close and tried fruitlessly to absorb the presence of his Godfather from it, knowing that Sirius must have touched this book, had handled it and had bought it especially for him. He missed Sirius and it was so unfair that he was gone, but he was and he needed to come to grips with it because his slight obsession with the veil in the Department of Mysteries was becoming just a tad unhealthy.

Harry opened the next present which didn’t have a label on it and then looked at his Headmaster, who put a finger to his lips.

“I can’t be seen as showing you any special treatment, Harry, but I’m sure a couple pairs of nice socks can be inconspicuous enough.”

Harry laughed and pulled out the ‘inconspicuous’ socks, one pair which were bright red with little gold snakes slithering over them and the other pair emerald green with silver lions roaring.
“I had those custom made for you, my boy; a dear friend of mine owns a sock shop.”

Harry didn’t know whether to laugh or not at that, what were the chances of this friend only being the Headmaster’s friend because of how many Galleons the man spent in the sock shop.

He loved the theme of the socks though, one pair with Gryffindor colours but the little snakes to represent the Slytherin house, because of his mates and the other pair the opposite, with Slytherin colours and lions for his house.

“Thank you so much, Sir! I love them.”

Dumbledore beamed at him and urged him to open the last of his presents. Harry did cry when he opened the biggest one to find a soft, dark green knitted jumper with a blue H in the middle. A Weasley jumper. He picked up the letter that came with it and read it with shaking hands.

‘Harry dear,

I’ve been told that you are very ill; I do hope you feel better soon, but you make sure that you stay in bed and rest young man! If you must get up wear something on your feet and your new jumper to keep warm, do you hear me? Take in lots of fluids, I’ve sent you some chicken broth in a thermos flask, it is under a stasis charm so it won’t spoil, just send a mild heating charm at it before you drink it and make sure that you do drink it, all of it! It has nutrient potions in it to help you regain your strength quicker.

I was very upset that this illness meant that you couldn’t come to us for Christmas dear, so I’ve sent you some homemade mince pies and some treacle tart as I know it’s your favourite, and also some sweets and fudge, just don’t over do it with the treats, wait until you are better or I will come down to Hogwarts and give you such a telling off!

Have a happy Christmas and I hope to hear that you are better soon dear; Arthur and I are so worried about you,

All my love, Molly Weasley.

Harry wiped his eyes and looked through the large box of treats. There was a paper plate of fudge wrapped in Clingfilm, a foil package that was obviously a large slice of treacle tart, a tin that contained the minced pies, a box of Bertie Botts every flavour beans, a box of iced cauldron cakes and a huge thermos flask with the aforementioned broth.

“I see Molly is trying to feed you to death, I believe I made the mistake of telling her that you were
too unwell to visit for Christmas when she fire called me to demand why you had not been on the
train.”

Harry chuckled wetly and rubbed his eyes. He had been so afraid that Mrs Weasley would hate him
because Ron was being a prat; it was amazing to know that she still cared for him, even though he
and Ron were fighting.

Harry opened his last present to stop himself from thinking about Mrs Weasley so he wouldn’t start
bawling his eyes out. It was a prank parcel from the twins, who wished him well because they had
heard that he was actually ill and not just overeating their puking pastilles and wished him happy
pranking of their ‘idiot brother, Ronnikins’ and anyone else who decided to pick on ‘their little
brother’ and their financial backer.

Harry grinned and went picking through the box, finding new material and some things that would
definitely come in handy for getting back at not only Ron, but Draco as well.

Harry put all of his presents into the one big box, all except his new jumper, which he pulled on
over his tee shirt. He didn’t have any decent jumpers and the Weasley jumper he had received last
year was much too tight around the armpits and about four inches too short in the stomach area
after the growth spurt brought on by his Dracken inheritance.

Harry happily finished off his tea and his talk with the Headmaster, before he picked up his box of
presents and left to go back to Blaise and Draco, if the blond wasn’t still being chewed out by
Professor Snape that was, to get ready to go to dinner, he was more than a bit hungry. He just
wished that Blaise would go hunting for him; he was sort of craving raw meat again.

Harry met Blaise in the common room, where the indigo eyed man had migrated with his book,
only now he had a pad of parchment and a quill and he was making notes and difficult translations
and it gave Harry a migraine just looking at them.

“Are you ready for dinner, Blaise?” Harry asked softly, leaning over the back of the settee to wrap
his arms around Blaise’s shoulders.

“Just about. This book is giving me a headache.”

“Perhaps I shouldn’t have given it to you then.” Harry teased.

Blaise looked to him with startled eyes. “No matter how many headaches I get, I love this book,
Harry, thank you for giving it to me. Ti amo.”
Harry smiled happily and took Blaise’s hand. Tugging him out of their private rooms and towards the Great Hall. He was ravenous and he realised the reason why was because he hadn’t eaten anything today.

“Where is Draco?” Harry asked.

“Still with Professor Snape, you can’t learn how to be a better dominant Dracken in one day, Harry; he’ll be staying with Professor Snape until he knows how to treat you properly.”

“Good, I don’t want to be around him at the moment, even if it means I won’t be able to sleep for a few days.”

“Professor Snape gave me a sleeping potion for you to take, it isn’t as strong or as addictive as the Dreamless Sleep potion, but it should help you get some sleep without Draco being near you.”

Harry smiled happily and took Blaise’s hand, it was then that he noticed the bruised and skinned knuckles; he pulled the hand up to his eyelevel and gasped at how sore it looked. He pressed a kiss to them and looked to Blaise, silently demanding an explanation.

“I punched Draco. He had no right to treat you like he did.”

“Nasta said that Draco could be pulled up before the Elders for what he did.”

“Professor Snape said something similar. It is a serious crime to hurt a submissive.”

“I don’t want him to be punished; I just don’t want him to do it again.”

“Which is why he is being taught by Professor Snape instead of standing in a Counsel room full of Elders.”

“I’m going to get my own back though.” Harry stated determinedly.
Blaise smirked proudly and pulled Harry into a one armed, sideways hug as they walked into the Great Hall.

“I know you are, *Mio Prezioso* and I am behind you one hundred percent.”

Harry smiled and cuddled into Blaise more fully. Hopefully soon, everything would work out for the best. He wanted a family, but only if Draco could learn how to treat him with the respect he deserved, otherwise he would never let the blond near him, or any children he had in the future.
Harry smiled and cuddled into Blaise more fully. Hopefully soon, everything would work out for the best. He wanted a family, but only if Draco could learn how to treat him with the respect he deserved, otherwise he would never let the blond near him, or any children he had in the future.

Harry didn’t see Draco for the next six days, but he saw an awful lot of Nasta, who was always in the school grounds whenever Harry ventured outside, which was quite a bit.

His bum was perfectly pale and non-bruised again, he could sit on it in comfort and he could have sex with Blaise again, something he had been taking full advantage of.

The students had come back off of the Christmas holidays and lessons were set to resume the next day. Harry was dreading it, not only because it meant school work and lessons and homework, but because it marked Draco’s return to civilisation and back to their private rooms.

Blaise, who had been ‘visiting’ the blond in Professor Snape’s quarters, had assured him that Draco had been learning some very heavy lessons with Professor Snape, Harry believed that, but were those lessons enough to make the great Draco Malfoy change his ways? Harry guessed that he would find out soon enough.

He was having an internal crisis, however, he hated how skewed his decision had been in choosing his second mate. Draco had felt so safe and so warm and protective to him, but he had turned out to be the opposite. Draco had hurt him not only physically, but he had hurt his pride and his trust as well and it would take a lot for the blond to earn those things back. Harry believed that his hurt pride would take the longest to heal but it would be a very close call between his pride and his trust, but he hoped that his trust returned when Draco had been thoroughly pranked, there was not going to be a family, a mateship, while he didn’t trust one of his dominant mates.

The skunk liquid in the cologne had been a massive success, in more ways than one. Draco had collected his things whilst Harry and Blaise had been at dinner, as per Snape’s request, he had put the cologne on at the start of the day that marked the return to normal school activities, like he always did, and he had gone to breakfast as always, well away from Harry and Blaise, again per Snape’s request, and had been mauled again by Daphne’s younger sister, Astoria. The scent disperser had worn off halfway through breakfast and the little girl, who had gotten a large
mouthful of the smell, had been physically sick, all over Malfoy’s lap.

Harry had laughed so hard that he had almost passed out through a lack of a sufficient oxygen supply. There had been no way that Malfoy didn’t know that it had been him who had organised and carried out the prank, but as he passed by their part of the table he had just swallowed heavily, nodded his head to the both of them and had simply said that he, Harry, had the right to do anything that he wanted as revenge for his previous abominable actions, before he carried on walking to get changed and to possibly have a shower. Draco had stunk for the rest of the day and everyone had given him a very wide berth.

Harry had been quite stunned by what Draco had said, but what really got him were the little gifts that Draco had begun sending him. Blaise had explained to him that Snape had ordered Draco to make it up to him in any way that he saw fit and Blaise had told him that because Draco had been brought up as an old fashioned Englishman, he was sending wooing gifts to Harry to help make up for his harsh actions.

They weren’t big gifts or lavish things, one had been a handwritten apology card, another had been a box of chocolate frogs and Draco had even given him his own, real snitch, not one of those practice ones, which reminded Harry that he actually was the Gryffindor Seeker still.

Quidditch season had started just as he had found Blaise and he just hadn’t cared enough about anything other than the indigo eyed man that he loved so very much. He had been ignoring his team, but his absence had been explained away as his ‘illness’ and Ginny, who had taken over temporary team captaincy and his Seeker position, had welcomed him back with open arms, exclaiming that they had a match in two weeks’ time against Ravenclaw and that if they didn’t win it then they were out of the running for the cup due to their heavy defeat to Slytherin in November.

Harry was all too happy to take up the captaincy and his Seeker position once more and the entire team was very glad to see him back, but he had a hell of a time catching up on the team building exercises, he didn’t even know the names of the rest of the team…well he knew two, Ginny, who went back to her original position of Chaser once he took over the Seeker position once more and Dean Thomas, another Chaser, who was ecstatic that Harry was back to being fit enough to play.

Harry was so excited that he could hardly contain it, he told Blaise who sighed and looked up at the ceiling with a frown, which made Harry frown.

“Good bye Quidditch cup.”

Harry snorted and smacked Blaise’s shoulder, who then proceeded to pull him down into a kiss, right in the middle of the Great Hall, in front of everyone.

The rumours had been flying like wildfire throughout Hogwarts about the relationship of Harry Potter and Blaise Zabini. A Gryffindor and a Slytherin. There were even rumours now that Harry’s illness had been a sexual disease, which wasn’t strictly true as the heat period, whilst being a purely sexual desire, wasn’t a disease, more of a condition than anything else.

Blaise verbally attacked anyone who dared to say that they had had a sexual disease within earshot of him. Harry just laughed it off; he was too used to people saying shit about him to care about yet another rumour. He had grown thick enough skin during his childhood, which had only layered up to protect him even more as he got older and the wizarding world had started on him too.
It was only a day later that Harry heard that Draco was facing expulsion for physically attacking a seventh year student. He and Blaise had been called out of their lessons to go to Dumbledore’s office, where they met Dumbledore, Snape, Draco and a Hufflepuff seventh year student who was badly bruised and cut.

“Draco, what did you do?!” Harry demanded as he looked at the Hufflepuff. “You promised me that you were changed! That the potion was all gone!”

“It is all gone.” Draco answered softly. “I did this with full knowledge of what I was doing.”

“Why?!” Harry cried out. “Why would you try and ruin our mat…relationship by doing this!”

Harry gave a quick glance to the Hufflepuff, who didn’t seem to have noticed his little slip of words. He looked far too dazed and out of things…Harry wondered just how hard Draco had hit him. It went back to his overly harsh punishment again, had Draco even known how hard he was hitting the Hufflepuff?

“He called you a slut!” Draco hissed. “He was bragging to his little friends about how easy you were and how quickly he could get you into his bed. I had to defend you!”

Harry opened his mouth but a soft continuous growl had him looking next to him, to Blaise, who was glaring so hard at the guy in the chair that it was a wonder that it hadn’t actually exploded. Blaise’s claws were out and he was flexing them carefully, as if he was fantasising about and thinking of the best way to slice into the Hufflepuff in the chair.

Harry flung himself around Blaise, who carefully caught him and held him, but did not take his eyes from the seventh year, nor re-sheath his claws.

“I told you that you had to control yourself!” Snape snarled. “This is not controlling yourself!”

“He was dishonouring Harry!” Draco spat back. “I couldn’t let him do it! I had to set him straight, away from his deluded fantasies.”

Harry sighed and blocked out the two dominant Drackens arguing. He didn’t care who had called him what or said anything about him, yet he understood that both of his mates wouldn’t stand for his ‘honour’ to be tarnished in such a way.

Harry just hoped that Draco hadn’t defended his honour in such an obvious manner as to tip off the Hufflepuff that the blond wasn’t human. That would be a disaster waiting to happen.
“Boys please!” Dumbledore called out before looking to the poor Hufflepuff opposite him. “Mister Roberts, will you agree to not press charges or will you face the law knowing that Mister Malfoy was within his rights as the lover of the person in question that you allegedly dishonoured.”

“I don’t understand.” The Hufflepuff groaned. “All I did was have a joke with my friends about how easy Potter’s become. I mean he’s a Gryffindor and rumour has it he has several Slytherin lovers. If he’ll let a Slytherin near him then obviously he’s desperate enough to have anyone.”

“That isn’t true!” Harry burst out, the Hufflepuff jumping in his seat at the harsh sound. “I only have Blaise and Draco as my lovers! It’s my business why or who I have in my bed! If I wanted a hundred men in my bed I damn well would have and I wouldn’t give a flying fuck what you or your little friends thought of me!”

Blaise wrapped his arms around him and soothed him, licking the side of his neck and releasing calming pheromones.

Harry huffed out an annoyed breath, his body relaxing even though he wanted to remain angry. Stupid dominant pheromones.

“I think everyone would just like this situation to disappear.” Dumbledore stated, his pale blue eyes twinkling.

The Hufflepuff nodded and Dumbledore dismissed him with a wave of his hand. The seventh year was up and gone, leaving faster as Blaise snarled at him as he went past.

Blaise took up the seat that the Hufflepuff had vacated and drew Harry down onto his lap, Harry did not relax. Draco was sitting right behind him and he could hear the blond’s breathing. He hadn’t forgotten the pain nor the humiliation and despite the week of pranking; he still didn’t feel any better.

“Now, Harry, Mister Malfoy has been thoroughly cleansed of the potion he had been taking and Professor Snape has assured me that he no longer poses a risk to you, are you willing to have him back in your rooms or would you wish for a bit more time?”

“He can come back into the rooms, but he can't sleep with me and Blaise. He hasn’t earned that right yet.” Harry answered. “I had Dobby come around a few days ago and he turned the unused storage cupboard into a bedroom for Draco to sleep in.”

“You wish for me to sleep in a cupboard?” Draco asked incredulously.
Harry swallowed as that sentence brought up images of his tattered childhood. He had examined the new room that Dobby had made himself and it in no way resembled a cupboard, having been enlarged to fit a proper bed and even a wardrobe and side tables, it was more the knowledge that the room had once been a cupboard that would rub Draco up the wrong way rather than a lack of comfort.

Not like Harry had once suffered with, lying on a small camping cot with a ratty blanket and no pillow, stuffed into a space that in the end had hardly contained him and he was sure that had he not had magic to help protect his body, then he would have gotten asthma or some other respiratory condition from all the dust and cobwebs that he had been forced to live with from such a young age.

“It’s a bedroom now.” Harry dismissed. “You can join Blaise and me in our bed once you have proven to me that you can refrain from hurting me. I don’t trust you, Draco. I chose you as a mate out of hundreds of others and the first thing you did was hurt me, it doesn’t make for a very good first impression.”

“How many times do I have to say that I’m sorry?”

“You only need to say it once, Draco, but only say it if you really mean it.”

“Harry, I am sorry, I swear it to you.”

“I accept your apology, Draco, now you have to prove to me that you’re truly sorry, that I shouldn’t just give up on you, that the relationship between you and I is still worth the time and effort it needs to grow.”

Draco nodded and sat up straighter, determination stiffening his body. He was ready to grow up and prove that he deserved a second chance, that he was worthy of Harry’s love.

“Be warned, Draco that I give second chances, but you’ll never get a third.” Harry told the blond seriously as he slipped from Blaise’s lap and left the office to go wander around the frozen school grounds, like he usually did these days when he wanted to think on his own.
January had well and truly settled in and it was turning out to be a blisteringly cold month, not that Harry much cared as he wrapped himself up tightly and encased himself in warming charms.

He went down to his place by the lake and hopped up onto the large rock that he favoured sitting on. The lake had long since been frozen and it was even now covered in a few inches of snow. The teachers had marked its outline with bright yellow tape that was hovering in mid-air so that no student accidentally started walking on the lake, only to get to the thinner middle and fall to their icy death.

Harry sighed as large arms wrapped around him from behind. How Nasta always knew that Harry was out here he didn’t know and he didn’t think Nasta would answer him if he asked.

Something picked at his brain however and he shifted uncomfortably. Nasta didn’t breathe as loudly as the male behind him was, nor did he squeeze him quite so tightly, when the man gruffly said hello to him, Harry knew it definitely wasn’t Nasta behind him, but he did recognise the voice and he grinned as he turned his body around to see those gorgeous deep blue eyes that he had missed so much.

“Maxi…” Harry cut himself off short when the absolutely huge Dracken gave him a playful glare for trying to use his full name. “Fine, I’ll just call you Maxie from now on.”

“My Granddad calls me Maxie.” Maximilius grumbled.

“Well now I do too!” Harry said stubbornly as he threw his arms around Maximilius’ neck and hugged him tightly. “I missed you! How are you? How have you been? How could you possibly think that I’d send you away?! I wouldn’t have! I…”

A large hand covered his mouth and prevented the smaller Dracken from speaking.

“Take a breath, Harry.” Max grinned. “I knew exactly what the Elder was doing, it isn’t the first time that an Elder has abused his power and it won't be the last. I had no choice but to leave, an Elder’s word is absolute. They have the power to control dominant Drackens to a certain extent during mate meetings. I was ordered away, so I had to leave, I was ordered not to see, speak or contact you in any way and I had to comply. I loathed myself for letting it happen, but there was nothing that I could do about it.”

Harry snuggled in close to Maximilius and he relished in the feeling of the man that he really liked being back here. Maximilius had come back. He could have just refused to come back like some of the other Drackens that had been sent away had, claiming that it was just too much trouble to try and court him. He could have stayed home, but he hadn’t, he had come back on the slim chance that Harry would pick him as a third mate. Harry liked him just a little bit more for that.
“As for how I’ve been, well truthfully I haven’t really been doing much since I was forced to leave. Wallowing would probably be the best way to describe it. I just sat at home all day, I didn’t talk very much and cursed myself for such a missed opportunity to have an absolutely amazing, kind, gentle and gorgeous little Dracken as a mate.”

Harry chuckled, trying to ignore the blush on his cheeks as he twisted his legs out from underneath him and placed them on either side of Max’s hips, which were about level with the top of the large rock. Fucking hell Maximilius was tall.

Harry shyly played with the decorative buttons of Max’s outer robe, finding the shiny black buttons with a swirl of red captivating as his twisted them around in his little fingers.

“How have you been, Harry?” Max asked his voice noticeably deeper.

“I’ve been through hell and back and then went back to hell.” Harry sighed, getting ready for the outburst when he told the other Dracken the reason why he had been sent away and what Elder Getus and his despicable Grandson, Dominic, had had planned for him and his children.

Nasta had gone ballistic once he’d been alone and had the privacy that he needed to get out his anger and frustrations and he had toppled a tree in his rage. Harry looked to the stump that was all that remained of Nasta’s fury after the Professors had cleaned it up and he sighed again. Nasta had kept hitting the tree well after it had splintered and he had only stopped once the tree had cracked under his onslaught and had finally fallen.

It wasn’t something that Harry liked seeing, such a huge display of violence and rage, but he understood that as a very reserved and quiet man, that Nasta sometimes needed a more physical release for his anger. Harry grinned as he remembered suggesting to Nasta that if he partook in more sexual activities then he wouldn’t need to release his anger and frustration in such a violent way. Nasta had gone red and coughed a bit before apologising for his actions and sitting down behind Harry to play with his hair. Harry loved how Nasta played silently with his hair; it was so relaxing that he often fell asleep under the ministrations.

“Are you still in hell?” Max asked him seriously.

“I think I’m climbing the limbo ladder one rung at a time.”

Max chuckled at his comparison and held him so tight the air was expelled from Harry’s lungs.

“What’s been happening since I’ve been away?”
Harry told the whole gruesome story and he watched as with every word Max’s muscles contracted until the veins popped out, his teeth clenched together until Harry was sure that they would crack and those beautiful, deep sapphire blue eyes darkened in rage to a midnight blue.

Max managed to control himself until Harry had finished speaking about what Dominic had wanted to do with him and went onto what Draco, his supposedly brand new mate, had done to him the very first morning after they had mated.

After hearing how Draco had treated him, Max lost control, just like Nasta had, and he exploded in rage, only instead of taking out his anger with his fists, he screamed long and loud, deep and guttural like an animal. The harsh sound echoed for miles and reverberated through Harry’s spine, giving him bone deep chills. He would not like to ever be on Max’s bad side.

Harry frowned sadly and waited until Max had finished screaming himself breathless. Max held him so tightly Harry thought that his bones would break as Max sniffed and touched every inch of him to determine if he had any injuries. Nasta had done it as well so Harry had come to realise that it had to be a dominant instinct.

“That they even dare!” Max hissed deeply.

“It isn’t that bad, Maxie.” Harry assured with a smile. “Draco was beaten by Blaise and Professor Snape and Blaise and Draco killed Dominic, I think they ripped his scales off of his wings and after gifting some to Professor Snape, they sold the rest to an apothecary, though I don’t know why.”

“Because that’s what the little shit would have seen done to your children.” Max told him, his breath coming in harsh pants.

“What?” Harry whispered in horror, his breath leaving him, his body going an icy cold that had nothing to do with the harsh January wind pinking up his exposed skin.

“When those disgusting poachers find a Dracken they strap them down and hack off every single wing scale we have. They’d steal our body scales as well if they weren’t completely smooth and flat so that no tool can gouge them out. They drain the blood into buckets and cut out the heart, liver, tongue, sex organs and eyes. All are very valuable and are used in all sorts of rare and obscure potions and rituals; the scales can even be used in jewellery.”

“He wanted to do that to my babies?” Harry asked, feeling as though someone had a hold of his heart and they were squeezing tighter and not letting go. He couldn’t breathe.
He would have scented them out at birth and handed the Dracken babies over to the smugglers, who would have kept the baby in a cage or a small prison cell, keeping the baby alive, but barely, then when the Dracken comes into their inheritance, they start the harvesting process.”

Harry felt his stomach clench and then roil and before he could stop himself he had leant over the side of the rock and he vomited everything that he had eaten.

Max rubbed his back firmly, but his body was shaking in anger and horror. He was disgusted that anyone could even think to hand their own child off to one of those people. If they could even be called people. His mind slipped to his Mother and a white hot wash of rage seared his insides, that little shit had died far too quickly.

“Oh god, no one told me. I just thought my baby would have been killed instantly, that was excruciating enough. I thought everyone hated Drackens and would kill one on sight. This…that’s too much to bear! I can’t… I can’t think about it! My babies! Tortured, suffering, harvested for potions ingredients.”

Harry was sick again as tears fell down his cheeks. He held tightly onto Maximilius and let the large man sooth him.

Max nosed around Harry’s cheek and licked at the tears that fell from those stunning eyes. He kissed each closed eyelid as Harry sobbed and cried. It tugged at his heart to see Harry so upset, he felt he had to do something to help, he had caused Harry these tears by telling him what would happen to his babies, this was his problem to rectify.

He moved his nose down Harry’s cheek until his mouth hovered over Harry’s. He lightly pressed against those petal soft, plump lips and he held Harry tightly, hoping to convey safety and love.

Harry gasped in surprise and Max flicked his tongue into Harry’s mouth, ignoring the slight sour taste that Harry’s vomiting had left behind. Harry clenched his hands into his hair and tugged lightly, wrapping his legs around Max’s thick waist.

Max kissed more deeply when Harry didn’t push him away, running his tongue over every inch of that delectable mouth. Under the sour taste of bile was a sweeter taste, chocolate and fudge, Harry had been eating chocolate and a hell of a lot of it by the taste of it.

They broke apart for air, Harry heaving in lungfuls and Max breathing deeply and evenly trying to calm his racing heart. He inhaled deeply, his eyes widening before he inhaled again. He pulled Harry to him and kissed him for all that he was worth.

Harry made a small noise when he needed air again and Max broke their lips apart so that they could both breathe.

“You’re releasing mating pheromones.” He panted breathlessly. “You are looking for a mate.”
“But I haven’t had my second heat with Draco.” Harry protested thickly.

“Harry, you don’t understand, your Dracken is rejecting Draco because of his treatment of you, your Dracken is sending out pheromones to attract a different mate.”

Harry’s eyes went wide and his stomach clenched awfully. His Dracken was rejecting Draco? But he had chosen to give the blond Dracken a second chance! It had been the potion’s fault that Draco’s instincts were so messed up, not Draco’s! He didn’t want to reject Draco!

Max kissed him again and this time Harry struggled. Max let him go immediately, but still held him around the waist.

“I have to get to Draco; I have to make this right, Max! I know what he did to me was wrong, but it wasn’t his fault! He was under the effects of that suppressant potion; I don’t want to lose him! Not when he still has a chance to prove to me that he can be a good mate!”

Harry shimmied off of the rock and landed with slightly bended knees ready to run off to the school to find his two mates. Max caught his arm and pulled him into one last kiss, before giving him a smile and a light shove towards the school, before he turned and trekked off towards the hell hotel.

Harry watched him go before he snapped out of his thoughts and took off running back to the castle. Draco had risked everything just to be his mate, his family, his reputation, his legacy… everything! Harry couldn’t repay that by rejecting the blond now, he would not let his stupid Dracken dictate that to him! His Dracken side would not ruin everything for them! He would not allow that part of himself to reject Draco when he still wanted the blond; he didn’t care what his Dracken thought, Draco was HIS!

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To Forget and Let Die

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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Chapter Fourteen – To Forgive and Let Die

Harry ran through the castle until his lungs burnt with the lack of oxygen and even then he didn’t stop, he didn’t even slow down as he charged past other students and he even knocked them over, but still he didn’t care. He burst into his and his mates’ room, sweating and panting and he startled Blaise into overprotective mate mode.

Before Harry could even get his breath back he was wrapped up in black wings and had solid arms around him holding him close as Blaise dragged him across their living room until they reached the bedroom.

Blaise slammed the door closed and physically pushed a chest of drawers in front of it as if it would stop anything that came through the door. Blaise always, always, forgot that he was a wizard when he fully let his Dracken out, it was cute, but from a safety angle it was a very bad thing. It meant that instead of putting up wards to protect his family, Blaise would remain primal, instinctual, purely physical and against a wizard, sometimes being physical just wasn’t enough. It was one of the biggest downfalls Harry had found about Drackens.

“Blaise!” Harry shouted, pushing at his mate’s chest to try and get him to release him.

“Must protect you.” Blaise growled giving a final shove to the chest of drawers with his back and turning around to keep his own back to the door, hunching over Harry.

“Nothing is coming through the door!” Harry insisted. “I was running because I need to ask you
something!”

“You smell like an unmated dominant Dracken.”

“I was with Max, you remember Maximilius don’t you? The one that was sent away?”

“Why? Why were you with another man?”

“Oh god, Blaise! You know that I love you, I love you dearly.”

“You don’t go near other men!” Blaise snarled wrapping that large hand around the back of Harry’s neck and squeezing.

Harry hated it when Blaise went into overprotective mate mode. It made everything more tortuous and it was incredibly difficult to argue sense into a creature that was being purely primitive and acting on instinct.

“Alright, Blaise, I won’t go near any other men, forgetting that I need to be near Draco, we’ll forget that we are in a school that has about two hundred and fifty male students and that the majority of the staff here are males, oh and of course that I may need even more mates, or that I might have male children. Yeah, I won’t go near any other male but you.” Harry stated sarcastically, getting his neck squeezed tighter as reprimand.

“Stop that!” Harry hissed, wiggling his neck about to try and dislodge Blaise’s hand.

“You are MINE!” Blaise snarled. “You stay with ME! No one else is allowed to touch you!”

“How is that going to work?!” Harry hissed angrily, his Dracken coming to the forefront of his mind. “I need another mate to fuck me to get pregnant because you aren’t even strong enough to give me a baby!”

Immediately after Harry said those words, he wished with his life that he could take them back as Blaise’s face fell into a crestfallen expression, both of their Dracken’s receding, leaving their human minds at the forefront. He felt like such a bastard at that moment and he wrapped his arms
tightly around Blaise.

“I’m sorry.” He whispered. “I was so angry, I couldn’t stop the words from coming out.”

“It’s okay, Harry.” Blaise stated back, his voice falsely strong and calm, but Harry could hear the slight waver underneath. “I know that your Dracken is still angry at me for not getting you pregnant, that won’t change until you are actually pregnant.”

Blaise pushed at Harry’s shoulders and gently sat him on the bed whilst he stood a few paces away.

“Blaise, please.” Harry begged as he scooted over and wrapped his arms around Blaise’s waist.

Harry desperately tried to hold his tears back, but one after the other they fell from his eyes. His Dracken was already rejecting Draco; he couldn’t lose Blaise as well. His entire world was crashing and burning right in front of him and it was all his fault. Such a freak, he couldn’t even keep hold of the men that he loved. Always a freak, freaks were always alone and they died alone too.

“Oh, Harry, Mio Prezioso, don’t cry. I hate seeing you cry.” Blaise crooned, gently combing his fingers through his hair and brushing the tears from his face with his other hand. “I know you need other mates, I was just being a little jealous and possessive. I’m the one who’s sorry, amore.”

Harry pushed his head into the front of Blaise’s robes and he cried even harder, words came tumbling from his mouth before he could stop them, he wasn’t even thinking as he came dangerously close to revealing his most guarded secret.

“I’m sorry! Please, Blaise! I’m so sorry. I promise not to be bad anymore! I promise to stop being a little freak, please don’t leave me.”

“Dio, Harry. No, I’m not leaving. I’m not going anywhere; I won’t leave you, Mio Bello. Please stop crying, please don’t call yourself names, I love you, Harry, I’m not mad at you.”

Blaise sat on their bed and he held Harry tightly. Harry breaking down like this scared him. He didn’t know what to do, Harry was so precious to him, to see him like this caused him great pain.
“I can’t lose you too.” Harry whispered into his robe and Blaise shushed him gently.

“You won’t lose me, Harry. I’m not going anywhere.”

“I’m already losing Draco, I can’t lose you too!” Harry continued and Blaise’s head shot down to look at Harry’s screwed up face. What the hell had Draco done now?

“Harry, Mio amore, what has Draco done now?”

“My Dracken is rejecting him!” Harry cried out, looking up at him with such a heart-breaking expression that Blaise’s words froze in his chest. “Max said that I’m releasing mating pheromones, I’m looking for another mate to replace Draco with! I don’t want another mate! I’m sure Draco is better now that the potion is gone, Blaise, I don’t want to reject him.”

“We must go and see Severus, now.” Blaise stated as he stood up, placing Harry on his feet and wrapping an arm around him.

Blaise used his magic to move the chest of drawers out of the way of the door and led Harry down to the dungeons before he knocked on Snape’s door, he could smell Draco inside the room as well, which would kill two owls with one spell, he wouldn’t have to repeat any of this to the blond at a later date.

Snape opened the door with his usual scowl, but ushered him in once he saw who was on his threshold.

“What’s the matter now?” He growled to them after he had indicated for them to sit on the settee.

“Harry’s upset because another Dracken told him that he is releasing mating pheromones. The other Dracken told him that Harry is subconsciously rejecting Draco as a mate and is looking for a new one.”

Draco’s face cracked in shock and misery. He could hardly blame Harry for rejecting him after his actions, but he had sincerely hoped that Harry would find it within himself to forgive him, even though he didn’t truly deserve it.

Snape looked at the submissive Dracken and he inhaled deeply, noticing the very slight change in
scent. He knew both Draco and Blaise would be unable to detect the change, they were already mated to the boy and would be unaffected by the pheromones that he was releasing to attract a new mate to him.

“The other Dracken was correct, Harry is releasing pheromones to attract another dominant mate to him, however the pheromone is not very strong, only those within a small distance of him would be able to smell it. This is good news because Potter will not yet be hounded by every dominant in the vicinity and also because there is still time to rectify this.”

“How?!” Harry asked desperately. “How can I fix this?”

“You need to spend more time with Draco.” Snape said, trying to keep the sneer from his face as he looked to the son of his once best friend and his once enemy. “You need to accept him and it wouldn’t hurt to be intimate together.”

“I don’t want to force Harry to do anything with me that he doesn’t want to.” Draco cut in immediately.

“I know what you did to me was wrong and if you ever hit me like that again, Draco, then I’ll beat you myself, but I never wanted to lose you as a mate. I’ll do anything to fix this.”

Snape hid a smirk from the three young boys in front of him. Perhaps having Potter as a submissive mate wouldn’t be the end of their lives after all.

He watched with a bleeding heart as Potter crawled from Blaise to embrace Draco, kissing the blond quickly and chastely on the mouth before snuggling into him.

“You still have to sleep in the cupboard room though.” Harry told Draco seriously. “You can’t come back into our bed just yet. My trust won’t stretch that far just yet.”

“I don’t mind waiting for as long as you wish, as long as I can hold you like this.” Draco answered, his arms wrapped tightly around the smaller boy in his lap.

Perhaps Draco had learnt his lesson after all, Snape thought consideringly as he watched the boy cuddle like a lovesick fool. He remembered when that was him and his mate. How young he had acted, how foolish they both were. He gave a small smirk remembering how his mate used to whine for his attention like a puppy and how he always used to give it to the little brat, no matter what he was doing or how important it was, he dropped everything just to spend time with his
beautiful mate and now he was gone. He could feel it in his heart that his mate was no longer a part of this world, but he would not stop until he found out why and who was responsible.

He glanced quickly at the framed photograph on his mantelpiece, risking a quick smile at the picture of his younger self and the beautiful young man who was sat on his lap. He wouldn’t rest in peace until he found out what had happened to his beautiful submissive mate.

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It had been two days and Harry had been down to Snape’s private quarters more times in those forty-eight hours than he had ever been before, either willingly or, in the case of his numerous detentions, unwillingly.

Every time he came down he asked the same question as soon as he saw Snape. ‘Am I still producing the pheromones?’ and he knew that Snape’s limited patience was being stretched to the extreme by the way that he had started to growl out a short, clipped ‘yes’ before slamming the door in his face.

Harry had spent every single free minute with Draco, talking, doing homework and even though they still argued and fought a bit, Harry thought that their relationship had started to strengthen, but he was still calling for another mate and Snape had told him that far from lessening, the smell was only getting stronger.

What made everything more difficult and made Harry panic was that he had started craving fruits and vegetables. He was in the first phase of his heat cycle and his Dracken still wasn’t recognising Draco as a mate.

Draco had complained and bitched about the cupboard room, as Harry had known that he would, but the blond still slept in there every night. Harry was so conflicted. He wanted to punish Draco for what he had said and done to him, but he didn’t want to lose the blond as a mate, he was unsure what he could do that wouldn’t be seen by his Dracken as him rejecting Draco further.

Harry had talked it over with Blaise and they had agreed that if Draco could behave himself, he could move into their bedroom and their bed at the end of the week, but only if he was on his best behaviour.

Nothing could have stopped the both of them from partaking in their more carnal instincts and desires, Harry just prayed that his Dracken didn’t see him having sex with just Blaise, whilst Draco was well within earshot, as him rejecting Draco further.

He knew it must have been torture for Draco to listen as he and Blaise had sex right in the next room, but it couldn’t be helped. He wasn’t ready to have sex with Draco yet, or god forbid, have sex with both Draco and Blaise at the same time, not yet at least, but he knew that he had to get used to the idea of the both of them being together in bed with him before he went onto his next period of heat. That is if he could reverse the whole rejection thing before then.

He sighed as he soared over the bleachers on his Firebolt. He was practising with the Gryffindor team and it just his luck that Ron, who was the Keeper for the team, had not grown-up over the Christmas holidays. The redhead kept yelling out that Harry shouldn’t be allowed on the team because he would purposefully hand the cup to the Slytherins.
Harry had finally had enough; his emotions were already highly strung and his anger was slowly climbing higher due to the situation he found himself in with Draco. He had yelled back that he was the Gryffindor Captain and that if Ron didn’t shut his mouth and stop at least one Quaffle from going through his hoops then he was going to replace him and he, rather cruelly, went on to say that they didn’t need him, Harry, on the team in order to sabotage the games so that Slytherin could win the cup because they were doing a bang up job all by themselves if they didn’t even have a Keeper who could stop a Quaffle.

Ron had not liked that at all and his face had turned so red that it had matched his Quidditch robes. Needless to say he hadn’t been able to stop a single Quaffle from going through the goal hoops during that practice session. Harry had pulled Ginny aside after the match and had asked her what was going on and why she had allowed Ron onto the team; he prayed to god that it wasn’t purely because that Ron was her brother.

“He was so much better at the try-outs, Harry, I swear. He didn’t miss a single Quaffle and his competitors were so much worse, all except for McLaggen, but he missed one and Ron didn’t, it seemed clear cut to me.”

Harry sighed and ran a hand through his hair. “We won’t be able to win anything, Gin if we haven’t got a decent Keeper. He hasn’t saved a single shot all practice; you said he was the same in the match against Slytherin?”

“No, he was worse. It was actually painful to watch that match, Harry. He’s my brother, but it was my first game ever being Captain and my face was filled with so much blood from flushing in embarrassment that I could hardly concentrate. It had been my decision to put Ron in the team and he showed all of us up, the entire school is laughing at us, not only the Slytherins. Ravenclaw now think that this next match is going to be a dawdle…they don’t know that you’re fit enough to play yet and we should keep it that way for as long as possible so they underestimate us and don’t have enough time to prepare.”

“To be honest, Ginny it probably is going to be a cake walk for them if Ron can’t even catch a Quaffle. We need to hold Keeper try outs again, what do you think?”

“You’re the Captain, Harry.”

“You’re my sort of Deputy Captain, you will take over the team next year as I’ll probably be unable to play due to my N.E.W.Ts, so your opinion matters, Gin. Should we hold try-outs or do we let ourselves be crushed by Ravenclaw and lose the cup for the first time in two years?”

Ginny sighed and scrubbed her freckled forehead. “We need to hold try-outs, Harry, but we only have a little over a week to integrate the new Keeper before the match against Ravenclaw, can we
catch them up in time?"

“It’s the Keepers job to stop the Quaffle going into the hoop, even I can understand that, Ginny. No fancy shit, just stop the Quaffle and stay focused.”

“Maybe you should take over the Keeper position then?” She said slyly.

Harry snorted. “You kidding me, Gin? I can’t keep still for an entire match; I have to be zooming through the air! I need dangerous manoeuvres and near Bludger misses.”

“You need to try and break your neck in every match.” Ginny grinned.

“That too.” Harry stated with a grin of his own. “Blaise is going to have a heart attack.”

“Ooo, speaking of your new little love interest, I’ve been meaning to ask you, is he good in bed? There are rumours that he’s got a ten inch cock, is it true? Come on spill!”

“Ginny!” Harry choked out, his face going redder than red.

“Ooo, it is true isn’t it?! Damn, Harry, did you luck out or what? Does he let you ride him or is he the ‘I’m on top and I’m staying on top’ type, I don’t like those kinds of men, I like using my legs to sink onto a nice cock.”

“Fucking hell, Ginny stop it!” Harry cried in despair as he covered his ears and screwed his eyes shut.

Ginny chuckled and patted Harry’s hair like he was a puppy. “There there, the images will go away soon.”

“You’re fifteen! You’re not legal to have sex.”

Ginny actually looked at him like he had lost his mind before she burst out laughing.
“You are so innocent, Harry it’s actually endearing. So do you and the gorgeous Mister Zabini do role playing? Have you ever played innocent virgin and predatory pervert? Or is disciplinarian teacher and naughty school boy more your thing? How about doctors and patients? You could have him give you a prostate exam with his cock.”

“Stop it, Ginny! Please, I’m begging you, just stop talking!”

Ginny chuckled again before kissing his cheek lightly. “I can give you some of my toys if you want them.”

“What are you talking about now? What toys?”

“You and Blaise don’t play with toys? I know what to get you for a late Christmas present slash Easter present. I wonder if Luna will help me.”

“I…what, Luna? I…no! Stop talking about mine and Blaise’s sex life!”

“Okay.” Ginny relented with a smile. “Can I talk about yours and Malfoy’s sex life? Is he good in bed?”

“Draco and I haven’t had sex so I don’t know.”

“Harry! You have been with him now for how long and you haven’t had sex with that gorgeous man yet? Shame on you!”

“I… he’s being punished!” Harry flustered out.

“Ooo, what for?”

“He spanked me, Ginny!”
Ginny’s grin ate up most of her face as she looked to him as if he had actually impressed her.

“Spanking, really? Harry, you naughty boy, I never took you for the sort to like corporal punishment during sex.”

“No!” Harry exclaimed, trying to gain back control of the situation. “He hit me too hard, Ginny. I couldn’t sit down for three days and that was with a bruise salve!”

“I remember when I had that gorgeous Ravenclaw, you know the one, the tall one with those big hands, I just had to have him spank me with those. I refused the bruise salve and I couldn’t sit right for a week!” Ginny sighed and got a glossy look on her face.

“You liked it?” Harry asked in an incredulous, slightly curious tone.

“Oh Harry, Harry, Harry. Spanking is one of the most erotic things during sex.”

“But it wasn’t during sex, Ginny.” Harry confided softly. “He did it to punish me for cutting my hair; it’s why I’ve been pranking him.”

“You cut your hair?” Ginny asked looking him over with a critical eye. “I didn’t notice. Well spanking for punishment is alright in moderation I guess, just thrust and rub against his legs the next time and get yourself hard, turn it into something sexual and then you barely notice the small stinging slaps.”

Harry scrunched up his face in thought before he nodded. “Alright, I’ll try it.”

“Don’t forget to tell me all about it!” Ginny stated lecherously.

Harry blushed and lightly shoved Ginny’s shoulder. “How did we get to this from Quidditch try-outs?” He demanded.

“We’re just sexual creatures.” Ginny sighed as if put upon. “We need nice, large strong men to fuck us unconscious.”
“Ginny!” Harry cried.

“Oh come on, Harry, I’m not an innocent little girl anymore. Charlie ruined that when he brought his girlfriend home and fucked her without using silencing charms this summer, Mum almost beat him to death with a wooden spoon.”

Harry chuckled and swung an arm around Ginny’s shoulders, they were almost the same height, Ginny being five foot four and a half and him being five foot five. Just half an inch between them, at sixteen Harry should have reached at least five foot eight by now and by seventeen he should have been at least six foot if he were following his parents genes, because Remus and Sirius had told him that neither of his parents had been short, but now he would forever remain at five foot five thanks to his Dracken inheritance.

He sighed, perhaps Ginny was right and he needed to have Draco spank him again to get over his fear of it, to prove that Draco really had changed and of course to practice turning the spanking into something sexual so that he could escape the pain. It wasn’t a true punishment so Blaise would be able to intervene if Draco got too heavy handed. The question now was, did he want to do this tonight or put it off until he gained more confidence. Would he gain more confidence the longer he waited or would waiting make him lose his nerve? Damn it he was coming towards a huge hurdle and he wasn’t sure if he could leap over it or if he’d fall flat on his face.

Harry was snuggled up with Blaise on the settee. He hadn’t told the brunet about his plan to ask Draco to spank him again; he wasn’t sure how he would react to it.

Draco walked into the room and sat down opposite them, he still wasn’t confident enough to sit near the both of them, he was afraid that every small move would get him kicked out of their rooms permanently. It wasn’t anyway to live.

After sitting in a tense silence for ten minutes with no one saying a damn word and the air getting thicker with tension, Harry snapped.

“Right, I can’t put up with this any longer!” He burst out suddenly.

Draco looked alarmed, more than likely thinking that he had done something wrong and was going to be rejected for it.

“We can’t live like this!” Harry told them, standing between them and looking from one to the
other. “I want this sorted out, NOW!”

“What do you suggest, Harry?” Blaise asked.

“I need to get over my fear of Draco unexpectedly touching me and you need to prove that you can touch me without hurting me, Draco and we all need to forget that this happened!”

“How?” Draco asked.

“You need to spank me again.” Harry rushed out with a burning face. “You have to control yourself enough not to hurt me, to not go overboard.”

“You…you want me to spank you?” Draco asked as if he hadn’t quite heard right. “I thought you never wanted me to do it again.”

“I’ve been enlightened that every dominant has a punishment technique that is instinctual, Blaise’s is squeezing, yours is spanking, you can’t change that, Draco, it would be like asking me to change my scale colour to orange.”

“Harry, are you sure about this?” Blaise asked seriously.

“Yes and if he gets out of hand you can intervene this time, Blaise, it isn’t a real punishment because I’ve asked him to do it.”

Blaise nodded and he moved to sit right next to Draco, who tensed up slightly at the proximity of the other dominant.

Harry breathed to calm himself as he slipped his trousers off of his legs, leaving him standing in front of both of his dominant mates in only his over large boxer shorts and his white school button up shirt. He was regretting this idea already. He felt like a tiny child standing in front of his parents waiting for a huge telling off and a cuff around the ear. Only he had never had parents to ‘cuff him around the ear’ he just got a harsh beating before he was thrown into his cupboard, or was locked in his room when he was older, and that was his punishment done with.

“Come here, Harry.” Draco coaxed him. Fuck, his voice had gone sexily gruff; the bastard was getting aroused from this.
Harry swallowed heavily, his pride going down as well, yet he kept a very tight hold onto his dignity, he would not lose that, this was his idea after all, Draco was HIS and no one, not even his Dracken was taking his blond brute from him.

Harry positioned himself over Draco’s lap, his head in Blaise’s lap, his oldest mate combing slender fingers through his hair, tugging on it soothingly as Draco slowly and hesitantly pulled down Harry’s boxers and bared his bum.

Harry’s face was almost purple red with his embarrassment as Draco’s hand caressed his bum cheeks; he was finding it difficult to breathe.

The first slap had Harry jumping, but it was nowhere near as hard as Draco had hit him the first time, but still Blaise held onto Draco’s shoulder with one hand whilst the other caressed Harry’s cheek.

“How was that, Harry?” Blaise asked him.

“Better than the first time. I just wasn’t expecting it.”

Draco smacked him again and Harry felt the sting, the brief burning pain in his bum, before Draco smacked his other bum cheek. Harry tried to think of having sex with Blaise, but as Draco’s hand came down it ruined the fantasy and he couldn’t think of anything but Draco’s strong hand smacking against his skin.

Harry resorted to the last thing he possibly could to turn this experience sexual, jabbing himself against Draco’s hip. He wasn’t really expecting it to work, so when he started to get hard he let out a surprised moan, which stopped both of his dominants dead.

“Are you getting off on this?” Blaise asked nearly silently, shocked and a little bit incredulous.

“Maybe.” Harry answered as he thrusted against Draco’s hip again.

Draco shifted and Harry was no longer bumping his hip but rubbing over his thigh, which was so much more pleasurable. He let out a small whimper, which turned into a moan when Draco’s hand came down on his bum again.

Seven more slaps and Harry barely noticed as he rubbed against Draco like a shameless whore, he did notice however when he was suddenly hoisted up and his mouth was attacked with lips, tongue and teeth. His lower body was straddling Draco’s lap, a lap with a very, very hard piece of anatomy pressing against him.

A body moved to the side of him as a mouth attached itself to his neck and suckled, Harry let out a
small whimper into the mouth that was attacking his own, a strong tongue mapping out the inside of his mouth.

His mouth was released as Draco moved to nibble along his neck, but Harry didn’t have time to pout as his mouth was taken once more by the very familiar tongue and teeth of Blaise, who tried to suffocate Harry by trying to crawl down his throat.

Draco tore his mouth from his neck and let out a deep growling moan as Harry started rocking his hips in his lap, seeking release. Large hands cupped his bum and moved his body faster, pushed him down harder and a whimper was forced from his throat.

A breeze on his shoulder had his head moving so he could see Blaise undoing the buttons on his shirt, leaving him dressed only in a pair of boxers. Harry turned back to face those lustful silver eyes, moving his hands to tug off the silver and green tie. Oh hell, he was going to have sex with Draco for the first time on their living room settee.

Harry’s mouth was claimed with Draco’s tongue and he rocked more firmly on the blond’s lap as a coiling pressure built up in his gut. He was close to orgasm now and he wanted it, he wanted to feel that blinding white release.

A naked chest pressing against his naked back had Harry wrenching his mouth from Draco and looking over his shoulder to Blaise, who was completely naked and not a damn bit ashamed about it.

Blaise grinned lecherously at him and moved to take over the inside of his mouth again. Harry felt a small pressure on his bottom lip and realised that Blaise’s fangs were out, opening his eyes, which had closed in pleasure and passion, he saw those black wings with their glinting amethyst scales.

Another set of fangs, bigger than Blaise’s went through his skin around his nipple and Harry arched as his nipple was sucked and flicked and licked with a strong tongue.

“How far do you want to go, Harry?” Blaise asked against his lips, detaching himself to speak and to breathe.

“All the way.” Harry replied breathlessly, holding Draco’s head to his nipple by those silky blond locks.

Blaise didn’t ask him if he was sure, didn’t advise him that maybe waiting would be better, instead he just nodded his head and went right back to pleasuring Harry. Harry loved that about Blaise that he trusted him to know what he wanted and didn’t second guess him.

Blaise lifted him from Draco’s lap and sat down on the settee with him on his own lap, for a moment Harry had believed that he would have to smack him for not sharing and for taking him from Draco, but then he realised that Draco had indicated to Blaise to take Harry from his lap and it was obvious why as Draco started stripping himself from his clothes.

Harry watched entranced as pale, pale skin was revealed, his jaw ached to bite red marks onto that unblemished skin. As if thinking the same thing, Blaise moved Harry back in his lap, bending him
backwards, until Harry’s mouth was level with one of those hugely muscled thighs. Harry sank his teeth, and the fangs that he hadn’t known were present, into that thick thigh covered in delicate, almost invisible, silvery blond hairs. The muscle jumped under his mouth, but Harry let go with his teeth and laved his mark with an apologetic tongue, licking and lapping before Draco wrenched his mouth away and bent down to claim it with his own.

Kisses and small nips to his belly had Harry writhing and wriggling on Blaise’s lap, making small noises that were devoured by Draco.

Harry was hefted upwards and his neck almost snapped with the unexpected movement, but Draco’s hands quickly cradled the back of his head as Blaise pulled him back up to lean against his front.

His two dominants growled at each other, but Harry couldn’t for the life of him figure out why, not that he cared as he smacked the both of them upside the head.

“You have a choice, you can either both fuck me, or you can both fight each other, you can’t do both.”

Blaise pulled Harry until he was on his knees pressed against Blaise’s body, he was held there by a strong arm wrapped around his waist. Nothing happened.

Harry wriggled and was about to ask what the hell was going on when a smooth, lubricated finger pressed into his body. His head fell back with a breathy moan, he tried to move on that finger as it caressed his inner walls, but Blaise’s arm wouldn’t move.

A second set of hands holding his upper body up had Harry moving restlessly as one finger became two and he moved more insistently to get those fingers deeper in his body.

“Please.” He begged.

“You need to be properly prepared.” Blaise told him stiffly, his voice strained.

Harry let out a frustrated little groan, but he forgot about his frustration as his head was pulled back by his hair and Draco’s tongue took up residence in his mouth.

Harry was jolted as his hips were gripped and he was pulled down on top of Blaise’s hard, blunt shaft, the cock slipping inside of him slowly as his insides gripped at it tightly.

Blaise clenched his teeth and cursed in Italian as he lowered Harry down until there wasn’t enough space between them to fit a piece of parchment. Harry wriggled and twisted, trying to get Blaise to move within him, but those hands didn’t leave his hips.

Draco lightly bit the back of his neck and Harry gasped, rocking in Blaise’s lap, which caused Blaise to let out a muffled shout of surprised pleasure.
Blaise lifted him slowly and carefully from his lap, before letting him slip back down, Harry cried out at the blissful sensation and placed his hands on Blaise’s shoulders and moved himself quicker and let himself drop back down. Blaise’s hands on his hips still controlled the majority of his movements, but Harry didn’t care as Blaise finally found his prostate and jabbed it.

“Blaise!” Harry moaned as he shifted his knees deeper into the settee cushions to help elevate himself better.

Blaise growled lowly as he bucked under his little mate, pushing himself into Harry as much as he could as his submissive dropped down onto him.

They set a fast and furious pace ready to bring their release as quickly as possible, unable to stand the gut clenching coiling much longer.

Harry released first, helped on by Draco, who had reverently started stroking his hard cock between his and Blaise’s bodies. The alternating speed of Blaise thrusting into him hard and fast and Draco softly, gently caressing him in slow movements had Harry screaming his pleasure to the ceiling.

Hot liquid spilt into his body and Harry let out a soft moan as Blaise slowed down his movements before stopping completely holding Harry to him with almost crushing pressure, before loosening his hold and softly rubbing Harry’s back.

Harry yawned sleepily, but before he could fall asleep in Blaise’s comforting embrace, he was passed off to another warm, muscled body, one that was still hard and in dire need of release.

Draco kissed him almost desperately and Harry kissed him back, arching his body as a hand slid between his legs and cupped his balls and the base of his rapidly hardening cock. The tip of a thumb was pressed into his stretched and leaking entrance and Harry gasped in pleasure and slight shock.

His body quivered as Draco moved him to sit straddling him, in almost exactly the same position as Blaise had had him, only his legs were wrapped around Draco’s waist and not bent and pressing into the settee cushions. He had no control in this position and his head fell back when Draco cupped his bum and pulled him up before carefully lowering him onto his cock.

Harry couldn’t help but compare the feeling of Draco being inside of him to Blaise. Blaise was longer but Draco was definitely thicker, it made his blood feel thicker as Draco wrapped muscled arms around him to keep him in place as he started bucking his hips to move that cock inside of him.

Harry let out a keening mewl as he wrapped his arms around Draco’s shoulders and let himself be moved, there wasn’t much else that he could do in this position except to feel and occasionally tighten his muscles around Draco, which got him a primal growl and a harsh thrust.

Harry felt Draco’s thrusts get harder and deeper, more rushed and Harry knew now, after much practice with Blaise, that the blond was getting close to orgasm. Harry clenched his muscles around Draco as often as his pleasured brain could handle. A smooth, dry hand wrapped around his cock and Harry looked into deep, lust filled indigo eyes before a mouth claiming his had his fully attention again.
Harry quivered and arched as the tightening sensation in his gut came to its peak, he could feel the blood rushing around his body as he locked eyes with stunning silver before his orgasm took him over.

“Draco!” Harry managed to scream before his mouth was seized once again by the blond, who gave out a muffled groan and emptied himself into Harry, his release joining Blaise’s.

Harry must have blacked out; either that or he had fallen unconscious because the next he knew he was lying in a soft bed with two warm, sleeping bodies on either side of him and no way to tell how much time had passed.

Groaning Harry started to move into a more comfortable position, but as pain speared through his lower body, he decided against it and lay back down in the soft warm bed, cuddling into the body he was facing and dragging the arm of the body at his back closer so that he could wrap himself in it like a cocoon.

Neither of his mates had thought it a good idea to pull the duvet over them and he was going to beat the both of them for their lack of foresight. No matter, he’d use their body parts as his heater and if they complained, well it wasn’t him who had forgotten to cover them all up after all, he had been fucked unconscious.

Yawning Harry snuggled into someone’s back and cuddled the arm in his grasp tighter and he slipped off to sleep again, before he had to get up and get ready for lessons in the morning.

A/N: Have a nose at the descriptions of the Drackens that are either in the story or that are suitors of Harry’s. Feel free to ask questions, but just so you know these descriptions are very basic guidelines only and some of them you have never even heard of before and some might not even appear in the story at all.

Arsenio Demetrius

42 years old with cropped black hair that is thinning and greying at the temples. He is Greek and lives in his homeland of Athens in Greece. He has charcoal eyes and black wings with slate grey scales. He has a few scars on his face, the most prominent of which is a claw scar running the length of his left cheek which he got from insulting a submissive when he was 22.

Arsenio is kind and gentle with Harry despite his harsh appearance and demeanour and holds Harry’s hand like it is made of spun glass. He is courteous and polite, respecting not only Harry’s wishes but Blaise’s as well.

Arsenio is 6 foot 3 inches tall with a slender frame. He enjoys politics and debating and has a
Ministry job back in his home of Greece.

Maximilius Diadesen Maddox? (Maddison)

31 years old but has a self-admitted mental age of 12. He is 6 foot 8 inches tall and has thick brown hair and gorgeous, deep blue, sapphire coloured eyes. He has bright blue, 28 foot wings with cobalt blue and coal black scales.

He enjoys cooking and eating as well as reading in front of fires. He dislikes the cold and becomes reclusive in the winter months. He is a Potions Master having gotten his mastery at 26, one of the youngest to ever do so. He currently works for a potions company that makes and sells potions to stock hospitals chemists and small clinics all over Britain.

Max’s laugh is deep and alluring, it sexually arouses Harry who is at the right height to lick Max’s nipples.

Max is very muscled and very fit. Harry can only just about wrap his legs around his waist.

Nasta Tabrien Delericey

36 years old, nearly 37 his birthday being on the 3rd of February. He is 6 foot 6 inches tall with jet black, 26 foot wings and yellowish-gold scales. He always has a small growth of stubble on his face. He has pitch black hair that is ear length and floppy. He has soft hazel eyes that have a goldish-green tint to them; in different light settings they can appear fully green or fully gold.

He isn’t as obviously muscled as most of the other Dracken’s whom Harry compares to bodybuilders; the muscles Nasta has are solid and compacted from manual labour and Harry notes that they strain his clothing every time he moves ‘like they want to break free of their confines.’

Nasta is a nice man, but misunderstood at times due to the fact that he doesn’t speak much. He was born and raised in West Wales and works as a Dragon handler on the Welsh Dragon Reserve.

Nasta can write, read and speak fluently in several different languages and can convey what he means with just a look. He smells like musk and fire and his presence soothes Harry to the point where he can relax so much he falls asleep.

Nasta is not a jealous or possessive lover and would punish his mate by laying his teeth against the submissive’s inner wrist and biting down just enough to hurt. He finds the idea of Harry standing up for himself sexy and is a very confident man.

Nasta finds the idea of a dominant abusing a submissive repulsive and becomes very angry if it is mentioned near him.

Nasta drinks pure fruit juices, his Father having not allowed him to drink any coffee or carbonated drinks as a child or teenager.
Henley Jackson

- Sixteen years old, birthday on the 17th of December. He is 5 foot 10 inches tall with a slender, only slightly muscled, willowy, gangly body that has the typical still growing teenage awkwardness and he has wavy copper brown hair which keeps flopping into his left eye causing him to constantly swipe it away and milk chocolate coloured eyes. He has a pretty, boyish mouth, rounded cheeks and a cheeky, toothy smile. His wings are 19 feet in length and are beige coloured with lemon yellow and light brown scales the colour of Demerara sugar.

 He is quite naïve due to his age and reminds Harry of a crack addicted puppy. Henley loves Quidditch and swimming. He talks a lot and needs a bit more confidence.

 He has an older sister who is also a Dracken, who is mated and a very over protective Mother and a Father who is pushing him to be mated.

Elder Quintalus Trintus

- 67 years old with short silvery grey hair. He is 6 foot exactly and gives the impression of a once fit and strong man grown frail with age. His eyes are a deep brown and are very kind.

 Trintus is now an Elder of the Dracken counsel and has earned the title of submissive chaperone. He has a female submissive whom he married several years after their mateship; they have had eight clutches of chicks and have twenty-seven children. None of them were Drackens.

Elder Justo Getus

- 63 years old with longish, slicked back iron grey hair turned black in places with oil. He has brown eyes that have the appearance of ice. He is mated to a female submissive and has never seen the need to marry her. They had twelve clutches of chicks and have thirty-nine children, none of them were Drackens.

 He has twelve grandchildren and only one of them was a Dracken, Dominic. Elder Getus is a determined and stern man who stops at nothing to get what he wants. This determination comes across as obsession.

Jensen Cian Kyron

- 33 years old with dark blonde almost brown hair and brown eyes. He has 25 foot, forest green wings and ocean blue and mint green scales. He is very adventurous and enjoys all outdoor activities, though he admits that rock climbing is by far is favourite.
Jensen is 6 foot 1 inches tall and is athletically built. He has gained muscles from the many
different sports he partakes in. Jensen is energetic and strongly motivated to keep himself in shape
which he has confessed to stemming from a childhood fear of becoming overweight.

He is nearly obsessed with his health and watches everything he eats; he proudly boasts that he has
never had a tooth cavity and states that his family has not had any degenerative inherited diseases
in four decades.

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**Elijah ‘Eli’ Waterstone**

28 years old. Birthday is March 10th. Eli has dark red hair and light blue eyes he is a fierce and
loyal man who would stop at nothing to protect those he loves and believes that family is the most
important thing in the world. He is just shy of 6 foot and his wings are 24 and a half foot long. They are a deep garnet colour with Heliotrope and cerise coloured scales.

Eli works very hard in the bookshop that his Mother owns and spends every spare minute with his
family. He often babysits his Nieces and Nephews for his two sisters and his brother, none of
which are Drackens.

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**Declan Yates**

-  

26 years old. Light brown hair and grey eyes. He has 22 foot wings that are cornflower blue. He
has pearl white and dove grey scales.

Declan is a lawyer as well as owning his own law firm. He is very devoted to his job and it is
because of this that submissives do not pick him as a mate.

He isn’t interested in sports or physical games, preferring his job over everything else. He often
eats out after confessing that he does not know how to cook past making himself a sandwich.

Declan spends his evenings doing paperwork and if he has time before he falls asleep he will read
an interesting murder mystery book.

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**Bartholomew Nasri**

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50 years old. Very pale blonde hair that is nearly completely grey and black eyes. Amber coloured
23 foot wings and champagne coloured scales.

Bartholomew has been married twice, but has no children from his marriages. Both of his ex-wives
(Humans) left him because he could not stop himself from reacting to the call of a submissive and
forcing him to attend submissive meetings.

He believes himself to be too old to find a mate and laments that he may never settle down and
have a family due to his inability to find a human mate who will put up with him constantly rushing all over the world to find a submissive.

StarLight Massacre. X
Quidditch

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Groaning Harry started to move into a more comfortable position, but as pain speared through his lower body, he decided against it and lay back down in the soft warm bed, cuddling into the body he was facing and dragging the arm of the body at his back closer so that he could wrap himself in it like a cocoon.

Neither of his mates had thought it a good idea to pull the duvet over them and he was going to beat the both of them for their lack of foresight. No matter, he’d use their body parts as his heater and if they complained, well it wasn’t him who had forgotten to cover them all up after all, he had been fucked unconscious.

Yawning Harry snuggled into someone’s back and cuddled the arm in his grasp tighter and he slipped off to sleep again, before he had to get up and get ready for lessons in the morning.

Chapter Fifteen – Quidditch

After that one night spent together, Harry moved Draco into the bedroom immediately and permanently. It was a tight squeeze in their platform bed meant for two, but it could fit the three of them if they all snuggled together.

Harry had chewed out both Draco and Blaise for not bothering to pull the duvet over them all and both had promised that the next time they would make sure to tuck him in.

Harry happily waltzed down to the Great Hall and sat in between Blaise and Draco, the blond sitting so close to him that their legs were squished from hip to knee, whereas before Draco had opted to sit on the opposite side of the table. Blaise automatically filled Harry’s plate with all of his favourite fruits and a few slices of wholemeal toast.

Harry reached for the jar of jam and happily spread the apricot flavoured preserve thickly onto his toast. He finished it off and then went onto his slices of banana.

Draco watched avidly as he had been doing for the last couple of months, observing Harry’s routine and learning his favourite foods and what were just passing fancies. When Harry reached out to grab the jug of pure, freshly squeezed, apple juice, Draco beat him to it and poured him a glass of the chilled juice with a small smile.
Harry lent over and kissed him happily on the lips in thanks. A loud squeal and the sound of flesh hitting solid wood made the two look over and down the table to little, fourteen year old Astoria Greengrass, who by the looks of it had pounded her small fists into the table, a scowl taking over her reddening face.

“What do you think you’re doing?!” She demanded. “He’s my fiancé!”

“We were loosely betrothed, Astoria, a betrothal that I have already written to my Father about breaking, you should be receiving the news either this morning or tomorrow morning depending on how important my Father deems you to be. I would expect it tomorrow at the earliest.” Draco replied coldly as he held Harry’s hand tightly on top of the table.

Harry sighed. He had heard all of this directly from Draco and he hadn’t been happy about it, until Draco had assured him that it was a fall back plan. The terms of the betrothal were that if Draco and Astoria were not married to anyone else before Draco was twenty-five and Astoria twenty-three, then they would marry each other to carry on the name of Malfoy.

With Draco now near enough mated to Harry for life the terms of the contract were broken and the betrothal would never be fulfilled. Harry took satisfaction in that small victory, Draco didn’t even like Astoria Greengrass, it would have been unfair to have married the two together and then force them to have sex to create an Heir to the Malfoy name.

Harry glared at the young girl, feeling very possessive and slightly jealous that this…girl could have been married to his mate. He situated himself in Draco’s lap and he snuggled in, enjoying both the feel of Draco’s arms coming up around him, holding him tightly and the look on Astoria’s face.

Blaise scooted over to the seat that Harry had vacated and hooked an arm under Draco’s and held Harry’s hand.

Harry revelled in the jealous looks he received. His mates would never leave him and he would never leave them, people could look all they wanted, but if they dared to touch what was his, then he’d carve them up like so much meat.

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Harry saw other Drackens floating around the school like ghosts as he went from class to class, it had unsettled him and he didn’t like them being so close to him when he hadn’t actually had his bonding heat with Draco yet. He had gone to Dumbledore when he next had a spare moment to see what was going on and the Headmaster had assured him that if any one of them so much as touched him then they would be restricted back to the Dracken compound, but they had become so restless stuck in the same building, no matter how big, with over a hundred other Drackens that it was becoming borderline cruel and there had been so many fights breaking out that the Elders were finding it difficult to keep control of the situation.
So Dumbledore had graciously allowed them to wander around the school and the extensive grounds and even allowed them to hunt the non-magical animals in the Forbidden Forest. Their presence was explained away as them being foreign students, and their supervisors in the case of the older dominants, doing a research trip to find out how magical England educated their young witches and wizards. Max hadn’t been able to stop laughing when Harry had told him this excuse and he had vowed to put on a false accent and ask every Hogwarts student that he met insanely difficult questions, calling them stupid as they inevitably got the answers wrong. Harry just shook his head having a little laugh about it.

Nasta had given a small smile and held him closer on their rock by the lake. He stated that he had been sneaking onto the grounds to see him for weeks, so he didn’t need the new freedom to see him. When Harry had told him about what Max was planning to do he let out a soft snort and a muttered ‘he always was childish’ before going back to nuzzle Harry’s hair, whilst simultaneously playing with the small fingers of his left hand.

As soon as the Drackens had permission to be on the grounds, Harry saw Arsenio for the first time since their walk through the Dracken house; Harry grinned at him and accepted the light kiss to the cheek. Draco had growled lowly and Arsenio had looked to him coldly.

“This is Draco, my second mate.” Harry explained.

“I see. I did not think you would enjoy the attentions and... limitations, of such a jealously natured mate.”

“I have every right to be jealous with you laying your hands on my mate!” Draco hissed.

“Hmm, I liked your first mate better, Harry. At least Blaise wasn’t as puerile and could actually control himself.”

Harry could see the friction and the tension rising and he sighed. Draco was not making the prospect of finding a third mate appealing. He absolutely refused to let Harry be near any potential mate that was older than twenty-five and he was downright hostile to anyone over the age of thirty, which included Max, Nasta, Jensen and especially to Arsenio, who at forty-two, was near the same age as Lucius Malfoy, Draco’s Father.

“Draco, please.” Harry pleaded gently, laying a small hand on Draco’s arm.

“He’s old enough to be our Father!” Draco bit out.
“My Father is dead, Draco.” Harry said firmly. “I don’t remember a thing about him! Being with an older mate doesn’t bother me, I’ve never really had a Father to compare ages to, so having a lover that is however old doesn’t register to me as being inappropriate.”

“It should.”

“But it doesn’t, so stop acting like this and let me do what I need to do to get all of my mates so I can have a family of my own.”

Draco growled and crossed his arms over his chest. He was still feeling unsettled and very possessive and he would continue to feel as such until Harry had gone through the final stage of his heat with him present. Then he would either return to near enough normal or Harry would get pregnant and his possessive and protective instincts would fly through the roof.

He watched sulkily as Harry laughed and strutted around with that Greek granddad and he felt his Dracken curl in anger inside of him. That man had no right to touch what was his!

Harry sighed as he curled into Blaise later that afternoon. Draco had made his morning nigh on impossible to enjoy. He was so jealous it was unreal. How could he find his third mate if Draco acted like an arsehole every time he spoke to someone?

Popping a cherry into his mouth, Harry nibbled all of the juicy red flesh from it and poked the stone back out with his tongue, placing it in a small rubbish bag that was by his hand that he was using for the stalks and stones.

Blaise watched him indulgently; a small smile across those sensuous lips as he tried once again to translate the book that Harry had given to him for Christmas.

Draco was on his other side of Blaise finishing his Potions essay, which was at least three foot longer than what was asked for, but as Draco had explained, where Granger just threw in every fact that she could find from the books that she read, he genuinely had a lot to say on the subject and found it difficult to curb himself to just a few feet of parchment. Draco actually enjoyed Potions, and he didn’t just love them, he adored them. It had nothing to do with him being a Slytherin, or that Snape was practically his Godfather in all but official documents, Draco got straight Os in Potions because he damn well worked for them.

Harry hadn’t known that you could go over the stated length for an essay, he’d thought that Hermione did just because she was Hermione, but in actuality the length of an essay given was the minimal amount that the Professor would accept, true he had trouble writing the required length in most of his subjects, but all of the time he had spent editing and cutting bits out of his Defence essays to make it exactly the length that was required, wasted. He could have handed in his essay as it was, gotten much higher marks and been credited for it on top.
No more, now his Defence essays were nearly as long as Draco’s Potions essays and with both Blaise and Draco helping and tutoring him in all of his classes so he could actually do the work himself now, who needed to copy Hermione’s fact riddled homework?

Harry startled as the cherry he had reached for was picked up by a large pale hand before he could grab it, Draco held it to his mouth with a smirk and a raised eyebrow. Harry chuckled and he sucked the cherry, and Draco’s fingers, into his mouth. He gave the fingers a little flick with his tongue before letting them pull out from his mouth.

Blaise snorted softly beside him in amusement and lent forward to press a soft kiss to Harry’s cheek as he chewed up the cherry flesh and poked out the stone.

“Why didn’t you just ask for pitted cherries?” Draco asked wrinkling his nose as Harry put the nibbled clean stone into his rubbish bag.

“Because they lose their juices and I find them dryer.” Harry replied simply. “They taste better this way, fresher.”

Draco rolled his eyes and went back to his Potions essay. The room went back to near silence, the only sounds were the scratching of Draco’s quill and the rustling of Blaise’s parchment as Harry finished off his large bowl of cherries and settled down to take a short nap, pillowing his head on Blaise’s thigh.

Harry was shaken awake after what seemed like only a few minutes. He groaned and pushed at the hand that was rubbing his back firmly to wake him up.

“Go ‘way.” He mumbled sleepily.

“Prezioso, it’s dinner time.” Blaise murmured to him softly.

Harry groaned as he forced himself upright, Blaise’s hands on his back helping him up. Harry stretched and yawned and still he felt so tired that he would rather just curl up and go back to sleep rather than go down to the Great Hall to eat.

“I think we might have to carry him.” Draco’s smooth voice sounded close by, the blond was amused.

“Fine, just don’t drop me.” Harry answered, holding his arms out to where he had heard Draco’s voice.
“You’re serious?”

“You offered.” Harry countered.

Harry had only been partly joking, but arms wrapped around his waist and hoisted him up before he could swing his feet off of the settee and stand up on his own. He was held closely and securely on Draco’s hip and Harry blushed a light pink.

“I was only joking!”

Draco smirked. “It’s alright if you want to be carried.” The blond stated. “I don’t mind carrying you from place to place.”

Harry rolled his eyes, but he didn’t make a fuss. Blaise had carried him around when they had first mated as well, true it had been from the Great Hall back to their rooms so no one saw them, but he just didn’t care what people thought anymore.

He was a fucking submissive male Dracken! Why should such pathetic, human nattering bother him? All that mattered was his mates and his children, nothing else mattered, nothing else even came close to gaining his attention. Let the humans say what they wanted, as long as he had his mates and his future children, everything in his life was perfect.

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People stared, people pointed, First years gasped and all students of all ages whispered that the evil Draco Malfoy, son of the ex-Death Eater Lucius Malfoy, had hurt the wizarding world’s Saviour, the Defeater of Voldemort and his horde of vile Death Eaters.

Harry rolled his eyes to Blaise, who was walking behind Draco, keeping eye contact with Harry, who had his head pillowed on Draco’s wide shoulder. Honestly if Draco had hurt him why the hell would he carry his injured body into the Great Hall where there were twenty adult witches and wizards sitting at the Head table?

Harry was pulled from his resting place and he let out a small squawk at the sudden action. Draco sat down on the bench at the Slytherin table and sat Harry comfortably on his lap, holding him loosely around the waist.

Harry didn’t even try to move from where Draco had placed him, he knew the minute he moved to get off of Draco’s lap, those arms would tighten and tense and become unmovable steel bands or at least Blaise’s always did when he tried to move and his mate didn’t want him to, he didn’t see why
Draco would be any different.

He scanned the table and nothing really took his fancy as Draco and Blaise both served themselves gracefully with all the manners that had been beaten into their young, impressionable minds. He tried not to notice the piles of meat they had served themselves nor the dishes and plates of the foul smelling animal bits up and down the table.

He was in the final stages of his heat now, only about a week to go before he was dragged off for ten days to have his body so pleasurably abused by his two dominants. He wondered how it would work. There were two of them now, what was going to happen? How would the both of them handle the heat? Would they take it in turns like they had during that night on the settee? Would they fight each other with their Drackens in charge of their mind and bodies? He wanted to ask one of the older Drackens, but he was too embarrassed.

“Aren’t you hungry, Bello?” Blaise asked.

Harry sighed. “Not really.”

Harry scooped a spoonful of vegetable rice onto his plate and added a couple of spoons of assorted steamed vegetables and picked at the small amount of food he had with his fork.

“Are you unwell again, Harry?”

Harry, and most of the Slytherin’s around them, looked to see Ginny Weasley confidently standing behind them. She placed the back of her hand against Harry’s forehead, ignoring the growls from both Blaise and Draco.

“You feel a bit heated. You better not be sick again, you hear me. The crucial game is tomorrow! Can’t you hold your illness at bay for another day? No, make that two days, we need you at the after party when we win.”

“Potter’s playing tomorrow?” The Ravenclaw Quidditch Captain, Roger Davis, asked with horror written on his face. He had overheard Ginny talking, not surprising seeing as he was sat almost directly behind where she was standing.

“He sure is, Roger-boy.” Ginny answered with a grin. “If he can hold his sickness off until tomorrow that is.”
“I’m sure I can play tomorrow, Gin.” Harry answered. “But I can feel the sickness creeping up on me again. This sucks.”

“Damn right it does, as long as you’re better for when we play Hufflepuff.”

Harry rolled his eyes and took a nibble of some steamed broccoli. Roger Davis was rushing up and down the Ravenclaw table rounding up his team. They were whining and complaining about being dragged from their dinners, until he shut them up with a curt “Potter is fit enough to play tomorrow! He’s back on the Gryffindor team and we have been practising for Weasley being the Seeker! Get your arses on the pitch.”

Harry chuckled lightly. “Think they’ll get in enough practice to beat lil old me by tomorrow?”

“Not a chance.” Ginny stated happily. “You heard Davis, they’ve been practising for me being the Seeker and I’m nowhere near your league, you could go pro if you wanted to.”

“You just have a head on your shoulders, Gin. Me, I don’t care what it takes as long as that snitch is in my hand at the end of the match.”

“Or in your mouth.” Ginny added slyly.

Harry grinned as he remembered his first ever match and nodded. “I don’t care where it ends up as long as I still get the points for catching it.”

“You might regret saying that if you read One Hundred Awkward Snitch Captures. One poor guy got one lodged right up his arse after a bludger hit the snitch and propelled it through the seam stitching of his leggings and right up into his rectum, poor guy had to have a Healer shove his hand up after it to yank it out because a snitch repels magic to stop the Seeker from summoning it during a match. He got the one hundred and fifty points though.”

Harry burst out laughing and almost choked on a baby carrot.

“That is a vile discussion to have whilst we are dining, Weasley. Are you so uncouth that you cannot restrain yourself whilst others are eating?” Parkinson sniffed pompously, delicately dabbing her mouth with a napkin before folding her knife over her fork and pushing her half eaten plate away from her body.
“Well everyone else dining has to put up with your vile face, Parkinson, I’m sure they can handle the conversation.” Ginny scathed back.

“Why you disgusting little blood traitor!”

“Don’t you speak to her like that!” Harry hissed, flicking a spoonful of buttered peas at the rude Slytherin.

“Don’t play with your food, Harry.” Draco admonished lightly, but otherwise ignored that his mate had just thrown a spoonful of peas and butter at his housemate, who was squawking and shrieking at her butter stained robes.

“These robes are made from crushed velvet, Potter! Velvet!”

“Then maybe you should have worn plain cotton ones like everyone else.” Harry stated simply, scooping up some rice to nibble on.

Ginny was roaring with laughter behind him and leant forward to rest against Draco’s back, who stiffened and opened his mouth to demand her to get the hell off of him, but Harry pushed a baby corn into his mouth and pecked his lips with a smile.

He reached over and tugged on Ginny’s flaming red hair and grinned at her, laughing lightly at her obvious, and infectious, laughter.

Ginny wrapped her arms around Malfoy and squeezed him.

“Damn Harry, why do you get all the good ones? Just feel these shoulders!”

“Stop molesting my ma…boyfriend please, Ginny.”

“What were you going to say before boyfriend hmm, Harry?” Ginny asked with a salacious grin. “Have you given Malfoy here a cute nickname? Suppose anything’s better than pale, pointy ferret.”
“That does it, get off of me, Weasley! Now!”

“Tetchy tetchy. So what is his nickname, Harry?” Ginny asked again as she straightened up before she fell flat on her face because Draco had twisted his shoulder out from under her.

“I was going to say man, but they don’t like me calling them my man, says it sounds too plebeian.” Harry said to cover himself.

“It is plebeian.” Draco sniffed, puffing himself up like a peacock.

Ginny giggled girlishly at Draco’s actions and Harry gave her a look which clearly stated that she was losing it. It made her giggle harder.

“I’ll be fighting fit for tomorrow, Gin, have you told Ron that he isn’t playing?”

“Umm, well…no. Not yet.”

“Ginny! The match is tomorrow morning!”

“You’re the Captain!”

“You’re the Captain that let him onto the team!”

“You kicked Weasley off the team?” Blaise asked.

“Of course I did. He’s atrocious.”

“He wasn’t in try-outs!” Ginny defended.

“Well he is during the games and every practice we’ve had thus far. Put McLaggen on, brute can’t be any worse than Ron.”
“Oh Harry! He’s awful! He thinks I’m the Captain still and he won’t stop bombarding me with tips and advice, I swear he thinks he’s the Captain!”

“Then I’ll cut him down to size and if he refuses to reform we’ll use Pauley Hendix.”

“Right, okay, we’ve practised with both. Hendix is young, but he’s a damn good Keeper.”

“It’s because he was the Keeper when he used to play Football when he was a kid, got right into the under elevens league, could have gone pro if he hadn’t have given it up to come to Hogwarts. I mean being on a broom is different to being on the ground and of course in Football you don’t have balls being thrown at you or Bludgers and snitches, but it’s essentially the same thing, stop the ball from going in the hoop or rather the net in Football.”

“You lost me, but I’ll just nod and pretend that you aren’t crazy.” Ginny stated, patting his head and leaving them for her Gryffindor friends.

Harry smiled as he watched her bounce away, her hair swinging wildly. He snuggled into Draco and yawned.

“Have you finished, Harry?” His blond pillow asked. “You’ve barely touched a thing.”

“I’m done; I think I’m just tired.”

“Weasley said that you were heated.”

“Of course I am, my next heat period is in approximately a week, I got flushed the last time I neared my heat as well.”

Draco nodded and he stood up, this time with Harry in his arms, one arm under the bend in his knees and the other wrapped around his middle and his hand holding the top of Harry’s leg. Harry’s arms went around Draco’s neck and he yawned more deeply as he placed his head on Draco’s shoulder.

Blaise walked beside them this time and Harry noticed that there were only a couple of inches
between their heights, but Draco was obviously taller and broader. Blaise was more slender, but hell if that man couldn’t pack a punch.

Harry woke up the next day draped over Blaise. He blinked and looked blearily around his bedroom and yawned widely.

He was lying on his stomach, on top of Blaise, who was lying on his back, the Italian’s left arm was wrapped around Harry’s back, the other was under Draco’s neck, who was sleeping on his side, pressed against both Harry and Blaise. The blond was sleeping on his left arm; the other was wrapped over Harry’s hip and was fist ing the waistband of Blaise’s boxer shorts.

One thing Harry knew for certain, he was not getting out of the bed without waking the both of them up. He groaned and tried to extract himself from the pile of bodies, but he failed spectacularly when he slipped in his groggy state of mind and accidentally kneed Blaise between the legs.

His part Italian, part French lover woke up with a scream that had Draco shooting up in the bed, his silver and pale blue wings bursting from his back in a spray of blood and wrapping tightly around Harry.

“What in the name of Merlin is wrong with you?!” Draco demanded as he realised that they were in no imminent danger and that the scream had come from Blaise.

“It was my fault.” Harry answered. “I tried to get out of the bed without waking the both of you up and I might have accidentally kneed Blaise in the groin.”

Draco chuckled gruffly, his voice still sleep roughened. Harry shivered as he heard it.

“I have to get ready, I have a match today.”

“Can’t you get ready without crushing my balls?” Blaise asked in a shaky voice.

“I’m sorry, Blaise; want me to kiss them better?” Harry teased.

Blaise grinned naughtily. “Yes actually, I do.”
Harry snorted and pushed his mates away to go stumble down the winding stairs that attached to the wall. He stumbled his way into the bathroom and stumbled into the shower. He’d be taking another one after the match, but he needed one now just to wake himself up.

Draco was outside the shower cubicle washing his face, Harry saw Blaise walk in with a pile of scarlet robes. His Quidditch robes. Blaise laid them on the bench outside the shower and went to wrestle with Draco for the mirror so that he could brush his teeth.

“You two are like a bunch of girls.” Harry told them as he stepped out of the shower wearing a fluffy towel.

He patted himself dry and jumped into his pale yellow Quidditch leggings. It was unfortunate that they were so skin tight that there was no room to wear any underwear; he doubted that even the girls could fit a thong underneath them.

He towelled his hair roughly and when he deemed it dry enough he threw the towel into the hamper for the house-elves. He pulled on his skin tight Quidditch vest, also in pale yellow, before sitting down to pull on the bright scarlet socks with two yellow stripes on the tops.

“You look gorgeous just like that.” Blaise told him, leering at him through the mirror.

“Doesn’t leave much to the imagination.” Harry grinned back, cupping himself through the stretchy leggings.

Draco chuckled. “You should have shared a locker room with Flint then, his bulge was the size of a Quaffle.”

“You actually checked him out?” Harry asked incredulously.

“Sure.” Blaise answered. “It’s only normal to check out the opposition and damn did he have the biggest package I’ve ever seen.”

“Probably the part troll in him.” Harry stated seriously.

Draco almost swallowed his toothpaste as he choked out a laugh. “The Flint’s don’t have troll blood. Flint’s Mother slept with a mountain Fae, it reacted badly to the Drow blood already in their genes and Marcus was the product, though his younger brother looks worse.”
“I didn’t know that he had a brother.”

“Yeah, the Flints were so ashamed of how he turned out that they are home educating him, hardly surprising, he looks grotesque.”

Harry was silently fretting inside. He had never once looked at his team-mates ‘packages’ he had never even been curious about it, not even as the starry-eyed eleven year old taking an after practice shower with the fourteen to sixteen year olds. It had never bothered him, but what if they had looked at him? He wasn’t very big, not at all and his face grew warm and pink.

“What’s the matter, Harry?” Blaise asked, noticing immediately.

“I’ve never checked anyone out in the locker rooms.” He admitted.

“Never?”

Harry shook his head and Draco grinned. “You mean the only ‘packages’ you’ve seen besides your own are mine and Blaise’s?”

Harry nodded a bit shyly.

“There’s no shame in that, mio amore.” Blaise told him lightly.

“What if they looked at me though? I’ve never thought about it before, but if it’s normal to look, then they’ve been looking at me!”

“You have nothing to be ashamed of.” Draco told him, wrapping arms around him and holding him tightly. “You have an absolutely gorgeous body.”

“I’m not as big as everyone else.”
“You’ve never looked so how do you know?” Blaise asked him. “You are about average, Harry, I told you that Draco and I are not going to be good indicators of size, we swelled with our inheritance.”

Harry pouted but he nodded his head. It had never bothered him before so he wasn’t going to let it bother him now, not when he had two mates who loved him for who he was. He was just put out that the other boys might have been looking at him showering.

He broke the two way hug he was getting and shrugged on his scarlet robes, tying them up with the dragon hide strings. He sat down and tugged on the dragon hide boots, lacing them up and then standing.

“How do I look?” He asked.

“Like the end of Slytherin’s dream of winning the Quidditch cup.” Draco grumbled.

Harry grinned widely and gave him a kiss.

“I can't help that I’m just so obviously talented on a broomstick.”

“Yeah you are.” Blaise stated, but the way he said it made Harry blush.

Harry pushed him. “I didn’t mean it like that!” He cried out.

Draco grinned cottoning on. “I don’t think it matters which way you meant it, you’re amazing at both ways.”

“You’re both perverts.” Harry huffed, walking to the sink to brush his teeth.

Blaise hopped into the shower and was out within five minutes, letting Draco hop in after him. Harry was in the living room polishing his Firebolt when they both came out.

“Merlin, between you two I’m surprised the entire morning hasn’t flown by, I’ve pampered this broom twice waiting for you to get out of the bathroom.”
“I can’t believe that you’re a Dracken and only take fifteen minutes to get ready.” Draco told him. “Ten minutes of that is showering, how can you go out in public without doing your hair?!”

Harry snorted. “If you hadn’t noticed I did comb it and then I brushed it, this is just the way it lays! I can’t do anything with it!”

“I’ll shave it for you if you’d like.” Draco stated seriously. “It might look better if you had no hair.”

“You come near my hair and I’ll gut you.” Harry snarled.

Blaise chuckled and wrapped an arm around Harry and led him out, Draco followed behind them still laughing.

They made it to the Great Hall and Harry spotted the exhausted looking Ravenclaw team dressed in bright blue. They all looked like they had been practising all night.

Draco huffed and shook his head.

“All the practice in the world won’t help them if they’re too tired to even play. Idiots.”

Harry grinned at Draco as the blond regally sat down on the bench and he happily sat next to him, in between the blond and Blaise. He perused the table and selected some cut up galia melon, cut up honeydew melon and cut up watermelon. He put a bit of each in his bowl and threw a spoonful of grapes on top of them.

“Is that all you want, Harry? No toast?”

Harry shook his head then cocked it as Blaise grinned. Oh hell, he was onto purely fruits; his heat was coming ever closer. He looked at Draco who smirked and he swallowed nervously. But what was he supposed to do? He would go on heat whether he wanted to or not and Draco and Blaise would both be there, he just prayed that they didn’t damn well kill each other as he whined beneath them for sex.
Harry stood in the middle of the Quidditch pitch with his team in the pouring rain and the harsh winds, Ginny had told Ron at breakfast, just before they had come outside for the match, that he had been dropped from the team and had been replaced by McLaggen.

He had shouted and yelled and raged, but the team had just left the hall to his profanities and Professor McGonagall’s shrieks about his foul language and unacceptable behaviour.

Harry was sure he was going to be looking over his shoulder for the next week at least for retaliation attacks from Ron. Not that he didn’t think he could handle the hot tempered redhead, but he really didn’t want to think on how Blaise and Draco would react to someone intent on harming their submissive mate.

Thinking about Draco and Blaise automatically drew his eyes to them, they were right in the front of the Slytherin bleachers, but what touched Harry the most were the little Gryffindor flags that they had. It made him laugh and caused the rest of the team to look at him. He nodded to the crush of silver and green Slytherin students and the two flecks of bright red and gold.

Ginny grinned and looked to him with a naughty look.

“Your men are behind you, Harry, are you going to give them a present for supporting you so much?” She asked with a wink.

Harry blushed but was saved by Madam Hooch, who gestured for both of the Captains to come forward. Harry smiled at Roger Davis, who looked like he had swallowed an entire case of Fred and George’s puking pastilles. He had the air of a man who was already defeated before the battle had even begun; it made Harry’s self-confidence soar sky high.

Harry shook Davis’ hand amicably and he mounted his broom, the minute that Madam Hooch blew the whistle he was in the air, the superiority of the Firebolt ensuring that he was in the air before anyone else and he immediately zoomed off looking for the little golden ball that would win him the game.

Cho, the Ravenclaw Seeker, tailed him, Harry hated tailers, they were right up there in his list of things that he hated most in Quidditch, along with cheaters, illegal bludger moves and Professors jinxing his broom.

The reason he hated them was because instead of attempting to find the snitch, they just followed him everywhere he went, getting in his way and distracting him from looking for the snitch himself. He was aware that she was there and he clenched his broom handle with his hands and knees tightly. He was tempted to force her to crash, but it was too early in the game to give his mates heart attacks with a sudden nose dive.

Shooting off to the opposite end of the pitch, the acceleration of the Firebolt meaning that it took several moments for Cho to catch up to him on her Comet Two Sixty, allowing Harry to actually have a bit of time to search for the snitch. He didn’t see it, but what he did see were Drackens, a lot of them, in the bleachers and dotted around the stands. They called to him like homing beacons, his eyes were drawn to them and he swallowed heavily. That wasn’t right, he shouldn’t have been drawn to them, he had found his second mate! He would not accept any other person as his mate;
He had already had sex with Draco that was near enough marriage for him.

Swallowing and breathing calmly, Harry zoomed right down to the other end of the pitch, just as Cho had reached him. He swooped upwards and hung in mid-air as his eyes scanned for the tiny golden ball with his new superior eyesight.

“Gryffindor Chaser, Katie Bell, scores another ten points! Gryffindor lead the match forty points to ten.”

Harry looked up at that and over to McLaggen who was hovering in front of his central hoop. He was a damn good Keeper so why the hell had Ravenclaw been able to score?

Harry watched as McLaggen saved a hard toss from Luke Bradley before throwing the Quaffle to Ginny, who sped off towards the Ravenclaw side of the pitch.

“What is Gryffindor Keeper, Cormac McLaggen, doing?” The commentator, a Hufflepuff fourth year, asked incredulously.

Harry, who had been watching Ginny, turned back to his Keeper and he sent a glare to McLaggen who was wrestling the Beater’s bat from Jimmy Peakes. Harry darted towards them and very, very narrowly dodged a bat to the head, it hit his shoulder instead, very fucking hard and he growled lowly, snatching the bat from McLaggen.

“McLaggen, you are a fucking Keeper, not a Beater, get back to the fucking goal hoops and stay there or I’ll call time and replace you with Hendix!”

“I was just showing him…”

“I don’t care what the fuck you were doing, get back to the hoops and stay there! Oh, and the next time you fucking hit me with a bat, make sure it’s not my most dominant arm that you aim for! How do you expect me to catch the snitch with my arm throbbing like it is?!”

“I just…”

“STOP TALKING AND GET TO THE HOOPS!” Harry yelled. He could almost feel his throat tearing at the volume.
McLaggen flew off to the hoops and Harry handed the Beater’s bat back to Jimmy and clapped him on the back.

“The next time he tries to take it off you, hit him with it.” Harry advised.

Jimmy nodded trustingly and Harry grinned before flying off again, he growled as Cho sidled up to him and began shadowing him again. He had to get rid of her; he wasn’t in the bloody mood for this!

“Now after that bit of inner-match drama involving Gryffindor Captain and Seeker, Harry Potter, yelling at his Keeper, who hit his own player with a Beater’s bat that he shouldn’t have had, Keeper Cormac McLaggen has gone back to where he is needed, but not before Ravenclaw stole another twenty points making the score forty points to thirty in favour of Gryffindor.”

Harry cursed violently and bashed his hand against his broom handle. He breathed deeply and scanned the air for the snitch, hoping to god that he actually caught it and he hadn’t been disabled by his own team member.

He curled the fingers of his right hand and pain speared through his shoulder. A bone was either fractured or he was bruised bone deep, he didn’t think anything was broken because he could still move everything.

He saw a sparkle of gold and quickly darted towards it, but it wasn’t the snitch, it was Nasta’s golden wing scales. Harry’s eyes widened in fear for the other Dracken. He was sitting in the stands surrounded by humans and he was displaying his Dracken attributes proudly for anyone to see, yet no one seemed to care or even notice…the rain seriously wasn’t coming down hard enough for those around Nasta to not see the giant freaking wings he was sporting.

Nasta saw him looking and smiled; he pulled a long, slender piece of wood from under his raincoat and he winked. Harry sighed, Nasta had spelled himself so that only other Drackens could see him, Harry should have remembered, it had been in the book that Max had given to him.

Going into a sudden and perfectly vertical nose dive from over a hundred feet up had everyone on their feet, yelling and cheering, shouting and jeering. Harry’s heart was in his throat, adrenaline pumping through his body, his muscles loose and limber. He pulled up at the very last possible second and he was exhilarated as he felt his knees scrape along the sand near the Gryffindor goal hoops.

Cho wasn’t so lucky and she plummeted straight into the sand and rolled off of her broom, unmoving. Harry should have felt bad, but he didn’t. He grinned and laughed. This match was Gryffindors; Ravenclaw no longer had a Seeker.

Harry’s smile hurt his face it was that wide. He did a couple of tight twirls to let out his joy, before he happily went back to surveying the pitch for the tiny golden ball that would get him off of his uncomfortable broom, out of his soaking wet robes and into the arms of his mates, hopefully in front of that wonderful, wood burning fire they had in their rooms.
Madam Hooch’s whistle cut through the howling wind and the lashing rain and Harry looked to see her calling for a time out. Harry sighed and he landed under the erected covering for the Gryffindor team.

“Who called time?” He asked as soon as his team were gathered around him.

“Davis.” Ginny told him. “He wants to bring on his substitute Seeker since you took out Chang. Great job on that by the way.”

Harry grinned. “I got her good. I can’t stand tailers and she was practically my shadow, I had to do something.”

Harry looked to his sopping wet team and nodded to each of them.

“We are doing great, sixty points to thirty is good, but not great. McLaggen, stay at the goal hoops, you got it, I am the Captain so you listen to me or you’ll be axed! Jimmy, Ritchie, you’re doing amazing, aim to take out the Chasers and keep the bludgers away from our own, you got it?”

The two young boys nodded and clashed their bats together with grins and Harry laughed at their antics.

“Ginny, Katie, Demelza, you’re doing great, watch out for those Bludgers and don’t forget that passing is the key to a goal!”

“That speech was worthy of Oliver.” Katie told him with a grin that made Harry blush.

“Are you ready to remount?” Madam Hooch asked as she fought her way through the wind and rain to speak to them.

“Yeh, yeh we are.” Harry answered and sent his team ahead of him.

“And here come the Gryffindors! Now that the little break is over we welcome substitute Ravenclaw Seeker, Heath Brodwick! Will this small, inexperienced fourth year stand up to the clear class and absolute might of the Harry Potter? The most amazing, most sensational Seeker and
broomstick flier this school has seen in decades!"

Harry grinned as he caught sight of the quaking fourth year. He had fought a dragon on a broom when he was the age of Heath, no one else here could claim to have done that.

Harry set to finding the snitch as quickly as he could; he wanted to get out of this rain before he became sick for real, which would be a disaster with his impending heat. What would happen if he was sick when he went on a heat period? What if he was injured or unconscious? Would his mates still fuck him if he wasn’t aware of what was going on or if he was injured or sick? Damn, he really needed answers to these rather important questions!

Harry could have cursed Brodwick as it seemed he was mimicking his predecessor. The fourth year was following him everywhere on his Cleansweep Six. Harry sped off to the opposite end of the pitch and let his gaze wander for the snitch, a little tip he had learnt was that the snitch never showed up in your direct line of vision, he had always caught it out of the corner of his eye, so looking around leisurely always worked better for him.

A bludger came about an inch from the tip of his nose and he leant back to stop it from crushing his face. He glared at the Ravenclaw Beater, Duncan Inglebee, who had hit it towards him. It seemed that Davis had told his Beaters to aim for him during the time out.

Harry chanced a look at his mates, who were physically vibrating from the power of their deep growls. He swallowed, poor Inglebee, he’d probably end up with nightmares for the rest of his life for that little stunt after his mates got through with him. They wouldn’t kill or injure him; Inglebee hadn’t hurt him after all, but the possibility had been there.

“Gryffindor Chaser Demelza Robins scores! Ten points to Gryffindor who lead this game ninety points to forty!”

Harry let out a relieved breath, Ravenclaw hadn’t been able to score past McLaggen, at least his Keeper was staying where he damn well needed to be. Harry gave a light glare to his Keeper, who had just saved a spectacular shot from Davis.

Harry floated higher and higher and he unintentionally took the little fourth year, Brodwick, with him. It was pathetic; Brodwick should have been looking for the snitch on his own! He wasn’t going to find it looking at the tail end of his Firebolt!

At a hundred and fifty foot Harry sighed and gave a grin as he bent down on the handle of his broom and once again went into a vertical nosedive. He pushed the broom faster and the ground was suddenly right on top of him, but he kept his cool and went down into the maintenance trenches around the entire outside of the pitch. They were used to drain off the rain water so that the pitch didn’t get flooded. He dodged beams and skimmed his feet in the moat of water that had already formed and was steadily getting higher as the rain came down harder. Harry really hated February games. It was always either raining, or if it was cold enough then he had even played when it was snowing before, being frozen to his broom in the process.

He came out of the trench and looked around. He couldn’t even see Brodwick anymore; he prayed that the fourth year hadn’t followed him into the trenches because if he had then the boy wouldn’t
be coming back up.

“And Harry Potter resurfaces after that spectacular and hair raising dive that left him travelling through the trenches! The Gryffindor Seeker is without the snitch, so we must assume that either he lost it in the wooden maze of beams or he hadn’t seen it in the first place and was looking to disable yet another of Ravenclaw’s Seekers!”

Harry snorted to himself, it had been neither reasons, he had dived because he liked the thrill of it, the wind in his hair, even if his hair was plastered to his skin by the downpour of icy rain.

He scanned the pitch and prayed that he found the snitch, this game had already passed the hour mark, he wouldn’t be able to go another hour, not in this weather.

“Ravenclaw score! It is now one hundred and thirty points to fifty to Gryffindor!”

Harry swivelled to glare at McLaggen, only he wasn’t at the goal hoops that Ravenclaw had just scored through, he was heckling Demelza.

“Fucking retarded ogre!” Harry cursed violently.

He gestured to Madam Hooch and called for timeout. He landed angrily and he waited for the rest of his team to join him.

“McLaggen you moronic monkey! What the fuck are you doing?!”

“She wasn’t flying properly I was just telling her…”

“I don’t care if she was flying backwards with her damned eyes closed as long as she scores points! You are going to lose us this match!”

“If you just caught the snitch…”

“Don’t you dare blame Harry for this!” Katie raged. “He is trying his hardest, he always does! How many times has he almost died trying to catch the snitch? How many times has he been in the
hospital wing due to a Quidditch injury?!”

“I will not lose this game, McLaggen.” Harry growled seriously. “We’ll lose the cup for this year if we lose this match and that is unacceptable. You’re benched. Where’s Hendix?”

“He didn’t think he would be playing, he’s in the stands.” Richie answered. “He’s in his Quidditch gear though.” He added quickly as it looked like Harry would burst a blood vessel. “I’ll just go and get him.”

Ritchie ran off to go and fetch the wayward substitute Keeper and Harry turned to McLaggen’s angry shouts.

“You can’t cut me from the team! I’m the best Keeper you have!”

“I can cut you from the team and I have as I’m the Captain, you may be the best at saving goals, but if you’re never at the fucking hoops then even the best Keeper in the world would cause his team to lose! I will not lose this game, McLaggen!”

“I’ll try harder.”

“Tough, you’re already off the team, I gave you fair warning and still you didn’t listen, now fuck off!”

“I’m so cold.” Demelza chattered through her teeth.

“I’m trying, but I haven’t seen the snitch once. I can hardly see anything in this weather.”

“We can’t even blame your poor eyesight for it anymore.” Ginny teased.

Harry touched the place where his glasses used to rest against his face and grinned widely. He loved not having to wear them anymore.

“I’ll up the ante, I promise, this match will be over soon and we will be victorious.”
“You always lead us to victory.” Ginny told him with a smile.

Ritchie and Pauley came jogging into the little open fronted tent and Harry had to silence McLaggen before he burst his eardrums at his shouts of how unfair it was that he was being replaced by a third year.

“Sorry, Captain, I really didn’t think I’d get to see pitch time.” Hendix told him.

“Warm up, Hendix, we haven’t got too much longer.” Harry told him.

Hendix nodded and began stretching as quickly as he could. Madam Hooch came over to ask if they were ready to get back in the air. Harry nodded and sent his team out before him. He placed a hand on Pauley’s arm.

“Don’t panic, Pauley.” He said soothingly. “Do your best and no one will hold it against you. You’re a damn good Keeper and we know it. Just keep your eye on the Quaffle and watch out for deceptive throws.”

Harry clapped his shoulder and mounted his broom. Both he and Hendix took to the air and Harry waited for Madam Hooch’s whistle before he zoomed off looking for the snitch.

“And Gryffindor have replaced Keeper Cormac McLaggen with their substitute, third year Pauley Hendix. We have to ask ourselves is this so their inexperienced Keeper can get some action or is Captain Harry Potter really that fed up with McLaggen?”

Harry grinned. His reason was most definitely the latter. He had put McLaggen on because he wanted to win, but he realised now that there was no way they were going to win if McLaggen remained on the pitch.

“Gryffindor Keeper Hendix has just proven why he has been brought on, what a spectacular save!”

Harry gave a double thumbs up to Pauley as he flew past, holding onto his broom with his knees. The rain was coming down harder and faster, he was soaked through and he was starting to get chilled. This game needed to end!
He redoubled his efforts and they finally paid off when he caught a glimmer of gold out of the corner of his eye. He shot after it like a bullet and poor Brodwick, who had been saved from the moat of water during the time out, had his work cut out for him just trying to keep up with Harry and the Firebolt.

His hand outstretched Harry felt the flutter of tiny wings against the tips of his fingers, two bludgers almost tore his body apart with pain as one smashed into his knee and the other, in a hit that was reminiscent of his second year, hit his elbow, shattering his arm in two.

Growling with the pain that made his stomach lurch with nausea, Harry cradled his arm to his chest and used his other arm, the problem with this was that his right leg was searing with pain originating from the place where the bludger had connected with his knee. He was holding onto his broom with just one knee and as the snitch suddenly went down, Harry followed it and his body fell forward. He quickly gripped the broom with his broken arm and felt bile rise up his throat at the pain that he felt. Brodwick bumped into him, his knee digging into Harry’s bad one, almost crippling him with the pain and Harry fell back as the blinding pain encompassed his entire leg.

Pushing the Firebolt forward in absolute determination, he easily overtook Brodwick again and stretched his hand as far as he was able to, his hand closed around the little fluttering ball and as the Gryffindors were screaming up a storm at their victory over Ravenclaw, a bludger crashed into Harry’s back, sending him forwards and off of his broom as his one uninjured knee was unable to keep him seated.

He wasn’t very far from the ground, only ten, maybe fifteen feet at the most, not like the hundred foot fall in his third year thanks to the Dementors, but he was already injured from the game and he blacked out as soon as he hit the water soaked ground with a sickening thud, landing on his already injured arm and knee.
Recuperation

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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Chapter Sixteen – Recuperation.

Harry blinked open his eyes and he murmured unhappily at the bright sunlight that seared his eyeballs. He breathed inward deeply and then let it out again in a gust of air. He felt fine, his body wasn’t aching, his bones felt strong and whole again, he could move both his arm and his leg without pain and his back felt perfectly fine and normal.

Looking around him it looked to be the day after the match, proving how fickle the weather was that bright sunlight showed through the windows where yesterday, it had been pouring down with rain.

He smelt flowers and turned his head to the side to peer curiously at the array of colourful plants and blossoms that took over the small beside table and most of the floor around his bed. A moveable tray at the end of his bed held a wide selection of sweets, chocolate, cards and treats, there was even a teddy bear poking its way out of a basket of fruit, half stuck under a pile of chocolate frogs.

He hadn’t thought that he had been here long enough to have so many get well soon gifts, but he wouldn’t knock being given free sweets and chocolate. The two bars of Honeydukes finest chocolate fudge that Blaise gifted him with every week had seemed to be insufficient in the last few weeks, now if it had been four chocolate fudge bars, then maybe the sight of so much chocolate would have made him feel sick instead, but then he had always had a major sweet tooth thanks to a childhood that had been deprived of even the slightest sugary treat, so maybe not.

Easing himself up, Harry perused his get well soon cards, noticing that most of them were from Gryffindors. Ginny had seemingly drawn him a card with a folded up piece of parchment, it depicted a badly drawn picture of a nameless monster eating the Ravenclaw Quidditch team, it was his most favourite card.

There were no less than eighteen bars of his most favoured chocolate fudge bars and Harry immediately snatched one up, tore off the paper and took a huge, borderline indecent, bite and chewed it with a happy moan as the flavour flooded his mouth.
He took bite after bite as he looked over his other gifts and found some more cards buried at the back, he picked the teddy up and grinned when he realised that it was from Henley, the cute little baby dominant. He hadn’t spoken to him in a while and he made a mental note to go check up on him, he always had the strange urge to Mother Henley, even though his Dracken now knew that Henley was a dominant Dracken, not a child after the kiss that they had shared.

He held the little blue teddy on his lap and he took the last piece of chocolate and scrunched up the wrapper and dropped it into the bin beside his bed. He looked over the collection of sweets he had and rather thought that he now owned his own private sweetshop. He picked out a jar of what looked like sugar coated jelly snakes, they were wriggling around in the jar and hissing disjointed letters, obviously the person who had charmed them was not a Parselmouth. He grinned at his own little inside joke, letting out a few bubbly laughs that he couldn’t stop from escaping his mouth.

The little label on the lid of the jar urged him to get better soon, from Draco. Harry didn’t begrudge the blond for not putting love from Draco on the label, his blond mate was a very, very private person and saying the word love in public was a problem for him, writing it down and leaving it, where anyone could see it, was almost a sin.

However loving actions of endearment, those Draco had down to a tee. He didn’t mind showing the world that he loved Harry Potter, he just had a problem with verbally confirming it.

Blaise however had gifted him with four of the eighteen, now seventeen, bars of chocolate fudge, had written him such a loving missive that Harry’s eyes misted over. He had signed it: Ti amo, Harry, come back to us soon.

Harry dug through his treasure until he found a jar of strange looking, colourful round balls, the label was written in a language that he couldn’t read, but the tag told him that they were flavoured hard candies from Greece, courtesy of Arsenio.

Max had given him a box of Ice Mice and a few Peppermint Toads with a small note that he was eagerly awaiting his awakening.

Nasta had given him a big box of cookies, only they weren’t your usual bog standard biscuit. They were nearly the size of his face and had four types of chocolate in them. Milk chocolate, white chocolate, dark chocolate and to his everlasting joy, fudge chocolate. Nasta had had them custom made just for him, because apparently he was the only person Nasta knew who mainlined fudge flavoured chocolate. Nasta’s note also included how much Harry was being missed and how the big softie was missing their daily talk on ‘their rock’ beside the lake and that he missed holding Harry in his arms.

Harry almost melted under all the attention that he was getting from his prospective mates; Jensen had given him a strange, but wonderful gift. A photograph of the very moment he had caught the snitch, and dear god did he look fucking terrible! His arm was clutched to his chest but there was a distinctive bulge under the elbow part of his Quidditch robes, his knee was dangling uselessly from the broom and his face was streaked with mud and blades of grass clung to his face and neck like his hair did to his head. Not to mention the moving photo was ruined by the appearance of a Bludger that went right into the middle of photo Harry’s back, knocking him flying forwards off of the broom and out of the photo frame.

It couldn’t have happened that fast either, it had felt slower when he had experienced it, as if he had had all the time in the world to close his hand around the snitch and then to curl into a ball as he fell, it had seemed to have taken an age for him to hit the ground. This photo must have been speeded up with magic, it couldn’t have all happened so quickly! The photo showed that he had barely caught the snitch at all, a fraction of a second or so more and his hand would have grabbed
at thin air instead.

“Mister Potter!”

Harry startled and looked to Madam Pomfrey as she bustled to his bedside and shimmied him back under the covers.

“Thank the heavens that you are awake!”

Harry thought that this was a very odd thing to say. He had been out for the count for longer than one night before, true it had never been for a Quidditch injury but there was a first time for everything and he had felt sure that Madam Pomfrey had come to expect such injuries from him.

“How are you feeling?” She asked as she waved her wand around him.

“Alright I guess, nothing hurts, nothing aches, I can move all of my limbs.”

Madam Pomfrey nodded at what he was saying before consulting her diagnostic results.

“Yes, everything is in order, Potter.” She sighed. “Your mates have been very, very worried about you.”

“Ma…mates?” Harry questioned shakily. How did she know?!

“Your secret is safe between the Headmaster and I, he had to inform me of your creature status so that I was better able to heal your injuries.”

Harry let out a breath and relaxed. Dumbledore wouldn’t have told his secret without asking first for a vow of silence. He was safe still, his mates were safe.

“Your prospective mates have been stampeding around as well; I don’t believe anyone in this school has ever had so many visitors to the hospital wing before. They have all left gifts and cards. I have noticed that you have eaten chocolate, shame on you! You know I would prefer you to eat a
decent meal before sweets.”

“It was the only thing here and I was hungry.” Harry tried, knowing full well that it wouldn’t wash with the elderly Matron.

“Harry James Potter, you forget that I know you too well! You would have eaten that chocolate bar regardless of if there had been a full steak dinner beside you!”

Harry blushed and ducked his head, hiding his sheepish smile. Madam Pomfrey was of course right, chocolate fudge bars just called to him, he would have eaten it if there had been a whole treacle tart next to it. Well, he would have eaten the chocolate first and then eaten the tart, but the chocolate still would have gone down first.

“Now, have you filled up on chocolate or do you think you can handle some porridge?”

The look on Madam Pomfrey’s face told him that it didn’t matter if he was so full he was bloated, he would still be eating the porridge, so he nodded and let the Matron bustle about getting a small bowl of oats and mixing it with warm milk for him.

He clumsily fed himself with his left arm, his right arm was still stiff from the rapid, intensive healing that it had been through overnight. He looked out at the bright sunshine and realised that this would be a perfect day to visit Nasta on their rock, yet he didn’t want to be far from Draco or Blaise, so he’d drag them with him.

Finishing his porridge and letting Madam Pomfrey fuss over him, he was declared fit to leave, and he did just that, shrinking down all his sweets and presents whilst carrying his cards and the small blue bear that Henley had given him.

He made his way to his private rooms on the seventh floor of the castle and using his wand he poked the keyhole of the portrait of a solid wooden door. The portrait clicked as if it had unlocked and it swung inwards, allowing him to pass.

He carefully placed all of his gifts on the coffee table, being mindful of Blaise’s research work neatly placed on the one side, before he kicked his shoes off and went into the bedroom to find his mates.

He grinned when he found them on the platform bed. They were curled up together, their legs entwined, their arms wrapped around the other and Blaise’s head was tucked under Draco’s chin. They looked so adorable that Harry silently made his way back down the stairs and over to the side cupboard where he had left his camera. He made a mental note to ask little Colin Creevey for some development potion so that he could get a moving photo, not that his mates were moving much, but the soft even breaths and the slow rise and fall of their chests would prove that they were real people, and not just mannequins as the two would probably try to claim later on.

He snapped a couple of photos, because he was no photographer and he actually wanted one decent
picture, before putting the camera in his bedside cupboard before worming his way under the duvet and snuggling up behind Blaise.

Blaise made a small noise in the back of his throat and Draco answered with his own, Harry’s eyebrows lowered as he peeked at his mates from over Blaise’s shoulder. They were still fast asleep, but if he didn’t know any better then he would have thought that the two were communicating with each other in their sleep. Did dominant Drackens do that? Did they subconsciously speak to the other dominants to…what? Reassure the other that they were still there? That they weren’t a strange dominant coming in to take their mate? Why would they speak to each other when asleep? He made a note to ask them as Blaise once again let out a soft noise from the back of his throat and Draco answered it with a deep rumble from within his chest.

Harry lay back down and snuggled right up to Blaise’s back. Draco’s hand, which was holding Blaise close, flexed and slipped under Harry’s tee shirt, touching skin.

Harry giggled and squirmed as Draco’s fingers hit a ticklish spot. Movement and then Draco’s face peering sleepily over Blaise’s body had Harry smiling happily. Those silver eyes widened before the blond almost shoved poor Blaise out of the bed to reach Harry.

“Harry! How are you?” Draco asked, sniffing along every inch of his skin, touching every part of his body as if to affirm that he was actually there and he wasn’t a dream.

Blaise, who had been jolted awake, did the same. Harry squirmed between them and giggled as he was sniffed and licked.

“I’m fine!” He burst out as he got fed up of being stroked and touched.

“We were so worried about you, Mio Amore.” Blaise whispered to him.

“It’s been one night!” Harry cried out exasperatedly.

“Two nights.” Draco corrected.

Harry cocked his head to the side; he had been out of it for two nights?

“Still, I’ve been unconscious longer than that before.”

“Never with us as your mates.” Blaise told him seriously. “The entire Ravenclaw Quidditch team
has been put into protective custody, as well as that moron McLaggen.”

Draco growled lowly at the mention of McLaggen and Harry lowered his eyebrows again. “Why?”

“They hurt you, they all hurt you.” Draco hissed as if it were obvious.

“Well yeah, that’s the point of the game, though I admit I wasn’t expecting to be hit with a Beaters bat by my own team mate who wasn’t even a Beater.” Harry stated, rubbing his shoulder in remembered pain.

Blaise and Draco were immediately all over his shoulder, sniffing and licking it.

“Stop that!” Harry demanded. “Why do you do it?”

“A dominant mate can scent out an injury on their submissive and if scenting doesn’t work, usually in the case of muscle damage, we use our tongues to feel if everything is alright underneath the skin.” Blaise told him.

“Yeah, right, that’s not creepy or weird at all.” Harry grumbled as Draco gave a final lick before kissing his shoulder. “Speaking of creepy things why do you talk to each other when you’re sleeping?”

“We don’t.” Draco told him confusedly.

“Yes, you do.” Harry stated. “You were doing it when I got into bed.”

“What were we saying?” Blaise asked.

“You weren’t using words, more soft noises and growls to communicate with each other.”

“Oh, that.” Blaise smiled. “Dominant Drackens do it to confirm to each other that our submissive mate and our children are safe and that we feel no danger. Our bodies subconsciously seek for danger around our nest so that we will be able to react at a moment’s notice if something that
would harm our family pops up.”

“I didn’t know that.” Draco groused.

“You still have a lot to learn.” Blaise answered with a smile.

“So do you want to tell me anything?” Harry teased lightly after a pregnant pause.

His mates both turned to him and raised eyebrows.

“You’re sure you haven’t been holding out on me? Because if you’re both fucking each other behind my back without asking me to watch I’ll be very, very angry.”

The both of them spluttered and coughed and choked and both denied it vehemently and Harry clutched his stomach laughing.

“Yeah? Are you sure you’re not? Because you looked pretty damn close to me when I got here, I couldn’t even get between you, you were cuddled that close, you can’t even say it’s cold because it’s not.”

“We were not ‘cuddled close’, Harry.” Draco denied viciously.

“I have photographic evidence that proves that you were.” Harry teased in a sing-song voice.

“If you ever have that photo developed I will tie you to the bed and you will stay there for a year!” Draco threatened.

“Promises promises.” Harry chuckled.

“I mean it!”
“But I want it in my mate album.”

“Your what?” Blaise asked.

“My mate album. I’ve been taking pictures to document our lives together.”

“I don’t know whether to be horrified or think that’s cute and adorable.” Draco said.

“Well I have to have something to show the children when I tell them exactly why they aren’t allowed to have mates until they’re thirty.”

Blaise looked amused and Draco looked dumbstruck and incredulous.

“You can't be serious. You can't stop our children from mating.”

“Watch me!” Harry hissed.

Blaise chuckled and pulled Harry into his lap to cuddle. He pressed a loving kiss to Harry’s forehead and held him tightly. His Mother was becoming more and more demanding to meet Harry. She had wanted to meet him the moment he had informed her that he had found a submissive mate, when that was impossible because of school, she demanded that he bring his mate home for Christmas, when that became impossible because of the heat period, she became desperate to meet the person her son would spend the rest of his life with.

The moment she had learnt that he had mated, the very next owl she had sent to him asked when he was going to give her Grandchildren. He wondered if he had been as good a son to her as he had thought he had been if his Mother wanted Grandchildren and he had made a note to ask her in person when he next saw her.

“You’re thinking too hard.” Harry informed him softly, raising a small hand to rub against his cheek.

Blaise placed a hand over Harry’s and held that little hand to his face.
“I am thinking of my Mother, Bello. She is very eager to meet you.”

“Your Mother is frightening.” Draco informed the British born, part Italian, part French Dracken.

“No she is not.” Blaise replied tightly, the last thing he wanted was for Harry to become frightened of his Mother before he even met her.

“Blaise, she is six foot two and those shoes she wears makes her up to my height!”

Blaise sniffed and held Harry tighter. “My Mother is a dominant Dracken; you cannot expect her to be some small, willowy woman like your Mother.”

“Before June I didn’t even know you or she were Drackens, I was always terrified when Father informed me that I was to have a playdate with you at your house.”

“It couldn’t have been that bad.” Harry stated.

“I thought she would squash me.” Draco defended. “She’s more muscled than I am now! Imagine meeting her when you were five!”

Blaise growled lowly “That’s enough about my Mother!” He snarled.

“Can we have a picnic?” Harry cut in, looking from one to the other.

“You have only just gotten out of the hospital wing; I do not think it a good idea to go a sit outside for any length of time.” Blaise told him seriously.

“But the sun is out!”

“It is still February and it is still only three degrees outside.”
“Honestly are you wizards or not? That’s what heating charms are for, love! Really, I could do with the fresh air.”

“Didn’t you get enough fresh air free falling from fifteen feet?” Draco asked.

Harry gave the blond a vicious glare. Which made Draco growl lowly in his throat. Blaise’s arms tightened around him and he gave his own snarl to Draco.

“Do not even think about punishing him.” Blaise hissed to the blond. “Do I need to reiterate that he has only just gotten out of the hospital wing this morning after being unconscious for two days?”

Draco huffed, but he looked away, his tightly clenched body slowly relaxing.

“I just realised that I haven’t actually been punished since Draco took things too far.”

Both of his dominants looked at each other and then looked away.

“Ah, so it isn’t that I’ve been good, it’s that you are unwilling to punish me. I wonder how long that will last now that I know.”

“You are going to deliberately push us aren’t you?” Blaise asked with a sigh.

“You know I can’t just leave things alone. So picnic, yes?”

“Fine, but you wrap up warm.” Blaise conceded.

Harry grinned and went to stand up to get ready, only to be pulled back down.

“You can get some sleep first.”

“I don’t need sleep; I’ve only just woken up.”
“Have you eaten?”

“Yes, Madam Pomfrey made me eat a bowl of porridge before I was allowed to leave.”

Blaise nodded and let him up again, before stretching and following him to get ready. Harry called Dobby, who excitably got together everything that Harry would need for a picnic, whilst Harry, Draco and Blaise got themselves ready.

When Harry was bundled up worse than a toddler with an overprotective Mother, he took both of his mates hands and led them down to the lake and the boulder which he and Nasta had claimed as theirs and was the very same place where Max had snogged him senseless.

It took only half an hour before Nasta made his way over to them and Harry grinned in greeting, pulling Nasta down to join them, much to Draco’s ire.

Max wandered over an hour later as Harry was laughing at Draco and Blaise’s fake wrestling match. He was so happy that the both of them were getting on, now he just needed to wait for his heat and then find a third and final mate who would fit in with himself and with the two mates that he already had.

Harry looked up and then leapt up and ran to the young sixteen year old who was approaching. He laughed as Henley swept him into a hug, actually picking him up, though Harry shouldn’t have been surprised at that, Henley might have been young and slender, but he was still a fully inherited dominant Dracken.

“Henley! How are you?” Harry asked with a smile.

“Great! I watched your match and I was so scared that you would die that I had to come and see you. My Father says you fly like a pro, but even the pros can be permanently injured by Bludgers and you got hit by three! I went to see you in the hospital wing; my Mum said that I should give you a healing Teddy to make you feel better, I managed to find you a blue one, it was the only one left in a bin full of pink and yellow bears, but I found it and I hope you like it, it’s supposed to draw out all your bad karma, I’m not sure if it works or not, but I hope you like him all the same.”

Harry pressed his lips chastely to Henley’s to stop him from talking and chuckled lightly.

“I loved the little bear, Henley, thank you.”

He had missed Henley so much, he may not have been mate material, but he was definitely friend material.
Henley beamed at him and Harry tugged him over to their picnic blanket, sitting down with his mates, Nasta and Max. Draco took an almost unhealthy interest in Henley and they began talking, however when Henley continued talking without stopping for breath, Draco got a look of irritation and annoyance on his face. At this rate Draco wouldn't like any other dominant and it upset Harry more than he was willing to show.

Max had been more than a bit pushy at the picnic, he had even growled when Nasta had started playing with Harry’s hair.

It wasn’t too long after that that Harry had claimed to be tired and Blaise had immediately called an end to the picnic to take Harry back to bed, saying that it wasn’t wise to push him too hard due to the accident.

Harry said goodbye to Henley, Nasta and Max and let Draco carry him back to their bedroom. He fell asleep before they even reached the castle, safely snuggled in Draco’s arms.

He woke up a few hours later in bed, in his pyjamas. He smiled at the care his mates must have shown him as he hadn’t woken up at all through having his clothes pulled off or having his pyjamas pulled on and he was actually tucked in, his mates hadn’t once forgotten that he liked to be covered up since that night on the settee.

Stretching happily and ignoring the grumble in his belly in favour of the press of his bladder, he made his way down the stairs and went into the bathroom to relieve himself. He felt infinitely better once that was done and his hands and face were washed.

He listened closely to the sounds around him and he just felt that something was off. He couldn’t hear Draco or Blaise. Everything was quiet and it gave him a funny feeling. He cautiously went into the living room of his and his mates private rooms and his jaw dropped.

Draco and Blaise were standing next to a table that was laden down with a romantic meal for three, wearing dress robes and they were both sipping on red wine.

“Did I miss something?” He asked weakly as he looked down to his pyjamas and his bare feet, feeling very underdressed next to his two mates.

“You were asleep for Valentine’s Day, mio amore.” Blaise told him.

“It was yesterday when you were in the hospital wing, so we thought that we would celebrate it today instead.” Draco added.

Harry blushed a bright pink and shyly nodded his head in understanding. His first Valentine’s Day
with his mates and he was unconscious in the hospital wing, but then he had completely forgotten that Valentine’s Day was even close by. His only real memories of Valentine’s Day were all bad… Ginny giving him that singing dwarf, Romilda Vane and her spiked chocolates, gangs of giggling girls all waving cards and pink balloons and teddy bears. It was enough to make him feel sick.

This, he decided as Blaise kissed his hand softly and handed him to Draco to be seated, was much better and was more of his thing.

“I feel so underdressed, can I go and change?” He asked.

“You look absolutely fine, Harry.” Draco told him.

“I have said a hundred times that you look beautiful in anything that you wear, it is only us here to see you and we have seen you wearing much less.” Blaise told him with a naughty grin.

Harry blushed again but he smiled as Draco picked up a fork and speared a piece of asparagus onto it and held it out for Harry to eat. He took it into his mouth with a big smile and he chewed it up, so happy as Blaise had laced together their fingers on top of the table.

Blaise and Draco had a piece of steamed salmon on their plates with their vegetables, but Harry’s plate was filled with just vegetables drizzled with an absolutely gorgeous olive-oil based sauce.

Harry smiled as he realised that he would be looking forward to next year’s Valentine’s Day instead of dreading it as he had for all the previous years. Even in primary school when the teacher had told them to make cards and give them to their classmates, he had hated it, he had never gotten a single stupid, badly made card covered in dried glue, glitter and sequins, all the other kids were too afraid of Dudley to ever give him a card.

But no more, now he had two absolutely wonderful men to celebrate with, men whom he loved dearly and who he was sure loved him back. This time next year he would have all of his chosen mates and maybe he would even have children, would he be pregnant? He looked down at his very flat stomach and placed his hand over it, he couldn’t even imagine his body swollen with a baby. He had never had a stomach; it had always been very flat, concave at times, due to starvation at the hands of his relatives. Only in the last year had he been able to stomach an average amount of food for a teenager, before anything more than a third of a plate had made him feel very ill.

He had watched Ron as he devoured second and even third helpings of a heaped plate of food and it had made his stomach roil in disgust. When he thought to how much he actually ate these days it held no comparison to what he had used to be fed. At the Dursleys he was lucky if what he ate in a week made up what a normal person ate in one day.

“Do you have a stomach ache, Prezioso?” Blaise asked concernedly.
Harry looked up at both of his mates, the both of them with dual looks of concern and worry, and he smiled.

“No, I was actually thinking that this time next year I might be pregnant.”

The near identical salacious looks made Harry shiver right down to his toes.

“You’ll be pregnant before then; you only need the two of us to get you impregnated.” Draco informed him slowly and seductively. “Three days until you go onto your heat period and you can conceive at any point during the heat, we could have our first baby in several months.”

Harry smiled softly and rubbed his belly again.

“If everything works according to clockwork, you would be four months pregnant this time next year and we would already have our first clutch.” Blaise told them looking thoughtful.

“Since when does everything go according to plan?” Harry asked. “What if I don’t get pregnant on this heat?”

“You will.” Blaise told him surely. “You are too fertile not to, Harry.”

“I don’t think you worked it out right.” Draco stated looking deeply in thought. “I make Harry out to be six months pregnant after our first clutch this time next year.”

“If Harry carries our first child to term, seven months from now is September, he will give birth and then his breeding cycle will start again, so it will be two months before he goes on to heat again, so this time next year Harry will be four months pregnant with our second clutch, if he conceives. He could be two months pregnant this time next year if it takes a second heat to get him pregnant again.”

“Oh, so I dock off two months because I need to go through another breeding cycle before a heat period.” Harry nodded. “I think that’s going to be a good thing. I don’t think I’d like to be pregnant again right after giving birth. I actually want to spend some time with my newborn baby before I start popping out others.”
“Like I said, mio amore, you may not even get pregnant on your next heat or even the one after; it could take a few heat periods for your hormones to settle down enough for your womb to allow sperm to access it again.”

“Right, stop speaking now before I lose my appetite.” Harry grouched. “I don’t want to hear about my male body having a womb, it sounds wrong and weird.”

Blaise smiled indulgently and kissed the palm of his hand lovingly, keeping a hold of it as he nodded his understanding of a topic change.

Harry enjoyed the rest of his night with his mates and was surprised when dessert showed up. He had stuffed himself with the main course; he hadn’t thought that there would be dessert seeing as there hadn’t been a starter.

It wasn’t much, just profiteroles and melted chocolate to dip them in, but they were so rich and filling that Harry mainly used them to feed Blaise and Draco, who were both big men that needed feeding, like hippos. Harry grinned as he mentally called his mates various large mammals whilst feeding them more and more of the fresh cream filled choux pastry balls.

The clock in their living room struck one in the morning and Harry looked at it in surprise, all of a sudden feeling the weariness of the day take over him. He yawned widely behind his hand, yet before he could voice out loud that perhaps it was time for bed, Blaise had gently scooped him up like a child and was carrying him to the bedroom.

Harry smiled happily and as he snuggled into bed, Blaise on one side of him and Draco on the other, he wondered when everything was going to be blown to hell.

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Chapter Notes

A/N: Just so you know this is the chapter that will invoke the marmite effect.

Last Time

The clock in their living room struck one in the morning and Harry looked at it in surprise, all of a sudden feeling the weariness of the day take over him. He yawned widely behind his hand, yet before he could voice out loud that perhaps it was time for bed, Blaise had gently scooped him up like a child and was carrying him to the bedroom.

Harry smiled happily and as he snuggled into bed, Blaise on one side of him and Draco on the other, he wondered when everything was going to be blown to hell.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Seventeen – Everything Burns in Hell

Harry had been anxious for the last few days that remained before his heat period. Blaise and Draco had tried everything to make him relax, from baths, massages, hugs and talking, but Harry still had a bad feeling that something was going to go wrong. He had a feeling that something was missing.

He couldn’t put his finger on it, but all of the hair on the back of his neck stood up on end the closer his heat came. He got irritable and snappy and he didn’t know why, his Dracken side was rebelling and it was all Harry could do to keep his scales, fangs, claws and wings sheathed during lessons.

“Are you going down with that sickness again, Harry?” Dean Thomas asked during Potions on the Thursday, the day before he was supposed to go on heat.

Harry was shaking and sweating, he could barely sit still let alone concentrate on his potion and his fingers were digging into the desk edge.

“I think I might be.” Harry replied tightly, his voice strained and little more than a whisper, yet Snape heard them, of course he did, he was a Dracken. It wasn’t any wonder to him now that no
student got to hold a conversation in lessons with Snape within a ten foot radius.

“Something to share with the class, Potter?” He asked silkily.

“No, Sir, I just…I think I’m unwell.”

“Again? Surely this is milking your illness for everything it’s worth, Potter. Don’t you think that you have taken it just a tad too far?”

Harry didn’t take anything the Professor said to heart, he knew that the man had to remain in character so no one realised that they were all illegal creatures, but it was so difficult today and he would have snapped had it not been for his courageous Gryffindor friends. His stupid, foolish, Gryffindor friends, jumping in before he could do so himself.

“Harry is not milking his illness!” Dean shouted, enraged on Harry’s behalf.

“He’s really ill!” Seamus added. “All you have to do is look at him to know that!”

“I think you’re being unfair, Professor, Harry does look unwell and he has been suffering lately, I heard Madam Pomfrey say so!” Parvati joined in, Lavender nodding seriously beside her.

Harry smiled. He was so, so happy that he had friends in Gryffindor still, friends who could hardly care less that he was in love and going out with two Slytherins, in fact Lavender and Parvati constantly begged him for little titbits of his personal life, asking him all sorts of questions that made his face light up like a flame. Them and Ginny too, who was still trying to grill him for details on his sex life with Blaise and Draco.

“Silence!” Snape hissed. “Twenty points from Gryffindor. Zabini, Malfoy, take Potter to the hospital wing as he obviously wishes for more people to fawn over him.”

Blaise was immediately by his side, helping him gently to his feet as Draco wrapped an arm around his back to support him on his jelly like legs.

“Attention seeking prat.” Ron said loudly enough for Harry to hear him, as well as half the class
and a certain dominant Dracken.

“Ten more points from Gryffindor and a detention tonight, Weasley for disrupting my class further! What will it take for you to learn to keep your abnormally large mouth closed?!” Snape snapped.

Harry giggled, but hid it under a hacking cough, draping himself over Blaise, who half dragged; half carried him out of the Potions classroom.

Harry was sweating profusely by the time that Draco and Blaise had led him to the seventh floor from the dungeons and he was out of breath when they finally reached their rooms. He collapsed onto their settee and just lay there whining deeply in the back of his throat.

“I don’t know what’s wrong with you, diletto. I’m sorry.” Blaise apologised as he caressed his cheek, looking so apologetic that it was borderline pathetic.

Harry smiled and turned to lay a kiss to the hand on his face. “You can’t know everything, Blaise. Maybe this is what a second heat is supposed to be like.”

“We’ll wait for Severus.” Draco told him worriedly. “He’ll know what’s wrong. He’s older than all of us, he can help.”

Harry nodded slowly as he settled down more into the soft cushions. He couldn’t control the continuous whine, he couldn’t stop it and it made it very difficult to fall asleep, but somehow he managed it.

He woke up to a rough hand on his forehead and he hissed pitifully at it rolling away to stop the dominant Dracken from touching him.

“Kindly keep still, Mister Potter.” Snape’s silky drawl cut through his sleepy hissing and Harry frowned a bit, but he remained still as that hand clamped down over his forehead again. “You’re temperature shouldn’t have risen this high.”

“He is on his heat tomorrow.” Draco pointed out, his voice coming from the chair behind Snape.

“It still shouldn’t be this high. Harry, have you accepted Draco? This sort of occurrence only happens when you don’t have all of your mates around you in the week commencing your heat.”
“Yes.” Harry answered immediately with no preamble or hesitation.

“Perhaps the rejection messed with the breeding cycle.” Snape hedged looking thoughtful. “No submissive has ever partly rejected a dominant and then taken the same dominant as a mate.”

“What are you saying?” Harry asked worriedly, he had come to love Draco, he couldn’t lose him now.

“That perhaps your Dracken hasn’t fully accepted Draco back.”

“Well that will be sorted by the heat won’t it? I love Draco, I don’t care what my Dracken wants, he’s mine!”

“You may not have a choice in that, Mister Potter.”

“Damn well watch me have a choice!” Harry snarled.

He couldn’t believe that after everything he might still lose Draco. It wasn’t a bloody option!

“We will ultimately find out tomorrow.” Snape said, before rising to his feet from his knelt down position by the settee.

“There is nothing you can do?” Blaise asked.

“I cannot do anything, Mister Zabini, because I do not know what the problem is.”

Blaise nodded and the three of them watched as Snape left their rooms and shut the door behind him. Harry looked at his two mates and bit his lip. Come tomorrow everything could be blissfully wonderful, or everything would be utterly ruined.
Harry’s eyes snapped open and he breathed in deeply, wide awake in a matter of seconds. He rolled on the bed between his mates; sweat beading on his body which felt constrained by his clothing.

He kicked off his boxer shorts and yanked off his sleep shirt. He rolled around and pulled in another deep breath. He remembered this part of the heat all too well and he wasn’t happy to have to go through the burning again, he hated the feeling of being burnt alive.

He mewedled and whined in distress and both Blaise and Draco were awake within moments, both touching him, both kissing every inch of his body, both ripping off the minimal clothing they had gone to bed in.

Blaise took over his mouth as Draco latched onto a nipple, sucking it viciously. Harry arched from the bed and twisted his hands into Blaise’s hair, tugging on it and pulling him closer.

Draco’s mouth slid from his nipple and down to his side, nipping gently on the soft flesh of his belly, his hand cupping his bum and squeezing it, making Harry moan into Blaise’s mouth.

Blaise pulled Harry’s body under his own and Harry felt the hardness that pressed against him. Somewhere in the back of his mind he had thought that Draco would be the one to take him first, but the thought was driven from his mind by a single forward thrust of Blaise’s hips as his mate imbedded himself inside of his body.

Harry mewedled as he jerked in response to Blaise’s movements, feeling only a small burn in his lower back at the sudden completion caused by his mate’s body joining his through his tiny entrance. The small burn couldn’t ever hope to achieve the level of pure heat and searing discomfort that his body already felt and was very quickly forgotten as Blaise started to move within him as Draco moved his mouth down to nibble and lick his hips.

Harry screamed and instinctually moved his body to encase Blaise within him, his claws keeping his chest pressed to Blaise’s, even as Draco came between their lower bodies, stopping them from being completely together as one. It didn’t matter, Draco was a part of them, Draco was a mate, but he wasn’t the only one. Harry needed all of his mates to get him pregnant and he wanted so desperately to become so.

He threw his head back and let out a very loud, high pitched wail. He wanted to be pregnant, he wanted a child, he didn’t care if it would be his only baby, but he wanted one, just the one. He begged through his continuous whine that his mates give him just one baby. He would be content then.

Blaise stilled within him and Harry felt the flood of hot wetness within him, but before he could bask in the feel of his mate’s fertile seed within him, he was filled once more by a thicker cock that belonged to Draco.

Harry screamed again and hooked his legs around Draco’s hips pulling his mate into his body, desperate to get rid of the pulsing heat that was destroying his body piece by piece, desperate to have just one child to love and care for.

Blaise slid behind him and Harry’s hands, including his claws, were pulled off of Draco’s shoulders and he was pulled backwards to lay on Blaise’s lap, his hard cock jutting out beside Harry’s cheek.

Harry knew what his mate wanted and he twisted his upper body as much as he could and wrapped
his mouth lovingly around the hard flesh that he had grown to love. He moaned and screamed around it as Draco viciously thrust into his body, striking his prostate and turning his body boneless in unending pleasure.

Harry sucked and licked at Blaise, despite two of his mate’s fingers in his mouth, caught between his upper and lower jaw, Harry didn’t know why Blaise did it, but he soon found out when Draco unexpectedly caught his prostate and released inside of him. Harry’s own orgasm took over him and his jaw automatically clenched shut over Blaise’s fingers, which were the only things stopping Harry from biting a very delicate part of Blaise clean off.

His mates didn’t give him a moment to rest and Harry soon found himself settling over Blaise, who was still lying against the pillows from when Harry had sucked him off. He bounced on his mate and gasped a bit at the feeling of being completely filled in a different way as Blaise reached further into his body than before.

“Bello. Ti amo. This may hurt just slightly more, Mio amore.” Blaise told him in a raw and guttural voice that Harry barely recognised but knew on an instinctual level.

“Ti amo, Blaise. I love you, Draco.” Harry whispered right before Draco pushed himself in along with Blaise.

Harry screamed but it wasn’t entirely from pleasure as the slight burn in his lower back and bum turned into a flare of white hot pain. He convulsed on his mates and they held him and stroked him, kissing, licking, laving, touching, caressing, anything to take his mind off of the pain.

Draco licked an erogenous patch of skin just behind his ear and Harry moaned as Draco manipulated it to his will, sucking on it and lightly nibbling it.

Blaise rolled his hips slowly and Harry whined as Blaise rubbed against his prostate. Blaise repeated his previous movements and steadily got faster. The pain was forgotten as the heat washed away all inhibitions and Harry gurgled as Draco drew himself fully out before pushing back in.

Soon Blaise started thrusting in and out as well and Harry couldn’t keep up, he lay down on Blaise’s chest and succumbed to the slow insanity of being taken by both of his mates simultaneously. He gasped and moaned as his body was taken well beyond its threshold of pleasure, he screamed out his orgasm as his body clenched around Draco and Blaise, making the space they were occupying smaller, causing him to feel filled beyond anything he had ever felt before.

Draco and Blaise rode out his orgasm and kept themselves hard through sheer stubborn will power, bringing Harry to full hardness once more and continuing to thrust into his body to sate their instincts and the heat period.

Everything seemed wrong on this heat period, his mind wasn’t slipping off fully, he felt wrong… this felt wrong and he didn’t know why and the pain of being burnt by his heat was steadily growing, it wasn’t being washed away by his mates’ attentions, it was just growing and growing and he called out again, this time slipping in a distress call as the pain and the confusion panicked
It was sometime through his fourth orgasm that Harry became aware that something else wasn’t quite right. There were too many hands touching him now, too many mouths. He had the momentary thought that he had been driven insane by the sensations caused by his dual mates and the wrong feeling heat period, but then he opened to eyes to count three heads, not two, six hands, not four, three mouths, not two. There was another person here with them, another person disrupting their heat, but then Harry realised that no…this person, this man, was not interrupting their heat at all, he was joining in, he was touching and caressing him, kissing and licking, but Harry felt completely at ease.

Draco and Blaise were including this new man, they weren’t fighting him, they were at ease with him, they were sharing with him and Harry was frightened. Who was this man and why was he joining in on their mating, their heat, the heat he was on to fully bond with Draco, his second mate?

“Hush, little love.” The man whispered seductively into his ear. “I felt your call and I answered, you wish for babies, I can give them to you.”

Harry’s back bowed as the man pressed into him, hell he was longer and thicker than both Blaise and Draco! His body had never been stretched so far and he cried out, immediately being soothed by Blaise as Draco lowered his mouth over his cock and sucked.

This man was brutal with him, but gentle enough so that he didn’t hurt him, as he thrust hard and fast into him, but taking care not to rip his insides, nor to hit places that were already bruised from Draco and Blaise.

Harry writhed under him as Draco licked at his hard cock and Blaise pushed his tongue down his throat. Harry’s scream of pleasure as the new Dracken found and hit his over sensitised prostate was swallowed by Blaise as he slipped his fingers through Harry’s hair and clenched them at the back of his skull, lifting his head to get a better angle for a deeper, more passionate kiss.

Harry shrieked his release for anyone to hear but the other Dracken just kept on going, not in the least bit affected by Harry’s body clenching so tightly around him through his orgasm.

Harry was soon teased into hardness again as Blaise shoved Draco away from his aching cock and took to playing with his nipples as Draco started touching the skin of Blaise’s back.

Harry watched them through lust blown eyes as Draco lowered his mouth to kiss Blaise’s muscled back as his first mate lowered his head to breathe a kiss over Harry’s left nipple. He was forced to close his eyes with a gasp as the new Dracken that he didn’t even know the name of struck deep inside his body, holding his hips in an almost punishing grip.

A set of teeth he didn’t know caught his shoulder in a quick, but hard bite and Harry’s hips jerked upwards reflexively. He whined deep in his throat, he wanted his mate’s seed.

Harry’s eyes snapped open again at that thought, something was going on here, he was only on his second heat period, he only needed two mates, was this third Dracken using magic to make him, and Blaise and Draco, think that he needed a third mate. Was this third Dracken trying to coerce Harry into being his mate by getting him pregnant with his baby?

Another powerful thrust and all though was driven from Harry’s mind as he clung to the third
Dracken and whined for his seed again. Harry looked into those dark eyes and couldn’t find a
colour to them.

Then he could barely make out Draco and Blaise beside him in the dark, it seemed that his heat had
stolen over him in the middle of the night and through the pitch blackness, it was only his superior
sight that allowed him to see silhouettes and make out the bodies and faces of his mates, he
couldn’t discern colour from the dim lighting of the room, he wished dearly that there was light so
he could see the face of the one who was fucking him so thoroughly. How he wished it wasn’t a
moonless night, maybe the light of the moon would have let him see the face of the new Dracken.

Harry was covered in a cocktail of liquids as he lay resting for a moment with all three of his
mates. He couldn’t believe it, there were three of them! He had been hoping that two would be
more than enough, even as the Elder had told him might need one, maybe two more to ground him
to stop him from going insane and killing his own children, but hell this wasn’t what he had been
expecting! He’d have to talk to the Elder and work out what the hell had happened here tonight,
because from what he had been told he couldn’t accept two mates at once, so why had he tonight?

Unfortunately for him his new third mate seemed to recover quicker than any of them and he was
lovingly rearranging Harry before pushing into him once more as Harry tiredly cried out, his
screamed raw throat stealing his voice. At least the horrid confusion had disappeared now and the
burning of his heat was slowly lowering as it had during his first ever heat.

“Please! Please!” He cried out desperately, not sure if he was crying for the heat to stop already or
if he was begging for more.

The third Dracken didn’t answer, he just grunted and upped his thrusts, hitting deeper inside of him
and wringing another orgasm from his tired and spent body. He’d sleep for a week after these ten
days were over, he was sure of it.

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Harry woke up slowly and lethargically. His body was dead tired and as his stomach grumbled
loudly in the silence of the bedroom, Harry contemplated ignoring it and his bladder in favour of
falling back to sleep.

His bladder won out as it threatened to burst in the bed where he lay and he crawled out of the
warm cocoon and bum shuffled his way down the stairs because he didn’t trust his legs to carry
him down safely, this had the repercussion of making his bum ache after every step until, when he
reached the bottom, he was nearly in tears, but he had reached the bottom without falling down
them, an accomplishment by his standards.

He relieved himself and washed his hands, using the sink to stay on his feet. Harry contemplated
falling asleep in the pool sized, empty bath, but came to the conclusion that it wouldn’t be very
comfortable.

Harry crawled out of the bathroom on his hands and knees, his bum too sore to sit on and his body
too tired, too hungry to get up and use energy to walk. The sight of all the stairs back up to the
warm, comfortable bed made him feel like crying. For the first time he felt like cursing Dumbledore for giving them a bed on a ledge that was only accessible by a set of stairs that was looking like a mountain right about now.

Harry whined in the back of his throat, only lightly. He was distressed, but it wasn’t anything he couldn’t deal with himself. However he was up in someone’s arms before he had finished his first whine.

“You should have called.” Draco’s smooth, aristocratic voice sounded, deep and guttural, like the skin was missing from his voice box.

“I didn’t think anyone was here.” Harry answered snuggling up tightly to Draco, laying a kiss to the underside of his chin.

Harry felt very, very affectionate towards Draco and he basked in the feeling of the full bond. His Dracken was not even close to thinking about rejecting Draco now. In fact the merest whisper of rejecting Draco caused his Dracken to hiss deeply in displeasure.

“I’m here, my love, Blaise has gone hunting. I wanted to go as well but he rationalised that one of us had to stay with you because you got upset if you were on your own. He decided to hunt because he knew what you liked best; not that staying here is any hardship on me, just that I wish to prove myself capable of providing for you.”

“You don’t need to do that.” Harry said even as his Dracken stated firmly that yes Draco did need to do that at some point.

“I’m going hunting for dinner, seeing as it’s near enough lunch time now.”

Harry smiled and allowed Draco to carry him into the living room and settle him on the settee, before lifting his head and sitting down, replacing Harry’s head in his lap where he proceeded to comb his fingers through Harry’s untameable hair, tugging out the knots and tangles that had formed during his ten days of continuous sex, massaging his scalp and settling Harry down.

Harry fell asleep quickly under the ministrations and only woke up when a large thump made him nearly jump out of his skin.

“Be quiet!” Draco hissed, but it was too late, Harry was already awake.
He peered over the back of the settee, using the cushions to pull himself up enough to see what was going on. Blaise had laid a still twitching buck on the floor of their living room and Draco was now in his face hissing at him for waking him up.

“Stop it!” Harry demanded sleepily. “It doesn’t matter that the thump woke me up, the smell coming off of that would have woken me up anyway. I’m too hungry to ignore it.”

Harry’s stomach backed him up by clenching and rumbling loudly, making Harry almost double over in hunger pains.

“Eat Harry, *Prezioso.*” Blaise encouraged, gently leading him to sit in front of the still spasaming animal.

Harry unsheathed his claws and skinned an area of the animal’s side before he cut out a lump of fresh, skinned meat, his fangs sliding from his gums as he tore into the tough meat, sucking the still warm blood from it before happily diving back down to strip flesh from bone with his teeth.

Harry ate until the ache left his belly and then he offered Blaise and Draco some of his food. Neither of them declined his invitation as they both sat and began feeding him lumps of warm meat, before gulping down their own.

Harry lay back against Blaise when he could no longer eat another bite. Blaise had also stopped eating, but as the bigger dominant who needed more food than the both of them, Draco was still happily foraging in the skeleton of the buck, stripping lone bits of meat from the remaining bones.

“Do you feel better, *Mio amore*?”

“Yes thank you, love. I feel so much better, though I am sore. Did you use the cream again?”

Blaise smiled and pecked his forehead gently. “Of course, I wouldn’t leave you in pain.”

“But I am still in pain. Why did you and Draco have to take me at the same time?”

Draco and Blaise shared a look that set his teeth on edge; he looked between them and then frowned.
“What? Did I say something wrong?”

“No. Harry, how much do you remember of the last ten days?” Draco asked cautiously.

“I didn’t remember everything right away last time; it took an hour or so for my mind to catch up and even then the memories are still fuzzy and I’ve obviously got some missing somewhere. Why, what happened? What did I do?”

“It is not what you did, Innamorato, it is what happened during your heat.” Blaise told him softly.

“What happened?” Harry asked a clenching in his gut that told him he wouldn’t like it.

“There is someone who we have locked up in the wardrobe, love.”

“Excuse me, what?” Harry asked. “Who have you locked in the wardrobe and why?!”

“It seems that…well, Mio Amore, it seems that…”

Blaise seemed unable to form the words that he needed and Harry took a deep breath to stop himself from snapping, something told him that it wouldn’t help anything.

“What Blaise is trying, and failing very spectacularly to do, is to say is that a Dracken joined us during our heat period. Neither I nor Blaise attacked him or felt the need to attack him; we were at ease with him, as if he was supposed to be there. We have no idea how he came to join our heat and until we can determine what happened and that he is not a danger to you, he will remain in the wardrobe.”

Harry had a sudden remembered moment of a huge, thick set man ramming his equally large and thick cock into his body and his stomach clenched as his blood seared with pleasure which ended with his cock giving a feeble twitch, too spent from the ten day sex-a-thon to do much more.

“I mated with him.” Harry realised with a jolt. He had three mates. Three not two.
“We want to make sure that he is actually a mate and hasn’t coerced you into mating with him.” Blaise stated, wrapping an arm around him.

“Does it matter if he coerced me or not? He’s still my mate.”

“We can kill him if he coerced you.” Draco put in lightly as if he were talking about clothes shopping and not killing another man.

“Won’t that have an effect on me?”

“No.” Blaise put in carefully. “If he were your only mate I would worry for you, but he isn’t, you have Draco and I also.”

“The fact that you might not have even needed him as a mate also counts in favour of killing him.” Draco added just as easily and lightly as before. “It means that your Dracken won’t miss him if we eliminate him.”

“Right can we stop talking about killing him like he’s nothing more than a pesky mosquito, please?!” Harry stated suddenly. “And we can’t leave him locked in the bloody wardrobe! Not only does he need to eat and more than likely needs the bathroom, I actually need to get to my clothes!”

“Why?”

“Why what?!” Harry snapped back at Draco.

“Why do you need to wear clothes? I am very much enjoying the view.”

Harry threw a rib bone at Draco, who caught it and snapped it like a twig. Harry crossed his arms over his chest and scowled. Blaise kissed him and pulled him into his arms.

“Professor Snape is coming up to take the Dracken away to question him along with Elder Trintus, and they will find out one way or the other what happened, Mio Amore. Veritaserum does work on Drackens after all.”
Harry chuckled a bit at that remembering his fourth year when Snape had threatened him with the same potion. He snuggled into Blaise and he didn’t so much as twitch when Draco cuddled up against his back, sandwiching him between the two of them. He felt safe and loved and protected. He could get used to this. Now if only he didn’t have an unknown dominant Dracken, who he was somehow mated with, locked in his wardrobe then everything would be perfect.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: So which side of the Marmite effect are you on? Do you love the twist, or hate it? If you don’t let your opinion be heard I don’t know what you think so I can’t gauge your reactions so let me know what you think, even if it’s a one word review or a PM, I don’t mind, just talk to me.
Survival

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry chuckled a bit at that remembering his fourth year when Snape had threatened him with the same potion. He snuggled into Blaise and he didn’t so much as twitch when Draco cuddled up against his back, sandwiching him between the two of them. He felt safe and loved and protected. He could get used to this. Now if only he didn’t have an unknown dominant Dracken, who he was somehow mated with, locked in his wardrobe then everything would be perfect.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighteen – Survival

Harry groaned as he lounged on the settee later that night. It was seven at night and Harry had just finished eating the soft tender doe that Draco had hunted for their dinner.

He felt so full that every slight movement that he made caused his belly to feel like it would rupture.

Harry groaned again and rolled over into a more comfortable position for his belly. Perhaps he had eaten just a tad too much meat, but he hadn’t wanted to hurt Draco’s feelings by only eating a bit of the doe that the blond had so proudly displayed to him.

Harry had been asleep when Snape had come to take away the dominant who had somehow become his third mate. He was a bit put out because Draco and Blaise seemed to know who it was, but they weren’t telling him anything. He knew that he would find out sooner or later, because the man was his third dominant mate, but he would much rather it was the former over the latter.

Snape had come to take Blaise away for ‘questioning’ over an hour ago now and Harry was left to wrap around Draco, who was sitting on the floor beside the settee, rubbing soothing circles onto his back.

The portrait door opened and Blaise walked back in looking disgruntled. Harry peered at him and asked softly. “What happened?”

“Not a lot, Mio Amore. Draco, Professor Snape wishes for your presence.”
Draco nodded. “Take over for me here, Harry has a stomach ache.”

Blaise settled beside Draco and those smaller hands took over the soothing pattern. Harry sighed softly; he had such amazing mates who were so good to him. His Uncle had been wrong after all, he had found, not one, but two, absolutely wonderful men to settle down with, men who loved everything from his messy hair to his little toes.

“Is it looking bad?” Harry mumbled a while later, his eyes closed in pure bliss as Blaise rubbed his back and sides gently, lovingly.

“It depends on what you think is bad, Bello. It is looking like the Dracken did not use any coercion to become your mate and that you called out to him and he answered your call. It is looking like he is a legitimate mate of ours, though how it is possible; we are still trying to work that out.”

“Is he at least nice?” Harry asked, wondering how he’d deal with this new man if he was nasty and cruel.

“Nice looking or nice mannerisms?” Blaise asked.

Harry opened his mouth to answer nice as in kind, but stopped himself; he instead considered the question seriously before deciding that he wanted an answer for both.

“Both.”

“He is very handsome and very strong.” Blaise answered. “From what I know of him he is a nice person and would make a good mate.”

“So there is no reason to kill him?”

“None at all at the moment, Prezioso.”

“Good because I think that even if I wouldn’t go insane or anything from losing a mate, I think it
would hurt something deep inside of me if we had to kill him.”

Blaise sighed and stilled his hands for a moment before resuming his slow circles.

“A Dracken never really gets over the loss of a mate, *innamorato*. Professor Snape is proof enough of that. He could have taken another mate by now if he had wished, but when we have lost the ones we love so dearly, it is always hard to think of replacing them with someone different. You would likely feel the death of this new mate for years to come, even after being mated for such a small amount of time, but you would get over it eventually, with Draco and I with you and the children we would give you, that would be sufficient in distracting you from his loss.”

“Can we please not talk like we have already set the execution date please?” Harry asked as his stomach bubbled a bit in disgust.

“Of course, *Prezioso*.”

They fell into a comfortable silence, Blaise’s hands still rubbing his back and sides and Harry thinking about how everything had changed, wondering how things could have gone so terribly wrong even when the entire heat period had been planned out and prepared for.

Harry had been taken down to the dungeons by both of his mates when Draco was finished with his questioning; apparently it was his turn now.

Harry sat opposite Elder Trintus and Professor Snape and allowed three drops of clear liquid to be placed carefully onto his tongue. He swallowed and looked at the two men in front of him, waiting for their questions.

“Alright, Harry dear, do you remember what happened during your heat period?” Elder Trintus asked gently.

“Yes.” He replied monotonously, aware of what he was saying, but he had absolutely no control over what he said, it was a frightening feeling, it was like his mind had gone blank and the answers to the questions that he was asked just fell from his mouth of their own accord.
“Do you remember sending out a call during your heat?”

“Yes.”

“Can you tell us why you sent out this call?” Snape asked.

“I wanted my mates to give me children.”

“So you let out a call to your mates demanding to give you children?”

“Yes.”

“When did you first notice that another dominant had joined you in your heat?”

“I didn’t know the time during the heat period, but it was early on, some when during the first night. It was definitely within the first few hours of me being on my heat.”

“Did you feel at all uncomfortable or upset with him present?”

“No.”

“Did you feel like pushing him away or getting away from him at any point?”

“No. It felt like he should have been there, like I wouldn’t have been complete had he not been there. I was confused and distressed before he arrived.”

“Now this question is very serious, Harry, did you kiss or touch any unmated Dracken in the time frame of you accepting Draco Malfoy as your second mate and then going onto your heat period with him?”

“Yes.”
“Do you remember who these Drackens are and what you did with them?”

“Yes.”

“Would you care to tell us, please, sweet one?”

“Henley and I kissed and hugged. Nasta and I cuddled and I used to kiss his cheek and he used to kiss my hair or hand. Arsenio kissed my hand. Jensen licked the back of my ear. Declan kissed my temple. Maximilius and I snogged out by the lake just before he told me that I was emitting mating pheromones…”

“Stop there for me, Harry. You and Maximilius shared a passionate kiss together just before he informed you that your Dracken was rejecting Draco?”

“Yes.”

The two older Drackens shared a look that Harry didn’t like and something clicked in his mind.

“My third mate is Max, isn’t it?”

“I’m afraid so, Harry dear.” Elder Trintus informed him gravely. “Do you remember at any time after the kiss with Maximilius if he ever acted differently around you? Possessive, jealous? Perhaps he didn’t like anyone touching you or if he wanted all of your attention on himself?”

“Yes. We shared a picnic the day I got out of the hospital wing to celebrate, he was acting possessive then, he didn’t like Nasta, or anyone else, touching me and he growled a bit when they did touch me.”

“Dear oh dear.”

“It isn’t all that bad.” Harry reasoned. “I like Max and he would make a good dominant.”
“You have accepted him completely, as you have Draco.”

“Yes, I believe so.”

“Harry is Blaise your mate?”

“Yes.”

“Is Draco your mate?”

“Yes.”

“Is Maximilius your mate?”

“Yes.”

“All three of them completely? Not half, all of them.”

“Yes.”

“You don’t feel like rejecting them?”

“No.”

“Remarkable.” Elder Trintus said in awe. “Your Dracken accepted Maximilius as your mate through the passionate kiss that you shared when you rejected Draco, then you overpowered your Dracken and took Draco back as a mate, the result is you have essentially mated with them both when you should have only mated with Maximilius. Drackens do not ever take back dominants that they have rejected, usually because the reason they rejected the dominant in the first place is something that they could never forgive.”
“They are both my mates aren’t they?” Harry asked as he pulled a face at the bitter tasting antidote that Snape had dripped onto his tongue.

“Yes, Harry my dear. After questioning all four of you it is very clear that all four of you are mates.”

“Does that mean that I don’t need to search for another mate now?” He asked with hope in his eyes. He saw the answer in the way that Elder Trintus’ eyes and face softened in sympathy. “I still need another mate? Are you kidding me?!”

“You have only partially mated with Draco and Maximilius, together they make up one mate, you will still need a grounding mate.”

“How is it possible that two people only make up one? That doesn’t even make any sense!”

“You rejected Draco, Potter. Then you accepted another mate to yourself in the time where Draco was no longer your mate. You then ignored your new mate in favour of fighting your Dracken to seal Draco to you once more. They are your mates and you are their submissive, no one can break you apart or take them away from you now, but their bonds were messed with during the time from their acceptance to the heat period that you just experienced. You accepted them both as mates and you mated with them both during the same heat period, your Dracken sees them as only one mate, so you need a fourth mate now or your Dracken side will be unstable.” Snape explained as simply as he possibly could.

“But this fourth mate will definitely be the last one now, yes?” Harry asked desperately.

“If you don’t have any more dramas like you have displayed in the last two months then yes. This mate will be your last one.”

“Thank god.” Harry sighed in relief. “Where is Max by the way?”

“Explaining to the Headmaster why he was passionately kissing one of his students on the grounds of the school without a chaperone present.” Elder Trintus answered.

Harry went pale. The Headmaster could be very protective of his students and of himself especially. Harry saw the man as more than a school Headmaster and he was sure that the
Headmaster saw him as more than a favourite student. Their meeting could turn ugly.

“I would suggest, Mister Potter, that you return to your rooms and allow the Headmaster to speak to Mister Maddison about his improper actions.” Snape drawled in his most silkiest voice, the one that warned Harry not to disobey or his body bits would end up pickled and floating in jars.

Harry nodded uncertainly and he hoped that Max even wanted to speak to him after the Headmaster was through with tearing him a new arsehole.

Harry was nervously pacing at ten o’clock that night. Max still hadn’t come to their rooms, even though he had been assured that the older Dracken did know where his rooms were located.

The Headmaster had lost him his third mate! It had been two hours; surely the Headmaster would have been finished with Max by now! What was he going to do if his mate rejected him?

“Calm down, Harry love.” Draco told him calmly. “I’m sure he’ll be here.”

“You want him here?” Harry asked looking to Draco hopefully. “You don’t mind him? I mean he did practically almost ruin your bond.”

“He’s your mate now, Harry, there is nothing that I can do or say to change that.” Draco replied diplomatically.

“But do you hold it against him? Are you going to snub him or give him the cold shoulder? I can't live with a bunch of mates who can't even stay in the same room as one another!”

Blaise wrapped his arms around him and pulled him down onto his lap. “Hush, Mio Prezioso. Neither of us are going to snub Maximilius. Your Dracken chose him and we have no say in who you mate to or how many mates you actually end up having, it must be your decision. We are going to live with whatever you decide, Innamorato. We love you.”

Harry smiled and looked for confirmation from Draco who nodded his head seriously.
“We don’t have to like it, Harry, but we will live with it. I don’t mind that he interrupted what was supposed to be my bonding heat; I got more than enough turns with you without him or Blaise. I just don’t like how all of this has happened. He came to us when we were at our most vulnerable.”

“Most vulnerable?” Harry questioned.

“Harry, during heat is when a Dracken is in his, or her, most vulnerable state. We are almost completely unaware of everything that happens around us, we are powerless to stop anything that might happen because we are so focused on you and your pleasure, there is only one thing on our minds when we are on heat, you and your pleasure and conceiving children with our submissive, everything else is meaningless.” Blaise explained.

“Are you saying that…that a gang of hostile people could come in and we wouldn’t be able to do anything?” Harry asked horrified.

“That is exactly what I am saying, Bello. There have been many cases of Drackens being injured or killed whilst they have been on a heat period, one submissive and her three dominants burnt to death when their house caught fire and they were caught in a period of heat, they just burnt to death because none of them could break the focus of the heat, I doubt they even knew the house was on fire in the first place.”

“That’s horrible!” Harry exclaimed.

“Such is the weakness of a Dracken. The second and last time a Dracken is at their most vulnerable is when a submissive is giving birth. If the dominants aren’t near the submissive, or they are taken out, then the submissive is helpless against the opposing force.”

“God help us.” Harry whispered out as he turned to cuddle into Blaise.

“Perhaps it is time we went to bed, we need to recover our energy for when we return to classes tomorrow and we have done little sleeping in the past ten days.”

“But Max…”

“Knows where we are, Prezioso. He will find us when he is ready.”
Harry didn’t like it, but he couldn’t deny that he was bone tired as a yawn almost dislocated his jaw. He nodded sullenly and let Draco and Blaise lead him to their platform bed. It was bigger than the last time he had seen it, much bigger.

“I enlarged it so that Max could actually fit into it with us.” Draco told him. “I had to extend the end of it as well, honestly how a man grows to be six foot eight I’ll never know, he’s almost too big to be natural.”

“He’s a Dracken, he grew with his inheritance.” Harry told Draco.

“We don’t grow much in height, Mio Amore. Otherwise we would all be near enough the same height and we are not.” Blaise told him with a smile. “We swell with muscle and we gain a few inches maybe, but for Max to have become six foot eight, he must have already been six foot five or six in height at fifteen, before he had his inheritance. He was always destined to be very large.”

Harry frowned as he crawled into the bed. He closed his eyes, but he was still awake long after Draco and Blaise had fallen asleep. They had forgotten one very important fact of new bonds. He wouldn’t be able to sleep without Max near him.

Sighing softly, Harry rolled out of the bed and padded down the stairs. He was going to be exhausted come tomorrow, but no matter how tired he was, he couldn’t fall asleep and he didn’t have any more Dreamless Sleep potions left over from when he had needed to sleep near Draco and couldn’t because he didn’t trust him.

He could have gone to ask Professor Snape for some more, but Harry doubted that the man would want to be woken up at two in the morning just for him to ask for a potion. Madam Pomfrey could also give him a sleeping potion, but again Harry didn’t want to pad all the way down to the hospital wing, wake her up just to ask for a potion, there was no reason two of them needed to have disturbed sleep after all.

Sitting on the settee, Harry curled himself up and sunk deep into his thoughts. Everything had turned upside down. Just seven months ago he had been a human boy looking forward to going back to school for his sixth year. Then on his sixteenth birthday everything had changed, he had changed. He had turned into a labelled dark creature, a Dracken and not just any Dracken, a bloody rare male submissive Dracken.

Then he had come to school, concealing his new and alarming species status and almost two months later he had mated to someone that previously he had never even spoken to. Everything had happened so fast, too quick, not enough time for anything to sink in.

Before he could even get used to Blaise, he had been separated from him, which had hurt him deeply inside, to parade around a damned house with a hundred other dominant Drackens all intent on groping the skin off of him whilst his actual mate looked on, neither of them able to do anything about it.
Then he had learnt that he needed to do it all over again just to get pregnant, something which he still hadn’t been sure he wanted. Hell he was sixteen years old! He remembered what his Aunt had used to say about teenaged pregnancy, only she had been slagging off Mrs number forty-eight’s granddaughter, who had gotten pregnant at fifteen. The scandal it had caused the entire of little whinging had been enough to drive poor Mrs Hudson and her Husband to move house. But Harry remembered the awful things that people had spat at Mrs Hudson, calling her a bad Mother for not raising her daughter up properly enough to teach her granddaughter, calling the little granddaughter a slut and a whore. Aunt Petunia had been on her high horse for months and months, saying that she had waited until she had married before partaking in sexual activities. Harry had valued his life back then so he hadn’t voiced aloud his opinion that she had had to wait until she was married because no one other than Vernon Dursley was that desperate.

Now all he wanted was a baby, but he would still be a teenaged Mother, his baby’s Father would still be a teenager, Harry’s back straightened then, unless the baby’s Father was Max, then he would be a sixteen year old Mother whose baby would have a thirty-one year old Father. Oh hell. There had to be a rule or something against that somewhere. Did he even want a baby right now? It would interfere with his school work, he still needed to complete another year of schooling before he graduated, hell how many kids did Blaise say he could have? He’d be overrun with them and the school definitely wouldn’t be the best place to raise kids, how the hell did other Drackens manage? He couldn’t be the only one that was overwhelmed. But then he remembered that nearly all Drackens were scented out at birth and they were raised knowing what would happen, they had sixteen years to get used to the idea, he had had literally overnight to come to terms with being mated and then he had had a second mate thrown on top, then there was that drama of his Dracken rejecting Draco, then he had apparently accepted Max as a mate and then forced Draco back into being his mate and now he had three of them and there was a high possibility that he was already pregnant with one of their babies and fucking hell he needed a break.

This wasn’t how he saw his life. This wasn’t how it was supposed to be! His life should have been calm now, blissful now that Voldemort was dead and all his Death Eaters were either dead or in Azkaban. He may have lost Sirius in the Department of Mysteries, but he had also gotten rid of Voldemort there too.

He didn’t know what that beast had hoped to accomplish by possessing him but it really hadn’t gone his way when Harry had forced his love for his friends upon him. Harry could still hear the screams of agony, of rage and pain. Voldemort had been seared to death by Harry’s intense love for his friends, for Sirius and Remus as his parental figures, his love for Dumbledore as a mentor and perhaps as an eccentric Uncle or Grandfather.

Voldemort had curled up as his flesh had flayed around him, the remaining parts of his soul hidden all over Britain burning and turning to ash through the love that they just couldn’t understand, that they had never been shown nor felt before.

It was sad really that a grown man had never known an ounce of love from anyone in his life, it was even sadder that that lack of understanding for such a simple yet complex emotion such as love had killed such a terrible man. Harry hated knowing that it was the strength of his love for those around him that had ultimately killed the one who had taken so much from him.

It was fitting really though when he thought about it. His Mother had stood in front of him, had given her life to save him through her absolute and heart deep love for him and Voldemort had killed her regardless of her pleas. Fifteen years later he had killed the one who had taken her life so mercilessly, so emotionlessly with the burning love that he held for her and his Father and for everyone around him. Maybe it was fates way of redeeming to him everything that he had lost, by
giving him X amount of men to love and be loved in return as well as cared for and cherished and allowing him to have babies so that he could have the family that had been so cruelly ripped away from him at such a young and tender age. He had been struggling to survive all his life and now that he had actually survived against all the odds, he was at a loss as to what to do.

“Harry?”

Harry startled badly and looked to the portrait door where the huge, formidable form of Maximilius Diadesen Maddison stood, filling the stone archway completely.

The large man rushed forward and fell hard onto his knees in front of Harry, who was frozen on the settee.

“I am so sorry, Harry. I didn’t mean for it to happen, I couldn’t control myself, I couldn’t stop even though I knew what I was doing would frighten and confuse you. I felt you go onto heat and I knew I had to be there, but I barricaded myself in my room to keep from running to you and scaring you, but when you started calling to me, I had to answer your call, you were my mate, I had to answer you when you called.”

Harry had never heard the fun loving Max in such distress, he was holding Harry’s hands in both of his own, looking imploringly into his eyes and he was on his knees begging to be forgiven, but Harry didn’t know what needed to be forgiven, Max hadn’t done anything wrong in his opinion. Their Drackens had acted on instinct, like they were supposed to, that wasn’t Max’s fault.

Harry leant forward and smiled as his Dracken practically made him purr at the contact with his third mate. Max wrapped those huge arms around him and Harry could hardly believe that he had thought that Draco’s arms were huge. Max’s had to have been twice the size.

“Max.” Harry sighed happily. “You couldn’t stop yourself, I know that. I couldn’t stop myself from calling out. I wanted a baby, I wanted my mates, so I started calling and I couldn’t stop myself. I don’t blame you, you are my mate and I’m glad that you joined us on our heat period. You needed to be there…we wanted you to be there.”

Max was, for once, speechless and he just held Harry in the curve of his body lowering his head to smell the soft scent that came from Harry’s tufty hair.

He suspected that Harry was pregnant. There had been an eighty percent chance that he had conceived during the last ten days and the affectionate way that Harry was behaving towards him seemed to be a big indication that he had conceived. He had heard that a Dracken who didn’t have any children and had not conceived whilst being on a fertile heat turned violent and aggressive towards their mates. This would never happen again once they’d given birth to their first child as the Dracken only wanted a child, the submissive would only get aggressive if they didn’t have any children from their mates, once they got what they wanted, they would calm right down.
Harry had fallen asleep in his arms and Max didn’t know what to do. He had never imagined that he would be mated to this beautiful, kind and unique boy in front of him. He barely knew Blaise and he knew even less about Draco. Would they accept him into their bed? It would be disconcerting to go to sleep and then wake up in the morning and he was suddenly in their bed with them.

Biting his bottom lip, Max slid Harry into his lap and pushed his arms underneath the tiny body; he lifted Harry up into his arms and carefully slid onto the settee and lay down, his legs hung off the end of the settee at the knees, leaving his lower legs to dangle in the air.

Max carefully, slowly, gently moved Harry to lay lengthways down his body and cuddled him on his chest. It was uncomfortable for him, very uncomfortable and nigh on painful, but as Harry snuffled in his sleep and cuddled in closer to him, he realised that he didn’t give a flying fuck that he was going to be stiff and have cramps and pins and needles all through his legs tomorrow, he was very happy right where he was.

He was a mated man now, a mated man with a submissive and two other dominants and a possible clutch of children on the way. It was complicated and this…relationship needed work, it needed a lot of work and effort and it would be so hard, but Max couldn’t for one minute think of a time in his adult life that he had ever been happier than he was at the moment. He had a submissive mate of his own at last, he was actually mated and not just to any old submissive either, he had somehow managed to get the most amazing, beautiful and kind submissive that he had ever had the good fortune to meet to choose him as his dominant mate. He had never been as in love as he was right now with anyone before. He held Harry closer and he placed a kiss to his smooth forehead. He was the luckiest man in the world. He was mated and he was mated to sweet Harry, the boy who had been so kind to him and everyone else, the boy who had eaten the biscuits that he’d made and gifted to him with obvious enjoyment, the boy who had chosen him to become his dominant no matter how messed up the process had actually been. They were mated now and nothing could break them apart now.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: How do you like that for an explanation readers? Ah the plans in my head are coming to fruition, now there are several more twists coming along, have faith readers, I know what I’m doing! Most of the time anyway.

I'm glad to hear from you readers on here, I like knowing that it's not a waste of time to update here adn that you like what I'm doing.

StarLight Massacre.
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Chapter Nineteen – Repetitive Renditions

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Harry woke up to very feral, hostile growling. He blinked and found his vision obscured by the most beautiful, bright blue wings that he had even laid eyes on. He touched the stunning equally bright blue scales and the owner of said wings and scales shivered.

Harry peeked over the top of those wings, standing up to do so as they were so large and he looked between the juncture of Max’s neck and his wing. Draco and Blaise were standing opposite, Blaise looked tired and exasperated, Draco was the source of the hostile growling.

“W’as going on?” Harry slurred sleepily.

“Draco believes that Max stole you from our bed last night so that he could turn you against us.” Blaise explained with a small shake of the head.
“I would never turn against you!” Harry stated sharply. “I love each and every one of you exactly the same, Draco. How could you accuse me of something like that?”

“He is just jealous and feeling a bit insecure so he is lashing out.” Max told him, his eyes never leaving Draco. “My presence interrupted what was supposed to be his bonding; his Dracken is looking for reassurance that I am not replacing him.”

It was in that moment that Harry truly realised that Max was, in actual fact, thirty-one years old. He was older and knew a hell of a lot more than him, Blaise and Draco put together. It reassured him and he draped his arms around Max’s neck and nuzzled the skin and strong muscle there with his nose.

“Max is not replacing you, Draco, but you have to understand that he is my mate as well. I have three mates that all need my time and attention and it will be much easier on all of us if we can all get along, it means I don’t have to separate you all. It wouldn’t be fair if I was sitting here in the living room with Max and Blaise and you had to be placed in the bedroom because you can’t behave when around the other mates, Draco.”

Max was practically melting under Harry’s ministrations to his neck. Such affection and love, he had been missing out on so much. He had never realised that being with a mate could be like this.

Harry climbed out from behind Max and went to Draco, standing on his tiptoes to press a kiss to Draco’s forehead, his arms going around his neck.

“I love you, Draco and I always will. The nightmare of me rejecting you is over and it will not ever happen again. We are bonded now until death do us part. Though don’t you go dying on me either.”

Harry gave a small smile and dropped back down on his feet to press a kiss to Draco’s pale pink lips. Draco wrapped his arms around Harry’s waist and dropped his nose into Harry’s hair.

“Max didn’t steal me from the bedroom either. I couldn’t sleep because I didn’t have Max with me and I didn’t have any more sleeping potions left over, so I came out here so I wouldn’t wake either you or Blaise up with my restlessness. Max came in about an hour later. I must have fallen asleep then.”

“You did.” Max reassured him with a smile. “I fell asleep under you.”
“He didn’t even want to use magic to expand the settee.” Blaise smirked. “He thought that wiggling his wand out of his pocket and waving it around would wake you up.”

Max went a very faint pink, but he did nothing else to show his embarrassment as he waved Blaise off with a grin.

Harry chuckled as he hopped up to wrap his legs around Draco, whose arm almost automatically slid under his bum to support him.

“No we have lessons today? Actually what day is it?” Harry asked.

“It’s Tuesday today, we should really have gone back to lessons yesterday, but due to the drama it was probably for the best that we didn’t.” Blaise answered.

“So we do have lessons?”

“Yes, in an hour or so, but breakfast first yes?”

Harry looked to Max then, his face scrunched up as he tried to figure out what the thirty-one year old man was going to do all day.

“I’ll be going to work, Harry. I’ve been flooing to and from the Dracken compound from my workplace for these last couple of months. I get off at four.”

“Last lesson ends at five and then we have dinner.”

Max grinned as he moved to kiss Harry’s cheek and, grinning even more, he kissed Draco’s forehead. Draco who growled threateningly, but couldn’t do anything else because he was holding onto Harry.

“I’ll meet you back here after your dinner.” Max told him.

Harry leant forward and gave Max a hug and a more passionate kiss on the lips before Max left for work.
Harry wiggled to be put down and he bounced off to have a shower and to get dressed. He was ready in twenty minutes much to Draco’s ever growing disdain.

“I’m not going to spend an hour getting ready, Draco.” Harry insisted. “We don’t have the time and I have nothing else I need to do.”

“Not an hour then but half an hour at least.”

“I already spent twenty minutes getting ready, I won’t spend another half an hour getting ready, I wouldn’t know what to do!”

“Let me do it for you then.”

“No.”

Harry scowled as he held both Draco’s and Blaise’s hands walking into the Great Hall. People stared, people pointed and whispered, but Harry didn’t care. For the first time in his life, he didn’t care that people were pointing and whispering about him. He had Blaise and Draco and Max, why should he care what other people thought of him when he had his three mates?

Harry sat down and ignored the glare that he received from Theodore Nott, who had not given up on getting his hands on Blaise. Harry would have skinned him alive if he had thought for a moment that the human was a threat.

Harry loaded his plate full of meat and happily ate until his heart’s content. Though he was glad that both Blaise and Draco had hunted the night previous, this meat was just a tad too cooked for his current tastes, but thanks to the two raw meals he had devoured with his mates, he could handle the cooked meat, even though he didn’t really want it.

“Please tell me that you aren’t dying.” A voice demanded.

Harry peeked over his shoulder and grinned at Ginny, whose joyful, child-like face tried to take attention away from the concerned eyes that belied her expression.

“I’m not dying.” Harry answered with a smile. “Madam Pomfrey has contained the illness and I should be fine soon enough.”
“She did say he might have one more really bad bout of it before it was all out of his system though.” Blaise answered quickly and Harry looked at him confusedly.

Harry could have slapped himself as he remembered that he *still* needed another mate. He didn’t feel like he needed one, in fact he felt so content with the three that he had that he had actually forgotten that he needed a fourth mate, but Elder Trintus had explained before he had gotten Draco as a mate that he would feel like he wouldn’t need another mate, even when he did need one because his Dracken side would only recognise the amount of mates he needed to get him a clutch of children, not how many he needed to be completely healthy.

“I can hope can’t I?” Harry answered, only Draco and Blaise understanding the double meaning to his words.

He didn’t want a fourth mate, hell he hadn’t wanted a second mate! Now he was stuck with three and soon to get a fourth, yet he didn’t see it as a hardship. He saw his three gorgeous mates and felt like the luckiest person alive, he didn’t want a fourth mate but as soon as he had them, he would love them so much that he wouldn’t be able to think of living without them.

It really was a terrible part of being a Dracken, yet if it gave him the unconditional love of four men and a horde of children who he would love until his dying breath; he wasn’t going to bitch about it…too much at least.

“Do you think you’ll be fit for our match against Hufflepuff?” Ginny asked.

“No idea. Maybe, maybe not.” Harry answered, knowing that there was a huge chance that he would be pregnant for the Hufflepuff match and unable to play. It was why he had thrown himself wholly and completely into the match against Ravenclaw, because he knew that it was very likely that it would be his last ever match.

He sighed and placed a hand over his belly, imagining a child growing there.

“Oh dear Merlin.” Ginny breathed, she grabbed his arm and tugged him out of the Great Hall and away from Draco and Blaise.

“Harry, are you having protected sex?” She asked seriously.

Harry blushed to the roots of his hair. “I…that is…don’t think it’s any of your business, Ginny.”
“This isn’t the time for virgin cuteness, Harry! It’s just occurred to me that you’ve grown up in the Muggle world, you wouldn’t know!”

“Know what, Ginny?”

“Wizards can get pregnant, Harry.” Ginny told him. “If you’ve been having unprotected sex with other wizards you could be pregnant, you have to get yourself checked over by Madam Pomfrey, right now!”

Harry let himself be dragged to the hospital wing, knowing all the while that Madam Pomfrey would use the extra sensitive spell used for detecting very early Dracken pregnancies. He didn’t know what he wanted the results to be. He knew that there was an incredibly high chance that he was already pregnant, he only needed two mates to get pregnant and even though his Dracken only saw Max and Draco as one, he in actual fact had three mates. Yet he didn’t want to be pregnant at just sixteen! He was too young to properly care for a baby! He didn’t even have a full education yet! He didn’t have a house for his baby to live in; he didn’t have the skills he needed to look after a baby and he didn’t have a job!

“What have you been doing this time?” Madam Pomfrey asked with a long suffering sigh.

“He’s been having unprotected sex, Madam Pomfrey. He didn’t know about male pregnancies so he didn’t think he needed to use protection spells.” Ginny stated matter of factly whilst Harry blushed beside her.

Madam Pomfrey knew immediately what the problem was. She gave a long look to Harry before bustling around and getting him to hop onto a bed. She handed him a large red coloured book and Harry stared at the title. ‘Your Baby and You: What you can expect from a Male Pregnancy.’

“I don’t know if I’m pregnant yet!” Harry gasped out indignantly.

“That book contains the incantations for contraceptive charms and the names and ingredients for different potions that you can use to help you. It also has all the information you will need on looking after yourself during pregnancy and how to properly care for a newborn baby if it turns out that you are pregnant.”

“Can we please get on with it?” Harry begged.
Madam Pomfrey nodded her head curtly and waved her wand over his belly gently and then more vigorously. Harry felt her magic seep through his skin and touch something within him, something that made his gums and fingertips ache as his fangs and claws tingled to be released.

It took nearly all of his will power to keep his wings and scales from bursting out from his control. He clenched his hands to stop his claws from coming out and he breathed deeply against the urge to attack Madam Pomfrey, to protect his baby. He knew the results of the test before Madam Pomfrey had even read the results of her diagnostic charm...he knew before anyone had to say anything. He was pregnant.

“Well you are already pregnant, Mister Potter. Take that book and read it thoroughly and come back for a check-up in exactly two weeks.”

“When did I get pregnant?” Harry asked. “I mean, exactly when?”

“It is impossible to tell you exactly when, but I can tell you that you are only eleven days pregnant.”

Harry quickly worked it out. He had gotten pregnant on his second day of the heat, after Max had joined them. Oh hell, he was screwed. Three potential Fathers, three potential Fathers who would love nothing more than to sit him in a soft chair and never let him get up again.

“So which of your men did you have sexual relations with eleven days ago, Harry?” Ginny asked innocently, but her eyes gleamed as she put emphasis on the word sexual relations, implying explicitly that she meant which of your men thoroughly fucked you eleven days ago.

Harry blushed and went slightly light headed from the rush of blood to his head. He looked from Ginny’s eager, salacious face to Madam Pomfrey’s sympathetic, yet expectant look.

“All of them.”

Ginny giggled. “Harry you dirty, naughty boy.”

“Please read the book carefully, Mister Potter.” Madam Pomfrey told him. “And please come back to see me if you have questions, if you feel like you need to talk or if anything feels amiss. If I don’t see you before then, I want to see you in two weeks’ time for a check-up.”
Harry nodded his understanding and he let Ginny lead him out of the hospital wing.

“Merlin, Harry! You’re pregnant, you’re going to have a baby! You have to tell Mum! She’ll be so excited, we all know that she sees you as her youngest son; she’ll be getting her first grandchild from you! She’s been on at Bill and Charlie for years now, it drives them nuts, you can take the pressure off of them, they’ll love you forever.”

“I…I don’t know, Ginny. When the papers get a hold of the story I won’t be able to move a foot without being hounded.”

“But what happens if the papers get a hold of the story and Mum still doesn’t know.”

Harry went white and nodded, changing direction up to the Owlery. He called Hedwig down who nuzzled the side of his face and his hair with her beak and tongue.

Ginny handed him a piece of parchment whilst Harry dug out one of his self-inking quills. Then he was stuck, he didn’t know what to write.

“Hurry, Harry, we don’t have much time before lessons start.” Ginny urged him.

“Alright alright.” Harry conceded, putting quill to parchment and writing a quick but informative letter to Mrs Weasley.

“Hedwig, take this to Mrs Weasley and only Mrs Weasley.” Harry told her. She nipped his ear affectionately before flying out of the Owlery and leaving Ginny and Harry to near enough run to their lessons.

Harry didn’t see Blaise or Draco for the next three hours, but that was fine, he stayed with Neville, Dean and Seamus.

At lunch Harry made his way to where he saw a shock of platinum blond hair and he wrapped his arms around Draco’s shoulders, kissing the back of his neck.

Draco pulled Harry around his body and sat him in his lap. Blaise leant forward and gave him a
soft, lingering kiss and Harry sighed.

“So, Potter, was what Weasley shrieking about this morning true? Are you pregnant?” Pansy Parkinson asked conversationally.

“I had hoped to tell my lovers first, before anyone else but as that is shot to hell now, yes it’s true.” Harry answered, ignoring Blaise’s hand clenching on his and Draco’s arms squeezing around his middle.

“Well I suppose this is an impromptu ‘welcome to the circle’ meeting.” Pansy answered.

“A what?” Harry asked.

“You are a Half-blood, Potter, yet you have a Pureblood Father, this mistake of your Father’s can be forgiven only once, because his Pureblood runs through your veins. If it was diluted anymore, you would not be accepted into the Pureblood circles and neither would your children. The only way for the Potter line to be seen as Pureblooded again is if you marry into a Pureblood line and produce a child. The hardest part for you would have been finding a respectable Pureblood who was willing to impregnate you.”

Harry was about to tell Pansy to shove her welcome meeting up her bony arse, that his Father hadn’t made any sort of mistake by marrying his Mother, when Draco clamped a hand over his mouth.

“We accept your welcome and look forward to socialising with you in the future.” Draco answered formally.

Pansy nodded and turned away. Draco took his hand away from Harry’s mouth, who glared at him furiously.

“I know you don’t care about the Pureblood social circles, Harry, I know your Father didn’t make a mistake by marrying your Mother, because then we wouldn’t have you here now, but if I have any hope of my parents accepting you, it’s easier if you can be claimed as a Pureblood.”

Harry let out all the breath he had been holding and he sighed instead. He smiled and patted Draco’s cheek.
“If it makes you happy I can put up with it.”

Draco smiled, truly smiled then and Harry’s heart missed a beat. He pressed his lips to Draco’s and wrapped his arms around him.

“I feel left out.” Blaise told them with a small smile.

Harry chuckled and reached forward to kiss and hug him as well.

“Why did you have to be so greedy?! A scream yelled from a few seats down.

Harry looked to the screwed up face of Astoria Greengrass and blew out a breath in a huff.

“If you had stuck to Zabini and not been so greedy as to steal Draco away from me I’d still be betrothed to him!”

“Stop screaming, Astoria. You’re making a scene.” Draco told her coolly.

“No! You should have been mine! Because of you I’m now betrothed to some idiot from Spain!”

“We were lightly betrothed and it is very likely that I would have found someone to marry before I ever hit twenty-five. If it hadn’t have been Harry, it would have been someone else. If you didn’t want to be betrothed to the gentleman from Spain that your Father picked out for you then you shouldn’t have signed the contract with him.”

“It was either sign the contract or be disowned!”

“You made the decision for yourself, Astoria.”

Harry shook his head and turned away from the spectacle of a fourteen year old girl throwing a full blown tantrum and began eating his, very thick, steak. It had been very quickly flash fried and was
bloody and red in the middle, but it was cooked and to Harry it took away all pleasure that he could have taken in a raw piece of meat.

His unhealthy side orders of seasoned potato wedges and a thick peppercorn sauce had people looking at him curiously. It was hard not to notice someone who made it a point to carry little cucumber sticks around in a plastic tub and ate nearly every fruit and vegetable in the vicinity suddenly tear into a steak with not even a salad in sight.

Harry didn’t care though; the crisp lettuce leaves and the ripe cherry tomatoes just weren’t appetising to him at the moment and he couldn’t bring himself to even try to eat them. He didn’t even want them on his plate.

Blaise’s hand did not leave his stomach and Draco growled almost inaudibly every time he moved to get out of his lap. The overprotectiveness had started and it would be several months, and a birth, before it abated. He was going to kill all of his mates out of frustration before several months passed, he was sure of it. He could already feel his killing urges heighten and it hadn’t even been an hour since his mates had found out. This was going to be a seriously stressful time for all of them, but especially for him.

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Overprotective Prats

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Blaise’s hand did not leave his stomach and Draco growled almost inaudibly every time he moved to get out of his lap. The overprotectiveness had started and it would be several months, and a birth, before it abated. He was going to kill all of his mates out of frustration before several months passed, he was sure of it. He could already feel his killing urges heighten and it hadn’t even been an hour since his mates had found out. This was going to be a seriously stressful time for all of them, but especially for him.

Chapter Twenty – Overprotective Prats.

Harry growled as he was carried up the stairs by Blaise, who had snatched him from Draco’s lap and had refused to put him down on his own two feet.

“You know, I’m no expert on pregnancy, but isn’t the baby in my stomach and not my feet? What can walking possibly do to the baby?” He demanded.

“What if you fell over, mio amore?”

“Really? Tell me when was the last time that I’ve fallen over walking? Oh wait, it’s never happened!”

“Pregnancy will skew your sense of balance.” Draco told him, walking a little in front to ‘make sure no boisterous first year knocked into him’.

“Forgive me, but doesn’t pregnancy only affect the sense of balance in the last trimester? I’m eleven days pregnant! Not even two fucking weeks!”
Blaise suddenly stopped and Harry turned to look in front only to have his vision blocked by a very well defined chest. Looking up he smiled as he came face to face with a dripping wet, half naked Maximilius.

“My, is this treat all for me?” Harry asked salaciously, exaggeratedly roving his eyes over Max’s exposed body.

“I heard you shouting in distress from the rooms, are you alright?” Max asked him, concern and worry glinting in his blue, blue eyes.

“Yes, only I wish to actually walk for myself and I’m being denied!” Harry growled testily.

Max carefully picked him out of Blaise’s arms and held him to his own chest, the front of Harry’s robes getting damp from the water still clinging to Max’s chest.

Harry blushed an incredible shade of red when Max started sniffing all over his body.

“What are you doing?!?”

“Blaise and Draco are being protective of you, it is logical to assume that you have been injured in some way.”

“We should take this into our rooms before someone sees us and we let our biggest secret out of the bag.” Draco told them.

Max carried him easily and it made Harry frown. He had been gaining a lot of weight due to his new diet, but it couldn’t be seen at all in how his mates carried him like a rag doll. He knew Drackens didn’t gain super human strength, they kept their own strength but it was amplified tenfold in their Dracken forms and a sudden burst of adrenaline could give them the appearance of super human strength, but Harry was a very nice, rounded weight of seven stone ten pounds. It wasn’t the average for his age, but he wasn’t starving or wasting away either.

Max sat on their settee and he held Harry in his nearly naked lap, still sniffing around his shoulders, moving steadily lower. Harry wondered if he’d be able to smell the pregnancy. Would he be able to smell the baby growing inside of him?

Max made it to Harry’s side before a new scent had him pausing and sniffing about for injuries. What he was doing would look vaguely stupid, or sexual, to outsiders, yet he had always been a
man who cared very little for other’s thoughts or gossip mongering.

The new scent didn’t smell sharp like an injury would; it was sweet and a little bit cloying when it reached the back of his throat. Was this an illness? Was Harry sick? He had smelt injuries before, on himself and on others, but never sickness.

He travelled in a line across Harry’s belly to the other side, following the sickly sweet smell. It smelt a little too sweet, like rotting rubbish, or death. Max swallowed heavily. Was Harry dying?

He moved down lower, to Harry’s abdomen and the smell was stronger here. So strong that it left a faint taste on his tongue. He sniffed deeply and his eyes widened as he realised what it was that he was actually smelling. A baby. Harry was pregnant with a youngling.

His arms closed automatically around Harry’s tiny body, holding him carefully, gently yet solidly to protect him from the outside world. Draco and Blaise’s actions became more understood, they had been protecting their little mate from losing the baby. The very thought of losing one of his children made him feel like vomiting as a growl tore its way out of his throat.

“Don’t you start too!” Harry snapped, bopping him on the head with the ends of his fingers.

“You’re pregnant.” Max stated obviously, but he wanted verbal confirmation of what he had just discovered through scent alone.

“Eleven days pregnant, not even two weeks! The baby isn’t even the size of a haricot bean yet! So let me go!”

Max let him go and he let Harry slide happily from his lap to sit beside him. He then stopped both Draco and Blaise from rushing to take his place in holding and protecting him.

“Harry is right. We need to curb our desires to coddle him, we will only end up smothering him, or possibly dead if he gets frustrated enough to lash out. It is very common for submissives to kill one or more of their dominants during pregnancy. We must be careful, though this does not mean that we won’t still punish unacceptable behaviour, Harry.” Max warned him, giving Harry a sharp look.

“I wasn’t expecting anything less.” Harry intoned innocently.

Max gave him a look and Harry laughed happily. He stood up and stretched, a smile coming to his face as one of Max’s large hands cupped his flat belly.

“There’s nothing there to feel yet!” Harry complained, but there was no heat to his words.
“It doesn’t matter if the child isn’t physically seen yet, it’s just the knowledge that our first baby together is here, growing under my hand.”

“Who says it’s your baby?” Draco cut in arrogantly.

Max looked at him with a single raised, chestnut eyebrow. “This child is from our submissive, from our shared love. It doesn’t matter who fathered the baby, I speak for myself and the majority of all dominant Drackens when I say that I will love this baby as my own, regardless of who actually fathered it.”

Harry hugged Max gratefully, so happy to know that his children wouldn’t be ignored or shunned by his mates just because they were from another man. He didn’t want any of his children to have even a fraction of the pain and loneliness that he had felt from his own childhood.

Draco growled and Harry looked at him with a cocked head. Draco was glaring at Max and Harry sighed. He had hoped that Draco would be gracious enough to accept any mate that he chose, despite their age. True he hadn’t really chosen Max like he had his first two mates, but it didn’t matter, Max was now a mate and Harry loved him.

Harry broke away from Max and gave him a loving kiss to those gorgeous lips before walking up to Draco and dragging him into their bedroom. He stood under the platform that held their now absolutely massive bed and hopped up on the low chest of drawers there. Draco’s hands automatically jumped to support him or catch him if he somehow fell. It made him growl lowly and bat those hands away from him.

“What’s wrong, Draco?” He asked, pulling Draco into a hug with his legs.

“I don’t know.” Draco replied looking apologetic. It didn’t suit that aristocratic face. “I’m a naturally jealous and selfish person. I’ve had everything I’ve ever wanted handed to me on a silver platter. I really have grown up with a silver spoon in my mouth, Harry. My parents, they tried for years to have a baby, they had lost hope of ever having one when only a couple of months later my Mother was diagnosed as pregnant by the family Healer.”

“They spoilt you.” Harry put in; nodding at the sort of logic that he could see there. The elder Malfoy’s had thought that they would never have a child; it was only natural that the only child they did manage to have was given everything that he had asked for and then some. He could understand that.

“Spoilt doesn’t even cover it, Harry, not really. I would have been spoilt if my parents had
conceived me on their wedding night. It took them five years and help from all sorts of fertility and conception potions to get me. Even I can see that they ruined me, but they didn’t care, Harry. My Mother was perhaps the worst, but Father wasn’t too far behind. They love me dearly.”

“So why are you so worried that they’ll disown you, Draco?” Harry asked gently. “They love you so much; they had to try for five years just to get you, why would they disown you for this?”

“Because I’m not human anymore!” Draco told him desperately. “I’m not human, I’m not a Pureblood. I’m a half-breed now and I’ve grown up listening to their comments about Muggleborns and squibs and half-breeds, the contempt in their voices, the things they said…”

“But they love you, Draco.” Harry told him. “You might not be human anymore, but you aren’t a half-breed. Half-breeds are classed as a baby born of a witch or wizard who has had sex with a magical creature. Neither of your parents slept with a magical creature to conceive you. Dracken blood is in the family lines. It seems to me that it’s a hereditary inheritance. The Dracken blood ‘chooses’ who it wants to be manifested in. It chose you, Draco; out of the entire Black family it chose you and me. How many Purebloods in this school have a link to the Black family? How many have Black blood in their veins and haven’t been chosen to be Drackens. Your parents should be proud.”

Draco looked shifty and more than a bit guilty.

“You still haven’t told them.” Harry stated quietly, feeling a bit hurt that his mate was ashamed of him.

“It isn’t you, Harry.” Draco assured, picking his chin up and kissing him lovingly. “I love you and I could never be ashamed of you, but it would be too hard to tell them that I’m in a permanent relationship with Harry Potter without explaining everything else. That I’m sharing my Husband-to-be with two other men is also going to rake up their curiosity, like I’ve said I’m a jealous person, they won’t understand.”

Harry nodded and smiled. He put his arms around Draco and held him close.

“You need to tell them some when, Draco. We have a baby on the way. A baby that could very possibly be yours. How upset will they be if a Malfoy Heir was born and they hadn’t even known that you were seeing someone?”
“Mother would be devastated. A new child into a family is a gloating step for the old lines. It means that our family would be secured for another generation, that our family has grown in both prestige and power. She would love to rub the other ladies’ faces in her new grandchild.”

“Come on, love.” Harry coaxed. “Let’s get back to Blaise and Max. I understand where you are coming from, but you can’t deprive your Mother of her chance to gloat over her grandchild and please, please try to get on with the others, for me?”

Draco sighed and picked him up from the chest of drawers, carrying him back into the living room despite Harry batting at him and demanding to be put down.

Harry’s voice stopped short when he saw Max and Blaise cuddling on the settee, Max’s mouth over Blaise’s throat.

“Did I miss something?” Harry asked a little worriedly, looking from the cuddling couple to Draco, who didn’t look surprised.

Max moved his mouth to show the purple-red mark he had made on Blaise’s neck.

“Dominant Drackens need to establish a ranking order, Harry.” He explained calmly. “We fight to find out who is the most dominant within the family group as the most dominant of us will have added duties to the mateship and will make any and all hard decisions if it’s needed.”

“You are dominant to Blaise.” Harry stated, bobbing his head a bit to show his understanding of what was being said. “How do you know about this when I don’t?” Harry asked Draco.

“About a month ago, after the first time I had sex with you, I had the obsessively strong urge to mount Blaise and show him that his place is below me. I tried to ignore it, but when he started attacking me, I let out my instincts and fought back. My teeth automatically went to his throat and I bit down enough to bruise him. We went back to normal after that.” Draco shrugged. “Blaise explained what had happened afterwards and that was that.”

“So, you and Max are more dominant that Blaise, what does that mean for Blaise?”

“Nothing, Prezioso. It is just the order of your dominants; the most dominant of your mates will make most of the decisions needed for the mateship and he will keep all the other dominants in line if it’s needed. He will also always take you first during the heat period. It is mainly used to stop dominants from killing each other during the heat period to get to you.”
“Oh. I didn’t think about that.” Harry admitted.

“You didn’t need to before now.” Max told him. “You only ever had Blaise and then just Blaise and Draco, and as your previous mate it was always going to be Blaise that took you first. By the time I had gotten to you from my rooms in the grounds, both Blaise and Draco had already taken you, so it didn’t really matter.”

“So if you’re both more dominant that Blaise, who is the more dominant out of you two?” Harry asked, looking between Max and Draco.

“We haven’t had the urge to prove who is more dominant yet, so we haven’t yet fought for the order position, but it will be some when before your next heat.”

“Can I watch?” Harry asked with a naughty grin. “You and Blaise together looks sexy and hot.”

Max and Blaise looked at each other and then kissed and Harry swallowed, his cock giving a small twitch.

“I didn’t think that my dominants could be together as well.” He stated through a dry mouth when they broke apart after a lengthy snog.

“Oh we can be together, Harry.” Max told him with a wink. “We are, after all, still hot blooded males.”

“It’s also another reason for the order.” Blaise told him a bit breathless, but otherwise still his composed self. “The most dominant mate is dominant to the other mates. If Max and I were to have sex, he would automatically top me, it stops squabbling during the heat.”

“You will have sex during the heat? When I am literally too blind to see you?” Harry demanded.

“Only one, maybe two people can take you at one time, Harry.” Max explained. “There are three of us, soon to be four. The heat affects us too, we feel like we are dying unless we are having sexual intercourse with someone. It’s why we are so furious and frantic with you, because if we aren’t, we feel like we will die. Four of us can't have you at once, so we will take each other to stave off the
pain of the heat.”

“You won't actually die will you?” Harry asked.

Max chuckled. “No. The heat just makes us feel like we are dying. It’s a completely mental thing. Like when you’re on heat it feels like you are burning, am I right?”

“Yes.” Harry answered rubbing his chest in the remembered pain of feeling like he was being burnt alive.

Draco immediately sniffed at his skin, pushing apart his shirt to lick at the skin of his chest.

“I’m alright. It’s remembered pain of our heat together.” Harry told him.

Max looked at him. “Is it really that bad? I’ve never known a submissive who would talk about it.”

“I thought it was like having a fever.” Blaise confessed.

“It’s much worse than that. It feels like I'm actually being burnt alive, like the bed has been set on fire and I’m burning with it, and it feels like only the touch of my mate will help cool me, but it’s a lie. Your touches make me feel hotter, like I'm being roasted from the inside out. My head and chest always feel worse than anywhere else. I can't think, can't breathe, I can barely see…I can only feel and pray that it will end. I always feel so weak, so drained the longer the heat goes on.”

“I knew that was true.” Max stated. “That a submissive gets weaker the longer the heat goes on. It’s why we, as dominants, are always up before you and have showered, dressed, cleaned up and hunted for ourselves and for you by the time you have woken up.”

“How do you get stronger during the heat when I get weaker? I mean you don’t eat, you don’t drink, the same as me, so what makes you stronger?”

“We feed from you, Harry.” Blaise told him. “We feed from your sexual energy; we drink from your skin, from your release, from your mouth. You keep us strong so that we have enough energy, enough strength, so that we can give you children.”
Harry went pink, but refused to otherwise let those words and their meaning bother him. Instead he wormed his way onto the settee, in between Max and Blaise, compacting himself until he fit in the tiny gap between their bodies.

“Comfortable?” Max asked him with a grin when Harry finally stopped moving after wiggling his bum to find a solid place to sit.

“Almost.” Harry answered, gesturing for Draco to come and sit beside Blaise.

“Now I’m comfortable.” He answered once he finally had all of his mates around him, touching them in some way.

Harry fell asleep like that, only to wake up when Max moved his thigh from under him and stood up. Harry made a small, disgruntled noise and he was hushed and cuddled by who he assumed was Blaise from the smell under his nose.

Another thigh, not as bulky or big as Max’s, slid under him and he was resting again against two mates, but his third was no longer stroking his arm, but he was missing completely.

He let a small whine trickle from his throat and he was shushed again, soft, soothing noises lulling him back to sleep. He snuggled down and pressed his nose against a soft shirt, inhaling the soothing scent of his mate before he lost himself to sleep.

The next time he woke up was to the smell of fresh meat and blood. His eyes snapped open as his stomach grumbled…very loudly. He was starving and he let out a jaw-breaking yawn before slipping to his knees and falling onto the already skinned carcass of a large mammal. Because it had already been skinned for him, he didn’t need to waste time cutting the skin off of it, he could just lower his mouth to the animal and let his fangs come forward and tear into the tough meat.

It was a new animal that he had never tasted before. It was richer, earthier than a deer, which was quite sweet due to the berries and fruit in its diet, but it was tougher than a stallion, which was quite tender. He really had to chew on this animal, but the taste alone made up for it as he got a warm chunk of meat and a mouth of warm, musky blood.

A hand stroking through his hair had him looking up to Max, whose mouth was smeared with the blood of his kill. Harry leant up and kissed him furiously, full of tongue, teeth and fangs. He tasted older blood under the blood of the new animal, Max had already fed on something before bringing this animal back for him and Draco and Blaise.

“Eat.” Max demanded his voice deeper and more feral.
Harry let out a little mew of agreement, before lowering his face to the animal and tearing off a strip of meat.

Harry was forced to eat for longer than he normally did by an observing Max, who nudged him twice to go back to eating after he had sat back away from the animal. His stomach had distended until he really did look pregnant and he burped, falling backwards, feeling sick.

“Eat.” Max encouraged him, pushing his shoulder to roll him towards the skeleton of the animal.

“Can't.” Harry gasped back. “Too full. Going to be sick!”

Max eased him up gently and held him on his lap, cooing towards him and rubbing gentle circles on his stomach.

Harry burped again and coughed a bit as bile burnt his throat. He had eaten far too much. He buried himself in Max’s shirt and nuzzled it, pulling the fabric with his teeth and rubbing against it until he laid still and let his body go boneless. Max only just caught his body and his head before pulling him up and making a sound between a growl and a coo. Harry responded instinctually and mewed back, letting his head flop to the side to offer his nose and cheek to Max, who licked over both with a sure swipe of his tongue.

Harry let Max cuddle and touch him, licking over his face before nipping the tip of his nose. Harry yawned and before he could finish the action, Max was up and walking him to the bedroom. He was tucked up in bed and with a soft kiss to the head he was left alone whilst Max went to assumedly pick up the bones and remaining organs of his kill.

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A/N: For those of you who don’t want the dominants together and will refuse to read this fic anymore if I put it in. We say goodbye here, I will not apologise for taking my story somewhere that I wanted it to go from the beginning, I am comfortable with writing two dominants together, if you can't handle reading it, that’s your hang up not mine, I think love and the act of making love is a wonderful thing, no matter who shares it.

Last Time

Harry let Max cuddle and touch him, licking over his face before nipping the tip of his nose. Harry yawned and before he could finish the action, Max was up and walking him to the bedroom. He was tucked up in bed and with a soft kiss to the head he was left alone whilst Max went to assumedly pick up the bones and remaining organs of his kill.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

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Chapter Twenty-One – Violence and Baby Blues.

Daily life for Harry had turned into a waking hell of being carried and escorted everywhere. His mates refused point blank to leave him alone and as February melted into March, winter moved into spring and then, as April bloomed from March, it took all of his control and concentration to keep from unleashing his claws and fangs and ripping all three of his dominant mates to pieces.

He was going through a very bad stage of any pregnancy. Morning sickness. Though why it was called that was beyond him as he was sick from morning to the afternoon, then it abated only to come back with a vengeance in the evening. He was eating mainly light soups, dry toast and dry crackers. Ignoring that the crackers and wholegrain toast were his grain intake, signalling that he had gone into the second stage of his breeding cycle, which was coming around very late due to his different dietary needs caused by his pregnancy.

He wasn’t even thinking of his heat as he had grown a slight protrusion around his belly area, making Ginny scream and begin to rest her hand and ear on his belly whenever she saw him. This led to whispers and talk of his pregnancy and his ‘controversial’ relationship with three men, one of which was the ‘foreign student’ who was only here to observe the British and their education.

Harry didn’t deny that he was pregnant when he was asked, but he did snarl and fling himself bodily at those who dared to ask him such a thing to his face, only to be held back by one of his
mates. The students of Hogwarts never knew how close they came to having their eyes scratched out by his claws.

Mrs Weasley had sent him a very long letter that included how happy she was, how proud she was and how she wanted to hold her first grandchild, because naturally he was one of her seven sons. She had included useful hints on what foods she had found were better to be avoided during her six pregnancies, useful potions to help him and spells to make him more comfortable when sleeping. She had also told him that she had immediately started knitting for the baby and not to bother wasting his money on buying blankets, shawls, cardigans, jumpers, socks or wraps because she had everything covered. He had also been made to verbally swear to a letter that he would tell her the gender of the baby as soon as he knew, so that she could start using colours rather than neutral whites and yellows.

Ron had become relentless now that he perceived that he had ‘ammo’ over him. He would shout out nasty names and call his baby a bastard because Harry wasn’t married to any of the potential Fathers, which was like a cardinal sin to Purebloods. But Draco had scathingly remarked that Ron had no right to quote Pureblood rules as he was a born blood traitor. Ron had gone scarlet and had started whistling through his teeth in anger like a boiled teapot.

Hermione had dragged him away but not before giving Harry a curious look that he knew all too well. It was her, ‘I know that you are hiding something and I will find out what it is’ look. It frightened him. If she did manage to find out that he was a Dracken, then his life in Britain could be over. His life could be over period if he couldn’t get himself, his children and his mates out of the country in time, it caused an icy pit to form in his stomach and he found himself looking for Hermione more often than normal, checking to see what she was reading, making sure that she didn’t know his secret. When he spotted her in the library on the Marauders Map, which Blaise and Draco found pretty damn awesome, he sent one of them to go and check what she was reading, which was very often as was normal with Hermione because she was always in the library.

They had tried to complain, but as he had shouted at them, it wasn’t only his secret, if Hermione found out about him, then all of their lives were pretty much ruined and they would have to claim asylum in Australia, a country that none of them had ever been to, or in South Africa, a country that Max had only visited once with his family whilst on holiday for two weeks. They all had a substantial amount of money, but if Hermione went to any of the authority figures in the Ministry before the four of them knew about it, then their accounts would be instantly frozen and they would be forced to leave the country and enter another one illegally and knutless.

This put undue stress on Harry and his baby, which was developing faster than a human baby and as a result it was absorbing more of his stress which was directly affecting the baby’s development.

When he had been told that he was potentially harming his baby, he had tried to chill out and relax, but the fear that they would be caught and the icy pit in his stomach only grew the more time that passed.

Max had even suggested that they just kill Hermione and make it look like an accident to try and help alleviate Harry’s stress and worry but Harry had shot the idea down before any of them had had a chance to properly explore it. Not only would Dumbledore know, but Drackens killing humans had been what the Ministry had black listed their species for in the first place, killing Hermione would only be proving them right and Harry refused to do it, no matter how much peace of mind and comfort it would bring him.
Blaise walked into the living room with his arms laden down with perhaps twelve books of varying sizes, Harry thought that maybe they were to help him decipher the book that he had given him for Christmas and turned back to snuggling with Max, until Blaise dumped every single book straight into the fire and let them burn, Harry watching on in curiosity and a bit of wonder that maybe his mate had finally gone insane.

“Were those library books?” Draco asked from his place doing his homework at the kitchenette table, which had been expanded to a six seater table complete with chairs after it was confirmed that there would be five of them all together living here.

“Yes, that was every single library book that contained even a mention of Drackens.” Blaise answered happily. “Granger hasn’t looked at them nor has she checked any of them out.”

Harry grinned. “Madam Pince is going to hunt you down, skin you alive, eat your fleshy bits and then wear your skin as a cape to warn off other students when she finds out what you’ve done to her babies.”

Blaise and Max laughed at the mental image whilst Draco rolled his eyes and went back to his essay.

“She won’t know, I kind of asked her for every book on Drackens, for reference reasons of course, asked if her prized pupil Granger had checked any of them out, then when she had answered in the negative and had given me every single book, I sort of Obliviated her.”

Harry started roaring with laughter and clutched at his rapidly swelling belly through his pyjama top. It got bigger daily and the students were noticing. There was a lot of debate whether or not it was what happened normally with a male pregnancy or if it was just something purely Potter, the defeater of Voldemort and breaker of the rules of the impossible.

“Did you do it correctly?” Max asked with a look of seriousness, which was a rarity.

“Of course, she displayed light confusion and I told her that she had been docking points off of a couple of Gryffindor second years for being too noisy.”
“Thanks for that last bit.” Harry told him dryly, stretching out his pyjama covered legs.

“She only took ten points from them, Harry. Well ten points each and it turned out there were five of them and not the two that I had originally thought, but one of those was a Hufflepuff.”

“You do know that Gryffindor will get those points back in Quidditch don’t you?” Harry boated proudly.

“You’re not playing.” Draco growled from across the room.

“I know I'm not playing, Draco. But I have been training my team still.”

“You still have the captaincy?” Max asked interestedly.

“Yep, due to unforeseen complications, i.e. my pregnancy, I'm unable to play for my team, but I am allowed to coach and captain my team from the side-lines, which I’ve been doing happily. My team is unstoppable!”

“You haven’t played against Slytherin, oh wait, you did and you lost! I caught the snitch half an hour into the game.” Draco smirked from the kitchenette.

“I wasn’t there then nor was I coaching my team.” Harry replied snootily. “I still think Blaise’s timing had something to do with Quidditch.”

“Because I obviously knew that the submissive that had been driving me mad for nearly two months was you, Potter.” Blaise put in with a gentle nudge.

“You knew him before the first meeting?” Max asked curiously and with a mischievous glint in his eyes that informed them that he already knew the answer.

Harry sighed. “Well we did promise to never keep secrets from each other so, yes. I didn’t even know the law, Blaise had been a Dracken for a little over a year, so he knew, but he couldn’t find me and my scent drove him mad.”
“An understatement if ever I heard one.” Blaise cut in. “I would follow the scent only to hit dead ends and I was getting more and more frustrated, I felt like I was losing my mind.”

“So in the end you didn’t even care about the law?” Max guessed. “I can understand that.”

“When I found him on Halloween night, I had to have him; he was so beautiful, in his full glory and eating from a doe that he had just killed himself, suckling on her blood and tear chunks from her. He was so sexy and exuded such power that nothing else mattered, I advanced on him and he ran. I followed and finally caught and claimed him. It was the most exhilarating thing I’ve ever felt.”

Max sighed and looked wistful. “It used to be like all the time.” He told them. “None of these rules and regulations, no waiting and no meetings to showcase us. It was all just pure instinct. The nearest dominant to the submissive lucked out, for everyone else it was just tough. If two or more dominants were near a submissive then it was a free for all, the submissive’s instincts would tell them to run and the dominants would give chase, fighting each other off in the process. But now submissive numbers have fallen so dramatically that the Counsel just decided to rip apart our instincts and give us these ‘meetings’ instead. I envy you, Blaise for getting the chance to experience a proper claiming.”

“Good for him.” Harry pouted. “I thought he was going to kill me, I was terrified out of my mind.”

“The submissives usually are.” Max told him, pulling him in closer for a cuddle. “The instincts turn a dominant feral and that usually means aggressive and violent. A submissive would feel the aggressive energy and would assume that the dominant means to harm or kill them and it triggers the flight reflex and starts the chase as the submissive tries to get away.”

“Speaking of flight, I want to go somewhere where I can use my wings without the fear of being seen. I haven’t flown with them once! I want to try it.”

“After the baby is born…”

“Why do I have to wait until the baby is born?” Harry demanded.

“I won’t risk having you fall from any height; you stay firmly on the ground.”
Harry growled in anger and frustration and stuck his suddenly there claws into Max’s thigh. The reaction was instantaneous as Max’s hand slipped into his hair and yanked his head back at an unnatural angle, keeping pressure on it to keep him from moving.

Max held his neck there by his hair as he struggled and cried, never doing anything else, not even touching him anywhere else, Harry struggled, tried to pry Max’s fist from his hair and threw an absolute fit, but in the end he stopped and just remained with his head back with tears streaming down his face. After a few minutes of his silence and acceptance of the punishment Max’s face appeared in his sight.

“Say you’re sorry, Harry.” Max encouraged him gently.

“I’m sor...sorry.” He sniffled sincerely.

Max carefully released the pressure on his neck bit by bit, unclenching his hand and bringing his head up slowly so it wouldn’t crick or stiffen up from the movement and then he was being cuddled and kissed again.

Harry let the punishment stand without a word, he had deserved it. Max had only been looking out for him and the baby and he had sunk his claws as deeply into his leg as he possibly could out of anger and frustration. He looked down to the four holes in Max’s trousers, which were soaked in blood. He felt wretched for doing it now, but he had felt so angry before, they had been stopping him from doing anything, he couldn’t even walk! He had been frustrated for days now and it had finally bubbled over and he hated himself for not being able to keep control.

He stood up and Max tried to pull him back down, but Harry just tugged at Max until he stood up. Harry led them to the bedroom and pulled Max up the stairs to their bed and popped the button on Max’s trousers, pushing at them. Max’s hands covered his and pulled them away.

“If you’re about to offer yourself to me as an apology then you can stop where you are. I didn’t punish you to get sex from you, Harry.” He said softly.

“I’m not.” Harry answered, pulling his hands away and pushing Max’s trousers fully from his body, displaying the four very deep puncture marks in his upper thigh.

He used as much strength as he could muster to tackle Max onto the bed. Max fell back against the pillows startled, but caught Harry before he could land on top of him and sniffed around his belly to make sure that the baby was unharmed.

Harry let him and when Max was assured the baby was fine, Harry moved his mouth down to the four wounds and started licking at them. The taste of Max’s blood tingled on his tongue, tasting
strongly of iron and the musk of magic.

“Oh you wanted to tend to my cuts.” Max sighed in relief and understanding. “I should have thought of that first, but most dominants do punish their submissives just to get sex from them, I think it’s a vile way to treat the one you’re supposed to love.”

“I didn’t mean to hurt you.” Harry stated almost inaudibly. “I was so angry; I didn’t even know that my claws were out. I'm sorry.”

Max run his fingers through Harry’s hair, twitching every now and then as Harry’s little tongue lapped at his leg like a little kitten, tickling his leg hair and dipping into the punctures that he had made to clean them. Hell, it was so erotic and felt so amazing that he was having a hard time supressing his growing erection.

This wasn’t supposed to be sexual; he had to enforce his rules. No sex immediately after a punishment, he would not punish his submissive to get sex from him. He was better than that, he had been raised better!

But damn if it wasn’t hard, damn if Harry didn’t look so sexy and cute licking at his leg, cleaning and healing the wounds that he had made through anger.

He needn’t have bothered worrying so much as Harry soon stopped moving with his head pillowed on his thigh instead, it took Max a few moments to realise that Harry had fallen asleep cleaning his cuts. He smiled lovingly as he carefully scooped Harry up, pulling back the covers of the bed and laying Harry down in the cool, clean sheets. He tucked Harry in and laid a kiss to the plush, pink lips of his mate, making sure the duvet was firmly around his little submissive before pulling on a pair of pyjama bottoms and going back out with Blaise and Draco to finish his paperwork for the evening.

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Harry woke up surrounded by his mates, all of them holding him and cuddling him close. But he was going to be sick and he was going to be sick now. He scrambled up to try and get to the bathroom, but he didn’t even make it out of the bed before the first wave of vomit shot up his throat and flooded his mouth, he retched over the side of the bed and kept retching as his stomach clenched repeatedly until he couldn’t breathe.

A hand on his back rubbed up and down, another hand on his stomach rubbed in circles as his hair was brushed out of his eyes and pulled back and away from his mouth. He heard the tap in the bathroom turn on, as his third mate got a glass of water for him to sip on and a damp wash cloth to clean up his mouth and chin.

“It’s alright, Harry love.” Draco soothed, coming from his left.
“Just breathe.” Max coaxed from his right.

Harry took in a gasp of air as the retching stopped for a moment before it started again and he dry heaved a dribble of yellow bile onto the sharp, sweet smelling pile he had already made. He did so again before he finally calmed enough to take a sip of water from the glass that Blaise was offering to him.

He dry heaved a final time, bringing up another dribble of bile before he coughed and let his body collapse onto the bed and calm down. He took in deep breaths, his recent inability to draw in breath making him greedy with the air. He sipped at the water until a warning roil in his belly told him that anymore and he would be vomiting again.

“I hate being pregnant.” He warbled pathetically as he was soothed and touched by his mates. Lying against Draco passively as Blaise gently and attentively washed his face free from sweat, tears and lingering flecks of vomit with the warm washcloth.

“It could be worse.” Max told him.

“How?” Harry asked bitingly.

“You could be pregnant for nine months like humans are, at least this pregnancy will only last seven if you carry to full term.”

Harry sighed. “Thank whoever’s up there for small mercies.”

Harry let himself be carried down the stairs and into the living room, being settled at the kitchenette table as Max happily started cooking breakfast as he had done every morning since he had become a mate.

Harry loved his cooking and so did Blaise and Draco, so it became part of their routine that they would eat breakfast in their rooms before they went to lessons and Max flooed out to work. It had the added bonus of giving them more time together before they had to separate without the gawkers that going to the Great Hall offered to them.

On the menu for the morning were omelettes. Fully loaded omelettes that Harry couldn’t touch, much to his ire, as Blaise and Draco moaned around mouthfuls of fluffy eggs, cheese and bacon. Harry was given dry toast and lightly seasoned scrambled eggs with a side dish of sliced banana.

He smiled gratefully at Max who didn’t take that Harry couldn’t eat his usual breakfasts to heart and happily gave Harry what he needed.
Harry ate as much as he could and sipped on his raspberry leaf tea, which just didn’t come up to par with his favoured honey tea, but settled his stomach better.

He had double Potions first thing and Blaise had finally managed to get him to understand some of the basics, with copious input from Max and Draco, who formed a sort of Potions pact and always talked shop when Draco had Potions homework or Max had a particularly complex recipe to work out before he started mass brewing it.

Draco found Max’s work interesting and fascinating, anything to do with Potions made Harry feel lost and confused, so he happily sidled away to find something else to occupy him, unless it was the both of them ‘watching him’ because Blaise wasn’t around, then no matter how hard he tried to leave them to their talks, they followed him.

The two of them were talking shop at the moment. Draco asking about Max’s next mass project, which was a very strong sunburn salve. The chemists around Britain were asking for the salve ready for the onslaught of people who went out in the sun and forgot their suntan lotion. Max explained that the busiest time for this particular potion was actually May and June, when people thought that because it wasn’t super-hot and that it wasn’t properly summer yet, that they could forgo wearing it.

At ten to nine Harry kissed Max goodbye, who also kissed Blaise and got Draco into a headlock to kiss his forehead, before he moved over to their fireplace, which Dumbledore had had connected to the floo for this very purpose, so that Max could floo off to work and he did so today in tears of laughter to the growls, snarls and death threats from Draco who was scrubbing his forehead and painstakingly putting his hair back into place.

Harry held Blaise’s hand on the way down to the dungeons, Blaise walking twice as slow as normal, which made Harry clench his teeth in agitation, but he bit his tongue on this instance, it could always be worse, he could be being carried down to the dungeons instead.

Harry filed into the dungeon classroom and Draco snatched him away with a smirk sitting him on a stool and sitting next to him. Harry had a little giggle at the look on Blaise’s face when he realised he would have to partner with Theodore Nott. His once best friend who had apparently had a huge crush on him and was trying to force him out of seeing Harry. His latest argument was that he, Harry, was obviously just a common whore because he had three men on the go at once. Blaise had been so furious, but Harry had just laughed and told an anger reddened Theo in absolute seriousness that he was thinking of getting another man to join his growing harem.

Theo had gone a blistering shade of red, as both Blaise and Draco had laughed and promised him anything he wanted, even if it was another man.

Professor Snape charged into the room as he always did, his robes billowing out behind him like a cape and the most sour expression he had ever seen gracing his face. Harry felt a bit of fear from the man in that instance. Now that he knew a bit more about the man as a Dracken he had to wonder if this was the time of year that his mate had gone missing.

“Mister Potter, due to your inappropriate actions in your spare time, you are excused from this lesson as the potion fumes that will be created today will likely mutate the child that you carry. You will go next door into my office and write a ten thousand word essay on why school children should not indulge their carnal desires and disrupt my lessons with the by-product.”
Harry stood up and stooped to pick up his backpack. He kissed Draco’s lips lovingly because everyone was looking at him and turned behind him to give Blaise a full on snog with an obscene amount of visible tongue because he liked the colour Nott’s face and neck went when he did so.

“Today, Potter!” Snape snapped at him.

Harry happily walked into the Professor’s office, though he felt more than heard the growls and tension that emanated from Draco and Blaise as he went out of their sight.

He looked around at the cosy room and sighed. It was just like the Professor’s personal rooms, warm, earthy and relaxing. Done in natural, forest colours and tasteful furniture. There wasn’t a piece of parchment waiting for him to write his mega long essay, instead there was a note over a book with Professor Snape’s spiky writing on it.

‘Potter – Read this book during lesson time, I will quiz you after the lesson.’

Harry sighed and briefly wondered if he could get away with pretending that he hadn’t seen it, before he discarded the idea and picked the book up and made himself comfortable on the brown leather settee, it wasn’t like he had anything else to do for the two hour double period.

The book turned out to be very interesting, it wasn’t very thick, but it was a male submissive Dracken’s detailed account of his pregnancies and the subsequent births. The book was over three hundred years old as the date claimed that the book had been written in sixteen-eighty-three.

The submissive, Robert, and his three mates, Alfred, Harvey and Gretchen, had had twenty-two children, seventeen had been from Robert and Gretchen had had five, but Robert had explained that even though Gretchen was a woman, she was still a dominant and still didn’t feel very comfortable being pregnant and that all times after the first had been accidents, but he firmly mentioned that he loved all of his children.

Only three of their children had been Drackens, two dominant boys and a submissive girl. Eighteen had been magical and only one had been a squib, their youngest, conceived when they were very elderly and nearing the end of their fertility. Robert debated in the book whether or not this had some part to play in his youngest child’s lack of magic or not, but he had never found out.

Robert noted key moments in the baby’s development in the womb and Harry was startled to realise that he had already missed five key moments and that four of those times when his baby was taking in the most from him, he had been stressed and anxious.

He dived into his bag to get out a quill and some parchment and noted down the rest of the key development periods in case Professor Snape didn’t let him take the book away with him. He was determined not to damage his baby further by messing up the development areas of his baby.

Robert had then gone on to describe, in all its gory detail, the births of his children and how he had done it safely. He wrote of how panicked he had been on his first birth, how he had been so nervous he had been sick, but as he was sitting in his nest, safely away from everyone, including his mates, he mentioned how instinct took over when it was time for the birth, how he just knew
what to do.

His claws had stabbed into his own side and ripped apart his stomach, before he had plunged both hands into himself and pulled his firstborn free. He had clamped the cord with the ties he had brought with him, sliced it with his claws and wrapped the baby in a fur that one of his mates had given to him. He had then ripped out the placenta, taking a moment to notice if all of the fingers were attached, before picking up the two litre bottle filled with all three of his mates’ blood and he had drained it. The slice in his stomach had been gone when he had looked back down, leaving him to focus completely on cleaning and feeding his child with the bottle of milk that he had also brought with him.

Robert had made a list of must haves for a male submissive birth and Harry quickly noted the things listed down. Things including umbilical cord clamps, a large bottle of the blood of ALL bonded mates, bottles and milk, nappies, wipes and then optional things like sleepsuits for the baby.

Robert had been just as nervous on the birth of his second clutch, because he had been carrying the full five children that a Dracken pregnancy could give. He had noted that his previously thirty-three inch waist had expanded to fifty-six inches, he had been unable to walk since his fourth month and by the sixth month he had been unable to go to the bathroom on his own and needed help doing almost everything. He had been unable to find the highest, safest spot to make his nest so he had instead, through desperation, made the nest in the bed that he was confined to and he had banned his mates from coming near it.

Harry grinned as he tried to picture himself banning Blaise, Max and Draco from their bedroom as he made a nest out of the duvet, pillows and odd socks within his reach. He laughed and went back to the book, desperately hoping that he never had five in one go.

The birth had gone near enough the same as the first, only Robert had had to take more time to pull out all five babies, clamp and cut their cords, wrap them up and then pull the placentas from his body. He had drained the two litre bottle of blood his mates had given him and when he looked back down he had noted a thin, pink scar where his claws had opened his womb up. He had taken too long to drink the blood to heal himself, but Robert had also wrote down that he didn’t care that he had one measly scar, the operation couldn’t have been rushed and if it had been, he might have inadvertently hurt one of his children or himself even further.

Harry enjoyed reading of Robert’s difficulty in looking after his now six children as his mates went out to work to feed him and his babies. Joanne, his first and oldest child was two years old and he had five newborns. Harry admired how Robert handled everything, how he juggled feeding, cleaning and changing all of his children and still found time to play with and teach Joanne and to get a decent meal on the table ready for his mates return from a hard day at work. Robert confessed that he cut corners by staying up late or by waking up a bit earlier to prepare the meal by cutting up a few vegetables or marinating some meat, by dusting and wiping down the kitchen counters in the night so he didn’t wake his children or his mates and didn’t have to do it the next day.

Harry was awed at how dedicated Robert was to his family and to how things were done three hundred years ago. Robert didn’t just want to clean his house and look after his children and get all the cooking done on time for his mates, he was expected to do it and that he had been punished by his most dominant mate for not getting dinner on the table on time because he had lost track of time playing with Joanne made Harry appreciate his mates all the more and made the few punishments that he had gotten so far seem like petulant arguments.

Harry continued reading the book, through the birth of every child Robert had had, the birth of
Gretchen’s children which was more like a human birth than a Dracken one, in the sense that Gretchen had let all of her mates surround her, even letting Robert lie with her in the bed with a Healer present to oversee everything. Then came the tear stained page that documented Robert’s youngest child’s death through old age, as he had aged human quick and had no magic to expand his lifespan, the heart rendering news of the one-by-one death of his mates, through the ups and downs of Robert’s life until the very last page, where one of Robert’s children had left a moving message about her love for her Mother and how all of them would dearly miss him and their Fathers. Robert’s death day had been a hundred years previous. He had lived well passed two hundred.

Harry placed the book down and checked the time. The double period would be over in ten minutes. He carefully organised his notes and read through them again, making sure that he was prepared and ready for the quiz that he was about to get from Professor Snape.

Draco rushed into the room before the bell and concentrated immensely on sniffing every inch of his body, from his armpits to his toes, from his intimate places to the nape of his neck. Blaise joined them halfway through and started his own sniffing and licking. They both stayed kneeling in front of him hands on his bulging belly, licking over and around his bellybutton.

“If you are quite finished.” Professor Snape intoned dryly.

Harry went pink cheeked that the Professor had witnessed his mates searching him for injuries. It seemed such a private thing for him to have witnessed, invasive, Harry felt violated and he clung to Draco as Blaise stepped in front of him and hissed at the Professor, who raised an eyebrow, but said nothing and made no move towards them.

Blaise stepped away and Draco let him go and Harry was embarrassed by his actions, but refused to otherwise acknowledge what he had just done.

“Are you going to quiz me now?” Harry asked.

“No, Potter. I told you that I would quiz you to ensure that you actually read what I had left for you, I knew that once you looked at that first page and realised what it was you were actually reading that you wouldn’t stop reading.”

“I finished the book. I even took notes.” Harry stated proudly as he thrust his fist full of parchment at Professor Snape, who took them off of him and checked over them.

“All of the important facts are noted, well done, Potter, you have proved that you can actually follow instructions.”
Harry beamed, refusing to take the compliment as the criticism that it was meant to be.

“Thank you, Professor and thank you for letting me read the book.”

“You need all the help that you can get your hands on to help you through your upcoming birth, your mates can only help you so far as none of them thus far have any knowledge on a male submissive birth and they won't be able to help you during the actual birth because you won't let them near you during it.”

“Nasta told me the basics, but this book just went into so much detail.”

“Harry, we have to get to Ancient Runes or we’ll be late.” Blaise told him gently.

“I have a free period next.” Harry answered softly.

Blaise blinked and Harry saw the panic creep into his eyes. Both he and Draco had Ancient Runes, but Harry had a free period, where he had used to go with the both of them and sit in on their Ancient Runes lesson and the Professor had let him, he didn’t actually have to go.

“I will watch over him. I also have a free period and I can use it to see how much of this book Potter has taken in.” Professor Snape told them both. “I will get him to you at lunch.”

It took a bit more prodding and some convincing but both Blaise and Draco ran from the dungeons to their Ancient Runes lesson with a note as to why they were late, signed by Professor Snape.

This left Harry alone with the sour and lonely older Dracken who had tragically lost his mate so long ago and it seemed that it was close to the anniversary of their death. Harry prepared himself to ask about the older Dracken’s mate, even though every bone that held an ounce of self-preservation was screaming at him to not say a word. Harry had always ignored that instinct anyway.

“Sir? Can I ask you something…?”

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A/N: Don't forget that you can join me on Facebook!
http://www.facebook.com/starlight.mass

StarLight Massacre. X
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“Sir? Can I ask you something…?”

“What is it, Potter?” Snape answered tightly looking at him from his place in the armchair adjacent to Harry.

“I think you know what I’m going to ask you, Sir.”

“Then why don’t you just spit it out, Potter and stop bumbling about.”

“What happened to your submissive, Sir?”

Harry watched as his Professor clenched his hands so tightly that the knuckles went bone white. He was afraid for a moment that Snape might charge at him and hit him.
“My ‘submissive’ went missing and subsequently died, Potter, not that it’s any of your business.”

“What happened, Sir? Was it Dracken poachers?” Harry asked rubbing his belly as a little flutter made him feel like he had swallowed a live butterfly.

Snape sighed sounding worn out and exasperated. “It’s not any of your business.”

“I know, I just wanted to know if there was any danger that I might do the same thing and leave Draco, Max and Blaise. I don’t want to, but with the way I feel now, I don’t think your submissive would have left you lightly.”

“He didn’t want to leave, but he felt that it was his duty to.” Snape replied after a long stretch of silence in which Harry thought that he was going to have his head hexed off.

“A mate’s duty is to look after their dominants and their children!” Harry stated suddenly, harshly.

Harry covered his mouth with his hands and ducked his head. “I’m sorry. I don’t know where that came from.”

“That was your inner Dracken, Potter.” Snape told him. “It knows that you can't leave your dominants because of the baby you carry. You need your dominants to keep the baby healthy; you should have at least taken blood from them by now.”

“I haven’t.” Harry admitted, before a burst of remembered flavour on his tongue reminded him that that wasn’t strictly true. He had tasted Max’s blood, true he had been cleaning the wounds he had made, but he had still licked and then swallowed Max’s blood.

“Your face says a different story.”

“I stuck my claws into Max’s leg. I was punished for it, but afterwards I felt such a need to clean his wounds myself that I licked them.”
“Taking in blood at the same time.”

“Yes.”

“You likely struck him out of desperation for blood for your baby.”

“But I’d eaten a bear only a few days before.”

“A bear?” Snape asked incredulously, Harry had never really seen Snape so dumbstruck before.

“Max’s favourite prey animal. When he hunts he Disapparates, to Canada I think, and then he brings back a bear for me; he even skins it for me first so I can just start eating right away, without having to skin my meal first. I’ve had three bears now since he became my mate.”

“Well, needless to say, you need your mate’s blood to keep your child healthy, not animal blood, not even human or another Dracken’s blood, though the latter will keep you sustained for a short while until you can get to your mates.”

“Oh. Maybe I should go about it better than just digging my claws into them.”

“That would be advisable, Potter. Most submissives take blood during intercourse.”

Harry went pink and coughed to try and drown out the word intercourse that came from his Professor’s mouth.

“I…we haven’t…”

“You are pregnant, Potter; do not try to tell me that you and your mates haven’t had sex.”

“Not recently!” Harry squeaked out. “Not since my last heat when the baby was conceived, they won’t even hear of having sex, they think it will kill the baby.”
Snape sighed and rubbed his temple. “How could I have forgotten the firstborn protectiveness?” He asked rhetorically.

Harry just sat on the settee and swung his legs a bit, avoiding looking at his teacher, who he was actually having a conversation with about his sex life.

“You will likely find yourself going celibate until your next heat. Your mates will be very reluctant to copulate with you when pregnant until maybe your second or third clutch. They will be stubborn and pigheaded and will likely listen to nothing you say, so I suggest that you bite one of them and then start suckling, if they try to punish you, tell them that they are being bad dominant mates and that they’re abusing you. That will at least get them listening to you, then you can explain that the baby needs their blood. They will then try to force you to drink every drop of blood in their bodies, take as much as you need, but not a drop more as too much blood at one time can damage the baby. I would think that three large mouthfuls from each of them would suffice, though if you only have one of them to hand, then six or seven mouthfuls will do.”

“Why didn’t the book explain this?” Harry asked, blushing more. Robert had needed to feed off of something a hell of a lot more personal than blood.

“Different submissives are drawn to different needs. Where Robert needed his mates sexual ejaculate, you need blood more during the first few months. You will likely move on from this when you hit the second trimester.”

“That’s at the end of this month!” Harry croaked.

“Then you had better start filling up on blood before your mates wonder for you sanity when you start sucking on them like straws.”

Harry almost swallowed his tongue and it took several harsh coughs to get his breathing back and even then he could no longer meet his Professor’s eyes.

“I…we…can we talk about something else?!”

Snape actually let out a chuckle and stood up from his place in his armchair. He went to his desk and opened a drawer. He pulled something out and then came back and sat in his armchair. He looked at the piece of metal that he had pulled out of the drawer before handing it to Harry.

Harry took it and realised that it was an oval photo frame. In the photo was a very beautiful man
with soft, curly black hair and glowing grey eyes. He was still in school and was wearing Slytherin robes, opened to show his white button down shirt, silver and green tie and black trousers. He was a slender boy and looked quite fit, like he played Quidditch or another sport. He was laughing and then waved happily to whoever was taking the picture.

“Is this your mate?” He asked. “He’s beautiful.”

“Yes, that photo was taken in his sixth year, my seventh. We had just mated.”

“He looks so happy.”

“He was, until your Godfather got involved.”

“Sirius?” Harry asked, brushing aside the painful lump in his throat.

“Yes, that’s his younger brother, Regulus Black. Sirius was very protective of him, even though they were in different houses; he didn’t like that Regulus was seeing me.”

Harry had a horrible feeling that he knew what was going on and he didn’t like the picture that was being painted.

“Your Father, of course, got involved once Sirius did. They believed that it was their mission in life to get me and Regulus away from each other. Regulus finally had enough and attacked his brother, told him to leave him alone and to never contact him again. Sirius blamed it all on me and the pranks they pulled on me turned more sinister, the worst of which was when Sirius sent me down the tunnel after Lupin on the full moon after Regulus told him to never come near him again. Your Father did save my life, but I am not foolish enough to believe that he did it for my benefit, he knew that Lupin would have been executed like an animal if he had managed to kill me and Sirius’ life would have been over as he would have been expelled and his wand snapped as an accessory to murder, your Father was set to lose his two very best friends if he stood by and did nothing.”

“I'm sorry for what they did.”

“You shouldn’t have to apologise for your Father’s or your Godfather’s mistakes, Potter, you weren’t even a glint in your Father’s eye when he chose to get involved in something that didn’t concern him.”
“What happened to Regulus? Why was it his duty to leave you? Please say that that wasn’t Sirius’ fault too.”

“No. Regulus was far too stubborn and strong willed to ever let something someone said influence him or his decisions; he was a Slytherin through and through. He died in nineteen-seventy-nine, when he was just nineteen. I have no idea why he died, only that I feel it in my heart that he is dead. On the day that he died, we had fought the night before, I was angry at him so I ignored his concern and worry. He left that day and he never came back. Half an hour after he had left, I realised my mistake, realised that as his dominant he shouldn’t be somewhere that I didn’t know about. I tried to find him, I looked for years for a hint of where he went that day, but I found nothing. No one saw him, no one had heard from him. Sirius was apoplectic with rage that his brother had died and that I had let him die. He tracked me down and cast the killing curse on me, but thankfully he was tackled by Lupin and his shot missed. The way I felt then I would have just stood there and let that curse hit me. Now I feel that it is the least that I can do for my mate to find out what happened to him, to find out why he died, to perhaps find his body and bury him in the empty grave that I had bought for him.”

“You didn’t…didn’t even find his body, Sir?” Harry asked softly.

“No. I have had no closure for more than twenty years. Regulus’ death is still a mystery to me and I have sworn that I will find out what happened to Regulus before I join him in death.”

“If I died, I wouldn’t want my mates to join me.” Harry said softly. “I’d want them to carry on and live their lives. I’d want them to be happy even if I couldn’t join in with their laughter and joy. I wouldn’t want them to waste their lives grieving for me, Sir, because I just want them to always be happy, even if that meant they took another mate in my place and forgot about me.”

“You are too selfless for your own good, Potter.” Snape told him with a gruffer voice. “You and Regulus were much alike in that aspect. He tried to keep himself and Sirius happy, but he realised that his brother would never even try to get on with his chosen mate. I had felt like the biggest, bestest man on the planet when Regulus chose me from a hundred of other Drackens, but if he was still alive today, I would have rathered he’d chosen another.”

“He loved you, that’s why he chose you. I loved Blaise, even before I realised that I did. I had subconsciously chosen him as my mate before I even knew I had a choice, then I chose Draco and even though he hurt me and humiliated me, I still loved him. Max came to me during my heat, but I loved him and had for a while. Just like I love…oh hell! I think I just figured out who my fourth mate is…hell!”
“Your grounding mate?” Snape asked.

“Yes. Damn, well at least this time it was bloody easy.”

“Language!” Snape chastised him and Harry rolled his eyes.

“I have to go tell the others!” Harry got up, placing a steadying hand on his belly as he did so.

Snape grabbed his elbow and began escorting him out of the room. Harry rolled his eyes again, but more exaggeratedly.

“Don’t roll your eyes at me, Potter! Don’t you remember what happened the last time you wandered the dungeons alone? You are more vulnerable now.”

Harry had a flashback of steel arms around him and a mouth against his ear whispering ‘You won’t be able to resist me when I have given you a baby.’

“You make an excellent point. Can we go now?”

“Yes, it is almost lunch time, but speaking from a dominant’s point of view I would keep the knowledge that you love another man that you are not mated to, to yourself. They will not appreciate your epiphany of your fourth mate and they will likely try to kill him.”

“Who said anything about it being another man, Professor?”

“Please, Potter, do not insult my intelligence. Anyone who has half a brain cell can see that you love your own gender and hold no flame to the fairer sexes.”

Harry pouted and followed by his Professor’s side until he reached the Great Hall, where Professor Snape dropped him off at the empty Slytherin table and made his way up to the Head table.

Harry was still pouting when Blaise and Draco rushed into see him unharmed and nibbling on a piece of unbuttered bread. They held him and kissed him and when he snapped at them to let him eat; they finally sat down and served themselves some beef stew.
Harry unhappily ate his bread and tried to eat a bit of vegetable soup, but when it threatened to make a reappearance, he stopped and pushed his bowl away. He instead listened as Blaise recounted what had happened during Ancient Runes.

When lunch was over he went with Blaise to Transfiguration as Draco went off for Arithmancy. As the day passed he was beginning to feel more irritable and snappy. Twice at dinner he went to bite Blaise’s fingers and twice he had the back of his neck squeezed.

He had forced down some steamed rice and stir-fry vegetables, before he made Blaise and Draco take him back to their rooms. They were unhappy with him and it showed. Blaise walked with his hand clamped over the back of his neck and Draco was carrying him, holding him tightly to his chest, not the comforting embrace that he usually used.

Max took one look at their faces and put down his quill and paperwork.

“What happened?”

“Harry’s in a bitchy mood.” Draco stated and went to the kitchenette after placing Harry down on the settee to make himself and Blaise something to eat.

Harry’s tenuous self-control snapped and his wings burst from his back as he unsheathed his claws and fangs, hissing deeply at Draco, who turned around and growled back, his voice so deep it settled like a stone in Harry’s stomach.

It was the first time that he had let his wings come out in some months and his once pure white wings that had first speckled with amethyst, had now gained silver scales, deep black scales and bright blue ones, they looked gorgeous and distracted Harry enough to coo and pet over them.

Max laughed at his actions and pulled him over to cuddle with him, nuzzling the scales that had taken on his deep blue and black colour.

Harry took one look at Max’s strong neck and sank his sharp teeth and curving fangs deeply into the muscle. Max gripped his hair and forced his head back, using a finger to guide his four fangs out of his neck so that he wouldn’t accidentally tear a chunk from him.

Harry screamed and thrashed, but Max just held his hair tighter and bent his neck back further. Harry relaxed and huddled down, curling in on himself.

“Say you are sorry.” Max coaxed gently.

“No!” Harry screamed deciding to take Professor Snape’s advice. “You’re bad dominants! All of you are bad, abusive dominants! You don’t deserve me or the baby!”

All three of them stopped like Harry had spoken some secret dominant freezing word. They looked
like statues and Max had let go of his hair so fast that Harry had toppled from the settee.

“We are not bad dominants for punishing you when you deserve it.” Max spoke slowly, like he was assuring himself as well as the other two dominants of that more than he was telling Harry what was fact.

“You’re punishing me for taking what I need!” Harry yelled at them. “I need my dominants’ blood to feed the baby! Do you want my baby to die?! Is that it?”

Harry was momentarily blinded by colour when all three rushed to him at once, sniffing and petting, licking and gently sucking at his skin, spending time gently tonguing his elbow that had bruised when he had fallen from the settee and nuzzling his stomach to ensure that the baby was alright.

“Get off! I don’t want you near me!” Harry yelled, batting at them, though not very hard, he just wanted them to fully understand that he was upset that they hadn’t let him explain himself before punishing him, assuming that he had bitten Max and gone for their fingers just for the sake of hurting them, not the actual reason of keeping his baby alive.

Max pulled him into his lap gently and placed his mouth to the freely bleeding marks on his neck, making encouraging noises.

“I don’t want your blood now!” Harry hissed, pushing him away and twisting away from Max, whose blue eyes flashed his hurt before a steel resolve took them over.

“You will drink blood from one of us.” He stated sternly.

“I want Blaise’s blood.” Harry answered stubbornly.

Blaise immediately slit his own wrist with his claws and held the bleeding arm to him; Harry reluctantly lapped at the excess blood before he sealed his mouth over the slice and sucked. He listened to Professor Snape and decided that he wanted all of their blood tonight. He took three mouthfuls from Blaise, before digging his claws into his own arm and offering it to Blaise.

Blaise took a quick mouthful before the cut was gone completely and his own wrist started closing. Harry turned to Draco next, who willingly offered his arm for Harry to bite. Harry did so and swallowed three mouthfuls. He repeated his actions of digging his claws into his own arm and offered it to Draco. Harry giggled a bit as Draco’s tongue tickled more than Blaise’s had.
Harry lastly turned to Max, whose neck was plastered in blood as he hadn’t bothered to staunch the bleeding. Harry’s tongue lapped at his neck like a kitten and he wrapped his arms around Max, who didn’t respond.

When Harry offered his bleeding hand to his oldest dominant, Max didn’t take it.

“I deserve to bleed for not realising what you were doing, for not understanding what you really wanted and for punishing you without hearing why you bit me.”

“You don’t deserve to bleed to death for a simple mistake.” Harry told him softly. “You realise now why I did what I did, why I sunk my claws into your leg before, why I snapped at Blaise’s fingers and why I bit your neck. I didn’t realise until today that I was subconsciously trying to get blood from you all for the baby. None of us realised what it meant, none of us realised that I needed blood. We all made that oversight, not just you.”

Harry dug his claws into his hand again and held it up to Max, who licked so gently at him that Harry had to smile. Both of their wounds closed and they were left hold each other and cuddling close.

Harry fell asleep in the middle of the pile of bodies, warm and cosy and feeling so loved and happy that he glowed. When he woke up the next morning, he was naked, wrapped up in Draco’s arms, Max cuddled close on the left side and Blaise cuddled under Draco’s arm on the right. All of them were naked.

It gave Harry the chance to see his mates in all their naked glory with the sunlight filtering down from the skylight, his mind not clouded with lust or the fire of the heat, his gaze not obscured by the darkness of the night. He liked what he saw.

Blaise was still an olive skinned French-Italian god, covered in sinewy muscles and lean flesh, his light brown nipples erect to the cold air as he shifted closer to Draco for warmth in his sleep.

Draco was as white as the sheets on the bed, with broad shoulders, sculpted muscles and two light pink nipples. Where Blaise had a spattering of dark hair over his chest and belly, Draco was completely hairless and smooth. His defined six pack drew Harry’s attention next and he kissed it. Draco was muscled all the way down to his calf muscles.

Max was a new and unseen treasure. Broader than Draco, so muscled that he looked bulky and a gorgeous layer of tan skin covered everything. Max was again hairless until Harry reached his arms and legs. His chest was bare leaving his two dark pink nipples stranded on his pectorals.

All three of his mates had a soft, thin trail of hair from their bellybuttons to their groins where the trail met up with their pubic hair. Each one was a different colour. Draco’s was, of course, white blond like the rest of his hair, Max’s was chestnut brown, like the thick hair on his head and Blaise’s was black.

Harry traced his fingers through those lines of hair and each one of his mates snuffled, groaned or shifted in their sleep. Harry chuckled and got up from his place on the bed. He went to the bathroom and emptied his bladder, washed his hands before jumping in the shower.
His stomach started grumbling loudly and it was with a sudden realisation that he wasn’t feeling nauseous this morning. He was ravenous and he quickly finished up and got out of the shower, drying himself off and thanking god that today was now a Saturday and he didn’t have any lessons to go to.

His reflection in the mirror stopped his hunt for food as he checked his bump in the mirror. He had never stood in front of a mirror naked whilst he was pregnant and he turned to the side to see his bump better. It was bigger this morning, much bigger than it had been last night. The skin moved and he let out a shocked yell.

Thumps, a crash and a lot of growling preceded all three of his naked mates barging into the bathroom. Harry sniggered at their dishevelled appearances’ and sleep tousled hair.

“Please tell me that you didn’t yell just to get us up, Prezioso?” Blaise said around a yawn.

Reminded as to why he had yelled he looked back to his reflection and rubbed his belly.

“You are much bigger than you were yesterday.” Draco observed.

“I know. It moved.”

“The baby?”

“I saw my skin move, like a ripple but obviously it was caused by the baby.”

Max came and cupped his belly with both hands. Harry looked into the mirror and felt his throat clog with emotion as he looked to the two naked reflections, he saw his own wide eyed, misted face and then he saw Max’s looking at the baby bulge cupped in his hands with such adoration and love.

Harry wanted to remember this moment forever as he leant backwards and kissed the underside of Max’s jaw. All of the violence and temper from yesterday forgotten and forgiven and in this moment Harry was happy.

A camera flashed and Harry turned around with a snarl on his face to glare at Draco who held the camera that Harry had taught all three of his mates to use the week before ‘ready for when the babies arrived.’

“It made a good picture.” He told Harry.
“I’m naked!” Harry shouted lunging for the camera.

Draco held it out of reach and ran from the bathroom laughing. Harry growled and stomped after him, not even trying to run after him with the added swelling of the baby.

“Give me that camera!”

Max laughed and he and Draco played keep away, tossing his camera between each other as Harry stomped and sulked. Blaise pulled him into a kiss and held him gently.

“Let them have their fun, Mio amore. They don’t mean any harm.”

“But I’m naked.” Harry pouted.

“No one else will ever see it. We won’t let them see you so vulnerable, but you two did make a good picture.”

Harry sighed but the debate was ultimately ended when his stomach roared loudly. Max, still grinning, moved to the kitchen and began boiling the kettle to make their morning teas, and a coffee for Blaise, who didn’t understand how they could drink watery leaves.

“Can I have a proper breakfast please?” Harry asked. “I wasn’t sick this morning and I feel fine. That blood last night really is a miracle cure.”

Max grinned and pulled Harry’s head forward to lay a kiss on his forehead. Max liked kissing a lot, no matter if it was a passionate one, a quick peck or a lingering kiss on a random body part.

“Of course you can, if you feel you can eat it, I’d be happy to make it.”

Harry smiled happily and sat down on Blaise, who was closest to him. Blaise wrapped his arms around his waist and laid his head on Harry’s shoulder, ignoring that they were all still naked.
“Ti amo.” He whispered.

Harry grinned and twisted his head to give Blaise a kiss.

“I love you too.”

Harry leant over and gave a kiss to Draco without letting him ask for one. Draco didn’t need to beg for his affection like a kicked dog.

Max happily served them their teas and coffee. Harry grimaced at the red tea he was being forced to drink for the baby. It wasn’t too bad, but it definitely wasn’t his honey tea.

Max sipped on his plain old white tea, whilst Draco took his black, neither took their tea with sugar. Blaise and Draco talked together with an occasional comment from Max as he expertly cooked them breakfast. Harry remained quiet and just observed them all, talking and interacting like best friends, like the family that they were going to become.

Last night seemed to have done them wonders for tolerance with each other, they were all dominants, but if they gave enough effort, they could love one another, Harry was sure of it and he couldn’t wait until they all loved one another like a large, but real family. A family that loved unconditionally, a family that loved without judgement, a family who loved with, not only their hearts, but their bodies and souls as well. That would be completely perfect.

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Chapter End Notes

Another little peek-a-boo for you, only better! Chapter Twenty-Three is called The Fourth and Final. Here is a sneak peek:-

“Do you have any sort of indication of which person you’d like?” Elder Trintus asked.
“Most submissives just know which Dracken they’d like when picking a grounding mate.”

“I have a very good idea.”

“Well then, let’s start there. Who do you want?”

“I don’t think he’s here.” Harry answered as he once again scanned the hall for the man he loved. “He might have gone to see the submissive in New Zealand, which means he doesn’t want me and thinks I’m too much of a bother.”

The thought caused him a sharp pain in his heart as he bit his lip and turned away from the other dominants, hiding from their heated gazes in Draco’s shirt. He didn’t
want them undressing his pregnant body with their eyes.

“We can call him back from New Zealand Harry dear. Who was he?”

“No.” Harry shook his head for emphasis. “If he left then he didn’t love me enough to stay, I don’t want him resenting me for dragging him back when he doesn’t want to be here.”

“Many of those who left only did so because they thought they didn’t have a chance with you dear.”

“Then he should have had more faith in me.”

StarLight Massacre. X
The Fourth and Final

Chapter Notes

A/N: You know what’s coming. DO NOT SKIP AHEAD TO FIND OUT OR THERE WILL BE TROUBLE. I’ll know you’ve done it. I’ll know. So ignore the temptation and enjoy the story until you reach it or you’ll ruin it for yourselves. I’m a reader myself and I know it’ll kill you, but if you skip ahead I’ll kill you by sending the reincarnation of Dominic after you. Happy reading.

Last Time

Last night seemed to have done them wonders for tolerance with each other, they were all dominants, but if they gave enough effort, they could love one another, Harry was sure of it and he couldn’t wait until they all loved one another like a large, but real family. A family that loved unconditionally, a family that loved without judgement, a family who loved with, not only their hearts, but their bodies and souls as well. That would be completely perfect.

Chapter Twenty-Three – The Fourth and Final

Harry was dreading his heat as it dawned so very close. His mates wouldn’t even touch him; he was going to be so sore as he hadn’t had sex at all in the past two months. Not since his February heat.

He had continued to grow steadily until it looked like he had swallowed a Quaffle. His mates had taken to sleeping with at least one, if not both of their hands on his bump.

He still hadn’t told them that he had a very large idea of who his fourth mate was, after what Snape had told him, he was slightly afraid to just announce that he loved another man, at least if he went through a sort of mating process then they had a better chance of accepting it.

He was going to have to have his meeting soon though; Elder Trintus had warned him that if he didn’t have all of his mates with him by his next heat period then he wouldn’t be able to claim anymore mates. He would be doomed to live his life without his grounding mate and later on in life, when he’d had a few clutches of children, his wild magic caused by his Dracken inheritance would turn him insane and he would slaughter his own children.

Ginny had started to channel her Mother. She came up to him at odd times during the day to give him a sandwich or a pasty, telling him that he needed to eat more for the baby. In fact everyone seemed to be doing that, even Dean Thomas did it once, until Harry had been sick on his robes because he had overeaten, then he had never offered him another morsel.

School work was becoming more taxing on him as he grew and he became so tired that he was barely making it through each day. The baby was growing too quickly and was sapping so much
energy from him that sometimes he didn’t feel like getting out of bed. It was his price to pay for having a pregnancy that only lasted seven months; his baby had a hell of a lot of growing and developing to do in such a short amount of time. Two months less than a human pregnancy hadn’t seemed like anything to him before, but he was beginning to understand that those two extra months would have let him have an easier time of his pregnancy, it would have let his baby grow at a more reasonable rate instead of ballooning every other day.

Lavender Brown, Parvati Patil and Parvati’s twin sister from Ravenclaw, Padma had come up to him when he, Blaise and Draco were in the library and worriedly asked about his illness. Harry had forgotten that he had claimed he had a very deadly reoccurring disease that would explain why he disappeared for ten days every two months when he was on heat and why he disappeared for X amount of time when he went to find himself another mate.

The three girls were worried about the illness’ effect on his growing baby and Harry sadly claimed that he had been told that there was a high possibility that his baby would be born early.

“Oh not premature!” Lavender gasped. “You’ll have a little prem baby! Oh they’re tiny, my baby brother was a prem baby but he died in hospital.”

Harry wrapped his arms around Lavender and held her as she cried about her baby brother’s death from some years ago, telling him that she didn’t want him to go through what her parents had when they had lost the baby.

“I’m sure my baby will survive, Lavender, it’ll be a magical baby after all and it will have the best magical treatment that money can buy.”

“Oh. I know, but it was so sad that he died, I always wanted a brother and I was so excited, he would be eight now if he had lived.”

“I’m sorry for your loss, Lavender, I am, but I won't let that happen to my baby, illness or not.”

“Okay enough with the heavy talk.” Parvati nudged them with a grin. “Tell us what it’s like to have three absolutely gorgeous men sleep with you every night.”

“You know what, Parvati? I’ve never been happier. I love them. I know there are people that are saying that I can't possibly love them all, that there must be one that I like more than the others or that there’s one that I pay more attention to, but that just isn’t true. I love all of them, each and every one of them, I have so much love to give that I'm thinking of getting one more.”
Harry nudged them with an excessive wink. They giggled and they started a running tally on a piece of parchment about who would be good for him.

“Don’t forget that we have visitors this year.” He encouraged. “I’ve had my eye on a few of those tall, strapping men, I think Blaise and Draco are all I can manage from my own age group or from Hogwarts, I want someone a bit more mature.”

“Ooo! He want’s older, Lav.” Parvati giggled.

“What about Professor Drios?” Padma asked, looking dreamily into space, obviously fantasising about their Defence teacher for that year.

“I am not going to ask a teacher out.” Harry stated firmly. “No teachers.”

“You spoil all our fun.”

Harry chuckled and left them to their list before he went and found Blaise down the next isle of the library.

“They like Professor Drios?” He asked, looking absolutely disgusted.

“They also loved Lockhart and would lick Professor Trelawney’s shoes, but they are my friends, so watch your mouth.” Harry grinned, kissing said mouth.

“You spoil all my fun.”

“Their eyes didn’t leave his parchment. I’m sure it’s perfect, love.” Harry told him, easing into a chair, smiling as Draco’s hands immediately jumped to help him even as his eyes didn’t leave his parchment.

“I’m just making sure that it is befitting of a Malfoy to submit.”
Harry snorted delicately and nudged Draco, who nudged him back, looking over at him with a smirk.

“Speaking of Malfoys, have you told your parents yet?”

The guilty look on Draco’s face gave Harry the answer. He sighed.

“You know, you’ll really want to tell them soon, love, before someone else does. It’s only a matter of time before the media gets hold of the story that I’m pregnant from a harem of men that includes my once school-boy rival, the prestigious Pureblood Draco Malfoy. Don’t you think your parents would rather hear the truth from you rather than half-truths and speculation from the morning paper?”

Draco sighed and pulled a fresh piece of parchment towards him and dipped his quill into his ink pot. Harry lent over and as soon as he saw the Dear Mother and Father at the top, he kissed Draco’s cheek in pride and eased himself to his feet again to go and bother Blaise. Draco’s letter was too important to be disturbed.

Later that day Harry was lying on his back in front of their fireplace. He was trying, and failing very spectacularly, to track the last footsteps of one Regulus Black, which was harder than anything he had ever had to do before and he was getting nowhere fast, where was Hermione when he actually needed her?

He wanted to help Professor Snape find closure, if one of his mates had died and he had had no idea why or how, or if they had suffered or not, then he would have liked someone to help him.

Though Professor Snape didn’t seem the type to ask for help, nor to accept it if it was offered, so he was doing this on his own, though it was very frustrating. After another half an hour he let out a frustrated yell which brought his mates attention to him from their places around the room as he threw the book that he had been carefully studying at the opposite wall.

He lay back on the rug and scowled as he had gotten nowhere. He knew now why Professor Snape was always so sour and angry. He would be too if he had to feel this level of frustration every day and it wasn’t even his mate that had gone missing!

“Are you alright, Diletto?” Blaise asked.
“No. Stupid books.”

“If your homework is giving you trouble maybe I could help.” Max told him, putting his quill down and pushing his paperwork away to make a space for Harry.

Harry rolled onto his hands and knees and crawled with his scowl to Max and flumped down at the coffee table, by Max’s legs.

“That would have been sexy if that scowl hadn’t been on your face.” Draco informed him.

Harry stuck his middle finger up to his blond mate who chuckled amusedly in answer. Max stroked his fingers through Harry’s hair and tugged gently; tilting Harry’s head back so he could lean down and give him a kiss.

“What were you stuck on love?” He asked.

“It wasn’t homework, though I do need help on my History of Magic essay. I don’t know how people can find enough knowledge in what Binns says to actually write an essay on it. It’s not like he can read them anyway, he’s a ghost! He can’t pick up a piece of parchment, so it’s just a stupid waste of time! I’d rather be sleeping.” Harry grumbled under his breath as he dug in his backpack for the half-heartedly attempted essay.

“Are you tired love?”

“Yes.” He admitted.

“Would you rather take a nap? You can if you want to. No one is going to stop you; in fact I’d encourage it.”

Harry hefted himself onto the settee, with Max supporting him, and he lay down with his head in his oldest mate’s lap by a way of answering Max’s question.

Max smiled down at Harry adoringly and started combing through Harry’s hair. It took minutes for him to slip off into sleep and Max pulled his paperwork back towards him and remained aware at all times of the precious person sleeping in his lap, who was pregnant with his child. Regardless of whether or not that child was his by blood, the baby would be partly raised by him; he would
consider the baby his no matter who had fathered it.

It was two days later when Harry and all three of his mates were back in the Hell Hotel. They were amused at his nickname for the house, but as Harry pointed out it had been hell on earth for him to put up with the hundred odd dominants that were living in it.

Only there weren’t a hundred dominants there this time, no. There were less than fifty sitting or standing in front of him in the main room.

“Please tell me that they didn’t all kill each other off.” Harry said to Elder Trintus, who chuckled amusedly and patted Harry’s expanding belly with such a look of joy on his face that Harry couldn’t bring himself to tell the man not to touch his baby, though he wanted to and subtly moved away and into Blaise.

“No, dear boy, no. A new submissive has been revealed in New Zealand, many of the dominants left to see her. They believed that you were too much of a hassle.”

Harry chuckled weakly, but inside he was quite put out that they had left just because they found him a hassle, if they had wanted some ditzy airhead, who would obey their every command then he was glad that they had gone, but it was quite a big blow to his confidence to know that there were people who thought that he was too much of an irritation to stick around for him. He didn’t think that he was that bad really or maybe he was and he just didn’t realise it.

He turned to look at his three mates and found himself wondering if they thought that he was too much of a bother, did they regret mating with him. He bit his lip and placed a hand over his swelling belly. Did they regret having him and the baby?

“We don’t think you’re a hassle, Prezioso.” Blaise told him softly.

“Of course you’re not. Those others probably know that they have absolutely no chance at you because you deserve so much better than them, that’s why they left.” Max assured him.

Draco came forward and wrapped his arms around his waist and kissed him lovingly.

“We love you; we don’t care if you’re occasionally bitchy because we know that we can be too and that at the end of our bitch fits you’ll still love us. No relationship is perfect, if we actually
look at ours we have four, soon to be five men, one of whom is pregnant, and we’re living together in close proximity, we are bound to get on each other’s nerves at times because we’re all different and have different likes and dislikes, it isn’t something to hate or see as bothersome, we should love our faults as much as our perfections. None of us are perfect, though I do admit that I come pretty damn close.’”

Harry chuckled and kissed Draco deeply.

“Thanks, Draco.”

Draco just flashed him a quick up tilt of the lips and held him gently.

“Now Harry, have you thought how you want to do this dear?”

“No, not a clue. I’ve been too busy with the baby to even think of anything else.”

“Well we don’t have too much time, you go on heat in a few days am I correct?”

“Yes.” Harry admitted.

“Well then, let’s get going with this meeting, you need your mate before your next heat and this is the only mate that you can fully choose, my dear. No overwhelming instinct from your Dracken side, no input, just you.”

Harry smiled at that. He already knew who he was going to choose. He had probably loved him from the get go. He didn’t really want to drag this meeting out. He was tired of this house, tired of all the pushy dominants, tired of being here and putting up with everything. He wanted to be back in his rooms sleeping with all of his mates around him, doing their own thing. Blaise working on his translations, Max doing his paperwork for the clinic and Draco holding him as he slept whilst the blond read a book.

It was his idea of bliss at the moment and he really didn’t appreciate any sort of interruption into his quality time spent with his mates. His schoolwork and lessons, and Max’s work, already cut into the precious time that they had together without these infernal meetings as well.

But it couldn’t be helped, not really. He needed to get this mate before his next heat or he put his entire family at risk. This was his last ever meeting, his last ever mate, he would only ever have four of them now, to be sealed off one heat after his next one. Just two months and a couple of
days and he would never have to have another mate meeting in his life. Unless all of his mates died that is, but he wasn’t going to even think about that.

“Do you have any sort of indication of which person you’d like?” Elder Trintus asked. “Most submissives just know which Dracken they’d like when picking a grounding mate.”

“I have a very good idea.”

“Well then, let’s start there. Who do you want?”

“I don’t think he’s here.” Harry answered as he once again scanned the hall for the man that he loved, ignoring how Elder Trintus made it sound as though he was picking a raffle prize. “He might have gone to see the submissive in New Zealand, which means that he doesn’t want me and thinks I’m too much of a bother.”

The thought caused him a sharp pain in his heart as he bit his lip and turned away from the other dominants, hiding from their heated gazes in Draco’s shirt. He didn’t want them undressing his pregnant body with their eyes.

“We can call him back from New Zealand, Harry dear. Who was he?”

“No.” Harry shook his head for emphasis. “If he left then he didn’t love me enough to stay, I don’t want him resenting me for dragging him back when he doesn’t want to be here.”

“Many of those who left only did so because they thought they didn’t have a chance with you, dear.” Elder Trintus tried gently.

“Then he should have had more faith in me.”

His mates looked at him with sadness and just a hint of anger in their eyes. They didn’t like seeing him so upset, especially not with the baby growing inside of him. That someone had caused Harry this sadness caused their anger to rise. A person could be hurt, could be made to pay, where if a situation had upset him, well you couldn’t really hurt a situation or an inanimate object, not that Blaise hadn’t tried when Harry had bumped into a plinth holding the bust of some long forgotten witch called Felda the Fortuitous, she wasn’t very fortuitous when Blaise smashed her and her plinth into smithereens.
“I hope I’m not too late.” A strong voice asked.

Harry looked up at the sound of his voice. The voice he loved but scarcely ever heard. He ran from the top platform ignoring his other three mates shouting at him not to run and to be mindful of the baby and he flung himself into his arms, their mouths met in an explosive kiss before they broke apart and Harry held him tightly.

“Oh god, Nasta. I didn’t think you were here.”

“I would never have given up on you.” Nasta whispered back to him. “My brother has been ill these past few days; I have taken to visiting him after work. I am sorry if you thought I had left.”

“Is he okay?”

“He is fine. Just a bit unwell, but my Dad is out of the country on work business and I didn’t like to leave him alone.”

“Will you accept me as your submissive mate? Three other mates, baby and all?” Harry asked a bit bashfully.

Nasta smiled and held him to his chest strongly. “I’d have accepted you a hundred other mates, baby and all.” Nasta answered.

“Well this meeting was very straight forward.” Elder Trintus explained with a smile as the other dominants screamed and shouted in rage at not being picked.

Henley ran up to him and pulled him into a hug.

“I’m happy for you, Harry. Look at you! You’re going to be a Mommy!”

“Mummy Henley, Mummy.” Harry corrected through a beaming smile at the younger boy.
Henley batted the air as if he could bat away Harry’s words. “Who cares about difference in spelling and pronunciation? They both mean the same thing. You have a baby! Congratulations!”

“Henley!” An older man yelled over the roars of the other dominants.

“My Dad.” Henley answered the unasked question. “He wanted to drag me straight off to New Zealand three days ago when the new submissive was made known, but I had to see you one last time, Harry. To remind you that we are still friends and that we both have owls! Write to me sometime and maybe one day, when I’m all grown up with a submissive and children of my own we can meet up again.”

Harry smiled through his tears. “I’d like that, Henley. I’d like that a lot.”

They embraced for a long time and Henley gave him a peck to the lips before he ran off with a wave as his Dad yelled his name again, even louder that before.

“I’m really going to miss him.” Harry said to no one in particular.

Nasta wrapped an arm around him and led him back over to the platform where his three other mates presided over everyone, watching from the high ground so that they could see him better and have a better vantage point should anyone try to hurt him.

Harry accepted the hug from Blaise as he reached the dais and he let his mates meet Nasta, though they already knew of him and had met him as well during the picnic to celebrate his release from the hospital wing, this was the first time they were meeting him as a fellow mate.

X

Harry had thought that maybe it would be awkward being in such a small, closed space with four other men, but it wasn’t. Nasta was so silent that it was almost as if he was part of the furniture.

He lounged on the settee with Harry laying on him, his back to Nasta’s chest and Max sitting next to them doing his paperwork. Blaise sat down on the floor doing his translations, with help from Nasta, who knew more languages than Harry had known existed.

Draco was lounging on the second settee that had been expanded from the armchair that it had originally been because really, one three seater settee and an armchair wasn’t enough for all of them to sit on. So now they had two three seater settees and all of them were happy and comfortable, especially Harry as Nasta’s hands on his belly familiarised themselves with the baby that he would have a hand in raising.
Draco and Max were talking quietly to each other as Blaise’s quill made soft scratching noises against the parchment as he took notes from the book Harry had gifted to him for Christmas. It was so peaceful that Harry wanted to stay in the here and now forever.

Nasta moved one of his hands from his belly to play with his hair as the other one stroked the skin of his bare belly with fingertips. Harry purred under the attention, which made all of his mates look at him with amusement for a moment before going back to what they were doing.

Harry had thought that he was sleepy, but he wasn’t, he was damn well aching for his mates, he wanted sex, but he knew Max, Blaise or especially Draco wouldn’t give it to him. He looked up at Nasta who had his eyes closed, but was still rubbing his belly and playing with his hair. Nasta was his best bet, but how did he get Nasta to have sex with him, without the other three barging in on them? The bedroom was under a strong silencing charm in case their ‘activities’ were overheard by someone walking passed their rooms. It would cause awkward questions if the sounds of sex and screaming were heard when he was supposed to be severely sick. Plus having sex with Nasta would not only let him see Nasta in his full glory for the first time, but would help loosen him up for his heat which was due any day now. He needed this.

“Nasta?” Harry asked softly.

Nasta’s eyes opened immediately and looked down at him, his gorgeous hazel eyes questioning him.

“I’m sleepy; can you take me to the bedroom?” He asked around a huge, faked yawn.

“Of course.” He answered and slid from the settee, taking Harry with him.

“Night lovers!” Harry called out to the other three, who either snorted in amusement or in Draco’s case, rolled their eyes.

Nasta carried him into the bedroom, and Harry made him shut the door behind him. Harry grinned as he was carried up the stairs and placed on the bed, Nasta pulled his clothes from him to dress him in pyjamas, but Harry had no intention of letting himself be redressed once he was naked.

“I’m too warm for pyjamas.” Harry protested, rolling onto his stomach on the bed and refusing to cooperate. He made himself look as winsomely sexy as possible. He knew he had succeeded when Nasta swallowed heavily.

“At least put your boxers on.” Nasta tried with a thick voice.
Harry shivered and he just knew his pupils had blown wide in lust, his mouth parted on a small sigh.

“Give me a back rub and I’ll wear them.” Harry compromised, having no intention of wearing his boxers before he got what he wanted. “The baby is lying heavily on my spine.”

Nasta climbed gingerly onto the bed and sat away from him, using just his fingertips to rub the centre of his back, never going too low and not going any higher.

“You’ve never given a back rub before have you?” Harry asked.

“No.” Nasta answered after a lengthy pause.

Harry looked behind him and smirked as he saw Nasta’s eyes pinned to his bum. He was really going to get what he wanted tonight.

“I’ll show you how, come here.”

Harry sat up and pulled Nasta to lie where he had just vacated. Harry tugged his shirt off, much to Nasta’s protest.

“How do you expect me to give you a back rub if you’re wearing a shirt?” Harry demanded as he straddled Nasta’s thighs. “It doesn’t work properly through clothes!”

Harry began to give the most sensual, provocative back rub he ever given before. With Draco or Blaise or Max he gave them purely to make them feel better, to ease the tension in their backs and shoulders, now, not only was he putting more tension into Nasta, he was doing it purposefully to get sex.

He ghosted his fingertips over Nasta’s sides as the heels of his hands cracked the vertebrae in Nasta’s spine, loosening the skeleton and making the man underneath him go boneless. He dipped his fingers as low down Nasta’s back as he could without completely shoving his hand down the back of Nasta’s trousers and he loved what he felt and what he saw. Nasta was well muscled, the muscles under his skin were solid; it was like touching rock through a sheet of silk. Max was big and bulkily muscled, but he still had a squishy layer between his skin and muscles that made him great to cuddle with and even though Max was taller by two inches Harry would put money on
Nasta coming out top in a fight between them.

Harry grinned and scooted up to straddle Nasta’s bum. Nasta had an amazing bum. Nasta let out a low moan and Harry knew that he was so close to getting what he wanted. He had to work fast if he didn’t want to be interrupted. It was just gone nine o’clock in the night. It was Sunday night; they all needed to be up in the morning. Max was in work, Harry, Blaise and Draco had lessons and Harry didn’t know about Nasta, but he didn’t matter as he wasn’t going to interrupt them having sex, he was going to be participating. He had about two and a half hours at most to get Nasta to fuck him.

“I think I feel better now, Harry, why don’t you go off to sleep?” Nasta was breathless and his voice had gone so deep Harry barely recognised it.

“I’m not done.” Harry protested.

Nasta rolled from under him and pinned him to the bed. It seemed accidental as the look on Nasta’s face as he realised their new position and Harry’s lack of clothes was priceless.

“I…I think it would be best if you put on your boxers now, Harry.”

“I said I’d put them on if you gave me a back rub. I ended up giving you one, so no boxers.”

Nasta looked as if Harry had shoved an entire lemon down his throat whole as he swallowed so painfully that Harry could hear it. Nasta licked his lips and Harry smiled salaciously.

“I suppose it wouldn’t work to add please onto the end of the sentence?”

“No.” Harry whispered as he pushed himself up to kiss Nasta full on the mouth. Nasta responded immediately, wrapping his arms around Harry and pulling him up higher to get a better angle.

Nasta broke the kiss with a strangled sound as he turned his head away. “I can’t. You’re pregnant, the others will kill me.”

“Having sex won’t kill the baby and they’ll have to go through me first. Nasta I need to feed the baby on sex, on my mates ‘sexual ejaculate’, the baby will die if you don’t feed me.”
Nasta nodded understandingly. Harry knew that as his oldest mate at thirty-seven Nasta knew a lot about Drackens and Dracken pregnancy. Nasta knew that the baby needed blood and semen and saliva to live.

Nasta smashed his mouth against his lips and kissed him desperately, trying to climb down Harry’s throat with his kisses. Harry moaned and clung to Nasta’s muscled body. How long had it been since Nasta had last had sex? From his actions Harry was guessing that it had been a while.

Nasta pulled Harry forward until he was straddling his lap, letting him feel the hardness that pressed against the fly of his trousers. Harry let out a little gasp and clung tighter to Nasta.

“You have teased me beyond what I can handle.” Nasta told him seriously. “I’m going to ruin you tonight. You will beg for hours before the end.”

His mate gently tipped him backwards until he was once more lying on his back on the bed. Nasta expertly shoved down both his trousers and boxers before kicking them off after unbuttoning them. He had definitely done that before.

Harry looked down and swallowed. Nasta was solid and the tip of him was curling up to reach just below his belly button. He wasn’t as long as Max or even Blaise, but he was thick. Harry amended his previous thought of doing this so he wouldn’t be so sore when he was on heat. He wasn’t going to be able to walk for a week. Nasta could be charged with carrying a lethal weapon.

Nasta licked along his side and Harry giggled and squirmed a bit as it tickled him. Nasta moved up to lick and suck gently on his ear and Harry let out a breathy moan. He hated how his ears were so sensitive. Nasta chuckled and tongued his ear which earned him a louder groan.

Nasta moved his mouth in a soft line to Harry’s jaw, nibbling on his chin, which Harry had never had done to him before, but he found out that he liked when he gasped and pressed his hips up into Nasta’s stomach on reflex.

Nasta breathed heavily for a moment and Harry wondered if he was still having doubts on what he was about to do, but he said nothing as Nasta’s mouth dipped to suck on his Adam’s apple.

“Nas!” Harry moaned out in surprise at the pleasurable jolt that gave him.

The look on Nasta’s face was alien. Harry could see pride, determination, ego, love, adoration, lust, pleasure and something darker that he didn’t recognise but made things low down tighten and made a shiver tingle up his spine and raise the hairs on the back of his neck. Harry rather thought that a lion would look at an injured gazelle with that dark look.

Nasta lowered his mouth to Harry’s and the kiss was so gentle, so loving that Harry believed that he had imagined that dark look in Nasta’s hazel eyes, until he pulled back and that look was still there.
Nasta touched, caressed, played with and kissed every single inch of his body and Harry was a moaning, writhing mess at the end. He didn’t care if the others came in. He would be fucked today or he’d kill them all. He writhed as Nasta’s tongue dipped into the indentation in his ankle, tonging it, before sucking on his ankle bone. Several places that Harry would never have thought would be a sexual turn on had turned out to be very, very sensitive places. Nasta had found them all. Every single erogenous patch of skin, Nasta had worked like a musical instrument, making Harry beg for him several times over.

“Please, Nas! Please!” Harry begged. It hadn’t worked the first several times, he didn’t believe it would work for the next several, but he had to try, his body was dripping with sweat, he was so hard it felt like his cock was being crushed, his balls were so tight they felt like they would split, his hair was a complete mess where he had rubbed it back and forth along the pillows, he had thought his usual messy hair was bad, but he could feel it now, sticking up in odd clumps, sweat slicked and stuck to the back of his neck and his forehead and cheeks.

Nasta moved his mouth back up his leg, sucking a bruise onto his inner thigh. Harry moaned and writhed and Nasta still ignored him. Harry didn’t think he had spoken two words since they had started, but Harry hadn’t really expected anything different, he was near silent in everything he did, why would he suddenly be a noisy bed partner?

Nasta’s mouth moved to lick the skin between his balls and entrance and Harry screamed, moving his hands from the crumpled bed sheets and clenching them in Nasta’s black hair, tugging and twisting as tears fell from his eyes in pleasure and frustration.

Nasta moved his mouth slowly upwards and caught one of his balls into his mouth and sucked on it, his hand fisting tightly on the base of his cock to stop his orgasm. Harry yelled and his legs twitched as his back arched from the bed in a dry orgasm, but it wasn’t the same, he felt no relief and he sobbed.

Nasta released his abused ball from his mouth and instead lapped at the tip of his cock, dipping into the tiny hole there, tonguing it, nibbling it, Nasta seriously had a tongue and teeth fetish.

He worked down his cock with his mouth until he reached his own hand before he licked a slow stripe back up to the tip and Harry’s entire body spasmed with another dry orgasm, still prevented from any real relief by that tightly gripping hand.

“Please!” Harry begged again.

Nasta’s mouth moved down again and Harry sobbed as he thought that he was going to take his balls back into his mouth, but Nasta bypassed them, his mouth going down further to lick around his entrance.

Harry screamed and writhed from just a few flicks of Nasta’s tongue against his skin. He thrashed his head from side to side, screaming wordlessly as Nasta pulled on his hips to reveal more of the skin that his tongue was teasing.

Nasta turned his head slightly and Harry stopped breathing at the first touch of teeth, he took in a deep gasping breath and let out a pleased scream when Nasta started nibbling and tonging him.
“Please, please, please, please!” Harry chanted as he writhed and pulled and twisted and wriggled, unable to keep still under the onslaught of such overwhelming pleasure.

Nasta’s tongue pushed into his body and Harry’s eyes snapped closed, his neck arched backwards and his mouth opened on a breathy gasp. He didn’t have the thought to beg anymore; he could only feel and let out reflexive gasps as Nasta probed deeper and started flicking his tongue inside of him.

Nasta pulled back and started nibbling on his entrance again, nipping and then licking the spot to soothe the pain, but Harry barely felt any pain, he was too hyper aware of every single touch to his body. He tossed his head again and sobbed and tugged on Nasta’s hair, not caring that a few strands came off in his fists.

Lips against his had his eyes opening slowly to see the handsome face of his exquisite torturer. Nasta broke away to the side and a tongue came out to lick the trail that his frustrated tears had made. Lips and tongue against his eye forced Harry to close them and then that tongue and those lips were all over his eyelids, gently licking, softly kissing.

A thick finger probed at his entrance and Harry let out a soft moan as it pressed inside, stroking his insides and curling to run fingernails along his silky inner walls. Nasta pulled it out and then pushed it back inside in an imitation of something that Harry had been wanting for what seemed like years.

Nasta pulled his finger all the way out and when it pressed back in, it was accompanied by a second finger. A tear escaped from his closed eyes before he could squeeze it back and it ran down his cheek to fall off the side of his face.

Nasta licked the trail that the tear had made and he kissed his eyelid before moving down to kiss the length of his nose and he licked the tip before he kissed him full on the mouth, full of teeth and tongue and Harry barely noticed the third finger splitting him open as he pushed his hips down to encourage them to move within him.

Nasta spread his three fingers as wide as he could against Harry’s clenching walls and Harry arched from the bed, biting through Nasta’s lip and tasting blood. He lapped at the wound and sucked it very gently to soothe it.

Nasta pulled his fingers free and Harry opened his eyes to see Nasta’s hazel eyes centimetres from his, the loving look in them bringing a smile to Harry’s face.

Nasta rubbed his swollen belly, brushing fingertips over the growing baby within and he stroked it firmly.

It had been a distraction, Harry realised as the thick, blunt head of Nasta pressed against the place his fingers had been moments before. Harry swallowed as Nasta pressed into him slowly, carefully. Harry quivered and choked out a small sound partway between a sob and a moan.

There was a painful burn at the site of penetration, but it wasn’t unbearable, he could live with a slight burn after the endless teasing and torment that he had just endured.

When Nasta was fully seated, he just stopped. He did nothing but remain fully inside of him, arched over the baby bump, his cheek pressed against Harry’s as he panted into his ear like he had
run a mile.

“Move, Nas! Please move, love!”

It was the first time that Harry had called Nasta ‘love’ and it caused the large man to thrust inside of him reflexively and groan when he heard it.

Harry gurgled as Nasta hit the small ‘O’ shaped bundle of nerves that caused his eyes to white out. Nasta kissed him gently and pulled out slowly.

“Please! No more teasing, Nasta. I can’t take any more teasing.” Harry begged.

Nasta pushed slowly into him again, but he did something with his hips that threw Harry’s head back in absolute pleasure and had his legs jumping around Nasta’s waist as if pulled by strings.

Nasta did it again and again and again, rolling his hips in such a way that Harry couldn’t get his breath back, his back arched fully from the bed and it stayed arched as he writhed and gasped and screamed. One of Nasta’s arms slipped around his back to support him, his large hand cupping a bum cheek and pressing their lower bodies together tighter as he continued to roll his hips as he thrusted into him, pounding into his prostate and turning his vision white.

Nasta was thrusting so slowly, so gently, but that little roll of the hips that he added had Harry’s orgasm building faster than if he had been thrusting into him as hard and as fast as he could. It wasn’t just sex, it certainly wasn’t fucking. It was lovemaking and Harry wrapped his arms around Nasta and kissed him with everything that he had left in him. His vision exploded into a mass of colour and his body jerked and clenched when his orgasm hit him, but Nasta kept thrusting slowly and lovingly, adding his little hip roll, looking like a belly dancer as he sort of sucked in his stomach and used the momentum to push his hips forward to thrust his cock into Harry’s prostate.

Harry pushed his hips back onto Nasta as his overly sensitised body began building another orgasm as Nasta continued to roll his hips into his body, gaining a bit more pace as it seemed that Nasta’s own orgasm was coming to a climax.

Harry let out a broken sob as he quivereded and writhed in Nasta’s hold, his legs curling over Nasta’s back, trying to curl into his chest, but unable to due to Nasta’s body. He slipped his hands into Nasta’s hair and tugged mindlessly as his second orgasm in only ten minutes wound tighter and tighter in his gut.

Nasta let out a breath of air next to his ear and he started pushing harder, losing some of his finesse, becoming more fevered and desperate to reach the end goal of ultimate pleasure.

“Nas! Nas!” Harry cried out, moving his hips against Nasta desperately, tugging on his hair, digging his heels into his back and biting at his mouth.
Nasta did one more hip roll and Harry stiffened as his second orgasm ripped through him, tearing a scream from his throat as his hands went to grip Nasta’s shoulders, his nails biting into the skin and leaving little half crescent cuts that welled with drops of blood, but weren’t deep enough to spill over the skin.

Nasta stilled inside of him and a white-hot wash of fluid had Harry writhing and twisting, tears falling from his eyes as his body took the pleasure with a little sting of pain. His abused prostate hadn’t wanted that last hit.

Harry lay in Nasta’s arms relearning how to breathe, listening to Nasta suck in deep breaths, his chest heaving with the effort. It took them a long time to recover from their lovemaking session and as soon as he was able to move, Nasta moved down and sniffed and licked around the baby bump.

Harry was too used to this behaviour from his dominants that he didn’t even try to tell Nasta that he could feel the baby moving, that he knew that the baby was fine. He just let him sniff and lick to his heart’s content until he gave a parting kiss to the roundest part of his belly and came back up to kiss Harry gently, giving light, lingering kisses to his lips as Harry just lay on their bed using all of his concentration on breathing.

Nasta carefully, slowly, eased himself out of his body and even that small movement brought a round or writhing to Harry, who ended up cuddled tightly to Nasta’s chest as his oldest lover held him, back to chest and cupped his swollen belly.

“How did you do that roll thing with your hips?” Was the first thing that Harry asked when he had gotten his breathing right and gotten his brain to focus on anything else.

Nasta nuzzled the back of his head and licked the back of his neck. Harry thought that he wouldn’t answer the question, but he had learnt with Nasta that he could answer a question ten minutes after it was asked, even if the topic had moved on. Time was something that Nasta didn’t really care for, it seemed that he took everything slowly and nothing was rushed, not even sex. He took his time to think things through before he answered.

“Practice.” Nasta answered his voice tight and a bit defensive. “You didn’t expect me to be a virgin did you, Harry? I’m thirty-seven.”

Harry laughed; his voice was raw and a bit hoarse. “Of course not, I was just wondering if it was a learned talent or something you had always done.”

Nasta went back to nuzzling his hair with his face, inhaling deeply and Harry yawned. If he wasn’t tired before, then he bloody well was now. He held onto Nasta’s arms that were wrapped around him, holding them closer. He yawned again and closed his eyes, he was asleep within minutes.
Nasta went back to nuzzling his hair with his face, inhaling deeply and Harry yawned. If he wasn’t tired before, then he bloody well was now. He held onto Nasta’s arms that were wrapped around him, holding them closer. He yawned again and closed his eyes, he was asleep within minutes.

Chapter Twenty-Four – The Trouble Brews

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Harry was woken up what seemed like only a few minutes later by a bellowed roar. He blinked languidly as a blast of wind ruffled his hair and his sluggish mind couldn’t put any pieces of the broken puzzle together.

The warmth at his back and sides was gone and Harry blinked again, something was telling him that this was important, but he was so tired and his pillow was so soft and comfy and the bed was warm and inviting.

A strangled yell had Harry looking about for the source of the noise, his befuddled mind becoming a bit clearer, a bit sharper. He climbed out of the bed with a bit of effort and he peered over the banister that was the only safety measure on the platform that held their bed.

Three of his mates were down on the bedroom floor. It looked like a free for all as they all seemed to be attacking Nasta. It was then that Harry realised that it looked like they were attacking Nasta because they were actually attacking him. He let out a yell of rage and knelt on the banister, keeping a death grip on the top in the unlikely event that he slipped.

“Oi!” He yelled. “Fucking stop it!”

The three on the floor looked up at him and they stilled like statues.

“Harry, get down slowly.” Max told him as he stood framed in the doorway, looking like he had run from the living room when he had heard the roar of rage, but now he was approaching under
the platform, looking ready to catch Harry in the very unlikely event that he would fall.

“No!” Harry screamed as he saw that Nasta had a black eye and a busted lip. “Leave him alone! If you want to hit someone then hit me you big bullies!”

“He tried to kill the baby!” Draco hissed. “He was trying to kill the baby because he knows that there is no chance that he is the Father!”

“Don’t be so stupid! The baby is fine! I can feel the baby moving. Nasta was gentle and slow, he didn’t take me like some animal!” Harry yelled. “What do you think is going to happen when I go on heat in a few days? Do you think you can control yourselves? Do you think you won’t completely rip me in half because I haven’t so much as been stretched in two months! Nasta was doing what I asked him to do. Help me in preparation of my heat. He was gentle with me! Now stop it or all of you are going to be kicked out of these rooms! I won’t have bullies sleeping in bed with me!”

“Just climb down carefully, Harry and then we’ll talk.” Max coaxed, using his best soothing voice.

Harry huffed and slid his knees back until his feet touched the carpet and he stomped down the stairs. Blaise had come to meet him, probably to stop him from ‘falling down the stairs’ but Harry wasn’t having any of it as he twisted away from Blaise and went to Nasta, digging his magically appeared claws into his hand and offered his blood to Nasta, who licked his hand with slow, sure strokes of his tongue, looking like he was making love with his hand.

Draco growled, but stopped when Harry sent a nasty glare at him.

“How dare you do this!” Harry hissed at them. “What were you thinking?! We have only just reconciled the argument over the baby needing blood and now you want to start one over the baby needing semen as well?”

“What?!” Draco asked, surprise in those silver eyes. “The baby needs semen as well?”

Harry knew that Draco wasn’t pretending, not only because Malfoys never pretended at having a lack of knowledge, but because Draco had only been a Dracken for a month before he himself had become one and for five months out of that time Draco had been denying what he was where he had been trying to find out everything he could on his new species.

“The baby needs all bodily fluids that a dominant mate can give. Blood, sweat, tears, saliva and
semen. Blood, saliva and semen are the top needs.” Nasta stated factually, dabbing the blood from his chin from his now healed lip. “The baby will wither and die like an unwatered flower if these needs are not met.”

“Then we owe you an apology.” Blaise stated, looking a bit sheepish, holding out his hand to help Nasta from the floor.

“It’s fine. I knew it would happen before Harry and I made love, the firstborn protection is too strong.”

“The what?”

“Snape mentioned something like that.” Harry remembered.

“It’s the level of overbearing protectiveness a dominant feels for his or her firstborn child. You three have no idea who is the Father of Harry’s baby, so you all feel it.”

“Draco seems to be feeling it the most, does that mean anything?” Harry asked.

“It isn’t likely that it means that he is the biological Father.” Nasta answered slowly, understanding what Harry had meant, a thoughtful look crossing his face. “It could be that he just feels more protective towards you and the baby or it could mean that he is a very jealous person and doesn’t like anyone excessively touching you or the baby.”

“Probably the latter.” Harry answered with a soft smile.

“How old are you?” Draco asked Nasta suddenly.

Harry sighed in exasperation. “Not this again, Draco! I thought that you had agreed to at least give the mate I chose a chance?”

“I’m thirty-seven.” Nasta answered as if Harry hadn’t spoken.
“He’s going to be forty in two, three years!”

“Three years.” Nasta stated. “My birthday was the third of February.”

“That submissive, Robert lived well into his two hundreds!” Harry snapped. “I don’t think a couple of years between all of us is going to matter when we’re two hundred, Draco!”

“We are more likely to reach three hundred and fifty now.” Nasta informed them. “With our improved diets, advanced medical research and our stronger genes we are living longer than ever.”

“Holy fuck, how many kids can we have in three hundred and fifty years?” Harry asked, looking down at the one baby he was currently growing and placing his hands on it.

“A moot point, Harry.” Max told him. “We lose fertility the older we get. You won’t be able to get pregnant past the one hundred and fifty mark.”

“Fine. I’ll rephrase the question, how many kids can we have until I’m a hundred and fifty?”

“I suppose that would depend on how big the clutches are.” Max answered thoughtfully. “We could have anything from twenty to over fifty children.”

“My god, we’ll never survive!”

Max chuckled, but it was Nasta who answered his melodrama. “You won’t get pregnant directly after giving birth. It will take a while for your hormones to settle down again and for your body to repair itself enough to carry another clutch. It could be between one and five years before you conceive a second clutch, though some submissives do conceive again after only a couple of months’ recovery.”

“That sounds a bit better, but what if I’m not ready? What if I have this baby and then realise that I can’t do it? What if I can’t look after it? I’m sixteen; I don’t know how to look after a baby!”

“I’m sure you’ll do fine.” Max soothed, but to Harry it seemed like he was brushing his worries under the carpet. “You’ll make a great Mum.”
“How about we all attend a Mother and Baby class?” Nasta compromised when it looked like Harry would explode. “None of us have any experience with children, unless any of you have younger siblings or a love child hidden away?”

When all three of them shook their heads Nasta looked back to Harry. “Do you think you’d like to go, Harry?”

Harry nodded immediately. “I don’t want to be thrown in at the deep end. Unlike Robert I am still in school, when he first got pregnant all he had to deal with was housework and cooking, I have to juggle the baby between school work and find a way to fit the baby between all of our schedules. This isn’t going to be fair on the baby! Being passed around from unfamiliar face to stranger and back again! Not one of us can spend more than a few hours with the baby during the day, it’s not right.”

“I haven’t taken a holiday from work in four years.” Nasta told him seriously. “I’m due perhaps a year and a half off from work. I’ll look after the baby during the day whilst you are in lessons if you so wish.”

“But there is no way it can possibly be your baby.” Draco pointed out, perhaps a bit harshly.

“Draco, if the baby turns out to be Blaise’s, what would you do?”

“What do you mean what would I do? Nothing.”

“So you would be unwilling to get up in the middle of the night to feed the baby? You wouldn’t change the baby if it needed to be changed or you wouldn’t play with the baby during the day? Would you even acknowledge the baby?”

Draco went pink with anger and clenched his fist. “Of course I would! The baby comes from Harry! I would love that baby as if it were my own!”

“As would I.” Nasta answered. “It doesn’t matter if there is no way that the baby could be mine, I’ll see the baby as my own regardless, as would you. I am willing to take all of my holidays in one sabbatical if it helps ease the worry and stress from you all.”
“If the baby is mine then I can get eight months paternity leave.” Max spoke up. “You three can’t really take a break from school; you need the best possible results to get the best jobs and taking any amount of time out of your schooling is counterproductive. So if the baby is mine, I get eight months straight off, then Nasta can take his one and a half years off to take over when I have to go back to work, that way the baby will be over two years old at the end and you three would have graduated. We’d be settled down in a house and we could work out our hours to fit in with each other.”

“You…you aren’t going to stop me from working?” Harry asked a bit tentatively. “I mean, you won’t make me stay at home to look after the children?”

“No. If you want to work, Harry, then we aren’t going to stop you, this isn’t the nineteen hundreds any more. We don’t expect you to throw away all of your schooling to sit at home and look after the children, not if it isn’t what you want to do.” Max told him seriously.

“I don’t think any of us would like the children to have hired help to look after them, but there are five of us, not all of us are going to be working exactly the same hours or work on the same days, I’m sure it will all work out for all of us to have a job and the children to have one of us at home with them at all times.” Blaise put in.

“I don’t want a full time job or a career or anything.” Harry added. “To be honest I never thought I’d live this long what with everything going on, so I never thought about what I’d like to do when I graduate. But a part time job sounds alright; I’ll just work a couple of hours a week, just something to get me out of the house once in a while.”

“What do you mean you never thought that you’d live this long?” Max demanded. Ignoring for the most part everything else Harry had said.

“Well I did have a madman after me, Max.”

“He’s dead. The papers said that you killed him last year.”

“Not all of his followers were caught.”

“Do you know something that we don’t?” Draco asked. “Have you been threatened? Have any of them made contact with you?”
Harry sighed and walked to the wardrobe to get out a dressing gown as he was getting cold standing around naked. He tugged it on and melted into the soft fluffy robe, he eased himself down onto the large square shaped settee that was a new addition to their rooms, added by Max, who knew charms that Harry hadn’t known existed, like conjuring a settee from thin air.

The settee was squishy and purple to match the rest of the room, when asked why they had chosen the colour purple for the bedroom Harry and Blaise had looked at each other and blushed deeply, refusing to answer, making the others think that something raunchy had happened. It was shaped like a square with one of the sides missing, three long seats attached by two corner seats and Harry loved every inch of it.

The others all sat around him, ignoring that they had room to actually sit with some semblance of personal space, preferring to sit grouped around Harry and the growing baby.

“Have you been threatened?” Draco reiterated, his patience running out.

“No. I haven’t heard from any of them, but just the knowledge that they are out in the wide world somewhere is enough.”

“We won't let anything happen to either of you.” Nasta swore sincerely, placing a hand on his bump.

It was then that Harry noticed that Nasta was still naked and didn’t seem to care at all. He was lounging around, ignoring the ‘subtle’ glances that he was getting from the other three dominants. Harry went a bit pink cheeked and let out a small giggle, smothering the rest of the laugh that wanted to slip out.

Nasta raised an eyebrow and smirked as the other three suddenly felt a bit more embarrassed that one of them was sitting naked between them. It should have been the other way around, Nasta should have felt embarrassed sitting naked in a group of dressed, or at least covered in Harry’s part, men, but he wasn’t, he was completely confident and relaxed.

“Find something funny?” Nasta inquired with his eyebrow still raised.

“No.” Harry answered even as his grin swallowed his face.

“A lesser man would take offence and insecurity from you laughing at their naked body.”

“But not you.” Harry tacked on the unsaid words.
“Not me. I am not an insecure man; I know you are laughing at the situation that I have inadvertently caused, not directly at me.”

Harry snuggled into as many of his mates as he could manage, lying down, face up, on Nasta’s lap to reach Max and stretching his legs out over Blaise and Draco. He pressed a hand against his bump and sighed.

“You need to put on some more weight.” Nasta complained. “Your arse is like a bony dagger.”

Harry huffed and wiggled around, getting a small gasp of pain from Nasta and a snort of laughter from Max.

“Next time you can carry a clutch around and see how you like it.” Harry whined. “Let’s see how much weight you can put on whilst puking up everything you’ve eaten.”

“I was only teasing, cariad.” Nasta told him with a smile.

“Cariad?” Harry questioned the unfamiliar word.

“It’s Welsh for lover.” Nasta answered with a wink.

Harry rolled his eyes and lay back down, moving his bum until it was cradled in Nasta’s lap so his ‘bony arse’ wouldn’t cause his mate pain. He yawned as all the excitement and adrenaline poured out of him and his exhaustion came back tenfold.

“I think it’s best if we all just went to bed.” Harry told the others, they all looked at each other and Harry sighed. “Whoever has a bloody problem with sharing a bed with me and everyone else can sleep on the fucking settee, I’m going to bed.”

Harry hefted himself up and started climbing the stairs. Max swept his legs from under him and carried him up, nuzzling him with his chin as he went.

Harry was too tired now to complain and when he was placed on the bed he shrugged his dressing gown back off and he ignored the burning gazes that he could feel roving his naked body. He
turned and glared at every single one of his mates, who were grouped around the bed waiting for him to settle before they climbed in with him.

“All of you keep your hands off.” He stated seriously. “I’m now too tired to do anything other than sleep, so the first person to try anything is going to be sleeping on the floor.”

Blaise chuckled as he stripped himself bare and climbed in with him, wrapping his arms loosely around him and burying his face in the back of his neck.

Harry could feel every inch of Blaise’s naked body pressed against his naked body. His tension grew, before he sighed and melted into the warmth of Blaise as his first mate didn’t move to touch him sexually.

Nasta, who was already naked as the day he was born, climbed in front of him and wrapped his arms around both Harry and Blaise, who made no move or noise against the action. Perhaps Blaise was the least dominant of all of his dominants and just didn’t care?

Max didn’t so much as climb into the bed as he rolled into it with a groan. He slipped an arm under Nasta and his other arm could reach all the way over to touch Blaise with room to spare. Harry was just drifting off when he realised that the bed hadn’t dipped for a fourth time.

He sat up as much as he could with three men wrapped around him and looked to Draco, who was stood at the end of the bed, watching them all.

“Draco, get in the bed now.”

“I don’t think I can.” The blond told him with a panicked look at the three other naked men.

Harry sighed and fought his way out of the mass of bodies and crawled to Draco, too tired to get up and walk.

Harry took Draco’s head into his hands and kissed him, pulling until Draco was pressed against his chest and Harry had the blond’s head cradled in his arms, his nose buried in Draco’s silky blond hair.

“It’s okay, Draco. No one is going to touch you in a way that you don’t expressly permit.”

“Before you I’d never even thought of being with another man and I have never let anyone penetrate my body. When you go on heat in a few days, if I’m not top dominant I could…could…”
“You could be penetrated by one of the others for the first time.” Harry answered softly, understanding exactly what the problem was now.

Draco nodded in his arms.

“Is it the thought of another man being inside you that’s the problem, or the pain you think it will cause?”

“Both.”

“Well, I can't really answer to the first as I’m a gay submissive, I love having another man inside of me, loving me, bringing me pleasure, but for the second, when on heat, there is no pain. The haze of the breeding cycle just washes away all inhibitions, all pain, all thought. I feel a slight sting, maybe a small burn and then nothing. It’s after the heat when the pain of the heat becomes apparent and as you aren’t going to be fucked continuously for ten days by four men all drastically different in length and girth I think it won't be as bad for you.”

“We can help you prepare if you are wary about it.” Max hedged cautiously.

Draco’s head snapped up and Harry turned around to see the other three looking at them from the pillows. Harry grinned at the sight they made, but as his arms were wrapped around Draco he could feel the blond stiffen up.

“You don’t have to answer that right away.” Harry told Draco quickly. “Just think about it, we have a day or two before the heat starts, but know that no one is going to think anything of you if you say yes, not me and not them.”

“It would be hypocritical of me if I did.” Blaise put in. “Seeing as I am going to be bottoming to all three of you.”

“Either Max or I are going to be bottoming to the other.” Nasta stated factually. “There can only be one top dominant as there can only be one submissive in one family unit. All mates in between have to be flexible switches.”

“Flexible switches?” Harry asked with a grin.
“Someone who ‘switches’ from the dominant to the submissive role and back again.” Nasta explained to him with a loving look. “A switch is never fully dominant and never fully submissive, but both.”

“That sounds like fun.” Harry stated lecherously. “I want to be a switch.”

Max laughed and gently pulled Harry to press a kiss to his forehead.

“You are too adorable, Harry.”

“No I’m serious; I want to be a switch.”

“Then who would be our submissive?” Nasta asked him. “Do you really want to add a woman to our family?”

“Another male submissive?”

“Harry you are the first male submissive in over a hundred years and you are the only one. Any other submissive would be female.”

“Erg.” Harry grimaced in distaste.

“That’s what I thought.”

“Would you let me try topping though?” Harry asked them all seriously.

“If you really wanted to try it and if it was only on the odd occasion, I would let you top me, Bello.” Blaise told him. “Just for you to try. I honestly don’t mind.”

Harry grinned widely and snuggled up to Blaise, kissing him before peering over a shoulder to see Draco undressing before climbing in behind Blaise.
Max stretched himself out again and slipped his arm back under Nasta and let his other arm wrap around all of them, Draco included. It spoke volumes on how far they had come when Draco did not moan, bitch, hiss, shout or even move away from Max’s hand.

Harry had a feeling that Max was the most dominant of his mates, but he didn’t say anything. Draco hadn’t fought Max for dominance, Nasta hadn’t fought Max for dominance and Nasta and Draco hadn’t fought for dominance, but then neither Nasta nor Blaise had fought each other yet, but Harry didn’t think it mattered as he rather thought that Blaise was submitting to the others on purpose and for a reason that had nothing to do with size or ability and had everything to do with sex and Blaise’s enjoyment of being topped.

When Harry woke up he was in a completely different position to when he had fallen asleep. He had somehow rolled over Nasta to lie on Max’s chest and Blaise was now being held tightly to Draco’s chest, the blond’s large arms wrapped tightly around the smaller dominant’s stomach. Nasta was lying on his back, one arm under Blaise and Draco’s heads and his hand cupping Draco’s pale shoulder and his other hand was holding tightly to Harry’s thigh.

Harry smiled tiredly at his family and lowered a hand from Max’s hair to cup his growing belly. He was two months pregnant and looked like he was four. Though he had decided that being pregnant suited him well. He liked the added weight and loved how when he was pregnant none of his bones were visible through his skin. He couldn’t see his ribs or his collarbones and his hipbones weren’t as prominent as they once were.

A sudden lurch in his gut reminded him that he had awoken early for a reason and his eyes widened at the familiar sensation of vomit climbing his throat which got him moving. He scrambled from the bed, probably kicking and elbowing every mate he had in the process and darted down the stairs, actually jumping the last two and he collapsed halfway to the toilet on the cool marble floor of the bathroom and puked what seemed like everything he had eaten in the past week.

It took what seemed like hours, but could only have been moments before he felt arms wrap around him, supporting him and soothing him.

He was moved to the toilet bowl and held upright so that he could make good use of it by heaving again. He heard a cleaning spell, obviously one of his mates getting rid of the sick on the bathroom floor, and the bathroom tap running.

Tears streamed down his face as another violent wave of vomit forced its way out of his mouth. He coughed and spat out the remnants, taking in deep lungfuls of air and leaning back against whoever it was behind him.

His tears were brushed away, his face was gently wiped with a warm washcloth and his face was peppered with little kisses from all of his mates, who were surrounding him, comforting him, helping him as his stomach clenched again and his mouth was filled with yellow bile.

He choked and spat the bitter tasting liquid into the toilet and sobbed as his throat and stomach burnt. His mouth was wiped gently again and Harry opened his eyes to see concerned silver looking at him. Harry tried a weak smile, but it lost all of its effect when he dived for the toilet
again to let another trickle of bile out of his mouth.

He heaved in as much air as he could, before attempting to control his breathing by slowly breathing in through his nose and then out through his mouth. He slumped, exhausted, into Nasta’s arms and snuggled himself in as tightly as possible.

Blaise had a blossoming red mark on his collarbone, obviously from where Harry had been scrambling to get out of the bed and had hit him with a flailing fist. Harry kissed it gently, even as his eyes were still streaming with tears. He sniffled and huffed in more air, trying to calm himself down.

“I won’t insult you by asking how you feel, but I will ask if your stomach has settled down a bit.” Max said, crouching down on his haunches beside him.

Harry didn’t trust himself to speak so he just shook his head and leant forward to fold his arms on the toilet seat, his head hanging down into the bowl. His stomach clenched and he heaved again, a large hand rubbed him firmly on the back.

Harry once again collapsed bonelessly against Nasta and sobbed. If it was one thing that he absolutely hated about being pregnant it was the morning sickness.

Harry shivered as his body, soaked in a cold sweat, was stuck on the cold of the freezing marble bathroom. He became overly aware that he was curled up naked on the bathroom floor and the vomiting didn’t help him any either.

Blaise came into the bathroom with a pile of clothes and Harry smiled weakly, but gratefully at him as he was slowly and carefully dressed in the clothes which had been warmed with a charm.

“Do you feel ready to move now?” Max asked him softly.

Harry nodded and was manoeuvred into Max’s arms as Nasta stood up, unfolding his legs and rubbing out the pins and needles.

“Sorry.” Harry forced out of his raw and abused throat.

Nasta bopped him gently on the head and smiled.

“You have nothing to be sorry about, I chose to sit on my own leg, you didn’t make me.”

Harry smiled tiredly as he was carried into the living room where Draco was making a bed on the
settee; he was placed down in the nest bed and covered up with a warm, thick blanket. Harry opened his mouth to complain, but he thought better of it. He felt better being in the little made up bed and the blanket was warm and cosy. Instead he nuzzled his face into it and relaxed back, letting the warmth of heating charms lull him back into a light doze.

He heard his mates go and have showers, get dressed and Max pottering around in the kitchenette preparing breakfast. It must have only been about five in the morning, anyone else would have been shouting and complaining about being woken up so early, but his mates were making sure that he was comfortable and going about their routines as if it was seven in the morning instead.

He remembered what waking his relatives up with his nightmare induced screams had meant. He winced as he remembered the meaty fist coming towards his face to shut him up.

“Are you alright, Diletto?”

Harry opened his eyes sluggishly to see concerned indigo eyes watching him from the other settee. He nodded and closed his eyes again. He opened them again and looked back at Blaise.

“I want ginger biscuits.” He said as carefully as he could through his throat.

Blaise nodded and made to stand up when a tin of ginger newts went flying through the air at Blaise. He caught them on reflex but only just before they connected with his nose. Blaise glared at Max who was whistling cheerfully, innocently in the kitchenette.

Harry let out a soft chuckle as Blaise snorted and pulled the lid off of the tin and handed it to Harry. He caught them on reflex but only just before they connected with his nose. Blaise glared at Max who was whistling cheerfully, innocently in the kitchenette.

Harry let out a soft chuckle as Blaise snorted and pulled the lid off of the tin and handed it to Harry. Harry smiled in thanks and placed the tin on his lap and selected a ginger newt and bit into it. He chewed it twice as much as he normally would have so that it wouldn’t irritate his throat as he swallowed and just as he had finished his first biscuit and was picking out a second, Max appeared and passed him a cup of a cloudy, pale red liquid. Raspberry leaf tea with real raspberry juice.

He sipped at it and felt his belly settle down a bit more. He nibbled another biscuit and kept breathing and as all of his mates sat down at the kitchenette table to eat the large meal that Max had made for them, leaving him on the settee to rest with his tea and biscuits. He already felt much better.

He lay against the arm of the settee and closed his eyes. The next he knew, a loud crash had him shooting upright with a startled shout and caused all of his mates to appear from wherever they had been within moments. He looked on the floor and saw the upturned tin and the broken, scattered biscuits that it had once held. He had fallen asleep and the tin had slipped to the floor.

“I liked those biscuits.” He said with a small pout.
“I’ll get you some more on the way home from work.” Max told him, coming around the settee and started picking up the broken biscuits.

“How are you feeling?” Draco asked him.

“Better now. Those biscuits helped, I feel a bit wobbly though so maybe some blood a bit later on wouldn’t be a bad idea.”

All of them nodded as if he had said something more interesting than he had. He stretched and yawned before pushing the blanket from his body and sitting up. He pulled up the jumper that Blaise had dressed him in and rubbed his baby.

“Are you feeling sick again?” Blaise asked.

“No, just saying hello to my sweet baby.” Harry stated as he looked down on his belly with such a soft look.

Nasta smiled and leant over the back of the settee to lay a hand on his protruding belly. He brushed his fingers against the skin and leant right over to press a kiss just above his belly button.

Harry giggled a bit as Nasta’s hair tickled him, but he pulled Nasta’s head to kiss his temple, before swinging himself up off the settee and stretched until his back popped and his knees buckled a bit. Four sets of hands went to catch him, but Harry had straightened up again before they touched him.

“Are you alright?”

“The next person to ask if I’m alright is having my foot in their mouth. I’m fine now, thank you.”

Blaise chuckled and wrapped an arm around him, leading him out of the living room and back into the bedroom so that Harry could shower himself before lessons started.

It took Harry a bit longer than normal to shower himself and get ready for school with his knees still shaking and his entire body feeling tired and weak, but he managed it with just ten minutes to spare.

Max was fretting that Harry had only eaten two biscuits for breakfast and was refusing to leave for work, muttering about making Harry a good breakfast that Harry wasn’t even sure that he’d be able
to eat without it making a reappearance.

Nasta finally dragged the larger man away, muttering about Mother Hens and overprotectiveness. Harry let Draco and Blaise pull him in the opposite direction before class started. They had Transfiguration and they were going to be late.

They finally made it and incurred the wrathful glare of Professor McGonagall from the front of the class.

“"You gentlemen are five minutes late, I trust you have a valid excuse?""

“I’m sorry, Professor, it’s my fault.” Harry told her, not even having to fake the waver in his voice. “Morning sickness hit me hard this morning, Draco and Blaise refused to leave me until I stopped being sick.”

Professor McGonagall’s stern look softened slightly as her severe blue gaze slid to his protruding belly, before quickly coming back to his face.

“Take your seats.” She instructed them before turning back to her lesson.

Harry was helped into his chair by Blaise; unfortunately it was right behind Ron and Hermione’s desk. Draco was forced to sit three rows behind them, on the opposite side of the classroom. He wasn’t happy about it either.

Harry spent the lesson forcing himself to keep his eyes open as the exhaustion of being woken up so early caught up with him. It didn’t help that wayward spells from the table in front of them kept darting past his head either. Blaise blocked them all easily, but that wasn’t the point. Harry growled as another jet of magic sailed past his head.

“Stop it, Weasley!” Blaise hissed venomously.

“Or what?!?” Ron burst out loudly, loudly enough to draw Professor McGonagall’s attention.

“Mister Weasley! Ten points from Gryffindor for disrupting my lesson! Any more disruptions and you will serve a detention with me tonight!”

Harry grinned and squeezed Blaise’s thigh under the table. He yawned and turned back to his toad that he was trying to turn into a clam shell. Blaise had turned his toad into a very pretty shell and
back again, watched by Professor McGonagall before he transfigured the toad back into a shell and
gifted it to Harry, who was wearing it like a brooch to pin his robes together.

Professor McGonagall saw this, but said nothing, her lips softening slightly into a rare smile as she
tried to get Millicent Bulstrode to transfigure her toad into a shell without leaving the legs on it.

Harry finally managed to turn his toad into a shell, using the last of his energy to do so, he ignored
that his shell was apparently covered in the toad’s skin still, at least it wasn’t breathing like Tracy
Davis’ or croaking like Seamus’ shell.

The bell rang and after the homework assignment had been noted down, Harry stood to leave with
Blaise and Draco.

“Mister Potter, may I see you for a moment.”

Harry waved Blaise and Draco off, helped along by a very stern glare from Professor McGonagall,
before he approached her desk and forced himself to remain standing.

“I cannot help but notice your level of exhaustion today, Potter, are you quite well?”

“Like I said, Professor, I had a rough morning. I love being pregnant, but I hate morning sickness. I
was up very early with my lovers, but I didn’t really eat anything so I’m running low on energy.”

“I believe it would be beneficial for you to take a day off, Potter. I will write a note for you and if
you would, please go and see Madam Pomfrey.”

“But…” Harry knew it was futile by the glare he received. He sighed and he just couldn’t stop
thinking about how his four mates would react knowing that he was in the hospital wing.

He exhaled and nodded his head. He trudged out of the Transfiguration classroom, ignoring the
miserable second years grouped outside the doorway waiting for Professor McGonagall to allow
them into her classroom.

Harry walked past their curious little faces and made his way up to the first floor where the
hospital wing was located. He walked in and immediately saw the bloodied face of one Ron
Weasley. It didn’t take a genius to figure out what had happened and Harry sighed in exasperation,
but at least Draco and Blaise hadn’t beat the shit out of Ron in front of him.

“Harry, dear. Are you alright?”
“Professor McGonagall sent me up here to get a check-up.” Harry answered softly, trying to keep his voice from carrying over to Ron.

“Alright dear, hop up on this bed whilst I finish up with Mister Weasley, then I’ll get to you. I take it Minerva has given you your next lesson off.”

“The whole day, Madam Pomfrey.”

The Matron nodded and walked into her office to find another potion or salve or something for Ron’s face, leaving Harry and Ron alone for the first time since they had broken off their friendship almost exactly a year ago.
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Chapter Twenty-Five – Overload

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Harry lay back comfortably on the bed that he had been instructed to sit on, relaxing his shoulders back so that they weren’t so tensed and he pretended as best as he could that Ron wasn’t in the same room as him.

“Just defeating the Dark Lord wasn’t enough for you then, was it?!?” Ron demanded when he realised that Harry was ignoring him, pretending that the bed he was sitting on wasn’t occupied. “You had to try and get more fame by shacking up with as many people as would have you!”

“Just the men.” Harry answered stoically. “If I had ‘shacked up’ with the women who asked to
have me as well there wouldn’t be any left for anyone else.”

Ron went a brilliant red. “Hermione and Ginny wouldn’t touch you! You’re just a slut, you’re dirty!”

“Oh Ginny would touch me.” Harry stated innocently enough, remembering the hug that she had given him just that morning. “Hermione just wishes she could touch me.”

Sure he was being more than a little mean and a tad cruel, but he had had it right up to his neck of Ron being a complete jackass to him, surely people couldn’t blame him for being a little mean after just being called a dirty slut by his once best friend.

“No she doesn’t! Neither of them like you!”

Harry made a noncommittal noise in the back of his throat, angering Ron further.

“Just look at you! Pregnant at sixteen? No one gets pregnant at sixteen unless they’re stupid sluts!”

“You have no argument to call anyone stupid. I heard Crabbe actually beat you on a History of Magic essay, how proud are you of that?”

Ron went from red to purple quicker than Harry could blink. He wondered where the hell Madam Pomfrey was and what was taking her so long.

“He obviously had help from that slimy, filthy ferret! He and that dirty immigrant are going to be thrown out of Hogwarts as soon as people find out what they did to me!”

“More like they’d be given a medal for what they did. It’s just too bad they couldn’t break your jaw too, to stop you from speaking.”

“You’re nothing but a traitor!” Ron hissed at him, so angry that he couldn’t get enough air to shout. “Fucking two Slytherins and two men old enough to be your Father!”
Harry had no answer to that. His Father, if he had still been alive, would have been thirty-six as of March, Nasta had turned thirty-seven in February.

Ron took his silence as more ammunition and carried on, hurting Harry more than he would ever let the redhead know.

“I mean if you had wanted a Father figure there are better ways to get them than going around shagging men that are the same age!”

“That wasn’t why I chose a relationship with them.” Harry said quietly. “They are so much more mature than boys my age. I mean, hell Ron, look at you? Who would want you as a boyfriend? Lazy, stupid, mean, untalented, you can't even fly a broom! I don’t know what a smart, pretty woman like Hermione sees in you, but you can be sure that as soon as we graduate and she gets an amazing job and starts meeting intellectual people of a like mind who she can actually hold a conversation with and respects her for her brilliant brain, she’ll leave you too!”

Harry was panting harshly when he finished and a sharp pain in his gut had him clutching his side. He was so angry that he was almost vibrating with energy.

“You lost all of your friends because you are so nasty, even Seamus and Dean are at least giving Draco and Blaise a chance! You are going to lose Hermione as soon as she realises that she doesn’t have to be stuck with you because you’re the only one who will pay attention to her. It’s you who is going to die the sad, lonely old man, not me! I have a family now, I have four loving men who are willing to do anything for me and I am having a baby! As soon as we graduate, we’re officially bonded, we’re getting married and we are going to have lots of children to come! I have a family now and you’re going to be left with nothing if you carry on being petty, prejudiced and mean!”

Ron charged at him and Harry threw his arms around his belly as Ron’s fist caught the bottom of his ribcage, knocking all of the air from his lungs, the second punch caught his fingers holding protectively over his bump, but the third hit his side very hard and a searing pain had him screaming. Ron stood back, blinking stupidly as if he hadn’t realised what he was doing. He just stared as Harry rolled around on the bed.

Another sharp pain in his side had Harry gasping and curling his legs over his stomach as the pains became worse.

“Get Madam Pomfrey!” He bit out between clenched teeth. He hadn’t actually expected Ron to do anything of the sort, but the redhead ran the full length of the hospital wing and charged into the Matron’s office.

“Mister Weasley! I know you are in a bit of pain but really, charging in here is ridiculous, I have
only been gone for ten minutes as I flooed Severus for a potion for Mister Potter, surely you can wait another couple of minutes!”

“Something’s wrong with, Harry!” He screamed at her.

Poppy Pomfrey was taken aback for all of three seconds before she rushed out of her office to see Harry rolling around on the bed, clutching at his stomach.

“Oh heavens!” She gasped. “Weasley, go and get Professor Snape, he is in his office.”

Ron ran from the room as Poppy began trying to stabilise Harry as best as she could with her limited knowledge of Drackens.

Severus flooed directly into the hospital wing via her office not five minutes later and had not brought Weasley with him, assumedly so the boy wouldn’t overhear anything that he wasn’t supposed to.

“What happened?” He demanded as he cut his own wrist and forced Harry to latch onto the wound.

Once Harry had tasted the sweet blood, he sunk his teeth and fangs into the skin to hold on as he suckled like a newborn kitten.

“I don’t know, I left Misters Potter and Weasley alone whilst I flooed you for the Dracken health potion, I left them for ten minutes, the next I know Weasley comes bursting into my office and I came out to find Harry like this, what is going on, Severus?”

Severus didn’t answer; he just stared at Harry with pain in his black eyes, watching as Harry writhed in agony even as he continued sucking at his blood, making small noises of pain against his arm.

“I believe this must be Mister Weasley’s fault.” He finally answered. “Dracken pregnancies are very brittle and delicate; the slightest knock could cause a miscarriage. It’s why his mates are so protective of him and are very violent towards those who so much as brush up against their pregnant mate.”

“Severus, are you saying that Mister Potter is having a miscarriage?!”
“I am hopeful that the blood will help. You need to get Albus, Poppy. He needs his mates.”

Poppy rushed off and Harry looked up at Professor Snape with fearful, crushed emerald eyes. Severus looked away; he couldn’t stand to see those eyes looking at him with that expression. The same expression that Regulus had worn when it had been confirmed that their unborn baby was no more, that Regulus had had a full miscarriage. He had never forgiven James Potter to this day for bumping into Regulus and starting the miscarriage, accident or not.

James Potter had died before he had gotten any real retribution on the man for causing the death of his one and only child, he had contemplated killing Potter’s child to force him to feel the pain he had, but he couldn’t bring himself to do anything to harm Lily. Sweet, beautiful Lily who had been rounded with child, so happy, bright and exuberant. He had had the perfect chance and he had watched it pass him by.

Then Potter had come to Hogwarts and he had another chance, no matter how small or petty, to avenge Regulus and the child that they had lost. He had tormented Harry, had unfairly punished him, had bullied and belittled him at every opportunity and then it had turned out that the boy was a Dracken.

Severus believe that it was fate. Mere chance had taken Regulus and their unborn daughter from them, fate had made Harry Potter a Dracken and once again a Dracken was going to lose a baby because of another’s actions, because of their ignorance and cruelty.

Poppy came bustling back into the hospital wing, Albus a step behind her. The elderly man sat on the bed and wrapped an arm around Harry.

“What happened Harry, my Boy?” He asked sadly with a warm hint of anger.

Harry, who had stopped feeding so ferociously and had just been lapping at the oozing blood, pulled his blood stained mouth away.

“He hit me!” Harry cried. “He hit my bump. I tried to cover as much of it as I could but he found a gap.”

“Who hit you, Harry?”

“Ron.”

Albus nodded and stood back up, urging Harry to go back to sucking Severus’ arm.
“I will inform Mister Zabini and Mister Malfoy at lunch after their lesson ends. Mister Maddison and Mister Delericey have already been informed that they are needed back here at the castle and should be here as soon as they are able.”

“You have to keep them away from Ron, Sir. I don’t like him, in fact I’m beginning to hate him, but I don’t want him dead and I don’t want my mates being in trouble for hurting or killing him either.”

Albus nodded and walked out of the hospital wing, heading in the direction for the Grand staircase, ready to meet Ron and head him off.

Severus took his arm away from Harry and handed him a vial of light grey potion. Harry dipped his tongue into it and screwed up his face and shuddered at the vile taste. Severus gave a tight smile.

“Down it in one go is the best.” He instructed and watched as Harry threw it all back and gagged. “That should give us a few more minutes, the sooner your mates are all here the better, you need a cocktail of sorts, of all their fluids.”

Harry looked horrified.

“It sounds unpleasant and it is, at least taste wise, but your baby has no chance without it.”

Harry started softly crying and he held onto his bump, which was jumping about under his hands. He couldn’t lose his baby, not because of Ron.

Max arrived first and he came charging into the hospital wing, sweat beading on his forehead and his massive chest heaving. His eyes went to Harry and before Harry could even say hello, Max was on him, holding him, petting him, licking him and sniffing him. When he reached his stomach he remained there, sniffing and licking for longer. He let out a rage filled roar, sounding more like a wounded rhino before he wrapped his arms around Harry’s waist and pillowed his head very lightly on his belly.

The bell rang signalling lunch time; it wasn’t even three minutes later when Blaise barged into the hospital wing, Draco following close behind him.

They took in Max wrapped around his belly, gently stroking it and the tears in both of their eyes. It didn’t take a genius to figure it out and they both screamed and roared.

“What happened?” Blaise, the more lucid out of the two, asked.
“I’m having a miscarriage.” Harry informed them. “Professor Snape and Madam Pomfrey are doing all they can to stop it and stabilise the baby again.”

“Is this his fault?” Draco asked his eyes wild and his voice very distorted.

Harry had no idea that Draco might have been referring to anyone other than Ron, so he nodded his head yes.

“I’ll kill him. That filthy, fucking mongrel knew that it would kill the baby! I told you that’s why he did it!”

“What happened?” Nasta asked as he jogged onto the ward, looking as if he had been rolling around in a pig pen he was so covered in dirt.

Draco threw a punch at him before anyone could do or say anything and Nasta flew backwards into the door. He growled wildly as his black and gold wings burst violently from his back.

“What the fuck was that for?!?” He demanded.

It was the first time that Harry had ever heard Nasta cuss, it was also the angriest that Harry had ever seen him, including that time he had crippled the tree after hearing what Dominic and his Grandfather had planned to do with Harry and his child.

“You know what you’ve done!” Draco yelled back and before Harry could tell them to knock it off, Nasta had moved quicker than their eyes could follow.

Draco went sailing through the air and crashed into the bed on the other side of the room. Nasta had leapt on him before Draco could find his feet again and Nasta started hitting and he didn’t stop.

Max held tightly onto Harry and didn’t let him go. He shushed him and soothed him and tried to turn his head away so that he couldn’t watch, but he had to. For god’s sake two of his mates were killing each other on the floor of the damned hospital wing!
“They’re fighting for dominance.” Max whispered to him. “Let them work it out.”

“I didn’t realise those fights were so violent.” Harry quivered. “You and Blaise didn’t have a mark between you.”

“Blaise willingly submitted to me without us having to resort to violence, he did the same to Draco and the same to Nasta. Blaise really isn’t a fighter, though he has proven that he will kill to protect you. Draco is a fighter, so we must actually fight to prove who is more dominant to whom.”

“I don’t like it.”

“You don’t have to like it, Harry love.” Max told him softly, brushing his hair from his eyes, acting for all the world that two men weren’t beating each other to pulps behind him.

It was near enough a one-sided fight as Nasta threw Draco across the room again and stood breathing heavily, panting with bloody fists. Draco got up and screamed in rage and humiliation as he flew back at Nasta, who caught him and slammed him into the ground, lying on Draco’s legs, pinning his arms with his own and laying his teeth heavily over Draco’s throat.

“He knows how to fight.” Blaise commented as he edged around the two pinned men and sat down next to Harry, stroking his cheek.

Nasta stood from the ground and yanked Draco up with him. Draco’s head remained bent, blood running from the teeth marks in his neck, he didn’t look up and didn’t acknowledge anyone.

“Want to share with the rest of us what the hell that was about?” Nasta demanded.

Draco growled and Nasta seized his wrist and pulled it up to his mouth, laying his teeth over the vein in his wrist and biting down, not enough to break the skin, but enough to warn Draco not to test him.

“You caused Harry to have a miscarriage!” Draco snarled.

Harry blinked as he heard that and as pandemonium broke out around him, mainly consisting of all
his mates shouting at one another, he screamed long and loud. The silence was deafening as he stopped when he ran out of breath, he glared at all of them.

“It wasn’t Nasta’s fault!” He shouted over them. “Just stop it! STOP IT! I’m here, lying in a bed, about to lose our first baby and all you idiots can do is squabble with one another! Don’t you think that maybe, just maybe, I’d like some comfort!”

Max immediately pulled him up and onto his lap, wrapping his absolutely huge arms around him, burying Harry’s head in his soft shirt. Harry heard his mates cooing and crooning at him from outside Max’s arms and he lost it. He broke down and he started sobbing, then full out crying. He couldn’t lose his baby, he just couldn’t.

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Lucius Malfoy sipped on his cup of tea as he perused the morning paper. It was a load of drivel like usual, but he was still expected to comment on certain articles or understand what was being said if someone else mentioned an article.

His Wife was sitting beside him in the family dining room, eating a half an orange with a tea spoon whilst occasionally sipping her own white tea.

An owl they both recognised swooped into the dining room and landed regally on the back of Narcissa’s chair, all Malfoy owls had been taught to never land on tables.

“I wonder if Draco has something more interesting to say than this waste of ink.” Lucius stated folding the newspaper in half as Narcissa untied the, unusually lengthy, letter.

“It seems that our Draco has more to say than most months.” Narcissa told her Husband as she cracked the wax seal and shook out the roll of parchment, which was a lot longer than usual. “I hope he is alright.”

“If it was anything serious he would have floo called us from Severus’ office, dear.” Lucius reminded her.

Narcissa nodded her head and silently read the letter. Her eyes widened, her mouth parted, her eyebrows rose into her hairline and all the while Lucius sat patiently and watched her facial expressions and body language.

When she was finished, she folded the letter in half sharply and kept hold of it, looking at him with a strange, maniacal glint in her eyes that was more common from her dead sister, Bellatrix
“What did Draco have to say?” Lucius asked.

“I think we are going to need a bigger family dining table, dear.” Was all she said, going back to her orange.

Lucius looked at the four seater, solid oak, square table and matching chairs critically. Narcissa loved this table; it was why he had bought it in the first place, why would they suddenly need a bigger table when it was just the two of them and Draco?

“May I ask why we need a bigger table, dear?”

“Our Draco has fallen in love. Hard by the sounds of it.”

Lucius blinked before regaining his composure. “Draco has fallen in love?” He repeated his Wife’s words. “That may explain his sudden desire to break the contract with the Greengrass’ did Draco mention who he had fallen in love with per chance?”

“No. He didn’t mention any names, but he wishes for us to meet them.” Narcissa stated casually.

Lucius Malfoy narrowed his eyes at his Wife’s games. “Them, Cissa?”

“Yes, them, Lucius. Draco has gone and fallen in love with three other men.”

Lucius Malfoy choked on the air he had breathed in and he coughed sharply to get his breathing back under his control.

“Let me see his letter.” He demanded when he could speak clearly, holding his hand out for it.

“One of the men is currently pregnant, possibly with Draco’s child.” Narcissa told him before handing over the letter and going back to her breakfast.
Lucius read his son’s words with an ever growing level of shock. The way that Draco spoke about his…*partners*, Cissa was right; he had fallen in love and he had fallen hard.

Draco explained about one of his partners being pregnant and that there was a one in three chance that the baby could be his and he made it a clear point that he would not be abandoning his partners nor his possible child.

Draco wanted them to come to Hogwarts at their first possible convenience, preferably during a weekend so that their visit didn’t disrupt his lessons. He was being so casual, so cavalier about being with three other men. It would have shocked him if Draco had announced he had been with one man, let alone three. He spoke of marriage and bonding after he graduated.

Draco had never shown any homosexual tendencies before, all the questions in the usual puberty talk he had had with Draco when his son had been thirteen had been asked about when a man loves a woman, what a man does with a woman, how a man loves a woman. Not even a passing curiosity about how a man loves another man.

He and Cissa had been preparing themselves for an eventual daughter-in-law after Draco had graduated; instead they had gotten three son-in-laws and a possible grandchild shoved onto them. Draco had only been in school for seven months, he had written the letter to dissolve the betrothal contract between the Greengrass’ only three months ago. How could everything have changed in such a short amount of time?

Lucius rubbed a hand over his face in weariness and sighed, he took a sip of his tea and finished the letter, folding it over and placing it on the table in front of him. He was going to have to pay a little visit to Draco to meet his son’s future spouses and his possible grandchild. He had to make sure that his son wasn’t making the biggest mistake of his life.

“It seems you are right, dear. We *do* need a bigger table.”

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“So I just have to down it?” Harry asked his face scrunched up in absolute disgust.

“Surely it isn’t that bad?” Max tried placating him weakly.

“If it isn’t that bad then why don’t you drink it?” Harry demanded, holding out the glass beaker to Max.

It was filled to the brim with a thick, oddly coloured goop. It was a reddish purple colour and it was the knowledge of what it contained that had Harry very hesitant to drink it. It contained all
four of his mates’ fluids. Spit, sweat, semen, tears and lots of blood. Snape had wanted them to
give urine as well, but Harry adamantly refused to drink anything with anyone’s piss in it, his own
mates or not.

“I…well…I…it won’t have any benefits for me to drink it, will it?” Max told him, carefully
pushing the beaker back at him.

All four of them had had to wank themselves off into a plastic cup and it had been a struggle to get
themselves erect with the knowledge that their baby could be dying as they sat around pleasuring
themselves, so they were all being very careful with the glass beaker. It had actually been easier to
get their tears than their semen; usually it was the other way around.

“Potter, just down it now or your baby will die!” Snape snapped at him.

Harry’s face fell and his expression became crushed. It was the expression that he had been
wearing for an hour now and it destroyed everyone who saw it. Harry took a huffing breath to
gather his courage, if it would save his baby, he would have even drank his mates’ piss. He’d do
anything for his baby.

He took another great breath and put the beaker to his lips and before he could think too much
about it, he started drinking it down in large, hard gulps. He didn’t breathe in or out until he had
swallowed the last drop of the thick concoction.

He took in a deep breath as he finished and he got a lingering taste on his tongue. It was not a
pleasant taste and he gagged. His stomach clenched and he burped a bit and spat out what had come
up from his stomach. He was thankful that it wasn’t a lot, he couldn’t drink that again. He just
couldn’t.

He lay against the pillows and waited for something to happen, anything, but nothing did and tears
welled up in his eyes.

“It didn’t work.” He warbled.

Nasta lowered his face to his belly and sniffed and licked gently. He touched lightly, ghosting his
fingers over Harry’s skin.

“The baby is still there and the baby is still attached to you.” He stated.

“It worked?” Harry asked brightening up and trying to sit up only to be held down by Blaise.
“Don’t move just yet, Prezioso. It would be best if you kept as still as possible.”

Harry nodded, laying his hands over his belly and rubbing gently.

“I can't lose my baby.”

“We will do our utmost to keep our baby, love.” Max told him seriously.

“Do not move, Potter. I mean it. I will tie you down if I have to.” Snape stated sincerely, his dark eyes glinting.

“I’m not moving.” Harry stated laying more fully on the pillows and Draco’s thigh, who was sitting behind him.

Draco had several red marks on his inner thigh where Harry was ‘punishing him’ for attacking Nasta without asking for the full story first.

Harry pinched Draco’s white skin again, watching it flush and turn red, the muscle underneath jumping at the slight pain.

He had told his mates what had actually happened and that Ron had hit his stomach and it had nothing to do with Nasta having sex with him.

His mates had gone tearing through the castle looking for the redhead, but they hadn’t found him and Harry had screamed for them in distress as the pain in his stomach had hiked up beyond what he could handle. They had rushed back and apologised for turning feral and for leaving him and for not being able to find the person responsible for his condition. Harry had waved it away and sent them all to provide him with the fluids he needed.

“You’re responding well to the fluids.” Snape told him, waving his wand carefully over Harry’s abdomen, keeping his gaze on his mates at all times so that he wouldn’t be caught off guard if they suddenly attacked him for coming too close to Harry and the baby.

“How long before I can start moving again? I’m hungry.”

“Give it another hour.” Snape told him.
“I can go and hunt for you if you’d like.” Max told him softly.

“I don’t want meat and if I can’t move I can’t sit up. I’ll end up choking.”

“I have a potion brewing for you, Potter. It’ll postpone your heat for a few days, you can only take it twice in a row, so you have a week.”

“There’s a catch isn’t there?” Harry asked with a feeling of doom in his gut.

“You will still feel like you are on heat. You will still burn with the need for your mates, but I cannot guarantee your baby’s survival if you have sexual intercourse, especially not with the roughness of the heat period, within the next few days. You should be going on your heat tomorrow, correct?”

“Yes.” Harry answered in a small voice. It was bad enough that he felt like he was burning to death for ten days whilst on a heat period, but for him to feel like he was being roasted alive when he wasn’t going to have sexual gratification caused a spike of fear inside of him. He could be feeling like he was stuck in a furnace for seventeen days. It was too long; hell ten days was too long!

“Can I just take it the once?” He asked. “Until the baby is assuredly safe and not in imminent danger.”

“I am hopeful that yes you can.” Snape answered. “I am brewing a double dosage just in case the baby has not stabilised at the end of the first dose.”

Harry nodded and curled up carefully. He closed his eyes and let the voices of his mates lull him to sleep. He was exhausted after the overload of emotions and by everything that had happened. He just wanted to sleep and wake up to find all of this had been a terrible nightmare.
Chapter Notes

Nightmare or Reality

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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mates lull him to sleep. He was exhausted after the overload of emotions and by
everything that had happened. He just wanted to sleep and wake up to find all of this
had been a terrible nightmare.

Chapter Twenty-Six – Nightmare or Reality

Harry couldn’t believe it. He couldn’t breathe, couldn’t get enough air into his lungs as he gasped
and choked. His beautiful baby had died. He had lost the baby.

He looked down to his stomach; it was flat again where he should have been round with child. He
shivered in the warm air. He was cold, so cold.

Madam Pomfrey bustled around him, telling him that he had gone into shock and that he should try
to breathe normally before he started to hyperventilate. He couldn’t. How could he calm down and
breathe normally when his baby was lying dead next to him, wrapped in a white towel that was
speckling red with blood. His blood, not the baby’s. His little baby had been covered in his blood
when it had come out of him.

His baby was perfect. A tiny little body, small features, all ten fingers and ten toes, thick, dark hair
that looked like it might have been inherited from the Potter side of the family. Pale white skin that
was so soft it had no comparison. He had just had to touch his baby; he would never get the feel of
that skin from his memories now, not ever.

His baby was perfect in every little way, except for one thing. His baby wasn’t breathing. No one
had moved his baby from beside him. His baby was lying on a small table, wrapped tightly in the
towel, right beside him. He could reach out and touch his dead baby if he wanted to. He didn’t. He
wanted to be brave and hold his child, but he couldn’t.

A small giggle pushed its way up from his throat, he sat in the hospital bed giggling and then the
tears came. He eased from giggling to sobbing and then full out crying as tears soaked the collar of
his shirt in moments.

He reached out and touched the towel, it moved. It slipped sideways and the perfect head of his
perfect baby was revealed to his horrified eyes. He sobbed some more, feeling as if his heart would
rip itself to pieces in his chest as he touched that thick, dark hair. It looked coarse, but it was baby
fine, silky, just like his own.
He screamed and buried his face in his hands, hands that were now covered in blood from the baby’s body. He cried out in distress, calling for his mates. Then he remembered. He remembered the anger, the pain, so much hurt and rage.

He looked down on the floor of the hospital. Legs poked around the bottom of the bed frame, Draco’s legs. A slack face stared up at him from just past those long, lean legs, eyes wide in shock, glassy in death. A large, powerful body with bright blue wings that was oozing thick blood into a large puddle on the floor.

Harry screamed and threw himself away from Max’s body. He jerked and shot up, tearing his mind away from the image of Max lying, bleeding and dead on the floor.

Arms wrapped around him and Harry gasped in huge lungfuls of air as he clung to the soothing, familiar scent of pine and disinfectant. He sobbed and buried himself even further into the tight hold, his head and back being stroked lovingly.

“Shh, Harry, it was just a dream.” Max’s voice whispered gently.

Harry huffed as he tried to breathe; he looked around him, to the three hospital beds that had been pushed together. To Blaise lying curled up on the other side of Max. To Nasta who was lying on his back, facing away from them and Draco, who was lying on Harry’s other side, one of Nasta’s arms pushed under his neck, their legs entwined, but no other part of their bodies touching.

Harry brought a hand to his belly, too scared to look just in case his bump was no longer there, that his baby was no longer there. He let out a great, shuddering breath and looked down at his bump when he felt his ballooned stomach. It was still there, exactly the same as it had been yesterday, though maybe just a tad bigger.

“You had a nightmare about the baby dying didn’t you?” Max asked him softly, his own, massive, hands coming down to hold his over the baby bump.

Harry nodded his head slowly as he looked to their hands placed protectively over the baby.

“The baby died. I killed you all in rage. I killed all of you and the baby was still just as dead, lying next to me on a table wrapped in a bloodied towel.”

Max pulled him in to a tight hug, holding his head tightly as if he could squeeze the dream out through his ears if he held on tight enough.

“I had a similar dream only both you and the baby had died and I killed all of the others. I’d bet that all of them are going to have a variant of the same nightmare tonight. Our Drackens are
reminding us what is at stake, reminding us that we can’t be careless and that the baby is fragile and the pregnancy is delicate. This can never happen again, Harry.”

Harry wrapped his arms around Max and held on. He couldn’t believe that it had been a dream; it felt so real, so life like. Even now he could believe that his dream had actually happened.

He let go of Max and let him lie down and sniff and lick at the bump. After the dream he had just had he wished that he could sniff and lick at himself as well, if only to assure himself that the baby really was alive and well in his belly.

Max stayed where he was, his tongue pressed very low down on his abdomen, like his tongue was a finger and he was checking a pulse. He found out that that wasn’t too far from the mark actually.

“The baby’s heartbeat is normal.” He told Harry, stroking the place where his tongue had been.

“Is that where the baby’s head is?” Harry asked, placing his hand next to Max’s.

“Yes. The baby fell asleep as you were lying down, it was flat then, you’ve sat up now so the baby is upside down.”

“Should I lie back down?” Harry asked a small frown on his face.

Max chuckled deeply and shook his head. “The baby doesn’t mind at all, Harry. If it was uncomfortable, it would move itself.”

Harry nodded a bit uncertainly, he couldn’t wait to start those parent and baby classes that Nasta had signed them all up for.

Harry’s stomach gave a small gurgle of hunger and Max moved as if it were a gunshot. Harry latched onto his arm.

“I don’t want you to go hunting. I’m too near my heat, even if I do have to delay it for a few days. I need fruit.”

“I’ll go up to our rooms and get you some from the kitchenette.”
Harry shook his head. “I don’t want you to leave.”

“You need to eat, Harry.”

“So I’ll just call a house elf.” Harry answered, rolling his eyes. “Dobby!”

A loud crack which had Harry darting to look at his three sleeping mates preceded an old and ugly house elf entering the hospital wing, grumbling and muttering darkly. Thankfully Blaise and Draco slept on, Nasta’s eyebrows scrunched up and he cautiously sniffed the air, making a low grumble in his chest before he rolled closer to Draco and slept on.

“Master Harry Potter called for Kreacher.” The poisonous, oily voice greeted.

Another, quieter pop and a little figure dressed in an overlarge jumper jumped onto the pillowcase clad Kreacher, yelling and scuffling.

Harry scooted until he was sat behind Max, who growled and tugged Harry behind him more firmly. The little squeaks and squeals were shrill, but not loud enough to wake up the three deeply sleeping men. Again Nasta sniffed the air and again he let out a deep rumble, which Blaise answered with a grunt and they slept on.

“Stop it now!” Harry hissed. “There are three people trying to sleep here!”

“Master Harry called for Kreacher.”

“No! Mister Harry Potter sir called for Dobby! Not Kreacher, you’s should be going back to the kitchens!”

“Kreacher is Master’s house elf, you belong to no one!” Kreacher dug in hurtfully, making Dobby’s ears droop.

“Dobby is a free elf! Dobby likes being free and Dobby gets paying now.”

Harry rubbed at his eyes tiredly.
“Oi!” He called out a bit louder. “Stop arguing and keep it down!”

Max wrapped an arm around him and pulled him out from behind his back and onto his lap.

“Harry Potter called for Dobby?” Dobby asked bowing.

“Kreacher is Master Harry Potter’s elf!” Kreacher screamed out.

Harry looked behind him to see Nasta blinking his hazel eyes open slowly. He looked first to Draco who was wrapped in his arms and then further over to see Blaise lying on his own on the farthest bed and then he sat up, panicking lightly as his eyes darted around before settling on him and Max wrapped up in each other’s arms.

“I had a nightmare.” He told them and he crawled over to them and wrapped his arms around Harry’s head, pulling him forward to kiss his forehead, before lying on his stomach to lick and sniff at the baby belly.

“That I and the baby had died and you had killed the other three dominants.” Harry elaborated softly.

Nasta nodded against his stomach and rubbed the skin of his leg with gentle fingertips.

“Max had the same dream and I dreamed that the baby was dead and I had killed all of my dominants in a rage.”

“Our Drackens are reminding us what is at stake if we are reckless and careless with the baby.” Nasta said softly. “The baby is too vulnerable. We could have lost the baby, Harry; we could have lost you and the baby because we weren’t careful enough.”

“We’re going to resolve that, I promise.” Harry answered, running little fingers through Nasta’s hair.
Harry turned back to the two house-elves looking as though they wanted to beat themselves senseless.

“I need lots of fruit.” Harry told them. “I also want a mango and red berry smoothie, Dobby. Kreacher, lots of raw, red meat please. I don’t want it, but my mates certainly do want it, cook it lightly please, I don’t think I could handle it totally raw. Is that alright with you?”

Nasta nodded against his belly and Max pulled him forward to kiss him. “We can handle a bit of cooked meat, Harry, if you are going to be sick if it’s raw. That would be the bigger problem, you vomiting now could dislodge the placenta and kill the baby.”

Harry swallowed and held a hand over his belly. He had fallen asleep last night with the knowledge that his baby was still thriving in his womb. Then that nightmare had nearly ripped his heart to pieces and he had woken up afraid and hurting.

Dobby popped back into the room first with a huge basket full of fresh fruit and a tall glass full of a dull purplish coloured goo. It reminded Harry very forcefully of the concoction that he had had to drink yesterday, but the smell of mashed mangoes drew him to the glass regardless.

He gulped down the first quarter of the glass before slowing down a bit, before finally putting the glass on the side. He opened the basket and happily dove through the delights of fresh strawberries, blueberries, blackberries and the more exotic papaya, passion fruit and dragon fruit.

Kreacher came just as Harry was devouring a whole kiwi laden down with what looked like a half cooked side of beef. It was much bigger than the poor house elf and Harry automatically reached forward to steady the half a cow.

Max took it from the both of them and conjured four plates and using his claws he cut large chunks of meat from the bones. Harry turned away.

“Thank you both.”

Dobby squealed and popped away. Kreacher said nothing as he left with a loud crack, Harry considered it a win that he hadn’t said anything about Mudbloods, traitors or mentioned Walburga Black.

Harry returned his attention to his mates when Blaise shot up with a gasp and scanned the surrounding area, his eyes resting on him and Harry crawled over to Blaise as he moved towards him so they could hug and start the process of assuring the recently awoken male that the baby was completely fine.

“Ero cosi preoccupato, Prezioso.” Blaise murmured holding him tightly. “Ti amo, non posso perdere o il neonato.”
“Blaise, I can't understand you love.” Harry whispered.

“He’s saying that he was worried about you, that he loves you and doesn’t want to lose you or the baby.” Nasta translated.

“Does he always revert to Italian when he’s upset?” Max asked curiously.

Harry nodded. “And when he’s angry or scared as well. He seems to lose the language barrier in his panicked mind.”

Blaise held his head gently and pulled Harry into a deep, toe-curling kiss and sat on the bed stroking his hair, down his neck, all the way down and over his bump.

Harry lay against him and let him, also allowing Max to pop a blueberry or a grape into his mouth every so often. Nasta was the only one not eating and Max seemed to have come to a realisation as he tore into another cube of fresh meat. He didn’t look too happy about his sudden epiphany either.

“What is it?” Harry asked looking between the two of them worriedly.

“Nothing, love.” Max told him gently, passing him another handful of blueberries.

Harry looked at them both suspiciously through narrowed eyes, something was going on between them and he was going to find out what it was.

They were all distracted though when Draco started making deep noises and moving around in distress. Harry crawled over to him and lay down in his arms as he started twitching. Silver eyes snapped open and, with a gasp like a diver resurfacing from the water, Draco’s arms wrapped around him tight.

“It was just a nightmare, Draco. It wasn’t real. The baby and I are fine and Max, Nasta and Blaise are fine.” Harry soothed lovingly, petting Draco’s silky blond hair.

Draco heaved in another breath before slipping down the bed to nose at his stomach. Harry pulled his shirt out of the way so that Draco could have skin to skin contact with the baby bump and he let his blond mate do as he pleased.

When Draco had finished licking and sniffing, Nasta handed a plate full of meat to the blond and watched him eat a few pieces before he finally started eating himself. Harry wondered what the significance of it was as Draco and Blaise didn’t seem to notice or care, but Max was looking even more disgruntled.

Harry didn’t ask. Maybe their dominance instincts were awakening and they would have to have their dominance fight soon. He hoped that he wasn’t there to see it. Nasta beating Draco to a pulp yesterday had been about all he could stand. He loved all of them and the very last thing that he wanted to see was them fighting and hurting each other.
Marianna Lychorinda sighed as her body prepared itself to go onto heat. She had wanted to go and visit her son, Blaise, at his school for a while now, but she was very busy at the moment and her newest Husband, Josiah Lychorinda, was not too happy with the news that he would have to take six days off from work because she was going on heat.

Humans just didn’t understand Drackens; it was what Marianna had ended up killing most of them over, especially if they dared to lay a finger on her precious child. Only one of her previous Husbands had ever been stupid and suicidal enough to hit her darling Blaise and he had died a horrible, painful death. He had begged for days for her to kill him, but she had been so angry and seeing the handprint on her four year old son’s face had kept the anger and rage raw and growing.

She didn’t regret killing Pasqual, but she did regret torturing him as she had. At the time instinct and rage had taken away her inhibitions, had stripped all rationality from her mind. Now, years later, she looked back upon Pasqual with regret, sorrow and shame. He had needed to die for smacking her baby, but he needn’t have died so painfully, nor so slowly. She should have just snapped his neck and been done with him, but at the time such a thought would never have passed through her mind, it would have been too easy a death for one who had touched her son.

She smiled fondly as she thought of her son, her one and only child. The only child that she would ever have now that she had taken to sleeping with humans after her beloved mate, Maximiliano Enzo Zabini had died. She had killed him whilst pregnant with their first child. It had been a terrible time for the both of them.

Her instincts had shrouded her normally quick and sharp mind, she didn’t need Maximiliano to help her with her pregnancy, she could do it all herself. Her child didn’t need anyone other than her to look after it.

They had shouted at each other, she had thrown things at Maximiliano and he had showed such amazing strength and patience with her. Most dominants in that situation would have punished their mate regardless of pregnancy; it just wouldn’t have been tolerated. The behaviour of the mate would have driven all thoughts of the pregnancy from the dominant’s mind.

Maximiliano had taken everything she had thrown at him, all of her harsh words and her takeover of his bed and bedroom, including the en suite bathroom. He hadn’t been allowed near her and she had gone through her pregnancy alone.

Then one day, when she was five months pregnant, Maximiliano had had enough, his patience had come to an end and he had barged into the bedroom and he had tried to force her to submit to him.

Tears came to Marianna’s eyes as she remembered perfectly how she had fought back, how she had fought him whilst protecting their growing child. She had wrapped her fingers around his neck and had snapped his spine in two. He had died before he knew what she was doing, he had died before he hit the ground, he had died before she could reconsider her actions, died before she could tell him how much she loved him, died before she could do anything to take it all back.

Blaise had been born only three weeks later, her early labour being offset by the death of her mate. He looked so much like Maximiliano. She had wanted to name him after his Father, but she couldn’t bear to call him Maximiliano, not when the memories were too raw and painful, the rage that her baby brought up in her would have overflowed if he had had the same name. How dare he look so much like her dead mate!

She couldn’t bear to name him at all; Blaise had spent the first month of his life nameless until she
had finally found the courage to name him Blaise Mariano Zabini. Blaise because it was the name that Maximiliano had wanted for their first child, whether boy or girl and Mariano after herself, there had been no doubt in her mind that his last name would be Zabini.

She loved her son so dearly, her only living link to her mate Maximiliano. She would give Blaise anything and everything to see him happy, but the one thing she couldn’t give to him was a mate. He had to do that on his own and it frightened her. What if his mate wasn’t pretty enough, wasn’t curvy enough, wasn’t kind enough. What if Blaise got stuck with some submissive slut that had already slept with a human, forever barring her Blaise from being a Father?

Then in October Blaise had sent her a letter, a letter that she had been dreading. He had found a mate. He was so young as well. Normally a submissive went for mates in the eighteen to twenty-five age range, true Blaise was seventeen, but he was only just seventeen, she had sent him a birthday card and four owls worth of shrunken presents on the twelfth of October, the letter she had gotten back had been the one telling her that her baby had a fully bonded mate.

She had thought, had hoped, that he would be out of school before he found a mate. Blaise was too intelligent to drop out of school for a mate.

She needed to pay him and his mate a visit. Ooh, what if they had already conceived? She could already be a Grandmother! Marianna patted her thick, dark brown hair and applied a little lipstick ready for when Josiah joined her in the bedroom. She couldn’t wait to be a Grandmother, but she could have waited a few more years for her son to finish his education first.

Harry wasn’t released from the hospital for two days. His mates all had to work or go to classes, but they worked in tandem with each other so that he was never left alone.

Blaise and Draco stayed with him on their free periods, Max came on his lunch break and Nasta took the graveyard shift at the Dragon Reserve so he could be there all day and go to work whilst the other three were sleeping next to him.

When he was finally released Harry felt like sighing in relief. He hated the hospital wing, nothing against Madam Pomfrey, but he really did hate Healers and all hospitals. It was likely the smell but then Max smelt of the disinfectant he used before he handled any ingredient when making potions and that smell didn’t bother him at all.

Draco carried him from the hospital wing and the others walked as if they were the royal guard. It annoyed Harry, but he would put up with anything to keep his baby safe, though he did suggest that they not be so obvious about what they were doing. They ignored him.

Draco sat on the settee in their living room and he held Harry on his lap as the other three scouted the room for ‘dangers’. Harry sat still and rolled his eyes and tutted.

Once the rooms were clear of dangers Harry was allowed to do as he pleased, as long as it didn’t involve leave the room that his dominants were in that was. He hoped that this behaviour didn’t last until the end of his pregnancy because he could quite easily see himself ripping his mates’ legs from their knee joints so that they couldn’t follow him everywhere.

At dinner time, Harry allowed Max to carry him down to the Great Hall. The entire student body
knew that he had been in the hospital wing for the past three days because of problems with his baby and as all five of them walked into the Great Hall and sat at the Slytherin table, Harry was accosted by Lavender, Parvati, Padma and Ginny almost immediately after he’d sat himself down.

“Harry, are you alright?” Ginny asked.

“How’s your baby? Is the baby alright?”

“Did you have a miscarriage?”

“Girls!” Harry cried out. “Calm down. I’m fine, the baby is fine. There isn’t anything to worry about any more.”

Draco growled and the blond’s hand clamped around his thigh, Harry looked to Draco to reprimand him or ask what the hell he had done wrong when he saw all of his mates were growling and looking in the same direction.

Harry looked the same way, behind Ginny and Lavender was Hermione. Her head was down and she didn’t look at him as she timidly handed him an envelope and a small wrapped box that was flat, about the size of large book.

“What is this?” Harry asked as he opened the envelope. Inside was a get well soon card. His heart almost stopped.

Harry opened the wrapped present and inside, wrapped in tissue paper, was a beautiful hand knitted cosy-toes. It was white and hand embroidered with silver stitching that made up a beautiful vine and leaf design. There was lace carefully stitched onto the front to make a pocket for the baby’s hands and it was all fleece lined on the inside to keep the baby warm.

“I…I…this is amazing, Hermione.” Harry managed to stutter out. “Did you make it yourself? It’s beautiful, thank you.”

“Does this mean that you’ve finally come to your senses?” Ginny asked her in a harsh tone.

“I think it means that Hermione has gotten better at knitting.” Harry put in trying to lighten the mood.
Hermione gave a wry smile and shuffled a bit on her feet.

“I’ve been knitting that since I first heard that you were pregnant.” She told him softly.

“You’ve really put a lot of effort into this, Hermione, I love it and I’m sure the baby will as well.”

“I didn’t know if I should give it to you or not. Not after the rumours.”

“The baby is fine. It was touch and go for a day or so, but Madam Pomfrey and Professor Snape finally managed to stabilise the baby.”

“What happened?” Parvati asked.

Harry looked to Ginny and Hermione and sighed. He shook his head and looked over to the end of the Gryffindor table when Ron was watching them all with a red face and a clenched fist. Obviously his bout of helping in the hospital wing had been about all his mentality could handle.

“What did he do?” Ginny asked through gritted teeth having looked to where Harry was and seeing her brother.

Harry had decided he wasn’t going to say anything, he didn’t want his mates getting upset again, but they had other ideas.

“He decided that it would be a good idea to punch Harry in the stomach when he was already in the hospital wing because of stomach cramps.” Blaise bit out forcefully. “Harry almost lost the baby twice because of that fool!”

Ginny went a red so spectacular that she put her robes and her hair to shame.

“I can’t believe that he would do such a thing!” She hissed. “Just wait until Mum finds out!”
Ginny stomped off, presumably towards the Owlery to send a letter to Mrs Weasley. If he hadn’t of been so shocked he would have told her not to. Dumbledore had already sent a letter of warning to Mrs Weasley, this would be Ron’s second warning, if a student got a third, they were expelled.

There was no doubt in his mind though that if he had fully miscarried the baby then Ron’s wand would have been snapped right then and there, followed by his neck by his mates and possibly by himself. No one hurt his baby, much less killed them and get away with it.

“But…but you’re alright now?” Hermione asked hesitantly.

“Yes, just a few lingering bruises, the baby is completely fine. We’re all going to take a week or so off now to just relax and to let the baby reaffirm its place in my womb. I’ve got all of my homework assignments for the next week, so don’t worry about my school work.”

Hermione closed her mouth with a small click and she smiled a bit sheepishly.

“I’ll just go now. I just wanted to give you that and to make sure that the baby was alright. I can’t understand why Ron would hurt an innocent baby, but I’ll have a talk with him. We both know he has a temper.”

Harry nodded but said nothing else. It was true. Ron did have a temper, they both did which was why it had been a bad idea to put them in the hospital wing together and then leave them alone. Not that it was Madam Pomfrey’s fault, she hadn’t really understood how bad things had gotten, how much Ron and Harry had grown to dislike each other when last year they had been the bestest of friends.

Harry laid his face on the cosy toes and nuzzled it a bit. It was super soft and he could just imagine carrying his baby around in it from place to place. He smiled; he had found another item to bring with him into the nest when he went into labour.
A/N: This chapter was originally called Raging Inferno, but after the week I’ve had and the damn trouble it’s given me, I changed it. I’ve been so exhausted you’re lucky to get this at all.

Last Time

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Chapter Twenty–Seven – Death’s Door

Harry grinned as he watched Max and Nasta act like little children. The thirty-one year old and the thirty-seven year old were wrestling each other around the living room floor like toddlers, but there was a reason in the childish madness.

They hadn’t had their dominance fight and Harry could feel the first touches of heat come upon him. Had he not taken the potion his heat would have come to him in the afternoon, which differed from all of his other heats which had taken place some when in the middle of the night.

Max and Nasta were rolling around the floor wrestling with one another to try and bring out their Drackens to fight for the top spot of the family. They had told Harry to go into the bedroom so he didn’t have to watch, but how the hell could he give up watching two grown, supposedly mature men, rolling around the floor with each other?

He chuckled again as Nasta pinned Max to the carpet and smirked down at the larger man gloatingly. Max brought a knee up to Nasta’s stomach and winded him, rolling until he was on top and was smirking gloatingly down at the older man.

Harry chuckled and moved Blaise’s hand more firmly over the baby bump which they were all
delighted to see had grown. A growing bump meant a growing baby; a growing baby was an alive baby.

Draco was at their feet with his homework spread out on the table, he chuckled every now and then at a particularly rough move, but other than that his entire focus was on his homework and massaging Harry’s leg, which was draped over his shoulder.

“I don’t think it’s working.” Harry told them as Max came close to having his head cracked open on the corner of the coffee table.

“It should!” Max puffed as he gripped Nasta’s arm and tried to dislocate it.

“Any form of violence should be taken as a challenge.” Blaise told him.

“Maybe you’re both top dominant.” Harry hedged carefully.

“No such thing!” Max told him, panting as he got a good punch into Nasta’s gut.

“A single family cannot have more than one top dominant; it would ruin the balance of the family and fights would be an almost daily occurrence.” Nasta stated calmly as if he wasn’t rolling around on the floor. “The top dominant has the last say in every family related decision. It stops fights and squabbles among the other dominants.”

“Well you’re out of time; I can feel the heat coming on. If this isn’t resolved soon, then it will be too late. What will happen then?”

“No idea.” Max told him as he took his heavy work boot to Nasta’s shin.

Nasta growled and took a fistful of Max’s thick brown hair and yanked on it.

“You fight like girls.” Draco snorted. “At least my fight was bloody and violent; yours looks staged, like a cover picture for a dirty magazine.”

Harry giggled and rubbed his foot along Draco’s defined abdominal muscles.
“The instinct to fight just isn’t coming!” Max sighed in frustration.

“Maybe it would if you try to actually have sex with each other.” Harry put in slyly. “One of you has to top, maybe you’ll find out that way.”

“You dirty little boy; you just want to have a free show.”

Harry let out a fully belly laugh and sat grinning at the two men on the floor.

“Well it would work.” Harry told them. “You can't both fuck the other; one of you is going to have to be the top partner and the other the bottom partner.”

“As skewed as Harry’s logic is and no matter how lascivious his motives are, I believe he is right in a way with what he is saying.” Blaise stated. “One of you would have to dominate the other in order for you to have penetrative sex.”

“I should be the top dominant! I’m bigger.” Max growled as he shoved at Nasta.

“Please! That’s like me saying I’m the oldest so I should be top dominant.” Nasta answered wrapping his arms around Max and flipping him over onto his back.

“Older or not, it would be easier to have sex if I was the top!”

“It’s like they’ve reverted back to their five year old state of mind.” Harry giggled.

“I’m older so I should have that toy. But I’m bigger so it should be mine!” Blaise whispered bringing a round of laughter from Harry and an amused snort from Draco.

“Maybe you’ve already figured out whose top dominant but don’t realise it.” Draco told them.

The two older Drackens looked at each other and Nasta smirked and Max growled.
“That’s it isn’t it. You already know. So why the hell are you trying to force yourselves to fight?!” Harry demanded a touch of anger coming through in his voice.

“Maximilius won’t accept that I am dominant to him without a fight.” Nasta stated with a grin.

“You are not dominant to me!” Max bellowed raising a fist to punch Nasta, who blocked with his forearm and rolled until he was on top of the other man yet again.

“I am dominant to all of you!” Nasta growled back, seemingly only just losing his patience.

“How did this happen?” Harry asked. “When did it happen?”

“In the hospital wing, when we woke up from those bloody nightmares.” Max scowled.

“When we were eating.” Nasta elaborated when Harry looked ready to explode. “We were all hungry, but my Dracken wouldn’t let me eat. A top dominant is not allowed to eat until all those subordinate to him have started eating. I have to provide for all of you, even though it isn’t really needed as you can all hunt for yourselves.”

“But, what moment made your Drackens realise that Nasta was top and Max wasn’t?”

Max gave an elegant, one shouldered shrug that could have meant anything and nothing.

“No idea, I certainly haven’t acted submissive to anyone.” He answered.

“Maybe it’s because you cook, which is typically a female, or in this case, submissive thing to do. Maybe it has nothing to do with how dominant you’re acting, but how submissive you are being by doing something that a hundred years ago would have been considered a submissive’s job.” Blaise put in disarmingly.

“So because Maxie cooks, Nasta’s Dracken saw him as submissive because of long forgotten domestic roles from centuries ago that have absolutely no bearing on current lifestyles or
stereotypes?” Harry stated confusedly.

Blaise shrugged and flipped his head to one side that Harry took to mean ‘maybe’.

“Huh. Oh well, that settles that, now we just need Max and Draco to fight it out and then all the violence can stop.” Harry chirped happily, but his face fell when a sudden thought hit him. “Wait, if Nasta’s Dracken sees Max as subordinate because he cooks, won’t Draco’s Dracken do the same?”

“Oh no. No, no, no, I will not be subordinate to two other dominants!” Max hissed. “Not because I actually know how to cook and feed myself!”

“Maybe we should buy you a pink, frilly apron to wear as you cook.” Draco goaded.

“Stop it!” Harry growled. “I won’t have you kicking up a fuss or a fight near the baby, we almost lost this baby once, I won’t risk our baby again. Fine if you are play wrestling on the floor, but if it’s going to be real then you take it outside!”

All of them settled down at the reminder of how close they had come to losing their first baby. Harry placed a loving hand on his bump and rubbed it. He was coming up to three months pregnant, he was now in the second trimester, had he been pregnant as a human, he would only just be reaching the middle of the first trimester. But as his Dracken genes knocked off two months, every trimester only lasted two and a third months instead of three months per trimester.

Harry was moved onto Blaise’s lap as the three oldest of his mates tried to settle on the same settee, a difficult feat as neither Max nor Nasta were small men and Blaise was no stick.

“Why don’t you just enlarge the settee?” Harry asked as Max shifted around to try and fit his large thighs into the small gap that Nasta had left him.

“An item can only be enlarged so far.” Draco told him from the floor. “It has to do with the dimensions of the original size of the item.”

Harry shook his head looking puzzled. “But the bed has been enlarged three times.”

“The first time we enlarged it only a little bit, Harry.” Blaise told him indulgently, stroking his
exposed belly where his shirt had ridden up the bump. “Just enough to fit Draco in with us. The second time we needed to enlarge it more as Max is a lot bigger than all of us, but it still wasn’t more than twice the bed’s original size. When Nasta joined us, we enlarged it to its maximum and it is a good thing that that bed was a super king size to begin with or we would never fit all of us inside it, one of us would be sleeping on the floor every night.”

“I was never any good at magical theory.” Harry sighed.

A tap at the window had Draco sighing at the distraction to his homework, he picked up his wand from beside him and gave it a casual, almost elegant flick and the living room window sprang open and admitted the brown feathered, black speckled owl into their rooms. It landed on Max’s arm and he greeted it like an old friend.

“This is Jasmine, she is a childhood friend.” He told them as he stroked her.

“Is she yours?” Harry asked, crawling from Blaise, over Nasta and onto Max’s lap to stroke the soft feathers on Jasmine’s breast.

“Yes, she was a present from my parents when I got into Salem’s Academy of Magic, I have another owl, Esmeralda, she was a graduation present. I sent a letter to my brother in America; I’ve been eagerly awaiting his reply. His Wife is expecting my first Niece.”

“You never said you had a brother.” Harry turned to speak to Max, but his attention was caught by a sharp nip on his finger and he soon went back to cooing and paying attention to Jasmine.

“One brother and three sisters.” Max told him. “Caesar is twenty-nine, Julinda is twenty-seven, Talia is twenty-six and Alayla is twenty-three. I’m the oldest and only me and Caesar are Drackens.”

“Do you only have the one Niece on the way?”

“Yep. Juda is married to a man named Laurel, they don’t have kids yet, I’m not even sure if they’re trying. Laurel is a businessman first and foremost; I don’t think Juda sees him more than twice a month.”

“I couldn’t cope with seeing you for only twice a month.”
“Lucky for you that I’m not a businessman then.” Max told him with a smile.

“I love you too, Maxie.”

“I told you only my granddad calls me that.”

“Your grandparents are still alive?” Draco asked interestedly.

“Yours aren’t?”

“No. On my Father’s side, my grandfather Abraxas died from Dragon Pox before I was born. My Grandmother Amorete died when I was five. My grandfather on my Mother’s side, Cygnus Black died the year before I was born. Grandmother Druella died when I was seven.”

“I have never met my paternal grandparents.” Blaise told them quietly. “They blamed me and my Mother for my Father’s death, they still do in fact. They refuse to have anything to do with me. I asked to see them when I was eight and they refused to even come and meet me to see what I looked like. I look a lot like my Father according to my Mother. I wrote them letters when I learned how to write, but they came back unopened. Their logic was that if I had never been conceived then my Father would still be alive.”

“So they blamed you? An innocent child!” Max asked outraged.

“Apparently so.” Blaise sniffed indifferently, if it bothered him that he had never met his Father’s side of the family, then it didn’t show, but still Nasta threw an arm around him and cuddled him in close.

Blaise fought for a moment until he realised that it was futile to fight against Nasta’s strength and muscle and he relaxed against him instead.

“I think everyone knows what happened to my family.” Harry said sadly. “I don’t know what happened to my paternal grandparents but I know from the potion I used to find out where my Dracken inheritance came from that my grandmother Dorea died in nineteen-seventy-seven, three years before I was born. If my maternal grandparents are still alive, then I’ve never met them and I
didn’t even know what their names were before that potion.”

“Don’t you have Muggle relatives?” Max asked.

“Yeah, my aunt Petunia was my Mum’s sister, her Husband Vernon and my cousin Dudley.” Harry breathed in deeply to quell feelings of panic and quickly changed the subject. “What about your family, Nas?”

“My Mother died when I was born, she died giving birth to me. My Father brought me and my older brother, Sanex up. We had a sister, Angharad but she died from a spell gone wrong when she was twenty. She’d be forty now if she had lived.”

“You told me before that your Dad never let you drink coffee or carbonated drinks.” Harry said with a smile.

Nasta looked at him tenderly and kissed him.

“I can't believe you remember that.” He answered with a small shake of his head. “It’s true. My Dad always told us that if we wanted to drink something to the equivalent of acid then he would make it easier for us and just give us a bottle of bleach and a straw. He was very…protective after Mum died. He wouldn’t let us eat anything unhealthy, drink anything unhealthy, he made sure that we did at least an hour of exercise a day, pushed us at everything we did, encouraged us to be our best and our fittest.”

“He didn’t want his children to die.” Harry put in softly, touching Nasta’s cheek.

“No he didn’t. He’s a Dracken as well, family means everything to him. When Mum died giving birth to me, he could have so easily turned on me, blamed me for her death, his own submissive mate, but he did no such thing. Angharad told me that he had practically ignored Mum’s dead body as he rushed to me first, cleaning me off and wrapping me up.”

“He knew that his Wife was already dead.” Max said gently. “He didn’t want the son that she had died for leaving with her.”

Nasta shook his head and scrubbed his hands roughly over his face. “I’m the only one of my siblings who is a Dracken, Mum and Dad should have had more than three children, plenty more,
but when Mum died, Dad refused to take another mate, even though the Counsel have offered numerous times to let him go back to the submissive meetings. He’s always refused.”

“I thought all dominants had to go.” Harry stated confusedly.

“After a dominant has gotten a mate, even if that mate dies, we lose the urge to go to submissive meetings.” Max told him. “If the dominant want’s another mate, they can petition the Counsel to be let back in on the submissive meetings or the Counsel can ask if the dominant wants to be let back in on the meetings.”

“I wouldn’t want another mate.” Harry said sadly. “If all of you died, I would never take another mate.”

“With submissives it’s different.” Nasta stated his tone conveying his disgust. “You might be forced to take another dominant as you are a submissive and there are too few to how many dominants there are.”

“I wouldn’t want one; I will not be forced to live my life with a man I feel nothing for.” Harry stated stubbornly.

“It’s a moot point as none of us are going to die.” Blaise told them surely.

“My Dad never wanted another mate either after Mum died. He told the Counsel to shove their meetings where the sun doesn’t shine and carried on raising me and my siblings.”

“Why does the Counsel petition some dominants, not all of them?” Harry asked.

“My Dad had three young children, one of which was a newborn Dracken. They were concerned that a dominant male alone could not raise three babies and that he needed a submissive’s help, as if any sixteen year old would have accepted a twenty-six year old mate with three kids.”

“I might have if he was a kind and considerate mate.” Harry told him.

Nasta let out a startled laugh and pulled Harry into a kiss.
“Am I going to have to worry about introducing you to my Father this summer?” He asked teasingly.

“Oh no, I’d much rather have his youngest son.” Harry grinned. “Am I going to be in any trouble with him for stealing his youngest son from his overprotective hands?”

“No. My Dad will love you. He’s been…distressed lately because I hadn’t found a mate at thirty-seven.”

“He thought that it was too late for you to be happily mated.”

“He believes that if a dominant hasn’t been chosen by a mate by at least thirty then they’ll be stuck with unworthy mates, like Miette Solange.”

“I keep hearing that name.” Harry said with a smile looking to Blaise.

“You were old enough to go to the Solange meeting in Toulouse?” Max asked.

“Yes, it was my first and only meeting before Harry, I didn’t stay for long. I left just after she announced that her ideal mate would be forced onto his hands and knees to boost her onto her horse so that she could go riding every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.”

“I left before that, when she said that her mate was expected to wake up before her every day and serve her breakfast in bed.” Nasta growled. “I barely know how to cook and I will not be treated like a servant.”

“I left after that, breakfast in bed I could handle, but when she said that she would expect her dominant mate to be at her beck and call at every hour of the day. She expected us to give up our jobs.” Max shook his head. “I love my job too much to ever give it up completely.”

“How were you going to support her then?” Draco asked.
“Miette comes from old money, her family is filthy rich, the entire front garden path was made from gold nuggets.”

“She got what she deserved. A fifty-eight year old dominant and no children.” Blaise stated.

“It doesn’t seem common for a submissive to have more than one mate, why does Harry have four?” Draco asked.

“Because he is so powerful.” Nasta told the blond. “Only powerful submissives need more than two mates. That Harry need’s four is a testament to his power.”

“I am not powerful!” Harry sulked.

Max chuckled at him and kissed his pout away. “You are.” He said lovingly. “You’re just too modest to see it.”

“Why am I the one to get four mates? Not that I don’t love each and every one of you, but it’s not you lot that are going to be fucked raw in a few days’ time.”

“I might be.” Blaise told him casually. Harry turned to him questioningly. “I am the lowest dominant of the family group, just above you in the…‘hierarchy’ for lack of a better word. I am going to be fucked just as much as you are.”

Harry let out a soft giggle, before covering his mouth as if he had uttered a foul swear word. He removed his hand, opened his mouth and giggled again. He shook his head and grinned.

“I can’t wait to see that.” He managed to say through his large smile. “This is payback for the first two heats that I’ve barely survived thanks to your prowess.”

Blaise grinned back at him and bopped him on the head gently. Harry turned back to Jasmine when she squawked and began petting her again.

“Didn’t you have urgent news on your Niece?” Harry told Max, who blinked and then smiled, tearing open the letter and reading quickly.
“Amelle, Caesar’s Wife is about ready to give birth.” Max told them. “Before I mated I was going to go and stay with my brother, my entire family is going to be there for the birth, but I can't leave now, I don’t want to.” He added when Harry opened his mouth.

“She is going to be your first Niece.” Harry started angrily. “She…”

“She will still be there after your heat and after our baby is born.” Max stated firmly. “I won't leave you.”

“We can visit in the summer holidays.” Harry offered.

“At which point you will be five, six months pregnant.” Max deadpanned. “You won't be up to travelling longer than it takes to get from the bed to the bathroom.”

“I'm not lazy!”

“You will be when you are heavily pregnant.” Nasta soothed gently. “The baby will be siphoning off nearly all of your energy as it grows impossibly bigger and develops vastly quicker in a very short space of time. If you try to push yourself, you may collapse and lose the baby. I can tell you that it is a lot harder losing a baby when you are a month from giving birth than when you are only a month pregnant.”

Harry deflated and let all of his breath out. “I wouldn’t hold it against you if you wanted to go and see your Niece, Max, even if it was only for a day or two. I’m sure Nasta, Draco and Blaise can cope with looking after me for a few days. I’m not that hard to handle.”

Max still looked unsure so Harry kissed him and kept his hands on the back of his neck, playing with the thick, brown hair.

“What if I made a promise to stay in bed and not move a muscle until you came back?”

“Like any one of us would believe that.” Draco told him with a roll of his eyes. “Honestly Harry, you can’t stay in bed when you’re ill or injured, how are you going to manage it when you’re neither.”
Harry huffed and pouted, turning away from Draco and looking back up at Max.

“I don’t want to keep you from your family.”

“You are part of my family now and you carry my baby, Amelle carries my brother’s. I know where my loyalties lie and I know where I want to stay.”

Harry let it drop, but he made a mental note to pick it up when he was alone with Max and didn’t have the others to put in ‘helpful’ comments.

Harry threw another cushion at Blaise and screamed. His heat had hit him and he was in agony. He couldn’t keep still; he kept writhing and rolling on the floor in front of the fireplace. He called to his mates who were standing around him all of them utterly distraught at his tears.

A lick of fire curled up his spine and Harry screamed again, arching from the floor, writhing in utmost anguish feeling as if his skin was melting from his bones. How the hell did this help the baby any more than having sex?!

“Please try and stay still.” Max begged. Harry threw a cushion at him this time.

Harry had thought that his mates would go and have sex without him, but they hadn’t. They were all hard and ready for sex and they were all suffering as an hour passed and their erections weren’t relieved.

Harry was torn; on the one hand he didn’t want his mates to suffer, on the other hand he didn’t want to be the only one to have to suffer for something that hadn’t been his fault. He didn’t want to be left alone to deal with this pain as his mates went and fucked each other.

He screamed as fire tore through his belly, his own erection was as solid as rock, he had tried to relieve himself, but it didn’t work, the fire only got hotter the more he stroked and he had soon let go, still as hard as a rock and unrelieved.

“Please! Please!” He begged hoping one of them would help him.
None of them did. They couldn’t even touch him to soothe him as it made the flames within him sear his skin. He had to survive three days of this, perhaps more if the baby hadn’t stabilised enough at the end of those three days.

A sweet scent filled his nose and Harry turned his head towards it, his fangs bared as he saw Nasta had dug his claws into his forearm. His oldest, most dominant mate came towards him and knelt by his head, taking care of Harry’s wings spread out on the carpet and without touching him, he offered him the bleeding arm.

Harry latched onto it and his lips felt like they would blister where they touched Nasta’s arm, but the blood was cool going down his throat and into his stomach as he swallowed convulsively.

Snape had told them when he had delivered the potion that they would have to feed Harry blood as where Harry could go ten days without eating on his heat, the baby certainly couldn’t. However getting blood, sweat and semen for sustenance during a heat period was incredibly easy, but when he was stuck in this flaming inferno, not fully able to go onto heat and not able to leave it either, the last thing that he wanted was blood, sweat or semen. He wanted ice, lots and lots of ice.

Nasta tugged on his hair and Harry let go of his arm to hiss, fully intending to go back to his meal, but Nasta had already moved his arm away and the coolness of the blood in his stomach heated up until it felt like lava.

“Please! Help me, please! I can't take it anymore.” He sobbed.

The four men exchanged sad glances; it broke their hearts to see Harry this way. He was naked and flushed a delicate pink, but the sight didn’t arouse them at all, not when Harry was crying his heart out, wailing, screaming and sobbing at them to make it stop.

“Please Harry, it’ll be over soon.” Draco whispered, looking devastated, his usually pale face had gone a greyish colour.

“How long…long has it been?” Harry panted out, wiping imaginary sweat from his forehead.

Draco grimaced. “An hour and a half.”

Harry wailed sharply and rolled onto his side, his back to them, crying incessantly as the raging fire grew. He couldn’t take much more of this.
Harry hadn’t slept for three days. Nasta hadn’t either, as the top dominant he had remained by Harry’s side, though never touching him, at all times.

Max, Draco and Blaise got a couple of hours sleep every now and then so that when the actual heat started they wouldn’t be too tired to perform, thus causing Harry more agony in the long run.

Harry had a very, very thin blanket covering his lower body as Snape cautiously lowered himself next to him amid growls and snarls from the other four dominants, who did not like Snape being so close to their pregnant mate, their pregnant mate who was on a heat period no less.

Snape didn’t speak, he quickly cast spell after spell, careful not to touch any part of Harry’s body and he nodded tightly, his body aching with tension as he cast a final spell.

“The baby has stabilised enough.” He announced carefully, knowing that there was a possibility that the five feral Drackens might not even be able to understand what he was saying. “There is no need for you to take any more potion, as soon as this dose wears off you’ll be fine to follow your instincts.”

“Go away now.” Max growled harshly, threateningly. Showing no acknowledgement whatsoever that he had heard or understood a word that Severus had said.

All of their minds had been lost to their feral Drackens during the last three days and thought didn’t come easy to them anymore. All they saw was a widowed dominant near their pregnant mate and his presence would no longer be tolerated.

Snape eased up slowly and he backed away. He knew that if he had so much as brushed Potter, then he’d be dead. If Potter had so much as gasped or made a noise of distress when he was so close, he would have been held responsible and torn to pieces.

“Remember to keep feeding, Potter.” Snape commented, not entirely sure if the Drackens could hear or understand him, but he took Maximilius’ vocal threat as a sign that at least one of them wasn’t too far gone to understand him, before backing out of the portrait door, Blaise and Draco stalking him and hissing at him all the way. Severus slammed the portrait door shut tightly, trapping the feral Drackens inside their rooms and he cast a small ward, to prevent them from leaving for the next several hours…they’d lose interest in trying to reach him after a minute or two, but just in case he cast a relatively strong ward. He was grateful that the baby had stabilised so that he didn’t have to go back in another three days to see to Potter again, after what he’d seen today, he wasn’t entirely sure that he wouldn’t have been attacked as soon as he showed up to check on Potter and his baby. Now he could just leave them all to get on with it.

“How long until it wears off?” Harry slurred weakly, too tired to even move.

“How long until it wears off?” Nasta informed him quietly, his eyes pinned to the portrait door in case the
threat came back.

“I feel so drained.”

“Do you want some more blood?” Blaise asked his voice no longer silk like and smooth, but rough and distorted.

“Just a bit, but I can't sit up to take it.”

It was Draco’s turn to open a vein for him and he did so gladly, holding his bleeding arm over Harry’s mouth, making sure not to touch any of the bare skin, letting his blood flow freely into Harry’s mouth.

Harry swallowed, letting the excess drip onto his face before he opened his mouth for another mouthful, he swallowed that and then turned away, indicating that he didn’t want any more. The blood cooled him for all of three seconds and gave him a small energy boost. He couldn’t wait until his bloody heat actually started.

Nasta used the thin blanket that had been covering his dignity in front of Snape to wipe the blood from his chin and cheeks, being obsessively careful not to touch him skin to skin.

“It will all be over soon.” He soothed. “You won't have to have another heat now until after the baby is born.”

“I’m dying!” Harry wailed as another burst of heat clenched his body and made him twist in agony, using energy that he didn’t have.

All of his mates were around him then hushing and soothing him and Harry didn’t even have the energy to cry anymore. The fire had eaten away all of his tears, he had none left to cry with, instead he dry sobbed.

Two hours passed like years. His mind was barely clinging to sanity at the end and he didn’t care how much more pain it brought him, he gave into his desires and clung to his mates. He buried his face into their skin, soaked in their scents, ignoring the pain and blisters he could feel on his skin but couldn’t see.

He felt red raw, surely his skin couldn’t have survived such heat? But his skin was perfect, just a little pink flushed, his pale body scales highlighted by an inner light and red-rimmed from the heat, he shook his head in despair, his skin shouldn’t just be pink! Heat like he was experiencing did not just pink up the skin! It melted it, it burned, blistered, seared, why was his body betraying his mind?!
“Harry? Maybe it would be better not to touch us.” Max said softly or as softly as he could when it sounded like his throat was full of razor blades.

Harry wailed and clenched his arms around the body that he was holding, he couldn’t even recognise them through touch anymore, his brain was boiling in his head. He was going to die.

“You are causing yourself more pain.” Nasta growled, as someone tried to pry his arms away.

“If I’m going to die then I’ll die holding my mates!” Harry sobbed.

“You aren’t going to die, the potion will wear off soon, just twenty more minutes and then just seven days until you come off of your heat period.”

Those hands succeeded in pulling Harry free and he cried. There had been no doubt in him that his mates would have gotten him free, they were too strong and he was weak, so weak, he couldn’t even sit up on his own anymore.

“Please!” He begged.

Someone sighed roughly, sadly. “How long?” The same voice growled.

“Sixteen minutes, give or take a minute.” Another voice answered. Harry couldn’t make sense of anything now, he could hear the words, but he couldn’t understand them.

“Perhaps it would help to prepare him now, when we are not totally lost in the heat haze to do so. It would help prevent his skin from splitting on initial entry. The scent of blood always makes us treat him rougher.”

“Won’t it cause him more pain? You’ll be touching him.”

“It’ll hurt to touch him regardless; the only difference is that he can be distracted with sex.”
“You are hoping to distract him with it now.”

“It may work.”

Harry lay still and breathed deeply, heavily as he let the conversation float over him, not taking in anything other than the voices of his mates.

A touch on his naked body caused him to wail as the fire within him shot to the place where his mate was touching, charring his skin and surely scorching his mate as well. The hand glided down his sweat soaked skin and Harry screamed as it moved to his more sensitive places, the fire following in its wake.

A touch at one of his most sensitive places brought a gasp to his throat, which never left his mouth as he choked on it. A finger pressed into him delicately and Harry couldn’t breathe, it pushed all of the way in and it was slick and cool. He pressed back onto it and tried to breathe past the obstruction in his throat. That finger touched deeply within him and the coolness spread. He found a burst of energy and used his legs to wrap around the upper body of the one touching him, locking his knees just under his mate’s armpits.

“That’s it, Harry. Forget about the pain.”

“Please!” He begged a touch of breathlessness to his voice as that finger touched his prostate.

Two fingers carefully moved to stretch his muscles, leaving coolness behind, but everywhere else was burning pain. His cock especially was throbbing with its own level of heat that was unmatched by any other part of his body.

“Not long, Harry, just seven more minutes.” Someone soothed.

Harry turned his head to the side and almost screamed out loud as he saw Draco and Blaise had given into their desires as his sexual heat grew closer.

Draco had Blaise pinned to the floor on his stomach, both arms twisted behind his back and held strongly as Draco’s legs covered Blaise’s to keep them from moving. It looked rough and they were both snarling and snapping at each other, Draco’s cheek had a cut on it and Blaise’s shoulder was bleeding thickly, like Draco had bitten down on it repeatedly. It made him glad that he wasn’t a dominant, sex that rough just wasn’t appealing to him, yet he couldn’t take his eyes off of them as Draco moved impossibly faster within Blaise and roared.

A jab against his prostate forced his eyes closed as he let out a small mewl, he opened them again to see Draco pulling out of Blaise and collapsing next to the unmoving brunet. Harry was worried
for a fraction of a second before Blaise rolled onto Draco and snuggled up.

Harry swore that if they were too tired to fuck him because they had fucked each other first he would carve them up with his claws. It was fine if they were practising, but with his heat imminent, he wanted them fully able to fuck him before they became too tired.

“Less than a minute, Nas. Have you finished?”

A grunt from low down his body had Harry looking down to see Nasta lying on his stomach, his black and yellowish gold scaled wings canted backwards to keep them out of the way whilst he was happily playing with his sensitive bits, Harry had barely noticed as he had watched Draco and Blaise, he knew that that would change the moment that his full heat hit him, he wouldn’t be able to think of anything else but the mate who was pleasuring him, but he was glad that he had gotten to see at least two of his dominants’ fucking, when he went on his full heat, he wouldn’t remember seeing anything else, he would only be able to remember the feel of his mates touching him, he’d only remember seeing them, everything else would be a red tinted haze.

Harry felt the exact moment when the potion blocking his pheromones wore off, Nasta moved so quickly, grabbing his shoulders and surging inside of him in one smooth movement. He would be eternally grateful for the preparation.

His spine bowed forwards and his neck snapped back, his hands shot out to clutch at Nasta’s shoulders as Nasta’s hands slid to support his upper back. Nasta had none of the finesse that he had used before, the heat and the lust filled cloud had turned him raw and passionate.

Harry was lifted onto Nasta’s lap forcing him deeper, a set of lips kissed up and down his spine and Harry realised that Max was behind him. Too many hands and mouths were on him, he quivered and got out a half gasp as he was stroked and caressed by his lovers.

Another cock pressing into him forced a small whimper from his throat, but it was swallowed by a pair of lips he recognised as Draco’s. Max sucked on his neck as his stretched entrance was traced and soothed with a tongue that could have only belonged to Blaise.

There were too many hands touching him, too many mouths kissing and licking him, too many teeth nipping and biting at him, he screamed and clenched around Nasta and Max as he orgasmed, Nasta pulled out and fell back, leaving Max to push Harry onto his stomach and thrust inside him as he pleased.

Harry ended up with his face in Nasta’s groin and he happily started licking him. It was the first time that he had ever given a blow job that he remembered. His mates didn’t push him to do anything and they didn’t seem to want to ask for it either. He had no idea if he was doing it right, but he didn’t care, he was enjoying tasting his oldest mate.

Nasta started grunting and getting hard under his tongue, though if it was from what Harry was doing or because the heat was affecting him, Harry had no way of knowing.

He moaned as Max released inside of him, but before Harry could even contemplate taking a small rest to get his breath back, the six foot eight inch man had been replaced by Blaise. Nasta sat up and made a vicious grab for Draco, who snarled and crawled under and out of Harry’s kneeling body and started pinching his nipples, keeping Harry in between him and Nasta, who in his lust
fogged state, didn’t bother chasing Draco, but instead dived on Max and man handled the huge man to lie on his back, it did not look like an easy feat.

Harry’s attention was caught by Draco, who lay on his stomach and crawled under his body again, taking his cock into his mouth and swallowing around it. Harry screamed. Blaise squeezed his hips, leaving bruises and he moved faster, Draco increased his pace and sucked harder, Harry’s entire body clenched and he let out a silent scream as he orgasmed down Draco’s throat.

Blaise was pulled off of him by Nasta, who seemed to have made it his life mission to fuck all of them into oblivion in the shortest space of time possible. Draco rolled around his body and pressed into him roughly, Max appeared a moment later to take Draco’s mouth into a bruising kiss, hunching that huge body over Draco’s back.

Draco pulled out of him with a displeased hiss; Max had tried to guide himself into Draco, who apparently wasn’t going to take the others lying down.

Max snarled and went crawling after Draco, leaving Harry alone on the floor, burning with pain and feeling abandoned and unsatisfied. The red haze slipped from his eyes as he wasn’t touched, he could see the living room again, could see all four of his mates, but the pain built up so high that he thought that he would pass out and die.

He let out a displeased whine, which grew to a distress call filled with his pain. It was answered by a furious roar from Nasta, who was glaring at Max and Draco. He moved away from a sated Blaise and pulled Harry into a hug; a moment later he had pushed himself into Harry and began kissing him.

Draco had either retained his human mind, or he was so terrified of bottoming to Nasta and Max that he was not going to let them near him. He had once again scuttled away from Max and lay down in front of Harry, his bottom firmly to the floor, as he pushed into Harry alongside Nasta.

Max hissed deeply and went to lay kisses over Nasta’s back, getting a cuff around the head when he went too low for Nasta’s liking. Max was so hard that he was solid, his cock a painful looking red that was leaking over the carpet, he moaned partly in pain as he tugged on himself.

Harry sat up, ignoring the groans that came from Draco and Nasta as they were forced to move with him, Harry tugged Max closer and took him into his mouth deeply, pulling back immediately as he gagged and was almost sick, it wasn’t the taste which had bothered him, even though it was a bit unpleasant, Max was too long and thick to take too far into his mouth without him gagging.

He tried again more carefully, taking in a bit at a time, staying near the reddish head and using a lot of tongue instead of trying to kill himself with it. Max didn’t seem to mind; in fact he hunched over Harry’s head and was letting out soft sighs and little moans of pleasure.

Blaise pulled himself over from where he had been lying sprawled on the floor, he was hard again and he draped himself around Draco’s neck, not trying to penetrate the blond, but trying to add to the pleasure of the heat.

Max released first and Harry pulled away coughing as his mouth was flooded with bitter tasting cum. He swallowed a bit, but the rest dribbled over his chin and was gently wiped away by Max, who used a cushion from the settee to clean him.

Draco followed with a screech and he fell backwards, being caught by Blaise who carefully lowered him to the floor and began sucking one of the blond’s pale nipples.
Harry was left with Nasta, who was now in his element. After getting off the first couple of orgasms, Nasta had gained steel control over his body and was very happily waiting until Harry released to do the same.

Harry could feel the pressure building inside of him, could feel the proverbial coil tightening with every hard, fast thrust inside of him, every stroke to his over sensitised body, every kiss to his bruised lips. His orgasm hit him with the force of a charging bull, he screamed his release to the ceiling, his back and neck arched, Nasta’s hands holding him gently as he orgasmed with him as his body clenched around Nasta too tightly for the older man’s control to withstand.

The five of them lay in a heap, breathing heavily, chests rising and falling rapidly as they rested just a bit before the next wave hit them. Harry closed his eyes and slowed his breathing down, trying to suck the air deeply into his body to feed his starved muscles.

A touch to his side had him opening his eyes to see love filled indigo. He loved Blaise’s eyes and he hoped that when he had a baby with his first mate, that no matter if they had a baby girl or a baby boy, that they took Blaise’s eyes.

Blaise slid into him with ease and moved slowly and carefully. Blaise always was the most gentle at first, then he picked up pace and his thrusts became long and deep. A sudden urge for sustenance had Harry shooting upwards and sinking fangs into the side of Blaise’s neck, removing his long, pointed teeth from the four holes that he had made, he sealed his mouth over them and sucked hard and quick from the wound until the urge abated and he licked clean the four puncture marks he had made.

He kept his arms wrapped around Blaise and moved with his mate and bounced on him as Blaise thrusted. He mewed as a hand squeezed him bum, it was too large to be anyone’s but Maxie’s and he knew that his other mates had recovered enough from their short, but revitalising rest to carry on with the remaining six days of, nearly continuous, sex.

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When Harry next woke up he felt terrible. He let out a soft groan and rolled onto his side before his eyes widened as he felt a twinge in his abdomen. His bladder was beyond full and moving had put too much pressure upon it.

He bolted upright, but fell back when pain shot up his spine. His bladder ached to be relieved and he moaned in agony. He tried to get up carefully, shifting his arms to lift his upper body, but this turned out to be a huge mistake because as soon as he crunched up his stomach, his bladder released without his say so.

Once he had started he couldn’t stop himself and he felt tears of humiliation prick at his eyes. His face burnt bright red in embarrassment…he had wet the bed for the first time since he was about six years old and even then he had only wet himself because the Dursleys had forgotten to let him out from the cupboard under the stairs to use the bathroom.

The tears fell over his eyes as he just sat in the wet patch that he had accidentally made. He couldn’t move and he sobbed in distress. A moment later his mates were around him, asking him what was wrong, though it didn’t take them too long to figure out from the strong smell of urine.
Nasta sighed and sat on the edge of the bed and wrapped an arm around him as Harry curled into himself in mortification.

“There is nothing to be ashamed of, Harry.” He said softly. “The best of us have accidents and you are pregnant which has put a lot of undue stress upon your bladder.”

“I’ve never had this problem before.” He wailed in shame, his neck and ears burning along with his face.

“You’ve never consumed so much liquid while on a heat period before.” Max told him with a reassuring smile. “We already almost piss ourselves when we wake up off a heat as it is, Harry, with the amount of blood you consumed when you were on your heat it was inevitable that you would wet yourself before you reached the bathroom.”

Harry sniffed and hugged himself. Nasta put his other arm around him and hugged him tightly, kissing his hair.

“Let’s get you cleaned up, Harry. How about a nice hot bath whilst Draco and I go hunting?”

Harry sniffed again as his stomach rumbled loudly. He nodded his head and let Nasta pick him up and carry him to the bathroom, uncaring that Harry’s naked legs and bottom were soaking wet from where he had been sitting in the large patch of his urine.

Nasta ran a bath and put Harry’s favourite scented bubble bath under the running water. He tested the temperature and turned off the hot water tap and ran the cold. When the temperature was perfect he sat Harry in the water and left him to wash with a kiss.

Harry smiled at Nasta’s retreating back. He loved his mates so much and they obviously loved him enough to carry him even when he was sopping wet with his own piss. He picked up a washcloth and dipped it in the water before he started scrubbing himself, particularly hard when he reached his legs and bum. He didn’t bother washing his hair; he didn’t want to put the dirty, piss water on it. He’d have a shower before he went to bed.

He got out and wrapped himself in a towel and he padded barefooted back into the bedroom. He could see from the floor that the bed up on its platform had been stripped and recovered with different sheets, duvet and pillowcases. It wasn’t blue anymore, but a dark red. Blaise and Max must have done it whilst he was in the bath.

He didn’t bother getting dressed, he always managed to get blood on his clothes when he ate a fresh meal, he’d stay naked and get dressed afterwards.

He went into the living room and smiled as Max and Blaise were cuddled up on the settee together. Max grinned at him and gestured for him to come and sit between them. There wasn’t enough
room to fit a doll between them, let alone his pregnant frame.

“I’m not going to fit.” He complained.

Max chuckled. “You will, come here.”

Harry didn’t bother arguing, he was hungry and he was still tired. His bum hurt a lot as well and his spine and his hips, but he had found out why they hurt when he was in the bath, they were covered thickly in dark bruises.

Max picked him up and placed Harry partly on his lap, partly on Blaise’s. Harry smiled; they hadn’t wanted him between them, but on their laps.

They both threw an arm around him and held him. They kissed his neck and shoulders, rubbed his growing belly, which he had been startled to see had grown significantly over the week when he couldn’t remember anything but burning, sex and toe-curling pleasure.

Blaise leant over him and pressed a lingering kiss to the widest part of his belly and stroked just beside his bellybutton. He kissed his belly again and Harry chuckled, bopping Blaise’s head.

“That tickles.” He said when Blaise shot him a questioning look for bopping his head.

Blaise chuckled deeply and kissed his belly a final time, gave it one final stroke, before leaning back further into the settee and kissing the back of Harry’s neck instead as Max licked at his shoulder. Harry moaned and then shoved both of their heads away.

“I am far too hungry, too tired and way too sore to do anything with you, so stop it.”

“We have missed you, Prezioso.” Blaise told him. “You were asleep for a day longer than we were.”

“What?” Harry asked softly, turning his head to look at Blaise over his shoulder.

“It’s perfectly normal for a pregnant submissive to sleep anything from twelve to thirty-eight hours longer than their dominant after a heat period. With the delays at the start of your cycle I’m not surprised that you slept for twenty-six hours longer than us.”
Harry sighed and yawned widely. He had been asleep for about two days, he felt as if he hadn’t slept in a month.

“You can go back to bed as soon as you have eaten, love.” Max told him, pushed the tufts of hair out of his face gently.

“Am I really not going to have another heat now until after the baby is born?”

“That’s right. Submissives only go on a heat period to get pregnant, which you already are, or to fully bond to a mate, of which you now have all the dominants that you need. So no more heat until after the baby is born.”

“Thank god. I don’t think I’ll survive another heat when I’m pregnant.”

“We’ll be able to tell if you’re pregnant now by your heat cycles.” Max told him with a smile. “If your heat comes, you aren’t pregnant, if it doesn’t come, you’re pregnant.”

“Ergh, like a woman’s period.” Harry grumbled.

They both laughed uproariously at him and Harry crossed his arms and scowled.

“What’s so funny?” Draco asked as he came into the living room carting a dead boar on his shoulder.

Nasta followed him in with the biggest buck that Harry had ever seen. They deposited their kills on the floor and Harry was urged to eat immediately.

“Harry has likened his heat cycles to a woman’s menstrual cycle.” Max answered Draco as he folded his huge body onto the floor and began eating after a stern glare from Nasta.

“Isn’t that what they are though?” Draco asked as he sat on the settee watching everyone else eat. The bloodstains on his cheeks and chin told them that he had already eaten his fill. “Only every two months not every month.”
The two older Drackens started laughing and Nasta sat down next to Harry and began skinning
meat for him so that he could eat faster and without using so much energy while he was still so
tired.

“I don’t bleed!” Harry groused as he accepted another chunk of meat off of Nasta.

“Harry doesn’t have eggs either. Or ovaries or a uterus…”

“Or a vagina.” Harry insisted sternly, which brought tears to his mates’ eyes.

“Really he doesn’t even have a womb.” Max said after he had calmed down. “We call it a womb
for lack of a better word for it, but it’s more like a…”

“Like a sac.” Nasta answered as Max struggled for words. “It just holds the forming baby and
Harry will have to split the sac to get the baby out, a bit like a womb, but it’s thicker as Dracken
babies are very…rumbustious as they reach six months gestation.”

Harry placed a hand on his belly and frowned. If his baby was going to start bouncing around
inside of him then he’d much rather be more stable in his pregnancy. He hoped to god that nothing
ever happened to his babies ever again.

If he had the maximum amount of babies he could have over a hundred and fifty years, then there
was a possibility that he would lose one or two clutches, but he didn’t want to, he hoped, he prayed
that he never lost a baby. His heart would shatter into miniscule pieces if it ever happened and a
part of his broken heart would always be lost forever, gone with his lost child.
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Mrs Weasley had sent him an egg the size of Quaffle and all of his mates had given him an egg or chocolate of some kind. He shared it all with them in one big indulgence fest, except for his chocolate fudge bars, those were his. Though he was glad that he had been given more, he only had one bar left from his post Quidditch injury stash. It was amazing how quickly eighteen bars of chocolate had become one. Now he had five and he was content with them…for now.

Mrs Weasley had also given him the first of the baby things that she had knitted. Cute little booties and socks, knitted bibs and shawls, blankets and hats all in a soft, pure white had filled the lined box she had sent along with his Easter egg.

Hermione had also told him that she was knitting things for him as well. Between her and Mrs Weasley he was going to be able to open his own hand made baby clothing store.

Hermione seemed determined to make it up to him in any way possible, even giving him her homework to help catch himself up after his ‘bout of illness’ for the last twelve days. She was trying her hardest to get along with his mates, but Draco completely snubbed her, Blaise was only a little better, Nasta remained silent around her and Max only grunted now and then when she spoke to him. It was disheartening and it filled Harry with sadness. He had known it would take a while for them to forgive her treatment of him, but he hadn’t thought that they would be so…so, he couldn’t even think of a word to describe how they were acting, but it was rudeness mixed with
hostility or, if not outright hostility, then definitely unfriendliness.

Harry was now three months pregnant and it showed. A lot. Max and Nasta had both gone off to work, though why they both had to work on a Saturday was beyond him. Max said that he had a very volatile batch of potion on stand-by that he needed to finish and Nasta had told him that a Dragon still needed care on a weekend as much as a weekday and that he had been called in to cover a friend’s shift who had had to be taken to the hospital with burns all down his side.

Blaise and Draco were arguing with Hermione and had been for the past hour. Harry was sick of it. He got up and walked out of the portrait door without a backward glance. The three were so wrapped up in their little argument that they didn’t notice him going.

Harry wandered to the hospital wing and got a check-up from Madam Pomfrey, who told him that his baby was thriving and was as healthy as could be, but he himself needed some more potassium, they had deduced that it had been his recent bout of morning sickness that had lowered his potassium levels, so with a banana in one hand, Harry set off around the school again.

He wandered aimlessly for a while before he decided to pay the Headmaster a visit. He hadn’t had a talk with the elderly man in a while and if he needed anything at the moment he needed to talk.

He finished his banana just as he knocked on the door to the Headmaster’s office (after eventually guessing correctly that the password was fudge flies.)

“Come in.” A firm, yet gentle voice commanded.

Harry happily peeked around the door and smiled as Dumbledore pushed aside his work and stood, his arms flung wide as if greeting his favourite child.

“Harry! Come in, my boy, sit down, do you have time for a cup of tea?”

“Yes please.” Harry answered happily as he took the seat right in front of the Headmaster’s desk, plopping his banana skin into the waste basket by the side of the desk.

“Would you like your honey tea, or perhaps some chamomile? Madam Pomfrey is in quite a fret over your continued sickness.”

“My honey tea, please, sir. I haven’t had it in a while and I miss it. Plus I was only sick a little bit yesterday. I went to see Madam Pomfrey before I came and she said that the baby and I are fine, I just have a small dip in my potassium levels, which is why she gave me a banana to eat.”

“Yes, I have been watching your progress from afar; your little one seems to be doing exponentially well, I must say.” Dumbledore told him as he waved his wand to summon a china tea set and began
flicking his wand to bring the water to a boil before he pottered around making the teas.

“I’ve gained weight as well. I’m not sure if it’s entirely because of the baby either. The amount of food my men are feeding me.” Harry shook his head. “I’ve put on nine pounds in a week. I knew I shouldn’t have eaten anymore of that boar.”

Dumbledore chuckled gently as he placed a steaming cup of delicate yellow coloured tea in front of him. Harry immediately wrapped his hands around it and soaked up the warmth. He blew on the outer rim of the china cup and took a small sip, relaxing more as the familiar flavour comforted him.

The both of them sat in comfortable silence, each sipping their tea and basking in their companionship. Harry sighed as he realised that he hadn’t had any relaxation since before his heat. Not really. He had been on edge and tense all throughout the time when he thought that he was going to have a miscarriage, he was agitated and frightened as he approached his heat knowing that he would be experiencing a lot of pain, he had been in immense pain when his heat had hit him with it being delayed for three days and he had been fucked raw for the next six days of his heat. He had slept deeply for two days after his heat and immediately when he woke up the tension and a lingering soreness had flooded back into his body. Now that his mates were all acting so hostilely towards Hermione, they had little time to smile and laugh around him and it made him sad and withdrawn.

“Is there something you want to tell me, Harry?” Dumbledore asked softly, sipping on his own white tea.

Harry sighed again and put his cup down. “I made up with Hermione again. She never wanted me to get hurt and was sickened when I told her what Ron had done to the baby.”

“Yes, I was quite delighted when Miss Granger came to her senses, but I can tell that this is not what’s bothering you so deeply.”

“My men don’t like her. Nasta won’t speak at all when she’s in the room, which isn’t really unusual, but he at least says something now and then! Even if it’s an odd comment, now he’s like a living statue or a mute! Max just mumbles, Blaise answers in short, clipped monosyllables and Draco is downright rude and mean. Hermione knows how she treated me was unfair and wrong and she is really sorry, I just want them all to get along.”

“It will likely take some time for them to adjust to her, Harry. Mister Malfoy especially as he has such a…rocky past with her, I believe it was she who punched him in third year?”
Harry looked down to his lap. “Yeah, she did. He was being mean about Hagrid and Buckbeak so she hit him. We laughed about it back then, but it must have really humiliated him to be hit by the girl he liked teasing so much.”

“Not to mention a knock to his ego and pride. It is likely he still holds some animosity or anger towards her from this incidence. Or it could be something as simple as habit. Perhaps Mister Malfoy is so used to teasing and baiting Miss Granger that he falls into the same habits as he used to.”

“Maybe, I just don’t like it. They were arguing when I left, they didn’t even notice me leave they were all so busy ripping each other apart. I don’t really blame Hermione for giving as good as she gets, but she’s encouraging them to carry on and the more she gets wound up and reacts the more Draco and Blaise are going to do it.”

Dumbledore nodded gravely and refilled their tea cups, floating the teapot over their cups with an eased and practised movement of the hand that spoke volumes of how often he had done it over the years.

“I wish they’d get along, I think if they looked past all the anger and animosity or whatever the hell they hold against each other then they’ll get along. They are all smart, intelligent people who can hold a decent conversation and have intellectual debates with each other. I guess it was too much to hope for, I mean I knew it wasn’t going to happen overnight, but I guess I hoped that all of them would have been a bit more adult than they are showing they are. They’re acting like…”

“Teenagers, Harry. They are acting like teenagers and I think that sometimes you forget that that is exactly what you are. You are just sixteen years old, Harry, don’t be too hard on yourself, or on them. You have always been a very mature person, my boy and with the proof of your impending parenthood I believe that you have decided to adopt a very adult view of things and therefore can't see why Mistres Malfoy and Zabini and Miss Granger, who are near enough the same age as you, act the way they do.”

Harry frowned as he played with his tea cup before raising it to his lips and taking a long sip.

“Maybe you’re right, Professor. Maybe it is me that’s the problem.”

Dumbledore sighed heavily and patted one of Harry’s hands gently.
“That isn’t what I had meant, Harry. There is nothing wrong with being mature or being an adult in some situations, especially not with your baby on the way, but I believe you need to cut loose once in a while and remember that you are only sixteen. Misters Malfoy and Zabini and Miss Granger act the way they do because it is all they know, they have always acted the same towards one another, so they don’t know how to act differently or, possibly, they don’t want to act any differently. You are still only children and you still have a lot of life left to live and a lot left to learn. Don’t be too hard on them all or yourself for that matter.”

Harry smiled and helped himself to the tin of ginger newts.

“Thanks, sir, I think this talk has helped me realise a few things.”

“And that, my dear boy, is why everyone should listen to an old man’s wheezing waffle every now and then.” Dumbledore told him with a wink.

Harry laughed and stayed grinning in his seat. He spied his favourite chess board and looked to Dumbledore with a challenge in his eyes.

“Do you have time for a game of chess, sir?” He asked innocently, knowing the old man would love nothing more.

“I believe I have enough time for a few games, Harry. More tea?”

Harry stayed with Dumbledore, talking, playing chess and drinking tea until two in the afternoon. They had had a plate of sandwiches and a pitcher of pumpkin juice brought to them by a very enthusiastic house elf for lunch and Harry finally felt that he had relaxed and unwound due to his stress free morning with the Headmaster.

Max had flooed into the office at just gone two and he had smiled happily at seeing Harry, who had lost spectacularly at chess fourteen times in a row and had laughed every time.

Harry had hugged Max tightly and given him a happy, welcoming kiss.

“I thought you didn’t get off until four?” Harry asked with a wide smile at seeing Max earlier than he had hoped.
“I finished all the batches before I thought I would. I did the last two simultaneously so I could get home quicker.” Max answered, picking Harry up to give him a proper, squeezy hug.

Harry held him back just as tightly and savoured the moment when Max was being affectionate and loving. As soon as they reached their rooms, he would close himself off again because of Hermione and Harry didn’t like it.

“I will see you again soon, Harry.” Dumbledore told him with a smile, waving his wand and banishing the chessboard and pieces back to the shelf from whence they came.

“Of course, sir. Thank you for putting up with me for the entire morning.”

“It was no trouble at all, Harry; I enjoy your company very much.”

“Well, time to face the fire.” Harry sighed.

“What did you do?” Max asked with a frown.

“Left the rooms without telling anyone.” Harry answered casually.

“You WHAT?!” Max bellowed.

“I left the rooms without telling anyone.” Harry repeated his eyes glaring daggers at Max, daring him to try and punish him for it. “They didn’t even notice me leaving, Max! I didn’t sneak out or trick them, I just stood up, walked right to the door and I left! They didn’t notice me bloody leaving!”

“Were they asleep?” Max asked weakly.

“No, Draco, Blaise and Hermione were too busy shouting and screaming at each other, I went for a check-up with Madam Pomfrey and then came here to unwind. I’m stressed, Max! All the fighting and screaming is making me tense, there is no way that can be good for the baby.”
Max sighed and pulled him into a hug. He nodded his goodbye to Dumbledore and steered Harry out of the room, he picked him up before Harry had a chance to put a foot on the first stair and carried him down.

“I guess we all owe you an apology. She treated you like dirt, she ignored you and hurt you, chose her little boyfriend over you. You might have forgiven her easily, Harry, but we...we can't forget the pain we saw on your face, the hurt you went through because of her actions.”

“So you're making her feel like dirt because of how she treated me?”

“Perhaps not dirt, but we want her to remember what she did to you, we wanted her to know that we are not as easily forgiving as you are.”

“I think she gets it now. You’ve started hurting me in your quest to hurt her.”

Max nuzzled the side of his face and carried him into their rooms to see destruction. Every chair had been flipped over, all of the fabrics had been torn, the glass coffee table looked like it had been thrown at the opposite wall and the door leading to the bedroom was splintered.

In the middle of the mess Blaise lay huddled up crying and Draco was nowhere to be seen. Max rushed to Blaise and fell to his knees beside him. Pulling him onto his lap and holding him.

“Are you alright?” Max asked.

“We lost him! We lost, Harry. We’re terrible dominants!” Blaise cried.

“No you’re not.” Harry said softly.

Blaise shot up and took his head into his hands hard. For a split second Harry thought that maybe Blaise was going to snap his neck, but his mate reined back the pressure he was exerting and pulled him forward into a kiss instead.

“Where have you been? We have been searching for you for hours.” Blaise told him.
“I went to get a check-up and then went to see Dumbledore. Max found me and then he brought me back here to find you have demolished our rooms.”

“It’s easily fixed, love.” Max soothed him, pulling out his wand and giving it a complicated wave.

Everything flew together and mended itself. Glass flew back into the picture frames and reformed the coffee table, all the fabrics knitted back together, the door creaked back into solid wood again, fitting itself back on its hinges and within ten seconds everything was perfect again.

Max put him down on the settee and steered Blaise to sit next to him.

“Where is Draco?” Max asked.

“Searching the forest, we checked all over the castle and couldn’t find Harry, so we thought he might have been outside.”

“No one can be found in Dumbledore’s office.” Harry told Blaise. “Not even a Dracken. It’s where Dumbledore hid Ron after he hit me so that you couldn’t find him and kill him. Max, can you go and get Draco please?”

Max nodded and left to go hunt down the errant blond leaving Harry with Blaise.

“Why did you leave?” Blaise asked, rubbing the tears from his face.

“You were all shouting and screaming and yelling and I couldn’t take it anymore. I was clenching my hands so tightly that my fingers were cramping. My stress levels are through the roof, Blaise. I need rest and relaxation and I’m not going to get it if the rooms that I am living in become a shouting ground for violence and snide comments.”

Blaise sighed and ran a hand through his layered black hair. He tugged on it harshly before dropping his hand to his lap.

“Please tell me that you at least went somewhere protected. Did you spend the entire day with the Headmaster?”
“Near enough, yes. I went to get a check-up first, the baby’s thriving by the way, then I went to Dumbledore’s office and stayed there until Max came home. He brought me straight here, not that I think anyone would have attacked me with a six foot eight, muscle bound thirty-one year old man carrying me.”

Blaise smiled and held him carefully and gently, he seemed to be holding back on something as his muscles twitched every now and then.

“Whatever you want to say or do, just do it.” Harry told him with a sigh.

Blaise immediately leant down to the baby bump and began sniffing and licking at it. Harry smiled, he should have known, if he was out of their sight for just a moment they sniffed and licked him, but he had screamed at all of them the last time they had done it, but to be fair he had only gone to the bathroom, it wasn’t likely that there was an enemy hiding in the toilet waiting to pounce on him as soon as he was free of his dominants.

Draco burst into the room and Harry thought that he was going to be punished from the look on Draco’s face, but the blond dropped to his knees and held him tightly.

Draco’s white blond hair was dishevelled and covered with twigs, he was covered in dirt and leaves and he had a few scratches on his face and arms. Harry felt like crying for putting them both through hell, but he held himself together, he instead started picking the twigs and leaves lovingly from Draco’s hair. He stood by what he had done, he couldn’t take the animosity anymore, that sort of atmosphere definitely wasn’t good for the baby and he would not put up with his mates behaving in such a way anymore.

Harry giggled as Blaise tickled him. They were both on the floor, Harry on his back and Blaise leaning over him. It reminded Harry of when it was just the two of them in these private rooms, acting all lovey dovey, the overhanging need of a second dominant had been an imagined nightmare that they’d pushed aside as the two of them rolled around their floor acting like lovers.

Now Max was laughing at them from the kitchen and Draco was smirking and chuckling now and then as Harry let out rather sporadic and babyish sounding giggles as Blaise caught a particularly sensitive, ticklish spot and Harry thought that it was so much better now than it had been before, he had a family now, a proper, large family and it was only going to keep on growing with the introduction of their children.

Nasta walked through the door at ten to six in the evening, covered in mud and what Harry suspected was Dragon dung, a livid burn going all the way down his arm and a disgruntled look on his handsome face.
He stopped when he saw Harry and Blaise on the floor, Harry’s cheeks a flushed red colour from his laughter, his eyes streaming with happy tears and the widest smile on his face. Blaise caught his sides again, just below his ribcage and Harry writhed around the carpet as he giggled uproariously.

Nasta chuckled and shook his head as he shut the portrait door to their rooms. He went straight through to the other end of the room and stopped as he reached Harry and Blaise.

“I’d hug and kiss you, but I’m afraid I’d get you filthy.” He stated as he grinned down at them. “Hugs will have to wait until I’ve had a shower.”

Harry grinned up at him before spotting the burn and all happiness washed away with worry and concern.

“Your arm?”

Nasta grimaced. “A rampaging Ironbelly bull decided that he was going to be unfriendly. The idiots got too close to his nesting female and as a senior handler, I had to step in to help them. It’s the first time we’ve introduced Ironbellies to the Welsh reserve and we’ve only got him on loan for the breeding season. He’ll be going back to the Ukraine in a few months, after his eggs have hatched.”

“Are you going to be okay? Do you need a hospital?” Harry asked, rolling over and looking up at Nasta with a face crumpled in worry.

Nasta smiled softly and used his only, partially, clean hand to cup Harry’s chin and cheek.

“I’ll be fine, cariad. It will most likely be gone by tomorrow morning. We are Drackens; burns hold little worry for us. Our scales absorb the heat and convert it to energy.”

“But…” Harry gestured to the burn desperately.

“I wasn’t in Dracken form so my scales were under my skin; unfortunately my skin took a bit of a hit because of that, but like I said, Harry, the damage will be repaired before tomorrow morning.”

“Go and have a shower, you smell.” Max told Nasta shooing him from the living room slash
kitchenette and away from his cooking.

Nasta chuckled and did as he was told, caressing Harry’s cheek before going to have his shower.

“Do you think you can handle a full meal today, Harry?” Max asked him from the kitchenette counter where he was happily frying vegetables in a pan.

“Maybe. I’d say yes, but the last time I did I was sick over the floor.”

“I’ll give you a full plate then, but if you can’t eat it don’t force yourself. Remember what Poppy said, forcing yourself to eat is more detrimental to you and the baby than not eating at all.”

Harry smiled and nodded his head. He shuffled on his knees to Draco and collapsed next to the blond and snuggled into him. Draco threw an arm around him, still absorbed in his latest book. Harry made himself comfortable before he spread his legs and let Blaise lie between them, his arms and head pillowed on Harry’s chest, his body arched over the baby bump, so he was touching it, but put no weight upon it.

Nasta came out wearing his pyjama bottoms and nothing else. He was dry, but his black hair was still slightly damp. He collapsed on the settee that Draco was leaning against with Harry pillowed on him and Blaise pillowed on Harry and rolled onto his side so that he could watch them all.

Harry’s hands were carding through Blaise’s thick hair and the older boy had pushed Harry’s shirt up slightly away from his hips and was tracing small patterns onto the skin of Harry’s hip and lower abdomen with his fingertips. Draco had a book in one hand and his other was holding around Harry’s neck, his fingers dipping under his shirt collar and rubbing lightly at the skin of his upper chest.

The noises from the kitchen made him smile as the five of them were the picture of family bliss. All they needed were a few children playing on the floor, perhaps in front of the fire, a toddler sleeping on a cushion somewhere and Harry rounded with another child. But then Harry already was rounded with child.

Nasta looked at Harry’s belly which was stretching his baggy tee shirt. Harry would need bigger clothes soon and he made a mental note to ask his mate if he would like to spend the Hogsmeade weekend coming up the week after next getting some maternity clothes for wizards.

“Alright you lot, foods up.” Max called, serving the plates onto the kitchenette table.

Blaise got up first and hoisted Harry from the floor; Nasta rolled to his feet and caught Draco by the elbow when the blond’s knee gave in on him because he had been sat on it for so long.
“Thanks.” The blond grunted, shaking the blood back into his leg before making his way to the table and sitting down next to Harry, who was sitting opposite Max. Blaise sat next to Max, opposite Draco and Nasta climbed onto the chair that had been moved to the end of the table so he wouldn’t be the only one eating up the other end of the table.

They all ate their food, but subtly kept an eye on Harry to see if he was struggling with his food. He wasn’t and seemed to be demolishing the plate of food in front of him. Nasta hid a smile behind his fork. It seemed the worst of Harry’s nausea had passed and it was a good thing too, Harry was too skinny as it was without throwing up everything that he was eating as well.

“God I’m full.” Harry whined a while later as he held his bulging stomach, his dessert bowl empty in front of him.

Max smiled happily. He loved that people liked his cooking. He loved cooking and he loved food, but most of all, he loved seeing those he loved so dearly love his cooking.

“Ergh.” Harry groaned as he tried to move.

Nasta chuckled and scooped him up and carried him to one of the settees. He sat him down gently and kissed him before flumping down next to him.

Harry wrapped his arms around Nasta’s injured left arm and kissed it lightly, laving the burn with the tip of his tongue.

Nasta laughed deeply and moved his arm away from Harry and threw it around his shoulders instead, pulling Harry to lean on him. Harry started licking at his nipple instead, which Nasta didn’t think was an improvement.

“You’re sinful.” Draco told Harry as he walked past to pick up his book, before settling himself next to Nasta, which Harry felt a small amount of smugness over. Draco was getting more comfortable with the older two.

“Harry, do you know what happens on the fourteenth of May?” Max asked as he finished washing up with Blaise and came to sit on the other settee.

“Umm…no?” Harry stated confusedly as Blaise and Nasta both gasped. Draco looked as puzzled as Harry felt; it was nice to know that he wasn’t the only one ill informed.
“The second Saturday of May is the day when all Drackens in Britain meet up and sort of mingle with each other. As there are so few of us it gives us a chance to meet up.” Blaise explained. “My Mother takes me every year. You will get to see Dracken children for the first time.”

“Don’t they look just like other children?” Harry asked.

“Yes, but they aren’t regular children. Decades ago the meeting was used as a chance for parents of Dracken children to set up betrothals between their children.”

“Of course Dracken betrothals have since been abolished.” Nasta stated.

“Do I have to go?” Harry asked in a small voice, looking to his pregnant belly.

“You don’t have to go, but my parents will be there.” Max told him. “It would be nice to introduce you. My Mother and my Fathers will love you.”

“Fathers?” Blaise questioned.

“Yes. I have two, my Mother needed two dominants.”

“Why do you only have one brother and three sisters if your parents are Drackens?” Harry asked.

Max looked suddenly very sad and terribly angry and Harry huddled in closer to Nasta. Max immediately looked apologetic.

“Don’t be afraid of me, Harry; it isn’t you I’m angry at. I…nineteen years ago my Mother…she got…she was captured, by Dracken poachers. She was pregnant, very heavily pregnant and they ripped the baby from her. A family friend who is no longer living exchanged her and the baby for a lot of gold. The baby died almost immediately, but what they would have done to my little brother it was almost a blessing that he died quickly. They took their anger out on my Mother who refused to unsheathe her wings so they could scale her. My Fathers only just got to her in time. She was nearly dead and it took her months to recover and even longer to get over the mental and emotional pain she felt. She never went onto a heat period again and she never fell pregnant again. The Healers said she was traumatised and put her through therapy. It didn’t work. Turned out that her womb had been heavily scarred when the poachers had pulled the baby from her. She was devastated at the time, but she’s better now, much better, she’s waiting anxiously for
grandchildren.” Max smiled softly and looked pointedly to Harry’s growing belly. “Of course my brother, Caesar, and his mate, Amelle, got there first, so she’s very busy fawning over them both and their daughter when they have her, but naturally you’ll be included in that too.”

“Am I going to be mobbed?” Harry asked when he could speak through the lump in his throat, trying to ease the sadness and tension in the room.

“More than likely. Just be warned I get my height and body build from my biological Father, Myron, he’s about six foot ten and wider across than both me and Draco together.”

Harry looked at Max and at Draco and tried to imagine a man that was the same width as the both of them and two inches taller than Max. He gulped, he was glad he didn’t have that man for a mate, he’d be flattened.

“I’ll go.” Harry said softly. He wanted to meet such a brave woman who had carried on living after such a terrible experience. He had felt like dying when he had found out he was having a miscarriage, but to have his baby ripped from his womb as he was strapped down and unable to stop it. He felt sick.

“My Dad will be there with my brother.” Nasta stated. “They only stay for an hour or so though. My Dad never liked parading us around like trophies; he would have rathered lock us away from the rest of the world.”

“My Mother will be there. She loves the parties and the mingling.” Blaise said. “Her newest human lover might not be there, Josiah is…strange when it comes to socialising.”

“As my parents aren’t Drackens and have no idea that I’m one yet, they won’t be there.” Draco said.

“I thought you told them?” Harry demanded.

“No, I told them that I was in a relationship with three men and possibly had a baby on the way. Telling your parents that you are a now a magical creature is not something you put in a letter, Harry. Imagine if it went astray? No, I’ll tell them in person. My Father will likely come at his next convenience; I know he is busy at the moment with the new bill that he is trying to oppose, it’s currently trying to be passed through the Wizengamot. It isn’t likely to be this weekend or even next. He will send an owl to forewarn me of when he and Mother are visiting.”
Harry nodded. He felt nerves grip his stomach. He was going to be meeting three of his mates’ families next week all at the same time. He hoped he didn’t make a fool of himself and that he proved to them that he was worth their sons. He wouldn’t like to think of what would happen if he didn’t make the mark in their eyes.

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It was Friday the thirteenth. Harry had rolled his eyes so many times today at the Muggleborns and their superstitions. One first year had burst out crying when a fifth year’s all black pet kneazle had stalked her through the school or the third year who had jumped all over a poor Pureblood first year when he knocked over the salt shaker at lunch.

He was dreading tomorrow. They had gotten special permission from Dumbledore to leave the school grounds to go to the party, which started at five in the evening and lasted until midnight. Harry doubted he could last until midnight, not with how early he had been going to bed lately, but he had promised himself that he was at least going to meet all of his mates’ families, no matter how nervous or frightened he might be.

The others were trying their hardest to calm him down and comfort him, but Harry believed that the only way he wasn’t going to be frightened anymore was when he actually came face to face with these people. When he was put on the spot he could perform exceptionally well, but let him have a big build up to worry and fret over and he freaked out like a little kid.

Harry kissed Draco goodbye and walked down to the Herbology greenhouses, his last lesson of the day. Draco had Arithmancy and Blaise had Charms. It was one of the only lessons that they didn’t have together, but now that Harry was speaking to Hermione again, he sat next her in class instead of being on his own.

Hermione was refusing to speak to Ron because of what he had done to Harry in the hospital wing and Dean and Seamus told him that she had chewed Ron out publically in the Gryffindor common room for daring to hit a pregnant person, man or woman. It was then that it had become common knowledge that Ronald Weasley of Gryffindor had hit a pregnant man. He was targeted for stray spells in the corridors, the butt of jokes and the tester for pranks. He was tripped up, pushed down, his book bag split about several times a day and he found himself with bruises where people punched him in the crush to and from lessons. He had only ended up in the hospital wing twice and both times were the fault of Draco and Blaise. Though there was no evidence and no proof except that they laughed it up in their private rooms with Max. Nasta just scowled at them disapprovingly and called them all childish.

Harry smiled and sat beside Hermione, ignoring the glare he got from Ron, who unfortunately was opposite them. Luckily though the table was big enough that he wasn’t anywhere near arms reach and he was out of ear shot if they talked quietly enough.

“How are you, Harry?” Hermione asked.
“Alright. The baby kept me awake half the night by lying heavily on my bladder, I kept having to get up to use the toilet, but other than that, I’m fine. How are you?”

“A bit tired. Nothing like the reason you’re tired though. I was up late studying.”

“Hermione, it’s May!” Harry complained.

“The exams are less than a month away!” Hermione replied scandalised.

“Two months! Exams are at the end of June, not the beginning.”

“No, first through to fourth years are at the end of June, fifth years are the two weeks before them and sixth and seventh years start their exams the last week of May and carry on through the first week into June, Harry!”

Harry blinked. He hadn’t known that though perhaps he should have guessed from how engrossed both Blaise and Draco were in their studies. Draco read a book a day and Blaise had even stopped his work on translating the book that Harry had given to him for Christmas. Harry had thought that perhaps Blaise had hit a dead end or a brick wall, but it made sense if he had stopped to focus entirely on the exams.

“Oh.” He said softly.

“You haven’t been revising have you?” Hermione asked.

“No. I doubt I’d have the time anyway. Between homework, my illness and the baby, I haven’t had much time for anything else and most of my free time is spent napping or eating.”

“Oh, Harry. I’ll come to your rooms tomorrow and help you.”

“That might not be a good idea, Hermione.”

“I know your boyfriends don’t like me much but…”
“No, it isn’t because of that. I told them to get over themselves and to accept you, it’s that Max and Nasta have the day off tomorrow, we were going to go baby shopping.”

“I thought you agreed that you didn’t need any clothes?”

“Clothes no, but the baby will need a cot, a changing table, a bath, a pram, I need maternity clothes as well as mine are getting a bit too tight and all sorts of stuff, but I think Nasta mentioned getting the maternity clothes on our next Hogsmeade weekend.”

“Oh. I didn’t think of that.”

“It’s alright. You’re stressed from the exams, you always are.” Harry teased as he nudged her.

“Do you need any help?”

“Nah, the men have it covered. We’re meeting up with their families as well. I get to meet the in-laws.” Harry mock shuddered as Hermione hid a giggle behind her pruning shears.

“I’m sure they are perfectly nice, Harry.”

“Yeah, nice. Max is the oldest of a brother and three sisters and Nasta has an older brother. He’s the baby of the family.”

“Isn’t Nasta the oldest of your boyfriends?”

“Yeah, he’s thirty-seven. His brother is thirty-nine and his Dad is fifty-nine, nearly sixty.”

Hermione giggled and snipped away another leaf from a flowering fanged freesia that Harry immediately froze with his wand and placed in a vial and then sealed with another tap from his wand. The leaves were used in potions so they had to be careful to snip far enough down the stem to make a good potions ingredient, but not too far down to ‘injure’ the plant. Or rather Hermione did as Harry had cut too far down on his first try and the plant had started screaming in agony and
tried to sink it’s fangs into his hand, now Harry was in charge of freezing the potions specimen and sealing it up.

“Surely they won't be too bad? I’m sure they’ll love you, everyone loves you.”

Harry snorted. “I’ll be sure to tell Voldemort that when I see him next.”

They both snorted into their flowerpots and started laughing as quietly as they could so they didn’t attract the attention of Professor Sprout.

The lesson ended and Harry walked out of the greenhouse with Hermione, Lavender and Parvati. He was holding under his bump as his back was starting to ache from the hour long lesson standing up.

“God I hate Herbology.” Harry groaned.

“Hey!”

Harry looked ahead with an apologetic smile at Neville, who was turning around to face him with another wizarding plant tucked under his arm in a pot; Dean and Seamus were with him.

“Sorry, Neville. It isn’t the actual lessons that I hate, but the standing up for an hour. It kills my back. Potions would be the same if I was allowed in on those lessons.”

Harry grinned as he remembered his latest potions class which he had spent in Professor Snape’s office sleeping on the very comfortable brown leather settee.

“How did your seven thousand word essay on the Insomnia potion go?” Dean asked with a large grin.

Harry pretended to sigh and kick up a fuss about how ‘unfair it was’ that he had to ‘write all those essays’ just because he was pregnant.

“It does seem a bit unfair, but at least you’re learning something, even if you can't do the practical
side of things by actually brewing the potions.” Hermione told him.

“It’s totally unfair!” Seamus defended Harry. “You should go to Dumbledore mate.”

“Nah. I have Draco do the essays for me so he can use them as practice for the exams.”

They all burst out laughing, except for Hermione who frowned.

“Harry, you should be doing those essays, how are you supposed to get a good mark in your Potions exam otherwise?”

“I’m already going to fail, Hermione. I can’t do the practical exam. I asked Professor Snape not to put me in for the oral or theory exams either.”

“Why?!” Hermione asked scandalised.

“Because without the practical exam I have no way of getting above a ‘P’, Hermione, the practical counts for fifty percent of the marks and I can’t sit it. I’ve already put my name down to do my potions exam at the Ministry after the baby is born.”

“You…you have?”

“Yep. As if Draco would ever let me not get a N.E.W.T mark in Potions.”

“He’s just a slimy Slytherin git!”

Harry turned to see Ron glaring at him from just behind him. Harry sighed. He didn’t want to deal with this.

“What’s the matter? Come to hit Harry and his baby again?” Lavender snarled aggressively, as she placed a hand over Harry’s belly.
Ron looked ashamed for all of three seconds before his face heated up.

“That’s a Death Eater baby!”

“How dare you!” Harry hissed. “All guilty Death Eaters were rounded up and put to trial, the remainder of those scum are on the run and in hiding! They can’t even show their faces or they’ll be arrested!”

“The Malfoys are…!”

“They were acquitted by the courts of all crimes!” Harry snarled fiercely. “There was overwhelming evidence that proved that Voldemort was holding the lives of Draco and Narcissa Malfoy over Lucius Malfoy’s head. Under the Wizardry Conduct Code of fifteen-forty, section four Lucius Malfoy was within his rights to attack, curse or kill anyone he saw fit to protect the life of his only named son and Heir as the Head of the only remaining bloodline of the Malfoy family.”

“They were still Death Eaters!”

“And so was Snape but he was also acquitted of all crimes, both in the first war and in the second! The world isn’t black and white, Ron. There were genuine people who were cursed, coerced, blackmailed and forced to do Voldemort’s bidding. The sooner you realise that the better!”

“That baby is doomed before it’s even born.” Ron hissed nastily. “It has two Death Eaters for Fathers and Merlin knows what those other two old men are like! They’re perverts! Paedophiles! You are after all only sixteen and they’re how old? Forty?”

“Stop it, Ron!” Hermione screamed with tears in her eyes, but Harry saw red. He couldn’t control himself after hearing Ron call Draco and Blaise Death Eaters and Nasta and Max paedophiles and he couldn’t stop himself as his instincts demanded that he defend his dominants’ honour. He forgot all about magic and his wand and instead he launched himself at Ron and punched him several times before the redhead knew what had hit him.

Ron fell to the floor and Harry rode his body all the way down still hitting as much of him as possible, trying to cause Ron as much pain as he was feeling on the inside from his words. He ignored the shouts and screams; he just kept hitting that nasty, lie spewing mouth with his clenched fist, ignoring the blood and blocking any attempt Ron took to hit him back.
Someone shouted above all the rest of the crowd that had gathered, but they were further away. That same person swore when he didn’t stop, Harry heard pounding footsteps that covered the distance to where he had Ron pinned on the floor over the wet grass and then the same person shouted a spell that hit him in the back and he fell forward, into blackness.
Chapter Notes

Last Time

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Chapter Twenty-Nine – A Very Secret Society

Harry woke up and blearily looked around. He was in the hospital wing again...he recognised the ceiling. He sat up and looked around, he was definitely in the hospital wing, only there was a floating yellowish green orb hung in mid-air next to him. He rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was actually seeing what he was looking at. The orb was still there floating next to him like a ghostly tennis ball. He stared at it and even as he watched the orb went a little bit greener.

“Madam Pomfrey?” Harry called out hoarsely, his throat was very dry.

There was the sound of flat soled shoes on the smooth, tiled floor and Madam Pomfrey poked her head out from around her office door.
“Oh, Mister Potter.” She cried out as she bustled to him. “You’re boys have been so frantic.”

“How long was I out?” He asked with a frown. The last thing he remembered was hitting seven shades of shit out of Ron.

“Overnight dear, it’s Saturday morning.”

Harry’s stomach jolted. He was going to the party today. He was going to meet his mates’ families today.

“Am I well enough to go?” Harry asked.

“Maybe around midday, dear, but not right now. You had quite a tumble.”

“The baby?!” Harry asked quickly, pressing a hand to his belly hard.

“Perfectly fine, Harry. This observation orb has been monitoring the baby. The brighter the green colour the healthier the baby.”

“It’s a yellowish green colour.” Harry pointed out fearfully.

“Not to worry, Harry, if the baby was in any danger the yellow would darken to orange and then turn to red. Red is the stillborn or miscarriage zone. I believe that the slightly off green colour is due to the fact that you haven’t eaten anything yet.”

Harry nodded and accepted the bowl of porridge that Madam Pomfrey had made for him to eat, keeping his eye on the orb, hypnotised by the colour changing, getting a deeper, darker green with every bite he took.

He put the nearly empty bowl aside when a wave in his belly threatened to make him sick.

“What happened, Madam Pomfrey? The last thing I remember was Ron calling my mates paedophiles and I just started hitting him.”
“Well, Professor Drios saw the fight and he tried to stop you, when you didn’t listen he hit you with a very powerful stunning spell. He didn’t realise who you were, or that you were pregnant, your back was to him, but he is very apologetic. He would never have hit a pregnant student with a powerful stunning spell otherwise, they can be quite dangerous, but I have triple checked and your baby is fine. Professor Drios aimed at, and hit, your upper back, not anywhere near your baby.” The matron assured.

“What about Ron?”

“You did quite a number on him, but I fixed up the worst of the cuts and bruises. He was released an hour after he came to the ward. You on the other hand were out for the count. Professor Drios is known for his very powerful stunning spells. It was decided to keep you stunned and let you sleep it off naturally so we, Professor Snape and I, could observe your baby for any signs of damage more sufficiently.”

“Please tell me that my mates aren’t chasing the Professor around the school?”

“No, after the initial wave of anger and fury, Professor Dumbledore managed to get them to realise that it was a simple mistake and after being assured that there was absolutely nothing wrong with you or the baby, they saw fit to forgive Professor Drios.”

“That’s a first.” Harry grumbled wondering how much of their forgiveness was Professor Dumbledore’s doing.

“Well he was very sorry, Harry and he did absolutely no harm. In fact he might have saved your baby, your pregnancy is so delicate, Harry, that any vigorous or even a very sharp movement could detach the placenta. I’ve been reading up on Dracken pregnancies for you and apparently the reason for this is your abnormally thick sac lining which holds and protects the baby, the fingers of the placenta can’t grip in deep enough to keep the placenta stabilised because of how thick the lining is and if you make a sudden, violent movement, the fingers just come loose and then detach.”

Harry sighed. “I couldn’t stop myself from hitting him. He had offended me, had shamed my mates, I had to get retribution, I had to take revenge, I couldn’t let him get away with calling them paedophiles and Death Eaters.”

“No, Drackens are very prideful creatures, Harry. The moment he cast a doubt over them, you had to answer it, regardless of anything else. Your mates understand that, I understand and so does the Headmaster. Then, even those who know nothing about your creature heritage know why you did
what you did; he did say some very vile things according to the witnesses.”

“Am I in trouble?”

“No dear, Mister Weasley got a month in detention for the vile slander he uttered and for intentionally baiting a pregnant man into a fight to go with the two months he got for punching you in this very ward.”

“I didn’t know he had gotten detention.”

“Well did you think he’d get away with hitting you and not have a punishment?!’” Madam Pomfrey demanded. “No! He got two months’ worth of detentions, had his flying privileges’ stripped from him and he is not allowed to visit Hogsmeade. We have the full backing of his parents, who sent him a Howler the week you were on your heat period. I believe he received four of them. One from his parents, one from his brother Bill, one from his brother Charlie and another from his Aunt Muriel who was particularly disgusted, I also believe that his twin brothers, Fred and George sent his sister Ginny a package that she has been using to prank him, but of course no one can prove it.”

Harry smiled. He remembered the last time Ron had gotten a Howler from Mrs Weasley back in their second year. The Howler from her was almost punishment enough, almost. But to get four of them? He would have loved to have seen the reception that had gotten.

“So Ron has another month of detention thrown on top of the two months he already had? But Madam Pomfrey there is only two and a half months left of the school term.”

“Mister Weasley has already served some of his detentions, but I believe that Professor McGonagall is going to make a note of the outstanding detentions at the end of the year and the remaining detentions will start up again on the second of September.”

Harry smiled. He liked knowing that Ron was being punished, that not even the teachers would have let Ron get away with hitting a pregnant person. He just couldn’t wait until the papers got a hold of the information. The headlines would be spectacular and the number of Howlers Ron had received so far would pale to how many he’d be sent from the great British public; however he knew there would be a few ‘congratulatory’ letters thrown in there, after all not everyone liked him and not everyone was going to like his choice in lovers.
Harry had been picked up from the hospital wing by Draco, who had been the first of his mates to wake up and come and visit him. He had admitted to not being able to sleep very well. Madam Pomfrey had let him go early instead of keeping him until midday when she was assured that Harry and the baby, whose observation orb had gone a solid, bright green, were perfectly fine and healthy.

Harry had sat cuddling and talking with Draco on the settee until Max had stumbled blearily into the room, half-dressed and yawning, ready for his morning tea. He had scooped Harry up as soon as he had laid eyes on him with a happy yell which had brought Blaise and Nasta running.

After assuring his mates that he and the baby were fine, being backed up by Draco who had Madam Pomfrey’s word of honour as a medi-witch that Harry and the baby were fighting fit, they had stepped back and allowed him to breathe as Max happily started on breakfast.


“Croissants!” Harry answered happily, before anyone else could say anything.

“Croissants it is.” Max grinned. “Blaise, get the conserves, Draco, get the cutlery, Harry, lay out the napkins, Nasta, plates please. Get a move on people we have a lot to do today.”

Harry grinned as he brushed around Max’s bum, making sure to touch as much of it as possible, to get to the drawer where he kept the fabric napkins. Max had sorted out their little kitchenette to his liking near enough on the same day he had arrived here, Harry thought it was adorable, but he didn’t dare tell Max anything. He had told Blaise instead who had snorted in amusement.

Fresh croissants usually took eight or nine hours to make from scratch, but Harry watched as Max took shortcuts by using magic. He flicked his wand very often when cooking and Harry recognised cooling charms when he saw them. It wasn’t even half an hour later when a very large plate piled high with warm, fresh from the oven, croissants was placed in the middle of the table.

“There’s more if you want them, but I couldn’t get any more onto the plate.” Max told them with a grin as he took one of the pastries and smeared it with raspberry jam.

Nasta waited until everyone had a croissant before taking one himself and Harry noticed that he waited until everyone had taken the first bite before doing so himself. Nasta had been waiting for Harry, who had spent a lot of time covering his own croissant very thickly with honey.

“You’ll rot your teeth if you keep eating that.” Draco told him shaking his head.
“Then I’ll pull them out and drink Skele-Gro.” Harry answered rolling his eyes.

“That stuff tastes absolutely vile, Harry.” Max warned him.

“I know. I had all the bones in my right arm removed when I was twelve. I had to take a beaker of it every four hours until all thirty-three bones were grown back in my arm.”

“How did you manage to remove all the bones in your arm?” Nasta asked him, a deep frown on his face. “It’s very difficult to remove bones and only a specialist at St Mungos would be able to extract a demolished bone to have it replaced.”

“It’s a funny story. It was during a Quidditch match, I got hit by a rogue bludger that snapped my arm at the elbow. We had a terrible fraud as a defence teacher who insisted that he fix my arm himself. I told him that I would rather keep my arm broken and go up to the hospital wing to have it fixed by Madam Pomfrey, but he wouldn’t listen to me, he wanted to show off to the crowd that had gathered around us. A long story short, he said a made up spell that could have been anything and it actually vanished all of my bones and I had to spend the entire night with stabbing pains running up and down my arm as the bones grew back. I’m sure a couple of teeth won’t hurt any more than having every single bone in my arm re-grown.”

“So that’s what happened to you. Some Hufflepuff was banging on that you had tried to do it yourself and dropped your wand onto your arm and made all the bones disappear.”

“How the hell can you believe that?” Harry demanded of Draco. “Obviously she was a Lockhart lover and thought that he could do no wrong.”

The blond shrugged and took another bite from his croissant, chewing and then swallowing before he spoke again. “Us Slytherins didn’t really care, you’d won the match and that was all we were interested in at the time.”

“Lovely people you Slytherins.” Harry sniffed, but let out a giggle when Blaise poked his side with a finger.

“Do we have apricot jam?” Harry asked as he searched for it in the twelve or so jars on the table, getting slightly panicked when he couldn’t see it.
“We should have.” Max told him.

Harry pouted when he couldn’t find it, his heart rate spiking just a tad. He got up only to be ushered back down. Max went digging through his jar cupboard and brought out the aforementioned jam from the back.

“Must have missed that one.” Blaise shrugged.

Harry happily spread the jam onto his croissant, smeared honey over it and bit into the pastry.

“Please tell me that that wasn’t your first food craving.”

Harry frowned. “It might have been. But then it could have been that I just really wanted apricot jam.” Harry shrugged and took another bite.

“Just don’t start eating anchovies. I hate anchovies.” Draco shuddered.

Harry chuckled. “I hate them too, so don’t worry about that.”

“I never knew you didn’t like anchovies.” Blaise said. “I thought you told me all of your likes and dislikes over Christmas.”

“I did. I hate all seafood and shellfish. An anchovy is a fish. Fish come from the sea, seafood.”

Max burst out laughing and had to cough a couple of times as he inhaled a piece of croissant.

“What?” Harry demanded.

“I fed you all smoked haddock last week. A haddock is a fish; fish come from the sea, seafood.”
Harry giggled, turned it into a chuckle before shaking his head. “I like haddock and salmon. Not sure if I like cod, I’ve never had it, but every other fish is gross.”

Max shook his head. “I’ll be sure not to give you any other seafood then. Though perhaps you could try cod?”

Harry shrugged. “I’m up for trying it all again if you want me too. It might have been my Aunt’s cooking that made it taste bad.”

Max smiled happily at him and Harry felt like melting. He liked making his mates feel happy and if eating seafood made Max happy, then Harry was willing to give it another try, though he was sure he didn’t like anchovies, or prawns for that matter, or octopus. He shivered at that last one, definitely not octopus.

“I’m uncomfortable!” Harry whined as he pulled on the waist of his new dress robes.

Max had bought them on the way home from work yesterday. They were a beautiful forest green colour and made from lambswool and cashmere. They were super soft and very comfortable, except that they showed off his bulging belly to the max, which meant that they were very tight and constricting around his bump.

“I think you look gorgeous.” Blaise complimented from where he was checking himself out in the mirror, his own dark blue robes were made from crushed velvet.

Draco came out of the bathroom dressed in robes made of silvery-grey silk. Harry rolled his eyes at the extravagance, but he had to admit that Draco looked good.

Nasta wore dress robes made of simple black cotton, but they were cut in such a way that made them look like they had costed a thousand Galleons when they hadn’t, only a really experienced tailor could have pulled that off. Max looked stunning in woollen dress robes the same colour as his eyes, which also matched his scales when he unsheathed his wings.

“What time is it?” Max asked as he fastened the cuffs of his dress robes with fancy cufflinks. Harry had also been made to wear cufflinks. He missed his old dress robes which had been made with teenagers in mind and hadn’t needed any cufflinks, fiddling about or other fancy accessories.
“Nearing half five.” Nasta answered, trying his shoelaces. “Are we all ready?”

Various grunts and murmurs echoed around the room. Harry didn’t bother answering. All of his mates had taken the time to dress him in the robes, groom him and make sure he looked perfect. This was the first time that Harry was going to be going into the Dracken circles and a submissive was a huge source of pride to a dominant, so he understood that he had to look good to make his mates look good, but he hated being uncomfortable or fussed over.

“Come on then.” Nasta said as he stood and took Harry’s hand. It made him feel more like a child and less of a lover, he didn’t like it.

Harry pulled his hand from Nasta’s and wrapped an arm around his waist instead. It felt better and Nasta didn’t question him, but draped an arm over his shoulders. It made the situation feel more intimate and Harry smiled, much happier now.

They were taking a Portkey and Harry swallowed as his heart accelerated. He hadn’t touched a Portkey since the end of the Tri-wizard tournament when he had touched the cup to bring him and Cedric’s dead body back to Hogwarts. He felt sick and he held tightly onto Nasta.

“It’s alright, love.” Nasta soothed, holding him tighter.

“It’ll only last a moment, Harry.” Draco added, holding his other side.

Harry nodded and touched a finger to the embossed piece of paper that was Max’s invitation to the party. Max, Nasta and Blaise had all gotten one, but as the Dracken circles didn’t know about Harry or Draco, they didn’t have an invitation. But after tonight they would be getting one every year, not five invitations, but one, addressed to all of them, because they were one family and Harry was going to let them all know that these men were his and no one could take them from him.

Harry landed with a bump and would have gone straight to the floor if it hadn’t have been for Draco’s arm curling around his back and Nasta’s steadying grip around his waist.

Harry stood back on his feet and looked around. They were in a very elaborate and extravagant room. The solid gold carvings on the archways, the solid marble flooring, the pure ivory pillars, Harry had never seen such a waste of money in all his life.
“Where the hell are we?” He asked.

“The Dracken Counsel meeting halls.” Blaise answered him.

“Huh, so this is where I could have had my dominant meetings. I think the hell hotel was the better choice personally.”

His mates snorted and ushered him out of the room to where a tall man stood with a book on a pedestal; he looked like the Maître d’ for a restaurant. He looked first at Max and Nasta and obviously recognised them as he smiled and greeted them politely before looking down his book to check them off, then he looked to Blaise and nodded with a smiled greeting, checking him off without ever asking for a name, then he looked at Draco and frowned.

“I have never seen you before.” He said carefully, trying not to offend him.

“Draco Malfoy. I came into my inheritance last June.”

“Oh! Your first gathering.” The man made a happy note in his book and then his eyes fell down to him.

Those eyes widened as he realised that he was a male submissive and then his gaze dropped even lower, taking in the exposed bump. His eyes rose to meet Harry’s again and he swallowed.

“Please try not to drool over our mate, David.” Max growled out testily. “I’d hate to have to rip your tongue from your mouth.”

“N…name please.” The man, David, asked, trying and failing to keep his eyes on Harry’s, his gaze kept trying to go lower than was polite.

“Harry Potter, this is my first meeting too.”

David let out a dramatic little gasp and held his quill out from his body as if it would act like a
shield to Harry’s words.

“Please tell me they aren’t all going to act like this?” Harry asked, turning around to address Max and Nasta.

“They had better not.” Draco growled jealously.

Nasta rolled his eyes and wrapped an arm around Harry and led him across the corridor that was filled with more gold, silver, marble and what looked like crystal tables, through a set of double doors that led to a huge, cavernous room where soft music was playing and the gentle hum of voices were heard.

There were about one hundred and fifty people in the room, all mingling about, talking, hugging like old friends. There were children running around and toddlers playing in a corner crèche as their Mothers happily boasted to friends and acquaintances about their children nearby. There were four, subtly armed, guards stationed around the crèche, Harry blinked at them and couldn’t help but stare at the level of protection the babies had.

Harry stuck close to Nasta as he walked through the crowd of people, but no one paid him a second glance. Any and all looks were for his dominants. Harry didn’t like that, it made his gut twist.

“Maximilius!” A woman called out happily.

Max groaned softly under his breath. Harry smiled as the elderly woman embraced his mate as Max was obviously uncomfortable, but Harry’s eyes narrowed when the woman gestured a younger, slighter woman over. No, not a woman, a girl. His eyes flashed dangerously.

“You don’t know if Miss Gretchen will be a submissive yet, Gertrude.” Max answered smoothly, never taking his eyes off the woman in front of him, not even giving a passing glance at the woman’s daughter.

“Of course she will, Max! Look at her! Small and slight of build, she’s dark haired, you always did like dark hair.”

“He’s taken!” Harry hissed aggressively wrapping an arm around Max’s and moving to stand in
front of him as if his five foot five inch frame could hide Max’s six foot eight inches from the lustful gazes of Gertrude and her daughter Gretchen.

“Maximilius, did I hear right? You have found a mate at last?” A man appeared and put an arm around the woman Gertrude.

“I have, Joshua. This is Harry.”

“A male submissive?” The man, Joshua, cried in shock. “But there hasn’t been a meeting for a male submissive in centuries!”

“Harry has been the first in a long while.” Max answered tightly, he obviously didn’t like these people.

“Well you really are a lucky sod, mind it did take you twenty years to get a mate.” Joshua ribbed. “He is a gorgeous little thing isn’t he?”

Harry growled at being called little and a thing in the same sentence and bared his teeth.

“Feisty as well. You do know how to pick them. Then he is pregnant, it can be expected. Do your Fathers know? They didn’t mention it when I asked after you earlier. They didn’t seem to think you were coming, they actually said that they hadn’t heard from you.”

“I have been busy settling in with my mate and his other dominants; I didn’t know if I was coming tonight.”

“But you have come.” Gertrude cut in. “Are you sure Gretchen cannot tempt you, Max?”

“I am a happily bonded man!” Max stated harshly, still not looking at the young girl, who looked very put out by his pointed disinterest.

Gertrude looked sullen and then she brightened up as she caught sight of some other poor bastard that she dragged Gretchen over to meet.
“Pay no mind to Gertie; she’s desperate to find a good, stable mate for our Gretchen. She’s our only unmated child now.”

“Yes, well if you don’t mind, we’ll be going to find my Fathers.” Max intoned dryly.

He didn’t even give Joshua the time to answer before tugging Harry in the opposite direction.

“Poisonous sharks the lot of them!” Max growled.

“At least you have Harry to defend your honour.” Draco smirked.

“I didn’t like the way she was looking at him!” Harry hissed at Draco. “Bitches the both of them!”

“I think someone is a little jealous.” Max smiled

“Like you weren’t jealous of that David prat practically eating me with his eyes! I don’t like it here.”

“You might as well get used to it.” Blaise told him. “Everyone’s going to be trying to get someone for their son or their daughter. I did tell you that the main purpose of these meetings a few decades ago was to betroth Dracken children to one another; the purpose hasn’t been dropped entirely.”

“I thought it was illegal now.”

“It is illegal to betroth a Dracken to another Dracken, that doesn’t mean that parents can't give their kids a…shove in the direction of the dominant that they want their kid with.”

“Disgusting.” Harry sneered. “I don’t care what any of you say, our children will have properly planned out meetings and will choose whomever they want as long as they treat my baby right, if they don’t then I’ll skin them.”
Max grinned and bent to kiss Harry’s head. A group of older women cooed and giggled at them and Harry felt his face heat up without his permission.

“Nas!” A voice called out and Harry was all ready to dive in front of Nasta and protect him from some idiot who wanted his oldest mate for their child when he saw who had actually called out to Nasta.

Harry stopped dead and just looked at the man who looked like an older version of Nasta, only with very noticeable mistakes. Where Nasta’s eyes were a light hazel colour, with hints of green and gold, this man’s eyes were darker, more of a true brown. Nasta’s hair was black, this man’s hair was a dark shade of brown and where Nasta was six foot six, this man was six foot four.

Nasta embraced the man and they held each other for longer than a polite or friendly hug. Harry didn’t feel at all threatened by the display.

“I haven’t seen you in ages! Where have you been?”

“I have been very busy lately.”

“I’ll say. Dad isn’t best pleased with you. Why aren’t you in New Zealand? There’s a meeting over there isn’t there? That’s why all of the unmated dominants aren’t here. Please tell me you didn’t walk away from another mate, Dad’ll kill you.”

Harry smiled. This was Nasta’s older brother? He acted like he was younger; no wonder Nasta was so unconcerned with having Harry meet with him.

“I never went at all, Sanex.”

“How did you not go? It’s virtually impossible to resist the submissives call.”

“Unless I’m already mated.”

Harry took his cue and cuddled up to Nasta’s side. He grinned up at Nasta’s older brother.
“Hi.”

“Oh my giddy aunt. You got a mate! A pregnant mate! Ha! Dad is so going to kill you.” Sanex grinned happily before striding off through the crowd presumable to get Nasta’s Father.

“Killed if you haven’t got a mate, killed if you do, you’re screwed, mate.” Max grinned patting Nasta on the shoulder, Nasta smiled, before a small chuckle slipped from his lips.

“Why is your Dad going to kill you?” Harry asked.

“Because I haven’t written or been to see him in a while. That and he isn’t going to be pleased that I have gotten you and not told him.”

Max snorted. “I’m going to go and see if I can find my Fathers, I’d rather not watch you be chewed out by yours, no matter how funny it might be.”

Harry chuckled, but stopped when he saw the man that was cutting his way through everyone else to reach them.

“Yeah, I’m going to go find my Mother.” Blaise stated.

“I’ll go with you.” Draco chuckled and the both of them shot off.

“Cowards.” Harry hissed.

“Nasta!” The man growled pulling his mate into a forceful hug that looked like it would break bones on a normal human. He held and touched as much of Nasta as he could, subtly sniffing him for injury or illness, Harry smiled at the display, it was so sweet.

Harry noticed that Nasta’s Dad was about the same height as Nasta at six foot six, but he was a lot broader than his son. Nasta got his muscles by hard, manual labour on the Dragon reserve, his Father looked like he had weightlifted a lot in his youth and now either he couldn’t be bothered or didn’t care about building his muscles anymore, but he was still a big man, a big, muscly, intimidating man.
“Sanex is going on about you having a pregnant submissive. I know it can't possibly be true, you would never have gotten a submissive pregnant without telling me that said submissive actually existed first.”

“I wasn’t lying!” Sanex burst in, appearing at Nasta’s elbow, facing Harry, who was standing back, just watching. “See, there he is, Dad.”

Nasta’s Father turned and looked at him. He roved his gaze all over him and settled on his protruding belly that was wrapped in Harry’s thin arms.

“Sanex get the boy.” Nasta’s Father ordered before he dragged Nasta by the arm through the crowd.

Sanex took his hand gently and began pulling him after his Father and Nasta like he was a little, lost child. Harry kicked him hard and strode after the two other Drackens, leaving Sanex to hobble after him.

Nasta’s Dad had gone into a private room down another corridor at the back of the meeting hall. Nasta embraced him as he walked through the door and held him gently and protectively.

“Where is Sanex?” The man growled.

“Limping his way down the corridor. He touched me without my permission!” Harry growled, glaring at Nasta’s Dad. He wasn’t liking this man or the way he treated Nasta at all.

“You hit my brother?” Nasta asked.

“Technically I kicked him.”

Nasta chuckled and kissed him. Sanex hopped into the room scowling and rubbing his shin.

“Kid has a hell of a kick on him.” He grumbled.
“Enough of this. When were you going to tell me that you were mated, Nasta?”

“Tonight.”

“Don’t you think that I would have rathered know before tonight? Say when you first got your mate, or when you got him pregnant.”

“Technically I didn’t get him pregnant.”

“Explain this to me, Nasta.”

“Harry has three other mates. I was the fourth. Harry got pregnant with the other three, so really there is no way this baby can biologically be mine.”

“You needed four mates?” Sanex asked in awe.

“I thought you said your brother was thirty-nine, not twelve?” Harry asked Nasta, who chuckled.

“You’ll have to forgive him, he’s human and he’s been spoilt beyond ruin.”

“So have you.” Sanex defended.

“So when exactly did you mate?” Nasta’s Father asked interrupting the sibling argument.

“April.”

“Only a month ago?” Nasta’s Dad asked with a hopeful hint in his voice.

“Yes.”
“Before or after I was ill? Why didn’t you mention it when you came to visit?” Sanex asked.

“It was after you were ill and I didn’t mention it because I had no idea at the time that Harry was going to choose me.”

“Of course I was always going to choose you, I loved you from the moment I first met you and I love you more and more each day.” Harry answered, kissing the underside of Nasta’s jaw.

The look on Nasta’s Dad’s face gave Harry hope that the man actually wasn’t a bastard and had just been shocked and surprised to find his youngest son mated and a soon to be Father. He looked so happy as he watched them kiss and cuddle.

“We haven’t been introduced.” He said holding out a hand. “I’m Aneirin Delericey.”

Harry looked at the hand before he gave an internal shrug of the shoulders and hugged the man around the middle. “I’m Harry Potter.”

“Harry Potter? As in the Harry Potter?” Sanex asked excitedly.

“Ask for an autograph why don’t you, Nex.” Nasta stated with an eye roll.

“So he is the Harry Potter?”

“You’re an idiot.” Nasta said affectionately.

The door opened and a bored Draco wandered in and right up to Harry. Aneirin pulled Harry behind him and growled. Draco hissed back and bared his fangs.

“Dad, it’s alright. This is Draco, one of our other dominants.”

“You’re liking them young aren’t you, Nas?” Sanex grinned.
“I chose Nasta not the other way around.” Harry defended hotly, the fight with Ron yesterday still fresh in his mind and the comment about Max and Nasta being paedophiles.

Sanex roared with laughter and even Nasta managed a small smile.

“He’s teasing, Cariad.”

“He isn’t very funny.” Harry scowled.

“I am happy to know that even though you are submissive that you will defend my son, even if it is from his own brother.”

“Don’t encourage him.” Draco bit out harshly. “He defends us enough and yesterday he ended up in the hospital wing because he was defending our honour. He needs to stop doing it.”

Nasta smacked the back of Draco’s head almost casually and Draco’s head dropped to his chest. He growled, but didn’t pick his chin back up. Nasta left Draco for a moment before he gently pulled his head up.

“You’re the top dominant?” Aneirin asked.

“Did you expect anything else?” Nasta grinned.

“Course he’s the top dominant if he’s the biggest and oldest out of a bunch of baby doms!” Sanex stated.

“He’s the oldest, but he isn’t the biggest.” Harry told them.

“Harry has also mated with the son of a very good friend of yours, Dad.”

“Maximilius Maddison.”

“Never Myron Maddison’s oldest?”

“The very same.”

“My word. Never would I have believed Myron and I to be related through a bond. Ha! This is going to tickle him something fierce. Where is he?”

“Max went to go and find his Dads, Draco where is Blaise?”

“Still looking for his Mother.” Draco answered.

“Blaise? I have heard that name before.” Aneirin said with a frown.

“Zabini. He’s the son of Marianna and Maximiliano Zabini.”

Nasta’s Dad laughed happily and shook his head.

“A fine collection you’ve got yourself, Harry.”

Harry frowned. “They’re not a collection, they’re my mates.” He told the man seriously.

Everyone started laughing at him and Harry huffed and walked away, wandering back into the main meeting hall. Draco followed him; Nasta stayed with his Dad and brother and started talking about everything that had happened in the last couple of months.

“Where are we going?” Draco asked.

“Away from those hyenas!” Harry sulked.
“Harry!”

Harry looked around at the sound of Blaise’s voice and felt his eyes widen at the absolutely massive woman beside him. She was taller than her son and more muscular than him, but they shared the same slender body. Despite all of her muscles and her height that would have most ordinary men running in the opposite direction, she still managed to look stunningly pretty in a violet dress and matching high heels.

Her slanted eyes were a pretty purplish-blue colour, lighter than Blaise’s deep indigo, that almost matched her dress and shoes perfectly, her nails were painted blue and the clutch purse she held, of course, matched everything else. Her thick, dark brown hair was curled and twisted into an elegant knot on the top of her head, leaving a few curly tendrils to fall down and soften her, slightly square, face.

“Bello, this is my Mother Marianna. Mother this is my mate, Harry.”

“This is the beautiful boy that I’ve heard so much about? Blaise I am disappointed in you.”

Marianna’s voice was a dark, seductive, yet oddly husky sound with the barest hints of a French accent, but it was the words that made Harry’s face fall. She didn’t like him.

“Honestly, Blaise, I know you have a way with words so I find myself at a loss as I did not think for a moment that you would underestimate your own mate’s beauty by such a considerable difference. He is not merely beautiful, he is completely stunning.”

“I did tell you that Harry was breath-taking, Mother. When I first saw him it was as if someone had punched right through my chest.”

“Yes, I understand more now what you meant. He sort of makes your breath catch in your lungs doesn’t he?”

Harry frowned in puzzlement. What the hell was going on? Draco wrapped an arm around him in silent support before leaning down and whispering in his ear.

“They are always like this. They always have been, just ignore them.”
Harry chuckled lightly and was soon found in Marianna’s arms as she hugged the life out of him.

“Careful of Harry’s baby, Mother!” Blaise stated quickly.

“I know I know, Blaise! Honestly, you’d think I’d never been pregnant before.”

“Yes, but forgive me for mentioning it, Mother, but you do have a tendency to forget your strength, do you remember my kitten, Hernandez, do you remember what you did to Hernandez when I was eight?”

Marianna harrumphed and flicked her hair and turned her back on her son playfully.

“I know an insult when I hear one. Come on, Harry darling, let’s go and get you a drink and leave these two cretins to themselves.”

Marianna shuffled Harry away from Blaise and Draco who were grinning. Harry pouted and followed Marianna to the bar that ran the entire length of one side of the room. There were four large men and two slender women working behind it.

One of the large men grinned and winked at him and Marianna growled at him. He paled and took a deep breath.

“I apologise.” He said in a deep voice. “I didn’t realise that you were a couple.”

Harry choked and coughed to try and get his breathing back to normal. “We’re not a couple!” He burst out when he could breathe properly.

The poor man behind the bar went red in the face and seemed to be dying of embarrassment on the spot.

“I…I’m sorry! I meant no offence.”

“None taken, your name is Adrian isn’t it? Nathan and Lisa’s son. Just be wary of my claws the
next time you start flirting with my pregnant son-in-law.” Marianna hissed.

“Yes Ma’am.” Adrian gulped. “I…drinks! What can I get you?”

Harry chuckled at Adrian. He looked so embarrassed and so uncomfortable.

“I’ll have a champagne and Harry will have a sparkling grape juice.”

Harry didn’t mind someone ordering his drink for him, because he had absolutely no idea what this place served. He accepted the tall champagne flute filled with what looked like alcohol, but at Marianna’s urging, he took a small sip and found it really was just grape juice made to look like champagne. Probably so the pregnant submissives didn’t feel left out.

“Oh! Excuse me, Harry, Josiah came after all!” Marianna stated happily and excitedly as she gracefully weaved through the people towards a short, thin, balding man who looked to be wearing an entire jewellery store on his person.

Harry decided to wander around a bit. Max had told him that he would be perfectly safe at this meeting. Not only were there going to be Counsel Elders here, Dracken children and Dracken couples, but there were also dominant Drackens acting as security who would step in immediately to help if he got into any trouble, which wasn’t likely as nearly all unmated Drackens were in New Zealand. The only ones that weren’t were the Drackens who had either been rejected by the submissive or had left of their own free will or hadn’t been able to make it over to New Zealand.

This wasn’t a place for arguments or fights, this was simply a peaceful meeting for all the Drackens of the Northern hemisphere to meet up and exchange words, catch up with each other and hear the latest news on who was mated to whom or who was pregnant with whom. It was essentially a social gathering.

Harry found himself gravitating towards the corner crèche where all the little toddlers were clambering over padded walls and poles, jumping into ball pits and playing with stuffed toys. He stood close by one of the armed guards so he wouldn’t be accused of trying to take a child or hurting or attacking one. The last thing he wanted was for the Drackens to call him a paedophile. It was bad enough that Ron was falsely accusing Max and Nasta of it because they were in a relationship with him.

“You know you can get in with them.” The guard told him with a knowing smile.

“They aren’t my children.” Harry said as he drew his attention to the guard from two little girls
Harry smiled and climbed carefully over the mesh net fence, being helped and told off simultaneously by the guard for not asking for help over the fence after the man realised that Harry was actually pregnant.

He approached the little girls cautiously and sat down with them at their tiny table and chairs set, they were having trouble with the beads and the girl with the long, golden blonde hair was whimpering in pain with a shine of tears in her big blue eyes as the other girls tried to force the
beads onto her plaits.

“Hey, do you need help?” He asked with a smile.

He had expected them to scream, to say no, to run away, to tell him to go away, to call him a stranger, or something similar, but he did not expect one of the little redheads to clamber right onto his lap and give him a fistful of brightly coloured beads.

“They won't go on!” She told him with an adorable little pout.

“They hurt!” The little girl with blonde hair whined, her plaits all ruffled up with odd strands of hair sticking out where the other little redhead had tried to force them on.

“Come here.” Harry said gently as he eased himself and the redhead on his lap to the floor and he began undoing the plaits. “Let’s redo these all nice and pretty again.”

The two little redheads helped him undo the plaits and then redo them until they were perfect again.

“Now the trick with these beads is to use the special wand.” Harry told them.

“Mummy said we aren’t supposed to use wands!” The redhead on his left told him with a gasp.

“But this is a special wand.” Harry answered as he dug through the bead box until he found the applicator for the beads. “Here.” He said showing them the yellow plastic wand. “You pick which bead you want.” Harry smiled as the redhead on his right thrust a bright pink bead at him. “You slide the bead over the tip of the wand, all the way down. You pick the plait you want it on and push it through the little hole.” He said as he put one golden plait into the hole as gently as he could. “Then you hold the bead between your fingers and pull the wand, which pulls plait out, threading the bead onto it. See.”

“It works!” The little girls squealed and began examining the bead on the end of the plait.

“I want this glitter one next!” The blonde haired girl exclaimed thrusting a clear yellow bead at
him filled with silver glitter.

Harry showed the girls how to use the wand again, taking one of the redhead’s little hands and letting her do it with him holding her hand and the wand. He did the next bead, a pretty pearlescent purple one, holding the other little red headed girl’s hand and the next one, a livid orange. Then he let the little girls carry on, even digging out another bead applicator, only this one green so that they could both put beads in the blonde girl’s hair.

Once they ran out of plaits to put beads onto they all looked so put out. The little redheads had their hair perfectly coiffured into loose rolls that were pinned to their heads with hairpins. Harry could just guess that their Mother had told them not to spoil their hair.

“Why don’t you put beads into my hair?” He offered smiling softly as their faces lit up. He had to dig another plastic applicator out of the box for the little blonde girl, this one was red.

Their fingers tugged and pulled and twisted his hair and Harry grimaced now and then when strands came loose from his scalp but he otherwise ignored the small bites of pain as the little girls laughed and giggled happily as they put small plaits on every inch of his head, putting up to four beads on each one until he looked like a reject from an arts and crafts factory.

“Marisa, what are you doing to that poor man?” A woman said with a wide grin as she stepped over the mesh fence, addressing the blonde haired little girl who was twisting a bead tightly into a plait on the top of his head.

Harry got a good look at the guard who had helped him over the fence, the man had lingering traces of laughter on his face and his eyes were still crinkled in an effort not to burst out laughing again. Harry was glad he found it amusing; he probably looked so comical it was a wonder that those in the proximity hadn’t wet themselves yet.

“Making him pretty, Mummy! Isn’t he so pretty?”

“Yes, I dare say he is.” The woman answered, chuckling lightly behind her hand. “I do apologise if these girls have coerced you into doing this, they could wheedle the secrets out of a man with no mouth.”

“It’s alright. I saw that they were struggling to put beads into your daughter’s hair so I decided to help, then they ran out of plaits and I offered them my hair to play with.”
The woman chuckled lightly. “That was very brave of you; I wouldn’t have done what you have.” The woman told him, her own hair a mass of tight, frothy curls.

“Janine? What have those girls been doing?” A man asked as he gaped at Harry from over the mesh fence.

“My Husband.” The woman told Harry, before turning to him. “Our Marisa and her friends are making him pretty. Rory honey.”

“Pretty? Dear, don’t you think you should stop them?”

“All done!” One of the redheads exclaimed proudly.

“Too late, darling.” Janine answered.

Rory shook his head in exasperation and wandered away. Harry chuckled as Janine and the little girls giggled. Janine took hold of Marisa’s hand.

“Come along, Marisa, Auntie Judith has arrived and wants to see you.” Janine said as she pulled her daughter over to the fence and stepped over it waving at Harry, leaving him with the two red headed girls who had picked up baby dolls and were playing a game they called ‘Mummies and babies’ They had tried to give him a doll and a fake bottle, but he had declined and told them, before they started crying, that he already had his own baby to look after and pointed out his large stomach.

“I hope they aren’t being too much of a bother.” A red headed woman that could only be their Mother stated, stepping over the fence with the help from another guard as her heavily pregnant belly was as exposed as Harry’s, it seemed to be a trend to show off their baby bellies.

“Not at all.” Harry smiled back.

“It’s just.” The woman gestured helplessly at his hair and Harry grinned.

“I quite like it. I’m not sure if my mates will agree, but then it’s not their hair.”
The woman laughed joyously and Harry found himself smiling.

“Who are your mates? I haven’t seen you around so this must be your first gathering.”

“It is. I turned sixteen last July. My first mate is Blaise Zabini…”

“Oh Blaise? He’s a lovely gentleman. He’s been coming here for years with his Mother, Marianna. I only met his Father, Maximiliano, a handful of times. It was so sad how he died, but it was always going to happen, one of them was always going to kill the other. It was a tragedy when Marianna came into her inheritance as a dominant Dracken. She had shot up that year to six foot and had gained a lot of muscle, her parents tried to back out of the betrothal then, they had a feeling that she would be a dominant, but of course the betrothals were final and permanent. Theirs was one of the last, when the Elders saw what happened, how Maximiliano died so horrifically by the hands of a pregnant Marianna, well. My mate says that it was lucky that Marianna caught Maximiliano off guard or it could have been her and Blaise that had died.”

Harry sucked in a breath. Blaise had told him that his Father had died when he was a few weeks old, not that his Mother had been pregnant with him when she had killed his Father. Hadn’t Blaise told him that he took comfort from knowing that his Father had held him? But if what this woman was saying was true, then Marianna had lied to her son. If what this woman was saying was true, then Maximiliano hadn’t even seen his son, let alone held him.

“Who is your other mate?” The woman asked, dragging his attention back to the conversation.

“I…the next one was Draco, then Max and finally Nasta.”

“You have four mates?” The woman asked in awe and slight sympathy. “I don’t recognise the first two, but the last. Well it’s hard to forget such an unusual name as Nasta. Aneirin Delericey always did have a strange taste for strange names, the only relatively sane name in that family was their daughter, Angharad, that was a tragedy as well, she died so young, but it was Lowri who named Angharad, Aneirin named the boys, but of course he had to name Nasta as Lowri died before she could name him.”

“Draco’s new to the scene as well. His inheritance was a month before mine, but perhaps you’d recognise Max more if I told you his full name was actually Maximilius?”
“Maddison? As in Myron Maddison’s only son?”

“Max said he had a brother.” Harry said confusedly.

“Yes, but Ashleigh, Maximilius’ Mother needed two dominants, Myron and Richard. Caesar is Richard’s son and Maximilius is Myron’s.”

Harry swallowed. The way people spoke of Max’s Father. Such tones of respect and pride and awe. Harry was wondering for the first time, just what had he gotten himself into.

“Julia?”

Harry and the red headed woman looked up to the caramel haired woman stepping over the fence to come and greet them. She was huge and muscly, obviously another dominant female, but like Marianna Zabini she retained an air of femininity about her as she navigated her way through the strewn about toys in her high heels.

“Sarah, what’s wrong?” The red headed woman, Julia, asked.

“My Father wishes to see his granddaughters before he leaves. His arm is playing up again and he wants more potion.” The woman, Sarah, answered with a sigh.

“Okay. I’ll go and grab the girls.”

Harry turned to the table the little red headed girls had been sat on to find them gone; they had obviously ran off some when whilst he had been talking to Julia.

“What happened to your hair?” Sarah asked as she seemed unable to hold her tongue after staring at him for over a minute.

“Our girls happened.” Julia answered as she came back tugging a little girl in each hand.

“He looks pretty doesn’t he, Daddy?” One little girl stated.
It was Harry’s turn to stare as the woman Sarah, was referred to as Daddy.

“I see from the look on your face you’ve never met an all-female couple?”

“I…I just…I…um…” Harry trailed off and scratched the back of his head in embarrassment.

“No need to panic, it is quite rare, not as rare as an all-male harem though.” Julia told him as she leant forward and kissed Sarah passionately, Sarah’s arms coming around Julia to cradle her gently and to stroke her bump, just like his men did to his bump. His hand automatically went to it and stroked it.

“How do you…how did you…?” Harry gestured helplessly at the bump.

“Get pregnant?” Sarah finished for him and grinned as he nodded. “Quite simple really, all we…”

“Sarah! Should we be telling a sixteen year old male submissive how all-female couples get pregnant? He is obviously gay himself and I don’t think he’d appreciate it.”

“No, nonsense, Julia love, he’s obviously curious and it’ll be a learning point for him.” Sarah answered before turning back to Harry. “It’s really just a creative use of fingers.”

Harry choked and spluttered at hearing that and his face lit up like a beacon.

“We need to mingle our juices so I get my juices onto my fingers and insert them into Julia as far as I can and rub up by her cervix. Her juices mix with mine and her Dracken magic does the rest. It does take a couple of tries though. Where you male submissives get pregnant on your first or second tries, it takes us three or four tries to get a baby and where you can get pregnant on your heats, we can’t, the heat is too instinctual, too rough and primal, we need our minds and thoughts to get pregnant and that doesn’t happen on a heat which is why each of our children is precious to us.”

Harry wished the floor would open up and swallow him whole. He didn’t think he had ever been so embarrassed before in his life. He couldn’t get the mental images of the two women in front of him inserting their fingers into places he had never seen, or ever wanted to see, to get a baby. He felt
like puking to get rid of the images, but he didn’t want to hurt the women’s feelings, nor cause a scene.

“Have you scarred the poor boy enough now? Natalie and Kayla are getting tired and we still have to find your Father.” Julia snapped, stomping away towards the mesh fence. Sarah jogged after her in her high heels in time to support her…Wife? over the fence.

Harry wandered over to the fence and the same guard that he had been talking to before placed his hands on his hips and lifted him clean over the mesh fence and set him gently on his feet.

“Your hair looks like it has clumps of clay stuck in it.” He snickered.

Harry chuckled and tugged on the tight beads. He’d take them out as soon as he was sure that the three little girls who had put them in were gone. He could see Natalie and Kayla being hugged by a very elderly man and Marisa’s head of blonde plaits with their brightly coloured beads were bouncing on her Father’s shoulders.

Harry couldn’t see any of his mates anywhere and he wondered where they had gotten too. He wandered back to the bar and ordered another sparkling grape juice, listening to others conversations and being dragged into odd talks and being given advice by elderly Drackens before he got away and wandered around the room, dodging children, who were starting to lose their energy and activity as it neared eight o’clock in the night and he kept to the edge of the room as much as he could.

“What the hell happened to your hair?”

Harry turned with a large smile as he recognised Max’s voice. He was standing tall and proud next to a man that could have only been his Father, they were easily the tallest men in the room and Max hadn’t been kidding about how broad his Father was, he wouldn’t fit through most normal doors.

There was a smaller, slighter man beside them, he was very good looking and had a soft smile, but a livid scar going down from his chin and over the front of his neck, like someone had taken a blade and had tried to cut his head in two from the neck up, Harry had no idea how the man had even survived.

There was a group of women with them, a blonde haired middle aged woman who had both of her arms through Max’s Father’s and the man with the scar, an older woman who was arm in arm with an older gentleman and three younger women who all bore some resemblance to each other. Harry realised then that he had walked right by their family reunion.
“You don’t like it?” Harry asked in a light, teasing way. “I was thinking of making it permanent.”

Max chuckled and gently pulled him into the circle of his arms, his hands splaying over his baby bulge and bringing his family’s attention to it.

“Is this your submissive, Max?” The blonde woman asked. “Harry?”

Max nodded with a smile, bending down to kiss him happily.

“So Maxie was telling the truth, you are in fact pregnant.” The older man stated with a smile. Harry heard Max’s voice filled with love and respect in his head telling him that only his grandfather called him Maxie and Harry realised exactly who he was talking to.

“Three months. My first baby.” Harry answered with a soft smile.

“Yet Maximilius tells us that already you have almost lost the baby twice.” Max’s Father, Myron, Harry remembered, stated with a raised eyebrow. The man wasn’t at all impressed with him.

“Yes.” Harry answered sadly. “A student at the school I go to punched my side when I was two months pregnant and the second time I leapt on him and punched him back for daring to insult my mates. That was yesterday.”

“You never gave me the chance to, Mother, before you all started assuming the worst of Harry.” Max answered tightly as he held Harry tighter.

“Perhaps we were a bit too quick in judging him, but he is being a bit reckless isn’t he?”

“Ashleigh dear, you know that once a mate is insulted that that insult has to be answered.” The older woman stated firmly. “It must have been something particularly vile and vulgar to have a pregnant submissive react in a way that could have endangered his child.”
“He called Max a paedophile.” Harry informed them and there was almost instant outrage.

“That is preposterous!” Max’s grandfather burst out furiously.

“Absolutely untrue!” One of the younger women stated angrily.

“Completely outrageous!”

“You see now that I couldn’t let that bit of slime get away with calling Max such a horrible thing. I had to retaliate, I didn’t even think about it.”

“I never asked if you got a good hit on him.” Max grinned at him.

“I bloodied him up pretty bad, it took Madam Pomfrey an hour to fix the damage and someone said that he had to have Skele-Gro because I knocked out two of his teeth and broke his nose.”

“Good on you, lad.” Max’s grandfather complimented. “Next time you go for the eyes, they are not as easy to fix.”

“Grandfather!” One of the young girls replied with a shocked voice, she had Max’s thick, chestnut brown hair, the hair they shared with their Father.

“I apologise for such talk in front of you, Alayla dear, Harry.”

“Oh I don’t mind.” Harry grinned. “I like the useful tips I’m getting, some are very creative. One man over by the bar told me to aim for the back of the neck; apparently a good hit there will snap the spine in two and if it doesn’t kill them immediately, it’ll disable them.”

“So you have been speaking to people then?” Max asked surprised.

“Oh yes, I met a lovely couple, Julia and Sarah, who decided to torture me with the information on
how Sarah got Julia pregnant.”

That brought a round of laughter and Harry relaxed back into Max. His family wasn’t bad at all, despite his initial thoughts of his Father, Myron.

“Are you going to tell us the story of how you managed to achieve this?” Max asked as he tugged lightly on a bead.

“I saw three little girls in the crèche who were having trouble putting beads into their hair, so I decided to help them out. When they ran out of hair to put the beads on they looked so upset that I offered them my hair to use instead.”

Max chuckled along with his family.

“Well they certainly made use of every strand of hair you have, Harry, how long are you keeping these in for? I don’t think I’ll be able to sleep next to you if you have a head full of hard plastic.”

“Probably until the girls leave. I can still see Natalie and Kayla. I don’t want to hurt their feelings, but you do know that my hair is going to be even worse than usual when I take them out?”

“It can’t be any worse than it normally is.” Nasta answered as he appeared at Max’s shoulder and gave Harry a kiss to the cheek before fingerling the beads.

“One of the other mates you told us about is Nasta Delericey?” Myron Maddison demanded.

“You got a problem with that?” Harry demanded back, glaring at the impossibly huge man who looked taken aback by his aggression.

Max’s grandfather laughed happily. “He’s like a blast of cool air on a scorching hot day.”

“How many mates do you have, darling?” Ashleigh asked, making no secret of how hungrily she was looking at his baby belly.
“Four.” Harry answered his eyes still glaring holes into Myron’s deep black. Max got his eyes from his Mother.

“Dear Merlin.” Ashleigh gasped. “I only have these two and they fought like cat and dog for three weeks after I had chosen them.”

Harry snorted. “Five months down the line and mine are still fighting.”

“Still? But surely they know their order by now.”

“Oh they do, some of them just don’t want to accept that order.” Harry answered with a pointed look up at Max, who growled lowly.

Nasta cuffed the back of his head and Max’s chin went to his chest with the reprimand, like Draco’s had. Nasta pulled Max’s head back up gently and all was forgiven and Max looked a little bit sheepish at having growled in the first place.

“You are not top dominant?” Myron asked sending an astonished look at his son. “You, my only son, are subordinate to another man?” Myron actually smacked Max’s head like Nasta had; only his was meant to hurt where Nasta’s had been a light clip to reprimand.

Harry snarled and tried to launch himself at Myron, but was picked up and held kicking, scratching and snarling by Max, who looked faintly shocked at his behaviour.

“You touch him like that again and I’ll tear your face off with my teeth!” Harry spat.

“Harry, love. It’s part of how I grew up. My Dad has always given me physical discipline.”

“He shouldn’t hit you just because you aren’t the top dominant!” Harry hissed. “He has no idea how it happened, why or if there were any extenuating circumstances! He just assumed that you lost a fight and that’s that! Closed minded dick!” Harry spat at Myron, who was actually looking at him with budding respect in his eyes.

Max’s grandfather was beside himself as he started laughing so hard he had to hunch over his
knees. Two girls jumped to support him, but he pushed them aside.

“I’m fine Julinda, Talia. Absolutely fine. Maxie, I adore your little mate and I would be highly offended if you did not bring him to my next birthday party.”

“Grandfather, your birthday is the twentieth of August, Harry will be nearly seven months pregnant at that time, I don’t think he’ll be able to go.”

“Just get me a wheelchair.” Harry stated. “I’d love to go. Your grandfather is great!”

Nasta chuckled softly next to him whilst the others all roared with laughter. Blaise and Draco appeared with Marianna and her newest Husband Josiah.

“There you are.” Blaise sighed with relief. “When I heard that Mother had left you on your own.” Blaise shook his head.

“What in the name of Merlin did you do to your hair?” Draco asked looking horrified and slightly sick. “I know I told you that anything would make it look better but I didn’t mean for you to go out and prove me wrong!”

“I take it these are the final two of your foursome?” Max’s previously silent second Father, Richard asked. His voice was hoarse and slightly strangled, as if the blade that had sliced his neck had also sliced his voice box.

“Yes, Blaise and Draco.”

“I, of course, recognise the son of the lovely Marianna, but correct me if I’m wrong, but aren’t you the only son of Lucius Malfoy? I had no idea that Dracken blood ran in the Malfoy family.” Max’s grandfather commented.

“It doesn’t.” Draco replied. “My Mother is a daughter of the Black family, Harry and I get our Dracken blood from the same ancestor.”

“How odd. Usually our Dracken blood repels those of close blood.”
“We aren’t close.” Draco stated with narrowed eyes. “Cygnus Black was my great-great grandfather and Harry’s great grandfather. Two separate family lines created, separated and diluted through marriage many times over.”

“Ah, that explains it. I knew there was no way for blood relatives to be mates. Our Drackens just won’t allow us.”

Harry squirmed to be put down and Max reluctantly set him on his feet, but kept an arm around his shoulders and kept himself between him and his Father, as if Harry would suddenly charge and attack the older man.

Harry leant on Max and yawned subtly behind his hand. It was nearing nine o’clock now and all the playing with the little girls, all the mingling and talking and walking and shouting had taken a lot out of him. He was exhausted.

A little girl with blonde hair attacked his legs and Harry smiled down at Marisa, crouching down to be on eye level with her.

“I have to go home now because it’s past my bedtime.” She told him sadly. “Thank you for helping me with my beads and for letting me bead your hair, you’re very pretty.”

Harry chuckled and hugged the little girl tightly.

“I’ll see you around, Marisa.” Harry told her, smiling as she ran off waving, taking her Father’s hand and disappearing.

Before he could get up or anyone could say anything he was attacked again by two little red headed girls. He fell onto his bum and waved away Max and Nasta, who had both stooped to pick him up again, almost automatically.

“We have to go now. Granddaddy isn’t very well.” One little red head stated.

“Will you be here next year?” The other asked.

“More than likely.” Harry told them happily. “Maybe next year you can put beads in my mate’s hair, Draco would love it.”
“I would not!” Draco hissed, looking petrified at the very thought, his hand subconsciously jumping to his hair to touch it, to make sure it was all still in place.

Harry laughed and hugged the two little girls’ goodbye as Sarah called to them.

“Bye Natalie, bye Kayla.” Harry waved from the floor.

When they were gone Max picked him up off the floor, dusted him down, his hand remaining a little too long on his bum to be anything other than intentional and setting him on his feet again.

“Well you certainly made an impression on those three little girls.” Ashleigh told him happily. “You’ll be a great Mother, Harry sweetie.”

Harry blushed and to his horror he started feeling teary eyed. He kept his eyes wide so the forming tears wouldn’t fall and smiled to dispel any suspicion, happily moving to hug Max’s Mother, who held him back just as tightly, her hands stroking his belly reverently.

Max was bursting with pride as Harry snuggled back into him and Myron and Richard looked to their exuberant mate as if they had never seen her so happy before, Harry didn’t know but maybe she hadn’t been so happy since she had lost her baby boy.

“Can I take those beads out now?” Draco asked as if he couldn’t help himself.

“Sure, they’re starting to give me a headache anyway; some of them are way too tight.”

Harry stayed leaning against Max as Draco began gently and carefully taking out the beads and listened as everyone around him got to know one another, Nasta’s Dad Aneirin wandered over and he and Myron spoke like old friends, both happy that their sons were mated at last, to the same person nonetheless, and Marianna, Blaise’s Mother happily spoke to Ashleigh, Kimberly (Max’s grandmother) and Alexander (Max’s grandfather.)

Draco moaned at the state of his hair, which was stuck together in odd, twisted clumps even though the beads and plaits were gone, his hair had gone wavy and it was so messy he looked like he had stuck his wet finger into a plug socket, every strand stood on end as if glued up straight, everyone laughed at the sight and even Harry grinned, though he couldn’t see it for himself.

It happened so suddenly that he had absolutely no warning. A very sharp pain in his abdomen had him doubled over with a cry before he could stop himself, clutching his bump.
“Harry? Are you alright?”

“What’s wrong?”

“What happened?”

“Did those girls hurt you?”

“Is it the baby? Was it the fall?”

Harry felt his eyes widen as a familiar pressure built between his legs. He was going to piss himself right here in front of everyone. He squeezed his legs tighter together.

“Is there a bathroom here?” He asked desperately. “The baby just kicked my bladder in half.”

“It’s right outside the main doors.” Blaise told him.

“I can't move.” Harry bit out tightly, using all of his will power and concentration on holding his wee in just a little longer.

Someone scooped him up and began half walking, half jogging with him. The chest against his side and the arms around him let him identify his carrier as Max.

A door opened and Harry was set on his feet and he happily half fell into a cubicle and relieved himself without even closing the door, which made Max chuckle.

“Feel better?” Max asked with a grin as Harry zipped up his black trousers after the longest wee on record.

“Much better.” Harry replied with a happy grin as he washed and dried his hands.
He placed a hand over his belly and he could feel small movements against his hand. He excitedly grabbed Max’s hand and placed it over his belly, slightly to the side of his bellybutton.

“Is that…?”

“Our baby moving. Yeah.”

Max grinned and happily pulled him off of his feet into a long, very passionate kiss. A cough broke them apart to see a flushed dominant Dracken in the doorway, he was grinning in a knowing way and Harry went a deep red.

“I…it’s…it’s not what it looks like!” He stammered out, making himself sound guiltier.

The other Dracken just grinned wider. “Sure it’s not.”

Harry buried himself in Max’s shoulders and wailed in mortification. Max hissed and stormed out of the bathroom, shoving the other dominant aside as he went past. Harry did not remove himself from Max’s shoulder and instead snuggled up tighter and hid a yawn against Max’s skin.

“Are you tired?”

“Just a bit. It’s been a busy couple of hours.”

“Just rest for a bit. No one will think anything of you, especially not my family, they’d be more horrified if you let yourself collapse due to exhaustion and I’d probably get another smack off of my Dad for letting it happen.”

Harry hissed sleepily and Max chuckled at the cute sound. Harry heard gasps and demands for what was wrong with him from his mates and their families. He smiled; it felt nice to be loved by so many people, people that he could call a family.

“Harry’s fine.” Max assured. “He’s just tired. The baby is being very active and it’s taking it out of him.”
“I can’t believe I’m going to be a grandmother.” Marianna stated, though her voice was soft and happy.

“My Caesar is giving me a granddaughter, now my Max is giving me another grandchild, I am so happy.” Ashleigh sniffed, her voice conveying her immense pride, but also her sadness at not having any other children of her own. “Both of my boys are finally mated to wonderful people and are starting families, our family is expanding. We have two new arrivals, a new submissive son-in-law and three new dominant son-in-laws; I could cry I’m so happy.”

Harry listened to the conversations going on around him as it happily went from pregnancy to what the new arrivals would look like, to guesses on if he would have a baby boy or a baby girl, how soon the baby would come into the world and plans to get him everything his baby needed.

At some point Harry really had fallen asleep because the next thing he knew someone was tucking him up in bed, duvet up to his chin. He blinked open his eyes and saw Draco leaning over him with a soft, adoring look on his face; he smiled when he saw Harry was partially awake.

“Go to sleep, love, you need it.” Draco coaxed.

Harry leant up as much as he could and kissed Draco full on the mouth, he fell back into the huge bed and snuggled into his pillows before he fell right back off to sleep. He was joined an hour later by Nasta and then by Blaise. Draco came half an hour after Blaise and finally Max’s huge body dipped the bed as he enclosed all of them in his arms and held them as they slept peacefully.
The end of school exams were a complete torture for Harry, who had to sit still for two hours at a time, fiddling with his bulging robes, he still hadn’t gotten maternity clothes, which Hermione berated him for, but he pacified her by telling her stories of his ‘boyfriends’ families.

He was wearing one of Draco’s shirts today, yesterday he had been able to fit into Blaise’s, today he had popped off four buttons as he tried to squeeze his stomach into the fabric. Tomorrow he’d probably have to steal one of Nasta’s shirts, if he ever had to borrow Max’s clothes he wouldn’t be getting out of the bed anyway as his stomach would be bigger around than he was tall.

He was currently in his History of Magic exam and he had finished as much of the paper as he was ever going to, but he really, really needed a wee. He was bouncing his feet so vigorously against the floor that his bulge was jiggling. He crossed his left leg over his right, before setting them both on the floor again and crossing his right leg over his left. Draco was one row over and three desks in front of him, he kept looking behind him in concern as Harry let out soft whimpers that only he could hear. Blaise was all the way on the other side of the hall, right at the back; Harry couldn’t see him even when he turned around to look.

“Mister Potter.” A silky voice whispered in his ear so no one else could. “What is the problem?”

Harry looked into the deep, dark tunnels of Professor Snape’s eyes and swallowed.

“I really, really, really have to go to the toilet.” He answered his voice showing his strain.
“Can’t you hold it in?” Snape sneered.

“No!” Harry hissed a bit louder than he had meant to, the surrounding students looked at them and Harry flushed. “The baby is lying on my bladder, Professor; I’ve done as much of this exam as I possibly can. If I don’t get to a bathroom soon then I’m going to wet myself right here on this chair.”

Snape sighed heavily and tugged him out of his chair and down the aisle to the doors of the Great Hall. Snape escorted him all the way to the nearest bathroom and made sure he got there intact and before he wet his trousers, before he left him to go back to the exam. It still had an hour left.

Harry released his bladder and washed his hands. He hated how much his bladder was affected by the pregnancy, sure he knew that as the baby grew inside of him it would put pressure upon all of his organs, but he needed a wee every hour, every half hour on some days, it couldn’t be healthy.

Harry was on the first floor when he decided to go and visit Madam Pomfrey for a check-up. He was only four months pregnant. He couldn’t believe it, it seemed like a year had gone past since he had first found out, but it was only just the end of May and he had gotten pregnant on the eighteenth of February. He’d be giving birth on the twenty-fifth of September if his dates worked out accurately and he carried to full term.

“Harry dear, are you well? Shouldn’t you be in an exam?” Madam Pomfrey asked concernedly as she caught sight of him coming towards her.

“Professor Snape escorted me out because I was about to wet myself…again.” Harry added a bit bashfully.

“You have wet yourself before?” Madam Pomfrey asked as Harry hopped up onto an examination table without being asked to.

“Yeah, when I woke up off of my last heat period I wet the bed.”

Madam Pomfrey nodded understandingly and waved her wand over him.

“Ah, your baby is in fact resting its head upon your bladder.”

Harry sighed. “I had expected something like that, though I thought the baby might have been kicking it instead.”
“You have a mild urinary tract infection as well, Harry; I’m going to recommend that you drink cranberry juice until it clears up.”

Harry groaned. “Just what I need. A bloody infection.”

Madam Pomfrey smiled and patted his knee. “It’ll clear up very soon, unfortunately there isn’t a potion made to clear it up safely from a pregnant persons viewpoint, silly really as it’s usually pregnant people who get them the most.”

“So the baby is completely fine?”

“Of course, dear. You haven’t had a bump or a knock have you? I can do a scan if you wish.”

“A scan?” Harry questioned puzzled.

“It pulls up a picture of the baby in your womb, dearie me I should have probably offered one a month or so ago, but with the flu outbreak in the younger years it completely slipped my mind.”

“I’ll get to see my baby?”

“Yes, it’ll be like seeing a photograph, Harry.”

“Can you do it please?” Harry asked, slightly breathless and a touch of excitement and nerves warring in his tone.

Madam Pomfrey pulled up his shirt and rested her wand flat on his belly, the cool wood was smooth, but unbalanced as his rounded stomach threatened to topple the thin piece of wood to the floor.

Madam Pomfrey chanted a short, Latin phrase under her breath and the wand immediately heated up, it felt like a very thin hot water bottle. Harry swallowed as a 3D picture of a mass of grey, black and white showed above his belly, emanating from the side of the wand.
“Well, this probably looks very confusing and not much like a baby at all, but I promise you, that is your baby. The black bits are your body, this mass of grey here is the placenta, the grey line is the umbilical cord and the white space is your baby.”

Harry looked hard at the picture, but all the colours blended together until his eyes hurt and his head throbbed. He still couldn’t see his baby.

“Don’t look so hard at it, Harry, sort of step back and look glancingly, almost squinting, but not quite.” Madam Pomfrey instructed.

Harry did as he was told and as soon as he stopped looking for his baby, he saw his baby. Well the general outline at least. He could make out a head, a torso and even a tiny little foot.

“Oh, dear god.” He breathed reverently as he stared at the picture. He went to reach out and touch the picture, but it flickered as his hand went through the light beams.

“Would you like to try and see what the gender of the baby is, Harry?”

“Yes. Oh, but maybe I should wait until my mates are here to see as well. I really want to know, though!”

“It’ll be our little secret.” Madam Pomfrey winked. “If you come back later today or tomorrow, we can act like we don’t know.”

Harry laughed. “Were you by any chance a Slytherin when you attended Hogwarts, Madam Pomfrey?”

“I was a Hufflepuff dear, even at eleven I just cared so much about others and I had started trying to heal animals by that point, of course I didn’t start using magic to heal witches and wizards until I was sixteen.”

Harry smiled. “Okay, give me the gender.”

Madam Pomfrey smiled at him and twisted the wand on his belly, moving it all over until she
found the baby’s legs, which were completely splayed giving Harry a good laugh.

“Looks like baby knows that Mummy wants to know if they’re a boy or girl.” Madam Pomfrey teased.

“Which is it, Madam Pomfrey? You seem much more able to make sense of this picture than I can.”

“Well, Harry, it seems that you’re having a baby…”

Mrs Petunia Dursley of number four, Privet Drive hummed lightly as she swept through her perfect home with a duster.

Something crinkled underfoot and she picked up her soft soled shoe and saw a broken crisp on her carpet, peeking out from under the settee. It must be the freak playing mind games with them, Duddy had been in school all year like a good boy and neither she nor her loving Husband, Vernon ate crisps.

She got the hoover out from under the stairs, trying not to look at the small nest of blankets that still remained there, nor the two broken plastic toy soldiers that the boy must have stolen from Dudley or the babyish drawing folded up and hidden on the end of the shelf that she had taken out and looked at almost every day for the past thirteen years. She would have dearly loved to rip it up, but she could never bring herself to do so. More of the freak’s magic tricks. It was all rubbish, just reminders of the freak that she loved to loathe, but she couldn’t move a single thing out of place. She grew angry yet again at the situation that had been forced upon her.

How dare Albus Dumbledore try to make her and Vernon take in the little bastard! How dare he try to appeal to her sense of family when it was he who had refused her entrance to that blasted school! When it was he who split up her and Lily when they were just children. How dare he!

That boy could have gone to any number of people, he didn’t have to come here and ruin her life! Wizards were always ruining her life! First that Snape boy, then Dumbledore and then Potter and now Harry too! How she wished she had gouged out those large green eyes when she had the chance, how she wished that when she had found the little bastard on her doorstep fourteen years and seven months ago that she had put him straight in the wheelie bin for the rubbish men to take away.

It wasn’t fair that she had been made to take in the brat, his Father had been rich, he had gloated enough at her and Vernon’s wedding about how wealthy he was and how much he could provide for sweet, darling Lily. It was always about Lily! The woman was dead and she still couldn’t get rid of her! She saw Lily in that little brat, the way he would glare at her from under those abnormally thick eyelashes just like Lily used to and with Lily’s eyes no less, the way he fiddled with the buttons on his clothes, how he scuffed his trainers on the floor, even the way the little brat
ate reminded her of Lily! She couldn’t sit at the same table as him when she was eating; she couldn’t look at him period! She hated him, she loathed him, she would kill him if she knew absolutely that she’d get away with it! She should have done it long ago, before he went into that freak world, before he got the protection from the freaks.

Petunia was in a foul mood as she cleaned her home and prepared dinner for when her Husband came home from work. She spied in the neighbours gardens as she pegged washing onto the line, noticing with a critical eye that the leaves on Mrs number six’s potato plants had gone yellow.

She was still in a very bad mood when Vernon came home from work at five. Her Husband could tell immediately that there was something wrong and he held her at arm’s length, looking her over for injury.

“Are you alright, Petunia?” He asked, letting her go when he couldn’t see any injuries and shrugging, with effort, out of his driving jacket.

“The freak has been playing his tricks again, he put crisps underneath our settee, it couldn’t have been us and Dudley is away at school.”

“I’ll make a note to punish the boy when he gets home for the summer.” Vernon assured her. “That abnormal freak won’t get away with sullying our home.”

Petunia smiled. She could always count on her Husband to back her up. They both hated the freak, they both just wanted to be normal and live a normal life with their normal son. That little abomination had put a stop to their visions and plans of normality when she had opened her front door on that cold, November morning to find the bastard wrapped in a heated blanket on her doorstep. Oh why hadn’t she just popped him in the wheelie bin? It had been a bin day; she could have been rid of him forever! No one would have known, no one in the neighbourhood had known she’d had a sister, let alone a Nephew, she could have denied all knowledge of ever having the boy to those freaks, but she had hesitated a bit too long and she had had to dart into the house as quick as lightning when Mister number seven from over the road had come out to go to work. She had been stuck with Potter ever since.

Petunia served up dinner and sat at the table with her Husband, watching as he gratefully ate the food that she had lovingly cooked for him whilst she picked and pushed most of her portion around her plate. She had a bad feeling in the pit of her stomach that had nothing to do with the food she was eating.

Petunia had been right to worry, at ten o’clock Vernon sat down to watch the news and as she brought him a cup of tea and a plate of biscuits, an owl shot through the partially open living room window. It had a letter clamped in its beak that it dropped on top of Vernon’s head before it swooped back out again.

Petunia looked at the letter in disgust, the boy wasn’t even here! What were those freaks doing writing to her and her family! They wanted nothing to do with them!
“Burn it, Vernon!” She snapped, it was one of the only times she had ever ordered her Husband to do anything.

Her Husband bent to pick up the letter, but as his hand brushed the antique paper that those freaks used to write on, it shot up into the air and started speaking, loudly.

Dear Dursley residence,

On behalf of the staff at Wizardry Genetics and those of the Ministry of Magic, it has fallen upon me, as it is my duty to inform you that your Nephew, Mister Harry James Potter, of number four Privet Drive, Surrey, is currently four months pregnant with a magical baby. I would like to express my congratulations to you for this happy, momentous occasion and hope you have many happier times with your new expanding family.

Yours Sincerely,

Brenda Larking, Wizardry Genetics, Great Britain branch.

The letter floated down to lay peacefully on the side table, but Petunia’s ears were still ringing from what she had heard. The brat was pregnant? As in he had a baby growing inside of him? He was such a FREAK! He was never coming into her home again, she didn’t want Dudley exposed to such a heinous thing as a pregnant man, what would the neighbours think when they saw the brat? They would be the talk of Surrey let alone Little Whinging!

The brat could stay at Kings Cross station all on his own, they were not going to pick him up, she didn’t care if he was pregnant, he was a freak and he carried a parasitic abomination. With any luck the rough crowd in London would find him and beat the freakishness out of him. It would be nothing he didn’t deserve, but he was never, ever coming back into her home. Never.

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Harry grinned all the way to his private rooms and he couldn’t stop. He knew that Max was home, but Nasta was in work and Blaise and Draco were still in the History of Magic exam.

He placed a hand over his stomach where his baby was growing, his beautiful, amazing baby. He smiled lovingly down at his bump as he tapped the keyhole on the portrait door with his wand and walked through to see Max asleep on the settee.

Harry smiled at his biggest mate and kicked his shoes off and padded towards him in his socks. Max was deeply asleep and his wand was lying on the coffee table. He had likely used a spell to set
it to wake him up in an hour when the exam finished.

Harry kissed those sleep slack lips and watched as Max mumbled a bit and pressed his lips together before they went slack again. Harry smiled happily and took the thick blanket from off the back of the settee and threw it over Max to keep him warm, he took his wand into the bedroom and placed it on the bedside table to keep it from waking Max up, his biggest mate hadn’t been sleeping well lately, he had a chest infection and found it difficult to sleep. Madam Pomfrey had given him potions to take, when Harry had worriedly dragged Max to see her, but even with their help it would take another day or two to shift the mucus from his lungs.

Harry instead picked up the photo album he had of his mates and sat on the other settee and flipped quietly through them. Looking at the pictures of him and Blaise on Christmas Morning, pictures of him and Blaise rolling around the floor, Draco sitting elegantly on the floor, looking as regal as if he had been sitting on a solid gold throne. Henley was in there as well, waving energetically from the photo, brushing his floppy hair from his eye with a small scowl before he went back to waving and smiling. Nasta sitting moodily on the rock by the lake, though he only looked moody to an outsider, Harry saw the thoughtful look on Nasta’s face, Harry knew that Nasta pulled that face when he was thinking deeply, Nasta wasn’t moody at all, he was just quiet and thoughtful.

Max’s huge body took up most of the next photo, his wide grin showing off his bright white teeth as he laughed uproariously at something someone had said. The next photo showed a sleeping Harry and Draco cuddled up on the rug in front of the fire together. Harry touched his sleeping face and smiled, he looked so happy in these photos, he hadn’t really had a reason to be so happy before.

Arsenio and Jensen were in the next photo, standing side by side, Jensen was shirtless, as he usually was, showing off his solidly muscled chest and tight cobblestone abs. Harry remembered how much Jensen had cared for his body, it reminded him of Nasta a bit, only Nasta didn’t work out for eight hours a day and count every calorie he ate. Where Nasta’s healthiness came from his Father’s fear that he would lose his children, Jensen’s obsessive healthiness came from his very real childhood fear of becoming overweight like his own parents.

Arsenio was just as Harry remembered him, scarred, greying, harsh looking and severe, but he had been one of the kindest men that Harry had met at the hell hotel. Harry hoped that he found a submissive to call his own, one that would treat him with all the love and respect that Arsenio deserved.

Harry flipped the page and came face to face with Elder Trintus, Harry smiled. The man had written to him twice since the mate meetings had ended, asking how he was and how the baby was doing. He hadn’t gone to New Zealand; he couldn’t have because he was still chaperoning Harry’s meetings at the same time, one of the man’s friends, Elder Midate, was the one helping the new submissive, Anabel, find her dominant mate.

Harry continued looking through the album, encountering pictures here or there of Hermione, or Ginny, or Neville, even one of Luna Lovegood had found its way into his photo album. He stopped on one particular picture and went red. It was the picture of him and Max standing naked in front of the mirror; Max’s hands were caressing his bump, looking at it avidly with love and adoration. His own face started off looking at the bump, love written all over his face, before he looked up into the mirror and looked at the sight the two of them made, he went wide eyed as he looked to the expression on Max’s face before tilting his head back and kissing the underside of Max’s jaw. The picture then went back to the beginning and Harry turned the page reluctantly, no matter how mad he had been when Draco had first snapped that photo, he loved it now.
The next picture was of Harry rolling around the floor with Blaise again, being tickled mercilessly. Harry had had no idea that this picture had been taken, which was why his face was screwed up in happy giggles as he squirmed helplessly against Blaise’s fingers.

The last picture in the book was of all four of his mates sleeping, cuddled up together in bed. Harry had woken up early the other day, squirmed out from between Blaise and Draco, had gone to the bathroom and had come back up ready to climb back into bed with them, only to find that his warm spot in the middle of the bed had been filled in and that Nasta and Max, who were on the outside holding Blaise and Draco tightly, had scooted closer together so that there was no gap between any of them, probably to preserve body heat as the duvet had disappeared onto the floor some when during the night.

Harry had sleepily picked up the camera from the bedside table and snapped a couple of pictures, before he tugged the duvet from the floor and covered all of his mates up before he crawled under the duvet and huddled up against Nasta’s back, slipping his legs between Nasta’s to keep them warm and curling his own body around the baby bump to keep his belly warm.

Harry put the book down and smiled, he couldn’t wait until he had pictures of his baby to put into the album. Fred and George had even sent him a baby book. It was one of the only presents that Harry had ever gotten off of them that wasn’t a prank item, not that he didn’t love their prank items, he did, but this present was just so amazing and thoughtful that he had sent them an embarrassing, gushy letter on one of his more emotional days.

The door to their rooms burst open with a loud bang, startling Max from his sleep so violently that he started coughing roughly and startling a small scream from Harry, whose wings had burst from his back in a shower of blood and they stayed stiff and flared.

Blaise and Draco were in the door and Harry was so thankful that it wasn’t anyone else and that his secret was still safe. He held one hand to his bump and the other to his heart.

“What the hell are you two playing at?!” Max demanded as he stood up, looking large, threatening and intimidating.

Max went to Harry and picked him up cooing and crooning softly, stroking the soft, leathery skin of his wings until they drooped and relaxed and he was able to tuck them back into his body, but not before Harry noticed that he’d gained Nasta’s yellow-gold scales too.

“You could have put him into premature labour!” Max hissed angrily, his voice rougher and hoarser than usual due to his chest infection.

“We were worried about him!” Draco hissed back. “He was taken out of the History exam and we couldn’t follow.”

Max turned to look at him before he started the age old process of licking and sniffing every inch of him. Harry tried to stop him, but Max gripped his hair tightly as a warning not to do anything
else, but Harry was worried that breathing in deeply would delay Max’s lungs from healing.

“’I’m fine!’” He protested, standing completely still. “I just needed a wee before my bladder burst in the Great Hall! Professor Snape took me to the nearest bathroom, that’s all.”

“Then you came here?” Max asked and snarled when Harry looked shifty.

“I went to see Madam Pomfrey first, okay?!”

“So there was something else wrong?”

“No! I just didn’t think it was normal to be almost wetting myself every other hour!”

“Did she tell you if anything was wrong, Prezioso?” Blaise asked softly, calmly, trying to keep the peace.

“I have a mild urinary tract infection. It’ll clear up in a few days of me drinking cranberry juice.”

Max petted his hair lovingly and pulled him into a hug, collapsing his big body down onto the settee and breathing deeply, his chest rattling as he did so. Harry was very worried and he rested his head over Max’s chest, listening as every breath was a struggle.

“Please be okay soon, Max. I don’t know what I’d do without you.”

Max snorted in amusement and cupped his cheek in the palm of one hand. One of Max’s hands could palm the entire of his face and the tips of his fingers could almost reach the top of his head if the heel of his hand was placed at his chin, Max had huge hands.

“I’m going to be fine, you sound like my Mother, she wants to visit soon with my Dads, she wants to make sure that I’m well. It’s not like I’m thirty-one or anything.” Max rolled his eyes.

Harry smiled and pushed Max until he was lying down again and lovingly covered him up again. Max grinned, albeit a bit weakly, but still a semblance of his normal mischievous grin.
“I could get used to this.” He laughed.

Harry smiled and tucked the blanket around him more firmly, kissing his brow and going to the kitchenette to make a cup of tea.

“Harry, Draco and I have to go; we have an Ancient Runes exam.” Blaise told him seriously as Draco anxiously looked at the clock.

Harry rushed to kiss them both goodbye, wishing them good luck and even Max shouted a ‘good luck’ after them, coughing as he did so because he had shouted too loudly.

Harry made the tea and gave a cup to Max as he knelt down in front of the settee, sipping on his own ginger tea, he was feeling slightly nauseous and ginger seemed to help a lot.

Max finished his tea and Harry gave him a tablespoon of his potion before tucking him back up.

“I’m a grown man!” Max complained even as he obediently held the blanket up to his chin.

“I’m going to baby you until you’re better.” Harry informed him seriously. “You had better not move.”

Max chuckled. “Healer Potter, now all you need is the uniform, perhaps the sexier version that the Naughty Wizard magazine offer to owl order.”

Harry’s cheeks went pink and he lightly bopped Max on the head. “You’re lucky you’re sick or I would have kicked your arse.”

Max pulled Harry onto his chest and pulled the blanket from under him and tucked them both in on the settee.

“Hey! I’m not sick!”

“You have a urinary tract infection. I have a chest infection, we both have infections, we’re both sick.”
“I’m not sick! You are, you have potion to take and I don’t, I just have to drink cranberry stuff.”

Max smiled and kissed him softly. “Then come be my teddy bear so I’ll feel better.”

Harry rolled his eyes but cuddled up to Max. He was quite sleepy; he had been up with Draco and Blaise early this morning to get to the exams on time. He was glad they were almost over.

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Albus Dumbledore smiled charmingly at the woman and two men in front of him. Harry had told him that one of his mates was sick and that his family wished to come and see how he was doing. He didn’t stand in their way, he just led them down to Harry’s rooms, he knew exactly how protective Drackens were of their children.

He tapped the keyhole of the portrait with his wand and met a sight that made him chuckle. Wrapped up and peacefully sleeping on the settee were Harry and Maximilius, Harry snuffling quietly as he slept and Maximilius’ laboured breathing were the only sounds in the room besides the merry crackling of the fire.

“This is where I leave you gentlemen, lovely lady.” Dumbledore turned and strode back to his office leaving Ashleigh, Myron and Richard to sit on the only free settee and watch as their son and their new son-in-law slept together.

“He looks so peaceful.” Ashleigh whispered.

Max grunted in his sleep and Harry took in a deeper than usual breath, using his legs to push himself closer to Max, who subconsciously wrapped his arm around Harry tighter.

“Well at least Maximilius knows that we are here now, even if it is subconsciously.” Myron stated a small smile touching his devastatingly handsome face as he watched his only son snuggle with his pregnant son-in-law.

“They had better both have clothes on under that blanket.” Richard croaked, eyeing the blanket distastefully.
“I really don’t think they would have sex when Max has a chest infection, love.” Ashleigh told her younger Husband.

“I doubt Harry would feel much like sexual contact either with that baby coming up to five months.” Myron grunted thoughtfully.

Ashleigh smiled and carefully knelt down beside her son and his youngest lover. She pulled the blanket tighter around their necks and tucked them in properly. Harry made a small noise and one beautiful, bright green eye opened to look at her. Harry sat up on Max’s stomach, rubbing the sleep from his eyes, the blanket had moved showing that the both of them were fully dressed, Max in pyjamas and Harry in a school shirt and trousers, he even had his tie still neatly knotted at his throat. Or he did have until he noticed it and carelessly tugged it loose until the knot came undone and then he discarded it over the back of the settee.

Myron frowned at his actions, but Richard let out a quiet, but harsh chuckle. Ashleigh just smiled. Harry climbed off of Max and covered him back up carefully, watched critically by Max’s parents. Harry didn’t even spare them a glance until after Max was tucked in and had been kissed twice.

“You truly love him.” Ashleigh breathed reverently.

Harry gave her a sharp look. “Of course I do.”

“I didn’t mean any offence, Harry.” She told him, well aware of his pregnant state and a remembered conversation the other day with Max about how volatile Harry’s temper had become. “I just think that it is starting to sink in that my son has finally found someone to love who loves him in return.”

Harry smiled and gave a look over his shoulder to Max, who made a deep noise in his chest, like a rumble only rougher because of his chest infection. Max’s Dad, Myron, rumbled back soothingly and the crease between Max’s eyebrows eased, leaving his face smooth and unlined again.

“I keep telling him that he’ll get wrinkles if he keeps scrunching his face up like a disapproving granny, he never listens.” Harry said sadly, shaking his head.

Max’s other Dad, Richard, let out a startled laugh and grinned happily. Harry noticed that it was almost the same grin that Max had and that made him like Richard all the more.
“I…Harry, please feel free to say no if I’m being too personal, but may I touch your belly?” Ashleigh asked, she could barely take her eyes off of his baby belly and it made him want to wrap his arms around himself and hide his baby away, but this was Max’s Mother. She was going to be family. She had already started to become family, Max and he were practically married, all they needed was the official ceremony.

“It’s alright if you don’t want to let me, Harry dear, Amelle never let anyone other than Caesar touch her.”

Harry sighed and went and sat on the woman’s lap, trusting that his very light frame wouldn’t crush the legs of a Dracken and wrapped her arms around his belly. Ashleigh looked so happy, so delighted as she cooed at, touched, caressed, hugged and swayed with his belly, it was as if he wasn’t there, like the baby wasn’t attached to him and had already been born.

He yawned and rested his head in the crook of Ashleigh’s neck and shoulder; he fell asleep with Ashleigh still stroking him.

“He’s a trusting little thing isn’t he?” Richard spoke up after Harry snuffled lightly and tried to curl around Ashleigh tighter.

“It’ll make him the perfect target for anyone who wishes him harm.” Myron said with a hint of worry in his voice as he looked at the miniscule boy in his Wife’s arms. Harry had met them twice and yet he fell asleep within moments in their presence.

“He trusts you because I do.” A sleep slurred voice broke through their conversation.

Max pushed the blanket off of himself and swung his large body into an upright position and rubbed his face vigorously.

“How are you feeling, Max honey? On your last floo call you sounded terrible.”

“I feel better, the Healer thinks that it’ll take another day to clear up, Harry’s been making sure I’m well rested and up to date with my potion.”

“He does rather like being the little Mother hen doesn’t he?” Richard asked with a smile towards his oldest son, because by blood or not, he had raised Maximilius along with Myron and Max was as much of his son as Caesar was and the same went for their three daughters and Myron fully agreed with him too.
Max rolled his eyes and went to make tea for everyone.

“Tell me about it, this is the first time I’ve gotten up in two days. I can feel my muscles melting away under tender love and care.”

Myron smirked at his son as he yawned and made tea for everyone; he handed out the cups and carefully placed two teacups on the coffee table in front of his Mother.

“Your cup is the yellow one, Mum, the blue one is Harry’s. He won’t let anyone touch his favourite cup; it’s the only odd cup I’ve allowed in my kitchen.”

“Did you allow it or were you bullied into it?” Myron asked with a knowing look.

Max grinned unashamedly. “I’d do anything for Harry, even put up with an odd cup.”

“It is a very pretty cup.” Ashleigh commented at the very delicate royal blue designs on the bone china cup.

“It was his Mother’s favourite cup given to him by a friend of hers; I think he takes comfort from touching something that she had.”

“Poor thing, no wonder he clings to maternal figures, he’s still just a boy himself. He needs a maternal figure or two in his life.”

“I’m sure his Aunt was enough of a maternal figure towards him.” Max told his Mother soothingly.

“I was surprised to hear that you had actually bonded with Harry Potter of all people.” Myron told his son. “Though it is a very huge honour to our family to be joined with the defeater of the Dark Lord, Voldemort.”

“I didn’t even think that Harry Potter would become a Dracken.” Richard added. “The blood was within his family lines, but it was very diluted, after three generations and no Dracken
manifestation, I think the Elders ruled the Potters out of ever having Dracken blood. It just goes to show that it doesn’t matter how far back the blood goes, if the Dracken genes chose you, you are going to be a Dracken.”

“Well said, my love.” Myron said, pulling Richard into a kiss.

“So, Max honey, have you found out what sex the baby is yet?” Ashleigh asked excitedly.

“No Mum, not yet.”

Ashleigh sighed and stroked Harry’s hair. He was so young; it had been years since she had even been near a Dracken of his age. She had missed it. She couldn’t wait until Amelle gave birth, but the woman didn’t like her. Amelle thought that she was unstable and unfit to be near Dracken children. She hoped that Caesar would rein in his submissive, but he had said that he didn’t want to hurt Amelle whilst she was pregnant, that he would try after the birth.

She desperately hoped that Harry would let her see and hold his baby. She wasn’t dangerous, what had happened to her was a travesty, a tragic incident that she hated remembering, she loathed the beasts that had taken her baby son, Theodric, from her, had taken Myron’s second son from him. She hated herself for letting it happen, but after months of therapy and years of support from her family, she had come to realise that there had been nothing she could have done, she had been snatched by a trusted family friend when she had been sleeping, she wouldn’t have been able to move or defend herself anyway, she had been only a week away from nesting and birthing. Myron and Richard had been too late to save their baby son, but they had saved her, her Husbands’ regretted not getting to her in time to save their littlest boy, but they would have been destroyed if they had lost her as well.

Harry squirmed in her arms and once again a big, beautiful emerald green eye opened and spied the blue teacup. He leant forward and Ashleigh made sure to support his weight as he snatched up his cup and drained almost half of it in one swallow.

“There’s more over on the counter, Harry.” Max told him with such a look of love on his face.

Ashleigh had never seen Max wear that look before and it clenched her heartstrings, her boy was finally completely happy and content.

“You should still be asleep!” Harry told his older mate bringing smiles to the elder Drackens.

“If I sleep anymore you might as well just put me into a coma.” Max complained.
“If it’ll keep you from moving I will!”

Richard let out a wheezing laugh and coughed lightly, which seemed to agitate his scar as he touched it with an annoyed frown.

“It’s alright, love, just breathe.” Myron soothed, taking out a small bottle of potion from his pocket and handing it to the other man. Richard un-stoppered the bottle and took a gulp of whatever was inside.

Harry didn’t ask. It was obviously a very private thing between Max’s family, but he was dying to know how Richard had gotten the scar on his neck, he was burning to know how the man had survived.

Harry looked at the clock on the wall and noticed that Draco and Blaise would be finished with their Ancient Runes exam within the hour.

“Please don’t tell me it’s time for my potion as well.” Max begged.

Harry realised with a thump that Max should have taken it five minutes ago and he jumped up and fetched the bottle and a tablespoon from the counter. He handed them both to Max who pouted.

“I have to do it myself now?” He whined.

“You’re thirty-one!” Harry pointed out incredulously. Max just blinked up at him and Harry huffed and took the bottle and spoon back from Max, poured him a spoonful and fed it to his biggest mate all the while his family laughed at them from the settee beside them. “You’re like a big baby.”

“We’re going to have one of those as well.” Max grinned happily, pushing up his shirt to press a kiss to his swollen stomach. “Think of it as practice for when the real baby arrives.”

Harry rolled his eyes but couldn’t keep the smile from his face as he put the bottle back on the counter and placed the spoon in the sink.

“When are Draco and Blaise getting back from their exam?” Max asked as he stretched his body.
“In about forty minutes.” Harry answered.

“Why aren’t you in the exams honey?” Ashleigh asked.

“I never took Ancient Runes. I did have a History exam this morning and that almost killed me, I wouldn’t have made it through a second exam today without falling asleep.”

“Are you well?” Myron asked looking him up and down and getting that look in his eyes that his mates did when they were trying to restrain themselves from licking and sniffing him.

“I have a small infection, nothing to worry about.” He added quickly as the elder three Drackens gasped. “It isn’t anything that will harm the baby and it’ll be gone in a few days.”

“Do you have any instincts towards the baby, Harry?” Ashleigh asked and Harry cocked his head in puzzlement. “As in any inclinations towards the baby’s gender.”

Max rolled his eyes. “Mother is desperate to know the gender of our baby; she wants to know if she’s getting two granddaughters or a granddaughter and a grandson.”

“Well I found out the gender this afternoon as well.”

“What?” Max asked with a frown. “You found out the gender without any of us with you?”

“It was a spur of the moment thing. I went to the hospital wing about the infection thingy and Madam Pomfrey told me that she could give me a scan of the baby, then she said she could tell me the gender, I wanted to wait for all of you, but that meant waiting until tomorrow and I was just itching to know! I was so excited. I got pictures, look.”

Harry dived on his book satchel and pulled out a large pile of scan photos that Madam Pomfrey had given to him. He handed them to Max, whose grin had come back tenfold as he looked at the pictures.
“This is so amazing.” He said. “I can't believe it, this is my baby. My baby.”

“Please tell us, Harry!” Ashleigh burst out. “Please tell us what the gender is?”

Harry grinned and pulled a photo to the top and pointed something out to Max, who started laughing and hugged Harry tightly.

“I can't believe it.” He said again.

“Please, please, please?!” Ashleigh was practically vibrating between her two mates and they gave her looks of amusement, but they also had hints of curiosity in their eyes, of course they wanted to know the gender of their second grandchild.

“You’re getting a grandson, the baby’s a boy.” Harry revealed with a grin.

Ashleigh actually squealed as she dropped to her knees and nuzzled Harry’s baby bump.

“And what a boy he’s going to be.” Max chuckled as he looked at the picture of his son with his legs spread, his genitals clearly on show.

Still chuckling Max handed the photos to his Fathers, Richard started chuckling at the photo and Myron grinned happily.

“Oh I didn’t want to say anything, but I had really hoped you would have a boy. I’ll have a granddaughter and a grandson now.”

“I wonder who will give birth first.” Myron mused aloud.

“I thought Amelle had already started nesting.” Harry asked confused. “I’ve still got three months to go.”

“Amelle has built her nest and is currently preening in it. She hasn’t gone into labour yet.” Max told him. “It could be weeks still before she goes into labour.”
“But she’s still six months pregnant and I’m only four.”

“Blaise’s Mother, Marianna, went into labour at five months.” Max reminded him. “True there were very extreme circumstances, but I wasn’t kidding when I said Draco and Blaise could have caused you premature labour this afternoon.”

“What happened?” Myron asked harshly.

“They burst into the room when I was sleeping and Harry was lost in thought, they startled him pretty badly, I reprimanded them for it.”

“I thought you weren’t the top dominant?” Richard asked softly. “Where is Nasta?”

“I’m standing in for him as the top dominant as he’s currently at work, he’ll be home around sixish.”

“You make a good top dominant.” Harry assured Max with a grin. “If only Nasta knew flower arrangement or sewing.”

Max burst out laughing and Harry giggled lightly, trying and failing to turn it into a chuckle as he was too amused.

“I feel I am missing something.” Myron stated.

“Nasta’s Dracken side automatically saw me as subordinate to him through instinct.” Max told his Dad with a sigh. “Our Drackens had already worked out the dominant order before we even knew it. Though I knew immediately when I just started eating before everyone else that I wasn’t going to be the top dominant, Nasta was the one who was forced to wait until everyone had started eating until he could, all because I know how to bloody cook!”

“The dominant order was made over you being able to cook?” Richard asked.
“Yeah, stupid isn’t it? I could have had that Delericey in a fight, but the order was sorted before I even had a chance to fight him.”

Harry snorted. “Seemed like he was kicking your arse from where I was sat when you tried to force yourselves to fight.”

Max picked Harry up and started tickling him and Harry burst out laughing.

“No! No! Stop it!” Harry cried as tears of laughter rapidly filled his eyes before they fell down his face. “I’m sorry, you were winning!”

Max stopped tickling him and sat back on the settee, holding Harry tightly.

“Between you and Blaise the baby is going to have a squirming fetish.”

Max and Richard both started laughing, Myron scowled and Ashleigh let out a tinkling laugh. Max started coughing violently and immediately Harry and Max were surrounded by three protective parents, all clamouring to help Max through his coughing fit.

“I’m fine, I’m fine!” Max assured once he had stopped coughing and had gotten his breath back. “Bloody infection. Hell I can’t get any of the big diseases but I can get a poxy infection? How is that fair?!”

“If you were taking care of yourself you wouldn’t have gotten it in the first place.” Myron lectured as he rubbed Max’s back firmly to ease the spasaming.

“I am taking care of myself! I swear it was that potion I had to brew, I couldn’t breathe properly when I was making it, I never can when I have to make that bloody potion.”

“Then stop making it!” Ashleigh berated sternly.

“I have to make it, Mum. It’s my job.”
“But it affects you so badly, sweetheart.”

“I’ll be fine in a day or so.”

“You make sure you floo call us and tell us if you’re better or not or we’ll be coming back to check on you.”

“Mum, I’m thirty-one!”

“And I’m forty-eight and your Granddad Thomas and Nana Sophie still come and check on me when I’m sick.”

Ashleigh pulled Harry into another hug, petting his hair and rubbing his stomach gently, kissing his cheek with a goodbye and a promise to come back to see him later on in the week.

“I have to go out and buy all little outfits for my new grandson.”

“Mum, Harry has enough baby clothes; we have three boxes of the things.”

“Not little boy things!” Ashleigh stated viciously as she latched onto her mates and began dragging them out to a shopping district.

Max laughed at the expressions of horror on his Fathers faces. He held Harry tightly as the portrait door shut behind his parents. He had never understood the whole excitement thing women had over shopping and sales, he kissed the top of Harry’s head lingeringly before going to make them some more tea. He would be thankful for the fact that he was mated to a man and not a woman every time his Mother and sisters dragged their Husbands to go shopping, he would laugh it up as he got to sit at home and lounge around with Harry, who hated shopping and made up any excuse to avoid it, even if he had to get the necessities. It was Draco they had to watch when it came to clothes shopping, the blond dominant could shop any woman’s feet off and still have energy to spare.
Nesting Instinct Disasters

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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Chapter Thirty-One – Nesting Instinct Disasters.

Harry and Max shared secret little smiles with each other when Draco and Blaise finally showed up after their exhausting exam. They were both too tired to notice their secretive behaviour and as Blaise had fallen asleep on the settee that Max wasn’t occupying and Draco had immediately buried himself in his Transfiguration notes neither Harry nor Max saw this as much of an accomplishment, not that they wanted the other two to see them anyway, they wanted to wait for Nasta to come home before spilling the news that they were having a baby boy. They had decided, only just, to tell the other three together that they were expecting a baby boy right before Draco and Blaise had come back from the exam; they were still waiting on Nasta, who had yet to return home from work, he was an hour late.

“What if something has happened to him?” Harry demanded worriedly as his three other mates ignored his worries which had been getting worse over the past hour.

“I’m sure the Dragon Reserve would have let us know by now if he had been eaten by a dragon, Harry.” Draco deadpanned.

“You think he was eaten by a dragon?” Harry asked a touch of panic in his voice. “How many dragon keepers a year are eaten by the dragons?!”

Max sighed and picked him up from where he had been pacing a hole in the carpet and sat him on his lap, holding him gently, but tightly enough to prevent him from getting up again.

“Nasta has not been eaten by a dragon, Harry.”

“You thought I had been eaten by a dragon?” An amused voice asked.

Harry ripped himself from Max’s hold and flung himself at Nasta, holding him tightly even as his oldest lover picked him up and sniffed and licked at his belly.

“Thank Merlin you’re back, he hasn’t stopped with the worst case scenarios since five past six.”
“One of the pregnant Welsh Greens laid her eggs, the guys needed an extra pair of hands to safely count how many eggs were laid.” Nasta explained with a note of confusion. “You’ve never worried so much before, Harry, this isn’t the first time I’ve been late home, what’s wrong?”

“Do submissives feel more clingy the closer they get to birth?” Blaise asked curiously. “It seems the closer he comes to giving birth the closer he wants to be to us.”

“I am not clingy!” Harry refuted even as he clung tightly to Nasta’s neck.

“I think he just missed Nasta a lot.” Max said in amusement. “He’s been dying to tell us all something since this afternoon, but when I asked what it was he said that all of us had to be together before he could tell us.”

Harry and Max had had a heated discussion before Blaise and Draco had come back from their exam that it would be better for Harry to tell the truth about the visit with Madam Pomfrey and about the scan, but leave out that he had told Max first. Max knew that Harry had only told him because he had wanted his Mother to know, that if his parents hadn’t come to check on him then he would have been told with the other three.

“Oh?” Nasta questioned, raising an eyebrow at Harry.

“Yeah. I went to the hospital wing earlier…”

Harry didn’t get any further before he was being sniffed and licked. Harry batted at Nasta, but for all the good it did he was tickling the man with a feather.

“Nasta! I’m fine! Bloody hell, you’d think I was dying or something.”

“You’re not not are you?” Draco asked worriedly.

“Of course I’m bloody well not! I have a small infection…” Harry raised his voice as three out of his four mates started speaking at once. “That has not brought any complications to the pregnancy, is not harming the baby and is not harming me! It’s a small urinary tract infection and will disappear in a few days.”

“Is that what you had to tell us?” Nasta asked softly.

“No. I had a scan of the baby.”

“Really? Did you get pictures?” Max asked in faked, but realistic enthusiasm.

Harry grinned and took out a pile of photos from inside his pocket, he had removed all photos that showed the baby’s gender and had put them in his other pocket and he grinned as he happily made his mates sit on the settee and flipped through the pictures one at a time.

“Merlin, the baby is beautiful.” Blaise breathed reverently.

“It’s a shame that you didn’t find out the gender.” Nasta sighed, taking one of the smaller photos and happily slotting it into his wallet, right next to the photo of Harry.

“I did.” Harry said with a grin and he immediately held the attention of three of his mates.

“Well?!” Draco demanded a glint of pride and eagerness in his eyes.

Harry grinned wider and pulled out his favourite photo. He flipped it right side up and watched with Max as the other three took in the picture of their little boy, his legs spread, his arms flung...
wide, his genitals on happy display.
Nasta was the first to chuckle as he took in what was being shown. Blaise managed a smirk and Draco just stared.

“Is that our son being an exhibitionist?” Draco asked.

“Yes, yes it is. Isn’t he amazing?” Harry breathed.

“As long as he doesn’t act like that in public.” Draco groused.

Harry chuckled. “He’s a baby, Draco, when he’s born he won’t have enough strength to push open his swaddling blankets let alone remove his sleepsuit, bodysuit and nappy.”

Nasta snorted in amusement and pulled Harry into a kiss. “Our son is adorable and I’m sure when he’s a toddler and running around our rooms naked refusing to put his nappy back on that we will remember this picture fondly.”

“I can’t wait until he does that.” Max confessed. “Imagine the pictures we could embarrass him with in front of his mate!”

Harry rolled his eyes at Max’s enthusiasm. “No one is going to embarrass my babies.”

“Come on, Harry! He might be the only baby to act like this, we have to make it last.”

Harry smiled softly and looked at the picture of his baby displaying himself. He took out the photo frame that he had dug out to fit the picture and he placed the picture inside the frame and he proudly placed it on the mantel piece above the roaring fire. Now his mates knew that he was having a baby boy, everyone could know, starting with friends and family members.

“At least you have something to write home about.” Harry told them.

“Dad’ll be ecstatic.” Nasta told him. “Just watch him because he has a tendency to become a mother bear when he’s around newborns.”

Harry smiled happily. “Alright. Hop to it then, I want friends and family to know before everyone else.”

“Are you going to tell your family?” Max asked curiously as he called Esmeralda to him and made a show of copying some of the scan photos to send to his ‘unknowing’ family.

Harry blinked. “Why would I do that?” He asked curiously.

His mates just looked at him and Harry felt a strange pulling sensation take over his stomach. He had said the wrong thing.

“Because they’re your family, Harry, surely you’ve told them that you’re pregnant?” Nasta exclaimed.

“They’re Muggles, I didn’t even know that wizards could get pregnant, how do you think they’ll react?”

“Just tell them that you’re a magical creature capable of giving birth or you could send them a pamphlet about male pregnancy.”

Harry could imagine the reaction that would get. A magical pamphlet on male pregnancies in the Dursleys household? Harry wondered if they had moving pictures of men giving birth. “Yeah
that’ll work. Hello Uncle Vernon, Aunt Petunia, just so you know I’m a humanoid dragon now and you know what else, I’m pregnant and I’m going to have a baby this September, just so you know. Aunt Petunia would likely faint.”

“After all the lectures you gave me on telling my family about my inheritance and you haven’t done the same?” Draco demanded.

“My family are Muggles, Draco.” Harry sighed. “If I just told them that I was a Dracken, they wouldn’t understand like your family would. Muggle men can’t get pregnant, they’d freak out.”

“But you have to tell them.” Max insisted. “They’re your family.”

“We’ll go and visit them this summer.” Blaise assured, trying to sooth the panic in Harry’s eyes but it increased tenfold.

“No we won’t.” Harry stated stubbornly.

“I know it’ll be difficult for them to understand at first, Harry but they do deserve to know that their Nephew is going to give birth to a baby boy.” Max stated assertively.

“I said no!” Harry screeched, turning on his heel and stalking to the bedroom.

He could only imagine how Uncle Vernon would react when Harry and four men turned up on his nice, normal doorstep to tell him that he was expecting a baby boy in September. His Uncle was more likely to try and hit the ‘freakishness’ out of his stomach with a baseball bat than accept the baby with open arms. Bloody hell, why was his life so complicated? What had he ever done to deserve everything he went through? He hadn’t asked to be related to the Dursleys, it wasn’t his fault they didn’t like him or his magic. He had tried to get on with them, had tried to do everything they asked, but it was an impossible task. The list that planned his entire day just got longer and longer the older he got. He exhausted himself to the point of collapse trying to finish the list because he knew that he would go hungry if he didn’t finish it, but if he did actually manage to finish the list and gulp down his meagre dinner that was usually a thin slice of bread or the over boiled and soggy vegetables from the Dursleys dinner that Dudley hadn’t touched, the next day there were several more things to do on the list and he went hungry when he found it impossible to finish it. He had only really been hit a handful of times by his Uncle and a few times by his Aunt. But each one stood out vividly in his mind because of the circumstances leading to him being hit and how long it took him to recover from each one. Aunt Marge had only hit him twice, once with her walking stick when he was five and once when he was nine. Dudley had always hit him and it would probably always be his first reaction when seeing him, it was all his vile cousin knew. Harry was adamant that he would not be going to the Dursleys whilst pregnant, nor would he ever endanger his baby son by taking him to the Dursley residence after his birth. He didn’t care what his mates said or what measures they used to get his son or himself to go and ‘visit’ his so called relatives, he would never go back there now that he didn’t have to.

Draco came into the bedroom and sat next to him on the settee underneath the platform that held their bed. The blond sat close to him and wrapped an arm around his shoulders, pulling Harry to lean against his body. A light kiss was pressed to his temple and Harry sighed.

“There’s a reason you don’t want to go and see them or tell them about the baby, isn’t there?” Draco asked softly.

“We’ve never gotten on, Draco. They just never understood magic or me. Anything different in their nice normal world was very unwelcome to them. I still remember when Mister Weasley blasted their fireplace across the living room.”
Harry sighed as he remembered the summer after that incident when he had seen them again. Uncle Vernon was still banging on about it, making up some story about the fireplace not working properly since the ‘freaks’ had destroyed it and he had demanded an address so he could send a bill to Mister Weasley for the nice, new fireplace that he had had to buy and have installed before Harry had come home from Hogwarts. Harry had refused to give the address…that was one of the times that stood out to him as he had been hit very hard for refusing to allow Uncle Vernon to bill Mister Weasley by telling him the address.

“I’m afraid of what they would do if I turned up heavily pregnant with four men. Uncle Vernon doesn’t think very kindly of same sex relationships.”

“Well surely they can be reasonable.” Draco tried to soothe. “They wouldn’t hit you or anything just because you’re in a relationship with four men and certainly not when you’re pregnant even if they don’t approve.”

Draco would never know how close to the nail head he had come, because he was afraid that that was exactly what Uncle Vernon would do and Harry sighed tiredly.

“I don’t know, Draco. I don’t know what they’d do and it’s that that is keeping me from going. I will not endanger my son in any way just to appease my mates.”

“We would never ask you to, Harry, but they’re your family, you’ve grown up with them. It…it escapes me that they would turn on you just for your choice in sexual partners.”

“How can you say that when you had a Wife already lined up for marriage?”

“That’s different. I’m a Pureblood; I have an obligation to my family, to my blood, to my line to provide a healthy male Heir to carry on the family name. Your family are Muggles, you have different last names, they already have a son to carry on their name, why would they care about your sexual orientation?”

“Because same sex relationships don’t fall into their views of normal, Draco. They’re homophobic and they wouldn’t accept it, family member or not, it’s an irrational hatred, it has no logic.”

Not to mention that they already hated him because of his magic. Harry sighed, why was his life so complicated?

Draco sighed and pulled Harry in tighter, wrapping his other arm around him and kissing Harry’s cheek.

“I’ll talk to the others, love. You don’t have to go, not when you’re pregnant at least, we’ll leave our son with someone and then go and speak to your relatives if you are so unsure of how they’ll react, but you should know that not one of us would let them hurt you, pregnant or not.”

“I don’t want to see them, Draco. I was ecstatic when Dumbledore told me that I didn’t have to go back, that I’d be spending the summer with my mates and with my child. I’m happy knowing I don’t have to go near them. We tolerated each other at best, we don’t like each other, we’re too different to ever see eye to eye.”

“I don’t understand your reasoning, but I’ll respect it, Harry. But I’m not sure the others will understand, especially not Max. He’s very big into family and he won’t understand at all why you wouldn’t want to go and see them to tell them the amazing news.”

“I know, but what can he do? Drag me kicking and screaming whilst I’m heavily pregnant?”

Draco smiled and stood up, pulling Harry to his feet and into a searing kiss.
“I think the rest of us would have something to say if he did try that, love.”

Harry smiled. He felt better with Draco’s support. At least it wouldn’t be just him against his mates whilst pregnant, he still had Draco and possibly Nasta and Blaise as well, but Harry already knew that Max wouldn’t understand. His entire family adored him and he loved them right back. His Father, Myron, cuffed the back of his head now and then, but Max had assured them that his Father had never actually hurt him and had never made him bleed. A distinct difference between Myron and Uncle Vernon, Harry thought dispassionately, remembering all the times he had bled and been ignored or been hit and made to bleed. He had never been loved or cared for before now.

The next week flew by, with the exams over for the sixth years and the Professors busy with the younger years Harry, Draco and Blaise were often left to their own devices as Max and Nasta went off to work.

Their days were spent mainly lounging around their rooms, talking, joking, playing and doing their own thing. Harry was often joined by Ginny and Hermione, much to Draco’s displeasure. Ginny and Hermione would gush over his expanding belly, Hermione giving him more knitted items and it was just as the school was about to give out for the summer that Harry felt the urge to organise his collection of baby clothes.

It happened quite suddenly as well, he had gone to the bathroom and on his way back to his mates in the living room, he had seen the several large boxes filled with baby clothes and little things that he already had and he had the urge to sort them out. He had folded himself down onto the carpet and tipped out the first box, beginning to make piles for shirts, trousers, bodysuits, sleepsuits and socks, measuring them against each other to see if any were larger or smaller and putting them in their own separate piles if they were. It had taken fifteen minutes for his mates to get worried and come looking for him. Surely he couldn’t still be in the bathroom after nearly half an hour? They had found him on the floor surrounded by baby clothes.

“Harry, what are you doing, Cariad?” Nasta asked softly, kneeling down to look him in the eye.

“I realised that none of the clothes are sorted out. I don’t know what I have and what I don’t have, what if I don’t have enough bodysuits or enough cardigans?”

“Nesting instincts.” Max had stated to the others with such a wide grin on his face that it made Harry pause for a moment.

Harry tipped out the third big box and smiled as he saw the cosy toes that Hermione had knitted. He placed it in its own pile, it was the only one he had and the only one he would ever have. He loved it.

Harry looked at the piles he had and noticed that the majority of it was blinding white, there were a few pale lemon pieces and a few in sage green, but he had hardly any blue.

“I want blue things.” He stated suddenly. “It’s all too white. I want more things in blue.”

“Mrs Weasley is knitting as fast as she can in blue, Harry love.” Max told him.

Harry just looked up from the pile of bibs he was holding and lowered an eyebrow in puzzlement.

“I want them now.” Harry insisted. “Everything has to be ready, everything needs to be perfect.”

“I’ll get you some on my way home from work tomorrow, Cariad, is that soon enough?” Nasta asked gently.
Harry wanted to snap that no it wasn’t soon enough, he wanted them right now, damn it! But he took a deep breath and nodded his head. He wasn’t going to be unreasonable, he still had several large boxes to sort through and he still needed to sleep, tomorrow wasn’t that far away after all.

Harry happily spent the next day writing out little recipe cards with Max’s delighted help. He didn’t even look at the clothes once. He had decided that when his baby was weaned, he was not going to feed his baby mass produced sludge in a jar. His baby would have completely organic, homemade food.

He enjoyed spending the day with Max, debating on the best food to give their baby, the best way to cook it and in what quantities the baby needed the food. Harry sent Draco and Blaise out to buy a food processor from a Muggle shop. Neither were happy at all, but when Harry had started crying, they had rushed to go and buy it for him.

Nasta brought home two carrier bags full of baby clothes when he got home from work and Harry happily snatched them from his mate and went digging through them. Nasta had brilliant taste in clothes, Harry observed with an approving smile at what Nasta had bought.

It was when Harry pulled on his oldest pair of jeans and his baggiest jumper that the four others began to really worry as Harry got down on his hands a knees with a bucket of soapy water and a sponge and he started manually scrubbing the skirting boards.

Max and Nasta wrote to their parents and the very next day Ashleigh, Richard and Myron were back in their son’s living quarters along with their youngest daughter Alayla, watching as Harry happily and vigorously scrubbed the inside of the kitchen cupboards having turfed all the food out onto the floor, much to Max’s dismay.

“He…he just won’t stop!” Max breathed in horror. “It was a civil war just getting him into bed last night. He starts the minute he wakes up and we have to wrestle him to bed at night, he has had an extra room tacked onto our bedroom, he says it’s going to be the baby’s nursery, he’s had us repaint it twice already and there isn’t even any furniture in there yet.”

“He’s just nesting, Maximilius honey.” Ashleigh told him as she watched Harry indulgently, remembering her own instincts.

“Caesar never had this trouble!”

“Amelle never had the urge to clean.” Ashleigh answered. “Some women, or men in this case, feel the urge more strongly than others. I had it quite mildly on you, Caesar and Julinda, just a bit of sprucing up here and there and making sure everything was where it was meant to be, but with Talia and Alayla, your Fathers weren’t even allowed to wear shoes in their own home.”

“Does this mean that he’ll be building a nest soon?” Alayla asked as she watched her oldest brother’s partner use both his hands to get out a particularly stubborn spot of grime that only he could see.

“Possibly, but some pregnant people feel the urge to nest as early as their fourth month, it doesn’t necessarily mean that he’s going into labour or that he’s anywhere near giving birth.”

“I would get him to where he is going to be giving birth soon though.” Richard suggested his voice cracking and changing pitch halfway through his sentence, but the others were so used to it that they ignored it, Richard got upset when it was mentioned.

“He’s due in September, he’ll be here when he gives birth if he carries to term.”

“I don’t think he will carry to term.” Myron observed as he watched his little son-in-law pitch out
all of Max’s carefully organised jars and tins with a swipe of his arm so he could start on the next cupboard.

“Why not?” Blaise asked curiously from his spot on the floor trying to decipher a particularly hard translation in the book that he was reading, the one that Harry had gotten for him. Nasta was over his shoulder an equally puzzled frown on his face, his lips moving silently as he tried to figure out the words written down on the page.

“Harry is very slender and the size of his waistband seems to indicate that he is reaching the point where he is going to be too big for his frame to support him.” Myron explained as everyone looked to Harry’s belly, which was pulling tight against the jumper he was wearing, which was also gaping at the neckline, showing a thin, pale shoulder and a lot of neck and chest and had had to be rolled back several times so his hands were free to do his cleaning.

Harry had ballooned in the last few weeks until he found it difficult to sit down and stand up without help and stairs were a serious problem as he could no longer see his own feet.

“So you think he’ll have a summer baby?” Draco asked as he sipped his tea, his current novel closed and resting on the arm of the settee as he gave his attention politely to their guests.

“Almost definitely.” Myron answered. “If he hasn’t given birth by August I’ll eat my own wings.”

“Harry’s birthday is the thirty-first of July. I hope we can celebrate it before he goes into his nest.”

“Talia and I have a bet going on who will give birth first, Harry or the bitch.”

“Alayla! Language young lady!” Ashleigh chastised.

“Sorry Mum, I meant to say Harry or Amelle, but the truth will always come out.”

Richard started laughing and sent a secret wink at his youngest daughter, whilst Myron frowned at the both of them disapprovingly.

“You were brought up better, Alayla.” He said sternly. “We didn’t teach you this sort of language and Richard you should know better than to encourage her.”

“I’m with family aren’t I? It’s not like I’m in public saying it and Amelle is a bitch. I don’t know what Caesar saw in her.” Alayla defended.

Richard just shrugged and grinned cheekily at his lover, who gave out a long suffering sigh and quickly looked at Harry when the tinkling of smashed glass cut over their conversation. Harry had started on a new cupboard.

“Harry! That was my only bottle of vinegar!” Max complained half-heartedly as he leapt up to see what Harry had broken this time.

“Sorry! I accidentally kicked it.” Harry called back from deep within the cupboard.

Max unhappily waved his wand to vanish the glass shards lest Harry injure himself on them and he waved it again to clean up the spill of acrid smelling vinegar before it made Harry feel sick.

“Why do you have to clean my cupboards?” Max asked for the fourth time that day. “I keep them very clean and well organised. I’m going to have to start all over again.”

“Keep the top cupboard free.” Harry called out as Max went about filling the cupboard Harry had
“Dare I ask why?” Max groused.

“For the baby bottles and food jars.” Harry replied.

Max sighed and conceded that it was a good idea and unhappily moved his herbs and spices into the cupboard that housed the tins.

“I never thought I’d see my big brother Max so whipped that he’d rearrange his kitchen.” Alayla grinned.

“I’d rearrange everything if Harry wanted me to.” Max stated, but it wasn’t a happy statement, it would kill him to put everything in a different place than what he was used to, but he would do it nonetheless.

Harry crawled out of his current cupboard and over to Max to give him a long, lingering kiss.

“I’m sorry I’m messing everything up, but the cupboards need to be clean and I need the top cupboard for the bottles and things. I don’t mean to be a pain in the arse, but I won't have any part of this place dirty.”

Max sighed and cuddled Harry tightly, kissing that tiny nose making Harry giggle. Max let out an amused snort.

“You’re too cute sometimes.”

“I am not cute!” Harry defied venomously.

Max grinned wider and kissed Harry’s cheek softly. “Get back in your cupboard.”

Those words had an effect than none of them could have possibly imagined as all at once Harry’s face drained of blood and he went paler than a sheet, his eyes wide and horrified, showing too much white, and he didn’t seem to be breathing.

“Harry love?” Max questioned, placing a hand over Harry’s forehead. “Has the nausea come back? Speak to me, Harry!”

Nasta was there then picking Harry up, who flinched violently, his muscles tensed and quivering as Harry took in a harsh, rasping gasp of air, letting it out shakily before stopping breathing again.

“Harry?” Nasta asked, trying to get Harry’s green, green eyes to focus on him. They didn’t, Harry seemed to be looking right through him, caught up in something that only he could see.

“Get Madam Pomfrey!” Max ordered Draco and Blaise, who were gone in seconds.

Harry was caught in a flashback of remembered pain and neglect. How many times in his life had he heard the phrase ‘get back in your cupboard’ or ‘go to your cupboard!’ The lonely days and longer nights that he had spent alone in isolation, listening to the happy family beyond the door, watching TV together, playing games, eating a family meal whilst he had been locked in a tiny cupboard, his stomach aching in hunger, his arms throbbing from cleaning every inch of the house and his little heart breaking as he begged yet again for someone to love him. Cut off and denied any social contact or even the barest bit of human decency.

Madam Pomfrey was yelling as Draco carried her into the room. Max would have broken down crying in laughter as it looked like Draco had just picked her up and ran through the school with
her with no explanation at all, except Harry was still pale, still trapped in whatever was happening to him and he was still not responding to them. The situation was too serious for laughter or jokes at the moment.

“What is the meaning of this?!”

“It’s Harry. He isn’t responding to us.”

Madam Pomfrey immediately turned into the medical professional that she was as she turned to where Harry was still being held by Nasta and she cast a spell on Harry to see if he was being influenced by any outside sources and her test came back negative. She cast a number of other tests and sighed.

“From what I can tell Harry is having a memory flashback. Can you remember what was said or what happened?"

“He was cleaning the cupboards; he’s been having nesting instincts for the last week.” Nasta informed as he cradled Harry’s quivering form in his arms, trying to give his submissive mate any shred of comfort that he could.

“I was joking around and I told him to get back in his cupboard, he went like this just after.” Max added.

“It is likely that that comment had some effect on Harry’s delicate mental state, he is caught in a memory that possibly links to that sentence.”

“Will he be alright?”

“I believe he’ll be just fine once he snaps out of the memory. Just lay him down and let him sort through what he needs to, it could be completely unrelated to that comment or something similar but not exactly the same, he could be remembering a childhood punishment of being sent to his bedroom that he hasn’t thought about in years.”

“But why would this happen?” Ashleigh asked, indicating to Harry.

“It could be a side effect to his pregnancy, it could be a surprising link that Harry wasn’t expecting, it could be anything that has caused this flashback.”

“Is there anything we can do?”

“He should snap out of it on his own, but if he doesn’t within ten minutes, put him under a sleeping spell.”

“He hasn’t eaten.” Blaise fretted.

“He should be fine overnight, just give him a big breakfast if he isn’t feeling sick.”

“Thank you, Madam Pomfrey.” Blaise said softly as he watched Harry sadly as he saw her out distractedly.

It took only three, very tense, minutes for Harry to take in a huge, gasping breath and to shake his head as if clearing it. He blinked languidly as he peered about, being faintly shocked as all of his mates clamoured around him and began asking him how he felt.

“I…I’m fine, I feel fine. Why, what’s wrong?” He asked confusedly.
“You had a memory flashback.” Draco explained cautiously, as if the mere mention of it would send Harry back into the flashback.

“Oh.” Harry frowned as he realised what had happened. He swallowed and hoped he could play it off as something other than a fear of being locked in a cupboard.

“I don’t think you should go back near the cupboard, Harry.” Max said seriously.

“No, I was done anyway. I need to wash the walls next.”

“How are you going to wash the walls? You don’t reach halfway up them.”

“I’m a wizard.” Harry told them slowly. “I’ll just levitate the sponge.”

“Not today you won’t.” Nasta exclaimed strongly. “You can start cleaning again tomorrow, but for the rest of today you need to rest.”

“I was only caught in a memory, Nas. It’s not like I fell over or hurt myself.” Harry complained even as he made himself comfortable on the settee, he didn’t want to be punished, least of all in front of Max’s family.

“Just to be sure.” Nasta told him as he picked up the blanket from the back of the settee and covered Harry with it, tucking him in and laying a loving kiss to his brow.

Harry sighed, but snuggled down in his little bed and he let his body relax. His mates had no idea why he had had his little memory meltdown, they weren’t asking questions…yet and they seemed to be more worried as to how he was now than to what had caused his little meltdown in the first place. He just hoped it stayed that way, he had hidden too much from them, had hidden everything away, he had kept it all a secret for too long to have them find out now. He couldn’t let them find out about what the Dursleys were really like.

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X
Teaching Techniques

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry sighed, but snuggled down in his little bed and he let his body relax. His mates had no idea why he had had his little memory meltdown, they weren’t asking questions…yet and they seemed to be more worried as to how he was now than to what had caused his little meltdown in the first place. He just hoped it stayed that way, he had hidden too much from them, had hidden everything away, he had kept it all a secret for too long to have them find out now. He couldn’t let them find out about what the Dursleys were really like.

Chapter Thirty-Two – Teaching Techniques

Harry was nervously sitting on the settee that he so loved, a cup of ginger tea in his hands. He had had a bout of sickness that morning and he was hoping that the ginger would calm his unsettled stomach down a little.

His nausea was more of a nervous thing than a pregnancy thing. It was the fifth of June, Draco’s seventeenth birthday, and the elder Malfoys had held off their visit until now so that they could see their son on his coming of age birthday whilst Lucius Malfoy tied up some loose ends in work.

Max was sitting with him, Nasta opposite, as they had both taken the day off of work for Draco’s birthday, something which had touched the blond as he had woken up to a pile of presents and breakfast in bed courtesy of Max.

When Draco had gotten a note with a solid gold and diamond wristwatch that his parents would be coming to see him and his chosen partners in person that afternoon he had looked at all four of them with dread. They had naturally asked what was wrong and Draco had told them. It was only Harry that was worried. Blaise didn’t need to worry about a thing, he was Pureblooded and he had known the elder Malfoys for years, Max’s Father, Myron was a very big political figure in the wizarding world and had met Lucius Malfoy on several occasions, along with Max, whom the blond seemed to at least tolerate if not like and Nasta was a Full-blooded Dracken, though his family claimed Fae and Valkyrie blood over Dracken as Faes and Valkyries were still legal in Britain, but he was still a Pureblooded magical creature that could stretch back generations, it was only Harry who was a Half-blood and the elder Malfoys didn’t know that he had been invited back into the Pureblood circles…not yet.

Harry swallowed and took a shaky sip of his cooling tea, laying a steadying hand on his baby bump. He was now very, very big and walking had become a slight problem. Max was teasing the others by saying that the baby couldn’t be anyone else’s but his from the sheer size of the bump
that Harry carried; Harry knew that most of the bump was water weight and that the baby would be lucky if he was five pounds in weight. Not that Harry was complaining about having a baby that was five pounds, it was better than having a baby so small that he wouldn’t survive, but he had hoped for a seven pound baby, which with his body size had probably been too much to ask for.

A smart, curt knock on the portrait door had Harry letting out a small ‘eep’ and crawling, with difficulty, over Max and huddling into his other side, the one farthest from the door, as Draco strode purposefully to the portrait door and swung it open.

Harry caught a glimpse of two people with long blonde hair and ducked behind Max again. Max chuckled and threw a casual arm around Harry’s neck and held him closely, protectively as Draco greeted his parents, who remarked on how well he looked.

“I have been very happy these past few months.” Draco told them with a genuine smile which seemed to surprise them.

“I…I don’t think I have seen you smile that way since you were six years old.” Narcissa Malfoy exclaimed in slight shock.

“I have reason to smile now, Mother.” Draco bowed his parents into the room and the elder Malfoys stopped as they surveyed the three other men in the room. None of them looked pregnant at all.

“If you would like to introduce us, Draco.” Lucius Malfoy drawled slowly as he surveyed the room with narrowed eyes. If any one of these men were tricking his son into a relationship he would hold no reservations over teaching them a lesson with a few select curses. No one messed with a Malfoy and absolutely no one messed around with his only son.

“Of course Father, Mother. You no doubt remember Blaise?” Draco indicated the tall, slender man.

Lucius Malfoy nodded in polite acknowledgement whilst Narcissa offered a pale hand, which Blaise took, bowed over and kissed the back off like an old English gentleman as Harry watched. Oh shit if there was a certain protocol to this then he’d be completely stumped.

“This is Nasta Tabrien Delericey.” Draco indicated next to Blaise, where Nasta rolled to his feet in such an elegant, graceful move it caught Harry’s breath in his throat.

“Delericey?” Lucius Malfoy questioned in calculated surprise. “Your bloodline has creature blood in it.”
“Yes it does.” Nasta answered shortly, but politely, not elaborating.

Nasta stuck his hand out to Mister Malfoy and the older man stared at the appendage for a fraction of a second, before his own hand inched forward and curled around Nasta’s larger one. They shook hands before Nasta turned and took Mrs Malfoy’s hand and kissed it briefly.

“Draco dear, you said that one of your…partners was expecting a baby and that was some months ago.” Narcissa coaxed as she looked at the three men before her, trying to find one of them which could possibly be pregnant, they all looked so big, so muscled and from Draco’s letter his partner should be at least five, six months pregnant by now. None in this room looked the type to be a male carrier.

“Yes, five months pregnant with a baby boy.” Draco’s voice was so proud, so happy.

“Where is this five month pregnant partner, Draco?” Lucius asked.

Draco indicated the third and final man, he was the biggest, most muscled and his perfectly flat stomach was crunched by his posture as he sat curled in the settee. He was not five months pregnant.

“Just what is going on here?” Lucius hissed in icy fury. Whichever one of these men had cursed his son into believing he was going to be a Father to a non-existent baby was going to pay.

“This is Max and Harry.” Draco introduced.

“You have named the child Harry?” Narcissa asked warily.

“What?” Draco asked confusedly. “No, we have yet to name the baby. Harry wishes to wait for the birth before we name him.”

“I believe Mister Malfoy, Mrs Malfoy, that my position has caused some confusion.” Max explained deeply as he stood to his feet. “I am Maximilius Diadesen Maddison.”
“Myron Maddison’s oldest son.” Lucius nodded stiffly. “I recognised you from the last time we met.”

Max smiled a bit forcefully as he turned and indicated the heavily pregnant boy-man behind him. “This is Harry.”

“Draco, you said you only had three partners.” Narcissa pointed out as she tried to come to terms with having four sons-in-law and no daughter-in-law, not even three sons-in-law anymore, but four.

“When I wrote that letter to you and Father, Mother, there were only three; Nasta joined us not too long after I sent the letter.”

“Is that Potter?” Lucius demanded through partially gritted teeth, his hands flexing as more and more twists confused him and angered him.

Draco swallowed as he realised that things weren’t exactly going to plan. He knew that his parents would be shocked and probably angry over him having Harry Potter as a sexual partner, but he had hoped that said Harry Potter being pregnant, possibly with the Malfoy Heir, would be enough to at least make them think about the idea first.

“That is my pregnant partner.” Draco answered coolly. “Harry may be carrying the Malfoy Heir and even if he isn’t this time, he’s the only one who could possibly do so as I refuse to be with another. I’m happy with Harry; happy with all of them, Father and you won’t take that away from me.”

“I think your Father is just shocked, dear.” Narcissa Malfoy cut in delicately as she laid a hand on her Husband’s shoulder. “We were terribly shocked to hear you were in a relationship with three other men, to find out that three has now become four and that the last person we would have thought you would be in a relationship with is Harry Potter.” Narcissa shook her blonde hair. “I think we may need some time and perhaps some Earl Grey tea to get our heads around the idea.”

Narcissa sat herself primly on the settee adjacent to the one that Harry was sitting on with Max and Lucius regally sat next to her, diligently avoiding even so much as looking in Harry’s direction. He talked politely with Max about his Father, whilst Blaise and Narcissa talked about how his Mother was doing with Josiah, her new Husband, it seemed that he was the longest running Husband to date, except for Maximiliano.

Draco served the tea, making sure to give Harry his in person and give him a loving kiss to the lips
as his parents watched, though nothing obscene or too lingering. Draco’s hands did however linger on his large stomach, caressing and stroking it.

Harry smiled and indicated with his eyes the photos on the mantel piece. Every one of his mates had had a photo taken with Harry and his pregnant belly and in the opposite side of the photo frame was the most clear of the scan photos. Max had thought it a brilliant idea to take his to work to show off, he had come home laden down with so many presents from his work colleagues that he had fallen over the rug and split open his chin. Nasta had mended the split in minutes and had decided, with a small smile, that his would remain on the work desk in the corner of the room that he had taken over. Blaise’s was on the bedside table and Draco’s was on the mantel piece, Harry had gifted his picture of his pregnant self and the scan photo to Mrs Weasley, who had written back a tearstained letter thanking him profusely.

Draco took the photo down and handed it to his parents, Lucius Malfoy stared at the happiness he could see in both boys as his son held Potter in his arms and hugged that large stomach to himself. He tried not to think that that belly could be carrying the future of his line.

“The baby looks adorable, Draco.” Narcissa commented as the silence stretched for longer than socially acceptable. “Are you having a hard pregnancy, Pot…Harry?”

“I don’t know. This is my first pregnancy.” Harry replied snidely.

Draco sighed as if he had known it was coming. But really what had he expected? Harry thought. Narcissa was making more of an effort than her Husband, who had yet to look at him, but it wasn’t much more effort, it was clear to him that she would prefer all of the other three to be with Draco than just him on his own.

“Harry is having a relatively easy time of his pregnancy, Mother.” Draco told her, sipping his own tea, trying to salvage the situation. Too bad Harry was now in a vile mood.

“You try sticking your head down the toilet every morning and see what an easy time you have of it! Not to mention the miscarriage scare, yeah I’m having a breeze with it!” Harry hissed. Max placed a hand on the top of his head, his fingers spread, not yet clenching into a fist, but giving him a warning to watch his mouth.

“I am sorry to hear you are still suffering from morning nausea.” Lucius told him smoothly, looking into the depths of his tea cup. Harry’s hands clenched in anger.

“I’ll just bet you are.”
Max’s hand closed into a tight fist, pulling his hair tight to his scalp and Harry’s fingertips ached to reform into claws, to swipe at his mate until he let go. He was however still considerate of Draco, who had yet to tell his parents that he and his… partners were all magical creatures, though Nasta was already out as a magical creature, just the wrong one.

Max picked him up and he was carried through to the bedroom, Harry remained silent as he glared sullenly at Max’s shirt. There was a triangle wedge of flesh showing at the top of the shirt where the top two buttons were undone. Max had an amazing chest.

Max sat on the bed and cradled Harry like a baby so they were looking at each other.

“What’s wrong, Harry? Why are you ruining Draco’s chance at getting his parents to accept all of us?”

“Because I don’t think they will accept me. You, Nasta and Blaise have no problems; the baby has a better chance at being accepted than I do.”

“And that makes you jealous?”

“It makes me sad and upset, so I hide it behind anger.”

Max sighed and held him closer.

“I don’t like being rejected, Max. I hate not being accepted, it makes me think back to…”

Harry cut himself off abruptly as he realised what he was about to say, what he had been about to admit. He took in as deep a breath as he could, held the almost painful amount of air in his lungs, before blowing it out in a harsh sigh.

“Back to when, Harry?” Max asked him, looking at him with a piercing gaze from those gorgeous blue eyes. Harry hoped that when he and Max had a baby, that that baby would take Max’s eyes.

“To primary school.” Harry partially lied quickly. It hadn’t been what he had been about to say, but it was still true, he hadn’t been accepted in primary school.

“What happened?” Max asked softly, coaxingly.
All of his mates had been trying to pry information from him since his major mess up with the cupboard incident. It had made them realise that they knew next to nothing about his home life or his family and that didn’t sit right with them at all and they had begun asking questions. Hard, awkward questions that were difficult to answer without downright lying to them, something which Harry had vehemently decided not to do.

“I was the little odd kid.” Harry answered eventually. “Small, shy, a bit of a geek really. I liked reading and often spent a lot of time in the library. I only went there in the first place because they poked fun at me because of my hair and my glasses.”

Max smiled softly, he loved the photo that Harry had shown them of an eleven year old Harry arm in arm with the traitor Ron and the girl Hermione, who was growing on him slightly. She was a bit like a fungus, always there, always noticeable, but not always appreciated. But he had gone on a tangent, Harry had looked so sweet, so shyly endearing in his large, baggy jumper, round framed glasses and cheeky grin. He would have loved to see Harry in those glasses, but Harry had told them that he had happily snapped them in two when he had come into his inheritance. He supposed that after fourteen years of being practically blind and dependant on them had empowered Harry when he no longer needed them to see.

“Children can be very cruel without really meaning it.” Max told him gently. “Blunt to the bone and as unforgiving as a scorned woman.”

Harry huffed out a breath and smiled. Max was relieved to see that smile. He hated seeing Harry upset, and hearing that his tiny mate had been bullied in primary school pulled at every protective tendon in his body. Though it was long past and he knew that he couldn’t really attack a bunch of kids for past mistakes, he still longed to do so.

Harry knew just how cruel children could be; he had spent his life living with the biggest, meanest, cruellest kid in Surrey. Dudley and his friends had made his childhood a nightmare that couldn’t be escaped by simply waking up.

“I used to love, yet hate school all at once. Once upon a time I used to love learning, used to love reading and writing, yet I hated the other kids with their jeers and taunts, their kicks and punches. One girl used to always pull my hair, a boy used to bite me every time he saw me and a different boy used to take my glasses off of me and hide them so I couldn’t see. I retreated into myself, into books, but once the other kids realised that I wasn’t hiding in a far corners of the playground and was actually in the library, they tattled on me because we weren’t allowed in the library during break times. I was banned from the library and it was about then that I just stopped caring. I didn’t care about learning anymore; I didn’t care about books or school. It wasn’t long after that I found out I was a wizard and I got to come here. My mind set didn’t really change though. I mean it was interesting to learn magic and to practice spells, but my passion for reading just never flared again, now I’d rather burn a book than read it.”
Max held Harry close as his heart ached. That Harry had been driven from his love of reading by other children saddened him. He twisted his body around and reclined against the pillows. He let Harry wriggle around until the entire lengths of their bodies were pressed together. He picked up a book from the pile on the shared bedside table accidentally knocking something that belonged to someone else onto the floor, really there weren’t enough bedsides for them to have a table each, but it was a nice, fleeting thought. Max sighed as he rolled with a complaining Harry, reaching down to pick up what he had knocked off and replacing it on its precarious position on the corner of the bedside table.

Harry was confused as to what was happening until Max opened the book to the first page and started reading aloud. He smiled and chuckled softly so he didn’t disturb the story. He settled down to listen as Max’s deep voice read the story, his voice changing tone or pitch as he spoke the lines of the different characters, his tone inflecting excitement or sorrow at the situations and Harry hoped that this wasn’t just a one off experience.

He fell asleep holding his belly. Max stopped reading as the soft sleeping noises reached him. He bookmarked the page and just lay on the bed holding Harry as he slept peacefully. He entertained the thought of joining Harry in sleep but a commotion from the other room pulled a sigh from his throat.

He rolled Harry onto his other side and gave him the body pillow that Harry now needed to sleep properly on his side due to the baby bump. He tucked Harry in and jogged as quietly and as quickly as he could into the living room as the ruckus grew louder.

“What is going on here?” He demanded as he looked from Draco to his Father, who were both red faced and angry. “Harry has just fallen asleep. He and the baby need to rest.”

“Excuse me for disturbing precious Potter’s sleep after finding out my only son is a creature!” Lucius Malfoy breathed harshly.

“That is my mate you are speaking ill of.” Max growled.

“All of you?” Narcissa breathed, pressing a hand to her breast, looking at Blaise in particular.

Blaise shrugged. “Mother is a Dracken as well. My father was too.”

“My entire family are Drackens.” Nasta spoke.

“My Mother and Fathers are, only my brother and I are Drackens out of my siblings.” Max stated a
tad harshly.

“But my son. My son!”

“I am sorry that I wasn’t born human enough for you, Father, but I am what I am. You knew, you knew when you married Mother that there was a chance that I could be a Dracken. That any child you had with her could be a Dracken, or really any other number of creature as it seems the Black family had them all at one time or another. Harry and I get our Dracken blood from the same ancestor, Cygnus Black. You knew that there was Dracken blood in the Black lines before I was even conceived so don’t act like it’s a surprise to you now!”

“You gave no indication that you were a magical creature!” Lucius hissed. “A year, an entire year that you have known where I have not!”

“Is that all that is bothering you?” Nasta asked softly, before anyone could say anything else.

“Yes it bothers me! My son was a magical creature for an entire year and he didn’t see fit to tell me!”

“In his defence Draco didn’t know how you would react.” Max stated as he strode forward and placed a supporting hand on Draco’s broad shoulder. “He was afraid of disownment and abandonment when he had no other place to go. It was only since he found us and he became part of our family and was assured a place to stay should things take a turn for the worse that he grew enough courage to tell you.”

Lucius Malfoy looked about fit to burst when Narcissa placed a calming hand on her Husband’s shoulder.

“I think it best if we left to calm down; we expect to see you this summer, Draco darling.” Narcissa held up a hand when it looked like her son was about to speak. “I know your…mate, is pregnant and that Dracken pregnancies only last a maximum of seven months, but we still expect to see our son. You should have known better than to have thought we would disown you over this, it isn’t like you are a diseased creature like a werewolf or a vampire. Drackens are a perfectly acceptable creature to have in a blood line, as you have said we knew there was a chance that you could be a Dracken, but when you displayed no signs of having a creature inheritance after your sixteenth birthday we thought that we knew that you hadn’t had one, to hear now that you had hid such an important and large part of your life from us hurts, Draco. We need time to come to terms with what has happened and the large amount of information that has been bestowed upon us; I hope you enjoy the rest of your birthday.”
Draco watched as his parents left his private rooms and he swallowed back the emotion that was trying to build up in the back of his throat. He felt blank, empty, like something should have been there but it wasn’t. Max wrapped his arms comfortingly around Draco and kissed his neck.

“It’s alright, Draco love. Everything’s alright.”

Draco bit his tongue to stop any sound from coming out of his mouth and almost lost his grip on his emotions when Max turned him around and held him to his chest, there were only three inches difference in their heights, but at that moment Draco felt about two feet tall and Max seemed huge and safe and comforting.

Nasta held him from behind and Blaise wormed his way into the middle with him, holding him just like the only other time his best friend had had to hold him, when the Dark Lord had threatened to kill his Mother and Father when his Aunt Bellatrix and her Husband had taken refuge in their home.

Harry woke up groggy and uncomfortable; he hated sleeping during the day. He crawled out of the bed, keeping a death grip on the bedside table when he stumbled slightly.

He made his way down the narrow stairs on his bum, he didn’t want to risk walking, from there he went into the bathroom first to do his business and to wash his face a little and then from there he went to the living room.

“Why didn’t you call one of us?!” Draco demanded as soon as he walked through the door. “What if you had fallen down the stairs?”

“I went down on my bum.” Harry said, still too groggy to fight or argue as he collapsed onto Blaise and curled around his lover.

Blaise smiled and kissed him gently. “Did you have a good sleep, Mio amore?”

Harry nodded and snuggled in tighter as Blaise wrapped his arms tighter around him, before diving back into his discussion with Nasta about languages. Blaise was very impressed by how many languages Nasta could read, write and speak in.
“It was my Father’s fault.” Nasta said fondly. “He works out of the country often and when we were little he took us with him, I was always very interested in foreign languages, I wanted to know what everyone around me was saying. Dad told me that if I wanted to know so badly then I should take the time to learn the language.”

“So you did.”

Nasta nodded with a small smile on his lips. “Since I have gotten older, I’ve grown a certain… preference for obscure or ancient languages. Ones that are hard to learn or are not well known or used.”

“I can speak fluently in French, which is my first language…”

“I thought Italian was your first language?” Harry piped up from his place tucked under Blaise’s arm, lying against his chest.

“No, French is my first language, though really I learnt French and English at the same time, but I learnt the French words first as that was where I was living. It was only when I found out my Father and his family were Italian that I asked my Mother to teach me. My reasoning was that if they knew that I was committed to them enough to learn their language then they would come and meet me, but they never did. I doubt they even know I learnt Italian just for them.”

Harry moved his arms to wrap around Blaise and held him comfortably.

“It’s alright, Blaise. At least you can actually use the languages you know. Unlike me. The only other language I know and it’s completely dead and no one else can even speak it or understand it.”

“What do you mean?” Nasta asked with an expression of eagerness on his face. “Do you know an obscure language, Harry?”

“Oh it’s definitely obscure, rare, ancient and very little known.”

“What is it?” Nasta asked, almost on the edge of his seat, leaning towards Harry with such a look on his face that Harry couldn’t bear to tease him anymore.
“I can speak Parseltongue. You must have heard that I’m a Parselmouth?”

“It isn’t well known, Harry.” Blaise told him as Nasta looked like he would either faint or possibly orgasm.

“You can speak Parseltongue?” Nasta asked weakly.

“Speak it, hear it, understand it, I don’t know if I can write it though, but then I’ve never tried.”

“You mean you can speak with snakes?” Max asked as he popped over to them with a tea tray of cups for them.

“Yes. I got it from Voldemort when he attacked me as a baby. Dumbledore and I had hoped that when he died, the ability would disappear with him, but it didn’t. I guess once you’re a Parselmouth, you’re always a Parselmouth, I mean it’s very hard to forget it once you know it.”

“Please teach me.” Nasta begged. “I’ll be an attentive student; I swear I’ll learn to the best of my capabilities.”

“I don’t know if I can.” Harry replied sincerely, looking at Nasta’s devastated face with a pain in his heart. “I didn’t even know that I was a Parselmouth until I was told. It sounds like English to me, but I can definitely try to teach you.”

Nasta’s smile was sun shaming and Harry felt his stomach clench as he carefully eased himself up and moved to sit next to Nasta, only to be pulled down onto his mate’s lap and cuddled and kissed. Harry chuckled and kissed Nasta’s stubbled cheek.

“Here, Harry.” Max handed him a cup of honey tea, exactly how he liked it and Harry kissed Max gently.

“Thank you, Maxie.”

Max rolled his eyes fondly at the nickname. He went back to his kitchen that was perfectly organised once more after Harry had demolished the cupboards; only the top cupboard was left
empty for Harry to store the baby things in when they came back after the summer holidays, which would be starting next week.

Harry hadn’t felt any more urges to dismantle anything or organise any more baby clothes, he was feeling mellow and calm. Like he had all the time in the world, like there was nothing he needed to do, so he was taking advantage of it and doing nothing.

“Right, Nas, before we even start, the first thing I need is a snake. I’ve never been able to speak it without a real snake.”

“You want us to let a real snake near you and the baby?” Draco asked.

“Not a venomous one. Just a real snake or a picture that looks life like, just something that looks like a bloody snake.”

“I have a snake in my lab.” Max answered. “I use the shed skin in my potions.”

“That one will do.” Harry said with a smile.

Max grinned and with a blown kiss to them all he left the room and went to go and get his snake. Harry would always appreciate that his mates would do such things for him. He vowed that he would return the favour for them.

Max didn’t take long at all and within twenty minutes he was back, holding a small carrying case. He put it on the coffee table and opened it, extracting a small, dull brown snake. Harry held it and cooed at it until it sleepily opened his eyes, they were a bright yellow.

“Hello there.” Harry cooed ignoring the gasps and jumps his mates gave as he started hissing.

“You are not the same as me.” Was what the little snake replied, his tongue flicking in and out rapidly, tasting Harry’s scent.

“No, I can just speak to snakes.”

The snake coiled around his wrist and began exploring him, his dry scales rubbing against Harry’s
smooth skin.

“This is amazing.” Nasta breathed as he listened and watched, taking in how Harry’s mouth and tongue moved when he was speaking.

“It seems very difficult to speak.” Blaise commented. “Almost unnatural in the way your mouth moves.”

Harry cocked his head to the side. “I never noticed before, it’s as natural as breathing to me.”

“I wonder if the baby will gain the ability of Parseltongue.” Draco put in. “The ability is supposedly passed down through the genes, but you didn’t gain the ability through genes, so would our children?”

“Huh, I’m not sure. We’ll have to wait and see.” Harry replied as he laughed at the snake, who was insulting the loud, fleshy mammals.

“What is it saying?” Nasta asked interestedly.

“He.” Harry corrected. “He’s very funny really, in a sarcastic way. He thinks you’re all loud, fleshy mammals.”

“I supposed it would be impossible to understand Parseltongue, but I would be content to just learn how to speak it, other’s wouldn’t know that I can’t actually understand the language, you are probably one of a handful of Parselmouths left in the world.”

“I think that it was just me and Voldemort who were the only ones in Britain.” Harry stated as he played with the little snake, yawning before taking a deep drink of tea.

Nasta cuddled him and his hands rested on his baby bump, smiling widely as the baby fluttered against his palms.

One hand came up and rested over Harry’s lips as he talked and Harry gave a part annoyed, part curious look to Nasta.
“It’s how I pick up languages so quickly. Feeling the movement of the mouth as the person speaks, it is a trick toddlers use to pronounce words properly. I use it so I can feel how the mouth moves on each syllable so I can recreate it.”

Harry turned back to conversing with the snake, Nasta’s hand over his mouth, not restricting his breathing, not even pressing hard, but it was there, touching his mouth. Harry tried not to think too hard on how many people’s mouths Nasta had placed the same hand over.

It took an hour until Nasta felt confident enough to try speaking just one word and Harry strived his absolute hardest to stop his laughter as the one word came out mangled and indistinct.

“How did I do?” Nasta asked.


“Open what?” The small brown snake asked irritably.

Harry grinned, before giving his undivided attention back to Nasta, whose mouth worked exceedingly hard to form the one, single, simple word.

Nasta once again failed to grasp the one word, but he seemed determined to get it right as he once again had Harry say ‘open’ with his hand over his mouth.

“There are no complicated sounds in Parseltongue.” Harry said. “It’s all soft, flowing words, no matter how harsh they may sound.”

Harry grinned as inspiration struck and he peeled Nasta’s hand from his mouth and pressed his lips lightly to Nasta’s once again saying ‘open’.

“I want to learn Parseltongue as well.” Max informed him as he watched them with burning eyes as they remained lip locked, speaking against the other’s lips.

“Open.” Harry hissed against Nasta’s mouth.

“Open.” Nasta hissed back, slightly sloppily and a tad imperfect, but Harry threw his arms around his oldest mate and kissed him in pride.
“Well done, Nasta!”

Nasta grinned in pride and self-accomplishment.

“It didn’t sound the same as what you said.” Blaise stated curiously.

“It was never going to.” Nasta replied. “I am not a natural speaker and Parseltongue is one of the most difficult languages to learn along with Mermish and Gobbledygook. You have to be a born Parselmouth to be a true speaker; I am merely imitating what Harry is saying, I could never hope to understand the meaning of the words. What did I actually say, though?”

“Open.” Harry shrugged.

“Why open?” Max asked.

“It was really the first word I learnt after finding out that I was a Parselmouth. Well apart from the whole duelling club, snake incident, which I never got to thank you for, Draco.”

Draco grinned unapologetically. “You can blame Professor Snape for that. He is the one who taught me the spell and he’s the one who told me to use it during the duel.”

Harry huffed and he settled himself back to straddling Nasta’s lap, who was very happy to have him there. Harry pressed his palm against the burning length of cloth and Nasta’s breath caught in his throat.

“You are a creature of infinite burning, carnal desire, Mister Delericey.” Harry stated all uppity and correct.

Nasta laughed and snuggled into his neck. “You’re adorable, Harry. I know you don’t like to think you are, but you really are.”

Harry huffed again and stood up, flicking Nasta’s ear. “To think that I was going to give you a
blow job as a reward for learning your first Parseltongue word.”

Nasta’s grin fell away quicker than it had come. Harry laughed.

“Oh hell, who am I kidding, you can still have one.” Harry stated with a wink and he fell to his knees in front of Nasta, who seemed to be having trouble breathing.

Harry flicked open the button of Nasta’s trousers and lowered the zip, tugging them down to the floor, ignoring the protests from his other mates as he partied Nasta’s boxers and pulled him free of the cotton fabric.

For all his bravado Harry was nervous as he tentatively pressed his lips to that burning length. He had only really give one blow job before and it had been during the heat, he had no heat period now and only his nervous, rambling mind. He calmed himself as he run his lips over the silky soft skin.

Harry ignored as Draco sat close on Nasta’s side and that Blaise had taken up the other side. Max hung over the back of the settee, holding Nasta’s head, running his own lips over Nasta’s face and neck.

Harry let his tongue flick out briefly and Nasta gasped in a great, sucking breath. Max attached his mouth to Nasta’s Adam’s apple and sucked, bringing a moan from that strong throat. Blaise began tracing the skin of Nasta’s stomach, moving his jumper out of the way to bunch up around his nipples, which he started playing with.

Draco was looking uncertain, slightly afraid as if the male body would arch up and eat away his eyes just for looking. He raised a strong, pale hand and lightly rested it on Nasta’s thigh. Nasta made a small sound and raised one hand to fist Max’s hair and lowered the other to fist in Harry’s.

Harry had gained a bit of confidence and was lovingly running his tongue up and down that expanse length, licking every inch from base to tip, around the head and over every vein. Nasta made short, grunting groans as he moved his body to press himself more firmly against Harry’s lips.

Harry carefully moved his mouth over the tip and opened it to Nasta’s length. He moved his mouth slowly down, sucking softly, loving how Nasta moved under his mouth, the noises he made as Harry sucked and licked.

“Oh fuck, Harry.” Nasta groaned his already deep voice turning into a gravelly growl.

Harry stopped less than halfway down Nasta when his gag reflex threatened to having him puking his guts into Nasta’s lap.

He stayed where he was, letting his tongue pleasure Nasta more than the tightness of his throat as he licked and suckled sloppily, drooling more than a bit.
It didn’t take long for Nasta to orgasm and Harry swallowed a mouthful before he let the rest trail over his chin. He wiped his mouth just before it was claimed furiously by a set of soft lips and a rough chin.

Harry beamed up at his mates and the sent a sly look to Draco, who had barely touched Nasta at all, only a few brushes against Nasta’s thigh. He had promised to make Draco more comfortable around them all and true Draco had become far more comfortable when sleeping in a bed with them and cuddling with clothes, but sex was still unchartered territory.

Harry pulled Draco to him and kissed him lovingly.

“It’s still your birthday, Draco, how about another present?” Harry grinned sinfully.

“Do you come gift wrapped?” Draco asked huskily.

“I’m sure I could turn a bed sheet into a bow around my body if you want to unwrap me.” Harry purred seductively, watching as Draco’s eyes went a deep grey.

Harry kissed Draco passionately as he was pulled up from the floor to straddle the blond’s lap. Max had shifted over so that he was behind Draco and Blaise had gotten up and moved until he was the other side of Draco.

Harry felt the tension grip at Draco as he realised that he was encased in men on all sides and kissed him softer, stroked that blond hair away from those lust darkened eyes.

“We love you, Draco.” He whispered. “Let us show you how very much we love you.”

“I don’t think I’m ready.”

“You are ready, Draco, you just won’t admit to it, my love.” Harry replied. “None of us are going to hurt you, we want to pleasure you and I’m sorry, but I can’t have sex until after our son is born, I have to make do with hand and blow jobs and watching my lovers make love to each other. I don’t like seeing you left out when we play, I don’t want you to be left out.”

“Just try it, Draco, if you don’t like it, then we promise that we’ll stop immediately, but just try it first. Hell, I bottomed to Nasta.” Max pointed out. “I’d never bottomed to anyone before then, the heat washed away most of my nervousness, but I remember the pain of first entry, it felt like a little pinch, just a small burning pain before the pleasure started, Nasta really is an amazing lover.”
“I lost my virginity to Blaise and he was gentle as well, but the first entry really was like a pinch now that I think about it. It burns, but that’s friction more than anything.”

“But you both lost your virginity during the heat, I can’t bring myself to do it with the numbing of the heat, how can I possibly do it without.” Draco said.

“Actually Harry and I had sex before the first heat, Harry didn’t want his first time to be, oh what was it, Harry? ‘Fuelled by instinct without your free will’”

Harry chuckled. “Yeah. I had no idea what the heat would feel like or what it would be like, it turned out to be nothing like I was expecting, but still. I wanted to lose my virginity at a time when I could remember it perfectly, not numbed or blurred by the heat.”

“You are thinking too much about it, Draco.” Nasta soothed. “It will be the most wondrous, pleasurable sensation you will feel.”

“I don’t see you bottoming to anyone.” Draco mumbled.

Nasta laughed deeply. “I am no virgin, Draco. To either women or to men. I would bottom to each and every single one of you if you asked for it. I am not shy and I am very comfortable in my skin and in my masculinity. Bottoming to others is no hardship and it doesn’t bother me in the slightest.”

Draco swallowed and seemed to be internally debating with himself. Harry kissed him gently.

“If you don’t want to do it, Draco then don’t feel like we are pressuring you, this is your birthday, it’ll be your present, you can have any one of us however you like.”

“Except for Harry.” Max added sternly. “No sex for you until after our baby boy is born.”

“Don’t keep reminding me, my balls are so swollen through lack of sex that they’re bigger than a snitch.”

That broke the tension and they all started laughing.
“I’ll try it.” Draco announced as they were wiping their tears of laughter away. He sounded braver than he looked. He looked paler than usual, but he also looked determined, as if he were going to face his deepest fear.

Nasta scooped Draco up and carried him shouting and raving to the bedroom. Harry got carried behind them by Blaise, who kissed and laved his neck with his tongue.

“This is a momentous occasion.” They heard Nasta saying. “Losing your virginity to one of us demands a bed, not a settee, no matter how comfortable, and certainly not the floor. We will do this properly in a bed or not at all.”

“Have you decided who gets the honour?” Harry asked with a grin, settling himself on the bed in the perfect position to see everything.

“No, I guess I don’t really care, I just want this first time over and done with and I’ll either do it again or it will never be spoken of again.”

“Nasta it is then.” Max grinned, settling himself on the pillows and pulling Draco between his legs.

“What?” Draco demanded confusedly as he was forced backwards onto Max’s naked body.

“I’m here to comfort you and to distract you.” Max answered as Harry struggled to get his trousers off, he wasn’t used to the severely elasticated waistline.

Blaise helped Harry remove his trousers after he had removed his own clothes, his tanned, olive toned skin bared to the room, it looked glorious.

Harry kissed Blaise like he could drink him down. Ignoring Nasta who was stripping beside the bed, watching all of them with such love as Max tugged on Draco’s cock with a large, firm hand, making the blond groan and grunt.

Nasta crawled onto the bed with a bottle of lubricant and he lay down between Draco’s legs, licking his inside thighs and over his perineum. Draco made a soft noise of pleasure and Max shifted Draco’s head with his free hand and kissed him furiously.

Harry gasped at the sight and tugged on himself, moving when Blaise plastered himself to his back, licking at his neck. Blaise had always had a thing for his neck from the very first time they had met, hell, they had even mated over a lick to his neck; it was a special thing between them.
Draco almost screamed and the both of them looked over to see Nasta had three fingers buried deeply inside the blond; it made Harry’s mouth go bone dry and caused his breath to hitch as he scooted over and laid a kiss to Draco’s stomach. He kept his mouth pressed to alabaster skin, moving it towards his bellybutton, poking his pink tongue out to lick in and around the only indentation on Draco’s stomach.

Draco let out his breath in a long, gasping sigh as Harry continued licking and sucking. Blaise joined him and they both licked and sucked on Draco’s stomach like piglets to their Mother.

Blaise blew a raspberry against Draco’s stomach that made Harry laugh. Harry blew his own and then Blaise did again. Draco was writhing under their mouths and a quick look at Nasta showed his tongue licking around Draco’s entrance. Harry shivered; he remembered exactly how that felt and he envied Draco in that moment.

Nasta reached for the lubricant again and coated his hand. He run it up and down his swollen cock and gave a look to Max over Harry and Blaise’s heads. Max reached past them and gripped Draco’s length again and tugged on it. Harry reached over and began licking the very tip, having his chin bumped by Max’s hand on every up stroke.

Harry watched as Nasta pressed gently and so very slowly into Draco, who let out a grunt of pain. Harry slipped his mouth down further and sucked hard. Draco let out a part shriek, part growl as one of the blond’s hands slipped into his hair and pushed him further down, thankfully Max’s hand, which was still stroking, prevented him from going down far enough to choke him or cause him to gag.

Blaise pulled him free from Draco and kissed him, before he took his place at Draco’s cock. He pushed Max’s hand off before pushing his mouth down and over Draco completely. Harry watched wide eyed as Blaise gave a proper blow job to Draco, taking him all the way down and making Draco scream along with Nasta, who had found an established rhythm and Max who was twisting Draco’s nipples.

Harry smiled and moved to kiss Draco’s lips. He pushed his tongue into Draco’s mouth and swallowed the moans, screams, and growls. Draco’s claws ripped through the bed sheets as he clenched them into fists, tearing at them in mindless pleasure as Nasta started panting heavily above him.

Draco let loose a scream and convulsed on the bed, Harry had never seen anything so breath taking in all his life.

Blaise pulled off of Draco with a pop and swallowed obscenely, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand before turning to Harry and kissing him deeply, pushing him back and lying on top of him. Max tapped the top of Blaise’s head.

“No sex with Harry.” He reminded gruffly as he looked to be rubbing himself shamelessly against Draco’s back.

“Actually Madam Pomfrey said no penetrative sex with Harry, she said nothing about him not having sex. He wanted to top one of us, I’m thinking tonight can be a night of discoveries.”
“Oh fuck.” Max exclaimed as he rubbed more insistently against Draco.

Harry grinned naughtily as Blaise quickly prepared himself and then lubed up Harry making small, impatient noises. Harry tried to copy what his mates had taught him and he planned to go slowly, but Blaise’s long legs wrapped around his back and yanked him forward harshly.

“My belly gets in the way.” Harry complained after moving around a bit awkwardly.

Blaise grinned and twisted so Harry was on the bottom and he was sat straddling Harry, his cock still buried deep. Harry’s eyes closed of their own accord as he was gripped in hot, tightness. He made a small sound in his throat at the feeling of being encased fully for the first time, but Blaise didn’t give him even a minute to adjust as he began using his legs and hips to fuck himself on Harry.

“Fucking hell.” Max cursed.

Harry turned to the side to watch them. Nasta had finished and he was breathing deeply to recover. Draco had twisted around much like Blaise had done and he had impaled himself on Max. Nasta crawled over to them and began licking around Harry’s thigh.

Harry made a soft sound and arched himself, sinking deeper into Blaise who gasped with a sound that ended in a growl.

Nasta’s mouth moved down and he burrowed his head under Harry’s leg and moved both him and Blaise until he could lick at Harry’s entrance. Harry screamed and moved his hips faster.

Harry couldn’t last very long, but he felt some of his ego return when Blaise orgasmed just a moment after him. A hoarse cry from beside them signalled Draco and Max’s orgasms.

Nasta moved them until all of them were cuddled closely together. Harry was in the very middle, Blaise was on one side and Draco was on the other. Nasta cradled Blaise to his chest, hand resting on Harry’s belly. Max was spooning Draco, his arms wrapped around all of them.

“That was fucking amazing.” Harry commented when he felt that he could speak again.

Blaise chuckled seductively. “How did you like being on top?”

“Eh. I like being fucked better, but it was one hell of a ride. How did you find it, Draco?”
“I prefer fucking, but hell I don’t know why you always complain after sex.”

“Wait until the morning.” Harry grinned, turning over and snuggling into his pillow, smothering a yawn.

“You can apply the cream tomorrow; you won’t have the soreness for long.” Nasta assured him as he brushed Draco’s hair out of his eyes before replacing his hand on Harry’s belly, the baby was still.

Harry closed his eyes feeling sated, happy and blissfully boneless. He gave a final yawn and he was asleep within minutes. One by one the rest of his mates followed suit, all of them cuddled together under the duvet.

A/N: This chapter is longer to hopefully make up for the lack of chapters I’m providing you with. I threw in the sex scene for good measure to please my reader gods and goddesses. I have tomorrow night off! Yay! I’m going out with my three bestest girls and I’m going to have a damn good time and unwind a bit. I stuck to my promise and told my boss to shove his overtime up his pee hole, so hopefully I can now get back on track with my sleeping patterns.

Thanks to for being my 3,900th reviewer! Almost at 4000! How absolutely amazing!

RaeNSesshy4Life: No, Drackens have no problems with werewolves, nor vice versa as demonstrated in the very first chapter when Remus picked Harry up to drop him off at Kings Cross station.

Solomon: Severus had a love who he then lost. He doesn’t want anyone else.

Cassie616: Max is my favourite and really he was supposed to be the only OC mate, but Nasta grew on me, and everyone else. I love the colour blue, it’s why I made Max’s eyes and his scales blue and gave the colour to Harry.

bookworm19065: Harry’s birthday is on the 31st of July, Draco is the 5th of June, Blaise is the 12th of October, Nasta is 3rd of February and Max is the 19th of September. The family trees are at
WyrdSmith: I apologise if my answer came out pissy, it was unintentional. I didn’t think your question was pissy either, I took it as a serious question and gave it a serious answer. Magical diagnostics are limited, unless looking specifically for something then it won't be found, a bit like a blood test. If you test blood for drugs, you just look for drugs not anything else.

TinksVamps: Nah, we can’t have the doms going and getting themselves executed. A Dracken attacking another Dracken can be covered up because of the counsel; a Dracken killing humans is an automatic death sentence. Harry won’t let them do it and I’d like to think that the doms would rather keep their family alive and together for Harry and the baby.

sneaky lunatic spy: Sorry, I didn’t mean to miss you out! It happens sometimes. No I made Petunia find a crisp because really if it was a nut or something she could have just picked it up and dropped it in the bin, it had to be something that would crumble so she’d have to go in the cupboard under the stairs for the hoover and see Harry’s shelter for the first ten years of his life at the Dursleys. A crisp or a biscuit or something was really the only things that would work; it was coincidence that it ended up being a crisp. The tea is supposed to be amazing here, but I wouldn’t know as I don’t like tea, I much prefer coffee, however my older sister lives on tea, it’s about the only thing she’ll drink, so I assume it must be pretty damn good if she drinks it like I drink coffee.

Kaynz Addams or Goddess Loki: It isn’t really Max’s fault. He was joking around, playing like he usually does. How was he to know that telling Harry to get back in the cupboard would cause such a terrible reaction in Harry? He was expecting Harry to poke his tongue out at him or to flip him the bird, not have a memory flashback. He doesn’t know Harry was raised in a cupboard for ten years so had no idea that his statement would cause anything other than amusement or a brushoff.

jaidnan: I’ve been trying to find a way to shorten the hyphenated last name, but I’m afraid there is no way to do it. So yeah, all the baby girls will be called Delericey-Maddison-Malfoy-Zabini-Potter’s and all boys after each male has an Heir to their lines will have the hyphenated last name, though they won’t get the baby boys like distributing a deck of cards. When Harry gets pregnant it’s a lottery on what gender the baby will be.

Reader no name: Harry is cleaning not because of his upbringing but because he wants absolutely everything to be clean and perfect for his son’s arrival. Most pregnant women feel the urge to clean, paint or to organise baby clothes, it’s called nesting, hence the title of the chapter.

Maskyourdreams: Nope. I have no FanArt or pictures. I’m a terrible drawer. Couldn’t draw a circle if it was halfway done, I’d mess it up somehow. Someone offered to do some art for the
story, but I haven’t heard anything since. I have never read a fic that has actually made me want to read it again; I can never, ever find the rare good stories. I look through the recently updated, the search engines and even the communities, but I haven’t found anything that had truly caught me, half of the stories that I’ve alerted I end up deleting when I see as I’ve grown tired of either the plot or the writing style, but you definitely don’t sound strange.

**FaerysWing:** No, the baby is developing at an accelerated pace. At seven months, full term for a Dracken, the baby would be at the same point as a nine month human baby, that Harry’s baby will be born before seven months would be the equivalent of a human birthing a baby at seven months pregnant, just a tad premature, nothing serious like the severely premature babies that are in neonatal wards.

cammie: Draco and Blaise are still growing. Men don’t really stop growing until they are twenty-five, after they reach twenty-five, then they won’t have any body altering spurts of the like. So yeah, they are still growing, still getting broader, but the inheritance gave them a major kick, so if they do get any taller, it won’t be more than a few inches at most.

**pucks:** Kreacher is the only one who knows what happened to Regulus, just like in canon, but as Harry has never had the locket; it’s going to be a while before he gets through to Kreacher. Harry has not yet been hit by the inspiration to ask the Black family elf about Regulus’ disappearance as the connection hasn’t yet been made. He doesn’t realise that Kreacher knows about Regulus’ disappearance yet.

**Dim sim:** It should really, properly be either amore mio or il mio amore. But truthfully I only wrote it as mio amore because it sounds better in an English written story, not very considerate of the Italian language on my part, but I’ve butchered entire languages for less, just ask my Welsh teacher. Besides my Grancher is from Sicily and he calls me, my sister and cousin ‘la mia ragazza’ which means my girl in Italian. I think it also depends on if you’re from the North or South of Italy, they have different pronunciations.

**baka_onna2003:** Nope, the Drackens are complete from my imagination. Or at least the information about them is. The appearances of them were, to my knowledge, created by Beautiful Kaos. The next chapter will be out most definitely before Christmas, hell I think another six/seven chapters could be up before Christmas.

**marie curie:** Harry was human before his sixteenth birthday. He was born a Dracken but the genes don’t manifest until he’s sixteen, so until then he acted and reacted like a human. With the inheritance he has probably grown just a tad more aggressive. He might be a submissive, but he hasn’t turned into a doormat, he’s still stubborn, still rash, but more violent. He’s more likely to claw someone’s eyes out. I don’t think I completely understand what you mean by the whole punishment thing. Blaise grips the neck and squeezes, Max tugs on the hair until the neck is forced backwards at a painful angle, Nasta bites and Draco spanks. All of them have the responsibility of
punishing Harry; it depends on who Harry has offended/shouted at/hit/hurt/insulted etc. If Harry has done a general thing that needs punishing then it will fall to Nasta as he is the top dominant of the family. If he isn’t there, then it will be Max as the next top dominant. Does that explain better?

As always thank you to everyone who had read, reviewed, alerted, added to their favourites and to everyone who has added me to their C2s!

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Thirty-Three – Going Home

The school term was coming to an end and with it Harry’s anxieties were building. Did the Dursleys know that he wasn’t going to their house with them? What if they showed up on the platform and made a scene about him and his mates?

Blaise handed him a cup of ginger tea and a handful of ginger newts because he had thrown up that morning, again it was more than likely due to nerves than morning sickness. He hated not knowing what was going to happen.

Since that night where they had all joined together and Draco had finally come to trust them all everything had become peaceful and just amazing. They were all getting on so much better and Max was so happy as he watched them all interact, he was happy that everyone was happy. Max put everything he had into family, whether it was his blood family or his new mated family and seeing all of them relaxing with one another gave him a huge feeling of peace.

Harry smiled as he watched Nasta run an affectionate hand through Draco’s hair, only for the blond to glare at him and try to ‘fix’ the out of place strands. Only a month ago Draco would have growled, bitched and tried to swipe at Nasta for doing the same thing and before then none of them would’ve dared to touch Draco’s hair.

“Is your house ready?” Nasta called out to Max, who was unsurprisingly in the kitchen cleaning up the mess from lunch.

“I’m not a messy person, what are you trying to say?” Max asked back with a grin. “Of course the house is ready.”
It had been decided that they would all be going to Max’s house for the summer holidays. Blaise’s Mother had been enthusiastic to have them all in her house in France, but Blaise was worried about them getting intimate and forgetting silencing charms and he had admitted with a blush that his Mother often forgot silencing charms as well.

Draco’s parents had been coolly polite to them all, they hadn’t shunned Draco at all, but neither were they overly accepting, so none of them even suggested they stay with the elder Malfoys. Nasta had a small, one person apartment that barely fitted the six foot six inch man let alone more than two people, so his place was out, which only left Max’s beautiful, modest house.

The Dursleys had been brought up as a place to stay, but Harry had stemmed his panic and had patiently pointed out that they were Muggles; that he was a pregnant male so he wouldn’t be able to go outside at all due to the unknowing Muggle neighbours and that the Dursleys lived in a small, four bedroomed suburban home that wouldn’t fit all of them, the baby and the Dursleys. Harry had also expressed his doubt at anything bigger than a carrycot, let alone a crib fitting in his childhood bedroom, which brought Harry’s mind back to his cupboard and his Uncle’s last threat before he left for Hogwarts that come the summer he would be back in it.

Max lived in a three bedroomed house in near enough the middle of nowhere. His next door neighbour was three miles away on either side and there was a beautiful orchard that surrounded the back of the house. Or so Harry had been told.

Max had bought it for the privacy it offered if he wanted to walk around in his full Dracken glory or just go flying. They were hoping that Harry would give birth at Max’s and not in September when school was in session because Harry could nest from anywhere between a day to a month and a half before he actually gave birth and taking a month off of school was going to be one hell of a hardship.

Amelle had yet to actually give birth, even though she was still in her nest. Max had told them that Caesar was having one hell of a time giving her fresh food to eat as she tried to gouge out his eyes and throat every time he approached her nest. Max had explained that Amelle didn’t recognise Caesar as her mate, that she was reacting purely instinctively to the presence of another Dracken to protect her nest and her baby.

Harry hoped to god that he didn’t remain in the nest for as long as Amelle had, scratching and spitting at his mates as they tried to feed him enough to keep him strong enough to deliver his baby. He wanted to go in his nest, preen a bit, have his baby and then come back out again. He didn’t want it to last more than two days at the most, but he knew realistically that it could take an average of four days to a week for his body to be prepared enough to birth after he started nesting.

Harry sighed and pushed it from his mind, there was no use thinking about it now. He still had at least a month and a half yet before he started building a nest.

“I can't wait until the exam results are out.” Draco said a bit randomly as he sat reading a book, but seemingly unable to focus on it.

Harry grinned at the confession, before they had all swapped roles that night Draco wouldn’t have dared admit his excitement over such a little thing, it just wasn’t how he was brought up, but since
that night everything had changed and Draco was coming further and further out of his shell.

“Don’t worry, everything will be fine. You’re too intelligent to have anything less than straight Os.” Nasta comforted easily as he bent down and kissed the top of Draco’s head.

Draco batted him away amid chuckles from Nasta as he once again got every strand of silky, baby fine, blond hair back in place.

Harry felt a small push to his midsection and placed a calming hand on his bump, rubbing soothing circles to relax his baby.

“Are you alright?” Max asked as he appeared over the back of the settee.

“Fine.” Harry answered with a beaming smile which left Max visibly breathless.

Harry took that large hand and pressed it where he could feel the baby moving around.

“He’s active today.” Max commented as he rubbed lightly.

“I’d rather he be active during the day that at night when I’m trying to sleep. He’s been very good actually, though I think he’ll be a morning person.”

“How can you tell?” Draco asked.

“He lies still during the night, but every single morning he never fails to give me a good kick to wake me up, it’s like he knows instinctively when the sun is rising and he knows it’s time to get up. Sometimes it’s just the one kick to let me know he’s awake, but more often than not he bounces around and I have to get up.”

Max chuckled right next to his ear and Harry shivered. He couldn’t wait until his son was born so he could start having sex again. He had enjoyed topping Blaise, but he didn’t really fancy doing it all that often, he just wasn’t that keen on it.

“What time are we leaving?”
“Tomorrow morning.” Nasta replied. “About seven o’clock so make sure you’ve packed everything.”

“Can we just leave our school stuff here? Obviously taking our homework, but everything else can stay can’t it?” Harry asked. “I mean, these are our rooms, we’ll be coming back to them next term.”

“That might actually be a good idea.” Nasta agreed. “But make sure you have all of your other stuff packed and don’t ‘accidentally’ leave your homework assignments here either because I will floo back just to get them and I won’t be happy about it.”

Harry grinned as he knew that Nasta didn’t mean for him to pack anything. His mates were now very, very overprotective of him and their baby boy and he had actually been forbidden from doing any heavy lifting, which meant anything heavier than a paperback book. There was to be no bending over, not that he could anyway with the size of his stomach, he wasn’t allowed to sit down or stand up unaided, which again was nearly impossible without help so he didn’t mind that rule. Then there was standing up for longer than a couple of minutes, which was alright by him again as his feet were now very sore and sometimes they swelled if he was stood up for too long, which normally got him a foot rub from Blaise which was actually quite nice and he absolutely was not allowed to go up or down the stairs, he had to be carried, which was the only rule that Harry had a problem with really as he had tried to maintain as much independence as possible and he could still shuffle down the stairs on his bum, he just couldn’t get up them.

He got revenge on his mates though during the middle of the nights when their baby boy was sleeping on his bladder and he needed to get up for a wee. He shook one of them awake, going through them all in turns, to carry him up and down the stairs to the bathroom. They didn’t complain, but they were groggy and a bit ill-tempered the next morning.

All Harry had to do as he watched his mates pack up the belongings that they were taking with them was supervise. He made sure all of the baby clothes were packed up carefully and that all of the things he needed were in the suitcases that Nasta had brought home from work yesterday. Max had been flooing their things to his house all day and it was with a heavy heart that Harry looked at their bare rooms.

They were barren, barely anything in them at all. It looked like it had never been inhabited and a small pang of pain resonated through his body. These were his rooms; they shouldn’t look like he had never been here.

“What’s the matter, Harry?” Draco asked concernedly as Harry looked around with a lost, hurt expression on his face.

“These are our rooms, ours, they shouldn’t look like this, all bare and clean and tidy.” Harry murmured softly.
Nasta blinked before his eyes widened. “Harry, are you attached to these rooms?” He asked seriously.

“Of course. Me and Blaise moved into these rooms just after we mated, I lost my virginity here, I had my first proper Christmas with Blaise here, all of you joined us in these rooms and we all made love here for the first time. These rooms are special, symbolic really, these are my rooms! I hate seeing them like this, they don’t feel right.”

“Oh hell.” Max cursed, cottoning on to what Nasta had been getting at. “You’re attached to the rooms!”

“So?” Harry bit out hotly. “Forgive me if some of the best times of my life were in these rooms; forgive me if I like living in these rooms with the four men that I will spend the rest of my life with…”

“No, Harry, you’re attached to these rooms whilst you’re pregnant. There is a possibility that you will try to get back here by any means necessary when you feel ready to birth. That you will try to nest here because you are so attached to these rooms.”

That stopped Harry short and he looked around him. He loved these rooms, he really did, but they were so impractical to give birth in, there wasn’t a high place for him to build a proper nest, there wasn’t enough coverage to hide him from predators, no place for him to give birth to his child safely, no these rooms would not do, he would have to find somewhere else.

Harry gasped and covered his mouth with his hand as his eyes went wide. He was searching for a place to nest! He couldn’t be ready to give birth yet, it was too soon! Far too soon!

“Harry? What’s wrong, are you going to be sick?”

He shook his head mutely. He peeled his hand away from his mouth and looked at the four men in front of him, his body shaky and pale.

“I’ve just realised that I’m looking for a suitable nesting place.” Harry answered. “I want to build my nest.”

All of their eyes widened and almost simultaneously looked down at his bulge. Max shook his
“It’s too soon.” He said.

Harry shook with fear, what would happen to his baby son if he nested too early and gave birth too early?

“It’s alright, Harry.” Nasta soothed. “You can’t stop your instincts; do you want to nest here?”

“No. Not here. There’s not enough coverage, not enough height, it’s too open to predators, I don’t want to nest here.” Harry answered.

“That’s something at least.” Nasta sighed in relief.

“We’ll get you to my home soon, love, we’ll see if you can find a more suitable place to nest there.” Max told him, giving him a tight, reassuring hug.

“I think I need to sit down.” Harry told Max a bit breathlessly.

Immediately the backs of his thighs were seized and he was pulled up into Max’s arms, being held securely and easily before he was placed carefully on the settee. A glass of water was given to him and Harry sipped it. He felt better for it.

“Why do I want to build a nest now? I have a month at least before I start nesting.”

“No one really knows what time they’ll start nesting, Harry.” Max answered. “My Mum only nested for a week with Talia, but she nested for three solid months before she gave birth to Alayla. It differs with the pregnancy, how many babies there are, when you’re going to go into labour, there are far too many factors to clue in to even attempt to make an accurate guess.”

“But I’m only four months pregnant!” Harry pointed out with fright.

Max hugged him again and kept hold of him, rubbing his back soothingly with a large hand.
“And if you nest for two months you’ll be six months pregnant. That’s perfectly acceptable.”

“I don’t want to nest for two months.”

“It’s out of your hands, Harry. Your Dracken instincts will dictate when you start nesting.”

“This could all be for nothing.” Nasta told them then and Harry looked at him aghast.

“I don’t mean we could lose the baby, but you could just be searching for a place to build a nest, it doesn’t mean that you will actually build it right then and there and then climb straight in. I’ve known submissives to scout out an area for weeks before deciding if they want to build a nest there or not.”

“So I could just be looking for somewhere to nest?” Harry asked hopefully.

“It is very possible.” Nasta answered with an adoring smile, kissing his forehead before going to make a tray of tea, getting himself a mango and orange smoothie whilst he was at it.

“What do you guys want for dinner?” Max asked. “I’m going to go visit the elves to get stuff for dinner and breakfast tomorrow.”

“Courgette.” Harry replied immediately without realising why he had said it. He had only had courgette once in his life and he hadn’t liked it much.

Max raised an eyebrow and Harry blushed.

“I must say I enjoy your food cravings, Harry, much better than the horror stories that are floating around, your cravings seem somewhat normal besides the fact that you ate a raw parsnip at three in the morning.”

“Don’t forget the craving he had for crushed peas on toast.”
“That was actually really nice.” Harry grinned. “I’d eat that again.”

That brought chuckles from the four other men and Harry smiled as he petted the baby bump.

“What baby wants, baby gets.” Harry commented. “Can you get me vanilla ice cream whilst you’re with the elves please and a banana yoghurt?”

Max nodded as he stood up. “No pickles? No shallots or pickled onions? No sardines?”

Harry pulled a face. “No. Just the ice cream, yoghurt and courgette. Oh and something with potato.”

Max grinned and bowed before leaving. Harry curled up on the settee and sipped at the honey tea he had been given by Nasta just watching Blaise and Draco argue over the exam paper.

Nasta sighed and took the exam papers from them and bopped them both on the head with them.

“There is no use arguing over a question you have already answered.” Nasta told them. “The results will be out very soon and then you can argue over who had what right, until then pipe down and let Harry rest.”

“Oh I’m fine.” Harry answered. “I was quite amused.”

Nasta’s lips twitched slightly into a smile before he frowned sternly at Draco and Blaise, or he tried to as his smile kept trying to slip back on his face.

Harry rolled his eyes and thought, just to himself, that he was glad that Max was not here. Max would have made the entire situation worse and would have laughed happily as Draco and Blaise’s argument escalated into a fight, it was why Harry felt happier having Nasta as the top dominant over Max, Max just wasn’t serious enough, wasn’t mature enough to diffuse fights between them all and a quarter of the time it was Max who started the fights in the first place.

The talk of the devil walked through the portrait door holding a basket and grinning like a loon. Harry rolled his eyes and snuggled back down in to the settee.

“I got you your ice cream, Harry.”
“I don’t fancy it now.” Harry answered. “The tea has made me sleepy.”

Max grinned and placed the frozen tub on the counter, where it would remain frozen due to the spells woven around it.

“It’s by here when you want it, love.”

Harry nodded before he called Draco over to him. “Take me to the bedroom please, Draco. I really just want to sleep for a bit in a proper bed.”

Draco helped him up and knew better than to carry Harry without his express permission. Harry got tetchy over any slight to his independence even when his mates meant well, but he wanted, needed, to keep any and all semblance of independence that he could, even if it was just walking to the bottom of the bedroom stairs before being carried to the top.

Harry didn’t even get himself undressed as he fell onto the bed fully clothed like a starving man would fall onto food. He curled up on the edge of the bed and fell asleep, he was still awake enough to hear Draco sigh before he felt his limbs being manoeuvred out of his clothing and his body shifted into the centre of the bed and up towards the pillows. He neither cared nor woke up fully over it; he fell deeply asleep before Draco had finished pulling on his pyjama bottoms.

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Nasta gently stroked Harry’s face to wake him up later that day. He watched with a soft smile as Harry’s beautiful eyes fluttered open, those gorgeously thick, black eyelashes dancing on pale cheeks as Harry fought with his eyelids to wake up.

Harry made a soft, sleepy noise as his body moved lightly over the sheets before burrowing deeper under the duvet. Nasta stroked his cheek again, patting it lightly to coax Harry more into wakefulness.

“Hmm?” Harry moaned, blinking a bit so just a peek of those emerald green eyes showed.

“It’s time to wake up, Harry. Max almost has dinner ready.”

Harry yawned and stretched that lithe body like a cat, his very out of proportioned belly looking like a last minute addition. When those sleep misted eyes and that gorgeous smile turned fully to him Nasta felt like he had been punched in the gut. He doubted he would ever get over how
stunningly gorgeous Harry truly was, he was blessed to have such a mate as Harry and the others.

“Did you sleep well?” Nasta asked when he could breathe properly once more.

Harry nodded, that smile still on his face.

“I feel much better now.” Harry’s gentle voice washed over him and Nasta savoured it.

The noise of the living room as Max, Blaise and Draco fought, argued, debated and just plain conversed was much more than he was used to. Hell he had been living on his own for eighteen years, seeing his Dad and brother occasionally as he lived his life on his own as a man, as an unmated dominant, with a very demanding job at a dragon reserve. He was used to the peace and quiet, of the silence of truly being alone in his small apartment.

He was slowly getting used to the noise and the activity around him, but it was a process that was hitting him quite hard as he had liked living in peace, he liked the silence, but for all that his mates brought to him, for all the shattered peace and the noise, he had never once regretted chasing so hard after Harry. No matter if he never got a single moment of peace again in his life, he loved all four of them, five if he included the baby as well, and the love of those four very special people, was more important to him than any measure of peace and quiet.

“Nasta?” Harry questioned softly.

Nasta looked to him with an apologetic smile, seeing Harry’s arms lowering from where he had been silently asking to be picked up. Nasta wound his arms around Harry and just held him, holding him tightly, breathing in the faint smell of chestnuts that was always wrapped around Harry like a second skin. He pressed a kiss to Harry’s face and just looked at his beautiful mate, who looked back, happy and pleased, if a bit confused.

“I love you, Harry. I love you so very much.” He said so sincerely his eyes blurred slightly with the burn of tears.

Harry’s skinny arms wrapped around his neck and held him tightly.

“You know I love you, Nasta.” Harry said, slightly shocked at Nasta’s behaviour. “I think I always did love you from the first time I saw you, you were so different from all the others, quiet and peaceful, not boisterous and demanding, I loved you for it then and I still love you for it now.”
“You shouldn’t do though, you and your Dracken should be angry at me. The baby isn’t mine. I have failed to give you a baby and that alone should make your Dracken angry at me.”

“But I’m not. I love you and I’m certainly not angry at you because this baby isn’t yours, there will be others. I’m just happy to have any baby, I don’t care who’s it is.”

“The other three have proved they are capable of giving you a baby. I haven’t, not yet.”

“I think it’s because you love this baby so much, Nas.” Harry told the older man, thinking deeply. “You love this baby even though he isn’t yours; you have proven to me and my Dracken that you’re going to be a wonderful Father, not just to your own children, but to all of them, no matter who the Father might be. I respect that greatly about you, that you love me enough to accept any and all children I have regardless of who the biological Father might be. I love you all the more for it, which is why I will never be angry at you for not getting me pregnant in the first place, because in your eyes, I carry a baby that is as much yours as he is mine.”

Nasta crushed Harry to his chest and just hugged him, holding him and touching him. He never knew he had needed reassurance until Harry had given it to him, hadn’t known that he had been seeking comfort from his mate until it had been given.

“How long does it take to get Harry for dinner?!” Max yelled from the living room. “All my hard work slaving over an oven is going to be ruined if you don’t shift your arses!”

“We’re having a cwtch! Give us a minute.”

“A cwtch?” Harry questioned.

Nasta smiled lovingly at him. “A cwtch. It’s a Welsh word. It doesn’t really have an English translation but it’s basically a long, lingering hug, like cuddling, only better and longer.”

Harry chuckled and went with it as Nasta started rocking him slightly, still holding him lovingly to his chest. Harry felt safe and warm and loved and he yawned sleepily again as he was wrapped up completely in Nasta’s arms.
“I think I like cwtching.” Harry admitted.

Nasta laughed full-throated, which made Harry swallow heavily in desire.

“We had better get to the others before Max storms a palace coup and kidnaps the Prince and his child to force feed his cooking.”

Harry laughed and let Nasta pick him up to carry him to the others, who were eating a wonderful meal whilst looking worriedly at an angry looking Max.

“About time! Do you know how long I spent on this?” Max asked.

“I’m sorry, Max, I couldn’t get up.” Harry fibbed to save from embarrassing Nasta. “I’ve been so tired lately.”

Max’s look of anger lessened into something more resembling concern.

“Are you feeling alright?” He asked concernedly.

Harry nodded as he sat at the table and happily picked up his fork and ate heartily, chewing slowly more for Max’s benefit than for his own, he would love nothing more than to just scoff the lot without even tasting any of it before curling up in front of their lovely warm fire, but Harry really did appreciate Max cooking for them all instead of taking the long trek down to the Great Hall and eating what the house elves had prepared. Harry thought that maybe Max would take it as the ultimate insult if it was even suggested that he take a day off from cooking so they could eat the house elf food.

Harry noticed the potatoes and the courgette that had been placed on his plate and he smiled secretly to himself as he ate them first. The courgette was a strange, nearly new taste, he had only been given courgette once as a very young child because Dudley had had a fit about it being on his plate, Aunt Petunia had tried to placate him by saying that she was going to put it in the bin but this had made Dudley scream all the harder at the thought of putting any food product, even fruit and vegetables, in the bin, so Aunt Petunia had quickly shoved the handful of green, cucumber looking like vegetables at him and told him to eat them quickly. Having not eaten that day, Harry had shoved as much into his mouth as he could, chewed minimally before swallowing quickly. He had learnt this technique without choking mainly for the sake of survival as his Uncle had enjoyed teasing a hungry Harry with food, whether it was forcing him to watch as he ate food and snacks, putting a plate of food in front of him and telling him not to touch it, or giving him food to eat before snatching it away after a few mouthfuls that left him even hungrier.
Harry looked at his plate full of food and to Max, who was eating his own food, laughing at something Blaise had said but Harry had missed it by being so lost in thought. No one was watching him eat; none of them were looking to see how much he had eaten before snatching his plate away. They loved him and they fed him because they wanted to, not because they felt obligated to, just purely because they wanted to. They didn’t tease him with food and he was allowed to eat what he wanted when he wanted it.

Harry blanched as he realised that it was actually sinking in that the Dursleys had never really loved him. After all of these years, after all of the abuse and torment he had suffered at their hands and only now, after fifteen years, was it sinking in that they had never loved him, that he had still been clinging to some small shred of hope that deep down they had loved him and he had finally realised that they never had, it hurt, it actually hurt.

“Harry, are you alright? Don’t you like it?” Max asked.

Harry realised that he had stopped eating, that all of his mates were looking at him. All of them looking concerned for him, just for him, that they loved him and they were concerned about his welfare and his happiness. It was too much and he just started crying out of the blue. Deep, body wracking sobs that hunched him over and put his face nearly in his food as fat tears raced down his cheeks quicker than he could blink.

He was clamoured, all of his mates moving to hold him, to comfort him, to protect him. They loved him and his own relatives never had, the Dursleys couldn’t even bring up the basic human emotion to give him the basic of human needs and comforts. He hadn’t even had a proper bed, he had never owned a pillow, he hadn’t even had a bedroom until he was almost eleven. Now he had all of that and more, much, much more.

Harry screamed and cried and sobbed until he was left exhausted, still letting out continuous huffs of emotion as all of his tears were dried up and his sopping wet face was gently wiped by a soft cloth by one of his mates.

“Please, Harry.” Someone exclaimed sadly. Harry vaguely recognised Blaise’s voice.

“Max’s cooking isn’t that bad.” Draco exclaimed. A loud thwack made Harry let out a weak, watery chuckle as he watched Max glare at a sulking Draco.

“Are you feeling better, Prezioso?” Blaise asked softly.

Harry pushed the cloth that Nasta was dabbing his face with and run his sleeve everywhere over his face and under his chin, getting rid of every trace of his tears, but his face still felt sore and puffy. He nodded and huddled down on the settee.
“Do you want to talk about it?” Max asked.

“There’s nothing to talk about.” Harry croaked his voice very hoarse from his tears.

“You don’t cry like your heart has been ripped from your chest for no reason, Harry.” Nasta told him.

Harry just shook his head and rolled from the settee and crawled to the thick, fleecy, fur rug in front of the fire and curled up on it, huddling around the warmth and closing his eyes. He fell asleep with his four mates watching him with mounting concern and a lot of suspicion.

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Harry was unhappily sitting on the train ready to go back to London. He didn’t see why they couldn’t just floo to Max’s house, especially in his condition, but apparently Max knew how to drive and he liked driving, so his car was waiting at Kings Cross Station.

Blaise and Draco had decided to spend the first two weeks of the summer with their families so they wouldn’t miss the birth later on in the summer, if indeed Harry gave birth in the summer and not in September when he was actually due, leaving Harry with Max and Nasta, not that that was a hardship, but Harry would miss them both immensely.

Harry sat between them, holding one of their hands in each of his own over his son. He was cuddling and kissing them, soaking them up and holding tightly onto the little things like how they felt in his hands, how they smelt, how they sounded when they breathed.

Harry was almost in tears again as London came into view and the train started to slow down. He kept a death grip on both Blaise and Draco and refused to let them go when Marianna Lychorinda and her Husband Josiah came into view and certainly not when the elder Malfoys appeared. Harry held onto the both of them and sobbed. He had thought that he had cried all of his tears yesterday, but more welled up and ran smoothly down his cheeks.

“It won't be for long, Harry.” Draco promised as he held Harry and kissed him gently, brushing the tears away with his thumbs.

“Max and Nasta will keep you company until we come back.” Blaise promised. “It isn’t like we can't visit you during the day. We’ll still come and see you.”

“Really?” Harry asked.
“Of course.” Draco assured, kissing him again.

“We have to be off, Draco.” Lucius Malfoy said stiffly.

Draco breathed deeply and kissed Harry passionately, Harry kept his eyes open and on the elder Malfoy’s, who looked very displeased at the public show of love and affection.

Blaise hugged Draco, Nasta kissed him and Max smacked his shoulder in a ‘manly’ show of affection. Harry thought it was rather stupid to hit the one you loved, but he didn’t say anything as he got one last hug from Draco before he was gone.

Blaise was next to leave after a nearly tearful goodbye. Blaise had been his very first mate, he could be the Father to his baby, it didn’t seem right to be saying goodbye to him. Blaise should be coming with them to Max’s home. He should have been there with them. Harry just didn’t seem to be able to control himself as he hiccupped a bit as he swallowed back his tears. His emotions were out of his control and saying goodbye to his mates dug deeply into him and his Dracken…it was wrong, he was pregnant, they should be coming with him to protect him. It wasn’t right.

Max held him at his side as Blaise walked off with his Mother and step-dad, the station full of people, who were pointing and staring at his large stomach, making him self-conscious and left him feeling like a freak. If he was anyone other than Harry Potter then they wouldn’t have even given him a second glance. Hermione ran up to him and hugged him, distracting him from the giggling, sneering people around him.

“I missed you on the train, Harry, but have a good summer! I’ll see you next year if I can’t come around this summer to see you.”

Harry hugged her back and waved as she jogged off to her parents. Nasta led them out of the station and through to the Muggle platforms. It was here that Harry was swept into a hug that almost broke his back.

“Oh, Harry dear!” Mrs Weasley’s voice surrounded him as she spoke into his hair.

“You look so well!” The kindly woman commented as she held him at arm’s length, looking him up and down, but lingering on his belly.

“Hi, Mrs Weasley, thanks for the Christmas presents! I loved my new jumper and those mince pies were fantastic!”
“Aww, ickle Harry is so sweet.” A voice that made him grin sounded.

“Sickly sweet I’d say, Forge.”

“Fred! George!” Harry cried as the twins converged on him and hugged him tightly. “I’ve missed you both. Hogwarts just isn’t the same without you.”

Harry looked at the twins, both sporting brand new, green, dragon hide jackets.

“I hope for your sakes that the dragon whose hide made those jackets is still alive.” Harry whispered. “Nasta will tear you limb from limb otherwise.”

“Please, Harry.”

“Give us some credit for having hearts. Have you forgotten that Charlie is our big brother?”

Harry grinned as he remembered the kind, very handsome young man with the shiny burn marks. Charlie and Nasta would get on fantastically well.

“I liked Charlie.” Harry stated.

Fred and George wolf whistled and made a ruckus which caused Max and Nasta to look their way from their spot talking to Mrs Weasley about Harry had really been and if he was eating and sleeping. Harry noticed Bill and Ginny were also there. Mister Weasley and Ron were nowhere in sight.

“Harry dear, you must come around this summer. I insist. Bill and Charlie are home; having you there will make me feel like the entire family is home.”

Harry smiled happily at being included in the woman’s family. “I’d love to, Mrs Weasley. I always love going to the Burrow, it seems more like home than anywhere else.”

Mrs Weasley blushed in pleasure at the praise, but Max and Nasta shared a glance. Nasta had
shared his suspicions from long ago with the other dominants yesterday afternoon when Harry had cried himself to sleep on the rug. He hadn’t forgotten the comment that Harry had said, almost offhandedly, out by the lake before he had even become a mate, before Max had even been a mate, about him not having anyone to care for him.

They had spoken at length and it all came back to Harry being abused, or at the very least neglected, as a child. Yet there wasn’t a hint anywhere that Harry had lived with abusive or neglectful people. If he did then no one knew about it, was it possible to hide such a thing so well and for so long?

Questioning the Granger girl had brought about nothing. She had been confused, she had questioned them back, before she had told them that Harry lived with Muggles and that they weren’t always accepting of magic, but as far as she knew, Harry was perfectly fine and safe with them. If the Granger girl knew nothing, then no one else would either.

They had talked about seeking Dumbledore’s help because Harry told that man practically everything that happened in his life and he went for afternoon tea quite often, but then they had reasoned that if Harry had ever so much as hinted that he had been abused then Dumbledore would have removed Harry from the household immediately.

They just didn’t have any proof other than the way that Harry acted or reacted sometimes and it just wasn’t enough to accuse anyone of child abuse. They needed hard evidence that Harry had ever been abused, or for Harry to come out and tell them himself, and if it turned out that anyone had ever laid a hand on their precious submissive then they would make sure that that person, and all involved, were prosecuted.

“Hurry up, boy!” A loud, ruddy faced man shouted across the station. “We haven’t got all day!”

Max looked to where the big, beefy man was looking and was surprised to see Harry shrinking back into the twin Weasleys. He nudged Nasta, but the silently observant man had already noticed and took large steps to Harry and wrapped him in a protective embrace. He was enraged to feel Harry quivering in his arms.

The beefy man went puce coloured and seemed to swell with anger as his small, piggy eyes narrowed as he advanced on them menacingly. A thin, horse-faced woman with thin blonde hair, who looked like she’d rather be anywhere else but here, was stood behind him, cradling a very fat, blond haired whale in her bony arms, trying and failing to shield him from the view of the ‘wizards’.

“I suggest you step away from them.” Max hissed loving how the man swung towards him, taking in his six foot eight inch height and the broad swell of his shoulders and biceps before backing away.

“Now see here. I am merely here to pick up my Nephew.”
“You seem to be misinformed. He’s coming home with me.”

“And just who are you to think that you can take the boy away from his family!”

“You are not his family!” Mrs Weasley hissed.

“I happen to be his lover.” Max stated loudly and clearly, gaining curious glances from passers-by, who turned and craned their necks to try and see what was going on.

The large man went purple in his anger and he glared furiously at Harry who was cuddled safely in Nasta’s arms. Those eyes roved over Harry’s body and stopped on the baby bulge.

“So it’s true. You did your freaky voodoo and got a baby.”

“I was born with the natural ability to conceive a baby!” Harry snapped.

The man glared harder and he took a threatening step forward, his arm rising almost subconsciously, as if it had become a habit, but with one small, half step forward from Max, he had the man stumbling backwards, away from his pregnant submissive.

“We’ll be in touch with you.” Max said coldly. “As for now, I am taking my lovers and our child home and you will not try to contact Harry, you will not go near him or the baby or I’ll take great pleasure in killing you.”

“Are you threatening me?!” Vernon Dursley asked loudly and pompously, making people stop and stare.

“Yes. Yes I am.” Max answered softly. “If I find out that you have laid so much as a fat finger on Harry, you’re dead.”

“What have you been telling those freaks, boy?!” Vernon hissed at Harry, who was whiter than white, his eyes too wide with something akin to sheer panic.
“Nothing!” Harry squeaked out quickly.

“Nothing my foot! You’ve been lying again haven’t you? We took you in, gave you shelter, clothes, food and this is how you repay us? By telling lies to other freaks like you!”

“He is not a freak!” Nasta hissed deeply, holding Harry tighter, having to make a conscious effort to stop himself from exerting too much pressure on Harry and hurting him. This vile man was almost admitting that he had abused, and still was, abusing Harry. It made his teeth ache to rip out his throat.

“Can we go, please?” Harry asked in such a small, unsure voice that Nasta picked him up and held him properly.

“You haven’t seen the last of us; we’ll be back in touch with you soon.” Max repeated as he placed a hand on Harry’s spine, stroking gently. “You won't get away with hurting him.”

“Harry dear, come and see us this summer. You have an open invitation, whenever you want to, just pop over, even if it is just for dinner. Your lovers are welcome as well, of course.” Mrs Weasley told him as she continued glaring at the family of three in front of her.

Nasta nodded and turned on his heel, walking a wide circle around the vile, decrepit people who had dared hurt Harry, just to ensure that they wouldn’t try anything else, he didn’t want to tempt his very frayed self-control, he’d tear them apart right here in this station if they touched Harry now.

“Mum!” He heard the very fat boy whine like a small child. “Where’s the freak going? I thought he was coming back with us, Piers is sleeping over tonight! We wanted some entertainment!”

“Not now, Diddy!” The woman shushed him quickly, sending a fearful look to the two men that were claiming to be the lovers of her sister’s pregnant spawn.

Max flexed his fingers before he clenched them tightly into fists as his claws ripped through his fingertips. The smell of blood wavered his control and he breathed shallowly and quickly so the scent of the blood didn’t rob him of every ounce of control he had.

He, and Nasta who had also overheard the comment, wondered just what sort of entertainment those boys wanted from Harry tonight and why it was being allowed by his parents. Max couldn’t help but wonder if it was a threat of physical violence towards Harry or something else. If he ever,
ever, found out that Harry had been sexually abused by them then he wouldn’t be able to stop
himself from ripping them all into pieces. Not sweet, happy Harry who smiled at them all so
lovingly, so beautifully. Harry who was now huddled into himself, as pale as a ghost and quivering
in fear of these three people.

They made it to the car and Nasta slid into the back of the five seater car and belted himself and
Harry in as he held tightly onto the door handle. He was afraid that if he let go then he was going to
charge back into that station and do something incredibly foolish now that Harry was out of harm’s
way and was no longer in his arms, anchoring his Dracken down.

Max started the car and gripped the steering wheel so tightly it creaked under his hands. He pulled
out of the train station parking and he drove off quickly before he could change his mind and sink
his fangs into the fat Muggle that had hurt his mate so badly. One thing was certain though, when
they got home, Harry would tell them what he had had to endure at the hands of those people, one
way or another, Harry would tell them everything.
Chapter Thirty-Four – Revelations from Reluctant Lips

The drive to Max’s home had been silent and tense. Neither of his mates had said a word and Harry hadn’t wanted to say anything either. He had felt that maybe he should say something just to cut the growing tension, to diffuse the situation, but he hadn’t known what to say, so he had remained silent too. He had kept his head down, looking at his growing bump as he tried to ignore the almost silent growls that Nasta, who was sat next to him, was letting out every couple of moments as his mind wound him up, riling his Dracken side.

Harry had been escorted straight into the house with a mate on either side of him for his protection and he got a small chance to look around the beautiful, fully detached house that seemed to be stranded in the middle of nowhere. Harry nervously looked around the bright, open and spacious house as he was escorted straight to the first door in the hallway and into a lovely living room. Max really did live in a very beautiful house, but Harry couldn’t bring himself to properly see or appreciate it. Not when he was sat on a comfy settee with both of his older mates stood over him, staring down at him, and demanding to know how the Dursleys had treated him during his childhood.

Okay, so they weren’t actually demanding anything from him, they were asking softly, pleading with him, saying that they only wanted to help, but it felt like they were demanding something very deep and personal and Harry huddled up a bit more. He didn’t want to tell them, he didn’t want to drag it all up, not when he already felt so confused.

Max knelt down in front of him and gently picked up his restlessly twisting hands, holding them in his own, warm larger ones. He bent his head over them and laid a kiss to his skin and Harry bit his lip to stop it from trembling, even as his vision went wobbly with tears.

“Harry, my love, please, just answer us this, did they ever hurt you in any way?” Max asked him
Harry let out a great, shuddering breath as his welled up tears made him blind, but he would not let them fall, he had shed too many tears already, the Dursleys didn’t deserve to have any more of his tears than he had already given them. But he had decided long ago that he wouldn’t outright lie to his mates, yet he couldn’t even turn the question around or twist it because he had been hurt both physically and emotionally by the Dursleys. He let out a choked, dry sob instead as he realised that there was nothing else for it, he would have to give them an inch and he would have to put his trust in his mates. He loved them and he trusted them and he would have to hope that they still loved him after this as he choked on his emotion and he inclined his head.

Both Max and Nasta held onto their decades’ worth of control by the skin of their teeth, Max’s hands flexed and twitched, but he calmed himself enough so that he didn’t tighten them at all around Harry’s tiny, pale hands which were still clasped in his own.

Nasta came and sat beside Harry, holding him soothingly, offering him comfort. Max made sure not to move to the other side of Harry, he made the conscious decision to stay in front of him and closer to Nasta so that Harry didn’t feel like he was being surrounded, trapped or blocked in. He made sure that Harry knew that still had an escape route if he needed it, even if it was a subconscious gesture to keep him calmer as neither he nor Nasta would have stopped or obstructed Harry in anyway if he tried to get away from them.

“We guessed that you were at the very least being neglected.” Nasta broke the silence with words barely above a whisper. “You acted very strangely at times, there were some rather odd comments that you made and you were obviously unhappy where you lived, but Harry, how bad did they treat you?”

Harry floundered as he tried to answer his mates, but he had absolutely nothing to say, he had nothing to compare his treatment to, how badly had they treated him?

“Perhaps that is an unfair question.” Nasta spoke again, understanding that Harry was trying to answer, but didn’t know how. “Maybe a better one would have been to ask if any of them have ever hit you.”

Harry sucked in a deep breath and looking down at his knees, he nodded his head minimally. Max’s hands almost crushed his own before his largest mate got himself back under control and loosened his hold, rubbing his thumbs gently over his hands in silent apology.

“Was this a…normal occurrence?” Nasta asked, stumbling, rightfully so, over the word normal.

“No.” Harry answered hoarsely, finding his voice. “I was only ever hit if things were really bad.”
“And things didn’t get very bad that often?” Max asked, failing to keep the slight hope from his voice.

“No. I’d have had to have done something very bad to be hit, though not with Dudley.”

“What do you mean?” Nasta asked him, swallowing back the urge to unsheathe his fangs.

“Dudley used to hit me for fun.”

“Which one was Dudley?” Max asked in forced calm.

“My cousin.”

“The very fat, blond…boy?”

“Yes. He’s always been overfed.”

“Where you haven’t.” Nasta observed as he looked to Harry’s still relatively skinny frame, despite the baby bulge.

Harry’s lips quirked into a wry smile. “I wasn’t allowed to eat if Dudley was still hungry.”

“When did they start holding back your food intake?”

“I think I was about seven when Dudley started complaining that he wasn’t getting enough to eat. Of course my portions were then smaller and Dudley’s were bigger. I was slowly staved and Dudley grew to the size of a baby killer whale. I’m not entirely sure of who had it worse, him or me.”

“Do you get enough to eat now?” Max asked, seemingly unable to stop himself from fretting.
Harry lifted his head and he smiled softly. He leant forward to kiss Max reassuringly, taking comfort for himself from his mate’s lips.

“I get more than enough now, these past few months I’ve eaten better than I ever have in my life. Whilst at Hogwarts I have never been short of food, I’ve often found myself unable to eat too much without the risk of feeling very sick, the pregnancy is both a curse and a blessing when it comes to food.”

Harry sighed and sagged in the seat. He felt drained and he had only really spoken about the withheld food, not even the weeks of being locked in his tiny cupboard with a slice of bread every other day and a beaker of tap water.

He hadn’t been hit often, or at least Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon hadn’t hit him often, but when they had, Harry shook his head; he didn’t want to go there.

“Harry, this…well it isn’t really much of a surprise because we had fleeting suspicions before now, but it truly is a shock to hear the truth, you are so sweet and kind, you don’t seem to have let what has happened to you sink in, which isn’t really a good thing.”

Harry went to angrily reply but Nasta silenced him with just a look, carrying on from where Max left off.

“It’s a bad thing, *Cariad* because if you haven’t let it sink in, if you are denying that it has happened, then you can’t get on the path to recovery. You need to take in everything, reopen your scars and let them bleed anew, let it all out of you, only then will you begin to heal.”

“I don’t want to open the scars.” Harry whispered.

“It will be painful, Harry, for all of us, Draco and Blaise included when you tell them, but it needs to be done.”

“Why?” Harry asked stubbornly.

“What if something sets you off again?” Max asked as gently as possible. “Like how you reacted back in our rooms when you were cleaning? We still don’t know what set you off or why and we have been walking on eggshells to ensure that it doesn’t happen again, but we can't stop it from...
happening again, Harry, if we don’t know what will set you off. What if you have an…episode, when you are caring for our son? What if he gets older and says something that sets you off on a trip down memory lane and he’s left unsupervised for several minutes?”

Harry swallowed and moved a hand to protectively cover his son who was happily bouncing gently around in his abdomen.

“It was the comment.” Harry said, painfully quiet.

“What comment, Harry?” Max asked. “The one I made about you getting back into the cupboard?”

“Yes.”

“Why did that one comment send you into a flashback of your childhood?” Max asked. Harry had been expecting that follow up question, but it still made him flinch.

Harry braced himself for the coming tidal wave, but he sent out his little finger to test the waters, if his mates couldn’t handle the cupboard, then how could he ever expect them to handle anything else that had happened to him during his childhood?

“For as long as I can remember I’ve lived in a cupboard.”

The look on Nasta and Max’s faces brought the slightest of wry, humourless smiles to Harry’s lips as he played with the hem of his shirt to give his hands something to do as he extended a tiny inch of trust in his beloved dominant mates.

“When I was bad or my relatives just didn’t want me around anymore they used to yell at me to get back in my cupboard and not to come back out until I was told to. I had to crawl into my cupboard and shut the door on myself and then I was locked in.”

“You stayed in a cupboard?!” Max asked in horror, his voice rising uncontrollably. Nasta placed a soothing hand on Max’s shoulder, a silent warning to watch what he said and did and to keep control of himself and his tone.
“Harry, they actually kept you in a cupboard? Where was this cupboard? In their front room? The kitchen?” Nasta asked much more calmly than he felt on the inside.

“The cupboard under the stairs. It was out of the way and large enough to hold me until I was almost eleven.”

A large vein in Max’s temple throbbed furiously as he ground his teeth together in an effort to control himself, when this failed he bit sharply into his own lip. The wash of fresh blood, his own blood, and the sting of pain helped him keep his anger in control.

“Almost eleven?” Nasta asked, his gorgeous hazel eyes, darkened in anger to an almost brown colour, narrowed as his own anger at the treatment of such a young child overflowed his emotions.

“Yeah, after I started receiving my Hogwarts letters, which were addressed to ‘the cupboard under the stairs’ they thought that the wizards were watching them so they moved me into Dudley’s second bedroom.”

The vein that had started to sink back into Max’s head jutted out once more, throbbing an angry red colour. He had to take his hands away from Harry’s so that he could clench his hands into large fists without hurting Harry.

“Your cousin had two bedrooms and you lived in a cupboard?” Nasta asked, his eyes almost going true brown in his anger, not the light, goldish-greenish hazel that Harry so loved staring into.

“To be honest he needs two bedrooms to fit his bulk.” Harry tried joking as he was getting very, very uncomfortable and nervous. He scratched the back of his neck and breathed out a bit shakily as he looked to the two angry men in front of him. He had never dealt well with angry people and he had some incredibly bad memories of people being angry with him, or even just around him… after all Uncle Vernon had been a very, very angry person by nature.

“Don’t Harry. Don’t try and make light of this. What those…people have done is a terrible, awful thing; I won't be able to control myself if you start joking about how they treated you.” Max stated seriously.

“I don’t know how else to react.” Harry confessed, shifting restlessly. “I’ve never had to tell anyone about any of this before, no one has actually been close enough to me to notice anything amiss or if they do they play it off as a one-time thing. No one really cared.”
“I’m sure they would have if you had told them.”

Harry shrugged inelegantly. “Ron and his brothers pulled bars from my window when I was just twelve. They told Mrs Weasley and she didn’t do anything, so I just brushed it off. No one wanted to look deeper, no one wanted to bother with me. It was easier for them to just see the surface, the happy boy they wanted to see and nothing more.”

“What bars?!” Max demanded at the same time Nasta asked “You told someone and they did nothing?” looking horrified.

“It was the summer after my first year in Hogwarts.” Harry started softly, taking a hand from each of his mates to comfort himself. He played with their fingers, stroked their skin, anything to not have to look up at them, to see their faces or their anger darkened eyes.

“I had just turned twelve that day and a house-elf came to see me. His name was Dobby.”

“The house-elf you called in the hospital wing. Are we about to hear how that unlikely friendship struck up?” Max stated thoughtfully.

“Yes, but in the beginning Dobby and I weren’t really friends.”

“Why not?”

Harry sighed and he knew that the lengths to which Dobby had gone through to ‘keep him safe’ would not go down well at all.

“He kept trying to kill me.”

“What?!”

Harry jumped at the bellowed word and was soothed almost immediately afterwards by both of his oldest mates. Max looking particularly apologetic after his outburst.
“In Dobby’s mixed up mind what he was doing was perfectly logical.”

“Was he following his Master’s orders?”

“No. He was going almost directly against his Master, who was funny enough, Lucius Malfoy, Draco’s Father. Dobby believed, truly believed that he was helping me, keeping me safe, but in those attempts he tried to get me killed twice and almost got me expelled twice. He truly thought he was saving my life, but when I freed him from Lucius Malfoy’s enslavement we struck up an odd sort of friendship.”

“What does this have to do with bars on your window?” Max asked.

Harry sighed. “One of Dobby’s attempts to stop me from going back to school was smashing a pudding in a giant crystal bowl on the kitchen floor when my relatives had guests over, Muggle guests. Not only was I almost expelled because of the underage use of magic restriction, but my Uncle lost his big business deal and he blamed it on me. I hadn’t told them that I couldn’t do magic outside of school, so when the letter turned up and so kindly informed them that I wasn’t allowed to do magic outside of school, my Uncle lost it. He said that he was going to lock me up and that I was never going to be allowed back to Hogwarts. He fitted bars over my bedroom window and I was locked in my bedroom day and night. Much like I was in the cupboard, but at least the bedroom was much bigger and I could walk around.”

“Like a prison.” Nasta hissed.

“I suppose, but I’ve never seen inside a prison cell so I wouldn’t know. I was allowed out to use the toilet at about midday and that was it.”

“What about meal times?” Max asked.

“My bedroom door had a cat flap in the bottom so I could be fed.”

Max and Nasta looked so horrified to be hearing this and Harry ducked his head to look at his hands, which still held one of each of his mate’s hands.
“It wasn’t that bad.” Harry hurried to explain. “The worst part of it was the boredom.”

“You are seriously misguided if you think the worst part of your treatment was boredom, Harry.” Nasta told him, looking murderous. “The fact that they actually had the sheer level of cruelty to lock you up all day every day, not feeding you properly or even giving you the basic human right of bathroom facilities is horrifying. Even Azkaban gives their prisoners twenty-four hour access to a toilet.”

Harry shifted uncomfortably and let go of his mates’ hands to hold his bump between his hands, cradling his baby as best he could whilst his son was still inside of him.

A large arm around his shoulders squashed him into a broad body and Harry held onto that body for dear life as he choked back another stifled sob. He had been too young to understand the overwhelming level of neglect that he had been shown by his relatives, too naïve to realise that his treatment was actually considered as abuse. He knew that he had never been treated particularly well, but he tried not to think about it, he had always just put it all out of his mind and enjoyed what he could of his freedom whilst he was at Hogwarts. Why would he want to ruin the best days of his life by thinking of the Dursleys? Why would he spoil Christmas by thinking of his treatment at his relatives’ house? Why would he darken Easter by talking of his punishments? He just wanted to forget, pretend that none of it had ever happened, was that such a terrible thing?

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Harry had claimed tiredness and had refused to speak another word despite Max and Nasta’s best efforts, they had even brought their unborn son into their argument and that had made Harry angry, that they dared suggest that he would ever hurt his son, unknowingly or otherwise!

When he hadn’t been shown to a bed because Max was trying to keep him talking about his relatives Harry had slid onto the living room floor and had curled up on the patch of carpet in front of the fire, his back to his mates.

“Harry, please love.” Nasta begged. “It’ll be better to get everything out in the open. I know it’s hard for you, especially after so long of no one doing anything about it, but, love, please talk to us.”

Harry stayed silent. He had said all he was going to today and nothing, not even the threat of a punishment from his mates was going to get him to talk anymore.

Harry heard Max sigh deeply and he was scooped into his biggest mate’s arms. Harry lashed out and kicked and swung punches, but Max shushed him and held him as still as possible.

“If you won't talk, Harry, then we had best get you to a bed before you get a crick in your neck
from sleeping on the floor. We don’t want to ruin all the hard work Blaise put into rubbing the knots from your neck the last time you fell asleep on the floor, do we?”

Harry stayed silent and he felt like an ungrateful wretch, but he didn’t want to talk anymore so he was going to have to put up with feeling like a brat as Max laid him down on a wonderfully soft bed, removing his shoes and undoing the zipper of his trousers so that he was more comfortable. He was covered with a thick duvet and kissed on the side of the head before Max turned to leave the room.

“Max?” Harry called back.

Max was by his side before Harry blinked; looking down at him with a saddened expression, but there was still love and adoration in those blue, blue eyes.

Harry sat up and kissed Max firmly on the lips, pouring his love for the man in front of him into that one kiss.

“I can't talk about it anymore.” Harry told him. “I just can't. I don’t want to break down in this condition.”

Harry indicated the baby bump, Max’s hands jumped to cup his bulge and Harry smiled sadly.

“I never really understood how bad things were. I don’t think about it much during the school year, I have never had flashbacks before and it did scare me when I was stuck in my own memories. I always knew I was treated differently, but it wasn’t until I was older that I actually understood that I was being treated badly, that I was being abused. I think it was made worse by the adults around me too, if they ever noticed that anything was amiss then they never said anything and that pushed me to be closed lipped about everything. I felt like if they didn’t say anything, then I shouldn’t say anything either. I don’t mean to be a brat, but I can't speak any more about it, I just can't.”

“You aren’t a brat.” Max told him exasperatedly, moving a hand to cup his cheek. “I think Nasta and I knew when we started asking you about it that you weren’t going to spill everything in one afternoon, we know that it’ll take time, but what we have already heard has made us dread what else could have happened to you. These people obviously have no limits if they are willing to lock a child in a cupboard under a set of stairs and starve him. This dread is going to eat away at us and the worst possible scenarios are going to be floating around our heads until the entire truth is out and we can either put our fears to bed, or some of our worst nightmares are going to become a reality.”
“You promise you won't treat me any differently?” Harry asked a touch of fear in his suddenly young voice.

Max was reminded with a stab to his heart that Harry was only sixteen. He was often so mature and acted much older than he was that it was so very easy to forget that he wasn’t actually an adult yet, that he wasn’t fully grown up regardless of how he acted in a situation.

“Would we ever treat you any differently?” Max asked him with a small flick to that little nose. “Everyone has different, difficult trials to get over in their lifetime; it’s just cruel that yours came so early in life. True you have been through some horrific things, but they weren’t your fault, why would we treat you any differently for something so out of your control?”

Harry broke down and started sobbing on Max’s chest, taking comfort from those large arms that wrapped tightly around his back and the soothing smell of pine that always surrounded Max.

Max rocked Harry until the mentally exhausted boy fell asleep in his arms. He carefully extracted Harry from him and laid him back down, oh so gently. He covered Harry back up and eased himself carefully to his feet. He watched Harry sleeping for a minute or two, just to make sure his beautiful mate hadn’t been disturbed by his weight leaving the mattress. He bent down and kissed Harry’s soft cheek.

He couldn’t help but wonder if his mate had ever been hit harder than any child should. Harry had said that he had been hit by his… relatives, but how hard had those hits been? Had they caused any damage? Physical marks? Or had they just been sly slaps that stung for a bit without leaving a mark to be seen? He tried to keep the images of a battered Harry from his mind, of that beautiful, perfect face swollen, bruised and bleeding because someone had battered him, but he failed.

His claws and fangs ripped themselves out of his skin and gums with such force that he almost cried out. He breathed deeply and slowly to dispel his anger, but he knew that he had lost when his wings unfolded themselves from his spinal cord and pushed out of his skin in a burst of blood and shiny blue and black scales.

Resigned to walking around in his Dracken form for a couple of hours until he calmed down enough to control his Dracken attributes, Max left the bedroom before he accidentally woke Harry up. He went back into the living room and Nasta jumped up when he saw that he was in his Dracken form, sniffing deeply to scent out any threat.

“There isn’t any danger, I lost control.” Max admitted.

“I almost did when I heard your conversation. I can't believe he thought that we would treat him differently or that he thinks himself a brat just because he couldn’t bring himself to speak any more about what he went through.”
Max flumped down beside Nasta and scrubbed a hand through his hair, being very mindful of his claws. He smiled in remembrance of when he was a newly turned Dracken and had had a temper tantrum over something so insignificant that he couldn’t even remember what it was about now. His Dracken form had exploded out of him and he had been in so much pain that he had crumpled to the floor. His Mother and Fathers had held him and rocked him as he cried in agony.

Once he had calmed down and had sat in the circle of his Dad’s arms he had done the same thing, he had pushed a hand through his over long hair to get it out of his soaking wet face and as a result, he had gouged four deep rivets into his scalp with his claws. His Mother had been screaming at his Father to get him to the hospital as he sat on the floor bleeding profusely from his head, but his Father, ever the calm one in crisis situations had taken him from his Dad and had held him tightly to his front and urged him to bite his shoulder and drink his blood. The four deep marks hadn’t even scarred.

Max smiled and let himself indulge a little as he leant on Nasta and let the older man calm and soothe him. He was glad that no one else was there to see it though. Harry wouldn’t have done or said anything except perhaps worm his way between them and join in the cuddle, but Draco and Blaise were still too young to understand that being a dominant didn’t mean they had to be strong and tough twenty-four seven. They would see him as weak and challenge his position in the hierarchy and the last thing he wanted was to have dominance battles with them when he had only wanted a bit of comfort. He couldn’t wait for when they were older and more mature and realised that there was more to weakness and strength than bravado and icy exteriors.

Nasta wrapped an arm around him and kissed his forehead. The older man was enjoying the peace and comfort of the silence that Draco and Blaise being absent created. Not that he didn’t love them, he did very deeply, but their arguments and debates and childish fights gave him no end of headaches.

Max closed his eyes and let out a huff of breath, shifting a bit until he was more comfortable against Nasta.

“This is nice. I usually hate the silence of this place because it reminds me of how alone I am, but silence when I know there are people here is so peaceful.”

Nasta smiled and he relaxed back against the settee, soaking up the warmth of the large body next to him and the peace of the atmosphere. Neither of them were going to think about what Harry had gone through, neither of them were going to ruin the mood and the moment by mentioning it or speculating on what else could have happened to Harry in his childhood. They would speak about it when they had knowledge of everything that Harry had ever been subjected to, of everything those people had ever done to him. But for now they just wanted to enjoy some peace and quiet before hearing any more about Harry’s life or before Draco and Blaise came to visit and ruined it by inciting one of their many arguments. The next one would probably be over whom got better marks on their exams, neither of the older two were looking forward to that inevitable argument.
Chapter Thirty-Five – Homecoming Welcome

Max almost leapt out of his skin when the fireplace burst out green flame and one by one his family emerged from the fireplace.

He massaged his heart even as Nasta shot up, his black leathery wings with their bright yellow-gold scales burst from his back as he shot to stand in front of him as if he needed protecting.

“Well your reaction time is outstanding.” Max heard his Grandfather’s voice compliment. “Though your shielding skills are something to be desired, I can still see my Grandson’s head and shoulders.”

Max chuckled. “That can’t be helped now can it, Granddad? I’m a head and shoulders taller than he is.”

A tall, gorgeous man stepped out of the fireplace, a very large smile on his face, his light brown, almost blondish hair clinging to his face in overlong tendrils, his bright brown eyes glinting happily.
Max rushed right around Nasta and embraced this man tightly, even going so far as to tuck that head of blondish-brown hair under his chin.

“Caesar, what are you doing here? Not that I haven’t missed you, but what about Amelle?”

Caesar grinned happily up at his big brother; he had missed his entire family as he had been over in America with his mate and her family.

“Amelle’s family are watching over her, I swore her Father and brothers to an oath that they would die before they let anything happen to Amelle or Eleonora.”

“Eleonora? You finally beat Amelle’s idea of calling the baby Gem Bear into the dirt then?”

“I had to. I mean…Merlin, Gem Bear Seppen?” Caesar shook his head in disgust. “She’s settled on Eleonora and her Dracken likes it too, so it seems that our daughter will be Eleonora Dahlia Seppen.”

“I would have thought even with Amelle’s family you would still watch over her, she’s so close to birthing now.”

“Nah, she’s actually not. She’s still preening; she’s damn enjoying it as well. But I had to come and see my big brother when I heard that he had actually gone and gotten a submissive mate for himself, finally! Four other men as well.” Caesar waggled his eyebrows and Max shoved his brother away with a grin.

“Well we know who your favourite is.” A lovely looking woman with blonde hair and the same bright brown eyes as Caesar. “You walk past all three of your sisters to hug your brother and don’t even spare us a courtesy hello, thank you, Maximilius.”

“You know I love you, Julinda, but I haven’t seen Caesar in almost a year, I saw you last week.”

“Don’t make it sound like such a hardship to see me.” Julinda teased.

Max chuckled and hugged Julinda tightly, making sure to rein in his strength so he didn’t break his
human sister in half.

“How is Laurel?”

Julinda snorted harshly and folded her arms across her chest. “In a wand making convention in Sweden. Never mind that this weekend is our sixth year anniversary.”

“You should divorce him.” Richard said firmly to his only biological daughter, his brown eyes, which both of his children had inherited, hard as flint.

“I’m not going to divorce him, Daddy.” Julinda sighed as if this conversation were an old one.

“Where are the other three of your supposedly gorgeous harem?” Caesar asked interestedly.

“Gorgeous harem?” Max questioned with a raised eyebrow.

“Alayla told me that you have a harem of exceptionally gorgeous men, she got to see them at the Dracken meeting and I want to see for myself to validate her claims, so where are they? All I see is your ugly mush and one gorgeous man.”

“Draco and Blaise are visiting their parents and Harry is sleeping, he’s had a rough afternoon.”

“But I’m only here for a few days! I wanna see them all!” Caesar whined.

“You will. Draco and Blaise will be here soon enough to visit and Harry won’t sleep for much longer I don’t think.”

“Why won’t Harry sleep for much longer?” A sweet, sleepy voice asked.

Max turned and grinned at the sight of a sleepy Harry, his eyes closed as he rubbed at them with the one hand, the other holding onto the wall to keep himself upright, wearing just a pair of very over large boxer shorts.
“Are those mine?” Nasta asked incredulously. “How the hell did you get my boxer shorts?”

“I robbed them from your suitcase.” Harry admitted. “I broke the waistband to the ones Draco gave to me.”

Max scooped Harry up and held him tightly, kissing him passionately. Caesar wolf whistled and Harry startled and looked around before going a gorgeous shade of pink and trying to huddle in on himself to cover his body. He always got self-conscious when his belly was exposed.

“I know there’s a reason you are going around wearing just a pair of shorts other than enticing my son. What is it?” Myron asked not unkindly.

“I… I was too hot wearing anything else. I would have gone naked if my morals would have let me, thank god for morals.” Harry answered looking around at all the people looking at him. “I’m just going to get dressed.”

“No nonsense.” Myron exclaimed. “If you’re too hot then you’re too hot, don’t make yourself uncomfortable for us.”

Harry didn’t want to say that he was more uncomfortable staying in a room with them in just a pair of boxers that were only staying up due to his very large waistline, so he huddled in Max’s arms and looked around, his sight stayed on a new, but almost familiar face.

There was a new man standing with Max’s family, he looked so much like Richard that Harry knew him to be Max’s younger brother, Caesar. Harry wondered just what the hell this man was doing here when his nesting mate was about to give birth to his daughter. Harry would have had a fit if he found out that any of his mates had left him unprotected during his nesting period.

“I don’t think your little one likes me, Max, he hasn’t stopped glaring at me for the past two minutes.” Caesar told his older brother, who stopped his conversation with his Grandmother and looked in surprise at Harry.

“Sorry Harry, this is my brother Caesar, he isn’t a threat to you or the baby.” Max introduced as Caesar stepped forward, his hand out for a shake.

Harry snarled a bit at Caesar who took a step back in surprise. “He really doesn’t like me.”
“What’s wrong, love?” Nasta asked, coming closer.

“He’s just left his pregnant mate! He’s left her!”

“Amelle is fine, Harry. Her family are around her.” Max explained.

“It doesn’t matter.” Harry pouted before looking to Max and Nasta. “If any of you even think of leaving me alone in my nest I will wear your decorated skins to your funerals.”

Alexander Maddison started laughing heartily and he sat happily on the settee. “He’s so creative!” He praised.

Harry grinned at Max’s Grandfather and squirmed to be put down. He forgot all about just wearing a pair of shorts and went and sat with the man who held his hands like he was a delicate woman, but the creative glint in his eye stopped Harry from saying anything.

“How would you decorate their skins, Harry, sweet one?”

“With their wing scales of course.” Harry grinned promptly.

“If you could stop talking about torturing and killing us, that’d be great.” Max told them sardonically as he rolled his eyes.

“Spoil sport.” Harry stated with a grin.

Alexander chuckled and patted Harry lovingly.

“How is my great-Grandson tonight?” He asked, lowering a hand to the exposed, bare bump.

“Surprisingly still. Usually he’d be kicking into my kidneys right about this time.”
“Has he been active today?” Richard asked concernedly.

“Yes. He’s just not active now. I have his kick chart that the nice woman gave to me; he’s kicked me hard twelve times today.”

“I’m glad I don’t want kids.” Julinda said looking at him with pity.

“I want to be a Grandfather too you know.” Richard told his daughter, put out by her continued declaration of remaining Motherless.

“What the hell is Eleonora?” Caesar asked. “I am your son aren’t I? Please Daddy, don’t tell me Mommy slept with the milkman after all of these years! My heart won’t be able to bear the pain!”

Harry started laughing and he couldn’t stop. The faces Caesar had pulled, the tone of voice he had used to inflect the words he had said, the over dramatization of his actions made him laugh until tears streamed down his cheeks and his lungs shrivelled up from lack of oxygen as he couldn’t breathe.

“He’s just like you.” Myron remarked dryly to Richard, who was laughing so hard no sound was coming out of his mouth. Myron didn’t sound overly happy at the thought of Caesar being just like Richard either.

Nasta finally started rubbing Harry’s back to calm him down so he could take in a deep breath before he suffocated himself. Harry did so and remained pink cheeked, wet faced and huffing out bursts of laughter.

He calmed himself down and held his arms around his chest as he swayed with the remnants of his laughter, chuckling at odd moments.

Max smacked Caesar on the back of the head to shut him up, his grin almost splitting his face in two.

“You’re a moron.” He commented fondly.

“So are you, or do you forget the…”
The rest of Caesar’s sentence was muffled by one of Max’s large hands as he covered his brother’s lower face, his cheeks oddly red.

“Are you blushing?” Harry demanded. “What the hell happened to make you blush?”

Max went even redder and he stammered a bit before he stomped on Caesar’s foot.

“This is all your fault; you were sworn to the secrecy of the Gilted Quill!”

“The what?” Nasta asked interestedly.

Max went impossibly redder and Harry chuckled as Caesar went red cheeked as well. They looked like a couple of guilty, naughty school boys, very tall school boys.

“It was their little boy club when they were kids.” The other blondish-brown haired woman, this one the only one of Max’s siblings to have Myron’s jet black eyes, said with a nasty grin at her brothers. She put on a high pitched, imitation of a child’s voice. “No girls allowed!”

“Talia!” Max whined. “Stop humiliating me in front of my mates!”

“It was so cute.” Kimberly Maddison, Max’s Grandmother, sighed adoringly. “They used to run around with this beautiful little quill edged with real gold. One of Myron’s best quills, not that he would ever take away their ‘club symbol’”

“Of course not.” Myron stated with an evil little smirk. “I would never deprive my little boys of their gilded quill club symbol.”

“Oh Merlin, let the floor open up and swallow me whole.” Max grumbled.

Harry chuckled and went to hug Max, only to find himself stuck on the settee unable to get up.
“A little help please.” He said as he waved his arms about, trying, and failing, to get to his feet.

Nasta chuckled quietly beside him and gave him a gentle push to his feet. Harry went to Max and cuddled him tightly, still laughing at finally seeing Max get his feathers ruffled. Max was so laid back that it was nearly impossible to embarrass him, he either laughed it off or was completely unbothered by it, to see him actually embarrassed enough to blush tickled Harry.

“Have you searched for a nesting place yet?” Ashleigh asked Harry, looking unashamedly at his bared belly.

Harry actually half turned his baby away from her before he caught himself and stopped, standing still. He breathed deeply and pushed away his instincts which urged him to hide his baby away from Ashleigh. He turned around fully in Max’s arms to look at Ashleigh dead on, his instincts would not rule his life, he was in control here, no one else, not even his own Dracken instincts would overthrow his control, he already let go during the heats without doing so when he wasn’t on heat as well.

“No.” Harry replied, forced casually.

“I would have thought that it would have been the first thing you did once you got here. What is more important than scouting out the area that you’ll give birth in?” Myron asked a tight note to his voice which let Harry know that Myron at least had seen his small movement to turn away from his Wife.

“Something came up and then I fell asleep. I’ll scout out an area when I’m ready to!” Harry hissed.

“Calm down, sweet one.” Alexander urged him. “We wouldn’t want anything untoward to happen to you or the baby. Myron stop harassing the little one!”

“I was not harassing anyone, Father.” Myron replied calmly even as those black eyes glinted towards Harry.

“There was an…altercation at the train station.” Max broke the awkward silence that had fallen over them.

Harry twisted violently in Max’s arms and glared up at his biggest mate with livid emerald eyes.
Max sighed as Harry glared at him and his family all looked at him in alarm and askance. He had never kept anything from them, nothing in his entire life, until he had mates. He understood that this was Harry’s secret, Harry’s pain, but the more people that knew of what Harry had gone through then the less likely that one of his family members would send Harry into a flashback of his abused childhood.

“Give us a moment.” Max told his family as he plucked Harry from the floor like a doll and carried him back up the stairs to the bedroom, Nasta following them like a silent, disapproving shadow.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?!” Harry hissed out as soon as the door was closed. “You’re not allowed to just tell whomever you please about…about that!”

“I know, Harry, but they’re my family. I can’t keep anything from them, let alone something this big. They’ll be here practically every other day anyway, they always are, what if they say something to set you off? If it can be avoided surely that’s healthier for you and the baby?”

“No!” Harry exploded. “No it isn’t healthier for either of us!”

Nasta held him from behind and pressed a kiss behind his ear. “I can understand where Max is coming from Harry.”

Harry opened his mouth to shout hell at the both of them but Nasta’s hand lightly covered his mouth.

“If one of Max’s family members were to say something to inadvertently hurt or upset you, I doubt either of us would forgive ourselves. More importantly with you so close to giving birth, I doubt we would forgive the particular family member for causing you distress. Max loves his family very much, Harry, it would hurt something deeply within him if he were to fight with his family, as it would hurt me if I was so angry with my Dad or brother as to hurt them because they had upset you.”

“I…I don’t want them to know!” Harry burst out with tears in his eyes, stubbornly refusing to let them fall, feeling like a selfish burden for making them chose him and his painful secret over telling their own family members. “It’s embarrassing and humiliating! That I couldn’t and still can't protect myself from three Muggles.”

Nasta moved so quickly that Harry couldn’t even prepare for when he was spun around to face his
“Never say that again!” Nasta growled. “What those people did to you is in no way your fault, Harry! You were just a child, how can a child protect itself from the cruelty of two fully grown adults?”

“Where do they live, Harry?” Max asked calmly that belied the manic glint in his blue eyes.

“I’m not going to tell you that!” Harry replied astonished. “You can't kill them! All of us would be exposed as creatures and we’d all be executed! Do you want me to be executed? Do you want the baby to be executed?”

“The baby wouldn’t be executed, they’d test him to see if he’s a Dracken or not and then they’d either put him in an orphanage or extradite him to Australia or South Africa.”

“Oh and that’s better is it? Is it?!” Harry demanded shrilly.

“They’d have to catch us first.” Max ground out between his teeth unwilling to let it drop just yet.

“Oh so you can all run ahead of me, just leave me and the baby behind because I can barely walk let alone fucking run! Not to mention what would happen to your families! You’d be out as Drackens so they’d test them as well; it’s not just us you’ll be exposing! It’s not just our lives that you’ll be ruining.”

Max screamed into his hands. “I just can't bear the thought of those people abusing a child and getting away with it!”

“Who says they have to get away with it?” Nasta asked calmly, rationally. “They abused a minor in their care, there is no reason that we can't go through legal channels to punish them. Not everything has to be blood and death; I think a long, slow suffering in the most under budgeted prison we can find is a much more fitting punishment.”

Max’s eyes gleamed as Nasta craftily planted the images in the wound up Dracken’s head.
“Hello?! I’m pregnant! I can’t testify and I know enough about legal jargon from my Aunt’s Law and Order TV shows to know that if we have any hope of shoving them behind bars then I’ll have to testify. I can’t turn up at a Muggle court room pregnant!”

“Harry love, by the time we put in the accusation, the Muggles answer it and a court date has been set our son will be six months old.” Max replied.

“We’ll wait until after the birth of our boy if it makes you feel better.” Nasta soothed.

“You do both know that my Dad, Richard, is a barrister don’t you? I’ve grown up hearing about the ins and outs of the courtroom.”

“He’s a barrister, really?” Harry asked a tad hopefully.

“Course. He would be able to represent you if you wanted; he’d get them the longest, harshest sentence possible.”

“Only one of us can accompany, Harry.” Nasta stated factually. “I’d lean more towards Draco as he is the nearest to Harry’s age. If two thirty-something’s show up then the courts could claim that we are taking advantage of a minor.”

Max grunted. “I’ve already been accused of paedophilia once and that was more than enough. I have no want of a court to do it.”

“I am of legal age to give sexual consent!” Harry reminded them.

“It won’t matter, you’ll be going to a court to face down child abuse charges, if the judge, jury and media see that you have two thirty year old men as lovers they’ll twist it into something vile and unsavoury.”

Harry sighed. “I don’t want to do it alone.”

“You won’t be alone, love, we’ll be in the courtroom, we just won’t be able to claim a relationship with you, we could just be friends. Draco will be your lover, it’ll be better if there is just the one of
us anyway, Muggles are strange about homosexuality, so the less male lovers you have, the happier they’ll be.”

“Lucius Malfoy is also a very prominent political figure, when the wizarding world gets a hold of it he’ll be better suited, along with my Dad, Myron, to protect you from any backlash, any media interference, that sort of thing.”

“Lucius Malfoy won't help me! He hates me.”

“He doesn’t hate you; he just needs some time to sort through his thoughts. Child abuse is a very, very serious thing, Harry and Lucius Malfoy will be itching to take his wand to those people.”

“We really have to tell them, don’t we?” Harry asked in a small voice, looking to the bedroom door and the stairs that led to Max’s family.

“We don’t have to, but I would like it if you’d allow me to.” Max replied slowly and diplomatically. “They won't think anything differently of you, Harry; they’ll admire you for your strength to admit what you went through more than anything else.”

“How will they react?” Harry asked nervously.

“With righteous outrage on your behalf.” Max assured. “My Mum and grandparents especially will be devastated.”

Harry sighed. “I don’t think I could tell it again.” He admitted sadly.

“With your permission we could tell them all we know about the situation.”

Harry nodded slowly, half regretting it, even as he knew his mates would never have agreed to just leave the Dursleys alone, to just keep the past in the past.
Max had been right, of course, about his family’s reaction. They had been livid, had shouted, sworn, questioned and Myron had clenched his hands so tightly that his fingernails had bitten into his skin and caused him to bleed.

Richard had already started to take notes and was pressing the parchment with his quill so hard he was leaving stab marks all over it as his hand shook terribly.

Harry sat on the settee with Max’s youngest sisters, who were both holding him comfortingly and crying on his behalf as he sat dry eyed, but feeling like a rung out towel. Max’s oldest sister, Julinda was furious and was making choking motions with her hands, her brown eyes far away.

Ashleigh was being cradled in Myron’s arms, even as the huge, broad Dracken was standing as stiff as a board, those black eyes pinned to Harry, looking at him like he dearly wished to check him thoroughly for any marks or bruises, even though Max had told them that Harry’s inheritance last summer would have wiped away all physical evidence of his past abuse.

“What I’d do to those beasts if I got my hands on them.” Alexander said for the seventh time making a violent gesture in the air.

“Now dear, calm yourself.” Kimberly soothed her Husband. “Our dear Richard will make sure they get what’s owed them, won’t you, Richard dear?”

“Of course, Kimberly. Those vile monsters will not walk away from this.” Richard rasped his voice so tight it had to be painful for him to speak.

It seemed that when Richard got emotional, or angry, his throat closed off and with the scar running the length of his neck from his chin it made it very painful for the man to breathe and he had choked for air several times since he’d been told already.

Myron had given that small bottle of potion to his mate and watched critically as Richard had sipped from it, but it didn’t seem to be helping overly much. Harry was so insanely curious that he had had to bite his tongue twice to keep the question in his mouth.

Harry sighed and Talia wrapped her arms around him tighter, kissing the side of his head and rubbing against him like a cat. He smiled and snuggled her back, chuckling silently at it turned into a competition on who could rub the other for the longest.

“What on earth are you doing?” Alayla asked them with a laugh.

“I hope you aren’t trying to steal my pregnant mate from me, Talia.” Max grinned as his sister went tomato red.
“Of course not, I’m trying to make him happy again.” Talia answered primly, looking pointedly to Harry’s smile.

The floo flared green and before Harry could blink he had several people in front of him, several pairs of wings flared.

He heard Max laugh and the second tallest Dracken strode forward, his blue wings bobbing behind him and he embraced someone that Harry couldn’t see through the wall of wings, though he did find out that Myron’s wings were black on black, he has wings as black as his eyes with his scales done in an endless onyx colour. Richard’s wings were a pale, pastel orange colour and his scales were the happiest, brightest sunshine yellow he had ever seen, even brighter than Henley’s, which had been more of a lemon colour.

Alexander’s wings on the other hand were a deep, almost black, green and were dotted with paler green scales.

Max walked through them all with his arm around a very unsettled looking Blaise. Harry forced his body out of his seat, using his legs to push himself forward, almost stumbling in the process, to wrap his arms around Blaise’s neck.

“How come I never get a kiss like that?” Max whined.

“You can’t keep yourself from talking long enough.” Harry answered quickly, setting off a round of laughs.
Harry laughed happily as he cuddled with Blaise, who had come for a short visit to see if he had settled in alright. They kissed and cuddled and talked quietly as Max and his family talked about every topic on the planet.

“I’m going to go use the bathroom a second.” Harry told everyone as it looked like he was going to have a parade follow him through the house. “I’ll be five minutes!”

“The bathroom is the second door on the left from this room.”

“I thought it was upstairs?” Harry questioned. “It was beside the bedroom that I woke up in.”

“This house has an upstairs and a downstairs bathroom, love.” Max told him with a smile.

“Ah. Right, I’ll only be a sec!”

Harry waddled slightly to the bathroom and groaned as the pressure lifted from his bladder. He wasn’t as bad as when he had the infection, but he was still weeing every other hour.

He washed his hands and dried them on the towel, but he couldn’t bring himself to let the towel go. It was so soft and fluffy. He rubbed his face on it and he smelled it. It smelt like Max’s body. He clenched the material in his fists and looked around him. He eased himself out of the bathroom and looked up and down the hallway. He went the opposite way from which he had come and found an absolutely huge kitchen. It was bigger than the living room and it was a pristine white. Harry just knew that this room was where Max usually entertained his guests.

He spied the back garden and pushed open the back door. It was now twilight and it was getting dark. That meant it had to have been about ten in the night. Looking around he caught a small glimpse of the orchard that Max had promised was out back and dashed towards it as fast as his bandy legs could carry him.

He inhaled deeply and patted the ground around him with his hand. He stood up and knew that these trees would not support his nest. He needed bigger trees if he were to use one. Harry looked back at the house and it was then that he saw a vantage point; there was a flat section of roof amidst the sloping tiles. It was high enough that he could see any predators coming for his children, it was strong enough to support his nest and it was wide enough that he wouldn’t roll out of it.

Unsheathing his wings Harry didn’t even think about it as he moved them for the first time, taking just a few moments to find the right rhythm and speed before he was in the air, using his shoulders to control his direction.

He landed on the flat space and looked at it. It was bigger than he had initially thought, which was just as well as it would give him more room for his nest. He swatted at the decaying leaves, pulling
out his wand and banishing the mud and dirt. It would be the perfect nest. He could see for miles around him, no one would be sneaking up on him or his baby. He wadded the towel in his hands and placed it delicately to an edge that only he could see. He looked at the towel and preened a bit in pride. He would have to find more things to build his nest with, but for now, he was done. He had scouted the perfect area and had started to build, it wouldn’t be long now.

Chapter End Notes

I will be posting the side story to this fic, entitled The Rise of The Drackens: The Scaled Bits, very soon. It's full of little one-shots to help understand the mates better and where they've come from and what they've gone through as well as missing scenes that were edited out of the original chapters. I hope you like them.

StarLight Massacre.
The Nest

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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Chapter Thirty-Six – The Nest

Harry had only just landed back on the grass and tucked his wings back into his skin when Nasta came barreling out of the house, scooped him to his chest and began licking and sniffing every inch of his body.

He sighed and held on tightly to Nasta’s shoulders as he was carried back into the house and into the living room, where only the women remained. All of the males had vanished and Harry had a pretty good idea of where they had gone if Nasta was this wound up. He had taken too long coming back from the bathroom, his mates had gone looking for him and found the bathroom empty and they had panicked and gone hunting for him around the house.

“Oh, Harry darling, we were so worried when you didn’t come back from the bathroom after twenty minutes and then when Maxie told us that you had gone…” Kimberly Maddison exclaimed, faffing over him.

“I only went outside for some air, I felt a bit stuffy.” He lied smoothly. No one was to know about his nest, not even his mates.

“Are you still too hot?” Ashleigh fretted.
“Just a bit.” Harry answered as he fought with Nasta to get his arms free.

“Keep still.”

Nasta’s voice was guttural and slightly feral and Harry stilled immediately as he felt sharp teeth graze his bare shoulder in a warning for what was to come if he didn’t obey.

Harry let Nasta sniff at his skin, lick him and gently suck at him until his dominant was assured that he was still perfectly well and in peak health. Nasta sat down and lingered for a very long time around his bump, even using his hands to gently press and stroke his skin.

“You found him?”

Harry looked up at Max’s relieved face and cocked his head. Max seemed to be more in control than Nasta, but as the top dominant shouldn’t Nasta be the calmer one? Some aspects of being a Dracken still confused the hell out of him.

“He’s more wound up because he’s the top dom.” Max answered the question in his eyes. “Not that I wasn’t worried, because I was, I thought I was having a heart attack at just a little over thirty, but his Dracken dictates that he is the one responsible for the submissive and all subordinate dominants, so he’s more wound up because he had his Dracken in his ear harping on at what a terrible person he is for losing you.”

Harry hugged Nasta tightly and kissed the underside of his jaw.

“You aren’t a terrible person, Nasta, I only went to get some air. I would have called one of you if I had known it would upset you, but I stayed on Max’s grounds, I barely left the back door, I was never in any danger.”

“What if you had fallen?” Nasta forced out harshly, his throat sounding like it couldn’t get human words out.

“I wouldn’t have fallen, there were no stairs.” Harry said lightly, kissing Nasta lovingly.

Blaise rushed into the room and after seeing Harry he fell at Nasta’s feet, laying his head on Harry’s thigh.
“I was so worried, Mio Bello.” He exclaimed tightly.

Harry run his fingers through Blaise’s hair and tugged at a freshly cut, neat section of hair.

“You’ve cut it.” Harry pouted.

“My Mother always cuts my hair in the summer. She says a respectable boy can’t go around with a scruffy mop of straw for hair.”

“Thanks for that.” Harry replied dryly, tugging at a clump of his own hair that stuck in the opposite direction to all the others and would possibly reach his shoulders if it ever lay flat.

Blaise chuckled and kissed Harry’s chin. “I don’t believe that, Mio Amore, I just get my hair cut to keep her happy.”

“Speaking of cut hair, how long has yours grown now?” Max asked.

Neither of the older two had been happy when it had emerged that Harry had cut his hair in a rebellious act against his two dominants. But they were actually more angry with Blaise and Draco for putting Harry in a position where he felt the need to do something so drastic as to cut his hair than at Harry himself for actually cutting his hair. Nasta had nastily told them that at least it was his hair that Harry had cut and not his own body to get their attention. He had then regaled them with a gruesome story of a lazy dominant who couldn’t be bothered to look after his mate and the mate in question had sliced her own wrists in a desperate hope of getting her dominant’s attention. She had died alone and cold on their bedroom floor. The dominant had been executed by the Counsel for gross neglect of his submissive. Harry still shivered at that story, he couldn’t imagine how desperate and hungry that young girl had been for her mate’s attention, he couldn’t help but think that if she had had two dominants and not just the one bad dominant then maybe she would still be alive. That thought made him very sad.

“I don’t think it’s grown at all.” Harry replied with a shrug.

“You’ve cut your Dracken hair?” Myron asked in astonishment.
Harry wondered at what point during his cuddle fest with Nasta and Blaise the other males had come back in, then decided that he didn’t actually care if they saw him cuddling and kissing with his mates and he focused on the question asked.

“Yeah. In a, how did you phrase it, Nas? A rebellious act of needless violence against the wishes of my dominants for attention that should have been freely given.”

Myron pinned Max with a glare and Max dodged the smack to the head, proving that he was more than capable of moving out of the way of his Father’s smacks if he wanted to, and he held his hands up.

“WOAH! Wait a second, Dad; it was before I was even a mate! It was Blaise and Draco’s oversight, not mine or Nasta’s, we put them right when we joined the mateship and found out what had happen.”

Myron nodded but he didn’t apologise, not that Harry was expecting him to as he hadn’t actually hit Max, but it still ruffled Harry’s feathers that the man hadn’t apologised for going to hit his son, Harry’s mate.

“What did you boys do?” Alexander directed at Blaise, who was the only one of the two dominants involved here to question.

“It was just after Draco had joined our mateship. Harry really dislikes violence, yet Draco and I foolishly tried to settle our differences in front of Harry, who didn’t want to see us fighting. He threatened to do a lot of things if we didn’t stop immediately, but we were too riled up to stop as we are both relatively young Drackens, we couldn’t stop, not even as Harry begged us. We selfishly immersed ourselves in the fight that we were engaged in and it was only when Harry threatened to cut his hair that we were able to pull ourselves from the fight and focus on him instead of ourselves.”

“If you managed to regain control of yourselves and give your submissive the attention he needed then why did he still cut his hair?” Myron asked with a dangerous edge to his voice.

“Blaise calmed me down and I was about to throw the scissors down when Draco insulted me. I got so angry that I just clenched my hand and my hair fell away.”

“Can I see it?” Caesar asked. “I’ve never seen a submissive with hair shorter than mid back length.
“Is it shoulder length? You’d look cute with shoulder length hair.”

“You misunderstand, I didn’t just trim it.” Harry told them and he smiled a bit at their horrified faces. “I cut all of it off, every last bit. I put the scissors to the base of my skull and I cut, I had barely any hair left.”

“At least you didn’t give yourself a bald patch.” Max said with a grin. After the seriousness had been dealt with and Blaise and Draco had understood that gravity of what they had done, as Harry could have just as easily cut his body and not his hair, Max had pitched a laughing fit about it. The larger man loved playing with his tiny tufts of silky hair.

“You love it like this.” Harry grinned.

“It’s amazing, your hair in human form is thick and soft, but your Dracken hair is so smooth and silky, it feels wonderful to compare the two textures, one like velvet the other like solid water.”

Harry chuckled and pulled his Dracken form from within himself, he felt his hair recede into his head until it was shorter than his human hair and Max plunged his hands into that thick softness, putting his nose into it and inhaling deeply.

“Chestnuts.” He whispered. “You always smell of chestnuts.”

“Except for the one time that he smelt like coconut.” Nasta reminded him with a grin.

Harry blushed a bit as he remembered that he had had a clumsy moment and knocked all of Max’s hard made coconut milk drinks over himself. He had smelt like a coconut for a week afterwards.

“Well it does look nice.” Talia complimented as her parents stared at the haircut in stunned silence.

“I like it.” Harry grinned. “I’m going to keep it this way, not that it’s grown any since I cut it.”

“It doesn’t grow because you don’t want it to grow.” Alexander told him simply.
“Really? That’s so cool; it saves a hell of a lot of money on haircuts as well.”

Harry blinked as he remembered Aunt Petunia shearing his hair off with the kitchen scissors until he was nearly bald, leaving just a covering of spiky stubble and four inches of hair in the front to hide his scar. He had looked so ridiculous and he had cried himself sick in his cupboard as he spent a sleepless night torturing himself over going to school the next day.

His hair had grown back without him noticing some when during the night and even though he had been punished for it, even though at the time he had had no idea of how he could have possibly made his hair grow back overnight, he had been so happy to have his hair back that he hadn’t cared. Was it a wizard thing? Or was it a Dracken thing? His hair had always stayed the same really, until Aunt Petunia had taken him to the barber’s and had it cut, but then his hair always grew back on the walk home until by the time they got back, it looked like he had never been. His hair never really grew when it was left alone, but when it was cut; it grew back exactly the same.

“Harry, love?” Max coaxed him gently.

Harry looked around and sighed heavily. He was on Nasta’s lap being surrounded by his three mates, Max’s family all around him looking concerned. He had slipped into his memories too much and had been unaware of the outside world. He could have kicked himself; his mates were already so very worried without him doing shit like that!

“I’m fine.” He stressed, even as he knew they wouldn’t believe him.

“What was it about this time?” Nasta asked. “What caused the flashback?”

“My hair.”

That confused the whole lot of them, but none more than Blaise, who was looking severely puzzled. Harry touched his smooth chin and kissed him.

“You and Draco have missed a great deal.” Harry sighed.

Blaise lowered an eyebrow in question. “We’ve been gone for a few hours, what could we have possibly missed?”
“My relatives came to pick me up from the station.”

“Ah, so they know that you’re pregnant now. Did they not take it very well?”

Max snorted and looked like he didn’t know what to do or where to look as he had the most fierce glare on his face and he didn’t want to direct it at anyone.

“They were never going to take it well, Blaise.” Harry sighed.

Blaise quirked up an eyebrow in question, but Harry sighed and turned away. Today was never going to end.

“He has a right to know, Harry.” Nasta coaxed him gently.

Harry nodded his head, stood up and walked out of the room. He couldn’t deal with the situation. He wanted to go back to bed but it was only when he tried to pick his foot up to climb the stairs and couldn’t that he remembered that it was impossible for him to get up the stairs by himself.

He sunk down onto it instead and sniffled as he felt the burn in his eyes and in the back of his throat which signalled a crying fit coming on. He closed his eyes and squeezed the tears back.

How did it come to this? He had been happy without them knowing; now not only did his mates know, but Max’s family knew, if Max’s family had been told, Nasta would tell his Dad and brother. Blaise would confide in his Mother and possibly even his step-father and Draco, Draco would tell the world in his rage. He had felt better when they hadn’t known.

A small fluttering in his belly had Harry moving his hand to his bump in an almost reflexive movement, patting his own belly as he started humming quietly under his breath. He kept the humming soothing and light, full of his love for his baby and not including any of his current dark thoughts or feelings.

Max dropped down beside him, his huge hands covering Harry’s own as the large man leant into him, resting his head on Harry’s.

“I fear we’ve pushed you too hard. For that we are sorry, Harry.” Max whispered, afraid to ruin the soft humming.

Harry stopped his humming and turned to Max, his tears still threatening to fall. Max sighed painfully when he saw them and he moved his hands to cup Harry’s cheeks, moving his thumbs to brush those unfallen tears away gently.
“It was great before you all knew.” Harry warbled, trying to control himself and failing. “I never told you because I’ve never wanted to speak about it. I wanted to forget about it, I was never going back, it was all over. I could carry on with my life, I could be happy. Then I had that damned flashback to my poor, neglected childhood and that was it, I knew from your faces that day that you weren’t going to let it drop, that none of you were going to accept anything less than the truth. I knew my happiness was going to shatter around me.”

“Why?” Max asked looking at him hard. “Why would your happiness shatter around you? Did you think that we wouldn’t love you any more if we found out?”

“No. I know you all love me, I’m secure in that knowledge, but I knew that when you found out I’d have to talk about it, that I’d have to relive it all again. I was never happy there, Max. Never, not even once and I knew that once I started talking about all of those painful memories and the fear, the loneliness and the unhappiness I felt back then that I’d feel it now as well. The happiness that I had found, that I had made for myself would crumble around me under the onslaught of such memories.”

“Oh, Harry.” Max exclaimed wrapping large arms around him tightly, not saying anything else, just holding his little lover.

“I can't talk about it, Max, I just can’t. The things those people did to me, the things they said, I don’t want to relive those times, I don’t want to go back to how I used to be…please.”

Max’s arms tightened around him and he squeezed his eyes shut to stop the burn in the corner of his eyes from forming his own tears as he listened to Harry begging him not to make him speak about what he had gone through.

“You have to talk about it, love, not all at once and it was perhaps a bad idea to push you to tell Blaise as well as my entire family in such a short amount of time, but I can't begin to think on what you went through, what you must have felt as your own relatives hurt you and neglected you like they did, I know I wouldn’t be able to cope alone if anyone did those things to me, I would have had to tell someone.

I’ve grown up knowing that I can go to all three of my parents for anything. I know that they will listen to my fears, my worries and my dreams without judgement or ridicule. That they will guide me through the toughest of challenges and be there for me whenever I need them to be and even when I don’t. I’ve come to learn that no matter how old I am, or how old I’ll get, they will always be there to help me, to listen when I need them to, to protect me from all the dark and dangerous things in the world, even if I am fully able to do it myself because that is what loved ones do. To learn that you never had that growing up, that you couldn’t rely on those who were supposed to love and protect you makes me feel sick and light headed.
If anyone deserved a loving family growing up it was you, Harry. You are so special, so kind and so full of love that it’s hard to believe that you never had any growing up. It hurts all of us to know what you’ve been through, it hurts us deep inside our chests, it squeezes our hearts because child abuse is so terribly wrong that it brings tears to our eyes. Hurting a child goes against every fibre of my body and I ache with the knowledge that one I love so deeply has been hurt in such a way, I just want to help you, Harry, but I’m making it worse by pushing you. You can’t do this on your own, but pushing you to tell us everything in one huge onslaught isn’t going to help you and it isn’t going to help us to help you either, so you tell us in your own time what happened, but know that we will never let you keep it bottled up inside for long, know that no matter what time of day or night that you decide to tell us, we will hold you and love you through it, because we are your family now and that’s what families do.”

Harry had tears streaming down his face as he fell onto Max’s chest and sobbed his heart out into the soft shirt. He took in deep, gasping breaths and cried until his throat felt like it would tear. More hands on him alerted him to Nasta and Blaise joining him and Max on the stairs and he huffed a bit, trying to stop his tears, but gave up when more kept coming. A drop of wetness on his forehead finally broke through his ball of comfort wrapped up in his mates’ arms against Max’s chest and he looked up through tear blurred eyes at Max, who was silently crying himself. That alone is what gave Harry the power to finally calm himself down enough to stop his tears and to stop the great, huffing breaths. He slowed his breathing until he was breathing normally, only a small hiccup now and then breaking his slow and even breaths. He rubbed his face with his bare arm before reaching up and swiping at Max’s tears.

Max smiled at him and it was a sad smile as if even though he was smiling, he didn’t really feel happy.

“I’m glad to have you as my family.” Harry said softly, his voice a hoarse croak after all of his sobbing.

Max crushed him back to his chest and just held him, one hand on his back, the other the back of his head, stroking his hair softly as he rocked them both slowly. Nasta laid his head between Harry’s shoulder blades and he felt Blaise on his left side. It was at moments like these that he wanted all of his mates around him and he felt the loss of Draco like a stab to his stomach and he wished that his blond lover were here to hold onto him as well.

Max let out a weak, watery chuckle.

“Look at us all here acting so soppy.” He broke away from the hug and brushed away his own tears. “I’m going to make us all hot chocolate, we deserve a treat.”

“It’s going to go right to my thighs.” Nasta sighed as if put upon.
Harry grinned and pinched at Nasta’s thighs, they were so solid that he couldn’t even get a purchase on the skin, let alone any fat.

“Yeah I can see that, look at the size of them!” Harry teased. “Mine however.”

Harry grabbed a handful of flesh and jiggled it about.

“Come off it.” Blaise said with a laugh. “That’s all pregnancy weight; it’ll fall off you when our son is born.”

Harry patted the baby bulge in pride. “Either our boy is going to be ten pounds born or I’m going to be keeping some of this weight for myself. It wouldn’t surprise me, after all not only am I eating more now that I’m pregnant, but Max is such a genius cook that I can’t help but gorge myself on his delicious meals.”

Max wrapped an arm around his shoulder and nudged him lightly, even though he had a faint blush on his neck from the praise.

“No lie there.” Blaise added. “Our son will be the size of a house before he’s three.”

“If I carry on I’ll be the size of a house before he’s born.”

“That’s not true.” Nasta said seriously as they walked into the kitchen. “You’ll be a small shed at best.”

“Just more of me to love.” Harry replied, shrugging a shoulder. He let out a surprised giggle when Blaise latched onto him and tickled him, digging those slender fingers right into his ticklish sides.

“I think you need a bit more flesh before you even get to kitchen chair stage.”

“Kitchen chair stage?” Max questioned as he pulled down four very large, tall mugs.
Blaise nodded seriously. “It’s where you get so big your body fat eats a kitchen chair.”

That made all of them laugh and Harry wiped tears away. “I think Dudley surpassed the kitchen chair stage when he was fourteen.”

“It looked like he had.” Nasta said darkly before he swiped the large bar of chocolate Max had uncovered from one of his cupboards and snapped a large chunk off for all of them.

They all watched Max mix ingredients into a large jug, pouring in hot milk and mixing it with melted chocolate and cocoa powder before pouring it into the mugs and adding whipped cream on top of them, sprinkling the cream with cinnamon and topping it off by shaving off curls of the chocolate bar with a small chocolate grater.

He handed them the tall mugs and watched as they took their first sips. Harry actually moaned at the taste, whilst Blaise sipped his consideringly, Nasta just sipped it once before draining almost the entire mug.

“Why have you never made these before?!” Harry demanded.

Max shrugged. “They’re a comfort drink that I usually make in the winter to stave off the cold when I’m fed up of coffee and want something a little more luxurious than tea.”

“I say he’s been holding out on us.” Blaise stage whispered to Harry.

Harry nodded seriously. “I think he should be forced to make us these when we demand them.”

“I’d do that anyway.” Max protested.

Harry and Blaise looked at each other with grins, then to Max. Nasta chuckled deeply.

“You should have just accepted the ‘punishment’.” He told the younger, but bigger man. “Now they’ll think of something else.”

Max smacked himself in the face and groaned. “Damn my treacherous mouth.”
Harry and Blaise teased Max until Nasta was laughing uncontrollably. Harry was happy in that moment, but there was a sense of shadow at the very corner of his mind, an awful, looming knowledge that sometime soon, he would have to tell all of his mates everything that he had had to go through in his childhood. He didn’t like it, but that didn’t matter because he would be forced to tell them whether he liked it or not, he just couldn’t wait for everything to be over and done with and for them to never speak of it again.

Blaise had been told of what had happened to Harry by Nasta whilst Harry had been comforted by Max on the stairs. Blaise had gone home that night reluctantly as Harry climbed into bed with Nasta on one side of him and Max on the other. Max had the biggest bed that Harry had ever seen and that included the magically enlarged one at Hogwarts.

Draco had come over the next day and he had been told by Max whilst Nasta tugged Harry upstairs for a lengthy bath together. They had heard Draco’s yells, screams and destruction even though they were on the opposite side of the house. All of them had known that Draco would take the news the worst, his temper was inconsolable.

Harry had been dried and dressed by Nasta, who held him tightly as they walked down the stairs. Max was in the kitchen supporting a swollen and bloody lip. He smiled wanly at them even as Harry gasped in surprise.

Nasta deftly sunk a single claw into his own arm and held it out to Max who smiled thankfully and sealed his mouth over the bleeding cut. When he pulled away, his lip was healed.

“I sent Draco home. He was in no state to see you, Harry.” Max told him. “I told him that he couldn’t come back until he was calm and thinking rationally.”

Harry nodded silently and sat down on Max’s lap. He kissed the place where the cut had been and rested his head against Max’s chin.

“I can't believe he hit you.”

“It was only because I stood in his way of going to see you. I knew you wouldn’t have wanted to see him like that, he was too angry and he wasn’t thinking properly.”

Max cuddled him and kissed the space of skin between his temple and his cheek, beside his eye, and he nuzzled him gently.
“I couldn’t have him shouting who knows what at you whilst you’re pregnant, hell I wouldn’t let him do it anyway. He was angry and he was in no fit state to see you, pregnant or otherwise. He was looking for a target to unleash his anger upon and I feared that it would be you, so I made myself his target.”

“He still shouldn’t have hit you. I’ll speak to him about his anger problems.”

“We can put him in for anger management classes.” Nasta suggested. “He might resent it, but if it helps him with his anger problems then I really don’t care. He can’t go around hitting us just because he’s angry.”

“I’ll speak to him about it.” Max said as he rubbed his head against Harry’s. “If he refuses out right then we’ll have to think of something else.”

“If he does refuse then I’ll speak to Severus.” Harry put in. “If anyone can sort Draco out it’s him.”

Harry was so unused to just lounging about all day every day that it took him a week before he stopped waking up at half six every morning to start chores he didn’t have. He had no classes and no endless list of chores to do; he didn’t ache from exhaustion at the end of every day and he was so well fed that he really had gained weight that he was sure would stay on after his son was born.

Max and Nasta still had to go to work, but there was always someone in the house with him. Blaise came over often and even Marianna came to visit him and her first grandchild. Nasta’s brother, Sanex, had shown up a couple of times and together with Caesar they had almost burnt the carpet from Max’s living room floor and had almost set the settee alight.

Myron had hit Caesar until Harry thought the man had gone unconscious, but he had just curled around his Father’s feet begging for forgiveness for his stupidity.

Myron had forgiven Caesar by hugging him and giving him a kiss to the forehead, but Myron had then been unable to stop himself from holding on tightly to Harry and licking and sniffing at him. Harry then realised exactly how close to hurting him that Caesar and Sanex had been with the stupid stunt the two older, more childish men had pulled. He had been sitting on the settee that had almost gone up in flames, very close to where Caesar had aimed his wand, a few inches over and he would have been hit.

Harry had fallen asleep on Myron and had woken up on the man when Nasta flooed home. When told of what had happened, Nasta had immediately jumped on him and after assuring himself that he and the baby were fine, he had yanked his brother away and Harry knew no more, but Sanex
had come back in looking thoroughly reprimanded and had apologised once again with his disapproving younger brother looking on.

Harry had been sneaking away from his mates in the dead of night, every night now and he stashed ordinary household items into his roof top nest. Neither of them had noticed a thing yet and Harry wanted to keep it that way. He had warded his nest so thoroughly that nothing was going to get into it. He had tested it out the next time that it had rained and he had sneaked away as soon as he could to find the roof puddled with water, but his nest and the area around it was bone dry and warm and cuddly.

He had wadded it up with more towels, his own, too small, Weasley jumpers from past winters that reminded him of how loved he was at the Weasleys, he had stashed away a couple of Nasta’s trousers and so far the older man hadn’t noticed them gone, but Harry was sure that he would notice as soon as he ran out of clean ones. He had even robbed the front parlour rug, so far it hadn’t been noticed, but as Max liked to lie on it when he wanted to relax, Harry was sure it would be the first thing that was noticed missing, that or the curtains from one of the empty bedrooms which he had also stolen away in the dead of night.

Tonight he creeped out of the bedroom and out to the back garden where he had stashed a large pile of leaves in the orchard and a very, very soft blanket that he had found under Max’s bed. He would use it to wrap the baby in when he was born.

Harry dried the leaves with his wand until they were almost curling at the edges from the heat before he levitated them after him as he unleashed his wings and flew expertly to his nest. He felt the wards around his nest shiver as he passed through them and immediately he was bathed in warmth and comfort.

He dumped his pile of leaves outside of his nest and used them to make a ring around it, pushing them up tight against the smaller ring he had made from towels. The curtains were spread out on the floor and the rug was on top of them, layering up to create softness and warmth.

He laid the blanket carefully to one side, bunching the edges until they made a soft cradle shape, his baby would be swaddled and placed in this blanket before being wrapped up tighter again after he had birthed him.

He needed to build the walls of his nest higher to keep out any chill winds that would make his baby sick, he would also need to layer the floor some more, perhaps that warm duvet that Max had would help. He would snatch it tomorrow night now; he was running out of time. If he stayed any longer then he would be caught, he just knew it.

He glided down to the ground and landed softly, hurrying back into the kitchen and locking the back door quietly. He heard feet on the stairs and knew that he had been noticed missing. He quickly grabbed a glass and filled it with water that Max kept in a filtered jug on the work top.

He gulped some down just as Max padded into the kitchen. His biggest mate let out a relieved sigh and run a hand down his sleep filled, yet panic alert face.

“I found him.” He called out, obviously for Nasta’s benefit as the older man flew into the kitchen and let out his own sigh of relief.
“I only needed a drink.” Harry feigned innocence, looking at them a bit unsurely.

Max melted and strode to him, holding him against that large, muscled chest tightly.

“Of course you’re allowed a drink, Harry, but I keep tumbler glasses in the bathroom for this, so you don’t have to struggle to get up and down the stairs. We were worried.”

“I forgot about that.” Harry lied with a bashful look. “I went down the stairs on my bum and I was going to crawl back up them.”

Nasta shook his head with a smile. “What are we going to do with you?”

“You can take me back up to bed if you want to.” Harry grinned, smothering a yawn with his hand.

“With pleasure.” Max answered, putting the empty glass in the sink and picking him up to carry him back to bed. Harry was asleep before they even made it to the top of the stairs.

It was Blaise who first noticed that something wasn’t quite right. He had taken a wrong turn to the bathroom and had ended up in the empty, disused bedroom where Harry had been robbing most of his nesting material.

“Didn’t your spare bedroom have fabrics?” He asked as he came back down.

“Huh?” Max eloquently asked as he was immersed in a battle of chess with Draco, who was winning.

“The spare third bedroom is missing every stich of fabric.”

Max looked up then and raised an eyebrow. “Of course it has fabrics, I made sure before you all came here for the summer.”
“Well it doesn’t have any now, there’s no bedding, no curtains and a section of carpet is missing.”

“What?!?” Max demanded. “That carpet cost me a fortune!”

He stood up and Harry huddled down and covered his face with his book as Max stormed through the upper level of the house. Max let out a strangled yell and a loud thump was heard, like Max had either gone to his knees or had hit something.

Max stormed back down the stairs and immediately grabbed a handful of floo powder.

“I’m going to kill Caesar; he knows how much I love that carpet!”

Harry let out a silent sigh of relief and he felt his arms go weak. His nest hadn’t been found. He refused to feel bad about Max blaming his brother when his nesting place was in jeopardy.

“Why the hell would Max’s brother steal all the fabric in Max’s spare room?” Draco questioned. He had refused anger management classes, but had accepted talking to Snape about the problem, he had felt awful for hitting Max and had beat himself up for days before coming to apologise.

“You’ve only met Caesar once. Trust me he’d do it just to piss Max off.” Blaise answered.

“Why the spare bedroom though? Why not the Master bedroom?”

“Probably so that Max wouldn’t notice right away and give him time to hide it all.” Harry answered; sticking so close to the truth that not even his eyes would give away his lie.

Nasta took that moment to floo home very early from work. He had another shiny, raw looking burn that covered the entire one side of his leg, shown by the borrowed shorts that he was wearing. His ruined, still smouldering, jeans were thrown over the crook of one arm. It was obvious why he was home so early and Harry whimpered in worry, Nasta gave him a reassuring smile.

“I’m fine. Remember the last time? This burn is the same, just bigger. It’ll be gone by tomorrow, the afternoon tops; you forget that I’ve had a million of these burns throughout my career.”
“What caused it this time?” Draco asked concernedly.

“We got a new buck all the way from the Russian reserve. He’s so ferocious that only the experienced handlers are allowed near his enclosure.”

“I thought the enclosures were only for sick dragons.” Harry said questioningly, recalling something that Charlie had told him at the Quidditch world cup.

Nasta looked at him with a prideful smile and Harry flushed a bit in happiness.

“Usually they are, but after this particular dragon ate four baby dragons, one pregnant female and sliced up another buck; we sedated him and quickly put him in an enclosure until we can figure out what the hell to do with him.”

“He ate four baby dragons?” Harry cried out as he unconsciously moved to protect his baby.

Nasta saw him and chuckled. “No one is going to eat the baby, Harry, even if we are part dragon.”

“What breed is he?” Blaise asked.

“Ukrainian Ironbelly. He’s the first one to ever come to the Brecon Dragon Reserve as a permanent addition and not just come to us on loan for the breeding season. It’s why we agreed to take him in, but he’s decided to be a massive pain in the arse.”

Harry giggled and Nasta looked at him with a grin. He flumped down beside him and tucked him under an arm that was soot stained, like it had gone too close to a flame, which was actually much too close to the truth for Harry’s comfort.

“Where’s Max?” Nasta asked looking around as if he had just noticed that Max wasn’t there.

“He went to kill Caesar.” Blaise replied helpfully.
Nasta cocked an eyebrow in silent question.

“He stole all of the fabrics from Max’s spare bedroom and cut out a section of carpet. Apparently Max loves the carpet and he has gone to chase his brother all around their parent’s house.”

“Sometimes I wonder if I’m the only sane one in this family.” Nasta sighed.

Draco snorted. “Says the man who comes home with half his leg looking like a pan roasted drumstick.”

Harry giggled again, joined by Blaise, who slid into Max’s vacated seat and made his chess move for him. Draco grinned as he turned back to face his opponent and made his move, which took out Max/Blaise’s knight.

Harry went back to his book and Nasta soaked up all the peace he could whilst it was being offered, he closed his eyes with his arms around Harry, the only sounds were of Draco and Blaise moving pieces, cursing as they lost a piece or cheering as they made a good move, Harry turning a page, and his soft, almost inaudible breaths. It was quiet, peaceful, but it wasn’t silent and Nasta thanked every deity out there for that. The peace he could handle, welcomed it even, but he never, ever wanted to hear the silence again, the lonely silence where he could hear his own heart beating in his empty, one person apartment. He never wanted to go back to that ever again.

The floo turned green and spat out a foul looking Max. He took a deep breath and surveyed them all looking at him. He smiled a bit tightly, but genuinely.

“Caesar swears blind that he never stole my carpet, like that little weasel wasn’t guilty right from the off.”

Max then noticed Nasta’s leg and the look of horror on his face brought a sigh from Nasta’s lips.

“I’m fine. It’s already been treated at the Reserve; I’m in no pain whatsoever. It’ll be gone and healed by tomorrow, but I have been given the week off to ‘recover’ from my injury.”

Max nodded and clapped his hands together happily. “Who’s for an early dinner?” He asked rhetorically as he immediately went for the kitchen without waiting for their answers.

Harry breathed easier knowing that his nest hadn’t been found, that none of them had any idea that he was even building a nest. Caesar was going back to Amelle in America in two days, one if the
rest of today was discounted. Hopefully Max would carry on thinking that his brother had ripped up the carpet in the spare room when really it had been him to make his nest more comfortable. Max could have the segment of carpet back once he was finished with it, it would slot right back into place, but Harry also loved that carpet and he had wanted it for his nest, surely Max would forgive him for it, it had gone to a good cause after all.

Draco hadn’t been allowed to stay for much longer than it took them to eat dinner, his parents had expected him home, but Blaise had been allowed to curl into bed with them as his Mother knew exactly how hard it was for all of them to stay apart from each other.

Harry shot awake at three in the morning, his Dracken instincts taking over as he crawled out of the bed, but it was so warm in the bed and tonight had been unseasonably cold. The duvet would make a brilliant addition to his nest. But his mates would know that he had taken it, they would catch him if he just took the duvet from their bodies as they slept, but he wanted it for his nest! What to do?!

Harry silently moved to his hiding place and uncovered the tea towel that Draco had wiped his hands on. It had lingering traces of Draco’s scent on it. He pulled out Max’s oven gloves, which the big man was bound to miss that very morning and the freshly laundered bathroom mat too.

He rushed as fast as he dared down the stairs and out into the back garden, he flew up to his nest and placed his new items into it without arranging them, he would be missed sooner rather than later on this cold night, his missing body temperature would rouse the other men.

A gust of wind had Harry holding his pyjamas tighter around himself, he wasn’t dressed to be outside, he hadn’t even put shoes or socks on and his bare feet were like ice.

He glided down to the grass and shivered as his feet started burning with the cold. It felt like he was standing in snow and not on wet grass.

He made it back into the house and locked the back door again before he crawled up the stairs on his hands and knees, his bump rubbing across each stair as he went. He crawled into the bathroom to wash his hands and feet from evidence of his nightly trip outside, his feet were muddy from the wet ground and his hands were filthy from landing heavily on the roof. He sent up a prayer that he had remembered his wand to remove the filthy footprints that he had left on the kitchen floor.

He cleaned himself off, but when he went to stand he went very dizzy. He caught himself on the sink before he could injure himself or the baby by hitting the floor. His stomach clenched and he knew a moment before he did that he was going to be sick.

He retched into the toilet and he couldn’t stop, he shivered as a wave of cold gripped his very bones and made his eyes roll into his head. He let out a distressed call, noting that it was higher pitched and more shrill that usual, before his head bounced on the tile floor, knocking him unconscious. The last thing he heard were roars and the splintering of heavy wood from the bedroom.
Blind Panic

Chapter Thirty-Seven – Blind Panic

Nasta shot up from the bed as soon as the first vibrations of Harry’s distress call reached his ears. He heard the shrill, panic-stricken call a fraction of a second later and his wings burst from his back in a shower of blood, his claws ripped from his fingers and his fangs tore through his gums as he ran faster than he ever had before to reach Harry that little bit quicker.

He heard the bed frame behind him splinter and took a moment to look over and see that one of Max’s bright blue wings had taken half a bedpost with it when its owner had shot up in the bed.

He wrenched the bathroom door from its hinges and threw it behind him, even though it had been halfway open already and it was then that he saw Harry, slumped on the floor, his lower legs trapped under his body. He had most probably been on his knees and had fallen backwards onto them when he lost consciousness. He took in the vomit in the toilet and it didn’t take a genius to figure out that Harry must have woken up with an upset stomach and had passed out on the bathroom floor.

Nasta carefully scooped Harry into his arms as Max brushed past him to get to the airing cupboard to find a clean flannel. The large man wetted it under the tap before he dabbed at Harry’s sweat soaked and vomit flecked face as Blaise flushed the toilet of its contents.

The lot of them were calming down now that no intruder had been found harming their submissive, now that they understood that Harry’s panic had most likely come from vomiting so violently that he had passed out.

Max led the way back to the bedroom and snatched his wand from the bedside table, giving it a casual wave and repairing the bed with a soft incantation. Blaise pulled the duvet back onto the bed and folded a corner so that Nasta could lay Harry down carefully before the smaller dominant covered Harry up and tucked him in.

Chapter Notes

Last Time

He retched into the toilet and he couldn’t stop, he shivered as a wave of cold gripped his very bones and made his eyes roll into his head. He let out a distressed call, noting that it was higher pitched and more shrill than usual, before his head bounced on the tile floor, knocking him unconscious. The last thing he heard were roars and the splintering of heavy wood from the bedroom.
“We’d better call a Healer.” Nasta sighed as he run an adrenaline shaking hand through his black hair. “Harry has a bad bump on the back of his head, probably from hitting it on the tile floor when he lost consciousness.”

“We can't risk anyone finding out that he’s a Dracken.” Max fretted. “A Healer could figure out what he is in a minute flat with a simple blood spell!”

“We could always call the Healing Halls for the on duty Healer.” Nasta pointed out quietly.

“They’re for serious emergencies.” Max answered.

“They’re there for whomever needs them.” Nasta corrected. “We can’t go to a normal Healer with this and I’d much rather that Harry be seen by someone.”

“Madam Pomfrey already knows.” Blaise offered instead.

“But where does she go for the school holidays?” Max asked wringing his big hands together as he looked, stricken faced, at their little lover unconscious in the big bed.

“I…I don’t know. She must live somewhere though; surely we can find a floo address.”

“Unless she’s taken herself off of the floo network for a summer of peace.” Max answered.

“You stop being so pessimistic.” Nasta ordered of Max. “You calm down.” He directed at Blaise. “If anyone will know where she is, it’s Dumbledore and as Headmaster and close friend of Harry’s he gave us his floo address. We’ll ask him and if that fails, then we will call the Counsel.”

Nasta left the other two to care for Harry, or rather just watch over him as there wasn’t much else they could do, as he trekked down to the living room and made an urgent floo call at half past two in the morning to the Headmaster of Hogwarts.
Harry woke up with a groan. He was in bed and covered with at least two duvets and another three or four blankets. He was sweltering hot and every inch of his body was coated with sweat. He was sticky and uncomfortable and the only thing he wanted was a nice, long shower so he could feel clean again.

He shoved the mountain of blankets off of himself and cupped his baby bulge, though to cup something indicated that it was small and fit in the palms of his hands, his bump did no such thing. His baby boy was either so big he was making Harry look like a whale, or he really liked his room to move about as Harry looked utterly ridiculous no matter what his mates said to contrary.

Putting his feet onto the floor, Harry carefully padded to the bathroom and stripped off the fleecy pyjamas he was wearing, they were his winter pyjamas, entirely too hot to wear in the middle of July! He hopped right into the shower and started washing the gelled sweat from his lower back.

He didn’t stay in there too long, just long enough to wash his body clean and to give his hair a quick shampooing. He dried himself and dressed himself back into the fleecy pyjamas, the only clothes he had because he had forgotten to pick any up in haste to reach the shower.

He was feeling very tired again, like he had only slept for an hour or so when he knew it was probably more than that. He shoved several blankets off of the bed and found their main duvet. He rubbed it against his face and a feeling that he recognised all too well by now came over him. He had to get the duvet to his nest. It had to be there, it smelt like all of his mates, all their scents mingled together.

He could hear voices downstairs, he couldn’t go down that way, he’d be caught and his nest found out. His gaze went to the window and he slid it open easily. He climbed out and let himself fall before unsheathing his wings and fluttering them to rise again. He landed on the roof with the duvet and he threw it into his nest, which had grown considerably, to sort out later when he had more time to do so, the house was awash with activity and he couldn’t risk being caught.

He flew back into the window, tucking his wings in at the last possible moment, but he miscalculated and he caught a wing bone against the window frame and he tucked himself up and rolled on the floor biting his lip to keep in his scream of agony. Hell that had hurt! That had hurt so fucking much! It felt like he had been shot.

He shut the window and crawled to the bed and lay down in it, tucking just the one blanket over him as he rocked himself slowly as the pain tapered off to a lingering soreness and he fell asleep quickly, thoroughly worn out from his quick and sporadic flight to his nest.

Max tilted his head as he heard a thump from upstairs, no one else had seemingly heard anything, he couldn’t smell anything out of place, but he couldn’t just let it drop, what if something was wrong?

He looked around the kitchen and noticed with a sigh of irritation that Caesar and Sanex were missing. If they were ripping up anymore of his carpet he’d gut the both of them. A loud laugh had him looking over to his Dad and Aneirin Delericey, who were thoroughly enjoying themselves.

He caught Nasta’s eye and indicated that he was going to check on Harry. He jogged up the stairs;
he heard Caesar and Sanex giggling like children in the living room. If they had done anything to Harry…

The bedroom door was open and he felt his large body clench like a giant fist. He pushed it all the way open and saw Harry still fast asleep like Madam Pomfrey had said he would be, but the blankets that were bringing up his core temperature were in a large pile on the floor.

He growled and went about covering Harry back up. It was as he was tucking Harry back in under all of the blankets that he realised that the main duvet was missing. He checked under the single blanket that had remained on Harry, under the bed and in the wardrobe before realising that it was missing. If this is what Caesar and Sanex were giggling about he’d break their little bodies. They knew as well as the rest of them that Harry needed to remain warm!

He stalked to the living room to find it abandoned with no sign of the missing duvet. He went into the kitchen and again the two were missing.

“What’s wrong?” Nasta asked him, noticing his agitation and growing anger, which brought everyone else’s attention to him.

“Where are Caesar and Sanex?” He hissed.

“They decided to floo to Sanex’s apartment.” His Mother told him. “Why?”

“They decided to strip Harry of all of his blankets and steal away the main duvet before they left.”

“They did what?” Nasta growled leaping up and pacing, his fists clenched.

“I can't see them doing that.” Kimberly stuck up for the missing men. “They know how sick Harry got, they know that he needs to remain warm, they wouldn’t do something to deliberately harm Harry or to hinder his recovery.”

“As much as I hate to say it, my brother wouldn’t have done anything to make Harry sicker and I don’t think Caesar would have either, he has his own mate, a pregnant mate, he knows how dangerous uncovering Harry would be.” Nasta answered after he had calmed down and thought more rationally about the situation once his Dracken had been pushed to the side.

“I wouldn’t have thought they would have either.” Draco answered. He got on well with both of the other men and he couldn’t see anyone in this house doing such a thing to Harry.
“They were giggling in the living room as I went up to check on Harry, a bit convenient that they left before I came back down.”

“This is the second time that you have accused your brother of stealing something, Maximilius.” Myron said in his guttural voice from the kitchen table. “First the curtains and section of missing carpet that Caesar swears blind that he never took and now your duvet, have you ever stopped and considered that perhaps it is Harry stealing these things, all of them fabrics, to build his nest?”

Max blinked. “We would know that he was building a nest, he’d tell us.”

Myron chuckled and he was joined by both of his mates, Aneirin, Kimberly and Alexander.

“You have a lot to learn, Maxie.” Alexander laughed at his clueless grandson. “A submissive will not tell their mate that they are building a nest until it is completed. It’s a territorial thing. Harry’s nest is his. It’s his sanctuary, his birthing place, his creation. Even when he tells you he has a nest he will not tell you where it is and you will certainly not be permitted entrance to it.”

“What if we stumble upon it by accident?” Blaise asked.

“If by some slim chance you actually do find his nest before it’s completed then Harry will destroy the old nest and start building another one in a different location, this can be quite dangerous as no place will ever be as perfect for his nest as the first place he starts building it. If he has nested close to your home, in your boundaries then he is safer than if he hadn’t, if Harry can't find another suitable place on your grounds then he will search for one elsewhere, without the protection of the wards you have around your home.”

“So you really think that Harry is building a nest? He was fast asleep still when I went up to check on him.”

“I’m not saying he definitely is.” Myron answered diplomatically. “Just that he could be, which is a better explanation for your missing fabrics than Caesar and Sanex stealing them. But remember that whatever you boys do, you do not speak about this within earshot of Harry. You definitely don’t become foolish enough to outright ask him, you don’t follow him if he goes off on his own, just leave him be. If you ‘accidentally on purpose’ find his nest, he will still move it and he will be angry about it, very angry.”

“That goes for everyone in this room, Caesar and Sanex when we see them next as well.”
Alexander warned. “It doesn’t matter who stumbles upon his nest, if it is found, it will be moved.”

Everyone nodded seriously, but Max felt burning curiosity build inside him. Was Harry building a nest? Where the hell was it? Was it in the orchard? Perhaps the small cave that he had found a month or so after he had moved in? He was so curious to find out, as was everyone else, but he swore he would not go looking for Harry’s nest if he was building one. Harry would tell them as soon as he was finished, long before he would give birth, that he had a nest. He would hunt for it then when Harry wouldn’t move his nest if they found it.

But by the looks on Blaise and Draco’s faces he would have to watch them, he caught Nasta’s eye and nodded to their two younger subordinates. Nasta nodded back, he had seen the looks on their faces as well, they would both watch the younger two and stop them if they even so much as started scenting for Harry’s nest.

Harry groggily slipped down the stairs on his bum, moving slowly and keeping a death grip on the banister rungs to balance himself out and to stop him from toppling down the stairs headfirst.

He reached the third from the bottom step and hauled himself up using the banister, his feet firmly on the bottom of the stairs. He let out a heavy sigh and straightened up, heading for the kitchen and the gorgeous smells emanating from it.

Max was happily cooking at the oven, stirring a large pot of something, he was wearing a dark green apron, Harry smiled at that. Nasta was sitting in a chair at the table, a bunch of paperwork around him. Blaise was once more translating his book, he looked extremely frustrated as he bunched up a piece of parchment in his hand and thumped it on the table top repeatedly.

Harry looked to Draco, who was looking back at him. Relief shining through those silver eyes at seeing him standing there. Harry wondered how long he actually been sleeping for.

Draco stood up and drew attention to himself but the blond didn’t care as he rushed around the table and scooped him into a large bear hug. Harry laughed and held onto Draco tightly. He loved the affectionate side to Draco, the side he had never seen when they were younger. Harry supposed that the blond had gotten the soft side of himself from his Mother, who had seemed to enjoy holding her son close. Where ever Draco had gotten it from Harry was certain that it hadn’t been from his Father.

“You’re awake!” He said happily.

Harry hummed in agreement, nodding his head. “Who decided to bury me alive in blankets?”

“Madam Pomfrey and Severus Snape did.” Max answered as he watched them with a grin. “Your
core temperature dropped to thirty-three degrees Celsius.”

“That is a serious drop in temperature for a Dracken, Harry.” Nasta told him. “Because our core temperatures are averagely higher, we can’t drop below thirty-five degrees without becoming very sick. That you are heavily pregnant with a child makes the situation a lot more dangerous than if you hadn’t been pregnant.”

“Oh. Why did my temperature start to cool down?”

“We don’t know. Severus suspected extreme exposure to the elements, but Madam Pomfrey believes that the combination of vomiting and the cold bathroom air, not to mention the freezing bathroom tiles you were lying on caused your body to go into shock, lowering your core temperature.”

“Is the baby alright?” Harry asked, cupping his belly again feeling the fluttering movements inside.

“The baby was never in any danger, Harry, you were. You could have slipped into a coma.”

Harry shivered feeling cold right through to his spine that he was sure was the gravity of what he had just been told, but he was wrapped in a thick blanket and settled onto Nasta’s thick thighs nonetheless as Max served up five bowls of steaming soup and a basket of freshly baked bread that was still warm.

Feeling famished Harry ate as quickly as he could without choking, making sure to keep his arms and elbows from knocking Nasta’s arms so they could both eat before the soup went cold.

After the soup Max served them Spaghetti Bolognese, this time being accompanied by slices of garlic baguette. His mates watched him in slight awe as he polished off his food and Max gave him a second plateful, which he again ate everything, doing his best to clean the plate without resorting to licking it clean with his tongue.

Max chuckled happily as he pulled a searing hot black cherry crumble from the oven and gave Harry a big spoonful, covering it with warm custard and watching as his mates, his family, ate the food he had spent the afternoon making and cooking for them. True he liked cooking for himself and he often had his family around for odd lunches, but cooking every meal day in day out for people who enjoyed it, for people he loved and who loved him, it just felt right. He couldn’t wait until they had a house full of kids that he could feed and perhaps teach to cook as well.
After his second bowl of crumble Harry began feeling sleepy again. He turned in Nasta’s lap and snuggled into his blanket tighter, curling up as best as he could against that large chest, he drifted into a light doze. He could feel the movement under and around him, he could hear the soothing voices of his mates around him, it was relaxing and comfortable.

One small word ruined that peace and contentedness, one small word had his eyes snapping open and alertness flooding into his body. He looked at Blaise who had mentioned the word and he could hear his heart beating a thousand times faster, they couldn’t know, surely they couldn’t know.

“What did you just say?” He asked, his voice sounding groggy even though he felt wide awake.

“I didn’t mean to wake you Harry.” Blaise told him apologetically. Harry didn’t want to hear apologises.

“What did you say?” He repeated.

“I was just asking the others if maybe you had told them if you had felt the urge to build a nest yet.”

“Oh. No I haven’t.” Harry lied, settling down. They didn’t know. He breathed a bit easier; they didn’t know they were just curious. Curiosity he could live with, as long as they didn’t find out about his nest.

“Go back to sleep, love, I’ll make sure the others remain quiet.” Nasta soothed, rubbing his back lightly, pulling him back to sleep.

As soon as Nasta was sure that Harry was sleeping again he glared at Blaise.

“That was an incredibly dangerous thing to say! You were told not to mention it within earshot of him! His Dracken will pick up any mention of you-know-what, no matter how small!”

“I didn’t realise.” Blaise defended himself. “I thought that if he was asleep it would be alright.”

“Well it’s not. No one mentions it at all from now on, we can’t risk him overhearing us or mistaking something we have said as a threat to his ‘special place’. From his reaction just now we
can guess that he has started building one and he is extremely protective of it, we can’t risk him moving it, no one goes looking for it, no one mentions it, Harry will tell us when he’s finished, until then we leave it be.”

The three other dominants nodded and went back to their various tasks, Blaise translating his book, Max was washing and putting away the dishes, Draco was practising a spell, using a book he had placed on the far side of the kitchen as a target and Nast was watching Harry sleep, one hand on the baby bump that was growing inexorably as Harry moved into his sixth month. He hoped desperately that all of their plans didn’t go to waste and that Harry didn’t start nesting before his seventeenth birthday in a week and a half’s time. It was a race now to reach Harry’s birthday before Harry finished his nest. They had put a lot of effort into it to make Harry feel special. The birthday party was also doubling up as a baby shower sort of party at Mrs Weasley’s insistence; she wanted to gift Harry all of the baby clothes and things that she had knitted for him in one go. Nast just hoped that Harry wasn’t too overwhelmed by it all, nothing brought on the start of a labour quicker than a surprise party, except perhaps a vindaloo curry.

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Harry giggled with Blaise as they threw yet another parchment ball at Draco, who grunted and twitched in his sleep. The big blond had fallen asleep on the settee after admitting to a restless night of worrying over his exam results. It made Harry dread this time next year when their final N.E.W.T results would be winging their way to them in the beak of an official owl. These exams were like practice exams for next years exams, they didn’t really matter, if Draco was like this over mock N.E.W.T exams, then what was he going to be like with the real thing.

Blaise used his wand and a whispered incantation to levitate several parchment balls that had accumulated around Draco to hover over the sleeping blond, Blaise cancelled the spell and the parchment balls fell harmlessly onto Draco’s sleeping form which once again twitched from the onslaught of light, crumpled up balls.

Harry smothered a giggle and had to give up as he turned to hide his face in Blaise’s chest, one of his mate’s arms coming to hold him more securely against his body.

“What do you think, Mio Bello, does Draco look better covered in parchment?”

Harry didn’t trust himself to speak; he just nodded his head against Blaise’s chest, biting a fist to keep from waking up the source of their amusement.
Blaise scrunched up another piece of parchment and threw it gently through the air. It sailed up in an arch before landing with a dry scratching sound on Draco’s pristine hair. The blond made a small sound and slept on.

Harry peeked out from Blaise’s shirt and twitched his wand to levitate the parchment balls that had either missed their target because they had been laughing too hard to properly aim or had fallen off due to the alarming amount of parchment balls that had covered Draco’s lower body and the settee.

Harry moved the balls to hover over Draco’s face before he lowered them to gently rest on the blond’s head, covering him nearly head to foot in parchment.

Harry choked back a laugh and snatched a piece of parchment that hadn’t already been scrunched up and started folding it like he had used to do in Primary school to make a crude aeroplane. He launched his plane at Draco and it swirled through the air before miraculously landing in the pile of balls.

Harry and Blaise cracked up and tried muffling their laughter with each other’s sleeves.

It was this scene that Nasta walked in on. He looked to the two of them having silent hysterics on one settee, to Draco covered in parchment balls and the lone plane on the opposite settee.

“Do I even want to know why you have buried Draco in parchment?”

“We thought we’d make his dream of being eternalised on parchment come true.” Harry answered immediately, before he and Blaise shared a look and broke down.

“Somehow I doubt that this is what he meant.” Nasta replied though his lips twitched to form a smile.

“Words can always be misconstrued by people who hear what they want to hear.” Harry pointed out innocently.

“And that is what causes arguments and misunderstandings.” Nasta told them. “Draco is not going to be happy when he wakes up to find you have covered him in parchment.”

“Nah he’s a good sport.” Blaise answered with a grin. “He’ll see the funny side of it.”

“Stupidity doesn’t suit you, Blaise love.” Nasta said back before leaving the room to their laughter, he shook his head; it was nice to see them having a bit of fun and for the house to be filled with laughter, he just wished it wasn’t at Draco’s expense, the blond could hold a grudge like no other, particularly if his hair was involved.
“How did you make that plane, Harry?” Blaise asked.

“I’ll show you!”

Harry got another sheet of parchment and folded it into another plane, he then flattened the parchment back out and got Blaise to fold along the lines that Harry had already made. Blaise still managed to cock it up but he did get a resemblance to a plane.

The older boy threw it and instead of swirling and floating through the air like Harry’s it launched like a spear at Draco and stuck straight up in the mountain of parchment. The both of them sniggered like children.

“We should have coloured it in to make a flag,” Harry said wistfully.

Blaise waved his wand and a small, crude picture of Harry and Blaise appeared on the plane. Harry couldn’t help it as he started laughing, loudly.

Blaise placed a hand over his mouth, but was laughing too hard himself to keep it there very well, the result was Draco bolting up right, wading through the hundred or so parchment balls that covered him.

“What in the name of Circe have you two been doing?” He demanded in a sexy, sleep roughened voice.

“Harry was helping me with my aim, you know for next year’s Quidditch season. I am the Slytherin Chaser and we have to be on top form, what with Harry possibly being ruled out it’s our only hope to win the cup for Slytherin a final time before we graduate.”

Harry huffed. “Don’t count on it, love. I’m still the Captain of the Gryffindor team, I’m going to be coaching them and Ginny is an amazing duel talent what with being a brilliant Chaser and Seeker.”

“She has nothing on you, love and you have beaten Draco by the tips of your fingers, she’ll be no match for our Seeker.”

“Maybe, but Draco has gotten bigger, broader and heavier since then and he’s still growing, what’s to say he won't become too heavy to be quick enough?”
Draco stood up and shook the balls easily off of him as he stalked to Harry with a smirk and a predatory look in his eyes. Harry eeped and made to move off of the settee but Blaise held him gently, not that he could get off the settee without help anyway.

“I’m not sure I heard him correctly, Blaise. I thought he said that Slytherin had no chance because I was too heavy.”

“That is what, Prezioso said, yes.”

“Hmm, so I wasn’t hearing things brought on by my lack of oxygen at being buried alive in parchment.”

Harry couldn’t help the small chuckle that escaped him at the mention of Draco suffocating under the parchment.

“It sounds like he finds it funny as well. Hmm, what to do with him.”

“You could let me go?” Harry hedged hopefully. “I am after all heavily pregnant; it’s bound to mess with my mind.”

The two laughed at him and the sound sent shivers down Harry’s spine. Draco slipped onto the settee beside him and began massaging Harry’s arms and shoulders, laying soft kisses on his neck. Harry unconsciously bared more of it for Draco’s soft, dry lips.

“Shall we let him go, Blaise? He is heavily pregnant and it has messed with his mind.”

“True, but I think that our little Amore knows exactly what he is doing. I don’t think our child could be messing him up so much as to laugh at your imminent death.”

Harry chuckled again, but swallowed it as he realised that he was making things worse for himself as Blaise nuzzled his nose around by his cheek and ear.
“And still he laughs at the prospect of my death. I think we should teach him some humility.” 
Draco stated in a mock arrogant voice that was an echo of his younger years.

Harry actually giggled a bit as he heard it; it reminded him of the surety in Draco’s voice as he asked for his hand of friendship on their very first train ride. Draco had been such an arrogant, slicked up, knob back then.

Draco’s fingers danced over his sides and Harry squirmed and let out a shriek of laughter as he was tickled, writhing against Blaise as the older man held him strongly so he didn’t do the baby any accidental damage.

Nasta peeked in on them, drawn to the room by Harry’s shrieks, before shaking his head and leaving them too it, going back to filling out the transfer forms for the Ukrainian Ironbelly who was now a permanent member of their reserve. Sometimes he hated being a senior handler, he never had this much paperwork before he had made the senior team.

Harry rocked back against Blaise and gasped in pain as he knocked his shoulder against Blaise’s shoulder. Both of his mates were on him within seconds, pulling his shirt from him and sniffing and licking him. The both of them remained on his right shoulder, the same shoulder that had been attached to the wing that he had smashed against the window frame.

“Harry, your shoulder is bruised, what happened?”

“I don’t know, it just started hurting when I knocked it just now.”

“You must have injured yourself when you fell on the bathroom floor, can you remember if you knocked your shoulder against the sink whilst you were being sick?”

“No, I don’t remember a thing from that night. I don’t even remember getting up.” He fibbed.

“Come on, let’s get you to Nasta, you need to get this sorted, love.”

Harry was pulled from the settee and worried his bottom lip. What if Nasta realised what had caused his bruise?

“Nasta, are you busy?” Blaise asked as he peeked into the kitchen to see paperwork stacked neatly in piles and Nasta looking at him expectantly, quill poised over the parchment.
“I’m never too busy for you, Blaise Caru. What’s the matter?”

Nasta put his quill down as all three of the younger members of the mateship came into the kitchen and Harry was gently placed on his lap. His eyebrow went into his hairline in question.

“Sniff, just by here.” Draco instructed pointing to, but not touching, a place on the back of Harry’s shoulder, near his wing joint.

Nasta didn’t question them, he just did as the others bid him and he quickly found the scent of burst capillaries under Harry’s skin. Harry was bruised.

“What happened?” He asked as he stood up with Harry in his arms, reaching for the cupboard that Max kept all of his potions in. He took out the bruise salve and sat back down, placing Harry on the table top.

“I don’t know. I knocked it just now and it started hurting.” Harry replied.

“There isn’t a bruise on your back.” Nasta said confusedly, lightly pressing on the skin, he bent forward and sniffed again and he could clearly smell the bruise. “Are you wearing a glamour charm, Harry?”

“No.” Harry snorted. “Like I would bother to waste the magic, you’d smell the damage anyway.”

“Pull your wings out.” Nasta instructed with a light curiosity.

Harry did as he was told and pulled out his white wings with his multi-coloured scales. Nasta sniffed close to his shoulder and quickly found the bruise low down on his wing bone where he had knocked it against the window frame.

“It isn’t your shoulder that’s bruised, it’s your wing. Harry, how did you bruise your wing? Have you been walking around with your Dracken attributes on show?”

“Only a few times.” Harry replied, coming to the conclusion that them thinking that he had been walking around in Dracken form was a lot better than them finding out that he had been flying up
to the roof and back down whilst four slash five months pregnant.

“You must have banged it against something.” Nasta shook his head and kissed the bruised area before smearing it with paste. “You’ll have to keep your wings out now for the rest of the day so the salve has time to work into your skin, it takes longer to be absorbed in Dracken form, so it’ll be a while.”

Harry nodded and after the salve was rubbed in, he scooted off the table and into Nasta’s lap. Harry kissed him happily and gave him a hug.

“Thank you for taking care of me.” Harry said sincerely. After the baby was born he’d tell them everything, the whole truth about him stealing their stuff, but for now it was too dangerous, he couldn’t risk them finding his nest. His nest was not to ever be compromised!

The first thing Max did when he got home was rush to Harry and sniff at the bruise salve on his wing.

“What happened?” He asked seriously.

“How the hell did you smell the bruise from over there?!” Harry replied.

“I didn’t. I smelt the bruise salve, I brew this potion twice a week, I can recognise the scent of it unconsciously. What happened, Harry?”

“I’m not sure. It only started hurting when I knocked it and Draco and Blaise found the scent of the bruise and Nasta found the actual bruise and he treated it. I don’t know how I got it.”

“You must have been in Dracken form whilst you done it, it’s on your wing.”

“I’ve been walking around in Dracken form. I love the freedom of it and I can feel the baby more. It makes me feel closer to him.”
Max smiled indulgently and laid his hands on the baby bump, laying the side of his face on the bump. He twisted his head and kissed it, just below Harry’s belly button.

“You are alright though?”

“I’m fine, the salve has numbed the dull ache that came from knocking it against Blaise and I can now no longer feel it.”

Max nodded and carried him from his curled up position on the settee and carried him into the kitchen where he could hear another argument between Draco and Blaise.

“Alright alright, what’s going on? Who killed whose Mother?”

“They were happily debating who the best author of the wizarding world is, Marco Jiliander or Penelope Vance.” Nasta said grumpily as he tried to block out the two teens shouting in his ear as he finished his paperwork.

“It’s obviously Penelope Vance.” Draco huffed.

“Take it out of my kitchen, lads. I’m going to start dinner now and poor Nasta needs a break. I have both Vance’s and Jiliander’s books upstairs, they’re on the bookshelf in the bedroom, now go and debate whose better upstairs.”

“Neither of them are better.” Harry joined in. “Everyone knows that Peirce Braunton is the best author of the wizarding world.”

“Pierce Braunton? How can you read that drivel?!” Draco demanded.

“Take it upstairs!” Max demanded, shooing the two younger dominants out of the kitchen and shutting the door that led to the hallway. He kept Harry safely in his arms. “You shouldn’t make things worse!” He said, poking Harry’s nose.
Harry chuckled and happily let himself be set down in the chair opposite Nasta, as close as he could actually get and still have table space. Nasta’s paperwork stretched the entire side of the large, eight seater table.

Max placed a small glass vial down in front of Nasta and nudged him lightly.

“Take that, your headache will be gone in three minutes tops.”

Nasta smiled at him gratefully and downed the vial in one go. Harry grimaced along with his mate.

“How can you swallow all of that in one go?” He asked with his nose scrunched up.

“It’s better than sipping on it and suffering with the abysmal taste of the potion for longer. I’d rather knock it down in one and be over and done with it.”

Harry chuckled and happily watched as Nasta finished his paperwork and Max began preparing his work space for cooking. His biggest mate was sterilising all the work surfaces as if any germs would have gotten on it since he had last cleaned it after breakfast.

Max then prepared all of the ingredients for his planned meal and began cooking with a practised ease and a relaxed posture that spoke volumes of how much he actually enjoyed cooking. At the Dursleys he had liked cooking, it used to make him feel better to know that he could poison them so easily, or at the very least make them very sick, even though he had never actually done so. But Max, Max took cooking enjoyment to a new level; Harry had never enjoyed cooking as much as Max did.

“Are you excited for your birthday next week?” Nasta asked him as he finished his work with a stretch, finally putting his quill down and stoppering his ink bottle.

Harry made a face. “Not really. My birthday was never anything special and I’ve come to not expect much. I don’t really care; it’s just another day of the week for me. I’m only really excited because it’ll be my one year anniversary since I became a Dracken, if I had never become a Dracken, then I’d have nothing. No mates, no family and no baby. I’m not sure if I’d even have friends.”

Harry cupped the bump and looked down at that mention of not having his baby. He tried to imagine being without his mates, without his baby son. The thought seared through him like acid. It hurt terribly.

Nasta took his hands from across the table and tugged on them lightly until Harry looked at him.
“We love you, Harry. We love you and the baby. You were born a Dracken and no one can take that away from you. You have your family, you have us and we all have the baby. Nothing will ever change that.”

Harry smiled and bent forward to kiss Nasta’s mouth, he didn’t even care that the table top dug into his belly.

“Of course we love you.” Max said from the counter. “I think it’s safe to say that we all love one another very much by now. Even Draco has become more relaxed around us. I mean, he actually allowed himself to be taken by both Nasta and myself, that showed a great deal of trust and love, even if he didn’t realise it at the time. Lust alone wouldn’t have conquered his fear of having his virginity taken.”

Harry smiled and nodded. He was so happy himself that nothing could break his happy bubble. Not even the thought of the owls on their way to all students with their exam results.

Harry’s prediction came true. The next morning at breakfast three owls swooped into the kitchen through the open back door. It was an absolutely boiling day and the heat had already forced the five of them to wear shorts or loose trousers and vests. Harry was wearing a pair of small shorts and no shirt, his baby exposed and bare to his mates view. He was hitting his mates’ hands away from his body every now and then as they tried to get a cheeky squeeze.

Draco almost choked on his bite of toast and Blaise sat perfected still. Harry was the first to move as he removed the ties around all three owls’ legs, took the envelopes and watched the owls soar away. He found the envelope with his name on the front and he snapped the wax seal on the back and took out the sheaves of parchment inside.

Along with his book list and required items for his last school year, there was also a note from Professor McGonagall welcoming him back to Hogwarts because he had gotten the minimum requirement in his exams to enter his seventh and final year.

Harry grinned as he looked at his marks. They weren’t spectacular, but he had passed the majority of his classes!

“I take it from your face that you did well, Harry?” Nasta asked.

Harry handed his letter to Nasta, who looked at them with Max hanging over his shoulder, a
backup pair of oven gloves slung over his far shoulder, he hadn’t missed his previous ones, he believed that he had put them in the wash and hadn’t gone looking for them yet, Harry was grateful.

“Well done, Harry.” Nasta praised him and Harry swelled under the positive encouragement. “No real failures, except History of Magic.”

“That was the exam that Professor Snape had to escort me out of before my bladder burst in the Great Hall, the one when Max had a chest infection.”

“So a failure due to extenuating circumstances. Well done, Harry, One T, one P, three A’s, three EE’s and two O’s is brilliant.”

“What did you get a T in?” Draco asked in horror.

“Divination because I dropped out last year. It’s an automatic T because I never took any exams.” Harry replied unconcerned. He was glad that he had dropped Divination; it meant he wasn’t in a lesson on his own with just Ron.

“Are you two going to stare at those letters like they’re Howlers or are you going to open them?” Max asked.

Blaise reached forward and plucked his letter from the table top; he snapped the wax and peeled open the envelope. He pulled out the sheaves of parchment and rifled through them until he came to the results. He read it through quickly, his eyes darting over the surface of the parchment, he read it through again only slower before his face split into a grin and he handed the parchment to Nasta.

“All Outstandings. Well done, Blaise. I told you that you wouldn’t get anything else.”

Draco was nearly colourless in his dread at finding out his marks, he slowly snapped the wax and shakily opened the letter, he read it through with baited breath and when he reached the end he let out a sigh of relief. He handed the letter to Nasta proudly.

“Again all Outstandings, as if there was any doubt you’d get anything else.”
“I have to go and show my parents.” Draco said as he scooped up all pieces of parchment and the envelope and walked briskly out of the room.

He jogged back in and gave Harry a kiss to the cheek before leaving again. Harry chuckled and took another helping of sliced oranges.

“My Mother would want to know as well. I’ll come back later.” Blaise said as he kissed Harry softly on the mouth, which was full of orange segments, before he hugged both Max and Nasta and then he followed Draco to the fireplace in the living room.

“Crazy the both of them.” Max said as he shook his head.

“They’re just excited to know that they have passed their exams and want to let their families know.” Nasta said with a loving smile.

“Like Max said. Both crazy.” Harry put in before swiping a handful of purple grapes.

Max laughed and clapped him on the back; Harry gave him a light glare as his handful of grapes went rolling around the floor.

“You’ll soon join our way of thinking when they both come back and start arguing over who has the best marks, who got the exact top of what subject and who answered the most questions to what degree.” Max reminded.

Nasta groaned and thunked his head on the table. Harry chuckled and patted Nasta’s head.

“It’s alright. I won't be joining them and it’ll only last for a week or two.”

Nasta pretended to sob into his arms and Harry laughed. He ducked under the table; duck walked the small space between him and Nasta and climbed onto his lap.

Nasta held him tightly and laid his lips against his neck and kept them there as Max walked around them clearing off the table, leaving the fruit bowls for Harry to nibble on. The large man sat next to Nasta, behind Harry, and began trailing his fingers over his back making him shiver and squirm.
He let out a giggle as Max’s fingers came too close to his side. Then Harry yawned and it was all over.

“Let’s get you to bed, love.”

“It’s breakfast time!” Harry complained. “I’ve only just gotten up! I don’t want to go back to bed!”

“You’re tired.” Max told him. “The baby will be taking a hell of a lot of energy from you at this stage. You’re five months pregnant.”

“Yeah thanks, I never would have realised that.” Harry snapped sarcastically, indicating his swollen stomach.

Nasta sighed and stood up and Harry wiggled to be put down.

“Stay still, Harry. It’ll just be a short nap for you to recover your lost energy.”

“I’m not tired! I was just yawning!”

Nasta laid his mouth against his neck again, only this time Harry felt the graze of teeth. He stilled immediately.

“Why the hell am I being punished for not wanting to go to bed?! How is that a fair punishment?!” He demanded.

“Because we know you need the sleep.” Max answered as Nasta bit down a bit harder.

They had reached the bedroom and Harry was deposited on the bed and held down as he moved to get right back off of it. Nasta laid his teeth against his wrist this time and bit down sharply.

Harry’s Dracken came to the forefront of his mind and he huddled down in his skin, keening apologetically to his mate. Nasta took his mouth from his arm and tuck him in bed, kissing him gently.
“It seems unfair, Harry, but you do need the rest. I want you happy, of course I do, but I want you to be healthy more. I don’t want you collapsing, even if it means making you unhappy for a little while.”

“I’m not going to collapse.”

“You might.” Max answered. “Many pregnant submissives seem fine one minute and the next they’re on the ground with no idea what has happened to them, their unborn children injured. It happens nearly every year at the Dracken meetings, one submissive is too stubborn, too demanding, their dominant is weak to their mates wishes and whims and the next thing they are facing a miscarriage through their foolishness.”

“The weakness and dizziness can come on at any moment, Harry and it’ll be sudden too. You won’t even have a second’s notice to prepare for it, you’ll just black out when your energy drops to nothing.”

“Won’t I feel my energy dropping though?” Harry questioned, a little less angry than before.

“No. The baby will sometimes take large chunks at any moment, if you don’t have a large chunk left, you’ll pass out.”

Harry sighed and snuggled into the sheets. He wasn’t tired, but perhaps if he just laid here quietly for an hour they’d let him get back up.

He got a kiss to the cheek from them and they left him alone to sleep. He hadn’t meant to, but Harry found himself actually falling asleep in the peaceful, quiet warmth of the cocoon he had made for himself. He slept for two full hours before he wandered back out to the living room and he snuggled with Max and Nasta, who had been talking together on the settee.

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Harry was woken up on the thirty-first of July to a kiss on every part of his face and a laden down tray being placed over his knees.

He stretched and yawned as he looked at them all happily. He was a man now. He was seventeen years old and the restrictions for underage magic no longer applied to him. He snatched his wand from the bedside cabinet from in between what looked like Max and Draco’s wands.

His first piece of manhood magic was summoning Blaise into a heavy, sloppy kiss. His first ever mate and lover was at the end of the bed and hadn’t been able to get close enough to kiss him
without knocking the breakfast tray flying.

“I take it you like being seventeen?” Max asked with a grin.

“Only because I can use magic now.” Harry replied happily.

He spied the newspaper and just looked at it; he didn’t really read the paper any more, not since his fifth year when the Ministry had been writing all that shit about him.

“You’re going to hate it.” Blaise said with a grin as he unfolded the paper and showed Harry the front page.

It was an entire front page picture of himself looking all girly and shy with nearly shoulder length hair from when he was about fourteen and still nearly androgynous looking. Then Harry looked closer at the picture and he realised that it must have been from when he *was* fourteen because these were most definitely his tri-wizard tournament photos taken in that stupid little photo shoot, he didn’t think the media had any other pictures of him. The headline banner was ‘HAPPY SEVENTEENTH BIRTHDAY HARRY POTTER, OUR SAVIOUR.’

“Oh dear god.” He said horrified.

“There’s more.” Blaise said as he opened the paper to the next page where a collection of collage pictures were scattered, including baby photos of himself with his parents, personal photos of him with his friends, the tri-wizard photo was there again, there was a picture of him pregnant, several photos that looked to have been taken under a table or around a corner as he wasn’t even looking at the camera and in a box at the bottom was another headline ‘Potter’s Current Lovers’ and underneath were snapshot photos of his mates, he was in some of them, holding hands, sharing a kiss or a laugh. He saw red.

“What the fuck is wrong with these people?!” He shouted. “This…this is a blatant disregard for my privacy! How dare they!”

“My Dad is already on to the paper about it, he stopped around this morning to give us your presents from my family.” Max said. “He’s livid, especially as they included pictures of me, his one and only son, without my permission. He’ll bring them down single handedly.”
“Don’t let it ruin your birthday, love.” Nasta told him. “We told you so that you weren’t left out of the loop, but don’t worry about it. Eat your breakfast, open your gifts and we will spoil you today.”

“You spoil me every day.” Harry said with a grin as he wolfed down his food and started opening his small pile of gifts, making sure to read the tags so that he knew who to thank.

His small pile was soon demolished, only for Harry to realise that the small pile on the bed had only been from his mates, he had even more gifts from Max’s family, from Blaise’s Mother and from Nasta’s Dad and brother. He was surprised to see a small gift from Narcissa Malfoy, not so surprised that he didn’t even receive an acknowledgement from Lucius.

The Weasleys had gone overboard for his seventeenth and Hermione had really spoilt him rotten with her gifts. When he opened a strangely wrapped box that was from Luna Lovegood and Ginny he slammed the lid back onto it with a face burning like fire. He opened a corner and peeked inside just to be sure of what he had seen before closing the box again and refusing to let his mates see the box full of sex toys.

“What is it, Harry?” Draco asked curiously.

“Is it something naughty?” Max asked with a grin that split his face. “Can I see?”

Harry hugged the box close to his chest, not letting go as Max played tug of war with him and the box.

“No!”

“Pleaseee, Harry.”

Harry huffed and decided to get it all over and done with quickly as he shoved the box at Max.

“Here, just keep it away from me!”

“But you have to use them, Harry. It’s impolite to reject gifts.” Max said lecherously as he went digging through the box, laughing and winking naughtily as he sifted through the toys and straps and even pulled out a bright red, little pleated skirt that would show more than it covered.
“Oh you have to wear this, Harry.” Max said with a giggle that did not suit him at all.

“How about you wear it!” Harry pouted.

“But it’s just your size, love.”

Harry blushed so brightly that he was afraid he’d pass out from lack of oxygen. Nasta shoved everything back into the magically expanded box and shoved it under their bed.

“Enough of that, we can’t use them until after the baby is born anyway, there is no point in teasing him when he can’t even receive sex.” Nasta said as he fluffed up Harry’s pillow and directed him to lie against it and reminded him to breathe normally.

Harry got up and happily showered with Draco, who washed every inch of his body with a soft cloth. He was dressed and exploring his gifts more closely, leaving the box from Luna and Ginny under the bed where it was going to stay now forever.

The house was a myriad of activity as people came over and said happy birthday. Professor Dumbledore stopped over and gave him the biggest bar of fudge chocolate that Harry had ever seen. It was almost as tall as he was, almost as wide and was an inch and a half thick. It came with a small hammer to break chunks off. Harry thanked his Headmaster profusely as he used his new hammer to crack a corner of the chocolate off and happily floated into heaven.

“You had better not be eating that chocolate!” Max shouted from the kitchen. “I’m almost done with lunch!”

“I didn’t have much.” Harry shouted back as he stuffed another large chunk into his mouth. Blaise smothered a chuckle with his hand as Harry pushed more and more chocolate into his mouth before Draco took it off of him, warning him that he’d be sick if he carried on…or he’d choke.

After lunch Harry was very unhappily put down for a nap like a sleepy toddler and he protested vehemently until Max threatened to give him a sleeping potion. Again Harry actually fell asleep for an hour or so and when he woke up he felt better, if a bit groggy.

He slipped down the stairs on his bum, clenching the banister bars as he slowly went down the stairs. The house was quiet. It unnerved him.

He peeked into the living room and no one was there. His mates wouldn’t have left him alone; they
wouldn’t have, not with him being pregnant. It was quiet so perhaps only Nasta was home.

He went into the kitchen and it took him several seconds for his brain to register the sudden noise and colour. He was wrapped up in someone’s arms and hugged and kissed and he started laughing as he realised that they had thrown him a surprise party.

Everyone was crammed into Max’s big kitchen, but still it looked too small, like there wasn’t enough space for everyone. He got a double hug from the Weasley twins, a handshake from Mister Weasley and a crushing hug from Mrs Weasley.

Ginny grinned at him from over the table and Harry blushed deeply. Charlie was there as well and he clapped Harry on the back. Harry laughed and hugged everyone he came into contact with. He was so happy.

“You’re finally seventeen, Harry, do you feel any different?” Myron asked him wrapping him up in a strong, safe hug.

“No. I feel the same only I’m so happy! I can't believe you did this!”

“Of course we did.” Richard said scratchily giving him another hug and kissing his forehead. “We love you, Harry.”

“I love you too,” Harry answered back thickly. It was the first time that he had told a member of his mate’s family that he loved them and they held him tightly, Ashleigh hugging him from behind, giving him a three way hug that almost squashed him.

Max dug him out with a laugh. “We want the birthday boy still alive for his cake! We’re not allowed to touch it until the birthday boy has blown out the candles!”

“Of course you’d only want to save me so you can eat cake.” Harry teased. “Though if you had used Muggle candles you could have still eaten it because Muggle candles don’t put a protective barrier over the cake until the birthday boy blows them out.”

“That would ruin the magic.” Max said. “Besides it gives us reason to save you, can’t have you crushed by hugs can we?”

Harry laughed as he was placed in front of a cake that Max must have started making as soon as he went to bed, because it was not store bought. Harry could tell that just by looking at it.

He made his ‘birthday wish’ and then blew out the candles laughing happily as Max handed him a
knife and let him cut the first slice out.

Harry was then given a second cake, this one pale, pastel blue with a baby on it that was wrapped up in a blue blanket so only the top of a pink, peachy forehead could be seen. It had no candles but he was urged to cut it anyway.

“The baby isn’t due yet, why does the baby get a birthday cake?”

“It isn’t a birthday cake.” Max replied affronted. “It’s a baby shower cake. The one birthday cake won’t be enough to feed us all, so instead of giving you two, you have a birthday cake and a baby shower cake.”

“A baby shower? Seriously?”

Mrs Weasley hefted a huge box wrapped in blue onto the table and Harry opened it to see so many little bodysuits, sleepuits and onesies, all hand knitted. The majority of them were in baby blue, some in darker blue, there was a splash of green, some whites and yellows, a couple of bright reds and even a pair of knitted socks in a light purple.

Harry felt himself tearing up and he didn’t want to. He tried to swallow past the lump in his throat as he hugged Mrs Weasley tightly. When Ashleigh gave him another box filled with baby things, only the clothes were store bought and not hand knitted, the tears came as he pulled out little dungarees, corduroy trousers and soft cotton shirts. Mrs Weasley’s clothes were for newborn up to six months, but Ashleigh’s clothes were from six months to one year. They had spoken about it before hand and they had decided who was going to get what. Between the two of them and the size of the two boxes he wouldn’t have to buy any of his baby’s clothes until he was past a year old.

“Thank you so much. This is the best present I’ve had.”

“Because they aren’t for you.” Hermione said sadly. “You’re too selfless sometimes, Harry.”

“What about my present?!” Ginny demanded. “I thought mine would be the most appreciated.”

Harry went pink and tried to control himself as he thanked Ginny politely; he threatened her silently with his eyes with a long, painful death if she mentioned the present again.

Harry got Max to take both boxes upstairs and put them with the rest and Nasta carried him upstairs as he claimed to need the bathroom. Harry went into the bathroom and listened as Max and Nasta laughed in the bedroom before going back down stairs. Harry then stole into the bedroom and
started packing up his school book bag with some sleepsuits, bodysuits and one of the thick, knitted blankets. He added several plastic, already sterilised, baby bottles with their tops and teats, the pot of powdered baby milk formula and the two litre bottle of water that he would send a heating charm at and boil to make up the milk for his baby.

He put in the umbilical cord clamps that Max had gotten from one of the small chemists that his potions stocked, iodine solution that Max had also gotten to sterilise his stomach area before he cut into it and added the plastic, air tight, box that he had to place the placenta in to be weighed after he had pulled it from his body.

All he needed now was his mates’ blood and his mates had promised to start making up a large bottle for him soon, he would have to steal it away and then he’d be ready for his baby to come. He would be prepared and ready, his nest just needed a little touch up and then he’d be ready to remain inside it and welcome his baby to the world. Just a few more things and everything would be perfect.

Harry stole out of the window with the book bag and flew to the roof. He dropped it into the nest and moved the scarf, that he had actually taken from Max’s sister Alayla because it was so soft and fluffy he just had to have it, into position, also moving the third duvet he had stolen to make the padding on the floor more comfy and his nest was completed. He put the book bag down and happily basked in the feeling of pride and completion that he felt at finally having his birthing place ready. He inhaled and nothing was amiss, the only scent around his nest was his own and the soft, lingering scents of his mates on the cloths and fabrics he had used to build his nest.

A strange feeling overtook him and he knew that he had to remain in his nest now that it was done, he wanted to start preening himself in preparation for the birth in his nest and he flew down to the ground and walked through the back door. Everyone stopped and looked at him.

“Harry honey, how did you get outside?” Molly asked him and Harry cocked his head.

“I need your blood please.” Harry asked of Nasta, whose eyes widened.

“Harry are you saying…”

“I need your blood please.” Harry repeated.

“Harry, why do you need his blood?” Hermione asked.

Max pulled out one of the largest thermos flasks that Harry had ever seen, it was clear. Nasta split his own wrist with a simple charm and he bled into the flask until it was a quarter of the way full before using his wand to seal the cut. Max cut his own wrist and bled into the flask until it was half full before handing it to Blaise and healing his own arm. Blaise bled into the flask before handing it to Draco, who filled the flask completely. Max took it back and put the clear thermos
into a metal shell and twisted the top onto it to stop the blood from coming out and handed it to Harry.

“Thank you.”

“What is going on here?” Molly asked as she watched with wide eyes.

Harry didn’t even acknowledge her as he walked back outside, everyone following him. He took his wings out and before anyone could stop him he took off to the roof and landed in his nest, settling down and making himself comfortable.

His mates landed around the nest, not even trying to go inside it and they watched as he wiggled around in the soft bowl shaped nest.

“You built your nest on the roof? Seriously?” Draco asked incredulously.

“Are those my best oven gloves?!” Max asked as he spied the gloves making up the wall of the nest. “My rug…seriously, Harry, my rug?”

Harry hissed at him and covered the rug with his body.

“I’m not going to take it from you, but really? Did you have to cut out a section of my favourite carpet?”

“You can have it back.” Harry replied, his voice going deeper, rougher, different.

“As long as you don’t get birth juice on it.”

Nasta smacked Max’s head. “Birth juice? What the hell is birth juice?” He asked the biggest man.

“You know, birth fluids and blood and stuff.”

Nasta shook his head. “I take it that you aren’t going to be coming out?”
Harry shook his head vehemently as he pulled off his clothes and tossed them out of his nest before he lay naked in the nest, rolling around in it to affirm himself of where everything was.

“That’s just teasing, Harry.” Draco told him. “You know we can't step foot in your nest and you’re sunbathing naked on the roof.”

Harry hissed at him and his claws and fangs slowly and painlessly came through his fingers and gums.

“He’s turning feral; it would be best if we didn’t speak to him or get too close from now on.” Nasta said as he backed away. “He doesn’t need anything now, he would have picked up enough food to last him a week or two and then we will have to start feeding him, but again we can’t get near the nest and the longer he’s in it the further away he will want us.”

Max nodded and jumped from the roof and landed where his family and Nasta’s Dad were telling Hermione and the Weasleys about Harry and them. It seemed to be going well; or rather no one had started screaming yet. Hermione was actually questioning them about their way of life and asking if she could get a notebook.

It seemed that Harry would have the baby before they went back to school after all. He couldn’t wait until they had their baby boy. It had seemed like forever since Harry had first informed them that he was pregnant, but he was only five months, he had at least two weeks in the nest before he gave birth. It was going to be boiling hot as it would be August, Harry would be cranky, feral and aggressive. It was going to be one hell of a month, but it would all be worth it as soon as their baby boy was born.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X
Aggression

Chapter Notes

Dedicated to cyne! Who made me laugh and inspired the next chapter’s lemon scenes and made me curious as to how many guys are reading this story and have the guts to admit it. You’re obviously one in a million cyne, just give me the names of the men you want to see together, a surface you want them on and I’ll give it to you.

Last Time

It seemed that Harry would have the baby before they went back to school after all. He couldn’t wait until they had their baby boy. It had seemed like forever since Harry had first informed them that he was pregnant, but he was only five months, he had at least two weeks in the nest before he gave birth. It was going to be boiling hot as it would be August, Harry would be cranky, feral and aggressive. It was going to be one hell of a month, but it would all be worth it as soon as their baby boy was born.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Thirty-Nine – Aggression

Harry lay on the comfy patch of his nest that he had built up with layers of soft fabrics, stroking his baby gently through the layer of his skin. He sniffed the air deeply again, checking it for danger, for any form of threat. There were Drackens nearby and he snarled, like he had done several times since he had reached his birthing place. He didn’t like that they were so close to him, but as long as they didn’t come any closer he wouldn’t have to defend his nest, though when he went into labour, that was a different matter entirely.

There were humans around as well, he could smell them as well, magic using humans, they could be a potential threat to him and his baby. He’d keep an eye out for them. He’d kill them easily if they came near him, the other Drackens were not so easy to kill, but he’d manage, for his baby he’d do anything.

He stroked the bump over and over as he rolled in the nest, getting his scent over everything, he could feel the baby moving inside of him like a trapped butterfly, it wouldn’t be long before he freed his baby from inside of him. Soon, but not yet.
Blaise was anxious and worried as he paced around Max’s kitchen, even knowing that Harry was only two floors above him, sitting on the roof, didn’t ease the worry he felt. Harry would stay outside now for two to three weeks and in that time he would be very vicious and violent towards them.

It was hard to carry on as normal when Harry was sitting on the damn roof waiting for his body to prepare itself for the birth of his baby. He already felt an overwhelming urge to remain as close to Harry as possible. He couldn’t go home; every time he tried he felt a tension run through his entire body, keeping him held here, near Harry, so he could protect his little lover when the need arose.

It was unlike anything he had ever felt before and he kept himself close to the older dominants to try and glean some comfort from their strong, silent calmness during this stressful situation. He didn’t want to be seen as the weak dominant of the group, so he refrained from voicing his unease aloud, but he couldn’t stop himself from huddling close to Max and Nasta, he even sought out Draco on the odd occasion for support, without seeming like he needed it. It was a fine line he played with, on the one side was nonchalance, and on the other was weakness. He missed Harry, he could cuddle with Harry all day and not be seen as weak, but Harry was on the roof and he tried to cut up anyone who got too close to his nest. He couldn’t wait for all this to be over, preferably before the stress of the situation killed him.

Hermione prided herself on being a very smart individual. She had refused to leave Harry’s boyfriend, Max’s house, partially through worry of her best friend, but more out of curiosity. She had never heard of Drackens before and to find out that not only was her best friend one, but two other class mates were Drackens as well, it puzzled her.

If Drackens were a common humanoid species that witches and wizards could come into on their sixteenth birthday then why weren’t they told about them at Hogwarts? Was it supposed to be covered in Care of Magical Creatures? Or perhaps History of Magic. She couldn’t recall a single time that she had read the word Dracken in any book from the library and she had been reading those books since she had first stepped foot into Hogwarts. Before she had befriended Harry and Ron she had spent every moment of spare time in the library reading any book that came to her hand to cover the loneliness that she felt and the acute isolation from her peers who ran around and played about like little children.

How many more Hogwarts students were actually Drackens? Were Drackens even a common inheritance to receive? Three students out of just under three hundred was a huge number in comparison to other magical creatures. There were no Veela at Hogwarts, except for the glancing visit from Fleur and her sister in fourth year, but Gabrielle had been underage and therefore hadn’t come into her Veela inheritance at the time of her visit. There were no Faeries or Fey at Hogwarts though she knew there was at least one in Durmstrang and there were no ‘diseased’ creatures at Hogwarts like werewolves or vampires.

Were Drackens native to Britain? Was that why three Drackens had turned up at Hogwarts? Hermione knew that the Veela were protected in France and by French law, was that why all the witches and wizards with a Veela inheritance had been schooled in Beauxbatons? Was that similarly why all of the Fey were schooled in Durmstrang? Were the witches and wizards bound to get a Dracken inheritance living in Britain and schooled at Hogwarts because they were protected
by British law? She needed more information but baring the explanation that she and the Weasleys had been given on Harry’s birthday, after swearing an incredibly powerful and dangerous oath not to out any of them, like she ever would have, she hadn’t had any further information. The house was milling with Drackens and people who were related to Drackens, who had grown up with them, yet they all seemed to be so busy.

She had managed to decipher that Harry was nearing labour, how they knew this she didn’t know, why they hadn’t called a Healer she didn’t know, all she knew was her best friend was sitting on the roof of one of his boyfriends’ house and he wasn’t going to come back down. Said boyfriends were preventing anyone from even going into the front or back gardens as they snapped and growled at everyone around them, even at each other!

She had watched in horror and part fascination as Malfoy took on the biggest of Harry’s boyfriends, Max, and they began beating the living daylights out of each other! It was terrifying to watch and it had only stopped when Harry’s oldest boyfriend, Nasta, ripped them apart from each other and threw them at opposite walls.

Hermione had tried to talk to the three older girls that were at the house, they were Max’s sisters and none of them were Drackens. In fact if Max’s Mother, Ashleigh, hadn’t have been a Dracken she would have wondered if Drackens were an all-male species of magical creature. The girls had answered a few questions as they painted the wall of a spare room baby blue in preparation for their Nephew and they soon became too harried and busy to pay attention to her.

The one man, Max’s second Dad, Richard, had all the patience in the world and he seemed to be making the preparations worse, she had watched as Max’s biological Dad, Myron, had picked the smaller man up and dumped him in a different room, twisting the other man’s ear and making Richard let out a strange keening sound.

Richard had sat on the chair that he had been dumped on dejectedly for three hours before Myron had come back and took him off the chair, kissing and holding him. It was so strange! But it was also fascinating to see into the cultures of another species, how they reacted and interacted with one another.

Hermione was also very curious about the livid scar that bisected Richard’s neck. How could anyone survive such damage to such a vital part of their body? Were Drackens incredibly strong skinned? Or could they heal massive damage like a blow to the neck before it had time to actually kill them? If the latter was true then they had to be super healers! Richard must have healed that neck wound within a few seconds or he would have died, the more she looked at the scar the more she noticed that it had been a perfect, deep slit down the front of his windpipe; it should have killed him in seconds but he seemed no worse for wear, only that scar and a damaged larynx. Whatever had caused that scar it had to have gone incredibly deep into the neck to have damaged the larynx and it made her all the more curious to know how Richard had survived, yet she had more tact than to just outright ask him, perhaps she should ask Max when he was a bit more level headed, or maybe one of the girls.

Remus Lupin sighed wearily as he finally stepped foot back onto British soil. He had spent some time travelling after finding a ‘mysterious donation’ in his practically empty bank vault. He had a feeling that Harry had been conspiring with Sirius.
He had first gone to France seeking information on lycanthropy. From there he had gone further afield to parts of Egypt and Pakistan; from there he had gone further into Asia and to parts of Transylvania. He had been gone for a little under a year and he was glad to be back. He had missed Harry.

He smiled as he remembered the boy he had taken to Kings Cross Station last September. He had seemed like there was a lot on his mind, but Sirius had only just died that June so maybe he was just grieving, either way he hadn’t had an owl from Harry so hopefully he had worked out what was bothering him at the time for himself or had asked someone else to help him.

Remus was on his way to Dumbledore’s private house, not many people knew where it was located, but he knew. He, a werewolf, a dark creature, was considered trustworthy enough to know where Albus Dumbledore lived when the summer holidays were in place.

He had Apparated to the little town and knocked on the front door, like any normal person would, he waved to the elderly couple crossing the street and they smiled back, not knowing how close they were to a feared creature whom they thought was merely mythological.

The door was opened and Remus was greeted happily by the elderly man and given consent to enter the house.

“Remus, my boy. How did your travels go?” Dumbledore asked.

“Well, though I overshot it a bit, I was hoping to be back when Hogwarts let out so that I could perhaps take Harry for a part of the summer. It isn’t right for a teenaged boy to be cooped up for so long in the same house. Plus I missed his birthday when I didn’t mean to; he deserves to be taken out.”

“I’m afraid that that is quite impossible, Remus.” Dumbledore told him softly and Remus grew angry.

“Why? He doesn’t need the blood wards anymore, Albus! Voldemort is gone! Vanquished by the very boy you are imprisoning in that Muggle house! The Death Eaters are few and far between, they wouldn’t dare come out of the little holes they are hiding in when every witch and wizard wants their head on a spike!”

“Calm down my dear boy! You have misunderstood.”

Remus was confused and he deflated, feeling a tad embarrassed that he had perhaps blown up on his old headmaster for no reason.
“Harry never went to the Dursley residence this year.”

“He…he never?”

“No. I believe he stayed at the house of a very handsome, young man this summer.”

Just like that Remus was angry again. “You let him stay in a house with an unknown person?! How do you know he isn’t a danger to Harry?”

“I have seen and spoken to Harry several times this summer, Remus, the boy in question is also staying at Hogwarts.”

“What’s his name?” Remus demanded.

“I believe it is Maximilius.”

“There are no Maximilius’ at Hogwarts, at least not any who are older than Harry, I would have remembered such a name, but anyone younger wouldn’t have their own house.”

“I believe that Max is thirty-one.”

“What is Harry doing with a thirty-one year old man?!” Remus exploded.

“It is my understanding that they are dating.” Albus replied mildly and Remus felt his blood pressure spike.

“Da…dating?” He choked. “There are fourteen years between them!”

“This is a classic example of age doesn’t matter, how many years are between you and Nymphadora? Thirteen?”
“I…that’s not the issue here!” Remus stated as his cheeks went red. “Harry has only just turned seventeen! He shouldn’t be with a thirty year old man!”

“But Harry is seventeen, Remus; he is considered a man now and he can do as he wishes.”

“Where is he? I have to speak with him; I have to see that this Maximilius isn’t harming him!”

“I’m afraid that’s quite impossible.”

“Why?!” Remus roared his patience at a dead end.

“Harry is currently pregnant.” Remus’s jaw dropped and his eyes popped in furious anger as every protective instinct inside of his body screamed for him to get Harry to safety. “I have been told that he is about to go into labour and doesn’t wish to be bothered.”

“Into…into labour? Just how pregnant is he?!” Remus asked when he could breathe unobstructed.

“Six months, he fell pregnant in mid-February.”

Remus mouthed wordlessly as he clenched and unclenched his hands so he wouldn’t put them around the elderly man’s throat and throttle him.

“You couldn’t have sent me a letter?! You knew how to navigate the anti-owl wards I had up, even if Harry couldn’t.” He demanded. “I would have immediately come home! He was underage when he met this man, I would have protected him!”

Albus sighed. “He didn’t need, nor want to be protected, Remus. Harry is deeply in love and is terribly protective of his son.”

“Son?” Remus croaked.

“Yes, he is having a baby boy some when in the coming weeks.”
Remus swallowed and collapsed back into a chair, putting his head in his hands and his hands between his knees and just breathed evenly.

“Sirius will have my head when I pass into the afterlife. James will slaughter me and Lily will make sure there is nothing left to find. I’ve allowed them to become grandparents at thirty-seven.”

“I’m sure Harry will disagree.”

“I wasn’t there for him.”

“You have been there for him.”

“I thought he’d be safe at Hogwarts.”

“He has been safe.”

“You call being seduced by a thirty-one year old and getting pregnant by said man safe?”

“It might not be Maximilius’ baby.” Dumbledore replied as he sipped on a teacup.

Remus felt his heart sputter in his chest. “What do you mean it might not be his baby? Who else’s can it be?! Oh please say he wasn’t…that he wasn’t ra…violated.”

“Nothing of the sort. But Harry has four current lovers, and there are three potential fathers to the baby he carries.”

Remus felt the world sway and grey spots danced in front of his eyes. What had happened to the sweet, innocent little boy he had spent a month with just last year, the baby faced boy he had seen off to Hogwarts last September? What had gone wrong?

“I want to see them.”
“Very well. But please control yourself, Remus, they are in a very emotional state as this is a very stressful time for them and they are very protective of Harry.”

Remus nodded as he made his way to the fire, following Dumbledore. He felt numb and sort of floaty, that couldn’t be a good sign.

He was pulled into the fire with Dumbledore and he heard the elderly man whisper something to the green flames before he was whisked away into the floo network.

Nasta felt his entire body pull into a stiff line as an unknown person came into the house. He snarled and found himself in front of the unknown man in an instant.

He had greying, light brown hair, a scared face and neck, blue eyes and a thin moustache. He was also a werewolf and Nasta would die before he let this man anywhere near his submissive, his child, or his subordinate mates.

His wings burst from his back and his claws and fangs followed as the man’s blue eyes flashed orangey-yellow before the blue settled back.

“Now now boys, calm yourselves. Nasta this is Remus Lupin, a dear friend and father figure to Harry. I’m sure he will be most distraught if you were to harm him.”

Nasta breathed deeply and he wanted to vehemently deny that his mate had anything to do with a werewolf, but he couldn’t. He knew that Harry was a very kind and caring person, he would probably befriend a manticore before killing it. It was something that he loved in Harry, that he was so indiscriminate about everything; if Harry had been at all prejudiced about his dominant’s ages during his meetings then he wouldn’t be mated right about now.

“What are you?” The man, Remus, breathed as he stared at his wings, fangs and claws.

“I’m a Dracken, werewolf.”

The man flinched and let Nasta know that he hadn’t just touched a nerve but he had hammered at it.
“That is enough.” Dumbledore chided firmly. “How is Harry today?”

“I went to visit him this morning; Blaise is with him at the moment. He is fine and is coping well.”

“Any sign of the little bundle of joy?”

“Not yet, but he has a week or two before he gives birth. He’s still preening.”

Max came barrelling into the room and Nasta caught him around the chest, flinging the bigger man backwards, using his body weight.

“Calm down.” Nasta soothed as he stroked Max’s head and neck, laying his teeth at the jugular vein to show how serious he was.

Max stopped struggling and panted heavily.

“Werewolf!” He gasped.

“He’s a friend of Harry’s.” Dumbledore assured.

Nasta stood back up and dragged Max up as well.

“You should still be sleeping.” Nasta chided the bigger man.

“I felt the disturbance in the wards as an unknown person was dragged in by a known person. I couldn’t take the risk of a threat harming Harry.”

Nasta kissed Max and led him to a chair to sit him down. The bigger man had spent the night with Draco, protecting Harry from afar. They couldn’t so much as come within five feet of Harry’s nest before their little submissive started snarling and sizing them up ready for conflict.

He hoped that Harry gave birth sooner rather than later because he did not envy whoever had to feed Harry when he finally ran out of food, but as it looked like Harry had stolen half the contents
of Max’s cupboards, maybe he wouldn’t even run out of food at all while he was nesting. Though this was an almost impossible wish seeing as Harry was continuously eating in his nest. Then he didn’t really have much to do other than roll around, stroke his bump and eat. It must have been very boring for him.

Everyone sat around in the kitchen and the man, Remus, looked like his heart was failing as he lay against the table top and practiced breathing.

“Are you alright?” Max asked as he placed down four cups of tea, slipping a few drops of calming draught into three of the four cups. The one without the draught went to the Headmaster, who was already very calm and collected.

“I have just found out that the boy I consider a son is about to give birth and is in a relationship with four men, one of whom is a Dracken.”

“Actually all of us are Drackens, including Harry.”

The man started hyperventilating and clasped his teacup like a lifeline as he gulped it down like Vodka.

“How did Harry meet four Drackens?!” He huffed out as Max refilled his teacup. “Where is Harry anyway?”

“Harry’s on the roof.” Max replied helpfully.

“The roof?! Why, in all of Merlin’s polka dotted pyjama pants, is Harry on the roof when he’s six months pregnant?!”

“That’s where he built his nest.”

“His nest? His nest?! What nest?!”

“Harry’s a Dracken as well, when Drackens are ready to go into labour they climb into their prebuilt nests and they stay there until the baby is born, no one really knows why, but it has been speculated that it’s the dragon instincts in us.”
“James and Lily weren’t Drackens. How is Harry one?”

“The Dracken genes pick and choose which child they want to appear in. Harry’s Great-Grandfather on his Father’s side was a Dracken; his Father was a recessive carrier of the gene.”

“Which side did the genes come from?” Remus asked. “James’ Father or James’ Mother?”

“His Mother, I believe the Dracken in question was named Cygnus Black. The Black family is riddled with Dracken blood. Three members of the Black family have been Drackens, two of them this generation; the third was from the last generation.”

“Who?” Remus asked incredulously.

“Harry, obviously. Regulus Black and Draco Malfoy.”

Remus felt the room getting far too hot. Sirius couldn’t have known that his younger brother was a Dracken or he would have said something. Was that why Regulus always stuck so close to Snape when they were younger, like these men were sticking close to Harry?

“Is Severus a Dracken by any chance?”

“Yes he is.” Dumbledore answered. “I see you have made the connection between Regulus and Severus. They were mates as Harry, Max, Nasta, Blaise and Draco are mates.”

“Draco? Draco Malfoy?” Remus had heard the blond’s name in the list of Drackens, but he hadn’t for one moment thought that Harry would be mated to him. The two men opposite him said ‘mate’ like others said ‘husband’ there was an intimate inflection on it, a love that went deep between them, Remus swallowed. These men loved Harry, but he could not fathom that a Malfoy and Harry would willingly get on, he couldn’t believe that Lucius Malfoy would allow his only son into a relationship with Harry.

“Yes Draco Malfoy. Such a confused young man.” Dumbledore sighed and graciously accepted another cup of tea from Max, who was happy to be hosting again.
“Let me tell you that as top dominant of this family I will not accept anyone bad mouthing my subordinates nor my submissive.” Nasta said as politely as he could, he even managed to take the growl from his voice.

“I wasn’t bad mouthing anyone.” Remus said affronted. “I certainly wouldn’t bad mouth a former student of mine, though I find it difficult to accept that Lucius Malfoy is jumping for joy at this development.”

Max snorted. “Hardly. He has tried several times to break Harry and Draco up, not that we’ve told Harry, it upsets him and in his delicate condition it could cause more harm to him than is acceptable. Draco has snubbed his Father’s attempts to break us apart, though his Mother, Narcissa, seems fine with the relationship, though she was a bit startled at the beginning.”

Remus couldn’t even begin to imagine Lucius Malfoy ever being alright with his son in a relationship with Harry Potter, even if the man had been acquitted of all crimes, he had still been a Death Eater.

“So Harry’s alright?” He finally asked. “You treat him well.”

The two opposite him looked affronted.

“Of course!” The biggest one said his tone full of offence. “We love Harry and he’s perfectly fine. I’ve had my stomach almost torn out thanks to my love for him! Harry likes targeting the fleshy belly.”

“What?” Remus asked.

The man lifted his shirt and showed a covered area of flesh with blood spots.

“You’re bleeding through again.” Nasta pointed out.

“I know. I’ll change the covering in a bit.”
“What happened?”

“I got too close to Harry and he tore into me. My own fault of course, I should have known better, but I thought he was sleeping.”

“Harry wouldn’t…”

“Harry is in a very primitive state of mind. He’s gone feral, as all submissive Drackens do when they go into the last stage of pregnancy. He doesn’t recognise anyone and he attacks everyone who goes near him as he classes them as immediate threats. He does this to protect the baby.”

“So he’d attack me if I went to see him?”

“You can see him, but you can't get too close and he won't understand a word you say to him. He can’t talk either, he grunts, hisses and growls and he communicates non-verbally too, though as he’s very aggressive at the moment, as he feels he’s being threatened by us getting too close to him, there’s a lot of baring his teeth and flashing his claws, all as a warning to back off.”

Remus sighed and cradled his cup, nursing the tea inside it to settle his nerves. This was too much, way too much and he wasn’t sure if his blood pressure could handle the strain of finding out Harry was a magical creature.

“Here take this.” One of the men, Nasta, said handing him a book. “It’ll give you some more information on Drackens, actual factual information, not the rubbish that is printed in mass produced books.”

“Thank you. When do you think Harry will be ready for visitors?”

“A few weeks I’d say. He’s only been in his nest for a week, he’s already run out of fresh food so we’re having to try and get close enough to him to pass him fresh meat, it’s how Max got cut up.”

“He’ll be alright?”

“He’s going to be fine, we’d hardly let him starve in there.” Max grumbled. “It would make my
Remus nodded and finished his tea. He’d read the book, get as much information as he could, let himself absorb the fact that Harry was a Dracken, let his anxieties settle and then he’d come back when Harry was ready to see him, when he had already given birth to a son. He swallowed, James, Sirius and Lily would blow their heads right off of their necks if they knew that he’d allowed their baby to become impregnated at just sixteen years old.

Harry hissed deeply as one of the Drackens once again tried to come into his nest. The dead animal he was holding was thrown into his nest and Harry lashed out, sinking his claws into the soft, fleshy belly, dragging his claws through and the Dracken howled in pain.

Harry went to strike the neck only for another Dracken to come and take the injured one away. Harry flumped down as his energy waned. He couldn’t keep fighting like this, was that their plan? To wear him down until he fell unconscious due to lack of energy? Well he wouldn’t let them! He had ways of getting energy. He was getting energy from the sun, but the blinding rays could only give him so much energy; he was sleeping a lot more than usual as well. He pulled the dead animal that the other Dracken had dropped and tore into it, noticing curiously that it was already skinned. He fed until he couldn’t eat anymore and then he threw the remains out of his nest because he didn’t want it near him anymore.

It wasn’t too much longer after he had finished his meal and he was cleaning his hands and neck of blood when a ripping in his abdomen had him doubling over his belly. It was time.

Harry burst into a flurry of activity, preparing himself for birth as he spread his body out over the floor of his nest, and tearing open his backpack to reach the things his baby needed, the things he needed. He would free his trapped baby from inside him by any means necessary. He wouldn’t let his baby die inside of him.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: The next chapter is the long anticipated birth!

I now have a profile on Facebook under the name StarLight Mass as Facebook wouldn’t let me use the name Massacre, I wonder why. The link is also in my profile because FF probably won’t let me put the actual link in my chapter, add me if you like to keep up to date and what not.
StarLight Massacre. X
**Welcome Baby Boy. Oh**

**Chapter Notes**

WARNING! This chapter contains blood, gore, self-mutilation (non-permanent for medicinal purposes) and overbearingly sugary sweet cuteness later on.

A/N: The birth scene is not actually all that gory, well not as gory as the torture scene in chapter eleven, but it is very bloody. Harry is cutting himself open after all.

Dedicated to cyne, whose review helped me write nearly all of this chapter in one day.

**Last Time**

It wasn’t too much longer after he had finished his meal and he was cleaning his hands and neck of blood when a ripping in his abdomen had him doubling over his belly. It was time.

Harry burst into a flurry of activity, preparing himself for birth as he spread his body out over the floor of his nest, and tearing open his backpack to reach the things his baby needed, the things he needed. He would free his trapped baby from inside him by any means necessary. He wouldn’t let his baby die inside of him.

**Chapter Forty – Welcome Baby Boy... Oh**

Max grimaced as he peeled the covering away from his stomach. Harry had a hell of a reflex on him and he made a mental note to never get on his submissive’s bad side.

“How is it?” Draco asked as he sipped regally on a cup of coffee to wake himself up a bit more. He hated having the night shift, but he had lost the fight fair and square.

“Painful, I don’t think it went in too deep and luckily he hadn’t coated his claws in his venom, or I would have been in big trouble, but it still hurts and it’s bleeding quite a bit. This is the second covering I’ve had to change today. Harry must have an anti-coagulant in his claws.”

“Do different submissives have different properties to their claws?”
“Oh yeah, some submissives can kill you without ever having to secrete their personalised venom. Some submissive’s claws are inherently poisonous, some, like Harry, have anti-coagulants and can bleed you to death without having to cut too deep, some have extra sharp claws and some have wicked curved claws that are designed for maximum ripping damage.”

“Do any submissives end up killing their dominants?” Draco asked startled.

“Yes. But it is usually on purpose. Harry isn’t really trying to kill us, he’s just warning us away. Warning us not to come any closer to him, to his nest and his baby.”

“Why would a submissive kill their dominant?”

“Any number of reasons, but most are in defence of their children. If a dominant so much as verbally threatens a child, then the submissive will warn them off. If a strange dominant broke into our house and actually harmed one of Harry’s children then he’d be dead before he could apologise, no second chances, even if it was by accident. A submissive will kill the potential threat so they don’t have a chance to actually harm the child. Another reason I’ve heard of is if the dominant is abusive, because of the nature of dominants and submissives, with the dominant able to order around and control the submissive it would be very difficult for the submissive to get away from their abusive dominant, they would be forced to endure it and endure it and endure it and then one day, perhaps years later, they’ll just crack and lash out, often very violently and they won’t stop until there is very little left.”

Draco swallowed. “Remind me to never piss Harry off.”

Max let out a throaty laugh, one which embarrassingly made Draco’s stomach clench and things a bit lower tighten and twitch. He hated that he was becoming sexually aroused by the other dominants, especially as it was only a damned laugh! Damn he had more control than this!

“Don’t worry, I don’t think Harry will kill any of us just because we piss him off, he’ll get stroppy and might shout and lash out with his fists, but he would never seek to kill us just for angering him. Just like none of us would ever kill him for getting stroppy or a tad bitchy now and then.”

“Do you need help?” Draco offered; though he wasn’t entirely sure why he had offered to do such a menial task as to change a wound covering, what if he got blood under his nails?
“Can you just get me a new covering please, Draco; my hands are a bit too bloody.” Max said as he indicated the blood on his fingertips.

“Sure.” Draco put his coffee cup down and went digging in the first aid box, pulling out the white covering. He ripped open the packet and pressed the new covering to the cleaned and sterilised claw marks, he held it there with one hand as he pulled out the surgical tape and secured it to Max’s skin, he never envied the bigger man when he had to change the covering and pull that sticky tape from the tiny hairs on his stomach.

“Thank you, Draco. Where are Nasta and Blaise anyway?”

“They went to feed Harry lunch, the little runt is eating more than we are.” Draco stated as he packed away the tape and threw the empty packet in the bin. He washed his hands thoroughly.

Max chuckled again and Draco cursed his libido. He was not some hormonal little girl, so he hadn’t has sex in a month or so, so he woke up every morning with at least three erections pressed into his body and his own erection throbbing. He was a Malfoy and he would control his own body!

All thoughts of sex flew from his mind when Nasta came in through the back door with a bloodied Blaise in his arms. Blaise had actually gone pale under his tanned skin.

“Oh, dear Merlin.” He breathed. “Did Harry do that?”

“Draco! Snap out of it and get the potions in the top cupboard. Max, get towels now.” Nasta snapped.

He laid Blaise on the kitchen table and Draco didn’t even mention that they had to eat off of it later, Blaise was more important; the table could always be washed…or replaced.

He grabbed the case of potions from the top shelf, only the strongest potions were kept up there and he knew then that it was serious.

Max came back with an armful of clean towels, he passed them to Nasta and opened the potions case, immediately administering the vials, rubbing Blaise’s throat strongly to help him to swallow. Blaise moaned in pain and Draco found his childhood friend’s hand, holding it and squeezing along with Blaise as pain seared through his body.

Nasta pressed the towels to Blaise’s stomach and they soaked through quickly. Harry had done some real damage.
“I thought he wasn’t aiming to kill us?” He gasped out as Blaise clenched his hand until the bones of his knuckles grinded together.

“Blaise got too close. I only just managed to get to Blaise before Harry tore out his throat.” Nasta explained as he calmly inspected the wound on Blaise’s stomach. “We need a Healer.”

“Loppy!” Max yelled.

A sharp crack filled the kitchen as a little house elf appeared dressed in a clean, rose pink, pillowcase. Her large brown eyes took in the scene before her with slight shock before she recovered herself and bowed to her Master’s grandson.

“Young Master Maxie called for Loppy?”

“Loppy get my Grandfather, get my parents and tell them to call Madam Pomfrey. Tell them it’s urgent.” Max ordered as he passed a topical paste to Nasta to apply to the wound which would hopefully help with the bleeding.

“Of course young Master, Maxie.” Loppy bowed and popped away again to do as bid.

“I hope she hurries.” Draco said as he watched as Blaise’s face went another shade paler.

Harry was bewildered as he pulled out the little bottle of brownish-yellow fluid. It was important; something in the deep recesses of his human mind told him that it was important. Did he drink it? A pain in his stomach had him screeching out and several rumbling growls answered. He felt reassured by those grumblings and he didn’t know why. The Drackens that had been getting into his space for what seemed like ages were now very far away and Harry felt confident that his baby would be safe if he brought him into the world.

He couldn’t remember what to do with the little bottle so he put it back down; he accidentally knocked it over as another ripping pain made his body jump and twitch. The brown stuff went all over his hands and he had no time to do anything about it. He rubbed his belly to soothe his agitated baby, reassuring his baby that he was still there, spreading the brown liquid over the expanse of his belly.
It smelt awful, it made him sneeze twice and it was irritating his nose badly, why was it so important? All it did was make his eyes screw up as he moved his claws to his belly, feeling around it gently, pressing delicately to feel where his baby was laying.

Another wave of pain struck him and he screamed, the high pitched sound startling birds from the trees. Those reassuring growls soothed him as tears cut down his cheeks without him noticing. How could something hurt so much with nothing physical to show for it?

Feeling for his baby’s head Harry carefully slid two claws into his flesh. It hurt and his body quivered with the need to move with the pain, but he held still, clenching his teeth together, the tips of his upper fangs biting into his bottom lip. He had to hold still or he could accidentally catch his baby with a deadly claw, a claw which was covered in his acidic poison. He could feel it numbing his skin where it touched, easing the sharp biting pain from where he was cutting.

Dragging in a deep, ragged breath, Harry carefully eased his two claws through the soft, meaty flesh of his belly, going through his body as easily as butter as his other hand continuously mapped out his baby’s body. His son had gone still, like he knew that this was a delicate part of the operation and that the slightest movement could ruin everything if he so much as twitched in the wrong direction.

Harry clenched his teeth as a fresh spark of pain almost had him jumping out of his skin as he spread his legs more and rebalanced himself on the balls of his feet. He continued cutting, knowing that every second counted as his nest flooded with blood.

He retracted his middle and ring finger claws when he reached the opposite side of his stomach, he inserted his index finger claw and delicately traced the bottom of the sac he could feel inside of him, he could feel his baby’s head through the thin membrane, pressing on it, wanting to be freed.

He felt for a safe place, even as the bad smelling brown liquid pained his open flesh, even as blood poured out of his body. He needed to be quick! Yet he couldn’t risk his baby’s life.

He felt a part of the sac that his baby wasn’t pressed down on and he inserted just the very tip of his claw into it and pulled. It was like a balloon had burst. A balloon filled with water as a clear fluid gushed out of that little rip, his claw tugging on the thin membrane, making it wider. He stopped when his gut clenched and his claw immediately, automatically retracted before he even knew what was going on, a moment later his finger touched something solid. His baby’s head. He had almost pushed a claw into his baby’s head.

Harry used his one hand to guide the baby’s head out of the slit he had made in the sac, his other hand pressing down on the top of his bump to expel the baby, he held his position as gravity also helped pull his baby out of his body.

He was shaking, blood coated thickly upon his lower body, hands and arms, his feet pooled in his own blood. Had he lost too much? He needed this baby out now, he needed the placenta out now, he needed to drink that bottle of blood now.

Harry ripped the membrane sac as he became frantically aware of how thickly the blood had plastered him, the membrane was thicker than he realised it had been and it had gotten stuck on his baby’s shoulders. He tore it and he let lose an almighty screech of pain as his body clenched tightly, even as his baby fell gently to the blood soaked, fabric padded ground, guided by his one hand on his baby’s head and shoulders.

Harry quickly clamped the umbilical cord and tore through it with a single claw; he wound the cord around his wrist and yanked it. The pain was unbelievable as he screamed until he felt his throat
tear.

His baby was crying below him and Harry took reassurance from the sound, his baby was at least alive.

He dumped the placenta into the box and shoved the lid on it and he threw the entire box out of his nest, before he used a claw to take the entire top of the flask off and gulped down the lukewarm liquid. He would have preferred it hot. Hot blood straight from his mates’ veins, but this would do for now.

He drained the bottle of blood and threw it away, before digging in the torn backpack for the towels he had borrowed. He wrapped his baby in one and rubbed him vigorously to keep him warm and to stimulate his breathing. His baby stopped crying when Harry had finished and settled him over his heart.

Harry picked up another towel and began the slightly redundant task of cleaning the blood from himself, but as the duvet under him was soaked with blood every time he set a limb back down it was immediately covered in blood again.

Harry caught a corner of the duvet and pulled it up; he shifted himself to the blanket underneath and rolled the duvet up before flinging it out of his nest and down the side of the house. The blanket underneath it was also covered in blood, Harry rolled it up and it followed the duvet down the side of the house. Harry continued this until the fabrics were free of blood. He cleaned himself up and threw the bloodied towel out of his nest as well before he set to carefully cleaning his baby, taking extreme care with the clamped umbilical cord.

Harry dressed his baby, who was undeniably a boy, in a clean nappy and carefully maneuvered his little limbs into a bodysuit, before overlaying it with a sleepsuit before wrapping him in a blanket and placing him in the knitted cosy toes that Hermione had knitted and place him in the soft, cradle shaped mini nest that he had made to hold his baby as he cleaned up his nest and double checked everything was as it should be.

Once he was cleaned up and feeling a little less shaky, even if he was incredibly tired, Harry plucked his baby back up and held him against his naked chest. He inhaled deeply and smiled as the baby’s scent indicated that he was indeed a baby Dracken. Harry cooed to him and nuzzled his tiny little face.

His baby was bloated and swollen, red skinned and looked like he had been stung by a wasp and had had a bad reaction to it, but to Harry he was the most beautiful baby in the world. He held a tiny hand and kissed it, letting a soft rumble start in his stomach before ending in his throat.

His baby son made a small noise back to him and Harry moved onto his back, bringing his baby up onto his chest. He was still very, very sore and his stomach was still swollen and bumped, even if the bump was turning soft. Harry hoped it was gone soon, he’d had enough of seeing that bump when he was pregnant, he didn’t need to see it now that he wasn’t.

Harry held his baby tightly yet softly as the baby boy fell in and out of sleep on top of him, Harry knew that he should probably get some sleep as well, but he just couldn’t tear his eyes away from his son as he touched and stroked every inch of his baby, feeling the soft pink skin, the silky, baby fine, dark hair, those little lips, his tiny nose, but those eyes, those baby blue eyes that blinked at him, the way they were shaped, the baby definitely took the shape of his eyes directly from his Father.
Nasta smoothed Blaise’s hair from his face as he tucked him up more firmly in the bed. Madam Pomfrey had cleaned him up to the best of her ability, which thankfully was enough so they could feed Blaise their blood and heal the rest of him. He hated the fact that Harry’s anti-coagulant was not affected by the healing properties of Dracken blood.

Everyone that had come in the initial panic had left them in peace, had left to give Blaise time to rest and recover, to give the three remaining dominants room to look after and pamper him.

Blaise would be out of it for a while as he recovered, but the most important thing was that he would heal. Nasta sighed heavily as he laid a kiss against Blaise’s head and let him sleep, Max had given him a strong sleeping potion.

He left Blaise to sleep with a sigh and went back downstairs to the other two dominants.

“How is he?” Draco asked concernedly.

“Sleeping.” Nasta answered tiredly.

“I think this has brought home the seriousness of this situation.” Max said sombrely. “We can’t take stupid risks anymore, we need to feed Harry yes, but it’ll destroy him to come out of that nest and find out what he’s done to Blaise.”

“It was an accident.” Draco stressed.

“But will Harry see it that way?” Max countered and all of them slipped into silence.

A horrible scream broke them out of their thoughts and immediately all of them gave out a soothing rumble.

“Harry’s in danger!” Draco gasped out, making to run to his mate. Nasta wrapped both arms around him and held him tightly.

“He’s not in danger.” Nasta growled back. “He’s just gone into labour, the baby will be here in less than fifteen minutes, we need to prepare.”
Draco nodded and calmed himself down; everyone had been running over ‘the plan’ for a week. He immediately set to his role in the plan, which was making sure that Harry had clean clothes to wear, that a fresh bath was ready for him, with sufficient warming charms to keep the water hot, because he had been up on the roof for two weeks without so much as a shower, and he made sure that everything was easily accessible because Harry wouldn’t feel like doing much after giving birth.

Max was setting out potions of all kinds for any sort of problem including a fever reducer, just in case, a strong antibiotic potion just to make sure there was absolutely no trace of infection, a blood replenisher, because he’d definitely need one, and a topical salve that would reduce scarring if Harry hadn’t taken the blood in time. He then set to making a hearty meal; Harry would most definitely be hungry when he came down from the roof.

Nasta was floo calling everyone to inform them of the situation and then he was going to make sure that the nursery was all ready and clean for their baby. He also took on Blaise’s job of making sure there was nothing out of place, because the last thing any submissive Dracken wanted to see was mess. They had been curbing their messy tendencies for a few days, so there wasn’t really much to put away, just a few odd books, a pair of shoes, Max had, of course, left his work case by the coffee table from where he had been doing his paperwork that morning and he flipped the corner of the rug back down from where it had been kicked up.

Harry wouldn’t have to worry about a thing, everything was ready for when he gave birth, bonded with the baby and then came down from his nest in a couple of hours’ time. All three of them gave periodical winces and soothing growls as a particularly loud scream or screech of pain met their ears. It was painful to listen to; no doubt it was even more painful for Harry to endure.

Harry snuggled his baby son, who was looking a lot less like he had had an allergic reaction to a bee sting and he was definitely a lot less water wrinkled.

Harry now had his son’s scent locked in his mind and ingrained in the deepest, most primitive part of his brain. He would be able to track his son to the ends of the earth, not that his baby son was going anywhere without him, not ever.

The Dracken scent that had surrounded his son had dispersed within the first half an hour, but the scent of himself and one of his mate’s remained on his son’s skin, his son’s biological Father.

Harry knew his time alone with his son was coming to an end, he could feel his mates’ restlessness like something thick on the back of his tongue. They were anxious to meet the baby, they were anxious to reconnect with him after however long it had been.

He sighed and finished feeding his son his first bottle, burped him awkwardly and a tad cack-handedly before he let out a small, questioning call. Immediately several strong answering calls cut through the soft day noises and the sound of rushing wind as three large bodies landed on the roof.

Harry smiled happily as Nasta entered his nest and pulled him into a big hug, being so very careful of the tiny body between them.
“It’s good to see you, Harry.” Nasta breathed almost silently as the others all crowded around him and the baby, sniffing and licking. “We’re so proud of you, cariad.”

“He smells like…” Max started as he inhaled deeply.

“I know.” Harry answered with a smile, but it faltered when he realised that someone was missing. “Where’s Blaise?”

Nasta, Max and Draco all shared a look and Harry grew frightened. Had Blaise left? Had he been hurt? Killed?

“Where’s Blaise?!” Harry demanded shrilly.

“He got injured, Harry love. He’s just sleeping.” Max said softly, cupping the back of his head and pulling him forward to rest against his chest.

“Injured how?” Harry asked, though he could take a guess as to how Blaise had gotten injured and he had a feeling that he had been the cause.

“It was an accident, Harry.” Draco assured him as he sniffed, licked and touched his baby in Harry’s arms.

“How did he get injured?” Harry repeated.

“Let’s get down off of the roof first, love, then we’ll tell you everything that has happened in the two weeks you’ve been up here.” Nasta said firmly, leaving no room for argument as he scooped Harry up and instead of jumping from the roof like Max and Draco did, he opted for the smoother way of flapping his wings before he took off. It was slower, but much safer and less jarring for a newborn baby.

Ashleigh huddled against her most dominant mate as the young woman in front of her shielded the small baby from her. Snarling as if she would suddenly up and attack her and the baby.
Amelle had finally given birth to her daughter, Eleonora Dahlia Seppen after spending nearly two months in her nest. Ashleigh thought it was a beautiful name, if only she was allowed to see the beautiful baby that the name had been given to. Eleonora was a few weeks old, she was a magic human if Caesar was to be believed, though Ashleigh prided herself on knowing her son and she knew he wouldn’t have need to lie about something like that.

Caesar was growling at his mate and trying to get his daughter from her, presumably to hand to her to show his mate that she meant the baby no harm, but Amelle had clamped her arms around her baby daughter and was not letting go.

“Stop it!” Ashleigh cried. “Caesar don’t force her, you’ll hurt the baby. It…it’s fine, really.”

Myron held Ashleigh closer to him and glared at his son’s mate. His Wife did not deserve this! She had been through a terrible ordeal, that didn’t make her deranged, unstable or dangerous! She had gone through therapy, she was fine, she wasn’t going to hurt a baby just because she had lost one of her own. The way this little brat was acting made his blood boil, but he calmed himself, he would never strike a woman, not even his own mate, his preferred method of punishment was a simple, sharp twist to the top of the ear. If his mate persisted, he held on as he twisted the ear. But the anger he felt at this woman and her treatment of his Wife, he wanted to curl up his large hands into fists and beat her.

Richard slid an arm around Myron’s bicep, as if he knew what his Husband was thinking. He was thinking similar thoughts, only his were more along the lines of boiling her alive in tar before coating her dead body in feathers and stringing her up for eternity so everyone would know that she was an eternal chicken, nothing but a lowly coward, unwilling to have a bit of faith in a good woman.

Richard hissed, but Ashleigh shushed him. She was being selfless, he could see how much it was hurting her, her first ever Grandchild, her first Granddaughter and she couldn’t even see her let alone hold her. It wasn’t fair. Caesar and Amelle had been here for two days and none of them had been allowed to see Eleonora, let alone hold her, Amelle was not letting go of her daughter.

“Amelle, we haven’t come half way across the world just to fight.” Caesar said strongly. “Our two week old daughter deserves to know her Grandmother!”

“No!” Amelle snarled viciously, turning tail and running to her and Caesar’s room, in his parents’ house that she had been forced to come and visit, slamming the door in her mate’s face and locking it. She whipped out her wand and warded the door so not even Caesar’s physical strength could open the door before curling up on the bed, her precious baby girl held safely in the curve of her body. She wouldn’t let any harm come to her baby, she’d die first.
“Mum, I’m really sorry.” Caesar sighed sadly as he walked back into the living room. He felt so ashamed of Amelle in that moment and he felt guilty for being ashamed of her.

“It’s alright, Caesar.” Ashleigh answered, going to him and hugging him to her. She hated seeing her children upset.

“It’s not though, I love Amelle, I do, but I hate the way she’s acting and no amount of punishment helps.”

“It’s because she feels that she is doing the right thing to protect her child.” Myron spat. “No amount of punishment can break a parent’s instinct to do right by their child.”

“But it isn’t right, Dad!” Caesar answered sadly.

“She believes it’s right.” Myron reiterated.

“Mum! Dad!” Alayla came skidding into the room and almost toppled over her own feet in her haste, being caught just in time as Richard darted to catch her.

“Do be more careful, Alayla.” Richard wheezed out. Strong emotions, especially anger or sadness, always made the scar tissue on his neck tighter and made it more painful to speak.

“But Nasta just flooed us! Harry’s gone into labour; the baby will be here soon. He wants us to come around in a few hours to welcome the baby.”

“That’s if Harry lets me near the baby.” Ashleigh sobbed brokenheartedly.

Caesar let his Dad’s take his Mum from him, though all he wanted to do was hold her and make her feel better, he hated that his mate, his Wife, the Mother of his daughter, had done this to his her. He was going to step up his dominancy over her, Eleonora was his daughter as well and it wasn’t just Amelle who got to decide who saw their daughter and who didn’t.
Harry was led into the bathroom. He had refused to let go of his newly born son for a single moment, his mates hadn’t even held their son yet, as such he had decided to bathe with his baby, but he had allowed Draco to come with them and Harry allowed him to wash him from head to foot, because the blond didn’t trust him to do it himself properly and Harry didn’t much care for personal hygiene at the moment.

“What are you going to call him, Harry?” Draco asked gently, trying not to push as Nasta and Max had warned them that as Harry had only recently slipped out of his feral state, the slightest push could send him feral and aggressive again.

“I don’t know. I never really thought of names, even when I knew he was going to be a boy I never thought of names, does that make me a bad Mum?”

Draco chuckled and kissed Harry lingeringly.

“No, love. It just means you had other things on your mind. Though it would have been hard to pick a name when you had no idea who the potential Father was.”

“He’s so beautiful.” Harry breathed reverently as he just stared endlessly at the baby cradled in his arms.

“Of course he is, he takes after you, love.”

“Really? I thought he looked more like Blaise.”

“The eyes are Blaise’s, but that is definitely your nose and your mouth.”

Harry smiled up at Draco happily and kissed him again. He had missed them all so much. He couldn’t remember his time in the nest, or rather he could, but not clearly, it was the same on his heat period, he could remember bits and pieces, but nothing substantial. But he did know that he ached for his mates. He couldn’t believe that he had hurt Blaise so much. He had demanded to know what had happened and when he had been told he had gone straight to Blaise, the Father to his first child. Well, he had had to be carried as he was so very sore still, but Max’s potion was going to help with that as soon as he had had something to eat.

He had stroked Blaise’s face, looking for similarities between the man in the bed and the baby in
his arms, he found them too. His baby was undeniably Blaise’s even without the initial scent of just himself and Blaise on the baby, which had now started to include the other three mates as they licked and rubbed themselves on the baby’s skin.

Draco had whisked him off not too long after that for a bath whilst Max finished up a late dinner. Harry was dried and dressed in soft, clean pyjamas, the feel of fabric on his skin felt strange after two weeks without wearing anything but his skin.

The baby was dried so very carefully between them, taking such care with the umbilical cord and once again he was clad in a nappy and dressed up in a bodysuit and a sleepsuit, scratch mitts firmly on little hands and little hat pulled down over dark downy hair as he was slid once again into the cosy toes that Harry had taken to carrying his son around in.

Harry went into the kitchen only to be surprised to see Max’s entire family, including Caesar, congregated around the enlarged table, numerous chairs added around it as Max served them all food.

“Harry, sweet one, well done and congratulations!” Alexander Maddison, Max’s awesome Grandfather, called out, having been the first to spot him.

Everyone else turned to him and shouted out their own congratulations and Harry grinned, albeit a bit tiredly, but then he had cut himself open to birth his son only a few hours ago.

“So tell us, is Maxie the baby’s Father?” Alexander asked.

“No. Blaise is.” Harry answered as he was helped into a chair and tucked to the table with his son in his arms.

“Oh well, maybe next time then ay, Maxie? Maybe you should get in there quicker the next time around.”

Nearly everyone choked on their lasagne, except for Harry who started laughing and couldn’t stop.

“Oh ow! It hurts.” He whimpered, pressing a hand to the incision site.

“Eat as much as you can and then you can have potions to help.”

“Give them to him now!” Alexander chided. “You can't blackmail the poor boy with pain potions
to make him eat, Maxie. That won't put meat on his skinny chicken bones.”

Max rolled his eyes good naturedly. “These potions can't be administered on an empty stomach, Grandfather. It’ll make him sick and give him stomach cramps.”

Harry tucked into the first hot meal he had eaten in weeks and he couldn’t hold back the small moan that rolled out of his throat at the first bite. He had missed Max’s cooking.

“There’s appreciation for you, Max!” Caesar ribbed with a smile that was only fifty watts instead of his usual hundred.

Harry blushed, but as soon as his son made a small noise, all of his attention immediately diverted to the baby in the crook of his right arm. His son was still sleeping peacefully. Harry breathed a sigh of relief.

“Have you decided a name for my Grandson?” Myron asked even as he cut off another forkful of lasagne and placed it in his mouth; he’d never get over how good a cook his son was nor stop wondering where the talent had come from.

“No, not yet.” Harry answered back softly before biting into some garlic bread.

“Well hurry up, we can't go around calling him Baby forever.”

Harry smiled, which turned into a yawn, which made his eyes water. His energy was flagging quickly.

“Here, you have enough in your stomach to coat it for the potions.” Max told him as he studied how much he had eaten before passing over three uncorked vials of potion.

One was grey and watery, the second was green and marginally thicker that the first, but it tasted slightly better than the grey one had and the last was a dull yellow and had the same consistence of four-day-old, lumpy custard. It smelt vile, tasted worse and it slimed its way down his throat slowly. Harry hoped to every deity he had ever heard of that he never had to take it again.
“To bed with you, Harry boy!” Alexander shooed him and Harry chuckled, only a slight twinge in his stomach let him know that he really was going to be sore for a while.

“Are you leaving the baby down here with us?” Nasta asked.

Harry immediately shook his head. “He’s staying with me.”

His mates nodded understandingly, but Ashleigh looked very upset.

“Don’t let my presence influence your decision, Harry; I’ll leave if my being here bothers you.”

Harry cocked his head to the side and looked at the upset woman curiously. He felt the urge to shield his baby from her, to run and hide with his son so that this woman couldn’t see him but he shoved it down violently as he moved forward and slowly and carefully eased his son from against his chest and transferred him into a surprised, but elated Ashleigh’s arms.

“Why would you being here bother me? It never has before.” He asked as he stretched out his arms and rotated his shoulders to ease the ache in them, his son did get quite heavy after a while and not being able to move his arms as he pleased made his muscles stiff.

He turned and went to get a drink of water as Ashleigh cooed and kissed his son, giving them some space to prove that he didn’t mind her holding his son, her first Grandson, even if it hadn’t been Max who sired him. It looked like he wasn’t going to get an answer to his question.

His Dracken screamed at him to get back to their baby, to attack Ashleigh and get their son back where they could protect him, to hide from Ashleigh so she couldn’t find them, but he shoved the urge down even further. It screamed at him that she was a danger and Harry stubbornly refused to listen. Ashleigh was a lovely woman and she wouldn’t hurt his children, his senses must have been screwed from the trauma of his self-caesarean section, he’d asked Nasta about it later.

He finished his water and yawned widely behind his hand again. He hugged everyone, leaving Ashleigh for last so she could cuddle his son some more, before he hugged her and took his baby back, he waved goodnight and headed upstairs to bed. If Myron had hugged him tighter than normal and for longer than usual, nothing was said, if the loving, lingering kiss Richard had given to his forehead was out of place, no one mentioned it. Harry certainly noticed nothing as he laid his baby son in the bassinet by his bedside and climbed in beside Blaise, who was still out of it on sleeping potion and didn’t even know that he had a biological son who was sleeping just feet from him. Harry felt guilt consume him, he had done this to Blaise, he was a terrible mate.
Max washed the mountain of dishes as Draco saw everyone out safely. Nasta was drying and putting away the plates and cutlery next to him.

“We have a son.” Max said slightly awed.

“Is it just sinking in?” Nasta asked as he dried the last cup and placed it away, turning with the tea towel draped over his hands.

“I think it is. Seeing my Mum holding him, she was so upset because Amelle, Caesar’s Wife, wouldn’t let her near Eleonora.”

“She must be a real piece of work.”

“She is.” Max replied as he emptied the sink of water and dried his hands on the tea towel that Nasta held. “But I can't believe he’s really here.”

Nasta smirked and bent forward to capture Max’s lips in a kiss. They broke apart slowly.

“Harry has been nesting for how many weeks and you only just accept that we have a baby.”

“I think it’s just seeing him for the first time, he’s so tiny, so beautiful.” Max whispered softly as he pulled the tea towel from Nasta’s hands and threw it around his shoulders instead, using it to pull Nasta into another, more passionate kiss.

Their mouths worked against one another, their tongues stroking and pressing as hands moved to shoulders and arms, caressing and squeezing.

Max tried to take the dominant role by backing Nasta up against the countertop, but Nasta broke the kiss, hooked the backs of his thighs, twisted their positions around and had him sitting on the counter before he could even formulate a way to counteract Nasta’s moves.

He opened his mouth to complain, or perhaps to whine, but Nasta’s tongue was suddenly in his mouth and such amazing sensations took over his body as that tongue flicked against the roof of his mouth. He let out a small sound, meaning it to be in protest of his treatment, but it came out as a
needy little moan instead.

Nasta’s hands squeezed the tops of his thighs and Max made another small sound, this one wasn’t even close to being a protest as he wound his fingers through Nasta’s ear length hair, knowing the older man hated having messy hair, but Max couldn’t resist running his fingers through the pitch black, floppy strands of hair.

Max pulled Nasta’s tee-shirt from his back; forcing it over the older man’s head and making him pull his arms out or suffer with cut off circulation to his arms as the fabric dug into his biceps. Max discarded the fabric and grinned at the glaring older man.

He pulled his own shirt from his body, but Nasta pushed him backwards just as his head came free of his shirt and the back of his skull thunked against the kitchen cupboard whilst his arms were still caught by fabric.

“Ow damn it! What was that for?”

“For trying to pop my arms off with my shirt.”

“So you bash my head against a cupboard?”

“Would you have rathered it if I had sunk claws in you?” Nasta threatened softly as he looked up at Max lustily, his dominance coming through and dragging a small sound out of Max’s throat. “I didn’t think so.”

They came together for another kiss, all teeth and tongue as hands explored the newly revealed flesh, pinching and twisting nipples and scratching nails over taut stomachs and sides.

Nasta removed one hand to undo the button on the top of his jeans, lowering the zipper and stepping out of the tight, restricting fabric, pushing his boxer-briefs down with them. He moved to Max’s jeans and undid them, but Max reared back when he made to remove them.

“You’re not seriously considering that we have sex here? On my kitchen counters?!” He demanded.

“Harry and Blaise are in bed with the baby.”

“I have two spare bedrooms!” Max pointed out. “And two living room settees for that matter!”
“I don’t want to risk waking the baby by going upstairs and I’d rather not be caught in the act by anyone coming through the floo.”

“Silencing charms!” Max yelled out, even as his boxers went past his knees to join his jeans with Nasta’s on the floor.

“Don’t worry, I plan to use them.” Nasta chuckled darkly as he reached out a hand to where he had placed his wand on the adjacent counter, he waved it to silence the kitchen and cast another one to lube his hand. He hated using the conjured stuff, it just wasn’t as good a quality as store bought lube and it was used up quicker, usually before those using it had finishing needing it, but he was sure that Max could handle a bit of friction.

Nasta smeared himself with the excess lube, leaving what was on his fingers as he trailed them up Max’s leg.

“We are not doing this on my kitchen counters!” Max replied adamantly as he moved to get off the counter.

“Who says I’m giving you a choice?” Nasta answered as he pushed Max backwards, thrusting his tongue into Max’s mouth at the same time his fingers slid deep inside of him.

It was an awkward angle for him to work, but Nasta did his best. He was adamant that he would take Max here, if only because the other man didn’t want him to. Besides it was the only room in the house except for the nursery that they hadn’t christened yet, largely due to Max’s love affair with it, it deserved some love as much as the next room and as Harry had told them that if he so much as caught a sniff of sex in his baby’s nursery he’d kill them they had discounted the thought of christening the nursery very quickly.

Nasta methodically prepared Max whilst simultaneously distracting him with kisses and bites, strokes and odd squeezes. When he felt that Max was prepared enough he removed his fingers and pulled Max more to the edge of the countertop.

Max made a startled noise, but before he could say anything Nasta had already smoothed out the lube on himself and slammed himself fully into Max’s body. He buried his face in Max’s shoulder as the tight muscles clenched him tightly, he could feel Max hunching over his head, his breath on the back of his neck as his hands gripped at his shoulders to ground himself.

Nasta slipped his own hands from those strong thighs to wide hips and began moving slowly, spreading the lube so his passage was smoother, before he really started thrusting, biting into Max’s neck to leave his mark. He hadn’t had sex in a month, after getting sex regularly since that first time with Harry he felt positively starved, he had been spoilt by his lovers.
“Nas.” Max breathed out. “I’m not Harry, I’m not a submissive, I can take it harder.”

Nasta grinned against Max’s neck where the other man couldn’t see it as he took his lover at his word and slammed into him, pushing his hips that extra bit harder, inflicting that small bite of pain with his powerful thrusts that had Max rearing his head back and moaning as large hands clenched his shoulders tightly, giving him back some of that pain that had him biting his own tongue to keep from making a noise.

Nasta kept his thrusts powerful, but sporadic, not giving Max a chance to gain back his equilibrium, keeping his lover on the edge, alternating the length of his thrusts and the depth, loving how he made the other man writhe and rendered him unable to speak, as every time he opened his mouth to talk all that came out was a moan or a surprised gasp as Nasta either hit his prostate or caressed his manhood.

The erratic and irregularity of his thrusts had Max reaching orgasm much quicker than he usually would have and the alternate clenching of Max’s inside muscles and the harsh grip he had on his shoulders forced a pleased grunt from Nasta as he kept thrusting, trying to stave off the inevitable for a little longer, but he lost out as one last thrust threw him over the edge and he released himself inside of Max with another grunt of ecstasy.

He remained inside of Max as they both caught their breaths before he pulled out slowly and carefully, twitching as Max writhed in pleasure as he did so.

“I’m going to be sterilising this counter all night.” Max whined tiredly.

Nasta chuckled. “Go to bed, Max.”

“I can't believe all you can think about at the moment is the counters.” A guttural voice spoke up from beside them.

Nasta looked over to a partially naked Draco, who was sat in a kitchen chair lazily stroking himself through his pushed down boxers, his recent release on his naked chest and stomach through his opened shirt which was hanging off of his shoulders.

“How long have you been there?” Max asked, his cheeks flushing a bit.

“About the time you started having a hissy fit over having sex on the counters, you do know that I fucked Blaise on them about a week ago don’t you?”

“You did what?!” Max yelled. “Did you at least wash them down afterwards?”
“No. We were too tired to do so and the next morning you had already started breakfast, so we thought it best not to say anything.”

Max mouthed uncomprehendingly for a few moments before Nasta took pity on him and kissed him.

“He’s teasing you, love. Draco, you shouldn’t say things like that to poor Max, he might have suffered from heart failure.”

Draco chuckled and wiped his hand on his discarded shirt, using it to also wipe up the mess he had made on his chest and stomach.

“You had better not have gotten anything on my table.” Max threatened.

Draco laughed this time, such a smooth, cultured sound, made sexy by the hint of a growl from his own pleasure.

“Give me some credit, Max. I’m a Malfoy. Malfoy’s don’t make messes like that.” Draco answered, picking up his clothing and smirking to the two watching men. “I’ll see you in the morning.

“Where are you going?” Max demanded.

“To claim the prized spot next to Harry in the bed of course. Blaise has one side, I want the other.”

Nasta shook his head and let out a chuckle. Draco had certainly become more confident in the last few months and it wasn’t the false confidence that he layered up as armour either, but a natural confidence that spoke of his comfort with them all.

“Going to claim the prized spot.” Max scoffed. “His ass is mine.”

“Be gentle with him, love, he’s new to bottoming, it’ll only be his third time, we don’t want to
frighten him or scare him away. We can go easy on him until Harry goes into heat next, then his ass will be both of ours.” Nasta promised.

Max chuckled darkly before he kissed Nasta and scooped up their clothing. He could leave the counters until the morning, he was going to be the one making breakfast anyway, he wouldn’t soon forget what had happened on his counters, so he wasn’t likely to forget to disinfect and sterilise the counters before he started cooking tomorrow.

They cleaned themselves up a bit in the bathroom before they slipped into the bedroom, closing the door behind them. They each peeked into the bassinet holding their son, swaddled in a blanket and sleeping peacefully, before they shared one last kiss before climbing into the bed, Nasta behind a potion laced Blaise and Max behind Draco, who shifted around to get comfortable, Harry deeply asleep in his arms.
Chapter Notes

Last Time

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Chapter Forty-One – Five Men and a Baby.

Max groaned as he rolled over to the wailing baby right beside him. Why the hell had he picked the side of the bed that had the newborn baby on it? The newborn baby who would wake up every four hours for a feed.

He got out of the bed and scooped the screaming baby up to his chest and he wandered down to the kitchen before the baby could wake up anyone else. He did nod to Nasta first, who was watching him sleepily, indicating that he would take their son to get a feed. He might as well seeing as he was already up.

Blaise didn’t move from his spot, Draco rolled over and Harry made a small sound, blinking open his eyes and searching for his errant baby with sleepy, pain clouded eyes.

“Calm down, love. Max has him.” Nasta soothed in a whisper as Harry bolted upright in panic before recoiling in pain at the sudden, sharpness that had gone through his abdomen.

Harry nodded his understanding and rubbed his belly that had started aching as soon as the pain had receded from trying to sit up. His stomach muscles were on fire.
“You tore into your own body, it’ll be a while for you to heal completely, the blood and potions can only do so much.”

Harry nodded and turned to face Nasta, cuddling up to Blaise and reaching for Nasta on the other side of him.

Draco moved over to his back and pressed against him, keeping his body temperature up. They all fell asleep again quickly.

Downstairs Max held a suckling baby tightly, swaying slightly as his eyes drooped with tiredness. He moved, startled, when he almost fell asleep standing up. He had had little sleep the night before, maybe it had been a mistake to offer to feed the baby tonight.

He clumsily turned on the tap without taking the bottle from the baby’s mouth and put his elbow under the stream of icy cold water, his body shivering immediately as his arm broke out into goosebumps. He felt more alert, more awake, but he knew it was only a temporary measure until he could get back in bed.

The baby finished his suckling and Max hefted him over one of his bare shoulders and patted that tiny back as hard as he dared, which wasn’t very hard at all, he had handled plates with a firmer hand, but the newborn boy let out a small sound which might have been a burp, but was confirmed when a warm wetness slid down his back, the baby had spit up on him.

Max groaned in annoyance and gingerly removed the baby from his shoulder, grabbing one of the soft cloths from next to his oven gloves that Harry had bought especially for burping the baby, he could have kicked himself for forgetting to use the azure blue burping cloth, Harry had put one in nearly every room of the house before he had started nesting.

He wiped the spit up milk from the baby’s mouth and chin and threw it onto the floor to sort out tomorrow, he was too tired to deal with it at the moment. He carried the baby back upstairs after swaddling him back in his blanket and Max placed him back into the bassinet, taking note that the others were all fast asleep again.

He could feel the spit up milk sliding further down his back and he pulled a face before going to the bathroom to deal with it. He leant over the bath and ran the shower head over it, shivering as the water hadn’t had time to heat up and he was too tired, too impatient to wait. Max wiped the water off of his body before cursing as he had left his wand on the bedside table. He went back into the bedroom as quietly as he could, snatched up his wand and cast a drying and warming charm on himself before he sank onto the bed and scooted over to spoon behind Draco, he fell asleep almost as soon as his head touched the pillow.

Harry woke up at four in the morning, used to rising just before the sun came out and seared his eyeballs from his time on the roof.

He was happy to note that the bump had gone down some whilst he had been asleep, but there was still a considerable amount to get rid of, he made a mental note to remember to do some stomach toning exercises later to help shift the excess skin as his muscles slid back together.
Harry carefully extracted himself from the pile of bodies that he was in the centre of before he stretched and scooped the tiny bundle out of the bassinet and carried him down the stairs carefully and into the living room to snuggle a bit.

“I have no idea what to name you, love.” Harry whispered softly. “You’ll definitely have your Father’s name, but not as a first name, you need some originality and an identity away from your Father.”

The baby boy slept on peacefully, undisturbed by Harry’s spoken musings or the gentle rocking movements he made.

“I know I should perhaps let the others in on the naming, have a discussion or something, but you’re mine. I can’t explain it, I carried you for six and a half months, you’re mine, mine forever and I should be the one to name you. No one else.”

Harry sighed and sat back in the chair, staring into space, wondering about his son, about his mates and what to name the little baby in his arms.

“Perhaps I should name you after Blaise’s Father, I think he’d like that, but Maximilian sounds a lot like Maximilius, I don’t want anyone to ever confuse your parentage.”

Harry sighed and stood up to go into the kitchen, there was a bassinet next to the kitchen table and Harry smiled happily at his mates’ thoughtfulness to put a bassinet in the room that they spent so much time in, this way his baby wouldn’t ever be too far from him.

Harry placed his son down carefully and looked around the kitchen, he spied the soiled burp cloth and grinned, someone had had a nasty surprise last night. He wondered if Max would mind if he made breakfast today, he was feeling a bit restless after spending so much time in his nest doing little else other than eating and lounging around and now that he didn’t have a baby to protect he was going to enjoy doing everything he had missed out on, like running, jumping, flying and having sex. Yes sex sounded absolutely amazing, but he’d have to wait for his mates, that and someone to take his baby for a few hours because he refused to have sex next to his baby and likewise he would not leave his son in a different room unattended, so sex would have to wait.

Harry peeked in the cupboards and the cold storage and decided that they were long overdue for a full English breakfast. Max refused to cook it, said that the grease that was left behind could plaster up wallpaper, but Harry had missed his fry-ups and he knew that both Draco and Blaise ate English breakfasts, even if Max didn’t and Nasta’s Dad would have rathered fed his son cyanide. It wouldn’t kill them to have a fry-up once in a blue moon and after spending over six months eating healthily he wanted something unhealthy and laden with grease to sink his teeth into.

Harry pulled out the disinfectant wipes, not taking any chances with his son in the room, and he wiped down everything. He pulled out everything he needed to make breakfast and set to work,
stopping only to make up a bottle to feed his wailing son. He made sure to use a burping cloth to
burp his son, though thankfully it wasn’t needed.

Harry was just plating up the first of the breakfast things with warming charms on them when
Blaise groggily came into the room, he visibly startled at seeing Harry in the kitchen and it took
him a moment to realise what it meant, when he did realise what it meant his eyes slid to the
bassinet and the newborn it held.

“Morning, Blaise.” Harry greeted softly. “I’m so sorry I hurt you so badly. I didn’t mean to, I love
you so much.”

Blaise came to him and held him strongly.

“I adore you, mio amore. I love you, Harry, with all of my heart. I don’t care about a little scratch
as long as you’re alright. How long was I out to miss the birth of the baby?”

“Only yesterday evening and last night. I went into labour a few hours after I hurt you. I think it
started just after I’d finished gorging myself on the food you brought for me.”

Blaise smiled and kissed him, Harry was the one who added his tongue into the kiss and Blaise
reciprocated, wrapping arms around him tightly.

“I missed you, Harry love.” Blaise whispered as they panted with their faces inches from each
other’s.

“I missed you too, Blaise. But come, come and see our son!”

Harry dragged Blaise over to their son and proudly stood by as Blaise looked at the newborn baby.
Blaise gingerly pushed his arm under the baby’s body and used his other hand to cup the neck and
back of the head before he lifted the tiny baby from the bassinet.

“He’s beautiful, Harry; he looks so much like you.”

“He looks like you as well.”
Blaise’s head snapped to him and Harry grinned.

“Don’t tease me about that, Harry.”

“I’m not teasing you, he’s yours.” Harry replied with a smile as he wrapped arms around Blaise’s waist and cuddled up to him.

“Mine.” Blaise whispered, bringing the baby to his face and inhaling the scent of the baby deep into his Dracken memory.

Harry kissed the baby before kissing Blaise and going back to the food before it burnt.

“I can't believe that I missed the birth of my own biological son.” Blaise said sadly.

“Don’t worry, love, there will be many more to come, you can't possibly miss them all.” Harry smiled as he plated up some more bacon before making Blaise a full plate and putting it on the table.

Blaise sat down in front of the plate, the baby still held in his one arm, the hand of his other arm delicately tracing the facial features of the baby, recognising his eyes and his chin now that he looked for them.

“He’s got your nose and mouth.”

“So I’ve been told.” Harry replied happily.

“I hope he has your eye colour.”

“As long as he doesn’t get my hair I’ll be happy.”

Blaise chuckled. “I like your hair.”
“Draco would throw a fit.”

“Let him.” Blaise said softly as he kissed the baby and let Harry take him from him. “What’s his
name?”

“I haven’t thought of one yet.” Harry said truthfully. “But I’ll come up with one soon; I won’t let
him be baby boy Zabini for long.”

“You want him to have my last name?”

“And your first.”

Harry felt his heart ache as Blaise looked so happy and a tad tearful at Harry’s declaration. He put
the baby back in the bassinet and went back to cooking, giving Blaise more as he finished it.

“You’re as bad as Max; I don’t need any more food, love.”

“This is the first time since we’ve been together that I’ve been allowed to cook. Max won’t let
anyone near the kitchen and I like cooking sometimes. Not all the time and definitely not as much
as Max does, but I do like doing it now and then. I’ve got to make the most of it while I can.”

Blaise chuckled and allowed Harry to put several more sausages onto his plate. Harry wasn’t a bad
cook at all and it had been so long since he had last had an English breakfast, he could indulge a
little given the circumstances he was celebrating. He had a son; he was seventeen with a beautiful
young man as a mate, three more men as lovers and a newborn son. He was so happy.

Nasta walked into the kitchen in just a pair of boxers and Harry quickly made him a plate of food
and served him. Nasta pulled him into a passionate kiss and Harry smiled a bit dopily when he was
released.

“Max will have your ass when he realises you’ve rendered him useless for the morning.” Nasta told
him.

“He can do the dishes if he wants to. I hate doing the dishes.”
Harry was confused by the evil grin that spread over Nasta’s face and the gleam of lust in those hazel eyes.

“I’m sure he’d love to do the dishes.” Nasta replied with no hint of sarcasm as he started eating.

“Who’d love to do the dishes?” Draco asked as he sauntered into the room and sat next to Blaise.

“Max.” Harry answered as he happily served him a plate of food.

Draco chuckled darkly. “Max would love to do the dishes.”

Harry shared a look with Blaise who shrugged. At least he wasn’t the only one left out of the loop.

“Does Max not like the dishes anymore?” Harry asked confusedly.

“Max loves the dishes still, not too sure he likes his counters though.”

“Okay, I’m thoroughly confused so I’m just going to tend to the baby and perhaps go back to bed because I’m getting tired again.”

“You over did it.” Nasta sighed. “You’ve only just come out of your nest; you cut yourself wide open just yesterday, not even twenty-four hours ago.”

“No.” Harry replied thoughtfully as he looked at the kitchen clock. It was solar powered by the bright sunlight coming through the wide, unadorned kitchen window. “About fourteen hours ago. That doesn’t seem too long ago when it’s put like that but it feels like weeks.”

“You shouldn’t be pushing yourself so much, you should be resting, potions can’t do everything, you need rest to recover fully, Harry.” Nasta told him seriously.

“Alright, alright. I’ll happily go back to bed after I’ve eaten something.”
“You haven’t eaten yet?” Draco asked.

“No.”

“Then park your arse and eat something.” Draco told him.

Harry smiled and did as he was told, taking the seat next to Draco. The seat that was right beside the bassinet that was parked right next to the end of the table.

“Why is Max still sleeping?” Blaise asked curiously. “He’s normally up early and I don’t think he’s ever slept in so late before.”

“He woke up with the baby in the night.” Nasta said, cutting over whatever Draco was about to say.

“Oh.” Blaise had no idea how to take that comment. He didn’t like that someone had gotten up to tend to his son when he himself had been sleeping, regardless of whether it had been potion induced or not.

“I still wouldn’t have thought he’d sleep so late.” Harry replied between bites of toast and fried egg.

“His family are coming around today so he’ll be up. My brother went to get my Dad in Cairo and they will likely be here by this afternoon.” Nasta replied.

“Your Dad went on another business trip?”

“He’s always on a business trip.” Nasta replied with a reminiscent smile.

“You miss travelling the world don’t you?”

“Sometimes. I miss seeing different cultures, learning different languages and interacting with different people from around the world.”
“Maybe we could all go on holiday together.” Harry hedged a bit uncertainly. “I know the baby has
just been born, but maybe in a year’s time we could possibly go somewhere.”

“We have no idea when you could start going on heat. You could start as early as six months’
time; you could be pregnant again by next year.”

“Oh.” Harry replied down heartened. “I’m never going to be able to do anything again, am I?” He
asked sadly.

“What makes you say that?” Draco asked.

“If I’m always going to be pregnant, then I’ll never be able to do anything that I want to do. If we
can't even go on holiday together with our children because I’m pregnant, I feel like I’m ruining
everything, everyone’s plans. The kids are going to hate me.”

The three men all made noises of disagreement and smothered him in strong hugs, soothing and
reassuring him, but Harry couldn’t help but feel that they were empty words. He had hated not
being able to go on holiday when he was a child, he had hated being left behind at Mrs Figgs, he
had hated the Dursleys for leaving him behind. If he was the thing stopping his children from
going on holiday, then they were going to hate him like he had hated the Dursleys.

Harry smiled and thanked his mates for their hugs and kisses, he excused himself as quickly as he
could which came in the form of his unnamed son suddenly emitting a smell that would wilt
flowers.

“Dear Merlin, what have you been feeding him?” Draco asked, who was second closest to the baby
after Harry.

“He’s only had a few bottles of milk.”

“Circe was that milk spoilt and left to ferment for several years?”

Harry frowned as he scooped his son up. “You’re going to hurt his feelings!” He chastised.
“Harry, he’s less than a day old! He doesn’t know what we’re saying!”

“He can pick up on your negativity!” Harry hissed as he left the kitchen to tend to his dirty son.

“Don’t worry, sweetie, Mummy still loves you. Mummy will change all of your dirty nappies happily, if only to torture you mercilessly with the knowledge when you’re a teenager and bring a girl or boyfriend home.”

Harry carried the baby into the bathroom and used the closed down toilet seat as a changing mat, because he had no idea where his mates had put the actual changing table they had bought. He pulled the poppers on the sleepsuit and the bodysuit and hoisted them above his son’s waist before he peeled the fastenings on the nappy away from the front of it.

The smell increased and actually made his eyes water as he pulled the nappy from his son’s body and set to cleaning him up, thankful that he had insisted on keeping a pack of nappies and wipes in both bathrooms.

“Hell, I think Draco was right, we should call you stinky from now on.” Harry said as he wiped his son’s bum, pulling a face at the thick, greenish-black tar like substance on his baby’s skin. “Oh ick! I got it on my fingers!”

Harry’s pulled face remained all throughout the cleaning until he had powdered and covered his son with a new nappy. He quickly washed his hands and even used an extra pump of liquid hand soap.

“Your Daddy is seriously going to be changing you next.” Harry said as he swaddled his son back in his blanket and headed to the bedroom after chucking the soiled nappy in the bathroom bin. He had handled it as much as he was going to, someone else could change the bins.

Harry smiled at the site of Max spread over the entire bed, sleeping happily on his stomach wearing absolutely nothing, the duvet pooled on the floor, yet hanging on by one foot, the corner twisted around his ankle.

“This is your Daddy Max. He’s impossible yet adorable.” Harry whispered as he swaddled his son up tighter and placed him in his bassinet before hefting the duvet onto the bed and covering Max with it.

Max grumbled and mumbled into the pillow, his voice muffled by the fabric.
“I didn’t quite catch that, love.” Harry said softly with a grin.

A thickly muscled arm shot out and dragged Harry onto the bed and under the duvet and he was held prisoner there by the same arm and a leg that hooked over his back.

“I said it was on the floor for a reason.” Max said more clearly as he removed his face from the pillow, darting forward to give Harry a kiss before dropping his face back into the pillow.

“What reason would that be?” Harry asked, though he could take an educated guess.

“Love, it’s the middle of August! It’s got to be thirty degrees out there!”

“It’s twenty-four actually, but there is absolutely no wind, which makes it seem hotter.” Harry replied as he snuggled up to Max.

“Still too hot for blankets.” Max replied, but he made no move to dislodge the duvet that was covering himself and Harry. “It’s alright for you, laying on the roof in nothing but your birthday suit, tanning yourself in the sweltering heat, it probably feels cool in here to you.”

“Keep your voice down or you’ll wake the baby.”

“Baby’s here?” Max asked as he tried to look over his own shoulder to see into the bassinet.

“The baby has been here since yesterday evening, yes.”

Max flicked his cheek. “You know exactly what I meant. Has Blaise met him?”

“Of course he has, he seemed a bit shell shocked really.”

“I can’t imagine why, he went to sleep and when he wakes up, poof you’re back in the house and the baby’s here. Poor sod must think he’s going mad.”
“He seemed fine, like I said a bit shell shocked but he’s taken to Fatherhood really well.”

“He is the more mature out of the younger doms, no matter how much Draco tries to kid himself and act older he just comes across as…I don’t know, naïve isn’t really the right word for it, but he just acts younger, like he’s been sheltered for his whole life.”

“I think he has been sheltered his whole life, his parents really love him. He misses them.”

“They’ll come around, Harry, this isn’t your fault. Draco loves you; he wants to be with you. If you gave him a choice between his Mother and Father or you and the baby, he’d choose you.”

“He shouldn’t have to choose between his lovers and his parents.”

“No, no he shouldn’t, but his Father has pressed the issue and Draco chose anyway. He’s made it clear to them that he is with you and he isn’t leaving, it’s up to them now to decide if they want their only son in their lives.”

Harry made a small noise of acknowledgement and snuggled into his pillow and further into Max, who groaned and cuddled up tighter.

“I really should be getting up; the others will be wanting breakfast.” Max groaned.

“You can stay here with me.” Harry purred into Max’s ear. “I made breakfast this morning, so you don’t have to.”

Max shivered as he heard Harry’s tone of voice before something he thought of made his eyes widen. “Did you wipe down the counters?”

“Max, seriously, you wash those counters several times a day! It’s not healthy!”

“No! No, no, no, no.” Max bolted out of the bed, taking the duvet with him, and he ran out of the bedroom, presumably to the kitchen.
Harry sighed and sat up; it looked like he wasn’t getting any sleep this morning. He scooped his son up and went to the source of the ruckus.

He found Nasta holding Max with his teeth biting into his neck. It was obvious why as Draco was helping a stunned and slightly pained Blaise from the floor.

“Maximilius Diadesen Maddison, what the hell is wrong with you?” Harry demanded as he went to see if Blaise was alright.

Max shuddered. “You sounded just like my Mother when she was angry.”

“I will act like your damned Mother if you carry on, you could have hurt Blaise even more! He doesn’t need any other injuries on top of the ones that I gave him!”

“It was my fault, Prezioso, I should not have gotten so close to you. I knew what would happen when I did, but I just had to see you, smell you. I was foolish.”

Harry smiled at Blaise and kissed him.

“You don’t understand!” Max panted as he looked at all the dishes and splotches of food on his countertop, on that countertop.

“Then tell me so I do understand. You were asleep, I was awake and I was hungry, so I made breakfast for once, it's not the end of the world, Max. I like cooking too now and then!”

“But the countertop, it’s…we…I.”

Harry started getting upset and it showed. Nasta stepped in smoothly and held Harry tightly to comfort him.

“What Max is trying to bumble out of his big mouth is that we had sex last night on the countertop, he thought he would be cooking so he didn’t wipe it down last night, thinking he’d do it this morning. I believe he is less concerned with you actually cooking, but more with if you actually sterilised the counter before you started cooking.”
“It would serve you all right if I hadn’t! Having sex without me.”

“I was still out of it on sleeping potions.” Blaise shrugged. “I had no idea either.”

Harry looked to Draco, who went faintly pink.

“I watched them from the kitchen table.”

“I feel a bit left out, don’t you, Blaise?”

Blaise nodded to Harry’s question, but he chuckled slightly as he caught on to what Harry was implying.

“You’re going to be too sore for sex for a few days.” Nasta shot down immediately. “Either giving or receiving.” He added as Harry opened his mouth. “You’ll do damage to your healing stomach muscles.”

Harry huffed and cuddled his son tighter. “I know when I’m not wanted. I’m going to bed; at least my baby will still touch me.”

“Harry…”

But Harry carried on up the stairs. He grinned to himself, perhaps in a few days his mates would be wound up enough to give him what he wanted, until then he’d play the sexually frustrated submissive to a tee, he was going to tease his mates into a sexual frenzy, or into insanity, whichever one came first.

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Nasta was getting a headache. Draco and Max were arguing in the kitchen and Blaise had gone off to another room after Harry had sulkily gone to bed. He needed a headache potion, or some pleasurable release, whichever came first, though if Harry had his way then he’d be taking
headache potions for the rest of his life.

He had to get away from the two twits in the kitchen, he hoped their argument didn’t escalate or get louder, the last thing he wanted to hear right now was the shrill cries of a distressed newborn baby. His head wouldn’t be able to take the pain of it.

He wandered into the living room to find Blaise sitting on the settee a bit dejectedly. He hadn’t thought for a moment that Blaise would feel hurt by him, Max and Draco having sex together, even if Draco had only been watching and masturbating.

He sat down beside him and threw an arm around his shoulders, but Blaise pushed him off before turning to look at him with such a look on his face. Nasta felt his stomach drop, he liked Blaise, loved him even, he didn’t want to be on the receiving end of such a look from one he loved.

“Do you think I’m a submissive?!” Blaise demanded, his accent going thicker in his anger.

“No, of course not, Blaise.” Nasta replied immediately.

“Don’t lie! You all treat me as lesser, you treat me like Harry, like I’m easy to break. So I got hurt, I can handle it! I don’t need to be mollycoddled! So I like receiving as much as giving, does that make me a lesser man? A lesser dominant than the rest of you?”

Nasta sighed, he knew now what this was about and he twisted to face Blaise.

“We don’t see you as a submissive, Blaise, we don’t see you as lesser, I certainly don’t. I take care of you because I love you. I pamper you because it makes me feel better, I pamper Harry, I pamper you, I pamper Max as much as he allows me to and I’d pamper Draco if he’d let me. It has nothing to do with seeing you as lesser or more submissive, you are just more secure in who you are and what you want than the other two hot heads in the kitchen, so you allow me to do more, which makes me happy.”

“So you don’t think I’m a lesser man just because I like being topped? Because I wouldn’t fight for dominance and willingly allowed the three of you to become more dominant than I am?”

Nasta chuckled and pulled Blaise forward with a hand to the back of his head, resting their foreheads together.

“You are not a lesser man for going after what you want. Fighting doesn’t prove that you’re a man, Blaise; it only proves that you’re an idiot by having your head knocked around by other idiots. You said it yourself, you allowed us to become dominant to you, we didn’t earn that place. For all we
know you could be a martial arts genius and hand our arses to us in a fight, but you didn’t fight us, so we’ll never know. That doesn’t make you weaker, lesser or submissive, it makes you smart. You are a smart, secure man who likes sex and there is absolutely nothing wrong with that.”

Blaise smiled and relaxed against Nasta. He felt better knowing that the older man didn’t see him as weak, that he didn’t consider him lesser. An arm came around him and pulled him into a cuddle. He went to break the hold, but then thought better of it; he was not an insecure woman! The other man had said he wasn’t weak, was having a cuddle really such a weakness?

Nasta smiled happily as Blaise settled down in his arms after a moment of tension. Perhaps now Blaise would accept his cwtches more readily. He was a loving guy, he liked hugs, he liked kisses, he had four men around him and it pained him that only one of them readily accepted his shows of affection and love. He wanted to be able to walk up to Draco and hold him from behind like honeymoon lovers, he wanted to hold hands with Max now and then just because he liked the contact, he wanted to sit cuddled up with Blaise like he was now, but they often snubbed him, brushed him off or turned him away. Not always, but often enough that it upset him. He wanted to care for them, to love them to his fullest extent and he would, if only they’d let him.

Nasta shifted his body to lay on the settee and pulled Blaise on top of him, still holding him tightly, slightly afraid that if he let him go then he’d move away from his hug. He grimaced as his movement caused a spike of pain to sear through his head.

“What’s wrong?” Blaise asked.

“Headache.” Nasta grunted.

“Why don’t you get a headache potion for it?”

“I locked Max and Draco in the kitchen because they’re fighting like babies.”

Blaise grinned and Nasta felt his heart speed up just a bit. “I heard that really good sex cures headaches, it’s apparently what Muggles use instead of potions.”

Nasta chuckled and pulled Blaise into a kiss. Usually Blaise let him take claim to his mouth, but today, today Blaise fought back with everything he had and Nasta found himself panting, out of breath as Blaise mapped out his mouth with his tongue.

“You want to take the dominant role today, Blaise?” Nasta asked, or rather offered to the younger man.
“You…you’d let me top you? Why?”

“Because I’m thirty-seven, Blaise. I know who I am and what I want out of life, I don’t mind bottoming to those I love because it won’t change anything for me. Making love to those you love so deeply is making love to those you love no matter who is on top or who is on bottom, it’ll still be love making. I’m not half as insecure as the rest of you, I don’t care, I don’t try to find a deeper meaning to it, I don’t over analyse it. Its love making and I love you, there’s no need to analyse anything, there is nothing to analyse. I love you, end of story.”

Blaise smiled and moved to kiss Nasta more forcefully. Nasta shoved his knee under Blaise’s body and lifted the smaller and lighter man until he was fully on top of him, proving that he had absolutely no problems with the other man completely dominating him, and he didn’t. Nasta really couldn’t care less if he was on top or being topped as long as he was connected to those that he loved.

Blaise was slightly unsure of himself, he had topped Harry, of course, but Nasta was a lot different to the small and slight Harry. How awkward would it be to have sex with a man bigger than he was?

“Stop thinking so much about it.” Nasta coached him. “You do love me, don’t you?”

“Of course.” Blaise replied immediately. “I love all of you.”

“Then let your love dictate your actions.”

Blaise took the advice seriously and he began mapping out Nasta’s chest with his hands, lowering his mouth to the skin to lick, suck and nibble on it. He licked Nasta’s skin like he would an ice cream, repetitive licks to the same spot, tasting him, savouring him like he would a sweet. Nasta tasted good and it hardened parts of him that he pushed into Nasta’s thigh.

Blaise took his time to explore Nasta fully; he had never had the chance to before, not really and never one-on-one. Nasta wasn’t idle either as he pulled clothing from Blaise, the very same pyjamas that he had dressed the younger man in yesterday. Blaise was healed completely; his stomach wound not even a scar.

“We need lube.” Blaise gasped, breaking the fierce kiss.

Nasta cursed as he realised that he was wearing just his boxers and his wand was upstairs. Blaise’s
wand had been put on the bedside table and he hadn’t picked it up when he’d come down.

“Just do it without.” Nasta finally said after realising he did not want to move to go and get a bottle of lubricant.

“No.” Blaise answered as he stood up and jogged out of the room.

Nasta watched Blaise’s perfect arse as he went, a naughty grin on his face as he watched it bounce. It was almost criminal to have sex and not sink himself into Blaise. His cock throbbed at the thought and he lowered a hand to stroke himself lightly.

Blaise was back quickly with a bottle of lubricant that Nasta was pleased to note was his favourite. There were five of them living together and they all had different preferences for different lubricants, as a result there were at least six different bottles of lube in the house, unfortunately they were mainly in the bedroom drawers and bathroom cabinet.

Blaise slicked his fingers quickly and Nasta grinned at the impatience of youth.

“I…I’ve only ever done Harry before and he’s a lot different to you are.”

It was as close as he was ever going to admit that he didn’t really know what he was doing with the older, more experienced man.

“Don’t worry about it, Blaise. It all works the same way, only I want it rougher than you give to Harry.”

Blaise’s pupils dilated at those words and he sucked his top lip into his mouth and nipped at it before letting it go and letting out a shuddering breath.

His long, slim fingers found Nasta’s entrance and pressed lightly.

“I just told you that I’m not Harry, I don’t need you to be soft and gentle, a bit of blood and pain never hurt anyone.”

“There are some who would disagree.” Blaise whispered heavily.
“Let them, I know my own body, I know what I like and I know what I want. Just give it to me, Blaise.”

Blaise pushed his fingers straight into Nasta and the older man arched into him, his mouth opened in a silent moan, his eyes closed in that pleasurable first penetration.

Blaise explored inside of Nasta as he had the outside of him, curiously moving his fingers in different ways, pressing harder, twisting his fingers, curling them. He had never done this to Harry, he had always been so afraid of hurting him, when perhaps he shouldn’t have been, but he took encouragement and confidence from the way that Nasta moved under him, the soft noises of pleasure he made.

“Please, Blaise.” Nasta breathed and Blaise didn’t have the will power to deny the older man as he squirted more lube onto his hands, slicked himself up and pushed into Nasta, who dragged him in further with his powerful legs.

Blaise had to stop for a moment even as Nasta urged him on, he couldn’t move or he’d just lose all self-control and cum then and there.

Once he felt able to breathe through his urge to just give in and orgasm, he moved slowly, gently, almost tentatively. Nasta groaned as he tried to get Blaise to move harder.

“Blaise!” He growled out.

Blaise pushed a bit harder, but nowhere near as hard as Nasta wanted him.

“Damn it, Blaise!” Nasta growled in frustration. “Don’t make me regret putting you on top!”

Blaise shoved as hard as he could and Nasta’s head dropped back against the arm of the settee, Blaise put his all into every thrust and took pleasure and confidence from the noises that Nasta made. His legs ached with the effort, his stomach muscles burnt with the strain, his arms wobbled the longer he held himself suspended over Nasta’s sweat slicked body, but he carried on thrusting regardless, thinking only of giving Nasta pleasure, his own was secondary.

“That’s it, Blaise, right there.” Nasta gasped out, his jaw clenching as the coil in his stomach wound tighter and tighter until it snapped and his orgasm took over his entire body as a wordless scream tore itself from his throat.
The clenching undid Blaise and he just collapsed on Nasta’s chest as his own orgasm took over him, out of breath, aching, sweating and writhing through the white wash of pleasure.

It took them both a while to get their breath back and even longer before they could speak and even then they sounded out of breath.

“Now that was love making.” Nasta said with a grin, pulling Blaise into a kiss.

Blaise moaned his protest at being moved.

“I feel like I’ve been hit by the Knight bus.”

“That’s how real sex should feel after every coupling, that ache is how you know you’ve pleasured your lover to your fullest capacity.”

“No wonder your abdomen is like steel if you do it like that every single time you have sex.”

Nasta laughed full throatedly and made Blaise shiver.

“It’s not just the stomach that gets a work out.” Nasta said with a grin, indicating his muscled arms and thick thighs.

“I ache all over so I can’t tell which areas I’ve worked out, but if I keep this up and end up looking like you, I’ll be a very happy man.”

Nasta laughed again and pulled Blaise into a cwtch.

“I think I took all your aches into my own body.” Blaise moaned.

“What do you mean?”
“You don’t have your headache anymore do you?”

Nasta startled at that. “No. No I don’t.” He laughed again in wonderment. “All those women that said no to sex because of headaches, they should have just accepted the natural remedy. Muggles have it right, fuck potions; I want sex every time I have a headache.”

“In this house you’d never be out of bed.” Blaise teased.

“Maybe that’s the point.”

It was Blaise’s turn to laugh and Nasta lay on the settee and watched the laughter light up Blaise’s eyes; transform his face into a young, happy man. He looked gorgeous with his face lit up with laughter.

He pulled a startled Blaise into a long kiss, more of a snog really as he pushed his tongue into Blaise’s mouth, his body twitching with renewed heat.

“I don’t think I can do that again.” Blaise said a hint of regret in his voice.

“You can’t, but I can.” Nasta purred as he grabbed Blaise and rolled them off of the settee and onto the floor.

They kissed and rubbed their bodies together Blaise pushing against Nasta’s shoulder to roll him over and reclaim his position on top. Nasta used the momentum and rolled him right back over again and locked his body tight, making it impossible for Blaise to move the bigger, stronger, heavier man from on top of him.

Blaise chuckled as he saw that Nasta’s left hand had a death grip on the bottle of lube. That sorted that out.

Nasta pushed his tongue down Blaise’s throat, flicking the tip and shivering as Blaise moaned, sending the vibrations down his tongue and straight to his throbbing cock, he was so hard it hurt.

The both of them had ended up on the thick, plush rug in front of Max’s wood burning fireplace. It was so romantic it hurt Blaise’s teeth, he remembered being with Harry in front of a very similar fireplace at Hogwarts, cuddled up, just the two of them in the afterglow of really good sex, just holding and touching one another, enjoying the warmth of the fire.

Nasta quickly, well as quickly as he could one-handedly, his left hand on top of that, lubed up his fingers and set to stretching Blaise. He returned the favour of exploring Blaise, but he used every technique that he knew felt good and he watched as Blaise’s cheeks flushed red with his pleasure as he continuously stimulated the tiny little O shaped gland inside of Blaise.
“Please! Please I’m going to…going to cum!” Blaise panted out, pushing at Nasta’s chest to try and remove him from his body.

“Don’t fight the urge, Blaise.” Nasta breathed sultrily.

Either Blaise took the advice or he couldn’t hold back any longer as his back arched from the rug, his elbows digging into it as he orgasmed over his chest, screaming Nasta’s name.

Nasta removed his fingers slowly, shivering as Blaise rhythmically clenched around them. He squeezed more lube onto his hands and rubbed them together to warm it up before applying it to himself, making sure he was completely covered before he pressed himself into Blaise, who cried out. Nasta was considerably bigger than his fingers.

Nasta sucked at a patch of skin on Blaise’s collarbone, marking the younger man with a love bite, his one hand holding himself up, the other stroking Blaise’s hardness to ease away the pain of penetration.

He pushed in slowly and carefully, he remained inside for a moment to allow those tight muscles to adjust before he pulled out slowly, applied more lube directly to his cock from the bottle before he pushed back in, his passage considerably more comfortable this time, he again remained inside for a moment or two before pulling out again and pushing back in, the excess lube making a squishing sound as he pushed in that made him smile.

He threw the bottle away from him, he didn’t need it anymore, he lay fully over Blaise, taking the younger man’s hands in his own and pushed his hands, still holding Blaise’s, under Blaise’s head. Using just his leg and stomach muscles he flexed his hips to thrust into Blaise, moving around a bit until Blaise suddenly gasped and arched under him and Nasta grinned, loving the way that Blaise clenched around him, sending jolts of pleasure through his body.

He kept at that angle and Blaise clenched around him uncontrollably as Nasta hit his prostate over and over, flexing his hips, feeling every muscle moving, working, under his skin.

Blaise moved as he was assaulted by such pleasure, arching up, writhing on the rug, wrapping his legs tightly around Nasta’s slim waist. He was at a loss at what to do, he couldn’t do much past lying down and taking every thrust Nasta that gave him, his pleasure was so high his mind was blended colours and sounds together until it was all white and just a loud, constant noise that he was, almost positive, he was the one emitting.

“Nasta! Nasta! Nasta!”

His name continuously coming from Blaise’s mouth did something to him that made him burn red hot, pushing himself harder, faster, flexing his hips to hit Blaise’s prostate just right, loving the spasm like clenching that followed drawing his orgasm further and further to a climax.

He passed one of Blaise’s hands to his other hand, freeing one up so that he could tug on Blaise
strongly and firmly, matching his pace to that of his lower body, not even having to think about it. He twisted his wrist just as he reached the head of Blaise and it undid the younger man underneath him, who let out a startled yell and released himself all over Nasta’s hand.

Nasta breathed to himself, coached himself to just breathe through Blaise’s orgasm, to just keep thrusting and to ignore the almost vice like grip Blaise’s muscles applied to his cock, but it was an impossible thing as Blaise made such a sweet noise in the back of his throat, arching his neck back, trying to get his head high enough to kiss him. He let his orgasm wash over him, let it blind and deafen him for a moment, the only thing he could see was white, the only thing he could hear was his own rushing blood, before he came back into himself and saw nothing but Blaise. Blaise laid out on the rug like a fitting offering, like a feast to a starved man.

“I love you.” Nasta forced out of his tight throat muscles.

“Love you too, Bello.” Blaise whispered back tiredly, his body boneless.

Nasta pulled out of him and grimaced at the wash of fluid that followed. He had forgotten to get a cloth, he didn’t have his wand and his semen was going to dry on Max’s rug before he could get it out. Max would have their heads on a spike and their hearts on a plate, but at the moment, with his body sated and loose from his recent bout of release, he couldn’t bring himself to give a flying fuck in space.

Harry woke up to a noise that he didn’t recognise. It took him several moments to realise that his baby son was crying. He rolled out of bed, stumbling with his grogginess and scooped his son into his arms.

“Are you wet or hungry, love?” He croaked, his mouth dry. He looked around for a glass of water before realising that he hadn’t brought one up with him. He cursed silently.

He lay back on the bed and brought his crying baby with him, he checked his nappy to find him wet. He looked around before noticing the changing table in the corner of the room. He sent a silent thanks of gratitude to whoever was looking over him and got up and walked to the changing table. He put his crying baby gently down and pulled apart the poppers to the sleepsuit and the bodysuit.

He changed his son and double checked that he hadn’t missed any part of his body with the wipe, he never wanted his son to suffer with nappy rash. He had heard from Mrs Weasley that it could get quite bad and quite painful. He powdered his son’s little bottom and clad him in a new nappy, taking the sleepsuit and bodysuit off of him completely, now he knew where the changing table
was, he could change his son’s clothes.

He pulled open a drawer and got a new bodysuit out. He carefully slipped his baby’s head into the clothing before shimmying it down his body, pushing the poppers together before digging around to find a tiny pair of light blue cotton trousers and a tiny little white tee-shirt, the both of them bought by Nasta.

Harry fought to get a pair of socks onto his son’s tiny feet and finished the outfit off with matching scratch mitts and a little hat.

“That was a struggle wasn’t it, love?” He asked as he swaddled the little boy back into a blanket and scooped him to his chest, making obsessively sure that he supported his baby’s head. “Don’t worry, I’m sure I’ll get better once I get more used to it, you’re just so tiny. You’ll have to grow a little more!”

His every step was carefully measured, he made sure he had his full weight on his foot before he moved his other foot, making sure he kept his balance. It was slower to get anywhere this way, but he was so paranoid that it was worth it.

“You sweetie, need a name.” Harry told the blinking baby boy, those huge baby blue eyes tracking every curve of his face. “I like the name Braiden. Do you want to be a Braiden? Braiden Blaise Enzo Zabini.”

Harry grinned, feeling proud of himself for coming up with the name by himself.

“Braiden Blaise Enzo Zabini, a name all for your own, a name after your Father, and one after the grandfather you’ll never know and the Father your Daddy never knew.” Harry said sadly, his heart going out to Blaise.

He went down stairs and as he past the living room door he stopped and did a double take at the entwined bodies in front of the fire.

“Seriously?” He asked and their heads snapped to him. “Maybe I should just lock myself in the bedroom and keep myself company with Ginny’s new toys. I thought we had an understanding, Blaise? You would take me first, the first one in how many months has it been? I’m bound to be virgin tight again, oh well your loss.”

Harry carried onto the kitchen as the other two scrambled to get into their clothes. He grinned. He wasn’t upset at all, a bit hot under the collar at seeing two very handsome, gorgeous men spread
out, completely naked together on a rug in front of a lit fireplace, but not at all angry, he’d get sex one way or another, he just wanted to know who would snap first.

He opened the kitchen door and the noise from behind it startled both him and the baby that had been quiet in his arms.

“SHUT UP!” He yelled, holding his son to his chest protectively. “What the hell is wrong with you?”

Max and Draco were both red cheeked and shouting hell at each other. Nasta came to his shoulder and held him around the waist, one hand on the top of his baby’s head.

“You’re still at it? What on earth has you riled up enough to shout for two hours at one another?”

“Draco said Harry’s cooking is better than mine.” Max pouted.

“That is what you’re arguing about?” Harry asked incredulously as he bounced the baby in his arms lightly to soothe him, moving to make a bottle for him but being beaten to it by Max.

“I just wanted to rile him up.” Draco admitted with a pink blush.

“For Merlin’s sake, why?”

Draco mumbled and Blaise, who was closest, burst out laughing and Draco went an even brighter pink, the brightest Harry had seen him.

“Come on, spill, I wanna know what has you blushing so brightly.”

“Max looks sexy when he’s angry.” Draco bit out in a rush.

“So you deliberately wound him up with something you knew would anger him just to arouse yourself?” Nasta clarified.
“I guess.”

“Oh you are so going to bend over for me.” Max growled as he shook the bottle to mix the formula powder and the hot water.

Draco’s receding blush came back and Max’s face lit up like a kid on Christmas Day.

“You want to bend over for me, don’t you?”

Draco tried to struggle for nonchalance but the blush gave him away.

“Does no one want to be with me anymore?” Harry pouted as he held the bottle for his suckling baby son, Braiden. “I know I had a baby, but I cut him out, I didn’t actually birth him, I’m still as tight as ever, perhaps tighter as I haven’t had sex in months!”

“I’d love to have you.” Draco put in.

Harry grinned. “You take me whilst Max takes you. Nasta and Blaise can have each other as they’ve so recently been sated.”

Draco chuckled and came over for a hug, kissing the baby on his full, apple cheek as he suckled the milk from the bottle.

“Have you thought any more on names, Harry? He can’t remain nameless for much longer.”

“I have thought of a name, I think it’s perfect.” Harry answered.

“Well don’t leave us in suspense, Harry, what’s his name?” Max asked.

Harry watched Blaise as he said the name, watching his face fall slack with shock before tears welled up in his eyes as he came to hold Harry and his son tightly, wrapping his arms completely around them.

“Ti amo, mio amore. Ti amo.” Blaise whispered lovingly, laying his head on Harry’s.

“I love you, Blaise. I don’t feel like I say it enough, but I do. I love you. I love all of you.”

The baby was eased from his arms and held to Max’s huge chest, one large hand completely covering the baby’s head and part of his back.

“Braiden huh? Welcome to the family, little one. You don’t know us yet, but you will. We love you so much; we will always protect you and look out for you, even when you’re old and grey. I’m your Daddy Max; this knucklehead is your Daddy Nasta, that’s Daddy Draco, Mummy Harry and your wonderful Daddy Blaise.”

Harry chuckled as Max turned the baby’s body to face each of them, the baby blinking slowly at them as if he thought they were all fools.

“Either he’s constipated or he thinks you’re a dim-witted ogre.” Draco commented as he carefully took the baby from Max and went to sit at the table, the morning paper open on the wooden surface.

“Shall we go with dim-witted ogre?” Harry asked with a grin.

Max launched at him and hefted him over one massive shoulder so he was upside down staring at Max’s bum.

“You’re not pregnant anymore, Harry, you’re mine.”

“Stop laying claim to all of us like we’re dogs!” Harry tried to chastise, but he was laughing so much that it ruined the effect; instead he took to pinching Max’s bum, which was more effective seeing as Max was only wearing a pair of small shorts and a tight tee-shirt.
“When did you get dressed anyway? Last I saw you; you were in your skin, ranting about your counters.”

“You were sleeping like a baby with Braiden; you didn’t hear me come in.”

“Oh! Am I interrupting?”

Harry looked to the doorway, where Blaise’s Mum Marianna was standing, looking as tall as ever, muscle bound yet flawlessly lovely in a practical summer dress made of a light, earthy blue cotton which brought out hints of the colour in her violet eyes.

“Madre!” Blaise cried out happily as he embraced her and let her hold him back.

Harry smiled happily at the scene, having being righted by Max. It warmed him to know that Blaise was still so affectionate to his Mother; he hoped his son was that affectionate towards him at seventeen.

“I heard that my little grandson was born, where is he?”

Blaise grinned and accepted Braiden from Draco and, after a look from Harry, who nodded his assent, he passed the baby over to his Mother.

“Oh he’s gorgeous, Blaise. I can tell immediately that he’s yours, he has your eyes.” Marianna said.

“Harry named him.” Blaise told her as Marianna bounced the day old baby in her arms.

“Well are you waiting for me to beg, Blaise? Tell me my little grandson’s name.”

“Braiden Blaise Enzo Zabini.”

Marianna’s arms stilled as she heard her mate’s middle name. She swallowed and smiled bravely as she resumed her bouncing.
“I think your Father would have been very smug to hear that you had named his grandson after him.”

“I hope it makes him happy.”

“It would have, darling. It would have made him very, very happy.”

“Where’s Josiah?”

“He’s still in France; I left as soon as I was showered and dressed when I was told this morning that Braiden had arrived, I forgot to inform him. I’m a bit late as I popped over to Toulouse to get you a gift, Harry.”

Harry went pink as he was presented with a box wrapped in bright blue paper and tied up with a white ribbon. He quickly opened it and smiled happily at the assortment of baby clothes inside the box. He didn’t really need any more, but he would make it a point to dress Braiden in the clothes his Grandmother had bought him.

Blaise chuckled and brushed his fingers against his son’s cheek. His heart ached with love for the small baby in his Mother’s arms. Braiden, his son, a part of his whole world.

“My Dad will be coming over today, I sent Sanex to Cairo yesterday to get him from his meeting.” Nasta said.

“You shouldn’t have dragged him from his work meeting, won’t he be angry?” Harry fretted.

“Cariad, he’d be furious if I hadn’t interrupted his meeting with the news of his first grandson’s birth. This is something that he’d want to be disturbed over, family first, everything else second.”

“Did you floo call my parents?” Draco asked in a small voice that didn’t suit the blond one bit.

“I did, I spoke to your Mother and she assured me that she would give us space to bond with the baby and then come over later today.” Nasta answered.
“My family will be back over today as well; they were never going to leave us alone for too long. Maybe it would be better to set up a few tables and chairs on the back lawn? I could get a gazebo to protect the baby from the sun.” Max said thoughtfully.

“That’s an idea; do you have more than the kitchen table?”

Max snorted incredulously. “I have a large family, a large family that comes over often. I have four picnic benches in the outbuilding.”

“Go set them up, Draco go and help.” Nasta ordered.

“What are you going to be doing?” Draco grumbled.

“Getting blankets to put on the grass and tablecloths for the benches.” Nasta replied with a raised eyebrow.

Harry chuckled and hopped onto the kitchen table.

“You get your peachy behind off of my table!” Max hollered from the back garden.

Harry full out laughed as he wiggled his bum around instead of removing it. Marianna let out a tinkling laugh as she handed Braiden back to Harry.

Blaise lifted him carefully from the table and set him on his feet. Harry covered his baby as much as he could; made sure his hat was pulled over his head and went outside, he opted to sit on the blanket covered ground with Braiden rather than the picnic benches with Marianna, Draco and Max. Nasta sat behind him, cradling his body with his strong legs; Harry reclined against him as Blaise sat beside them both. The soft noises of the summer, the light conversation and the soothing feeling of Nasta drawing patterns on his arm with his fingertips lulled Harry into a peaceful, tranquil state as he held Braiden reclined against his chest. His gut clenched lightly and Harry got the feeling that the peace wouldn’t last much longer as he spied two heads of platinum blonde hair being led out of the back door by a house elf.

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I Promise; The Truce

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Blaise lifted him carefully from the table and set him on his feet. Harry covered his baby as much as he could; made sure his hat was pulled over his head and went outside, he opted to sit on the blanket covered ground with Braiden rather than the picnic benches with Marianna, Draco and Max. Nasta sat behind him, cradling his body with his strong legs; Harry reclined against him as Blaise sat beside them both. The soft noises of the summer, the light conversation and the soothing feeling of Nasta drawing patterns on his arm with his fingertips lulled Harry into a peaceful, tranquil state as he held Braiden reclined against his chest. His gut clenched lightly and Harry got the feeling that the peace wouldn’t last much longer as he spied two heads of platinum blonde hair being led out of the back door by a house elf.

Chapter Forty-Two – I Promise; The Truce

“Draco.” Harry called out softly and nodded to the two approaching blondes as his only blond mate turned to look at him questioningly.

Draco let out a sigh as he spotted his parents and he stood from the bench and went to meet and greet his parents. Harry held Braiden tightly, leaning against Nasta as the elder Malfoys walked towards them with Draco.

Harry was very, very tense as Draco led his parents over to him and Braiden, it was only Narcissa who looked even remotely interested as she primly folded her skirt under her knees and knelt down to chuck Braiden under his chin.

“He is not Draco’s.” She announced surely.

“No. He’s Blaise’s. His name is Braiden.” Harry answered as politely as he could, Nasta rubbed his back, part in comfort, part in praise and Harry relaxed slightly.

“It’s not too late to end this... relationship, Draco.” Lucius Malfoy drawled. “The baby isn’t yours.
You have no obligation to stay.”

Harry felt his heart stop and his stomach take up residence in his knees. He couldn’t believe the audacity of this man, to walk into his house, well Max’s house, and actually suggest that Draco should leave them in front of all of them, in front of him.

“It was never about the baby.” Draco answered a bit stiffly. “I love them, the baby was just another person for me to love and though Braiden isn’t mine, I love him like my own, I treat him like my own.”

“I do not understand your reasoning, Draco. You have no reason to stay here with them and feel second best. Astoria was willing to be the only woman in your life, she would bear your children, you wouldn’t have to guess which baby had your blood.”

“He wouldn’t have to.” Harry hissed. “We’re Drackens, we can scent out who has fathered our children.”

Lucius Malfoy clenched at the mention of Drackens and Harry felt his anger go up a notch. He breathed in deeply and coached himself to remain calm. He did not want his baby son to witness his Mother go ape shit on anyone, it didn’t matter that Braiden couldn’t possibly ever remember it happening.

“Would you like something to drink?” Max asked politely, but very stiffly and there was a glint in his eyes that said he would rather pour their preferred drinks over their heads, but he had offered none the less.

“Tea would be acceptable.” Narcissa answered as she stood up again, tall and proud next to her Husband.

Max nodded and made a hasty retreat, Harry would have called it cowardice, but it wasn’t, not really. Max couldn’t trust himself not to punch Lucius Malfoy in the face if he stayed, so he left before the temptation became too great.

Draco offered his parents seats, but neither of them moved, they replied politely when Marianna greeted them, but didn’t offer up conversation. The fresh, outdoors air was thick and heady with tension by the time Max came back with a teapot covered by a tea cosy and a tray full of porcelain cups.
“How do you like your tea?” He asked distantly.

Harry was so tense that he could feel each muscle tighten under his skin. He hated dancing around anyone, hated stepping on egg shells, he wanted the tension gone and if the Malfoys had to go for that to happen then he wanted them gone.

Braiden fussed for his feed at midday and it was about that time when Max’s garden was suddenly flooded with every member of his family. Harry finished feeding the baby, burped him and let him be passed around, watching with amusement as he was carefully, but viciously fought over like he was the only slice of cake at a birthday party.

Aneirin and Sanex were there next, seemingly like they had popped up out of the ground whilst Harry had been talking to Talia. Aneirin hugged him right off his feet and it made Harry laugh happily, but what really surprised Harry was when Caesar showed up around two in the afternoon, pulling a tall, pretty woman who had her arms clamped around a pink shawl.

Harry shifted and assessed the woman through narrowed eyes, before he turned his head and the need to show off Braiden to her was gone. His son was not a prized horse to be tugged around and scrutinised by strangers.

“Pushing away your natural instincts again?” A deep, dark, rich toned voice asked.

Harry smiled up at Myron and looked back at the woman who could only be Amelle.

“I have nothing to prove to her.” Harry answered. “I have my baby and she has hers. I’m obviously going to think Braiden is the best, the cutest, the smartest, the most adorable and she is obviously going to think the same of her daughter. There is no competition; it would just be a waste of time and energy which I really don’t have at the minute.”

Myron slung an arm the size of a tree branch around him and held him tightly.

“That’s what I love about you, Harry. You think with reason, you don’t let your animalistic tendencies take over, too many of the natural Dracken instincts are outdated, even archaic in today’s modern era, yet you use your human logic to overpower your instincts. It gives me hope that finally submissives are moving into the twenty-first century.”

“Are dominants in the twenty-first century?” Harry asked curiously.

Myron let out a deep chuckle. “Yes. We had to be or we’d either all be dead or in prison. In the past a dominant would not have allowed anyone to look upon his submissive, he’d take it as a challenge
for his mate and he’d kill them. How many people have looked at you, given you eye contact or touched you since you became mated? All of them would be dead right about now a few hundred years ago. He wouldn’t have allowed his submissive the freedoms that they have now. A submissive would not be permitted to leave the home for any reason, some dominants refused to allow their submissives from the top floor of their homes.”

“Why?” Harry asked appalled.

“Protection and safety were the main reasons, we are a very secretive race, Harry, perhaps not with one another, but with strange humans, most definitely. That was for protection as well, they began fearing us, hating us, they came after us with weapons and fire.” Myron turned his head to look into the captivated eyes of his little son-in-law. “They wanted to exterminate us. So we hid ourselves, we became distrustful of them, of course this was thousands of years ago, but much hasn’t changed in that regard. Humans still don’t accept us; they still seek to exterminate us.”

“Why do they hate us so much?”

“Because we can kill them, Harry.” Myron told him. “Humans fear death; they kill everything that threatens to wipe out their tenuous existence. We are so much more powerful than they are, so much faster and stronger, so very deadly and aggressive. Plus we make great trophies.”

Harry looked at Myron aghast.

“Think about it, Harry, humans hunt the tigers and lions into extinction, the white rhino, the elephants, it doesn’t matter to them. The rarer the animal the more they want one in their collection, the more they want the fur, the tusks and the skin. We are rare creatures, Harry. Like the tiger or the lion, we are hunted, poached for our scales, blood or organs. Some collectors, who don’t want to sell our scales for money, will just harvest us as we are, they will hack off our whole wings from the shoulder joint and put them on display.”

“Not scaring the boy are you, Myron?” Aneirin asked a hint of warning in his voice as he hugged Harry tightly.

“No, I’m just explaining why humans fear us and why they would kill us if given half a chance, whether directly or indirectly.”

Aneirin snorted. “It’s not hard to work it out. What with the Ministry imposing tighter and tighter
leashes on ‘dark creatures’ others are bound to lash out and then our whole race is coloured by one person’s actions. We don’t judge them for all the murderers, rapists and child abductors their race has, why are we any different?”

“It’s that foul woman Umbridge that’s the problem.” Myron stated. “And Fudge too, if we didn’t have such completely incompetent politicians who can’t see past their own noses and discriminations the world would be a much better place.”

“Why don’t you run for Minister?” Harry asked curiously.

“I can’t. My name is linked to an unsolved murder.” Myron replied mildly.

Harry frowned and just looked at Myron curiously, willing him desperately to carry on.

“There’s not much to tell, Harry. I was accused of murder twenty-one years ago, but through lack of evidence I was never convicted. Because no one else has ever been imprisoned or even accused over it, the case has gone cold, but it’s still open. My name is the only one linked to this murder, the opposition would rip me apart, I would lose all votes of confidence from the public and I would endanger myself and my family.”

Blaise walked over with a sleeping Braiden tucked into the crook of his arm. Harry couldn’t keep the grin from his face as he watched Blaise be an overprotective, loving Father as he brushed aside one of Max’s sisters gently, exclaiming that he just wanted to hold his son for a while longer. Julinda practically melted with suppressed squeals.

“How are you, Blaise?” Harry asked as he kissed Braiden, making no move to take the baby from his Father, which made Blaise grin.

“I’m soaking up the love and warmth that seems to surround our son on a permanent basis.”

Harry chuckled and hugged Blaise, carefully sandwiching Braiden between them.

“He is a cute little one.” Aneirin praised stroking a pale cheek peeking out from under the little visor of the soft cotton hat that Harry had put on Braiden’s head.
“Where is Draco?” Harry asked as he once again scanned for the blond, but the only blondes that seemed to be in the garden were Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy, Julinda and Ashleigh.

“Nasta took him into the orchard to calm down. His Father is upsetting him more than he wants to let on to others.”

Harry steeled his face into a grimace and he felt his already tight muscles, tighten up more. He let out a soft hiss of anger.

He ignored the others and strode over to Lucius Malfoy and tapped him on the shoulder. The tall man turned to look, before he exaggeratedly looked down at Harry, implying he was shorter than he actually was and beneath the man’s notice.

“Can I have a word with you in private?” Harry ground out from between clenched teeth.

Lucius Malfoy raised a perfect eyebrow and let his eyes rove over his person. It was only the thought that a few hundred years ago his mates would have torn his head from his shoulders for looking at him at all, let alone for how the man was doing now, that helped Harry keep his anger in check.

“I presume it will not be for long?” Lucius drawled.

Harry swallowed back the slew of insults and the blinding rage as he looked past Lucius Malfoy and picked out a spot of platinum blond pillowed on a speck of light grey in the distant orchard. The same light grey that was the colour of the tee shirt Nasta was wearing.

“It’ll take as long as needed.” Harry replied, his voice cracking under the strain of keeping back his anger.

Lucius made a noise in the back of his throat and started walking towards a deserted part of the garden. Harry cleared his throat and motioned into the house.

“When I said private, I meant it.”

Harry had expected a fight, but Lucius followed him without a word. He looked faintly amused and was likely only humouring him, but Harry had a point to get across and by god he was going to
get it across to the stubborn man.

Harry led Lucius into the more private of the living rooms which was opposite the first, more used living room which was connected to the floo.

They stood there staring at each other and Lucius raised an eyebrow, but Harry couldn’t find the words he wanted to say.

“Did you bring me all the way in here just to look at me, Potter?”

Harry bit his tongue and looked at the man, holding back his glare by the skin of his teeth.

“No. I came here to tell you that you’re upsetting Draco. He loves you and Mrs Malfoy, but he also loves us. Me, Max, Nasta, Blaise and the baby. You being the stubborn, pig-headed man that you are, are only hurting Draco. He shouldn’t have to choose between his parents and his lovers; it’s not fair on Draco!”

“We are his family!” Lucius seethed.

“You will always be his family. You can't help who your parents are, you don’t choose your parents, but you can choose your lovers, your future family and like it or not Draco chose us as his family! He loves us and we love him back! How can you call yourself a Father when you are making your only son as miserable as sin!”

“I’m not…”

“You are!” Harry roared. “He’s in the orchard with Nasta right now, crying because of you! He’s crying, Malfoy, crying. Does that mean nothing to you? Do you feel nothing at making your seventeen year old son cry in misery because of your actions? He’s desperate to make this work, but whilst you remain so hard headed it never will! He knows what he wants, he’s trying to overcome a lot of his own fears to become comfortable with all of us and he’s succeeding, would he even bother to do that if he wasn’t in love with us?”

Harry panted, red faced and out of breath, his stomach aching from the amount of heavy breathing and jostling around he had done in a short space of time. Lucius Malfoy stood in front of him, seemingly unaffected and stoic faced.

“Draco has accomplished so much in the past few months and you’ve missed it all. You weren’t
there for him when he needed someone other than us to talk to, you weren’t there to ease him into
his transition of becoming a Dracken, you weren’t the one to help him accept himself for who he
is. Draco struggled on his own for six months before anyone even knew that he needed help and it
was Blaise and I who helped him! Blaise and me who were there to hold him when it became too
much, hell even Professor Snape was there to guide Draco back onto the right tracks when he hit a
brick wall. How does that make you feel as a Father, Mister Malfoy? To know that two teenagers
and another man had to help your son because you weren’t paying close enough attention to him to
realise that he needed help?"

A punch to the face was his answer and Harry stumbled into the settee, rubbing his jaw. His first
instinct was to call to his mates, to let them know that he was being attacked, that he was in
distress, but under that was the urge to maim the one who had hurt him himself, with his own
hands. Then under that again was a grim satisfaction that he had gotten a raise out of Malfoy. It
proved that the man still loved Draco very much and hearing that others had had to fill in his place
of looking after his child angered him enough to lash out ‘the muggle way’ with his fists.

“I suggest a truce.” Harry got out through his aching jaw. “For Draco’s sake we need to try and
make it work, he deserves more than this. So Braiden isn’t his, the next baby might be. The next
baby might be a Malfoy and if family means anything to you, then you will know how important it
is to see the next generation of your family because Draco won’t leave us. We love him and accept
him for who he is, can you say the same?”

Lucius Malfoy looked like he was struggling to swallow a whole watermelon as he closed those
steel grey eyes and breathed deeply. He held out a perfect hand towards Harry and it was only as he
grasped that hand with his own that he realised how big those hands actually were. They were not
the first thing he noticed when he looked at the man, not over all that platinum coloured hair or
those steel eyes that commanded the utmost attention, but now that he had noticed he couldn’t stop
looking. It wasn’t that they were ill proportioned to the rest of him, because they weren’t, it just
wasn’t noticeable how big they were until you had your own hands to compare to.

They shook hands and Harry felt lighter. He and Lucius would never be bosom buddies, but they
would get along with one another if only for Draco’s sake.

“I am only doing this for Draco.” Lucius stressed.

“Rest assured that I’m only doing this for the same reason. We both love Draco and he loves us
both. By being stubborn brats we are only hurting him. Now I think we’ve been gone for long
enough.”

Harry made his way outside to see everyone getting along fine; Narcissa was actually holding
Braiden, chatting happily with Marianna, Kimberly and Ashleigh. Draco was fresh faced, dry eyed
and happy as he watched his Mother with baby Braiden. It seemed it really was Lucius that was the
A terrible roar made Harry look startled to Max, whose blue wings were framed against the cloudless sky, he was glaring at Lucius like he would tear him to pieces and it was only his Father holding him back.

Draco stepped forward and he looked horrified at his Father.

“Tell me that you didn’t hit Harry, Father.” He pleaded. “Tell me that you didn’t hit him!” He yelled when they remained silent.

“It was my own fault.” Harry assured quickly before anyone could jump in and it was Nasta who stepped forward his hazel eyes catching the direct sunlight and appearing fully golden and fierce.

“You never deserve to be struck, Harry.” He growled out with force.

The atmosphere changed in the garden as those who knew of his past looked to him with renewed horror and shock.

“It’s not like that. I went too far. I did it to prove something and I found what I was looking for.”

“You never deserve to be struck!” Nasta replied more forcefully. “To prove a point or otherwise.”

“It’s over and done with.” Harry stated, even as Draco pulled him away from Lucius, looking at his Father like he had never seen him before.

“Harry is a month younger than I am.” Draco told his Father. “If you can hit him, then you can hit me.”

“I would never strike you.” Lucius said surely.

“But you could hit Harry? My younger lover and the carrier of my child?”

“It isn’t your child!” Lucius hissed.
“He’s as good as!” Draco bellowed and Nasta slipped his arms around Draco’s torso and easily held him.

“Do you not remember our truce?” Harry asked. “Have you forgotten what our little chat entailed?”

“Truce?” Draco questioned.

“Potter and I have agreed to be…civil to one another from now on.” Lucius answered.

“Was this before or after you hit him?” Blaise hissed.

“It was before the truce was made. But the truce stands, we have one and that’s all that matters now.” Harry answered.

“You…you have?” Draco asked, deflating in Nasta’s arms.

They both nodded and looked at Draco, who just stood there with an unreadable look on his face.

“Why did you hit Harry?”

“He stated a few home truths that I wasn’t ready to hear.”

“You’re ready to deal with them now?”

“No. I will never be ready to deal with them, nor accept them. The only thing I can do is put it behind me and move on.”

The silence stretched between them, needing to be broken, yet none of them knew what to say. Luckily they didn’t have to break it as Narcissa gracefully moved towards them and passed a wailing Braiden to Harry.
“I believe my grandson needs to be changed, Harry.” She told him before pulling Lucius over to Kimberly and Alexander Maddison.

Harry sniffed his son’s bottom and he pulled a face. “Oh he definitely needs to be changed, which one of you will volunteer?”

Nasta and Draco both took a step back as Harry held the baby out to them.

“Come on, I’ve changed every dirty nappy he’s had! I need a break some when!”

Nasta stepped forward and ‘bravely’ accepted the smelly baby, taking him inside the house to change him for the first time.

“Harry. What…what you did with my Father, the truce, did you mean it?” Draco asked as they made their way slowly back to the gazebo.

“Of course I did, Draco. I love you. I’d do anything for you and if making a truce with your Father makes you happy, then I’ll find a way to make it work.”

Draco grabbed hold of him and swung him into a hug, holding him tightly and pressing his lips to Harry’s forehead.

“I love you, Harry. I love you so very, very much.” He declared.

“I love you too, Draco, never forget that.”

“I won’t, I promise.”
Harry Versus Amelle

Chapter Notes

Last Time

“Harry. What...what you did with my Father, the truce, did you mean it?” Draco asked as they made their way slowly back to the gazebo.

“Of course I did, Draco. I love you. I’d do anything for you and if making a truce with your Father makes you happy, then I’ll find a way to make it work.”

Draco grabbed hold of him and swung him into a hug, holding him tightly and pressing his lips to Harry’s forehead.

“I love you, Harry. I love you so very, very much.” He declared.

“I love you too, Draco, never forget that.”

“I won’t, I promise.”

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Forty-Three – Harry Versus Amelle

Harry grinned as he spied bright red hair come from inside the house. He ran the full length of the garden and hugged Mrs Weasley tightly.

“Oh, Harry dear, you are glowing!” She said approvingly. “Having a baby has certainly brightened you up, dear.”

“I feel better now that he’s been born.” He admitted. “More like myself and less like an alien.”
“Well where is he? Where is my only grandchild?” Mrs Weasley gave a pointed look to Bill, who cowered from his Mother’s glare.

“Fleur and I aren’t ready for children yet, Mum! We’ve only just gotten engaged.”

“You got engaged?” Harry asked. “Congratulations! Where is the lucky bride to be?”

“Thanks, baby brother. Fleur is happily visiting her parents and little sister in France for a few weeks, but I’ve been told to take pictures of the baby for her, that is if you’ll allow it of course.” Bill winked at him and Harry laughed as he bounced to Blaise, who was once again defending his son from advancing relatives.

“Do you think I could have a turn holding our son?” Harry asked Blaise teasingly, who smiled at him a bit sheepishly as he carefully handed the baby over.

“You are the Father, dear?” Mrs Weasley asked Blaise distractedly.

“Yep, Blaise is his Father. Mrs Weasley, this is Braiden Blaise Enzo Zabini, the first of many.”

Harry handed the baby over to Mrs Weasley who cooed and cuddled to her heart’s content, tears gathering in her eyes as the rest of the family crowded around. Hermione came over and hugged him tightly.

“You must be so proud, Harry.” She stated into his hair as she held him.

“I am. He’s so beautiful.”

“He’s adorable, how much did he weigh?”

“He was four pounds two ounces. Less than I thought he was going to be, but he’s fine and healthy. He’s got an appointment booked in with Saint Mungos tomorrow just for a check-up to make sure everything really is as dandy as it seems.”
Ginny came over and hugged him tightly, slapping his bum which made all four of his mates stop what they were doing and look over. Harry waved away their attention with a bright red face as he glared at Ginny.

“What was that for?” Harry demanded as he rubbed his sore bum.

“Why aren’t you using my present?” Ginny demanded in return.

“I’ve only just given birth! I’m under a sex ban for another week at least.”

“Please! I don’t need to hear this, Harry.” Hermione stated with a cross look covering her face.

“What? I am on a sex ban, here I am surrounded by four men who are all indulging in each other’s bodies and I’m stuck merely watching them.”

“Harry!”

“Tell me more.” Ginny grinned as she tugged Harry’s arm into her own and away from everyone else, heading towards the orchard.

“No, Ginny. I’ve told you that my sex life is mine.”

“I’ll share mine; including the threesome I had with those two gorgeous, muscly Hufflepuffs.”

Harry yelled out and covered his ears with his hands.

“I’m not listening you devil!” He cried and ran to Max, letting his mate scoop him up into his arms. “She’s being evil, Max.”

“Stop being evil, Ginny.” Max demanded, even though the smile threatened to split his face in half.
“Are your hormones not settled yet?” Ashleigh asked him.

“I don’t know. I think I’m just being childish.” Harry admitted with a grin, Max laughed.

“You can be childish all you want to.” He said.

“You can’t exactly tell anyone not to be childish.” Draco shot at Max as he walked past them.

Harry grinned up at Max who pouted.

“I am not childish.” He whined.

Richard chuckled and threw an arm around Max’s waist as he couldn’t reach his shoulders. Then again only Myron, Nasta and Draco could throw an arm around Max’s shoulders.

“You are childish.” Richard stated. “You get it from me.”

Myron snorted. “Of all the traits you possess you had to give our children your childishness.”

“I gave them my sense of fun and adventure.” Richard countered.

“You made them eternal children.” Myron stated dryly.

“Well who wants the kids to grow up anyway.” He huffed and wandered away.

Myron sighed as if this was a long fought battle in which he was double teamed, outnumbered and was losing.

Harry looked to Ashleigh who was giggling and jumping up and down with Alayla and Talia and to Richard who had gone off to headlock Caesar. He grinned. It looked like Myron was losing a battle after all. He had two young at heart, childish mates who, in his eyes, were corrupting their five children. There was only so much one could do to counteract all of that bad influence and it seemed that Myron had done his best, but it wasn’t enough to overshadow both Ashleigh and
Richard’s childishness.

“Harry? How are you feeling?”

Harry turned in Max’s arms at the sound of that familiar voice and he leapt at Remus, but ended up kicking Max’s stomach, who sucked in a lungful of air, but said nothing as he handed Harry over to the other man instead.

“I’m fine. How are you?”

Harry scrambled to get his feet on the floor so he wasn’t being carried; only his mates could carry him.

“I’ve been alright. I’ve mainly been thinking of you, Harry.”

“Why?” Harry asked curiously.

“Why? Harry you are seventeen and have a newborn baby.”

“I’m considered an adult man in the wizarding world.” Harry pointed out stubbornly.

“Do you feel like a man?” Remus asked seriously.

Harry opened his mouth to say of course he felt like a man, he had four lovers and a baby, but he stopped and thought about it, having lovers and a baby didn’t make you an adult, kids could have sexual partners and children, that didn’t make them adults. Did he actually feel like a man? He felt overwhelmed, like he was stuck in quicksand which had just reached his neck and was climbing ever higher. He felt lost without a guide to help him through these new experiences, his mates were no help, this was new to them as well, which made him think, did they feel like men or lost little boys thrust in at the deep end?

“I feel…lost sometimes, like I’m drowning in my own panic. Before Braiden was born, I was always worried about making a single mistake, but now I know that I’m obviously going to make mistakes and have lapses in judgement, I just have to make sure that they aren’t so bad that they
screw Braiden up for life. I do feel like a man. If I was thrown into a house on my own then I’d know how to take care of myself and those around me. I know about money management, I know how to cook and clean, I know how to do laundry and how to change bed sheets, but on the other hand, this is all new to me and I feel like a little boy whose just discovered the endless dark hole at the bottom of the garden, excited and adventurous, with a hint of fearful adrenaline at the new experience and the possible dangers ahead. So I feel like a man at times and like a little boy at others.” Harry shrugged and looked up at Myron, Max and Remus.

“That was a good answer.” Myron told him with a smirk.

“If you had just said yes straight off, that you feel like a man, that you never get scared or feel overwhelmed, then we would know that you are still just a child.” Remus answered, looking happier. “A true adult can admit they’re frightened and overwhelmed by new experiences, a child pretending to be an adult thinks that nothing frightens or gets to us and acts the same.”

Harry rolled his eyes and hugged Remus tightly. “I didn’t know I was being tested.”

“I needed to know if you were adult enough to be in this situation, Harry.”

“Braiden is very safe with me!” He hissed.

“This isn’t about the baby, Harry, this is about you. I’m not worried about anything happening to the baby because I know all five of you love and care for him; it’s you I’m worried about. James was an amazing Father, loving, doting, I don’t think he left you alone for more than five minutes, we used to go around and visit him and you’d always be tucked up in his arms sleeping, on his lap playing or on the floor with him sitting right behind you. He grew up well and knew how to deal with a baby and the emotions and responsibilities that came with you. But if you were given to Sirius…” Remus shook his head sadly. “Completely hopeless. He loved you so much and he’d rather have eaten his own arm than hurt you, but it was always clear that he was overwhelmed when he was near you. He didn’t know how to act, what to do or say. He was very awkward around you because he’d never had to deal with responsibility before and, I say this in the nicest possible way, his mind was too immature to cope with a baby. He got better the older you got, he grew up more, but it wasn’t until he went to…to Azkaban that he really grew up. It’s tragic really that it took going to that place for him to grow up, but it was the hard kick up the backside that he needed to finally become a man.”

“Even that didn’t really mature him; he still acted like a big kid.”

“No, it did mature him, Harry. Sirius was always going to be a big kid at heart, but he could be
serious and responsible when the need for it was there, before Azkaban he wouldn’t have known how to. He was a very clever, intelligent man, but he was quite dim as well. He was emotionally stunted by his dark, hatred filled family. Hugs and kisses from family members that most of us take for granted weren’t offered to Sirius when he was growing up, his parents hated him, his brother rejected him, he had no one, no one except his imaginary friend.”

“Sirius had an imaginary friend?” Harry asked shocked.

“Yes, he had needed one growing up. He was surrounded by blackness, by dark, cruel people who sneered at him and hated the air he breathed, but he was the Black Heir, he was not to be touched. Deprived of any sort of contact or communication except from his hired tutors, Sirius made a friend who liked him, who spoke to him without loathing in their voice. Sirius could very well have snapped from his upbringing, but because he was clever enough to invent someone he could vent all of his feelings, dreams, wants and fears at, he survived with his mind intact until he found James at Hogwarts, Pettigrew and I came later, but together we were just what Sirius needed to root him to his sanity.”

Harry thought about how similar he and Sirius had grown up. Only he had never been deprived of touch or communication. His communication from the Dursleys may have been cruel words, spiteful hisses and demands and his contact with them was usually a slap or a kick, but he had still gone to a public school. He had gotten praised by his teachers, pats to the head, smiles and on occasion’s even sweets. They spoke kindly and encouragingly to him, he couldn’t imagine what he might have turned out like if he hadn’t gone to school, if he like Sirius had been barricaded in number four Privet Drive with stuffy tutors who had been hired to teach him and nothing else. Not that the Dursleys would have ever wasted money on him, they wouldn’t even buy him clothes or food.

“Anyway, enough of this. Where is the baby, Braiden did you call him? I haven’t seen him yet.”

Harry grinned. “We’re going to have to wrestle Mrs Weasley for him.” He laughed.

“On second thoughts, why don’t I just get a drink instead.”

Harry laughed again as he scanned the back garden for his son. He couldn’t contain his grin when he saw that Blaise was cradling him again as their son drank deeply and greedily from a bottle.

“I should have known that you’d stolen Braiden again.” Harry told Blaise as he approached.
Blaise drew his eyes slowly from Braiden’s face, as if he couldn’t quite bring himself to stop looking at that smooth, sweet face, baby blue eyes closed, little mouth pouted around the bottle teat sucking strongly.

“I adore watching him feed.” Blaise admitted. “I would wake up with him every single night just to watch him feed.”

“I wonder how long that’ll last.” Draco commented, peering over Harry’s shoulder at the baby. He kissed Harry cheek and Harry rolled his eyes, turning to face Draco for a kiss to the lips. “My parents will be going soon; Father has a prior engagement at five o’clock.”

“That’s fine, Draco, I take it they want to see Braiden one last time before they leave?”

The blond nodded. “Mother wishes to buy him more clothes, I told her that he has enough clothes but she insisted on buying something.”

“If she really wants to buy clothes tell her to get them in a bigger size, he has enough clothes for now, but he will outgrow them all soon, he’s getting bigger every time I see him.”

“I don’t know why, you and Blaise made him and you’re the shortest of us all.”

Harry huffed and shoved Draco away from him. “Tell your parents they can have Braiden to say goodbye after Remus has met him.”

“But he’s…”

“If you say one bad thing about him, Draco, I will kill you.” Harry hissed threateningly, his claws coming out of his nail beds.

Draco growled and Harry felt the urge to submit. He shoved it aside violently and hissed again, keeping his eyes pinned to Draco’s and his neck hunched to his shoulders to show he wasn’t submitting. He wasn’t going to back down from this.

Draco leapt on him and Harry fought back. Kicking and scratching and biting as Draco tried to bite down on his neck.
Strong hands forced them apart and Harry found himself being held by Nasta, who wrapped a leg around both of Harry’s own to keep them pinned, held both of his wrists in one hand and held his head still with his other hand.

Max was sitting on Draco, pinning the snarling blond to the grassy ground.

“What the hell happened?” Max demanded his own wings and claws out as Draco tried to bite him.

“They were fine a moment ago.” Blaise answered holding Braiden tightly, even as he finished feeding the baby and burped him.

“He was saying bad things!” Harry hissed.

“You said you’d kill me!” Draco snarled back.

“I’m going to!” Harry assured the blond as he struggled against Nasta.

“What is going on?!” Lucius Malfoy demanded as he was blocked from getting to his feral son by Richard Seppen. “Why are you manhandling my son?!”

“You must understand that Drackens are very physical, violent creatures.” Richard informed the other man. “They will fight often and usually for the most stupid of reasons.”

“Max, get Draco inside.” Nasta ordered as he carted Harry towards the house. “We will be back shortly.” He told the other guests.

Harry was sat on the living room settee and Draco was sat beside him, they were both held tightly as they hissed and growled at one another.

“What happened?” Nasta asked calmly.

“He wasn’t going to let Remus near the baby!” Harry growled.
“Braiden is as much my child as yours! I will not see him in the arms of a werewolf!” Draco exploded.

“You were going to let the werewolf hold Braiden?!” Max demanded.

Harry glared at his biggest mate and launched himself at him, trying to cut out his eyes. Nasta held him around the chest and pinned his head back to his shoulder, whispering soothingly into his ear whilst glaring at the other two.

“It is Harry’s right to allow whomever he wishes to see and hold his child.” He explained patiently.

“But a werewolf?” Max demanded. “A werewolf is a danger to our children!”

“Remus is no more a danger to Braiden then anyone else!” Harry yelled.

“Your instincts should not have allowed you to take Braiden within a hundred yards of a dangerous creature like a werewolf!”

“Well I'm not exactly listening to my instincts now am I? If I was then I wouldn’t have let your Mother hold him. You can't pick and choose you know! Either you want me to listen to my instincts in which case Remus and your mother won't be allowed near Braiden, or you don’t want me to have them and you let me decide who I trust enough to let near Braiden.”

“My Mother is not a threat to Braiden!” Max roared angrily.

“And neither is Remus!” Harry yelled back. “I trust you when you say your Mother isn’t a threat to our children, do the same courtesy for me and trust me when I say that Remus isn’t a threat either!”

Harry broke away from Nasta and stomped back outside. Everyone was staring at him and he realised that they must have heard every word that had been shouted and screamed through the open back door. He felt heat flare up his cheeks but he pushed it back. He wouldn’t be embarrassed, he would not be ashamed of how he felt.

He went to collect his son off of Blaise and after glaring his mate into handing the baby over with no fuss; he took Braiden to where Remus was sat alone at a table and dumped the baby, gently, into the man’s arms.
“I’ve caused problems for you.” Remus whispered.

“No you haven’t. They’ve caused problems for themselves. I trust you, Remus, with my life and my son’s. You aren’t dangerous just because of what you are. You’re a werewolf one night a month, Remus; I’m a Dracken every hour of every day. Besides you must have held me as a baby, Dad and Mum would have trusted you with me and I’m very sure you never once thought to hurt me. I’m more of a danger to my son than you are. I almost gutted Draco and Max, you couldn’t do that to me as you are now, you aren’t strong enough, nor do you have it in you to hurt me or Braiden. The sooner they learn that the happier I’ll be.”

Remus said nothing. Harry got the idea that he was holding back tears and Harry left him to his thoughts as he held and cuddled Braiden.

“He’s gorgeous, Harry.” Remus finally said his voice slightly choked. “You were a very cute baby as well. I’ll bring you photos the next time I come and visit. You had bigger eyes than your son though, huge, brilliant, bright green eyes that could stop any stranger dead in their tracks.”

“He has Blaise’s eyes.” Harry said. “Though we don’t know the final colour yet.”

“You’re eyes started changing a week after you were born, they started going darker and James was certain that you would have his hazel eyes, a complete clone of your Father, but then they started going bluey-green, getting greener every day and we all knew whose eyes you had taken at that point. Lily was ecstatic.”

Harry smiled at the story, hearing about his Mum and Dad always made him smile. He brushed Braiden’s hair out of his little face and scooted closer to Remus. He hated fighting with his mates, but he would not be told who to entrust with his child.

“Is there something wrong with you?” A soft voice asked from behind him.

Harry looked over his shoulder and saw the woman who had come with Caesar, his Wife and mate, Amelle. She was still holding the pink shawl; she hadn’t put her daughter down all afternoon.

“Not that I know of.” Harry replied a bit confused as to what she meant.
“You’re letting a dangerous animal hold your son. I mean, I know he’s not as good as my Eleonora, but that’s no reason to kill him, he’ll just have to settle for being second best.”

“Excuse me?!” Harry demanded, already riled up from his previous fight with Max and Draco.

“That’s alright, you can’t help having second best children, you are after all, not me.” Amelle let out a little laugh and Harry saw red. He would have liked to have ripped her arms from her body and stomped on her head, but she was holding a baby and he was hesitant to put the baby in harm’s way, no matter how angry this woman was making him.

“You should apologise.” Remus coached, looking at the woman in front of them. “No child is second best.”

“What would you know werewolf, you can’t even have children.” Amelle stabbed.

Remus looked crushed and Harry got even angrier. What the hell did Caesar see in this woman? Surely he could have waited for a better submissive to turn up, but then he realised that most of the submissives acted like Amelle if the horror stories his mates had told him were true, they truly believed that they were Princesses and the men around them were just more gifts, no more than slaves. It made Harry sick to think that Caesar was being treated like a servant, he liked Caesar a lot.

“You’re a vile woman.” Harry scathed.

“There’s no need to insult me because I have the better child.” Amelle answered airily and Harry realised that Amelle was a very hard woman to insult because she’d just turn everything around and assume that the person insulting her was just jealous.

Harry took Braiden from Remus because if he didn’t then he was going to attack Amelle. He cradled his son and turned his back on the woman behind him, he would not be drawn into a pathetic fight over who had the better child. He knew he did, just as Amelle thought she did, there was no competition, of course they were going to favour their own child. He just kept chanting that Braiden was better in his head, but there was no keeping Amelle’s voice out.

“Hiding your inferior son isn’t going to help you know.” Amelle told him from behind.

Harry could feel the anger that had been bubbling inside of him spike into a raging inferno, he ached to defend his baby son, to lash out and rip the woman’s tongue from her mouth, but it would
be pointless, she would argue back and he'd just get angrier and angrier until he got himself
punished or did something unforgivable, he'd never forgive himself if he hurt Eleonora and he'd
doubt if Caesar, Max and the entire Maddison-Seppen clan would forgive him either.

“How can one person be so cruel?” Remus asked rhetorically as he stared at Amelle.

“You’re one to talk werewolf, eat any babies lately?”

Harry shivered with suppressed anger and pressed Braiden onto Remus, he stomped up to Amelle
who looked faintly amused, she was taller than him by two inches and used them to pull herself up
to her full height. She foolishly didn’t see him as a threat, which is why when he gently, but swiftly
pulled Eleonora from her arms to get the baby out of the line of fire she took a few moments to
react.

Harry had already pushed the baby into Remus’s arms when Amelle attacked him with a screech,
riding his body to the floor and she began hitting his head into the ground. Harry snarled and
grabbed a fistful of all that prissy hair and yanked it. Not like the girl on girl pulling that
constituted as a catfight, but yanking at it as if he’d pull half of her scalp away with it. He heard
screams; distant yells and Alayla’s voice calling out ‘Get her, Harry! Take out her bitchy tongue!’

A large hand grabbed his arm and Harry sunk fangs into it before he even knew who it was, they
let go with a yell, cursing him. Harry twisted around, pushed the woman off of him and then got on
top of Amelle and with a hand in her hair holding her head in place he threw a mean punch at her
face, feeling that perfect nose breaking under his fist.

More hands grabbed him, but as they pulled him off of Amelle, he refused to let go of her hair and
dragged her with him even as her claws sunk into his stomach. He screamed, part in anger, but
mostly in pain, his stomach was still very tender from giving birth.

He kicked out at her and caught her thigh, she would have fallen but he still had her hair in his fists,
he could hear more yells and then a very familiar hand in his own hair. Max was behind him. Even
as Max clenched his own hair and demanded that he let Amelle go he refused, kicking out at the
woman again as he held her hair tightly. She couldn’t kick him because she couldn’t lift her legs
from the floor without pain to her scalp, so she clawed at him instead, cutting up his stomach and
chest, but he didn’t care, he had gone past pain, all he thought about was her slagging off his baby
son, the cruel words she had spat at Remus and he ignored the pain in favour of causing her as
much pain as possible.

He could see Caesar behind Amelle, his arms were around her middle trying to pull her away from
him, but Harry had her hair bunched tightly in both of his hands and he was not going to let go.
Myron and Richard were trying to unwind his fingers from her hair, whilst Aneirin was trying to
stop Amelle from causing more damage to his stomach and chest, getting cut up himself in the
process.

“How, let go!” Max growled tugging harder on his own hair, forcing his head back. There was a
thread of fear in his biggest mate’s voice.
Harry hissed in denial and wound all of that hair around his wrists and yanked Amelle off of her feet, kicking her as she went down. Max kept him on his feet, but he also allowed Harry to cause more pain to Amelle because he still had her hair by the scalp and he was now digging claws into the top of her head.

“Let go, Harry!” He heard Nasta’s voice yelling, there was a demand in there somewhere as well, but he didn’t care how angry he made his mates, he hated this woman and she would not get away with insulting Braiden and Remus like she had.

“Get him off!” Amelle screeched thickly in pain from her broken nose. There were tears in her voice. Harry could see her face, it was dry and she was smirking at him even though the lower half of her face was covered in blood. “Caesar! Caesar, get him off me! Please!”

The next thing Harry knew his jaw was on fire, his whole body had gone numb and slack with shock and Caesar was standing over him looking horrified with his fist raised. It took four seconds for what had happened to sink in before Max let out a terrifying roar and tackled his brother to the ground and started battering the shit out of him.

Harry was clamoured and hugged; Nasta held a bleeding arm to his mouth and Harry sucked it up deeply. He noticed that no one was helping Amelle as Myron, Richard and Aneirin were now trying to split up the fighting brothers. It looked like Max was winning.

The cuts in his stomach and chest made by Amelle’s claws were not healing as well as the other scrapes and bruises he had gotten and it was with a groan that he remembered that submissives had certain toxins in their claws that could stop the cuts made by them from healing properly; he hoped he didn’t die from them.

He noticed that Ashleigh was cradling a beautiful little girl and he smiled. It seemed that Grandma had gotten to hold her granddaughter after all. Braiden was still being held by Remus and Harry sighed in relief. At least his son was alright.

He wrapped his injured body around Nasta and snuggled in, hoping to avoid punishment. He felt any punishment would be unfair and he’d react against it, but he was done fighting for now. He’d done what he had said he wouldn’t and he’d gotten dragged into a fight with Amelle, he had fought with Draco and Max, he didn’t want to fight with Nasta as well.

Max and Caesar were eventually split up and Caesar was definitely the worse off, which angered Amelle again who started screeching at Caesar for not being a proper dominant and him not being strong enough to protect her. Caesar grabbed Amelle’s wrist and bent her arm behind her back, holding it in an uncomfortable position, but not a painful one, not yet, but Harry watched as Caesar inched that arm up further the longer Amelle yelled until she whimpered in pain and fell silent. He frogmarched her away and into the privacy of the house.

Harry feigned sleep as Max approached him and stroked the place where Caesar had hit him, something wet and sticky clung to Max’s fingers as he pulled them away, Caesar had made his lip bleed. Nasta moved him into a more comfortable position and held him tightly; as if he were afraid
he would either disappear or fall apart.

“How is he?” Blaise’s concerned voice asked. Harry felt awful for worrying him, for worrying them all.

“Alright as far as I can tell. He’s exhausted though, he overdid it, I told him to be careful.” Nasta answered softly, his hand caressing his cheek.

“Are the cuts healing?” Draco asked.

“They will in time.” Nasta answered. “Amelle doesn’t seem to be overly poisonous or have too dangerous a property to her claws, Harry’ll be fine.”

“It could have been so much worse.” Max said with such pain in his voice Harry considered showing he was just pretending to be asleep and comforting him.

“It wasn’t.” Nasta soothed. “Harry will be fine. Amelle will be fine as well.” He added as an afterthought and Harry grinned into Nasta’s shoulder.

“What happened anyway?” Draco asked.

“Amelle insulted Braiden and myself and Harry felt the need to defend us when she went too far.” Remus explained. “I had no idea a fight between two submissive Drackens would be so violent.”

“Oh fights between any Dracken, no matter if they’re dominant or submissive, can be very, very violent, sometimes to the point of death.” Max replied seriously. “I’m just glad that Harry wasn’t killed. If so many of us weren’t here today then they could have done serious damage to one another.”

“They weren’t killed so it’s best not to think about it.” Nasta stated as he adjusted his arm to cuddle Harry even tighter belying, if only to a sleep feigning Harry, that Nasta had been frightened for him.
Harry woke up and it took him several seconds to realise where he was. He was snuggled up in bed alone. Braiden was not in the bassinet beside the bed and the amount of sun coming into the room from behind the closed curtains was the reason why. It was still daytime.

He rolled over and off the side of the bed and padded out of the bedroom and down the stairs, the smell of cooking food made his belly rumble and he smiled as he realised that it must have been dinner time.

“Should I go and wake Harry for dinner?” Draco’s voice came from the kitchen.

“Let him sleep a bit longer, those cuts were nasty. I’ll keep him something for later.” Max answered.

“No need.” Harry told them as he walked into the kitchen, smothering a yawn, letting himself be pulled over to the table by a concerned looking Nasta, who sat him on his lap and licked and sniffed at his bare skin.

“Nas, ‘m fine.” He complained half-heartedly.

“Just…just let me do this. Please.” Nasta whispered into his ear as he stroked gently over his skin with a brush of fingertips.

Harry sighed and settled himself back into Nasta’s arms and watched as Blaise rocked Braiden to sleep. He smiled as he realised that Blaise was being incredibly possessive of the baby, it was cute.

Max plated up ten chicken breasts, two per plate, and smothered it with a white sauce that had been bubbling in a saucepan, he added a large amount of salad from a pre-prepared bowl, making sure there was no cucumber on Draco’s plate and no spring onion on Blaise’s, that Nasta had extra tomatoes and there was plenty of red onion on all of their plates as it was a food that they all enjoyed, he finished it off with a large spoonful of mashed potatoes and served them dinner.

Harry once again ate whilst sitting on Nasta’s lap, leaning slightly to one side to give his oldest mate room to eat his own food.

“Is this white wine sauce?” Harry asked as he licked it off of his fork.

Max smiled. “Yep, you aren’t pregnant anymore, so I’ve seen fit to start cooking with wines again.”
“I’d forgotten how nice your sauces were.” Harry grinned as he cut off another chunk of chicken, slathered it with sauce and put it into his mouth.

“Smaller bites, Harry!” Max warned him. “I don’t want you choking.”

“I’m starving.”

“Your body is expending energy to heal you.” Nasta told him. “You need to eat and sleep as much as possible.”

“Eating I can do, but I don’t think I can sleep anymore.” Harry answered. “I’m wide awake.”

“You are now, but you might not be in a few hours’ time when it’s later.” Draco replied, cutting off a polite sized bite of chicken and putting it carefully into his mouth.

“You do know that if you shoved your face into your plate and ate with just your mouth none of us would think anything of it, Draco.” Harry told the blond, who was actually cutting up a leaf of lettuce to make it bite sized.

Draco looked like Harry had told him to strip naked, roll in red paint and run streaking through Gringotts.

“I certainly will not eat like a pig, Harry.” He answered as he cut a cherry tomato into quarters, scooped a small amount of potato onto his fork with it and placed it delicately into his mouth.

Harry rolled his eyes and shoved a whole baby beetroot into his mouth and chewed happily. Draco grimaced, but said nothing, likely thinking that at least Harry was eating something.

Max had only just finished and put his knife and fork down when Braiden started crying in his bassinet. Blaise made to move to grab him, but Max bopped his head and indicated that he should carry on eating as he scooped Braiden into his arms and turned to boil the kettle to make a bottle. Harry had insisted on using Muggle means as much as possible after he had read an article that had made a connection to magic and the health of a baby. He had asked Blaise and Draco, who had both grown up as Purebloods without Muggle means and they had admitted that the house elves that had looked after them on occasion used Muggle means to do so right up until they were five and their magical cores had settled down. Harry had forbidden anyone to use magic around Braiden
and had taken the opportunity to fill Max’s house with even more Muggle things, much to Myron’s
disgust, but his two mates were able to soothe his ruffled feathers over the Muggle stuff appearing in
his son’s life, especially as they had used Muggle means to raise their five children, not as much
stuff as Harry was demanding be used, but enough.

“How is Amelle?” Harry asked casually, every one of his mates stiffened and Draco let out a rough
growl.

“Fine.” Max replied tightly. “Caesar finally took charge and let her know that her behaviour is
unacceptable. He forced her home without Eleonora, who is spending the night with my parents
while Caesar asserts his dominance over Amelle.”

“She’s missing clumps of hair and her nose didn’t heal straight.” Blaise told Harry with a sadistic
smile.

“Don’t encourage him, Blaise.” Nasta chastised.

“I’m not encouraging him.” Blaise answered. “I’m telling him the damage he did to Amelle to
counter the damage she did to his chest and stomach. We all know that he almost got an infection.”

“I didn’t know.” Harry replied with confusion.

“You were asleep.” Draco told him with a conflicting smile that was part reassurance and part
worry.

“I feel fine.” Harry said confused.

“Max has been applying potions and pastes to you since you fell asleep to aid healing and block
fever and infection.”

“Thank you, Max.” Harry said with a little smile to the man who was feeding Braiden.

He grinned at the stiff posture of Max as he watched Braiden feed, the tenseness in his muscles and
face as he held the baby tightly, but not crushingly. Harry sighed, he knew it would take some time
before Max was comfortable with such a tiny person around, but he hoped that he did finally come
to trust himself and relax around Braiden, if not he’d have to step in and talk to Max about his
inability to trust himself around the baby.

Harry was lying on the fur rug in front of Max’s huge fireplace. They were settled in the second
living room, the one where the fireplace wasn’t connected to the floo network so anyone who came
to visit wouldn’t stomp on him when they came through.

He was cuddled up with Blaise and Draco as Max was doing paperwork and Nasta was reading one
of his books in a strange language that Harry had no hope of recognising.

The fire was large, bright and oh so very warm as he twisted over once again as the side of his body
facing the fire got too hot to stand.

“I think this fire is cooking me.” Harry complained as he moved.

“Make sure you turn yourself periodically.” Max replied with a grin on his face. “It’ll ensure you
cook properly and evenly.”

Harry let out a surprised burst of giggles. “You wouldn’t want to eat me. I’m all skin and bone,
Draco however has more meat on him.”

“Are you saying I’m fat?” Draco asked affronted as he opened an eye to glare at him.

“Draco is mostly all muscle, he’d be tough. Blaise is too lean, he’d be hard to digest, but you, you
Harry still have all that gorgeous baby weight, you’d be soft and juicy.”

Max slipped off of the settee and crawled over to them and covered Harry’s body with his own,
giving long licks and little nibbles to his skin making Harry giggle uncontrollably.

Max worried a patch of flesh on Harry’s belly; sucking on it and making Harry thrash with
laughter. Max pulled away to grin proudly at the bright red love bite he had left on Harry’s
stomach.

“There. I’ve branded you. No one touch my meat!”
Nasta chuckled as he watched all of them. Draco rolled his eyes before he closed his eyes again and went back to a peaceful almost sleep state, but Blaise growled at Max with a smile on his face and leapt playfully at him.

“I challenge you for your meat!”

“What do I get if I win?” Max asked pompously. “You are too lean to hold my tastes.”

“You get my meat.” Blaise indicated a resting Draco.

Harry started laughing and couldn’t stop as Draco was unaware that he’d just been called Blaise’s meat. Nasta shook his head, but put his book aside to watch as Blaise and Max circled one another on their knees.

They embraced like they would kiss, but Max flipped Blaise over and onto his back, pinning him to the ground and started tickling him whilst sucking a love bite onto his skin, just above his left nipple.

Harry startled as arms wrapped around him and started pulling him backwards. He looked up into Nasta’s hazel eyes, which looked darker than they actually were because of the firelight, there were golden hints in them that captivated Harry and made him twist his head back for a kiss.

Nasta complied as he pulled Harry behind the settee and began caressing him and licking him. He sucked his own love bites onto him and Harry moaned his appreciation, gripping onto Nasta as the game turned into something more.

“Ha! I win!” Max yelled out, breaking through Harry’s hazy lustful fog. “Hey, where’s my meat gone?”

“He’s my meat now!” Nasta shouted out. “I’ve claimed him! You foolishly left your meat alone and unprotected where anyone could come along and take him.”

Max crawled around the back of the settee and let out a false roar of anger, charging at Nasta on his knees and tackled him, making Harry tumble harmlessly onto the carpet.

Harry was confused as his trousers were painfully restricted. He had hoped that Nasta’s ministrations would lead to something a bit more gratifying, instead he had been brushed off.
“Hey! I wanted sex!” He cried out.

“You can't have sex yet, Harry; you’re under a sex ban for another two days.” Max answered as he stopped play grappling with Nasta to look at him.

“But…but I want sex now!”

“You can't.” Draco replied calmly from the rug.

Harry’s shoulders fell and he bit his lip. He was ashamed to realise that his eyes were tearing up. He turned away and left the room with a called out message to his mates that he was going to bed.

He climbed the stairs and after checking on Braiden to make sure he was still asleep, he went to wash his face and dug around for a pair of pyjamas. It was too hot for pyjamas, but if they didn’t want to have sex with him then they sure as hell couldn’t look at him.

He was feeling irrational and hurt by their rejection, he felt fine, he was back to his normal self, nothing was going to get damaged if he had sex a few days earlier than the Healer had recommended to them.

It was as he was pulling his trunk from under his bed to get his winter pyjamas, a bar of fudge chocolate in his mouth, that he pulled out Ginny’s toy box. He was going to push it back under again but curiosity got the better of him. If his mates wouldn't have sex with him, then maybe he could have sex with himself. Or rather with some helpful toys. He opened the box and saw all of the toys inside and he blushed even though there was no one there to see it. He didn’t know what half of them were for and knew how to use even less. He spied the little red, pleated skirt and remembered how Max had loved it. He took the skirt out and hurried it away to the bathroom. He tried it on after locking the door and he looked in the mirror. It only just covered his bits, but the back was shorter than the front, half of his bum cheeks were on show as the skirt rose up with the curve of his bum. It was then that he found the tiny pair of matching lacy knickers that were attached to the skirt. They wouldn’t cover much more, but they would at least keep his bits in place and keep his bum partly covered. He grinned as an evil idea formed in his head. His mates wouldn’t know what hit them tomorrow. He was going to show them what happened when they denied him sex. He was going to make them suffer for denying him.

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Chapter End Notes

Is everyone still enjoying this?
Don't forget to add me on Facebook to learn about updates and what not, or just to talk, though many of the conversations are weird, stupid, sex related or completely insane.

StarLight Mass. X
Dedicated to two very loyal, facebook followers, who helped me find the most stupid, ridiculous chat-up lines in their arsenal. You two know who you are, thank you!

Last Time

He spied the little red, pleated skirt and remembered how Max had loved it. He took the skirt out and hurried it away to the bathroom. He tried it on after locking the door and he looked in the mirror. It only just covered his bits, but the back was shorter than the front, half of his bum cheeks were on show as the skirt rose up with the curve of his bum. It was then that he found the tiny pair of matching lacy knickers that were attached to the skirt. They wouldn’t cover much more, but they would at least keep his bits in place and keep his bum partly covered. He grinned as an evil idea formed in his head. His mates wouldn’t know what hit them tomorrow. He was going to show them what happened when they denied him sex. He was going to make them suffer for denying him.

Chapter Forty-Four – Little Tease

Harry woke up with a frown and after stretching, he looked around him. He was in bed and his four mates were surrounding him, Draco and Blaise on one side, Max and Nasta on the other.

Harry wormed his way out of the bed, thankful that they didn’t have a footboard so he didn’t have to clamber over it to get free and he stretched again, properly this time, popping the vertebrae in his spine with a satisfying crack.

He plucked up a still sleeping Braiden, he hadn’t woken up last night so one of the others had to have woken up with the baby, it made him feel a little less vindictive about yesterday, but when he saw all the love bites that littered his body, he firmed himself, he was going to go through with his plan and he’d dare them to touch him because if they did they would lose a hand, after all, they didn’t really need their hands to give him more children.

Harry ambled down the stairs and went into the downstairs bathroom, he started running a bubble bath for himself before moving over to the living room to floo call the in-laws and tell them that he was going to be spending some quality time with his mates to ‘recover from his sustained injuries the previous day’ he only got the family house elves, who swore to tell ‘Masters and Mistresses, little Master Harry’s message’ and Mrs Weasley, who, of course, ‘understood that he needed some alone time to recover from yesterday’s theatrics and that she would owl over some biscuits for him later.’

Harry thanked her and the house elves and grinned sadistically as he went into the bathroom to turn off the taps and headed into the kitchen to feed a stirring Braiden a bottle of milk.
“You gutsy little boy.” Harry cooed proudly as Braiden finished his bottle in record time.

Bright, baby blue eyes opened to look at him and Harry grinned widely at their appearance, he had seen Braiden’s eyes perhaps a handful of times since he had been born. Harry quickly swiped the ever present camera from the kitchen counter and snapped a quick photo of those gorgeous, cornflower blue eyes before Braiden closed his eyes again. Harry wanted to remember the colour of his infant son’s eyes for the rest of his life.

Harry burped Braiden and rocked him back to sleep before strapping him into the brand new, previously unused carrycot and took the baby into the bathroom with him. He took the nappy bag and a spare set of clothes for Braiden as he planned on giving his son his first ever bath that wasn’t Ashleigh or Molly Weasley supervised. Which reminded him that he had an appointment at St Mungos in the afternoon for Braiden’s first ever check-up.

Harry settled Braiden on the floor close to the bath so he could easily reach him and the nappy bag whilst he scrubbed his entire body clean ready for his revenge.

Slipping into the water made Harry’s breath hitch, he hadn’t realised it was quite so hot, but as he lowered himself gingerly into the water and remained sitting still, it was bearable. He just sat and soaked for a while, just laying back and relaxing. It had been a long time since he had been able to relax like this; his life seemed too hectic at times.

Harry sighed as he had enough of lying around doing nothing and sat up again to reach for his favourite shower gel. He squeezed far too much into his hand and lathered up his body very generously. His mates loved him smelling like chestnuts.

Harry scrubbed every single millimetre of skin, making sure to soap up everything, from his little toes, to behind his ears and everything in between. He dunked himself into the water, fully submerging himself for a few moments before coming back up for air. He grabbed his two in one shampoo and conditioner and poured it generously into his hand before vigorously scrubbing his head and scalp.

A knock on the door made him pause.

“Harry, are you in there?” Max’s sleepy voice called out.

“Yep. I decided to have a bath down here instead of upstairs so I wouldn’t wake any of you this morning.” Harry answered.

“Is Braiden with you?”

“He certainly is. He’s been fed and he’s sleeping at the moment. I’m going to give him a quick bath and then I’ll join you.”
“Alright, love. I’m going to go make breakfast, is there anything you fancy?”

“Anything’s fine.” Harry replied. “Are any of the others up?”

“Nasta’s up, Blaise is still asleep and Draco was just stirring as I got up. Do you want eggs and toast?”

“Sure.”

“How do you want your eggs?”

“Scrambled!” Harry replied back enthusiastically.

“Alright, love.” Max answered with a hint of amusement in his sleepy voice.

“See you in half an hour or so.” Harry called out as he heard Max pass the bathroom door and go into the kitchen to start preparing breakfast.

Harry grinned as he sunk back under the water to wash off the shampoo. He got out of the water and pulled the plug, grabbing the towel he rubbed his body dry before picking up something that had been in the box. Body moisturiser. He had never used the stuff but apparently it was supposed to make his skin ‘touchably soft’, ‘silkily smooth’ and ‘irresistibly kissable.’

Harry snorted at it before dumping a load onto his hand and smoothing it over his skin, leaving on a thin white layer as the back of the bottle instructed, letting it soak into his skin, before he rubbed it in and wiped off the excess.

Harry touched himself and frowned as his fingers actually glided over his skin. That stuff actually worked! Harry grinned as he put it on ‘his’ shelf of the bathroom. Max and Nasta had installed five shelves and they each had one shelf to put their shampoos, shower gels and razors and things. But even though Nasta always had stubble on his chin and cheeks, he shaved every morning, it was the only time he didn’t have hair, but it always grew back in the afternoon.

Harry picked up the plastic baby bath that was Braiden’s and put it under the tap. He run the water into it and obsessively checked the temperature with his elbow. When he believed it was at the right temperature, he cast a quick spell just to double check, before he picked up Braiden and stripped him. He got a baby soft wash cloth and dipped it into the water and began washing Braiden’s face. His son woke up and started whining.
“Oh I can see now how much trouble we’re going to have getting your bum into the bath when you’re older.” Harry sighed as he finished washing Braiden’s face and neck before starting on his hair, using the wet cloth to wet it and the baby shampoo to clean it. Once Braiden’s head was clean; Harry lowered him into the water and he was unprepared for his son to start wailing and crying at the top of his lungs. Harry quickly checked the temperature, but it was fine. He quickly washed Braiden’s body and took him out of the water, wrapping him in a towel and cuddling him.

“Are you alright, Harry?” Nasta’s voice asked through the door.

“I’m fine. I don’t think Braiden likes baths.”

Nasta chuckled. “Max almost has breakfast ready, are you almost finished?”

“Yeah. Are Draco and Blaise up yet?”

“Yes, they’re in the kitchen awaiting breakfast like the teenagers they are.”

Harry snorted. “I’ll be there in a minute, I need to get myself and Braiden dried and dressed.”

Harry finished drying Braiden and clad him in a clean nappy, pulling his head through the stretchy neckline of his bodysuit, popping it closed under his nappy before he pulled on a plain white, long sleeved cotton shirt and a tiny pair of blue and white checked cotton dungarees. He finished off the outfit with matching white socks, scratch mitts and summer hat with sun visor and his four day old son was ready for the day.

Harry looked at the bright red, pleated skirt and swallowed. Suddenly he didn’t feel like wearing it and exposing himself as much as the skirt allowed. This was a stupid idea, of course it wasn’t going to make his mates suffer, they’d just relieve themselves with each other if he denied them.

Harry was about to put on his dressing gown and run upstairs for some proper clothes when he mentally slapped himself. He’d sworn that he would go through with this and he would. Where was all that Gryffindor bravery that he was known for? If they tried to relieve themselves with each other he could just hex them…of make use of those toys.

Harry pulled on the lacy knickers that were more like very small, lacy boxer-briefs now that they were on and he giggled slightly at the inside pouch thing where his bits were kept in place so they wouldn’t be visible from the outside. They were made for men with the design of women’s lingerie.

He pulled on the skirt and buttoned it up tightly on his left hip. It again rode high over the curve of
his bum, but the lacy knickers covered his more intimate parts and held him in place. He grinned at
himself in the mirror a bit bashfully.

“I can't believe I’m actually going to do this.” He put his burning face into his hands and breathed
deeply. He couldn’t go out there whilst his face was bright red; he wanted to portray confidence
and sex appeal, not shyness and blushing bashfulness. He didn’t want to flaunt the fact that this had
been planned so much.

“Harry? Are you alright? Everyone’s finished breakfast.” Max’s concerned voice came through the
door.

“I’m fine, Max, honestly. I’m just finishing dressing and then I’ll be out. Promise.”

“Alright, but don’t be too long, your breakfast is getting cold.”

Harry chuckled and cleaned up the bathroom with a spell, put away Braiden’s bath and picked up
the carrycot handle after making sure that Braiden was strapped in securely.

He left the bathroom and headed to the kitchen before he had a chance to change his mind. Blaise
saw him first and he dropped his half eaten slice of toast onto the table top, his mouth hanging
open.

“Really, Blaise? Close your mouth when you’re eating, I don’t want to see your half chewed
breakfast.” Draco complained as he folded his fork over his knife and pushed his plate away.

“Blaise?” Nasta asked puzzled and a little concerned.

Blaise’s eyes never left Harry’s little skirt or the multitude of love bites that littered his bare body,
standing out like vivid bruises on his pale skin and he seemed to be having problems swallowing
and breathing. As one the other three turned to look at what had Blaise so transfixed, Harry
smirked as he saw their eyes go wide as they took him in, their own eyes going from the love bites,
to the tiny skirt and the edge of the lacy underwear that was just visible underneath.

Harry ignored them as he put Braiden on the table top and began eating his breakfast slowly and
calmly as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

“Harry…what?” Nasta asked, finding his tongue first even as he continued to stare.
“What?” Harry asked as he finished chewing and swallowed his bite of food.

“You…you’re wearing…a skirt?”

“I know. Really, Nas, I thought you were intelligent.”

“Is there uh… any particular reason that you decided to wear the skirt?” Max questioned as he continued staring at the tiny scrap of red fabric.

“It’s comfortable.” Harry answered with a straight face as he took another forkful of scrambled eggs.

“Are you going to wear it all day?” Draco asked his voice oddly strained.

“If it doesn’t get too cold. I’m thinking of writing off to the company who made this skirt and asking them to make a matching top, also I’d like it in blue.”

Harry finished his breakfast whilst none of his mates moved from their seats; he slapped Blaise’s hand as it moved to touch his leg.

“Oi! I’m trying to eat here.” Harry chastised as he finished his last bite of toast. He was quite pleased with himself; he had eaten everything, including his crusts this morning. None of his mates noticed.

“Do you need help with the dishes, Max?” Harry questioned innocently as he indicated the table full of dirty dishes and the counter next to the sink which held two frying pans, one saucepan and numerous spoons and knives.

When Max didn’t answer Harry looked to his biggest mate and saw him sat there staring at the skirt still, he rolled his eyes and stood up. He walked normally to the sink, no extra swaying or unnatural movements, no need to give everything away so early into the game.

He did bend over a bit further than normal to reach the washing up liquid and the taps of the sink and someone behind him groaned. He smirked wickedly and began running the tap, ‘accidentally’
spraying himself with water.

“Oops.” He exclaimed, turning around with his chest dripping wet, one droplet clinging to an erect nipple. What a damn stroke of luck that was.

He flicked the droplet from his nipple, flicking his actual nipple in the process and there was a sharp intake of breath. He grabbed a tea towel and rubbed his body dry slowly.

“This is why I don’t do the dishes!” Harry pouted at the table of transfixed men. “I always get the water everywhere.”

Harry acted as normally as he could, pretending that he was wearing jeans and a tee shirt rather than an indecently short skirt and his mates’ love bites.

He started washing the dishes by the sink first and heard someone get up and collect the dishes from the table. That person came closer to him and pressed right up against his back. He could feel the hardness of who was most definitely Max pressed against him, almost crushing him into the countertop, the rough material of his jeans stretched tight against the strain of him against his zip and scratchy against Harry’s bare skin. Harry remained calm and acted as if nothing was amiss.

“Hey! Max, if you’re not going to be helpful with the dishes go and do something else! How am I supposed to wash up with you crushing me into the counter?”

Max didn’t answer but pressed into him harder, he put the dirty plates down and wrapped his arms around him, one hand moving to pinch and twist the nipple that he had flicked the water droplet from.

Harry almost forgot what he was supposed to be doing, almost let himself sink into the pleasure that Max was offering, but he steeled himself. He would not give them sex or pleasure on demand when they denied him when he wanted sex.

He slapped Max’s hands away and pushed him away, Max let him push him because there was no way that Harry could have moved him otherwise, but he didn’t go far and those hands kept moving to touch him.

“Will you stop molesting me and do the damn dishes?” Harry sighed in exasperation.

“How can I when you look so damned fuckable.” Max growled.
Harry’s eyes dilated and his lower body clenched tight. Max’s voice was so deep, so guttural that it was arousing. Harry breathed in deeply, trying to calm himself, but all he could smell was Max’s aftershave and it made his legs go weak. A shiver went down his spine as he let out all the breath in his body in one shuddering gasp, the tiny hairs all over his body standing up on end as goosebumps broke out on his fever hot skin. He needed to be stronger than this.

“I don’t care, now do the dishes whilst I sort out Braiden, I can smell him from here.” Harry answered, holding himself firm and scooping Braiden up and moving to change him on the plastic covered, foam mat that was stored in the cupboard at the far end of the kitchen. It was yellow and had little pink and white bunnies on them, Harry was sure Mrs Weasley had wanted him to have a girl.

Harry sat down on the floor; his legs spread to either side of the changing mat as he went through the process of undressing Braiden so soon after he had dressed him for the day. He was sure he was flashing the matching underwear to all of them as the skirt was too short to pool between his legs. The thought almost made him blush, but he staved it off viciously.

He sneaked a quick peek at his mates through the corner of his eye and saw that the only one who had turned away was Nasta; he seemed to be avoiding temptation by not looking at it. Harry chuckled lightly, he couldn’t have that. He finished cleaning up Braiden and dressed him again, throwing the dirty nappy and the used wipes into the bin before laying his son into the bassinet.

He went around the table and happily hefted himself onto Nasta’s lap with an evil little smile. Nasta’s hands automatically went around his waist to steady him, but Harry could feel the tenseness of Nasta’s muscles, the hardness that he was being held against rubbing at his bum. He repressed a shiver; he couldn’t let his mates know how much they were affecting him, it would ruin everything.

“What time was Braiden’s appointment, Blaise?” Harry asked casually, wiggling around on Nasta’s lap a bit to ‘get comfortable.’ Behind him Nasta let out a soft moan.

“Four.” Was the clipped, deepened reply from Blaise.

Harry looked to him with a raised eyebrow.

“What is wrong with you?” He asked.

“You’re sat in the kitchen wearing just a skirt and lace panties and you ask us what’s wrong?” Draco demanded gruffly.
Harry shrugged and slipped from Nasta’s lap even as his oldest mate’s arms tried to hold him onto his lap.

“Harry, why?” Max asked, his eyes burning with lust and love.

“I told you, I like it. It’s comfortable as well. I was thinking of trying out some of those toys that Ginny gave me as well.” Harry added watching with a hidden smile as Draco choked on his shaky sip of tea. “She has wonderful taste in sex toys.”

“When were you thinking of trying them?” Max asked licking his lips unconsciously.

Harry shrugged. “Tonight maybe. Some of them come with instruction manuals.”

“Why would you need an instruction manual?” Blaise queried, his eyes glued to Harry’s body.

“Because I don’t know how to use them.” Harry didn’t need to pretend to blush as it came regardless.

“We know how to use them.” Max answered. “At least I know Nasta and myself can.”

“If they’re the magical variety then I know how to use them and so does Blaise.” Draco answered quickly.

“I’m not going to use them for the first time with you there!” Harry exclaimed in shock. “It’s going to be humiliating and mortifying enough without an audience. No, I’ll try them out myself first.”

Harry wished he could take a picture of all four of their faces as he made at that declaration. This was turning out so much better than he had ever imagined. He was having so much fun.

“You…you can’t do that.” Max replied looking like he had been denied the meaning of life itself.

“Why?” Harry asked. “It’s my body; I can do as I want with it. If I don’t want anyone watching me, then you’d better stay the hell away.”
Harry chuckled lightly as he heard all four of them groan as he picked up Braiden and carried him into the living room. He was going to make all four of them suffer.

At half past three Harry had changed out of the little skirt and into the tightest pair of jeans he owned and the tightest tee-shirt. They were a bit small, but the way Max hung his head as he appeared back into the living room made him smile. The skirt was safely in the bottom of the bag he was taking to the hospital so Max, Nasta and Draco couldn’t throw it away whilst he and Blaise went to St Mungos with Braiden.

“Come on, Blaise, we’re going to be late.” Harry hurried Blaise, who was strapping Braiden into his carrycot.

“I’m coming!” Blaise called out.

“I will be.” Max muttered as he tugged on himself through his tight trousers.

Harry kissed each of them goodbye and took Blaise’s hand, stepping into the fireplace and calling out ‘St Mungos’ with a whoosh they were both gone.

“Fuck I can’t handle this!” Max burst out as soon as they were gone. “Why the hell is he doing this to us?!”

“I have an idea.” Nasta sighed, thinking back to the previous night.

“I don’t care why he’s doing it, let’s just get that damn skirt and hide it so he can't put it back on when he comes home.” Draco exploded, turning on his heel and heading up the stairs to their bedroom.

The two older men followed and watched as Draco bent under the bed to pull out the damnable box, only to find it near enough empty. The only things in there were Muggle DVDs, two ball gags and a set of heavy duty chains.
“FUCK!” Draco hissed slamming his hands into the floor.

“Damn minx must have hidden everything.” Max groaned, tugging on himself through his jeans.

“He must have hidden them here somewhere.” Nasta said desperately as he started opening up the drawers to the bedside cabinet, the only things sexual inside them were various bottles of lubricant and boxes of condoms.

“Where would Harry hide something?” Max asked as he started looking in Harry’s suitcase and school trunk, begging for his submissive to forgive him for the breach of privacy, he just couldn’t spend the rest of the day seeing Harry’s gorgeous ass swollen in red lace and barely covered by that tiny skirt. His heart was going to give out.

“The bathroom?” Draco questioned.

“I don’t think he would have used Braiden’s nursery.” Nasta put in. “He wouldn’t want to taint the baby’s room. So the bathroom’s a good guess.”

Draco went into the bathroom and searched all of the cupboards and cabinets, but there was not one single sign of a sex toy anywhere.

“Damn it! Why is he doing this?!”

“Because he wants sex.” Nasta put in. “He’s sexually frustrated so he’s making us sexually frustrated.”

“The Healer said…”

“It doesn’t matter.” Max cut in. “Harry’s wants sex regardless of what the Healer said and if he carries on like this then I’m not going to be able to take it.”

“Where the hell would he have put them?” Draco complained as they started downstairs, Max
scouring the downstairs bathroom because Harry had spent so long in there that morning.

“They’re not here!” Nasta groaned in frustrated agony.

“Damn you, Harry!” Draco yelled throughout the house.

Harry hated the looks he was getting from other visitors to the hospital. He had dressed up purely for his mates, he hadn’t realised that going out in skin tight clothing would mean other people would be looking at him too.

Blaise was being very possessive and had an arm firmly around Harry, hissing lightly under his breath so only Harry could hear him. It was pretty annoying but Harry understood completely because if the tables were turned he’d be just the same, if not worse, no one touched his baby’s Daddy.

“I need the bathroom a sec, love.” Harry told Blaise. “Stay here with Braiden in case we’re called. I don’t want to be here any longer than necessary.”

Blaise nodded tightly and watched Harry walk down the corridor, using this time to breathe deeply and calm himself down before he gave his family away as outlawed creatures.

Harry quickly finished emptying his bladder and he washed his hands. He just wanted to get out of this hospital. Hospitals had always made him feel itchy and paranoid.

“Big, fat penguin.”

Harry turned at that declaration and raised an eyebrow at the man behind him.

“What?”

“That’s the ice broken.”

Harry just looked at the man and wondered if he had escaped from the mental patients ward. He
was grinning like a loon and standing in a pose that puffed up his chest and tautened his leg muscles.

“Excuse me?” He asked again, hoping the man would make some sense.

“Hey kitty, I’ve got some cream you can have, you just need to lap at it.” The man breathed with an eyebrow movement.

Harry’s own eyebrow rose in question. This man was clearly unstable.

“Are you feeling alright?” Harry asked.

“Want to do some Arithmancy with me? We’ll add a bed, subtract the clothes, divide your legs and multiply.”

Harry just scooted around the clearly mental man and made for the door.

“Where are you going, honey? Back to heaven with all the other angels?”

“No, I’m going back to my boyfriend and my newborn baby!” Harry answered icily.

“Don’t be like that! Me and you together equals perfect! I bet those jeans would look better on my bedroom floor.”

“Fuck off!” Harry answered as he pulled the door open and made to walk out, only to have the man grab his arm and yank him backwards. “Oi!”

“Don’t leave; I want to see how good you look on me. You can ride my broomstick as much as you want.”

“Get off!” Harry hissed drawing back his fist and launching it right into the man’s face, just like he had with Amelle the previous day. Only this time the pain that encompassed his hand almost made him screech. Hell that had hurt. The man gripped Harry’s shirt to try and keep himself upright, but
ended up ripping it as he fell to the floor.

“What is going on in here?!” A man in a Healer’s lime green overcoat asked as he looked to Harry with a ripped shirt sleeve and a bruised forearm to the man rolling on the bathroom floor clutching his face.

“He grabbed me as I was leaving, so I punched him in the face.” Harry answered truthfully, quivering just a bit. He wanted Blaise.

“Alright. Let’s get you to an examination room to see if there’s any damage done and I’ll get a colleague for him.”

“I just want to go home.” Harry said quietly. His confidence was knocked, his hand hurt like hell and his forearm ached.

The Healer sighed. “Was there a reason you came in today? Anything I can help you with before you leave?”

“I came here with my boyfriend and our baby. He’s having his first check up because I home birthed.”

“Aah. Alright I’ll send word to the paediatrician Healers and let your boyfriend know that you’ve gone home; I’ll see you to the floo.”

Harry let the nice Healer escort him to the floo; he passed right by where he had been sitting with Blaise so Braiden must have been called in to see the Healer.

“Callum, there’s a gentleman in the men’s bathroom in the second corridor, could you see to him please? There’s no need to be gentle with him.” Harry’s Healer escort said to a passing Healer, who nodded and headed off towards the bathroom. Harry smiled just a bit.

He took a handful of floo powder from the offered pot, using his uninjured hand and cast it into the flames watching them turn green.

Harry tumbled out of the fire place and into a surprised Draco’s arms. Harry clung to him and much to his shame he felt tears well up in his eyes.
“Harry, what’s wrong?” Draco’s concerned question brought Max and Nasta running.

They growled when they caught sight of his bruised arm, his cut and swollen hand and his ripped shirt.

“What happened? Who did this to you?” Nasta demanded in a feral way.

“A man in the bathroom at the hospital.” Harry answered with a sniff.

“Where was Blaise?” Draco snarled.

“With…with Braiden. I was only gone for…for a minute.”

“Where is Blaise now?”

“With the Healer, Braiden still needed his check-up. He doesn’t know.”

“He doesn’t know?!” Max asked shocked.

“He had already been called into the appointment before I left the bathroom.” Harry said pathetically as Max examined his hand and carried him into the kitchen to fix it up.

“This hand is badly bruised, Harry.” Max told him as he spread a topical paste onto it to ease the swelling after sitting Harry on the kitchen table.

Nasta was sniffing around his arm and growling, he tugged Harry’s shirt from him and threw it straight into the bin.

“Hey! I liked that shirt.” Harry complained weakly.
“It smells like the man that attacked you!” Nasta growled and Harry ducked away.

Nasta cuddled him then and kissed him softly, rumbling soothingly in his throat to calm him whilst simultaneously rubbing his scent upon him. Harry purred and snuggled in tighter.

“Do you want a nap, Harry?” Max asked softly as he presented him with a sugary, fruit squash drink.

Harry shook his head as he carefully sipped the strong squash, he felt less shaky almost immediately.

“Do you want to cuddle up on the settee?”

Harry nodded and allowed himself to be carried into the living room and settled down on the cushions. He was drifting in and out of sleep when the fire went green and Blaise landed perfectly on the carpet with Braiden strapped into his carrycot.

Harry couldn’t place his finger on what was wrong, but something about Blaise screamed feral and Harry sat up straighter.

“Pass Braiden to me, Blaise.” Harry coaxed.

Blaise immediately handed the carrycot over, but caught Harry’s arm gently, snarling as he caught sight of the bruising.

“It’s alright.” Harry assured. “Max sorted it out for me; I popped that bastard’s nose and jaw as well.”

“I should have protected you!” Blaise hissed.

“You can't always protect me, Blaise. I’m a big boy; I can take care of myself.”

“You shouldn’t have to.” Max answered sadly. “We’re here to look after you.”
Harry sighed and unstrapped Braiden from his carrycot, he held his baby up to his nose and inhaled deeply before cuddling his son into the crook of his arm and snuggling down further between Max and Nasta.

“Can I have a story please?” He asked a bit childishly, but Max grinned and picked up the book they had been reading together for the past month.

None of the others had ever been involved in his and Max’s quality time together, but Harry was sure Max would forgive this one intrusion as he cracked open the book to where they had left it off and started reading in the soft silence that had taken over the settee.

The others remained silent as Harry cuddled Braiden and listened to Max’s storytelling. He felt calm and relaxed and it was no wonder to Max that half an hour later Harry was fast asleep and Braiden was getting fussy.

“Take him to bed would you?” Max asked, not really directing his question at anyone as he eased Braiden from Harry’s sleep slack arms and took him for a bottle.

Draco followed him into the kitchen and Max groaned as he lowered himself into a chair to feed the baby.

“I can’t believe it’s only been four days since Harry gave birth.” Draco stated, looking at the feeding baby. “He’s gotten bigger.”

“The Healer was pleased with Braiden’s progress.” Blaise told them as he walked into the kitchen and poured himself some pumpkin juice from the cold storage cupboard.

“Anything wrong or we need to worry about?” Draco asked a bit too quickly for casual.

“Nothing. Harry birthed a very strong, very healthy baby boy. He’s gaining weight steadily, he’s growing, all his organs are working properly, his immune system is advanced for his age and his reflexes are all normal.” Blaise told them happily as he stroked Braiden’s deeply suckling cheek.

Nasta walked in and grinned at them.

“What has you so happy?”
“I found all the sex toys. That sneaky minx didn’t even move them out of the bedroom.”

“We searched every cupboard and corner of that room!” Draco denied.

“They were piled on the bed, underneath Harry’s very handy invisibility cloak.” Nasta stated with a chuckle.

Draco thunked his head on the table and groaned.

“Did you find that damnable skirt?” Max asked as he burped Braiden.

Nasta shook his head. “It was the only thing I didn’t find.”

“I found that.” Blaise put in. “Harry shoved it at the bottom of the nappy bag we took to the hospital.”

“Good, give it to me. I can’t see him wearing it anymore; my balls are so full they’re aching.” Max complained as he rocked Braiden to sleep.

Blaise pulled the skirt from his pocket and passed it to Max, who threw it out the back door and set it alight with his wand.

“I hope I never have to see Harry wearing something like that again.” He groaned as he placed a sleeping Braiden into the bassinet next to the kitchen table. “Now who want’s what for dinner?”

Harry woke up slowly and he stretched fully. He rolled over and his memory came back to him in sections. He looked to his hand, which was no longer swollen, no longer cut and bruised, but it was aching.

Harry frowned and slumped onto the mattress. He could smell dinner cooking and his belly rumbled. He placed his uninjured hand onto his now very minimally bumped stomach. He was
almost back to normal, only not really as he had retained eight pounds of weight, which made him look healthier and his mates enjoyed the view. Harry smirked and rubbed a hand down his own body. He shivered from the contact and grinned.

He rolled over and then it clicked that whoever had taken him to bed must have found out where he had stashed the sex toys. He pouted and looked for his skirt before remembering that he had left the nappy bag with Blaise. Cursing Harry got up and shimmied out of his pyjama bottoms.

He looked down at himself and laughed as he kicked off his boxers and headed down the stairs. If he couldn’t wear his skirt, he wouldn’t wear anything. Either way he was getting sex tonight or he was going to owl Ginny for more toys and little outfits, in fact he might do that anyway. He’d just bribe Ginny with a little details about his sexual life and he’d get another box of toys, he’d of course send her the money for it, but then again how much did sex toys cost? How much would he have to send to her? Max would know, but he couldn’t exactly ask, he doubted if he would even get an answer.

Harry chuckled almost silently as he saw his mates setting the table for dinner. He walked in and adored the look on Draco’s pink coloured face as a plate slipped from his fingers and shattered on the floor.

Max spun around as Nasta hefted Draco into his arms and away from the broken porcelain.

“Are you alright? Nothing landed on your foot did it?” Nasta asked panicked.

Draco slowly shook his head mutely and Nasta, with a feeling of déjà vu, turned to look at the kitchen door, where Harry stood wearing nothing but an evil looking smile.

He swallowed harshly and wanted to hit his head against the cabinet, they should have just let him have his damned skirt back.

“Why…why don’t you go and get some clothes on, Harry? It’s not that warm anymore.” Max tried, even as the lowering sun was still shining and the heat from the outside was drifting in through the open back door.

“I’m lovely and warm.” Harry answered as he picked up Braiden and after pulling off his little dungarees, his white shirt and his bodysuit, leaving just his nappy on, he sat at the kitchen table and cuddled his son to his chest, giving him skin-on-skin contact.

“You look gorgeous like that.” Max told him.

Harry saw something out of the corner of his eyes and turned around just in time to see Max putting away the camera.
“You had better not have taken a photo of me!” Harry hissed as he held Braiden flat out on his chest.

“Would I do that?” Max asked with a massive grin.

“Would Harry sit naked in the kitchen as we’re about to eat?” Draco replied dryly as he finished putting out the plates as Nasta fixed the broken one on the floor.

Blaise chuckled as he claimed the seat next to Harry and scooted his chair over to cuddle against Harry and Braiden.

“I changed him for the first time when you were in bed.” Blaise admitted proudly.

Harry grinned and kissed Blaise’s cheek.

“Good, now you have no excuses not to change him when I ask you to.” Harry said back.

Blaise chuckled again and kissed Braiden’s cheek.

“We have a beautiful, healthy baby boy, Harry. Thank you.”

Harry blushed a bit and quickly looked down to Braiden, whose cornflower blue eyes were open and looking up at the both of them.

“I think he knows who we are to him.” Harry said softly.

“Of course he does, Harry. How could he not know you are his Mother?”

“Yeah he spent the first six months of his life listening to your voice.” Max hollered from the oven where he was taking out a large side of salmon. “Poor kid.”
Harry hissed at Max, but couldn’t bring himself to stay even remotely angry as he sunk back into his soft, calm bubble with Blaise and Braiden. He made sure to keep as much eye contact with Braiden as he could, he adored his son’s blue eyes and he was almost sad to see the day come when they would change colour.

“Here you go.” Max interrupted with a flourish as he served them dinner.

Harry tucked Braiden into his left arm in a position where they still had skin-on-skin contact and he could eat comfortably, he was glad that Max had cooked salmon for dinner and not something that required the actual use of a knife, he really did not want to put Braiden down at the moment.

They ate normally, as if Harry wasn’t wearing just his skin at the dinner table, until Harry had finished eating and Braiden started fussing for his own dinner.

Harry stood up unashamedly and boiled the electric kettle to make up a bottle for Braiden, showing off his body in a long, lean line for his mates’ perusal. Draco choked on a bite of salmon, Blaise stopped chewing with his mouth still full, Max bent his fork when he clenched his hand into a tight fist and Nasta appeared to have stopped breathing.

Harry made up the bottle and instead of sitting back down, he turned to face his mates and fed Braiden standing up, ignoring his own hardness that was pressing against his belly and ignoring the four of them as he attentively fed his son, who was going to be put down for the night very soon and then… then the real games would begin.

“Please put something on.” Draco almost whispered.

“Why? It’s such a nice day, I was thinking of laying outside for a bit when Braiden has been put down.”

“Outside?” Max croaked his body tensing so much that Harry feared for the table top that his biggest mate had a death grip on. “I put away all of the blankets.”

“That’s alright, Max, I prefer the grass under my body anyway and I still have to dismantle my old nest, I’m sure there are some blankets in there. I can’t actually remember what I used to build it.”

A splintering sound accompanied Nasta diving for Max’s hand before it could go through the solid wood table and they gripped hands like one of them was dangling over a five thousand foot cliff and the only thing saving them from certain death was their grip on that one hand.

Braiden finished his bottle and Harry burped him confidently, wiping away the small amount of
spit up from his baby’s chin and giving him a sound kiss on those pouty little lips.

“I’m going to put this little monster to bed, make sure you have one of the three way monitors switched on.”

Harry walked out of the kitchen without looking back, even though he could feel the burning gaze of four sets of eyes watching him. He climbed the stairs and went into his bedroom with a laugh.

“We did it, Braiden baby! We’re getting some love tonight, so you be a good boy tonight and wake up in four hours exactly. This is not a day where Mummy wants you to break out of your routine. I’ll promise you that I’ll beat your Daddies into agreeing when you want to join the Hogwarts house Quidditch team. I’ll be on your side and I’ll be in those crowds cheering you on every second of every game, your Daddies will not stop you from doing what you want to, just give Mummy this one night, please.”

Harry changed the wet nappy that had started to make Braiden grizzle and dressed him in a clean bodysuit and overlaid it with a light blue sleepsuit that had little yellow ducks on it.

Harry cuddled him in his arms and hummed lightly to get him to sleep, Braiden yawned and Harry mentally cooed, wishing he had his camera. Braiden’s eyelids slowly drooped and within moments he was fast asleep as Harry slowed his humming and finally stopped.

Harry watched Braiden’s little chest raise and fall for a moment before he put him into the bassinet and covered him over with a light summer blanket, making sure that Braiden’s little feet touched the end of the bassinet, before he switched on the monitor and picked up the third one.

He made sure he could hear Braiden breathing over the monitor before he opened the bedroom window and leapt out, unfurling his wings as he did so. He closed the bedroom window from the outside so no bugs could get to Braiden and then he went up to his abandoned nest.

He looked at it and grinned. Odd memories came to him of just lying about sunning himself, a bit like he was doing now, he mused as he pulled out his full Dracken attributes so he wouldn’t get sun burnt. He started dismantling the mess and he was incredibly amused at what he found, including three of the eighteen set of woven linen coasters Max had. Why he had needed three coasters to build up his nest he didn’t know, but he had wanted them at the time and he had had them.

Harry walked through the backdoor with an arm full of curtains and the front room rug he had borrowed and he grinned bashfully at Max’s shocked face.

“You robbed my damn curtains?”

“I’m sorry?” Harry stated, not even trying to sound apologetic. “I found your three missing coasters as well; I guess Caesar wasn’t to blame for those going missing after all.”
Harry placed the three coasters down on the table top and laughed all the way to the front room to replace the rug.

It was astonishing to see what he had actually used in his nest as he pulled it apart, his mates helping him when they realised what he was doing. It took an hour before the roof top was clear once again and everything was either put away or put in a safe place for cleaning. Harry hadn’t realised exactly how much blood he had gotten everywhere.

“Damn it, you puffed up this nest with some absolute rubbish.” Draco complained as he rubbed his back. Harry wondered if this was the first time that Draco had done any manual labour and decided it was best not to ask.

“My favourite pyjamas are not rubbish.” Blaise complained as he critically checked every inch of the silk pyjamas, Harry had loved how they had felt on his skin.

Big fingers stroked Harry’s right wing and the sensation it caused sent him to his knees with a moan. He looked over his shoulder to glare at Max, who was staring at him through lust blown eyes.

“You could have caught me.” Harry whined as he showed Max his grazed knees.

“We can’t be having that.” Max whispered, his voice once again gone deep as he picked Harry up from the floor and jumped off of the roof, his huge, bright blue wings snapping open to save them from a nasty fall.

They landed harmlessly on the grass and Harry rolled a bit more than he would have, just because the feel of the sun warmed grass on his naked skin was wonderful. He giggled as he rolled.

Max caught him under his body and pinned him to the grass and full out snogged him, not even a polite, but passionate kiss on the lips first, just full out tongue in mouth snogging. Harry let out a startled moan and wrapped himself around Max, who shredded his own shirt to feel skin on skin quicker.

“You’ve been teasing all day.” Max growled as his Dracken side took over, the hand clenching in his hair a testament to that. “Do you know how hard it was for me to watch all of that glorious skin glisten under the sunlight and not touch it, not taste it?”

“You wouldn’t give me what I needed!” Harry snarled back as Max clumsily kicked off his shorts.
Harry grinned as he realised that Max had gone commando.

The other three landed around them and Harry barely spared them a glance, but the little flick of the eyes he had given made Max clench his hair harder.

“Calm down, Max.” Nasta growled as he elbowed him away.

Max snarled but allowed Nasta to lean over him as well. They kissed him together, both of their tongues forcing their way into his mouth and Harry arched into their touches.

The two older dominants separated as they seemed to have entered a dominance battle with their own tongues as they each tried to get the other to submit, Harry was having none of it as he rolled over and crawled to Blaise, who was already being fucked by Draco.

“You two move fast.” Harry panted with a grin.

Blaise yanked him down and under his own body, kissing him and penetrating him with two fingers at the same time. Harry yelped but wrapped his arms around Blaise’s neck to tug on his hair.

Blaise, it seemed, had very little patience and deemed a few thrusts with two fingers enough preparation as he pulled out his fingers and pressed himself immediately into Harry, who arched himself back and canted his hips to try and ease Blaise inside.

Draco was not feeling very thoughtful as he did not even slow down to give Harry a chance to accommodate Blaise, who was being shoved into Harry’s body with every harsh thrust from Draco. Harry let out a small mew and Blaise immediately moved one hand from its previous position of clawing the grass to clench around his cock.

The pain ebbed away under Blaise’s strokes and Harry started moving into Draco’s thrusts, sandwiching Blaise between them. Harry went with Draco’s thrusts, not Blaise’s who it seemed didn’t know what to do or whose thrusts to go with or against. He just shuddered and let them do as they pleased with his body in the middle.

“Fuck, would you look at that, Nas?” Max groaned gutturally as he tugged on himself.

“Looks like our three little ones decided to start without us.”

“We didn’t take that long to get undressed did we?”
Harry grinned at their banter, before his eyes rolled back into his head as Blaise was pushed into his prostate. He let out a soft moan and rolled his head back in the grass, pushing his hips up further to take as much as Blaise could give him.

Draco let out a grunt and stilled on top of Blaise and Harry kept pushing himself on Blaise until Blaise let out a choked moan and flooded Harry’s insides. It took the kiss to his neck to get Harry to go over the edge.

Max pulled him out from under the pile of bodies and fused their mouths together. They broke apart only when air became a necessity.

“You wanted this, Harry, you've been hinting for days and today was torture.” Max told him in a lust roughened voice. “I don’t think I can be gentle.”

“I don’t want it gentle.” Harry exclaimed as he pushed his lips to Max’s and wrapped his arms and legs around him.

Max lifted him up and slipped himself inside and sat Harry back on his lap. Harry’s breath hitched in his throat as he sunk down on Max’s full length. He felt like Max was buried in his lungs.

“Are you alright?” Nasta whispered into his ear, pressing against his back.

Harry gurgled as he leant back and kissed Nasta, who held his head so he wouldn’t hurt his neck and pushed his tongue down his throat.

Max pushed up and Harry broke the kiss with a gasp as his back arched further, his spine bowing until his stomach was touching Max’s as his head was angled backwards to look at Nasta.

“You look gorgeous all bendy and pleasure flushed.” Max growled pushing into him harder and faster.

Nasta pushed up tight against his back and forced his bowed spine straight as he rubbed himself against his lower back.

“Nasta! Nasta please.” Harry begged, knowing what he wanted but not able to articulate his words enough to ask for it.
“You want this?” Nasta asked as he rubbed the head of himself at the point where Max’s was sliding in and out of him.

“Please, please, please!” Harry begged as he tried to move a hand to grip Nasta and press him inside with Max.

“Ah ah ah, Harry, bad boy.” Nasta scolded fakely as he slapped a bum cheek.

Harry’s breath hitched again.

“You like that do you, love?” Nasta asked as he slapped the other cheek.

“Nasta, please.”

Nasta pushed Max over onto his back and Harry was pulled with him until his bum was being held in the air by Max’s hands on his hips. Nasta took full advantage of this and slapped both of his cheeks in quick succession.

Harry moaned at the stinging sensation and the gorgeous burning ache deep inside of him that he adored so much. Draco crawled over and Harry accepted the silky tongue into his mouth and those smooth hands on his chest, before those fingers pinched together to twist his nipples.

“Draco!” Harry called out. Nasta smacked him sharply and Harry grunted with the impact.

“Please just push in me already!” Harry almost ordered as he felt Nasta brush up against his burning cheeks.

Nasta let out a purely masculine laugh as he pressed the head of himself to Harry’s entrance. He applied a bit of pressure as Max continued to thrust into him steadily.

Nasta smoothly popped himself past the first ring of muscle and Harry squeezed his eyes closed against the pain, that is until Nasta pressed Max into his prostate. His eyes snapped open and he screamed as Max hit the little ‘O’ shaped gland dead on.

Nasta pushed in completely in one fluid move of his hips and Harry fell against Max’s chest, not even trying to hold up his own weight as he let two of his mates possess his body as a third tried to eat the inside of his mouth.
A hand that was too small to be anyone else’s but Blaise’s encircled his burning cock and Harry shivered the full length of his body as that smooth hand stroked fluidly, but slowly. A complete contrast to the strong, fast thrusts both Max and Nasta had taken on and the distracting movements of Draco’s tongue in his mouth.

Harry orgasmed first and both Max and Nasta forced their own orgasms down as Blaise stopped stroking him and started squeezing his balls instead.

Harry ripped his mouth away from Draco’s and screamed as his hips bucked uncontrollably into Max’s as Nasta sped up further behind him.

Max moved then and grabbed Blaise from his position next to their bodies and laid him on his chest so Blaise’s back was against his chest. Harry made a soft questioning noise and Max groped around for his cock and pressed it to Blaise’s opening, which was slick with Draco’s previous release.

Harry slipped into Blaise easily and Harry mouthed wordlessly at the sensation of being taken and taking at the same time. No wonder Blaise was always the most satisfied after group sex like this.

“I feel left out.” Draco muttered from beside them, his mouth still inches from Harry’s.

“I have a spare cock, you have a spare opening.” Blaise managed to get out as he pushed himself onto Harry.

“I won’t be able to move if more weight is added.” Max complained laboriously as he exerted nearly all of his energy just to keep thrusting.

Blaise was lying completely on his chest and Harry was straddling his hips, Harry peeked behind himself to see Nasta’s legs spread over the top of Max’s pinning them to the ground. It was a wonder that Max could move at all.

“You don’t need to move.” Nasta growled as he let go of Harry’s hips and stilling himself inside of Harry he reached over and pulled Draco to straddle Blaise’s body, turning him until his back was against Harry’s chest and helped him to sink down onto Blaise.

Draco hissed and Blaise groaned in the back of his throat. Max grunted as the air was forcibly expelled from his lungs with the addition of Draco’s considerable weight onto his chest.

“My ribs are buckling.” He complained, but he wrapped his arms around Blaise’s shoulder’s and took hold of Draco’s cock, stroking it as he threw his own head back and relaxed as much as he was able to as Nasta took control of everything, thrusting into Harry, which caused Max to press
into his prostate and pushed Harry forward into Blaise, who jerked upwards into Draco.

It was messy, awkward, jarring at times as someone’s elbow caught someone’s body wrong, but it was so amazing as Harry orgasmed once again, bringing Max and Nasta with him. Blaise gave in next and Draco finally let go into Max’s hand.

“Okay, off!” Max wheezed, rolling all three of them off of his chest and onto the grass. Nasta moved back before he got rolled over by Max’s legs. “I can’t handle all of your weights post-coital. You’re just too heavy when you’re all boneless.”

Harry giggled and curled up as his body ached pleasantly.

“That was amazing.” He told them all.

“Can you please start wearing normal clothing now?” Draco begged. “Or at least actual clothing. Anyone could have come around today and seen you in that skirt.”

“No they couldn’t.” Harry answered. “I flooed everyone this morning and told them that I was going to spend the day fucking you all senseless on as many surfaces as I could and that I didn’t appreciate an audience. Your Mother was particularly shocked, Draco.”

All of them turned to look at him in horror and when Harry showed no sign that he was joking they started stumbling over their words.

“Dad will slaughter you if Mum doesn’t get to you first.” Max announced seriously.

“Mum’s going to be scarred for life.” Blaise stated.

“Dad’s going to flip.” Nasta sighed as he flopped back onto the grass.

“You spoke to Mother like that?” Draco demanded. “Father is never going to forgive this!”

“You lot need to grow a funny bone.” Harry giggled. “Of course I never worded it like that. I can’t
believe you’d think I would! I said that I needed a day or two to settle myself down after the fight with Amelle.”

“Thank Merlin.” Draco mumbled.

The sun was setting as they lay in the cooling grass, none of them bothering to move as they all rolled over, groaning and complaining, to cuddle against one another. Harry ended up with Blaise, Draco and Nasta on one side of him and Max on the other, Blaise being cuddled in the very middle.

“I want a bed.” Harry told the other’s through a jaw breaking yawn as sleepiness settled in.

“Go and get in one then.” Max told him, his gorgeous blue eyes closed.

“I can’t move. Max, carry me to bed.”

“Any other time I would love to hear you say that, Harry love, I would even joke and salaciously beg for sex, but as my chest feels like it can’t support itself, let alone anyone else, I’m going to have to apologise and push you towards Nasta, even though the thought breaks my heart.”

Harry giggled sleepily as he moved from his spot in the line-up and crawled slowly and achingly to Nasta and flumped on him, completely spent of energy.

“Take me to bed, Nasta, please?”

Nasta just grunted, that could have been anything really, but the clue was that he didn’t move from his position.

“Please take me to bed.” Harry begged.

Draco forced himself upright and stood up groaning like an old man.

“I feel like death.” He whined, but he stooped down and picked Harry up and started carrying him to the house.
“We can get the best position in the bed.” Harry told him. “Right in the very middle, cuddled up together.”

Draco chuckled roughly. “Sounds like a plan, love.”

Draco settled him down once they had climbed the mountain they called the stairs and the both of them snuggled up together in the centre of the bed. Harry rolled over and peeked into the bassinet just to check on Braiden, who hadn’t moved an inch from where Harry had placed him, his little chest raising and falling softly, his little breaths only just loud enough to be heard if everything else was silent. Harry tucked the blanket around his little side more firmly and with a soft kiss to his little head, Harry rolled back towards Draco and cuddled up again.

“How is he?” Draco asked with his silver eyes closed.

“He’s fine. Sleeping like a pro.”

Draco chuckled and wrapped his arms more firmly around Harry’s waist. It took a while before Nasta showed up with Blaise, Blaise was already fast asleep and Nasta tucked him up next to Harry and took a stirring Braiden straight downstairs for a bottle. Max stumbled up before Nasta came back and he claimed the largest part of the remaining bed space, which was behind Blaise.

Nasta came back up with a happily fed and changed Braiden and put him back into the bassinet carefully, making sure his feet were to the bottom and that the summer blanket was tucked under him before he came around the bed and climbed in behind Draco. The four of them slept soundly for four hours when Braiden woke up at two in the morning for another feed. It was a groggy and very sleepy Max who was brave enough to roll out of the bed to feed the baby and Harry smiled, knowing that the next time Braiden woke up at six in the morning it would be his turn to take the screaming baby.

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Alexander's Birthday

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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Chapter Forty-Five – Alexander’s Birthday

Harry woke up with a groan and rolled over minimally to hear the squawking of an angry, unhappy baby. He sighed heavily and fought his way out from between his lovers’ bodies to reach the baby.

Braiden was five days old, almost a week and Harry was already bone tired and weary. Not that he didn’t love his son, he did, very much. He just wished that Braiden would sleep a bit later, until perhaps ten in the morning like he wanted to, so that he didn’t have to take so many naps during the day to stop himself from collapsing.

Harry scooped up Braiden and glared at the four other men in the bed, there was no way any of them were still asleep, yet none of them so much as opened their eyes.

Sighing Harry made his way down the stairs to feed Braiden and to get him into a clean nappy because he was wet. Harry could feel the heaviness of the nappy in his hand; Braiden had to have been so uncomfortable.

“Alright, love, let’s get you out of this nappy and into a nice warm bath, hmm?”

Harry walked into the downstairs bathroom and stripped Braiden and left him lying on the foam changing mat. This one was white with little blue elephants depicted on it.
Harry filled the little plastic bath and again checked the temperature manually and magically before washing his son’s face and hair, before lowering the screaming baby into the water to wash his body.

“Seriously Braiden, you need to take a bath, I don’t know why you don’t like it, I love baths and I’m pretty sure Blaise does too. Although he’s never had one, he prefers showers, but you’re too young to have a shower, so you’ll have to make do with the bath.”

Harry quickly finished bathing Braiden and got him out of the bath as soon as he could, exhaling in relief as he emptied the water down the plughole and dressed Braiden, who was soothing himself by sucking his fingers.

Harry grinned at the cute picture that Braiden made and he carried him quickly out into the kitchen and snapped a picture of him before making his son his breakfast. It was half past seven when he finished and there wasn’t a sign of his mates anywhere.

His stomach growled loudly, so placing Braiden into the bassinet in the kitchen, he made himself something to eat and washed up after himself, it was now eight o’clock and his mates were still in bed.

“Just me and you Braiden love, some quality time between Mummy and baby.” Harry chuckled and carried Braiden out into the back garden with an armful of blankets and three chairs floating behind him.

Harry placed the chairs in a triangle with their seats facing outwards and he draped three of the blankets over the chairs and placed two others on the ground between the chairs, before crawling into his little fort with Braiden and a book.

“You’re a little young for this, love, but I’ll read it to you anyway, it’s something for us to do until your lazy Fathers’ get out of bed.”

Harry settled Braiden on his lap, supporting him upright as his son peered around him with big blue eyes as Harry opened the book and started reading from the beginning. It was a children’s book, but as Braiden was only five days old, Harry rather thought that even picture books were beyond his son at the moment.

An amused head popped into his fort at half eight and Harry smiled sweetly back at Nasta.

“Hey Max, I found the missing chairs.” Nasta called out. “They seem to have a few stowaways between them.”
Max came out into the back garden and peered over Nasta’s shoulder and into the fort.

“Seriously? This is what you do in the mornings when left to your own devices for a few hours?” Max asked him with a long suffering sigh.

“I could take an extra-long bath, oil up my body and walk around in a little skirt all day if you’d prefer it.”

“I burnt that offending piece of cloth.” Max growled.

Harry just grinned at them and winked saucily.

“You have more. Dear Merlin, he has more!” Max breathed in horror, first to Harry and then to Nasta, who looked a little shell shocked.

“Well then, let’s leave Harry’s little house up and…”

“It’s not a house it’s a fort.” Harry interrupted.

“Alright, let’s leave Harry’s fort up and use the remaining chairs for breakfast, we need to go shopping today.”

“Why?” Harry asked curiously as he was helped out from inside the fort and led inside for breakfast.

“It’s my grandfather’s birthday tomorrow, love; I need to get him a present.” Max answered.

Harry remembered then a conversation that seemed a long time ago, when he was at the Dracken meeting. He remembered Alexander inviting him to his birthday on the twentieth of August and Harry swearing to go, even if he had to be wheeled there in a wheelchair if he was heavily pregnant. He grinned, Braiden had come early, Braiden was born and Harry could go to Alexander’s birthday without worry of collapse due to pregnancy.
“I forgot, I can’t wait!” Harry exclaimed in excitement before his face fell. “Oh, will Caesar and Amelle be there?”

Max looked a little worried, but attempted a brave grin. “Caesar will definitely be there, but I’m not sure about Amelle, she might be there. Please behave; the entire family will be there.”

“I’ll behave if she does.”

Far from reassuring Max, Harry’s statement seemed to make his face fall more.

“Harry, my entire family will be there. My Dad isn’t the only child my grandparents had; he’s only one of thirty children. Though he is the youngest, which is why my grandparents are around him almost all day every day.”

Harry was sure his mouth was on the floor as he looked at Max.

“Your Dad is the youngest of thirty?” He repeated. “And all thirty are going to be at the party tomorrow?”

“Yes, they’re all scattered around the world with their own families, so this get together is a huge thing.”

“You have twenty-nine aunts and uncles?” Harry asked for confirmation.

Max grinned and pulled Harry into a chair, giving him a loving kiss.

“Yes Harry, I have twenty-nine aunts and uncles and I lost count of how many cousins.”

“I don’t have to meet them all do I?”

“Of course, but so do the others.” Max grinned.
“You’re enjoying this.” Nasta groused as he sat down next to Harry and cupped the back of Braiden’s head with a large hand.

“Yeah, but I like teasing all of you.” Max said fondly, looking at the three of them lovingly. Harry smiled back at him and blew Max a kiss.

Max mimicked catching the kiss and instead of leaving it at that, Max mimed pushing the ‘kiss’ down his throat. Harry laughed and Nasta rolled his eyes good naturedly.

“You’re impossible; do you want help with breakfast?” Nasta offered.

“I don’t know why you keep asking, I always say no.” Max teased as he opened up his cold storage cupboard and started pulling out ingredients. “What do you fancy, Harry?”

“Oh I already had breakfast.” Harry answered distractedly as Braiden had stuffed two of his fingers into his mouth again and was happily sucking on them.

Unbeknownst to Harry, Max and Nasta shared a look over his head.

“Are you sure?” Max asked, looking like he was expecting to be hit.

“Am I sure what?” Harry asked, picking his head up to look at Max.

“That you’ve eaten today?”

Harry frowned at Max. “Of course I’m sure I ate today. I’m not stupid.”

“Max wasn’t implying that you were stupid, Harry.” Nasta cut in smoothly and soothingly. “Do you want something else to eat? Just a small portion.”

Harry sighed and nodded. “Sure, but make sure it really is a small portion. I’m not hungry and I
“I don’t like wasting food.”

“You bleeding heart you, thinking of all those starving kids in the world.”

Harry looked at Max like he had grown an extra leg out of his forehead.

“No, I don’t like wasting food because I was starved as a child.” He responded dryly as he tended to Braiden.

Max and Nasta both stiffened as they were reminded of this little fact and a slow growl trickled from Max’s throat.

Nasta shot him a look and with a snort he turned and started making breakfast, muttering inaudibly to himself as Nasta turned to face Harry.

“How often were you starved, Harry?” He asked gently.

“I didn’t mean for you to turn that comment into therapy time. I was being truthful; I don’t like wasting food because I never had much when I was younger.” Harry shrugged.

“Please answer the question.” Nasta pleaded.

Harry sighed and resigned himself to digging through painful memories so early in the morning.

“Often.” Harry answered with a sigh after he had thought about it. “They used food and isolation as a punishment; if I did something they perceived as wrong then I was locked in the cupboard without food. It was just another way they could control me.”

Harry startled as Nasta pulled him into his arms.

“You didn’t deserve to be treated that way.” He told him thickly.

“I know, Nas. I knew then that what they were doing wasn’t right, I just never realised how bad it
actually was. I think I was still clinging to the lost hope that they loved me.”

Nasta’s arms clenched and held him tighter, laying kisses against his neck.

“You know you are so very loved by us don’t you?”

“Of course. I love you just as much.” Harry replied.

“Good, because we do love you and we don’t want those people messing this up for us, we love you, Harry. We love all that you are, all that you were and all that you will be.”

“And any sprogs you give us are just as loved.” Max cut in, chucking Braiden under the chin lightly, his dark green apron covering his body, whisk in hand.

Harry chuckled and gave a kiss to Braiden.

“What the hell is a sprog?” Blaise demanded as he walked into the kitchen and kissed Braiden’s little mouth and then Harry’s.

“A kid, a baby, a child, a little monster from hell, a brat…”

“We get the picture.” Nasta replied dryly from the other side of Harry. “Blaise, was Draco up when you came down?”

“He’s in the bathroom.” Blaise replied with an eye roll. “We’ll be waiting another half an hour for him to make an appearance.”

“I heard that, Zabini!” Draco scowled as he strode into the kitchen and after the morning kisses he sat down and started a glaring contest with Blaise.

“Ease off you two. Here.” Max said as he put two plates of pancakes in front of them along with an assortment of sliced and diced fruit.
“Oh you didn’t say you were making pancakes!” Harry burst out as he snatched Draco’s plate from him and cuddled with the plate to stop an angry Draco from snatching it back, wrapping an arm around it protectively.

Max chuckled and passed his own plate to Draco before making up some more batter to make even more pancakes, watching unobtrusively as Harry ate a sized portion meant for Draco and if Harry was to be believed, which they had no reason not to, then this was his second breakfast as well.

“Harry, please make sure you chew your food before attempting to swallow it.” Nasta chastised as he firmly, but gently thumped Harry’s back when he started choking.

His airways cleared Harry grinned sheepishly and thanked Nasta before actually picking up his unused knife to cut his pancakes, which he had covered with honey and a mix of blueberries, raspberries and sliced kiwi fruits.

Max served Harry with two fresh pancakes, gave Draco another one, Blaise another two and Nasta another three before he settled down to eat himself.

Harry polished off his plate and sat back to rub his belly. Which felt very full and uncomfortably bloated.

“When did you become pregnant again?” Draco teased, poking his belly making Harry moan in discomfort and half-heartedly swat at the blond.

“None of your business!” Harry replied sluggishly.

“What if it’s mine?” Draco asked affronted.

“It’s mine.” Harry managed a small grin. “I’ve only had sex with myself and those wonderful toys. Can a toy get you pregnant?”

Max stifled a chuckle. “No, Harry. It’s nice seeing you this way though. I loved your pregnant body and now, knowing that your belly is caused by my cooking makes it very sexy.”

“As long as I don’t stay like this then I don’t mind being fat with a food baby for an hour.”
“Fat he says.” Nasta stated shaking his head. “I’ve seen more fat on a chicken bone.”

“Must have been one hell of a chicken.” Harry answered cheekily.

They all shared a laugh and Harry stayed where he was as he watched Max clear off the dishes and watched as Nasta got up to help him wash up. Draco left to finish the last few chapters of his current novel and Blaise took a fussy Braiden to spend some quality time with his son.

Harry flumped onto the table and groaned.

“I ate too much.” Harry complained. “This is your fault.” He directed towards Max’s back. “You and your cooking, making me feel all heavy and bloated.”

“I didn’t force you to eat.” Max answered, peering over one broad shoulder.

“You would have if I had said no because you didn’t believe I had already had breakfast.” Harry corrected.

Max looked slightly embarrassed, but he took it all in his stride.

“You need to eat as much as possible.” He defended.

“I’m not pregnant anymore.” Harry pointed out sullenly.

“It doesn’t matter; you look damn good when you’re full of food.” Max answered.

Harry sat up and growled.

“Knock it off the both of you.” Nasta cut in sharply, giving them both a steely glare.

Harry pouted and looked down at the table top. He heard Nasta sigh before he was pulled into a
“I didn’t mean to snap.” Nasta apologised softly as he held Harry against his chest. “I just wish that one day would go by without a single argument, debate or fight.”

“We weren’t really arguing.” Harry sniffled.

“A disagreement is the same as an argument.” Nasta said softly. “I’m sorry for upsetting you, Caru. Dw i’n dy garu di.”

Harry jumped a bit on his feet and Nasta chuckled softly as he wrapped his arms around Harry and pulled him up into a hug, loving that Harry wrapped his arms and legs around him tightly.

“Harry and I will be in his fort.” Nasta informed Max, who was watching them with a huge grin on his face as he wiped his wet hands on a tea towel.

Nasta carried him out the back and crawled, with Harry still in his arms, into the small space between the three chairs.

“Hell, it’s a tight fit in here!” Nasta complained.

“It was made for me and Braiden; of course it’s a tight fit.” Harry grinned.

“Maybe we could steal some more chairs and put in an extension.”

Harry chuckled and looked around his little fort. “If you get another chair that wall can extend outwards, but we’d need another blanket for the roof.”

Nasta smiled. “Or we could just cuddle up close to make more space.”

“I like that idea.” Harry answered as he held Nasta tightly and let himself be squeezed tightly so that neither of them were touching the chair legs.
Nasta smiled as he closed his eyes and listened to Harry’s soft breathing as they lay there quietly with only the sound of the birds singing in the trees of the orchard off to his left.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

It was the first time that Harry had been to Diagon Alley since he had been mated, impregnated and had given birth.

People stared, they pointed, they whispered as Harry pushed Braiden, snuggled in his knitted cosy toes, in a pram that he hadn’t even known that Draco had bought. Draco and Blaise were on either side of the pram, Nasta in front and Max was behind him. Harry knew they were subconsciously protecting him and the baby, but they did it so casually it looked natural as they searched the street for a gift for Alexander.

An elderly woman approached Harry and he shoved Blaise aside when it looked like his mate might actually go to attack her. He smiled at her instead as she peeked over the side of the pram to the sleeping baby within.

“Oh he’s a cute one.” She cooed. “Such a tiny little boy.”

She reached into her pocket and pulled out a bright silver Sickle, Harry saw Max wave his wand quickly and he nodded to Nasta with a relieved sigh and they watched and did nothing as the elderly woman tucked the coin into Braiden’s hand.

“For luck and wealth.” She said with a smile as Harry looked confused.

Harry watched the woman go and he looked at Braiden’s coin, held in his little hand. His fingers gripped it just over the half-way point of the coin. It was bigger than his closed fist.

“Aren’t you going to take the coin from him?” Draco asked. “You don’t know where it’s been or how many people have touched it, what if he puts it in his mouth, he could get sick.”

Harry eased the coin from Braiden’s grasp and looked at it consideringly before looking to the huge, white building that was Gringotts.

“I think we should open a bank vault for Braiden. This is his coin, he should keep it.”
Max chucked and shook his head fondly but he started moving towards Gringotts bank all the same and Harry followed. Several other elderly and not so elderly people pressed silver Sickles into Braiden’s hand until Braiden had two Galleons and eight Sickles to his name all in silver coins.

“This kid is going to be richer than we are if this carries on.”

“My arm is going to ache if this carries on.” Max mumbled as he waved his wand every time someone showed them a coin, just before anything was pressed to Braiden’s hand.

“Why are you doing that?” Blaise asked curiously.

“More than likely to check for jinxes or Portkeys.” Harry answered with an approving nod. Max nodded back.

“It’s an old trick that poachers use, they’d disguise themselves as well wishers and press a coin into the baby’s hand that was actually a Portkey that dumped the baby into a cage. My Dad used to scare us all with the stories when we were little to make sure that we didn’t accept anything off of strangers.” Max answered.

“My Dad told me the same.” Nasta nodded.

“My Mother never told me that.” Blaise said.

“She was so over protective of you, you didn’t go near any strangers to have them pass you any Portkeys.” Draco replied.

Blaise growled at the blond but Nasta clipped the both of them around the ear.

“Not in public!” Nasta hissed at them, scolding his two younger subordinates as they entered the bank and went up to a teller.

“Hello, we’d like to open a vault for my son.” Harry said to the free goblin, who stood up to peer at
the little baby in the pram.

“Yes, we had heard you had had a child. Name.”

“Braiden Blaise Enzo Zabini.”

The goblin wrote the name down and had Harry check the spelling of the names before he moved to the next question.

“Age of the vault owner.”

“Five days.”

“Birthdate.”

“Fourteenth of August, nineteen-ninety-seven.”

“Father’s name.”

“Blaise Mariano Zabini.”

“Mother’s name.”

Harry blushed a bit but answered promptly. “Harry James Potter.”

“Fill in this section.” The goblin told him, sliding the parchment form over.

Harry read the question and carefully counted the coins again before he filled in forty-two Sickles, he handed the form back after signing it, the goblin signed it and then held his hand out for the coins. Harry handed them over and watched as the goblin weighed them, before thanking him.
The five of them headed back out into the street and they met a wall of people with cameras and notepads. Harry had been expecting it, but he scowled all the same, even as Max moved to hold him around the shoulders. He had hoped to have gotten *some* shopping done today.

“Why do you need so many lovers?!” Was shouted out. Harry ignored it.

“Do you even know who the Father of your baby is?”

“What are your lovers’ names?”

“Is it true that two of your lovers are forty years old?!”

“Is it true you are dropping out of Hogwarts to become a catamite?!”

“Are the rumours that you are already pregnant again true?!”

“Are you planning another baby?!”

“How are you going to look after a baby when you go back to school?!”

“Is the baby a boy or a girl?!”

“What have you named the baby?!”

On and on and on it went until their voices drowned out one another and became a mass of screaming noise that woke Braiden from his sleep. Harry picked him up, still snuggled in his cosy toes and cuddled him fiercely as he turned his back to the cameras to shield his baby son.

“We’ll get you out of this, love.” Max promised, anger and loathing in his voice.

“Take Braiden and go, Max, I’m going to go collect me some tongues.”
Max chuckled. “You can’t rip out their tongues, Harry, we need to remain hidden remember? Though I’d like a head or two to mount on the wall, do you think they’d look better in the hallway or in the living room above the fire?”

Nasta came around the pram and passed Harry a slip of paper.

“It’s a Portkey; I suspected something like this so I had one made up ready. It’ll take you back to Max’s; it’s safe for Braiden as well.”

“What about Alexander’s present?” Harry asked.

“I’ll find him something.” Max answered.

“I wanted to enjoy some shopping.”

“I know. Let us sort this out and the next time we come, you will have endless hours to spend at pleasure shopping. We should have done this before we came, but with the birth…”

“Maybe not hours shopping.” Harry said with a grimace as Nasta trailed off. “But I did want to buy some outfits for Braiden now that I can actually see my own feet. I’ve got so many clothes for him, but I haven’t gotten him a single outfit from me. That doesn’t seem right to me.”

“We’ll bring you back next week, Myron is sorting it all out, I promise.” Nasta told him as he pushed the parchment into his hand more firmly and whispered something in a language he didn’t know.

He felt the jerk to his navel that signalled the activation of a Portkey and he cradled Braiden tightly against him as he spun around in tight circles until he landed hard on his knees in a pitch black room.

Harry groaned as his knees throbbed in pain and he clumsily got to his feet as Braiden squirmed against him. He took his wand from his shirt pocket and waved it to open the heavy curtains that Max hadn’t had time to open that morning before they had left for Diagon Alley. He was in the living room that Max called a parlour, the room that had a huge fireplace but it wasn’t connected to the floo.
“Stupid newspaper leeches.” Harry grumbled as he opened the door to the hallway and almost blinded himself with the light pouring through the glass front door and the large windowed kitchen at the other end of the hallway.

Harry went into the kitchen and placed Braiden down into the bassinet as he boiled the kettle. He needed a cup of honey tea to soothe his nerves and calm his adrenaline, Braiden was due a feed and he had left the nappy bag with the premade bottles of milk in the basket of the pram.

No sooner had Harry finished shaking the bottle of milk did Braiden start fussing for it. Harry cooled the milk down before smiling as he carefully eased his baby into his arms and pressed the bottle teat to his son’s cheek, watching as Braiden rooted for it, catching the teat between his lips and sucking and swallowing strongly. Suck and swallow, suck and swallow. Harry understood why Blaise loved watching Braiden feed, there was something mesmerising about watching Braiden suck and swallow continuously, his blue eyes flitting from shape to shape, but mostly remaining on Harry’s face, particularly his mouth.

All too soon Braiden was finished and Harry burped him over his shoulder, wiped away the spit up and he rocked the baby back to sleep as he picked up his cup of tea and took a large gulp one handed. The strong tea calmed him and the honey soothed him and he let out a relieved breath.

He looked around with Braiden snuggled into the crook of his arm as he thought of something he could do whilst he was stuck at home for an hour or two. He had a few more essays to complete, Blaise and Draco were helping him through it all seeing as he had spent half of August on the roof and had missed valuable essay time, but he didn’t really feel like doing an essay at the moment.

The kitchen was spotless, every room he went into was spotless, even the bedroom and bathroom after the mad rush to get ready to go out. He groaned, there was nothing to do, except…

Harry looked to the changing table that was in the corner of the bedroom and he moved to the hamper beside it filled with Braiden’s dirty clothing. He pulled them out and carried them down the stairs with Braiden carefully tucked into the crook of his arm as he measured each step of the stairs.

He boiled the kettle again and put the plug in the sink, searching through the cupboard under the sink until he found a box of non-biological powder and a bottle of Comfort Pure fabric softener. He knew exactly what to do as he scooped the right amount of powder into the sink, poured over the boiling water and dunked the clothes in it to soak. Mrs Weasley had told him that only boiling baby clothes would remove the spit up stains and sometimes not even then, some stains were so hard to remove that it was easier to just throw them away.

Harry waited until the water had cooled down enough to put his hand in and he placed Braiden into his bassinet before going to vigorously scrub the baby clothes. He rung them all out and placed them on the draining board, emptied the water and boiled the kettle again for more water. He filled the sink, poured in a capful of the pure fabric softener and washed the clothes again. He repeated his actions again, only this time he used just pure water to wash any lingering traces of softener off of the clothes before he rung them out and carried them outside to hang on Max’s small washing line. Max didn’t use it except for hand wash only clothes as they couldn’t be spelled dry or clean, the fabric started unravelling when introduced to certain spells.

Harry cleaned up the kitchen and washed his hands thoroughly before he made himself another cup
of honey tea and got a chair to stand on to get down a bar of fudge chocolate from the top shelf of the top cupboard where Max had put them to stop him from gorging himself on them. Max would kill him if he saw him eating the chocolate for lunch, but Harry didn’t want to cook anything at the minute and he wanted some chocolate.

Harry heard the floo going and he smiled, thinking his mates had come back, but it wasn’t Max or Nasta, Draco or Blaise who poked their twin heads into the kitchen.

“Fred! George!” Harry cried out happily as he hugged the both of them.

“We decided to come and visit.”

“Your lovers came into our shop and told us what happened outside Gringotts.”

“Terrible happenings. Every reporter from the Daily Prophet was there by the sounds of it and the Witch Weekly Magazine.”

“How do you know the different reporters?” Harry asked as he made them both a cup of tea and another one for himself.

“From the questions they asked. The Daily Prophet was more interested in you and the baby. Witch Weekly were more concerned about how large your men were down there.”

“What?” Harry asked, a hint of anger and disbelief in his voice as a spike of possessiveness went through him. He was so angry that he crushed a tea cup in his hand and he cursed vehemently as he started bleeding.

Harry run his hand under the tap as Fred waved his wand to repair the tea cup and George finished making the tea. Harry wrapped his hand in a tea towel and he was ushered to sit at the table before he was served his cup of tea.

“They never answered did they?” Harry asked as he glared into the depths of his tea.

“Of course they never answered you dolt.” George answered.
“Anyway, onto more happier topics. Are you using the baby book that George and I got you?” Fred asked.

“Of course I am. I love it.” Harry stood up and got the ivory and gold book from the bookshelf in the living room, making sure not to touch it with his bloodied hand.

He carried it back into the kitchen to see Fred and George cooing over the sleeping baby. He chuckled and puffed himself up in pride just a little bit.

He put the book on the table and turned it to face the twins and let them flip through the pictures and paragraphs of information, like how long Braiden was at birth, how much he weighed, when exactly he was born.

“This one’s cute.” Fred exclaimed as he showed a picture of Braiden sucking his fingers. It was the most recent picture.

“He only did that the other day. Draco developed them for me earlier when we were waiting for Max and Nasta to get out of the showers.”

“Mum wants to spoil him rotten, she even baked him biscuits the other day before Ginny pointed out he didn’t have any teeth yet.”

“He won’t get any teeth if Mum carries on.” Fred grumbled. “Start feeding him sweets and cakes and he’s going to get a sweet tooth and his teeth will rot out of his head before he’s four. We can replace them with Skele-Gro easily enough, but have you ever had to try and pull a child’s teeth and then feed them Skele-Gro? I’d rather take on a Death Eater armed with a broken hair brush.”

“Remember Bill when he was fourteen and he had that cavity from Honeydukes? Mum body-binded him, ripped out his tooth and forced the Skele-Gro down his throat and he didn’t stop screaming until his tooth had grown back in six hours later.”

“I think I handled taking Skele-Gro so well because it wasn’t just a tooth, it was my whole arm. It hurt so badly to grow back all the bones, but it was my arm! I wouldn’t miss a tooth, but I’d damn well miss my arm if it was gone.”

The twins chuckled and finished the last of their tea.
“I think we’ve been away for long enough, we took an extended lunch break to come and see you. Your lovers should be back soon.”

“It was nice catching up with you, Harry, don’t let the papers turn you mental. We can’t lose our baby brother.”

Fred winked and Harry chuckled. “Get lost the both of you, my son will be wanting another bottle soon. I can’t believe those men of mine have been gone for five hours, what are they doing?”

“Shopping.” George answered. “Draco took the point of the group and he’s insisting on going into every shop and looking at every item. The others looked so happy.”

Harry snorted. “I’ll just bet they are. I’ll make dinner today then; I don’t think Max will be up to doing anything when he gets home.”

“We’ll leave you to it then, come on, Forge.”

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

Harry kept dinner simple. Just a spaghetti carbonara, but he had only just plated the food and placed it on the table when his mates finally returned home. He heard the whoosh of the floo and he smiled at their perfect timing. He heard them talking, arguing and the rustle of carrier bags before everything went still and silent. There was a sudden growl.

Nasta was the first to smash into him, frightening him, pulling him up and searching every inch of him as his claws shredded his clothing to see underneath them.

“What are you doing?!?” Harry demanded as he found his voice at last.

They didn’t answer, though Harry shouted the question several times as he found himself stripped naked and pulled about like a doll. He practically screamed for them, but they ignored him still as his hand was seized and the bloody tea towel that he had dropped to the floor when he had started cooking was picked up and growled over. The cut had long since stopped bleeding, but as Nasta licked and sucked it, it started bleeding anew.

Harry tried explaining what had happened several times, but his mates shushed him and didn’t let him explain that he had broken a teacup, even when he raised his voice, they just growled louder.
Fed up and hungry, Harry kicked Nasta right between the legs and the bigger man’s immediate reaction was to drop Harry and go to his knees cupping himself as he almost retched from the pain.

Max stooped down to see to Nasta and the look he gave Harry made him equal parts upset and more angry.

“This has got to stop!” He screamed. “I don’t do this when you get injured! I don’t do this when Nasta comes home with a new burn, or Max comes home with a cauldron blister! I dropped a fucking tea cup! I cut myself on the shards, I dealt with it, it’s going to be fine. I have suffered through much worse than a damned cut to my hand. It’s not even deep! I know you’re concerned, but why can’t you just ask me what happened first like a normal person?! Why do I have to always be treated like a child with their first scraped knee?”

“Go upstairs.” Max ordered him. They hadn’t listened to a damn word he had just said.

“But I…”

“UPSTAIRS!” Max roared.

Harry fled and took refuge in the spare bedroom. He staved off his tears viciously. He wouldn’t cry over this incident. He wouldn’t. They were feral because of the blood that had been spilt. His blood. He knew that now, he had seen it in the way that Max had looked at him and he knew absolutely when he had yelled at him without listening to him.

He shouldn’t have kicked Nasta, he shouldn’t have argued, but he was damned sick of it! He was sorry he had hurt Nasta so much, he certainly hadn’t been aiming for between his legs, he had wanted a thigh or a knee, but he couldn’t undo what he had done and he curled up on the bed and ignored his bleeding hand and his growling stomach. How many times in his life had he had to do that before? Going to sleep hungry, in pain, in tears and covered in blood? It was nothing new to him and he slipped into sleep easily enough, his hand still bleeding and his belly still roaring.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

Harry woke up groggy and hungry. It was morning by the looks of the low light coming through the un-curtained windows. That or it was dusk.

His stomach clenched horribly and Harry clutched it as it cramped. He had forgotten what it felt like to go hungry, he wasn’t as used to it as he had thought he was, not anymore, and he wondered how he had ever coped with it when he had been less than half his age now.

He climbed out of the cold and lonely bed, noticing as he did so that he’d ruined the sheets and
pillow with blood from his hand. He hoped that the stain came out or he’d owe Max a new bed set.

Stretching gingerly as his stomach cramped furiously, Harry quietly made his way to the door and he opened it gently…to find all four of his mates asleep on the hallway floor. Harry looked back into the room and he frowned. The bedroom door looked like it had been hammered on and it had even splintered in places, but he hadn’t heard a thing. Had he done accidental magic and warded the room in his anger and upset? Probably, his magic was known for reacting to his emotions without him even knowing about it.

He gingerly stepped over them and went in search of Braiden and some clothes, though his six day old son was the higher priority. He was in the bedroom bassinet, happy and content, sleeping away with a patch of dried milk stained on his little chin. Harry smiled at him adoringly as he slept.

He made his way over to the dresser and took out clean boxers and socks before going to the walk-in wardrobe and picking out comfortable jeans and a tee-shirt before turning back to his son and picking him up gently to carry him downstairs.

The food he had made yesterday was still on the kitchen table, untouched and now inedible, and he sighed heavily. He hadn’t been the only one who had gone to sleep hungry then.

Harry made a bottle of milk for Braiden and a cup of tea for himself as he left them both to cool down; he cleared the table and washed the dirty plates. He made himself some toast but it gave him a bad taste in his mouth and he couldn’t handle more than a few bites before he started to feel queasy. He hadn’t missed this sensation. How many welcoming feasts at Hogwarts had been ruined because of his summer of starvation at the Dursleys? How many odd looks had he been given when he had pushed his plate away after eating only a few mouthfuls? He hoped that because he had only gone one day without food then it wouldn’t take the usual two weeks to get used to eating full portions again, but it seemed that his terrible luck had other plans and he’d have to be careful for the next few days lest he make himself sick.

He gulped down the last of his tea and he scooped up Braiden as he started wailing. He boiled the kettle again for another cup of tea before offering the bottle teat to Braiden.

Once he was done, Braiden actually stayed awake and Harry smiled as he bounced the baby in his arms, but the baby was not going back to sleep as his blue eyes flitted here, there and everywhere, taking in everything around him. Blue eyes that had gone darker. Harry was shocked to see the darkening of Braiden’s eyes as the last he had seen, those eyes were still a beautiful cornflower blue. Harry studied the eyes that were studying his mouth. Harry noticed the hint of purple at the edges of those blue eyes and he grinned widely. He was going to get his wish, it seemed. Braiden was going to completely have his Daddy’s eyes. Blaise’s eye shape and Blaise’s colour.

Harry was seized around the middle and cuddled from behind. He was so startled that he lost his grip on the bottle he was holding and it clattered to the floor, but Braiden he held tighter, clutched him desperately to his chest.

“Mi dispiace, amore. Mi dispiace.” Blaise whispered against his neck. “Perdonami per favore. Perdonami per favore.”

“I can’t understand Italian, love.” Harry said with a smile. “Look! Braiden’s eyes have changed colour!”
Harry turned around and shoved the baby he was holding into Blaise’s startled face. He pointed out the darker blue and the hint of purple and Blaise smiled and kissed him and then Braiden.

“So you forgive me for yesterday? I should have stuck up for you, but all I could smell when we arrived home was blood. *Your* blood.”

“Of course I do.” Harry said flicking Blaise’s nose. “I was always going to forgive you. Did you get Alexander’s present? When are we due to see him anyway?”

“At midday and yes we found him a present. Apparently Alexander collects animal statuettes. We found him a lovely manticore statuette made of coloured crystal, it costed a bit, but with all five of us cutting in and giving it then it’s acceptable.”

Harry smiled and sat on the floor, pulling the changing mat towards him to get rid of the smell that threatened to choke him.

Max, Nasta and Draco rushed into the room and went to clamour him, only they stopped short when Harry brandished a soiled nappy at them.

“Don’t come any closer!” He threatened, shaking the full nappy. “I understand what happened last night; I know I was the one at fault…dah dah dah!” He said as they went to interrupt him. “I kicked Nasta first; I understand the reaction to the smell of the blood and the need to protect all mates, even from other mates. I was the one who lashed out first and I’m sorry for that.”

“I didn’t mean for you to go hungry.” Max said softly looking crushed.

“One night hasn’t harmed me.” Harry said, though it wasn’t strictly true and he gave himself away by avoiding eye contact.

“You’re hungry now?” Max asked, almost desperately, as if he were trying to make up for yesterday, but it didn’t work like that.

“No. I’ve already had breakfast.”
“You mean this?” Blaise asked as he tilted the plate with the less than half eaten toast. Harry cursed himself for leaving the evidence on show.

“It’s all I could stomach.” He admitted sourly. “I always have problems with eating right after a missed meal. I can't handle too much food or I just throw it back up.”

“Those monsters will pay for how they treated you.” Draco hissed.

“Richard’s working on the case.” Harry said. “He told me he’s filed the accusations and that the Dursleys will be arrested soon and put into holding cells until it goes to court.”

“Do you want something else to eat?” Max fretted. “I can make pancakes again, or croissants, you love croissants.”

Harry sighed, but he smiled as Blaise took the dirty nappy from him so he could get a fresh one on Braiden.

“I’ll try to eat one, but only one, Max; I mean it when I say I can’t stomach much.”

Max was happier then as he started scouring his counters before preparing his ingredients to make breakfast.

Harry finished up Braiden and put everything away and sat next to Nasta. He turned to face his oldest mate and thrust Braiden into his face.

“Look at his eyes.” He said happily. “He’s going to have Blaise’s eyes. They’re going purple.”

“So they are.” Nasta smiled happily, giving Braiden’s little mouth a kiss.

“I want to see.” Draco demanded and he took the baby from Harry.

Nasta took Harry and placed him on his lap, cuddling him and nuzzling his neck and cheek.
“I’m sorry I fuss so much. How is your hand?” He whispered.

“You don’t fuss too much, well you do, but I don’t mind, it’s that you don’t listen to me when you are fussing. You smelt the blood, saw my hand and immediately thought someone had hurt me.”

“There was a smell of other people here too.”

“Fred and George came around to see if I was alright when you told them what had happened.”

“So your hand is alright?” Nasta asked unrelentingly.

“Fine, it was just a little cut. How are your hands? I saw the bedroom door.”

Nasta had the grace to look embarrassed as he scratched his ear. “When we calmed down and realised exactly what had happened we went to look for you, we went a bit crazy when you weren’t in the bedroom or bathroom. We couldn’t get into the spare bedroom and we knew then that you had taken refuge in there, we tried calling to you, knocking on the door, we thought you were ignoring us and with good reason, but we couldn’t open the door and we were worried. So Max tried to unlock the door with his wand and it was then that we found the wards.”

“Those were incredibly impressive, where did you learn them? None of us could break them.” Max said from the counter, looking back over his shoulder as he worked.

“I didn’t realise I had put any up.” Harry answered with a shrug, a little pink cheeked. What sort of wizard couldn’t control accidental outbursts at seventeen? He was supposed to be a man now!

“You…you still do accidental magic?” Blaise asked as Max and Nasta shared a look.

“I…sometimes I guess.”

“Is this a recent thing, like when you had your inheritance?” Max asked.

“No. I inflated my ‘Aunt’ Marge when I was thirteen because she was calling my Dad a useless
drunk and my Mum a teenaged whore. My Uncle grabbed me around the throat when I was fifteen and I sort of heated up until he let go.”

The four of them growled, but Nasta shushed them.

“Anything else?” Nasta encouraged.

“Umm, I was attacked by Dementors between my fourth and fifth year, I was desperate for light and my wand had been knocked out of my hand, my wand tip flared up without me touching it when I was searching for it. I can’t remember anything else off the top of my head, why the interest?”

“Only very powerful wizards can do accidental magic after they’ve been given a wand.” Max answered casually. “Certainly after they’ve turned twelve. It is usually an impressive feat to manage any sort of accidental magic after starting formal magical education.”

“I stopped when I was nine.” Draco answered. “But that was only because I had a training wand.”

“I was eleven.” Blaise answered.

“Eleven.” Nasta said.

“I was eight.” Max said.

“You must be really powerful, Harry, have you ever done wandless magic?”

“I don’t know, isn’t wandless magic and accidental magic the same?”

“No. Wandless magic is doing magic without a wand on or near you with the intent to use it, accidental magic is, as it says, accidental. You don’t mean to use it.”

“Oh. I unlocked the cupboard under the stairs after I inflated Marge. I inflated her without meaning to, but afterwards I wanted to get out of the house, away from all of them. I wanted my trunk which
was locked under the stairs and the door just burst open as I approached it.”

“Most adults never learn how to use wandless magic, Harry.”

Harry shrugged and accepted the single croissant he was handed by Max. He ate it dry without any of the sweet and sugary jams and conserves on the table, but he forced himself to eat most of it, he left two inches at the end of the croissant and he couldn’t make himself eat another bite, he cuddled with Braiden and kissed and tickled him as the others finished their breakfast and then it was left to Max to clean up as everyone else was ushered to the bathroom to shower and get ready to go and wish Alexander a happy birthday.

Harry scraped all his knees when he landed on the rug in front of the fireplace. He let out a strangled groan and before he knew what was happening he was up into someone’s arms before he could stand up himself. From the height it could only be Myron, but when he opened his eyes, the eyes that looked back were cerulean blue and not Myron’s black.

“You must be Harry.” The voice was not as deep as Myron’s and it held a very slight Irish accent.

“Yes, who are you?”

“I’m Julius. Myron’s older brother and one of Max’s Uncles.”

“Oh. Max said there were thirty of you.”

“Max exaggerates; I have twenty-three brothers and sisters.”

“So there are twenty-four of you?”

The man smirked and nodded before looking down to the baby in his arms.

“This must be Max’s son. The Grandson that Myron doesn’t stop gushing over.”
“Myron gushes?” Harry asked as he was carried away and out into the back garden.

Harry stared at the amount of people milling around the huge garden. There were tables filled with finger food, another with drinks and a third held the biggest cake that Harry had ever seen.

“Of course Myron gushes, he’s like a little boy at Christmas when it comes to his kids and his grandkids.”

“This is Braiden. Braiden Blaise Enzo Zabini.” Harry introduced.

“I know.” Julius grinned.

“Ohh, is this Myron’s son-in-law?” A woman cooed.

“Yes, love. Adorable little thing isn’t he?”

“I’m not!” Harry insisted.

They just grinned at him and Harry rolled his eyes, squirming to be put down. He was let down and Julius’ laughter followed him as he hunted for a familiar face.

He found Myron first, talking to a group of men who could only be his brothers; Harry noticed that Myron, who was the youngest, was also the tallest. He burrowed under the man’s arm and grinned up at him when those black eyes looked down at him in amusement.

“How are you, Harry?”

“Fine, I was accosted by a man named Julius, but I ditched him over there.”

“Did he hurt you?” A man older than Julius had been asked, his eyes were black but his hair was brown.
“No. But no offence, he’s tapped in the head.”

The group started roaring with laughter and Myron squeezed his shoulders.

“Harry, these are my brothers, Alaric, Enrique, Xerxes, Cassander, Philip, Edward and Oliver.”

“Hello, I’m sorry but I’m probably going to forget every one of you and call you something else.”

They laughed again and Myron bopped him on his nose with a finger.

“So this must be Braiden.” The one introduced as Xerxes asked. He was almost Myron’s twin, but he was older, much older.

Harry handed him over trustingly and the man held him with a long practised ease that settled Harry down and it was a good thing too because Max tackled the back of him, tripped over his Father’s foot in his rush and crushed Harry into the ground.

As soon as he was landed on the weight was gone again and he was peeled from the floor. He groaned and massaged his aching ribs.

“We weren’t leering at him that badly, Max.” Cassander laughed, he had brown hair and blue, blue eyes.

Max blushed as he took Harry from his Uncle Alaric and kissed him.

“Thank god you have the baby.” Harry said to Xerxes.

“Alright, alright, I get it. I had a clumsy moment.” Max said as his Uncles laughed at him.

“Your poor submissive.” Oliver shook his mop of light brown hair, his black eyes glinting in the sun.

“I’m fine. I just feel a bit squashed.”
“What did you do?” Nasta sighed in a long suffering way as he took Harry from Max and sniffed him over.

“I fell on him.” Max said quietly.

Nasta just shook his head in exasperation.

“Is this the top dominant? Nasta?”

“Yes sir.” Nasta answered politely.

Draco and Blaise sidled up and sort of huddled around Nasta and each other.

“What happened?” Nasta asked incredulously. “We’ve been here less than five minutes and all of you have had run-ins with someone.”

“We ran into a woman called Kyra.” Draco said with a shiver.

“Oh holy hell. Aunt Kyra is here?” Max asked as he darted a look around to see if he could spot her, but seeing as the entire of Max’s family seemed to be abnormally tall, it wasn’t as easy as it could have been if he had been around average sized people.

Myron smacked Max’s head. “That is your Aunt you are speaking ill of.”

“I’m not speaking ill of her!” Max defended. “She’s really a demon.” He said to Harry, Nasta, Blaise and Draco in a whisper that carried to everyone around. “Avoid her at all costs!”

“What did I just tell you?”

“I heard you, Dad! I had to warn them what a vulture she is.” Myron hit Max again. “It’s not my fault she’s a she-devil!” Max insisted.
“I’m warning you!” Myron growled. “I will punish you right here, right now if you don’t close your mouth.”

“Why not just ask him to stop breathing?” Harry muttered dryly. “You’ll get the same results.”

“Whose side are you on?” Max asked.

“You fell on me and squashed me into the floor!” Harry reminded him.

“He has a point. Now what were you saying about my darling sister Kyra, Maximilius?” Edward asked.

“She’s evil!”

Myron lurched at Max and he ran off laughing with Myron running after him. It was the most childish that Harry had ever seen the calm, mature and sophisticated man act. It made him smile.

“Where is Alexander? I want to wish him happy birthday.”

Strong arms wrapped around him and Harry looked up into the strong, aged face of Alexander Maddison who was smiling brightly at him.

“Thank you, Harry, it is wonderful to see you today. I’m glad you came.”

“Oh don’t mind your own sons, Dad, play with the little submissives.” Edward teased, his black eyes had a soft sheen to them that made them seem less harsh than most people with black eyes, his hair was a medium shade of brown that reminded Harry of chocolate mousse.

“Thank you for giving me leave to do as I please with the little submissives running around, Edward, where is yours?”
Edward laughed and looked around before beckoning a lovely woman swollen with child to him.

“Hello Charlotte, dear, how are you?”

“I’m fine, Mister Maddison. Thank you.”

“Charlotte, for heaven’s sake call me Alex.” Alexander pleaded. “Harry does as I tell him.”

“Of course I do, Alex. I’m a good boy.” Harry cooed sickeningly.

“That you are my sweet, love that you are.”

Harry was carried around the garden and Alexander looked after him with such care. Harry noticed that Alexander spoke kindly and happily to everyone, but Harry was the only one who wasn’t blood related to him whom he carried, the only one he spoke to at length with, the only one who Alexander seemed to actually enjoy being around for any long length of time.

“You are the best of them all, Harry my love, these other submissives, they’re all stuck up women from Pureblooded families, they all think they are the very best, the most beautiful, the most wonderful and the most important, you’re not at all like that and I admire that about you, I love that about you and I could not have asked for a better submissive mate for my grandson Max.” Was how Alexander answered when Harry asked after he greeted a woman politely and carried on before a conversation could be started.

Harry snuggled up tight and smiled, Alexander chuckled and cuddled him tighter, bouncing him like Harry did to Braiden. It made him flush a bit, but as he yawned he found he didn’t really care. Braiden really did wear him out and after the night he’d had yesterday and his distinct lack of energy from not eating enough, a nice nap didn’t sound too bad right about now, though he did wish he was in one of his mate’s arms, perhaps Draco’s, Draco’s neck always smelt amazing and it was a comforting smell that eased him into sleep easily.

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Harry woke up with a startled gasp and he looked around him. He was still in Alexander’s arms, surrounded by a group of men that Harry vaguely recognised as Myron’s brothers.
“Did you have a good nap, Harry?”

Harry hummed and looked about. There were women dotted all around the garden with shawl wrapped bundles and unhappy toddlers, young children as old as seven clutched to their breasts as if they would be snatched away by a passing hawk if they let them go.

Harry spied Braiden been fawned and cooed over by a group of elderly women, none of his mates were near him, but Harry saw Braiden was being held safely and supported sufficiently and he settled down again.

“What are you looking at?” One of the brothers asked, looking around the garden, but unable to see anything that could pose a threat to the submissives or the children.

“Those poor kids that are trapped by their Mother’s sides. Look at the size of this garden! Look at all the trees they could climb, rocks they can jump from, hell I can even see a little stream over there, I’d be all over them if I was their age, poor things must be bored to hell and back.”

“It’s only natural that they’re protective of their children.” One man said, but his words rang hollow, as if he had been saying them for a while and had gotten bored of them quickly.

“There is nothing natural about that.” Harry indicated a woman wrestling a five year old boy on toddler reins as she tried to keep hold of the equally squirming twin girls, also on toddler reins.

“That’s my mate and children.” One of the brothers sighed heavily. He might have been called Alaric, or Oliver. “Tisha has been protective of them ever since Logan was learning to walk; he tripped over and caught his head on the coffee table. Not only did we have to burn the table, but she’s refused to let him out of her sight since, he hates it, sometimes I think he truly does hate her too, Mother or not.”

A woman walked over with Braiden and Alexander put him on the ground as she presented Harry with a wailing baby with a small grin. Harry smiled and nuzzled Braiden lovingly as he took out the bottle from the nappy bag that was styled like a satchel which was slung over his shoulder. He fed the baby, being mesmerised, as always, by the repeated suck and swallow of Braiden feeding.

Harry put the empty bottle back into the bag and burped Braiden, loving the little noise that Braiden emitted. Harry checked his nappy, checked that his clothes were all still in place, checked that both socks were on little feet and that little scratch mitts covered each hand and the visor on his little hat was still protecting him from the sun before he allowed the elderly woman who had approached with him to take the baby straight back off of him, to take Braiden over to a group of
elderly ladies who were sitting around a table under a sun parasol drinking tea and eating fresh cream cakes.

“They won’t try feeding Braiden any cakes will they?” He asked a bit panicked as he recalled the conversation with Fred and George the day before about Mrs Weasley baking biscuits for Braiden and kids losing their teeth.

“Of course not.” Alexander assured.

Harry chuckled as a determined little girl ran past him, her squalling Mother chasing her to no end.

“Help me with your daughter, Oliver!” The woman yelled at the man who was hiding a smile behind his glass.

“Leave the poor girl alone, Kelly.” He shouted back as his daughter looped around his legs and then ran for the trees as Oliver caught Kelly and held her. “Heidi is fine, Kelly. Leave her alone, love. She just wants some fun, this estate is quite safe.”

Kelly lashed out at Oliver and squawked. Oliver pinched the skin of her neck, right up behind her ear. By the way she shied away and raised a shoulder to knock away Oliver’s arm it hurt a lot. She hit him, lashed out at him, but in the end she went still and silent, sullen at the embarrassment of being punished in public. Harry would have hated it too, but he felt no sympathy for her, he was the only submissive at this party who was allowing the family members to coo and cuddle with his child. He wouldn’t dare try and attack one of Max’s relatives just because they wanted to pinch one of Braiden’s cheeks.

Caesar came over and hugged his Grandfather, Harry and all, wishing him happy birthday.

“How are you, Caesar?” Alaric asked pulling the smaller man into a hug. “How was America? I haven’t seen you in a year or more.”

“America is slowly becoming home now. I’ve settled down with Amelle and the remodelling of the house is coming on great. A few more pay checks and I’ll have everything I need to finish paying the contractors and within a month, maybe two, the house will be completely done.”

“I managed to get Amelle off of that name; we named the baby Eleonora Dahlia.”

“A much better, more fitting name.”

“I still can’t believe she wanted to call the baby Gem Bear.” Harry put in. “I thought Max was winding me up when he told me his niece was going to be named Gem Bear. Where did she get that name anyway, Caesar?”

Caesar shrugged. “I haven’t got a clue.”

Harry stretched in Alexander’s arms, the elder man chuckling as he tried to keep hold of a squirming Harry as he stretched. He was placed on the floor and he cracked his back before sighing in happiness.

“I’m going to hunt down my errant mates, I need a kiss.”

“No hanky-panky in my home!” Alexander warned him.

“Would I ever do that?” Harry asked, his cheeks filling with blood at the very thought of having sex in someone else’s home when said home was bursting with people.

“You might not, but some others would.”

“It was once, Dad!” A man Harry couldn’t put a name to burst out, his cheeks redder than Harry’s.

“Your Mother almost had a heart attack!”

Harry left giggling as he wove through people, stopped to speak to some, before finding Blaise. Harry locked arms around his neck and sucked at an ear. Blaise chuckled.

“Hello, Harry.”
“How did you know it was me?” Harry asked.

“You are the only one at this party who has to stretch up to reach my ears.”

Harry huffed, but forgave Blaise as his mate turned around and started sucking on his neck, nibbling it between his teeth. Harry giggled as it tickled him.

“Stop that.”

“You don’t really want me to stop, Bello.” Blaise purred.

Harry giggled again.

“Not getting it on over here without me are you?”

Harry looked at Max with lusty, wide eyes and a parted mouth.

“Oh hell, you are! You look so gorgeous like that.” Max groaned, striding forward and shoving his tongue down Harry’s throat, massaging his tongue and tasting the inside of his cheeks, drinking him down.

Nasta broke them all up a few minutes later as he spotted them and strode right over. “Save it for the privacy of our home.” He told them seriously. “I can’t stand to see everyone looking at Harry like a piece of meat, if you start pawing at him then he’s going to start emitting pheromones and they’re going to try something.”

“They’re all mated though.” Harry said confusedly, his eyes a tad unfocused.

“No they’re not.” Max answered. “Not all of my Aunts and Uncles are Drackens and only a few of them are mated. Uncle Enrique is known for hitting on every submissive that crosses his path and Uncle Cassander tried it on with Uncle Oliver’s mate Kelly when she was pregnant with Heidi, she almost severed his neck.”
“But…but…they’re his brother’s mates!”

Max chuckled. “And some of those brothers have gorgeous airheads for mates and my Uncles are men after all, stupid, foolish men, but men none the less.”

“That’s not an excuse!” Harry raged. “You had better not…”

“I wouldn’t dream of cheating on you, least of all with my Uncles’ bimbo wives.” Max cut in.

“Sometimes, if a Dracken has been without a mate for so long, they start to develop…strange characteristics.” Nasta told him softly. “They don’t care if it’s their brother’s wife, their sister’s best friend, a submissive old enough to be their grandmother or a submissive young enough to be their grandchild, they just see a submissive and they’ll try to woo them, bed them or sometimes kill them.”

“Thankfully none of my Uncles are quite at the point of killing a submissive just because they haven’t mated yet, unfortunately Uncle Sandor is at the point where he would try and force himself on a submissive.” Max admitted. “And a few others will try and flirt and grope, but nothing like Uncle Benedict.”

“What did he do?” Harry asked softly.

Max looked pained and a tad heartbroken. “Before he went almost completely mad with his need for a mate, he was one of my favourite Uncle’s. He wasn’t afraid to rough house with me, he taught me how to pick a lock and how to play football. But when I was fourteen he just snapped. He had been rejected yet again at a meeting and he just completely lost it. He killed twenty-seven dominants, the Elder who was the chaperone for the meeting and then he raped and killed the submissive for rejecting him. The Counsel sentenced him to death. Grandfather pleaded to be the one to kill him; he didn’t want his son to be taunted, tortured and then butchered, no matter what he had done. He gave him a kiss to the head and a hug. A quick, sharp twist to the neck and it was done. Uncle Benedict never knew how or when it was going to happen, it was better that way.”

“I’m so sorry, Max.”

“Don’t be. He did deserve it. He had killed twenty-nine people that day. Twenty-nine innocent people including a sixteen year old girl. Regardless of what his mental state of mind was, it didn’t
matter that he had snapped or that he didn’t mean to do it. He deserved death for what he did, he knew it himself which is why he accepted the Counsel’s verdict of death with dignity and his head held high. The night before we were allowed to visit him, he said as much to us then, he wanted to die for what he had done, he told us that he couldn’t live with what he had done and that if by some stupid twist of fate the Counsel didn’t sentence him to death then he’d kill himself anyway. That was the hardest to hear.”

“Why do you all look like you’ve been smacked in the face?” Draco asked as he wandered over to them.

“We’ll tell you later, love.” Nasta said as he kissed Draco’s forehead. “Where is Braiden?”

“Being smothered by some old biddies eating lemon cakes and drinking iced tea.”

“Smothered?” Harry shrieked rushing off to where his Dracken told him the scent of his son was located.

“You just had to use the word smothered.” Nasta said with a shake of his head. “You couldn’t have said being cuddled or cooed over could you?”

“I didn’t realise he’d act like that!” Draco defended.

Harry snatched his son off of the poor, startled woman who was holding him and he sunk to the floor, creating a cover over his son and he meticulously sniffed and licked every inch of Braiden’s skin, scenting for injuries. When that failed to turn up anything Harry checked Braiden with his eyes and his hands, searching for a single hair out of place.

“Harry?” Myron questioned as he tried to approach him, getting down on his haunches to be as close to eye level as he could without lying down flat on the floor.

Harry hissed deeply and started growling and Myron backed away.

“We weren’t hurting him, sweet one, I swear.” One elderly woman told him, her hands pressed to her breast, beseeching him.
“Harry, Draco meant the word figuratively, not literally.” Nasta told him as he knelt down next to him. Harry gave a feeble growl, but couldn’t muster up enough of his human side to do anything else and a warning growl back was all it took for Harry to slip back to lay against Nasta’s knees as the truth of his mate’s words sunk in. Nothing was amiss, Braiden was fine, sleeping in fact, not a mark on him, breathing deeply and quietly, snuffling now and then, but nothing more, he felt like a fool.

“I’m sorry.” He told the group of women.

“That’s quite alright, dear.” One told him kindly.

“What brought this on?” Alexander asked.

“Draco made a harmless, but thoughtless comment and Harry reacted to the thought that Braiden was in danger.”

“No harm done.” Alexander commented as he helped Harry to his feet and gave him a kiss to the cheek.

Harry smiled weakly, but he couldn’t bring himself to unclasp his arms from around his baby and instead rested Braiden against his front, cupping that soft black hair and nappy clad bottom tightly to his heart. He had never felt so much fear before, the fear that his son might be in danger. That something could snuff out his life as quickly as blowing out a candle.

His son was so small and vulnerable, so delicate and defenceless. How could he have just left his precious baby in the care of strangers? People he didn’t know, people he had never even seen before, let alone met. Any one of them could have harmed his precious baby, anyone of them could have killed Braiden, how could he have gambled with Braiden’s life like that? Risked his sweet baby like that? What sort of Mother was he to give his son away to anyone and everyone?

His arms slid around Braiden more tightly, covering more of his little body as he clutched Braiden to his chest looking suspiciously at everyone and hissing at anyone who approached too close. No one was ever going to hurt his son; no one was ever going to get close enough to hurt his son. He’d kill them first, he swore it.
Chapter Notes

Last Time

His arms slid around Braiden more tightly, covering more of his little body as he clutched Braiden to his chest looking suspiciously at everyone and hissing at anyone who approached too close. No one was ever going to hurt his son; no one was ever going to get close enough to hurt his son. He’d kill them first, he swore it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Forty-Six - Control

Harry didn’t let anyone close to him or Braiden; he even swiped at his own mates when they tried to take Braiden from him and things went downhill very fast when Ashleigh and Richard came over to say hello and Ashleigh tried to touch Braiden.

Harry snarled so ferociously that some of the other submissives called for their mates in distress. Harry shielded Braiden from Ashleigh and darted away to hide in the top branches of a tree, Nasta scowling at him from below.

“Really, Harry this is foolish, get down!”

Harry hissed at Nasta, who sighed in exasperation and started climbing the tree after his errant mate and child. Harry shuffled as far away as possible without compromising the safety of his son, which wasn’t very far as he was unwilling to move away from the strong, sturdy trunk of the old sycamore tree.

Nasta caught his leg and held him still until he reached his level and eased him into his arms before jumping from the tree, his black and gold wings snapping out to make the landing softer and less jarring.

Harry was carried away to the small stream at the very back of the garden, where Max, Blaise and Draco were waiting.

“Alright, Harry, we understand about the natural instincts of submissive Drackens, we do. Hell every submissive linked to my family have either destroyed their children or are in the process of
ruining them, you were different and we loved that about you. Everyone loved that about you, but
now you are turning into them.” Max told him as Harry sat on a boulder and rocked Braiden.

“I’m sorry for my thoughtless comment.” Draco said. “But I thought you knew that absolutely no
one here would hurt Braiden, they’d rather eat their own hands. I didn’t mean anything by the
comment, love and I’m sorry I’ve turned you this way.”

“Please come back to us, Harry.” Nasta told him softly as he held his head and kissed him.

“Don’t turn into them, Innamorato, you swore that you wouldn’t become like them.” Blaise told
him. “Look at them. Look at how unhappy their children are, do you want our Braiden like that?
Do you want him to hate you?”

Harry looked at the screaming children and swallowed down the bitter tasting self-loathing that
had coated his tongue. What had he done? He looked to Braiden clamped in his arms, being
squashed even as he wailed in discomfort. What had he done?

He loosened his arms and winced as the screaming of his Dracken tried to force him to clamp
Braiden back up in his arms, to shield him from any and everyone who was in the garden. He took
a deep breath and stood up, he forced himself to walk over to Myron, Richard and Ashleigh, whose
eyes were slightly red tinted from crying.

He sucked up the rest of his dignity and stood in front of them with his head bowed, ignoring the
blistering screeches that his Dracken was emitting in his head, making it throb terribly and his arms
tremble as he retained his loose hold on Braiden where his Dracken wanted to crush him to their
heart.

“What is it, Harry?” The cold way Richard spoke almost killed a part of him. Richard never spoke
coldly to anyone except to Laurel and Amelle. Harry didn’t want to be pitched in the same boat as
the both of them, not in Richard’s eyes, not in anyone’s eyes.

Harry held Braiden out to Ashleigh. “I’m sorry.” He whispered. “I didn’t mean it, any of it. I lost
myself for a moment and that was all it took for my Dracken to take over.”

“I think sometimes we forget that you have only been a Dracken for little over a year. You have
such good control over yourself and your instincts that it’s easy to forget that you are seventeen
years old, just a baby Dracken.” Alexander spoke from behind him.

Ashleigh took Braiden from him and Harry peeked through his overlong fringe to see her delight as
she cuddled and kissed his baby. Richard’s face was still stony and Myron wasn’t even looking at him. It destroyed a part of himself and he quickly excused himself and walked through the groups of people, around Mothers snarling at the Fathers of their tightly clutched babies, around faces he knew and those he didn’t until he reached the house. He found a bathroom and after locking the door he sunk to the floor and dissolved into tears. What had he done?

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“Have you seen, Harry?” Max asked his parents as he spotted them with Braiden. “We’ve been looking for him for half an hour and we can’t find him.”

“He was here half an hour ago.” His Mother told him. “He apologised and gave me Braiden, I haven’t seen him since.”

Max sighed and run a hand through his hair.

“Have you tried scenting for him?” Myron put in unhelpfully.

“Of course we have.” Max said coolly. “His scent is all through the back garden as you well know!”

“Don’t speak to your Father like that.” Richard chastised him and Max understood all at once what had happened.

“It was you two, this was your fault.”

“Don’t blame us for the actions of your submissive.”

“So he’s just ‘my submissive’ now is he? You know how much he loves you both and if you spoke to him like this then it’s no wonder he’s gone. If anything, anything at all has happened to him, I’ll never speak to either of you again!” Max threatened as he snatched Braiden from his Mother and strode off towards his other mates.

He handed Braiden to Blaise and thunked his head onto Nasta’s shoulder and breathed deeply to
calm himself. Nasta’s smell always calmed him down. A perk of being the top dominant of their mateship.

“It was my Dads.” He admitted softly and it was one of the hardest things that he had had to admit to in a while. “They barely acknowledged Harry and it obviously upset him so he’s gone. Either home or he’s here hiding.”

“Draco, go and search the house, Max go with him, you need a familiar, peaceful place to calm down. Blaise and I will search here. If he’s not at either place, then we will check the Weasleys home, then Granger’s home and then with Lupin and Dumbledore, we will do so calmly and rationally. If we still can’t find him, then we will search to the ends of the earth for him, but until then, we are going to assume that he is safe and is just calming down somewhere quiet.”

“You really are taking Harry’s ‘don’t be so overprotective and fussy’ comment to heart aren’t you?” Max asked with a grin.

Nasta sighed. “If he’s just gone to the bathroom or is sitting at home reading a book to calm down and we’re rushing here, there and everywhere looking for him, getting more wound up and feral and then when we find him we clamour him and startle him and sniff him and lick him when he doesn’t even know why we’re doing it, he’s going to feel worse and he’s going to get angry again. If we remain calm and level headed we can actually speak to him and find out if he believes he’s hurt or not, we can always ask him if we can check, just in case. He knows that we need to do it to reassure ourselves, he just doesn’t like us all trying to do it at once or if he’s just left a room out of our sights.”

Nasta looked at the others who were just staring back at him. “What?”

“I think that’s the most I’ve heard you speak in a while.” Draco answered as he turned to Max. “Let’s get going then, that house isn’t going to search itself and you have a big house and an even bigger garden.”

Nasta put an arm around Blaise and led him over to Alexander, who was talking to his sons, his Wife and mate, Kimberly, standing happily by his side.

“Alexander?”

“Hello boys, what can I do for you?”
“Harry’s gone missing, can you watch over Braiden for us whilst we search for him?”

“Harry’s gone missing?” One of Alexander’s sons’ asked in surprise.

“We’ve searched the entire garden and he isn’t here, may we search your home for him, in case he’s just gone and hidden himself away to calm down after his bout of ferity?”

“Of course.” Alexander said in surprise. “You don’t need to ask about that when it concerns your own mate, go and find the little lad! Braiden will be safe here with me.”

“I’ll go and check the lagoon.” One of the men around said.

“I’ll check the garden again.” Another swore.

“I’ll make sure he isn’t stuck down that damned cave, how many times did I get stuck down there when I was a kid?”

“Just don’t get stuck down there again.”

“I’m too big now.” The man grinned.

“You actually went and checked didn’t you?” A woman, who looked so much like Myron it was frightening, asked him incredulously.

“Of course I did.” The man answered. “I spent half my childhood stuck down that cave!”

“Go on then, Harry isn’t going to find himself!” Alexander reminded them.

Nasta took Blaise into the house and searched for Harry, checking every cupboard in every room, they found a couple kissing in the sitting room, two men who looked at them startled when they walked in on them performing oral sex and a little girl hiding from her Mother behind a cabinet, but
“I hope he’s alright.” Blaise said as he bounced on his feet in agitation.

“Keep yourself calm.” Nasta soothed. “He’s going to be fine. He would have called for us if anything had happened.”

“What if he wasn’t near us when he called?” Blaise had to voice.

“As top dominant I would have felt his distress call vibrating in my skull, no matter how far away he is. He hasn’t called, he isn’t distressed.”

Blaise breathed in deeply and he nodded, before they both climbed to the third level of Alexander’s home. Most of the house seemed to be made up of bedrooms, but with twenty-four children to their name, Alexander and Kimberly needed them.

Sniffling came from behind one of the closed doors and Nasta tapped the door with his wand and carefully eased it open. Harry was on the floor of the bathroom, his face red and blotchy, crying into his hands.

Blaise squirmed around him and fell to his knees, pulling Harry into his arms. Harry fell onto Blaise and held him tightly as he continued sobbing and Nasta felt nothing but rage at the people who had done this to Harry.

He controlled himself, sunk down behind Blaise and pulled the both of them into his arms, holding them and letting them get comfort from him, but his mind was down in the garden, pulling Myron and Richard Maddison-Seppen into tiny pieces.

Max and Draco came back as they were still cuddled on the bathroom floor. Max sighed and handed Nasta a small vial of sleeping potion. Harry drank it without incident and fell asleep quickly.

“Did he say anything?” Draco asked.

Blaise shook his head as the blond helped him from the floor. “Nothing. He just cried.”
Max took Harry from Nasta and cuddled him. “I’m sorry it was my Dads that did this to you, love.” He whispered into Harry’s ear as he stroked that soft, messy hair.

“Where is Braiden?” Draco asked.

“With Alexander.” Blaise answered.

Draco led the way into the back garden and Max made sure his parents saw Harry’s tear-stained, blotchy face, his eyes rimmed in red even though they were closed.

“You found him.” Alexander sighed in relief. “Where was he?”

“In the bathroom on the top floor. He was crying.” Nasta replied tightly, his eyes blazing gold under the high sun tracking every movement Myron and Richard made.

“This wasn’t my Myron’s fault was it?” Alexander inquired.

“They didn’t like how Harry acted towards Mum when she went to see Braiden when Harry was feral.” Max answered sadly to his grandfather.

“Right, I’ll sort this out.” Alexander told them as he strode over to Myron and Richard and grabbed the both of them by their belts and waistbands and dragged them forcibly into the house.

“Woah, what did Myron do?” Julius asked Xerxes, the both of them standing close to Max. “He’s the golden boy of the family, the baby of us.”

“He upset Harry.” Max answered his Uncle. “Grandfather was most angry to hear about it.”

Xerxes looked at Harry’s face, softly sleeping on his Nephew’s shoulder.

“I’m not surprised if you showed him that heartbreaking little face. Father loves Harry something
chronic, enough so that he’d even tear a new arsehole in his baby golden boy for causing that heart clenching sight. Poor Harry.”

“All because he lost control for a moment.” Cassander sighed as he came over to them, his blue, blue eyes soft and sad, his strong mouth downturned into a frown.

“I lost count of how many times I’ve lost control.” Xerxes shrugged. “I’m the oldest of you all and I only had Mother and Father helping me through the change, and even then they were so spaced out with the rest of you lot that I was mostly left to myself to deal with it. I ruined so many doors and trees.”

“That’s right, I remember you destroying my bedroom because I had borrowed one of your shirts for a date.” Cassander said with a grin.

“That whore got lipstick on my favourite shirt and it stank of cat’s piss!”

“Her perfume wasn’t that bad, she just put a bit too much on.” Cassander defended.

“It was my favourite shirt!”

Cassander laughed and turned to Max and stroked one of Harry’s cheeks.

“I liked this little cutie too. This face isn’t made for tears and frowns”

“Oi!” Max snarled. “He’s mine Uncle, back off!”

“My own Nephew doesn’t want his Uncle to be laid.”

Max screwed up his face in horror and disgust. “Uncle, you’re nearly seventy! Give it a rest and settle down for the love you hold all of us.”

“Even Max think’s you should settle down already.” Xerxes told Cassander.
“He settled down early, that’s why.”

“I’m thirty-one!”

“And I’m sixty-nine!” Cassander told him.

“You should have settled down twenty years ago.” Xerxes told him.

“Where’s the fun in that?” Cassander snorted.

Max left his two Uncles arguing and went to his brother instead.

“Where are Amelle and Nora?” He asked.

“Nora is with Amelle’s parents and Amelle is over there, sulking by the drinks table. I told her that she was coming today and that she was either to leave Nora home, or bring her and let her be passed around. I’m angry that she chose to leave the baby in America with Richmond and Amara rather than bring her and let my family see her to.”

“As long as she stays away from Braiden and Harry…” Max trailed off.

“She wouldn’t dare hurt Braiden and Harry seems to be sleeping at the minute.”

“The potion was very mild, it’ll last only another half an hour, it was just to calm him down and resettle his emotions.”

“Then we might have another fight on our hands. Amelle hasn’t forgiven him for winning their last fight.”

Max groaned. “Damned submissive grudges.”
“Tell me about it, I haven’t had sex since I punished her for fighting with Harry.”

Max chuckled. “Harry doesn’t use sex as a weapon; at least he doesn’t use it as a weapon to prevent us from having sex with him.”

“What do you mean?”

“The Healer told us not to have sex with Harry for two weeks after the baby was born.”

“Yeah, the Healer told me and Amelle the same thing, everyone knows that.”

“Harry didn’t agree. He wanted sex straight away.”

“What did he do?” Caesar asked his face lighting up with a grin.

“He decided to come to breakfast dressed in nothing but a little skirt and matching panties.”

Caesar’s jaw dropped as he looked to the little boy in his brother’s arms and then back to his brother. “Seriously? He walked around in just a skirt, how the hell did you resist that? I would have bent him over and fucked him on the table if he was mine.”

“I wanted to.” Max growled, his Dracken coming out slightly at the memory of grinding Harry against the sink.

“But you didn’t.”

“No. He teased us all day, we thought we’d get a respite when he took Braiden to the hospital for his check-up, but he wore the tightest jeans I’ve ever seen and the shirt wasn’t much better. We hunted for that fucking skirt but he had taken it with him.”

Caesar chuckled. “Smart boy.”
“Blaise found it in Braiden’s nappy bag and I burnt that fucking little piece of cloth so he couldn’t wear it again.”

“I get the feeling that that didn’t work out quite so well.”

“He came down wearing absolutely nothing. He sat there, at my table, eating his dinner with nothing on like he did it every single day.”

“How long did you last?”

“He went up to the roof to tear apart his nest and seeing him bathed in sunlight, his skin glowing, I couldn’t take it.”

Caesar laughed and patted Harry’s sleeping head. “Good boy, Harry, you take what you want!”

“Why don’t you take what you want?” Max asked. Caesar looked horrified. “Get that look off your face, I don’t mean rape. Fuck, who do you take me for? But maybe you could take a leaf out of Harry’s book and tease Amelle a bit, surely she’s at least attracted to you?”

“So I should walk around in a little skirt you mean?”

“Why are you, an idiot? Do you still have that weight set I bought you two years ago?”

“I told you I’d never use them before you bought them!”

“Use them now. In the sun. Make sure you do it topless and in a little pair of shorts, surely no woman will resist your body when your muscles are warm and stretched and your skin is coated in fresh sweat?”

The grin on Caesar’s face was three parts evil, seven parts naughty. “Oh I love you, Max, I’m so glad you’re my big brother.”
Max chuckled and pulled Caesar into a hug, kissing his forehead and shoving his shoulder.

“You should have thought of this yourself! Taking a sex ban like a meek dog, what’s wrong with you?”

“What if she doesn’t react to this?” Caesar asked.

“Then she’s a lesbian and you need a new Wife.”

The both of them started roaring with laughter that got the attention of nearly everyone in the garden.

Harry sipped on his cup of tea sleepily as Draco rubbed his neck and shoulders. He had only woken up ten minutes ago and he was still feeling groggy and wrung out. His throat was sore and his eyes were itchy, he had tried to speak only to let out a croak.

Draco had taken him from Blaise to get him some honey tea to sooth his throat and he was now working out the tension in his shoulders.

“I love you.” He croaked out.

“Stop speaking and drink some more tea.” Draco encouraged, bending down to kiss his cheek.

Harry sipped some more tea and relaxed back into Draco, who stopped massaging his shoulders and wrapped his waist in a hug.

Draco nuzzled Harry’s neck and bit a pale shoulder, leaving his teeth marks on the soft skin; he kissed up Harry’s neck, behind his ear, before leaning around to kiss the corner of Harry’s eye.

Harry giggled lightly and put his tea cup down so he could turn in Draco’s arms and cuddle him better.

“Are you feeling better?”
Harry nodded, but he touched his neck.

"Your throat still hurts."

"I cried too much." He said his voice no longer croaky, but it was still wavering and it cracked on random words.

"I know." Draco sighed. "None of us blame you for going feral for a bit, I’ve done it more than once."

"I can’t believe I treated Ashleigh like that. I swore I’d never act like all the other weak willed submissives. That I’d never stop her from having Braiden and I did both in one afternoon."

"No one blames you." Draco reiterated. "Ashleigh understood, she’s forgiven you."

"Myron and Richard haven’t."

"Alexander shouted at them for twenty minutes, they’re still sulking inside the house as far as I know. Alexander came to see you when you were sleeping though, he wanted to hold you again but Blaise wouldn’t let you go."

That made Harry smile. Apparently he’d been passed from mate to mate and when Blaise held him he wouldn’t let anyone take him back, not even Draco, who had taken him as soon as his bleary eyes had opened and had yet to let him go.

"I hope they forgive me."

"If they don’t then Max swore that he’d never speak to them again."

"What? But they’re his Dads!" Harry cried upset.

"He loves you, Harry and they are in the wrong. I can understand being protective of their mate, but it was a onetime thing. You have never stopped Ashleigh from seeing, holding, even feeding
Braiden, not once until this afternoon and you were very feral. How they can treat you how they did I’ll never understand. I mean, it wasn’t a personal attack on just Ashleigh, you wouldn’t even let us hold Braiden and we’re your mates. They need to get their heads out of their arses and realise that they’re making a big deal out of nothing.”

Harry held on tighter to Draco and breathed deeply, shoving his Dracken down when it tried to force him back into a feral state through the weakness it sensed in him. Braiden was fine. Nasta had fed him a bottle, had changed him and he was sleeping again on Kimberly’s lap. He was safe, content, happy and sleeping. Harry refused disturb him.

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Feeling sick and run down, Harry lay on his back, on the grass by Alexander’s feet, spreading his body over the grass, much to people’s amusement.

Everyone moved around him, but he remained on his patch of grass, sunning himself and enjoying the warm feeling of the grass below him and the sun above him.

He saw Myron and Richard again and flipped onto his stomach so he didn’t have to see them. The sight of them caused his heart to clench in pain. Blaise brought him a glass of chilled apple juice and Harry gave him a loving kiss as he gulped the cool liquid down and rested his head back on his folded arms. He yawned and was just entertaining the thought of going back to sleep when a pair of white ballerina shoes came to stand before his folded arms, just in his view.

He looked up bare legs, to a knee length skirt and a small, strappy top, up to the anger twisted face of Amelle.

“You ruined my perfect face!” She hissed.

Harry really looked at her face and thought that it was just as lovely as before, her nose was slightly off centre, but it was barely noticeable and it didn’t stop that face from being almost devastatingly beautiful, yet Amelle seemed to think that it made her ugly, Harry was sure Caesar didn’t mind in the slightest.

“I think it’s an improvement.” Harry told her spitefully.

She screamed shrilly and lashed out with her foot before Harry could even get to his knees and he felt the blood pouring from his lip where her dainty ballerina shoe had kicked him. Harry had a sense of Déjà vu as he heard male voices shouting as Amelle continued to kick him, stopping him from getting to his feet. Harry refused to disgrace himself any further by fighting back and he instead just curled up into a ball and let her kick his body as she pleased.
His wings burst out and curled around himself protectively as his fangs and claws slid out of his gums and nail beds. Amelle got one good kick to his head and then she was dragged off by a livid looking Caesar, Harry lashed out and sunk his claws into her leg, raking them all the way down and tearing a chunk of meat out of her calf as she screeched in agony.

Harry was picked up by Max’s Uncle Philip and placed on his feet. He swayed as his head swam. He collapsed back to his knees and threw up onto the grass. Blaise was there then, his scent soothing him as strong arms cradled him as he hissed and growled at anyone who came close.

A bloodied arm was pressed to his lips and Harry licked slowly as his stomach roiled and clenched. He shoved the arm away and threw up again and someone screamed for someone else called Claire.

Claire turned out to be a lovely looking middle aged woman with lots of curly blonde hair and kind brown eyes. She was married to Julius and had been around Drackens since she had met and married him. She was also a Healer and had taken an apprenticeship under a Dracken Healer at the Counsel Halls to learn all she could about her Husband’s family and in case any children she had turned out to be Drackens, she did not want to be unprepared if one of them got sick or hurt. She had been caring and diagnosing problems in Max’s family for over ten years now and had even helped Tisha birth her twins when she had gone into a sudden, unexpected labour outside of her nest, two months premature.

She told him all this and more as she checked him over with soft fingers and a non-invasive wand. His lip was bleeding sluggishly as he had taken in enough blood to slow down the bleeding, but not enough to close the wound, his head throbbed where Amelle had kicked him repeatedly and his eye was sore. His stomach hurt where he had been throwing up and his fingers ached where he had raked his claws through her flesh and the speed of his actions had forced his fingers back at unnatural angles because he hadn’t had time to lock his fingers properly into place.

Once again he was the one clamoured and Caesar was left alone to deal with Amelle on the other side of the garden, forcing his blood down her throat as his shirt was wrapped around her leg. He was talking quickly and angrily if his hand gestures were any indicator.

“How are you feeling?” Alexander asked him.

“How dizzy.” Harry replied weakly.

“You’re still dizzy?” Claire asked, moving her wand immediately to his head, tapping it gently, roving her wand over every inch and running her hands through his hair to search for bumps.

Harry pushed her away and turned his head as he threw up for a third time, four large hands rubbing his back. Harry would have smiled if he wasn’t currently throwing up. All four of his mates were behind him, soothing him.

“What can we do to help you, Harry?” Max asked sadly.
Harry heaved up more vomit as an answer, though he wanted to tell them that there was nothing they could do, that they were doing everything they could do just by rubbing his back to ease the spasms that went through him as he vomited, but as his mouth was full of bile and vomit, he just spat instead of talking.

“Sit up for me, Harry, good boy.” Claire told him softly, helping to ease him back up. She ran her wand over his belly and sighed, pushing his shirt up to expose the red mark just slightly bigger than the size of Amelle’s shoe. “This will bruise.” She told him with a sympathetic smile.

Harry lolled back onto one of his mates and groaned, moving his hands to clutch his stomach; large hands caught his own and held them away as Claire moved her wand over his stomach.

“Oh. Oh dear.” She exclaimed.

“What? What is it?” Draco demanded, moving forwards, maybe to shake her into answering quicker, but Harry moved an elbow to stop him.

“Harry sweetheart, you’ve given birth recently, haven’t you?”

“Yes.” Harry answered, Braiden was being passed around from pillar to post, everyone in this garden knew that Braiden was his and was only six days old.

“Is your nest still intact?” She asked casually.

“No. I demolished it the other day.”

Many of the older Drackens gasped or growled.

“Why?” Nasta asked. “Why is that significant? He wasn’t using it any longer.”

“Submissives keep their nests intact until the day of their next heat after they’ve given birth.”
“I haven’t had a heat.” Harry answered, feeling miserable as he burped up more bile.

“What day exactly did you dismantle your nest on?” Claire persisted.

“Why does it matter?” Blaise demanded, slipping his arms around Harry’s neck and pulling him further back against him.

“Did it happen to be two days ago? When the temperature hit record highs and it hit forty degrees Celsius?”

Harry looked at his mates and they all looked at him. How had this woman known?

“How did you…?”

“Let me guess, you made love outside, underneath the sun after you had taken down your nest.”

“What are you saying?” Nasta asked, his hand moving protectively around Harry’s waist.

“Harry went on heat, caused by the spike in the weather because his body heated up to over one hundred and ten degrees as he was having sexual contact and then later sexual intercourse. A submissive only dismantles their nest when their bodies feel the heat approaching.”

“What does this have to do with my stomach?” Harry asked.

Claire looked at him with soft, sad eyes. “You’re pregnant.” She told him.

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Chapter End Notes
We’re playing a little game! Just for one chapter if you please. All I need from you readers is a number and a letter. You can chose from only three numbers and three letters. The numbers are 6, 10 or 12 and the letters are A, D or L. Chose only one of the numbers listed and only one of the letters listed please! For example: A-6 This will all be made clear soon enough!

StarLight Massacre. X
Denial

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Forty-Seven – Denial

Harry looked at the woman blankly, everything was still and silent and then Ashleigh called out a happy congratulation and everyone was doing the same and Harry looked at his hands, resting over his belly. Two days pregnant. How could she know? How could anyone pick up a baby two days after conception? She was mistaken. She was lying.

“No, I’ve just given birth.” He denied.

“You’re two days pregnant, Harry.” Claire insisted.

“No, no, no, no, NO!” Harry screamed hitting his hands against the ground. Immediately they were seized and held in Max’s hands as his body was turned and curled into Nasta’s chest.

“It’s alright, Harry. We’ll get through this.”
“I don’t want to be pregnant again.” Harry mumbled. “I’m not pregnant again!”

“You might not remain pregnant.” Claire told him softly.

“You just said…” Draco exploded before Nasta covered his mouth with a hand.

“The pregnancy is now unstable due to…”

“Her.” Blaise hissed deeply, his indigo eyes pinned to Amelle on the opposite end of the garden.

She had only gotten one kick to his stomach, right after she had split his lip as he tried to raise himself from the floor. Harry had then curled up on his stomach, protecting his chest as she lashed out at his back and head before his wings came out to protect him further.

“Are you saying that Harry is having a miscarriage?” Max demanded.

Claire smiled sadly. “Possibly unless it is stabilised soon. Harry, if you really don’t want to be pregnant, then just let the miscarriage take its course, the group of cells are only two days old, not even formed sacs yet or an embryo. If you want me to help stabilise it then I can also do that.”

Everyone started shouting and yelling, trying to get their opinion heard but Claire held up a hand and silenced them with a furious, almost poisonous look.

“This is Harry’s body, Harry’s life and Harry’s decision! Only he can make it. If he does not want to be pregnant again so soon, while his son is less than a week old, then he doesn’t have to be.”

Harry didn’t look at anyone; he sat on his own, on the grass, curled around himself. His mind was flitting from idea to idea, from thought to thought, but nothing was really staying in his head. He didn’t know what he wanted, what he was going to do, all he could really focus on was that Amelle, who had attacked him twice now, had caused him to potentially lose his second baby.

He could feel heat rising from his skin, could feel an electric like tingle as his anger grew and he knew that he was losing control of his magic, like he had back when he was thirteen and Aunt Marge had made him so angry that he just couldn’t stop his magic from reacting.
He screamed, long and loud and his magic exploded from his body with the force of a hurricane and it destroyed everything. Tables went flying, chairs compacted themselves to splinters, glasses shattered, tea cups turned to a fine powdery dust, the grass tore itself from the ground in strips and everyone standing around him was knocked back several feet onto their arses or backs.

His magic enveloped him and soothed him, caressed him with phantom fingers and tendrils of love as a horrific scream came from the back of his mind.

“Stop it, Harry! Please!” Someone begged him pleadingly.

Harry looked up to the one who had spoken, past the gawking family members, to Caesar who was looking at him with heartbroken brown eyes, pleading with him as his Wife and mate writhed on the floor in agony as he tried to hold her body down as it moved in unnatural ways.

Blaise was there then, wrapping him in loving arms, holding him and kissing his neck and Harry relaxed back into him, his magic ebbing away to disperse into the air or into the ground, some of it coming back to his own body, flowing into the little channels that it travelled through, throughout his entire body and he felt soft and calm and weightless. He felt no pain at all and when he raised a hand to his split lip, the split wasn’t there. He smiled beatifically and lifted his shirt to look at the red mark that would have badly bruised. It wasn’t there. He had healed himself.

“What was that?” Cassander asked his eyes wide and frightened, his voice soft and respectful.

“Harry is very powerful.” Blaise whispered in a carrying voice, his skin still tingling from touching Harry as his magic exploded outwards.

“No matter what the newspapers speculate, I was the one to destroy Voldemort.” Harry said as he looked around at the damage he had caused and the looks on everyone’s faces. Amelle’s scrunched up agonised face was the one he kept going back to, he took sick pleasure in seeing her pain. “I held him as his skin peeled away and his flesh sloughed off of his bones, crackling and cooking from the heat of my magic. My magic did that. All he could do was curl up as he died, screaming in agony.”

There was silence. He hadn’t even told his mates how he had killed Voldemort. Max wrapped his arm around him more firmly and everyone seemed determined not to mention what had just happened or what he had said.

“How is he pregnant?” Xerxes asked Claire curiously, breaking the strained silence that had fallen. “He gave birth six days ago. Everyone knows that submissives don’t have another heat for months after their last birth.”
“There are exceptions.” Claire answered, happy to be back on ground that she knew and could explain. “One submissive got pregnant the day after she had given birth, an over enthusiastic dominant wanting to show his appreciation for his new child no doubt. One submissive had a clutch of seven, three babies were born and then two weeks later the other four were birthed.”

“I thought a clutch could only hold a maximum of five babies.” Harry said confused.

“The largest number of babies a male submissive has ever had was five, the largest a female submissive has had in one birth was seven. In one pregnancy it was nine, she birthed two children, then four and then the remaining three over twelve days.”

“But the book…”

“I told you, Harry don’t believe everything you read in mass produced creature inheritance books.” Nasta told him. “The majority of the information is wrong or misleading.”

Harry swallowed and held still as Claire approached him and waved her wand over his belly.

“Remarkable. You stabilised your own pregnancy.” Claire looked at him with huge, awed eyes. “This is supposed to be impossible! How could your magical outburst have stabilised a pregnancy with such raw, uncontrolled magic? It’s not possible!”

“I didn’t want to lose my baby, if there is one inside of me.” Harry said softly, cuddling into Blaise. “I may not want another baby or to be pregnant again, but I can’t just do nothing as my potential baby is dying inside of me.”

“It’s not truly a baby yet, Harry. It’s just a collection of cells that have the potential to form into a baby, but you are pregnant. My diagnostic is picking up on your cell activity in your abdomen, which is how I knew you were pregnant, the inflammation of the tissues surrounding the cells informed me that the cells were dislodging from your sac wall and were starting to pull apart from one another.”

Max picked him and Blaise up from the floor and cuddled the both of them, even as his blue, blue eyes followed every move of Amelle’s soft, smooth, uncovered neck. He bared his teeth, his inch long fangs gleaming in the summer sunlight and Harry kissed a pulled back lip gently. Then it clicked and his head snapped around, looking everywhere his eyes flitted and his heart beat several
“Where is my baby?” He demanded. “WHERE IS MY BABY?!” Harry grabbed a hold of Blaise who was being held beside him by Max. “Where is Braiden?!” He demanded of him. “Where is our son? We need to find our son!”

“He’s here, Harry, calm down.” Draco told him, handing over the happily sleeping baby.

Harry snatched Braiden and cuddled and cooed over him, sniffing over his body to make sure his magic hadn’t done any harm to him.

“We didn’t feel any of the effects we usually do when Harry’s on a heat and we were only sexually intimate for about an hour and a half.” Nasta said unembarrassed, not even blushing or stumbling over his words to Claire. “If he was on heat, why didn’t we get any warnings?”

“It was caused by the weather, extreme heat will raise a Dracken’s temperature up to the optimum level for conception, so if the submissive has sexual intercourse when their bodies are in this period of optimum temperature, they will conceive.”

“Like how I got pregnant in the steam room of the health spa when I was in between heat periods.” One woman said with a grin. Her Husband buried his face in his hands.

“I do not want to hear about my daughter’s exploits thank you very much, Lydia.” Alexander chastised.

Harry looked at Claire as he remembered something from what seemed like a long time ago. “At the Dracken meeting, two women told me that they used a hot tub to get their children.”

“A hot tub, a steam room, baking yourselves under the sun on the hottest day on record with your scales out to conduct the heat throughout your bodies. All of them will rise a submissive’s body temperature up to conception levels; I can guarantee that many babies were conceived two days ago in that heat wave without the submissive or dominants even knowing about it.”

“Damn it!” One man exclaimed as his wife looked smug beside him.
“Can you check me please, Claire?”

“Of course, Shae.” Claire answered her wand in hand as she approached the young woman, one of Alexander’s granddaughters, and gave it a little wave. “You’re currently two days pregnant, congratulations.”

Shae let out a laugh and her Husband moaned into his own arm as he looked at his mate, love and horror warring on his face.

“We have twelve kids, honey! Don’t you think adding more will be a bit…unmanageable?” He said delicately.

“No.” She answered simply as she ran to one of Max’s Aunt’s and hugged her tightly. “I’m pregnant again, Mum!”

“Well be careful, Shae, don’t go running about or jumping around.”

“I’m two days pregnant.” Shae answered rolling her eyes. “The baby is well protected.”

“It might be a good idea to err on the side of caution.” Alexander told his granddaughter as he grinned at her happily. “This baby wasn’t conceived on a usual heat, but because your bodies were heated enough to conceive, so it might be best to be a bit more cautious. That goes for you too, Harry sweet one.”

Harry blinked around him as he took his eyes from Braiden’s face and focused on Alexander as he heard his own name.

“I’m sorry, what did you say? I wasn’t listening, Braiden snuffled in his sleep.” Harry went pink cheeked; embarrassed that he had lost the thread of conversation just because Braiden had made a noise.

Alexander chuckled and came forward a few steps to cup his cheek and kiss his forehead. “Be careful with yourself, Harry dear.”
“Oh I won’t need to. I’m not going to be walking by myself until after this baby is born.” Harry answered with a glare to his four mates, one which was holding him, the other being held next to him and the other two hovering around him already. “Back off.” Hegrowled at them.

They growled back and Harry hissed, swiping half-heartedly at Nasta before looking at his stomach.

“There’s no baby in there. I’m not pregnant.” He said adamantly. “You’re wrong.” He told Claire.

“Harry…”

“NO! You’re wrong. WRONG!” He screamed.

Max put him on the floor as he squirmed and Harry went and burrowed under Alexander’s arm with Braiden.

“Come now, Harry, it’s not so bad. You may have your second clutch.”

“I’m not pregnant.” Harry reiterated sternly.

“Two days is a very small amount of time, perhaps the pregnancy won’t take. The cells might be lost, they might not attach to your sac walls sufficiently, you might have lost this clutch regardless of recent…behaviours.”

Alexander gave a stern eye to Amelle, who Caesar was holding and cuddling, her mouth and cheeks stained red by blood from the nosebleed that Harry’s magic had caused from too much pressure and from Caesar feeding his blood clumsily to her.

Harry cuddled up closer. He didn’t know what to think. He didn’t want to be pregnant, he didn’t want to think that there was another baby growing inside of him, but if there was, and it was a big if in his mind, then he also didn’t want that baby to die or for the cells that were going to form up his baby to unravel and tear apart before his baby even had a chance of becoming an actual baby.

Harry took comfort from Alexander and looked up as a strong hand was placed on his shoulder. Richard was standing behind him and he pulled him from Alexander and over to a clear space of grass away from everyone else, who were working on mending and fixing everything his magical outburst had destroyed.
“I’m sorry, Harry. I’ve acted disgustingly towards you, but Alexander is right, I do believe that you are older than you actually are because of the way you act. You’re more mature than I am, so it’s harder for me to associate you with being so much younger. Your control is outstanding, so when you showed the first waver, the first slip, I attacked it and I’m sorry. You have such amazing control that perhaps I maybe thought that your slip was purposeful, when in reality it wasn’t. I know you’ve shown great kindness to Ashleigh, to all of us. I mean, look at all these other prissy bitches; they’re still clinging onto their children even now. You were the only one who has ever shown such kindness to Ashleigh and such trust in her personality as to actually hand her your newborn, to let her hold him and cuddle him and without you even hovering over her. Myron and I, we got used to it. We were so used to you being so trusting of other people with yourself and with Braiden that when you went feral for the first time in my knowledge, when you showed the first crack in your control and denied Ashleigh what she had come to love and adore, it angered the both of us. We’ve been looking out for and protecting Ashleigh so much more than we should since…since that day.” Richard’s hand automatically, almost subconsciously, climbed to his ruined throat, his fingers massaging the mounds of tight scar tissue. “It was almost an automatic reflex to shun you and to blame you for how you acted towards her and that was so very unfair of the both of us. We love you, Harry, of course we do and not just because you managed to snag our oldest son’s heart. You’re a very kind, loving and brave man, what’s not to love about you? You are selfless, smart, balanced, funny and Max loves you, everyone loves you. We are so very sorry and I ask from the bottom of my heart if you can forgive us. We never meant to hurt you, our family means everything to us and you are a part of our family, Harry.”

Harry threw himself into Richard’s arms and sobbed like a child as he was held and soothed, Braiden tucked under his arm securely.

Larger, stronger hands held him around his waist and he was pulled bodily from the floor, turned and cuddled to a chest so much like Max’s, but softer. Max was squishy, but not as soft as Myron, who was losing his muscles as he grew older.

“Please say that you’ll forgive us.” That deep voice whispered into his hair. “We never meant to hurt you so badly. We were fools.”

“There’s nothing to forgive.” Harry sniffled. “You were protecting your mate, I understand that. I hope that if I was in the same situation that my mates would be half as protective of me as you are of Ashleigh.”

Myron squeezed him tightly, but Harry noticed that it wasn’t quite the bear hug he had been getting recently. The overprotectiveness had already started.
Harry settled himself down with Braiden on the bed and picked up the bottle, shaking it before dribbling a few drops onto the underside of his forearm. He rubbed the teat against Braiden’s cheek, watching with a smile as Braiden rooted for it and caught it in his mouth, his lips spread wide around the bulb of the teat, sucking and swallowing strongly. Braiden was a healthy eater.

Blaise slipped into the bed beside him and held the back of Braiden’s head with a large hand, watching their son eat with him.

“He’s perfect.” Blaise whispered reverently.

“Do…do you think that I am pregnant?” Harry asked softly.

“I think that the Healer would know what to look for, Harry.” Blaise said hesitantly, obviously expecting him to blow up at him or perhaps for his magic to react and literally blow up the room.

Harry moved a hand from under Braiden’s bum and touched his belly. He hadn’t lost all of the pregnancy weight he had gained from Braiden yet. He was still fleshy with the extra weight he had gained, it hadn’t bothered him. He had known the weight would melt away eventually, but now it wouldn’t. Now he would be gaining more weight again and if he was as big with this baby as he had been with Braiden then school was going to become impossible. If he was two days pregnant then his baby was due on the second of March, halfway through the school year and well before the exam months. What was he going to do with a ten month old and a three month old during exams?

“I can’t be.” Harry denied. “I just can’t.”

Blaise slipped an arm around him and kissed the side of his head.

“We love you, mio amore. We will stay by you and support you through all things. You are not alone.”

Harry smiled and fell sideways to rest against Blaise as Braiden finished his bottle. Harry quickly took it out of his mouth so he didn’t swallow any air and get trapped wind. Harry placed him over his shoulder with a bright orange burp cloth that Blaise had placed over his shoulder for him and patted Braiden’s back firmly, rubbing him until he burped. He was getting more confident in burping Braiden now that he had realised that gently patting him and barely rubbing was not going to get all of the air up and Braiden would suffer for it with trapped wind and colic. After that bombshell Harry had been a bit firmer handed and Braiden was burping better.
Blaise eased him down until he was lying down with Braiden over his chest before stripping them both naked and doing the same.

“What are you doing?” Harry said with a chuckle as Blaise lay down in the bed beside him and cuddled up close.

“Babies need skin to skin contact to bond. I thought we could bond with one another as well as with our son.”

Harry smiled and moved his arm out from beside him and slipped it over Blaise’s chest as he rolled onto his side, carefully bringing Braiden down so that their sleepy, yawning son was touching the both of them, Blaise’s arm slipping under his neck to rub patterns onto his back, his other arm covering Braiden’s little back.

“My Mother would like to hear about the new pregnancy and would also appreciate an update on her only grandson. She has grown restless with the need to see her grandchild, but she has also been toeing the line between our privacy also.”

Harry hummed and smiled as he thought of Marianna. He wanted to see her again. He wished Aneirin was around as well, it seemed he didn’t see enough of them, but Aneirin at least had the excuse of working in a different country every other week, though he did constantly check in with Nasta and tell his youngest son where he was and what hotel he was staying in. He was hardly ever in Britain, but Marianna was only a floo call away.

“We should go and tell her.”

Blaise made a noise as if to immediately disagree.

“Perhaps it might be best for her to come and visit us here?” He offered instead.

Harry clenched his teeth together to keep from lashing out.

“I am two days pregnant.” He hissed lightly. “When I was two days pregnant with Braiden I was running, jumping, climbing, going to lessons and having sex. We didn’t even know I was pregnant for eleven days!”
Blaise bit down on his tongue to keep from replying but he couldn’t help his hand drifting to the back of Harry’s neck, cupping it lightly to give him a warning. So many things had happened during Harry’s first pregnancy with his son, so many scares, too many, so much drama, too much danger and too many people hitting his pregnant mate. Not this time. Amelle had already gotten an early start, but no more, never again. He would stand in front of Harry like a shield if it kept their next clutch safe from harm. He would confine Harry to their bed for the duration of the pregnancy if he thought it would help, regardless of Harry’s thoughts on the issue. They would never again have a miscarriage scare if it could at all be preventable. He wouldn’t allow it.

Harry woke up groggy and found himself caught in a sight that would forever make him laugh. He and Blaise were cuddled around Braiden, still naked. Draco was cuddling Blaise from behind, also naked, and Max and Nasta were on the outside of the bed, Max behind him and Nasta behind Draco, all of them naked and ‘bonding’.

Harry chuckled sleepily and eased himself out of the pile, bringing a squirming Braiden with him. He had no idea who had fed Braiden last night before returning him to his arms, but he was forever glad that whoever they were had decided to put him in a nappy as the smell emitting from it almost choked him when he changed the little baby.

Braiden made a happy sound as Harry finished powdering his bum and put him in a clean nappy. It made Harry chuckle quietly and kiss him soundly on the lips as he quietly packed away the changing things, got himself dressed quickly and efficiently before he crossed the bedroom, sure footed, leaving the bedroom so his mates could sleep, all tangled together in a naked heap.

Harry made some tea, made up a bottle and ate a bowl of fruit muesli that Nasta had bought to keep in the cupboard for when he had to run to the Dragon reserve and had little time for a proper breakfast. He put the bowl into the sink before feeding Braiden his bottle, watching him carefully even as he tried to drink his own tea before it went cold.

Harry burped Braiden and went to sit in the living room with a fresh cup of tea. His mind drifted back to the conversation yesterday and his teeth ground together. Who was Blaise to try and stop him from doing what he wanted or going to see whoever he wanted anyway?

Harry made up his mind and he got Braiden ready, got himself ready before strapping the baby into his carrycot, making sure he had a packed nappy bag and flooing, at six in the morning, to Aneirin Delericye, who was in Sydney, Australia. It would be some when in the afternoon and sure enough, as he tumbled out of the fireplace, Aneirin scooped him up with a bear hug and kissed him on the cheek.

“How are you, Harry?” He asked as he was set down in a chair, Braiden being placed on the table, before his carry cot was unstrapped and Aneirin had him in his arms, cuddling and kissing the baby. “I have missed this little guy so much. He’s my only grandchild and I barely see him! I’m going to have to take a break from work, this just won’t do.”
Harry smiled and he felt happy again, he felt normal.

“What brings you here?” Aneirin asked as he made them both fruit smoothies, putting whole fruit into a top of the range juicer, adding ice and finishing it off with three plump raspberries for edible decoration.

“I wanted to see you. I missed you.”

Aneirin smiled and ruffled up his hair. “You’re a sweet kid, Harry, coming to see an old man like me.”

Harry snorted into his drink. He couldn’t think of anyone who looked less like an old man than Aneirin. His hair was still thick and dark, the only lines on his face were laughter lines around his eyes and mouth, though there were two frown lines over his forehead, Harry put that down to having to raise three young babies whilst working in the business profession. His body was still strong and healthy, though he was losing some muscle definition, it didn’t make him look old at all.

“I am sixty, Harry.” Aneirin told him with a smirk and Harry just gaped. He would most definitely have said that Aneirin was younger than Myron Maddison, not almost ten years older, but then Aneirin’s youngest son, Nasta, was six years older than Myron’s oldest son, Max, so perhaps it shouldn’t have been such a huge surprise.

“If you stopped drinking so much tea and eating so much processed, unhealthy food you could look as good as I do at sixty.” Aneirin told him with a wink and Harry laughed. “Though tea is healthier than coffee, if I ever catch you or yours drinking coffee I’ll pull you over my knee and spank the sense back into you.”

“I don’t like the taste of it and I only have the odd cup once in a blue moon, usually after a late night.” Harry said with a grin. “Blaise does love coffee though; he has at least three cups a morning.”

“And Nasta allows this?” Aneirin asked incredulously.

“Nasta allows him one cup a day with a heavy frown and a lot of grumbling about his health, but Blaise always finds ways of slipping in more. Nasta is very busy with paper work from the reserve at the moment and he’s having to have meetings with the other handlers often because nesting
season is almost upon them, so Blaise is finding it easier than usual to get his caffeine fix.”

“That boy is only seventeen; he shouldn’t even know coffee exists!” Aneirin grumbled.

Harry smiled and kissed Braiden as his son made small sounds from Aneirin’s arms.

“There was one other thing I needed to tell you before going to visit Marianna.”

“What is that?”

Harry bit his lip and looked into solid brown eyes. “There’s a possibility that I’m pregnant again.”

“You gave birth a week ago, Harry; I wouldn’t have thought you’d be pregnant again so soon. If your body is still acting up it is likely left over hormones, I doubt you have anything to worry about.” Aneirin told him gently.

“That’s what I thought, but the Healer told me that I’m three days pregnant, I said there was no way I could be, but she insists that I went onto a heat period due to the weather.”

All at once Aneirin understood and he made an ‘Ah’ sound. “How hot did the temperature go for you to go onto this supposed heat?” He asked.

“It hit a record forty degrees, she said that because I was outside and all of our scales were out that we raised our core temperatures up to one hundred and ten degrees and I conceived. Was she telling the truth?” Harry asked, feeling very much like a little boy and feeling like one too.

Aneirin sighed, put Braiden back into his carrycot and slid to his knees in front of Harry’s chair. He took hold of his small hands and looked him right in the eyes.

“The Healer was telling the truth, Harry. It’s rare that a Dracken conceives outside of their usual breeding heats, but outside forces that raise out body temperatures to a certain degree confuses our bodies into believing we are on heat. The neck of your sac would have loosened with the heat of your body and fully opened when you were engaged in sexual activities, leaving you susceptible to pregnancy. You may very well be pregnant.”
Harry bit his lip. He hadn’t wanted to hear that. Aneirin pulled him down, off of his chair, and into his lap and he just cuddled him like a baby, resting his chin on the top of his head and humming soothingly.

“It’s going to be difficult for you to have a second clutch so close to the birth of Braiden.” Aneirin told him. “Make no mistake about it, having any children so close together will be hard in the long run, but it’ll all be worth it when you see them grown up, Harry. When you see the beautiful people you have raised and nurtured through their lives. You can get through this, love, I know you can. You have four mates, four of them. When I had Angharad, Sanex and a newborn Nasta, it was only me. Just me on my own raising three young children, one of whom was a newborn. I was flooing all over the world with them, trying to do my job as they played about my feet in meetings, trying to earn enough money to feed and clothe them properly. You don’t have to do that, Harry. Not only do two of your mates have very well paid jobs, but three of you, including yourself, come from old money and are especially intelligent and will have no problems getting top paid jobs yourselves, money is not an issue for you as it was for me. You are not short on supporting family members; you have people willing and even wanting to take your children off of you so you can rest for a night, or even a whole weekend. I never had that luxury, despite being incredibly paranoid and protective of my three children after my mate died, I was always half a world away from mine or Lowri’s family members who would have looked after my children for a day or two. In hindsight, I know now that I was foolish. I should have left my children with my parents or Lowri’s and gone to these meetings myself. They would have barely seen me, but at least they would have had a safe, secure and permanent place to live.”

“Nasta would have hated you.” Harry replied mildly and Aneirin stiffened under him, his arms clenching as a growl slipped from his throat. “He would have. He loves other languages and cultures. He only learnt them because you took him with you. Nasta loved going all over the world with you and nothing made him happier than you telling him that you were taking him to a country he had never been to before. Nasta didn’t want a fixed abode growing up, he wanted to be with you and to see as many different places as you could take him, to learn as many languages and cultures as he could. It was the highlight of his life and I’m going to ruin that by constantly being pregnant.”

Aneirin kissed his head and nuzzled his neck.

“He won’t think like that, Harry. Nasta has been to every country on this planet at least twice and some of the more mainstream countries more than eighty times. He’s seen them all, learnt all the languages and cultures they have to offer. He’s not a child anymore, he’s a man grown and it’s past time for him to have his own family. If he has said anything at all about you ruining his travelling life by being pregnant with his children then he is not the man that I raised him to be and I will happily pull him over my knee for you.”

Harry chuckled weakly and snuggled in tighter to the comfort that he was being offered.
“I never saw my life being like this.” Harry confessed. “When I found out that I was a Dracken, I handled it quite well, I handled getting a mate well, though maybe I could have handled the news that I needed more than one mate a little better. I even welcomed the news that I could get pregnant, but I never thought for one moment that I’d constantly be pregnant, that I wouldn’t be allowed to do anything or go anywhere.”

“Who’s stopping you?” Aneirin asked. “Surely not Nasta.”

“All of them are. All four of them don’t like me going anywhere or doing anything, they carry me everywhere and yeah it’s nice when I’m tired or need a nap, but I do have a pair of legs that I like using too. We found out yesterday that I was pregnant and I was carried home, carried to bed and left there and I felt like they had forgotten all about me until Braiden woke up and Blaise brought a bottle up to feed him.”

“They left you upstairs in bed and went downstairs?” Aneirin asked a hint of anger in his voice.

“Yes, they said that I needed the rest even though I told them I wasn’t tired and would get just as much rest downstairs on the settee with them.”

“You want to get a handle on that, Harry. Lowri almost skinned me when I tried suggesting that she rested and I wouldn’t have dared force her upstairs when she didn’t want to go for fear of losing my eyes. Like you said, you have a pair of legs, why didn’t you just walk back down the stairs?”

“They would have been angry and upset with me.” Harry said softly.

Aneirin clenched a hand into a fist and breathed deeply. He knew all about Harry’s childhood from Nasta and he had been livid, but he was so angry now that Harry thought that maybe telling him had been a bad idea.

“Then they are at fault. If they make you stay upstairs like a naughty child whilst they enjoy themselves downstairs and they make you feel too guilty to get up and join them then they are the ones who should be ashamed, Harry, not you! I’m going to be speaking to Nasta about this, as top dominant of your family it’s his decision. He can overrule all of the others and I will be speaking to Myron about Maximilius, I know that that man didn’t raise Max to treat submissives this way!”
Harry stayed with Aneirin until the man had to go to another meeting and Harry hugged and kissed him goodbye and took Braiden through the hotel floo network and landed on his knees, cradling Braiden’s carrycot, on the floor of the Burrow, it was now eight in the morning and the kitchen was a buzz of activity and Harry had his ear screamed off as he was hugged desperately, ushered into a chair beside Charlie and given a heaped plate of food as Ginny relieved him of his son.

“Harry dear! Oh it’s so good to see you, how have you been? Here, have some more sausages!” Mrs Weasley encouraged, tipping four more sausages onto his already full plate.

“I’ve been fine. I went to see Aneirin this morning because when I was awake, he was already halfway through his day because he’s in Australia.”

“So that’s where you went. Your lovers came here looking for you an hour ago, they were quite frantic.” Bill told him with a wink.

“They must not have found the note I left them telling them where I was then.” Harry said with a shrug.

Harry ignored Ron, who was at the opposite end of the table. Mrs Weasley glared at him every now and then to remind him to behave and Ron unhappily shoved more bacon into his mouth.

Harry finished off his huge meal, feeling that he’d be full until dinnertime, when he was given tea and biscuits as well, before Mrs Weasley shooed off the younger children and took Braiden from Ginny. Ron left quickly and Ginny went with Fred and George, leaving Harry with Bill, Charlie, Mrs Weasley and Mister Weasley.

“How are you feeling, Harry?” Mister Weasley asked.

“Fine, I take it the others were ranting about how I shouldn’t be going around on my own because I’m pregnant.”

“Yes, they seemed quite concerned actually. From the way they were acting I almost believed your labour was imminent.” Molly told him with a look to his only slightly rounded stomach.

Harry snorted. “I’m three days pregnant. Three days and already I can’t wait to birth the baby because of them. I’ve got another seven months of this if I carry to term.”
“How long is a Dracken’s gestation period?” Asked a very curious Charlie, who seemed to be immensely interested.

“Leave the poor dear alone, Charlie, he isn’t a dragon!” Molly chastised.

“Technically I am part dragon.” Harry put in timidly.

“Yes, but you don’t want to be studied and questioned when all you want is a nice cup of tea and some more homemade ginger biscuits.”

“Seven months gestation, but the baby has been known to survive at four and a half months gestation.” Harry muttered to Charlie as Mrs Weasley went to get more biscuits.

“Just like most dragon species.” Charlie said, staring at Harry like he was a saint. “How are the babies born? Bill was saying something about you being in a nest on a roof!”

“Yes, I built a nest and then stayed in there for two weeks before my labour took over and I birthed Braiden.”

“Do you give birth to live young or eggs?” Charlie asked.

Mrs Weasley heard him and smacked the back of his head with a spatula she took out of her apron pocket.

“Charlie Weasley! You leave the poor boy alone! Asking him if he laid eggs of all things! Of course he gave birth to a baby and not an egg!”

Charlie looked abashed but Harry grinned and took another biscuit from the plate that was shoved at him. He loved the Weasley’s.

Harry stayed with them for only an hour before saying he had to get off despite Mrs Weasley telling him he could stay the night, that he could have Fred and George’s old room as they slept at their shop, even if they did honour her by coming back every morning before they opened up the shop for their breakfast. It was approaching nine when he reached Marianna’s home in France and he gave her a huge hug before shoving Braiden at her as she ushered him into a soft chair.
“I was worried for you, darling. Blaise came over this morning and said that you were missing and something about you being pregnant. He didn’t explain much, just frantically asked if you were here before leaving as soon as I told him that you weren’t.”

“I went to visit Aneirin in Australia before I went to visit Mrs Weasley. I am pregnant. Three days.”

“That is wonderful news! But from the way Blaise was acting it was as though you were tightrope walking over a pit of manticores at six months pregnant.”

“As if they’d let me walk at six months.” Harry grumbled.

“What do you mean, sweetness?” She asked with narrowed eyes.

Harry told Marianna everything that had happened the previous day and she growled.

“I’ll be having words with Blaise. He used to hate it when I treated him like a glass doll. I can’t believe that he’d do the same to you. But, Harry honey, they can only walk all over you if you lie down and let them do it. Stand up for yourself and fight back.”

“I want to see the world.” Harry admitted softly. “I want to go places, see things, but with me always pregnant, I’m never going to get to do those things. I love my children, but I want to be able to walk down the street without an entourage of lovers following me.”

“Come and stay here for a few days, Harry. You and your mates and of course Braiden. I’ll say that Josiah and I wish to spend some quality time with Braiden for a while before you go back to school. Draguignan is lovely in the summer and the scenery is like no other.”

“That is very kind of you, Marianna, but the others won’t let me leave the house now that I’m pregnant. I won’t be able to go. They’ll leave me at home if you insist that you want to see Braiden. Blaise will bring him on his own without me.”

“Then I’ll insist you come too, it’s a crime to split a Mother from his baby so early. Just remember that it is not four against one, Harry dear; it is just you and your top dominant Nasta. He is the key
in all of this, if he says you can go, then the others can’t disagree with him.”

“He’ll never let me go.”

“Then you play dirty, sweet one. Submissive Drackens don’t get anywhere if they’re all sweet and cute and fluffy and roll over like content puppies. Get hard and dirty.”

“You mean…sex.” Harry went red, stumbling over the word in front of Marianna.

“I’m not telling you to withhold sex from them, I have very little respect for those who use sex as a weapon to get what they want by threatening to withhold such an important part of a relationship, but that’s not to say that you can’t give him a little…extra.” Marianna purred. “Just to sweeten him up and get him to be a little more receptive to your thoughts and ideas.”

“Oh. OH!” Harry grinned as he caught her meaning and he giggled.

“Also, don’t be afraid to use emotions as weapons, turn on the tears if you have to. No man can resist seeing the one they love crying. They can only walk all over you, Harry dear, if you lie down and let them.” Marianna repeated making sure that the message was hitting home.

“I don’t like fighting with them though, it seems like all we do lately is fight and it’s usually over me and the baby and now that I’m pregnant again, it’s going to get worse, I just don’t want to fight anymore.”

“You don’t need to fight or yell them into submission, use your head, darling. Use underhand tactics, go below the belt, worm through them and make them agree with you. No one likes fighting with the ones they love and with four against one, you are outnumbered and outmatched. Make them think that you’ve given in without a fight, but look devastated and crushed, turn on the tears if you need to and you make them feel guilty for denying you what you asked for, make them regret fighting with you, fight dirty to get your way. Submissives have been doing it for decades, love; you need to learn to do the same. A dominant Dracken can fight and scream all day if he has to, he will match you shout for shout, so take away the anger and fight back with your own emotions, they won’t be able to handle you upset and in tears.”

“How…how did you…?”
“How did I get Maximiliano to take me on holidays? I would stare wistfully out of a window or at the page of a book and tell him in a sad voice that I had never been to Sweden, or that I’d never been skiing before, little comments that all added up and played on his mind until I found myself being whisked away for a ‘surprise’ skiing holiday at my favourite resort in Sweden for the fourth time in my life.”

“But you said…”

Marianna winked at him and all at once Harry understood what she was trying to teach him. To get what he wanted he had to play his mates, if he didn’t, then he was going to live out the rest of his life stuck in Max’s house, confined to the bedroom just like summer time at the Dursleys. Marianna was right, it was time for him to fight back against their domineering control. It was time to get down and dirty and if he had to use a bit of emotional blackmail or word things just right to make them feel guilty to get a bit of leeway over them, then so be it. He now knew what he had to do.

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Harry flooed home at midday, his mind still buzzing and running rampant with everything that Marianna had taught him, could it be that simple? Could he work his mates like that without feeling guilty himself? Would they even fall for it?

He was converged on the moment he stepped through the floo and he had four different voices screaming at him, four men grabbing and pulling at him and when he almost dropped Braiden because his arm was tugged on he lashed out with his claws instinctively.

He used a careful claw to snap the straps that held a crying, startled Braiden, scooped him out and kicked the carrycot away from him, sniffing and licking his baby to see if the drop down his arm, from his elbow to his wrist, had harmed him or if the carrycot had held him safe and secure before cuddling the baby and shushing him.

“How could you try and hurt him like that!” He screeched. “What if I had dropped him? What were you thinking?”

Nasta was holding Max, who was hunched over his arm which was bleeding. Blaise was standing beside him, his arm around his back rubbing soothing patterns onto his skin, cooing to Braiden to calm them both down.

“We were worried.” Draco told him.
“I left you a note!” Harry said.

“A note could have been written by anyone, you could have been forced to write it. You said you were going around the families, but no one had seen you!”

“But they told me all about your visits when I went there.”

“Who did you go to and when?” Nasta asked calmly.

“I went to your Dad first in Australia; I stayed there for two hours.”

“You went to see my Dad?” Nasta asked as if the thought hadn’t occurred to him to check there.

“Yes, I haven’t seen him in so long and he deserved a chance to see Braiden for a bit, we stayed until he had another meeting, then I went to the Weasleys and had a second breakfast, I only stayed for an hour, until nine, then I went to visit Marianna. I stayed with her for three hours. We talked a lot; she loved seeing Braiden and wants to see more of him. She’s invited us to stay for a few days before we go back to school.”

“Absolutely not.” Draco hissed. “Do you know how worried we’ve been?”

“So, what are you saying? You’re going to ground me like a child? I’m a grown man!” Harry hissed back feeling very much like it was four on one, even as Blaise was stood beside him, touching him. “If I want to go, I damn well will and not one of you will stop me!”

“Want a bet?” Max growled his mouth stained with Nasta’s blood from where he had been feeding to help heal the four claw marks deep in his arm. His fangs and claws were out, he had gone feral.

“All of you calm down. Leave us. Take Braiden with you.” Nasta ordered and the other three listened without complaint, though they didn’t look happy. “Draco, Blaise! Get the salve from the top shelf for Max; I don’t want him overexerting himself with an injury.” Nasta called after them.

The room went deadly silent when the others had left with Braiden and Harry felt like curling up on himself and hiding.
“I hope you know that what you did today was very dangerous, Harry.” Nasta told him quietly. “Anything could have happened to you today.”

“I was visiting family!” Harry hissed.

“What if you had fallen out of the wrong gate when flooing all the way to France and Australia?!” Nasta demanded. “What if you had ended up halfway across the world, with no money and no way to get back, with a week old child?!”

Harry bit his lip and looked down at his lap. He hadn’t thought of that. It had happened before; he had ended up in Knockturn Alley when he was twelve because he had said the wrong place name. True he had gotten better at floo travel since that first time, but if he had fallen out accidentally as was known to happen sometimes, what would he have done when he had Braiden with him?

Nasta came and stood in front of him, lifting his chin up so that Harry was looking into those soft hazel eyes.

“We love you, Harry and we don’t want anything to ever happen to you, we want to protect you, but we also want to trust you. How can we do that when you floo off all over the world when we are still asleep? Giving us nothing but a hastily scribbled note that looked like it might have been written under duress? Can you understand where things like this push us over the edge and it doesn’t exactly instil our trust in you?”

Harry nodded. He could understand that and he felt like such a fool, putting Braiden in danger as well as himself, but at the time it had seemed perfectly fine and logical. A tear escaped his eye and Nasta brushed it away with his thumb.

“Don’t cry, love. I hate seeing you cry. I’m not shouting at you, I just want you to understand why we were so upset and angry with you for disappearing, we want to trust you, Harry and we want you to trust us.”

“You never listen to me.” Harry said quietly. “You would have never let me go.”

“We would have let you go, of course we would have, but we would have gone with you to ensure your safety. Admit it or not, but you are pregnant again, Harry and you had Braiden with you, our seven day old son.”
“I wouldn’t have let anything happen to him.”

“But what would have happened to you when you were protecting Braiden? We’re your dominants, Harry; you have us to protect you from all attacks so you don’t have to be put in dangerous situations.”

“You are not human shields!”

“No, we’re Dracken shields. It’s the job of a dominant to fight for, protect and die for his submissive if needs be. That is the purpose of a mated dominant, Harry, to love, to cherish, to reproduce and to die for his submissive.”

“Maybe that was true a thousand years ago but…!”

“No, Harry.” Nasta cut in, shaking his head. “That is the function of a dominant. We are your lovers, your mates, but our function is still the same as it was a thousand years ago, if you die in an attack, we would have failed you as your dominant mates.”

Harry was silent. He didn’t know what to say or what to do. He felt disgusted with himself and the familiar, bitter self-loathing crept into his mind. Why couldn’t he ever do anything right?

“Am I doing anything right?” He asked after the question refused to leave him, repeating over and over in his mind until he just had to ask it.

“What do you mean?” Nasta asked, his eyebrows lowering in confusion.

“Am I doing anything a submissive Dracken should be doing right? I push away my own instincts, I put Braiden and myself in danger, I ignore you and the others when you try to keep me safe. Why can’t I do anything right? Why is everything I do always wrong?”

Nasta hugged him and held him against his chest, urging Harry’s arms around his own body.

“Every submissive is different, you just happen to be more different than most, but that’s a good thing. Having your own mind isn’t a bad thing at all, that you push away your own thousand year
old instincts and listen to your logical mind is a very good thing, Harry because our instincts can be very illogical, irrational and downright idiotic at times. The others and I know that sometimes the safety measures we give you are a tad overprotective and even stifling at times, which is why when you break them we usually aren’t too upset about it because we understand your need for independence and space, but we cannot allow you to put yourself and Braiden in danger like you did this morning. If you had waited just twenty more minutes I would have been up and I would have joined you. I would have told Max where I was going and that I had you and Braiden with me and he could have kept Blaise and Draco in bed with him for a lie in and he would have given them a big breakfast when they had all finally woken up instead of all of us scrambling around in a panic stricken state of mind looking for a hint of you and Braiden, who in our minds had upped and vanished in the middle of the night. We were frightened, Harry and I doubt the others will even admit it, but I can and I was terrified for you and Braiden.”

“Does this mean that we can’t go and visit Marianna now?” Harry asked softly.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

“Why not? I want to go, Nasta, please. Marianna deserves some time with her son and Grandson before we go back to Hogwarts, you can be there with me, all of you can!”

“No, Harry.” Nasta grumbled, his deep voice rougher than usual because the stress of talking so much had left his throat dry.

“It’s only Marianna’s home. Blaise’s home. What danger is there going to be?”

“Floo travel is dangerous…”

“I flooed there just this morning! There was nothing dangerous about it! If you still don’t want to floo then why can’t we get a Portkey?!” Harry demanded and got a glare for his tone.

“I said no, Harry.”

“I don’t want to stay here!” Harry told his oldest mate. “We are going back to Hogwarts in a week! I want to see something other than Hogwarts and the inside of a house!”

Nasta sighed and rubbed his aching temples. How much did he really want to just give in, but his
Dracken snarled. It was too dangerous, their new clutch could be terminated, a clutch that could be his this time around.

“Just…just think about it, Nasta, please. I’ve never been anywhere in my life. I’ve never had a holiday before. The Du…the Dursleys, they would leave me at an old woman’s house as they went on lavish, expensive holidays and then they’d torture me with everything they did and got to see as a family when they got back, putting up photos where I could see them and reminiscing about things that I couldn’t hope to see in my wildest dreams. I just want to have a break before I go back to school, just please think about it.”

Harry felt so sickened with himself for playing the Dursleys card, but he wasn’t lying. He had never been anywhere whilst the Dursleys had jetted off all over the world, Dudley coming back with a suitcase full of trinkets and mementoes. He had been made to polish the frames of the holiday photos, the Dursleys on a beach, Dudley in a go kart when he had still been small enough to fit, at theme parks, at aquariums and reptile houses, at various zoos all over the world. Harry had hated them all for leaving him with Mrs Figg; he had used to spit on the glass fronts to polish them instead of using the tub of polish that Aunt Petunia ordered him to use. It hadn’t been fair and it still wasn’t fair as he was free of them now and he still couldn’t go anywhere that he wanted.

Nasta was quiet for the rest of the day and Harry felt wretched. He went to bed early and when Blaise and Max came up and snuggled into him, he was still awake, his mind twisting around thoughts at a mile a minute. Draco came up next and he fell asleep quickly. By the time that Nasta came up it was three in the morning. He climbed into the bed carefully, but Harry acted like it had disturbed him as he pretended to look groggily over at Nasta, who smiled softly and eased him back down, rubbing his hair gently to sooth him back to sleep. Harry rolled over Max and shoved the biggest man in the bed towards Blaise and Draco. Max grunted as little feet dug into his back and he rolled over twice until he was snuggled up tight to Blaise. Harry settled down in the warm groove that Max had left and cuddled into Nasta. He yawned widely and burrowed into Nasta’s chest, who shimmied him over so that he could fit in the bed comfortably and lay down, holding him close.

“I love you, Harry.” He heard him whisper sometime later as he pretended to sleep and almost was asleep. “We’ll go visit Marianna because you want to go, but I’ll be damned if I’m letting go of your hand for the entire time that we’re there.”

Harry smiled as Nasta squeezed him. He made a soft, sleepy noise and Nasta relaxed his arms so he wasn’t squeezing. Harry snuggled in once again and he fell asleep with a smile on his face.
The vote is over! L12 won. The number 12 by 47 points over the number 10! The letter L by 1 point over the letter D! For the results:-

The number 6 was 3 babies in the clutch.
The number 10 was 4 babies.
The number 12 was 5 babies.
The letter A was baby girls.
The letter D was baby boys.
The letter L was both girls and boys.

So the clutch Harry has contains 5 babies of mixed gender! I will choose how many of each gender and who their Fathers are! Many of you worked out that only Max, Nasta and Blaise can be the potential Father’s, this was an author oversight as I believed I had written Draco into the last sex scene, but I never, as a result of this, Draco is excluded from being a Father of this clutch.
Chapter Forty-Eight – Fun in the Sun

Harry was so excited even as Max and Draco shouted at Nasta, who was calmly packing an overnight bag with enough clothes for the weekend.

It was two in the morning and Harry was so excited that he hadn’t slept a wink. Everything was so short notice that they were only now packing their suitcases.

Harry had never been on holiday before, so he had no idea what he needed to take. He was packing anything and everything that came to his hand as Nasta chuckled and started removing things from his little suitcase.
“Braiden will not need all of these clothes, love.” He told him as he took out several jumpers, even more shirts and fourteen pairs of trousers.

“What if he has an accident or if it’s not warm enough?”

“We have blankets for him and it’ll take a few minutes to come back to get a spare pair of clothes. It’s not like we are Muggles and need to catch a plane to come back and forth. We’ll be fine, now instead of filling the suitcase with everything for Braiden, pack some clothes for yourself.”

Harry did as he was told, not willing to push his luck as he was actually being allowed to go and Marianna had been right, he only needed Nasta on his side as Draco and Max were furious and demanding that they not go, that it was stupid and dangerous and that it could potentially terminate his pregnancy, but Nasta was adamant and firm that they were going and he ordered them to pack or be stuck without clothes for a week.

“What do I need? Blaise, what’s Draguignan like?”

“It is going to be hot there, Mio amore, but not much more than here.”

“That’s good, I’d hate for Braiden to be pushed into a climate where he’s uncomfortable. Oh! Where are his sun hats?! He’s not going without his hats or his sun cream!”

“I’ve got both.” Nasta assured. “Now pack some boxer shorts or you won’t have any.”

“How can you agree to this insanity?!” Draco demanded.

“We are going, now pack your damn suitcase or you’ll have nothing to wear!” Nasta growled.

“Don’t forget your toiletries!” Blaise called after a fuming Draco.

“Don’t tease him.” Harry chastised. “How many bottles should we take? Do we need the extra ones?”
“Harry love, listen to me. Stop packing for Braiden and pack for yourself.” Nasta ordered testily.

Harry dropped the bottle he had been about to pack and frowned at his hand as it had automatically released the bottle without his brain telling his fingers to move.

Nasta sighed and cuddled him

“I didn’t mean to use the full weight of the dominance bond, love, but can you please pack some clothes for yourself or are you planning on running around Marianna’s home with nothing on?”

Harry shook his head and an excited grin stole over his face once more as he rushed to his wardrobe to get some clothes, Nasta giving his bum a swat as he moved past.

Draco unhappily packed his bag and Max zipped his case up in angry silence. Blaise, who had been done before all of them because the majority of his clothes were already at the house they were going to, was making sure that they had everything Braiden needed, tipping out half of the things that Harry had already packed to make space for the things they actually needed.

“Are you all done and ready?” Nasta asked an hour later, Harry’s hand firmly in his own as his mate bounced with excited, pent up energy. It made it almost worth it to see Harry this excited over just going to someone else’s house for a few days.

Once he had resigned himself to the fact that, yes they were actually going and that Harry and Braiden were going with them, Max had become as excited as Harry as he rushed around locking all of the windows, locking the doors and flooing his family to let them know where he was going to be for the next few days to a week.

Draco on the other hand had sunken into a silent sulk and he was very angry and very against the idea of Harry leaving the house. Nasta had ordered him to be quiet and to stop being a pest. He hadn’t spoken since.

“Are we leaving now?!” Harry asked bubbly as he bounced on the balls of his feet, swinging his arm that was attached to the hand Nasta was holding and bouncing Braiden with him, who was strapped to his chest in a baby carrier that had, only that morning, been taken out of its box for the trip since the carrycot was broken and now useless and needed to be replaced.

“No Harry, just calm down. We’ll be going now, in a minute.” Nasta assured him as he and Max went through a check list to make sure they had everything and had done everything that needed doing.
“Are we going now?” Harry asked a minute later as they still hadn’t left the house.

Nasta chuckled deeply and pulled him into a light hug, being mindful of Braiden strapped to his chest and gave him a kiss.

“We’re going now, just shut your mouth for two minutes whilst Max makes sure everything is locked and everything is turned off.”

Harry waited as patiently as he could, but as he opened his mouth to ask once more if they were actually going, Max placed a large hand over his mouth.

“We’re done; we’re going, no more asking.” He said with an indulgent grin.

Harry almost squealed as they made their way to the fireplace. Nasta had decided that flooing was more practical than getting permission for a Portkey with such short notice, but Harry and Braiden were to floo with Nasta, just in case.

Blaise went first, then Nasta forced Draco to leave, Max went next carrying the majority of the suitcases and then Nasta bundled up Harry against his chest, covered him with a blanket and flooed to Marianna’s.

Harry checked on Braiden as a first priority, making sure no soot or dirt had lodged itself anywhere and then turned to grin at Blaise, who was having his back broken by his Mother.

Nasta chuckled quietly beside him and Harry smothered a giggle, even Draco managed a smile and Harry felt almost delirious at the sight of it.

“Everything is set up, Josiah and I worked through all of yesterday and half the night for you all when we heard you were paying us a visit and we made sure to set everything up!” Marianna exclaimed happily.

“Set what up, Mother?” Blaise asked, rubbing his ribs and looking more like he’d rather not know.

“Why, your little holiday, Blaise. Honestly.”

“This is our little holiday.” Harry said. “Blaise said Draguignan is very beautiful.”
“You can come to this place any old time!” Marianna exclaimed. “I’ve booked you into a lovely hotel, just the five of you, got a tour guide to recommend all the places you should visit, the best restaurants, the finest beaches, all the sights you should see.”

Marianna pushed a folder into Nasta’s hand as he raised a black eyebrow incredulously.

“I thought you said we could stay here, Mother.” Blaise reminded her. “You said you’d love for us to come and stay when I spoke to you yesterday.”

“Yes, of course I would, but you need to go out into the world, my little loves! Guadeloupe is a very beautiful island.”

“Guadeloupe?” Max asked faintly.

“Where you’re all going, yes. Except for Braiden. Braiden is staying here with his Grandma Marianna!”

That was where Harry disliked the idea as he cowered back into Nasta and wrapped his arms around Braiden like a shield.

“What?” He asked. “I can’t leave Braiden here.”

“You can’t go out exploring Guadeloupe with a baby in tow!” Marianna refuted. “Josiah and I will take excellent care of him and you can floo back anytime you like, even in the middle of the night, if you want to check up on him.”

“This is too much, we couldn’t possibly…” Nasta began, but he didn’t get much further.

“Well you are.” Marianna snapped at him, proving that she was a dominant female and unafraid to stand up to him. “I would be most offended and unhappy with you if you didn’t go now that I went through all the trouble of making all the arrangements and compiling all the information I could for you boys. You’re going whether you want to or not, I will force the Portkey onto you all at some point with no way for you to get home for a few days, the way I see it you can either sulk and try to find a way off of the island like brats or you can relax and enjoy yourselves for a few days and come back, happy and refreshed in a few days’ time. It’s your choice.”
Harry saw the look on Nasta’s face and knew that he wouldn’t refuse Marianna now that she had played so dirtily and made him feel guilty over wanting to refuse. Marianna was right, it really was easy to manipulate dominants to do what you wanted if you knew what to say and do, but he was no dominant and he did not feel comfortable leaving Braiden.

“I don’t want to leave my baby. He’s only a week old.”

“You can come and see him every day, Harry. It’s only for a few days, one big, happy holiday before you go back to school. I’m sure you could use a few mornings where you can sleep in, where you don’t have to get up in the middle of the night and don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do for a few days. It’s not bad parenting to leave a child with a relative for a few days to have a break, Harry, you are refreshing yourself ready to come back, pick him up and take on school, a new pregnancy as well as a very young baby.”

“I…” Harry looked from Marianna to his mates. Draco did not look accepting, but then he hadn’t wanted any of them to come on this entire trip. Blaise was debating; Max was smiling so he obviously thought that it was a good idea. Harry looked up at Nasta, who was standing at his back and found those hazel-green eyes looking back.

“We could benefit from a break.” Nasta said smoothly, ignoring Draco’s growl of protest.

“If you think it’s a good idea.” Harry said meekly, his arms still around Braiden. But he really wanted to go, so he was doing as Marianna had told him to do, letting Nasta think that he had made the decision himself, but he was wearing a hopeful looking expression, but he wasn’t fighting or yelling, he wasn’t demanding that they should go. He was giving in and softly letting Nasta think that he was making the decision whether to go or not.

“I raised Blaise alright didn’t I?” Marianna demanded. “Braiden will be perfectly safe and happy here!”

“I could use a lie in after all the early mornings we’ve had!” Max encouraged. “Let’s just do it! Marianna has put a lot of work into this for us and Harry deserves a holiday after everything he’s been through.”

That made Blaise make up his mind and he agreed. Draco looked torn.
“Please, Draco.” Harry said softly. “I won’t go if you don’t want me to, but I really want to go.”

Marianna winked at him subtly and gave him an approving smile before adding in. “Won’t this be your first ever holiday, Harry? I’m sure your mates would want you to have a holiday and will make it extra special for you. After all you’re a grown man now, it’s criminal that you’ve never been on a holiday before. How many times did your parents take you on holiday when you were a child, Draco? At least two holidays a year wasn’t it?”

“Sometimes three.” Draco put in quietly as those silver eyes darkened in anger at the reminder that Harry’s upbringing wasn’t as lavish as his own.

“Are we going or aren’t we?” Nasta asked, as if the fate of it rested upon Draco and not on himself.

“We’ll go, but you have to be careful, Harry!” Draco said sternly.

“I will I promise! Thank you! Thank you!” Harry cried engulfing Draco in an awkward hug around his neck, with his arse stuck out so that his chest, which held Braiden, wouldn’t be crushed against Draco. “I can’t believe I’m finally having my first holiday! It’s so amazing!”

“Right, give me Braiden, you can settle him down with a bottle and a last cuddle, but your Portkey leaves in twenty minutes, I booked reservations for you to have dinner in Le Lucullus restaurant in Sainte-Anne, your hotel is also in Sainte-Anne. La Toubana hotel and spa.”

“What are we going to do in a spa?” Max asked his eyebrows in his hairline.

“Spa things?” Blaise answered questioningly.

“Find a steam room.” Harry said with a naughty giggle.

“You don’t need a steam room, sweetheart, you’re already pregnant. Speaking of which, the magical staff at the hotel have been informed of your arrival, that you are in fact pregnant and they have a Healer on standby for the duration of your stay.”

“I’m not that clumsy!” Harry pouted.
“You have your own private villa, with full access to the hotel swimming pool; there is an onsite restaurant and access to the hotel’s private beach.” Marianna continued. “You will arrive around the corner from the restaurant, the reservations are under Delericey, a seven seater car will be waiting to pick you up whenever you are done with dinner to take you to your hotel, you may then do as you please for the rest of your stay.”

Marianna looked so pleased with herself that Harry laughed and slipped Braiden out of the carrier, unstrapping it from his body before he gave his baby a big hug and a sloppy kiss.

“I’ll miss you, love. You be good for your Grandma Marianna, I’ll be home in a few days, I promise.”

Harry handed Braiden over, but then changed his mind and took the baby back, cuddling him tightly.

“I don’t think I can do it.” He said weakly.

“You can, you’re a strong man, Harry.” Nasta encouraged. “I’m sure if anything at all happens then Marianna will inform you, not that I expect anything to happen while we are away, he’s going to be fine and spoilt during his few days with his Grandmother.”

Harry swallowed and slowly held out Braiden again. He pulled his hands away once Marianna had Braiden in her arms so he didn’t snatch him back.

“You do have a bassinet don’t you?” Harry asked suddenly.

“I have Blaise’s old crib. I bought a new mattress just for Braiden and new linens too. He’s going to be fine and he has everything he needs. Stop fretting.”

Harry turned to move away, but turned back to Braiden, the little suitcase that Blaise and Nasta had packed for him and the nappy bag by Marianna’s feet, and kissed those little cheeks and mouth again.

“Nasta, be a dear and take Harry for the Portkey ride, I’m sure that once he’s away he’ll be fine.
It’s always the hardest leaving them for the first time.”

Nasta wrapped Harry in his arms and Harry was almost ashamed to realise that his eyes were burning with tears. He was the one who had wanted this holiday; he had just imagined that he’d be taking Braiden with him.

“It’ll be fine, Harry love, Marianna will spoil Braiden and we are going to spoil you.” Max purred lustily in his ear and it made Harry laugh, before realising that the five of them were going to be in a their own private villa, with no baby, no family, no distractions for long enough that his stomach muscles clenched in anticipation. Perhaps leaving Braiden with Marianna wasn’t such a bad idea after all.

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The place they arrived at was dark, but the humid heat made Harry feel like stripping off and running around naked. It was hotter here than it was in Britain and France; they had been told by Marianna that it was eleven in the night in Guadeloupe. It was no wonder that Marianna insisted that they get up early and arrive at her house at three in the morning. They were all tired, but after they had eaten, they were going straight to the hotel and to bed, so they could get their bodies in time with the local time.

Draco led the way around from the dark corner the Portkey had dumped them and they found the restaurant quickly.

Nasta did all of the talking in rapid French that only Blaise could keep up with and they were quickly led to a beautiful table that seated five, with a gorgeous view and Harry made sure he had the seat closest to the window so he could peek over his shoulder and look outside.

“I bet it’s even more gorgeous when the sun is rising.” He said wistfully.

“Before we leave, you will see a sun rise and a sun set.” Max promised, leaning over to nibble on his neck. This holiday was bringing out Max’s more passionate side and he was wasting no time in showing it.

“Behave!” Nasta chastised as they were given menus and asked to order drinks.

Harry heard the word champagne and heard Nasta quickly decline before ordering them all fruit drinks and glasses of water.

Harry sucked on his straw from his fancy glass with the little green umbrella and he grinned as
Blaise looked at his drink in disgust.

“You could have at least allowed us one glass of wine with dinner.”

“While Harry is pregnant we will support him through his non-alcoholic diet.” Nasta said simply.

“I don’t mind you drinking alcohol.” Harry said. “I never liked the taste of it anyway, I was never refined enough to enjoy it.”

Harry indicated with his glass to Draco and Blaise, who were both grumbling snobbishly to one another about not being allowed wine when they had been allowed one glass with dinner since they were twelve.

Nasta chuckled. “I just didn’t want them drinking so soon, love. Not when we’re going straight to bed after dinner. Do you need help with your menu? It’s all in French.”

“Please. I want something with pasta.”

“They boast a lovely ravioli.” Nasta told him.

Harry grinned. “I’ve never had ravioli.”

“Never?” Max asked scandalised. “I’ve never made ravioli for you?”

“No.” Blaise answered. “I didn’t know you could make pasta from scratch.”

“Of course I can!” Max said scandalised. “I made that lasagne from scratch. I’ll make you some when we get home, love. I can’t believe you’ve never tried it.”

Harry frowned and looked down at the table top.
“I’ve never tried a beef burger.” Nasta said casually, though he was looking at Harry whilst pretending to peruse the menu. He saw Harry’s head come up and he felt better that he had saved the mood of the night.

“You’ve never eaten a burger?” Draco asked.

“I’m surprised that you have.” Nasta answered.

Draco actually went pink. “Blaise and I…we were in between our fourth and fifth year at Hogwarts, we went to a nearby town in Wiltshire and we saw a Muggle stand. We were hungry and it smelt nice.”

Harry actually laughed at how embarrassed Draco sounded at confessing to eating a burger from a vendor.

“I had a burger once.” Harry told them. “Uncle Vernon bought one for himself and Dudley and the nice man handed me one before Uncle Vernon could whisk me away. I didn’t like it much, it made me feel sick from all the oil and grease, but the onions were nice.”

His mates were saved from answering by the appearance of their server, who took their orders, topped up their glasses and then the mood was saved as the awkward tension passed when Harry almost climbed over the back of his chair because an iguana passed in front of the window.

“Sit down, Harry.” Nasta said, but he was laughing so much he could have said almost anything to Harry, who was trying to follow the iguana through its procession through the windows.

“What is it?” Harry asked as he looked at the funny lizard as it cocked its head at him. Harry did the same and heard not only his mates laughing but other diners too.

“It’s an iguana, Harry.” Blaise told him.

Max came and lifted him back into his chair, but Harry still tried to crane his neck to search for the errant iguana.
“You’ll see plenty of them on Guadeloupe, apparently they roam wild.” Draco said as he read through the file that Marianna had given them. “There are also wildlife parks and aquariums if you’d like to see some animals.”

“Can we, please?” Harry asked excitedly.

“Of course we can.” Nasta answered as he sucked twice on his straw of fruit juice.

“You look sexy doing that.” Harry whispered loud enough for their table to hear. “I can suck better than you though.”

“Oh, you think so do you?” Nasta challenged, his voice dipping lower.

Harry chuckled, his voice deeper than it had been in a while. He almost couldn’t wait until they got back to the hotel room, he was almost tempted to say fuck the dinner, fuck me instead, but he didn’t as his stomach grumbled under the table. He’d eat dinner first; he’d need the energy for later.

Harry’s mouth watered as he was served his meal and he ate happily, making sure he tasted everything. He even took the forkful of food that was offered to him by Nasta.

“That’s nice.” He said. “What is it?”

“Trout meunière.” Nasta answered with a perfect accent that he didn’t usually have.

“Nothing can compare to Max’s cooking, but this comes close.” Harry flattered, looking at Max through his eyelashes as he put more of his ravioli on his fork before putting it to his mouth.

“So you’re saying my cooking is better than a real chef’s creation in their area of specialty?” Max asked. “You are so getting it tonight.”

Harry laughed even as he twitched in his loose linen trousers and his stomach clenched in arousal. He couldn’t wait for later.
“Won’t it hurt the baby?” Draco asked.

“No.” Harry replied immediately. “You wouldn’t even know I was pregnant if it wasn’t for Claire. With Braiden it took eleven days before I was dragged to Madam Pomfrey and she told me that I was pregnant. Braiden was fine with all the sex we had for those eleven days and even after! I swear if you try and deny me sex I will tie you down, suck you hard and fuck myself on you.”

“You promise?” Blaise whispered lustily.

Harry had trouble swallowing and took a deep drink of his fruit drink, sucking exaggeratedly on the straw and hearing four muffled growls around him.

They were offered a dessert menu when their main plates were cleared away and before any of the others could decline; Harry took a menu and asked Nasta to translate it for him.

“Don’t you want to get to the hotel quicker?” Blaise asked one hand disappearing under the table to give himself a short, subtle tug as his smart trousers restricted his blood flow.

“I want to fill up first.” Harry said teasingly. “I have enough room for dessert, plus I could use the extra energy, we all could.”

“However much you want to eat.” Draco agreed as he looked at his own dessert menu. He luckily knew enough French to translate himself, which left Nasta to help Harry and Blaise to help Max.

“What are sorbets?” Harry asked.

“It’s frozen, but it’s made with egg whites and fruit purees, so it’s a healthier choice for a dessert.” Nasta said approvingly.

“I want a mango sorbet and a passion fruit one!” Harry exclaimed.

“I want the coconut sorbet.” Draco decided.

“Papaya sorbet.” Max said with a grin.
“Let’s get one of each sorbet then and share them.” Nasta suggested. “That way we can try them all.”

Nasta gave their order and it wasn’t long before a selection of the frozen, ice cream like desserts were placed on their table. Only they weren’t creamy at all, they were ice, bursting with flavour and very delicious and refreshing.

Harry’s favourite was definitely the strawberry sorbet and particularly the lime one, while Nasta preferred the coconut. Max liked the mango and Blaise favoured the passion fruit. Draco enjoyed them all except for the guava sorbet. None of them much liked the guava sorbet or, strangely enough, the raspberry sorbet, which Draco loved.

They all fed one another and enjoyed themselves immensely. They were all done and finished and Nasta asked the server to have their car bought around as he paid for their meals. Harry still couldn’t believe that Marianna had hired them a car.

Harry yawned and leaned against Draco, his seat belt securely on as he kept his eyes peeled open to see the beautiful place they were in, but it was now nearing one in the morning and it was dark.

“We’ll see more in the morning, cariad.” Nasta told him.

Harry hummed, but kept his eyes open. He was semi-hard and he wanted to do something about it with his four lovers as their baby was being looked after by Marianna.

“Do you think Braiden is alright?” He couldn’t help asking.

“I’m sure he is just fine, Harry.” Max told him.

“Of course he is.” Nasta told him. “Blaise turned out fine didn’t he? And it’s always said that grandparents are more patient and more careful with their grandchildren than their children. You always look after something more carefully if it isn’t yours.”

Harry smiled as the pressure released from his gut. He hated feeling that Braiden was going to be distressed without him.

They arrived at the hotel they were staying in and Harry almost lost his breath. It was beautiful. It looked like a jungle, full of trees and flowers and plants, with little bungalow cum villas studded around, held off the ground by stilts and close together, but far enough apart for privacy, Harry grinned as he realised that their neighbours weren’t going to be able to hear him scream tonight whether they used silencing charms or not.
They arrived at the front desk and Max got the key to their own villa. The hotel staff were lovely, though one of them kept darting their eyes up to his forehead, Harry took this to be the magical resident staff on duty. Their suitcases were already in their villa, like Marianna had said they would be and Harry darted around exploring everything in their villa, watched by his amused lovers who occasionally had to remind him not to run and to be careful.

The bed was huge with white linens with red borders, it looked like two king beds pushed together, magic had had a hand in its creation. The bedroom opened up onto a large decking balcony via a sliding glass door that had a gorgeous view of the ocean and the beach and as Harry was stood by the railing, looking over, arms encircled his waist and lips were pressed to the nape of his neck.

Blond hair blew in front of his eyes from the ocean breeze and Harry turned his head to kiss a bicep.

“IT’s gorgeous here, Draco.” He said softly.

“I’m sorry I tried to stop you from coming here. I had no idea how miserable you were until I saw your face light up in the restaurant.”

“I wasn’t miserable, just a bit…stifled. Suffocated. I needed a bit of room to move and instead of giving me that room; you’ve given me an endless expanse of space to stretch in.” Harry answered throwing his arms wide. “This place is better than I could have ever imagined! This is going to be a perfect first holiday!”

Draco turned him around and hugged him tightly, kissing his lips soundly.

“I love you and I’m sorry if I’ve hurt you at all since our mating. I love you.”

Harry went onto his tip toes and put his arms around Draco’s neck, squeezing tightly and trying to offer himself as comfort.

“Let’s go to bed to reaffirm just how much we love one another.” Harry purred into one of Draco’s perfect ears. “Let me show you how much you’re forgiven and how very much I love you.”

Draco chuckled deeply and let Harry lead him back into their bedroom where Max and Nasta were checking through their suitcases.

Harry spun Draco around and shoved him onto the bed beside Blaise before climbing onto him and kissing him, little hands burrowing under the shirt that Draco was wearing to play with pretty pink nipples.
“Hey! Not starting without us are you?” Max asked, a naughty grin on his face as he watched Harry attack Draco’s mouth with a little tongue and a whole lot of vigour.

“You’re here aren’t you?” Harry asked breathlessly, leaning back down to attack that perfect, pale neck with his teeth.

Draco, fed up of lying on his back, rolled Harry over and took over his mouth, his hands shredding the shirt that Harry was wearing before roving over every inch of bared flesh. Harry couldn’t hold in the moan that came from the back of his throat.

Draco pulled back from him and ripped off his own shirt, his muscles rippling under his pale, perfect skin. Draco threw the, now buttonless, shirt aside before leaning down to claim Harry’s mouth as his own once more. Harry’s legs slipped around Draco’s hips and the heels of his feet dug into the base of his spine, forcing his hips to push forward into Harry, who moaned again at the contact.

“I feel left out.” Blaise said a hint of a bass growl in his voice that sent a spike of arousal through his ears and down to his aching cock.

“It’s been too long!” Harry groaned.

“It’s been less than a week.” Max replied incredulously. “My chest still doesn’t feel right.”

“Stop talking and kiss me!” Harry demanded and Max fell to his knees beside the bed, pulled Harry’s shoulders to the edge of the bed so his head was hanging over it before giving him such a passionate, dominating kiss that Harry’s toes curled.

Draco untied the sash that was holding up his linen trousers, unzipped them and tugged them down his legs, kissing them as he went.

A hiss had Harry breaking away from Max to look over at Blaise, who was straddling Nasta’s lap, naked from the waist up, having his neck and ears nibbled and bitten.

Max pulled his hair until he was once again hanging over the edge and all the blood rushed to his head before a tongue was shoved down his throat.

Draco’s tongue and teeth licked and nibbled up the arch of his little foot and Harry almost kicked his nose as it tickled him. Draco yanked him halfway down the bed and Max crawled up to join them, taking off his shirt and undoing his trousers as he went, taking a push up stance over Harry’s head and chest before leaning down to kiss him again.
Harry’s hands took fistfuls of Max’s short, but thick brown hair and tugged mindlessly on it as Draco sucked on his inside thighs, making a soft sound slip from his throat.

The bed creaked as Nasta fell onto it, pinning Blaise down to the bed, undoing both of their trousers at the same time before yanking Blaise’s off of his legs, taking his black boxer-briefs with them.

“Will this bed hold all of our weights?” Harry asked.

“I could reinforce it if you’d like.” Nasta offered his voice so deep it was almost guttural.

“No, a part of me is insanely curious as to whether it can actually support all of our weights or not.”

That made them all chuckle, except for Draco, who was moving his mouth higher and higher up his thigh, getting closer and closer to his groin.

Harry’s breath hitched as Draco’s tongue dipped into the crease made by his thigh meeting his groin.

“Please.” He whimpered and Max chuckled into his ear, before licking it teasingly.

Nasta shoved both Draco and Max off of him, to twin growls and hisses, before dragging Harry to lay right next to Blaise, turning them to face one another, before lying behind Blaise and inching his hand between their bellies. A moment later Harry felt that strong, calloused hand brush his cock and he mewled as Blaise hissed.

Draco licked a wet, wonky line over his shoulder and Harry wondered where Max had gone when he felt a large hand pushing him to twist his hips further forward and more into Nasta’s hand, exposing his bum.

Blaise took over his mouth as Nasta stroked the both of them with one hand; his other hand supporting his heavy body on his side, Draco moved over his shoulder up his neck and over his cheek as Max exposed his entrance before leaning down to lick at it.

Harry felt his heart lurch into his chest as his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he almost bit Blaise’s tongue off as his jaw twitched.

Max continued licking and nibbling on his skin and Harry’s legs spasmed as he threw his head back, not even feeling any pain as his skull made contact with Draco’s. The blond cursed and ducked his head down to nibble his neck, out of the way of Harry as he threw his head back once again as Nasta’s fist clenched tighter around him and Blaise.
“Max. Now!” Harry ordered.

Max chuckled. “Not even close to now, Harry.” He answered, slipping a finger inside of him.

Harry thrust forward into Nasta and Blaise, arching his back around Draco as Max stroked his insides.

“How!” He demanded again and Max bent down to bite into the soft flesh of his side.

“You better give him what he wants because if he head butts me again I’m going to lose consciousness.” Draco murmured twisting a little nipple between strong fingers, Harry made an odd choked moan and a shiver stole through his entire body, a warmth taking him over coming from his belly under the quadruple assault of having his prostate stroked, his cock squeezed, his nipples twisted and his mouth dominated.

Harry threw his head back as every muscle tensed as his orgasm stole over him so powerfully that his scream was a silent, open mouthed strain of every muscle in his body, unable to see, unable to breathe in, unable to make a sound as he waited for it to ride out and pass.

He sunk boneless into the bed and he just laid there, listening to Blaise and Nasta turn on each other, snarling and frotting with one another as their own orgasms built. Max was still down by his legs, working more fingers into him, but Harry had no energy to even move past a muscle twitch, though when Max brushed his prostate he let out little whimpers and half moans as his body moved feebly.

Max’s fingers slipped out and Harry fully expected his cock to be pushed into him, instead he got Max’s tongue again and a bite to his left bum cheek that made him yelp in surprise.

Max licked and sucked him until Harry was wrihing and fully hard once again and reaching hands out to grasp fistfuls of blanket, just for something to tug on.

Harry twisted the top of his body away from Blaise and Nasta, laying on his stomach, his head facing out towards the sliding glass doors and he found Draco tugging on himself behind him, getting himself hard again after his recent orgasm. Harry gripped the waistline of his open trousers and tugged it with all his might and sent Draco tumbling sideways, Harry gripped his blond hair and smashed their mouths together, biting and sucking on those lips and tongue, rubbing his fully hard erection into the bed spread, making little mewling noises.

Draco sat up and pulled Harry away from Max’s tongue, before Harry could figure out what was going on and where the nice sensations had gone, Draco had shoved his trousers out of the way, yanked his boxers down and was inside of him and his back bowed at the even nicer sensations of having Draco fully inside of him.

Draco rested his forehead against his shoulder as Harry gripped his blond hair and squeezed it tightly between his clenched fingers, a continuous groan coming from the back of his throat as
Draco pulsed inside of him.

Draco moved then, shifting his hips backwards before pushing them forwards and Harry got the message and moved with him. In this position Draco couldn’t do much and that suited Harry just fine as he picked up the pace and pulled Draco’s head, by his hair, to press their mouths together as he raised and lowered himself from his knees faster and harder.

Harry’s inside muscles clenched as Draco hit his prostate and Draco growled viciously and one hand slid from his hip to the back of his head to grip his hair, meshing their mouths together, pressing Harry’s head hard against his own as he bucked his hips underneath him more frantically.

Harry felt his second orgasm building and he pulled his fists, still clenching Draco’s hair, outwards, strands coming off in his fingers as his back slowly arched until it was fully bowed and the red heat in his belly exploded and turned his vision white as his scream bounced off the walls.

Max shoved him forward with such force that Draco fell backwards. Max lined himself up and pushed himself inside slowly. Draco was soft so it was easier than if they had both been hard, but Harry made a small pained sound regardless. Two hands touched him in exactly the same place, but on opposite sides of his body, Draco rubbing his lower stomach soothingly and Max his lower back, easing his muscles to relax so the pain lessened.

Harry breathed deeply as it helped with the pain and when Max slipped into him fully, he felt Draco swelling. It was a tight, tight fit and Harry shivered as every nerve ending in his body tingled.

Max moved to a brutal pace, his end already almost upon him from watching Harry and Draco together and Nasta and Blaise near the head of the bed.

Harry felt the white wash of fluid inside of him and Max fell backwards, sated, slipping out of him, leaving only Draco, who pulled his legs out from under him, pinned Harry down onto Max and started fucking him.

Harry dug short fingernails into Draco’s shoulder and pushed his hips up hard into Draco’s, making it easier for the blond to push in and out of him, allowing him to thrust harder and faster.

Harry panted as Draco grunted; sweat beading on his forehead, dripping down to land on Harry’s cheek. He poked his tongue out to taste those beads of sweat and enjoyed the salty, musky taste on his tongue.

Draco quivered and with a short grunt and a shudder that wracked his whole body and tensed every muscle, he flooded Harry’s insides and caused Harry’s orgasm to take him over.

When he could see and hear again, Harry was cuddled on Max’s chest, watching a threesome of limbs belonging to Nasta, Draco and Blaise and trying to make sense of it. It was only when he realised that Nasta was fucking Draco and Blaise was fucking Nasta that his brain made sense of what his eyes were seeing.

“That is fucking hot.” Harry exclaimed.

“But as hot as watching you and Draco go at it. I thought you were going to milk him dry and then kill him.” Max chuckled, his throat raw.
“Whose cock have you been deep throating?” Harry teased.

“Nasta’s.” Max answered back, surprising Harry who hadn’t meant it seriously.

“I missed that.” Harry pouted.

“You missed a lot when you were engrossed with Draco.” Max grinned.

Harry looked at Draco as he was being fucked by Nasta, that strong face tinted a delicate pink, his mouth opened in pleasure, but clenching now and then into a snarl, fingernails leaving bleeding crescents in Nasta’s shoulders as he tried to move under him but couldn’t as Nasta’s hips were pinning his own to the bed.

Nasta shuddered as Blaise yanked his hips back forcibly, changing the position and angle of himself inside Nasta and Harry licked his lips with a dry tongue; his mouth was like ash or sand.

Max sat him up and knelt behind him, leaning down so his mouth was next to his ear.

“Gorgeous together aren’t they?” He whispered. “It gets me all hot and bothered to know that Nasta is fucking Draco only with the spit from my own mouth.”

Harry made a little sound and his hand almost automatically slid to his cock, tugging and pulling on it. Max chuckled deeply in his ear and Harry’s eyes closed and his mouth opened.

“Open your eyes, Harry. Watch them, they’re about to reach their peak. Watch their expressions, see the pleasure on their faces, hear their screams and growls, see the lust and love in their eyes.”

Harry peeled his eyes open, but he couldn’t open them fully as Max’s hand closed over his own, squeezing tighter and moving his own hand faster as they watched Blaise, Nasta and Draco move together and against one another, getting faster and more vicious as their orgasms approached.

Blaise released first with a growl that almost took Harry with him, Nasta followed and Harry saw for the first time how the muscles in his stomach and legs tensed when he orgasmed. Draco followed with a scream and Harry let himself go into Max’s hand.

Max twisted his slack head around and kissed him, his strong tongue trying to coax Harry’s wet and lax tongue into a battle that Harry was feeling too drained to give him.
“Come on, love, work with me here.” Max purred. “You can’t be tired already, I promised I’d give you one for your flattering comment in the restaurant and I mean to keep my promise.”

Harry turned around and straddled Max, pushing all of his weight onto him, but Max held him as if he wasn’t even there, not letting Harry take control as he wanted to and forcing his tongue into Harry’s mouth, stroking the inside of his mouth, licking over his teeth and the roof of his mouth.

Max pulled him up, one large hand cupping a bum cheek before sliding Harry down onto himself and grunting at the tight heat that suddenly surrounded him.

Harry fought against Max, trying to set the pace and the rhythm, but Max held his hips tightly, encircling the small, protruding bones with his large hands, moving him against his will to the pace he wanted and Harry was frustrated and he tried to move himself using Max’s shoulders for leverage, but Max just tipped him backwards, spreading him onto the duvet and using one hand to pin his hips and the other to pin his wrists, leaving Harry only what little movement his legs could give him.

Max started out slow and soft, but when Blaise crawled over and decided to take advantage of Max’s position to slip himself inside of the larger man, he got rougher and harder and faster and when Blaise started hitting that spot inside of him, Max got brutal and Harry couldn’t catch his breath and he couldn’t move, he just lay there and let Max take control of him, hitting inside of him so hard and so deeply the air was knocked out of his lungs with every powerful thrust.

Harry’s orgasm washed over him so suddenly and so quickly that he had no time to prepare for it and his eyes rolled into the back of his head and everything was so violent that he blacked out.

Harry came back to someone stroking his face. Smiling, green-hazel eyes were looking down on him and Harry grinned goofily up at Nasta, sitting up with a hand behind his back to see a sight that made him burst out laughing, even as his cock gave a feeble twitch.

Max had been pushed off of the bed, pinned down by Draco who was fucking him with every muscle in his body as Blaise held Max’s head down on his cock with both hands.

“I think the way they ganged up on poor Max showed real intellect.” Nasta said with a chuckle. “Actually convincing him that he was going to dominate them, only for them to turn around and force him to submit. Not that he’s complaining, not with Blaise shoved down his throat at any rate.”

“He’s alright though isn’t he?” Harry asked a bit concerned as Max made a choking, hacking noise around Blaise.

“He’s fine. Look at how big and powerful he is, Harry, if he really, truly wanted to get out of that situation then he could very easily. He’s fine.” Nasta assured, before kissing him.
“Can I have you?” Harry asked a bit timidly.

“Are you asking or telling?” Nasta replied with a raised eyebrow.

“Asking I guess.” Harry answered softly.

“You know what they say, Harry, if you need to ask…” Nasta trailed off, his one eyebrow still raised.

Harry grinned as he understood what was being said and he pulled Nasta into a passionate kiss, being spurred on by the noises coming from the floor.

Harry gently put Nasta’s body into the position that he wanted him in, that large, powerful body being moulded like clay in his smaller hands, Nasta allowing him to move his body where he wanted it, chuckling every now and then as Harry moved him into an awkward or near impossible pose.

“Show me what you can do, cariad.” Nasta rumbled.

“I can do better than last time.” Harry said with a small giggle, his hands going to his nearly flat stomach. “I don’t have a beach ball inside of me anymore. Not yet.”

Nasta pulled him down and kissed him gently as Harry took the bottle of lubricant that only Max had had the forethought to pack in his suitcase, but then Max was very dirty minded and likely thought that they wouldn’t care if it was Marianna’s home or not and they would spend the night’s fucking in Blaise’s old bedroom.

“You don’t need to bother stretching me.” Nasta told him with a smile. “I’ve had Blaise and Draco inside of me already.”

“Not Max?”

Nasta chuckled. “He wanted to but I shoved that whining mouth down over my cock instead. He needs to learn not to speak so much.”
Harry chuckled as he looked to where Max’s mouth was busy once again. He wondered what it felt like to have Max’s mouth completely over himself and he vowed to find out before they went back home.

Harry slicked himself up with Max’s favoured lubricant that smelt of something called ylang ylang and slipped himself carefully into Nasta.

“You’re so tender hearted.” Nasta told him slightly breathlessly. “Draco and Blaise just shoved themselves in like I was nothing more than a blow up doll; you take care when you don’t need to. I’m not going to be hurt, Harry.”

Harry smiled and kissed Nasta’s mouth. “I’m not being careful because I think I’ll hurt you.” He said. “I’m being careful because I love you and I want to make love to you and not just fuck you. I want you to remember our first times together, both the first time you took me and the first time I took you, forever. I never want you to forget, so I’ll be careful and gentle because none of the others have.”

“Oh, Harry, I’d remember this night if you took me with a bulldozer.”

“I’ll take you like a bulldozer if you’d want.” Max offered, his voice strained and his throat red raw, but he was grinning and smiling, a drop of white fluid clinging to the corner of his mouth. Draco leant forward and licked that drop off and kissed Max deeply, sharing the taste of Blaise’s cum.

Blaise was flat out on the floor, looking to be unconscious, but he was breathing deeply and evenly, even if he wasn’t moving. Max looked relaxed and sated and Draco was almost boneless with content. He was panting harshly and even as Harry watched he flumped backwards with his eyes closed and stayed there. Max joined him with a groan.

Harry turned back to Nasta and laughed, giving his hips an experiment little wiggle and watching as Nasta’s eyes closed.

“You’re right on my prostate.” He moaned, pushing his hips up into Harry’s.

Harry tensed his body and flexed his hips into Nasta, pushing slowly and carefully, trying not to move the angle which he was already at and Nasta tensed under him and let out another soft moan.

Harry gained confidence and moved within Nasta, but a touch to his bum had him pushing in much harder than he had wanted to and Nasta let out a small yelp of surprised pleasure.

Blaise pushed into him and Harry gurgled, even as Nasta clenched tightly around him as Harry was
pushed further into his body.

“Blaise!” Harry cried out, even as Nasta nimbly wrapped his legs around both him and Blaise’s bodies and yanked them into him.

Blaise tried to be soft and gentle, but he was too tired for much forethought and he let Nasta do most of the work with his legs. Harry on the other hand, fought against Nasta and tried to set his own rhythm, it ended up making everything so much more pleasurable as Nasta tried to fuck himself on Blaise, to his own pace, but Harry was in between them, going much slower and when Nasta bucked his hips up hard, Harry’s were already pulling back out and it drove Nasta wild.

He moved one hand from where he was propped up on the bed and shoved it through Harry’s hair, tugging it backwards as his head fell back on his neck with a deep groan.

Harry took that to mean that he was doing something right and he moved a hand from Nasta’s hip to stroke him slowly and gently, cupping his balls and rolling them between his fingers before tugging on them sharply. Nasta’s hips bucked harshly when he did so and a groan, almost a growl, slipped from Nasta’s throat even as Blaise picked up the pace behind him, slamming into his prostate and making him mewl in the back of his throat.

Harry’s orgasm hit him first and Blaise only seconds after, Nasta went when Harry tugged on his balls a couple more times and squeezed them gently in his palm.

Almost as soon as they had all slipped out of one another and took comfort in the soft bedspread, Nasta grabbed his hips, pulled him straight and pushed into him with a single flex of those powerful hips.

Harry screamed and Draco shot up from the floor, blearily looking around before an amused Max pulled him back down into his arms.

Just like the first time that they had fucked, Nasta started rolling his hips over and over and again, just like the first time, Harry could already feel his orgasm building as those little flexes and body rolls made his body quiver and quake, rubbing against every nerve ending and jabbing his prostate as Nasta used every last ounce of his energy to give him one final release of pleasure.

Harry moved his body onto Nasta, becoming desperate as he felt that crest his orgasm was coming to, felt the edge of his pleasure and he wanted to go over it. Nasta squeezed his hips tighter and started panting slowly, but harshly as he continued rolling his hips, his stomach glistening with sweat as a bead of it rolled down his neck to join others dotted on his chest.

The coil in Harry’s stomach wound tighter, becoming a red hot burn in his body as his muscles danced with pleasure and his back bowed so suddenly that it cracked in several places and his head flew backwards as his limit was reached and his muscles tensed and his inside muscles clenched tightly around Nasta, who fell to his elbows and gave a final roll of his hips before he joined Harry in his pleasure with a grunt and an exhale of air against his neck.

Nasta rode out his orgasm, prolonging Harry’s own as he did so, before he fell sideways, slipping out of Harry’s body and leaving him to pant deeply to try and catch his breath back.

Max stood up and picked up a drowsy, half sleeping Draco from the floor and dumped him on the bed before collapsing onto it himself with a moan.
“Every muscle aches.” He whined, his voice raw.

No one replied, no one could reply. Draco was almost asleep, Blaise was asleep, Nasta was possibly unconscious and Harry was still trying to get his breathing back under his control.

Max moved Nasta in short, sharp tugs and laid him against the pillows, yanking out the duvet as he did so. Nasta groaned and swatted at him proving that he wasn’t unconscious after all. Max bopped Nasta’s head before he pulled Draco, by his arm, to lie against Nasta. Draco hissed sleepily at Max, who bopped Draco’s head too.

Max moved Blaise to lie against Nasta’s other side, Blaise did not wake up. Lastly Max scooped Harry into his arms and flumped down on the bed, holding Harry tightly to his chest, pressing Harry’s back to Blaise’s back, before he reached down and tugged the duvet up to cover them all.

“So much for getting to bed early to rise with the sun to alter our body clocks.” Max rumbled before he moved around to get himself comfortable before he stilled, waiting for exhaustion to take him over so that he could fall asleep.

Remus smiled as he looked through the pictures of his school days and early twenties. Sirius and James grinning and laughing, Lily smiling as she stroked her baby bump, a toothless, grinning baby boy who was reaching clenching hands towards the camera, James sat behind him holding the little boy under his armpits to prevent him from toppling forward. James had always been so overprotective of Harry it was a wonder he had ever learnt to walk.

He smiled sadly and he wished Lily and James and Sirius could be here now to see how their beautiful baby boy had turned out. Sirius had been hopeless with a baby Harry, but there was no denying that he had seen Harry as much as his own son and later in life, he had given a teenaged Harry sound advice, an ear to listen to him and a body to turn to when things got rough.

He missed them. He missed them dearly and with Harry growing up so fast and off having his own baby, it felt like he was missing everything, that everything was going too quickly for him to catch up with and he hated thinking that Harry was off having sexual relations with men and getting pregnant when he was just seventeen. Even James and Lily had waited until they were twenty and married before planning a baby.

Remus rubbed his gritty eyes and he sighed. He wished with all of his heart that they could be here instead of him. What was he doing with his life? Who did he really have? James and Lily, even Sirius, could have been doing something and been something to someone. Harry deserved them, all three of them, instead he got an old, tired werewolf who was no good to anyone.

Sometimes he dreamed that he had a Wife and children, maybe four. Four seemed like a good number to him. He wouldn’t be a werewolf in his dreams and there would be no danger of hurting or infecting his own children.
Perhaps the dreams were just a by-product of his conflict of opinion with Tonks over her want of a relationship with him, despite him giving her a list of cons against the idea. He wanted what she offered so badly, but how could he ever accept? No matter what he did or how many dreams he had, he was a werewolf, older than her by thirteen years, hated, disgusted, as poor as the most impoverished man, he had only what gold Harry had put into his vault, which made him feel even worse about his situation.

He didn’t deserve Tonks, she didn’t deserve to be hated just for marrying a werewolf, her children deserved better than being ridiculed and bullied because of their Father.

But sometimes, sometimes he wished he could just give in and say yes, that he would stay with her. He would be loyal; he would love her and care for her, even if he couldn’t provide for her. Deep down he wanted children and he wanted a Wife as wonderful as Tonks. He wanted to settle down, but no sooner did he have these thoughts did he push them away in anger. He could never have his dream. It was too dangerous, no matter how much the woman he was coming to love begged him, no matter how much she pleaded and beseeched him to just try, he couldn’t. He couldn’t do it to her and he couldn’t do it to himself. It was hard enough to stay strong now, to keep himself away from his dream, to keep her out of harm’s way. If he agreed to ‘just try’ the relationship then he would never have the strength to walk away from her. He was not that strong.

He looked to the grinning baby photos he had of Harry, of which there were numerous, and he smiled. Harry was as close to a son as he was ever going to get and he cherished the memories and the photographs he had of time spent playing and looking after the adorable little boy.

His biggest regret was his weakness after James’ death. Of his selfishness. How he could have treated Harry so poorly was a disgrace and he spoke to James and Lily, asking for forgiveness every night for his abandonment of their fifteen month old son because deep down, he was a very selfish man.

He had left a broken, bleeding, recently orphaned fifteen month old baby that he had sworn to James and Sirius was like his own son because of his own pain. Harry had just lost both of his parents; Sirius had been arrested and thrown into prison. Harry would have been confused, scared, uprooted from his home and all familiar faces and dumped on a family who had neither loved him nor cared for him.

He could have been the only familiar face Harry had, he could have been Harry’s rock, he had been offered a house in the same neighbourhood as Harry, but he had turned it down and he had selfishly cut all ties and run away, cradling his pain and his hurt to his heart.

Harry had looked so much like James, so very much like his Father. Like the brother that he had lost. He hadn’t even been able to look at a photo of Harry, let alone go and see him in person. He hadn’t wanted to see Harry. The pain was unbelievable, his entire pack destroyed in one night, it had hurt. Harry had reminded him so much of James, had looked just like him in miniature form that he had just packed and left, leaving Harry to rot in a cupboard at a place where the people held absolutely no love for him.

He had regretted his selfish decision for years now, ever since he had decided to cautiously peek in on Harry twelve years later when he had briefly taken the Defence Against the Dark Arts position at Hogwarts. He had kept his distance, he had watched him from afar and he marvelled at the amazing person that Harry had become. He looked less like James and more like Lily as he had grown older. He was such a kind, caring, loving boy that Remus had wept over his selfish, cowardly decision to leave the little baby that boy had been behind. Twelve years he had lost. Twelve years where he could have been with Harry every day of his life, where he could have
spared him the pain of his childhood. If Sirius had not been sent to Azkaban, no matter how useless he was with children, Sirius would have taken Harry in without having to think about it, he would have taken Harry in despite his looks and resemblance to James, regardless of his own thoughts and feelings and he would have done his best to care and provide for him for the rest of his life.

But not him, oh no, he had run. He couldn’t take the pain, couldn’t get past his thoughts and feelings on the matter so he had abandoned Harry. His best friends’ son and he had never regretted anything quite so much in his life.

This was his punishment, he penance for abandoning Harry. He was miserable now because Harry had spent fifteen years being miserable growing up with the Dursleys, who he had only just found out had been abusing and neglecting Harry since that very first day that he had been left with them, until the day that he had left their care when he himself had picked him up the day after his birthday a year ago.

The shame he felt for leaving Harry to fend for himself, the horror at finding out that the sweet, kind boy he knew had been beaten, starved and locked in a cupboard and who knew what else every day of his life that he was in that house. It made him sick, it made him weep and it made his revulsion at himself hit a new high. He had done that to Harry, he was to blame. He had abandoned that baby boy and as a consequence Harry had been mistreated when if he had had the strength and guts to stay as any other decent person would have, he would have noticed anything amiss with Harry and put a stop to it before it had really even begun. He was to blame and nothing he would ever do would make up for it.

“Remus?”

Startled Remus looked around and hastily wiped the tears from his eyes and face as Tonks stared at him.

“Why are you crying?” She asked softly, coming over to him and taking note of all the photo albums opened to James, Lily, Sirius and baby Harry.

“Oh.” She exclaimed, giving him an understanding smile. She brushed his tears away, but Remus took hold of her hands gently and pushed them away, hating himself further for the hurt look on her face.

“You caught me at a bad time.” He told her, hoping that she would leave, but a part of him didn’t want her to leave, not truly.

“I haven’t seen you in a few days; I thought I’d pop around to see if you’d given anymore thought to what I asked you.”
“I keep telling you, Tonks. I’m too old for you. Too poor and a werewolf besides.”

“I keep telling you that I don’t care, Remus. I’m an adult woman now, I can make my own decisions and I have made up my mind!” Tonks told him, brushing bubble gum pink hair out of her eyes.

“My mind hasn’t changed.” Remus told her, shoving down the part of him that wanted to take her into his arms, kiss her breathless and never let her go.

“Have you even thought about it?” She asked.

‘Only every single day.’ He thought, but out loud he simple said. “There is nothing to think about, Tonks. The sooner you let it go, the happier you’ll be and then you’ll realise what a mistake you are trying to make.”

Tonks made and angry frustrated noise, her hands making a sharp, chopping motion as her fingers clenched, like she wanted to hit him, or perhaps throttle him, but she did neither as she stepped right into his personal space. For one moment he thought that she was going to punch him square in the face, he would have deserved it, but she seized his head between her hands and yanked his face to her own into a demanding, fierce and violent kiss full of desperation and determination. She was never going to give up and as Remus slid his arms around the back of her slim body, pulling her towards him to crush her body against his, he thought that maybe it actually was a good thing that the Black family were all hard headed, steel willed and stubborn to a fault.

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Harry blinked open his eyes and wondered sluggishly what had woken him. He listened and he could hear birds singing and nothing seemed amiss. Except he could only hear four sets of breathing noises.

Harry bolted upright and looked around him frantically, he was in Draco’s arms, Max behind him; Nasta was behind Draco and Blaise on the other side of Nasta. His baby wasn’t here. He couldn’t hear Braiden breathing or crying. His baby was gone.

Harry looked around the room and he didn’t recognise anything, the bright, retina burning sunlight that poured through the sliding glass doors lit everything up in a golden glow and as Harry spotted the ocean through those doors, he remembered. Marianna had Braiden. She had sent them to an island called Guadeloupe for a holiday before they went back for their final year of school.

He breathed in deeply and massaged his chest before getting out of bed. His entire body ached pleasantly and every muscle burnt with strain, but he felt loose and nimble. More relaxed than he
had in months.

He cleaned himself off in the sink, dressed and headed to the fireplace in the living room, to the pot of floo powder they had been given by the wizard hotel staff on duty last night; he wanted to visit Braiden to make sure he was alright.

He stopped as something niggled the back of his mind before remember what had happened the last time he had done this. He put the pot of floo powder down before he trekked back into the bedroom.

He kneeled on the bed and touched Nasta’s shoulder, shaking him gently and carefully so he didn’t wake up any of the others.

“Nasta!” He whispered urgently. “Nas!”

Nasta groaned and rolled over, but this had the fortune of waking up Blaise, who blinked sleepy indigo eyes at him.

“What’s the matter, mio amore?” He asked softly as he rolled onto his back and stretched, every bone in his body cracking as Blaise made a sound of happy pleasure, sinking back into the mattress.

“I want to visit Braiden, but thought I’d better tell one of you where I’m going first.”

Blaise nodded and sat up. He stretched again, this time without his bones cracking and he stood up. He leant over the bed and licked Nasta’s ear, who murmured in his sleep. Blaise bit his ear lobe and Nasta’s hazel eyes snapped open and he glared at Blaise over his shoulder.

He rolled onto his back and stretched, much like Blaise had; only he didn’t sit up.

“What’s the matter?” He asked as he spotted them both, his voice gruff and sleepy.

“Harry wants to visit Braiden; he wanted to tell you where he was going. I’ve decided to go with him.”

The proud, happy smile that Nasta gave him made Harry feel tingly and warm. Nasta flicked his head towards the living room.
“Go on then, don’t be too long though, I want these two up, I want us all dressed, fed and showered and I want to see what this place has to offer.”

“Haven’t you ever been to Guadeloupe?” Harry asked curiously, Aneirin had told him that he had taken Nasta to every country in the world at least twice.

“Never Grande-Terre, where we are now. I’ve been to Marie-Galante several times, Basse-Terre once, but Dad’s associates here were never very accommodating of three kids and didn’t like Dad visiting for very long, he was only invited to the very important meetings that never lasted very long, it didn’t leave much time for exploring and I have never see the eastern half of the butterfly island or Les Saintes.”

Nasta sounded so excited that Harry chuckled. “I just want to see how his first night was without me and maybe feed him as I cuddle and cwtch him.”

Nasta chuckled as he heard the Welsh word and beckoned him over. Harry went and was dragged into a passionate kiss as Blaise hurriedly dressed himself.

Harry and Blaise flooed back to Draguignan and found Marianna blowing raspberries on a pudgy belly.

“There you are. I was expecting you an hour ago.” She told them as she handed Braiden over immediately.

Harry cuddled and kissed his contented son, whose blue eyes were now more purple than blue and tracked his face almost obsessively as Harry held his baby up to eyelevel. It was strange having his face studied so intently by such a young baby but Harry smiled widely and hugged the tiny body to himself regardless.

“Was he alright?” Harry asked.

“He was fine, darling. He takes after Blaise. Such a good, quiet baby. He only cried twice, once after you had left until he fell asleep and then at one in the morning for a bottle.”

Harry looked at Marianna. “He cried after I left?”
“He missed you, darling, all babies miss their Mothers. He soon settled down, he’s fine now and slept happy. How was your first night on Guadeloupe?”

“It’s lovely.” Harry replied, accepting the bottle that Marianna passed him and fed Braiden, who latched on immediately and started eating.

“I was hoping for you to come by soon, I didn’t feed him his midmorning bottle because I thought you would like to.”

“He hasn’t gone hungry has he?” Harry asked.

“Of course not, he started wailing for food just before you arrived, I was cheering him up by blowing raspberries on him.”

Harry nodded and fed his little baby, enjoying the weight of him in his arms. Blaise came and stood behind him and wrapped arms around his chest, supporting Braiden as well.

Blaise rested his chin on Harry’s shoulder, watching as Braiden suckled, before turning his head and laying a kiss to Harry’s neck. A camera flashed and Harry looked up to see Marianna smiling, a camera in hand.

“I need to document my son’s happiness.” She explained as they both stared at her. “Speaking of which, I found Blaise’s baby photos for you, Harry darling. You and your lovers can come and look through them when your holiday is over.”

“Mother, no!” Blaise cried.

“You can’t deny your mates the privilege of seeing how cute you were running around the house naked.”

Blaise actually blushed and Harry threw his head back and laughed.

“If it makes you feel better I’ll contact Narcissa, Myron and Aneirin and ask them for a get together to show all of their baby pictures too.”
Harry felt left out that he couldn’t be included in the showing of baby photos as he didn’t have any parents and the people he had been left with hadn’t taken any photos of him ever. The only photos he had with a baby him in them were one with both his parents and one with his Father. There weren’t any more.

He smiled bravely and burped Braiden, happily changing him and dressing him, before Blaise said that it was about time they got back. Harry held Braiden and kissed him, but found it hard to let him go when it came to it.

Marianna took the baby and Blaise led him back to the fireplace and flooed him back to their hotel to find Nasta up, dressed and fed, watching over a grumbling Max who was poking at his breakfast and a half asleep Draco, who was eating a bite every other minute.

“There you are. How is Braiden?” Nasta asked.

“He’s fine. He’s bigger and his eyes are more purple, but he’s fine.” Harry answered, sitting down and digging into his breakfast.

“I don’t see why we have to get up.” Draco grumbled, putting another forkful of food into his mouth and chewing sluggishly.

Max seemed to have woken up a bit over breakfast, but Draco looked half dead and Harry grinned as he finished his food and stretched.

“Harry, you have food on your arm.” Nasta deadpanned.

“Oh.” Harry exclaimed, looking at the food as if he hadn’t smeared it there himself. “I needed a shower anyway; I’m covered in dry sweat. Come on, Draco, a bit of cold water splashed on your face will wake you up.”

Draco let Harry pull him up and followed him into the bathroom, where there was a toilet, a sink, a bath and a shower stall. It was the shower stall that Harry was the most interested in because it had a solid steel bar running across the top of it for the shower curtain and one simple reinforcement spell meant it was perfect for his naughty thoughts.

Harry stripped himself and Draco looked away.

“Don’t you like what you see?” Harry asked, making his voice seem upset.
“You know I do, but I think my cock is broken.”

Harry laughed and he sauntered over to Draco, playing with him and teasing the bared skin just above the waistband of the boxer shorts he was wearing.

Harry cupped Draco through his boxer shorts and he felt that he was already semi-erect. He grinned.

“I don’t think it’s broken, love.” He purred. “I think it just needs some teasing to get it to come out of its shell.”

Draco’s eyes were dark grey by the time that Harry pushed his boxers down his legs and started playing and touching Draco’s bare cock, which was now hard in his hands. Draco was baby soft, uncut and completely smooth and straight.

Harry fell to his knees and took Draco into his mouth, considering the texture and feel of Draco with his tongue and mouth, even as Draco took hold of his hair and hunched over his head, pushing gently and shallowly into his mouth.

Harry tried to take as much of Draco into his mouth as he could, but he gagged and had to pull back. He had no idea how Blaise had done it, or Max or Nasta did it, but he could not seem to deep throat any of his lovers.

Harry stood back up after teasing and playing with Draco in his mouth for a while and he turned to the shower even as Draco growled and tried to grab him to pull him back. Harry chuckled and shook his head at his blond lover, who growled again, this time angrily.

“Would you prefer just a blow job, or do you want the whole dessert?” Harry asked, indicating himself and the shower, which he turned on and stepped into, not closing the curtain and teasing Draco by running his hands all over his wet body, teasing himself and playing with himself until Draco rushed into the shower and snatched him up into his arms, kissing him and squeezing his bum cheeks.

“There’s no lubricant.” Draco pointed out.

“We have shampoo and shower gel, both work just as well.” Harry answered, snatching up Blaise’s shower gel and handing it to the blond, who flipped the top open and squeezed out a handful before chucking the bottle halfway across the bathroom floor.

Draco didn’t bother stretching him, he just slicked himself up and pushed into him and Harry hissed at the bite of pain, but otherwise he encouraged Draco on.
He unwrapped his arms from Draco’s neck and gripped a hold of the shower rail and grinned cheekily at Draco, who cupped his bum and pushed more fluidly into him, hitting him dead on.

“Do not let go.” Draco ordered as he picked up the pace and started really thrusting into him hard and fast.

Not letting go was the hardest thing that Harry had ever done as his entire body wracked with pleasure and every muscle twitched and tautened and all he wanted to do was let go and claw at Draco with his nails.

His orgasm came quickly and as he screamed his pleasure, the bathroom door burst open and Draco’s orgasm overtook him and he collapsed into the shower, taking Harry and the shower rail with him.

All Harry could hear was running water and Blaise and Max laughing their arses off at them. Nasta gently pulled him out of the shower and handed him to a chuckling Max, who had a towel ready and waiting to wrap him up in while Nasta extracted Draco and the shower rail.

“Seriously, what were you thinking?” Nasta berated them.

“I’m thinking that the reinforcement spell I used needs to be stronger the next time.” Harry answered. “I never let go of it though, Draco.”

Max started laughing again as he towelled Harry’s body dry before his hand stilled on his stomach. All laughter vanished and Harry was up in the air before he could ask what was wrong, Max’s nose and tongue pressed to his abdomen, being licked and sniffed.

Max let out a relieved sigh.

“No sign of damage or injury.” He reported. “The fall never hurt him or the baby.”

“Of course it didn’t, not only did I land on my knees, I landed on Draco.” Harry laughed. He was on too much of a high from everything to even berate Max for sniffing and licking at him without asking first.

“Did you really not get enough action last night?” Max asked. “We’ll have to improve ourselves if we’re going to satisfy our little minx here, lest he start killing us off one by one due to sexual frustration.”
That did get Max a bop to the head, but Max just laughed it off and gave him a kiss, waving his wand to dry his hair and body properly before giving him to Blaise to make sure he got dressed.

“And don’t try having sex on the bedside table! Its spindly legs won’t last a minute.”

“Then why don’t you come and give me one on the bedside table then, you don’t last a minute either!” Harry shouted back and heard Max roaring with laughter from the bathroom.

“Cheeky little fucker!” Max called to him.

“What was that, Max, I didn’t hear you properly, you like fucking my little cheeks?” Harry shouted back.

Blaise let out a surprised burst of laughter and more laughter came from the bathroom as Max came out and started play wrestling with him on the bed, digging gentle fingers into his sides and making his eyes stream with tears as he wiggled and squirmed.

“No! We don’t need this baby having a squirming fetish too!” Harry gasped, giggling as Max stopped tickling him only to lean down and kiss him.

“Nasta says we’re going exploring today. It’s very hot outside so I’m going to cover you in sun cream.”

“Your cum doesn’t count as sun cream mind.” Harry told him.

Max chuckled and snatched up a big bottle of factor fifty sun cream, squirting it onto his hands, rubbing them together before plastering Harry’s naked body with it.

“I’m sure every inch doesn’t need to be covered!” Harry whined as Max had flipped him over after finishing his front and his hands went from his back, over his hips and to his bum cheeks. “When is my bum going to be bared to the sun?”

“You never know.” Max growled in arousal.
Harry tutted and kicked his legs back and forth.

“Are you done yet?” He asked as Max made sure every individual toe was coated.

Nasta dragged Max off and started coating the larger man’s body with the cream, quickly and efficiently, making sure all major areas were covered before shoving him towards his suitcase to get dressed.

Nasta took the excess cream off of Harry and helped him dress in a pair of shorts and a tee-shirt, before he finally covered himself and dressed.

“Are we all ready?” He asked.

“Yep!” Harry answered, not even batting an eyelash as Nasta’s hand curled around his own as they left their little villa and started making their way out of the hotel.

Harry laughed as he was chased onto the white sand of the beach. The sun was just setting and he had had an amazing day exploring Grande-Terre with his lovers. There was so much to see, so many things to do, he had learnt a bit of French, he had witnessed Blaise going into a screaming match in French with a market seller and he had walked down roads and across beaches hand in hand with one of his mates.

Now the day was coming to a close and they were on the private beach of the hotel and it was empty.

“Stop running, Harry!” Max shouted at him.

“I’m fine you spoil sport!” Harry called back as he and Blaise ran side by side, laughing.

Blaise seized him around the waist and pulled him down onto the sand, making sure he landed on his body before rolling around the hot, sun baked, sand laughing.

The others joined them and fell about laughing, even Draco, who after repeating numerous times throughout the day that Malfoys didn’t act like fools Harry had gotten fed up and tipped a bucket of
crabs down his back. Draco had chased him for half a mile before Nasta had scooped him up and held him out of harm’s way. Draco had loosened up after that and after Max had pointed out that no one was around to notice a Malfoy acting like a fool in the first place.

Harry made several sandcastles with the bucket and spade that Nasta had gifted to him when they visited Grande Anse and he had called it Castle Dracken, which made his mates laugh even as Max dug him a ‘moat’ around Castle Dracken and Harry made a high tower that was called Braiden’s Bridge.

Harry had loved Grande Anse beach, he had even seen a sea turtle and he had followed it as it made its way to the ocean.

They stayed on the beach watching the sun set down below the horizon and afterwards Nasta carried him back to the hotel because Harry was knackered from his day in the sun. They ate at the hotel restaurant, but Harry waved away the dessert menu, telling the others they could eat more if they wanted, but he was full.

They waved away dessert too and Harry was carried through the ‘jungle’ and up to their villa where Nasta stripped him and tucked him into bed. Harry was asleep as soon as his head touched his pillow.

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On the second day they visited Maison du Cacao in Basse-Terre for five euros each and it was amazing to walk around the gardens of cacao trees, learning about how cocoa was produced, seeing the green, orange and pink fruits growing from the very top to the bottom of the trees. Having a demonstration of how the ripe fruits were cut from the tree trunks with an axe, being shown how the seeds were fermented under the hot sun to the making of cocoa paste. They were even given a taste, though Harry didn’t need Nasta to wave away the staff when they tried to give him ‘liqueur au chocolat’ as he would have done so himself. He did enjoy the hot chocolate drink though.

Most of their second day though was taken up by the promised visit to Aquarium de la Guadeloupe, which was amazing. Their tour guide was a helpful, friendly man who was almost as indulgent towards him as his own mates as he looked at everything and put his hand into every open tank. They happily visited the mangroves and coral reef and even went snorkelling in the lagoon, which Harry had been sure that he would have been left out of, but Nasta, after looking a tad apprehensive, had agreed to let him try it.

They spent eight hours in the aquarium and with all of the equipment they needed supplied and the exceptional knowledge the staff showed, they hardly wanted to leave, but they were hungry when they came back to Sainte-Anne and Nasta hustled them all into the nearest restaurant and ordered them a filling meal before they headed to back to their hotel.

The third day Harry wanted to go swimming, so they stayed by the hotel swimming pool, Max teaching Harry how to swim as Draco and Blaise messed about near Nasta, who was swimming fast, perfect laps of the pool.

“I can’t do it!” Harry complained as he tried to do as Max showed him whilst watching Nasta’s
slick body carve through the water like a fish.

“Stop looking at Nasta’s gorgeous body and concentrate, if you want to swim then do as I tell you.”

“I can’t!”

“Nas! Stop distracting Harry, he’s getting hot and bothered and he’ll drown!”

Nasta finished his lap and stopped, coming up for air and grinning. “Maybe you should take him out of the pool then before he has an accident.”

“I don’t want to leave!” Harry pouted as he did an awkward, very hilarious version of a doggy paddle over to Nasta.

“How did you swim in the Triwizard tournament?” Blaise asked curiously. “You had to go into the lake for the second task.”

“I got given Snape’s stolen Gillyweed and my hands and feet went webbed. I could just scoop the water and move really quickly.”

“Keep your fingers together then.” Nasta encouraged. “It won’t be as big a scoop as when you were under the effects of Gillyweed and you won’t be as fast, but it’ll work.”

Harry kissed Nasta and he did as he was told, but it was slow going as he didn’t use his legs properly to move himself.

Later that night Harry was sat on their bed bouncing up and down, reminiscing all about the things they had done so far. Max placed a hand over his mouth and kissed him.

“Quiet down, we know what happened, we were there. Now shush or I’m going to plug up your mouth.”

Harry chuckled. “Are you going to take advantage of me because Blaise and Draco are showering
whilst Nasta bathes?”

Max grinned wickedly and turned over onto his hands and knees and pinned him on either side, leaning down to kiss him.

“I don’t think I’m up for sex, I’m too tired after today and the swimming lessons, but there was something I wanted to try before we left, something that I’ve been thinking about and wondering about for a while now.” Harry said curiously.

“What’s that, love?” Max asked, his voice deepening, his own curiosity piqued.

“Stand up for me.”

Max looked puzzled, but he did as he was asked and Harry crawled to him, undoing his shorts and pushing them and Max’s boxer-briefs, which were a lovely shade of sunshine yellow, down to the floor. Harry played and kissed Max, listening to his growls as he grew hard in his hands.

“Okay, now stay still.” Harry ordered as he took all of the pillows from the head of the bed and set them up in front of Max.

“What are you doing?” Max asked as he stroked himself, watching Harry make a set of stairs with the pillows, starting off with one, then two and finally three resting right up against his body.

Harry settled his bum on the one pillow, eased himself back over the two and let his head and shoulders rest on the pile of three. Max grinned as he saw that Harry’s mouth was now in almost perfect alignment with his hard shaft and he pressed the head of himself against Harry’s mouth.

Harry arched his head back and opened his mouth, letting Max push himself into his mouth. Max took one of Harry’s hands and pressed it against his bare thigh.

“Pinch me if I go too far or if it hurts, love and I’ll pull out.” He assured Harry, who clutched at Max’s thick thigh with a small hand that couldn’t even fit halfway around that thick, solid thigh.

Max pushed slowly and carefully into his mouth, pulling back out to let Harry take in a breath before pressing back in. He got a bit faster when Harry’s saliva covered him and made his passage smoother, when he reached the back of Harry’s throat a shiver went down his back. He had never
thought he’d get to do this with Harry, who gagged when any more than the head of a cock was pressed into his mouth.

Harry hummed around him in a short burst and Max clenched his body to stop himself from reflexively thrusting his hips into that wet and warm mouth.

Max put his hands gently on either side of Harry’s face and tilted it further so that his cock went into Harry’s mouth, run over his tongue and straight down his throat, it was an amazing feeling, being so far down that little throat and he moved himself faster and just a bit harder as he moaned happily. Harry panicked and Max was about to pull out when Harry sucked in a deep breath through his nose and calmed himself.

Max kept his thrusts long, but short, not remaining in Harry’s throat for longer than a few seconds at a time and as Harry experimented with humming, swallowing, constricting his throat muscles around him and sending pleasurable vibrations down his shaft, Max lost his control and shoved down Harry’s throat hard as he let go and released his pleasure down Harry’s throat.

“That was a good scene to walk in on.” Draco commented as he walked around the bed to get to his suitcase of clothes.

Harry swallowed obscenely and looked at Blaise who was in the doorway just staring open mouthed and Nasta who shook his head and brushed past Blaise to get his own pyjama bottoms.

“I wanted to try it.” Harry rasped, his throat red raw.

Nasta kissed him and laid him back against the bed, dismantling his pillow stairs to place them back at the head of the bed and crawled in to cuddle around him. Draco cuddled his other side, Blaise crawled in behind Draco and Max fell onto the bed beside Blaise, sated and happy. They all fell asleep quickly and happily.

The fourth and final day in Guadeloupe was spent exploring. Nasta got them onto a ferry and took them over to Les Saintes and after looking around and buying various little trinkets, they got onto another ferry to go to Terre-de-Haut where they ate lunch at a place called Café de la Marine. Everything was so beautiful, the sky was blue and cloudless, the sea was a deep blue and transparent when up close, the sand was white and hot and everything was so amazing that Harry hardly wanted to leave.

They travelled back to Basse-Terre where they made a trip around the botanical garden named Jardin d’Eau and from there they went to Parc des Mamelles and Harry really didn’t want to leave as they explored all the different animals, crossing bridges that went from tree to tree and over ponds and rivers.
Nasta snapped photos with the camera that had been present throughout their trip and Harry grinned happily and posed for every photo that Nasta took, or he at least posed for the ones that he knew Nasta took, there were some where Harry had been so engrossed in what he was doing or looking at the animals that he didn’t notice the sly photo being taken now and then.

They finished off the day with a tour around the sugar cane factory in Port Louis, in north Grande-Terre which took two hours. Learning how the sugar was grown and its history was so interesting as they walked through the media rooms dedicated to the sugar cane, before going out and exploring the fields, but the highlight for Harry was most definitely taking a trip on the old sugar cane railway.

Harry was sleepy and happy when Nasta led them back to the hotel for dinner and then to bed. They hadn’t stepped foot in the onsite spa, which made Harry grin, his mates were obviously not taking any chances with the steam room.

They all went to bed early and Harry was glad to have had a chance for a holiday, but he couldn’t wait until he was home again with Braiden.
over Nasta’s body.

Harry pressed the head of Nasta to his stretched entrance and he applied minimal pressure. Nasta still made a soft noise, which Max echoed. They were speaking to one another in their sleep and Harry wondered what they were saying as he bent further over Nasta and kissed his lips. Those eyes blinked without opening and Harry knew that Nasta was almost awake and that he was likely consciously aware of his surroundings. He rumbled in his chest and Max let out a sleepy grunt.

Harry pressed himself more firmly on Nasta and kissed him again, this time pushing his tongue into a sleep slack mouth.

Hazel eyes blinked open slowly and took in Harry’s laughing emerald eyes from inches away and Nasta groaned, still not fully aware of the position of his body, or Harry’s.

“Time’s it, love?” He asked gruffly.

“I don’t know, a little after six?”

Nasta made a noise and tried to push Harry to the side. “Go back to sleep, love.”

“Sleep is the last thing on my mind.” Harry answered.

Nasta opened his eyes again and it was only then that he seemed to realise what was happening and he fully understand his and Harry’s position and that he was hard and Harry was hard, but he seemed to skip over the fact that Harry was almost being penetrated by him.

“You wanted some fun while all the others are sleeping and you’ve singled me out, why?”

“If you don’t want me then I’ll just leave.” Harry pouted and made to move but Nasta put a hand behind his neck and pulled his head down into a kiss.

“I didn’t mean that. Draco and Blaise were both closer to you, why did you come to me?”

“To thank you in a very special way for letting me have this little holiday.” Harry answered honestly.
Nasta looked stunned and Harry took advantage of his surprise and he dropped down onto him completely.

“Holy FUCK!” He shouted and Harry felt so much accomplishment at making the usually quiet and reserved man shout so loudly.

Max darted awake, Draco bolted upright and knocked a suddenly alert Blaise to the floor, but Harry ignored the others as he concentrated on his breathing and on moving up and down on Nasta, who had thrown his head back and screwed his eyes closed as it felt like he was being crushed and compressed to fit inside of Harry’s body.

Harry eased up and sunk back down, his back ram rod straight as he moved his body in a soft, rocking, thrusting motion that had Nasta’s breath hitching and his toes digging into the mattress, his hands gripping Harry’s knees tightly.

“How come I don’t get to wake up like that?” Max pouted through lust blown eyes, his hand in his lap stroking himself slowly.

Harry didn’t answer; all of his focus was on Nasta, who threw his head back when Harry purposefully clenched his inside muscles around him.

Harry ached already, but it was difficult to tell if it was a good ache or a bad ache when he was feeling so much pleasure.

Nasta recovered really well and he started thrusting his own hips into Harry, gripping his thighs tightly, his stomach crunching up as he moved.

Harry’s head fell backwards and Max seized his head, pushing a tongue into his mouth and trying to suffocate him with it as Harry continued to rise and fall on Nasta.

Draco crawled behind him and pressed against Harry’s already full entrance and Harry grumbled deeply in his throat as Draco pushed into his body alongside Nasta.

Max cursed and kissed Draco as desperately as he had Harry, their tongues fighting just behind Harry’s ear and it made him move faster, more enflamed as Blaise crawled onto Nasta’s chest and started kissing him, their own tongues battling and fighting as Nasta and Draco worked together to bring him pleasure.

When Draco hissed, Harry looked over his shoulder to see Max behind him, pushing into him and he groaned, turning back to face Nasta and Blaise, who had turned around to attack Nasta’s mouth.

Harry took a hand off of his own leg and pushed Blaise off of his knees and onto his stomach, belly to belly with Nasta, before tugging his hips until his hard cock brushed between those cheeks. Blaise groaned loudly and bit at Nasta’s lips as Harry spat on his hand, slicked himself up and pushed into Blaise as slowly as he could while he was still bouncing on Nasta, Draco still thrusting into him hard.
All of them moved together or against one another to give and receive pleasure. The smell of sweat and cum soon filled their room along with the light from the sun and the sounds of gasps, groans, curses and moans.

Harry mewled when Max gave a particularly vicious thrust that threw Draco into him and him into Blaise, who grunted and shoved himself back onto Harry, who sat down hard on Nasta who snarled and gave a brutal upward thrust, making Harry clench him and Draco tightly and sending Draco reeling back onto Max, who started the circle back off again by slamming into Draco hard.

Harry quivered as the red hot pool in his belly spread out to his entire body, making him spasm and clench every muscle he could control as his orgasm washed over him in a flood of heat, pleasure and a continuous long scream.

Draco went next and Nasta shortly after, which made Harry mewl as his insides were coated by their release. Harry screamed again when Blaise clenched tightly around his softening cock as he orgasmed and Max let out a choked snarl as Draco’s arms tightened around Harry’s waist as Max’s orgasm took over him.

They all fell into a pile and stayed there, breathing deeply and taking comfort from one another’s bodies as they calmed down and enjoyed the feeling of being completely relaxed and pleasured.

“What did we just do?” Draco moaned.

“Celebrated our last time in this bed before we go home.” Harry answered. “We had to go out with a bang.”

“I’m going out with a banging headache.” Blaise complained.

“I have a potion in my suitcase for that, love.” Max said from the foot of the bed, one large arm thrown over his eyes.

“I’m starving now.” Draco told them.

“Me too.” Harry answered. “I don’t think I’ll make it down to the restaurant though.”

“I feel revived and invigorated.” Nasta told them, proving it by standing up and stretching, Blaise’s release clinging to the top of his light six pack, Harry’s on his abdomen where it had slipped out of Blaise and his own and Draco’s release making his soft length glisten.

“You look sexed up.” Harry giggled.
“And whose fault is that?” He asked, raising a sexy eyebrow at him.

Harry laughed and rolled himself up, groaning as his own weight was put on his bum. Nasta chuckled deeply and scooped up him and Blaise too and he carried them both to the bathroom.

“Bring Draco, Max. We need to get them cleaned up before we leave.”

Max groaned but dutifully scooped up an angry Draco and carried him kicking and complaining into the bathroom.

“Stop that.” Nasta ordered Draco as he turned on the shower and stepped under with Harry and Blaise.

Draco stopped reluctantly, but Max did put him down on his own two feet. Blaise too went onto his own two feet, but Harry was content to let Nasta wash and pamper him for a bit.

They made sure everything of theirs was packed and even some things that weren’t as Harry robbed all the little hotel shampoos, soaps, and a flannel with the hotel name printed in the corner for keepsakes.

Nasta and Max carried the suitcases down into the main part of the hotel and left them behind the desk as they went to have breakfast. They went down to the hotel’s private beach after breakfast for the last time and Harry quickly collected another bag of seashells for his already large collection and some pretty pebbles and even a few fossils.

“Don’t you have enough of those?” Draco asked as Harry dug up another shell.

“No, I’ve never been on a beach before we came on this holiday, I love it! We’ll have to go to the beach with the kids when they’re older whether I’m pregnant or not. I love it! The sea, the sand, the shells, the sandcastles, the fun and the sun! I just love it.”

Max scooped him up and kissed him. “We love you, Harry and we’re happy to have given you this experience, even if it should never have been your first time on a beach.”

“Of course we’ll take the kids to the beach.” Nasta told him. “I swear it.”
Harry smiled wonderfully at him and Nasta felt his breath catch as Harry actually glowed with utter happiness. He was almost sad to rip Harry away from this place, but their Portkey would be leaving soon and no matter how much fun and excitement they had had on this holiday, it would be nice to go home and to see Braiden again, he had actually missed waking up in the night with the little boy, the night feeds had become *their* bonding time and he really had missed it.

--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------- X

Harry took hold of Braiden and hugged him tightly. He had missed his baby so very, very much. Everyone was there to welcome them home. Marianna had invited them all to her home because she knew that that is where they would come first, because Braiden was here.

Myron, Richard and Ashleigh were hugging Max, Alayla and Talia were grinning as Max blushed. Aneirin had taken Nasta into another room as soon as they had arrived home, leaving Sanex to run wild with Caesar. Narcissa was kissing Draco’s cheek and remarking on his good health and how the sun had done him good and Harry smiled as he held Braiden, wishing deep down that he had a parent to welcome him home from his holiday and ask him how it had been.

A hand landed on his shoulder and Harry turned to see Remus smiling down at him. Harry turned with a grin and hugged him with all his might. Remus may not have been a parent, but he was the closest thing that he had to a family member that he had had when he was a baby.

“You look amazing.” Harry told the man and he really did. His skin and hair looked healthier, he looked happier, he had fewer lines and wrinkles on his face and his robes were nice. Not expensive or lavish, but nice.

Remus smiled and Harry saw the playful man that used to run around on the full moons with three illegal animagus’.

“I’ve been feeling better lately and I’ve been happier.” Remus answered.

“Is there a reason for this?” Harry prodded as he shifted Braiden up onto his shoulder and sat down on the settee.

Remus followed suit and sat down with him, he looked as nervous as Harry had ever seen him.

“I have started seeing someone.” Remus explained carefully, avoiding looking at Harry.
“Really? That’s wonderful! Do I know them?”

“I…yes, you do.”

“I do? It’s not Professor McGonagall is it?” Harry demanded.

“What?” Remus asked with a horrified laugh. “No! No, it’s…well it’s Tonks.”

“Really? Well she seems like a nice enough woman and if you’re happy that’s all that matters, where is she? Why didn’t you bring her?”

“She’s in work today, Harry.”

Harry grinned at the goofy look on Remus’s face.

“You really do love her don’t you? When are you going to get married? I expect an invite for me and the guys.”

“Married? Harry we’ve only just begun a relationship.” Remus said flabbergasted.

“Alright, but remember that anything could happen and it’s always a good thing to marry the woman you love before she gets pregnant, otherwise she’ll just think you’re marrying her for the baby.” Harry replied as he laid his own baby across his lap and tickled his belly.

“What baby? Harry, I’m not sure what you know of relationships, but most do not end up with babies.”

“Really?” Harry asked, pulling a confused face. “Mine did.”

“Well Braiden was a stroke of luck due to your creature inheritance.” Remus said as he took a tiny, baby hand between his fingers. “The book Nasta gave me explained that you wouldn’t get pregnant
again right away.”

Harry pulled a face. “Remus, I’m pregnant again. Nine days along.”

Remus looked for a moment like he would faint.

“How?”

“I didn’t so much go onto a heat as my body became heated enough through outside factors to conceive and I did.”

Remus pulled Harry into a hug and held him close.

“It’ll be alright, you’ll be fine.” The werewolf soothed.

“I know. I just didn’t want to be pregnant quite this quickly. I am going to make sure that this baby is the last for a while.”

“Oh, you know it’s only the one then?” Remus asked.

“What do you mean?” Harry frowned.

“Harry, Dracken pregnancies are typically multiple babies. Only the first pregnancy is usually one baby.”

“Kimberly had several single births before…”

“It doesn’t matter; Kimberly is from a whole different generation. She is decades older than you are and the strain of the times and conflict that she was living through would have messed with her breeding and fertility. You on the other hand are a young, virile young man living in a time of peace, there is every chance you are carrying multiple children.”
Harry mouthed wordlessly for a bit before he stood up and strode over to Max, he stood right in front of him and glared up at him.

“What did I do?” He asked as he cowered away from that poisonous glare of his little submissive.

“Why didn’t you tell me?” Harry demanded.

“Tell you what, love? Whatever Caesar has said then it is likely a lie.”

“Why didn’t you tell me that this baby I’m carrying is likely more than one baby?!” Harry snapped.

“It might not be.” Ashleigh told him. “The circumstances under which the baby was conceived might mean that the usual Dracken breeding statistics don’t apply, Harry love.”

“Is there any way to find out?” Harry asked.

“Not before your first scan.”

“Why can’t I have my first scan now?”

“Because you won’t be able to see anything.” Myron told him patiently. “The scan won’t pick up anything visible until the baby, or babies, have had a chance to grow.”

“If I am carrying more than one baby then you and the rest can look out!” Harry threatened and stomped off with Braiden.

“I think now is time for some light hearted relief.” Marianna exclaimed. “Remus, be a dear and go and fetch Harry back. Myron, go and find out what Aneirin is doing to his poor son, I’ll fetch us some tea and then the fun can begin.”

Harry sulkily sat on an equally sulky Nasta, who had had both his ears chewed off by his Dad for not taking care of his submissive properly, though Aneirin had been a bit lenient because Harry had gotten a holiday after all.
“Right, you have been home for an hour and already your faces look like you have been hit with a soggy loaf of bread. Drink your tea and let us make you feel better…by embarrassing the hair from your heads.”

Marianna picked up a delicately embossed photo album that had Blaise Mariano Zabini scripted on it in elegant cursive along with Blaise’s birth date; the twelfth of October nineteen-seventy-nine.

“Mother, please no!” Blaise begged as he stood up so quickly his tea cup shattered.

“This is Blaise’s baby book; he was such a cute baby.”

Marianna opened the book to show a baby that was at least three days old, lying on his stomach wearing just a nappy.

Blaise started speaking in rapid French and Nasta started laughing as Marianna giggled at her son, but she obviously ignored him and what Harry suspected were threats as she turned the page.

“Aww, Blaise, you were so cute.” Harry cooed. “You look so much like Braiden.”

Max pulled Blaise down and made him sit through the entire baby book and the three photo albums after that that went through his childhood and all the way up to this summer. Blaise shoved his face into his hands at the naked pictures of his baby self, the bath time photos, the grins with the missing baby teeth and the picture where he was cuddling a stuffed toy when he was twelve.

Marianna took out a single photo from behind her back and Blaise went pale.

“What photo is that?” He demanded.

“This is a very special photo just for Harry to put in his own photo album; I thought he’d enjoy it.”

It turned out to be a picture of a six year old Blaise wrapped around a five year old Draco as they slept on a rug in front of a fire place.

Draco went pink and Blaise went red when Harry cooed over the photo and thanked Marianna.
“Now that Marianna has finished, we can move onto Max.” Myron said with a smirk that was so evil that Harry cackled and he went to sit on his lap so that he could see the photo album better.

“Wait, wait wait, is this what all this is about? You’re going to show off all of our baby pictures?” Nasta asked his face whiter than paper.

“Of course. It’s every parent’s right to embarrass their children with photos.” Narcissa said with a dainty laugh.

“You too, Mother?” Draco asked, his already pale face going grey.

“Of course, Draco darling, you were the cutest, most handsome baby I’d ever seen, I want to show you off.”

They sat though Max’s huge baby book, all the way to his adult years, from tiny six pound baby to eighteen stone man. Then they went onto Draco’s baby book, seeing the very cute, pink ball with blond fluff for hair to the pouty child and the angular teenager and finally the man he had become.

Aneirin delighted in showing Nasta’s baby photos, from the miniscule three pound baby, the very happy and healthy child with the huge grin, there was a very cute picture of Nasta between his two older siblings, standing head and shoulders shorter than Sanex and coming to his sister’s elbow and another one where Aneirin was carrying Nasta on his shoulders, little legs in a pair of shorts and a tee-shirt that was in a foreign language which Nasta told them was Polish. Harry had never seen any of them blush so much and he delighted in laughing at them from his place still sat on Myron’s lap.

“Alright, Harry, you’re next. You’ve spent all day laughing up us, now it’s your turn.” Max stated.

“You’ll have to go without then, I don’t have any baby pictures of myself.” Harry answered sadly.

“Did those people not take even one photograph of you?” Ashleigh asked in surprise.

Harry shook his head. “No, they made me stand out of the shot and then, when I was older I was the one taking the pictures.”

Myron hugged him tightly and kissed his forehead.
“I’ve got two pictures.” Harry admitted as he stood up and went to his suitcase. He dug out the photo album from where it was wrapped in his invisibility cloak.

“You took your cloak and photo album on holiday?” Nasta questioned.

“I take them everywhere I go.” Harry replied as he opened the book, skipped over the pictures of his parents and Sirius and Remus and showed them the two pages, on one side a picture of a smiling Lily and James holding a baby Harry between them and on the other side a picture of James holding a grinning toddler.

“Oh Harry, you were beautiful.” Ashleigh sighed. “You can really tell you’re a submissive Dracken.”

“Really, how?”

“The eyes.” Richard answered, pointing out how large and alien Harry’s eyes looked in his head.

“Can I tell with Braiden?” Harry asked.

“Are you saying Braiden’s a Dracken, Harry?” Myron asked him perceptively.

Harry grinned and he looked to his adorable little son. He felt it was a bit too early to tell them that he had birthed a Dracken, but it didn’t matter too much.

“Yes he is. I smelt it on him as soon as he was born.”

Ashleigh squealed excitedly and grabbed Braiden’s little hands and shook them gently as his mates looked on proudly. Blaise more so than the rest as Braiden was his biological son.

“Back to the question, can I tell if he’ll be dominant or submissive?”
“You can hardly ever tell using the eyes alone.” Myron answered giving his two mates a reprimanding stare. “It’s so difficult to tell, you’d be better off treating all of them the same, boys and girls, as one of my sisters thought that she was going to be a submissive just because she was a girl and she turned out to be a dominant. We thought for years that Caesar would be a submissive and he turned out as a dominant. You can never truly know until their inheritance, you can only make educated guesses and even then they could be wrong.”

“You what?” Caesar demanded.

“We all thought that you were a submissive Dracken, Caesar.” Max chuckled before turning to his parents. “You used to tell me to treat him like the girls, because he was delicate and easily hurt.”

“Caesar had wide eyes too, not as wide as yours though and he was so slim and slender, very androgynous, I had hoped that he was a submissive.”

“Please stop talking.” Caesar begged, covering his burning face.

“He shot up days before his sixteenth birthday and gained a lot of weight in a short amount of time. We still thought that he might be a submissive, but when he woke up on his sixteenth birthday, he was the man you see before you, only less of a man and more of a boy, but he was a dominant like Max.”

“This is where I come in.” Remus said with a grin. “You might not have any baby photos of yourself Harry, but I do.”

Remus pulled out a bright blue photo album that had a picture of Lily and James on the front of it.

“James thought it would be fitting to put a picture of himself and Lily on the front rather than a picture of you.” Remus explained as Harry carried Braiden over to sit on his lap to see photos he had never seen before.

There was of course the mandatory bath photo, only baby Harry was covered in so many bubbles it was hard to see him.

“That was Sirius’ fault. He preferred showers so he didn’t realise that you only needed one capful of bubble bath. He poured in half a bottle before he started seeing bubbles and he finally stopped
pouring, you of course found it hilarious.” Remus said as he pointed out Harry’s wide grin. “You had such an infectious laugh.”

Harry giggled and he turned the page.

“Now this was a cute picture.” Remus said as he showed everyone a year old Harry wearing a pair of lopsided sunglasses that were far too big for his face. “Those were your Mother’s favourite sunglasses, of course you loved them and she let you have them, you broke them the day after this photo was taken by snapping out the lenses.”

Harry laughed and he even stroked the photos with his parents in them with such a wistful, longing look on his face that it brought lumps to everyone else’s throats.

The required naked photo of Harry even made him laugh as he was in the back garden of his parents’ home, in the pouring rain, covered in an inch of mud and muck. The only parts of him not covered in mud were his eyes and nose, one elbow and half a peachy, pert bum cheek.

“You can keep these, Harry.” Remus told him as they finished the book and it was closed.

“But they’re yours.” Harry answered.

“And I’m giving them to you. I have my memories, Harry. I remember all of these situations and the long days I spent with you and your parents, you don’t have that, you don’t have those memories as I do, so you can have the photos, you need them more.”

Harry hugged Remus tightly and he didn’t let go, whispering a soft ‘thank you’ into Remus’ ear.

“Now that we have thoroughly embarrassed you, how was your holiday? I was so excited when Marianna told me what she’d done; I wish I had thought of it! What did you see, what did you do?” Ashleigh asked.

“Oh it was wonderful!” Harry said enthusiastically. “We took loads of photos; I saw an iguana and a sea turtle and I went to a beach! An actual beach!”

“You’ve never been to a beach before?” Sanex asked astonished.
“I have now, I’ve been to three beaches and I picked up so many little shells! Nasta says they’re from dead molluscs and crustaceans, but they looked so pretty!”

Harry recounted everything they had done and seen, talking so happily and quickly that it made them all smile as Harry told of the wildlife parks, the botanical gardens and the aquarium.

“And Nasta even let me go snorkelling when the boat with the window in the bottom stopped! We saw so many little fishes and Max said he saw a shark, but I don’t think he did because no one else saw it.”

“I did so see a shark!” Max pouted.

“It sounds like you had an amazing time.” Marianna told them. “Braiden and I were fine, though I had forgotten how taxing a young baby could be. Do you boys feel better?”

“Much better.” Harry replied. “I think I even got a tan! Despite Nasta’s orders that all of us wear factor fifty sun cream all day every day.”

“Nasta only made you do that because I forgot to cover him when he was eight and he got the worst sunburn I have ever seen.” Sanex replied. “His skin was peeling for weeks. And he was red raw and he was in constant pain. I got a beating for that.”

“You did not get a beating.” Aneirin denied. “I just clipped you around the ear.”

“And then spanked me so hard I couldn’t sit down.” Sanex pouted.

“You could have caused Nasta to get skin cancer!” Aneirin growled. “Your baby brother!”

“He’s not a baby anymore.” Sanex said.

“I’m fine.” Nasta stressed. “I got one skin mole and that was the end of it.”
“Is that where it came from?” Harry asked. “I love that little mole.”

“You mean you love running your tongue around it.” Max chuckled. “Makes me wish I had one for you to play with.”

“Maximilius!” Myron berated. “There are women and children present, including your own Mother and your own child!”

Max looked abashed but he was grinning still and Harry chuckled.

“I can’t believe you went four days without cooking, or did you sneak a camp stove into your luggage again?” Talia asked her brother.

“The food was really nice.” Max told her.

“Not as nice as Max’s, but it was nice.” Harry explained further.

“Aww, he really loves you, Max.” Caesar cooed.

Harry chuckled and happily fed Braiden when he woke up, wailing for his dinner. They said goodbye not long after that and flooed home for the first time in days and just the smell of Max’s home made him sag in relief and it made him so glad to be home.

They all left their suitcases by the fireplace and went into the kitchen; where Max threw open all of the windows and the back door before making them all a cup of tea.

“It’s good to be home.” Harry said with a smile as he sipped on his honey tea.

“You see this place as home?” Max asked a happy, hopeful glint in his eyes.

Harry nodded and he swallowed a mouthful of tea. “I gave birth here, this is home to me. Though we might have to upgrade in a few years when we get more kids as you only have two spare bedrooms, though that won’t be for a long, long time yet. Just let me enjoy the babies I have before giving me anymore, okay?” He asked.
Max came and kissed him deeply and Harry made a small noise in his throat. Things got heavy and passionate and then Braiden started sniffling and squirming in discomfort as he started emitting a very bad smell.

Harry laughed as Max backed away. “It’s good to be home.” He repeated as he took Braiden to the changing mat they kept at the end of the kitchen to change his son’s dirty nappy.

Max started on making them a late dinner and he was so infectiously happy to be back in his own kitchen in front of his oven that it made the rest of them happy.

Harry changed Braiden and happily handed him off to Blaise, who silently asked for the baby by holding out his arms. Harry went and sat on Nasta after disposing of the soiled nappy, Nasta who then wrapped his strong arms around him and kissed the back of his neck.

“We should get to bed early tonight, perhaps with the aid of a very light sleeping potion, just enough so that we can sleep, but not enough to keep us sleeping through Braiden’s cries. We should go to Diagon Alley tomorrow to pick up your school things before it’s too late, you only have a few days left before you need to leave.”

Harry nodded and as he was served a plate of food, the conversation turned to their school schedule and child minding duties. After dinner and all of the dishes had been washed and put away he readily agreed to take a sip of the light sleeping potion to make him drowsy enough to fall asleep and he cuddled up with his mates, in their own bed and snuggled in until he fell asleep a little while later, dreading when Braiden would wake them up crying, he had become accustomed to sleeping in and his body was not going to welcome the screaming baby in his ear again and though he was looking forward to going back to Hogwarts again, he realised with a grin that he wasn’t looking forward to it as much as he had in the past as he hadn’t even made his count down chart that summer.
Harry nodded and as he was served a plate of food, the conversation turned to their school schedule and child minding duties. After dinner and all of the dishes had been washed and put away he readily agreed to take a sip of the light sleeping potion to make him drowsy enough to fall asleep and he cuddled up with his mates, in their own bed and snuggled in until he fell asleep a little while later, dreading when Braiden would wake them up crying, he had become accustomed to sleeping in and his body was not going to welcome the screaming baby in his ear again and though he was looking forward to going back to Hogwarts again, he realised with a grin that he wasn’t looking forward to it as much as he had in the past as he hadn’t even made his count down chart that summer.

Chapter Forty-Nine – Castle Calm

Harry yawned as he was rocked back and forth by the scarlet steam train, the Hogwarts Express. Braiden was strapped to Max’s chest in the baby carrier and it looked so hilarious but so sickeningly adorable at the same time and it was hilarious to see the amount of women, Muggle and magical alike, who had cooed at Max as he walked through the station with Braiden strapped to his chest, a huge hand adding extra protection to the back of a three week old Braiden’s head.

Harry couldn’t believe his baby was almost a month old already, he had no idea where the time had gone and as he lolled around the train compartment, listening to his mates talking and conversing with one another, he smiled and closed his eyes again, pillowing his head on Draco’s lap.

Draco’s hand rested on his shoulder and rubbed gently, one thumb stroking him. Harry was in a relaxed, happy state of mind, right up until the compartment door burst open. Nasta was on his feet standing in front of all of them before Harry could even get his body into a seated position.

Nasta collapsed back into his seat right beside the door with a groan and revealed a startled Hermione, who had her usual summer tan and her usual holiday gift for him in her hands.

She edged around Nasta and plonked down opposite him, presenting him with her gift.

“Thank you, Hermione, how are you?”

“I’ve been well. My parents took me to Spain this year, you wouldn’t believe the amount of Spanish wizarding history there is to discover! Did you know that it was a Spanish wizard who
invented the vaccination for Dragon Pox?!”

Harry chuckled at the familiar overload of information he was given from Hermione about her holidays and her newly found information.

“Braiden needs to have his first Dragon Pox inoculation soon. He’ll need four primary injections and two follow up injections, one a month after birth, one when he is four months, one at nine months and the final one at thirteen months and then a final booster jab at three and five years.”

“Poor thing, I heard they hurt terribly.”

“They burn more than they hurt.” Nasta said civilly.

“You remember what it was like?” Hermione asked interestedly.

“I work with Dragons; I need to have a booster every five years.”

“I had mine as soon as I arrived at the castle, the first morning I was there. I’ve been trying to forget it ever since.” Hermione said with a shudder.

“I never. It was assumed that I was vaccinated because I’d had had my four primary jabs. As soon as these overprotective louts heard that I had never had my two follow up jabs they booked me a precautionary booster jab.” Harry grumbled rubbing his left arm in remembered pain, glaring at his four lovers.

“Better that you are angry with us than dying of Dragon Pox.” Draco answered, kissing his cheek.

Harry was surprised, he would have thought that Draco, out of all of his mates, would have closed off and gone stiff and cold in Hermione’s presence.

“Draco wanted you to have the full course again.” Blaise told him, looking unhappy that he was seated next to Hermione.
“You just try and get me to have that injection again!” Harry snarled.

“My Grandfather died of Dragon Pox, it runs in my bloodline!” Draco explained angrily.

“We’ll make sure all of our children are vaccinated, Draco, no child of ours will ever be susceptible to such a disease.” Nasta assured, stroking gentle fingertips through Braiden’s dark downy hair that was starting to grow in thicker and fuller.

“May I hold him?”

Hermione didn’t single out any of them, but asked them all as a whole and when Max looked ready to disagree, Harry gave him a glare and the big man sighed and carefully and unhappily pulled Braiden out of the carrier, supporting his head and handing him over carefully to Hermione.

Hermione was awkward and clumsy with their son and Blaise twitched, as if he was aching to support Braiden’s little body. Harry just smiled, it reminded him of when he had first started out with a newborn baby and he didn’t know what to do. Braiden was fine, he had survived through Harry’s parenting and he was likely better off with Hermione because there was no way that she hadn’t read at least three pregnancy and baby care books over the summer.

He placed a hand over his soft belly. What was he going to do if this baby was actually two babies, or more? This was the downside to Dracken pregnancies, Kimberly had told him. The very high chance of multiple births.

“Do you have a stomach ache, Harry?” Hermione asked.

“No. Hermione, this might come as a surprise, but I’m pregnant.”

“Again?” She asked shocked. “But how are you going to focus on your N.E.W.Ts this year, Harry? And two babies are a huge handful, especially ones so young.”

“I know, but you know what I am. These things can’t be controlled. We can’t even use contraceptives because the heat period takes away our minds so condoms are out and the high temperature of our bodies’ burn up any potions.”

“What about a charm?” Hermione suggested.
“They need to be recast every forty-eight hours, the heat lasts for ten days; it’ll wear off before the end of the heat period.”

“Is there nothing you can do?”

“I can go out and fuck a human to destroy my own womb.” Harry said his tone heavy in disgust, which kept his mates from growling or hissing. “But it will make me permanently barren so I’ll never have any more children for the rest of my life. The best I can do is hope that when this baby is born that my body takes a very long while before it repairs itself so I won’t have another heat period.”

Hermione bit her lip. “That doesn’t sound like a solid plan; you’re relying too much on chance and maybes.”

“It’s all I have. Unless I want to be permanently barren or go completely celibate and lock myself in a little box where these four can’t get to me, neither of which I want to do, then there is nothing more I can do other than hoping and wishing.”

“You have endless amounts of people around you to help and support you.” Nasta said softly. “You will not be going through anything alone.”

“At least there’s that.” Harry grinned. “I’m heading for hell, but at least I get to drag the four of you with me.”

Max laughed amusedly and plucked Draco from his seat to exchange places with him so he could hug Harry properly.

“You could have just asked!” Draco hissed.

“And give up an opportunity to touch your luscious body? Never!”

Draco went pink, but it was less from anger and more from pleasure as he averted his eyes from Max and started a hasty conversation with Blaise.

Harry had enjoyed actually being able to go to Diagon Alley without incident. Myron had made the media rue the day that they had set foot on the alley and no one bothered them, except for two
“They’re married, Lauren.” The man managed to get out of his tight throat.

“But they’re both boys! How can they be married?” The youngest girl demanded.

“They love one another, so they married. Now come on!”

“So two boys can marry if they’re in love, does that mean that I can marry a girl if I love her?” The oldest girl asked. The Standard book of spells, grade one that was clutched in her arms aged her to eleven.

The man looked horrified and shot an accusing glare at Harry and Nasta growled threateningly, starting to release pheromones that instilled fear into the human man.

The man’s eyes went wide and he hurried his two daughters into the nearest shop. Nasta had wrapped him up tighter and kissed his forehead, right in the middle of the alley. It had made Harry feel better and they had carried on shopping, Harry finally getting into the baby boutique shop to buy some outfits for Braiden and to also slyly look at the prices for cots and bassinets. They had one bassinet and one cot; they would have to move Braiden out of their bedroom and into the nursery before he was ready because of the new baby, or babies. Harry swallowed as he saw that the prices of cots ran into hundreds of Galleons, one absolutely gorgeous solid wooden, hand carved, cot costed over a thousand Galleons.

None of them were short of Galleons, but how many cots and bassinets would they have to buy? If he got pregnant again just after this baby was born he would have to buy even more cots, not to mention every baby needed a new mattress and new linens. Harry had a vision then of a room the size of the Great Hall and every inch of the room was covered in cots holding sleeping babies. He shuddered and cuddled into Nasta, who looked at him with a frown, but draped an arm over his shoulders. He never wanted that vision to become reality, there had to have been at least a hundred babies in that room, he was going to struggle with just two.

Harry held Blaise’s hand as he made his way into the school. He breathed in deeply and he smiled as he realised that he no longer considered the castle as his only home. Max’s house was the place he most considered home now and he grinned as teenaged girls swooned over Max, who had once again put Braiden securely into his baby carrier and was striding through the castle like a virgin’s wet dream wearing just a sleeveless vest and a pair of loose, linen trousers.

Harry himself was following quickly, just to keep that gorgeous arse in his sight; tugging Blaise with him and leaving Nasta with Draco, because Malfoys never rush.
They all sat at the Slytherin table, because all the girls from all of the other tables were shoving each other to ‘make room’ for Max to sit next to them.

“Awww.” Harry complained.

“Don’t worry, Harry, they can say and do what they want as long as they don’t come anywhere near me.” Max told him.

“What?” Harry said slowly.

“Why don’t you tell Max just why you are so disappointed?” Blaise teased.

“You sat down.” Harry said with a grin. “I was enjoying the view.”

Max laughed and pulled Harry gently onto his lap to kiss him with a lot of tongue; Harry pulled back and kissed Braiden’s head.

“I like this baby carrier.” Harry announced. “He’s safe, protected; no one can take him from us and unlike with the carrycot we don’t have to put him down where he can be kidnapped.”

Max run his fingers through his hair, watching as, instead of bouncing back into place like normal hair did, it stayed up in ruffled tufts and thick layered clumps. Max loved Harry’s hair. It was so soft, thick and clean, but so different to everyone else’s hair that it was its own entity.

“I spent an hour doing that hair!” Draco scolded, trying to salvage Harry’s hair with his fingers. Harry was wholly unconcerned with the state of his hair but he purred deeply as Draco’s fingers massaged his scalp.

Draco stayed sitting behind Harry playing with his hair throughout the sorting ceremony and then the food was there and Harry dug in happily, having missed Max’s usual large lunches for pumpkin pasties and cauldron cakes, which just couldn’t fill him up properly anymore, not since he had met Max.

His mates watched him as he ate and when it seemed that he was actually going to eat more than usual they focused on their own plates. Harry stopped eating halfway through and pulled out a bottle from the black dragonhide satchel on his shoulder. It was his new nappy bag that he had seen
in the baby boutique and he had fallen in love with it and after Nasta had made absolutely sure that it was made from shedded hide and not from a murdered dragon, he had actually bought it for him as a present. Though he had spent ten minutes checking the quality of the hide and checking the thickness of the hide, apparently if it was more than an inch thick, it made a higher quality item and looked much better, but to go an inch deep into a dragon’s hide meant to injure and kill it, if it was less than an inch thick, like Harry’s bag, then it was shedded hide, which didn’t look quite as good, vibrant or shiny, but still made a strong, durable and fire resistant item. For Nasta’s piece of mind Harry didn’t care that his black nappy bag was a dullish grey-black instead of shiny, jet black like the living scales of a dragon. It made him sick to think that people paid hundreds of galleons per square inch for the hide of a murdered dragon just for them to wear.

Harry tugged Braiden from the carrier and bounced him lightly to ease him gently from sleep so that he could have his bottle. He rubbed the bottle teat on his cheek and watched with a smile as Braiden rooted for the nipple before taking it into his mouth.

Harry fed him quickly and efficiently, burped him, wiped the spit up milk from his lips and chin with a soft cloth before he slipped Braiden back into the carrier on Max’s chest and placed a little ear flat over Max’s strong heartbeat, Braiden was asleep again within moments.

Harry happily dug into his slice of treacle tart and even had a second one, watched by a disapproving Nasta, who was eating an apple, but his oldest lover said nothing and as long as he said nothing, Harry was happy to eat treacle tart until he was full...or sick, whichever one came first.

Harry managed three and a half slices of treacle tart, watched on in amazement by those around him and when he finally put his fork down and pushed the last half of tart away from him it was Daphne Greengrass who spoke first.

“Where did you put all of that?” She asked him, not unkindly, but looking pointedly to his slim frame. “I can see that you’ve put weight on since last year, but not enough to be eating near four slices of tart after a large meal.”

Harry shrugged. “I’m pregnant.” He told her and he loved the shock that covered her face and the faces around her as they heard.

“Again?” Theodore Nott demanded.

“I do have four lovers.” Harry pointed out, giving him a glare as he looked to see where Blaise was. He trusted Blaise completely; he didn’t trust Nott not to touch his lover, not one bit.

“Whose baby is it this time?” Pansy asked neutrally.

Harry shrugged again. “Absolutely no idea. I am a man of carnal desires and I have a harem of men
at my beck and call. I can’t help myself, when I get started I can’t seem to stop until I’m unconscious.”

Blaise and Max chuckled, Nasta just rolled his eyes but Draco looked scandalised.

“That is not something you should be talking about publically!” He chastised.

“Relax, Draco, I wasn’t going to tell them about the time you fucked me in the shower so hard that you ripped down the shower rail.” Harry said with a devious glint in his eyes.

“You just did, Mio amore.” Blaise pointed out with a chuckle.

“Oh we went to Guadeloupe this summer on holiday. I think it was the first morning we were there, wasn’t it, love?” Harry asked evilly.

“Are you having four babies?” A girl a year below them interrupted curiously.

“Why would you think that?” Harry asked.

“There’s a male carrier in my family, he has a male harem too, though he only has three lovers. Every pregnancy he had was triplets, one baby for each lover except for one peculiar pregnancy where he had six babies, but it turned out that those three extra babies were a set a set of identical triplets on top of a set of identical twins and a singleton.”

“I’m surprised your first pregnancy only gave you the one baby, but then I suppose you only had Draco and Blaise at the point of conception, but maybe you’ll make up for it with this pregnancy.” She eyed his still reasonably flat stomach with considering eyes. “You’ll want to gain a bit more
weight and start taking a bone strengthening potion or you’ll be in agony soon enough. Cristobel was the same when he hit three months, his body wasn’t big enough to support all six babies so he was confined to a bed and force fed nutrient and bone strengthening potions and he came out of it alright, though at this point he had eighteen children. He made his lovers go for vasectomies.”

Every male listening except for Harry winced. “Did it work?” He asked curiously.

“Of course it did, if no sperm can get into the sac, no baby can be formed.”

“Absolutely no way.” Max hissed. “I don’t care if we get a hundred babies, I will not have a vasectomy!”

Harry thought back to the vision he’d had, of the hundred cots in a room the same size of the one he was sat in, all full of babies and he rather thought that if Max had shared this vision with him then he would be the first in line for a vasectomy, but Harry said nothing and instead he just smiled sweetly.

“Not even if I have four babies a year, every year?”

That stopped Max short and he looked to be thinking it through.

“In ten years we could have forty babies. Maybe even more if I get pregnant twice in the same year like I have this time. That’s a lot of dirty nappies, vomit and snot, Max.”

Max licked his lips and he seemed to be warring between the two points.

“Even you don’t have a hundred relatives.” Harry pointed out. “We’d run out of people to fob them off on to. We’d never be able to go anywhere or do anything as we’d always have four newborns with us, I’d have my sac ripped out first.”

Blaise chuckled and kissed his cheek.

“If we get over forty babies, then I’d say it was time for a vasectomy.”
“Agreed.” Draco answered, looking on in horror. “If we have forty babies, I’ll go for a vasectomy.”

Harry chuckled. “Forty does seem a bit much, but some of our older children will be grown up, our little Braiden will be on his way to Hogwarts in ten years’ time. So we won’t ever have forty babies.”

“By the time we have forty kids, Harry; I will be more than ready for a vasectomy.” Draco told him.

Harry yawned, but dutifully looked up at the top table when the dishes vanished. Harry barely heard Dumbledore’s start of term speech and when he was done he was leaning against Draco, nearly sleeping.

Nasta scooped him up from the bench and carried him to their old rooms. They were just how they had left them and Harry smiled, inhaling the familiar scent and welcoming the rush of happy memories these rooms brought him.

“I love these rooms.” He told them happily.

“Let’s get you to bed, love, you, Draco and Blaise have lessons tomorrow.” Nasta told him softly.

“Are you working tomorrow?” Harry asked.

“You know I’m on paperwork duty for as long as I can stick it. Though they may need me soon, breeding season is almost upon the dragons and it’s the worse time of the year for a dragon handler.” Nasta told him with a smile. “Max goes back to work in a few weeks unless an urgent call comes in for a stock of potions.”

Harry nodded as he was put in the bed and tucked in after being stripped and redressed. Braiden was placed in his bassinet and the three week old baby squirmed as he lost contact with Max’s warm body, but he fell quiet and still a few moments later.

Draco groomed himself and got himself ready for bed while Blaise just stripped to his boxer-briefs, pulled on a pair of pyjama bottoms and climbed in beside him.

Max, who had forced Harry to stay in bed that morning when Braiden cried at six in the morning for his bottle, let out a jaw breaking yawn and climbed in on his other side, pulling Harry and Blaise tight to his chest. Draco climbed in behind Max and faced away from him, back to back, one
leg hooked around Max’s and Nasta climbed in behind Blaise, closest to Braiden. He would be the one to wake up in the middle of the night with the baby.

Harry blinked open gluey, emerald eyes and it took him a moment to realise where he was. He was being squashed and remembered that they were back at Hogwarts. Their bed here was smaller than the one at Max’s, so it was a tighter fit. Not that he minded as he rolled out of bed and scooped up Braiden before he started crying, trailed carefully down the stairs from their platform bed and wandered into their kitchen area to boil some water for a bottle and a cup of tea, perhaps ginger this morning as he was feeling slightly nauseous. He hoped he never had morning sickness as bad as he had with Braiden. He hated it more than almost anything else about pregnancy.

Harry sipped the ginger tea and fed Braiden, a tiny hand covering his own as he held the bottle and Harry grinned happily as Braiden’s fingers brushed gently against his skin. Braiden was growing and learning.

“You’re such an amazing baby and I’m so sorry I got pregnant again so soon, I swear I’ll still play with you and pay attention to you, this baby won’t take anything away from you, I promise. I still love you and you’ll always be my first child, no one can ever take that away from you, Braiden.” Harry told the suckling baby, kissing his forehead as bright purple eyes flitted open to look at him. Harry loved that Braiden had taken Blaise’s gorgeous indigo eyes.

Harry burped Braiden and kissed him gently as they cuddled quietly together as Harry sipped his tea to ease his queasy stomach.

Max came out at twenty past six halfway through a yawn, his hair all rumpled and his face still sleep creased.

“Morning, Max.” Harry greeted softly.

“Morning, Harry.” Max said back, coming to give him a kiss, pulling Braiden’s head to his face for a kiss, before grinning as he went into the little kitchenette. “It’s not my kitchen, but it’s good enough.”

Harry chuckled as he finished his tea.

“Do you want another one?” Max asked him as he started making pancakes for breakfast.
“Please. Ginger tea though.”

Max turned to him as quick as Harry could blink.

“Are you alright? You haven’t been sick have you? I didn’t hear anything.”

“I’m fine, I just felt slightly queasy this morning, so I think it might be safe just to stick to ginger tea.”

Max nodded and he quickly made the requested tea and placed it in front of him.

“Thank you, Max.”

“That’s alright, love. Nasta’s up and showering quickly before Draco gets in there.”

Harry smiled and drank his tea, thankful that he felt better.

“I smell ginger.” Was Blaise’s first comment as he came into the kitchen slash living room.

“Just a queasy belly. I’m fine.” Harry smiled, hugging Blaise as he kissed Braiden.

“You’re sure you’re alright?” Nasta asked as he greeted Max with a deep kiss, his hair still damp from his shower.

“Where’s my kiss?” Blaise demanded.

Nasta chuckled and pulled Blaise into a toe curling kiss, sitting him in a chair as he came to Harry and kissed him deeply, his tongue stroking over Harry’s in greeting. Braiden got a peck to the lips as well as his eyes landed on his Daddy Nasta for a moment.

“Don’t forget Draco’s kiss.” Max reminded Nasta.
“Draco had his first.” Nasta replied with a grin as he set the table.

“I missed it? Damn it!”

“Stop being a lecher.” Draco demanded as he walked into their living room slash kitchen already dressed in his uniform.

“I like being a lecher.” Max replied as he served up some pancakes for everyone, before going back to make more.

“I wish I could take him with me.” Harry said softly as he looked to Braiden’s sweet little face and huge, trusting eyes.

“Perhaps it was a good idea that we went on holiday without him, it’s helped you to learn to carry on without him.” Nasta said thoughtfully.

“At least it won’t be days on end without seeing him, you can see him every morning, for lunch and then after dinner you’ll spend the evening with him.” Max pointed out.

Harry smiled. “At least there’s that.” He conceded brushing his knuckles against the so soft skin of Braiden’s chubby cheek.

At half past eight in the morning they made their way down to the Great Hall and slipped to where their Head of House were handing out the students’ schedules to sleepy, unhappy, grumbling pupils. Max came with Harry to the Gryffindor table to collect his schedule from Professor McGonagall, who gave Harry a rare smile and chucked Braiden under his chin as she handed him his schedule.

Harry read it and frowned as he counted his subjects and realised that he was one short and that he had free periods on his timetable, no N.E.W.T student ever had free periods.

“Professor, has there been a mistake with my schedule? I seem to have free periods and I’m down a subject.”
“You have been taken out of your Potions course, Potter.” Professor McGonagall informed him and Harry made an ‘ah’ sound, understanding all at once. He was pregnant again and couldn’t do the course, not to mention that he had had to cancel his Ministry tests because of his pregnancy, he should have realised. He’d have to make sure that he didn’t get pregnant next summer and that he took his N.E.W.Ts in Potions.

Harry wandered back to Draco, Blaise and Nasta and handed over his schedule before it could be snatched from him.

“Why do you get free periods?” Draco demanded.

“Because I’ve been kicked from the Potions course due to pregnancy.” Harry grinned.

Draco blanched as he searched Harry’s schedule for Potions and didn’t find it.

“I’ll take the tests this summer.” Harry assured. “But I’ll need to do a lot of work.”

“We’ll all help and support you.” Nasta told him as he checked all of their schedules against one another. “Your first lessons aren’t together.”

“I didn’t take Arithmancy.” Harry said. “I have Charms first.”

“Me too.” Hermione said as she popped up behind him with her schedule.

“There we go. I’ll be with Hermione, she’s not a you-know-what, but she’s damned fast with her hexes and curses, she’ll keep me safe.”

Harry chuckled as the whole idea was ludicrous. He was a Dracken, he was decent at defence and he had defeated Voldemort at fifteen. He didn’t need protecting from a bunch of students.

“Be careful, you hold onto the bannister rail if you go up and down stairs, you do not run and you tread carefully.” Nasta told him sternly. Hermione giggled.
“I’ll be fine, I promise.” Harry answered as he handed Braiden to Nasta and held onto Hermione’s arm. “Come on, Hermione, if we’re going to get to Charms this side of Christmas we’d best leave now, every step needs to be measured and weighed carefully.”

Harry exaggeratedly picked his foot up and slowly put it down half an inch in front of him, making sure his toes were firmly on the stone floor before he eased his heel down, made sure his foot was securely on the floor before peeling his other foot up and putting it half an inch in front of him and repeating. It took him four minutes to move past Blaise, who was almost crying with his laughter.

Nasta swatted his bum with a grin and told him to get to it and that he’d see them at lunch. Harry giggled and set off at a normal pace with Hermione towards Charms and after that he had History of Magic and then Transfiguration with Draco then Defence Against the Dark Arts and finally Herbology with Hermione and Neville.

He met up with all of his mates and shared a kiss with them all as they sat around the Slytherin table for dinner and he told them of the exhausting first day that they had had and the mountain of homework they had been given by merciless Professors.

“I’ll be fifty before I get through with it all.” Draco complained and he speared a broccoli floret with his fork and popped it into his mouth, chewing moodily.

“I have a Herbology essay that needs to be in tomorrow!” Harry whined.

“I need to go to the library after dinner.” Blaise joined in. “I have twenty Defence questions I need to answer by tomorrow.”

“What questions are they?” Harry asked interestedly, wondering if they were the same ones he had been given and had already answered with ease. They were.

Harry giggled as he pulled out his already completed Defence questions and handed them to Blaise, who pulled his head into a deep kiss before scouring the homework, taking in the information instead of just copying it.

“When did you get the time to answer them? Wasn’t Defence your last but one lesson?”

“I answered them in the half hour break between Defence and Herbology.” Harry gloated proudly.

“What lessons do you have tomorrow?” Nasta asked as he pushed his empty plate away from him
and picked up his pumpkin juice.

“Double Potions, Charms, double Defence and Arithmancy.” Blaise answered moodily.

“Double Potions, History, double Defence and Arithmancy.” Draco answered just as unhappily.

“A double free period, History, double Herbology and Charms.” Harry grinned. “I’ll get to sleep early, wake up with Braiden and do my homework in the two hours before my lessons start.”

Nasta nodded his acceptance of Harry’s plan. “You two need to do your homework before you go to sleep and you can lie in tomorrow morning.” He told Draco and Blaise, who nodded themselves, unhappy with the prospect of an evening full of homework.

They went to their rooms and Harry snuggled with Braiden, but decided to get his Transfiguration essay done and over with when Draco pulled his out, they had Transfiguration together, so had the same homework, so it made sense to work through it together. Harry was tired when he finished, so he fed Braiden his ten o’clock bottle, kissed all four of his mates goodnight and then went up to bed.

It felt nice being back in the castle, it was nice being back into the flow of a balanced education and the castle was so welcoming and calm, despite the hustle and bustle of everyday student life, that he felt calm and balanced himself, which put him in a good mood despite the mountain of homework he had and because he was happy, that put his mates in a good mood too. He was sure all of that would change once the exam month rolled around and if his two youngest dominants were anything like there were last year, during the practice and mock N.E.W.Ts, then what were they going to be like when the real thing rolled around? Plus he’d have given birth already, Max and Nasta would be back in work and he was sure everything would be one huge mess. His last thought before he went to sleep was a prayer that he was pregnant with only one baby.
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Life soon dissolved into chaos, it was just one week into the September school term and Harry had taken to tearing out clumps of his own hair. Braiden was a little over a month old, he was a month pregnant, he was drowning in his own homework and Max had been called back into work urgently for a huge order of Rubella draughts as a breakout of the disease had started in a Magical community.

It started one morning and they had no warning as Harry darted awake in the early hours of Wednesday, a week after the term had started and he puked out his guts onto Draco’s bare shoulder, who had had the misfortune of sleeping next to him when the morning sickness had struck as quick as a viper.

Draco woke screaming and he cringed away from his own shoulder as the warm, wetness slid slowly and sickeningly down his arm. He rushed off still yelling into the bathroom to shower, Braiden had been startled awake by the noise and he was adding to it as he cried loudly. Blaise groggily pulled their month old son into his arms to soothe him as Nasta tried to soothe Harry as he dry heaved over and over again until he thought that his own stomach was trying to come up his throat. His eyes were streaming with tears, his nose running as his body shook uncontrollably from the shock and suddenness of vomiting so violently.

Max, who had gotten home very late and was due an early morning, was not happy to be woken up to such noise and activity, but he dutifully rubbed Harry’s back as the spasms threatened to make Harry collapse.

Harry finally stopped vomiting, but he lay spent and sobbing on the bed as Nasta wiped his eyes and nose for him as Max dabbed the vomit and bile from his mouth. Draco, finished showering and
having a fit, brought Harry a glass of water to wash his mouth out with and, still huffing and quivering, Harry took a few shaky mouthfuls, swilled his mouth out and spat on the carpet, which was already covered in vomit, before Nasta removed it all with a simple wave of his wand.

“I’m sorry.” He croaked out, his throat feeling like a raw wound.

“You have nothing to be sorry for.” Nasta told him immediately as he carefully eased him up and into his arms, one hand rubbing his belly softly.

“As long as you don’t puke on me again, I can forgive you this once.” Draco told him, kissing his sweaty forehead.

Harry chuckled weakly as he tried to control his shaking with no success.

“Should I call the Headmaster and tell him that you won’t be in lessons today?” Nasta asked him.

“No. No, I’ll be alright. I can’t afford to miss any lessons. I just need some tea and maybe a few crackers.”

Nasta nodded and carried him slowly and carefully into the living room where Blaise was feeding Braiden and Nasta placed him on the settee and wrapped him in a blanket as he was still shivering and a bit shocky from the suddenness of waking up only to immediately throw up. He was given sweet, ginger tea and a packet of salted crackers, which he sipped slowly and nibbled on until the queasiness went away. It was only just coming up to six in the morning and none of them wanted to be awake this early, Max least of all, who had been herded back into the bedroom by Nasta and shoved back into bed, which had been stripped and changed by Draco, who was getting so much better at small domestic things like that.

They sufficed with cereal and toast for breakfast as Max tried to get a few more hours sleep before he spent the day making more potions and Harry was far too shaken up and weak bodied to cook.

At eight Max was up, showered and dressed for work and he kissed them all goodbye hastily, as he smothered a yawn behind his hand and floored off to work. Harry only hoped he didn’t make a mistake or have an accident, which could ruin an entire batch of potion and mean Max would be working for longer as he started again.

At ten to nine Harry shakily held onto Draco as they made their way down to Transfiguration, leaving Braiden with Nasta, who was napping, and leaving Blaise on the fifth floor as he headed to Ancient Runes.
“You look terrible!” Hermione greeted worriedly as he sat between her and Draco at the front of the classroom, a concerned Professor McGonagall listening to them.

“Morning sickness came back with a vengeance.” He smiled weakly as he took out his parchment, quills, ink and completed homework.

“Are you alright though?” She persisted.

‘Not really’ He thought disparagingly, but he just smiled and nodded as he waited for the double period to be over, they had a half hour break after Transfiguration, but where Draco and Blaise would be heading to Potions afterwards, Harry had a free lesson and he was going to damn well use his two and a half hour break to catch up on some sleep.

Harry battled through the double lesson as much as he could, but his attention just wasn’t there and Professor McGonagall knew it. She stopped calling on him for answers and let him work at his own pace as she pushed the other students and when the bell rang for the second time signalling the end of second period and the start of their first half hour break, Harry weakly climbed to his feet and let Draco carry him and their book bags back to their rooms.

Nasta was up and ready for them as he indicated the bed he had made for Harry out of cushions and blankets and wrapped him up and sent him straight to sleep as Draco sat and relaxed for a bit before heading off to Potions to meet Blaise before lunch.

Harry was woken up groggily and fed some chicken broth and some more ginger tea before he was sent off to Charms at one thirty. He felt much better once he had woken up some more and he thanked heaven that it was a Wednesday and he had had that little respite right in the middle of the day where his Potions lesson should have been.

After dinner, they all relaxed back on the settees in their rooms with groans and sighs, Harry happily taking Braiden as he had barely seen his baby at all today and he was feeling a tad guilty for that as he played a game of ‘wiggle worm’ with Braiden, which was a game he had made up where he took one of Braiden’s limbs, an arm or a leg, and wiggled it about gently but vigorously and called his son a little worm. Braiden loved the game and he showed it by flinging out his arms and legs and stretching them, building up muscles and gaining control of his limbs at the same time.

It was as Harry was playing this game with Braiden, that his son let out two short huffs and every mate stopped and looked at the baby. They cocked their heads, lowered eyebrows and looked at Braiden consideringly and Harry curiously took a hold of Braiden’s leg again when his son squirmed unhappily at the pause in the game and he wiggled it. Braiden huffed three times as Harry wiggled his leg this time and Harry grinned.

“I think he’s trying to laugh!” He exclaimed excitedly to the others.

“He’s not trying, he is laughing!” Max said with so much enthusiasm that it was almost as if he
hadn’t been dozing off just a few minutes before. “Do it again!”

Harry wiggled both legs together and Braiden screeched with huffy giggles and it startled Harry into letting go of Braiden’s legs.

Blaise tickled Braiden’s side and got the same screech of delight and both arms flew over Braiden’s head and out to the sides.

It turned into a new game as all of them took it in turns to make their son giggle, huff and screech. It was amazing. Yesterday Braiden hadn’t been able to laugh, he only cooed in happiness, even this morning he hadn’t been able to huff in delight, but now, their four week old son couldn’t stop as they tickled him, wiggled his limbs and blew raspberries on him.

“This is amazing.” Draco exclaimed as he held Braiden up to his face and nuzzled their noses together.

Things got better for them then, Harry’s morning sickness didn’t come back the following day, Braiden delighted them all by keeping up a steady stream of coos, giggles, huffs and screeches and on Tuesday morning, he grinned a huge, cheesy, gummy grin that Max captured with a camera.

It brought tears to Harry’s eyes and he wiped them away, feeling like a fool. Nasta chuckled and pulled him into a kiss.

“It’s alright, love.” He said with a soft rumble. “He’s growing by the day, he’s learning and developing. He’s growing up and he wants to show us that he is.”

“I’m being stupid, damn hormones.” Harry complained as he wiped the tears away, cupping his belly, that had started to swell minimally, but it was now obvious that he was gaining weight, and not losing it and those who hadn’t yet heard that he was pregnant again, were pointing and speculating as if it were some huge secret.

When October rolled around, Braiden was brightening up the rainy sky with continuous giggles, coos, exclaimed grunts and kicks. He was able to push himself up on his arms and hold his head up to look at them for a few moments before he dropped back down. Braiden had taken a special interest in his own hand; particularly his left one and took to chewing and sucking on it.

Nasta was back in part-time work, but he had volunteered himself for the graveyard shifts, so that he was with Braiden in the day as Max was in work. Lessons were in full swing and Harry only barely had enough time to do everything with his free periods, he had no idea how Blaise and Draco were dealing with their homework load, but Harry spent most days carrying Braiden around with him, keeping a running commentary of what he was doing because Braiden cried and fussed when Harry stopped talking for a long stretch of time.
He was two months pregnant and though he was feeling queasy in the mornings, he hadn’t yet had as bad a time as he had that morning three weeks ago when he had woken with vomit already in his throat. He was due a scan this morning and through a stroke of bad luck, once again none of his mates would be there.

Harry carried a gurgling Braiden into the hospital wing, his belly looking like he had swallowed a Quaffle already, but he put it down to the fact that he hadn’t lost his baby weight from Braiden before getting pregnant again.

“Morning, Madam Pomfrey!” He called out to the matron, who was tutting over two fourth year girls.

“Good morning, Harry, if you’d have a bed, I’ll be with you in just a moment.”

Harry climbed awkwardly onto the bed and laid Braiden on his back and began tickling him, filling the hospital wing with his huffy screeches of laughter.

“I see little Braiden has learnt how to laugh.”

Harry grinned and nodded.

“He’s coming on fantastically well, Harry. How old is he now?” Madam Pomfrey praised as she shimmied the two protesting girls out of the hospital wing once they were fixed up.

“Two months, just about nine weeks.”

“So you are eight weeks pregnant, yes?”

“That’s right.”

“Most first scans aren’t until twelve weeks, but as Drackens develop a lot quicker, let’s see if we can’t find something to take a photo of.”

Harry grinned and stripped off his shirt, reclining back with Braiden tucked into the crook of one
arm. He watched as the picture was projected from Madam Pomfrey’s flat wand on his stomach and he moved his head closer without dislodging the wand, squinting as he tried to make sense of the mess his eyes were showing him.

“Oh dear.” Madam Pomfrey exclaimed and covered her mouth as her eyes scanned the image.

“What? What is it? I can’t see the baby like I could with Braiden? Is it alright?”

“Calm yourself, Harry, please.” Madam Pomfrey ordered as she made a photo of the picture and gave it to him, Harry tracked it restlessly, trying to find his baby, but it was just a mess of white, lines of grey and a mass of black.

“I’m sorry, Harry, but this is frightful news.”

Harry swallowed and curled in on himself, expecting to be told that his baby was dead and he was having a stillborn.

“What is it?” He forced himself to say tearfully.

“There have to be at least four babies inside of you.”

“Fo…four?” He croaked out, feeling a sense of relief that the babies were alive, but a tremor of fear sliced down his spine. Four babies in a single pregnancy, one had been hard enough and four newborns on top of Braiden going into exam week was going to ruin them.

Madam Pomfrey took the photo, duplicated it and ringed four masses of grey with a red circle with her wand, then she grimaced and circled a fifth.

“Five babies. These masses of grey are hearts, Harry. There are five hearts, five babies.”

Harry quivered as he took the photo with the five red rings and he looked at the very pale grey masses inside the white masses. Hearts. His babies’ hearts. The fear almost made him sick, he felt self-loathing as the thought that he didn’t want these babies flitted through his mind. He didn’t want them. Not one of them, but at least he might have had a hope in hell of coping if it had been
just one baby, what was he going to do with five newborns?

He burst out crying and he couldn’t stop, he sobbed and cried and sniffled in the bed and he cried so hard he made himself sick.

“I’m going to call a specialist Healer, Harry. He’ll swear to a secrecy oath, but you need him.”

Harry just continued crying and he didn’t answer as the misery threatened to consume him. The next he knew, strong, able hands were over his belly, feeling and pressing and Harry hissed and swiped, but one of those strong hands caught his and he was looking into icy brown eyes. How such a warm colour managed to look like chips of ice, Harry didn’t know, but a calming draught was shoved down his throat and his crying tapered off into huffy sniffs.

“Harry, this is Healer Almus, he’s a pregnancy specialist and most particularly he specialises in male pregnancy.”

The Healer turned out warmer than his eyes indicated and calmed him down further before going back to feeling and pressing on his stomach.

“There are five babies.” He confirmed as he finished pressing and poking. “Five heads and five bottoms. I take it this is more than you bargained for, how many lovers do you have?”

“Four.” Harry replied miserably, his voice thin.

“Is that little boy one of four or…?” Healer Almus trailed off, looking at Braiden pointedly.

“No. It was just him on his own.”

“How unusual.”

“Not for a Dracken. Dracken’s first pregnancy is always the one baby, unless in the situation of identical multiples.”

The Healer hummed thoughtfully. “I confess I know next to nothing about Drackens and have
never treated one before to my knowledge, but I am a specialist in male pregnancy. I can’t believe they’d differ too drastically, so I’m going to treat you like any other patient, I’ll prescribe you bone strengthening potions and nutrient potions that you are to take, no questions asked. You could also benefit from a light sleeping potion in the evenings and perhaps a small supply of calming draughts, I’ll get the hospital’s Potions Master onto making some for you immediately.”

“Just tell me which potions they are; one of my lovers is a Potions Master and I trust him more than some stranger I’ve never met.”

The man’s eyebrows lowered in suspicion, as if he thought that Harry was lying.

“What is his name?”

“Maximilius Diadesen Maddison.”

The man’s icy eyes showed recognition and he pulled back in surprise with a small smile.

“I had heard that Max had settled down, I don’t believe anyone who is even a small acquaintance of Myron Maddison doesn’t know by now, but I had no idea that it was you that he had settled down with, Myron neglected to mention that part when we met recently.”

The Healer, who ironically was named Maximillian, wrote down a list of potions and numbers and X’s that Harry couldn’t make heads or tails of.

“Hand that to Max and he’ll know what to do with it. You are fine for now, you seem to be adjusting quickly and your body is responding readily, but judging from the look of that little one, that is hardly surprising, that baby can’t be much over two months old.”

“Nine weeks.” Harry admitted, refusing to make eye contact with the Healer, who was looking disapprovingly at him.

“And you are eight weeks pregnant, how long between the birth of that baby and the conception of these five?”
“Four days.” Harry said after a lengthily pause, his cheeks flaming as he found more interest in Braiden than in those ice brown eyes.

The Healer hummed knowingly. “Perhaps this will teach you to take more care the next time. Now, onto the future of this pregnancy…”

“I am not terminating them.” Harry hissed.

“I wasn’t going to suggest it.” Healer Almus told him back. “But perhaps you might consider thinking about a selective reduction.”

“What’s that?” Harry asked, not liking the sound of it.

“It’s a medical procedure where we remove one or more of the weaker foetuses to give the others a bigger chance of survival. With your slight size and narrow hips, the amount of foetuses in the pregnancy and the size of that baby, I would advise you to take away three babies and leave the two strongest to reduce the risk to you and the risk of having a stillborn baby.”

Harry was sure that he was gaping like a fish and despite the calming draught in his system; he could feel a bubble of hysteria building up as his eyes burned with tears.

“No!” He gasped out. “No! Absolutely not!”

Healer Almus was unflinching as he carried on, handing him a booklet on the procedure and telling him survival rates and the benefits of the operation.

“The only downside is that there is a higher chance of miscarriage to the remaining foetuses, but it is lowered drastically with the taking of a stabilising potion just after the procedure.”

Harry felt the tears cutting down his cheeks as he looked at the booklet and cuddled with Braiden, who had fallen asleep sucking his own fist.

Harry wandered back to their rooms and found two worried, pacing mates waiting for him. He was later than his mates’ had expected.
“There you are!” Draco said relieved, then he saw the tear tracks, old and new, even as he started crying fresh tears. “What’s the matter? Are you alright?”

“I’m sorry. I’m so sorry!” He wailed as he just slipped to his knees and started bawling his eyes out.

“Blaise, floo call Max and Nasta.” Draco ordered as he went to the floor with Harry and wrapped his arms around him.

Harry could hear Blaise desperately trying to get hold of Nasta, but he just repeatedly apologised and rocked and cried, before large, strong, comforting hands picked him up from the floor and cradled him to a chest that smelt like musk and fire. Nasta. The smell of pine sandwiched his back. Max.

Harry eventually cried himself out and into exhaustion and he found himself on the settee, wrapped in a tangle of arms, hiccupping and sniffling.

“Can you tell us what’s wrong?” Max asked with a voice that cracked halfway through, he was still wearing his Potions overcoat.

“I’m sorry.” Harry sobbed.

“You’ve apologised several hundred times, Cariad, but you’ve yet to tell us why you’re so sorry.” Nasta exclaimed gently. “Is it the baby? Is something wrong?”

Harry pulled out the scan photo and shoved it at them; they twisted it, turned it, squinted at it but they looked back to him confusedly.

“Usually I’m good with scan pictures; I’ve seen enough of them, but this...” Max shook his head, trailing off.

“Is that it? There is no baby?” Blaise asked.

Harry shook his head and sniffed, pulling out the second scan photo, the one with the five red circles. His mates couldn’t make any more sense of that one either.
“I still can’t see what I’m looking at, is the baby…malformed?” Nasta asked, hesitating over the word.

That made Harry give out a weak cough, but he laid the photo flat on his knees. “One, two, three, four, five.” He croaked out, pointing to each circle. “Five hearts, five babies.”

“Five?!” Draco gasped in shock.

“Five.” Harry confirmed.

His mates were silent and Harry felt tears well up again. “I’m so sorry.” He burst out as more tears he hadn’t thought he had left trailed down his cheeks.

“Stop that.” Nasta ordered and pulled him in tight to his neck, forcing him to inhale his scent to calm him down. “We’ll get through this, we will.”

“I’ve been told to consider a selective reduction.” Harry informed them.

Nasta stiffened and Max hissed, but Blaise and Draco looked confused.

“How many do they want to take?” Max growled, trying to force his voice into neutral and failing.

“Three.”

“Take three what, where?” Draco demanded.

“A selective reduction is an operation performed on a person pregnant with multiple children to terminate a predetermined number of foetuses before they are born to give the remaining foetuses a higher survival rate.” Nasta informed the two subordinate dominants. “The Healers want to take three of the five that Harry is pregnant with and leave him with just two.”
“I told the Healer no. I told him over and over no, but he just kept telling me to think about it, to
tell you and to consider the scenario where I refuse the procedure and me and all five babies die.
He said that at least if I went through with it I had a good chance of surviving even if none of the
babies do.”

“Say you went through with it and had three babies removed, why would the remaining two then
die?” Blaise asked calmly.

“The procedure gives an increased risk of miscarriage to the remaining babies.” Harry told them.

“We will think about it as an option.” Nasta said and held up his hand when everyone went to
interrupt them. “But not today. We are all going to calm down today; you are going to bed, Harry,
or you are at least taking a nap on the settee, you three are calming down and doing what you’re
supposed to be doing.”

“I need to get back to work, I put the potions under the care of the apprentice, but I don’t trust her
not to blow up her own face.” Max said disparagingly, not for the first time, of the twenty-one year
old who was desperate to become a Potions Mistress, but lacked the intellect and talent for it. Max
complained every night that she should never have been accepted into an apprenticeship, but her
Father held sway with the appointers of the Potions Academy so he and his co-workers were stuck
with her.

“Max!” Harry called him back before he could floo away; he pulled out the list of potions and all
the numbers and little X’s. “The Healer said I need those.”

Max looked at them and then to him and Harry bit his lip, perhaps it might have been better to let
the Hospital’s Potions Master make the potions for him from the way that Max was looking at him
in shock.

“You need all of these? These are hideously strong potions and the dosages on them are at the
addiction level!” Max shook his head and sighed.

“The Healer told me to give them to you, because you’re a Potions Master.”

Max nodded. “I’ll make them all for you, but I’ll be administering them personally and I’ll be
observing you closely.”
Harry nodded in acceptance and he allowed himself to be tucked up on the settee with Braiden as he was feeling exhausted and drained from today and the pregnancy didn’t help. It might have just been his mind but now that he knew he was pregnant with five babies, his bump looked that much bigger, felt that much heavier and he seemed just a tad more drained than he had before he knew. He couldn’t wait until March came around and he birthed these babies, but on the other hand he could wait, because once they were out of him, there would be five, squawking, squalling, crying newborn babies in his ear day in, day out and throughout the night and he was sure that none of them would be able to cope. It just wasn’t fair!

It was Halloween and Harry had sent all four of his mates to the feast, telling them that he wanted to mourn in peace. They all knew why and nodded understandingly, but all Harry wanted was some space and time to himself as he had been taken everywhere by the hand for the last three weeks and he couldn’t take it anymore, so he had booted them down to the feast, denied any company and huddled himself on the rug in front of the fire to relax as he listened to the wood popping and crackling beside him and nothing else.

They had done nothing but argue and scream at one another for three weeks and they had had two Healer consultations with Maximillian Almus, who was just as frustrated with them as they were with each other.

They couldn’t come to an agreement over the pregnancy. They couldn’t come to an agreement on whether they wanted the selective reduction or not, there were pros and cons for each side and Harry just could not decide. None of them could and as Healer Almus, who had thrown himself into factual books on Drackens and their pregnancies, had pointed out to them, they were running out of time. The babies would be viable soon and it would be illegal to terminate them.

Harry stroked the bulge he had grown overnight. He looked six months pregnant at three months and he was growing still. He kept himself covered at all times as, unlike with Braiden, he was getting disgusting stretch marks around his lower abdomen and thighs. He hated them and no matter how many times Draco or Blaise, Max or Nasta said that they were fine, that he was still gorgeous, he still didn’t want anyone to see them. He didn’t want to see them, so he remained covered even if he was sweating because of the heat of being cuddled up to four bodies during the night.

Harry cupped the misshapen bulge and sighed.

“I don’t want any of you.” He admitted out loud. “But I can’t just kill you all off, or pick three of you to die. How do they expect any Mother to pick out three of his or her babies to die? I know it’s to give two of you a higher survival rate, but how do I go on and live knowing that there were supposed to be five of you? Maybe I’m just being selfish.” Harry considered. “Maybe it’s not about me, but about you, maybe you feel differently, but I don’t think I can bring myself to do it. I know I change my mind every other hour, but I think this is the final decision, the others will feel differently, they change their minds as often as I do, but at the end of everything, it will always be my decision and not theirs.”
Harry patted his belly and thought about his parents. What would they have done? He didn’t know because he didn’t know anything about them and that brought tears to his eyes. He had been so teary and so emotional through this pregnancy that Max had bought him a man sized box of tissues.

The worst though were the cravings. He had had a few cravings with Braiden, most of them normal foods and a few odd ones, like the peas on toast, but this time around he was craving so many different things together than none of the others could stand to be near him when he was eating. Harry blamed the five babies, saying that every baby must have been craving something different as he ate a multitude of combinations which included cheddar cheese cut into sticks, covered with garlic butter and honey, he ate mustard from the jar with a spoon, covered chunks of cucumber with rock salt and smothered absolutely everything he ate with honey. He just had to have honey and when they had run out and Max had told him that there was none in their rooms, he had screamed, cried, thrown an absolute fit and almost made himself sick until Max had rushed out and come back with a jar of honey. Harry had then spent the evening dipping his fingers into the jar and sucking it from his fingers.

Just thinking about it made Harry roll to his knees, get to his feet and go rummaging in the cupboards for the stock of honey that Max now kept. He pulled one jar down, twisted the lid off, picked up a table spoon and ate spoon after spoon of honey before he went searching for something else, he didn’t know what he wanted until he saw the bottle of vinegar. He pulled out a bowl, tipped quarter of a bottle of vinegar into it, spooned out half a jar of honey, mixed them together and smothered a piece of bread with the mixture and ate it. He managed six pieces of bread, which he soaked with vinegar, before the door to his rooms opened and his mates came back with a surprise. Myron, Ashleigh, Richard, Alayla, Talia, Kimberly and Alexander had come to visit and Harry waved as Marianna, Narcissa and Aneirin followed before closing the door.

“What are you eating?” Max demanded in horror.

Harry shrugged and swallowed. “Bread, honey and vinegar. I’m thinking of adding some horseradish, do we have horseradish?” He asked as his eyes drifted to the cupboard.

Talia actually gagged and heaved and Richard rubbed her back soothingly as his eyes remained on Harry.

Harry went digging in the cupboard and he made a happy sound as he found a small jar of horseradish at the back, he pulled out the ever present jar of mustard too and he set to mixing them all together again before spooning the mixture onto more bread and eating it.

Talia darted for the bathroom, but no one else moved as they watched Harry devour the vinegar soaked bread covered with honey, horseradish and mustard. They were transfixed as Harry went back to the cupboard as he decided he wanted something else and he pulled out gravy granules and added them to the mixture to make a thick, brown goo that he polished off an entire loaf of bread with watched in horrified fascination by a group of people he had come to see as family.
“Are you still hungry?” Draco asked, his eyes pleading him to say no.

Harry shook his head. “I’m stuffed.” But despite claiming to be completely full, Harry took down another jar of honey as he put his dishes in the sink and sat in front of the fire eating it with his fingers.

“Max said you had something to tell us, sweetie.” Ashleigh exclaimed, looking like she’d rather not disturb him from his honey as she cradled Braiden.

“Ah!” Harry exclaimed as he grinned widely. “We’ve decided that it’s time to inform you about the pregnancy.”

“It seems to be going well.” Richard exclaimed with an evil grin.

Harry handed them the old scan photo that Madam Pomfrey had taken what seemed like a year ago, but was only three weeks.

“I can’t make any sense of these stupid things.” Richard pouted.

“Can anyone see what it shows?”

“I’d say that it was showing there was nothing there, but that’s obviously not true.” Marianna stated. “So come on, tell us what we’re seeing.”

Harry pointed to each, fingertip sized grey dot in the middle of the huge mass of white that was his five babies cuddled together.

“Are those limbs?” Narcissa asked curiously.

“Nope, those little grey specks are hearts. Five hearts. Five babies.”

It took a moment for that information to sink in before there was uproar and it took Braiden crying in fright to shut everyone up. Harry took his baby and cuddled him, sitting the two month old baby
on his massive bump.

“Five?!” Aneirin was the first to exclaim in shock.

“You’re too small to carry five babies. You’ll snap your own ribs or the babies will crush your spine or pelvis as they grow.” Myron told him.

“I’ve been told to consider selective reduction. They want to take three babies.”

“Are…are you going to go through with it?” Ashleigh asked, licking her lips. “I don’t think it’s a good idea.”

“Ashleigh.” Myron growled warningly. “He could die!”

“What if one of the three babies chosen is our Max’s?” She demanded. “His first child and it might be killed off before it’s even born because of this selective reduction! It’s a fancy word for abortion.”

“Don’t be a fool.” Narcissa scathed to the other woman. “Would you rather all five babies and Harry die? If the Healers are suggesting it then it’s because it’s the best option for the health of all involved.”

“You’re only saying that because there’s no chance any of the babies are your son’s!” Ashleigh hissed and Draco went ash white.

He had been devastated to learn that none of the babies could be his, but he had taken it in his stride and consoled a tearful Harry, who had been trying to guess who the Father of each baby was as they kicked him in various different places with different levels of pain, only for Harry to realise that Draco hadn’t had sex with him on the night he had conceived.

Myron dragged Ashleigh to her feet and marched her straight out of their rooms and Richard sighed unhappily.

“Don’t mind if I stick around for a bit do you? He’s going to tear her a new arsehole for what she said and how she’s acted.”
“Richard!” Kimberly chastised.

Harry remained quiet and no more was said about his pregnancy, the five babies or the selective reduction, instead they talked about the leaps and bounds that Braiden had taken and how well he was developing and how brilliantly he was doing until Harry could stick it no longer and he claimed to be tired before he fled to the bedroom in tears.

His mates came in ten minutes later, after seeing everyone out and promising to update them if anything else happened or came about, but Harry was already asleep with tears staining his face, his arms wrapped around his considerable belly.

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Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Fifty-One – Autumn Misery

November was bleak and wet. Harry was three months pregnant and he looked about eight. Everything was a strain, he was snapping at everyone, including the teachers and his misshapen bulge was an agony he had never experienced before in his life. It ached all on its own; his unborn babies kicked and punched him and likely each other as their already limited space constricted even further around them as they all grew.

Max gave him his potions every morning, except for the one which was given to him just before he went to sleep at night. Harry had taken so many bone strengthening potions that he was sure that if he was hit by the Hogwarts Express it would crumple around him rather than the other way around, but it was doing its job as his body moved around the five babies struggling for space inside of him. He was sure he’d at least have a broken rib or two by now if he hadn’t been taking the potions.

School was a torture and looking after an increasingly bouncy Braiden was taking its toll on him, even with the free periods he had, Harry was finding it difficult to stay awake during lessons and he found it even harder to concentrate and focus on the lesson. He was more of a distraction really as the second year Ravenclaws had taken to calling him the famous whale and now everyone in all houses and all years was calling him it and then, because he burst into tears every time it happened, it made Draco and Blaise incredibly angry and they were now serving detentions with Professor Flitwick for attacking said second year Ravenclaws who had started the nickname.

Though it had made Harry laugh so much he had pissed himself, something he was getting used to as a single kick to his bladder and it released, no matter where he was or what he was doing at the time. Max had joked that they should put him in one of Braiden’s nappies. Harry had been sleeping on the settee ever since in protest.
Harry woke up there once more and stretched, cracking his back. The best thing about this pregnancy was that the morning sickness had not come back and his mornings were vomit free as he stuffed himself so full of grotesque foods it was no wonder that he had put on two stone of weight.

Ashleigh had not apologised and she had not come back, though Richard came by nearly every other day, saying Myron and Ashleigh were at each other’s throats and that he wanted to keep his throat away so it didn’t become a target.

Harry had refused the selective reduction, thanking Healer Almus for his time and advice, even as his mates screamed bloody murder, but Harry had remained firm and he said that his five had been conceived together and they would live or die together. Blaise, who had been in favour of the selective reduction from the start, had not spoken to him for three days afterwards.

Healer Almus had accepted his decision with a wry smile and told him plainly that he would help as much as he could, wherever he could to get him and the babies through the pregnancy safely.

Harry rolled himself to his feet and he stood still as his central balance adjusted to make him steady as the massive bulge threatened to take him over as he wobbled about like the floor was made of jelly. It wasn’t fair!

Harry went digging through the cupboards and the cold storage to find something to fill his growling belly with. He found a bag of frozen peas and he wanted them straight away. He boiled them, tipped them into a bowl and then slathered them with vinegar, butter and honey and sat at the table eating them with a spoon. He knew logically that it was supposed to taste vile, but he moaned after every spoonful.

It was how Max found him and his biggest mate turned right back around and told Harry to call him when he was done eating. Harry chuckled, too use to this behaviour now to be hurt by it.

Nasta came out and sat by him though, rubbing his belly and murmuring softly to it as he had taken to doing, it made Harry smile as he placed one hand in Nasta’s hair, stroking and combing through it as his oldest mate talked to the five babies inside of him.

Blaise brought Braiden out and fed him the bottle that Harry had already made up in preparation. Braiden had started sleeping for longer and all of them couldn’t wait until he started sleeping through the night, because though only one of them got up to feed him at two o’clock in the morning, all of them were woken up and disturbed by his crying.

“How are you feeling, Prezioso?” Blaise asked as he burped Braiden and handed him to Harry, taking away the empty bowl in front of him.

“How hungry.” Harry sighed. No matter how much he ate, he just could not feel full.

“I’ll make crepes for breakfast.” Max announced as he came back into the room, his hair and bare chest still damp from his shower.
“Put something on!” Harry demanded. “It’s November, you’re going to freeze!”

Max chuckled amusedly, but dried his hair and body with a spell before pulling on the jumper that he had tied around his waist.

Max made the crepes quickly and easily, filling them with sliced peaches and blueberries. Harry spooned half a jar of honey onto his three crepes and happily devoured them.

“How you don’t have several cavities I don’t know.” Draco said as he bit into his fourth crepe.

“I’m special.” Harry said with a grin, bouncing Braiden, who was now getting strong enough to hold his own head up, but not for long periods of time.

Harry finished his breakfast and savoured the feeling of not being hungry for a moment, even if he wasn’t completely full, he made sure he had his snack pots, which he had been given permission by Dumbledore to carry and eat in class because of how much food he was getting through, and he handed Braiden to Nasta and allowed himself to be led down to Hermione, who he had Defence Against the Dark Arts with first. He thanked Merlin that it was a Friday and that the weekend was soon upon them, but he really couldn’t wait for Christmas to come. Three weeks off from school was going to do him the world of good. His four mates too.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

“How much bigger can I get!?” Harry screamed as he stood off the scales after realising that he had gained another eight pounds almost overnight. He had gained nearly three stone in weight and his body was aching and sore and his joints were agony.

Blaise rubbed him gently and kissed his cheek. “You look stunning.” He whispered. “You make me hot and hard for you.”

Blaise proved it by pressing the hard length of himself into Harry’s back. Harry giggled and turned to cuddle Blaise. Even though it was only superficial proof, it was still proof that Blaise loved him and still found him desirable, which made him feel infinitely better and more secure.

Harry sunk heavily to his knees and rubbed his cheek against the front of Blaise’s boxer shorts.

“I’m going to make you feed me.” He growled, his Dracken coming out. He really wanted his mates’ seed. Any mate would do, but he wanted it badly.
Harry pushed Blaise’s shorts down and took him immediately into his mouth, no stroking, touching or getting either of them used to it or giving them time to get their heads around it. He took Blaise straight into his mouth and as far down his throat as he could before he gagged.

He sucked, licked and sucked some more, he wanted Blaise and he would have him. Harry did raise a hand to massage Blaise’s balls, trying to milk him to orgasm quicker as he became desperate for his release, his stomach ached for it.

Blaise did not last half as long as he usual would have before his body stiffened and he came with a cry, Harry sucked him dry until Blaise’s legs went from under him and his mate joined him on the bathroom floor.

“That...what was that?” Blaise exclaimed weakly as Harry nuzzled him softly.

“I think the Dracken cravings are coming out. With Braiden I craved blood, this time I’m craving something a bit different.”

Harry giggled and then the hunger came back and his Dracken took over and he knew just by scenting him that Blaise would not be able to feed him again. He took two mouthfuls of blood, fed Blaise a lick of his own blood from his bitten lip, before he crawled out of the bathroom, out of the bedroom and into the living room where his other three mates were. They looked up at the smell of the blood that was dripping down his chin from his lip, where a fang had bitten deeply.

“How much did you take from Blaise? Is he alright?”

“Harry?” Draco questioned softly, putting his textbook aside.

“I’m hungry.” He complained with a soft growl.

“You’re always hungry, what do you feel like?” Max asked happily as he stood up to go to the kitchen.

“I don’t want food.” Harry hissed.

“You want blood, for the babies.” Nasta said with understanding, suddenly realising why his Dracken was out and why his lip was bleeding. “How much did you take from Blaise? Is he alright?”
“I only took a mouthful or two. He’s fine.” Harry assured as he crawled to Nasta, who was the closest to him and he rubbed his cheek up and down his leg.

“You want blood from my leg?” Nasta questioned confusedly as Harry undid his belt and yanked his trousers and boxers off together. “Harry!”

“I never said I wanted blood.” Harry countered as he pulled Nasta straight into his mouth and sucked.

Nasta let out a wordless grunt and pushed his hands into his hair as Harry sucked him strongly and quickly, bringing him to full hardness as quickly as he could, his jaw ached, but he still sucked as his belly clenched. He wanted Nasta’s seed. He wanted all of his mates’ seed and when Nasta orgasmed into his mouth, Harry swallowed before turning to Draco, who was the closest again.

Draco undid his belt and opened his trousers for him, Harry got there before he could get himself out of his boxers but Harry just popped the single button and pulled him through the hole and sucked him into his mouth. His jaw was on fire now, but still he sucked and licked and brought Draco to a quick orgasm.

Max was ready and waiting for him, sitting on the settee, his hand stroking himself almost to orgasm already as he watched Harry crawl towards him, a wild hunger in his eyes. Harry attached himself to Max and sucked, even as Max’s hand still stroked himself, his hand bumping Harry’s chin as he stayed near the head of him and sucked, licking and teasing the slit in the tip, anything to bring him to orgasm to feed the hunger he had for his mates’ seed.

Max cried out hoarsely and emptied himself into Harry’s mouth; Harry sucked him dry, before biting his leg to suck three, quick mouthfuls of blood, sinking a fang into his own lip and offering his bleeding mouth to Max, who kissed him passionately, sucking in some blood to heal himself at the same time.

“Thank you.” Harry said softly as he rubbed his full belly with a happy sigh.

Max chuckled so deeply that it was more of a grumble. He sat himself up and pulled Harry into a hug.

“I love you.” He declared strongly. “No matter what we face, no matter what we go through. I’ll always love you.”

Harry yawned and Nasta pulled him from Max’s arms, kissed him deeply and settled him on the settee, covering him with a blanket and kissing his head gently.
“You have a nap now, you’ve exerted a lot of energy and now that you’ve been fed, you need some sleep.”

“Potion?” Harry asked hopefully.

Max shook his head. “No. You’re becoming dependant on them for sleep, we need to break that habit before it fully forms, try and sleep without it.”

Harry pouted, but he dutifully curled up as much as his belly allowed and he tried to calm himself enough to sleep. He managed it with ease and he was soon breathing softly and lightly in his nest on the settee.

Draco smiled at him softly and brushed a lock of hair out of Harry’s sleeping face. When he was asleep all the lines vanished, all the worry lifted and the black bags under his eyes seemed less apparent.

He felt so bad for Harry and he was sorry that he had been making things worse by shouting and yelling. It wasn’t Harry’s fault that he was pregnant with five babies, it wasn’t anyone’s fault, it had happened and now that Harry had refused the selective reduction, they were committed to having five babies.

He sighed; everything was getting on top of him. His Father’s continued silence, school work, the exams that would be upon them after Christmas, Harry, the babies, the pregnancy. He swiped a hand through his hair, before realising that he had ruined his hair and he smoothed it back down. He was picking up bad habits from Harry. He smiled and kissed Harry gently. They could do this, they could get through it. He didn’t have to get a job straight out of school; he could stay at home for a while to help Harry cope with the six children, they had enough money and with Max and Nasta working, they had a steady income. Everything would be fine as long as they could survive school, which would be a huge challenge, but it was doable. They could do this, they could.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

Harry disgusted his mates further the next week by mixing a large bowl of cold mashed potatoes with a large pot of coconut yoghurt. He sat next to them and ate it with a table spoon.

“No honey, Harry?” Draco questioned, looking faintly green, but that could have been from the Slytherin green jumper that he was wearing.

Harry shook his head.
“What are those black things?” Max asked, trying to get a closer look, but he didn’t really want to get any closer.

“Raisins.” Harry answered as he took another spoonful.

“Raisins?” Max questioned.

“Raisins.” Harry confirmed with a nod as he shoved another spoon into his mouth.

“Can you please hurry up and come out.” Draco demanded to his massive belly.

Harry giggled and flicked Draco’s forehead. “Leave the babies alone, I think three or four of them are sleeping; only the one is active and its bliss.”

Harry finished the mixing bowl of potatoes and reclined on the settee. He still felt hungry, but he didn’t want to disgust his mates any further, so he left it. No. He wanted chocolate.

“Blaise?”

His mate hummed from the floor.

“Can you go and get me my chocolate stash please?”

“You can’t be hungry still.” Max told him as he bounced Braiden on his knee, still supporting his head and neck, but Braiden was getting stronger by the day and Harry was sure that by the time that Christmas came around then Braiden would be supporting himself upright, his four month old baby.

“I am.” Harry pouted. “I’m always hungry.”

“That’s no lie.” Draco teased.
Harry blushed as he was reminded that he sucked all of them dry every morning and sometimes once again in the afternoon or evening too.

Blaise came back from the bedroom with three bars of fudge chocolate and Harry moaned at the first bite, sucking on the chocolate and enjoying the flavour. He drank his tea, made Max get him another one and ate another bar of chocolate before Nasta came home and took the third one from him with a frown at the two empty packets on the coffee table.

Harry pouted, but he didn’t mind too much as he popped the last bite into his mouth and curled up to sleep some more. It seemed all he did these days was eat, sleep, school work and look after Braiden, there was no time for anything else.

Things got more stressful with Nasta and Max in work and the Professors were heaping the homework onto them in preparation for the Christmas holidays.

Harry hadn’t slept in what felt like weeks, but it was only maybe a few days at most. He tossed and turned and he had taken to sleeping on the rug in front of the fire. He told his mates that it was more comfortable, but really it was because he didn’t want to keep them awake with him as he tossed and wriggled about all night. He, of course, took Braiden with him so he was doing both the two in the morning feed and the six in the morning feed so his mates could sleep through the night and feel a bit more rested in the morning and he was so stressed and frazzled because of this added stress that he burst into tears at the slightest provocation.

Despite his night and morning care of Braiden, his mates were still very tired and so stressed themselves that they seemed not to notice him, his mood or his health, either that or they were purposefully ignoring him and his declining health.

Harry sagged as he heard Braiden sniffle as he woke up for his bottle. He hadn’t had any sleep, but thankfully it was Saturday and he had no lessons to go to. He forced himself up, even though he really wanted to curl up and sleep for the next month.

He fed Braiden and burped him, his son was now unrecognisable from the tiny baby that he had once been and Harry smiled tiredly as Braiden gum grinned at him. He was fourteen weeks old and he was developing so quickly. He had even tried launching himself across the floor with his feet when Harry had put him on a quilt on the living room floor. He had laughed at that and wondered if they’d have to baby proof their rooms, it seemed like Braiden would be crawling in next to no time, it was like he was raring to be on the move. Harry just knew that Braiden would be crawling around soon.

Nasta came out of the bedroom at half six and gave him a tired kiss, taking Braiden off of him to give him a break from the baby. He was in work today, so was Max. Draco, Blaise and he all had homework to get through and they usually passed Braiden between each other as they completed their work.

Today was different though as apparently both of his younger mates had reached the end of their tether, it was mid-afternoon and Draco had gone to the library to help him with his essay as his
tired brain couldn’t come up with the answer by itself and Braiden needed a bottle and a nappy change, Harry had been awake for hours and hours, days even, and his energy was draining quickly. He wanted nothing more than a nice long nap.

But as he stood up to go to bed for an hour or two, Blaise handed Braiden to him with an irritated huff as he tried to focus on his Ancient Runes essay and his Arithmancy equations simultaneously.

“I’m tired.” Harry whined, even as Braiden was passed to him, wailing as his soiled nappy became uncomfortable.

“All of us are tired, Harry.” Blaise snapped.

“We’ll I’m the only one whose pregnant!” Harry spat back as a baby kicked him harshly.

“With the way you’re always reminding us, waking us up in the night and whinging over everything we might as well be pregnant too!”

“Well you’re not! You wouldn’t even last a day in my shoes!”

“You think I’m having a cake walk of this?”

“What do you have to worry about?” Harry shouted. “Homework and school? I’m the one who could die from this pregnancy!”

“I was all for you having the selective reduction, you’re the one who chose not to go through with it, fuck what the rest of us think!”

Blaise packed up his homework and stomped to the fireplace.

“Where are you going?!” Harry demanded.

“Away from you!” Blaise hissed as he threw a handful of floo powder into the fireplace and vanished.
Harry felt as if a piece of him had been ripped out as Blaise left. He didn’t even have it in him to send out a distress call. He didn’t know what to do, so he did what he always did these days. He cried. He cried silent tears as he changed and redressed Braiden, cried as he fed and burped him and as he rocked him back to sleep. He huddled in the corner of the living room as the pain inside of him became unbearable.

A knock sounded on the portrait door, but Harry barely heard it. The door pushed open five minutes later and Myron poked his head around it curiously, dark eyebrows lowered over deep black eyes. He saw Harry huddled in the corner and he rushed to him as Richard came in behind him.

“What’s the matter? Are you alright?” Myron demanded, giving into his dominant instincts and trying to sniff out an injury.

“Are you here alone?” Richard demanded as he listened for any other sounds or movements from the rooms.

“Gone. He left.” Harry sobbed. “He said he wanted to get away from me.”

“Who?” Myron demanded with a growl as he eased himself onto the settee and wrapped Harry in the blanket from the back of the settee.

“Blaise.”

“You look terrible, Harry. Have you been sleeping?” Richard asked concerned.

Harry shook his head. “I can’t sleep. It’s too hard, they’re all kicking at all hours and I’m just too uncomfortable to sleep.”

“I thought that’s why you had sleeping potions.”

“Max thinks that I’m getting addicted to them and too dependent on them for sleep, so he won’t give me anymore.”

“You sleep now.” Myron demanded as he slipped Harry onto the settee and passed Braiden to Richard. “We’ll look after you. I can’t believe they can’t see how exhausted you are.”
Richard found Max’s potions case and he opened it one handed to find the one potion marked ‘Sleeping potion – mild (For Harry)’ and he handed it to Myron, who uncorked it and held it to Harry’s lips.

“Max said that I shouldn’t.”

“A few sips aren’t going to kill you or the babies.” Myron rumbled soothingly and Harry took a few sips. His eyes dropped closed immediately.

Harry slipped into sleep quickly and as he did, Myron ordered Richard to watch over him as he flooed to his son’s work place. He was known by sight and the expression on his face stopped anyone from speaking or stopping him as they pointed him in the direction of Max’s lab, as if he didn’t already know where it was.

Max looked up as he barged through the door and he looked shocked.

“Dad, what…?”

Myron grabbed Max and dragged him from his lab, back through the building and he snapped at Max’s supervisor that his son was not going to be in work for a while due to family obligations.

“Of course, Mister Maddison!” The man agreed, almost wetting himself in fear as Myron was releasing angry, fear inducing pheromones.

“Dad, what’s going on?”

“You’re a fool!” Myron hissed as he flooed them back to his own home, ignoring Ashleigh who was sitting in a chair sulking as she had been doing for the last couple of weeks.

“What did I do?”

Myron hit him. He had never wanted to beat one of his own children as badly as he did now. When he had seen how terrible Harry had looked, how exhausted and drawn he was as his pregnancy drained everything from him. He wanted to break Blaise’s neck for leaving him on his own, he
wanted to cuddle Harry into his side and never let him go. Harry was as good as his own son now and his youngest son was suffering terribly.

“Don’t you hit him!” Ashleigh screamed at him.

“Sit down and shut up!” Myron roared at her. She had hurt Harry as well; he had seen it on his face immediately.

“Don’t you speak to Mum…” Max started furiously but Myron cuffed him again.

Ashleigh jumped on him, but he caught her easily and twisted her ear so hard she fell to her knees and clutched at his leg, apologising profusely.

“Have you looked at your mate lately?” He demanded of Max, who was standing so straight and stubborn before him, two inches shorter than he was.

“Of course I have.” Max scoffed. “I saw him this morning.”

“Then by any chance have you gone blind?” Myron snarled.

“Look, I’m sure Harry’s fine.” Max tried to assure him. “He’s a bit tired, we all are, but he’s fine.”

“Then I’ve raised a complete ignorant fool. Harry is exhausted. He has not slept in days.”

Max blinked and Myron shook his head. Max had absolutely no idea of the condition of his own mate. Myron grabbed Max and tugged him to the floo and he went straight into the boys’ rooms, instead of detouring to the Headmaster’s office as he usually did for privacy’s sake.

Myron threw Max to the floor, on his knees and he held his head looking at Harry.

“Look at him!” Myron demanded quietly. “Look how ill and pale he is. You’re killing him! You are watching him die slowly before you and you are doing nothing!”
Max swallowed as he took in the black bags under Harry’s eyes that seemed worse than he had last seen them. His unwashed, scruffy hair, the pale, thin, gaunt face even though his belly was still growing. Harry looked incredibly sick and it made bile rise in his throat as tears burnt at his eyes. Why hadn’t he noticed? He was medically trained, he knew what to look for, so why hadn’t he noticed? Harry meant the world to him, how could he not have noticed? Was he so wrapped up with his own life and his own lack of sleep that he was ignorant to Harry’s health and lack of sleep?

“I…I…”

“Do you see it now?” Richard asked him calmly. “Do you see what you and the others have done? He is pregnant, Max. You know that the pregnancy will drain every last ounce of energy, every last resource it can from him, he has five babies inside of him, all sucking him of his energy, his vitamins and minerals, his blood, his oxygen, his nutrients, they are all being sucked out of him by those five babies. You think you’re tired? From what, waking up a few times a night? Harry has not slept in days and he has been Braiden’s primary carer too. He cannot keep this up or he’ll die and he’ll take the five babies with him.”

“Blaise was…”

“Blaise fucked off back home to get away from Harry, leaving the both of them here, alone and unprotected. Harry was using his last energy to cry and rock himself in the corner of the room. He didn’t even have enough left inside of him to send out a distress call.” Myron growled.

Max felt like he had been shot. He mouthed a bit, but he couldn’t think what he wanted to say, what his Dads’ wanted to hear, so he closed his mouth again, forcing himself to look at Harry, at how ill and sickly he looked, how frail. Why hadn’t he seen it before? Why had it taken someone pointing it out to him to show him that he was not taking care of Harry properly?

He inched forward on his knees and rested his head gently on that thin chest. How could Harry still be so thin when he ate so much, when his stomach was bulging so much, when he had gained three stone in weight?

He listened to the steady heartbeat, just to convince himself that there was still time to help Harry, that he could fix this. It was going to be hard, but then it was always going to be hard, they had known that from the moment they had heard about Harry’s pregnancy.

“What happened?” Draco demanded from the doorway, spilling an armful of books onto the floor, striding forward and reaching for Harry.

Max caught him and shook his head.
“Let Harry sleep.” He said in a voice thick with unshed tears.

“What…”

“Harry’s near the point of complete exhaustion; I can’t bear to think on what would have happened had he collapsed.” Max rested a hand on the bulge to emphasis his point.

“He was fine this morning.”

“He wasn’t fine this morning. He hasn’t been fine for weeks. Harry hasn’t slept for days.”

Draco’s silver eyes widened and he looked at Harry in a new light, his gaze tracking over every feature of the little face. He swallowed at what he saw.

“Blaise is gone.”

“Gone where?” Draco asked confused.

“Home, wherever, but he left Harry and Braiden unprotected and that cannot go unpunished. Nasta will have to be told.”

“He doesn’t get off work until eight.”

“Draco, don’t you see. Harry should always be our top priority, Harry and the kids. Hell, to think I was worried over my damned job, I’m one of the few Potions Masters in Britain, I like my job but I can always get another one if I am actually fired. I’d have people begging for me to come work for them. When will I ever get the chance to have another Harry? To have another family like ours? I love my job but I love the family I have more. I love you and Harry, Nasta and even Blaise, though I’m not too happy with him at the moment. I love Braiden and I’ll love these five when they come too, I love my family more than anything and to think that I was even neglecting my family in such a way that Harry and the babies could have died, it makes me sick. Nothing should ever be more important than Harry and the children.”
Myron petted Max’s head. “You have finally understood, Max. Everything, absolutely everything is second to your mates and children, nothing comes before them, nothing is even on the same level as them. Your Mother and I are fighting because she’s a stubborn mare, but I still love her and I will still stand in front of her if the need arises. No matter how angry I am or how upset or insanely angry she makes me, I will still stand in front of her, because she is my submissive mate, because she is my Wife and the Mother to my children. I love her and I do my best, even at risk to my own health, to protect her, love her and keep her happy. It should be the same for you and Harry.”

“It will be.” Max swore. “I’ll make it so.”

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

Nasta had been livid when he got home and had been informed of everything that had transpired. He sat on the floor of the bedroom and stroked Harry’s shrunken cheek with bile in his throat. Why had none of them noticed quite how bad Harry had gotten? He felt a fool and if he could have someone beat him, he’d beg for them to do it.

He had called his colleagues and explained what had happened and he had put himself back on paperwork duties. He hated paperwork, he hated not being with the dragons that he loved and had raised over the last twenty odd years, but he’d do it gladly for the rest of his life if it helped ease the stress and pressure off of Harry, even just a little bit.

Nasta climbed onto the bed, where he had placed Harry as soon as he had come home, after he had been informed of what had happened, and he settled Harry on his stomach, his body supported around the huge bump with body pillows and he lightly and gently massaged his back, smiling as he remembered the first time he had ever given Harry a backrub.

It had been the very first night that he had been mated to him; Harry had been such a little tease, all lithe and comely with his wide, imploring eyes and upturned, pouted mouth. He hadn’t known what he was doing as he brushed that bare back with his fingertips, he had never given a backrub before in his life, he had fucked and learned how to please his lovers to the fullest of his capabilities, but he had never given or received a backrub until he had mated to Harry and then that little tease had rolled him onto his stomach, striped off his shirt and straddled him naked and proceeded to show him exactly how to give a proper backrub. Nasta had fallen a little more in love with Harry that night and even more so after what came next. He grinned a naughty grin that no one could see as he stroked lightly along Harry’s skin and sides.

Harry moaned lightly and smiled to himself as he felt rough hands glide up his spine and fan down his sides.

“Do you feel better?” Nasta bent down to whisper in his ear.

Harry nodded and lay still as he relaxed into the mattress and let Nasta’s fingers calm and sooth him. He couldn’t really remember much of what had happened before he had gone to sleep, he remembered arguing with Blaise, then he had been crying, then Myron had been there with
Richard and then he had woken up to Nasta. He felt confused and wondered why he felt so unhappy and distressed. He wanted to send out a call, but he didn’t know why. Then it came to him. Blaise had gone.

“Blaise!” Harry said, shooting up.

“Blaise is fine, he’s cooling down at Marianna’s, he was fast asleep when I went to get him. I left him there after being assured that Marianna had had several stern words with him and had made him realise exactly what he had done.” What Nasta didn’t tell Harry was that Marianna had also told him that she expected him to take Blaise firmly to hand once she sent him back. He planned to.

Nasta eased him back down and stroked his belly for him, helping him when he wanted to move onto his side.

“Do you need anything?”

“Where’s Braiden?” Harry asked.

“Having some much needed quality time with Draco and Max, who are both teasing him rotten by tickling and nibbling on him like a sweet treat.”

Harry chuckled deeply. “Can I see?”

Nasta scooped Harry up gently and carried him into the living room, where Max had spread a quilted blanket onto the floor and had lain Braiden on it. Max sat on one side of the squalling baby and Draco on the other. They were tickling him, nibbling him, poking fingers into his sides and armpits, kissing him, blowing raspberries on him, wiggling his toes and arms and Braiden was giggling in his huffy way so much that it brought a wide smile to his face.

“Look who’s awake.” Nasta declared as he approached them with Harry.

Nasta settled him between Max and Draco, sitting by Braiden’s feet and he sat himself behind Harry. Draco kissed him first and stroked his cheek; Max kissed him and then licked across his cheek to his ear. Harry pushed him away and wiped his face but he was laughing.

Harry bent down to kiss Braiden, but his belly got in the way, so he pulled Braiden up by his arms,
his son having enough strength to hold his head up as Harry pulled him from the floor, but unwilling to take any chances, Harry kissed and nuzzled him quickly, before lowering him back onto the blanket.

“Harry, we’re sorry. All of us…”

“You don’t need to say it.” Harry said with a soft smile. “We’ve all had a horrible time of this and this past week has been awful.”

“But not as bad a time as you, Harry, you’re pregnant, we should be taking care of you, not passing you the most responsibility,” Max explained. “I’m taking a leave of absence from work. They’ve assured me that they’ll take me back with open arms whenever I decide to go back to work.”

“I’m back on paperwork duties, the dragons have all laid their eggs now, the breeding season is over and all the bucks we had on loan have been safely sent back to their respective Reserves. The Mother dragons will now incubate the eggs for three, four months and then it’s just keeping an eye on the nestlings and making sure the male dragons who are at our reserve don’t eat the hatchlings and fledglings.” Nasta explained.

Harry smiled and lent back against Nasta’s chest, loving the arms that wrapped around his huge stomach, stroking and caressing. A baby kicked Nasta’s hand and his lover chuckled and kissed the side of his neck.

“I love you.”

“I love you more.” Harry teased.

Nasta chuckled. “You must do if you’re willing to put up with us after what we’ve done and look after our six kids too.”

“Oh imagine the night feeds.” Max groaned. “I hope they all wake up at the same time, half an hour feeding them all and then back to bed. Knowing my luck though they’ll all wake up an hour apart from each other.”

Harry chuckled. “It won’t be long, as soon as I’m out of school everything will be fine, it will be easier, we just have to survive until June.”
“Just seven months.” Max sighed. “Seven more months and then our biggest hurdle to date will be behind us.”

Harry kissed him and told him with his eyes how much he loved him and appreciated that he was willing to give up his job, even temporarily, to help ease his stress and work load.

“Have you finished your homework?” Nasta asked.

“It’s Saturday.” Harry complained.

“And if you finish it all today, you’ll have the entire of Sunday to relax and do absolutely nothing.”

“Ooo.” Harry perked up at that and he made his mates chuckle as he slipped over to Draco and they did their last few pieces of homework together on the coffee table.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

Nasta was waiting when Blaise came home late that night. He looked miserable and his eyes were red rimmed from tears.

It had to be said though that Blaise just lowered his head as he stood in front of him, willing to accept his punishment like a man.

“Do you know what you did?” He asked softly, unwilling to raise his voice and risk waking Harry, Draco and Max, who had gone to bed an hour or so ago.

“I left when I shouldn’t have.” Blaise answered in almost a whisper. “I should never have left them unprotected. My submissive mate and my own son. I’m not fit to be a partner or a parent.”

Nasta’s heart clenched. Blaise was so young. He had been expecting something like this for a while, from either of the younger dominants, but he had been expecting it to be Draco over Blaise, so he supposed he owed the blond an apology.

Nasta steeled himself for the punishment, he didn’t want to do it, but as the top dominant it was his
role to keep his submissive and all his subordinates in line. He had to, to get it through to Blaise that he could not just leave Harry and Braiden unprotected. Anything could have happened to Harry, he could have tried to console himself in his pillow and fallen down the stairs to their bed, he could have fallen, tripped over, been attacked, if he had left their rooms he could have been kidnapped along with their son and five unborn children and they wouldn’t have been able to get to him in time to help him. Blaise needed to understand that.

“They could have been killed, Blaise. All seven of them could have died or been kidnapped. Do you understand that?”

“Yes.” Blaise whispered. “At the time I was so tired, so frustrated with my homework and so angry at everything that I didn’t think properly and I’m sorry. I don’t expect anyone to forgive me or what I did. I’m a terrible person.”

Blaise started crying then and it was all Nasta could do to hold himself firm and not wrap him up in a hug, kiss him and tell him that everything would be alright.

“Understand that if anything, anything at all had happened to them, I would have killed you, Blaise. I would have killed you.”

Blaise hunched down just a bit, the tears still falling from his eyes and his shoulders shaking.

“If anything had happened to them I would have killed myself.” He admitted thickly through his tears.

Nasta shook his head and decided to get the punishment over with quickly. He pulled Blaise to lean against him, unsheathed his four fangs and he sunk them slowly and painfully into Blaise’s neck juncture, just where it met the shoulder. He bit down and he clenched his jaw, holding, holding, holding as Blaise’s body seized up in pain around him, clenching, trying to twist away, but Nasta held him tight.

He carefully pulled his teeth and his fangs out and left Blaise to bleed, not offering him his blood to heal the mark.

“You will wear that mark, you will look at them when they scab over and you will remember to never do anything like this ever again.” Nasta ordered.

Blaise nodded and then the punishment was over and Nasta pulled Blaise into his arms and held
him as he cried, shushed him, kissed him and held him until he fell asleep in his arms, his face soaking wet from his tears, his neck plastered in dried blood and still murmuring soft, sleepy ‘sorries’ under his breath.

Nasta had tears in his eyes himself and he hoped that he never, never had to punish a subordinate mate in this way ever again.

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Blaise wore his healing scabs on show to everyone, wearing one of Max’s jumpers for the first time, which was so large that it fell off the one shoulder, the shoulder that Nasta had bitten. Nasta hated seeing it, but he knew that Blaise looked at it often and remembered what he had done and that it helped to steel himself to never do it again. Soon the scabs would heal and there would be no mark left to remind him, so the message had to sink in before they healed. Nasta was sure that it would have sunk in so deep by then that none of them would ever forget the time that they had almost watched Harry die slowly in front of them from pure exhaustion while doing absolutely nothing to help him.

Life went on as normal, only things were easier now that Max had given up work and Nasta was on paperwork duties again. Harry, Draco and Blaise were getting through all their homework, Braiden was fine, the only real challenge now was the pregnancy, which was moving into its fourth month and making Harry so miserable that all of them were feeling down and miserable.

Harry was facing the very real possibility of failing his general education and the thought made him cry, he didn’t want to stop his education, he had to remain in the school anyway for Blaise and Draco, why should he have to give up his education when he had to remain in the school regardless?

He strove to prove everyone wrong, that he could do it, that he could finish his education, but he only served to prove them right when he had collapsed in Defence Against the Dark Arts. He had woken up in the hospital wing, surrounded by worried mates and an unhappy Braiden.

Harry had still refused to give up his education after that incident and had also refused to drop a subject pointing out that he had already dropped Potions so he was struggling through, just waiting for the Christmas holidays to start so that he could have a few weeks’ break. It wasn’t long now, it was the fifteenth of December, just one more school week and then the holidays would start and they’d be back at Max’s home, he could survive until then.

Braiden had surprised them all by rolling around the floor. Harry had laughed so hard he had almost wet himself as Blaise scooped Braiden up before he rolled into leg of the coffee table. Braiden grinned at them cheekily and Blaise had put him down again, only for Braiden to roll continuously to his right until he had to be picked up before he hit something. They tried getting him to roll to his left, but he favoured his right side and he would only roll right. They moved him out of his bassinet and into his cot the very same day. Harry was taking absolutely no chances with Braiden rolling now, just in case his son made the bassinet tip over while Braiden was inside.

“He looks like such a big boy now.” Harry said tearfully as he put Braiden into the cot and tucked him in.
Draco chuckled and kissed his cheek. “He is a big boy now, look at the size of him.”

Harry looked at his son now and pictured him when he was just born, that tiny little baby in his arms, and he couldn’t. He only really got a true understanding of how small Braiden had been when he looked at his tiny newborn clothes and held them to Braiden’s body. It was hard to imagine that he had ever once fit in them, but Braiden had been wearing them only four months ago.

Harry went to bed himself not too long after Braiden had been put down. It might only be half ten at night, but he was aching, tired, sore and he wanted some sleep. He took a few sips of sleeping potion as Max looked on and he fell asleep almost immediately as Max tucked him up and kissed him goodnight.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you all for reading and reviewing!

The vote that is not a vote is back! Five babies, who are their daddies, that is what I want to know. Tell me your thoughts, feelings, choices etc. I’d love to hear them, but remember it’s not an official vote and the story is in no way affected by the winners of said vote.

StarLight Massacre. X
Christmas Tidings

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Fifty-Two – Christmas Tidings.

Harry was so glad when they arrived at Myron’s home. It had been a last minute change to their plans, but they had been invited to spend the holidays with Myron, Richard and Ashleigh, who had apologised to him sincerely, but Harry remained stiff and cool towards her. Which seemed to surprise her and upset her, but Harry didn’t care. She should never have said those things to him and she should have apologised sooner if she felt any true regret. She had said it over a month ago, almost two months ago now and he hadn’t heard a word from her since. He also growled every time she went too close to Braiden, not because he thought that she was dangerous to him, but purely because he did not want her near him.

Harry also became spiteful when he played on her own living room floor with Braiden, making him huff and giggle and laugh and he refused to include her when she asked if she could join them. Myron just looked at Ashleigh unimpressed and told her that she had brought it upon herself when she went crying to him. Richard was more sympathetic towards her, but not by much.

Harry enjoyed being fawned over by Alexander and Kimberly when they came for the entire of the Christmas week, Aneirin had been invited and he and Sanex were there too, but Marianna hadn’t come because Josiah was actually home for Christmas for once. But overall it was lucky that Myron had such a big house, though it was sad that he had bought a big house in preparation for a huge family and that that wish and desire had been ripped away from them.

“Braiden, say Mama.” Harry encouraged as he sat cuddled up with Braiden, who was looking at him through Blaise’s eyes.
“Ah!” Braiden exclaimed as he bounced in Harry’s arms.

“Mama.” Harry repeated.

Braiden just stuck his fist into his mouth and sucked on it. Harry sighed. He had been trying to get Braiden to say his first word for a month now, but his son just did not want to speak.

He was in the living room on his own as everyone rushed around decorating and preparing for Christmas day. Harry had started helping, but when a fine tremble had started in his knees he had quickly demanded Richard, the nearest person to him at that moment, to help him to a chair. Richard had hefted him up and carried him to the settee and then Draco had dumped Braiden on him as he was roped into help with finding the tree.

Harry hummed Braiden to sleep and took a nap himself as the hustle and bustle went on around him. He was woken up to a kiss on his lips and he smiled.

“You’re not supposed to laugh as I kiss you.” Max’s voice came to him. “You’re supposed to open your mouth to accept my talented tongue and moan.”

Harry chuckled sleepily and he peeled his eyes open to find Braiden missing and himself covered with a thick, woollen blanket on the settee.

“We left you to sleep as long as possible, but you slept through lunch and Nasta’s having kittens about you sleeping through dinner as well.”

Harry smiled and stretched his body, but not too much, he’d been warned that he could rip his sac and his skin if he stretched too much or too far. He did not want open sores on his belly as well as stretch marks and bruises; he was already going through a bottle of moisturising lotion every few days to keep the dry, stretched skin on his belly from splitting.

He held his arms up to Max, who grinned as he indulged him by picking him up and carrying him to Myron’s kitchen, which wasn’t as open and spacious as Max’s, but it was very large and just as beautiful, just in a different way.

Max sat him between Alexander and Nasta and Harry sleepily rubbed his eyes, even as he was served dinner and his belly rumbled loudly. He was passed a jar of honey automatically and Harry smiled gratefully as he slathered his chicken with honey, everyone at the table acting like he hadn’t done anything more than ask for more carrots. Which he was thankful for.

Harry finished eating his black cherry pie and custard; of course it also had a good helping of honey as well, and he sat back with a pleased groan. He felt full…for now.
“Ma ma!”

Harry’s neck crickled with how quickly he turned to face Braiden, who was in his brand new, state of the art, carrycot gifted to them by Alexander, at the end of the table. No one moved or said anything as they stared at the baby struggling with his straps.

“Ma ma!” Braiden repeated and Harry forced his body up using the table top and he went to Braiden, unstrapped him and held him up to eye level.

“Say it again, Braiden love. Say Mama.”

“Ma ma ma!” Braiden babbled and Harry hugged him tightly with tears in his eyes.

“He’s talking!” He told the others unnecessarily. “He said his first words!”

“Of course Mama would be his first.” Max grinned as he kissed Braiden’s cheek. “Such a clever boy.”

Harry kissed Braiden repeatedly and Braiden huffed his little giggles and Harry was so happy.

“Oh I wonder when he’ll be walking!” Ashleigh considered out loud.

“Soon enough I bet.” Max answered with a quick, uncertain glance to Harry, who had ignored the comment.

“May I be excused? I’m still tired and I want to get some sleep.” Harry asked Myron, who nodded.

“You remember where the bedroom is?” Richard asked.

“He’s not walking up those stairs alone!” Nasta countered astonished that it was even suggested.
Harry giggled and held an arm up to Nasta, who pulled him up onto his hip, one arm under his bum, the other helping him support Braiden as Harry’s free arm wrapped around Nasta’s neck.

Nasta carried him to bed and sat him carefully down on the mattress, Braiden still in Harry’s arms.

“I can’t believe he spoke.” Harry said happily.

“The next step is getting him to say Dada.” Nasta said with a grin. “Or even Baba.”

“Oh ba!” Braiden told them seriously.

Harry could have cried as he peppered Braiden’s face with kisses.

“He’s so clever!” Harry praised.

Nasta chuckled and kissed him, then kissed Braiden, before taking him from Harry’s arms, stripping him, putting him in his sleepsuit and then putting him in his cot beside their bed. Nasta tucked Harry up and kissed him before kissing his huge belly.

“Don’t touch it!” Harry hissed unhappily. “I don’t like you touching it; it’s bad enough you have to see it.”

“Don’t be so ridiculous.” Nasta told him softly as he nuzzled the belly. “My children are in here, of course I want to touch, kiss and hold it as much as I can. I love you, I love Braiden and I love them.”

“I…I don’t want them, Nasta.” Harry told him, looking away ashamedly.

Nasta held Harry to his heart and brushed that thick hair with his fingers. “That’s alright, Harry. They came suddenly, they’re growing at an alarming rate and they’re changing your body and your emotions, of course you’ll have some reservations about them. It’s alright that you feel this way at the moment, love; it’s when they’re born that we have to watch out for. If you still don’t love them then, or if you refuse them or don’t protect them, then we’ll call a Healer and see if you’re suffering from postnatal depression.”
Harry looked at Nasta with a frown. “Will…will the Healer make me love them?”

Nasta smiled at Harry and kissed him soundly. “I have every faith in you, Harry and in your Dracken, I’m positive that it will never come to that. As soon as these five are born, you will never let them go again, just like Braiden.”

They both looked to the baby, who was sucking slowly on a few fingers, drifting slowly to sleep. Harry smiled, reassured by Nasta and he allowed his oldest lover to nuzzle and kiss his belly, which felt like it was tearing from the inside out as it grew rapidly.

“The one thing we’ll have to look out for the most though is directly after birth.” Nasta confided. “You may kill them yourself.”

Harry looked at Nasta horrified.

“If your Dracken doesn’t want them, or sees them as threats or intrusions, then you may well kill them, or some of them, before we can reach you.”

“I can't!” Harry whispered hoarsely. “Please, don’t let me kill them, Nasta!”

Nasta smiled. “Your reaction has just told me that we don’t face that problem. I remember a few years back, a dominant killed his submissive, because she had killed their quadruplets. She’d just given birth to triplets on her previous heat, they were nine months old when she birthed the quadruplets. Her dominant had lost his job, they couldn’t afford more mouths to feed, but he swore that they would make it work, but she resented them because she was angry and upset with her mate. She kept telling him that she didn’t want them and that they had ruined everything, that she was going to kill them. He brushed it off as submissive dramatics and carried on looking after their triplets and their firstborn daughter. She went into her nest, birthed the babies and then he heard her killing them. He rushed to her nest just in time to watch her spear their last child on her claws. He tore her head from her shoulders and presented it to the Counsel.”

“Wouldn’t they have killed him then? What about their four other children?”

“The Counsel are fair and just, Harry. They listened to his story and cleared him of the murder of his mate for her heinous actions. What she had done would have made the most mild tempered dominant livid, feral and unreasonable. The Counsel even allowed him to join the meets to take
another mate after therapy.”

“Did he find one?” Harry asked, hoping with all his heart that he had.

“He was still relatively young, very handsome and strong and not every single submissive is an Amelle or a Miette. He found a woman that loved children so much that she was willing to take on his four other children as well and she enjoyed the maturity that came to him from parenthood. They are still together and have eleven children altogether so far.”

Harry smiled at the happy ending and he let himself be eased back onto his side, a body pillow under his huge, straining bump and he fell asleep without the aid of the sleeping potion. Perhaps he should have taken some as he woke in the middle of the night, sweating and shaking; he had dreamt that he had torn the heads from all five of his children as he birthed them, one by one.

He felt sick and fevered and he quickly took Braiden and fled down the stairs, going down them on his bum like he had become used to at Hogwarts whilst pregnant with Braiden.

He put Braiden down into the pop-up travel cot that had been placed by the end of the kitchen table, where the bassinet had once been, but now that Braiden was rolling, Harry refused to use it for safety reasons.

He made himself a cup of tea and after seeing that it was three in the morning, he left Braiden where he was. He hadn’t woken up for Braiden’s night feed, which was unusual, even with the potions he woke when Braiden started crying for his two o’clock feed.

Harry stayed awake for the rest of the night, his mind in turmoil from his dream, a hand pressed firmly against his bump, stubborn thoughts going through his mind until at half five in the morning Alexander came into the kitchen.

“I thought I could hear movement down here. Harry, sweet one, what has you so troubled?”

Harry bit his lip and tried to control his anguish, but it all flooded from him as he looked into those kind, concerned, compassionate, dark grey eyes and he broke down sobbing.

Alexander held him and listened to him as he told him about his conversation with Nasta, his feelings about his pregnancy and his new children and the dream he had had.

He was given a shaky sip of calming draught and Alexander sat next to him at the table and took both of his hands into his own.

“Look at me, Harry. You have been through so much, in such a short space of time. No one can blame you for your thoughts and feelings on this matter. I will confide to you a piece of information that only my mate knows. When she was having her first large clutch, our Keanu,
Edward, Enrique and Oliver, our first quadruplets after a string of six singletons, I was apprehensive. I was afraid and fearful for her health. I pleaded with her to terminate them. I told her that she was having too many at one time, that her body had become so used to birthing single babies that a sudden clutch of four would damage her. She refused to terminate them, she remained stubborn and she insisted that she was going to go through with it. I hated them all, Harry. Every single baby from conception, all throughout the pregnancy and I hate them until the day that my mate laid them in my arms. Kimberly was so proud of them, so pleased with herself as she handed me my four newborn sons. I have loved them ever since, Harry. I learnt a very strong lesson that day, a very important lesson, to have faith. Kimberly had faith in herself and in her abilities to birth the children and look after them when we already had six young children. Our oldest, Xerxes, was only eight when Kimberly birthed our quads. Since that day, I never even suggested termination again, I was by her side throughout the rest of her pregnancies, even the clutch of five she had later in life, that frightened me more than anything else, seeing her swollen up with five children, much like you are now, but I calmed myself and reminded myself of holding my first four for the first time and I began wondering what five would feel like in my arms, I kept faith in myself and in Kimberly. So have some faith in yourself, Harry. Your dream was not a premonition of the future, it was just a bad dream brought on by your talk with Nasta and your stressed, restless mind. You are a kind, loving, wonderful and strong boy, if anyone can get through this, it will be you. Now if Caesar came home and told that his Amelle was pregnant with five, I’d fear for him and the children, but with you? I feel only calm and growing excitement of getting five new great-grandchildren.”

Harry smiled happily, feeling so much better and he was so completely reassured that he hugged Alexander tightly and allowed the hands on his bump and the kiss to his forehead.

“Now let’s get you some more tea and maybe a jar of honey before that spoil sport of a Delericey comes down and takes it from you.” Alexander winked and Harry laughed, feeling genuinely happy for the first time in what seemed like months.

Severus Snape holed himself up in his rooms for the Christmas break, immersed himself in Potions, texts and an odd glass of Firewhisky or elf made wine.

Seeing Potter so happy with a baby at his breast and a bump already forming had been almost more than he could bear. Regulus had been apprehensive, but so excited for their daughter to be born and then Potter senior had dashed those hopes and plans to pieces.

Regulus had been distraught when he had been told that their daughter was no more, that the little baby girl that they had been looking forward to welcoming into their lives had been killed inside Regulus’ sac. The worst part of it was when Regulus had to have the operation to remove the dead foetus from inside of him. Regulus had been having nightmares for years afterwards.

Severus took another gulp of whiskey and savoured the burn down his throat. He had sworn that he would pay Potter back in kind, that he would one day kill his firstborn, with whomever he settled down with, but he hadn’t counted on that woman being Lily. Strong, fiery, sweet, loving, kind,
lovely Lily. How could he kill Lily’s child, but he had sworn to kill Potter’s firstborn for his own daughter, for Regulus.

He saw that boy now, the baby he had sworn to kill before he was even born, he had his own child now and more on the way, Severus would guess at three or four of them from the size of Potter. He had seen a submissive pregnant with six children in an illustrated book. She had looked like she was swimming in her own flesh, her stomach so rounded with child that she couldn’t move, not even to roll over. Potter didn’t look like she had, but he was very large.

Severus scanned the history book once again, turning the page and scouring it closely for even a hint that his mate had gone to the Potter wedding party. He had looked a hundred thousand times, through photos, through texts, through written accounts of guests and newspaper articles, but he could find no hint of Regulus being there, but where else would his vengeful mate go? Regulus had also sworn to kill Potter, the elder not the junior who had yet to be born, so it made sense that his mate had gone to the wedding party when Lily had innocently invited him, plus one. Neither of them had gone and it was likely that Potter hadn’t even told her that he had killed their daughter, so she saw no harm in inviting them. Regulus had been in fits of rage for the week preceding the wedding and when they had argued on the night of the wedding, Regulus had stormed out and Severus had let him go, before realising two hours later, once he had cooled down, that if Regulus went and killed Potter, then he would be arrested, if he showed his Dracken attributes or was found to be a Dracken, then he would be executed. He had rushed to the Potter wedding, searched high and low for Regulus, he had startled Lily badly when she had come across him searching and he had demanded to know if she had seen him. Regulus hadn’t been there, so he had gone and scoured every haunt and known place that Regulus would go, from Hogwarts, to his parents’ home, where a tearful, nasty, vile elf had screamed at him to go away and leave Master Regulus in peace, that he had ripped the Black family apart, that he had hurt his poor Mistress. He had deduced that Regulus was not there after booting the elf aside and scouring the Black ancestral home as Orion Black was in work and Walburga Black at the Malfoy home.

Nothing made sense. Regulus had been in fits about the invitation, but he also went on about a locket. Severus could find no mention anywhere of any Black’s owning lockets. He had scoured through the Black family history, through all the private Black family journals he had taken as soon as Sirius Black had died and the house passed down to Potter and he found nothing, not even in Regulus’ journal.

Scrubbing his face with long, thin, potion stained fingers, Severus knocked the book he was reading to the floor. He just wanted to know what had happened to Regulus. He wanted to find his bones and bury them in the empty coffin that he had bought and buried so long ago now. He just wanted peace and solace for Regulus as well as himself. He needed to know what had happened all those years ago and where Regulus had gone and why.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

Christmas Day was a buzz of activity as Harry helped Braiden open a mountain of presents that stood taller than Harry did when he was sat down and was wider across than he was tall.

“I told you all not to go overboard!” He chastised, even as he knew damn well that half of the presents in front of Braiden were from himself.
His mates sat around him chuckling, all of their gifts already opened, watching Harry as he and Braiden opened the presents together, revealing clothes, toys, books, shampoo and soaps, brushes and combs, a blanket, two new cot sets, a snow suit and an inflatable ball pit, including three hundred brightly coloured, hollow plastic balls to go inside it.

“Thank you, everyone.” Harry said a bit tearfully as he watched Braiden pull a fabric block to himself and put it straight into his mouth.

“We have another present for you.” Ashleigh told him. She was smiling for the occasion, but she hadn’t been her usual bubbly self.

She handed Harry a brightly wrapped box and he opened it. Inside were five beautifully designed, beautifully made, pure white cotton nightdresses. Each one had a delicate design on the front, they were similar, but different and Harry loved them.

He swallowed the lump in his throat, taking his pride and stubbornness with it and he hugged Ashleigh for the first time in two months, thanking her softly.

“You want them to all be girls then?” He asked as he wiped his eyes on his robes, not caring that they were expensive velvet and had been made just for him to wear on Christmas Day and presented to him by Draco the night before.

“Honey, they’re unisex. A baby boy can wear a nightdress as much as a little girl. Here, I found these in the attic.” She handed him a dusty photo of a big baby laying sleeping on a bed in a white nightdress similar to the ones that she had gifted to him.

“That’s Max.” She told him and Harry chuckled as Max groaned and whined behind him as Harry passed the photo around.

“Merlin, you were a big baby.” Draco teased.

Max pulled him into his lap and kissed him silent as ‘punishment’

“This one is Caesar.” Ashleigh told him as she showed the picture of a smaller baby in a little nightdress, his legs pulled up to his waist, his nappy on show. “He always slept like that.”
“Braiden always sleeps with his legs splayed.” Harry grinned as he stroked Braiden’s back as his baby lay on his stomach, resting on his elbows, his indigo eyes tracking the fabric block that Blaise was waving slowly in front of him. “Since we’ve put him in the cot, it’s gotten worse because he has more room to spread his legs out.”

They all laughed at that. “There’s another present underneath those, for Braiden and the five new ones.” Myron told them and Harry pulled out all five of the nightdresses and picked up the six white boxes underneath. They were hand and foot casting kits with spaces for a photograph and an inscription and Harry hugged Myron tightly, thanking him and making a mental note to use the one kit quickly, before Braiden grew even more.

Harry spent the rest of the day playing with Braiden and his new toys. Christmas dinner was very, very filling and Harry felt truly full for the first time in weeks, until the Christmas Pudding was brought out, then he decided that he wasn’t quite full after all and he had enough room left for a large piece of pudding with extra thick cream.

They had taken enough photos to fill two new albums, had worn Braiden out by the time that seven o’clock rolled around and they had worn themselves out by nine. They went to sleep happy, full, wound up and eager for Boxing Day.

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Lucius Malfoy could see that his Wife was miserable. Her crystal blue eyes would continuously dart to the spot where their Draco usually sat for Winter solstice, the gift they had chosen together to give to him sat where his plate would have been, untouched and unopened because their son was not here with them to celebrate the holiday.

Dinner was a quiet affair; usually Draco kept them entertained with stories from Hogwarts or delighted them by showing off another Outstanding in his studies. He complained about this Hufflepuff, whined about that Gryffindor, updated them about his small circle of friends and talked over any plans he had for when he went back to school.

Life was quiet without Draco. Life was peaceful without his seventeen year old son whining like a small child in his ear. The summer had been particularly quiet and drab without Draco to accompany them on their summer break to Milan, though his Wife had informed him that Draco had had his own holiday to an island called Guadeloupe with the four men whom he had chosen to settle down with. Narcissa had also informed him that Potter was pregnant once again, this time with five children.

It was a strange thing, to think of the small, scrawny boy that was Harry Potter pregnant with five children. That any one of those children could be his first grandchild, but then Narcissa had dashed those ideas when she had informed him that their Draco was not a Father to any of the five children.

At first he had been angry, thinking that perhaps it had been Potter’s fault, that he was denying
Draco his needs, but Narcissa had assured him that Potter getting pregnant had been an accident and it had taken all of the boys by surprise and that Potter couldn’t be held responsible when Draco hadn’t taken the chance to continue his line.

Now he didn’t know what to think or how to feel. How was any man supposed to feel about the boy he had repeatedly tried to capture to take to his death settling down with his only son? How was he supposed to act around Potter? What was he supposed to do? What was he supposed to say to the boy he had tormented since he was a young child?

He went to bed beside his Wife, his mind spinning around wild thoughts and sleep did not come to him easily. He saw Draco as a very young child, about five or six, thanking him with a hug and a huge grin for his several holiday gifts. Draco hadn’t hugged him since he was ten years old and that thought had never bothered him until now. Draco was polite and cool like he himself was with acquaintances and business partners, but he had never acted as such to his family. Was that his failing? Had he taught Draco to become a cold, distant, aloof man? He would have liked to say no, that that wasn’t his child, that his child had not become what he had strived to keep him away from, but with a sinking heart, Lucius realised that he had in fact taught his son these lessons through his own behaviour.

He had stopped mollycoddling Draco at ten to prepare him for Hogwarts, to help him to grow up a bit more, but it seemed now, in hindsight, to have backfired on him. The more he had refused to give Draco hugs and kisses and refused to allow him childish comforts and stopped him from having tantrums, fits and other childish behaviours, the more childish Draco acted as he got older. The boy was seventeen and he still whined like a toddler, still pouted and threw a fit when something didn’t go his way. Draco had yet to grow up and realise that he was a man now and should not act like a spoiled child and it was his failing as a parent, the blame rested heavy upon his shoulders and the guilt settled in his stomach like a stone.

The sky was just lightening to a steely grey when sleep took him and it was only a few short hours later when he felt the bed move beside him and it woke him from sleep. Narcissa was awake and had moved straight to her vanity table to brush the knots and tangles from her hair as she always did first thing every morning.

Lucius sat up and tried to ignore the guilt he still felt, which only grew as he saw his Wife’s sad and distant eyes through the mirror as her hand automatically stroked the brush forlornly through her golden hair.

He showered with the imprint of those miserable eyes stuck in front of him, he dried and dressed himself and brushed out his own hair before tying it up and out of his way with a ribbon.

Narcissa looked at him strangely when he came into the dining room for breakfast; he only tied his hair up when he left the house and they had no plans for today.

“Did the Minister floo call you, Lucius? I believe he promised to let you have Boxing Day off from work as well.”

“He did promise me that and no he never called, Cissa.”
“Then where are you going, dear?”

“We are going to accept that invitation after all.” He spoke as he sipped his tea, speaking of the invitation from Myron Maddison to join him and his family at his home for the festive period, along with his children, his parents, his grandchild and sons-in-law, which happened to include Draco, their son.

Narcissa blinked before her entire face brightened. Then her mouth downturned.

“But Lucius, we responded that we weren’t going, they aren’t expecting us, it’s rude to drop in unannounced.”

“Draco is our son; we don’t need an appointment to see him.” Lucius held back his sneer at that thought by the skin of his teeth.

Narcissa nodded distractedly as she made herself presentable and plucked up Draco’s gift, still on the table from yesterday, untouched, unopened.

“Should we wait until it’s more reasonable a time, dear?” Narcissa fretted then.

Lucius could have shook her. He was going to go now before his courage failed him, social politeness and etiquette be damned, otherwise he was never going to be able to share in his son’s life. His son, his only child.

“I’m sure someone will be up to receive us, darling.” He answered as he took her arm and led her to the fireplace.

“But what if they aren’t dressed or presentable, we’ll embarrass them!”

“Narcissa, I do not care if they receive us in their undergarments! If I wish to see my son at seven in the morning, I shall.”

That made his shrewd Wife suspicious; he could see it in her narrowed eyes and thinned lips.
“What do you want with Draco so early in the morning on Boxing Day?”

Lucius sighed and cursed himself for a fool for marrying Narcissa Black; he should have taken the offer of Irene Goyle instead and saved himself the questions and stalling.

“You will see when we get there, dear, if we ever do get there that is.”

Narcissa closed her mouth but the glaring to the back of his head let him know that she was thinking about caving it in with one of the solid bronze candlesticks that framed either side of the antique marble fireplace in their receiving room.

Her fears were unfounded as they found nearly the entire household enjoying breakfast, the only one’s missing were the ones he had come to see.

“Draco is not awake yet?” Narcissa questioned warmly as she engaged immediately with the women of the room.

“They’re all awake, they like to bathe Braiden in the mornings and shower before coming down and it takes a while for five adults to shower if they don’t double up.”

“You can bet they are doubling up.” Myron’s Husband, Richard, commented with a grin that made Lucius’ breakfast threaten an embarrassing reappearance.

“Not at the breakfast table, Richard.” Myron chastised, like Richard was one of his children and not a spouse, but then how did you treat a spouse that acted like your child? “Please be seated and help yourself, my son took the liberty of making breakfast when he woke up before going to wake his lovers.”

Narcissa tittered amusedly. “Maximilius is a wonderful man.” She complimented graciously. “A very creative cook as well.”

Myron inclined his head at the compliment before turning back to Aneirin Delericey, whom Lucius had only heard of by name and reputation before and had only met him once, in that disastrous meeting that had led to the three men in front of him, threatening to kill him.

He was invited to join them and he did so, talking about the Ministry and the new upcoming bills
that would hopefully come to pass in March.

It was another half an hour before Potter himself was carried in by Aneirin’s son, Nasta. Lucius couldn’t help but stare at the size of the boy, who must have put on at least two and a half stone of weight and had expanded his waistline by at least thirty inches. He looked almost unrecognisable from the chest down, but there was no mistaking that ethereal face, with those large, wide eyes and the lightning bolt off to the side of his forehead, above his right eye.

They paid him no mind, for all the notice they gave him he was an empty chair, but they both greeted Narcissa warmly and exuberantly, Potter even handed the Zabini child to her, who had grown considerably as well and was now holding his head up for short spaces of time, even if Narcissa still supported his neck.

Maximilius was the next down, grinning so much like his unbiological Father that he wondered if Myron had had a paternity test done to know that he was his own. Max kissed his Mother and hugged both of his Fathers and even his grandparents, not caring about anyone seeing or watching and Lucius swallowed, reminded harshly of how much he had ruined Draco with his past decisions.

Draco came into the kitchen with a smile, his hand clamped around Blaise Zabini’s, their fingers laced together like honeymoon lovers. It was the warm smile on his son’s lips that drew his attention the most, Draco looked like he was happy, like he was enjoying life to its fullest and Lucius couldn’t fathom how. How could sharing your lover with three other men bring him happiness? How could looking after six children that weren’t even his put that glimmer of love and peace in those silvery eyes. What was he not comprehending, what was it that he wasn’t seeing that attracted Draco, a spoilt, very unsharing and possessive boy, to this lifestyle?

Draco caught sight of his Mother and then turned to him and Lucius felt like he’d been dealt a huge blow as he watched the happiness slide off of that handsome, angular face and a cool mask settled in its place. Draco let go of Blaise’s hand so quickly it was as though he had been burnt as his hands flew to the front of his shirt and straightened it unnecessarily.

“Father, how nice of you to join us.” Was the calm, cool, drawling tone he was used to hearing from Draco. Did his son wear a mask at all times around him? Was it only him who didn’t know the real person his own son was? Was the son he saw, spoke to and lived with just a mask? Was there a completely different, much warmer, happier man living underneath the mask of the man he thought was his son?

“Good morning, Draco.” He greeted politely, before mentally hitting himself, it was this behaviour and cool, polite distance that had gotten him into this rut with Draco in the first place. “If I could take a moment of your time. In private.” Lucius mentally hit himself again. This was his son, not some Ministry official, but he couldn’t snap the ingrained responses.

“Of course.” Draco replied indifferently “Mister Maddison, if we may use your front room?”

Myron looked livid, and with good reason. They were Father and son and were treating one
another like distant work colleagues.

“You may.” The man rumbled his deep voice tight with anger.

Lucius followed Draco and steeled himself for whatever was going to happen in this room. One way or another, he would either have his son back, or he would no longer have a son that recognised him.

Lucius closed the door behind him and turned to find Draco looking at him through those dull, cold eyes and his carefully planned speech flew out of the window, Lucius just did not want those eyes looking at him anymore. He crossed the room in four long strides and pulled Draco to him in the first hug he had given the boy in seven years.

Draco remained stiff and distant in his arms, until he realised that Lucius was not going to let go. Then those huge shoulders started quivering and then shaking and then large, muscled arms slipped around his slim waist and he was awkwardly holding a seventeen year old man who was sobbing for all his worth onto his shoulder.

Lucius remembered the last time he had hugged Draco, the small, happy, slender ten year old boy who came up to his elbow. It had been the same day that he had gotten his Hogwarts letter. He had held a grinning, excited Draco in congratulation and pride, but he had told himself then that it was time for Draco to grow up, but Draco hadn’t grown up, he had hidden.

He felt his shoulder become wet where Draco was resting his eyes and Lucius wondered at what point Draco had become taller than himself. It was a strange thing, to see his son but to only just now realise that said son was taller than him, was broader through the shoulders. It was only now that he had his son in his arms for the first time in seven or so years that he truly took notice that Draco was taller and bigger than himself.

He had always said that Draco would surpass him in both looks, body and excellence, but to see this strong, strapping man his tiny, pink bundle of baby with white fuzz had grown into brought a lump to his throat.

Draco was the best son any man could ask for. He was intelligent, a straight O student, handsome, well behaved, eloquent and well spoken, he had impeccable mannerisms and he was the light of his Mother’s eye. He could see that now. Narcissa’s happiness revolved around Draco. The sadness and melancholy of that morning had vanished as soon as Draco had walked into the room, her blue eyes sparkling with inner happiness at the sight of Draco’s apparent happiness.

It was himself that was the problem, he was the one destroying Draco and he couldn’t stand the thought that his son was suffering because of his actions. He promised to change, to be more accepting as he held that huge man to him, remembering with sadness the small boy he had been the last time he had held Draco this way. It should never have been so long, it should never have happened. It would never happen again, he should never have let him go all of those years ago. His biggest regret was that he would never get that time back now that he had finally realised his terrible mistake.

“I’m never letting you go again.” Lucius whispered into that platinum blond hair, holding the tears
back by the very edge of his fingernails, he would not cry, Draco needed him to be strong for him, he could do that much for him. “Never again.” He repeated as he gently brushed Draco’s silky hair with his fingertips.

Harry was concerned as Draco remained in the front room with Lucius all morning. Narcissa was tense as well, keeping half an ear towards the front room, likely expecting screaming and shouting, like he was.

Harry ate a big lunch cooked by Max, who possessively waved his Mother away from her own cooker and started making lunch for everyone.

Harry sat on a chair cuddling Braiden, resting the baby, who was refusing to go to sleep, on his considerable bump.

“Have you tried him on solids yet, Harry?” Narcissa asked him. “He’s four months now isn’t he?”

Harry nodded. “I don’t think he’s ready yet, I want to bottle feed him for a month or so more first, but we tried giving him boiled carrots the other week, Max made sure they were really soft and completely pureed but Braiden just dipped his fingers into the puree on the spoon as it came towards his mouth and I don’t think he liked the feel of it. He didn’t even think to put it in his mouth, he just looked at the orange muck on his fingers and he started crying until we’d cleaned them off.”

Narcissa chuckled delicately. “Draco didn’t try to eat solids until he was eight months old. He was a breastfed baby and he was happy on the breast until eight months, when he actually took an interest in what Lucius and I were eating.”

Max roared with laughter and the grin on his face told them that he was not going to let Draco forget that he had been sucking from his Mother’s breast for eight months.

“Max refused to latch on.” Ashleigh commented. “I thought that it was something that I was doing wrong, until I had Caesar, who latched on immediately. He was unhappy when his little sister came about because I had to wean him quickly to free up my breasts for Julinda. Max was just a fussy baby, he’d only take milk at a certain temperature, it had to be the same strength and the same taste or he’d refuse it, I was actually glad when he started showing an interest in food at four months. I used to cut up bits of food and put it in front of him and let him pick and choose what he wanted.”
“A chef in the making from birth.” Blaise teased.

Max saluted him with a smile before he tugged him into a deep lip lock. Harry chuckled as Braiden watched his Dads kissing interestedly, one of his new animal toys stuck in his mouth being gummed to the rubbish bin.

Draco made an appearance at one in the afternoon and he was so happy that Harry smiled, wrapping Draco in a hug, who kissed him before kissing Braiden and diving into the conversation with vigour. He was a changed man and Harry looked to Lucius Malfoy who was standing in the doorway and gave him a small smile and a nod, before turning back to his conversation with Nasta.

Caesar came around that afternoon for dinner; he brought an unhappy Amelle and a smothered Eleonora, who was five months old and not happy with being confined to her Mother’s arms when all she wanted to do was explore her new surroundings.

Harry had to sit through a monologue of how Eleonora was just so much better than Braiden, how she had already started trying to push herself up and was on her way to crawling, how she was already eating ‘real’ food, how she kept saying her first word (ooh) which Harry didn’t think was much of a first word and was just more of a noise.

Harry maturely endured through all of this, ignoring the woman as best as he could and making humming noises when she stopped speaking as if in agreement with her. His family were so proud, even as Caesar told Amelle to keep quiet and his own mates got angrier. That was until Braiden opened his little mouth and clearly said “Ma ma.” Harry grinned.

“My Braiden also said his first words.” He told Amelle gloatingly before turning to Braiden. “Haven’t you baby?”

“Ma ma ma!” Braiden babbled.

“Ooh!” Narcissa cried in delight. “You never said he was talking, Draco!”

Draco grinned. “He started the other day. He likes saying ‘ba’ and ‘ah’ as well.”

“Ah ah.” Braiden replied before huffing out his little giggles when Narcissa tickled under his chin.

“It’s outstanding how quickly he’s developing.” Aneirin commented. “But then you see that with the Dracken born babies, they’re much more advanced than babies born by humans, though none are more advanced than the merpeople’s young, they are practically born children with the ability to swim, with fully formed teeth, hair and communication skills and understanding.”
“Who’s young is the least advanced?” Harry asked curiously.

“Vampires have the least developed start to life. Their young are so dependent upon their parents that if they are left alone for any longer than an hour then they could die, but they make up for this in their childhood, they develop so quickly during childhood that they are fully grown at fourteen, fifteen and have a higher understanding over others of their own age.”

“Which is why vampires are such snobs.” Nasta put in.

Harry chuckled at that.

“But, unfortunately, it’s the Faeries who have the second most underdeveloped children, like the vampires they also have a slow start, but unlike the vampires, Faerie children stay underdeveloped throughout childhood and are years behind other children their age. It’s only when they are teenagers that they start quickening and developing and they continue on throughout their adult life.”

“Why unfortunately?” Ashleigh asked curiously.

“Faerie blood runs in the Delericey bloodline. Any one of the children that Nasta could give me could be a Faerie.” Harry answered her, already understanding that if he had a Faerie child, a whole host of problems would arise.

“It’s not very likely, Harry; a Faerie hasn’t been born into the Delericey bloodlines for a hundred and fifty years or more.” Aneirin said.

“Don’t say that!” Harry whined. “I’m Harry freaking Potter, of course if you say that it’ll happen! I begged for one child and I got five!”

“That doesn’t prove anything.”

Harry snorted. “My entire life has gone from bad to worse, well…until I found this lot, of course.” Harry kissed Blaise and snuggled Braiden.
“I would have thought it went from worse to bad.” Max said quietly, after all they didn’t like bringing up the abuse he had suffered through. “You were in Hogwarts for most of the year when you hit your teens or... or did it actually get worse the older you got?”

“That too.” Harry said flippantly.

Nasta swallowed and licked his lips and Harry knew what was coming and he prepared himself for the therapy.

“If you want to talk about it, Harry, then we will listen, but don’t stress yourself in your condition.”

Harry considered that and he wondered if he felt up to telling them, maybe not about the Dursleys, but about his adventures at Hogwarts.

“Well after Hagrid saved me from the house on the rock...”


Harry glared at Max, who mimed zipping up his lips. Harry chuckled.

“When I started getting my Hogwarts letter, I was forbidden from opening it. They even moved me out of the cupboard under...”

“What cupboard?” Narcissa demanded, her blue eyes alight with fire.

Harry sighed and he realised that he’d have to go right back to the beginning.

“After my parents were killed I was sent to live with them. They never wanted me, never cared or even gave a passing thought to me. I was kept in the cupboard under the stairs until I was ten, just before my eleventh birthday when I started getting my Hogwarts letters.”

“What barbaric people. I hope you have done something about this.”
“I filed the report on them two weeks ago, they should be going into review soon, then they will be arrested and kept in holding cells until a court hearing can be set. Everything is moving smoothly and I’ll push to get it over and done with quickly so it doesn’t get dragged out. It’s a pretty cut and clear case.” Richard answered, turned into a mature, grown man for just a moment.

“Well anyway, one of my Uncle’s attempts to stop me from reading my Hogwarts letter was to take us to a broken down shack on a pile of rocks out to sea. I thought the roof would cave in at any moment. But Hagrid came on my eleventh birthday and gave me my letter. He took me shopping for my school things and told me about the wizarding world in general. But fast forwarding, in my first year I saved Hermione from a mountain troll…”

“A mountain troll? In a school full of children!” Myron hissed before turning to Lucius. “You were a school governor at this point, what did you do?”

“There was a full inquiry.” Lucius answered smoothly. “A teacher let the troll into the school as a distraction, but that teacher died before the inquest could be completed.”

“I killed him.” Harry said sadly.

“You were an eleven year old boy!” Aneirin refuted with a head shake. “You couldn’t have killed him.”

“I burnt him to death, I watched him turn to ash under my fingers.” Harry said hollowly. “My magic did that.”

Blaise hugged him and Nasta made a distressed sound in his throat as he came and sat on his other side, holding him comfortingly.

“I also met Fluffy, a monstrous three headed dog that was in the forbidden corridor.”

“Trust you to go snooping in the forbidden corridor and find a Cerberus.” Draco said weakly.

“There was also Norbert the Norwegian Ridgeback. Charlie tells me that the dragon was renamed Norberta after emerging that he was actually a she.”
“You came across a fully grown drag…”

“No, no. Norberta was just a baby. I watched her hatch.”

Nasta’s eyes were wide. “Harry, I can count on one hand the amount of times I’ve seen a dragon hatching and I’ve been a dragon handler for twenty years. The dragons are too protective of their eggs to let anyone go near them.”

“Norberta only had Hagrid and though he’s a protective Momma bear he let me, Ron and Hermione watch. Draco was also there if my memory serves me right.”

Draco blushed. “My ear has never been the same.”

Harry chuckled. “Then I think it was when we actually went to retrieve the Philosophers Stone from the trapdoor underneath Fluffy.”

“Excuse me, you did what?” Myron demanded and Harry huddled up, no longer excited about telling the story. Myron’s right hand clenched and Harry swallowed. He wondered if he was now going to be spanked for the first time in his life by a parental figure, he could see it in those jet black eyes that Myron wanted to do it.

“I…we, me, Ron and Hermione, went through the trapdoor that Fluffy was guarding because we thought Snape was trying to steal the stone.” Harry defended weakly.

“You thought Severus was doing what?” Narcissa actually giggled.

“Pray tell what was beyond this trapdoor?” Lucius asked.

Harry avoided looking at anyone as he scratched at the nape of his neck embarrassedly. “Devil’s Snare.”

“I couldn’t have heard you right.” Aneirin told him. “I thought that you said that you encountered
Devil’s Snare, a very vicious, murderous plant that strangles and crushes anything that touches it.”

Harry licked dry lips and suddenly combatting the plant didn’t seem as fun or as big an achievement as it had before. For the first time, when put like that, it seemed like a dangerous and stupid thing to do.

“I did.”

“How did three first years know how to deal with this plant?” Myron demanded.

“Hermione. Ron and I would have died without her there. She…she’s proficient at lighting waterproof bluebell flames, she actually set Snape on fire in our first year, which is a funny story, but she cast her fire and the plant recoiled away from it and released Ron and I.”

“Granger set Professor Snape on fire?!” Draco asked.

“Yeah, in the first Quidditch match where Quirrell was jinxing my broom, she thought it was Snape and set him on fire to break his eye contact.”

Max laughed at that and Harry giggled a bit, but Myron was not amused and he looked like he was going to drag him over his knee at any moment, Harry almost didn’t want to continue.

“What were you doing on a broom in the first place; don’t you have to be in the second year of Hogwarts before you can play Quidditch because of the violent nature of the game?” Sanex asked.

“I got special permission to play by Dumbledore because I showed great talent on a broomstick.”

Max chuckled evilly and Harry knew what he was going to say before he did. “You have a lot of talent on a ‘broomstick’, Harry.”

Myron took a huge hand to the side of Max’s head, the smack making everyone wince, but Max just pouted and rubbed his sore spot before grinning happily once more. That smack had made Harry wince more than anyone else; he did not want that hand on his bum.
“What came after the Devil’s Snare?” Lucius asked coolly. He was not impressed either.

Harry thought hard and the tinkling and buzzing came back to his mind. “Keys.” He said. “Winged keys. You had to catch the key that unlocked the next door, there had to have been a thousand keys in that room.”

“And three eleven year olds caught the right key to the door?”

“It was pretty obvious. It had a broken wing from already being caught once.” Harry said meekly.

“What came next?”

“A life sized game of wizards’ chess. We had to take the place of three pieces and play our way to the other side of the room.”

“Wizards chess is a very violent game without it being life sized and including three children!” Ashleigh hissed. “Did any of you get hurt?”

“Ron did. The only way to win the game was for Ron to be taken by the queen piece and for me to checkmate the king. He was knocked unconscious from the blow, but he was fine afterwards.”

“He could have lost his head!”

“Good.” Draco hissed, everyone ignored him and Harry carried on quickly.

“After that was a huge troll that was already knocked out, thankfully, it was even bigger than the one I faced before and after that was a table of potions and a riddle. Hermione solved that, but only one of us could go forward, the other had to go back.”

Myron huffed irritated. “Let me guess, you went forward?”
“I went forward and found Quirrell with Voldemort sticking out of the back of his head.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“Voldemort was possessing Quirrell, but because he was just a spirit, he latched onto the host’s body like a parasite and sort of grew out of the back of Quirrell’s head, which is why he always wore that absurd turban. I had nightmares for months after that.”

“What happened after that?” Ashleigh asked almost breathlessly in fear.

“Voldemort asked me to join him. I’ll always remember what he said. ‘There is no good or evil, Harry, there is only power and those too weak to seek it. Join me and together we can do extraordinary things. Better to save your own life and join me or you’ll meet the same end as your parents’ I told him exactly where to shove that idea. He told me how he killed my Father first and then went after my Mother when I told him that I’d never join him, I might have called him a liar as well, but afterwards he screamed at Quirrell to kill me.”

“So you killed him first.”

“He couldn’t touch me. Dumbledore said it was because my Mother sacrificed her life for me and that because Voldemort couldn’t understand that, it became his weakness and he couldn’t touch me. Because Voldemort was sharing Quirrell’s body, he couldn’t touch me either and when he tried to suffocate me by cutting off my windpipe, his hands started blistering, the longer he held onto me the more they blistered until the hand died and turned to ash. He tried with his other hand and the same thing happened. I knew what I was doing, I knew that I’d kill him when I did it, but I latched onto his face, pushing my hands into his face and I watched the terror in his eyes, the pain and the fear as his face turned to ash under my hands and still I didn’t let go. I passed out sometime after that and woke up in the hospital wing a week later.”

“It was self-defence.” Richard told him as he finished. “No wizarding court in the whole of Britain would convict you for murder under those circumstances.”

“They wouldn’t?” Harry asked hopefully, needing the reassurance.

“Absolutely not.” Richard answered firmly. “An eleven year old boy being set upon by a grown man intent on strangling him? No. It would assuredly be ruled as self-defence even if you had taken a knife to his throat.”
Harry yawned widely and cuddled Braiden tightly as he slept soundly, the middle and ring fingers of his right hand encased in a softly sucking mouth.

“It’s bedtime I think.” Nasta said softly as he looked to the clock and to Harry’s half closed eyes.

“I never had a nap today.” Harry said surprised. “No wonder I’m so tired when it’s only nine.”

“How old are you, three?” Amelle sneered as she came in from the kitchen with a squirming Eleonora, who had been bathed, changed, fed and was now refusing to sleep.

“No, but I am pregnant with five babies and you’re not, are you?” Harry said with a pointed look to her empty belly.

Amelle hissed and took a step forward. Blaise was in front of him before she could take a second.

“Don’t even think about coming any closer to him or I will tear off every finger you have and bury them in your eye sockets.” He hissed.

Amelle looked around, saw that no one was on her side, before she looked for Caesar, who had gone to the toilet at the end of Harry’s tale and then she realised that she was alone. She growled and hissed as she backed away and Harry waved to her as she backed herself and Eleonora out of the room. He giggled and rolled himself onto Nasta and settled himself on his lap, yawning once again before giving Nasta a little kick with his heel to get him moving.

“I’m sure you think I’m a horse.” He said as he eased himself to his feet and settled Harry and Braiden more securely in his arms.

“No, you’re my loving, amazing mate who doesn’t want to see me struggling up all of those stairs whilst carrying your five children…oh, no Braiden makes six. Do you want to watch me fight all of those stairs with six babies? What if I fell?”

“You coercing little fiend.” Nasta teased, rubbing their noses together as they said goodnight and climbed the stairs to the bedroom, the others following after saying their own goodnights.
Nasta settled him down and nuzzled his face as he stripped Harry and redressed him in warm pyjama bottoms and one of Max’s shirts. Blaise got Braiden ready for bed and settled him in his cot, which had once belonged to Max and his siblings, only with a new mattress and linens.

Harry yawned and fell asleep quickly, feeling loved, cherished and cared for as the soft voices of his mates murmured around him as they got ready for bed themselves.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: I love this chapter. I just absolutely love it and I hope you do too.

The votes results are:-

Blaise – 36
Max – 70
Nasta – 80

More girls than boys in the clutch – 20
More boys than girls in the clutch – 18

Only three people have the right number of babies per Father and only one person has the right genders, no one has guessed correctly both the genders and Fathers! You have one more chapter to join in this fun vote and then it’ll all be over!

Don’t forget to read the side story, The Rise of the Drackens: The Scaled Bits!

StarLight Massacre.
Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter may cause some readers distress.

Last Time

Nasta settled him down and nuzzled his face as he stripped Harry and redressed him in warm pyjama bottoms and one of Max’s shirts. Blaise got Braiden ready for bed and settled him in his cot, which had once belonged to Max and his siblings, only with a new mattress and linens.

Harry yawned and fell asleep quickly, feeling loved, cherished and cared for as the soft voices of his mates murmured around him as they got ready for bed themselves.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Fifty-Three – Complications

It was a week later when things came to a head. Amelle was still staying at Myron’s home with Caesar and their daughter and Harry was holding back his temper, and his tears, by the skin of his teeth. He wanted to hurt her so badly that he was often walking around with his claws out, which made taking care of Braiden difficult and the amount of times he had shallowly stabbed himself because he forgot they were out was ridiculous.

He was also carting around two, two litre water bottles of blood from his mates as he had taken to drinking so much from them that they started feeling dizzy and nauseous if he took it all in one go. He had one bottle which he gulped from throughout the day and a second, back up bottle just in case.

The highlight of the week had been when Braiden had learnt a new word. Oh ah. Almost certainly learnt from Eleonora, who still only said ‘ooh’ despite Amelle almost demanding her to say ‘Mommy’.

Braiden particularly enjoyed bashing his wooden animals about this week before shoving them back into his mouth.

Harry was currently lying on his back on the rug in front of the fireplace, Myron was sat by his head in an armchair, in fact, Harry’s head was pillowed on his sock covered feet and he giggled every time that Myron moved his toes.

Braiden was on his chest, sleeping soundly through the afternoon. Harry had only woken up fifteen minutes ago and he was now rubbing the back of his head against Myron’s feet. Myron chuckled from behind his paperwork and bent forward to ruffle his hair.

“Did you sleep alright?” He asked.
Harry hummed in agreement. “I could have done with an extra hour, but a baby is squashing a kidney.”

“Have you been taking your potions?”

“Yes, but there’s nothing they can do for organ squashing.” Harry said, accepting the arms that plucked him up from his prone position and sat him upright as he held Braiden still to stop him from waking up.

Harry now felt fit to burst and couldn’t see himself going another month of this, let alone another three months, but he took every day as it came, one day after the other and it seemed to be working.

Harry’s stomach grumbled so loudly that Braiden made an unhappy noise and Myron chuckled.

“It’s almost lunch time.” Myron told him. “Max will be almost done with the meal after forcing his Mother from the kitchen.”

Harry chuckled and flapped about with his one arm until Myron took pity on him and got him on his feet, tucking away his paperwork and escorting him to the kitchen.

Harry sat himself on Draco, who made a soft ‘oof’ noise that Harry ignored. He knew he was heavy, he was now over ten stone and it all centred around his stomach, abdomen and hips area. Draco’s arms slid around him and nuzzled the back of his neck.

“You need a haircut.” He groused as he tugged on the over long clumps of hair, which were so long now it was curling.

“You can cut it if you like.” Harry said, uncaring about his hair, he didn’t really care what it looked like, it was just hair.

“You sure it won’t just grow back?” Blaise teased.

Harry chuckled. “As long as Draco doesn’t plan on shearing it to my scalp, leaving five inches of fringe in the front to hide my scar then it should be fine, but the hair has a life of its own.”
“Don’t we know that.” Nasta rumbled, ruffling it up and smirking as it didn’t lie back down flat but remained stuck up and ruffled.

So Harry found himself sat on a chair, a towel around his neck like a bib and Draco carefully cutting and styling his hair with a comb as Braiden was held securely by Blaise to keep his little fingers away from the scissors.

“You’re enjoying this too much.” Harry grumbled, watching another tuft go falling past his face from his head.

“You’re well overdue for a haircut.” Draco said distractedly as he combed another tuft up and trimmed it.

“Maybe you should become a barber.”

“My Father would die of an aneurism.” Draco snorted. “His perfect, pureblood, straight O student, son cutting hair for a living out of some small shop off of Diagon Alley.”

Harry chuckled at the image and caressed Draco’s belly as he moved to stand in front of him. His hands were slapped.

“Stop that. I’m trying to make your hair decent.”

“It’ll never be decent.” Harry complained as he pushed his hands under Draco’s shirt.

“You randy bugger.” Max teased as he stirred a saucepan of something on the cooker.

“You’re only saying that because it isn’t you.” Harry said cheekily and Max winked at him.

Caesar came in with Eleonora on his hip, her head sitting upright on her shoulders as she looked around through chocolate brown eyes, Caesar’s eyes and by extension, Richard’s.

“You actually wrestled her away?” Max asked happily as he held his arms out for his niece.
Caesar handed her over and Max kissed and nuzzled her, blowing a raspberry on her cheek making her giggle.

“How are you, Nora?” He asked her. “Uncle Max finally, finally, gets to hold you after five months.”

“Ooh!” Eleonora cooed and Max nodded as if she had actually spoken like he always did with Braiden, stirring his simmering saucepan as he did so.

“Yes honey, Uncle Max is cooking lunch, do you want some?” Max turned to Caesar. “She’s being weaned isn’t she?”

“Yeah, mainly vegetables, but she takes some fruits as well, she hates banana.”

“Harry, do you want to try Braiden on some pureed peas and green beans?”

“It can’t hurt.” Harry nodded. Draco bopped his head.

“Keep still; you’ll ruin your hair.” The blond admonished as he studied the thick, black tufts.

“Just shave his head and be done with it.” Caesar grinned, sitting at the table next to Nasta.

“Shave my head and I’ll shave off both of your eyebrows when you’re sleeping.”

“I think we’re done.” Draco declared. “Just don’t touch it and don’t grow it either!”

“Tell me to stop breathing as well why don’t you.” Harry huffed as he took Braiden from Blaise and cuddled him tightly.

It was half one before lunch was ready, but Harry ignored his own lunch in favour of trying to get Braiden to eat the green paste from the tiny bowl that Max had given him, using the absolutely
Eleonora was eating gutsily, Amelle, who had been in a forced sleep and had since woken up and taken control of her daughter, was gloating and praising Nora loudly as Harry tried to get Braiden to see the green paste as food.

Harry actually put a spoonful into his own mouth to encourage Braiden, but his son seemed to find it hilarious as he huffed his little giggles at him as the spoon disappeared into his mouth and came out empty.

“He doesn’t want to know.” He announced decisively, just knowing instinctively that Braiden wasn’t ready to come off of his milk just yet.

“Of course he doesn’t. He not as advanced as Eleonora.” Amelle said snidely as Nora gummed a spoonful of the green paste.

Harry picked up Braiden’s bowl of pureed peas and green beans and threw it at Amelle. The paste went all over her, but the little bowl caught her eye and she started bleeding, which turned Caesar feral and made Max rush to intercept his brother before he could launch himself at Harry.

Max dragged Caesar out the back door and Nasta came around the table, picked him up and carried him out of the room, Braiden joining them as Harry had snarled at Blaise, who had tried to take the baby from him.

“That was childish and foolish, Harry.” Nasta told him as he settled them in the front room, Harry sitting on his lap. “In front of Braiden as well, what if the bowl had bounced off of Amelle and hit Eleonora?”

Harry bit his lip. He had regretted doing it as soon as the bowl had left his fingers, but hearing that he could have hit little Nora was a blow to the gut.

“I can see you regret doing it, Harry, but did you need me to tell you why you have to regret it or do you regret it on your own?”

“I regretted it the moment the bowl left my hand; I just wanted her to stop talking. I can’t take her putting Braiden down so much; I can’t listen to it anymore. Braiden is not second best, he’s not stupid or more under developed than Eleonora, he’s just a different baby and he’s younger than her too. I love him how he is, why should he be put down by her because he’s not interested in pureed peas? Why should he be scorned just because he can’t hold his head up for more than five minutes yet? I’ve tried to ignore her and to not let it bother me but it does! I just wanted her to shut up.”
Nasta pulled his head into a light kiss to the lips and held his head against his shoulder.

“That’s alright, love. I know it’s hard, I want to rip her tongue out myself, we all do. All of us love Braiden so much and to hear the things that she’s saying about him makes my teeth grind together with the effort to stop myself from burying my claws in her forehead. Max and I have been crushing each other’s hands under the table to keep from attacking her and I’ve had to kick Draco’s shin twice."

Harry chuckled and savoured that mental image, he felt better knowing that his mates were feeling the same as he was, that they all wanted to hurt her and make her stop talking. He steeled himself, if they could ignore her and behave, he could too, he was an adult, it’s time he started behaving like one.

Nasta carried him back into the kitchen and made him swap places with Max, so that Harry was at the farthest end of the table as far as he could get from Amelle. Harry was given his plate and he started eating, Braiden in the crook of his arm playing with his own hands.

Harry ate so much that he thought his stomach had grown five inches as he had sat at the table, he rubbed his belly with a moan and rested his head on Nasta’s shoulder.

“Do you feel better?” Nasta whispered to him, ignoring Amelle who was now showing everyone how amazing Eleonora was because she could grasp a moving object and Braiden couldn’t.

“Much.” Harry answered softly. “I needed that lunch.”

“Ah ma.” Braiden joined in, Harry kissed his forehead lovingly as Braiden practised his limited number of words.

Nasta chuckled. “He’s such a cutie.”

“Never thought I’d hear you say the ‘C’ word.” Harry teased, a bit too loudly because Aneirin stopped talking and turned around.

“Who said the ‘C’ word? Surely not you, Nasta.” He hissed in anger. “Not when your four month old child is practically on your lap. I raised you better than to use such foul language.”
“No Dad, the ‘C’ word is Harry’s forbidden word, he doesn’t like hearing how cute he is.”

“I am not CUTE!” Harry hissed dangerously.

“You are.” Richard told him with a sly smirk. Harry growled threateningly. “See? It’s so cute that you’re standing up to me, your hair all sticking up like it’s channelling your anger and your pretty eyes glaring and afire.”

“You’re going to talk yourself into your grave.” Myron warned as he patted Richard’s knee before standing up and digging out a warm chocolate pudding from the oven that Ashleigh had actually been able to make, though Max had pouted.

Harry was given the first, big slice of pudding that had been drizzled with a melted chocolate sauce; he didn’t even feel the craving to shove any honey on it as he took a huge spoonful and shoved it into his mouth. He moaned around the spoon and helped himself to another spoonful.

“I can see where Max got his cooking skills from.” He complimented as he licked the chocolate sauce from his spoon.

Ashleigh giggled and thanked him.

“You’re welcome here any time, Harry.” She said happily.

“Does that mean I’m not?” Max sobbed fakely. “I’m your son, why aren’t I invited any time I want to?”

“Because you steal my cooker every time you’re here!” Ashleigh answered teasingly.

Max laughed and dug into his own piece of pudding. Harry grinned as he noticed that Amelle was served the smallest piece. It was petty, he knew that, but it still made him feel better to know that Myron wasn’t too fond of her and when he kissed Eleonora, his only Granddaughter, as he walked around the table serving everyone, Amelle swiped at him with her claws and hissed.

“Amelle, don’t do that to my Father.” Caesar growled. “Nora is his granddaughter and he has every
right to hold her and kiss her.”

“It’s not right!” She insisted. “She’s not his by blood; it’s strange that he wants to kiss her all the time.”

“Just what are you trying to say?!” Myron thundered, pulling himself up to his full, intimidating, impressive height of six foot ten inches. Even with a serving tray of pudding in one hand and a serving spoon in the other he looked so dangerous, exuding his feral, threatening pheromones, that Harry shrunk into Nasta’s side.

“Ignore her.” Harry spoke up in a soft voice as everything was silent and no one moved or breathed, the tension thick enough to walk on. “She wouldn’t know a decent person if they stood in front of her face. You can babysit Braiden while I slip away for a relaxing bath.”

Harry forced himself up and he made himself approach that dangerous looking man and he trustingly handed Braiden to Myron, who had put the serving spoon and pudding tray down on the table top likely thinking to free his hands of weapons so he wouldn’t be tempted to smack Amelle with them. Harry latched onto one of those huge shoulders and pulled himself up and Myron down and chastely pecked his lips before turning to his mates.

“Who wants to carry me up the stairs today? I really want that bath and I want it now.”

They all looked at each other and Harry scowled. “Would you rather I try to get up them myself?” He demanded and Blaise ate the last spoonful of pudding, swallowed, stood up and tugged him into his arms, Harry giggling happily at having manipulated them to do his will.

“Thank you, Blaise, you get a present now, you can join me in the bath!”

“That bathtub barely fits Max, how are you and Blaise going to fit?” Draco scoffed.

Harry sent him his nastiest glare that he could muster up and turned away from him and urged Blaise up the stairs.

“Ignore him, love. How about you get in the bath and I rub your back like I used to, we’ve barely had the time to do anything together lately and I miss you.”
Harry smiled beatifically and he kissed Blaise so passionately that his mate had to stop walking or risk walking into something or falling over.

They carried onto Max’s childhood bedroom, which was so cute to see with its posters of his Quidditch team, The Appleby Arrows, their pale blue robes adored with a single silver arrow and what amused them all the most was the playwizard magazine that was tucked behind his bedside cabinet. Draco had found it and had laughed uproariously and teased Max for days and still teased him now. Max had gone bright red and explained that it was from when he was a teenager and got aroused by any sight of skin, though he said that he had realised quite quickly that he was more interested in the male body, but he used the magazines to get used to the female form, because he had thought that he would end up mated to a female and that the most he could have hoped for was a second male dominant. Harry had grinned at Max and kissed him, indicating the other three and had said ‘Now you have four men to please, how do you feel?’ Max had replied with a soft, goofy smile ‘I feel like my wish came true and I couldn’t be happier.’

Harry smiled as he remembered that conversation and he had even skimmed through the magazine, though he had felt nauseous afterwards, boobs he could look at, faces he could see as beautiful, but it was the other parts that made him feel a bit…queasy. It did absolutely nothing for him.

Blaise run him a bath in Max’s en suite. As the oldest child, Max had the second biggest bedroom after his parents and had the only other bedroom with an en suite, which he still goaded his three sisters about thirty years on.

Harry felt himself sink into the warm water and as Blaise stripped off his shirt and knelt beside him and started rubbing his shoulders and neck he felt like the luckiest man on the planet.

“You’re so good to me.” Harry moaned appreciatively.

Blaise chuckled and kissed him soundly. “You deserve to be treated good and how I treated you that day…I’m sorry, Harry, so sorry. I’ll never be able to make it up to you but I swear, no matter how hard things get from now on, no matter if you have half a hundred babies at once, I’ll be right by your side.”

“If I had half a hundred babies at once you and the other three would be six feet under.” Harry said seriously.

Blaise chuckled and nuzzled his neck as his smooth hands rubbed the knots from his shoulders, moving slowly lower as the water cooled around him. Harry was drowsy when Blaise finished and he was quickly dunked under the water and Blaise washed his hair and body for him before tugging him out and rubbing him dry with a warm fluffy towel. Harry felt like a King as he was then dressed in Nasta’s favourite, softest pyjamas and carried back downstairs to settle in with the others, who were all in the living room, Myron with a sleeping Braiden down the right side of his chest, one huge hand that swallowed his entire back and bottom holding him in place.

Harry waddled to Max and hefted himself next to the big man and snuggled into his side, ignoring
the coos it caused, he was too mellowed out to care and he sighed happily as Blaise sandwiched him from the other side, Max’s arm wrapping around the both of them.

“Did you enjoy your two and a half hour bath?” Ashleigh teased.

“Oh very much.” Harry purred.

Harry could tell from their looks, from Myron’s scowl, Aneirin’s eye roll, Sanex and Caesar’s grins and Ashleigh’s childish delight that they thought that he and Blaise had had sex together, when he really had just gone for an extra-long bath and had all of his muscles massaged into tranquillity by Blaise’s expert hands.

The soft conversations and murmurings around him, the weight of the filling meal he had eaten and the relaxing bath he had taken as well as Blaise’s massage had left Harry so peaceful and quiet that not even Amelle’s snide comments could permeate his sleepy bubble.

He let her make snide comments about him, Braiden, his mates, his pregnancy and his five new babies who weren’t even born yet. He just didn’t care, in many ways Amelle was just a foolish child and you didn’t get into a slanging match with a child, you ignored them and carried on, unless it was your own child, then some small punishment was in order, but Amelle wasn’t his child, she wasn’t even his mate, his friend or his sister. So he ignored her, she didn’t matter, though he did perk up a bit when Caesar let out a growl and marched her out of the room, her arm twisted high behind her back, he settled down once they were gone and the calm and the peace left behind soon had him falling asleep cuddled up to Max’s side, the warmth of two bodies pressing in on him, keeping the chill of the December snows away from him.

The next day Harry bundled Braiden up in his brand new snow suit, attached mittens to his little hands and a woollen bobble hat to his head, thick socks on his feet which were then tucked into the snow suit and he took him out into the snow.

He sat down and let Braiden pat at the snow, seeing how different it was to the grass and the carpet he was used to. It was so silent, the world muffled under a blanket of pure white, untouched snow as January came ever closer and Harry relaxed and enjoyed the time to himself as he let Braiden kick and squirm in the snow.

They didn’t stay outside for long, twenty minutes if that and there was a big mug of hot chocolate waiting for him and a warm bottle for Braiden and he took them both into the living room and sat cozy by the fire as he fed Braiden the warm milk and gulped his hot chocolate.

“Did you enjoy yourself outside?” Richard asked.
Harry nodded. “Just don’t tell the others when they get back or I’ll lose my head.”

Max had gone food shopping with his Mother as he enjoyed it so much, but Ashleigh had insisted that it was because he didn’t trust her with a shopping list instead. Nasta had been called in urgently as a Welsh Green bull went rampaging through the reserve in agony with a sliced up wing that he couldn’t fly with. Blaise had gone to visit Marianna and Harry had waved Draco off to his parents when Lucius had owled him saying that he would enjoy Draco’s company for an afternoon. Harry smiled every time he thought of how happy and excited Draco had been as he scrutinised every item of clothing as though it were his first date. Caesar had taken Eleonora to visit Alexander and Kimberly and likely his sisters as well and left Amelle knocked out on potions again. Harry was sure it wasn’t healthy for her, but he had to admit that things were more peaceful without her harping on in his ear.

Harry was left with Richard and Sanex as Myron and Aneirin had gone to visit a mutual business partner over some upcoming bill or something, he forgot, politics talk bored him to tears.

He yawned and lay down on the rug and left Braiden on his little belly, pushing himself up in a push-up position, he was getting stronger day by day.

“Ah hell.” Richard groused a half hour later as an owl floated through the window. He tore it open and read the curling parchment. “I have to leave you boys for an hour or two, problems with the damn Dursley case.”

“What problems?” Harry asked as he lifted his head up so fast that his neck cricked, his heart in his throat.

“Nothing for you to worry about, Harry, just something that I wasn’t expecting.” Richard looked grim and Harry’s heart missed a second beat.

“Are they going to get off?”

“What? No! Hell no. If anything this will damn them further. I’ll explain later but I need to be there as soon as possible, you’ll be alright looking after Harry won’t you, Nex? It won’t be for long. Myron and your Dad will be back soon, so will Max and Ashleigh and I won’t be any longer than two hours.”

“We’ll be fine! What harm can possibly happen in a few hours?” Sanex replied airily and Harry felt his stomach sink, those words did not bode well for them and he laid himself back on the rug and hoped his clenching gut wasn’t telling him that something would happen to Braiden.
It was only half an hour later that they found out exactly how bad things could get when Harry rolled himself to his knees and stretched lazily, thinking of scavenging for some more food.

The popping sound was so loud that it even made Sanex look up from where he was doing his paperwork.

“What was that?” He asked with a frown.

Harry quivered as he felt around his abdomen, feeling a looseness that wasn’t there previously. He was shaking and adrenaline was pouring into his bloodstream but he didn’t know why and then a smaller, quieter pop was followed by a ripping sensation that was so agonising that it threw his head back as he screamed.

“Shit, Harry. What is it? What do I do?”

“Call the Healer! Call my mates!” Harry hissed out through gritted teeth as Braiden cried beside him, frightened by Harry’s screaming. He tried to hold the next scream back and bit through his tongue, but it was no use and he screamed again.

His wings burst from his body and the change threw his balance and he face planted the carpet, leaving smears of blood from his mouth on the cream fabric.

His Dracken was fighting him, was fighting him viciously, urging him to take flight and get away from the danger. Sanex had his head in the floo, talking frantically to the person on the other end. Harry scooped Braiden up and urged his wings to work, but the pain was agonising and he could barely fly in a straight line. He was halfway up the stairs when he heard Sanex shouting for him. He made it to a bedroom, bouncing off the walls as he went, before Sanex caught up to him and Harry growled and hissed and tried to tear out the throat of the approaching threat, his baby Dracken tucked under his arm.

He tucked himself into the corner of the room and placed his baby Dracken on the floor behind his body, the pain almost crippling him, but he had to stand and fight the human off, he needed to keep his baby Dracken safe and secure the area before his five new babies could come into the world.

He growled threateningly and smelt weakness as the human backed away from him; he swiped and almost sunk his claws into him. The human stumbled back quickly and Harry advanced, clutching his stomach which was a burning, stabbing pain that almost made him blind, but he couldn’t become vulnerable with a threat in the same room as him.
Harry backed the human into a corner and hissed deeply, a rumble in his belly as his claws coated themselves in venom. He saw the human swallow and his eyes becoming wider, the whites showing more pronounced. He could smell the fear on him and it smelt like food and it had been so long since he had had fresh meat and warm blood.

“Please, Harry. It’s Sanex. Remember who I am? Sanex, Nasta’s brother. I just want to help you!”

Harry let out a continuous growl and snapped fangs at the human as a particularly vicious pain in his abdomen almost bent him double.

“Alright, alright, you win. I’m leaving.”

The human wasn’t leaving, Harry decided as he closed in, inching closer to the human backing him further into the corner, his hands up and out as if to fend him off.

A clattering downstairs had Harry’s head snapping to the open door. More threats could come in at any moment and he would be outnumbered and surrounded. Him and his baby Dracken and his five unborns.

Harry was momentarily startled as a flash of green sparks seared his eyes and he cried out as he flung his face away from the sparks. He heard the human rushing past him and Harry lashed out with claws, still shielding his eyes and managed to swipe clothing, which ripped, but he didn’t catch any skin.

Harry made sure the room he was in was clear before he shut, locked and bared the door, putting up heavy wards to keep away all intruders and threats. He heard hard, fast foot falls coming towards him and he backed away into the corner of the room with his baby Dracken. The door shook under the weight that hit it, but the wards held as the hammering on the door continued.

“Harry? It’s Myron. Open the door, you need immediate help!”

Harry hissed lowly and crawled onto the bed, bringing his baby Dracken with him. He bunched up the soft duvet and made a soft cradle to keep his precious baby Dracken safe and warm as he started stripping himself of the restricting clothing, the pain he felt making him retch as his vision blurred for a moment.

He hated it here; he wanted a proper nest with a vantage point so he could better protect himself and his babies, but there was no time as a child squirmed under his skin, fighting to be released.

He tried to prepare as much as he could, making himself comfortable on a bed that smelt safe and comforting, he had two big bottles of blood within reach and his baby Dracken was calming in his crude cradle.
The most vicious pain yet ripped through him and he screamed, mixing it with an unconscious distress call. He felt four comforting rumbles answer; they were all a long way away, his protection was not near him. He was alone.

“Harry! You need a Healer, you can’t birth this soon, the babies aren’t viable for another three weeks!”

Harry hissed as his knees and wrists trembled. Something wasn’t right; this didn’t seem to be the same as his last labour. It was different and he couldn’t place why.

He stroked his engorged belly with venom coated claws and as soon as he pressed in, his body gushed outwards with fluid. He quickly split his stomach open wide and a baby fell out as soon as the split was big enough, pushed out by siblings fighting for space. His sac had ripped on its own.

He ignored everything else as he put the baby more securely on the bed, before reaching inside, ripping the split in his sac wider and pulling out a second baby as soon as he found a neck to wrap his fingers around. The third baby was attached to the second, grasping on tightly to the second baby’s thumb and they came out one after the other easily. The fourth baby was hard to find as all he could feel was arms, legs and cords, no necks.

He shoved down on the top of his bump and a baby moved and he grasped a neck and pulled the baby out quickly. The final baby was easy to find and cupping the baby’s neck, Harry eased it out of himself before realising that he had nothing to clamp the cords with. Panicked and losing blood, he looked around desperately. He found two shoe laces, a camera cord and he shredded the sheets for little strips of material. He tied them all around the babies’ umbilical cords tightly, before severing them. He ripped out all the placenta in his sac with an inhuman screech of agony before reaching over and draining a bottle of blood. It was cold and it was thick and sluggish going down his throat, but it did its job. He swallowed the second bottle as an extra safety measure as there was still a thick opening where he had cut himself that was oozing blood, but with the second bottle, it closed fully, leaving a livid red scar.

Two of his babies were wailing incessantly, a third was squalling, red faced and blood coated. Two babies were not moving, they were not crying, they were not breathing.

Panicked Harry picked them up and cradled them. They were tiny. So, so tiny that he was afraid to touch them, but he forced himself to lay back with the babies on his chest, snatching his discarded shirt and rubbing them frantically with it, trying to stimulate breathing. One dribbled fluid from a tiny puckered mouth and started crying wetly, the other did nothing, did not respond.

His Dracken screamed in distress and he could feel his throat ripping at the ferocity of the cry, ignoring the background noise going on around him as he rubbed harder, limp limbs floppy and little extremities turning pale blue. He screamed again and again, willing his baby to live, he could feel the tears, could feel the adrenaline and distress his body was in. He was so tired, he ached and he was sore, but he shoved it out of his mind as he hefted the absolutely tiny baby higher up his chest, resting that floppy head on his shoulder and he jogged the baby, still rubbing vigorously. His hand caught something that made his heart freeze; he looked down at his baby’s back and saw all the blood, the veins and the mucus, it was raw. It looked like a part of his baby’s back had been turned inside out and he vomited over the side of the bed, tears streaming from his eyes as he screamed his distress and his wretched misery long and loud for all to hear.
Draco was happily enjoying his life at the moment. He was with his Father in his study at his ancestral home; they were sitting side by side on the soft, calf’s leather settee, sipping wine and talking.

His first indication that something was wrong was the tight feeling in his chest. He brushed it aside and took another swallow of wine. Then the pain increased and he flashed, for just a moment on the smell of chestnuts and knew that something was wrong with Harry.

He stood up and put his wineglass down.

“Is something the matter, Draco? I thought you were enjoying our get together.”

“I was. I am, but I think something’s wrong with Harry, I can smell him, I feel all tight and there is a sense of urgency to get to him. I’m sorry but I need to check on him.”

Lucius nodded understandingly and he followed his son to the receiving room and followed him through the floo.

Myron Maddison’s house was in chaos and turmoil as Aneirin Delericey comforted his shaking son Sanex, Richard and Ashleigh Maddison-Seppen were anxious and tense as they held one another and a man he did not know, in Healer’s lime green robes stood still and silent.

“What has happened?” Draco demanded just as a scream of agony came from upstairs and Draco was gone in the blink of an eye.

“Harry went into labour.”

“He’s only four months pregnant!” Lucius said shocked, his grey eyes found the smears of blood on the cream carpet almost automatically.

“It’s unlikely that all of the babies will survive at four months gestation.” Aneirin said softly. “The biggest and strongest will likely survive, but the others aren’t viable.”

The most agonising scream that Lucius had ever heard blasted through the house and Ashleigh
wince and trembled, her blue, blue eyes glistening with tears.

“What can we do?” Lucius asked.

“Nothing. Harry has warded the room he is in tighter than a Gringotts vault. Myron has been trying to get in for the past half hour and Nasta and Max are up there trying to do the same. They can’t get in and Harry is in no state of mind to hear, understand or even listen to them. He’ll be feral by now, he tried to kill Sanex because he tried to help and he almost succeeded, I dread to think what would have happened if Harry had even grazed Sanex with a claw. Humans are so much more susceptible to Dracken venom than other Drackens or other creatures are.”

Sanex shuddered in his Father’s hold, who shushed him and cuddled him tighter, even as Sanex squirmed and reminded his Father that he was almost a forty year old man.

Lucius headed up the stairs and was almost bowled over halfway up them by the Zabini boy as he darted past as quick as a viper.

He reached the top landing safely and he witnessed the pandemonium that was going on outside a bedroom door. The Zabini boy was being updated and it seemed he brought a new question to light. Did Potter…Harry have the baby, Braiden in the room with him?

The sounds were horrendous, the screaming was heart rendering, the scent of blood was so thick he could smell it with his human nose, he wondered what it was like for the Drackens beside him.

It took a further ten minutes of ramshackle chaos before they heard the loudest, most pain filled scream yet and Lucius winched in sympathy for the boy on the opposite side of the wall. Then the moment that had been waiting for, the wailing of a newborn baby and everyone on the top landing hushed. At least one baby was alive. A second baby joined its lungs to the first and then a third and Lucius actually wondered if the boy had beaten the odds and birthed a full set of five living babies at four months gestation. They waited with bated breath, all of them, for the fourth and fifth cry, but they never came. It took two breathless minutes before a fourth fainter cry started and the boys breathed in relief, before realising that a fifth cry couldn’t be heard.

Harry screamed and the sound was so mournful and distressed that Lucius just knew that one baby was dead. Harry did not stop screaming in distress and misery. Draco shook where he stood and Maximilius slung an arm over his shoulder, ducking his own head, his blue, blue eyes, just a shade darker than his Mother’s, welled with tears. They had lost a child. Blaise wormed his way into the middle of Draco and Max and Nasta came from the other side and they all held one another, but it was clear on their faces and the way they all stood facing the door, that the person they really wanted to comfort at this moment was Harry, who was locked and warded behind a door that they couldn’t get past. He knew it was a waiting game now, he had been reading a lot of Dracken books lately, since he had found out that his son was a Dracken last June and he knew that no one was permitted to enter the submissive Dracken’s nest until the submissive gave them permission. It was now a gruelling wait until the boy inside, who was likely cradling his stillborn child, to feel the urge to let them in.
Harry did not give up rubbing, jogging and nuzzling the baby in his arms, ignoring the other four crying as he focused all his attention on the baby in his arms. It was hard to ignore the crying of the newborns as his Dracken tried to turn his attention away from the dead baby to focus on the four living ones. He wouldn’t. He wouldn’t give up on his baby, his four others would be alright, he couldn’t feed them anyway, he nothing to give them.

A tiny, weak cough and liquid on his shoulder and then the baby in his arms was crying faintly, so faintly and Harry screamed out for his mates, cried for them to come to him and the pounding on the door became more insistent. But he didn’t want to let them in just yet. It was confusing, he wanted them, he wanted the comfort, he wanted to share in his joy and elation at getting his fifth baby to start breathing, to start living, but he didn’t want them near his children yet, he needed to clean them up and sort them out first.

Harry didn’t move as screaming words came from behind the door, useless noise that was frightening his babies. He didn’t think he could move as he tried to sooth all five wailing babies. He had no bottles, no milk, no provisions, not even a nappy or a bodysuit. He was so frightfully unprepared. He wasn’t supposed to give birth for another three months.

Breathing deeply and forcing away his fatigue. Harry gathered his baby Dracken to him, wrapped in the cupped, bowled duvet and he carried him on trembling legs to the corner of the room. He made the cradle bigger, using the double duvet and hoping the thick carpet padded his babies enough and kept them warm enough. He cleaned off each baby as much as he could and wrapped them in the thick, fleecy shirts he found in the wardrobe before tucking them in with his baby Dracken.

He curled around them, made sure they were all alright, before giving in to his exhaustion and settling down to take a short nap, the baby with the inside out back cradled in his arms so he could feel the soft, quiet breaths on his bare chest, reassuring him that the baby was still breathing, still living.

He’d have to leave his birthing area, because he was loath to call this farce a nest, sooner than he’d like because he was so unprepared and his babies would be wanting their first feed soon. He promised himself that he’d sleep for just an hour or two before he pulled down the wards and let his mates in and he fell asleep quickly and deeply despite the hammering on the door to his birth area.

Chapter End Notes

So there we have it!
The unofficial vote is ending in the next chapter, you can still vote until then if you want to play.
Nasta is winning with 123 votes
Max has 104
Blaise has 56
For some reason that I cannot fathom, Draco has 5 votes.

More girls in the clutch is winning with 36 votes
More boys in the clutch has 31 votes

Don’t forget to add me on Facebook under the name StarLight Mass.
Don’t forget to read the extras in The Rise of the Drackens: The Scaled Bits!

Thank you all for reading and reviewing!

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

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He’d have to leave his birthing area, because he was loath to call this farce a nest, sooner than he’d like because he was so unprepared and his babies would be wanting their first feed soon. He promised himself that he’d sleep for just an hour or two before he pulled down the wards and let his mates in and he fell asleep quickly and deeply despite the hammering on the door to his birth area.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Fifty-Four - Endurance

Harry woke up quivering and his arms were jerky when he tried to move them, his fingers curled loosely into his palms and he couldn’t seem to straighten them as he shook violently. He was so cold. He felt nauseous and dizzy.

He swallowed; his throat was so dry it felt like he was trying to swallow a bludger. He sat himself up and a spasm of pain ripped right through his abdomen. He choked back a scream as everything was quiet and he didn’t want to disturb any of his children.

His eyes snapped wide when he remembered that he had a critically injured baby and he searched the pile of sleeping, jumper wrapped babies for the smallest one, the baby that was half the size of the other babies that he had birthed, lying closest to him. He pulled the baby to his nose, to his mouth and he inhaled deeply, smiling lightly as he felt the light puffs of air against his neck.

The baby smelt bitter and earthy. It flashed an image in his mind of a familiar person he couldn’t name, of a soft mouth, pale skin and bright, curious eyes.

He checked on the other babies, only one out of the five he had birthed was a Dracken. The others all smelt bitter, like the smell of a heavy storm, but his curious child was different again, earthy and bitter together. They smelt like a place he barely remembered, a huge stone castle milling with children that all held that strange bitter smell of an electrical storm.

He stroked the baby’s thin, soft, pale hair as he checked on the baby’s back after drawing up the courage, there was a part on the baby's back that was just completely raw and there was no skin. Harry could see the veins clearly and it looked so painful and wrong and raw. It throbbed as well, like it had its own heartbeat or the flesh that actually was there was so thin that he could clearly see
the baby’s heartbeat through it. It was a sick and horrifying sight that made tears burn in his eyes. His youngest child.

He gave a tentative lick to the raw patch on his child’s back and a little face screwed up and started crying so faintly that Harry was shocked, he was used to a healthy cry, not this weak, soft, almost whimper of a cry that he could only just hear with the baby right next to his ear. It was obviously painful for his little baby. He needed to get help. He needed help for his youngest baby.

He ripped the wards around the room down and called out hesitantly, he wasn’t quite ready for anyone else to come in here, but he needed the help and he had enough of himself currently that he could recognise the need and understand it. Several rumbles answered and he got flashes of images of faces and hints of names. He knew four were more important than the other Drackens. He cooed softly in invitation and the door eased open.

The bed was a red ruin, coated, almost painted, in dried blood, there was so much it was still wet in odd places and the placenta he had ripped out were still on the bedspread, the umbilical cords lying about like sleeping snakes. It was to the bed that they first looked and then Harry witnessed their panic as they couldn’t see him. He cooed softly, to bring their attention to the dark, cosy corner he was secluded in as more of his mind came back to him with the urgency of the situation.

They approached him slowly, cautiously and he recognised them, his mates. Nasta, Max, Draco and Blaise. They eased down around him, but he growled when Max went for a baby, swiping at his hand lazily, not trying to catch him, but warning him not to touch.

“How are you feeling, Harry?” Nasta asked as he feasted on the babies with his eyes, Harry holding his youngest in his arms still. He couldn’t put the baby down.

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“Sore, tired, angry, upset, a bit confused as well.” He answered thickly through a screamed raw throat.

“We need to get you to St Mungo’s, love. You and the babies. Can we move you?” Max asked carefully.

Harry lowered his head to his babies and inhaled from each of them deeply, ingraining their scent deeply into his memory. He nodded only after he had finished and was absolutely sure that he had all of their scents ingrained into him.

“First tell us, who is who.” Draco tried to inject some lightness into the situation and it worked because Harry smiled.

“That one is the Firstborn. Max’s baby.”
Max grinned so widely as Harry allowed him to remove the little baby from the little nest, wrapped up in a jumper.

“The second and third babies came out together, the third baby holding the second baby’s thumb.”

Blaise made a soft cooing noise to them, letting them hear his voice.

“They’re both Nasta’s.”

The pride in Nasta’s dark eyes swelled Harry’s heart.

“The fourth baby born is Max’s. The baby…he wouldn’t breathe when I cut the cord. I had to fight to get him to breathe.” Harry sobbed.

Max scooped this baby up too and nuzzled the soft spot on the front of his head.

“Harry, one baby didn’t…we never heard a fifth cry.” Draco bumbled out, his voice thick with tension.

Harry looked down to the baby he was cradling, who was laying so still and so quiet in his arms.

“Is…is that the baby?” Blaise asked, licking his lips nervously as he cradled Braiden tightly.

“Nasta’s baby.” Harry said softly.

Nasta closed his eyes and breathed out a choppy, shuddering breath.

“Boy or girl?” He forced himself to ask painfully.

“Baby boy. I got him to breathe. He cries so faintly.”
They all looked to him, then to the baby and back to him, though all at different times. Draco’s eyes never left the baby.

“He…he’s alive?” Nasta croaked.

“For now, but we need to get to a hospital. There’s something wrong with him, half the skin on his back is missing and it’s really painful for him. I can see his veins and it’s covered with blood and mucus, he needs a Healer.”

Nasta scooped him up immediately and Draco picked up Nasta’s two other babies, holding them close in their jumper beds.

Harry held the baby in his arms tighter and when they reached the living room, they met Healer Almus, who went to take the baby from his arms. Harry snarled and he backed away.

Ashleigh had been busy making up five bottles and Harry grumbled as two babies were handed to people who weren’t his mates, but they smelt familial, so he allowed it as the humans fed his first and second born. Though he kept an eye on the Drackens around as the two girls, Talia and Alayla if his memory was right, fed his newborn babies.

“Harry, please give me the baby, it’ll only hurt you worse the longer you hold on.” The Healer coaxed.

“We need another bottle.” Nasta spoke, his voice light with relief. “Harry got the fifth baby breathing, but it was so faint we couldn’t hear it through the door, all five of them survived.”

Ashleigh let out a half sob as she rushed to get another bottle.

“You got all five of them breathing?” Myron whispered as if he couldn’t bear to speak louder and have his dream shattered.

Harry nodded. “The last two born, the fourth and fifth, both boys. They weren’t breathing when I cut the cords. I don’t know why, but something told me to rub them, so I got my shirt and started rubbing their chests. The fourth baby started breathing after fluid came out of his throat; the fifth took more vigorous rubbing and jogging to get him to take that first breath. My Dracken kept telling me that he was dead, that we should leave him and focus on the others, but there was nothing I could do for the others, so I kept with the fifth and he started breathing.”
“The baby boys are always more fragile than the baby girls. It’s such a stereotype that girls are weaker, but it’s the baby boys that are more likely to die in their first year, not the girls.” Ashleigh said as she handed him a bottle, which had been cooled to the perfect temperature.

Harry realised quickly that the bottle teat was too big and he wailed in distress.

“The teat is too big; it won’t go in his mouth.”

“Let’s get you to the hospital.” Healer Almus suggested. “You need to get these babies checked out, they were born early, even for a Dracken and we want to make sure that they are all alright and that you are alright.”

Harry nodded and he controlled the panic, with the help of Nasta, as he went through the floo and lost sight of four of his new babies.

Instead of landing in the reception area of the hospital, they were in an office and Healer Almus called an orderly, she came strolling in, in her pale yellow robes before stopping dead. She just stared at him as if feasting on his body and it was only then that Harry realised that he was naked, holding a jumper wrapped newborn in the arms of a gorgeous man. He went pink.

“I forgot to get dressed!” He whispered horrified to his mates.

They looked to him, naked in Nasta’s arms, realising themselves that Harry wasn’t wearing anything and Nasta moved his arms to cover him up more securely, his large arms acting as shields against curious gazes.

“I would be asking you to get undressed anyway, Harry.” Healer Almus told him professionally. “I want to do a full examination.”

They were led down a corridor, orderlies and patients’ alike stopping to stare at them and Harry closed his eyes against Nasta’s shoulder so he couldn’t see their gawping faces. The Healer opened a door to a large room. In fact Harry was sure that this was supposed to be a full ward with five beds, not just the one bed.

“I had this ward cleared out and decked just for your impending birth.” Healer Almus stated. “One of the waiting rooms downstairs has been turned into a ward temporarily. We only have two rooms
suitable for pregnant males and the equipment for the inevitable high multiple children, for the first time in history, both rooms are being used, which leaves you with no room, so I had this one prepared especially for you, sometimes being a Senior Healer and the Head of the Natal Ward has its uses.”

Harry was settled in the bed, which was almost double size and his legs and privates were covered possessively by Nasta as the orderly fluttered about, staring unashamedly at him.

“Holly, if you could please go and fetch Healer Cole and two additional on duty orderlies?” Healer Almus requested as he started checking Harry over.

“Babies first!” Harry demanded, cringing away as much as he could.

Healer Almus raised an eyebrow. “Who is the Healer here? I will check you first because of the trauma and shock of such a sudden birth could still kill you.”

Harry pouted and growled all through the inspection, of having his vitals checked, his blood pressure checked and various spells cast as another Healer in a lime green overcoat came in and started assisting Healer Almus and two new orderlies in their pale yellow overcoats came in wheeling little glass bassinets.

Harry glared at them as they took his children, checked their cords, replaced his makeshift clamps with real cord clamps, checked their eyes, ears, throats, hands, feet, grip, reflexes and then weighed them.

“Healer, the biggest baby is two pounds and ten ounces.” One of the more demure orderlies informed Healer Almus.

“The Firstborn is two pounds and ten ounces, the second born is two pounds three ounces, the third born is two pounds one ounce, the fourth born is two pounds exactly and the fifth is one pound and two ounces.” Harry snarled.

The orderlies blinked at him and checked the weight charts.

“How did you know?” One asked. “We haven’t even weighed the smallest baby yet.”
“You will not touch him.” Harry said decisively.

“The youngest needs help.” Nasta told the two Healers.

Harry nodded and sat up with help from Max. He undid the jumper that was wrapped around his smallest and youngest and pulled him up; showing the hideous, raw section of his back and his mates recoiled in shock, the three orderlies gasped and Healer Almus took a step back, the other Healer, Healer Cole, who had to have been in his early eighties at least, stepped forward and inspected the baby’s back closely.

“I’ve seen this several times before.” He said and he smiled at Harry. “You have nothing to worry about, Mister Potter, am I right in thinking that one of your lovers has Faerie blood?”

“Yes.” Nasta answered defensively.

“How early were these babies? Two months or more?”

“Three months.” Harry said softly.

The Healer nodded with a smile. “This is absolutely nothing to worry about.”

“Nothing to worry about? Are you looking at his back?!” Draco demanded, his eyes wide as he saw the baby’s back for the first time.

“That is not his back.” The Healer told them. “Those are his wings attached to his back. If a Faerie is born before five months gestation their wings will not be properly formed and the wings will be uncovered and unprotected, you need to be extremely cautious with them as they are very easily damaged and painful whilst uncovered.”

“They don’t look like wings.” Harry said tearfully as he checked.

“They are spread out and plastered to his back, he doesn’t have the mobility to move them yet, so they look like a part of his back and they will continue to look like part of his back until he’s about a year old. They are so thin at the moment, but the cartilage spines that make up the structure of his
wings will start to thicken and the skin covering them will toughen up over time.”

“Is he in much pain?” Harry asked.

“No more than a bit of discomfort, I assure you, all of the nerve endings are covered and protected. They will feel much like a fresh graze until the skin protecting the wings forms, which is why they are leaking some plasma, you may see some blood spots, but they won’t bleed properly.”

“When will the skin form?” Nasta asked, a large hand cupping the baby’s head, under Harry’s hand.

“It will take a week or two.” Healer Cole told them and Harry sniffled, the adrenaline in his blood seeping away now that he knew his youngest son wasn’t hurt in any way.

“Do any of them have any risks of dying?” Max asked. “This one wasn’t breathing right away either.”

Healer Almus checked the baby over before shaking his head.

“He likely had a bit of fluid in his throat and lungs.”

“He coughed up fluid and started crying wetly after I got him breathing by rubbing him.”

“It’s a very good thing that you started rubbing them both when you did, Harry.” Healer Almus told him.

Harry nodded and groaned as he tried to shift himself and a sear of pain went through his abdomen. He was surrounded by worried mates and he shoved them all aside as the Healer played about with his stomach.

“You have torn your stomach muscles, you cut too far across.”

“I didn’t cut too far across, I barely cut at all, the first baby forced his way out and I tore a bit, I
just cleaned up the cut a bit before grabbing the second baby.”

“Nonetheless you have damaged the stomach muscles; you won’t be getting up for a while.”

“Watch me.” Harry answered.

“If the Healer says you stay in bed, you stay in bed.” Nasta told him, his tone and his gaze brooking no argument.

“I recommend that he stays in bed for a few days to a week.” Healer Almus told them.

Harry groaned.

“Ma ma!” Braiden cooed from Blaise’s arms.

Harry smiled and Blaise handed the four month old over and Harry cuddled him in the opposite arm to his little Faerie child.

“Have you thought of names?” One orderly asked breathily, like she couldn’t quite keep her mouth shut.

“No.” Harry replied immediately, not even looking at her.

“Well I think you and the children are alright to stay overnight, Mister Potter, you have some severe blood loss, so a blood replenisher is in order and a pain killer will be administered to you.” Healer Cole said, his narrowed eyes on the orderly who had spoken, he did not look impressed. “As long as you can stay on bed rest when you go home tomorrow that is or you’ll be here all week, but in the future if any of these five look like they are having any problems, even something small, call us immediately. This is my home floo address, don’t lose it and do not hesitate to call.”

Harry was handed a small white card and he smiled gratefully. He watched as his children were bedded down around him, all with clean nappies on and wrapped in cellular blankets well within reach if he stayed sat in the bed, he did not let go of his Faerie child or Braiden throughout the night, sleeping dead straight on his back, he couldn’t turn over even if he had wanted to, as the
hours passed, his abdomen became a white hot agony and he needed help just to move an inch, let alone be able to turn over.

It wasn’t usually allowed, but all of his mates remained with him, they couldn’t have gotten them out of the room even if they had cared to try. Nasta did not sleep that night; he remained awake, alert and vigilant, facing the door as he sat in front of Harry’s bed and the babies in the incubators. He could not, would not relax his guard in such an unfamiliar place and Harry was grateful, he knew he wouldn’t have been able to relax his guard and fall asleep if all of his mates had been sleeping and at the moment he really needed the rest.

The next day was horrendous as Harry relieved Nasta of his guard and allowed his exhausted mate to sleep for an hour or two.

An orderly in pale yellow robes brought him six bottles every two hours, even though he had tried to tell her that Braiden only took a feed every four hours. One baby, the oldest one, was very, very gutsy with the milk and did not like that it run out so quickly. Harry gave the baby a half ounce more milk from the spare bottle and the baby seemed happier for it.

The hardest to feed was his little Faerie baby, who had to have a special bottle, one that was small enough to fit his tiny mouth. He was on such a small amount of milk that Harry worried for him, especially as half of the time the baby didn’t even finish the bottle. But he was assured that when the others would move onto four hourly feeds, his baby would remain on two hourly feeds, Healer Almus had told him that as long as he ate little and often, he would be fine.

The orderly who was looking after him and his babies quietly slipped into the room and Nasta grumbled in his sleep, which was echoed by the three others. She smiled thinly as she handed him a breakfast tray, there were five plates, all full of food and the six customary bottles. She left quickly and Harry wondered why when usually she cooed over the babies, never touching them of course, but she did look in on them as she watched to see if Harry fed them properly, as if he was some cack-handed child who didn’t know how to feed and change a baby.

Harry fed his gutsy baby first, then it was an almost automated process of feeding and burping each baby, Harry had gotten quite good at picking up a sleeping baby, waking them up gently before shoving the bottle teat into their mouths before they could cry. It didn’t always work as one baby would usually wake up as Harry was feeding another baby and wake up one or all of his mates. But he was in luck with this feed and as he fed his sleepy Braiden and burped him, he checked all of their nappies before he started on his breakfast. He was just finishing off his plate and his glass of pumpkin juice when he spied a newspaper under one of the plates.

Everything was quiet, his mates were all still asleep, the babies were all asleep except for Braiden, who was quiet and sucking on his own hand, cooing and babbling at it every so often, making Harry’s heart melt.

He decided he could probably get away with reading just the headlines before a baby wetted a nappy or a mate woke up.

It only took the headlines for him to screech in absolute rage. A picture of himself, naked in Nasta’s arms, his eyes closed and head against Nasta’s shoulder, a tiny baby in his arms with the
Nasta was by his side in an instant and it didn’t take long before he realised the reason for his screech and he snatched the paper from Harry and looked at it himself and started reading it out loud.

“It was reported last night that Saviour, Harry Potter, seventeen, was rushed to hospital after the pressure of a five foetus pregnancy was too much for his slight frame to handle. The five babies, of unknown gender, unknown paternity and unknown condition, were born five months early, at only four months gestation. It is unknown if any survived such an early birth.” Nasta read aloud, his voice getting quieter and quieter, getting so angry he was almost hissing. “Harry, pictured with his strange collection of lovers which include schoolmates Draco Malfoy, seventeen and Blaise Zabini, eighteen, and sons of the illustrious businessmen, Myron Maddison and Aneirin Delericye, Maximilius, thirty-two and Nasta, thirty-seven, also pictured, were on the scene as lover Harry was seen to by two senior Healers and at least three orderlies at Saint Mungos hospital late yesterday evening as it became almost common knowledge that one of the babies, who weighed just one pound, was born with a birth defect which left the miniscule eleven inch baby with no skin. It is thought that the baby will not survive, if the poor thing was even alive to begin with.”

“Who gave this to you?” Nasta demanded as he threw the paper to Draco in disgust.

“It was under the plate the orderly brought me.” Harry said sobbing, clutching his little Faerie baby, assuring himself that he was still alive.

“Those little fuckers are going to pay!” Draco snarled as the paper balled up under the onslaught of his hands. Max tugged it out carelessly and wrapped an arm around Draco’s neck, hand dangling down to his belly.

“Who was in the corridor yesterday? How many people? One of them had to have taken that photo! I’m naked!” Harry cried out.

Nasta snarled and slipped a hand under the blankets to pet his private parts possessively.

“They will not get away with it!” He growled. He was feral or as close to it that it didn’t matter.

“Nas, calm down with the babies here.” Harry said, lowering his tone of voice. “I’m angry too, but not with the babies here.”
Nasta let out a shuddering breath and sat down heavily on the bed, touching the pale hair on the head of the Faerie baby.

Healer Almus came through the door and he looked angry too. He shook his head brusquely.

“I have no idea how that photo was taken.” He told them, getting to the point. “No cameras are allowed this far into the hospital; it interferes with the magic running the equipment.”

“It’s not your fault.” Harry assured the Healer.

“One of my own orderlies let slip about the youngest baby, she was instantly dismissed. We take patient confidentiality very seriously here and though the charms on her contract forbade her from saying the true nature of the baby, she could hint enough that they got that the baby had missing skin.”

“Can we go home now?” Harry asked softly. “All of us survived the night, the babies are eating well, even Faerie baby.”

Healer Almus nodded. “Yes, I just want to do a final check.”

“Go ahead.” Harry said as he shifted around on the bed, watching as all of his babies were checked over and examined.

“This one is going very well.” The Healer said as he checked one baby.

“The firstborn.” Harry smiled. “I had to give him a half ounce more milk than the others because he was still looking for more when he had finished.”

“That’s a very good sign for him. Right, all of them are fine, but please don’t hesitate to call us if anything is worrying you, I’ll be coming to see you all tomorrow, just as a precautionary check, we’ll also want to see them again in a week, to keep up with their progress, but I see no reason to keep you all here, they’re all very strong, even Faerie baby.”

Harry grinned as the Healer took up his nickname for the fifth baby with a wry humour. He was
scooped up once again and he held tightly onto Braiden and Faerie baby as Nasta carried them home.

There were even more people in the corridor today as it was common knowledge in the hospital that they were going home this morning as they were only being kept overnight. Healer Almus and Healer Cole had tried to clear them out, but they were still loitering and finding something to keep them busy, but not so busy that they couldn’t gawk. The babies were all covered over from head to foot as Harry had insisted, using the cellular blankets that the hospital had provided them, two in blinding white and three in crisp lemon, Braiden was happy wrapped up in pale blue, just one little sock covered foot peeking out.

They went to the Healer’s office and flooed back home, Harry growling steadily under his breath.

They were met in Myron’s living room by the entire family, including Remus and Tonks and the Weasleys. It was lucky the room was so big.

“I saw the article.” Myron greeted them.

“Myron! Not as soon as they come into the house!” Ashleigh chastised as she practically devoured the babies with her eyes.

Harry closed his eyes as a vicious urge to claw out her eyes almost turned him feral. He didn’t want her to look at or touch his babies. He wanted to claw her eyes out so that she would stop looking at his babies like that. He swallowed and instead smiled happily.

“It’s alright, Mum. We saw it too. A very helpful orderly just happened to give Harry that particular newspaper this morning with his breakfast.” Max sighed.

“I will rip that reporter to pieces!” Alexander threatened.

“I’ll help, Granddad!” Julinda offered with a grin that was more in place on a well fed lion.

Alexander hugged her tightly and kissed her forehead, his eyes gleaming with an easy pride that was directed at every one of his children and every grandchild.

Remus came and hugged him gently, Harry heard him subtly sniffing his hair and he grinned into Remus’s shirt that just smelt of Remus, reminding Harry of his third year. He wondered what his mates would do if they found out that he had chased after a ‘mass-murderer’ had encountered a werewolf not under the effects of the Wolfsbane potion and took on a hundred Dementors all in one night. He grinned wider and thought that maybe he’d keep that information to himself, he had no desire to be spanked and now that he wasn’t pregnant anymore, he had no excuse to hide from
“How are you feeling?” Remus asked him.

“A bit tired. I’m just angry at that damn article. How dare they say that none of my children could survive!”

“They don’t know that they are Drackens, a good thing too.” Myron answered. “Most wizard born children would not be able to survive at four months, where a Dracken born child has a higher chance of survival.”

“Harry, I know this is a bit…a bit forward and bold, but may I hold a baby?” Ashleigh asked, looking at the newborns, whose faces had been uncovered after the walk through the hospital and the trip through the floo.

“I have a present for you!” Harry declared with a smile, forcing himself to relax as he looked around at the five newborns, looking over them critically, sniffing them subtly before he plucked the one from Max’s arms, wrapped in a lemon blanket, and shoved the baby at her.

“Is this one Max’s baby?” Ashleigh asked as she cradled the tiny newborn.

“No, Nasta’s, but she is the only girl out of this bunch.”

“I have a second granddaughter? Oh!” Ashleigh cuddled the baby tighter. “Oh she’s beautiful and so tiny and perfect, isn’t she, Myron?” Ashleigh shoved the baby under his nose and he smirked amusedly.

“She’s perfect.” He agreed.

“Are you looking at her, Richard?!” Ashleigh snapped at her other dominant.

“I can see her, love, she’s beautiful.” Richard replied with a grin.
“Did our Maxie give you any children this time around?” Alexander asked. “I did tell him to get in there quick; I’ll be disappointed if he didn’t. I’ll tell you if I was a hundred years younger, I’d be right in there!”

Harry laughed so hard that he choked and needed Max’s huge hand to rub the breath back into him.

“Max gave me two sons.” Harry answered happily. “Nasta gave me two sons and a daughter.”

“Now you just need a little blonde to complete your set.” Alexander cackled giving Draco a wink, who went pink cheeked.

“May I see my grandsons?” Myron asked.

It was with a shock that Harry realised that Max’s two sons were Myron’s only blood grandchildren and he had only had Caesar’s daughter, Eleonora, as a grandchild before, who wasn’t his by blood and Amelle wouldn’t let anyone near her.

Harry took a baby from Draco and handed him to Myron, who studied the little face, brushing it gently with a thumb.

“Thank you, Harry.” He whispered.

“That’s my fourth born, the one who wasn’t breathing at birth. The Healers said he just had a bit of fluid in his throat and that he’ll be fine. Max’s other son, my firstborn, is the gutsiest little thing I’ve ever met. He sucks that milk so strongly I fear he’ll pull the teat right off the bottle.”

“Just like Max.” Ashleigh giggled. “I was disappointed when he was a newborn and he wouldn’t latch onto me, but now, looking back, I probably wouldn’t have had a breast left.”

Harry laughed as Max stammered and blushed, but he couldn’t get the smile off of his face, no matter how embarrassed he was.

Nasta scooped him up one handed and settled him on the settee; Harry frowned at him but made himself comfortable.

“Harry needs to stay on bed rest for a week. Healers orders.” He explained to everyone.
“My belly hurts as well.” He admitted.

Blaise sat beside him and rubbed gentle, experienced fingers into the scar tissue and Harry relaxed back with a sigh.

“I’ll get some of the scar reducing salve for you.” Max nodded. “It’ll help to make it feel less tight as well.”

“May I hold my grandson?” Aneirin asked and Harry waved at him with his permission.

“I don’t mind all of you holding and touching them, but feeding, bathing and nappy changing are mine.”

“I won’t argue that.” Richard said with a grin as he fawned over the little girl in Ashleigh’s arms, then cooed over the baby boy in Myron’s.

“Which two boys are Nasta’s?” Sanex asked, Harry couldn’t help but notice that Aneirin was purposefully standing between him and Sanex and he wondered why. Something niggled at his brain, but he shoved it away, he was too tired to deal with it right now.

“Max has one and I’ve got the other. The third born and the fifth.”

“Which one can I hold?”

“The one Max has, no one is allowed near my littlest.”

“He’s…” Nasta started but Harry cut him off with a deep hiss, glaring at him viciously and Nasta held both hands up and smiled at him.

“He’s what?” Aneirin asked a hint of caution in his voice.
“My firstborn, Max’s son, was two pounds, ten ounces and sixteen inches.”

“Oh that’s so small!” Marianna fretted as she cuddled with Braiden.

“The second born was Nasta’s daughter, two pounds, three ounces and fourteen inches.”

“They’re going to get lighter and smaller.” Myron said in a sudden moment of clarity.

“My third born was her brother, he was two pounds, one ounce and thirteen inches. The fourth born was Max’s second son, he was two pounds exactly and fourteen inches.”

“Only two pounds?” Ashleigh whimpered. “That’s too small.”

Harry bit his lip. “My last born, Nasta’s second son was one pound, two ounces and eleven inches.”

“Should he be out of the hospital?” Aneirin demanded.

Harry nodded. “He’s fine. The Healer said that as long as he eats little and often, he’ll be alright, but…”

Harry licked his lips and wondered how everyone was going to react to his Faerie baby. He unwrapped the cellular blanket and, making sure that he had hold of his son’s nappy clad bum, he let it fall away.

There were gasps, curses, Marianna let out a choked, sobbing sound, Mrs Weasley drew in a startled gasp and Narcissa almost fainted, clutching at Lucius with a steel grip as she teetered backwards.

The wings on his Faerie baby’s back were red and raw looking today, a sign that the skin that would cover his son’s wings was growing in, but it was irritating, hence the redness and small droplets of sticky plasma oozing out.

“The papers were partly right.” Harry admitted. “The fifth baby is missing skin, which is currently growing in, but there is nothing wrong with him. The Healer said that this is perfectly normal for babies like him, who were born before five months, to be missing skin where he is.”
“Why?” Lucius asked. “Why is this normal?”

“He took Nasta’s Faerie blood. He’s a Faerie and Faeries born before five months haven’t had the
time to develop completely. He’s missing the skin on his wings, but I’ve been assured that he’s
completely fine and after his rough start, he’s doing well. His wings feel like a fresh graze, it’s not
truly painful, just discomforting and a bit irritating, but the skin should grow in in a week or two.”

“Poor baby.” Alayla cooed, tears in her eyes.

“There hasn’t been a Faerie in the Delericey bloodlines in over a hundred and fifty years, all the
Faeries claimed that our blood had been tainted by the introduction of the Dracken blood. They
said that it diluted the Faerie blood too much and they don’t recognise us anymore.” Aneirin stated.
“They stopped recognising us when my Great-Grandfather, Nesta, who Nasta is named after, failed
to produce a Faerie child.”

“Will they take him from me?” Harry asked, winding his arms gently around his son.

“Of course not and if they tried I’d kill them.” Aneirin said easily. “But this is going to be so sweet,
those stuck up Faeries have been denying us for a hundred years and now that a Faerie child has
come through our blood they’ll have to swallow their pride and accept the Delericeys’ back into
the fold.”

Harry chuckled at how excited Aneirin was as he nuzzled his Faerie baby. He had to think of
names as well, but he couldn’t get his brain to think, he really only wanted to go to sleep, but it was
only mid-morning and it was too soon. Though he would have a nap in the afternoon, hell come to
anyone who tried to stop him.

Harry woke up and for a minute he wondered why he had, then the faint, rapid puffs of air on his
neck and the tiny whimpering cries came to his ears. Faerie baby was crying.

He sat up with the baby in his arms and checked him over, he needed a nappy change. It had been
only one day since he had birthed his quintuplets and already the owls were rushing in, some
carrying presents, others well wishes and cards, but some were not so nice and they upset him, so
Myron had shooed him off as he sorted through the junk with the help from Caesar, Aneirin,
Marianna, Max, Nasta, Narcissa and Lucius. Harry stayed cuddled up in his warm bed, his six
children around him and the warm weight of Blaise cuddled behind him, who was sat in the bed finishing his Christmas homework as Harry slept beside him, Faerie baby in his arms.

“Is that his crying?” Blaise asked shocked. “We’ll never hear him when we’re all asleep! I can’t hear him when I’m awake!”

“He won’t leave my arms.” Harry assured him. “I can feel the change in his breathing and hear it faintly and I instantly wake up. I think my Dracken is more in tune to the babies’ needs.”

Blaise kissed him as Harry cleaned the soiled nappy, handing the dirty one to Blaise, who scrunched up his nose, but otherwise made no complaint as he disposed of it as Harry clad Faerie baby back into a nappy and wrapped him up in the blanket. He had tried to put him in one of Braiden’s old sleepsuits, the tiny little suits he had thought so tiny and so adorable drowned his four bigger children and became a hazard for Faerie baby as he was almost lost in the folds of fabric. Draco had gone out with Talia and Alayla to get some much needed clothing and emergency bassinets for the five.

“I’ve been thinking.” Harry told Blaise softly.

“About what, Prezioso?” Blaise asked, putting his quill down.

“The babies, what else. I’ve been thinking about names. Running a few through my head, because we can’t keep calling them babies one to four and Faerie baby.”

“You’re going to tell me first? Before the others?”

“I love you, Blaise. I don’t just say those words; I mean them with every ounce of my mind and body. You were my first for a lot of things, my first boyfriend, my first mate, my first lover, the Father of my first ever child. I love you for everything you’ve done for me and for the way you support and love me back, I don’t love any of the others any more or any less than I love you.”

Blaise smiled and they kissed heatedly, before breaking apart.

“You have no need to be jealous of the others or to feel insecure, I will always accept your love and affections and I’ll never turn you away, whether you want a hug, a kiss or something a bit more.”
Harry winked and Blaise chuckled.

“Now, back to baby names. I like Farren.”

“For the little girl?”

“No, for the first born. Max’s son, the little monster that ripped my stomach muscles as he forced himself out of me and is keeping me on bed rest.”

Blaise chuckled and got the first born baby out, who had been given a solid silver bracelet from a box that Aneirin had given them. Apparently they were common among male birthed babies to tell which baby was born in which order, not that Harry needed them because he could inhale and tell everyone exactly which baby was where, but Aneirin had told him that it had become tradition to use claiming bracelets and it would seem strange not to use them with such a large clutch.

“He looks like a little Farren. How did you come up with the name?”

Harry looked a bit sheepish, before reaching over to the bedside cabinet and pulling out an absolutely huge book and thunked it on the bed.

“A complete guide to naming your child.” Blaise read the title. “With examples of famous names and name origins and meanings.”

“Hermione gave it to me when I was pregnant with Braiden, I forgot all about it until this morning.”

“You read up to F in a few hours?”

Harry blushed. “I skipped over some letters completely and over even more names. I’ve found a few I like, but none seem to fit these little ones, but Farren does. Farren Deon Maddison.”

Blaise smiled. “I think Max will be very happy with Farren. I am. What does his name mean?”
Harry grinned. “Farren means Thunder. The way he cries it’s a wonder we’ve still got windows left. It was also the name of a King a hundred odd years ago; it was spelt differently, F A R O N instead of F A R R E N but it’s pronounced the same, to keep with Max’s family tradition of naming their children after warriors and rulers.”

“I think he’ll love it. Have you thought of the others?”

Harry shrugged. “It’s so difficult to name so many babies. I wasn’t prepared at all. I like Lyra, but it doesn’t fit my baby girl, she’s not a Lyra. I also like Mathias, but again it doesn’t fit them. I tried to name Faerie baby Ashden, but I couldn’t keep it up, my mind kept calling him Faerie baby, so that name’s out. I tried Phoebe, but that didn’t stick either.”

“Keep trying, love. I know you’ll name them all perfectly and I know you’ll say no, but if you want the help, none of us will mind.”

Harry smiled as he shifted Faerie baby into his one arm and flipped the book open to R after skipping the Qs and began the tortuous task of reading every name and weighing them, checking their means and making sure that it wasn’t the name of some mass murderer somewhere.

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Harry was allowed to be carried downstairs the next day for breakfast, his book, which was at least five and half inches thick, tucked under his arm, Faerie baby in the other.

Harry had been asleep when all of his dominant mates came to bed, so his children had only been dressed in their new sleepsuits when Harry had woken up. Draco had some wicked taste in fashion and Harry chuckled every time he saw the gorgeous outfits that had been bought, not just for the five, but for Braiden as well, who was growing rapidly.

“I see you are searching for names.” Myron told him as he accepted the biggest baby, the first born, Max’s first son, who was now named Farren.

Harry grinned a secretive grin.

“You’ve named some of them.” Marianna accused him.
“Oh you must share, Harry!” Ashleigh begged.

Harry smiled a bit bashfully, worried that they might not like the name. He looked to Max, who gave him an encouraging smile.

“I’ll love any name you’ve picked out.” He assured.

“I won’t.” Draco sniffed. “Imagine having a child named something ridiculous or insipid like Betty or Simon.”

Harry giggled, not at all offended. “I’ve named two of them. My firstborn and my third born.”

They all looked to the babies that had been named. One Max’s heir and the other Nasta’s heir.

“Well don’t keep us in suspense little one.” Alexander chided.

“Farren Deon Maddison and Regan Aneirin Delericye.” Harry announced with a grin.

Max pouted.

“You don’t like it?” Harry asked, feeling short of breath and a bit panicky, not sure what he’d do if his mates didn’t like the name, especially the baby’s own Father. Nasta pressed a hand to his back and urged him to breathe, giving Max a glare.

“But…but…Braiden got named after Blaise! Braiden Blaise Enzo Zabini. Why can’t he be Farren Maximilius Deon Maddison?”

“Because that sounds awful.” Draco supplied after a sip of tea.

Max huffed, but took the baby from his Father gently and kissed him.
“Welcome to the family, Farren! Now we just need to name your brother, even though he’ll be a Potter-Maddison, he’ll still be your baby brother, and even though your other brothers and your sister have different last names and different Fathers, you all share an amazing Mother and you will protect them all as the elder sibling.”

“Braiden’s the oldest.” Harry reminded him.

“Details!” Max grinned. “My boy will be twice the size of Braiden, a day old and eating heartily.”

“If he keeps eating like that he’ll be twice as wide as Braiden maybe.” Blaise quipped.

Harry chuckled and told them both to knock it off and that it didn’t matter who was bigger or older, his children would be taught to look after one another, regardless of age, gender or size.

“Have you got any more names for us?” Ashleigh asked as she cooed over the fourth born.

Harry shook his head. “I’m still reading the book. I’ll find the perfect names though.”

“Hurry up then, sweet one, I can’t wait until you’ve named them.” Alexander teased him. “Also Shae wants to see you.”

It took a moment for Harry to remember who Shae was; so much had happened yesterday that his mind was drawing blanks left and right. She was one of Alexander’s Grandchildren. Myron’s sister’s daughter who had twelve children and had become pregnant on the same day as he did. They had become fast friends.

“How is she?” He asked.

“Worried for you and your little ones. Though after that newspaper article everyone is worried for you and the babes. When she found out that she was pregnant with twins, she rejoiced, then it was found out you had quintuplets and she was frightened for you, dear one. She wants to make sure you’re alright.”
“That’s alright, she can come and see me, I don’t mind. We’ve been talking through owls since we met.”

“Ba!” Braiden supplied from Narcissa’s arms.

“That’s right Braiden, owls.” Harry encouraged.

“How the hell did ba sound like owls?” Draco asked.

“It’s to encourage him!” Harry said back. “It’s the principle of it, not what he actually said, he’s learning, that’s all that matters.”

“Well said, Harry.” Aneirin told him as he cuddled with his granddaughter and a name popped into his head, seemingly randomly. Lowri.

It had been Nasta’s Mother’s name. Would he want his daughter named after his Mother? Harry didn’t. The memory of his Mother was sacred to him, she had died for him, much like Nasta’s had died for him, but the memory of her, of her red hair and vibrant green eyes, so much like his own, cut something deep into him and her name and his Father’s would forever be tainted with the vileness that was Voldemort. Perhaps further down the line, in a few years’ time he wouldn’t feel as strongly, but right now he couldn’t bear it, but did Nasta feel the same way about his Mother. Harry turned the page and then another one, thinking, considering and then he saw it. Halfway down the page, the perfect name for his baby girl and he grinned at her, wondering if the others would like it as much as he did.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Ha! How much do you want to kill me for that ending? So you have the genders, the parentage, the weights and lengths, but you only have two names. Unless Faerie baby counts as a temporary name, then you have three.
Work is hell as usual, going back after a week off has only solidified my want of winning the lottery so I can leave and spend the rest of my life writing.

Right! The vote that isn’t a vote is over! You all know now what genders they are and who fathered who.
The vote ended:

Nasta – 153
Max – 136
Blaise – 61
Draco – 7

More girls – 52
More boys – 43

None of you got both the fathers and the genders right!

Don’t forget you can add me on Facebook under the name StarLight Mass!

Thank you for reading and reviewing,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Fifty-Five – Madness

It was the seventh of January and they were going back to Hogwarts in five days. Harry just didn’t want to go, especially not with his Faerie baby.

Three of his babies had names, two did not. He had his Farren Deon Maddison, who was still a gutsy little boy and had moved onto another additional half ounce of milk, so he was drinking a good ounce more than his other siblings. He had his Regan Aneirin Delericey, who did not like the feeling of clothes on his body and tried twisting and wiggling away from his own skin until he got used to them again and settled down. His only daughter, who had been named Tegan Lowri Potter-Delericey, was the opposite. She did not like having her clothing removed and she pitched a fit loud enough to burst his eardrums every time he changed her.

Nasta had been teary as Harry had told him that he wanted to call their daughter Tegan Lowri. He loved the name and when Harry had told him about hesitating over the middle name due to respecting the dead, Nasta had laughed and told him that he was silly and that he was honoured to have his first daughter named after the Mother who had died birthing him.

Faerie baby was still unnamed as was his fourth born and after a week of being alive he was being urged on more urgently to name them and the pressure was heaping onto him to find the perfect names that actually suited his two youngest.

He had been ripping through the baby name book Hermione had given him, pouring over Max and Nasta’s family histories and still nothing suited them. Then came a revelation that almost destroyed all of the research that Harry had been doing for the past few days.
“You know that one of those boys has to be a Potter don’t you?” Draco told him.

“What?” Harry asked as he looked up from where he was scanning through the book.

“One of the babies needs to be a Potter, after you. The Potter line need’s an heir, then the Black line need’s an heir too, as your Godfather named you as the sole inheritor of the Black estate and fortunes, it’s up to you to name an heir.”

Harry blinked and then looked to his two youngest babies. One had to be a Potter, the other a Black. He wondered if Max or Nasta cared or if they had already assumed that he’d have to name their youngest sons Black and Potter. It changed everything and he flipped to the front of the book in a huff and he started all over again.

He was pulled away from his search halfway through the B’s for lunch and he moodily stabbed at his food, eating minimally and when a baby cried for food, he seized the opportunity to abandon his meal to tend to him.

He looked down at Regan and smiled. He was perfect and had a perfect name to match, why couldn’t he name his youngest two; they were just as perfect and deserved perfect names too.

Faerie baby started crying, his cry had gotten slightly louder as he got stronger and developed a bit more. The skin on his miniscule wings was growing in and Harry had never been more relieved to see patches of skin in his life. There were still some areas that were uncovered and raw, but for the most part his Faerie baby, who was going to be baby Potter, no matter that he had been born last, was doing amazingly well.

“Why don’t you name him for your own Father?” Richard had suggested, but they just didn’t understand that he couldn’t. They were his parents, the two people he had begged to come and get him throughout childhood even though he had known that they were dead, they were the people who had loved him most in the world, the people who had given their lives for his, he couldn’t name his children after them, he just couldn’t. But maybe he could give him a name that could be linked to his parents.

“Leolin.” He said suddenly, breaking up the conversation at the table. “His name is Leolin.”

“Seriously? Do you have to give our child such a Gryffindor name?” Draco demanded.

“Yes, because both of my parents were proud Gryffindors. I can’t name him after them, but maybe I can link his name to the both of them.”
“I think it’s a lovely name.” Ashleigh said. “Little Leo.”

Harry smiled and gazed at Leolin who was sucking his milk from his tiny bottle with a tentativeness that his siblings did not share.

It was that evening when Harry found the perfect middle name for him.

“You want to name him what?!?” Draco once again shouted.

“Leolin Siorus Potter. After my parents and after Sirius.” Harry said defiantly, daring Draco with his eyes to stand up to him on this.

“Have you found a name for my second son?” Max asked as he cuddled with said son.

Harry shook his head. “Do you have any ideas?”

“Nope. I’ll leave all the baby naming up to you, I’ll just play and coo and cuddle him until you find the perfect name.”

Harry chuckled and kissed Max and then little baby Black. He poured over the books and dived into the Black history, but he hated the names of all the constellations, who would name their child Monoceros, Ophiuchus, Pavo or Vulpecula? Even as middle names they were all hideous, so Harry struck constellations out almost immediately.

It was as he was lounging on the bed after having a nap, his fourth baby in front of him to bring him inspiration while he was devouring an ancient text on ancient rulers that he came across the name. He grinned as he looked to baby number four and he applied the name to him. It stuck. He scooped the baby up and wandered down the stairs to the living room where he could hear Braiden’s screeches of joy as he was tickled mercilessly by Draco’s quick fingers.

“Does my son have a name?” Max asked, like he always did when Harry came into a room, as he sat burping Faerie baby with just two fingers, Harry mentally shook his head, he couldn’t stop calling Leolin Faerie baby, he had a name now, a perfect name that he had given to him. He needed to get used to using it.

“Yes, he does. His name is Calix.”
“A good, strong Pureblood name.” Draco approved.

“It was also the name of an ancient warrior.” Harry said and noted the approval from Myron, who had loved his Father’s idea of naming his children after rulers, warriors and royalty.

“Does he have a middle name?” Nasta asked, Tegan in one arm, Farren in the other.

Harry nodded. “Calix Bowen Black.”

“Ohh, such a beautiful name.” Ashleigh sighed. “I wish I had thought of Bowen, then maybe Caesar wouldn’t be stuck with Demencio. I loved it when he was a baby, but now that we’re both older, I realise that it sounds a lot like demented.”

“It fits him to a tee.” Max grinned.

Richard started laughing, then choking and he needed Myron to thump his back with a shake of his head. He handed the ever present bottle of potion to Richard, who took a swig and handed it back.

“You need to stop making me laugh so much, Maxie.” He tittered, no heat behind his words and still with laughter in his voice, but his eyes were pained.

“It’s bothering you more and more lately.” Max said with worry and concern colouring his voice.

“I’ve never laughed so much lately.” Richard waved away.

Harry passed Calix to Richard, accepted the kiss from him, before easing himself to the floor to play with Braiden, who turned indigo eyes to him and grinned widely.

“Who’s my gorgeous little boy?” Harry cooed, bending down to rub noses against Braiden, who shrieked in happiness and grabbed fistfuls of Harry’s hair. “Oh! Ow, ow, ow!” Harry cried and Draco quickly dislodged Braiden’s fingers from his hair.

Harry rubbed the top of his head with tears in his eyes. “He has a hell of a grip.” He said as the
soreness eased away.

“I used to have a little beard before I had kids. Max used to pull on it so hard the hairs would come off in his chubby hands. It hurt like hell so I had to shave it off.” Richard told them. “I looked gorgeous with it too.”

“He didn’t.” Myron assured them. “He only grew it because without it people assumed that he was a little boy. I was holding his hand once when we went to Gringotts and I had some old woman tell me that I had a well behaved son.”

Harry snorted in laughter and he heard it echoed all around the room as everyone laughed uproariously. Even Braiden joined in and Harry snuggled him tightly.

“Fine, pick on poor me, but I’ll have you know that that woman was half blind.”

That set everyone off again and Harry tried to taper his laughing down when an ache started in his belly. Max had been rubbing it with a scar reducer and it was getting better, but it still hurt now and then.

Harry sat Braiden up and propped him up with cushions, enough to soften his fall if he toppled, but not enough to support him properly. He slowly let go of Braiden’s hands and held them ready to catch Braiden if he fell. He didn’t.

“Look!” He demanded of the others and they broke off their conversations to look at Braiden, who looked a bit confused as to why the world suddenly looked so different.

“He’s getting stronger and developing more quickly now.”

“The next step is to get him crawling and to start him weaning.” Nasta nodded. “But he’s doing so amazingly well. Our baby boy is growing up.”

Harry grinned at Nasta and he chuckled. “I was thinking we could start brushing his gums as well. He could cut his first tooth in a month or so, it’ll be better to get him used to it before he actually has teeth.”

“I’ll go out this afternoon and pick him up a baby toothbrush.” Max said.
“Can I come?” He asked.

“Of course you can, I’m not going to stop you from coming to the supermarket with me.”

“You’re going to leave the three of us with six babies?” Draco asked, a note of panic in his voice.

“Of course not. Braiden and Leolin will come with us.”

“Do you think it’s a good idea to take Leolin anywhere?” Blaise asked.

“I think he’ll be just fine.” Harry answered. “He’s got those coverings from the hospital and he’ll be in the baby sling, the pressure will be off of his back. He needs to get used to the outside world anyway and you know I don’t like him being far from me.”

“Keep his face hidden.” Myron suggested. “If there are any… photographers watching you, the last thing we need is to see Leolin’s face in the evening Prophet.”

Harry nodded; noticing Myron’s emphasis on the word photographers, the man hated the media almost as much as he hated suck ups and brown nosers.

“What about Braiden?” Ashleigh fretted.

“They’ve already seen Braiden. It’s the quintuplets that are hot right now.” Blaise said.

“I’ll be right beside Braiden.” Harry assured. “And I’m sure Max won’t let anything happen to any of us.”

“Of course not.” Max said with a grin, Leolin looking impossibly tiny sleeping cuddled up on Max’s forearm.

“Can we go now?” Harry asked, excitement colouring his tone.
“You know we’re only going shopping right?” Max asked a bit curiously.

“I’ve only been in a supermarket once and that was because Aunt Petunia couldn’t leave me with the woman over the road. Uncle Vernon wanted to leave me in the car, but there were too many people around.”

Harry left to get ready, never noticing the faces of the people he left behind. He came back, his wallet in his back pocket, thankful he had converted some Galleons to pounds the last time he was in Gringotts and he sat down to tug on his shoes, shoving his unshed baby weight out of the way. It was pissing him off currently, though he was thankful that Max’s potion worked on his stretch marks also.

“How many times have you been left in a car on your own, Harry?” Richard asked him randomly.

“How old were you?”

“How… it was Dudley’s eighth birthday, so I would have been seven.”

“The first time you slept in a proper bed was when you were seven?” Myron hissed.

“Only for one night, I was back in the cupboard the next day.”

“Harry honey, what did you sleep on in the cupboard?” Ashleigh asked, looking like her heart was breaking just for asking.

“A blanket.” Harry shrugged as he took Regan from a silent Aneirin.
“A nest of sorts wasn’t it. On a hard tiled floor.” Richard told him, licking his lips and opening a brown envelope packet that he took from his work case.

“Yeah, made up of a single blanket and my clothes.” Harry nodded feeling severely uncomfortable now. He just wanted to go shopping and forget this conversation.

“The day you went into labour, Harry, I left. I told you it was to do with the Dursley case.”

Harry nodded, frowning heavily, trying to remember that day. Things were still very blurry.

“You left me alone with Sanex.” He said after a while, remembering lying on the rug in front of the fire and a smiling Sanex behind him.

“Well I told you that what came with that owl would damn them further. Do you remember that?”

Harry nodded, vaguely remembering those words now that they had been repeated to him.

“I shouldn’t be showing any of you this, but as long as you don’t discuss it where anyone can overhear you, especially reporters, I see no harm in it.”

“You found my nest.” Harry said in a burst of clarity. “It was still there.”

Richard smiled sadly and pulled out a bunch of photographs bound together with an elastic band. Richard pulled the band off and showed them the tiny little cupboard under the stairs, a small space that wasn’t taken up by two large suitcases, the vacuum cleaner and the cleaning supplies was covered in a thin ratty blanket and holey, worn thin clothing. There was one shelf and on it were two broken plastic soldiers, two children’s books, an Oxford dictionary and a piece of paper sticking out the end of the shelf. The next photo was a close up of the contents of the shelf, the next was a man’s hand holding open the baby scribble drawing, Harry smiled as he looked at it. There were three people scribbled in crayon standing in a field dotted with large, crude flowers with a bright blue sky and a large yellow sun, the man almost filled the paper, he had jet black hair and green eyes, the woman was half the size of the man, with yellow hair and green eyes and there was a tiny little person at the bottom, with black hair, green eyes and glasses, a red slash over his forehead, holding both of their hands and smiling wider than his face.

Harry’s eyes welled up as he saw it. He bent forward to touch the picture through the photograph.
“That’s what I thought my parents looked like. Everyone’s Mum had blonde hair, so I thought that all Mum’s had blonde hair, I didn’t know about different coloured eyes in families either. Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia both had blue eyes and so did Dudley, so I thought that because I had green eyes, both of my parents must have as well. I loved that picture and when I drew it in school I wanted it so badly, all of my other pictures had been ripped up and thrown in the bin, but I wanted that one so badly, so I hid it.”

“There are remnants of compulsion charms all over this little cupboard, Harry, from your magical signature.” Richard told him.

Harry looked up slowly, away from the photo of his picture before the words made it into his mind and he frowned.

“I never cast any spells and the trace on my wand would have been picked up.”

“This signature goes back well before you started at Hogwarts, Harry. You wanted so badly for your little haven to be safe, along with all your most precious possessions that your magic rushed to comply, your relatives couldn’t touch or destroy anything you took into your cupboard.”

“That makes sense.” Harry whispered. “Aunt Petunia told me numerous times to bring her my picture, but I couldn’t, I didn’t want it destroyed, so I always refused.”

“What did she do?” Nasta asked appalled.

“Tried to hit me with the frying pan, but she always missed, she couldn’t swing it very fast and I was good at ducking.” Harry shrugged.

“Harry, it’s the next photos that have damned them irreversibly.” Richard said as he took out a small bundle of photos, pulled off the elastic band and Harry was looking at every room of the Dursley household. The state of the art kitchen, the thick carpets, the expensive artwork and all of the photos on the walls, which every single one was photographed to show that Harry wasn’t in any of them. The huge, expensive TV, both the one in the living room and in the kitchen, the state of the art computers, one in the living room, the other in Dudley’s room, which was cluttered with electronics, game consoles, another huge TV, a large, expensive computer on the metal framed desk, a wardrobe filled to bursting with expensive, branded clothing, a large double bed, a stocked mini fridge and more gadgets and odd things than most shops owned.

The next few photos were his Aunt and Uncle’s room, perfectly furnished, the large double bed quilted in some big designer’s hideous paisley rubbish that Aunt Petunia loved washing and
hanging high on the washing line for the neighbours to see. The large vanity mirror with the bottles of expensive perfume and powders, the en suite bathroom filled with foul smelling products that were all hideously expensive and then finally the point that was trying to be made. The white wooden door with five locks on it and a cat flap in the bottom.

Harry heard Nasta’s knuckles cracking and Draco’s deep growl.

“We couldn’t work out why there was a cat flap.” Richard told Harry. “In all of our years working in the law field, we couldn’t figure it out and your relatives were less than helpful, they tried to tell us that you had installed it yourself with your ‘freakishness’, whatever that means.” Richard winked and Harry understood all at once. Richard’s colleagues were Muggles and he worked for a Muggle law firm. “I asked Myron and he didn’t know either and when Myron doesn’t know something, no one else has a hope in hell at guessing.”

“It was for food.” Harry said with a sigh.

“Come again?” Aneirin asked, speaking up for the first time.

“They pushed small amounts of food through the cat flap so I didn’t die in their home.”

“I thought you were just locked in overnight, I’m no fool, I saw the five locks, but are you saying that you were actually locked up during the day also?”

“All day, every day, all night, every night.” Harry said miserably.

“They didn’t let you out for food? What about using the bathroom?”

Harry just shook his head and heard several hisses.

“What about when you needed to go.”

“I held it as long as I could and then banged hell out of the door and hoped that someone let me out and that I’d get off with just a smack for disturbing them from their day.”
“That’s barbaric.” Draco growled.

Richard was writing it all down and Harry felt half an inch high. Then came the worst part of it, the photographs of his bedroom.

The stained carpet was in the first few photos, but then, in the next several photos it had been ripped up to show the bare, rough wooded floorboards underneath. The damp spotted, pale, peeling wallpapers, the battered wardrobe that Aunt Petunia had bought from a car boot sale for just three pounds, a wooden desk that Dudley hadn’t wanted and a tiny four foot bed that had once been Dudley’s cot and had transformed into his first toddler bed and had then been given to Harry out of the goodness of his Aunt and Uncle’s hearts. There was no duvet and no pillow and just a lumpy, bare mattress. Harry had been grateful they had left him the mattress so he didn’t have to sleep on the wooden slats.

There were broken toys and games littering his bedroom and books on the higher shelves that Harry had read repeatedly to stave off his boredom. Harry’s eyes went wide at the next photo, a close up of a rust brown stain marked with a yellow sign with a black number one on it.

There were twenty-two of those little yellow signs and every one marked rust brown stains, some as small as the tip of his finger, some as big as an apple and one was a small puddle, right in the spare corner of his room, like he had sat or laid there and just bled.

“Forensics are working to date these blood samples, Harry, but all of them are the same blood type. My colleagues will match it to you when you come in, but all I needed was one simple spell to tell me that they were all from you.”

“You said they never hit you!” Blaise accused.

“They never hit me as an everyday thing; I’d have had to have done something really bad to be hit.” Harry said as he curled up on himself, Aneirin scooted over a seat to hold him against his body, comforting him.

“Did you hurt yourself?” Max asked hesitantly.

Harry shook his head.

“Then why is that room filled with your blood?” Myron demanded.

“Dudley and his friends used to hit me. I…Uncle Vernon accidentally kicked over a milk bottle and yelled at me to clean it up, he shoved me onto the broken glass and it cut me. I dropped a plate and
I cut myself cleaning up the shards, Aunt Petunia caught my fingers in a door when she slammed it closed on me and two of my fingers bled. Her nails used to graze me as well and sometimes cut me, but she was just grabbing me, not hitting me.”

“But they were still hurting you.” Richard said firmly.

Harry bit his lip. “Can I just go to bed now?” He asked.

“I thought you were coming to the supermarket with me.” Max asked.

“I don’t want to go anymore.” Harry said as he kicked his shoes off and carried Regan up the stairs to the bedroom.

Nasta joined him a few minutes later; Harry was sat on the bed rocking Regan, tears falling silently down his cheeks.

Nasta sat behind him and held around his waist, pressing his lips against his neck. They were both silent.

They stayed that way for a while until Harry rested his head back against Nasta’s shoulder and relaxed back against his body.

“I hate speaking about it, why do you make me speak about it?” He asked tearfully.

Nasta rubbed his cheek against his forehead. “You need to speak about it; you need to let it all out so that you can heal from it. Richard needs the details for his case, the Dursleys have all been arrested, the court date is coming up and Richard needs to know everything, he didn’t want to put pressure on you when you were pregnant, but you’re not pregnant anymore, Caru. Finding that cupboard and what passed for your bedroom has helped convict them insurmountably. Richard hadn’t been expecting to find so much damning evidence just left about for anyone to see it, but he knew why when he found the compulsion charms that those Muggles can’t see, feel or even know exist. That is an amazing stroke of luck, love.”

“I don’t think I can tell him everything.”

“He needs to know, Caru. If you find it easier talking to just him, then take him into a different room, but the defence barristers will not be so gentle or understanding, they will rip you to pieces. Every memory or incident you tell the courts will be questioned and ripped apart, they are vicious
jackals that are trying to get your relatives off and out of prison, it’s their job to do so, but you can’t
get tongue tied, you can’t mix up stories, we’re just trying to help you, trying to prepare you for it.
There will be people watching and listening, strangers you have never met, the judge and the jurors
scrutinising everything you say. It will be nerve wracking, but Draco will be with you, sitting right
behind you and me and the others will be waiting at home for you, Richard will be right beside
you.”

“I thought you said that you and the others would be in the courtroom with me?” Harry said
panicked.

“We can’t leave all six babies alone without any protection. My Dad and brother will be here,
Myron and Ashleigh and likely Alexander and Kimberly as well, but where we could have allowed
them to look after Braiden, we can’t ask them to look after all six, even though they’d have no
problem with it, you still won’t let anyone other than us look after Leolin. It would probably be
safer if we all stayed home anyway, no matter how much we don’t want to, if I saw those bastards
calling you a liar in court I wouldn’t be able to stop myself from leaping over the chairs and tearing
their heads off.”

Harry giggled at the mental image and rested back against Nasta more fully.

“If I could take it all from you I would.” Nasta told him a little while later. “If I could go in your
place I would, but only you know what happened, love, how you felt and how they treated you,
they deserve to be in prison for what they did and the more they talk about you being ‘freakish and
abnormal’ they are going to end up in mental institutions.”

“I have to do it myself. I’ll never be free of them if I don’t do it myself.” Harry said. “It’s just so
hard to talk about it! I don’t want everyone knowing, I don’t want to sit down and just let it all out,
it makes me feel unhappy and miserable when I think about it and I don’t want to be. I have four
loving men living with me, six beautiful babies who need all of my attention and devotion, not just
half of it and I just want to move on with my life. I don’t want the happiness my life has become to
be coloured by my misery of the past. I was so unhappy, Nas, my life was just an endless line of
misery and pain and hunger and desolate loneliness, I was always so alone that I thought my heart
would shrivel. No one cared, no one gave a damn about little Harry Potter in his baggy clothes and
taped up glasses. My relatives despised me, the school kids hated me, the teachers ignored me, the
neighbours’ tutted and shooed me away from their perfect gardens and their immaculate cars as if
I’d sully them just by standing too close. I was just always alone. I hate being alone, please, never
leave me alone, Nasta.”

Nasta wrapped Harry up tighter and squeezed him as much as he dared with Harry’s stomach still
tender. He laid desperate kisses on Harry’s neck.
“I swear I’ll never leave you alone, cariad. If you ever feel alone, no matter when it is, what any of us are doing, find one of us to talk to or just for a cwtch if you need one. We love you and we want you to be happy.”

“Can I take that cwtch now?” Harry asked softly.

Nasta scooped Harry’s knees up and sat him sideways across his lap and wrapped him in a warm, tight, safe hug, keeping his left arm wrapped around Harry’s back, his hand resting on a hip, his right arm bent up his back, holding Harry’s right shoulder to his chest so that his little submissive was turned fully into his body, his hand stroking through black, messy hair soothingly, keeping Harry’s head tucked under his chin as he rocked Harry and by extension Regan, his firstborn son.

“You can have a cwtch any time you want one, Caru. You don’t even have to ask, just throw your arms around me and I’ll happily do the same.”

“Even if you’re angry at me?”

“Especially then.” Nasta answered nuzzling Harry’s cheek.

“You won’t shrug me off?” Harry questioned.

“Never.” Nasta replied firmly.

Harry walked down the stairs with Nasta, who had relinquished his arms of Regan and joined the others, who had moved into the kitchen with the babies.

“Are we still going to the supermarket, Harry?” Max asked as he waved a considerable list in his direction.

Harry chuckled and nodded as Blaise threw his trainers at him one after the other. He caught them and sat down to slip them on.
“How are we getting there?” He asked.

“Driving. I do have a car you know and I’ve missed it since we’ve been travelling magically all over the place.”

“When did you bring that here?” Harry asked curiously.

“I take it everywhere; I usually shrink it in my pocket.”

“Doesn’t that mess with the car though?”

“Nope, I’ve been doing it for years.”

“As long as you drive safely, we’ll have two babies in the car.” Harry said as he stood up and took out two carrycots from the corner that they were using to store the baby stuff in while they were at Myron’s.

Braiden was secured into one with a soft ‘Ah Na’ as it interrupted his playing with his favourite wooden horse. Harry gave it right back to him and smiled as Braiden shrieked in joy.

Faerie baby was strapped into the special carry cot bought just for him. It was heavily cushioned and padded to support his back without crushing his wings and it was small enough to cradle him without flinging him into the plastic sides around every turn.

“Those four had better be alright when I come back.” Harry warned as he kissed all the babies goodbye, before moving onto his mates.

“They’ll be fine.” Blaise assured as he kissed his lips.

Harry carried the two carrycots outside, to where Max was enlarging his car to its rightful size.

“You’re positive that doing that doesn’t damage the electricals or the brakes or anything?” Harry asked.
“Very positive, love. I had it all tested when I first started doing it and it was in perfect working condition. It goes for a regular MOT as well.”

Harry nodded and secured the carrycots into the back seats, made sure they were absolutely one hundred percent secured before slipping between the two carrycots and buckling himself in.

Max buckled himself in and adjusted his mirror to grin at Harry, who grinned back.

“Just so I can see your gorgeous face and our two little angels.” He said.

Harry chuckled and held Faerie baby’s hand and Braiden’s leg as Max started the bright blue car and set off.

Max drove slowly and safely and Harry enjoyed the car ride to the supermarket and sent Max off to find a trolley for the two boys as he had decided against wearing the baby sling. His scar was too sore.

Max came back with a trolley and unbuckled Braiden and laid him into the little trolley chair, buckling him in as Harry placed a carrycot cushion into the other reclined seat before placing Leolin into it and buckling him up. Harry made sure that Braiden still had his wooden horse and that Max had shut up and locked the car, before pushing the trolley into the supermarket.

“Where to first?” Harry asked as Max wrapped his arms around him and bent his head to kiss his neck.

“I love that we’re doing something so domestic.” Max said. “I’ve wanted to bring you shopping for months, but you’ve always been so busy.”

“Always pregnant you mean.” Harry whispered and Max chuckled deeply.

Max stood up, but he stayed behind Harry, holding the trolley handlebar beside Harry’s hands, walking so closely together that their bodies brushed as they walked. Harry couldn’t stop laughing, ignoring the looks they got as they stopped to kiss as they picked up bags, nets and punnets of every fruit in the produce section.

“Nasta and his bloody fruit. If he eats any more he’ll become a fruit.” Max grumbled.
“I thought he already was a fruit.”

“Now that’s not nice.” Max said with a grin.

“I thought we were all fruits.”

Max laughed. “I wonder if any of our kids will become fruits, after all they were created from our seeds.”

It was Harry’s turn to laugh and he kissed Leolin and Braiden and then Max, the woman on the aisle with them gasped, they ignored her.

“Right, oranges, where are oranges?” Harry asked as he read off of Max’s list, checking things off with a pencil. “Why do we need a kilo of oranges?”

“Nasta eats an orange a day and he uses three oranges whenever he had one of those smoothie things he likes so much and Draco’s fond of them too.” Max answered as he put the net of oranges into the trolley, kissing Leolin on his way back up. Faerie baby was happily sleeping.

“Does Nasta eat one of every fruit a day?” Harry asked. “I know he eats a banana after breakfast and an apple after dinner.”

“He eats an orange after lunch and usually a kiwi or a different fruit before he goes to bed. Speaking of seed, have you noticed that his is always fruity?”

Harry choked on his spit and he laughed so hard that he had to crouch down and cross his legs to keep from wetting himself. Max chuckled above him as he put a punnet of plums and two whole pineapples into the trolley. Harry was helped to his feet as the customers looked at him like he was walking around with no clothes on, smeared in mud or worse things.

“If eating five fruits a day does that, give ‘em to me, I might get more mouth action.” Max grinned lecherously.

Harry felt tears fall down his cheeks as he continued laughing as they moved down to the
vegetables and once again Max added more than the average person bought.

They moved on to buy milk and cheese and yoghurts, enough fresh meat to feed a family of five for a month, but would last them a week, and then it was onto jars and tins, sauces and condiments, where Max bought a bottle of vinegar with a wink to Harry, who blushed as he remembered kicking Max’s vinegar over once, before he humiliated himself for the first time by having a damned flashback.

“Right, next are eggs and sugar.” Harry said reading the list.

“Damn it, we just went past sugar.” Max pouted as he went back down the one aisle to collect the sugar.

He ran into a pretty woman and almost knocked her hand flying as he reached for the same bag of sugar that she had been.

“I’m sorry.” He told her politely as he got the sugar down and handed it to her before reaching for another bag for himself.

“That’s alright, it was my fault.” She said demurely, even though they both knew that it was clearly his fault for rushing and not looking. “I’m Caitlin.”

Max looked at her in puzzlement. “I’m Max.”

“Do you live close by, Max?” She asked, fluttering her eyelashes at him, pouting her lips. He couldn’t help but think that Harry did it cuter when he wasn’t doing it purposefully and sexier when he was.

“No, listen Caitlin, I think you’ve got it all wrong. I’m married.”

“Oh.” She looked so disappointed that he wondered if she was that desperate or if she was trying to make him feel so sorry for her that he’d leave his mates. “But you aren’t wearing a ring.”

Max cursed. “We’re as good as married.” He told her.
“But you aren’t married yet?” She perked up at that.

“Listen lady, I don’t know who you are, but I’m very, very happy.”

“Is this lady bothering you?” Max could have kissed Harry as he pushed the trolley down the aisle towards them.

“What’s it to you?!” The woman snarled.

Harry raised an eyebrow and turned to Max.

“Is she bothering you, love?” Harry stressed the last word.

Max put the sugar in the trolley and walked around to kiss Harry firmly on the lips.

“This is Caitlin, love. I almost knocked her over in my rush to get the sugar and get back to you and our sons.”

Caitlin looked wide eyed to them and then the two baby boys in the trolley infant seats.

“You…you’re both men.”

“Very well observed.” Harry hissed cattily.

“You were allowed to adopt two babies?”

Max squeezed Harry’s hand. “What’s it to you?” He demanded, aware that Braiden looked like Blaise and Leolin had pale hair due to his stunted development, it would get darker the more he developed as it started to produce melanin, but neither baby looked like him or Harry, it would be easier to just tell the Muggle woman that they were adopted. “If you don’t mind, we’re shopping.”
Max turned the trolley around and stood behind Harry, protecting him as he stood between the woman and Harry and their two sons. He got them into the main aisle before going down the one that held all the different cartons of eggs.

“I’m going to eat her.” Harry snarled and Max chuckled.

“With this trolley filled with lovely food, you want to eat that scrawny bag of bones?”

Max felt accomplished as Harry chuckled lightly. He just wanted to forget all about the woman.

“I’m craving raw meat.” Harry whispered suddenly. “I didn’t realise until we went down the meat aisle, but I want raw meat.”

Max grinned savagely. “Please, please let me go hunt something for you? It’s been almost a year since we last hunted and I want to get you your first meal, please?”

“Of course, but does this mean that my breeding cycle has started? I can’t be pregnant again, Max! I can’t!”

“Calm down!” Max said startled as he wrapped Harry in a huge hug and swayed with him, before taking one hand and putting four boxes of twelve large eggs into the trolley. “You’re not starting your breeding cycle; you’re just being a Dracken. Raw meat contains bacteria that your pregnant body can’t deal with, so you stop craving it when pregnant and me and the others have been avoiding it because the smell would have made you sick, but now that you aren’t pregnant, you’re Dracken will want fresh meat again. The reintroduction of it into our diets will give us more energy and will make us all a lot happier and fitter.”

Harry grinned. “I can’t wait.”

“Just a few more things.” Max promised as he squeezed Harry’s bum, making him jump and glare.

Max laughed and wheeled the trolley around carefully and set off to buy soap powder, antibacterial wipes and washing up liquid. They got more than a few derisive looks, some curious looks and only a handful looked at them like they were just ordinary lovers in the supermarket to buy groceries with their sons.
Max got his usual washing up liquid and a bottle of sensitive fabric conditioner for the babies along with a box of non-biological washing powder before heading to the toiletry aisles, searching for toothbrushes. He found them and chucked a load into the trolley along with three tubes of toothpaste, before searching for baby brushes. They were on the bottom shelf so Harry got them; he found a blue one with a little train on it and a tube of baby toothpaste.

“It can’t hurt to get it now in case we can’t get here easily if he cuts his first tooth while we’re at school.” He explained as he chucked them into the trolley, which was very full now.

Leolin started wailing and Harry dove into the nappy bag and pulled his special bottle out of the thermal pouch, shook it as Max unstrapped the baby from the seat and placed him into Harry’s arms as Harry carefully stroked his cheek with the bottle teat, watching as Leolin rooted for it and caught it with his mouth and sucked.

Harry walked around the store, Max’s hand on his back guiding him as his mate pushed the trolley down the baby aisle to pick up nappies, wipes and creams, Harry looked up from feeding Leolin to look at all the little pouches of pureed fruits.

“Do you think Braiden will like any of these?” He asked. “They say from four months plus.”

Max looked over from chucking in another pack of nappies and considered it before plucking up a pouch of plum branded weaning food.

“Stage one pouches, blueberry, banana and vanilla, naturally organic ingredients, made especially for first tastes, perfect for weaning. Food for super babies. What do you think, Braiden; do you want to be a super baby?” Max asked the baby chewing on the wooden horse still. He made a grab for the pouch as Max waved it. “There we have it, he wants to be a super baby. We’ll buy one and see how he goes with it. It sounds nice, so if he doesn’t want it, I’ll have it.”

Harry laughed and then spied something that made him grin wider. A selection of different dummies. He got three packs of six right off and threw them into the trolley.

“Do you think that’s a good idea?” Max asked as he picked one up and looked it over.

“Can you handle six babies all crying together? If sucking a dummy helps to calm them down then I see absolutely no harm in giving them one for a few years, it won’t be all the time, just in the evening and maybe at night.”
“Alayla had a dummy.” Max said. “The only one of us to have one; I think Mum was trying to keep her little girl a bit longer, after each baby she babied the new baby more and more. It drove Dad mad, but when she lost…lost the baby, she tried to keep Alayla as a baby, so she had a dummy until she was seven. Dad went ballistic, I remember him telling Mum off every time she gave Laya the dummy, he’d go up to her and take it off her, but then she’d cry and scream and throw a fit until she was sick, she was just so attached to it.”

“No, we’ll take it off of them at three or four.” Harry said firmly. “So they can learn to talk properly, I just can’t handle six babies all crying during the night when we’ve got school. I know you gave up work and I’m grateful for that and to Nasta too, for taking paperwork duties even though he hates it, but I don’t think it’ll be enough, Max.”

“We’ll get through it, love, I swear it. We’re being careful, no unprotected sex until your hormones are calm again, we don’t want to be caught out again, we’ll keep watch over your diet and scent to check for your cycle, but I don’t think we have anything to worry about for a while. The Dracken wants babies, but it’s not cruel. It can feel how many children you have; I don’t think it’ll give you any more.”

Harry smiled as Leolin continued to suckle from his special bottle, it was then that Harry realised that the dummies he had put in the trolley, probably wouldn’t fit in Leolin's mouth. Sighing Harry scanned the shelves until he saw a specially shaped dummy, looking like a sideways number eight or an infinity sign, it was a bit more expensive, but the three, clear dummies were smaller than the rest and had cut outs on either side so it wouldn’t hurt Leolin's nose and they had more of a curve around them, so it would sit on Leolin's face without sticking off either end of his cheeks. He put a pack of them into the trolley and walked around to the other side, following Max as he fed the baby and he blushed when he saw Max calmly and confidently put four bottles of lubricant into the trolley along with two large boxes of condoms. Draco was always the first to complain of any mess.

“Do we have to buy those here?!” He hissed.

“Where else would I buy them from?”

“I don’t know, can’t you owl order them?!”

Max scoffed. “Harry, there’s no need to be embarrassed because we enjoy being with one another, if more people shoved away their embarrassment at the supposed taboo around these products then I’m sure there’d be less sexual diseases and less unwanted pregnancies. Condoms are friends to hormonal teenaged boys and grown men who aren’t trying for a seventh baby just yet.”
Harry glared at Max, not happy with the reminder that Max and Nasta had been fucking for years. He accepted it, he knew why they had done it, he knew they hadn’t even known about him and that he hadn’t even been born when Nasta had lost his virginity, but he didn’t like it damn it!

“Are we done now?” Harry asked as he looked at the list and nodded to himself that every item was checked off.

“I believe so, unless there was anything else that you wanted?”

Harry shook his head and then changed his mind as they walked past a small cabinet with warmed doughnuts. He just stared at the one of them and he wanted it.

“Actually, I want one of those.”

Max looked over and moaned. “I see them every time I come in here, but Nasta would have both our balls if we even stare at them for much longer.”

“One can’t hurt.” Harry said as she strode towards it, Leolin still suckling slowly. “I want that one, the white iced one with the yellow on it.”

“Lemon meringue.” Max read off the card. “Ah hell, if we eat it in the car he’ll never know.”

Max got a bag and scooped two lemon meringue doughnuts into it and then he hurried away to the checkouts, hiding the doughnuts like Harry would have done the bottles of lube that were clearly on show in their trolley.

Harry ignored everyone in the queue as he heard them cooing and tutting at him as he fed Leolin, whose tentative suckling was slowing down further. Max put the heaped trolley full of items onto the conveyor belt and shoved the trolley around to the other side; he needed to use forty shopping bags.

“I hate these stupid shopping bags.” He grumbled as he packed it all into the bags and then back into the trolley.

Harry hummed in agreement as Leolin pulled his mouth from the bottle teat before the milk was finished. Harry sighed and hefted him over a shoulder and patted his lower back, it wasn’t as
effective, but he did not want to pat Leolin’s tiny developing wings.

“He still doesn’t finish a bottle.” He sighed as he placed Faerie baby back into his padded cushion and strapped him back in.

“Excuse me, your son dropped this.”

Harry turned and looked to the smiling woman holding out Braiden’s wooden horse.

“Oh, thank you, he loves that thing.” Harry said as he took it off of her, wiped it with a sanitizer gel from his nappy bag, checked it automatically, yet subtly for spells, wards or Portkeys as he spread the gel around it and gave it to a fussy Braiden, who shoved it straight into his mouth and gummed on it.

“He’s adorable, how old are they?”

“This one’s four months and that one is seven days.”

“How adorable.”

Harry accepted the compliment, but he really just wanted the woman to go away as Max continued packing up their hefty shop.

“That’s four hundred and twenty-eight pounds, sir.” The cashier told Max and Harry sucked in a breath at the total.

Max paid by using his Muggle debit card. He had two bank accounts, one with Gringotts and one with a Muggle bank; he transferred money over to his Muggle account when he knew he’d have to buy something with Muggle money so he didn’t have to deal with a wad of cash in hand.

“I wasn’t expecting it to be that much.” Harry said quietly as they went back to the car.

“I was expecting it to be more.” Max answered. “We got a great deal on those three chickens for
ten pounds, they’re six pounds each and the nappies were buy one get one free and so was the lube, the wipes were buy one get one half price, the formula milk we use was buy one get two free, which is an amazing deal that I took excessive advantage of and the fruit punnets were three for two mix and match. I was expecting it to be close to six hundred.”

“But this is just a weekly shop.” Harry said as he secured Leolin into the car seat.

“Yeah, it takes a lot of money to feed five grown men and keep six babies in nappies, wipes and formula milk, but such is life. It’s why Nasta and I are working and were working well before any subserviesses came along. A dominant knows that if he’s going to have a submissive, he’d better have a damn good paying job, one of the usual questions a submissive asks a dominant is where he works, what he does and exactly how much he earns.”

“I didn’t.” Harry said thoughtfully, wondering if he had done anything right in his own meeting.

“You, my gorgeous love, are not a typical submissive and thank fuck for that because if you were I wouldn’t love you half as much as I do. Imagine if you acted, behaved and talked like Amelle?”

Harry pulled a face.

“Exactly! I couldn’t be stuck with Amelle for life, I feel sorry for Caesar, but he’s a grown man and he was a grown man when he pursued her so viciously. I was at that meeting and I was not impressed with her, but when Caesar showed interest in her, well, he’s my baby brother, of course I was going to help him out a bit.”

“What did you do?” Harry asked as he sat up front this time as Leolin was fast asleep after his milk and Braiden was getting drowsy from his busy day.

“I cleared the field for him a bit, I wouldn’t have bothered, but he was so desperate to get her. He always did have a thing for auburn haired women.”

Harry chuckled as he ate his own doughnut and held out the other doughnut for Max to bite as he manoeuvred the car carefully out of the car park. Max’s doughnut was gone in five bites, Harry’s took a little longer, but Harry did make sure to clean Max’s face for him with his tongue as they stopped at a set of traffic lights. Max groaned and Harry spied a bulge in the front of Max’s jeans that he caressed with his hand.
“Stop it!” Max part groaned, part growled, his jeans rising further.

“Is this for me, or for the doughnut?” Harry asked with a grin.

Max pulled him into a vicious kiss which only stopped when the car behind honked its horn angrily. The light had turned green.

Max panted, cursed and put the car into gear and drove off carefully. Harry huffed in breaths and felt his body tightening.

They arrived home and Harry slipped out of the car. Max shut off the engine, strode around the car, pulled him away from the door that he had been about to open to get the babies before he walked him to the front of the car and threw him, carefully, on the bonnet. Max covered him with his own body and pushed an insistent tongue into his mouth, one hand pinning his hands above his head by the windscreen, his other drifted up his shirt to pinch a nipple as Max climbed onto the bonnet with him and pressed their bodies together.

Harry felt how hard Max was and he responded. The air was cold, but the warmth of the bonnet at his back and Max against his front heated his blood until he shook off Max’s hand and wrapped them around his neck, pawing at his back, tugging off his shirt and scratching red marks onto his back and shoulders as they kissed more insistently.

“Maximilius!” Myron’s angry, clipped voice broke through their rushed, sexual frenzy and they looked to see the family standing at the front door, obviously having heard the car come back and they had come out to help unload the shopping bags.

Richard and Alexander were laughing uproariously. Ashleigh looked pleased as she giggled with Alayla and Talia, but it was the lust in the three mates who were standing in the group that made Harry swallow; he wondered what he and Max must look like spread on a car bonnet, kissing and petting each other passionately and possessively to put that look on their faces.

Max dropped his head beside his face and groaned in repressed sexual frustration and he gave his ear a lingering lick before he slithered off of the car and helped Harry slide down onto his feet as well.

“You couldn’t have given us even five minutes, Dad!” He whined.

“Do you think that’s acceptable behaviour, not only in front of your children, but in a public place as well?” Myron demanded.

“Leave off of him, Myron.” Richard said softly. “Max is still a kid at heart; don’t you remember
what we were like? I remember an incident with a rubber dinghy, out on the ocean, in full view of a public beach that was packed with families, including our own, complete with three year old Max and year old Caesar. We conceived Julinda in that dinghy."

Myron blushed so brightly that Harry wondered if there was enough blood left in the rest of his body. Ashleigh laughed so much she had to support herself on the doorframe.

“I remember that. That was an amazing day, we took the boys to the beach for the first time, Max was so happy. I was so sure that all three of us wouldn’t fit in that little rubber raft.” She gasped through her tears of laughter. “You boys had to prove me wrong, I thought that it was going to tip and dump us into the ocean with every thrust.”

“Mum, please!” Caesar snapped as he covered his ears, his face screwed up in horror, as his sisters shrieked and covered their own ears.

Max laughed so hard tears streamed down his face. “You never told us that story before, Dad!” He called out cheekily.

Alexander shook his head. “It’s a grey day when you look up to check on your son and his mates in a little rubber boat on the sea and all you see is a white bottom mooning back at you.”

Harry laughed so hard he couldn’t breathe and he needed Nasta’s hand on his back to get him to take in some much needed air. The look on Nasta’s face was utter amusement, even as he helped Harry support himself.

“Let’s get the bags in before they spoil.” He said, trying to calm down the laughter.

Everyone grabbed a fistful of bags as Harry and Kimberly got out Leolin and Braiden and carried them into the house to join their brothers and sister.

Harry placed a heavily sleeping Leolin onto the soft, cushioned little bean bag that they had bought for him so that he could sleep on his back, but without the pressure to his little wings, but he took Braiden from Kimberly and brushed the thick black hair he was growing out of his face.

“Four months old and already it looks like he’ll need a haircut.” He said as he watched the others putting away all the food, Max keeping one bag by his legs. Harry knew that it had the lube and condoms in it, but the top showed toothbrushes, toothpaste and two boxes of three bars of soap. Max had packed the bag cleverly.
“Right, I’ll be back in a bit.” Max said as he winked to Harry and took the one bag upstairs.

Harry staved off the blush and glared at Max all the way out of the kitchen. Max didn’t come back for an hour and when he did come back, he was covered in blood and wrestling a skinned lump of meat towards Harry.

He presented it to him with a happy, proud grin at his accomplishment, but Harry didn’t see it. Instinct took over at the scent of fresh meat and warm blood and his wings, fangs and claws pulled out of his body and he fell onto the skinned bear and tore into it like an animal, making feral noises and he growled and hissed furiously when anyone approached his meat.

“Any particular reason that you decided to bring a bear home?” Myron asked as he watched Harry tear a chunk of warm, bloody meat from a bone with his teeth before swallowing it whole. “I thought we were over this when you and Caesar had left home.”

“Harry told me in the supermarket that he was craving raw meat again and I asked if I could hunt for him and he agreed.”

“I never understood why you had to wrestle with bears.” Ashleigh said. “I remember when your Fathers took you hunting for the first time; they came back looking paler than ghosts.”

“Why?” Aneirin asked. “Nasta was a natural, took down a stallion in just three hits.” He said proudly.

“Max decided that he wanted a bear and nothing else would do.” Myron said, his face white as he remembered. “I’ve never been so frightened for Max in my life.”

“I thought my heart would stop.” Richard said. “We had pointed out a stallion grazing, but he had picked up the scent of a male bear and he just had to show off.”

“It took him eight hits before he could even get the bear off of its feet, just the one to end its life.” Myron said, a hint of pride in his voice, but he was frowning with past worry and he was still pale.

“Since then it’s always been bears.” Richard sighed. “Though poor Caesar was practically dumped in front of his first prey after Max’s stunt.”
“It wasn’t a stunt!” Max denied. “The bear smelt so delicious, so much better than that stringy horse.”

Richard laughed wheezily, but the crunching of bone drowned it out when Harry slid his fangs over a rib to get the meat off of it, cracking it twice with the force of his jaws. All attention went back to Harry then, whose face, hands and arms were smeared with blood as he picked apart the most tender and juicy bits of meat, leaving what he didn’t want. When he was finished eating his fill, he lay back and groaned, allowing his mates to eat what was left as he curled into a ball and just lay on the floor with his belly pleasantly full.

Harry was carried to the settee and laid on it, five minutes later he had crawled back off of it to sprawl on the rug in front of the fire where he fell deeply asleep with the scent of his mates, his children and his family around him all wrapped up in the scent of the wood burning fire.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Well there you have it! All five babies named. Farren Deon Maddison, Tegan Lowri Potter-Delericey, Regan Aneirin Delericey, Calix Bowen Black and Leolín Siorus Potter.

Pronounced:-
Farren Deon – Fah-ren Dee-On
Regan Aneirin – Ree-Gan An-Nye-Rin
Tegan Lowri – Tee-Gan La-Ow-Ree (A is silent)
Calix Bowen – Cah-Licks Bow-wen
Leolín Siorus – Lee-O-Leen She-or-us

I completely forgot that the Scaled Bits (the campanion story to this fic) was not posted on this site. I have now fixed this and you can find The Scaled Bits on this website.

http://archiveofourown.org/works/470432

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Fifty-Six – Bitterness

Harry woke up in bed with a heavy someone pinned to his back. He groaned lightly and wiggled out from under Draco, who grunted in his sleep, which was answered by a soft growl from Nasta, who was laying half out of the bed.

Harry rolled his eyes and tucked Nasta’s leg back in before scooping up his children one by one and transferring them to the en suite bathroom. He shut the door, not bothering to lock it; he didn’t want to keep his mates out if they woke up after all, he just wanted to keep the noise in.

He did put up silencing charms as he stripped and stepped into the shower, quickly washing his body and hair before stepping out and setting up the baby bath as he dried off, he dressed himself before scooping up the first baby to be bathed. Calix went first, because he loved the bath and didn’t so much as whimper as he had his head and face quickly washed before he was dunked in and cleaned.

Harry dried his baby off, nuzzling and kissing that soft, soft skin, dressing Calix in a nappy, a standard, plain white bodysuit, a little, pale blue tee-shirt overlaid with a cardigan and thick trousers, finishing off with socks, scratch mitts, a matching hat and a bright blue dummy.

Harry tipped out the water and refilled the bath and Leolin was next, as even though he wailed as he touched the water, he didn’t cry fully and his little wails weren’t loud enough to wake his siblings, Harry took great care with his son’s wings, running a wet cotton wool ball around them so very gently.

Harry was halfway through bathing the last baby, Braiden, who screamed until his little face went bright red and his little fists were clenched tight when the bathroom door opened and a panicked Draco peeked in. He let out a visible sigh of relief when he saw Harry struggling with the thrashing baby, before slipping to his knees to help finish off.

The cries that had escaped the bathroom when the door had been opened had roused the others, who trickled in to take care of business and have their own morning showers before taking a baby
or two off his hands as he and Draco dried Braiden, dressed him and shoved a dummy into his mouth to suck on to stop him from screaming the house down.

There was a heated debate going on when he stepped into the kitchen, between Max and Myron and Harry had an inclination over what it was when Myron turned to glare at him. The dummies.

Braiden was in his arms dozing, sucking slowly on his light pink dummy as Nasta popped Farren’s green dummy out to feed him his bottle.

“They’re babies, Dad.” Max said softly as the silence stretched. “Braiden’s just five months old and the quintuplets are not even two weeks old yet. A dummy for a year or two isn’t going to harm them or their development.”

Myron’s burning black eyes swung back to Max and he breathed deeply and harshly for a few minutes before he sat down heavily and it took him a minute or so to relax his entire body.

“You’re right. It’s none of my business, I’m their grandfather, not their father. But I still think it’s a terrible idea, if they get attached to them and won’t let them go, what then?”

“I’ll tell them that the other babies need them.” Harry answered.

“And if you don’t have any other babies?” Myron demanded of him.

“They don’t have to be siblings, I’ll tell them the babies in the hospital need them more and that they need to be big boys and be a big girl and hand them over. Failing that I’ll take them and bin them all when they’re asleep.”

Richard snorted and coughed a bit, then he started choking, which broke Myron out of his mood as he rushed to help his mate and Husband, Ashleigh already rubbing circles on his back as Myron tipped the potion down Richard’s throat. It was upsetting to watch, but they had been living with it for over twenty years, it was common place for them now.

Nasta handed out bottles and Harry took the bottle for Braiden, popped out the pink dummy and replaced it with the bottle teat, Braiden immediately pouted his mouth around the bulb of the bottle and sucked strongly.

“Who’s such a good boy?” Harry cooed, nuzzling his suckling baby.
A prickling on his neck made him look up, his eyes wide and his nostrils flared as he sniffed. Something was wrong. He looked around quickly, his wings vibrating hard against his spine...he let out a ferocious snarl as he saw Blaise passing Leolin over to Talia, so she could feed him while Blaise fed Tegan, who already had a bottle at an awkward angle in her mouth.

“Harry?”

Harry pressed Braiden to the nearest person to him, Richard, who fumbled the bottle to keep it in Braiden’s mouth as Harry stormed to Blaise and Talia, growling furiously, releasing fear inducing pheromones as he went.

Myron grabbed Talia and pulled her behind him, blocking Harry from his human daughter, but Harry didn’t want the woman, he wanted his little Faerie baby. He snatched the baby from Blaise with a snarl, snatching the bottle that was handed over meekly, before he huddled his shoulders down as he sat down and fed Leolin, darting suspicious glances around him as he fed his youngest baby as if expecting someone to sneak up on him and rob the baby from his arms.

Nasta straddled the chair he was on, worming his way behind him, which was very difficult even though Harry was perched on the very end, before pulling him back against him and whispering soothingly, murmuring little noises to calm him down and when Harry burped Leolin delicately he was calm and rational again, but not very apologetic. He had told them to not give away Leolin. His baby still smelt strange to his Dracken and because of that, he wouldn’t have a non-mate touch him.

“You’re going back to Hogwarts soon, have you thought about how you’re going to cope?” Aneirin asked.

“Take it one day at a time.” Harry answered. “It’s all we can do.”

“You are still too stubborn to ask for help.” Aneirin shook his head. “I’ve taken a holiday from work for the first time in forty years, I would like to help you if I can, even if I come to your rooms for a few hours a day just to give Max and Nasta a hand with the six of them or so they can get their heads down for an hour after the nightly feeds.”

Harry looked at the man shocked. “You’d do that?”

“Of course, it’s already done; it’s up to you to decide how I spend my time off, with my family and grandchildren, or moping around regretting taking the time off in the first place.”
“But…but you’re their granddad, you shouldn’t be doing the hard stuff.”

“Oh please, handling Sanex as a toddler was hard work, then Nasta wasn’t much different, a thousand questions a day that boy asked. What’s that? What’s that? What’s that? What does that do? What’s that for? Why? Why? Why? It’s all I got off of him for the first five years of his life, I regretted teaching him to talk in the first place.”

“Thanks for that.” Nasta said dryly as he nuzzled Harry’s thick black hair.

“You know I’m only joking, Nas. I answered all of your questions and then some; I even encouraged you to learn languages.”

“You told me to shut up, stop asking so many questions and that if I wanted to know what the people around me were saying then to learn their language myself. So I did.”

Richard started laughing and Myron let out a smirk. Aneirin was completely unfazed.

“You learnt them didn’t you?”

“Of course.”

“You loved learning them.”

“Yes.”

“So it all turned out fine in the end.”

Harry chuckled and accepted Braiden back off of Richard, snuggling his oldest and youngest together. Braiden was staring at Leolin through his indigo eyes, a perfect match to his Father’s.

“Braiden love, this is your baby brother Leolin.” Harry told him softly, not expecting his five month old to understand, but doing it all the same.
Braiden soon lost interest in the sleeping baby and turned his attention to his hands, which he found much more entertaining as he flexed his fingers and gummed on them, drooling all over his hands, arms and long sleeved shirt. Braiden stopped all movement and Harry looked at him curiously before Braiden let out a quick, sudden sneeze that completely covered his top.

“Oh Braiden! I’m going to get him cleaned up.” Harry said with a sigh as he stood up and went upstairs.

He made a little bed for Leolin to lie in, keeping his back from pressing too hard against the bed and he wiped Braiden’s nose thoroughly before he set himself to changing Braiden’s shirt and cleaning up the snot and drool. He changed the wet nappy while he was at it and wondered if it would have just been quicker and easier to put Braiden back in the bath, but then he remembered the headache inducing screams from that morning and he thought better of it.

“I…I heard that you almost lost a child.”

Harry spun around, completely surprised and shocked, to see Amelle standing in the bedroom doorway, her head bent off to the side looking at the carpet, her arms wrapped around Eleonora, who was coming up to six months old. Harry was about to retort angrily, but he stopped, she hadn’t actually said that sentence maliciously, just factually. It was almost like she was trying to be bland so that he wouldn’t rise up in anger automatically.

“Two.” Harry answered softly, wondering what was going on and where Amelle had found her new attitude. “Two of them weren’t breathing after the cords were cut, but I could have so easily lost all of them.”

Amelle nodded, acting strangely. Harry wondered if Caesar had actually gone ahead and drugged her, but he shook his head of those thoughts. Caesar would never treat his Wife so appallingly as to drug her, no matter what she had done.

“Four months is a bit too soon for them to come, but they…they’re doing fine aren’t they?”

Harry lowered his eyebrows and slowly made his way to the bed to pick up Leolin. “Yes.”

“Even…even the one…the one who has Faerie blood?”
“Leolin’s doing fine all things considered.”

Amelle nodded jerkily and wandered in to sit on Max’s bed, the bearskin blanket that he liked showing off was still so very, very soft even after sixteen years.

“I…I lost my first child.” Amelle told him softly, her voice almost a whisper.

Harry felt a pang of sympathy for Amelle then, the first he had ever felt for the woman. He laid Braiden in his pop up travel cot, put Leolin in the bedside bassinet and sat as close to Amelle as he could stand. If she wanted to talk, then he’d listen, but the first bad word against him, his babies or his mates and he was gone.

“A little boy.” She told him, her voice hardly above a breath. “My first mate tried to protect us both.”

Amelle fell silent again, playing with the pink shawl around Eleonora.

“I didn’t know you had a mate before Caesar.” Harry said after the pause became lengthy.

Amelle nodded jerkily again. “Cordell. He was a tall and handsome African-American, he lived close by me, only a state or so away from me and my family and he was so fit and strong. He was a bit too old for my tastes at twenty-three, but he paid so much attention to me, he wooed me thoroughly, he even took me away from my home for a romantic dinner in a fancy, expensive restaurant to prove he had enough money to not only support me, but to keep me in luxury. We had to take the chaperone, but I forgot he was even there after I started talking to Cordell.”

Amelle fell silent again and Harry wondered what the hell had brought this on.

“I held out as long as I could. I wanted to make Cordell fight for me and he did. He fought so viciously that he got jealous when I spent any amount of time with the other dominants. My meeting lasted for a month, that’s as long as I could hold out against him. I wanted him so badly. I got pregnant immediately and he was so proud and boastful. When we found out that I didn’t need a grounding mate, oh that night was so special as he knew that he had been my first and he would be my only.”
Harry made a face, but fought to control it. He did not want to hear about Amelle having sex with her previous dominant, or her current one for that matter.

“He was always by my side, he came to every scan and when we found out that we were having a boy, he was just so happy. He had wanted a boy so badly and I felt so happy to give him what he wanted the most. I was six months pregnant when…when it happened.”

“What happened?” Harry asked as softly as he could, insanely curious.

“The poachers had found out where we lived.”

Harry’s heart clenched tightly as he realised where this story was going. He swallowed heavily and his heart started to thud faster in his chest.

“They came in the middle of the night, sixteen of them. I was only a month from giving birth, I was just getting my nesting instincts and I was gathering a cache of materials to build my nest with when they came. Cordell heard them first and he stood in front of me, his gorgeous ebony wings flared, his claws and fangs displayed as they burst through the door. There were just too many of them. I thought at first that everything would be fine, but I was a naïve child. Cordell killed two of them right away, one with a swipe of his left hand claws, the other with the right, but they kept coming, he kept fighting and then suddenly he had been moved away from me and I was forced to defend myself and my unborn child. I killed three before they pinned me down. I screamed for my mate as they burst through the door. I watched as they dragged me from the bed that I had felt so safe in moments before they had arrived. Cordell was insane with fear and rage as he tried to cut his way to me. I was dragged further from him, towards the door and I knew then that I was their true target, that they wanted to take me away and harvest me. I lashed out and they kicked back. My stomach, they purposefully aimed for my stomach. My waters broke and the blood came not too long after. Cordell was incensed as he watched them kick me like a dog, he was forced to watch as I started tomiscarry our precious baby boy.”

Amelle’s voice trailed off and Harry swallowed around the lump in his throat. How could she be so calm in telling this story? How could she sit there beside him and tell this horrific tale without a single emotion in her bland voice?

“My body expelled the baby as they caught Cordell between four of them. He still fought and struggled, but there were too many of them. They taunted me with my baby and I snapped. I launched for the one and raked my claws across his face, he dropped my baby and I caught him, cradling him close. He was a beautiful little boy, cocoa coloured skin, thick black hair and a tiny, perfect little face; he would have been just as handsome as his Father. I was screaming, Cordell was struggling and fighting…they shoved a spike through his throat. I watched him choke on his own blood, struggling to breathe even as he still tried to reach me and our son. He bled out on the
floor, leaving me alone with our dead son to fend off six poachers. I felt sick, I was in shock, my perfect son had been kicked out of me and my dominant had been murdered in front of me, I was frozen...I just couldn’t move. Thankfully my family had felt my distress calls and they had come for me. My Father burst through the door just as the poachers were surrounding me and he was like a god send. My older brothers followed and between the four of them, they killed the remaining six poachers and got me to a Healer, but there was nothing they could do for Cordell or my baby, they were already dead. I went through such a deep depression that my Mother couldn’t stand to be near me. It hurt her and her Dracken to see me so hurt and sad, but my Father never left me alone. He or one of my brothers were always there, I think they thought that I was going to kill myself. I thought about it, oh I thought about joining Cordell and our baby so many times, I even went to do it a few times, but I never did. I was pushed through so many hours of therapy. For years I kept going back to the therapists for help, eight years of constant therapy and I’m only now feeling better. I should have stayed with the therapy for longer, but I was fed up of repeating the exact details of what had happened that night. The Counsel elders had their own therapist check me over and she decided that I was mentally and physically able to mate again and I hated her. I hated her so much for saying that I was fine when I clearly wasn’t because I was immediately put into another mate meeting and I was forced to pick another mate that I didn’t even want.”

Harry was beginning to understand why Amelle had such a problem with Caesar and his family. It wasn’t him, or them or even her; it had been the Counsel’s fault. Them and the therapist who had declared that Amelle was ready for another mate when she obviously hadn’t been.

“I held out that meeting for months. I didn’t need to rush, I felt like I had all the time in the world. I didn’t want any of them; I banished half of them within the first week. Some of them killed one another and I didn’t care. I hoped that they all killed one another until none of them were left. I couldn’t stop thinking about Cordell and our son, buried together in a grave that I had spent a fortune on and it just wasn’t enough. I would have spent every Knut I had on their coffins and graves, but my parents curbed me, I hated them for that.”

“What…what made you choose Caesar?” Harry asked.

Amelle turned to him, showing her slate grey eyes filled with unshed tears. Her voice may have been emotionless, but her eyes couldn’t hide the pain and the sadness that she felt over the memories.

Amelle shrugged. “He fought as hard as Cordell did for me the first time around. The Maddisons’ didn’t make it to the meeting the first time I was looking for a mate, a family dilemma or something, but they were there in force when I was forced to take another mate, all of their Uncles and their Aunt and the two youngest, Max and Caesar. Max was thirty already, I was only twenty-five and thirty sounded so old. But he was so tall and strong and handsome.”

Harry recoiled at that. “You wanted Max?!” He hissed.
“He was the biggest, the strongest, the most physically appealing dominant there. I wanted a stronger mate than Cordell, not many filled that requirement, but Max did. I watched him fool about with his Uncles; they bet him that he couldn’t lift more than his body weight and he turned around, laid on his back and picked up the thick, heavy, solid oak dining table. He could bench press a table! I wanted him.”

Harry felt like he couldn’t breathe, it felt like his heart had stopped.

“He, of course, didn’t want me. I thought that it was something I had said or done, or thought that maybe he was one of those dominants who would only accept a virgin submissive, but then I found out that his younger brother wanted me for himself so Max had bowed himself out of the running. I was so angry.”

“Why did you chose Caesar if you were so angry with him?” Harry asked, trying to keep the demand from his voice, he liked Caesar.

“He was the second most suitable, he wasn’t the strongest or the biggest, but at twenty-eight he was the right age for me, the only other big and strong dominants were Max’s Uncles, who were all over fifty! I thought that even if Caesar wasn’t big and strong, that his family were and that they’d be able to protect me.”

“You chose Caesar just for his family?!” Harry hissed outraged.

“You wouldn’t understand.” Amelle sighed sadly. “To lose a mate and a child together, my Dracken was so angry, with Cordell for not protecting us, with my family for not coming sooner after I let out the distress calls, with the Counsel for forcing me to pick another mate. I was so angry all the time and nothing helped. Nothing. I wasn’t in that young state of mind where a mate meant children. I wanted a mate that could protect me and a large, strong family around me, so when Max bowed out, I chose Caesar. If for some reason they had both bowed out I would have chosen their youngest Uncle, Nicodemus. I was adamant that I would be a part of their family for the protection they offered. Only it backfired on me, the Maddisons’ aren’t like normal Dracken families, who rally around the submissives and protect them no matter what; they hate me and many other submissives in their family and they would gladly leave us to die if they could. I saw that after the fights that you and I had. It was you that they rallied around, not me, even though I’ve been a part of their family for longer than you have, it doesn’t matter, because they actually like you, so they protect you.”

“To be honest though, I’m not a complete bitch.” Harry pointed out.
Amelle smiled, just a little flick up of the lips. “I don’t mean to be. I don’t know how you force your Dracken away, how you just ignore your instincts so easily when it’s so difficult for me to even think straight when my Dracken comes to the forefront.”

“I already lose myself when I’m on a heat period without doing it when I’m not on heat. My Dracken will not force me to do things that I don’t want to do. I won’t allow it.”

“But how? I’ve tried, Caesar has told me to try harder, but I just can’t do it.”

“Pass me Nora.” Harry said suddenly and watched as Amelle pulled the baby higher up her shoulder and turned to shield her. “See? You don’t think before you react, Amelle. Just stop and think, what do you think I’ll do to her? Do you honestly think that anyone in this family will hurt her or let anything, anything at all happen to her? The family dislike you because you act like all the other pampered, spoilt submissives. You’re rude, bitchy, arrogant and you won’t let them get to know their own grandchildren, of course they aren’t going to like that. The key to getting them to like you and protect you is in your arms, let them hold and play with Eleonora and let them see the real you, under all the Dracken instincts and the fear of losing her like you did your son. I assume the perpetrator who sold you out was caught?”

Amelle nodded. “My supposed best friend in school. I foolishly told her what I was and I boasted about how a hundred men would be falling at my feet. She told her Father, who informed the Dracken poachers of where Cordell and I lived together.”

“She’s dead isn’t she? Her Father is dead, the poachers are all dead and no one knows your secret. You’re safe here with us. We aren’t going to sell you out because we’re Drackens too, we’d be selling out ourselves too. They may not like you, but they wouldn’t see you dead, Amelle, because it would kill Caesar. He loves you so much and you just don’t seem to care. He’s trying his hardest and he loves you and Nora, but he also loves his family. You have put him in such an awkward, horrible position and he’s miserable. You’ve been mated for two years now; surely there must be some feelings between you other than the ones created with Eleonora.”

“I… I suppose there are. I wouldn’t want anything to happen to him, especially not what happened to Cordell. But it’s so hard for me to forget the past, even with the therapy I’ve had I wake up sometimes and expect to see Cordell in bed with me and not Caesar; I keep changing Eleonora and expecting to see male genitals, not female and I get confused when I unwrap her and she’s this pale, pink baby, not my perfect cocoa baby that I had birthed. But I’m slowly getting more used to the changes and the confusion over my two babies is happening less and less now that Nora is getting older.”
“That’s good, that means you are making progress and if you can show that progress then you’d get the support you need from the family.”

Harry went and picked up Braiden. He licked his lips and took a chance. He pressed his son into Amelle’s arms and watched as she held him, looked at him. She blinked her slate blue-grey eyes and took several deep breaths before handing him Eleonora.

Harry made sure he held her supportively and safely as Amelle watched him critically. He stroked a chubby cheek and brushed auburn hair from chocolate coloured eyes.

“She’s going to be a stunner when she’s older.” He praised and that made Amelle smile.

“I didn’t mean what I said about Braiden. He’s not ugly or slow. I was just jealous that everyone was paying more attention to him than to Nora.”

“Only because you wouldn’t let anyone see her. It’s hard to tell what a baby looks like through a shawl.” Harry teased lightly.

Amelle let out that tinkling laugh. “I suppose. Let’s go back down before they realise that I’m missing and they think I’m descaling you.”

“They’d be more worried that I’m shredding you. How is your leg?”

“Better now that Max actually agreed to give Caesar the scar reducer.”

“Max can’t resist his baby brother’s begs.”

“That’s true. Max is a sucker for his siblings.”

Harry grinned. “That he is, I think it’s cute.”

Amelle went on ahead with Braiden, while Harry scooped Leolin up out of the bassinet and showed him to Nora.
“This is your baby cousin Nora, Leolin.”

“Ooh!” She cooed, poking at Leolin’s face with rough fingers, Harry caught her hand and sat her up higher on his shoulder so she couldn’t poke Leolin.

Harry was only just behind Amelle, so he heard the screams as she walked into the kitchen with Braiden.

“What are you doing with my son?!” Blaise roared.

“You shut your mouth.” Harry said as he walked in carrying Leolin and Eleonora. That stopped all of them short.

“You seem to have mixed up children.” Alexander pointed out.

Harry and Amelle looked at one another, Harry a bit put out because he had to look up to see Amelle, who stood an inch or so higher than he did.

“No. No we haven’t. We’re doing trust exercises.”

“Trust exercises?” Max asked as if he couldn’t comprehend what they were saying.

“Yes. I’m trusting Amelle with Braiden and she’s trusting me with Eleonora. We’re bonding.”

“Bonding?” Draco questioned.

“Must you repeat the last thing I say?” Harry frowned. “Yes. We’re bonding, is that such a bad thing?”

“No. No it’s brilliant!” Caesar exclaimed with tears shimmering in his chocolate eyes. He looked so happy that Harry had to smile softly at him.
Amelle sat down with Braiden, whose indigo eyes flickered to everything within eyesight. Harry sat down with Leo and Nora and he cuddled them both being watched by the family as if the entire world had suddenly turned upside down and the sky was green and the grass was now blue.

Harry soothed Amelle all throughout the exercise as his mates surrounded him; some of them touching Eleonora and Harry patted and squeezed Amelle’s hand to calm her. He passed Leolin to Nasta, who passed him Tegan, the only two girls of five boys.

“You need to have another girl.” He teased Amelle. “Or these two are going to be outnumbered for life.”

“Why don’t you have another girl?” She replied back as she let Braiden play with her slender fingers.

“I already have six kids! I’m not planning on making it seven for a very long time. I’m sure Caesar won’t say no to another baby.”

Amelle looked at Caesar through a fall of her hair and he almost stumbled over himself answering.

“Of course I wouldn’t mind! I’d love to have a second child with you.”

“You would? You never said before.” Amelle said quietly.

“I didn’t want to upset you by bringing it up.” Caesar admitted softly.

“I think we had best leave.” Harry elbowed his gawking mates to get them moving and swapped Eleonora for Braiden and he left the kitchen to go to the living room to give the two some privacy. He had no idea what had happened to Amelle, if she had knocked her head, if she had fallen and had some sense bashed into her brain, but he hoped that whatever it was that it wasn’t a temporary thing and that her new attitude didn’t wear off. She was a lot more tolerable when she was calm and rational and not trying to always attack him.

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Harry and his mates had decided to go home, to Max’s, for the last few days before they left for Hogwarts. Ashleigh had giggled and winked at them, thinking that they meant privacy for some
‘alone time’ and she had even offered to look after all six babies for them, but what she didn’t know was they had had sex twice in Max’s childhood bedroom since the birth of their quintuplets.

Harry grinned goofily as he thought back to those times and Nasta scowled at him, a light pink covering his cheeks, partially hidden by the stubble that was growing back in.

“No need to ask what you’re thinking about.” Max grinned roguishly, giving him a naughty wink.

Harry laughed. “I’m thinking that sex will be a lot different now that I’m not going to be rubbing my bare back against a real bear skin.”

“I can go and get it for you if you want it.” Max said mildly.

“It hasn’t come off your bed in sixteen years.” Harry replied.

Max shrugged. “Mum wanted it on there to remind her of me when I was off being ‘a grown-up’ in my own house. She hated it when I left, so I left my room as it was, I think with the addition of Grandchildren floating around, she’s forgotten all about it.”

Harry chuckled. “It’s fine for now, but I want all of your first kill skins to decorate our bed when we finally upgrade from this house. Where is your first skin?” Harry asked Nasta.

“At my Grandparents house.” He answered as he handed him a cup of honey tea. Harry made an excited noise and gulped it.

“What was your first kill?” Harry asked.

“A stallion, like most dominant’s first kills; Max is just a show off.”

Max laughed happily.

“I killed a buck.” Blaise boasted.
“What was your first kill, Draco?”

The blond blushed and turned away from them.

“Draco?” Harry questioned curiously.

“Three rabbits.” He said stiffly. “I didn’t grow up with Drackens or know what I was, so I didn’t keep the skins for you.”

“That’s alright.” Harry said softly, embracing Draco from behind and worming his head under Draco’s arm to kiss a smooth cheek.

“Why rabbits?” Max asked curiously, ignoring the glare that Harry sent him. “Usually the Dracken wants the biggest prey it can find.”

“I lived in a Wiltshire mansion on grass plains, there are no forests or limitless wilderness. A rabbit was the biggest prey I could find unless I ate my Father’s prized albino peacocks…or the house elves.” He replied defensively.

“If you want you can hunt for dinner and we can keep that animal to skin to put with the rest.” Harry offered.

“You want me to hunt for dinner?”

“If you don’t mind that is.”

“Of course I don’t mind, I’d love to.” Draco smiled then and Harry smiled before pecking Draco’s mouth, his head was seized and he was kissed thoroughly.

“So, can we enjoy one another tonight? Or do you think I’m ‘unfit enough to perform’?” He said scathingly, quoting the Healer who had examined his stomach and said that he was unfit to be walking, lifting or going to the bathroom by himself, he had gotten into a fighting match with the Healer, proving that he could walk and lift things, but the Healer had ignored him and had written him off as unfit. Harry was still livid about it.
Max and Nasta looked at one another, despite having sex twice since the birth; it had stopped a few days ago, as soon as that Healer had said that he was ‘unfit to perform simple tasks’ all logic had gone out of the window.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea.” Max finally answered.

“Fuck you!” Harry spat.

Max stepped forward and gripped his hair, bending his neck backwards. Harry hadn’t even tried to run. He was learning. He just stood there, not saying anything, not moving, thinking up ways in which he could kill Max without leaving a body behind.

“Say sorry.” Max said gently, loosening his fist.

“Bitch.” Harry answered and grimaced as that hand clenched in his hair again.

“Don’t you think that was childish, Harry?” Nasta coaxed.

“Do you think I care, Nasta?” Harry growled back.

“Say sorry!” Max almost demanded, angling his neck back more. Harry gritted his teeth together, locking his jaw.

Harry stayed silent and felt Max’s hand start tugging on his hair, if Max pulled anymore then he would be losing a clump of hair.

“Ease off, Max.” Nasta coaxed, patting the hand clenched in his hair. “Say sorry to Max, Harry.”

Harry pulled a face and growled.

“Harry!” Nasta put the order into his voice, not full force, but enough to make Harry hesitate and
He fought back his instincts that wanted him to clutch both of their legs and beg for forgiveness.

He tore his own head away from Max’s loosened hand, leaving more than a few strands in Max’s closed fist, he snarled at Max before backing out of the room. Max growled and went to follow him, but Nasta wrapped an arm around his waist.

Harry made it upstairs, banging and stomping like a spoilt child, but he didn’t care. He was being treated like a child; he’d damn well act like one! How dare they deny him sex again? Like his opinion or wants didn’t even matter!

He was too damned angry to think and he knew the skirt idea wouldn’t work a second time, not that he had the skirt anymore since Max had burnt it. The bastard!

He claws came through his nail beds and his fangs tore free from his gums. His wings sprang from his back so violently that he felt a warm trickle of blood over his back.

His Dracken urged him to go and eliminate the one who had made him angry, but he had enough of himself to know he didn’t want to kill Max, just maim him a little. He chuckled at that and it slipped roughly from his throat.

He peeked in on his sleeping children and cooed and purred over them. Such sweet, beautiful babes. He had the most perfect babies; no child was more perfect, more sweet, more cute, more adorable. He had the smartest, most beautiful children in the entire world and no other baby compared to his six. He’d cut up anyone who said otherwise!

Stretching his wings out, as he stretched his body, Harry climbed onto the bed and curled up on his arms and legs, lying on his stomach on his curled up limbs, folding his wings into his sides. He rubbed his face on the duvet and yawned. He’d just sleep with his children for a bit, he’d hear them if they woke up and he’d hear anyone who came into the room.

Harry woke up slowly, gradually and he shook his head to clear it. He almost put his own eye out when he rubbed them with his hands, which had claws attached to them.

He stretched and tucked in all of his Dracken attributes and yawned and stretched again. All of the babies were sleeping still, but someone had been in to tend to them, an empty bottle was on the bedside table. They must have been incredibly quiet not to wake him up and then his mind kick started and he frowned as he realised that there was a silencing bubble around him. That made him angry again.

“Twatting bastards.” He hissed.

He kissed each baby carefully, being mindful of his fangs and claws before heading down the stairs to the smell of cooking.
Max wouldn’t even look at him as the other three greeted him and Harry glared at his back, hoping the heat of his glare peeled the skin from his back.

“Have you calmed down now?”

“Yes.” Harry answered his top dominant softly.

“Do you have anything you want to say to Max?” Nasta encouraged.

Harry sat down and said nothing. Max snorted from the cooker and stirred something he was making. Harry was surprised when ten minutes later a plate was shoved viciously under his nose, he hadn’t expected anything.

He found out why he had been given a plate after only one forkful. He choked on his mouthful and ran to the sink to get a drink of water. It tasted like Max had used the entire contents of his spice cupboard in the chilli he had made.

“Harry?” Nasta questioned confusedly. Max looked smug as he ate his own food easily.

“You know I don’t like spicy food!” Harry yelled at him.

Nasta took up Harry’s fork and tasted the chilli on his plate, then his own.

“They’re the same, Harry.” He said.

Harry walked around Nasta angrily, took his fork and ate from his plate and shuddered, his eyes streaming.

“It’s too spicy.” He complained. “I can’t eat it.”

“You have to eat something.” Blaise fretted.

“Apparently I don’t.” Harry spat. “But that’s okay, isn’t it? It’s not as if I’m not already used to
“always going hungry.” Was his parting shot as he left the kitchen.

“See what you’ve done!” Draco yelled at Max, who looked a bit guilty as Harry left the kitchen without eating.

“It’s a double edged sword.” Blaise said quietly as he tried a small forkful of his own food and pulled a face. “You seem to have forgotten that I can’t eat spicy food either as it makes me feel sick, so it looks like both Harry and I are going without dinner.”

Blaise pushed his plate away, got to his feet and he followed Harry out of the kitchen and up the stairs. He found him crying in the main bedroom. The huge, wracking sobs widened his eyes; he didn’t think that Harry had been this upset. He had expected him to be more angry than upset.

He climbed onto the bed; passing through Nasta’s silencing bubble and he wrapped Harry up in his arms, kissing that upturned face as Harry looked up at him to see who had joined him.

“Why...?”

“I don’t like spicy food either, so Max really screwed up that revenge plan.” Blaise replied.

Harry smiled depreciatingly. “All I wanted was some love.”

Blaise nosed around his ear and pressed an open mouthed kiss behind it.

“I don’t agree with the Healer. I’m not as sexually experienced as Max or Nasta, but I wouldn’t say no to sinking into your luscious body.” He breathed hotly into that tiny ear.

“You don’t believe the Healer?” Harry asked tremulously.

“Oh course not. He said you were unable to walk or lift anything. I have watched you walk, run, jump and carry two of our children at a time. The Healer was wrong about that because he doesn’t understand your Dracken nature, so why would he be right about you not being ready for sex? As long as you tell me if I hurt you or if it’s too uncomfortable, I would gladly make love to you all night, Prezioso. All you had to do was ask me.”
Harry was embarrassed to realise that he had tears in his eyes and he threw himself around Blaise’s body and kissed those sensual lips with all the passion that he could muster.

“Hold on.” Blaise whispered as he pushed Harry onto the bed, taking out his wand and waving it.

Harry lowered his eyebrows and looked curiously at Blaise, who grinned evilly.

“A very handy ward that I found a while back. Anyone who crosses over it will be immobilised. So the other three idiots will be forced to stand there and watch as I completely and utterly ravish you and they won’t be able to do a thing about it…or interrupt us.” Blaise finished with a hot whisper and he immediately kissed Harry’s mouth, adding a tongue as Harry responded readily to him.

“The babies.”

“We fed them only half an hour before you came down, they should be good for an hour and a half at least.”

Harry grinned and he went straight back to kissing Blaise’s mouth, tangling their tongues together as other body parts rubbed and slid against one another.

“I’ve wanted this for what seems like years.” Blaise panted. “For it to be just me and you, like it used to be, with none of the others. I’ve come to love them so much but for a while I’ve just wanted you for myself, just once, Bello. Just once.”

“Why didn’t you say?” Harry asked as his shirt was pulled over his head. “I would have jumped on you.”

“For one, when I started feeling this way you were pregnant with quintuplets. Then you had a traumatic birth and there was no time to tell you that I wanted just an hour or so of your time to ravish you. I’m trying to block out the thoughts of what the Healer said, because I know different, but it’s difficult to do when the thought that I could hurt you comes floating in.”

“You won’t hurt me. It hurts me more not to be physically connected to those I love so very much.”
Blaise attacked his nipple with lips and teeth and Harry held his head there by his hair and arched into Blaise’s mouth, making soft noises as Blaise nipped at his one nipple, before sucking at the other one.

Harry moaned and Blaise bit down, forcing Harry to let out a choked scream.

“That’s it; scream for me tonight, no one else, just me.” Blaise whispered against his chest before he came up to kiss his lips, kissing him as if he could eat his mouth.

Harry pulled Blaise’s jumper from him, unbuckled the belt, undid the trousers and opened them, all in quick succession. Blaise chuckled deeply and it went right down his spine like an infectious liquid and pooled in his groin. He knew his eyes had blown wide when he looked at Blaise, who groaned deeply and kissed him desperately, his own indigo iris’ being reduced to a tiny ring around a pool of black.

Their mouths meshed together, opened to the other’s tongue, moving their heads in tandem against one another as Harry moved those last few inches to sit fully in Blaise’s lap, feeling the hardness of him there pressed against his own as he wrapped his legs tightly around him, still kissing as if the world would stop if they did.

Blaise tipped him backwards, but came with him, not letting him catch his breath, not letting any space separate them as he laid against the front of his body, pressing him down into the mattress and it made Harry’s blood run hot as their kisses became fevered and crazed.

Blaise ripped the button open and tugged his zip down on his trousers and Harry helped Blaise by wriggling his hips as Blaise pulled them down his legs, trying to do it blind as they continued kissing, but one leg of his trousers got caught around his ankle and they broke apart laughing as Blaise moved down to remove it.

Blaise kissed the arch of his foot and Harry giggled as those wet and warm lips tickled him, but Blaise held on and tongued around his ankle bone and nibbled the top of his foot. Harry screeched with uncontrollable giggles which made Blaise chuckle.

Blaise travelled up his shin, paid attention to his knobbly knee, up his thigh, and then he licked around the edges of his boxers and tongued at the length of him through the cotton of his shorts.

Harry moaned breathily and tugged on Blaise’s hair, trying to keep his mouth on such a sensitive, aching part of his body, but Blaise turned his head and sucked a love bite onto his hip instead.

“Mark me.” Harry breathed. “Cover my body with your marks! Please, Blaise!”

Blaise let out a deep growl and bit into the flesh of his belly and sucked hard as Harry arched into his mouth and screeched.

Blaise made a line of bites and marks and teeth imprints all up to his mouth, where he nibbled his lips and drove his tongue into his mouth once again and Harry wrapped his body around Blaise and rubbed against him.
Blaise pulled off his own livid orange boxer-briefs and Harry devoured the naked line of his body with his eyes.

“It always makes me hot to see you looking at me like that.” Blaise growled lowly, looking back at him with love, lust and a hint of danger.

“I want you.” Harry said softly, looking up at Blaise with wide eyes, panting rapidly.

Blaise tugged his boxers down, threw them clear over a bassinet and rolled to the bedside draw and dug out a bottle of lube.

“Condoms or no?” Blaise questioned.

Harry shook his head. “No, I want to feel you flood me.”

Blaise’s eyes flashed and his mouth pulled up into a familiar cocky smirk that he had always worn back in the first few weeks of their mating.

“Ti amo, Harry.” He said and Harry’s heart flipped at the familiar words that had come so easily between them once, but had dropped off as more and more men appeared.

“Ti amo, Blaise. Ti amo.”

Blaise kissed him, fevered and impassioned, pushing a finger Harry hadn’t realised had already been lubricated into his body slowly, a complete contrast to the fast paced kisses.

Harry gasped and moved his hips into that finger and shivered in pleasure as Blaise moved that finger slowly and smoothly, before slipping it out and pressing back in with two fingers and more lubricant.

Harry slipped his one leg up and over Blaise’s shoulder, wrapping his knee around his neck so Blaise had better access to his most intimate parts.

“You look gorgeous like this.” Blaise bent down to whisper into his ear, flicking a tongue out to lick at it.
Blaise scissored his fingers inside him and Harry gasped and arched as those slender fingers brushed the little gland that he had fallen in love with over the past year.

“Blaise!” Harry gasped and he heard Blaise growl again into his ear.

“I need you.” Blaise hissed deeply. “I need you so badly.”

Blaise slipped a third finger into him and spread them all out as wide as he could manage, before pressing them in as deeply as he could. Harry made a small noise as the burn at the penetration site became a bit too much. Blaise pulled out immediately and looked at him.

“It’s alright, just a small burn.” Harry said breathily. “I think Draco split me the last time I was permitted to have sex.”

Blaise nosed around his cheek, kissing his soft skin before pressing into him smoothly. Harry gasped and locked his body around Blaise as he came to a stop at the end of his body.

“How does that feel?” Blaise asked.

“Amazing.” Harry answered, kissing Blaise full on the mouth, adding tongue as Blaise rocked inside of him, building up to a smooth thrusting motion as their kiss got heavier and they mirrored their mouths to their lower bodies.

Harry felt his orgasm building much quicker than he would have liked, Blaise had teased him into a frenzy and now he wouldn’t last, but Blaise had also aroused himself and Harry had teased him back, which meant that when Harry felt that warmth that had built in his gut release, Blaise was completely in tandem with him and they both arched their backs and threw their heads back together as they orgasmed together, both screaming their pleasure and release.

Harry breathed deeply and heavily as he came back into himself to find Blaise panting and sweaty beside him, nosing around his hair and ear, he was grinng wider than Harry had ever seen him.

“Look who got the lion’s share of the meat.” Harry teased Blaise’s prideful, self-satisfied grin.
“Don’t call yourself meat.” Blaise teased back and Harry laughed even as his flushed cheeks went a bit darker.

Harry got his breath back and looked at his babies around him, still sleeping peacefully.

“It has to be said, we make good-looking kids.”

Blaise laughed his voice rough from growling and screaming.

“Leolin will be waking up soon, after he’s been fed, I have an idea if you’re up for it.”

Harry grinned naughtily.

“I can be up for whatever you have in mind.”

Blaise laughed again and he got up, waved his wand, removing the smell of sex and sweat from his body, he dressed himself immaculately, brushed his hair and then left to make up the bottles, leaving Harry covered in semen and sweat, watching him leave the bedroom, too tired to move, but watching that arse covered in denim with his eyes and wistfully thinking about seeing it out of those jeans again very soon.

Blaise came back with six bottles and he kicked the door shut again; he put the bottles on the bedside table and stripped himself once again.

“That was quick.”

“Max already had them made up, I met him just coming out of the kitchen, I think he wants to apologise, but I told him to leave you be. He made us both something to eat because he felt guilty and foolish for what he did. I think Nasta had at him after we left.”

“Good.” Harry pouted. Though it did make him feel better that Max wanted to apologise for how he had acted, Harry wasn’t quite ready to forgive him just yet. Maybe after another few rounds of sex with Blaise he’d feel more forgiving.
Blaise finished undressing and he snuggled up to him, kissing and licking at him until Harry started moaning and responding to his ministrations.

“What’s this plan of yours?” Harry asked curiously as they waited for the quintuplets to wake up.

Blaise looked down pointedly at the mattress and Harry’s eyebrows lowered.

“You want us to have sex under the bed?” He guessed and Blaise let out a startled burst of laughter.

“No, we have a box of unused toys under the bed. Toys that Max has wanted nothing more than to try. If you’re up for it, mio amore, we can use them, then lure him up here only for him to get stuck in the immobilising ward, we’ll show him what he’s missing.”

Harry’s eyes went wide and a very naughty grin spread over his face.

“Does that mean you want to try it?” Blaise asked.

Harry nodded and he rolled off the bed and pulled Ginny’s box out from under it. He climbed back onto the bed and threw the lid off of it and then lost his nerve as he looked at all the different boxes of toys.

“What if they hurt?”

“Then we’ll burn that particular toy and move onto another one.” Blaise said. “We’ll try them all and see what you like and what you don’t, it’s all about experimentation.”

Harry smiled and he went digging through the box until he found a bright purple toy and he handed it to Blaise.

“I want to try that one first.” He said with a blush. “It reminds me of your wings.”

Blaise grinned and that cocky smirk came back as he kissed him, shoved the box off the bed to give them some room to work and he took the leaflet out of the box to read the instructions as they
waited still for the babies to wake up, praying that none of the others came up too soon, before they were ready for them.

Leolin’s tiny cry came first from his specially padded, pale blue bassinet and Harry rolled over the side of the bed to pick him up and cradled him.

“Oh my little Leo, don’t cry baby, Mummy has you.”

Blaise handed the tiny bottle with the specialised teat to him and Harry tested it on his forearm before he manipulated it into Leolin’s mouth, watching as he sucked on it tentatively, almost as if he were afraid of it.

Farren woke up next and he woke up all of his brothers and his sister with his screaming and he and Blaise were outnumbered without the other three, but they managed, feeding one baby at a time, until only Braiden was left and Harry took him up, pressed the bottle into his mouth as Blaise gently brushed the tears from his face. The quintuplets had fallen right back off to sleep after they had been burped and Harry was praying that Braiden did the same. He did and Harry kissed him softly, so gently as Blaise did the same and they placed him into his bassinet before turning and grinning at each other.

They came together and kissed, falling onto the bed. They broke apart panting as they looked at each other with wide grins.

Blaise picked up the phallic shaped, purple toy and smirked at him, making Harry feel a little nervous.

“This one is very special.” Blaise told him.

“Why?” Harry asked.

“It vibrates.”

“Oh.” Was all Harry said, not quite sure what it meant for him. “How are we going to get the others up here?”

“Once we have you writhing on the toy, let out a scream through the baby monitor that I’ll bring into the silencing bubble. They’ll come running and then they will all be stuck in the immobilisation ward.”

Harry grinned as Blaise cast said immobilisation ward again after he had taken it down to leave the
Harry was nervous as Blaise lubricated the purple toy and pressed it against his body.

“It’s a bit thicker than I am, but you should have no problems after taking Nasta.” Blaise told him.

Harry nodded to him and he felt the pressure increase until it started slipping into his body. Harry let out a small moan as the cool, unyielding toy was forced into his body, it was so different to an actual man, who was warm, soft underneath his hardness, and somehow more, fuller than the cold purple silicone that was being pushed into him.

“Are you alright?” Blaise asked him, nosing and kissing around his cheek and neck.

Harry let out the breath that he hadn’t know that he had been holding as the end of the toy came to the bottom of his body.

“It feels so strange! It’s completely different to an actual person.”

Blaise nodded. “It was always going to be, mio amore. It is silicone and we are flesh and blood, but wait until you can see what this piece of silicone can do, it’s been rated as very powerful.”

Blaise moved it so very carefully out of him and pressed it back in slowly until Harry got used to the feel of it within his body and he started tentatively moving into it as Blaise pressed it forward. Blaise grinned and moved it faster and harder and it touched his prostate and he moaned and moved his body faster and harder against it.

Blaise touched it with his wand and that was the beginning of the end. The toy started vibrating inside of him and he screamed like a possessed demon as he fucked himself on the toy, gripping his own hair as the toy ripped scream after scream from him, he thrashed his head from side to side and arched his back and ground his hips on to it as it touched his prostate and Blaise kept it there, vibrating against it and sending pleasure shooting through his entire body like tiny bolts of lightning. He orgasmed so quickly and so powerfully that he thought he’d never recover.

Blaise stopped the toy from vibrating and just moved it within him, watching him with possessive, lust filled eyes, his mouth opened and his lips being wetted by a peek of tongue as he panted as if it had been him with the toy inside of him.

Harry closed his eyes and just felt as the toy slid so smoothly into him, but Blaise stopped all movement and Harry snapped his eyes open to glare at him.
“If you don’t move that fucking toy in five seconds…!”

Blaise held a finger to his lips before he reached over and picked up the baby monitor. He pushed the baby monitor to his mouth and Harry remembered the reason they were trying these toys and he grinned evilly. He screamed long and loud into it and heard the clatter of chairs and splintering wood from all the way downstairs.

Blaise stretched over and put the baby monitor back on the bedside table and with a wave of his wand, he took down the silencing bubble and quickly put up separate bubbles around each bassinet, it wouldn’t do to have the other three watching, but not being able to hear anything due to the silencing bubble.

Blaise was moving the toy inside of him and Harry was writhing and pushing back on it again when the three others almost tore the door off to get into the room, all of their Draken attributes on show, but they hit Blaise’s ward before their brains caught up with their eyes, so they were stuck in the ward as they realised that Harry had screamed from pleasure rather than anything else, really they should have known from how he had screamed, he had not given a distress call.

Blaise grinned at them evilly.

“It’s nice of you to join us. Harry and I are having so much fun; we just had to show you.”

Harry moaned and bent his knees to put his feet flat on the mattress so he could get better leverage to push himself onto the toy.

“Harry wanted to try this toy first, he loves it. I’ll show you.”

Blaise grinned and turned back to Harry, touching the toy with his wand and starting the vibrations again and Harry started screaming and writhing, shoving himself back onto the toy inside him. The three stuck in the ward went wide eyed as they watched, about the only thing they could do as their limbs were locked, unable to move or speak, forced to watch him play with the toys for the first time without their involvement.

Harry gripped his own hair again, but Blaise wormed his fingers out of the strands before he tugged any tufts out and attached them to the headboard, this gave Harry the strength of his arms to thrust himself onto the toy as well as his hips and he used them to full advantage as Blaise touched the toy to his prostate and Harry screamed louder and moved his body faster and harder against it.

His back arched and he threw his head back, but Blaise pulled the toy away from his prostate just as he was about to orgasm.

“No! No, no, no! Please!” He begged desperately, mindlessly. “Please, Blaise, please! Don’t stop it, please don’t make it stop!”
Blaise’s chuckle was so deep that Harry cracked open his eyes to make sure that it was still Blaise devouring his body with his eyes. His eyes had been almost completely swallowed by black and his mouth was open as his chest heaved like he had run a marathon as he watched him with the toy.

“Do you want to cum, mio amore?” Blaise asked, his voice gravelly and rough.

“Please, please, please! I need to! I need to!” He almost sobbed, still pushing himself onto the toy, tugging the headboard until it creaked under his hands.

“Pull your knees to your chest.” Blaise ordered.

Harry obeyed immediately and he held his legs on either side of his body, his knees touching either side of his rib cage and the toy suddenly seemed to go that much deeper into him, it felt that much more pleasurable and Harry rocked his body into it, moving his hips and twisting his head from side to side, sobbing as his body ached for release.

Blaise touched his prostate and his entire body convulsed with the vibrations and he screamed until his throat was raw, moving as much as he could on the toy in this position, but ultimately relying on Blaise to move it harder and faster for him, hitting him deeper, bashing his prostate and holding it there to send those bolts of pleasure through his body and he screamed his orgasm, which seemed somehow that much more powerful than the first.

Blaise slipped the toy from inside him, dropped it over the side of the bed and slid himself inside as Harry was still caught in the waves of his orgasm, still convulsing and his muscles still clenching and Blaise smashed their mouths together and thrust into him and it was so much better than the unyielding silicone and Harry kept his legs bent with his knees to his ribs, but he wrapped his arms around Blaise’s neck and tugged on that choppy black hair, his orgasm still crashing over him in waves, prolonged by Blaise, who Harry knew wouldn’t last much longer.

Harry called out Blaise’s name over and over until Blaise stilled and flooded him with his release and Harry just screamed, arching up into Blaise before they fell still and silent, panting, trying to draw in oxygen, trying to keep breathing. Blaise rolled onto his back and pulled Harry into cuddle with him, the other three looked like they were trying to scream at them, but Harry and Blaise ignored them for the time being.

“Do you want to let them have at you?” Blaise whispered with a grin.

“I thought you wanted it to be just you?” Harry whispered back, almost hissing as they tried to have a private conversation with the other three almost right beside them.
“I have had you to myself, twice and I’ve played with your body with the toy. I am more than happy, mio Prezioso. I am thinking that now it is my turn to get fucked after I’ve fucked you so very well.”

Harry smiled and kissed Blaise lingeringly, then tongue was added and Blaise rolled him onto his back and kissed him more passionately. He picked up his wand and waved it and all three mates surged forward and ended up on their faces. Harry laughed and Blaise chuckled.

“They must have been trying to get through the wards pretty damn hard for that to happen.” Blaise grinned.

Nasta and Draco came onto the bed growling, Nasta ripped Blaise from him and snogged him viciously as Draco bit all up the one side of his body. He obviously didn’t like that Harry only had Blaise’s marks on him.

Harry tugged him over his neck and kissed him. He only wanted Blaise’s mark on his neck as a place of pride and remembrance that Blaise had been there when he had needed him.

Harry got the feeling that something was missing and he looked to the side and saw that Nasta was already thrusting into Blaise, who was clawing up his back, Nasta’s teeth biting deeply into Blaise’s neck.

He looked to the other side and saw Max, sat on the floor looking miserable and forlorn at the four of them, there was shame, regret, repentance, lust and love swirl in those dark sapphire eyes and Harry growled.

“You have one second to get on this bed or I’m going to be forced to crawl on the floor after you and I don’t want to move.” He hissed.

Max came to the end of the bed, but didn’t get on it, he just cupped his face as Nasta dragged Draco away by an ankle, which made Harry laugh at the hilarious sight and the indignant squawk that Draco let out as Nasta pulled himself out of a spent Blaise and pushed into Draco instead.

“I’m so sorry, I should have listened to you, we all should have, but then Blaise was the only one who seemed to have a brain these past few days. He could see that the Healer was wrong and really we all could, but hearing that you weren’t supposed to be doing these things, it put fear into us that we could hurt you, that you could be very seriously injured and I’m sorry. As for the stunt in the kitchen over dinner, I have no excuse for what I did and nothing to say to excuse my behaviour or my selfish actions. I’m sorry, I should never have done it, I don’t know what I was thinking and as soon as I tell my Dad, he’s going to go ape shit on me and either hit me so hard my brain will rattle or he’ll carry out his threat of spanking me and I won’t be able to sit down for a month.”
Harry rolled over, off of the bed and onto Max’s lap, he tore open the jeans that Max was wearing, ripped open the boxer shorts underneath so violently that the button went flying and he then sat himself down on Max completely in one go.

Max gasped and threw his head back, holding his hips tight enough to bruise.

“I told you if you didn’t get on the bed in one second then I’d have to come after you.” Harry told him, not apologising for his own behaviour because he wasn’t going to. He didn’t feel like he had to when he hadn’t been the one at fault, but he said without words that he had forgiven Max. He had just known that a few rounds with Blaise would wipe out any anger and bad feelings he had, sex always had calmed him down.

Harry moved himself up and down Max’s considerable length and gasped as his sore body was split open again so soon, but the feel of Max within him, pressing deeper than anyone else could get, more than made up for it as he moved himself faster and harder with the help of those hands on his hips.

Max growled in a continuous rumble in the back of his throat before he flung them both sideways, twisting them until Harry was on the carpeted floor and Max was hovering above him and they locked eyes as Max started moving harder and faster than Harry had been able to manage, Harry dragged himself up with the help of those massive shoulders and nibbled and sucked on Max’s bottom lip until his mouth opened and they kissed heavily, passionately.

One of Max’s hands splayed on his lower back and he held their lower bodies together as he found a rhythm and kept to it, Harry tugging two fistfuls of his short hair as he moaned and begged for release.

It seemed that Max didn’t want to upset him, so he immediately gave Harry his wish of orgasm by pushing himself harder and faster and laying him back on the floor so he could use the hand that had been holding their lower bodies together to tug on his over sensitised cock until he screamed his orgasm to the ceiling.

Max collapsed to the side of him and tried to catch his breath, but Harry was tugged up and onto the bed and taken immediately by Draco, who smirked at him as Harry writhed and convulsed, still caught in his orgasm from Max. It did not take long for Draco to bring him to a second orgasm as he held one of his hips, Harry’s one leg wrapped around Draco’s strong, broad back, his other one lying limply on the bed, his hands caught together by Draco’s other hand.

Draco displayed the steely control that the Malfoys were known for by holding out through Harry’s orgasm and keeping him screaming and writhing to another earth shattering orgasm and Harry was sure he was going to pass out, but after Draco had stilled and collapsed onto him and he was feeling sleepy and worn out, Harry was pulled out from under Draco and he turned to see the golden eyes of Nasta, who grinned at him, showing fangs. Harry groaned loudly, sex with any of his mates in Dracken form was just so rough and so amazing that his limp cock, which he had thought wouldn’t be able to ever recover from tonight, sprang back to life and started aching as Nasta started licking and sucking at him, playing with him when all he wanted was to be fucked while Nasta was in Dracken form, his gorgeous wings tucked up slightly to stop them from getting in the way or cuffing one of the others.

Nasta flicked his nipples as he tongued around his balls, which were already tight and felt like they
would explode at any moment. He growled and wound his hands around as much of Nasta’s hair as he could get and he tugged harshly.

“If you do not get inside of me now, I am going to slice your cock and balls off and do it myself!” He threatened with a steely gaze, glaring directly into those amused golden eyes.

Nasta took his threat to heart and surged into him and Harry’s back arched from the bed so violently a few vertebrae clicked. He moaned helplessly as Nasta started rocking, then he picked up pace and rhythm and then what Harry had been anticipating and dreading, Nasta’s body rolling, which drove him insane, but built up his orgasm so quickly and powerfully that he couldn’t help but love it.

“Nasta!” He cried out as he sunk his claws into those huge shoulders, likely drawing blood, but Nasta only growled lowly and moved harder and faster, rolling smoothly and hitting Harry’s abused prostate dead on as he refined his technique more by pulling in his hips and tightening his thighs.

Harry moaned and thrashed as he felt his god knew what number orgasm approach, his hands clenched deeply into Nasta’s shoulders, tearing the skin a bit, but it only seemed to enflame Nasta more as he started growling and snarling as he moved faster and harder and Harry’s orgasm took him completely by surprise and he screamed so loudly that he lost his voice.

Nasta released into him and bit his small shoulder, sinking his four fangs into him and drawing blood. It made him writhe and convulse on Nasta before he completely collapsed and just lay on the bed hoping that he would recover sometime this year.

Nasta manipulated him up to the pillows and maneuvered him under the duvet and gave him a sweet kiss, such a contrast to the passionate, tongue filled kisses from moments before.

Harry yawned and made no movement as Nasta and Max got Draco and Blaise under the covers as well. Max went out of the room with the six empty baby bottles and came back up ten minutes later, just as Harry had finished wriggling around to get comfortable, with six new bottles. He put them on the bedside table and Nasta handed him a damp wash cloth that he had gotten from the bathroom.

Max cleaned himself off as Nasta had finished cleaning all three of the others and tucked them into the bed, taking care with the back of Harry’s legs and his abused, sore entrance.

Regan woke up first this time and he wailed for his food. Nasta scooped him up lovingly and pressed a bottle to his cheek, watching him root for it adoringly.

Tegan woke up next and Max took her into his vast arms, cradling her tiny body as he fed her. The two of them were much more smoother in handling all six of them than Harry and Blaise had been, but then they did all of the night feeds by themselves. Harry sat up and he was handed Calix as he woke up for his bottle and Harry cuddled him and kissed him, trying to tell his little boy that he loved him so very much as he fed him.
Nasta burped Regan, placed a red dummy in his mouth and placed him back into his bassinet before he scooped up Braiden as Blaise fed Farren and Draco took little Leolin, nuzzling his little face with his sharp nose. Harry loved seeing Draco so loving and affectionate and he was sad that it really only happened in their bedroom, usually after a great bout of sex.

Once the babies had all been fed, Tegan and Braiden had had nappy changes and they all had a dummy in their mouths, including little Leolin, who had his special dummy between his lips, looking so adorable that Harry had taken several photos the first time he had put the dummy in his mouth, they settled down in bed. Max went to turn out the light as Nasta moved Braiden to the nursery next door, taking one of the three way baby monitors with him. He came back and slipped into the bed, and he reached to the bedside table and turned off the lamp as Max did the same on the other side. Harry yawned as he snuggled down, feeling relaxed, calm, contented, but most of all happy as he was surrounded by his children and his mates, who were also his lovers, his best friends and his life companions. He loved them and he’d love them for life, no matter what little tiffs they had or would have in the future, because there was bound to be more than enough, but life wasn’t going to be easy. Life wasn’t worth living if it was easy, but if they all stuck together, then no matter what came at them, they’d be able to overcome it.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Now that sex scene took a hell of a lot of doing so you had better bloody enjoy it!

ALL OF YOU HAD BETTER READ THIS!

I am getting sick of repeating the answer for the Regulus question of how Harry can be the first male submissive in a hundred years if Regulus was a male submissive. I am getting sick of answering it, so if anyone asks after this chapter, I’m going to go mental.

No one knew about Regulus. Not even his own parents knew, he had one meeting where he quickly chose Severus and neither of them ever went to the social gatherings. His previous suitors forgot about him as new submissives came forth, and then he died early without ever really leaving a mark, he had no children, no achievements or notable doings, his mate is, and always has been, a recluse who would rather cut off his own leg than go to the Dracken parties, so he faded from everyone’s memories, everyone except for Severus and Kreacher when his parents and Sirius died. No one remembered him, hell if they did it might just be a passing thought like, what was that submissive’s name from thirty years ago. They might even think that he was female, not every Dracken in the world saw/spoke/met him, so they might have convinced themselves that he was just another missed opportunity. Severus clings to Regulus’ memory so tightly and fiercely because no one else does, it's that reason why he can't move on, it's that reason why I'll never 'pair him up with another submissive to make him happy' because he doesn't want to be happy. Not every story has a happy ending and unfortunately Severus’ is one of them. He wants to cling to his love for Regulus,
he wants to hold onto the man he loved and lost, why would he want some insipid, shallow, vain sixteen year old girl, who is more than likely going to reject him as soon as she sees him, when he has the memories of the smart, beautiful, wonderful man he fell in love with, who chose him over hundreds of others, who was his mate for three years in all ways that mattered, that loved him as he was and for who he was.

So that’s my answer to that, I don’t want to hear any more questions about how Harry can be the only male submissive in a hundred years, yadda yadda. Moving on.

Thank you all for reading and reviewing! I appreciate every review I get! Don’t forget to read the Scaled Bits! Or that I have a Facebook page that you can join!

StarLight Massacre. X
Death, Drink and Dirty Walls

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry yawned as he snuggled down, feeling relaxed, calm, contented, but most of all happy as he was surrounded by his children and his mates, who were also his lovers, his best friends and his life companions. He loved them and he’d love them for life, no matter what little tiffs they had or would have in the future, because there was bound to be more than enough, but life wasn’t going to be easy. Life wasn’t worth living if it was easy, but if they all stuck together, then no matter what came at them, they’d be able to overcome it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Fifty-Seven – Death, Drink and Dirty Walls

Harry woke up at ten to four in the morning and he groaned miserably as he looked at the time. He rubbed his eyes and groaned again, he hated that he had woken up so early. Why the hell had he woken up so early?

He huffed in frustration as his attempts to get back to sleep failed, he rolled himself out of the bed and he shimmied into the first pair of boxers that he found in the chest of drawers before carefully scooping up two babies and he moved them down to the kitchen before coming up for another two and did the same with them before he then made a final trip to get the last two. He shook his head, he loved all six of them with his entire heart, he did, but six was too many. They were all still babies, five newborns and a near newborn. He hoped he never, ever had a set of five again, or a set of four for that matter. Three he could maybe handle, but any more than that would put him in Saint Mungos mental ward.

He boiled the kettle and made himself a cup of tea after making up Leolin's tiny bottle. He was the only baby still on two hourly feeds, his brothers and sister were all on four hourly feeds and his oldest brother, Braiden, was now sleeping through most nights, he woke up half way through the night every other day, but feeding him during the night, every night was a thing of the past, now if the others all slept through the night too, then everything would be easier.

Harry was just down to his last few gulps of tea when Leolin started wailing. His cry was still too quiet to disturb his siblings. Harry scooped him up and pressed him against his bare chest, feeding him the tiny bottle. Harry grinned widely as the milk went down further and further until a first happened. Leolin finished an entire bottle of milk, all two fluid ounces of milk. He was getting stronger and healthier and Harry patted his lower back gently to burp him and then he stripped him of his sleepsuit and his body suit and cuddled his little Faerie baby skin to skin on his chest. He checked on the weeny wings, which were now mostly covered in skin, but there were a few patches that were either scabbed over, or raw and red looking still. Harry took great care with the scabs, the very last thing that he wanted to do was to accidentally pull a scab off and he drove his
mates mad as he hovered over them when they dressed Leolin to make sure they didn’t catch any
clothing on a scab and rip it off, but he couldn’t help it, it was one thing that he just couldn’t
control at the moment.

He made himself another cup of tea and he sat at the kitchen table, stroking and caressing his son,
but soon a chill brought his body out in goosebumps. He shivered, but couldn’t be bothered to
move to either light a fire or to get any clothes on.

“Dobby!” He called out softly.

In a move reminiscent of what had happened in the hospital wing what seemed like forever ago,
twin pops were heard and Harry had two squawking, squabbling house elves on his floor.

“Stop it!” He ordered harshly as Leolin made a distressed sound in his sleep.

“Master Harry Potter calls for Dobby.” The green eyed elf bowed lowly.

“Kreacher is Master Harry Potter’s only elf!” Kreacher replied, bowing lower than Dobby had,
snarling at the younger elf.

Harry rubbed his eyes and squeezed the bridge of his nose with one hand.

“I just need a fire in the living room please, Dobby, I can’t leave the children.”

“Master Harry Potter has such beautiful children.” Kreacher said oily as Dobby popped out of the
room like lightning to get a fire in the going in the next room before Kreacher got there.

“That one by there is the new Heir to the Black family.” Harry told the elf, who really was still the
Black family elf and had only come to him because Sirius had named him the sole inheritor.

The elf blinked big brown eyes and peered over the side of the bassinet at Calix, who was sleeping
soundly, his little chest raising and falling evenly, his chubby cheeks, his thin nose and his thin,
downy hair that was a distinctive black.
“He looks like Master Regulus did.” The elf was choked.

“Master Regulus?” Harry questioned. “Regulus Black?” Of course he meant Regulus Black, Harry didn’t need the elf to nod his head. Kreacher had served the Black family for generations; he would have known Regulus from the cradle.

“Kreacher, what happened to Regulus?”

“No! Master must not ask poor Kreacher, he must not.”

“Tell me!” Harry demanded of the elf, standing up and putting Leolin in the padded bassinet.

“Master must not! Kreacher cannot say, Kreacher swore to Master Regulus.”

“Regulus is dead, Kreacher. I am your Master now, tell me!”

Kreacher croaked for a bit before he fell to the ground and bashed his fists onto it, Dobby came back in wide eyed.

“Dobby, leave us.” Harry growled and the elf squeaked and popped away. “Kreacher, tell me what happened to Regulus, _now_!”

“Master Regulus changed his mind about being in the Dark Lord’s service, he found out what it was really like and he told Kreacher, he told Kreacher that he was going to bring down the Dark Lord after he used Kreacher to hide his locket. Master Regulus ordered Kreacher to take him back to that place and Kreacher wept but did as he was told like a good elf. Kreacher took Master Regulus back to the cave and showed him the locket in the evil potion. Master Regulus drank the potion and fell to the ground, he ordered Kreacher to take the locket and destroy it, to never speak of what he had done and to never tell and Kreacher was a good, obedient elf to Master Regulus, until _you_!”

Harry was wide eyed and breathing heavily. He needed to tell Snape, now.

“Stay here!” He ordered the elf. “You stay here, Kreacher!”
Harry wasn’t thinking when he scooped up three of his children, only just managing to get his arms around them. He covered them with a blanket, using his mouth to cover them securely. He got a pinch of floo powder between his fingers and flung it into the fire, he yelled out Myron’s address and he shot out of the fireplace. He placed them carefully into the bassinet that Myron had bought for his children to use over Christmas before flooing back home, grabbing the other three and repeating his actions, Kreacher was right where he had ordered him to stay.

Harry arrived back into Myron’s home to find the man himself, completely taken over by his Dracken side, watching him through those jet black eyes as he put the other three babies in the bassinets that Ashleigh liked having for when he visited.

“What…?”

“You need to look after them for a while, the others are still asleep and they’d only stop me.” He spoke out quickly, his forehead sweating and his eyes too wide with adrenaline. “I won’t be long, I’ll be back soon, I promise.”

“Harry!” Myron called out as he tried to get around the bassinets and grab him, but Harry had gone through the floo before he could reach him.

Harry knew he only had moments, so he ran to the kitchen, grabbed Kreacher and ordered him to take them both to Hogwarts. Myron appeared in the kitchen just as Harry left.

They arrived in the Entrance Hall and Harry dragged Kreacher to Snape’s private office and he hammered hell out of the door.

Snape yanked the door open angrily, still dressed in his bed clothes, looking murderous.

“Potter!” He spat. “Why are you hammering at my door at five in the morning?!”

Harry brushed passed him, still dragging Kreacher and he stood there panting and sweating from his run and his narrow escape from Myron. His mates would be tracking him down soon, they needed to be gone.

“I know where Regulus is.” Harry panted out and immediately Snape’s face twisted into bitterness and pain.

“I have searched for twenty years, Potter.” He spat out his last name like a curse. “What makes
you think that you of all people found him?"

“Kreacher was with Regulus when he died, I’m Kreacher’s Master now and I ordered him to tell me.”

Snape got a crazed gleam in his eyes, a gleam of violence and rage and he would have descended upon the elf if Harry hadn’t stopped him.

“We need to leave now, my mates will be coming, they won’t let me go if they catch up.”

“Perhaps that is a good thing.” Snape answered looking at him. “I lost Regulus because he charged off without tell me where he was going.”

“I’ll be with you.”

“That does not guarantee your safety.”

“I’m going!” Harry snapped.

“Fine.” Snape sneered at him. “But don’t come running to me when your mates strip the flesh from your bones in punishment. You can expect a very big punishment for this, they’ll be angry, their trust will be shattered in you and they will smother you for the rest of your insignificant life, but if you still want to go, then let’s go.”

Harry was uncertain then, he knew they’d be angry, but to never trust him again? That was a huge thing, but then he wanted to help Snape finally close the book on what had happened to his mate, but he didn’t want to lose his own mates in the process.

“We’ll wait for Nasta. Out of all my mates, he’ll be here first.”

“I have waited twenty years…”

“You can wait for two more minutes then!” Harry hissed.
Snape lost his temper, truly lost it and his wings sprang from his back in one smooth motion and he snarled at Harry with his fangs bared.

Harry was snatched up and he got a blurred image of gold on black and he knew that Nasta must have run faster than he ever had before to get here so quickly.

He snarled so deeply and dangerously that Harry huddled himself up in his arms before realising why he was here.

“Nasta, I’m not hurt. See?” Harry pressed his arm to Nasta’s face and Nasta licked over his wrist, seemingly incapable of stopping himself, which set him off licking and sniffing and Harry lay as still as he could as his body was licked and sniffed. It was only then that he realised that he was only wearing a pair of boxer shorts that weren’t even his.

“Myron woke us up and said that you left the babies at his and then ran off. Why would you do this?” Nasta grumbled.

“You promised to listen to me.” Harry reminded. “I found out where Snape’s mate is and we’re going to go and get him. I waited here for you so you could come too.”

Nasta wrapped him up.

“You’re going home.”

“I’m not.” Harry answered. “I don’t care what you have to do to me when we get back but I’m not going home, not yet. I could have left without you, Nasta, but I didn’t. The least you could do is respect me enough to let me see this through to the end.”

Nasta shuddered and swallowed. “You stay by my side at all times.” Nasta ordered, using the full force of his authority and Harry could do nothing more than nod in acceptance. “Where are we going?” He asked Snape.

“I don’t know, but as Regulus is my mate do you think that we can leave now?” He bit out sarcastically.

Harry rolled his eyes and took Nasta’s hand, took Kreacher’s and looked at Snape pointedly, who
took the house elf’s hand gingerly.

“Take us to the cave, Kreacher.” Harry ordered and the world squeezed down a narrow tube and when he came back to himself he was on all fours on a wet and slimy rock in the middle of an ocean of water, but it was so dark that they had to be inside the cave. He could smell sea water and he inched closer to Nasta. This place had a terrible feel to it.

“Where is Regulus?!” Snape hissed.

Kreacher pointed into the water and Harry felt his heart sink as Snape tested the temperature with his fingers.

“It’s ice cold.” He informed them.

“It needs to be.” Kreacher gasped out; pressing against the podium on the flat platform they had landed on. There was a basin of potion on top of it and Harry stayed well away from it. “It needs to keep the bodies from rotting.”

“What bodies?” Nasta demanded as he held Harry to his chest, his fangs and claws out ready to attack.

They got their answer as slimy, white hands and heads broke the surface of the smooth, glass like water. There were dead bodies rising from the water, clambering onto their island, their hands grasping and grabbing, trying to catch their wrists to drag them under the water and drown them, their bodies animated with unnatural strength that only the dead possessed and Nasta let go of him with one arm and stretched the other one out ready to defend him, his other one pressing him tightly to his chest.

But Harry could see the dead bodies coming at them from behind and he unsheathed his own claws.

“Inferi.” Snape hissed as he cut one body back, only for them to get up and come back like zombies. Only these didn’t bleed, they were pale and dead and bloodless and the magic that animated them was very, very strong, but then they had been created by Voldemort and likely maintained by him, that was the thing with Inferi, once they were animated, nothing, not even the death of their creator, could undo them, only burning could permanently undo the evil magics at work.
Harry swallowed back his fear and he remembered Moody’s lesson on Inferi. Light and warmth repelled the dead, who liked the cold and the dark. The cave suddenly made so much sense, it was perfect for holding an Inferi army, cold and dark where no warmth or light could get in naturally. He shoved his instincts back that said that he had to use his claws and fangs and he drew out Nasta’s wand.

He muttered the strongest fire spell that he knew and the Inferi run from the ring of fire that could permanently destroy them, stumbling and shoving at one another to retreat back into the cold, dark water and the fire drew the two part Dragons closer to the flames.

“How are we supposed to find Regulus in this?” Harry demanded as the spell keeping the Inferi at bay sucked rapidly at his energy.


“Kreacher! Find Regulus and bring him here!” Harry ordered and then the elf was gone and Nasta petted and cuddled him as he shook under the power of the spell.

“Hold on love. It’ll be fine.” Nasta rumbled soothingly. “We’ll get back and then you and I are going to have a talk about your suicidal ideas and tendencies.”

“At least I’m not pregnant this time.”

Nasta smiled then against his will. “There is that.” He finally admitted as he couldn’t keep the small smile back.

Kreacher came back soaking wet hugging a bloated body to his chest and sobbing so loudly and violently that Harry just looked at him, until Snape threw the bereaved elf away and took over from him, holding Regulus so tightly that his whole arms mottled white, the strain showed in the underside of his forearms.

“Oh Regulus.” He cried brokenly and Harry was frightened, he had never seen his Professor act like this before.

“We have to go! Now!” Harry bit out shakily as he shuddered as more of his energy was drawn out of him by the spell. “Kreacher! Back to Hogwarts! I can’t hold this spell much longer.”
Kreacher gabbed Nasta’s hand, put a hand on Snape’s shoulder and popped them all away to Hogwarts again.

They landed and Harry was up in Nasta’s arms being nuzzled and kissed. Harry looked at where Snape was rocking Regulus’ dead body and felt sorrow fill him.

Regulus was still perfectly preserved. There must have been something in the water, a potion or spell that stopped the bodies within it decaying so the Inferi stayed fresh, it wouldn’t do to have an army that rotted to nothing after all.

Harry could see how very young Regulus had been when he had died, he was in water damaged robes and there was a swollen wand sticking out of one pocket. What made Harry turn away was the swollen belly, he couldn’t be sure if Regulus had maybe been pregnant when he had died or the water had bloated him so severely in death over the years.

“Professor, we need to get him to Madam Pomfrey.”

Snape looked up at him with anger burning in his eyes.

“He’s dead, Potter! Can’t you see that? No medi-witch is going to be able to help him!”

“No, but she can clean him up and then you can bury him, like you have always wanted to.”

“What happened to him? Why was he in that place?!“ Snape demanded then, ignoring him. “I need to know why he was there!”

“He was trying to take down Voldemort. He put something in that cave and he used Kreacher to do so, so when Kreacher came back, Regulus asked him about what it was and then he asked Kreacher to take him to the cave.”

Snape turned to Kreacher and the look in his eyes was pure loathing and rage. “It’s your fault that Regulus went into that cave.”

“Master Regulus is forcing Kreacher to take him. Kreacher did not want to go back to that cave ever again; Master Regulus ordered it from Kreacher.”

“It’s not his fault.” Harry said softly. “A house elf does as he’s ordered. Regulus wanted to take down Voldemort; he thought that he was doing good. It’s Voldemort’s fault that Regulus is dead,
Snape, no one else’s.”

“Leave us.” Snape hissed as he held Regulus close.

Harry nodded to Kreacher, who gladly left. Harry doubted he would come back the next time he called for Dobby.

Nasta pulled him from the room and Harry dug in his heels.

“We can’t leave him.”

Nasta shut the door and tugged him up the corridor.

“We are going to inform the Headmaster and Madam Pomfrey so that they can help him, Harry, we’ve done enough. We got Regulus back and Professor Snape can now have the closure that he deserves, but we’ve done enough.”

Harry nodded as he saw the logic of that and he stopped dragging his heels and matched his stride to Nasta’s holding that large hand with his own. Both of their palms were sweaty from the fear inducing situation they had been thrown into so recently and Nasta was clenching his hand tightly, as if he was worried that Harry would slip away from him if he held his hand any looser.

They made it up to the Headmaster’s office and it was just coming up to eight in the morning and they found him just about to leave for the Great Hall.

“Harry, my boy! How wonderful to see you! I had been meaning to pay you a visit, how are your children?”

“Fine Sir, but we need to speak to you about something more serious.”

“Ah, of course, to what do I owe this oddly dressed meeting?”

Harry blushed as he realised that he was still in just a pair of boxer shorts that looked like they were Draco’s. They back tracked to the office and sat at the desk and Dumbledore set them up with tea. Harry drained his cup before making another one with shaky hands.
“I…we found out about Regulus Black from Kreacher. He knew all along what had happened to him. I rushed to Professor Snape’s office as soon as I knew, which is why I’m not dressed appropriately.”

“Oh dear. I can’t see Severus taking that information too well.” Dumbledore stroked his beard, which he only ever did when he was thinking or nervous.

“He didn’t. We went to where Regulus was and retrieved him, Snape is now hugging and rocking his body down in his office and he won’t let anyone near him.”

“Thank you for telling me, Harry, I’ll take it from here.” Dumbledore stated. “I am glad that school is not in session yet.”

“No, a few more days.” Harry said with a nod. “I’ll introduce you to the five new babies when I get back. Four boys and a little girl.”

Dumbledore smiled then. “I’ll look forward to it, Harry, for now if you’d like to use the floo, feel free.”

Harry smiled and nodded and they said their goodbyes and Nasta wrapped him up in his arms and flooed back to Max’s, where the other three mates were waiting with the six babies and a family get together. Harry sighed in exasperation as he was clamoured and tugged on, but he was too tired to push them away as Nasta tried to calm them down. He was not looking forward to the conversation he was about to have, but first, he really needed some clothes.

Harry groaned as the living room descended into arguments and chaos over what he had done and what Nasta had ‘allowed’ him to do. It was just giving him a headache.

“All of you shut up! I did what I did because I wanted to. A submissive I may be, but if you try to take away my free will then you’ll find yourself without a leg!” Harry snapped, getting up and going into the kitchen to get some tea.
Blaise joined him and kissed around his neck and chin as Harry made tea. Harry couldn’t help the giggle that came out.

“Blaise!” He said, wanting it to be a complaint, but it came out as amusement with the breathy undertone of arousal.

Blaise licked, sucked and nibbled on his neck as he held his hips, pressing up against him.

“You’re sexy when you threaten to take off someone’s limb.” He purred. “As long as it’s not mine of course.”

Harry chuckled. “Why would I ever want to take off your limbs?” Harry asked. “You’re so good at using them all.”

Blaise chuckled deeply and he sucked a love bite onto the other side of his neck, opposite the one he had made the night previous.

“Put one at the back of my neck too.” Harry demanded and Blaise complied.

Harry went almost boneless as such a sensitive place on his body was sucked and he groaned.

“How quickly can we get rid of the in-laws and make love? I’m aching for it!” Harry wailed, taking Blaise’s hand and pressing it to the bulge in front of his jeans.

Blaise rumbled deeply and massaged the front of him.

“Oh! Oh!” Harry moaned, pushing himself into Blaise’s hand.

“Quiet, Bello, or you’ll bring the whole family running.” Blaise whispered hotly.

Blaise squeezed him and Harry bit his lip. His first mate licked and sucked at his neck and raked his nails harshly over his bulge through the jeans and Harry’s arms flung out over the counter and sent his teacup flying. It shattered with a tinkle and then everyone was around them asking what
had happened, if they were alright and Harry bashed his head onto the counter with a groan of frustration.

Alexander of course started laughing, Ashleigh giggled and Myron started chewing out Blaise about proper behaviour when guests were around, Blaise meekly taking the bollocking from the elder man, his head bent to the floor, but Harry was short enough to see the pleased smirk on those lips, Blaise was not apologetic or sorry about what he had done at all.

“There should be a rule or something against in-laws cock blocking.” Harry pouted.

Max went pale, Draco choked and Alexander and Richard laughed so hard that Harry thought they might have wet themselves as Myron turned angry black eyes to him.

“Oh come on!” Harry whined. “It was a joke, well not really as you did cock block me and I really just wanted to have it hard and fast on the kitchen table, but I don’t mind that much, I’ll just carry on once you’re gone, when are you going?”

“Harry!” Max hissed shocked.

“What? I’m horny as hell after my near death experience of this morning and now that I’m not pregnant either I want you all. I’m not even all that likely to get pregnant again either as it’s got to be only five degrees out! My nipples are as hard as pebbles!”

Nasta couldn’t hide the snort of laughter and he had to quickly school his face as Myron turned his glare onto him.

“That’s not the only part of you that’s hard, though it is a bit bigger than a pebble.” Blaise said slyly.

Harry started laughing and he couldn’t stop.

“Only a bit bigger than a pebble?” Harry demanded in mock insult. “You cheeky fuck, and don’t even try and pretend that it was only me that was cock blocked, I felt you rub up against my arse!”

Myron grabbed his wrist, walked him, still laughing, to the kitchen table and sat down. It was then that Harry’s mind caught up with what was happening and he tried tugging away from Myron as he
was pulled up onto that lap and turned onto his belly. He was spanked like a naughty child with three slaps of Myron’s large hand before he was turned over and cuddled, having a kiss pressed to his forehead.

“That hurt!” Harry accused, wriggling on his burning bum.

“It was supposed to, to teach you that talking like that is not appropriate when you have company over, even close family members; we do not want to know what you boys get up to.”

“It wasn’t my fault the cup smashed.” Harry pouted.

“It was your hand that knocked it off, Bello.” Blaise reminded him.

“Only because you were sucking on my…”

“Do you want another three spanks?” Myron asked him, one eyebrow raised in question.

“No.”

“Then enough of this sort of talk.”

“Fine but I want cuddles.” Harry demanded snuggling in. “I’ve had a rough morning.”

Myron happily indulged him like he was a child and said nothing about his rough morning. Seeing dead bodies climbing out of water in a dank, dark cave was enough to give anyone nightmares, that the Inferi were trying to drag them under the water and drown them to join the Inferi army was more than enough to ask for a bit of comfort. So he had had his punishment, now he wanted his comfort and it was gladly given.

“I feel like a child.” He said with a frown.

“Just because you want a hug doesn’t mean you’re a child. I still get hugs from my parents and I’m fifty.”
“Fifty-three.” Richard announced through a fake cough and Myron glared at his mate as he grinned innocently and Ashleigh giggled.

“Do you think Max doesn’t get hugs still?” Myron asked him. “Because if he has told you any differently he’s lying.”

“Hey! I freely admit I like cuddling!” Max pouted.

“That’s different though.” Harry insisted.

“How? Just because he acts like a child doesn’t mean he is one.”

“Oi!” Max complained with an embarrassed blush.

“No, Max will hug any willing body that stands still long enough.”

“I do not!”

“Do so!”

“You can ask for a hug whenever you need one.” Myron told him, rubbing the back of his head soothingly, brushing his hair with his fingers. “Though don’t hug Richard, he’ll run away with you.”

“Will not!” Richard burst out, echoing Max. It wasn’t any wonder that Max had learnt that particular behaviour from Richard.

Harry yawned, he was tired, but he was hungry too. He groaned at his dilemma, before getting up and going to the fridge and pulling out what he needed to make Spaghetti Carbonara. He’d eat what little he could first and then he’d go take a nap.
“Harry if you’re hungry I don’t mind cooking an early lunch.” Max said standing up.

“You sit back down.” Harry ordered a bit more sharply than he’d intended. “You’re not allowed near my food.”

Max looked crushed so Harry smiled to take the bite out of his words, but he carried on getting what he needed before washing his hands and starting his preparation.

“I think you broke him.” Talia said as she looked from her wide eyed, staring brother to Harry who started making them all lunch.

“It’s not fair that Max is always cooking, I want to cook.” Harry complained.

“Why isn’t he allowed near your food?” Myron asked, picking up on the thread of tension from the five of them.

“I…I did something stupid yesterday.” Max admitted, blushing heavily and looking ashamed.

“You messed with his food?” Richard asked, looking astonished. “Even though you knew what he had gone through in his childhood, that those people didn’t feed him, you still played about with his food? What did you do, put a fake spider in his meal?”

“No, worse.” Max admitted.

“You don’t have to say it.” Harry told him, not liking that Max felt like he had to do this in front of almost the entire of his family.

“Yes he does.” Draco said coldly.

“What did you do?” Myron demanded.

“I…I’m ashamed of what I did and I regretted it immediately, but I still did it and it can’t be excused, not when Harry doesn’t trust me to cook for him anymore.”
Harry frowned at that. Did he trust Max to cook? A claw of panic slipped up his throat from his belly and the revelation almost brought him to his knees. No. No, he didn’t trust Max to cook for him anymore. He turned horrified eyes to Max and they looked at one another for a long moment, before Max buried his face in his hands and his hands in his lap.

Harry swallowed and turned away from all the eyes that were staring at him curiously.

“What did you do, Maximilius?” Myron asked sternly.

“I purposefully made the food too spicy for Harry to eat because I was angry at him.” Max said into his hands.

“Sit up, take your hands from your mouth and tell me what you did clearly. I’m sure I misheard what you mumbled to the floor.” Myron said angrily.

Max sat up and repeated what he had said and Myron looked livid.

“You purposefully messed with your own submissive mate’s food so that he couldn’t eat it, even knowing that during his childhood he was starved and had food used against him as a punishment, just because you were angry?!”

The smack from behind him made Harry flinch as he chopped up little shallot onions. Max was dragged away by Myron, Richard and Alexander and Harry heard the shouting clearly from the next room about how irresponsible he had been, how foolish, how he had been raised better and smarter, how they had thought that they hadn’t raised such a petty man and all the while he hunched down and carried on cooking.

Richard came back in and told them that Myron had gone home to cool off, Ashleigh complained because apparently ‘cooling off’ meant that Myron retreated to his home gym and lifted weights until he was so tired he couldn’t be angry, which took a long time.

Max had retreated upstairs with his Granddad and Harry said nothing. His light lunch didn’t take long to complete and he served it up and he couldn’t help but remember the last time he had tried making this, he had been sent upstairs, again by Max, and he had gone without food all night. Was that a contribution to why he didn’t trust Max when it came to food? Or was it purely his actions yesterday? Had that first moment started the break of trust and yesterday been the straw that broke the camel’s back? He didn’t know and he fiddled with his plate of food, thinking, ignoring the prompts to eat and only taking a forkful into his mouth every now and then.

Max came down, pale faced and smelling of tears. He had been crying, but it was impossible to tell from his face. Harry had purposefully left the seat next to him open and Max was forced to sit next
to him and eat.

Harry scooted over until he was eating pressed right in against Max’s side, which made him smile for the first time in about an hour. He ate with his right hand, his left arm wrapped around Harry, rubbing soothing, tickly little patterns onto his side, back and mid-chest, making him giggle when Max hit a ticklish spot.

Max took over the washing up and Harry left for the living room and lined all six of his children up on a patch of carpet padded with three duvets. Leolin was asleep so he was placed on the very end along with Tegan, who was also asleep, but his four remaining boys, Farren, Regan, Calix and Braiden were all awake.

Harry tickled, pulled funny faces, made stupid noises and blew raspberries on them all until Nasta robbed one away to change his nappy and Draco joined in with playtime, Blaise sat behind Harry and started nibbling on his neck again.

“Really, Blaise, what is it with you and my neck?”

“You’ve asked before and the answer is still the same, you have the most gorgeous neck I’ve ever seen, it’s delicious too.” Blaise mumbled against his skin.

“He does?” Draco asked. He bent forward and started sucking and nibbling on the other side and Harry held both of their heads to his neck and tried to roll his hips forward into Draco’s stomach, unfortunately the blond was too far away, which made his act of trying to find friction comical and made Nasta chuckle from the settee, where he was cuddling Farren, who was dozing in his arms.

Max came in after finishing washing, drying and putting away the dishes and he robbed Regan and hefted him up onto his lap, kissing his cheek repeatedly and snatching up a silver backed soft bristled, heirloom, hairbrush and he started brushing Regan’s jet black hair from his little face.

“You put hair gel in any of their hair again and I’ll beat you with a chair.” Harry threatened.

“Oh come on, seeing Braiden with a Mohawk was hilarious and adorable!” Max whined. “Besides it was Caesar’s idea.”

“You’re older than Caesar; you’re supposed to know better!”

Max pouted and Harry had to smile. He had raved and ranted about it, but the photos were safely tucked into the photo albums he had and the babies’ individual baby books. It had been adorable, but Max wasn’t allowed to do it again, he had had to bath Braiden for half an hour to get the gel
out of his hair and he had not liked a single second of it and he had cried himself into exhaustion and had fallen asleep soon after. It was not something he wanted to repeat again.

“Just because he’s supposed to know better doesn’t mean he does.” Nasta pointed out wisely and Harry chuckled.

“Ma ma!” Braiden called out and Harry turned to him and made a huge fuss over him, kissing and cuddling him.

“He’s so clever!” Harry cooed at Blaise as he hefted Braiden to his chest. “And he’s getting heavy; he has to be at least fourteen pounds now!”

“Only a stone. Ha, love, I’ve just realised that seven Braiden’s make up your weight.” Max teased and Harry poked a tongue out at him.

“It’s hard to believe that seven babies makes up your weight.” Draco said with a frown poking his belly.

Harry pouted. Draco kissed him and Blaise started nibbling on the back of his neck. He giggled and then moaned.

“Okay, break it up.” Richard gave all three of them a cuff as he moved past them before settling down next to Ashleigh.

Kimberly came tottering in with a large tea tray and Harry got up to help her.

“Why didn’t you say you wanted tea, I would have made it.” He chastised the elderly woman, who scoffed at him.

“I’m ninety, Harry, not dead. Now park your bottom and drink this lovely cup of honey tea that I made for you.”

Harry did as Kimberly told him and parked his bum between Max and Nasta and accepted the china teacup of his honey tea. He sipped it and it was perfect and he moaned into the cup and
“So Harry, Draco, Blaise, have you decided on what you want to do after Hogwarts?” Alexander asked as his Wife settled next to him, he wrapped an arm around her and kissed her cheek and she giggled like a school girl, it made Harry smile and he hoped that he and his mates were still in love when they were Alexander and Kimberly’s age and beyond.

“I was thinking about becoming a literature translator.” Blaise hedged after all three of them looked at one another. “I’m having such fun translating the book that Harry gave to me the first Christmas we were together.”

“Even though it frustrates you to the point of madness.” Harry grinned.

“Yes, even then, but I think I’d be good at it and I took Ancient Runes, which is really the only prerequisite they ask for.”

“Go for it.” Harry encouraged enthusiastically with the others murmuring their agreement.

“I’m torn, I always thought I’d be a politician like my Father, but I just don’t have the flare for it like he does and I can’t stand still and be polite to someone who’s annoying the hell out of me like he can, so I was thinking of becoming an Arithmancer.”

“You can take over from Professor Vector.” Blaise teased and Draco scowled at him, staring a play wrestling match, or rather Blaise did and then Draco started whining that it was undignified when they had company over.

“What do you want to do, Harry?”

Harry shrugged. “I haven’t given it much thought, what with having Braiden then the quintuplets; I’ll likely be pregnant again before I can find a job, so I suppose it doesn’t really matter what I want to do.”

“Harry, we’ve talked about this, love, you can have a job if you want one.” Nasta told him, turning his body to face him and taking one of his hands gently.
Harry shrugged again. “I don’t see how I can. What job can I really do when I’m pregnant all the time? When I get heavily pregnant I’m always tired and grouchy, what employer will stick with me when I’m constantly off with pregnancy leave?”

“I’m sure you’ll find something.” Kimberly answered. “I used to own a flower shop, but after I started having children, it got harder and harder to run. When Xerxes was toddling, I only had three children, Xerxes, Cassander and Alexus, but he used to pick all the flower heads off, eat the leaves, he’d cut his hands on the rose thorns, but the last straw was when he was four, nearing five, and I turned around from wrapping up an order and I found him holding Alexus’ hand through a pair of pruning shears. I closed up shop and rushed them home, I called my sister Catherine and I asked if she could take over the shop for me and I never went back to work.”

“That must have been terrifying.”

“It was. To think that I had foolishly turned my back on them even for a minute, a minute more and Alexus could have been without his left hand. All through my negligence. It took me weeks to convince myself to leave them be. I was always hanging over them, watching them, but Alexander soon convinced me to leave them be and that it had been a one off accident.”

“Mama ma.” Braiden cooed from the floor. “Ah ma!”

Blaise picked him up and handed him to Harry, who held him upright on his lap, a hand on his belly, the other one making his favoured wooden horse dance in front of him.

Braiden screeched in happiness and reached out chubby hands for the toy, which was just out of his reach. He huffed, cooed, screeched and shrieked as Harry made the horse dance in mid-air before making it clamber over Braiden’s leg, making him giggle and kick his legs.

Harry chuckled and blew a raspberry on Braiden’s cheek and he shrieked and flapped his arms and kicked his legs, twisting a little sock in the process. Draco immediately bent forward and straightened the little sock carefully on that tiny foot, pulling down the hems of the trouser legs to cover those bared legs while he was at it.

“Da!” Braiden cooed out and everyone stopped moving and looked at Braiden, who was stretching out towards Draco. “Da! Ba Da!”

Harry handed Braiden to Draco, who looked a little shell shocked as he cuddled that small body to his chest. Then Braiden did something unforgiveable. He clenched drool covered fingers into Draco’s perfectly brushed and styled hair and the blond shrieked in horror, Braiden shrieked in happiness and Harry laughed along with Max as Nasta slipped to his knees and unwound the baby’s fingers from Draco’s hair.
Draco rushed to the bathroom to fix his hair, Harry was laughing so hard he had tears rolling down his cheeks and Nasta nuzzled Braiden with his nose, pecking those little lips as Braiden cooed in confusion as he was moved around too quickly.

“Leo needs a nappy change.” Blaise announced handing the smelly baby to Harry, knowing better than to do it himself as Harry would only shove him away and do it himself anyway.

Harry took Leolin, wiped the tears from his eyes and pulled put the padded foam mat they kept in the living room, this one was pale blue, it depicted the waves of an ocean, with two reeds on either side of the mat and a large, grey hippo half underwater in the centre.

He laid Leolin on it carefully; the tiny baby squirmed and let out a little cry. The mat put pressure on his wings, so Harry stripped him and changed him quickly, making sure he wiped up everything before he powdered Leolin's bum and clad him into a clean nappy and redressed him.

“You’re such a good baby, Leolin.” Harry cooed, snuggling him in to his neck tightly, being careful not to crush those tiny wings.

Max and Nasta were hissing at one another in low voices and Harry rolled his eyes and turned to Blaise, who was playing with Tegan and Calix's feet, licking and nibbling over the soles of their feet and Harry laughed and Blaise turned to look at him and blushed.

“Don’t stop, it’s cute.” Harry said, ignoring Max and Nasta hissing and the adults all talking about boring things that had been in that morning’s newspaper as they sipped their tea.

Harry kept Leolin in his arms, but nuzzled Regan as he blinked dark blue eyes at him. Calix’s blue eyes were the darkest, followed by Regan’s, Tegan’s, Farren’s and then Leolin's, whose eyes were a very pale blue. Leolin's hair, which was the palest, was steadily getting darker, becoming more brown than the oddly colourless and strangely textured hair it had been when he was born.

Alexander and Kimberly left just after six in the evening and Ashleigh and Richard left not too long after to check on Myron and to make sure that he hadn’t killed himself weight lifting all afternoon.

“I’m going to start dinner.” Max announced, all smiles and Harry didn’t say anything as he and Blaise bathed the babies one at a time, once again leaving Braiden for last.

They took the little toothbrush to Braiden’s gums and carefully brushed them. Surprisingly where Braiden hated baths, he loved having his gums brushed and he snatched the toothbrush from them
and gummed on it himself. Harry thought it was so cute as he took some more photos of it.

They dressed the babies for bed and placed them all upstairs in their bassinets, Braiden in his cot, with the help of Draco, whose hair had been perfectly styled once more.

Max called them for dinner and Harry nervously went into the kitchen, to find that there were only three plates set on the table, Harry was confused and he looked to Max who looked as nervous as he had been as he walked into the kitchen.

“I hope you don’t mind, Harry, but I know that you don’t trust me to cook for you anymore, so I thought that perhaps we could go to a restaurant instead, that way I’m not cooking, we go on our first proper date and you get to learn how to trust in me again.”

Harry smiled and nodded.

“Give me two minutes to get changed!” Harry said as he darted back up the stairs to get dressed.

“I told you he’d enjoy it.” Nasta said calmly as he ate another bite.

“Does this mean that we each get a solo date with Harry?” Draco asked a little while later.

“If you want one.” Harry said as he skipped back into the room. “I wouldn’t say no to having a date with all of you either.”

“You look lovely, Harry.” Max told him as Harry nervously fiddled with his hair.

He had dressed in his smartest, best fitting jeans, a smart, clean white shirt and the new pair of dragon hide boots that Nasta had bought for him because the profits of the sale went to help his own Dragon reserve in Brecon.

“Where are we going?”

“Nowhere too fancy as I know you don’t like those posh, rich places, but it’s not a complete bug infested dump either.” Max answered.
Harry smiled, kissed the other three goodbye, warned them to look after the babies and he took Max’s hand as he Apparated them into the receiving room of a very relaxed, but still upscale restaurant. The other patrons were dressed smartly, but causally, some businessmen with briefcases of parchments on the tables with them, women were wearing skirts and blouses or dresses, but no ball gowns or evening dresses in sight and there was a relaxed, but clean air about it and Harry happily held Max’s hand.

A man dressed in an immaculate tuxedo greeted them at a podium and Max asked for the reservations under his own last name and the waiter led them to a table for two with a candle and a crystal vase of red, red roses in the centre.

They sat down and they were given a menu each and Harry grinned as he read it. This place served so many of his favourites!

“Oh I don’t know what to choose!” He complained five minutes later, sipping on his glass of red wine, which Max had made him swear not to tell Nasta about as the bottle was placed primly on their table, within easy reach of Max.

“I’d suggest a rare steak.” Max said. “It’ll go well with the wine and it’ll keep away the cravings.”

“Ohoo. I want steak.” Harry grinned.

Max grinned back and he gestured to a waiter, who came over to them immediately, and he ordered for the both of them; he instructed the waiter that the steaks were to be a rare as possible. The waiter showed no signs that this was a strange choice and he bowed his way away from their table.

“How are you coping out of work?” Harry asked as he took more wine.

“To be honest, I do miss it, but I realise now that the stress of the job was getting to me and I just didn’t notice, so it’s a good thing overall and if it helps you and Draco and Blaise, then that’s the main thing, your schooling is very important.”

“I’m going to try my hardest, but the most important things to me are my children and my mates.” Harry said softly.

Max smiled at him. “Harry, we want you to have more out of life than us and the kids.”

“And if I told you that when I was younger and the teacher asked me what I wanted out of life
when I grew up, I always answered, a family?” Harry admitted quietly.

Max took hold of his hand and laid a kiss to it.

“I love you, Harry. All of us love you so very much, but there is more to life than the four walls of our house and the people inside it. We want you to have independence, a life outside of us and the kids, your own separate life with your own friends.”

“You don’t have any friends.” Harry accused.

Max laughed. “I do, love. My work colleagues and I used to go out for meals and to pubs almost every night before I found you and had children. We still correspond between owls now that I’m not in work, but I don’t want to go out every night now that I have you to come home to. I’ve been there, done that and I’m too old for it now.”

“Perhaps I don’t want to start doing it in the first place.” Harry said lightly. “Perhaps I’m happy staying at home all day every day because it’s what I want to do. Perhaps I want to stay home and cuddle up with my mates and look after my children, not because I’m apparently supposed to, but because I actually want to.”

“If you want to then that’s fine, but don’t do it just because you feel that you have to, because you don’t. There are five of us, if you want an afternoon off or hell, even a whole weekend, to do what you want to do then you can and we’ll still be there when you come back. I can’t promise you won’t find Draco handcuffed to the bed or Nasta gagged and blindfolded and chained to a chair, because let’s face it, they are the biggest killjoys in our family, but everyone will be well cared for and fine and healthy for when you come home.”

Harry grinned. “I thought you were leading to something sexy then with all the talk of tying up to beds and gags, blindfolds and chains.”

Max looked surprised before he burst out laughing and Harry joined him until he was forced to calm down with the appearance of the waiter with two plates in his hands. He placed them down on the table as Harry took a sip of his wine, snorting into the glass when he saw Max pressing his lips together tightly.

They ate in silence for a while and Harry chewed thoughtfully.

“It’s still not as good as your cooking.” Harry said softly.
“Harry, I am sorry. It was stupid, petulant, petty and I will never do it again. Never. I should never have done it the first time, I knew what had happened in your past, but it wasn’t on my mind when I did it, if it had been, if I had just had that little reminder of how painful it would be for you, I would never have done it. I’m not cruel and I hate being called cruel, I love you, Harry.”

“Who called you cruel?” Harry asked curiously.

“Nasta when he beat the shit out of me when you and Blaise left the kitchen, Draco when he beat the shit out of me when you and Blaise had left. My Dads’, my Granddad said it twice, my Grandma, my Mother and my sisters and Caesar will likely say it when he hears what I did as well.”

“I believe you when you say that you won’t do it again, Max, but I need some time to realise that, it hurt me what you did and it did break my trust in you, at least concerning food and cooking, but I think if I cooked with you for a while and saw that you weren’t adding anything, then I’d get better.”

Max smiled and bent over the table to kiss him. “We can do that if you think it’ll help. It can be practice for when I teach the kids to cook.”

“Oh I’m looking forward to that! Having them stood on a chair beside me as I bake cakes and cookies.” Harry went dreamy eyed and Max grinned.

“You handle the cakes and sweet treats; I’ll handle the main meals! Together we’ll breed culinary geniuses!”

Harry laughed in joy as they continued eating, drinking two bottles of the gorgeous red merlot and talking about all the things they would teach the kids to make in the kitchen and as more wine was consumed, the conversation moved on to, naturally, sexually torturing their missing three mates.

They shared a slice of indulgent chocolate cake and a smooth vanilla cheesecake slice and Max paid their bill and they left, laughing down the dark street.

“We need to get you home and to bed.” Max chuckled as Harry swayed a bit on his feet once the cool night air hit him and the wine he had drunk with dinner seemed to settle all at once into him and he would have stumbled if Max hadn’t caught him, even though he had felt fine in the restaurant.
“I think I need a bed, as long as Blaise is handcuffed to it with Draco balls deep inside of him!”

“Where is Nasta in this fantasy vision?” Max asked deeply.

“Playing with the box of toys wearing a dress.”

Max burst out laughing and led him down the Muggle street and into a dark alleyway.

“We’ll Apparate from here, put your arms around me.”

“Ooo Max, can’t even wait until we’re home!” Harry giggled, his cheeks wine flushed.

“You’re drunk.” Max told him.

“‘Yes, yes I am, but that doesn’t mean I don’t want you still! Besides, you’re drunk too; you had the same amount of wine as me!’”

“I did, but I can handle my drink better than you.”

“Liar!” Harry called before he crushed his lips to Max’s.

It all went downhill from there as Max kissed him back and they started a war between their tongues and teeth. Harry biting too hard in his drunken state and cutting Max’s lip with his teeth and making the older man growl in the back of his throat, which made Harry throb in his tight jeans.

Harry popped the button on his jeans and shoved them down and stepped out of them and his boxers before starting on Max’s button and zip all before Max had realised what he had done.

“Harry, we can’t have sex here, just let me get us back home then…oh!”
Harry had wormed a hand into the front of Max’s boxers and gripped him tightly, looking up at his mate with alcohol glazed eyes.

“You will have me here because I want sex NOW! Not when we go home, Max, now! You will have sex with me here!”

“If I refuse?” Max asked softly.

Harry glared and with a burst of magic he had Max sat on the floor with his smart black trousers around his ankles. Harry climbed into that lap and Max found that he couldn’t move.

“Oh fuck, Harry!” He moaned.

This was probably the most sexually aroused he had ever been, to see his tiny, gorgeous submissive mate dominate him in such a way made him throb as Harry pushed his mouth down over him to lubricate him with his saliva.

“Harry, what if we’re seen?! We’re only just off the street; someone could see us, hear us!”

“Let them, as long as they don’t disturb us!” Harry growled.

The wine had to have done something to Harry, because Max had never seen him quite so possessive or sexually dominant as he was now, not even when he had fucked Blaise that one time, not even when he had fucked Nasta in Guadeloupe and Nasta was their top dominant.

“You will have sex with me.” Harry growled as he panted, coming up for air before slipping his mouth back down over his cock, putting it deep into his throat. The wine had definitely done something to him and Max wasn’t sure if it was a good thing or a bad thing as Harry continued to deep throat him down the alleyway. Harry had never been able to deep throat this easily; maybe the wine had reacted somehow with his Dracken, though how that was possible he had no idea, but it had done something!

Harry popped his mouth off of him and Max lamented the loss of that tight, warm throat around him, but forgot about it as soon as Harry’s mouth moved down further than his shaft and licked around his balls instead, tonguing them and sucking them into his mouth and Max really thought that he was going to embarrass himself by cumming so soon, but Harry moved sideways and bit
into the meat of his leg, marking him and Max threw his head backwards and moaned.

“Harry, let me go and I’ll fuck you up against that wall!” He promised and suddenly he could move his arms and legs. He kept his word, sucked on two fingers quickly before he pulled Harry into a rough kiss.

He pushed both of those fingers into Harry and he had the pleasure of having Harry moan into his mouth, he almost screamed and Max growled into the kiss, pushing his fingers harder.

He had next to no patience as he pulled his fingers out and pushed himself in, moving to his knees, holding Harry’s thighs tightly in his hands, he stood up and pressed him against the alleyway wall, the red bricks were worn smooth and dirty, but it seemed to enflame Harry as he moaned deeply and he yanked on his hair so hard that Max’s head went with it.

Max growled and he threw his entire body weight behind his thrusts, no longer caring if Harry’s lower back and bum were scraped over the wall or his head occasionally hit the bricks as he focused everything on two things, giving Harry pleasure and holding onto his Dracken side, which wanted to come out and completely dominate Harry and fuck him through the wall.

“Please, Max. Max! Max!” Harry breathed into his ear, tugging on his hair more and squeezing his legs around his waist.

Max dug his short nails into the flesh of Harry’s thighs, clawing slightly and shoving himself into Harry, fucking him, dominating him and pleasuring him as Harry screamed and tried to get a rhythm with him, but Max left him little choice but to just sit on his hands and let him do all the work.

Max let his fangs come out, only his fangs as he clung to his wings which quivered against his spinal cord and his claws, which made his nails ache as he dug them further into Harry’s flesh.

Max slipped in and out of Harry, feeling him clench around him and it rolled his eyes into the back of his head as he threw everything he had into every thrust until Harry screameded his name to the star speckled night sky and tightened around him until he thought that he might not have a cock left to come out of Harry, or at the least a misshapen one.

He bit into Harry’s shoulder, tearing through the shirt he was wearing until he tasted blood and Harry screameded again as he clenched around him again as another wave of his orgasm hit him and Max couldn’t last through it, he worked hard not to clench his jaws anymore, but he did dig his fingers into Harry’s thighs and bum cheeks more as his orgasm washed over him with the force of a charging rhino.

He spilled into Harry and he unclenched his jaws and slipped his fangs out carefully, before pulling them back into his gums and sucking on the two crescent wounds and the four holes made by his teeth and fangs.

They panted harshly as they tried to calm their racing heartbeats and get themselves back to a normal level of breathing. Harry rested himself against Max’s chest, snuggling into Max’s neck.
“I’m tired now.” He said softly.

“Me too. I’ll make sure to get some salve on the bedside table for tomorrow morning; you’re going to be sore.”

Harry just nodded as Max pulled up his boxers and trousers from around his ankles, before hunting down Harry’s boxers and jeans. The jeans they found, the boxers had vanished.

“Fuck it, just leave them. I’m too tired to care over a pair of boxer shorts.” Harry said through a yawn.

Max nodded and he dressed Harry in just the jeans before he concentrated heavily and Apparated home. He got them home without splinching either of them, but he landed heavily and went to his knees with a thump.

Harry giggled hysterically, and loudly, as Max struggled back to his feet and tried to get them up the stairs, but where the fresh air had brought out the wine in Harry, Apparating had brought it out in Max, who couldn’t get himself up the stairs, and it seemed to have amplified the drunkenness in Harry, who just couldn’t stop giggling. So, as a result of this, they now both appeared very drunk as they stumbled into the bedroom, or rather Max stumbled into the bedroom as Harry was being carried, but Harry was still giggling like a mental patient and a sleep tousled group of mates greeted them as they were woken up by their loud, clumsy, intoxicated mates.

“What time do you call this?” Draco demanded in a sleep roughened voice. “It’s two thirty in the morning, you only went for dinner!”

“You…you shut up you!” Harry slurred. “Why aren’t you tied to the bed?! You’re supposed to be tied to the bed!”

“Are you drunk?!” Nasta hissed sitting up suddenly in the bed, inhaling deeply.

“Not as much as I was an hour ago!” Harry answered.

“You said you were taking him for dinner, not out clubbing!” Nasta accused Max.
“We did have dinner; we just had wine with dinner.”

“Too much wine!” Harry added. “Though it was a nice wine, nice dinner too and nice cake, and nice sex. No…very nice sex!”

“You had sex? Where damnit?” Blaise asked curiously.

“Somewhere I forget.” Harry mumbled. “I want bed now. I’m sleep. Maxie makes me sleepy, too good sex.”

Max grimaced as the other three turned to glare at him. “Against a wall in an alleyway on the way home.” He admitted and Harry giggled as three sets of eyes glared at them.

“You had sex in public?” Draco hissed as if it was the biggest scandal that he could possibly comprehend.

“Very nice sex.” Harry reminded Draco as he made himself fall backwards from Max’s arms and onto the bed that Max had approached as they talked.

Harry shimmied out of his ruined shirt and his opened jeans with nothing on underneath before he crawled naked to the nearest pillow, showing off the bite mark in his shoulder, the scratches on his lower back and the top swell of his bum and the small crescent nail cuts and shallow scratches in his thighs.

Harry yawned and snuggled down, until Draco smacked his bum twice.

“Owwww!” He whined. “What was that for?!?”

“Those two were for having sex in public.” Draco smacked his one cheek even harder, looking angrily at him. “That one was for coming back at gone two in the morning and worrying the life out of us.”
Nasta joined in and smacked the opposite cheek to the one Draco had just smacked.

“That one was for getting drunk.” He added disapprovingly.

Harry rolled on to his back to stop them from spanking him in punishment and he pouted at them. “I enjoyed myself and Maxie and me worked everything out! Isn’t that good? So we had sex, no one saw us, though I did lose my boxers, I think I threw them out onto the street, but then they were ripped so I didn’t want them back anyway, but we’re fine, aren’t we, Max?”

“Completely fine.” Max said as he crawled onto the bed and snuggled into Blaise.

“I want cuddles now that you’ve smacked my bum so hard, that hurt! I’ve been fucked hard against a brick wall! I’m tender!”

That made Blaise chuckle and soon all of them were laughing and Nasta cuddled him up in his arms and Draco slipped down to cuddle between him and Blaise, who wrapped up Max in a hug and soon they all fell asleep, though Nasta stayed awake tonight to watch them all drift off, letting out a relieved sigh that Max and Harry had seemingly worked something out over their trust issue with food and cooking. He didn’t want to live in a conflicted household, yet he had wanted them to work their issues out themselves without his interference and he was so glad that they had. He settled himself down with Harry in his arms, making a mental note to bring up a healing salve for Harry when he went down in an hour to make up Leolin’s bottle.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: A double first for me! My first public sex scene and my first sex scene written from the dominant’s point of view, sort of, never been able to do it before, we conquered another hurdle! So how did you all like this chapter? The revelation of Regulus, more information on the babies, Braiden cuteness, future job options for the youngest three, a solo date between Harry and Max, a sex scene between Harry and Max, a punishment scene between Harry and Myron and then Harry, Draco and Nasta and Max and Harry are going to work out their trust issues that were caused in the last chapter by cooking together! This chapter was positively jam packed with stuff for you to digest!

StarLight Massacre. X
A/N: Dedicated to honeywitch, who gave me such a boost when I was feeling low and made me grin from ear to ear and gave that extra little nudge to carry this chapter on.

Last Time

That made Blaise chuckle and soon all of them were laughing and Nasta cuddled him up in his arms and Draco slipped down to cuddle between him and Blaise, who wrapped up Max in a hug and soon they all fell asleep, though Nasta stayed awake tonight to watch them all drift off, letting out a relieved sigh that Max and Harry had seemingly worked something out over their trust issue with food and cooking. He didn’t want to live in a conflicted household, yet he had wanted them to work their issues out themselves without his interference and he was so glad that they had. He settled himself down with Harry in his arms, making a mental note to bring up a healing salve for Harry when he went down in an hour to make up Leolin’s bottle.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Fifty-Eight – School Time Blues

Max had been called in urgently to work. It had been a bit unnerving to see a grown man begging on the floor for Max to come into work for just a day to help them out. But despite the show of a grown man begging for his help, Max had looked to Harry before he had agreed and he knew that Max would have declined to help the man if Harry had given even a hint that he was unhappy with him going into work today while he was supposed to be off, but as Harry shooed them both out of the house, he wondered what to do. Blaise had gone to visit his Mother and Lucius had called Draco in for some talk or something half an hour later, Harry just hoped that it went well and Draco came back happy or he’d shove his claws through Lucius Malfoy’s throat.

This left him and Nasta with six babies and Harry was currently trying out the Plum goop that he and Max had bought from the supermarket.

The bluish-purply goo was not having any more luck than the home made stuff and Harry sighed as Braiden slapped the spoon away, flinging the goo over the floor.

“Why don’t you try putting the food into his mouth instead of waiting for him to work out that he’s supposed to put his mouth over the spoon?” Nasta suggested lightly from where he was reading the morning paper, Tegan in the crook of the arm that he wasn’t using to turn the pages.

Harry put the spoon in the sink and selected another one of the colourful weaning spoons that they
had bought, got some more purply-blue goo onto it and he then tickled under Braiden’s chin to get him giggling, he then placed the spoon into his mouth when it was open.

Braiden immediately gummed on the object in his mouth and he actually tasted his first real food for the first time. Harry grinned as Braiden sucked at the goo and then swallowed.

“He did it, Nasta! Did you see?”

“I saw it all perfectly, love.” Nasta answered, watching with a grin. “Maybe now that he’s tried it he won’t be so adverse to it in the future.”

Braiden kept gumming on the spoon even though there was nothing left, so Harry took it out gently, Braiden giving an unhappy cry as he did so, before he filled it up with a small amount of the smooth goo and pushed it back into Braiden’s mouth, who gummed the spoon to get the food off of it, holding Harry’s hand to keep the spoon in his mouth.

Harry cooed mentally and aloud as he praised Braiden repeatedly and told him over and over how ‘proud Mummy was of him’

Nasta chuckled and rubbed Harry’s back. Harry continued to feed Braiden until Braiden started pushing the spoon away again; Harry put Braiden into Nasta’s arms and cleaned up the spoon and little bowl that he had used for the food, cleaned up the mess on the floor and then kissed Nasta hard as he took Braiden back.

“Tease.” Nasta hissed at his back.

Harry laughed all the way into the living room, where four babies were sleeping peacefully in bassinets.

Harry fell onto the settee with Braiden, who could now not only hold his head up, but could sit up as well without support, though he did have a tendency of toppling over if he reached for something.

Braiden had taken a keen interest in his face it seemed as he poked and pushed little fingers into his mouth, eyes, nose and ears. Harry chuckled and blew a raspberry against Braiden’s hand, which set him off giggling as only a baby could and like all baby giggles, it was infectious.

Harry found himself playing with Braiden for over an hour until his little boy got tired and started yawning and rubbing his eyes.

“Alright love, even I can take that hint.” Harry grinned as he stood up and after giving Braiden a kiss, he placed him down into the travel cot that was so very handy because it could be moved to which ever room they needed it in.
“Ah ma.” Braiden called out sleepily and Harry went misty eyed as he looked down on his yawning baby. He covered him over and bent down with much straining, to kiss that peachy cheek, before leaving Braiden to sleep, heading back to the kitchen.

“Braiden down to sleep?” Nasta asked as he folded up the read newspaper one handed.

“Yes, our little guy just went off. He’s getting so much better with his words, I think he might start babbling to us and himself soon, not just say odd words now and then.”

Nasta smiled at his enthusiasm and excitement and gestured him over. Nasta pulled his head into a passionate kiss by his hair and then turned him around as he was malleable, smacked his bum and asked for a cup of green tea.

Harry laughed at him, but boiled the kettle, putting a green teabag into one mug and an ordinary one into his own, he poured over the boiling water, disposed of the bags, handed Nasta his mug and then drizzled honey and milk into his own before cwtching up to Nasta’s side.

“I love you so much.” Harry said softly, after a moment was taken to savour their respective teas.

Nasta didn’t answer but pulled him into another kiss, Tegan being sandwiched between them gently.

“You are the most amazing person I have ever met.” Nasta murmured against his mouth as they broke apart for air, but their lips were still pressed together. “You have given me six beautiful children, two biological sons and a biological daughter, our only daughter, which I am very boastful about.”

“You shouldn’t tease the others.” Harry scolded without heat.

“I can’t help it, love. Do you know how rare it is for an all-male harem to produce a girl? It’s not impossible like it is the all-female harems’ producing baby boys, but it is very rare and I gave you a baby girl.”

“I live to do the impossible.” Harry rolled his eyes before something clicked. “Hold on, does this mean that I won't have many daughters?”
Nasta nodded. “There isn’t much information on the male submissives, even less about ones like yourself who chose all male dominants, but the few pieces that I managed to dig up, all mentioned how exceedingly difficult it was to conceive a girl. One submissive I’ve read up on had two dominants, both male, and they had sixty-three children, fifty-one of them were boys and only twelve of them were girls. Another harem with a male submissive and three male dominants had one hundred and seventeen children, ninety-eight of them were boys and only nineteen were girls and the last one I found was a male submissive with just the one male dominant, they had forty-eight children and all of them were boys.”

Harry’s face fell as he took Tegan from Nasta and cuddled his only daughter tightly.

“I don’t want only the one daughter. I want as many girls as boys, Nasta; I don’t want so many of the one and next to none of the other.”

Nasta pulled him into his body tightly and pressed a lingering kiss to his hair.

“We’ll have daughters, Cariad, just not as many as we all would like. It may not be as apparent in the beginning, but give it ten years and it’ll be noticeable.”

Harry sighed and he kissed Tegan, brushing her black hair from her little face. Draco couldn’t wait until she was older and had longer hair so that he could brush it. Harry had already warned him that he wasn’t to brush her hair until there was nothing left, but he left it alone when he saw how happy Draco was, cuddling the children, soft bristled hairbrush in hand, carefully and gently brushing the soft downy hair the Quintuplets had. Braiden’s hair was growing in thick and fast now and Harry was wondering if five months was too soon to cut his hair, but very soon his fringe would be in his eyes and as Braiden had taken to pulling on his own hair and then crying because it had hurt, he was giving it serious contemplation.

Harry carried Tegan into the living room and laid her in the bassinet that was between Regan and Calix’s bassinets. He liked keeping her close to Regan, he didn’t know why, but it felt right to let them sleep next to one another, though he did refuse to put them in the same bassinet.

He was stuck then for something to do, anything. He had done all the baby washing that morning, he had even cleaned the house with his limited knowledge of household spells that Mrs Weasley had gifted to him, because his mates refused to see him on his hands and knees scrubbing like a house-elf. Not that he listened to them, he just didn’t parade the fact that he scrubbed the floors and cupboards when he woke up an hour or so before them most days. He enjoyed doing it, like Max enjoyed cooking. Speaking of which Harry was very much enjoying his time spent cooking every meal with Max, sneaking spoonfuls of this and bites of that, and when Max caught him he always got a swat to the bum, which made him laugh.

Harry chuckled and turned on the TV quietly, flipping through the channels. Max’s TV was barely used, Harry didn’t think it had been turned on in months and only then it had been for a weather
Harry grinned as he found a sports channel showing pro wrestling, he chuckled and decided to play a little game with Nasta, who claimed that he wasn’t the jealous type. He had proved that to him time and time again that he wasn’t bothered by Harry kissing and having sex with the other mates, even without him, but would he get jealous if Harry started ogling other men outside of their mateship?

The heavily muscled, scantily clad men on the TV, touching and holding each other, pinning the other to the floor, had to be considered soft porn, Harry decided as he watched wide eyed as the one wrestler climbed onto the other’s back, his groin pressed to the other’s bum as he held him around the neck. They were wiggling and writhing over the floor, the one on the bottom was probably trying to buck the other off of him, but to Harry it just looked like he was shoving his arse back into the other’s groin in a mimic of sex. There was something completely homoerotic about the entire match and Harry found himself not only glued to the screen, but getting hard to boot.

He watched several matches, completely transfixed, before Nasta came into the living room to find him.

“Harry?” He called as loudly as he dared with six sleeping babies in the room. “Harry?”

Harry didn’t take his eyes from the screen and Nasta’s eyes widened as the scent of lust and arousal hit him. Harry was getting off on watching wrestling of all things.

Nasta made his way carefully over to where Harry was lying on his stomach in front of the TV, watching as two men threw each other around the ring, his breathing had gone heavy and held a breathless quality to it and Nasta snarled as he dropped onto Harry’s back and bent forward to bite at that delectable neck.

“You want to be pinned to the floor?” Nasta growled as he turned Harry onto his back and pinned his wrists down and still Harry tried to arch his head back to watch the TV screen.

“Young man! I’m only watching wrestling!” Harry complained as his little submissive wriggled.
under him, making his hardness throb at the dominating, controlling position he had over Harry.

“You’re not just watching it though are you?” Nasta hissed. “You’re getting off on it!”

He rolled his hips into Harry’s groin and the younger man threw his head back and groaned as his own hardness was rubbed by the movement.

“It’s not my fault that wrestling is so sexy. Two big, dominating men rolling around the ring trying to pin one another to the floor, wearing a pair of Lycra pants and a pair of rubber boots. It’s enough to get anyone’s blood going.”

“When did you get such a fetish?” Nasta asked.

“When I turned on the TV and saw it for the first time?” Harry gave him such a naughty grin that Nasta almost groaned as he swooped down to kiss those gorgeous lips, eating from them and the mouth beyond trying to get Harry to forget all about wrestling and he knew that he had succeeded when Harry wrapped those gorgeous legs around his hips and tried to climb his body like a monkey.

He broke apart for air and he looked at Harry’s heaving chest, his flushed cheeks and glassy eyes and felt accomplished, right up until Harry looked over his own shoulder back at the TV and to the two men having a power struggle on the floor.

He growled, so insanely jealous that two wrestlers could hold Harry’s attention over himself. He was practically throwing himself at Harry and his mate was still looking to the TV. He gripped a fistful of that messy hair and yanked that head back into a possessive kiss, Harry moaning into his mouth at the rough treatment.

“You want it rough? Is that what you’re trying to do? You don’t need to make me jealous to do that, Cariad, you only need to ask.” Nasta whispered the last five words into Harry’s ear hotly and bit at it afterwards, making a passionate cry come from Harry’s throat.

Nasta tore the front of Harry’s jeans clean away with his claws and ripped the boxer shorts underneath until they fell away. He bit at Harry’s body, which was already covered with healing love bites from Blaise and Draco and a set of deeply imprinted crescent teeth marks and four fang holes that had bruised to a purple ruin that Harry had got from Max.

Harry moaned and arched under him as he bit at Harry’s body, sinking his teeth in and reining himself in just enough so that he didn’t bite away a chunk of flesh. He left bleeding marks all over
Harry’s body and by the time he reached Harry’s face, Harry’s eyes had rolled into the back of his head. Nasta had had no idea that Harry would be so receptive to such dominating, otherwise painful stimulation during sex. It was a major turn on, he found as he grew harder in his shorts.

He ripped the button and zip from his own jeans, the pressure was too much, too painful to carry on with them on. He dug his fingernails deeply into Harry’s hips when he started mewling in complaint as he stopped biting him. Harry arched backwards and let out a strange noise that Nasta had never heard him emit before, it went straight down to his cock and made it throb painfully.

He kissed and sucked harshly at Harry’s neck, right up by his jawbone and Harry bucked uncontrollably under him, then he started trying to roll him over, like the wrestlers on the TV, and Nasta grinned as he played the game, letting Harry roll him over onto the floor before rolling him right back over, twisting Harry until he was on his stomach and Nasta pinned him down roughly.

He pushed himself against Harry’s arse and he thrusted himself against him, his cock slipping between Harry’s cheeks and Harry’s head flew back, almost catching his nose and mouth.

“You’re pinned.” Nasta growled. “Stay where you are, don’t you move!”

Harry moaned, but stayed where he was as Nasta bit down his spine, working to get flesh between his teeth. Harry was losing weight again, he’d have to deal with that, but after he’d thoroughly fucked him first.

He reached the swell of Harry’s arse and he licked the two little dimples there, he moved his hands down and pressed his thumbs into those indents and he grinned, as he always did, as he saw that they still fit perfectly, it was like he had made those dimples on the curve of Harry’s arse with his own thumbs.

He bit the smooth, firm skin covering Harry’s gorgeous arse. Harry had an amazing bum and he loved playing with it, touching it, licking and biting at it.

He sucked on the mouthful of flesh between his teeth and Harry writhed on the living room floor, Nasta was about to lift Harry’s hips, so he didn’t get carpet burn in a very sensitive place, but he caught sight of the TV still showing wrestling matches and he pressed Harry’s lower body back down to grind against the carpet instead. Harry had wanted it rough; he was going to come out of it with a few souvenirs.

Harry cried out and he arched his back up and he threw his head back. Nasta kissed him, nipping at those plush lips, before ducking down to bite a bloody mark into Harry’s other bum cheek, before slipping between them both to lick a wide stripe from balls to tail bone. Harry shrieked and writhed and Nasta growled at him. He slapped a bitten bum cheek hard and Harry yelped.

“I told you to stay still!” He hissed and Harry moaned.

“Nasta.” He moaned breathily and Nasta growled, hearing his name whispered out in such an aroused voice made him throb and he thrusted himself uncontrollably against Harry, catching the head of himself on the rim of Harry’s entrance twice, making his submissive mewl and his hands
Nasta licked back down Harry’s spine before burying his tongue into Harry’s body while he pushed Harry’s face down into the carpet as he screamed, he looked over his shoulder at the five bassinets and the travel cot. They were all silent.

“Be quiet.” He ordered with a snarl.

Harry whimpered and pushed himself back into him and Nasta chuckled, bending down to push his tongue back into Harry, who bit his own arm to keep from screaming. Nasta smelt the blood and he growled deep in his throat, nibbling carefully around Harry’s entrance, not willing to bite him here, or be too rough in such a delicate place, Harry wanted to be in a bit of pain as they fucked, not be in absolute agony.

Harry panted and pleaded under his tongue and teeth and it made his ego swell. He was causing Harry to act like this, no one else. Right at this minute, there was no one else, just him and Harry and his Dracken roared his approval as their submissive whimpered and cried for them, only for them.

Nasta couldn’t push off his own pleasure any longer as he rose to his knees behind Harry and used his own saliva as lubricant. He hadn’t exactly been planning on this or he would have at least put some lube within easy reach, but then Harry was in a strange, wound up mood, he may not even want any lubrication. That thought turned him on even more and he swallowed a moan of his own.

He pressed into Harry, who hadn’t been prepared nearly enough, and he was so tight that he had to work himself inside those tight, clenching muscles as Harry gurgled and bit at his own arm once again to stop from screaming.

It took so much effort just to get himself inside Harry, who he was sure was bleeding inside, but he couldn’t be sure as he had bitten Harry until he bled and Harry had bitten himself until he bled, so there was too much blood around to be sure, but Harry was too slick inside for it to be from his saliva alone.

“Are you alright?” He couldn’t help asking, even if it did ruin the fantasy.

It took Harry several attempts at talking before he managed to get any words out without moaning, whimpering or gasping.

“So big.” Harry choked out distractedly, pressing himself back onto his cock and he had to screw his eyes closed at the pressure around him increased before Harry rocked forward again, sliding himself up and down his length. He doubted now that Harry had heard a word that he had said, but he didn’t seem to be in much pain yet.
Nasta’s body spasmed once, from his shoulders to his knees and he couldn’t control it as he thrust himself forward into Harry, who cried out for him, his back flushing with heat as he rocked himself back onto him.

Nasta touched Harry’s heated body and yanked him to his hands and knees, allowing him more freedom to rock more fully, helping him out, not that he needed the help, but the extra tightening of Harry’s muscles as he ‘helped out’ rolled his eyes back into his head and he sunk fingernails into Harry’s waist and used his grip to yank Harry back onto him viciously and Harry mewed from deep in his throat.

Nasta shoved Harry’s head and shoulders down and pulled his hips higher, the new angle allowed him to ram into Harry’s prostate and the screaming started. Nasta jerked his hips hard, fast and rough, knowing that he didn’t have much time before Harry’s increasingly loud screams woke a baby.

Harry’s loudest scream yet signalled his orgasm and Nasta jerked himself into Harry and remained inside of him as his own orgasm took over him so suddenly as Harry clenched so tightly around him.

When the buzzing in his head stopped and his hearing and sight came back to him, he could hear a baby crying and he groaned as he pulled himself out of Harry on shaky arms and he crawled to the bassinet with the crying baby. There were two crying babies, Regan and Calix.

He scooped them to his sweaty chest and collapsed back against the settee, shushing the babies distractedly as he watched Harry wiggle and writhe on the carpet, he could see now, from his own cock and the pinkish liquid seeping out of Harry, that he had split him inside and he made a mental note to get one of Max’s healing pastes to apply to Harry’s insides.

The two babies dropped back off to sleep once they had been soothed and he placed them back into their bassinets and he crawled back to Harry, pulling him into his arms, even as Harry moaned and complained, his body writhing in pain and Nasta cuddled him, snuggling him in his lap and rubbing the tension from his shoulders and back.

“I’ll never watch wrestling again.” He croaked out of his screamed raw throat.

Nasta chuckled deeply before forcing himself up to his feet and carrying Harry into the kitchen, boiling the kettle to make them both some tea. He held Harry with one arm as he used the other to make tea for them both.

“I could get used to this, I feel like Braiden.” Harry grinned.

“I could put your tea in a bottle.” Nasta said with a matching smirk, raising his one eyebrow.
Harry laughed. “I don’t have Daddy issues. I just want to be held, I don’t think my legs will support me.”

Nasta took the cups over to the table one at a time before sitting down and easing Harry up slightly, so that he wasn’t flat on his back in his arms but was still reclining back slightly, resting on his shoulder. He gave Harry his cup before sipping on his own. The warm tea relaxed his body fully and he let out a long sigh. He felt so much better.

Harry did the same but he was visibly uncomfortable as he shifted continuously on his lap. Nasta slipped his arm from around Harry’s back, to down around his hips, pushing his forearm under his thighs and pulling him up, taking his weight off of his sore bum. The awkward placement and angle of his arm was borderline painful, but when Harry smiled at him so lovingly and gratefully, he didn’t care, especially not when Harry snuggled up to him and pecked at his lips as if feeding from them.

“I love you so much, Nasta.” Harry told him, his eyes burning with sincerity. Nasta loved those eyes only slightly more than he loved those plush, pouty, kissable lips, especially when those eyes burnt with such love for him.

Nasta made sure not to jostle Harry as he kissed him before pressing him to drink his tea, hoping it would relax him some more.

Max came tearing into the room, his wings and fangs displayed as he sniffed deeply, a constant and uncontrollable growl in the back of his throat.

“Harry’s fine, we had a very rough sex session.” Nasta said soothingly as Max came to kneel before Harry and sniffed at his naked, bleeding body.

“Very, very rough.” Max grumbled deeply as he took in the bloody bite marks on Harry’s inside thighs.

“I’m alright. Are you done with work?” Harry inquired as he pushed his teacup at Max, looking at him pleadingly with wide green eyes until Max chuckled and gave him a kiss before going to make some more tea.

“All done. Two sick calls and an outbreak of Scrofungulus in Maidstone that’s spreading very quickly to neighbouring cities. Twelve batches of the antidote done in four hours. My hands are cramping.”
Max set three cups of tea down on the table and he sat down but before he could pick up his cup his hands were caught in small, soft, gentle hands and Harry began massaging his hands, rubbing his fingers and easing the painful tension from him.

“You keep this up and I’ll be forced to marry you.” Max teased, kissing Harry softly.

Harry chuckled and wrapped Max’s hands lovingly around his teacup, pulling back with his fingertips gliding over the backs of Max’s hands teasingly.

“So tell me how you two got to have such a rough ride when I was stuck in work, labouring over potions, where’s Draco?”

“Lucius flooed Draco and wished to speak to him.” Harry answered. “So he left not too long after you did.”

“And the sex?”

“Icaught Harry indulging in a new fetish.” Nasta answered.

“You weren’t playing with those toys without us again were you?” Max pleaded.

“No, he was panting and getting off on watching your TV.”

Max lowered his eyebrows. “What the hell was on the TV? I thought I blocked all the porn channels when Caesar went looking for them just after I moved in.”

“You forgot to block the soft porn channels.” Harry grinned.

“Soft porn channels?” Max questioned.

“The contact sports channels.” Nasta elaborated.
Max understood all at once and he grinned and then threw his head back laughing.

“What sport was it? Football, rugby, American football? All of those are homoerotic sports.”

“Wrestling.” Harry said softly.

Max laughed and pinched his cheek gently. “I’m proud of you, love. Only you could know that watching wrestling would wind Nasta up.”

“It did not ‘wind me up’.” Nasta refuted. “He was damn near ignoring me! I was throwing myself at him and he tried to get away from my advances so he could watch his match.”

“I still don’t know who won the Intercontinental championship.” Harry pouted.

Nasta nibbled around his neck and Harry chuckled. “I’m far too sore to go again.” He said apologetically.

“Max, could you get a healing salve for him, I tore his insides. We didn’t use lubricant.”

“Fuck, I wish I’d been there to watch.” Max exclaimed even as he got up to pull down the first aid kit he kept in the top cabinet in the kitchen. He took out the right salve without even needing to look at the little label on the front and he handed it to Nasta.

Nasta coated a finger and without any hesitation, or time to allow Harry to protest or think about it, he pushed that finger into Harry’s body. Harry moaned and dug his heels and his little toes into Nasta’s leg and rubbed his feet against his leg as he mewled and writhed, not entirely in pleasure either as that probing finger rubbed the splits inside his body, no matter how gently.

Max knelt down in front of him again and held his feet tightly to stop him from hurting Nasta accidentally as he applied the healing salve, but he did help take Harry’s mind from what was happening by kissing and licking his kicking feet, which were too ticklish for Harry to ignore the ministrations placed on them, so he alternated between giggling and moaning, which made Max chuckle and Nasta to grin against his neck.

“All done.” Nasta replied, easing his finger out gently, grimacing as it was covered in blood. Harry was bleeding more than he thought he had been. “Give the salve time to work, love then you may
want to have a bath, you’re bleeding quite a bit.”

Nasta handed Harry off to Max, who cuddled Harry on his lap tightly before easing himself up into his chair and he pulled the honey tea towards Harry as Nasta went to wash his hands in the sink.

“I haven’t had a bath in ages. We’ve only managed short showers since the quintuplets were born.”

“We’ll take over the afternoon shift.” Max joked, winking at him. “You take as long as you need, though if you stay in for over two hours we’ll assume you’ve drowned and barge in on you.”

Harry chuckled and snuggled into Max as he agreed without too much prompting; he loved baths and he hadn’t had the time to indulge lately. He was looking forward to it.

Draco looked horrified to the man who had been his mentor. He looked to Severus Snape, who was a ruin of the man he had been only a week ago.

His hair, which was usually greasy anyway, hung in limp rats’ tails against a face that was drawn and skeletal looking. He looked like he had aged fifty years overnight and Draco was at a loss for what to say as he stood beside his Father.

The Headmaster had managed to get Regulus’ body away from Severus and he was being prepared for burial. His water swollen wand was clasped tightly in Severus’ hands and a leather cord with a tarnished silver pendant that Draco had never seen before was tied around Severus’ throat.

“Severus, we have been friends for many years and I mislike seeing you like this. You did not deteriorate this badly when Regulus first went missing, why have you now that you have found him? You knew that he was dead long before you saw him, or perhaps it is the manner of which you saw him for the first time in almost two decades that has you acting this way.”

“Harry and Nasta are having nightmares about what they saw.” Draco put in quietly as Severus remained silent. “It’s only logical to think you are as well, especially with the added stress of finding him after so long and in such a place.”

“He drowned.” Severus’ voice was coarse and gruff. “The Inferi dragged him to the bottom of that lake and he drowned.”
Draco swallowed. Nasta and Harry were having nightmares of the Inferi dragging them into the lake and being drowned also, so he found those words clogging his throat with emotion after being woken up three times a night and listening to Nasta and Harry as they talked about the horror of being dragged into the ice cold lake and drowned at the endless bottom in the pitch blackness.

“I can take small comfort in the knowledge that Regulus was not pregnant at his time of death.” Severus told them. “But the pain of seeing him, dead and lifeless, of holding his stone cold body in my arms, looking as young as he was when he died, unchanged and unaged.”

“It cemented it in your mind that he was dead.” Lucius finished. “It affirmed it in your mind that he was dead and gone and it put an image of him as he died in your mind, an image you had lost over the years or had become less real and now that you have seen him again, it has brought all of those images back and with it all of the memories.”

“You need to let him go.” Draco said softly. “Not his memory or his unique person, but his body. You need to let him be buried; you need to bury your hurt and pain with him, because if you don’t, you’ll end up joining him.”

“Is that such a bad thing?” Was the soft, curious reply as if the thought were not only acceptable, but appealing.

“Yes, it is a bad thing, because you have people here who will miss you still.” Draco answered. “Mother and I would be distraught and what would all those dunderheaded first years do without you to weed out the talent and train them in your own unique way? I only have a love of potions now thanks to your teachings.”

“You’re a strong man, Severus.” Lucius slipped in. “You have survived before; you can do so once again. Allow us to help you. Allow us to support and love you, you are young still, you’re life can carry on, but life is only what you make of it, if you wallow around in self-pity and squalor, living in despair and your own filth, then perhaps you are better off dead after all.”

Draco was shocked at his Father’s words and the firm hand that dragged him towards the doorway. The heavy wood door slammed with a resounding bang and Lucius strutted down the corridor, still pulling him along.

“Father…how could you say that to him?” Draco questioned, still stunned.
“Severus is a very stubborn, prideful man, Draco. People like Severus will not accept help from anyone, they need to be forced and manipulated into living once more.”

“You sound like you’re speaking from experience.”

“Who do you think it was that got him to start living his life again after Regulus went missing in the beginning?” Lucius raised an eyebrow at him and Draco grinned, more comfortable these days at showing emotion around his Father, which seemed to both surprise and please Lucius Malfoy. “I was the one who got him to get off of his backside and started him off looking for Regulus after he first realised that the boy was missing, when he didn’t find him at the Potter wedding.”

Draco hoped that it worked this time as well and that they didn’t get a floo call informing them that Severus had killed himself in his private rooms. He couldn’t wait to get back home so he could give Harry a hug and reassure him that everything was going to be fine, that the nightmares would eventually abate and the terror that he obviously felt would fade.

He knew that Max was helping Nasta, but he hoped that he would be able to help as well. He didn’t like the thought that Nasta was suffering as Harry was and he wanted to be able to help the older man like he was helping Harry. He didn’t understand why Nasta was only allowing Max and Harry to comfort him after the nightmares. Harry he could understand, he was the one who had gone through the ordeal with him, but why wouldn’t Nasta allow him or Blaise to help him or comfort him when he woke up gasping in a cold sweat? They both wanted to help, but they always seemed to be shut out.

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Harry groaned as the staring, pointing and whispering started back up the moment he stepped foot into the Great Hall.

It was the twelfth of January and they were back at Hogwarts after a very chaotic goodbye and a trip through the floo, because Harry refused to waste time he could spend lounging around at home on the gossip mongering, uncomfortable, cramped compartments of the Hogwarts Express.

The newspapers had ignored Richard, Myron and Lucius’ threats and had continued printing lies and rubbish about his children. One particular issue had claimed, very spectacularly, that his ‘defective child had died’ and that he was ‘inconsolable to the point of a complete mental breakdown.’

Harry could have gone a lifetime without hearing the lies spewed about him and his family, but when students noticed that he was in fact still surrounded by his four lovers and that they were carrying six babies and not five, the whispers broke out.

Hermione rushed to him and refrained from breaking his back in her usual hug as he had both arms
full of baby. She looked so worried she was actually pale.

“I’ve been reading the papers and…”

“All shit.” Harry cut in immediately. “I haven’t given any interviews, these lot haven’t given an interview, we’ve been trying to stop them from printing shit about me, them and the children, but they’re ignoring us and any legal jargon Lucius, Richard and Myron are sending them. Richard in particular is outraged that he and his law firm are being ignored. He’s threatening to take legal action against them.”

“So you haven’t lost…”

“No. All babies are alive and well.”

“But they said one was born…”

“Leolin looked like he was born without the skin on his back because he was very premature. He took Nasta’s Faerie blood, Hermione, Faeries wings finish developing during the fifth month of pregnancy and the quintuplets were born at four months, so Leolin's wings didn't have any skin on them. We had to be so very careful because it’s painful for him and because they were basically open sores we had to be aware at all times of any infections and things, but he’s completely fine, he has a few scabs left, but the skin on his wings has grown in nicely.”

“I’m glad to hear that, Harry, but Leolin, really?” She gave him a knowing look and he felt his cheeks flush with blood.

“See, even Granger thinks it’s a terrible name.” Draco put in as he moved past them to the Slytherin table.

“It’s not a terrible name; I just know why you called him that.” She put in softly as she kissed his cheek. “Ginny and I want to catch up with you later; we haven’t been introduced to the little bundles of joy.” She gave him a grin that he returned and Harry chuckled as he left to the Slytherin table to be pointed at and have nosy little fuckers trying to get a glimpse of his blanket wrapped children.

“I swear to Merlin if they don’t stop I’m going to curse them.” Max hissed possessively as he
cradled Regan in his one arm, his other arm slipping around Harry in a display of the possessiveness in his voice.

Harry cuddled Leolin and Farren tightly to his chest as a Ravenclaw ambled past in a faked casual way while waving to a friend halfway down the Ravenclaw table, but her eyes were devouring his mates and the babies they held as she peeked over his shoulder to see if the blankets covered the babies’ faces.

Harry lost his patience and he shoved her away from him, she stumbled, but he hadn’t shoved her hard enough to land her on her arse, thought he had wanted to. He glared at her and she hurried past to the friend that she had been waving to.

“That wasn’t nice, Harry.” Nasta chastised, but there was no real heat to his words and he was trying to hide a smile.

“What? I was just giving her a helping hand, she obviously wanted to reach her friend, but it seemed to me that she hit a section of floor covered in a sticking charm.” Harry answered innocently.

Draco and Blaise snorted, Max let out a laugh and Nasta smiled and handed him a chunk of fudge chocolate.

Harry quickly and safely held Farren and Leolin with one arm, snatched the chocolate chunk and shoved it whole into his mouth, chewed and then swallowed, before moving his sons back into separate arms.

“You said that there was none left.” He accused with a pout.

“You had eaten three bars.”

“They were snack sized bars, they don’t count.”

“What made you change your mind?” Draco asked, leaning over the table and using a napkin to wipe a smear of chocolate off Harry’s lip.

“He deserved a reward for helping the young woman get on her way after hitting a sticking charm.” Nasta replied simply and Harry grinned widely.
“I love you.” He told Nasta.

Someone snorted and the five of them looked to Theo Nott, who was sitting as close to Blaise as he could given that Pansy Parkinson had claimed the seat directly beside him and the Greengrass sisters directly opposite.

“Something you wish to say?” Draco inquired in that snobbish, drawling tone that he pulled off so well that it made you feel like a scummy, inch tall, mollusc.

“You can’t love more than one person.” Theo answered back.

Harry reared back in surprise.

“Who the hell told you that?” Max demanded incredulously. “Because I assure you that they’re wrong. I love my Mother and Fathers, my brother and sisters, my grandfather and grandmother, all of my Uncles and Aunts and cousins. I love my little niece, I love my four lovers and our six children with all of my heart. If what you’re saying is true, then what parent do you love and which one don’t you love? Because if you can only love one person at a time, then you only love one of them and if you love one of your parents, then you can’t possibly love our Blaise as you claim you do.”

Harry grinned at the stressed emphasis on the word ‘our’, ensuring that not even Theo could miss the possessive claim Max put on Blaise.

“You can’t all love him! Not as much as just one person could! I could love him fully, not designate him a time to be in my affections!” Theo burst out passionately.

“Who said anything about our affection being designated to time slots?” Harry demanded. “We love one another fully and completely every moment of every day! I can’t just turn my love for one of them off and move onto another, I love them all, all of the time.”

“You think you do…”

“No, I do. End of!” Harry snarled as he pushed Farren at Max, slipped around him and shoved
Blaise along the bench until he was between him and Max and sat in his place, turning his back on Theo and by extension Pansy and latched onto Blaise with the arm not holding Leolin.

“Ma ma!” Braiden cooed from Blaise’s arms and Harry felt all the tension and anger melt from him as he looked into the little face of his five month old son.

Harry kissed those pouted lips, not even minding the drool and he pulled back to rub noses with him, making Braiden screech in delight.

“Pass Leo to me, love.” Nasta encouraged. “You can focus on Braiden then.”

“Leo?” Theo cut in, his face disgusted and horrified. “You let him call a child Leo, Blaise?”

“I didn’t let him do anything, Theo. Harry named them and that’s the end of it. I quite like the name, it fits him.” Blaise said coolly, as he twisted Braiden on his lap to face Harry.

“Just like a Gryffindor to name a child Leo.” Astoria sniffed.

Harry glared at her. “His name is Leolin. Lee-O-leen.” He stressed to them. “Not Leo.”

He turned back to Braiden and tickled his sides and Braiden huffed in screechy, giggling delight and Harry couldn’t not grin at him as those hands reached out to him, little fingers clenching.

“We make an adorable baby, Blaise; you’ll have to give me another one soon.” Harry said loudly.

Blaise kissed him and Harry grinned into that kiss as he heard a hiss come from Theo.

“You too, Draco. I want a baby from you as well.”

Draco smirked at him and saluted him with the glass of water he had taken a sip from.
“Whatever you want, love.” He proclaimed.

“What about me? Don’t you want my babies?” Max actually managed to fake a look of total devastation and Harry chuckled.

“You’ve already gotten two out of me.” Harry reminded him.

“Not nearly enough.” Max pouted. “And what about him?” He said pointing at Nasta, who raised an eyebrow at him silently. “He has three babies.”

“He’s not asking for any more.” Harry winked at Nasta who smirked.

“So the five babies you just birthed were not Draco’s?” Astoria asked looking smug at this thought.

“No. They weren’t.” Harry answered, his tone very unfriendly.

“I could give you a baby, Draco! I’m ovulating today!” She told the blond excitedly.

Harry burst out laughing at the disgusted horror and slight panic that passed over Draco’s face.

“That’s disgusting!” He exclaimed, losing control of his tight, Malfoy mask for a moment. “What could possibly lead you to conceive that I would not only want to have sex with you in the first place, but that I find the idea of having a baby with you remotely pleasant or welcoming?” He demanded.

“But…you want a baby, you need an Heir.” Astoria replied confusedly.

“Yes, I want a baby with my lover Harry, I do need an Heir, but as I’m yet to graduate and my lover has proven himself fertile and a competent, capable Mother, my Father is willing to wait until Harry and I eventually conceive naturally, rather than force the issue and make problems.”

“Really?” Harry questioned.
Draco nodded. “It’s what he wanted to speak to me about yesterday before we went to visit Severus.”

“How is he?” Harry asked softly.

“I am hopeful that he will be fine in time, but as you can see from the presence of Horace Slughorn at the top table, he will not be teaching again this year. Mother insisted that he take the rest of the year off and she is doting at him at his home, much to his ire and annoyance.”

Harry grinned. “I hope he gets better soon.” He whispered as Dumbledore stood to welcome them back after the Christmas season and gave the go ahead for the feast to start.

Harry dove in and filled himself with as much food as he could manage. He had eaten a filling lunch, but Nasta seemed to think that he was still too skinny, so he was eating bigger portions than he normal did, but if it gave Nasta peace of mind then he’d suffer through it.

Harry collapsed onto the settee in their private rooms with a groan, accepting the three babies that were passed to him as Nasta and Max went around making sure that everything was safe and as they had left it, of course Max went right into the little kitchenette and made sure all of his things were there still and that all of his appliances still worked. Harry thought it was cute, but he wouldn’t be saying the ‘C’ word out loud to anyone but the babies.

A harsh yank on his hair had him snapping open his eyes and howling, which of course had his mates surrounding him in seconds and startling the armful of babies he had, including Braiden, who had gripped hold of his hair and pulled it.

“I’m fine, I’m fine. Braiden pulled my hair and I wasn’t expecting it.” Harry answered as he ignored his throbbing scalp and watering eyes to soothe Braiden, Tegan and Calix.

“I think it’s bedtime for them all now anyway.” Nasta put in as he took Tegan from him and nestled her head into his strong neck, patting her back gently and soothingly.

Draco handed a quiet Leolin to Blaise, who already had Regan and Max scooped up Farren as Draco took a crying Braiden from him, leaving Harry to soothe Calix as Blaise took the calm babies.
into the bedroom.

They got the babies to calm down easy enough and got them off to sleep, it was then time for their ritual snuggling on the settee before they headed to bed themselves. Draco sat against the arm of the settee with Blaise in his lap, leaning against his chest, Nasta claimed the middle spot with Harry lounging all over him and Max sat against the other settee arm with Harry’s lower body in his lap, all because the settee was too small to sit all five of them side by side, so two of them, usually Harry and either Draco or Blaise, had to sit in laps so they could all fit.

“I love this peaceful moment to ourselves.” He told the others as he twisted himself until he could lie on his back with his head in Blaise’s lap, Draco’s fingers carding through his hair and massaging the sore spot that Braiden had tugged on.

“Savour it while it lasts, as soon as those buggers get older we’re going to have absolutely no free time.” Max said lazily, covering a yawn with his hand.

“I think it’s bedtime for us now.” Harry giggled slightly as he stretched and rolled to his feet.

He went into the bedroom, shirked all his clothes off before he climbed up the stairs to their platform and he then crawled naked into the bed.

“It’s too cold for you to sleep without pyjamas.” Nasta fretted, following him up.

“I’m going to sandwich myself between you and Max.” Harry told them. “You two run hotter than those two skinny sticks.” He poked his tongue out at Blaise and Draco, the former chuckled and the latter rolled his silver eyes.

Draco dressed into his favourite pyjama bottoms, Blaise did the same and they cuddled up on the right side of the bed, Draco on the outside. Nasta slipped into the middle of the bed and Harry snuggled up to him on one side and Blaise did on the other and then Max pressed tightly against Harry’s naked back and Harry shivered in pleasure and in delight as the warmth of their bodies seeped into his own to chase away the goosebumps that had sprung up over his skin.

The heavy duvet was pulled over all of them and Harry snuggled down between his two biggest, oldest lovers and he eased himself into sleep a bit hesitantly, because no matter how much he tried to play about and brush it off, they all knew why he wanted to be between Nasta and Max and it had nothing to do with how warm they were and absolutely everything to do with the nightmares that he and Nasta had been having since the cave incident. He wanted the comfort and the protection that the both of them offered and if he did wake up with nightmares, then he wanted to feel warm, solid muscle on either side of him and none of his four mates begrudged him that.
A/N: Back at Hogwarts for the last two terms before they graduate! Soon the Hogwarts era will be over! Hell it’s almost been two years since Harry became a Dracken, that’s a scary thought, it’s flown by. Braiden will be a year old in August!

Happy birthday to about five of you who wanted a chapter as a present! This is late for some, early for others, but it’s still your birthday gift, so enjoy.

Don’t forget to please read the Scaled Bits! It’s not a separate story it is actually a collection of missing scenes for this story which will clear up a lot of confusion some of you have and contains added scenes and extras that you won’t want to miss if you love Rise of the Drackens!

Thank you all for reading and reviewing if you bother!

StarLight Massacre. X
Lessons Learnt

Chapter Notes

Last Time

The heavy duvet was pulled over all of them and Harry snuggled down between his two biggest, oldest lovers and he eased himself into sleep a bit hesitantly, because no matter how much he tried to play about and brush it off, they all knew why he wanted to be between Nasta and Max and it had nothing to do with how warm they were and absolutely everything to do with the nightmares that he and Nasta had been having since the cave incident. He wanted the comfort and the protection that the both of them offered and if he did wake up with nightmares, then he wanted to feel warm, solid muscle on either side of him and none of his four mates begrudged him that.

Chapter Fifty-Nine – Lessons Learned

Harry felt like a zombie as he made his way to Charms with Hermione. He thanked his aching back that this was his last lesson of the day as his friend nattered his ear off about anything and everything and he just wanted to get through the lesson and get back to Max and Nasta, who he was sure were not coping on their own with six babies.

He hated this, sitting in lessons trying to force himself to learn when all he wanted to be doing was playing and caring for his children. It was torture and it wasn’t fair as he was forced to listen to Professor Flitwick and write out what had been put on the board with a hand that was much more used to holding a bottle than a quill these days.

The bell rang and he swiped his arm over his desk, knocking all of his things into his backpack, he shouted a hasty goodbye to Hermione and he ran to his rooms, taking the stairs three at a time, dodging past little firsties, trying not to knock any of them down. He grinned as he reached the seventh floor and the portrait of a door. He tapped the keyhole with his wand and he rushed into his rooms, everything was peaceful and calm and Nasta and Max were both sleeping on the settee, Max had Regan and Tegan on his chest and Nasta was cuddled up with Calix and Leolin.

“Ma ba!” Braiden cooed out softly as Harry walked into the living room and past the travel cot that he was in.

Harry dumped his backpack and turned around to scoop Braiden up gently.

“It looks like your Daddies had an eventful afternoon, baby.” He said with a grin, kissing a soft
cheek. “Oh I missed you so much, Braiden, even though I only saw you at lunch.”

Harry sat on the other settee that was free of sleeping dominants and babies and sat Braiden on his lap facing him.

“Have you got any more new words for me today?” He questioned.

“Ooo boo?” Braiden looked at him confusedly and Harry chuckled, chucking him under the chin and kissing him, which made Braiden throw his arms up and give a wet giggle.

Harry wiped up the excess dribble and curiously checked Braiden’s gums carefully, there was so much drool coming from Braiden now that he was bound to cut his first tooth soon. His gums were redder than normal and slightly swollen at the front. Harry sighed; Braiden was cutting his first tooth.

A chubby fist went into the wet mouth and Braiden gummed on it.

“You want a teething ring don’t you, baby?” He said softly as he got up with Braiden in his arms and he went searching for where they had put the teething rings, but there was so much junk on the floor that he almost broke his neck tripping over.

“Fuck!” He hissed, trying not to wake up Nasta and Max, but he was sure that he had just twisted his ankle tripping over a blanket. “Messy bastards!”

“Ba ba.”

“Yes Braiden, they are.” Harry said to his son as if Braiden’s cooing had been agreement with his statement.

Harry got up and his ankle was tender and it refused to hold his weight.

“Oh fuck this!” Harry snarled as he sat himself back down and he threw an abandoned dummy at Max’s head, aiming higher than normal so he wouldn’t hit a baby. The white dummy bounded off the top of Max’s head and his blue, blue eyes snapped open to see Harry glaring at him from the floor.
“Ooh, what time is it?” He asked as he sat up and stretched, giving a little kick to Nasta on the settee adjacent to his own to wake him up too.

“About quarter past five.”

“Are you alright?” Nasta questioned sleepily as he realised that Harry was grimacing on the floor.

“No, you left all this stuff on the floor and now I’ve twisted my ankle, so a little help please.” Harry answered.

Max immediately put Regan and Tegan into a bassinet apiece and hefted Harry from the floor and settled him onto the settee that he had just got up from.

Nasta put down Leolin and Calix and he looked around at the mess in distaste. He waved his wand and everything flew back to where it belonged, leaving the room spotless as Max hunched over his foot, eased off his shoe and sock and he rolled Harry’s ankle gently between both hands. Harry hissed at him.

“It’s twisted; I’ll get you a potion for it.” Max said as he got up to fetch his first aid kit.

“What were you trying to get or were you going to change Braiden or…?” Nasta trailed off questioningly.

“I was looking for the teething rings. His gums have swollen and gone bright red, he’s drooling constantly and he’s gumming his own hand, I think he’s cutting a tooth.”

Nasta’s eyes widened and he went to a drawer in the side cabinet and pulled out a brand new, wrapped teething ring. He ripped the cardboard backing off of it, removed the plastic and then handed it to Harry, who waved it at Braiden.

“Ah! Ah!” Braiden cried out as he grabbed it and it immediately found a home in the wet mouth, being gummed on hard.

“If he is teething, then these next few weeks are going to be absolute hell!” Max groaned.
“What’s going to be hell?” Blaise asked as he walked in with Draco, just in time to hear the last few words. They had both had Arithmancy as their last lesson.

“How did you get here so fast from Charms?” Draco cut in. “You must have run the entire way.”

“Braiden’s teething and yes I did run from Charms.” Harry answered them both.

“Braiden’s teething?” Blaise asked excitedly as he dumped his backpack and rushed over, cupping Braiden’s face, the teething ring still in his mouth, and he kissed his forehead.

“Why is that hell?” Draco asked as he wandered over after taking the time to slip off his shoes.

“Because he’s teething.” Harry said slowly. “He’s going to be in pain and discomfort, he’ll be grouchy and grizzling at all hours, he’s not going to be sleeping through the night anymore and he’s going to be miserable, which will make me miserable, and I’ll make sure that you four are miserable too.”

“I didn’t think about that.” Draco admitted a bit sheepishly. “But then I haven’t actually been around many teething babies.”

Max handed Harry a potion and Harry drained it with a grimace of distaste.

“Nasty.” He exclaimed, before grinning at his little boy, who was looking up at him through Blaise’s eyes, teething ring in mouth. “He’s adorable. I’m so glad he has your eyes.”

“I wanted him to have your eyes.” Blaise admitted with a small smile. “But he just looks so handsome and adorable; I wouldn’t wish him different at all now.”

“Neither would I.” Draco smiled, pointedly ruffling Braiden’s hair, which fell neatly back into place, all smooth and perfect, so unlike Harry’s hair.

Harry chuckled. “He really needs a haircut though.”
“I’ll dig out the spell later on; I don’t think any of us want a pair of scissors near his head.” Nasta said with a smile, coming to kiss Braiden and then him, he pulled Blaise into a kiss before heading to the kitchen table where all of his paperwork was stacked.

Harry grinned as he saw the faces on Max and Draco, who did not like being left out. Draco reached Nasta first and he yanked his head back and kissed him vigorously until neither of them could stay without air for a moment longer and then Max took over right where Draco left off.

“Well, that was a nice show.” Blaise chuckled. “Do we get to watch the continuance of it later on?”

Harry let out a short giggle and he blushed when his four mates turned to him, either with grins or raised eyebrows. He let out another little giggle and then thought screw it and he carried on giggling, but hiding behind his hand.

“That is so fucking cute.” Max exclaimed.

The smile slid from Harry’s face and he glared at Max.

“Do not, ever, call me the ‘C’ word!” He demanded.

Max held up his hands, a wide grin on his face. “I give I give, don’t kill me.”

Harry smiled then, happily appeased, and he stood Braiden up on his lap and bounced him gently. His son took the teething ring from his mouth to let out a happy, joyous laugh and Harry joined him.

“Oh, I love you so much.” He exclaimed as he pulled Braiden to his chest for a hug, kissing his face.

Someone snapped a photo and Harry shook his head.

“Unposed pictures are so much better.” Draco said as he put the camera back onto the kitchen
“You just wait; I’ll take a picture of you sleeping in the buff and mail it to Witch Weekly.” Harry threatened with a grin.

“You wouldn’t.” Draco replied surely. “You’re too possessive of our bodies and privacy to do anything like that.”

“He’s got you there.” Blaise chuckled, sitting on the floor changing a wet Calix, who wasn’t even crying.

“That baby is so laid back he’s horizontal.” Harry groused as Blaise applied the nappy rash cream.

Because Calix didn’t cry to let them know that he was wet, they often didn’t realise that he needed a nappy change until the rash had already been caused by Calix sleeping in his own urine. It upset Harry more than he let on as the rash was very uncomfortable for his little son, so he demanded that Calix be checked every half an hour for a soiled nappy, which was helping, along with the soothing nappy cream and leaving his nappy off for a little while after having the cream applied.

“We’ve got a teething baby, one with nappy rash and one with scabs on his back, all we need now is colic, diarrhoea and a baby with a fever and we’ll have a full house.”

“Don’t say that.” Harry bit out, not wanting to think about it.

“It’s alright, love, Calix will be fine.” Max soothed him, coming to sit beside him on the settee, wrapping an arm around him in comfort. “We’ve noticed the problem and are actively working to fix it, it’s obvious that Calix takes after his Dad and is far too laid back to care if he’s sitting in his own piss.”

Harry chuckled weakly and cuddled up to Max. “I just can’t stand the thought of him being in pain or uncomfortable because we didn’t realise that he was wet.”

“Well it’s his own fault.” Draco insisted. “His brothers and sister all cry when they’re wet, how are we supposed to know if he doesn’t at least wail to let us know when he’s wet? All we can do if he refuses to let us know is keep checking him, as we have been doing. We’re doing fine, Harry, I think we’re coping spectacularly well with six near newborn babies. No one’s perfect and no one
who has a remotely realistic view on parenthood expects us to be perfect, so stop worrying.”

Draco kissed his smiling lips as he walked past to pick up a grizzling Farren.

“Why is it only your kids that are awake when they’re supposed to be sleeping?” Draco asked Max.

Max grinned. “They’re special, just like their Dad. They don’t do conformity.”

Harry laughed as he twisted Braiden around on his lap so he could face the room as he chewed hard on his teething ring.

“His cutting tooth must really be hurting.” He said aloud as he watched Braiden clench his little jaws as hard as he possibly could around the teething ring.

“There’s nothing we can do, love, he has to go through it, imagine never having any teeth.” Blaise said from the floor as he played with Calix, whose bottom half was bare as his delicate skin dried.

“It might make receiving a blow job more pleasurable.” Harry said a bit tearfully, trying to cheer himself up over the thought that he couldn’t stop Braiden from being in pain.

The four startled laughs put a smile back on his face and the kiss to the corner of his mouth from Max made him feel so much better.

Blaise put Calix back in a clean nappy and rubbed his belly soothingly as the baby sucked on a dummy, fighting sleep.

“Pass him to me.” Harry said as Calix fought sleep viciously.

Harry passed Braiden over and accepted Calix, cuddling him and finishing off the tie to his nightdress, with him having nappy rash, it was easier to check him every half an hour if they didn’t have to struggle to get his legs out of his sleepsuit every time they needed to check him, so they were putting Ashleigh, Myron and Richard’s Christmas present to good use.

Harry rocked and soothed Calix, humming lightly as Max cupped the back of Calix’s head with a huge hand, his fingers stroking through soft, black, downy hair.
Even the yawn that Calix gave was fought furiously and Max chuckled deeply.

“It must be your genes, love, because every child we have is just so adorable.” Max said kissing his cheek.

Harry gave Max a glare, but he let it go as he agreed that every child he had was adorable, he just didn’t agree that it came from him.

Calix finally lost his battle with sleep and Harry stood to put him in a bassinet and scooped up Nasta’s firstborn son. Regan was such a quiet baby, much like his Father and Harry felt like he wasn’t spending as much time with Regan as a consequence.

He stripped Regan of his blanket and nightdress, but kept him in his nappy, stripped his own top half to a wolf whistle from Max, who got a teasing, exaggerated shake of the hips as Harry undid his belt and trousers and kicked them off before curling up on the settee with a blanket wrapped around him and Regan as he held his thirdborn son on his chest, bare skin to bare skin.

He murmured softly to Regan, having a one-sided conversation with him as his mates moved around him with the other children, Max started dinner when Blaise complained that he was hungry, Draco was doing homework, trying to get as much of it out of the way as possible and Nasta was doing paperwork now that he wasn’t on baby duty, but Harry was in his own little world with a sleeping Regan.

When it was time for dinner, Harry moved to the table, Regan tucked into one arm and he ate with his other. He was so slow that everyone had finished and Max had started washing up as he ate the last bite of his lasagne.

“Thank you, Max.” He said softly, pulling his tallest mate down for a kiss on the cheek as he dropped his plate into the sink.

Max was so much happier than usual and Harry didn’t understand why until he was told a moment later.

“That’s the first meal that you’ve let me cook on my own since the incident.” He boasted happily.

Harry startled at that as he realised that it was true and he hadn’t felt any apprehension in eating his food whatsoever, he hadn’t even remembered that he was previously watching Max cook to ensure that he didn’t tamper with his meal and it made him grin widely. “Then I guess it was time to forgive you and to hand you my trust again.”

“I won’t abuse it this time, not ever again. I promise.” Max bent down and kissed his lips firmly,
before ducking down further to kiss Regan’s sleeping face.

“Though I do want to cook some meals with you. I enjoyed our time together.” Harry shot over his shoulder as he made his way back to the settee.

“I’m sure we can work something out.” Max agreed with a grin.

Nasta took Regan from him and swapped him with Farren as Regan started grizzling and squirming due to his dirty, smelly nappy. Nasta handed him a bottle and Harry placed it off to the side, waiting for when Farren would wake up, he would be the first. His gutsy baby would of course be the first to wake. Harry smiled, very happy with Farren’s appetite, it was Leolin’s that he was worried about as his youngest son was two weeks old now and still hadn’t picked up his milk intake.

Farren woke up with a wail in his throat and Harry smoothed a soft cheek gently before picking up the bottle, testing it against his still bare forearm and sent a wordless, wandless cooling charm at it, tested it again, before he stroked it over Farren’s cheek and he watched indulgently as his secondborn son rooted for the bottle teat.

“Did you just do wandless, wordless magic?” Draco demanded incredulously.

Harry looked up confusedly, before his attention was pulled back to a suckling Farren and he replied distractedly. “Huh? Oh, yeah, I can’t be bothered to go into my bag to get my wand.”

“Look at him, so flippant and dismissive about it, like it’s not extraordinary.” Blaise shook his head. “It’s amazing, Harry. Every time you do it, it’s amazing.”

Harry flushed a bit. “I’ve always been able to do it, so it’s not anything special to me. It’s just convenient, but not really anything that I’d show off to others about.”

“If it was me I’d be bragging to everyone around me.” Draco told him.

“You do anyway with as much as you can get away with.” Max teased.

“I’m proud of myself and all of my hard earned achievements, why shouldn’t I rub it into everyone else’s faces?” Draco defended.
“We love you for it.” Max assured. “You wouldn’t be you if you didn’t completely trample those less fortunate in the brains, looks and ability departments into the unyielding ground.”

“Don’t forget the academic department.” Nasta added from the kitchen table, where he had started back up with his paperwork, looking thoroughly stressed and overworked, but he was grinning at Draco nonetheless.

“I think lovers department too, I mean, who wouldn’t be jealous of him for having me as a lover?” Max said with a deep, amused laugh.

Harry chuckled even as he watched the last suck of milk disappear from the bottle. He hefted Farren up and burped him, before settling him in the crook of his arm and rocking him gently to sleep, listening as Max and Draco dissolved into an argument over who people would be jealous of for having the other as a lover.

“Alright, knock it off the both of you before I gag you both with a dirty nappy.” Nasta threatened as he threw his quill onto his paperwork and stood with a stretch. “Blaise, did you remember to do your Ancient Runes translations? It’s due tomorrow.”

“All done.” Blaise confirmed with a grin as he packed his bag in preparation for tomorrow, waving the sheet of complicated diagrams and runes that confused the hell out of him at Nasta.

“Draco…”

“All homework is done and complete, tomorrow’s books and needed homework is already packed.” Draco cut in with a cocky smirk.

“Harry, did you finish your Transfiguration and Defence essays?”

“I finished the Defence essay.” Harry replied sheepishly.

“You have double Transfiguration first thing tomorrow, love, get your essay out.” Nasta told him firmly.
Harry sighed and didn’t even bother trying to argue, it was fruitless and a waste of time to argue with Nasta over school anyway.

Draco took Farren off of him and he was left to pull out his homework from under yesterday’s newspaper, right where he had left it, with the headline ‘Saviour Potter arrives at Hogwarts with lovers and babies in tow’. Nasta had gone ballistic over the latest allegations that he was a catamite and was being kept as a pleasure slave by two much older men, Draco and Blaise hadn’t even been mentioned and only three babies had been ‘confirmed’ as being seen by eyewitesses.

Harry trudged through his Transfiguration essay, rewriting it twice because Nasta wasn’t happy with it, before he finally snapped and threw a tantrum. Nasta had caught him, bitten his neck, calmed him down and now he was cuddled up on Nasta’s lap on the settee.

“Why the tantrum, Harry?” His oldest lover asked eventually, still carding his fingers softly through his hair.

“It all seems so pointless.” Harry replied.

“Doing the work or just Transfiguration in general?”

“All of it! I don’t want to be here, doing all this pointless shit when I could be back at home spending all day taking care of my children like I want to be doing.”

“What about job prospects? You won’t get even a half decent job if you don’t graduate from Hogwarts. You need to finish your compulsory education to have even the slightest chance of getting a good job.”

“I don’t want a poxy job! I already have one and that’s looking after my children!” Harry snapped.

“So that’s all you want to do for the next three hundred odd years? What about when our children are all grown up, Harry? When they’re not living at home anymore and you have nothing to distract you from the silence and the emptiness of our house because Max, Draco, Blaise and I are all out at work.”

“You’ll still be working at three hundred?” Harry asked.
Nasta chuckled wryly. “No, but we’ll stop having children when we’re about a hundred, Caru. I very much doubt that our children will be living with us when they’re two hundred themselves. So what are you going to do when we don’t have any more children to look after and they’ve all flown the nest?”

“I…I don’t know.” Harry said quietly.

“Isn’t it a much better idea to get the qualifications that you need now, if not to get a job right away, but to ensure that you can actually get one later on in life, when you have nothing else to do? Even if you do decide not to get a job the moment after you’ve graduated, you can still have those qualifications to fall back on when a time comes when you might need them.”

Harry sighed; he hated it when Nasta was so logical and wise. “I guess that makes sense.” He grumbled.

Nasta chuckled and kissed him. “Get your essay; we’ll go through it together seeing as it’s getting late.”

Harry did as he was told and he clambered back onto Nasta and listened as Nasta made more sense of the essay than the textbook had. The essay was done and completed in forty minutes and he was bound to get an ‘EE’ on it if not an outright ‘O’ it was that good.

Harry kissed Nasta as he packed all of the things that he needed for tomorrow and he was led to the bedroom and up to their platform bed. It was this bed that he had missed the most when he was at home rather than at the school. He loved the platform bed and he’d have to make sure any future house they had, had a platform bed like this one, though maybe with a bigger ledge and a bigger bed. Harry striped himself bare, not that he was wearing much to begin with, and he forced himself between Max and Draco to curl up to sleep.

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Harry woke up the next morning and he groaned as he stretched. He’d only had the one nightmare last night and Nasta hadn’t had any that he knew about, he was glad that it was coming to an end, finally. He rolled over and he was surprised that he actually had the space to move on the bed, then the cold sheets registered in his brain and he opened his eyes to see that he was on his own in the bed and the weak winter sun was trying to force its way through the curtains.

It wasn’t often that he slept longer than his mates and as he realised that every one of the five bassinets around the bed was empty, he got confused. He was normally the first one to wake up and was certainly the one who did the babies’ morning feed. Had he been slipped a sleeping potion? No, he didn’t have the strange after taste in his mouth that a potion induced sleep left.
He climbed out of the bed, found someone’s discarded boxers to wear for now and he padded down the stairs in just a pair of boxer shorts he was almost sure were Blaise’s and went into the living room cum kitchenette. Max was cooking, Nasta was reading the paper, Blaise and Draco were entertaining the six children.

“Sleeping beauty arises!” Max called out from the kitchen as he spotted him.

“I can’t believe I slept for so long.” He murmured as he realised that his mates were all showered and dressed.

“You did have a late night.” Nasta reminded him.

“It was only quarter to twelve.” Harry disputed.

“You’ve been going to bed around ten every night; it’s natural that you slept a bit later once you stayed up later and the nightmare couldn’t have helped.” Draco told him.

Harry grunted and scooped up Tegan on his way to the kitchenette in search of tea. Max was several steps ahead of him and sat him down in front of a cup of tea that was the perfect temperature for consumption.

“Anything in particular you wanted for breakfast, love? I’m making crepes.”

“That’ll be fine, but I want some cereal or something first. I don’t have much time before lessons and I still need to shower and get dressed, so I want to make sure that I’ve actually had something to eat first.”

Max dug out the trusty box of muesli and handed it to him with a bowl, a spoon and a jug of milk. Harry ate quickly and effectively with Tegan in his one arm. He was getting better at eating one handed now.

He finished his cereal, kissed his daughter and handed her off to Draco and rushed to the bathroom to shower and get into his uniform. He barely had time to stuff a blueberry crepe into his mouth before they had to leave for lessons, Harry and Draco to Transfiguration and Blaise to Ancient Runes.
Harry waved Draco away with a kiss and stayed with Hermione and Ginny for the first half hour break, though he knew that it was probably a bad idea as he was already missing Braiden, Farren, Tegan, Regan, Calix and Leolin immensely, but he had a free period next, while everyone else had Potions and then came lunch, so he had plenty of time to catch up with his children and his two older mates a bit later on, but for now he had been kidnapped by the girls and they were bundled up against the snow and the cold of the outside courtyard for their break as they talked about anything and everything until the topic of Ginny’s toys came up.

“Oh, Gin, can you get me some more outfits.” He stressed as she told him and Hermione about the cute pair of ballet shoes that she had gotten for Christmas. “I’ll give you the money for them and give you a little extra.”

“Do I want to hear this?” Hermione asked with a frown.

“Probably not.” Harry answered with a lopsided smile as Ginny grinned from ear to ear.

“You liked my gift! You’ve used it?! I knew it!”

“Yes, Ginny.” He answered with a blush, laughing out his embarrassment. “Max burnt that lovely skirt you got me though, I don’t think he appreciated me wearing it and then telling him not to touch. Does the company do other ones? Perhaps in blue? Max likes the colour blue.”

“Ohh, I’ll get you cute little outfits, did you like the skirt? I wasn’t sure if you would, but Luna said to include it. Do you like cross dressing? Should I find you a dress, oh, let me take your measurements!”

Harry was attacked then as Ginny wove her wand around his body and he felt strangely violated somehow. Though Ginny could give her Mother a run for her money with how quickly and efficiently she casted household spells, though he doubted that Mrs Weasley had fetish clothing and sex outfits in mind when she taught Ginny the spell to get a person’s measurements.

“There. I’ll find you the best that I can get my hands on and those lovers of yours will be crawling after you drooling! Oh I had better go and find Luna, she’d like to help me pick out outfits for you, it’s like dress up only with very skimpy clothes and a live doll.”
Ginny chuckled and then took off running into the castle leaving Harry bemused and Hermione sniffing in disapproval.

“She’s only sixteen, Harry; you shouldn’t encourage her like that.”

“I fell pregnant at sixteen.” Harry said softly, watching the door Ginny had gone through long after she had disappeared. “I had four lovers as well, had had a creature inheritance shoved onto me, was rushed through three mate meetings and basically paired off with four total strangers and told they were my life mates and that I would have children with them. Somehow I think a little fetish shopping won’t do Ginny any harm, Hermione. She’s a strong, bright, wonderful girl who is going to make someone very happy one day, but she’s not stupid enough to put herself into a position where she can be harmed and I doubt very much that she’s foolish enough to have sex without a condom or contraceptive charms, hell maybe she uses both just to be sure, but if she’s doing it, she’s doing it and nothing I say or do will change that, whether I ask her to shop for sexy clothing for me or not, she’ll still be doing it, the most we can hope for is that she’s being safe.”

Harry finally turned away from the door to look at Hermione with a soft smile.

“You really sounded like a proud Father just then, Harry.” She told him.

“I am a proud Father, Hermione, well Mother. But either way I’m a very proud Mother to six children and it’ll be more soon enough.”

“You’re not pregnant again?” Hermione asked, her lovely brown eyes going wide and shocked.

“I fucking hope not!” Harry grinned. “No. I’m happily unpregnant at the moment. Six is enough for now; six is enough for a long while.”

“But with your... genes, it’s not going to be for long is it?” Hermione asked softly.

“Probably not, but Drackens have gone years without falling pregnant again, so my fingers are crossed.”

“You know how I feel about wishes and luck.”
“I know, you’re more for the logic and scientific approach to everything, but when those are taken from you, all you really have is faith and luck. The heat cycle will take away all logic and capacity for thinking and leave me and the guys only with luck that it’s not a fertile heat.”

“I thought all heat cycles were fertile.” Hermione said confusedly.

“No, Nasta was telling me about dry heats. A heat cycle where a submissive’s body temperature doesn’t get up to the one hundred and ten degrees needed for the conception of a baby. It’s basically a practice heat before the real thing to get our bodies used to the cycle again before letting us fall pregnant. It’s why most mass produced creature books about Drackens think we can only get pregnant in the winter, the book I read told me that as well as saying falsely that I could only get pregnant during only two heat cycles per year. I’ve since learnt differently.”

“I’m learning a lot from the book that Nasta gave to me. It’s so informative, Drackens are really very complex creatures and they have such a large and wide history, it’s amazing and I’m learning so much.”

Harry chuckled and linked his arm through Hermione’s, kissing her cheek before getting them walking towards the Entrance Hall on the opposite end of the castle, Hermione for Potions and Harry for his free period, he’d wait for Draco and Blaise so that he could get a kiss from them both and then he’d go and spend the afternoon with his helpless little ones…and his babies too.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

The very tip of a little white tooth could be seen poking out of Braiden’s gum as he cried constantly and without pause. It was heart rendering and headache inducing as the normally quiet, relaxed baby screamed his lungs and throat raw.

Harry found himself tearing up as he listened and tried to soothe Braiden, but he refused to let his tears fall. He needed to be strong for Braiden, his tears would not help his son feel any better or take away the pain of his first tooth.

It was Saturday morning and Harry was so glad that Braiden’s first tooth had chosen today to make an appearance, when he could spend all day with his son and not be forced to leave him for lessons.

His mates were all bustling around, trying to do what they could, trying to make him and Braiden feel better, but there was nothing that anyone could do, so he had taken control and he had ordered Draco and Blaise to the library to study and do their homework, he had sent Max out to find something, anything, that could help Braiden and he had put Nasta on quintuplet patrol as he paced around the bedroom with a screaming five month old baby in pain.

He sat on the settee under the platform that held their bed and he snuggled a red faced Braiden to his chest, shushing and trying to calm him to no effect. If Max didn’t find something, then he was
going to have to call in Ashleigh, Narcissa, Marianna and Aneirin and pray that they as Mothers’
themselves, and a single Father, that had obviously gone through the teething period before, would
know what to do.

It was so distressing and stressful to sit here and listen to his baby constantly crying and knowing
that it was because he was in pain and not being able to do anything. It made his Dracken scream
and he had already accidentally let out two small distress calls that had brought Nasta running. He
just wanted to take the pain away from Braiden, he hadn’t slept since he had woken up crying at
five that morning, he hadn’t eaten anything since his ten O’clock feed last night and Harry was so
worried and completely petrified that it would harm Braiden in some way to have missed those
feeds, to have gone so long without food and sleep. He had tried everything just to get some milk
into Braiden, even dribbling some into his mouth from a spoon, but Braiden had slapped the spoon
away in temper.

Harry heard Max come back in and Nasta directing him through to the bedroom and Harry pleaded
with his eyes that Max had found something as he came through the bedroom door.

“Here, try this. The Pharmacist recommended it, she said that it had helped all three of her children
when they were teething.” Max told him, digging out a little box, ripping it open and handing
Harry the tube. “She says to just put a fingertip sized blob on the affected area.”

Harry did as he was told and prayed that the Bonjela teething gel worked as he gently rubbed
Braiden’s gums with his fingertip.

“I called my Mum and asked her for advice; she said she’d be around as soon as Dad got home.”
Max told him. “But for now, she said to use the gel and then feed him as soon as it takes effect just
to get some fluids into him.”

“Go make up a bottle please, this one went cold a while ago, it might help if he had a fresh bottle
instead of a warmed up one.”

Max took the bottle and Harry continued rubbing Braiden’s gums as it seemed to be working.
Braiden’s cried trailed off and his tears dried into tracks on his red flushed cheeks.

Harry went out into the living room with a smile and Nasta and Max just looked so relieved that
Braiden was quiet. Harry took the magically cooled bottle of milk from Max and coaxed Braiden
into drinking it. He managed half before he fell asleep with the teat still in his mouth.

Harry took the bottle from him gently and eased him into his cot before collapsing onto the settee
and burying himself into the comforting body of Nasta.

“That was horrible.” He said into the fabric of Nasta’s shirt.
“I know.” Nasta comforted, wrapping an arm around him and pulling him in tighter.

“Imagine in a few months now, all five of the quintuplets teething at the same time.” Max whispered in horror.

“They won’t. Leolin is a Faerie; Faerie’s don’t start getting their teeth on average until they’re about eighteen, nineteen months old and the chances that the remaining four will all cut their first tooth at the same time is astronomical.” Nasta explained patiently.

“Leolin won’t get his first tooth until he’s a year and a half?” Harry asked.

“No. He’s a Faerie, love; his development is considerably slower than other babies, especially Dracken born babies. I’ll get Dad to go to the Faerie Court to get you some books on it. He’d be happy to do so as he also wants to rub the Court’s face in the fact that he has a Faerie grandson.”

Harry chuckled and he snuggled up to Nasta and yawned. It had been a very long morning for them all, but he was afraid to go to sleep just in case Braiden woke back up, he wanted to be there for his son, not sleeping because he wanted a nap.

“Why don’t you sleep for a bit, love?” Nasta coaxed.

“I want to be here for Braiden.”

“He’s not going anywhere, Harry and I’m very sure he’ll wake everyone up when he does.” Max told him.

“If anyone should be sleeping it’s you two, not me. You did all the night feeds last night and you were up at five this morning with me and Braiden.”

“We’re not the ones who are tired, love, you are.” Nasta pointed out.

“It seems cheeky though to be tired when you’ve been up for longer.”
Max snorted and patted his bum. “This is cheeky, not you wanting to get an hour’s sleep before pacing around the rooms with a teething baby, the gel can only be applied once every three hours and it’s bound to wear off before he can have it again.”

“I hate this.” He confided softly.

“We all do, love, but think how cute he’s going to look with those two bottom, front teeth when he grins now.”

Harry chuckled and yawned again, before deciding that it wasn’t the end of the world to want an hour or two of sleep.

“If your Mum comes before Braiden wakes up, wake me up please. I want to talk to her.”

“Will do, now get some sleep.” Max said with a grin, bending himself over the back of the settee to give him a kiss, coming back up to kiss Nasta, before heading to the kitchen and the bags he had brought from the supermarket.

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Remus was unnaturally happy with his life at the moment. The closest that he had ever been to this sort of happiness before was back in his school days and the years shortly after he had graduated, being with Sirius and James and unfortunately Peter. Though back then none of them had had any idea of what Peter had been capable of. Peter had always been a shy and timid boy, but he had still been a close friend, one of the only people at that time to know that he was a werewolf. One of only three people who he had shared his hopes and dreams with in the dead of night when the rest of the castle was sleeping, but four young boys were wide away, eating chocolate, drinking pumpkin juice and butter beer stashed from the latest Hogsmeade weekend.

He sighed and then he smiled as he looked to the photograph that he had stuck to the fridge of Harry, Harry who was surrounded by four grinning young men and six children. It wasn’t the life that he would have pictured for Harry, or one he knew that James and Lily had even considered for their beautiful baby. James had insisted that Harry would be nothing less than Minister for Magic and Lily had even suggested Harry would be a specialist Healer or even a Professor. Neither of them would have ever believed that their baby boy was a Mother to six and a lover to four at just seventeen. He hadn’t even graduated yet, but none of them had thought for a moment that Harry would have a creature inheritance, Lily was a Muggleborn and James had been very human with very human parents, so it hadn’t even crossed their minds, not even Sirius’, whose ancestor had given Harry the Dracken blood in the first place, and Sirius’ own brother had been a Dracken as
well without him knowing, apparently it was very easy to hide a Dracken inheritance, even within a family.

Remus remembered Regulus Black, as handsome as his older brother, cocky, arrogant, just like a son of the Blacks, but oddly shy and conciliatory, unlike his outspoken, brash and sociable brother.

He remembered when Regulus was just fifteen and he had started a relationship with Severus Snape, oh how Sirius had hated the very thought of Snape touching his younger brother in such a way. The rivalry between Sirius and James and Severus had been in full swing at fifteen and to find out that Severus was then in a relationship with Sirius’ brother was like adding salt to a wound. Sirius had been certain that Snape was only doing it to get back at him and he’d ranted about it at almost every opportunity he’d had. He’d even tried telling his brother that Snape was only going out with him to get under his skin, but Regulus wouldn’t hear of it and Snape had turned around and told Sirius to stop thinking that the world revolved around him. The both of them had ended up in the hospital wing.

Regulus had changed when he was sixteen, it had been common before that to find him and Severus together, studying or just talking, they had even held hands a few times while coming into the Great Hall after a walk through the grounds, but when Regulus had turned sixteen, everything changed. He became very possessive and jealous, he snogged Snape where everyone could see them, he walked firmly by Severus’ side, head tucked into Snape’s chest, their arms wrapped around one another. It was possible to come across them in secluded corners, Regulus pinned to a wall, his legs wrapped around Severus’ waist and hips and the other Slytherins complained that their love making kept them up all night.

Sirius had lost it, it had been bad enough thinking that his baby brother was in a relationship with Snape, being touched and kissed, but his sixteen year old brother having sex and groping and being groped all over the castle had been too much for him to bear and he had tried to kill Snape.

Sirius had thought it was due to a potion, because Severus was a genius with potions, but thinking back, if Regulus was a Dracken, then he would have come into his submissive Dracken inheritance at sixteen, which would possibly explain his behaviour at that time.

Then came the dreaded news…for Sirius at least. Regulus was pregnant. So not only was he and Severus having sex, but they were having unprotected sex which had resulted in a baby. Remus had thought then that Sirius would have an aneurism at the news.

Then came the unthinkable, Regulus had lost the baby. Severus and Regulus had lost a daughter, Sirius a Niece, and all because James had accidentally knocked Regulus over in his haste to reach the hospital wing after hearing that Lily had fallen ill the night before. James hadn’t even realised it was Regulus that he had knocked down until the boy had started calling him a murderer after his release from Saint Mungos hospital. It had upset James and he and Sirius hadn’t spoken for a week and they had almost come to blows over the incident, because Sirius did still love his brother and he had seen how upset and crushed Regulus had been after losing his daughter, even if the baby was also Snape’s. They had eventually realised that they were being idiots, that James knocking over Regulus had been a complete accident and had made up, which had only heightened Regulus’ rage and his perceived betrayal by his older brother.

Then Regulus had died, just nineteen years old and Sirius of course threw all of his hate and pain at Snape, the person who Regulus had been seeing and living with at the time of his death. He still remembered hearing the killing curse come from Sirius’ lips, he remembered tackling him to send his spell astray so that he didn’t go to Azkaban for life, not that that plan worked as only three years later Sirius had been imprisoned in Azkaban for life anyway, even if it was falsely.
“You’re thinking too hard again.” A soft voice told him.

Remus turned with a smile to Tonks, who was wearing just a bathrobe, her usual bubble gum pink hair was dry and bouncy on her shoulders. She was the reason that he had been so happy these past few months. He had expected her to run after just a week with him, but she hadn’t and even seeing him as weak as a newborn kitten the morning after the first full moon that they were together hadn’t turned her away from him. She had in fact spent the day nursing him, feeding him chicken broth, helping him sip water through a straw and applying salves to his skin to help with his bruised body caused by the violent transformation.

“Just some observations from the past that make more sense when looked back upon.” He told her softly. “That and I’m just worried about Harry.”

“He’s a tough kid, give him some credit. I’ve never met a boy so young, with such pressure on him, be so normal. He was just a normal teenaged boy, his bedroom was a normal teenaged boy’s when I first met him, he had the temper and personality of a fifteen year old, even if sometimes he was far more mature and cynical than he should have been. But I just couldn’t believe how normal he was when I actually met him. Normal sixteen year olds are thinking about sex and relationships, Remus. So he’s had a couple of babies in his teenaged years, most wizard couples do, Remus. I told you about my friend Justin, the one who got involved with that man Brian and he got pregnant within the week. He’s twenty-three now and he has had eight children in five years. It’s just the way male couples are and everyone knows that male pregnancies are more likely to be multiples over singletons so it’s no surprise to me that Harry had quintuplets, especially with four lovers to keep happy.”

Remus felt terrible omitting to Tonks that Harry and his lovers were Drackens, but it wasn’t his place to tell her, even if he did find her trustworthy and one of the least likely people to run to poachers with the information. But it wasn’t his life that he was gambling with, it was Harry’s, his mates and his children’s lives and he couldn’t do it and he didn’t think that it was his place to tell her, especially with his track record, because he had thought that Peter was the least likely person to ever run to Voldemort with the information about James, Lily and Harry’s whereabouts and that had been exactly what he’d done.

“It’s just because it’s Harry.” Remus sighed. “I’ve known him since he was born, I was there as James proudly told us that Lily was pregnant. I may not have been there after he was sent to Lily’s sister, but I’ve been there for him since he was thirteen. Knowing that he has six children now, it seems inconceivable to me when I think of the small baby he was and the sweet, but fierce teenager he grew to be.”

“It was always going to be difficult for you. You see him as a son, you’ve looked out for him,
changed his nappies, fed him a bottle or two and he was just a baby in your arms, but now he’s in an obvious sexual relationship and he has his own children. But the fact of the matter is, you are always going to see him as too young, even if he was fifty you’d think him too young, because to you he’s always going to be a baby. Harry is obviously happy with his life and he is enjoying it, all you can do, all anyone can do now, is support him in his decisions, because he has obviously decided what he wants from his life and he is not wasting any time in going after it.”

Remus pulled Tonks onto his lap and looked up at her beautiful heart shaped face.

“Why did I have to love someone so smart?” He teased.

“Because you’re usually a smart man, just not when it comes to a certain black haired boy who you see as a son.” Tonks teased back, brushing the tip of his nose with a finger before leaning in to kiss him.

Things got heated between them quickly and Remus pulled the robe from Tonk’s body to find the red silk and black lace lingerie underneath. Tonks blushed and looked embarrassed, which was unusually out of character.

“Is this for me?” He grinned, his eyes drinking in the spill of pale breasts in the sexy bra and sliding a finger teasingly into the elastic of the lacy thong.

“It’s not like I planned for anyone else to see them.” Tonks told him and he chuckled at her defensiveness.

He kissed down her chest to the tops of those breasts and he nipped gently at the left one as two of his fingers touched the small area of fabric between Tonks’ legs. He loved the soft sound that came from her throat.

She turned on his lap to straddle him and he pulled her face to his mouth to kiss her, standing up with a hand holding a bare bum cheek, a finger still managing to fondle the area of fabric that turned Tonks wild with passion.

“I love your strength.” Tonks told him as she bounced in his arms, rubbing herself against him in the process. Remus didn’t even strain himself to hold her weight and he had no problems with the added force of her bouncing, though the rubbing and bouncing breasts in front of his face was very distracting as he made it to the bedroom and spilled the laughing woman onto the bedspread. He loved how happy Tonks always was.
“My strength is good for other things as well, not just carrying you.” He grinned at her and she laughed.

“As I’ve learnt.” She answered with a coy, naughty smile that heated his blood, which was all rushing very quickly south.

Remus pulled the cup of the right side of the bra aside to spill out the naked breast to his gaze. He licked over it and sucked the pointed nipple into his mouth to suck on it, causing Tonks to make more of those soft noises that he loved.

He slipped a hand under her back to unclip the hooks of the bra; he pulled it off gently before taking Tonk’s other breast into his mouth, licking and sucking as she pulled on his hair. He ignored the soft tugging on his scalp and instead he moved his mouth to the valley between her breasts before kissing down her chest, over her belly and down to the red silk of the thong. He gripped either side of the little scrap of fabric and eased it down her legs, carrying on his path downwards with his mouth until the thong came free of her feet and he could push his tongue inside of her body.

Tonks canted her hips towards his face and arched her back, making those little noises that made him shove his tongue as far into her as he could, licking her insides and sucking at her soft skin as best as he could manage.

He moved back up her body and kissed her, even with her taste still on his lips and tongue as his fingers took over where his tongue had left off, easing her open and wetting her insides in preparation of himself.

He was so hard that he was constantly throbbing and the ache was almost a physical pain as he slipped a condom onto himself, taking a moment to stroke himself, to ease off the ache, before he pressed himself slowly and carefully into the woman that he loved.

Tonks gasped breathlessly as he came to the end of her body and the head of himself bumped her cervix, she wrapped her long, lean legs around his waist and he settled on his forearms, placing them on either side of her shoulders so he still had the freedom to kiss her as he waited for her to adjust to him inside of her.

She rocked her hips into his own and he closed his eyes as a groan was pulled from his throat. Tonks had admitted to him that she loved it when he growled during sex, Remus had been embarrassed, but it wasn’t something that he could control. It made it impossible for him to have a relationship without his partner knowing what he was, which is why he loved Tonks so much, because she had known beforehand what he was and she hadn’t cared.

He pulled himself carefully out of her and pushed back in, stopping as he bumped her cervix, making Tonks moan. They had found that she liked having her cervix bumped during sex, which was a good thing, as Remus was not a small man unfortunately and he had been rejected when he was younger by women who didn’t trust him enough to not hurt them.

They moved together, getting faster and rougher as Remus’ werewolf took over without him able to stop it or control it, slamming into Tonks’ cervix, a rough grumble starting in his throat and
continuing until he was growling constantly and lowly in his throat. He moved a hand to between Tonks’ legs, just above where he was connected to her and he used a thumb to rub the little bump there, making Tonks scream and her nails to scrabble against the skin of his back.

She clenched around him and the added stimulation threw his head back and he howled as he filled the condom, he relaxed his body to rest onto Tonks’ sweaty chest, relearning how to breathe and getting his heart rate back to normal.

“Amazing, as always.” She complimented him with a wide grin and Remus laughed easing himself out of her and apologizing as she winced with a grimace.

He tied up the condom and wrapped it in a tissue, disposing of it in the bin beside his bed before crawling back onto the bed and cuddling Tonks to his chest.

“I think I’m just going to sleep until tomorrow.” Tonks laughed.

“I thought you wanted to go to dinner tonight.” Remus replied.

“It can wait.” Tonks said through a yawn as she turned onto her side with a deep groan, snuggling into him.

Remus chuckled and threw an arm around the woman that he loved. He was so happy at the moment that he couldn’t believe that he had ever seriously considered denying himself and Tonks this happiness, no matter how briefly.

Harry paced with a screaming Braiden; he had kicked Blaise and Nasta into the bedroom with the quintuplets and he had kept Max and Draco with him as he tried fruitlessly to quieten his screaming baby. Max caught him in his arms and pulled him onto his lap, holding him comfortably as they were forced to listen to Braiden’s agonised cries.

“I hate this!” Harry burst out tearfully. “When can we give him the gel?”

“Another hour and a half.”
“This is ridiculous! I can’t take this anymore. That gel is making it worse!”

A knock at the portrait door made Harry send up a silent prayer. “Thank fuck!”

Draco opened the portrait door and Harry had never been so pleased to see Ashleigh, Myron, Richard, Marianna, Narcissa and Lucius.

“Ohh, what’s the matter with him?” Ashleigh fretted as she hovered over him and Braiden.

“That’s why we need help, Braiden’s teething and we can’t stop him from crying, he won’t sleep and he won’t take his bottle.” Harry answered tearfully. “How did I stop him from being in pain? I don’t want him to be in pain anymore.”

“That’s the emergency?” Richard asked as he flumped onto the settee. “I thought one of you had lost a hand from the way that Max was acting.”

“Ignore him, Harry; he purposefully scheduled high profile court cases when any of his children were teething so that he was away for days at a time.” Ashleigh glared at her younger Husband. “Have you tried teething rings?”

“He won’t take it anymore.” Harry said sadly as he showed her the ring, showing them how Braiden pushed it away, crying so hard he was almost sick, coughing roughly.

“I used a teething potion brewed by Severus for Draco.” Narcissa told him. “It worked a treat.”

“Severus isn’t exactly in a position to brew anything.” Lucius told her. “But perhaps if you could get the recipe he used, Maximilius could brew it for you.”

Harry nodded, acknowledging Lucius’ attempt at being civil. “What can we do for now though? The teething gel we bought can’t be applied often enough to keep him out of pain.”

“I used a wet washcloth with Blaise.” Marianna told them.
“I don’t think smothering him with a wet washcloth will help.” Harry denied furiously.

Marianna laughed delicately for such a large woman. “I would have a few choice words if you smothered my grandson with a wet washcloth, no you give it to him to bite on.”

“I’m willing to try anything.” Harry said tearfully.

Marianna called out to Blaise, who came to hug his Mother with a smile. She kissed his mouth and then turned him towards the bedroom and asked him for a clean, wet washcloth. He looked at her strangely, but he went to get what she had asked for.

Nasta slipped out of the bedroom and greeted everyone politely.

“All the babies are asleep.” He told Harry as he gestured for everyone to sit down.

Blaise came back with the wet cloth and he offered it to his Mother, who took it from him and handed it to Harry. Harry put the damp end into Braiden’s mouth and he tried to push it out with his tongue, but instead he bit down and then he started gumming on it, his tears stopped, though he remained sniffling and making grizzling noises in his throat as he gummed on the cloth hard.

“Thank you.” Harry said to Marianna as he cuddled Braiden on his lap.

“It’s my pleasure, Harry. I know how hard it is to see a little one in pain and know you can’t do anything to prevent it, it’s the worst feeling in the world.”

Harry nodded as he wiped away Braiden’s tears, kissing the bright red cheeks softly, letting his lips linger. He hated hearing Braiden cry, he hated seeing him in a screaming fit, knowing that it was caused by a pain that he couldn’t immediately erase.

“How are the other five?” Myron asked as he settled on the settee easily.

“Leolin's wings are getting so much better, just a few scabs left and then he’ll be all healed!” Harry said happily. “Calix has nappy rash because he’s too laid back to cry when he’s wet, but I blame Max’s lack of brain cells for that.”
Richard laughed and gave him a double thumbs up.

“Is Calix’s rash under control?” Myron inquired.

“Of course, we’re checking him every half an hour, he has cream to be applied and we’re leaving him out of his nappy to let his skin dry. It’s given us an excuse to use the nightdresses; they’re more practical than sleepsuits.”

“I bet they look adorable in nightdresses, especially Tegan.” Narcissa fawned.

“Actually Calix looks the cutest in them.” Harry grinned. “Farren’s too big to really pull it off; Leolin’s too little so his just drowns him and it looks more like a wedding dress on him.”

“You have to show us.” Ashleigh coaxed.

Harry grinned at Max, who nodded and went to get his second son. Calix was tiny in his arms and in the little nightdress with the blue flowers embroidered on the front he looked dainty as he was handed to his Grandmother to coo over.

“Oh he looks absolutely adorable! Do you have pictures of him in the nightdress?”

“More than we possibly know what to do with.” Draco answered with a chuckle. “I suppose we could always repaper the walls, we have more than enough with how many photos Harry has taken.”

“I like taking photos of them; I don’t want to miss a single moment!” Harry said with a smile as he rocked Braiden in his arms, who was gnawing on the wet washcloth until it was time for more teething gel so he could have a bottle and then some sleep.

“At this rate you can line them all up and make a timeline of all their lives.”

Harry stuck his tongue out at Blaise and handed Braiden off to Nasta so that he could get everyone
tea. He enjoyed the peace and conversation with the family while it lasted, though he wished that Aneirin and Sanex had agreed to come, but Aneirin was finishing up paperwork so he could come and help them the following week and he had told him that Sanex was also busy with work. Harry wondered if he had done anything to offend either of them recently, but nothing came to mind and their last meeting had been friendly and amicable enough, especially with presenting Aneirin with two grandsons and a granddaughter and Sanex with two Nephews and a Niece. He missed them both and he didn’t understand why they hadn’t come when he had called them asking for help.

“Harry? Love, are you alright?”

Max was standing in front of him and Harry looked up confusedly, blinking slowly.

“How?” He asked.

“Did you have a flashback, love?” Max asked, holding his hands softly and pulling him into a hug.

“No.” Harry said a bit defensively, pulling away from Max. He wasn’t some distressed woman and he hated being treated like glass.

“You got the same look on your face and you weren’t responding to us.”

“I was just thinking.”

“What about?” Nasta questioned.

“Your Dad and brother.” Harry admitted after realising that they wouldn’t leave it alone. “I don’t know if it’s just me, but they seem to be treating me differently since the birth of the quintuplets. Was it something I did or said? Did I offend them both or something by not allowing them near Leolin, even though he was related to them to blood? Because that wasn’t personal, I didn’t want anyone holding Leolin after his birth.”

“I think that’s our cue to leave.” Richard said in the silence that followed as he stood up.

Harry watched confusedly as everyone said their hurried goodbyes and left quickly, Calix being
handed over to Draco, who was avoiding his eyes.

“I did do or say something, didn’t I?” Harry said hollowly as he felt light headed at the thought of offending two much loved and very respected people that he held close to his heart.

Harry slid down the kitchen counter and he stared ahead blankly. Nasta’s face appeared in front of his gaze and Harry realised that his eyes were blurry through tears. He blinked and those tears slid down his face.

“Harry love, no one blames you.”

“I’m not like the other submissives, I’m not, but I couldn’t hand over Leolin after just learning that he was a Faerie and had an open back wound, I just couldn’t.”

“Harry, it’s not about Leolin, love, it happened before Leolin was even born.”


Nasta sighed heavily and pulled him between his crouched legs and held him to his chest, even as Harry struggled and tried to push him away.

“You tried to kill Sanex.” Nasta told him, softly, calmly, as if he had done nothing more than knock over a glass of water.

“What?!?” Harry screamed trying more viciously to break Nasta’s hold on him.

“After you had gone into premature labour and gone feral, Sanex foolishly followed you up to the bedroom through concern. He acted like a damned idiot and he’s already been told off by me and Dad for it, but he didn’t think, he heard you screaming and he foolishly followed you. You were feral, in labour and looking for a place to birth and Sanex was in the same room, misguidedly trying to help you. Of course you reacted negatively to his presence, of course you tried to eliminate the perceived threat to you and your babies. No one blames you, Harry.”

“Obviously they do blame me or they wouldn’t treat me any differently!” Harry snapped as the
memory played out in his mind as Nasta’s words uncovered the memory from his mind. “Fuck, I almost killed him, Nasta! I would have managed to kill him if Myron hadn’t come home when he did. I had Sanex pinned down in the corner of the room, he wouldn’t have been able to get out or away from me, but I was distracted by Myron coming home and I turned away from him just long enough for him to slip around me. He could have died! I could have killed him! I almost did kill him!”

“But you didn’t.” Nasta said firmly. “Sanex even admits that it was his own fault. He shouldn’t have gone after you like a brainless idiot, he knew better, Harry, he’s been taught better than that. He’s grown up with Drackens, he’s been taught these things, Cariad, he should have remembered how dangerous a feral Dracken is and kept well away from you, but he didn’t. That was his fault, not yours.”

“But I almost killed him!”

“No one blames you.” Nasta answered firmly. “Max, get my brother and Father here now, no excuses.” He ordered. “Harry need’s to hear it from them.”

Harry heard Max moving away and the portrait door opening and closing. Nasta still refused to let him go, holding him tightly and unrelentingly.

It took ten minutes before Max came back into their rooms with a panicky looking Aneirin and a confused Sanex.

“Max said that you needed us and that it was urgent, I was picturing you sick or dying.” Aneirin confessed as he hunched down and clamped Nasta in a hug, kissing him.

“No, I’m well enough, but Harry noticed that you and Sanex are treating him with caution and he believes that it was because he wouldn’t let you hold Leolin.”

“What? Harry, no. I understood why you were more protective of Leolin and why you wouldn’t let him out of your arms. My Dracken is a bit more cautious around you because, well you…”

“Almost killed Sanex.” Harry said tearfully.

“It was my fault, Harry.” Sanex cut in. “I didn’t think, my mind was just completely blank and I followed you without thinking. I never should have followed you up the stairs, let alone into the bedroom.”
Harry got out of Nasta’s arms and slipped his arms around Sanex. “I’m sorry. I don’t want to kill you, no matter how much of a pest you and Caesar are sometimes.”

Sanex laughed at that and hugged him back tightly. “I’m not afraid of you, Harry. I’m afraid of your Dracken though, and with good reason, you are damned scary when you’re feral, I almost shit myself. But I couldn’t be afraid of you now in human form, you’re too cute and your glare is adorable.”

Harry glared at him, his eyes promising death, but Sanex laughed.

“That’s it; you just look so cute like that.”

“Sanex, you carry on speaking and he’ll kill you without his Dracken form.” Nasta warned. “No one calls Harry the ‘A’ or ‘C’ words and lives.”

“It wasn’t your fault, Harry, but you know how Dracken instincts are, I felt that I had to protect my child, my human son, from you after you had tried, and very nearly succeeded, in killing him. But seeing you with him now, I have no desire to rip him from you, or to fight you to protect him, which I would have done if I thought that you were any real threat to Sanex. I don’t blame you; Sanex was a fool who forgot everything that I drilled into him for the last forty years. I admit it was his fault, so stop blaming yourself for something that was obviously the fault of my son.”

Harry smiled and hugged Aneirin.

“Now, where are my Grandchildren? I want to see all six of them before I leave.”

“You still want to come and help next week though, yes?” Harry questioned as if Aneirin might have changed his mind overnight.

“Of course, but I want as much time with my six Grandchildren as possible, even if I will be seeing a lot of them over the coming months.”

Harry chuckled and went to sit on the settee as Max finished making the tea that Harry had abandoned when their guests had fled from him. All six babies were brought out of the bedroom
for Aneirin and Sanex to see, though more for the fact that it was coming up to feed time.

Harry cuddled with Braiden, who had fallen asleep with the smallest corner of the damp washcloth clenched between his gums and Blaise couldn’t resist a picture. Draco was cuddling Farren, Aneirin had Leolin cradled carefully in his arms, Sanex had Tegan, Nasta was holding a sleeping Regan and Max was gazing adoringly at little dainty Calix. Hell Harry loved his family, even if they did try to kill one another from time to time, as long as they could still have moments like this, everything would be forgiven and forgotten.
Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry chuckled and went to sit on the settee as Max finished making the tea that Harry had abandoned when their guests had fled from him. All six babies were brought out of the bedroom for Aneirin and Sanex to see, though more for the fact that it was coming up to feed time.

Harry cuddled with Braiden, who had fallen asleep with the smallest corner of the damp washcloth clenched between his gums and Blaise couldn’t resist a picture. Draco was cuddling Farren, Aneirin had Leolin cradled carefully in his arms, Sanex had Tegan, Nasta was holding a sleeping Regan and Max was gazing adoringly at little dainty Calix. Hell Harry loved his family, even if they did try to kill one another from time to time, as long as they could still have moments like this, everything would be forgiven and forgotten.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Sixty – Downhill Slide

The next week was so much easier than Harry could have possibly imagined with Aneirin to help them. They could keep Braiden calm and fed with a combination of the teething gel and the wet washcloth and Harry actually found some enjoyment from seeing the teeny, tiny little tooth that appeared in the front, bottom of Braiden’s mouth which was soon quickly joined by a second front, bottom tooth. It made his smiles absolutely adorable when he showed off those two little bottom teeth and he made sure to get as many photos of it as he could.

His lessons were also picking up pace as they quickly approached February, the work was getting harder and more in depth as every Professor pushed and pushed and pushed all of them, swamping them with homework until Harry felt like crying with the unending homework. He was forced to spend time with his children by holding them on his lap as he did his homework, writing out endless essays and filling in numerous mock exam questions. There was the very real threat of being taken out of the exams by his Professors if he didn’t complete everything given to him, to the standard that they expected, thus never graduating or worse, having to repeat his last year, was hanging heavily over his head.

Blaise was the most affected, becoming short and abrupt with everyone and throwing a fit if he didn’t have complete silence in which to work with, which with six very young babies, was not even remotely possible. So Nasta usually ended up ordering him to the library or to the study hall, which had been converted from a large, disused classroom, set up by the Professors for all seventh year students who wanted some extra help as there was often a Professor or two there to help where they could.
Draco actually impressed Harry, and likely Max and Nasta as well, with how calm he was as he planned every minute of his day to fit in everything that he needed to do. Unlike Hermione, who blocked her homework and revision and spent every minute of her time limit doing what her schedule said to, Draco would start immediately on something else once he had finished the first, regardless of how much time he had left of his allocated limit. This often let him breeze through the subjects that he knew, to spend more time on those that he wasn’t as proficient in and sometimes it even left him with time to spare. Draco didn’t waste this spare time either, he instead used it to play with their children or to help Harry with his own homework, which gave Harry some more free time to spend with their children as well, which made him less stressed and made him that little bit happier.

Today was not one of those days however, as Draco was struggling to keep himself to his own schedule and Harry was half a minute away from bashing his head against the table in frustration. Deciding that he needed a distraction from the screaming babies and from Draco’s fevered quill scratching, Harry swiped his books to the floor and stood up with a huff.

“That’s not going to help you finish your homework.” Nasta told him as he bounced Braiden over his shoulder as their son screamed.

“I don’t care, I’ve had enough.” Harry declared as he moved to the kitchen and started taking out pans and bowls.

“Are you hungry?” Max asked even as he carefully fed a softly suckling Leolin. “We can exchange places if you want.”

“No, I’m not hungry; I’m stressed so I’m going to bake.”

Harry made good on his promise as he beat his cake mixture viciously, watched by his mates, who didn’t say a word to disrupt him in case he turned on them.

Harry threw himself next to Max when the cakes were in the oven and he snuggled in and just touched Leolin’s sleeping face.

“Do you feel any better?” Max asked with a grin.

“Not yet.” Harry answered as he scooped up Farren and inhaled the soft scent of his second child. “I can’t wait until we’re out of this place. I’ll miss it and the teachers, but I can’t deal with so much stress all at once.”
“It’ll be alright soon, love.” Max soothed, sliding Leolin into his other arm and wrapping his free one around Harry, kissing him gently. “It’s almost February, and Nasta’s thirty-eighth birthday. Feeling old yet, Nas?”

Nasta rolled his eyes, but his lips were turned up into a smile. “Not yet, though you are only thirty-two, Max, I doubt you’d feel old even when you turn three hundred.”

“Of course not.” Max laughed. “I’ll be forever young!”

Harry chuckled and bounced Farren a bit more. “Young mentally that is.”

Draco snorted and Max dug a finger into his side to make him squirm. His timer went off and Harry handed Farren to Max and took out his fairy cakes, leaving them to cool as he went and wrapped his arms around Draco and nibbled at his neck. He could feel the amount of stress and tension that Draco swallowed back to keep himself from shoving him off or telling him to get off as he feverishly tried to complete his work.

Harry sat back on his legs and placed his hands on Draco’s shoulders, rubbing gently to begin with, before steadily increasing the pressure until he was working out the knots from Draco’s neck, back and shoulders, gently digging in his thumbs to work out the particularly bad knots.

Draco shuddered under his touch and he let out a deep sigh of air, his entire body relaxing.

“I should have done this ages ago.” Harry chuckled, leaning forward to nibble at Draco’s skin. “I don’t think I’ve given any of you a massage since the night that Nasta joined us! I tricked him into having sex with me.”

“How did you manage that and what does it have to do with a massage?” Max questioned curiously as he put Leolin down and picked up Regan.

“It was Nasta’s very first day with us and I stripped naked for bed and refused to wear any clothes unless Nasta gave me a backrub. He couldn’t do it properly so I straddled him and gave him a real massage to show him how it was done. It sort of escalated into sex when I started rubbing against his front when he rolled me onto the bed. It was damn good sex too, I really should give massages more often.”

“You can massage me if you want to.” Max offered with a grin. “I’ll even give you damn good sex.” Max added a wink and Harry laughed for the first time in what felt like days.
Harry sandwiched himself against Draco and sucked at his neck, hearing the small hitch of breath.

“I could give you a proper massage if you took off your shirt and laid down.” Harry breathed into Draco’s delicately pink ear.

“I need to finish this, Harry.” Draco answered, but it was not half as convincing as perhaps Draco would have liked.

Harry smiled. “One massage, then you can go back to doing your work; you’ll feel better for it.”

“Am I allowed to say no?” Draco inquired.

“No.” Harry replied with a smile and he pulled Draco to lie on the floor, tugging the shirt off as he went. “Throw me a cushion please, Nas.”

Nasta threw the cushion gently to him and Harry caught it, propping it under Draco’s head before climbing to straddle Draco’s bum.

“Oh!” Harry got off of Draco again. “I’ll be right back.” Harry went to the bathroom, got a bottle of lube and carried it back into the living room.

“You can’t really think that you’re going to have sex on the living room floor with how much work we still have to do.” Draco replied, though his silver eyes had blown wide with the beginnings of lust.

“It’s in place of massage gel and I couldn’t find the baby oil. I think Blaise moved it after bathing Braiden in the morning, but I don’t know where he has gone and put it.” Which was a complete lie as he knew where it was, it was just that the lube tasted a hell of a lot better than baby oil.

Harry straddled Draco once again and squirted some lube onto his hands, rubbing them together to warm the gel, he then spread the gel onto Draco’s back, his hands moving so much more smoothly as he rubbed and caressed Draco’s back, who groaned and sunk into the floor as his body let go of all the tension it was carrying.

Harry couldn’t help but lean down to kiss at Draco’s perfect skin, licking up the lube that clung to his lips. He really did prefer it to the baby oil. He licked the gel from Draco’s back, his blond mate
groaning further as he felt Harry’s tongue trace his spine.

“Can I have a massage next?” Max whined as he cradled Calix, who had opened very dark blue eyes to peer around at the world around him curiously.

“If you want one.” Harry replied. “You can all have one, all you need to do is ask. I love giving massages.”

When every knot had been worked out of Draco’s body and he was so relaxed that he was almost dozing, Harry lay on his back and kissed him from his shoulder, up his neck, to his face and made his way to his jaw and finally his mouth, where he let his lips linger.

“Now you can do your work.” Harry said as he stood up and stretched. “Max, on the floor.”

Max grinned as he passed Calix to Nasta and took Draco’s spot on the floor. Max’s back was larger than Draco’s and getting his legs straddled over Max’s hips required him to be more flexible than was strictly comfortable, but Harry enjoyed himself as he took to rubbing lube on his lover’s back and sides. Max was decidedly not ticklish as Harry ghosted gently fingertips over his sides and into the soft dent by his hipbones, coming close to his stomach, but Max didn’t even twitch.

Harry mentally timed Max’s massage to Draco’s, he made sure that all the knots were out of his body, before declaring him done and asking for Nasta to lay on the floor.

His oldest mate passed Calix back to Max and tugged off his jumper and the vest underneath, before lying on his stomach and silently accepting the soft, small hands that caressed and smoothed over his skin. Harry took care to kiss as much of Nasta as he could, licking up the lube before spreading more around so his hands could work easier over the skin.

Once again he timed his massage so that it didn’t take any longer than Max or Draco’s had, but he also made sure that all the knots had been removed and that Nasta was relaxed and loose before declaring him done and going to wash the lube from his hands and to finally ice his cooled cupcakes.

He mixed the icing sugar he had made sure that Max had put in the cupboard just for an occasion such as this and he mixed it with a few drops of food colouring to make it a pale blue. He set to icing the cupcakes and he lobbed one at Max, who bit into it and moaned, complimenting him heavily over the taste and the presentation of the simple cupcake, but it made Harry grin and swell a bit with pride and accomplishment.

Harry made tea and served it along with a plate of his cakes to his mates and allowed Nasta to pull him onto his lap, even though every fibre of his being screamed that it was degrading. It wasn’t. How could it be? He loved being cuddled by his mates, so what if Nasta wanted him on his lap, snuggled in like a baby? No one was here to see them and it felt nice, wasn’t that all that mattered? All that should matter?
Blaise came back to their rooms late and he was in a very bad mood and Harry wasn’t prepared to put up with it any longer. Blaise had been his first for many things, he had been mated to him for the longest, had loved him for the longest but he was not going to put up with this behaviour any longer, three days was long enough.

“Get on the floor now.” Harry ordered with a growl. Blaise rumbled warningly at him, but Harry just glared at him until with a sneer and a scrunch to his nose, Blaise sat on the floor by the coffee table, looking to be fully prepared to take his homework out and start working again.

“No. I’m not putting up with this, Blaise. You can’t treat us like this just because you’re having a bad day. We’re all stressed, it’s hard I know, but there is nothing that we can do about the babies, or about how much work the Professors give us, but you can’t treat us so terribly just because it’s getting to you, you’re overworked, love, so take off your shirt and lay down.”

“I’ve got too much to…”

“I wasn’t asking, Blaise.” Harry cut in with a hard edge to his voice, glaring again. “Do it. Now!”

Blaise scoffed, huffed and took off his shirt, Harry pushed him onto his stomach onto the cushion that hadn’t been moved and he picked up the bottle of lube again.

“What are you doing?” Blaise demanded.

“Please, Blaise, shut up. Just shut up.” Harry answered as he warmed the lube before spreading it over Blaise’s back and set to work.

There were so many knots that Harry didn’t know where to start first. He traced Blaise’s spine, running his thumbs lightly over the bone as his fingers fanned out to brush the skin of Blaise’s shoulders, moving downwards until Blaise squirmed. Unlike Max, he was ticklish and Harry’s fingertips so close to his sides made his muscles jump under the skin.

Harry popped bone and loosened knots until he could feel the tension draining out of Blaise’s body like a poison. Harry didn’t need to time Blaise’s massage because very soon Blaise was breathing heavily and evenly, his head pillowed on his folded arms on the cushion, his body more relaxed than it had been in days.

“He fell asleep on me.” Harry said scandalised, but quietly so that he wouldn’t wake him up.
“It could have been worse; at least it wasn’t during sex.” Max pointed out. “Your massages are top class, Harry; you could become a professional masseur.”

Harry scoffed. “As if you’d stand idly by and let me caress men and women’s backs for a living. You’d likely tear the heads off of my customers.”

“There is that, but other than that you’d make an amazing masseur.” Max assured.

Harry chuckled quietly as he took the blanket from the back of the settee and covered Blaise with it.

“If he’s still asleep in an hour I’ll carry him to bed.” Nasta said from the settee, cradling Regan close.

“I hope he sleeps for a long while.” Draco grumbled, working on his own work, but it was with a decidedly more relaxed air about him. “You’re not the only one who his attitude has been grating on.”

“He needs some sleep.” Harry agreed. “Hopefully he’ll wake up in a better mood.”

“While he’s sleeping and getting on with recovering from his almost breakdown, why don’t you start on your own work, hmm?” Nasta suggested lightly.

Harry snorted. “And end up like him? No thanks!”

Nasta just gave him a look and Harry sighed, flumping down and pulling his scattered homework to himself and forcing himself to do it to standard and not just write down random words and nonsense until it was the required length.

Harry woke up and groaned. The screaming in his ear meant that a baby had been what had woken
him. He rolled over to several other groans and grumbles and he sat up groggily. He scooped up Tegan and accidentally on purpose kneed Nasta’s shin. His mate grunted in pain and blinked hazel eyes that looked more greenish in the early morning gloom.

“Was that for?” He mumbled sleepily.

“She’s your daughter.” Harry grumbled as he carried her carefully down the stairs and into the little kitchenette to make a bottle for her. He didn’t know why she had woken up an hour early for her feed, but Harry hoped that she didn’t make a habit of it.

Tegan refused the bottle and Harry sighed as he blinked his eyes open a crack, put the bottle down before he turned her over to check her nappy. It was dry and unsoiled. Harry woke up a bit more now as Tegan continued to scream, he turned her over in his arms and actually looked at his little daughter, who was red faced and squalling. Actually, she was more red faced than she should have been, even if she was crying so hard.

Immediately his stomach lurched into his throat and Harry quickly felt her forehead, his hand lingering on her skin and his eyes widened and his heart raced as he felt how warm she actually was. His hand slipped to her cheek and then her neck and then her belly and back, she was really, seriously burning up.

Harry let out a distressed scream and almost instantaneously he was surrounded, each mate speaking until Nasta hit the three others over the head lightly, their chins dropped to their chests and stayed there until Nasta pulled their heads up. They remained quiet.

“Tegan’s burning.” Harry told them now that it was actually quiet. “She’s burning up, she needs a Healer.”

Nasta touched her head and hissed. “Max, Healer now.”

Max was gone before Harry could say anything further; Harry was ushered to sit on the settee with Tegan, Draco brought a cool, wet washcloth and Harry laid it over Tegan’s forehead, hoping that it would help until the Healer arrived.

“How long has she been like this?” Harry demanded. “How long has she been fevered while we were sleeping just inches away from her?!”

“Don’t think about it, Harry.” Blaise soothed. “She let us know when she was ill and we reacted immediately.”
Max came back into the room pulling Madam Pomfrey, who had a belted robe around her body, she had obviously been sleeping.

“I’m sorry, Madam Pomfrey, but please, I don’t know what’s wrong with her.”

Madam Pomfrey’s wand was in hand and already running diagnostic tests, she handed Harry a thermometer.

“Place that in her ear until it beeps, if you would, Harry.”

Harry did as he was told and he swallowed heavily at the reading when it beeped. One-o-one point three degrees.

“She has a high fever; does she have a rash anywhere upon her body? Particularly reddish-purple spots?”

Harry untied the nightdress from around Tegan and slipped her out of it carefully, leaving her in just a nappy. He searched her critically for any spots or blemishes, but there was nothing.

“No, no rash or spots.”

“That’s good. I think she just may have an infection. The fever is telling us that her body is fighting the infection. Viruses thrive at about ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, the elevated temperature will help her body fight the infection more effectively and will alert her body to the infection, which will then cause her body to make more white blood cells and antibodies. I wouldn’t suggest giving her medicine at this stage, just keep her clothing light, don’t swaddle her with blankets and keep checking her temperature, if it at all rises, then you need to head to St Mungos and get a specialist to take a look at her.”

“So we leave her?” Harry demanded furiously, not at all happy with that plan.

“That makes sense, Harry. She’s calming down now, but she needs to be monitored.”

“Understand, Harry that a fever is the body’s way of dealing with infections. I don’t believe she has a serious infection and her temperature is not dangerously high, so giving her any medication could do her more damage. She seems to have calmed down since you are comforting her, which
suggests that her crying was for attention, which is why she refused the bottle as she wasn’t hungry. She’s just uncomfortable, though if she still doesn’t accept a bottle when it’s past time for her usual feed then floo to St Mungos, though I don’t believe this will be the case.”

Harry nodded unhappily as he pulled Tegan’s head through the neck of the nightdress and slipped her arms through one at a time. He gently tied the collar of the nightdress closed before tying the sash at her waist.

“How long until it goes away?” He couldn’t help asking.

“A few days I’d say, any more and again, take her to St Mungos, Harry, though I’m sure she’ll be fine.”

Harry nodded.

“Thank you very much, Madam Pomfrey.” Max told her as he gazed at his daughter worriedly. “I’m sorry for startling you as I did.”

“That’s alright. I’d do anything for any person in this school. If I didn’t like being woken up at odd hours on different days of the week then I’d have applied for the librarian post.”

Harry chuckled and said goodbye to the Healer as she waved away Max’s offer to accompany her back to her rooms.

“I am a grown woman, I am not so old yet as to forget where I sleep, you are needed here more than walking me needlessly to my rooms. Good morning to you all gentlemen.”

“She told you huh?” Blaise teased as she left. Max scowled at him and ruffled his hair.

“There’s no point in going back to sleep, the other five will be waking up soon anyway, I’ll make us some tea.” Nasta said as he kissed Harry and then kissed Tegan.

Nasta was as good as his word and soon enough Harry was cuddled up with a cup in his hands, sipping on the comforting, delicate flavour of honey.
It relaxed him as he brushed gentle fingers through Tegan’s downy hair, which was growing in as black as Braiden’s. She blinked open her eyes and let out a discontented murmur. Harry soothed her and shushed her, rubbing her tummy softly.

“Come on, baby girl. It’s alright, Mummy has you now. I’m not going to let anything happen to you.”

His voice seemed to calm her and when he had finished his tea and pulled her up onto his chest, his heartbeat lulled her into sleep and he was reassured by the small puffs of air against his bare skin. Tegan would be alright, with some tender love and care, she would be fine, he wouldn’t let anything happen to her. Her or any of his children. Not now, not ever.

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Aneirin couldn’t keep the smile from his face as he looked around himself to the halls of the Faeries. He had made an appointment to see the Faerie court and he knew that they didn’t want him here. In fact they hated him being here and had put off the meeting twice already, which had been in his best interest as he gathered as much information as he could from his family’s accounts of the Faerie courts, but he had kept onto them and persevered and now he was in the Faerie halls, about to speak to the court and rub their snotty noses in his Faerie grandson.

Harry had fearfully told him about his only granddaughter’s fever and Aneirin had hopefully reassured him about it with the story of when Angharad had gotten a cold when she was only a few days old and the time when Nasta had gotten a fever when he was two months old. He explained that babies’ immune systems needed to be strengthened and that Tegan getting an infection was not a sign of bad parenting, but her body’s way of strengthening itself for when some bigger, more serious infection came along, that it would help her body be prepared to fight it off and give her a better chance of getting through it.

Harry hadn’t looked as fearful, or as tearful, after Aneirin had finished explaining the fever to him and thankfully after only twenty-eight hours, Tegan’s fever had broken and she became her happy, cooing self once more and Harry had been so relieved. He was just glad that it hadn’t been Leolin, because his immune system was almost non-existent, he had told Harry seriously that if Leolin ever got a fever or showed any signs of sickness that he was to immediately go to St Mungos, no wasting time, no messing about, just straight to the hospital’s specialist, magical creatures paediatricians ward as he would need medicine and quite a lot of it to survive.

“Why have you come here?”

Aneirin looked up to the Faerie in front of him and grinned as he recognised him from the photos his ancestors had taken of themselves and their friends.
“It’s been a long time since our families last met, Aubrey.” Aneirin greeted, unable to take the smirk from his mouth. “What has it been, a hundred and ten years?”

“You’re bloodline is too dilute, Delericey.” The tall, slender Faerie told him stiffly. “You have no business being here dragon!”

“It’s pronounced Dracken actually, Tylwyth Teg.” Aneirin replied mildly, not giving anything away until he met with the Faeries of the Seelie and Unseelie court.

Aubrey snarled at him, but another Faerie laid a hand on his shoulder and pushed him off on his way down the corridor, almost making Aubrey fall to the ground as he stumbled at the force.

Aneirin greeted Warren amicably. His family had gotten on with Warren’s for a very long while according to the journals.

“I do not understand why you have come here today, Aneirin Delericey, but it is good to see one of your family again. The Seelie and Unseelie court will see you now.”

“It is good to see you too, Warren, my ancestors always spoke highly of you. You look well.”

“I have been well for these past few centuries, unlike you. I had heard that your grief was unparalleled in its passion when you lost your love. What of your youngest child?”

“Lowri died to birth our second son, Nasta, but he survived. He was born a Dracken. That was almost thirty-eight years ago, Warren.”

“Time passes differently here, you know we do not count the years as other races do.”

Aneirin inclined his head in understanding.

“You have unrested the Seelie and the Unseelie courts, they whisper and taunt. Dragons do not belong in the Faerie courts.” Warren warned him gently.

“Perhaps I do not, but my son and his lover have birthed a Faerie.” Aneirin told the tall Valkyrie,
who had been noted in all his family’s journals and biographies, as being a friend to the Delericeys and he had obviously been watching them or keeping up with their news to some extent as he knew about Lowri’s death. Perhaps his family weren’t as excluded from the Faeries as he had once thought.

Warren stopped dead and just looked at him with wide eyes, the same eyes that all Faeries gained after their baby blue eyes changed, the eyes that Leolin would have when they finally changed colour.

“This…this is madness! A Faerie has not been born into your line in a life age!”

“A hundred and fifty-eight years and yes I know that you don’t deal with years here, but that is as long as it has been since the last Faerie in our line was born.”

“The child died not long after birth, did it not?” Warren asked gently.

“Yes, a sickness took her and it ravaged her body until she gave out.” Aneirin answered, thinking about the girl who would have grown to be his great-great-great aunt.

“Unfortunate that we are so strong against such things in adulthood, yet when we are at our most defenceless, we are also at our weakest and most vulnerable against such things. It should not be that the young die in such horrific ways as we watch helpless, I will pray for your son’s child’s good health and speed into adulthood.”

Aneirin nodded in acceptance of the spoken words and they carried on to the courts. Warren gave him a hard, strong slap on the shoulder at the door that would have sent a human flying to the floor, but he was a Dracken and made of much stronger, sterner stuff, so he managed to keep his footing against what was meant to be a good will gesture.

Aneirin didn’t knock on the door, the court had sent for him, they were expecting him and knocking would have been seen as him stalling, which would not be a good impression to make with his first action, so he just walked through the door and walked to stand before the table of nine Seelie and Unseelie Faeries. He greeted them all in their order of seating, the Faerie on the end of the table on the left, then the Faerie on the end of the table on the right side, then back to the left, then the right until he greeted the Faerie sat in the middle of the table, last.

“You are a Delericey.” The male Faerie seated second from the end of the left side of the table, Eitri, told him.

“I am. Aneirin Delericey.”

“You have no Faerie blood in you, you have no place here.” The female Faerie next to Eitri told him. Siusan’s eyes were dark, but still the bright colour of all Faerie’s.

“The blood was weak within your line.” Donella told him, her lips tugged down into a stern frown. “Your blood was cursed with the death of all Faeries in your line.”

“The ancestors have seen fit to lift the curse. A Faerie has been born into my line through my youngest son, whose lover bore him a Faerie son not one moon turn ago.”

“Is this perhaps some cheap trick to associate with the Seelie and Unseelie once more?” Zuzana asked haughtily, her dress adorned with large and tacky, but expensive and glimmering, gems.

“You have not bought the child with you.” Dain pointed out softly, he had been another friend to the Delericeys once upon a time.

“My son and his lover are very protective of the child and they will not allow him out of their sight.”

“Then how do you plan to prove your claim is true?” Alston asked with unfriendly eyes.

Aneirin held up the folder that he had brought with him. He laid it on the table in front of Sindri and watched as the head of the court opened the folder to show pictures of Leolin, most particularly his back in various stages of growth.

“He was not carried to term.” Narilla said softly, her soft eyes bright with tears as she touched the picture of Leolin being held gently on Harry’s bare chest, his raw and sticky wings on show as he wore just a nappy for the photo.

“No, he was born at just four moon turns gestation.”
“That is much too soon! He should not have lived.”

“My son and his lover were very nurturing and took excessive care with him, they are still very possessive and caring of him, but they have requested books so that they may help their son further and adequately so that he may reach adulthood happy and healthy.”

“The child’s eyes have not turned.” Kailen pointed out.

“No, he is less than a moon’s turn old; can you expect his eyes to have turned?”

“No, but your son, I take it he is the taller male? He has your look to him.”

Aneirin nodded. “My son Nasta and his lover Harry.”

“Both males?” Zuzana screeched in scandal.

“Not every man wants a woman.” Aneirin put in bitchily and more than a bit pointedly.

“Your son’s eyes have Faerie hints.” Dain cut in before Zuzana could start a scene.

“Yes. He is a carrier, as we all are, and he passed the full gene to his youngest child.”

“Youngest? Your son and his lover have more than the Faerie child?”

“Yes, my son and Harry have three children, two boys and a girl.”

“Only the youngest boy is Faerie?”

Aneirin nodded in answer.
“This male does not look out of boyhood!” Narilla fretted.

“Harry is seventeen, but he is a Dracken, not a human.”

“Dragons!” Alston spat.

“Yet from two dragons came a Faerie.” Aneirin boasted.

“Drackens are notorious for their lovers and children. How many lovers does Harry have and how many children?” Eitri asked curiously.

“Harry has four lovers, including my son, and between them they currently has six children, three of them are my son’s.”

“Are there any more…animals in the family lines?” Donella inquired spitefully.

“No. Not to our knowledge.” Aneirin answered curtly. “There is just Dracken and Faerie blood.”

“Why have you come here?” Zuzana demanded. “One Faerie does not change your blood status from null!”

“It should.” Aneirin said. “How can my bloodline be claimed as a null one if a Faerie child has been produced? But it was not a change for my blood status that I came for. I came for books, for information, so that my family can properly care for a Faerie child. We wish for him to reach adulthood well.”

“If you cannot adequately care for him, then perhaps he should not be in your care.” Suisan murmured. “I would be happy to accept the babe into my arms and to my breast.”

“Not acceptable.” Aneirin said furiously, anger making his eyes darker, his temper breaking through for the first time since being here, though he had known that this could be a possibility. “Leolin belongs with his Mother and his Fathers, with his brothers and sister, his family. You will
not take him from us. I came for information to make his life easier, so that we may raise him properly, but if you do not plan to give me what I have requested, then say so now and I will leave and help my sons raise their child as best as we can.”

“You will never…” Zuzana started, but she was cut off midsentence.

“Your request is granted.” Sindri spoke for the first time, his voice heavy and slow with age. “I will have Warren escort you to the library, where you may take as many books on Faerie children as you need. No Faerie child deserves to be taken from their family and no Faerie child will suffer needlessly while I am the head of this court. If it is information that you need, then you shall be gifted it. It is nice to see the Delericeys back among us once more, Aneirin. Your son Nasta and his son Leolin, along with his Mother Harry, will be most welcome among us should a time come when they wish to visit. I would like to see Leolin before he grows too large and heavy to fit into these bony, weakening arms. I always do like to hold Faerie children, but so few are being born these moon turns and fewer are reaching adulthood, I will pray for him, as I do all babes, and mayhaps the ancestors will hear me this time.”

“I thank you, Sindri, Head of the Seelie and Unseelie court.” Aneirin answered respectfully. “I will bring Nasta, Harry and Leolin to see you when it is convenient.”

Sindri inclined his head and just like that it was over and he was dismissed, picking up the folder of photos and leaving through the door that he had come through, to meet Warren on the outside. The man was smiling at him and clapped him on the back once more, this time in greeting. Aneirin swore that if he was ever choking, he would have Warren help him out.

“You spoke fluently and eloquently and did not get riled up, you did well.” Warren told him, throwing an arm around his shoulders.

“I almost did.” Aneirin grumbled.

“But you did not fall for those harpies’ ploys! Suisan has failed to even birth her four Faeries now and she craves the feel of babes in arms, it is no wonder that she tried for yours and Zuzana cannot find a Valkyrie who will lay with her for children and not pleasure.”

“I don’t know what pleasure can be found from her, but I am somehow glad to hear that she has never had a child.”
Warren chuckled and nodded. “Alston is upset as he lost his daughter to the human son of a Dracken, they married without his blessing and have two children, both are Drackens which his daughter has not let him see. He had intended for her to marry the son of his wealthy friend to create an unbroken union between them. I heard that the dowry was to be quite a sum.”

“What is Donella’s excuse for being a tart?”

Warren chuckled again. “She has tried and failed to raise three Faerie babes to adulthood. It is rumoured that her Valkyrie was being adulterous, so their union was cursed by the ancestors. She does not like to see any babe being raised to adulthood anymore when her own were taken from her.”

“It was nice to see Dain and Kailen still accept the Delericeys.”

“Many here have not forgotten that Dain and Kailen were very close to young Trefor Delericey before he was killed. They were very thick friends and they were both saddened when Trefor’s son’s daughter died and when Nesta did not produce a Faerie child, despite his five children, and then your blood was declared a null line, they were very upset. But they will rejoice again now that Trefor’s blood has thickened once more. It is still rumoured around the city that they and Trefor were more than friends, that they were his lovers and Trefor’s children were their children, which is why they have never taken a Fae in a union.”

“Perhaps they just don’t want someone like Zuzana, Suisan and Donella as a life partner, though Narilla seemed nice enough.”

“Narilla is a Mother to us all. Any babe who becomes orphaned or is in need of help goes to Narilla. She is the epitome of the perfect Fae, her Valkyrie is so proud and so protective of her that he will not let any other Valkyrie near her unattended, he would have been waiting outside the table court exit for her, he does not like leaving her to attend court issues alone.”

“A bit like Harry. He is considered the most perfect submissive Dracken, my son and his three other lovers are so protective, but he takes their actions as smothering and believes that they are trying to take away his independence, so he often lashes out at displays of such protectiveness.”

Warren chuckled. “Your son has his hands full then, Harry sounds like a wildfire.”

“Oh he is that. He can be very aggressive when his children are threatened or taunted, his mate
Maximilius has a brother, Caesar and his mate insulted Harry’s first child, Braiden, and he almost tore her leg off. He was pulled away before he could be successful, but he did leave a very nasty scar.”

“I wouldn’t expect anything less from a Mother.” Warren said as they entered the vast, colossus library. “I will be sure to find you the very best books to help you raise your grandson, Aneirin.”

“We have already started.”

Aneirin looked over to see Dain and Kailen with a pile of books off to one side.

“I thank you.”

“Any relative of Trefor is a relative of ours.” Dain said sincerely.

Aneirin did not like how that sentence was phrased and neither did it seem, did Warren, whose thick black eyebrows pulled in to meet over his nose, so deep was his frown. He would have to search his family tree more finely and find out if every child of Trefor’s was by his Husband, though it would be difficult to find out, seeing as Trefor and all of his children were dead.

Aneirin was happy to leave with a charmed bag full of books that would help the boys raise Leolin. Anything at all that would ease their worry would help immensely and he promised Warren, Dain and Kailen that he would return to show them Leolin as soon as he was able.

As his watch told him that it was coming up to half two in the morning, Aneirin decided to head home to bed, he would see the boys tomorrow as he was scheduled to help Max and Nasta with the six children as Harry, Blaise and Draco went to their lessons. In the end he was glad to leave the Faerie city, but he was not glad to leave behind Warren, whom he had only met that day, but felt like he had known his entire life.

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Nasta blinked open his eyes and squinted in the dark, trying to work out what had woken him up. Nothing seemed amiss, but he pulled in a deep breath regardless, only to realise that his nose was blocked and the small scents that he could pull in were sweat from his own body and sickness. His own sickness.

Nasta coughed into his hand as quietly as he could and he forced himself up on shaky legs. He almost toppled down the stairs and he had to hold onto the wall to keep himself upright and when he made it to the bottom, he went straight into the bathroom and to the sink to get a drink and it

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was then that he caught sight of himself in the mirror.

His skin was white and covered in beads of sweat, his eyes were rimmed with red, with black bags further down, his lips were chapped and sore and an inspection of the inside of his mouth showed that his throat was red and swollen. He felt as weak as a kitten; shaking more the longer that he stood up in front of the mirror. He closed his eyes and breathed out unhappily.

He run a hot bath and gathered everything that he needed, being very quiet as he got fresh pyjamas from the bedroom dresser so that he didn’t wake any of the others.

He slipped into the water and reclined back, lying down so that he was as covered by the water as he could be without wetting his hair and he sighed unhappily. The steam helped his blocked nose, even if it did make his head pound. He’d have to take some Paracetamol tablets as he was sure that Max was out of headache relievers after the past two days. Blaise was stressed so he was back to his foul mood and he was showing it vehemently, Draco was stressed so he was in a foul mood, Braiden was getting an upper front tooth and Calix had a bad nappy rash that was likely very uncomfortable for him if the pitch of his crying was any indication. They had all needed headache relievers yesterday and the day before, but he also needed one now, quite a bit more than he had yesterday or the day before as well.

Nasta didn’t stay in the bath for long, just long enough for his body to feel warmer than it had and for the bone deep ache to ease off and then he got out. He towelled himself off and he dressed himself into the warm, fleece lined pyjamas that had been a gift from Harry last Christmas. He hadn’t worn them yet, but he was thankful for them now as the softness relaxed him and the fleece lining retained the heat from his bath.

He crawled onto the settee and wrapped himself in the blanket from the back of it, he couldn’t bring himself to get the tablets, he was just too tired. He fell into a fitful sleep not long after only to be woken up by a large hand on his forehead and Max’s sapphire blue eyes looking at him with such concern after what felt like only minutes of him closing his eyes.

“You’re burning.”

“I think it’s just a cold.” Nasta replied thickly, his tongue felt like lead and his head was throbbing with his heartbeat.

“More like the flu.” Max said as he pulled down the medical kit, pulling out a thermometer that had yet to be used once since they had bought it.

“That had better not be a rectal thermometer.” Nasta joked weakly.

Max grinned. “You’re so weak and feverish that you couldn’t stop me even if it was.”
“Try it.” Nasta refuted, but as Max placed the thermometer gently into his mouth and under his tongue, all joking was put aside as those concerned blue eyes bore into his own hazel, which had brightened with the fever to a pale brown.

Max’s hand stroked through his sweaty hair, brushing it from his face as he timed the thermometer, taking it from under his tongue and sighing.

“Too high for you to be messing around.” Max answered the question in his eyes. “If you were a human then you’d have already had a seizure.”

Max wiped the thermometer with an antibacterial gel and put it away again before getting down his potions case instead and digging through it. He cursed as he realised what Nasta had already known, he had no headache relievers left. He got out a pale blue potion instead and uncorked it, he knelt down next to the settee and slipped an arm under his neck and eased him up enough to sip down the icy potion.

“A fever reducer, it should get you away from the danger zone. If you were Harry then I’d put you on a sex ban for the fear of ending up with another baby, not that I think you’re up for sex at the moment.”

Nasta groaned. “It’s that high?”

“Yes, so there is to be no messing around, no complaining, arguing or fighting anything I tell you to do. I’ll make you some soup now and ply you with hot tea and I’ll get a small cauldron going for a batch of headache relievers, you’ll need one soon I’ll bet.”

“Can’t I just take Paracetamol?” Nasta asked as the pain in his skull spiked.

“You can, but it won't last as long and you won’t be able to take any headache relievers with it once the tablets wear off and the pain comes back. Besides, you can take more headache relievers in twenty-four hours than you can Paracetamol. It’ll only take an hour, I promise.” Max assured him as he set to work immediately on the potion, unlocking the cupboard that he kept his personal ingredients in and getting out what he needed.

The hour was set to be gruelling, or at least it was until Max’s hand stroking through his hair lulled him back to sleep.

Nasta was woken once again after what felt like only minutes, to soft voices and a happily
shrieking baby.

“Braiden, shush love, please.”

“S’okay.” Nasta mumbled as he forced himself to sit up to meet Harry’s very worried emerald green eyes, Braiden’s stunning indigo and Max’s sapphire blue.

Braiden shrieked again, making the pain in his head turn almost blinding. He felt like his skull was splitting in two halves, but the little baby reached out to him, his two and a half teeth on show as he dribbled and grinned at him and Nasta was a slave to that gorgeous grin as he took the baby from Harry and let him bounce between his hands, no matter how much it made his arms ache to hold Braiden like this. Braiden screeched in happiness again and he flinched as it felt like his skull was crushing his brain.

Thankfully Max had seen him wince and he immediately handed over the single dose of headache reliever. Nasta downed it and almost instantaneously the pressure lifted from his skull and he fell back with Braiden in pleasure.

“Oh that felt good.” He moaned thickly, sniffing as much as he could through his blocked nose.

“I’ll bet.” Max said with a small smile. “I won’t ask if you feel any better, but I thought that you should know that your fever came down a few degrees while you were sleeping, it’s still very high though.”

“Had better not have taken my temperature rectally when I was sleeping.” Nasta tried to glare, but it probably came out as a squint.

“No, I took it from under your tongue again.” Max winked.

“You poor thing.” Harry cooed as he folded his legs under him beside the settee and nuzzled his cheek and chin as his fingers combed through his hair. “Don’t worry; I’ll take care of you.”

Nasta managed a smile and admitted to himself that it was kind of nice to be fussed over once in a while as Max brought over a mug of hot tea and Harry made sure that he was tucked in and continued playing with his hair. Braiden was sat upright in his lap still and he was cooing and clenching little fists into the blanket that he had over him.

Harry kissed him and Nasta scowled weakly.
“I don’t want you getting sick too.” He complained.

“If I’m going to get it, Nas then I’m going to get it. Viruses like the flu are airborne, we’ve all been sleeping next to you and it’s likely that you’ve had this virus for a few days. It takes a while for the symptoms to show.” Harry replied knowledgably as he peppered kisses on his face. “So I’m not going to stop kissing you when I could already have it anyway.”

“Just keep Leolin away from me then.” Nasta begged. “You heard Dad; his immune system isn’t mature enough to handle any viruses or illnesses.”

Harry nodded, but they left the worry that they all felt unspoken. Leolin had been next to the bed in his bassinet. He could have already been exposed to the illness.

“I wonder if this is what Tegan had.” Harry murmured. “Perhaps she gave it to you.”

Nasta chuckled, but it ended in a hacking cough that left his throat searing. He groaned and dropped back against the settee; Braiden giggled and leant forward to pat at his belly.

“It’s alright, boyo, I’ll be fine.” He assured, giving his son eye contact and the biggest smile that he could manage.

“What happened?” Draco asked as he came out fastening the cuffs of his shirt.

“Nasta has the flu.”

Immediately Draco stopped and looked to him with such soft, worried eyes that Nasta wanted to cry. When had Draco grown to love him so much to be so worried over a simple virus?

A cool, pale hand pressed to his forehead and Draco made a small noise of disgust.

“Have you given him anything?” Draco demanded of Max.

“Of course I have dolt. He’s had a fever reducer and I made a fresh batch of headache
relievers. I’ve been keeping him plied with his favourite tea and I’m in the process of making him chicken soup. He’s well taken care of.”

“All of us are going to take such good care of you.” Harry said softly with a loving smile. “You’ll be better in no time.”

Nasta was sort of hoping that it took a while for him to get better, though he felt guilty for this desire as he thought about his tiny, vulnerable son. The longer that he stayed sick, the higher chance Leolin had of catching his illness, which could possibly end with a fatality as Leolin had a very immature immune system currently.

Blaise came out of the bedroom and it seemed that he knew immediately that something was wrong as he looked to him and those indigo eyes softened and that sensual mouth pouted out with concern. Blaise wore concern and worry well.

“What’s the matter?” He asked as he came to kiss his forehead, allowing his lips to linger as he tested his temperature. “You’re burning.”

“I’ve got the flu.” Nasta answered weakly, he was getting tired again and so much fussing was draining him.

“Ma ba!” Braiden exclaimed, holding chubby hands out to Blaise, who picked him up almost on autopilot as he tucked the blanket up and around his ears.

“If you tuck me in even more then you might as well just throw the blanket over my head.” He teased, sniffling and ruining Blaise’s tucking in job by raising a hand out of the blanket to rub at his itching eyes.

“How do you feel now?” Harry asked.

“Weak, tired, stuffy.” Nasta answered. “I feel sorry for you three.”

“Why?” Draco asked, looking between Blaise and Harry, whom he had indicated with a nod of the head.

“I’m ill and unable to perform my duties as the top dominant of our mateship, you all defer to Max
now."

The shit eating grin on Max’s face said that he had known this all along and he was very happy to be the acting top dominant, no matter for how long, in Nasta’s place.

“You shouldn’t enjoy this so much, Nasta is sick.” Harry chided him with a frown.

“It’s not like he’s dying, he’ll get better. It’s just a shit that Drackens can’t get any big infection or disease, but the little things take us out for weeks. We can’t get sepsis, but we can get a cold.”

Harry glared. “That’s not the point!”

“Don’t you have a shower to take and a uniform to get on?” Max asked mildly.

Harry glared harder. “You sort out the quintuplets then, because you’re on baby duty all on your own today with Nasta being sick.”

That wiped the smile from Max’s face and Draco chuckled as he moved to the kitchenette to make a cup of tea for himself, pulling down the emergency cereal as breakfast was out of the question this morning with Max having to brew a potion and make soup.

Max sorted out the babies one by one as Nasta watched him from under his blanket and then Harry came hurrying back out of the bedroom fully dried and dressed, but his hair was a tangled mess and he had a smear of toothpaste on his chin. Nasta chuckled as Draco immediately took charge of the situation, pulling out a handkerchief, wetting it with his tongue and rubbing the smear of toothpaste away.

Nasta fully expected Harry to shove Draco away and start a rant on how he wasn’t a child and that he didn’t need his face cleaned like a toddler, but Harry said nothing, he just stood still, tilted his face for Draco to get to the smear easier and he balanced himself by holding Draco’s elbows.

“Can I please at least brush your hair?” Draco nearly begged “It looks like a Snidget nest.”

Nasta thought that Draco was pressing his luck a bit too much with that request, he didn’t know why Harry hadn’t fought back over having his face cleaned, but he thought that maybe it was because he was lying on the settee ill. It was nice…no, amazing to see Harry let them take care of him, no matter that it was in such a small way, and he was upset to think that as soon as he was better that it would stop.
Harry sighed and he made such a face it was as if Draco was asking him to clean the toilet with his tongue.

“If you must, just be quick about it.” Harry replied and Draco looked so happy as he rushed to get a brush, cursing when he couldn’t find the brush that he wanted, acting as though Harry would change his mind at any moment and Nasta wasn’t sure if he was entirely wrong about that assumption as Harry did have a habit of changing his mind at a moment’s notice.

Nasta watched his submissive as he sat down to eat a bowl of cereal, drinking his honey tea and cradling Calix, who wasn’t wearing a nappy underneath his little nightdress.

Draco eventually found his brush and comb and he sat on the settee behind Harry who had moved to the floor with Calix, cooing and speaking to him as Draco carefully and gently brushed his hair.

“You’ve got nice hair.” Draco complimented. “I just wish that it wasn’t so naturally messy!”

Harry chuckled and gave his finger over to Calix, who clenched a tiny fist around it.

“It’s hard to believe they’re almost a month old already.” Harry murmured as his hair was combed, brushed and then styled by Draco. Harry swallowed back every instinct that wanted him to squirm away from the brush and push Draco away.

“They need to have their Dragon Pox injections soon, I’ll make the appointment.” Draco put in and Harry stiffened visibly.

“I’ve taken Braiden for two now, I can’t have five screaming babies on hand.”

“Four.” Nasta put in weakly. “Leolin can’t have his inoculations until he’s older, the vaccinations would kill him.”

“When does Braiden need his third injection? At nine months?” Blaise questioned.

Draco nodded as he curled Harry’s fringe carefully out of his eyes. Harry adjusted Calix until he was resting against his shoulder, trying to lull him to sleep.
“Only three months to go.” Max mock cheered.

“Oh no.” Harry breathed. “The four of them have their second injection when Braiden has his third!”

“Ah fuck.” Max groaned. “That didn’t time out very well.”

“I blame you.” Harry told the bigger man.

“Me? Why me? I didn’t tell you to have the quintuplets three months early.”

“You’re the reason that I was pregnant in the first place.”

“Oh sure, I’m positive that Nasta had nothing to do with it even though he gave you three kids and I only gave you two.”

“You started it, don’t you remember? On that rooftop in the bright sunshine, you jumped off the roof with me and took me on the grass.”

“I seem to remember Blaise taking you first actually.” Max replied.

“Doesn’t matter, you got me off that roof and onto the grass with every intention of fucking me.”

“Don’t make it sound so sordid, Harry; I hardly did it against your will.” Max whined as he flumped onto the floor and put his head in Harry’s lap.

“You know Calix isn’t wearing a nappy, if he has an accident now it’ll go all over your head.” Harry said sweetly.

Max shot out of his lap and Blaise laughed as Harry grinned. Nasta laughed but it turned into a cough and Draco snorted in amusement as he continued playing with Harry’s hair.
“That’s not funny.”

“It is.” Harry assured as he pulled away from Draco to kiss Max.

“It’s gross.”

“He’s your son.”

“Still gross.”

Harry rolled his eyes and let himself be pulled back by Draco.

“Aren’t you done yet? I better not find bows or anything in it.”

“I don’t know about bows, but I’m finding bits of twigs, string and what looks like shredded newspaper.”

“Oh ha ha, I can’t breathe for laughing.” Harry said sarcastically.

Draco chuckled and kissed him. “I like playing with your hair, you hardly ever let me do it, so I’m making the most of it.”

“If I promise to let you do it tomorrow too, will you stop now?” Harry pleaded.

“Of course.” Draco replied smoothly. “As long as you don’t forget our agreement.”

“You have three other witnesses, I won’t forget.”

Draco placed a kiss to the top of his head and put his brush aside, unclenching his legs from around
Harry’s shoulders and letting him get up with Calix.

“Our little cutie is finally asleep, I’ll put him in his bassinet and wrap a nappy around him, but I’ll keep it open so that it’s not as tight. He doesn’t roll yet, so I doubt it’ll leak, you make sure you check on him every half hour though.” He directed at Max.

Max nodded his understanding and then kissed him and then Calix, giving his son’s back a soft rub as Harry carried him to the bedroom.

“I love you, Calix, but you have got to start letting us know when you’re wet, you can’t keep sleeping in your own urine, it’s not hygienic and it’s giving you sores. Wouldn’t it be better to just cry?” Harry pleaded to his sleeping son as he laid him down and slipped a nappy under him, leaving it open. He kissed Calix, moved over to kiss Regan, then Tegan, caught Farren’s cheek as his head went from one side to the other and he pecked Leolin’s little lips as he snuffled quietly.

“All five of them are sleeping.” Harry informed Max as he took Braiden for a cuddle and a kiss.

“Ah Da Ba!” Braiden told him as he played with Harry’s shirt collar, lowering his head to suck and gnaw at it.

“Oh Braiden, you can’t eat that, you’ll get an icky soap powder taste in your mouth.” Harry said with a laugh.

Nasta fell into a coughing fit, moaning as he rolled onto his side as he gagged. Max was by his side rubbing his back and Blaise was by his head, combing his hair away from his mouth.

Draco got him a glass of water and helped him sip at it as Harry held a curious Braiden, who was watching his Daddies closely.

“Ooo boo.” He said, looking back up at Harry.

“Yes Braiden, Daddy Nasta isn’t feeling well. We’re going to take care of him until he’s better.”

“Ah! Ah!” Braiden reached out for Nasta, but Harry held him easily.
“No Braiden, we don’t want you getting sick too, but don’t worry, Daddy Nasta will be fine very soon, he’s very strong.”

“Give him here, you three need to get off or you’ll be late.” Max said once Nasta had calmed down, taking Braiden from him and sitting him on his hip, an arm wrapped around him tightly and securely. “Don’t worry about Nas, he’ll be fine with me. I’ve got him some soup on, I’ll make sure he takes his potions and he won’t be moving, in fact I’ll make sure that he does little else other than sleep. You three just focus on your lessons.”

Draco nodded and shouldered his bag. Blaise picked his up and tucked three books into his one arm, holding them up against his body. Harry went to kiss Nasta goodbye and gave him a smile.

“We’ll see you at lunch, love. I hope you feel better soon.”

Nasta smiled weakly and settled onto his side, he was well overdue to get some more sleep. His body felt leaden and he could feel a fine tremble in his muscles and he just felt so weak. It wasn’t a feeling that he was much used to and he decided that he didn’t like it, even if it did get him fussed over and stopped all the arguments and disagreements. He still couldn’t believe that Harry had actually let Draco brush his hair and clean his face for him. Nasta fell asleep once again, leaving Max to finish the soup, keep six babies fed, clean and happy and to play with Braiden, who was getting more and more active and curious about his surroundings as he got older.

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Nasta was fussed over even more when his Father came the next day to help with the children. It was made even worse when Max’s parents decided to come and visit and he felt like a five year old again as Max’s Mother Ashleigh made it her life’s mission to keep him covered at all times and continuously fed him soup and tea. It was one thing being fussed over by his mates, a completely different thing being fussed over by overprotective parents.

Harry dashed into the room only three minutes after the school bell rang to signal the end of lessons and he kicked off his shoes, dumped his bag and immediately came to kiss him, feeling his head for his temperature and his eyes went glossy with concern as he felt that he was still running a fever over twenty-four hours after he’d first gone down with it.

“I’m fine.” He stressed. “Don’t waste your free periods worrying over me, do your homework.”

“I’ve done it.” Harry replied. Nasta gave him a look. “No seriously I have. It’s Friday, I had double defence. I finished all my class work and my homework too well before the bell went, I even
handed it in to Professor Drios, who was very surprised. I even had time to finish off my other homework too, so I’m free to look after you all weekend.”

“You’ve finished your Transfiguration essay and mock exam booklet, your Herbology questions and your History of Magic essay?” Nasta asked sceptically.

Harry nodded and he pulled all four pieces of homework out of his bag to show him.

“Good boy, Harry.” Nasta complimented sincerely and Harry grinned, kissing him.

Max came out of the bedroom with Farren and dumped him on his Mother as he saw Harry, pulling him immediately into a huge hug and kissing him passionately.

“Which baby needs what?” Harry asked as he saw the overwhelmed desperation in Max’s eyes.

“Aneirin has Calix, Myron has Regan and Richard has Tegan, Leolin needs a bottle, Braiden’s had his but needs a bath after he spit up on himself and Farren needs a nappy change.” Max directed the last one to his Mother, who sighed, but happily went to the changer and pulled out a fresh nappy.

“You take Braiden, I’ll get Leolin.” Harry delegated and he went through to their bedroom to pick up his youngest, grimacing at Braiden’s vomit covered jumper. He’d never get it clean and it was a favourite of his for Braiden.

Harry made up a tiny bottle, used the remaining water to make everyone tea, as that seems to have been what Max was doing if the counter of mugs was anything to go by, and he fed Leolin, who didn’t even open his eyes as he accepted the bottle teat into his mouth and suckled.

Harry was very pleased that Leolin finished his bottle and he proudly announced his youngest son’s feat to everyone as he burped Leolin gently and mindfully of his little wings.

Harry murmured to him and told him how proud he was of him, kissing his cheek and nuzzling his neck. When he pulled back to look at Leolin, he almost dropped him as he let out a little screech of shock.

Despite his illness and current weakness, it was Nasta’s arms who wrapped around him first, even if he did stumble, sway and hold onto him tighter than usual for support.

“It’s fine! I’m fine, I was just startled. Max, get Nasta back on the settee.” Harry ordered, though it
was Aneirin who dragged his son back to the settee and tucked him up again, Harry followed and he grinned a secret grin.

“What’s the matter, Harry? What startled you?” Max asked concernedly as he petted Nasta’s hair.

Harry grinned wider as he kissed Leolin, before he turned him around to face the rest of the room; his tiny son was disgruntled as he frowned at the room, his pure, solid gold eyes peering at them as they all gasped, screeched and grinned at the completion of his Faerie heritage, proudly showing his Faerie eyes to the world.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: How many of you guessed during this chapter that it would end this way? How many of you figured out from Aneirin’s visit to the Faerie court and the hint of Nasta’s carrier gene in his eyes meant that Faeries eyes are all gold? None of you mentioned knowing beforehand, so I think this was a successful plot twist!

I hope you all enjoyed this chapter and hopefully now all the Avengers/Thor/Iron Man fics and crossovers are mostly out of my system, it won’t take as long to update chapter 61.

If you are not reading the Scaled Bits, you are missing out on vital information and character developments that you need to properly understand what is happening. I urge you to read it, it’s not just for shits and giggles, it’s part of this story and you are missing out on parts that you need to read in order to understand what is happening.

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Sixty-One – Growing Up

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Getting used to Leolin's gold eyes was something they all had to deal with as they were such an inhuman colour that it was a very strange thing to see.

But even stranger was that Leolin's eyes had changed first, when his brothers’ and sister’s eyes were still varying shades of blue. Though that changed quickly as Nasta’s birthday approached. Tegan woke up one morning with her eyes suddenly a hazel-gold that reminded Harry of Sanex and of course when Regan woke up the next day, his eyes were the same hazel-gold. Nasta, who had recovered fully from his bout of illness after a horrific five days confined to nothing but bedrest and lying, covered from head to foot, on the settee, spent several hours cuddled up with them both, gazing into those eyes as he did everything from tickling and nuzzling them, to reading them a story about a lost unicorn foal and staring into their eyes as they suckled from their bottles in his arms.

The next quintuplet to surprise them with a change was Calix, whose eyes had been steadily getting darker and darker and darker, until one morning he opened his eyes and looked back at Draco through Myron’s jet black eyes. Of course Max had had to immediately floo call his parents and get them to come over, right this very minute. The poor trio had thought that something was wrong with one of the babies and Myron had clipped Max around the ear for alarming them as he had, before he had sat, holding his tiny grandson in his huge arms and cooing gently to the baby who cooed back, jet black eyes looking into jet black eyes. It also didn’t help the image of Calix being Myron’s clone that Calix’s hair was growing out a deep, rich chestnut brown, the hair that he shared with his Father and Grandfather.

The day before Nasta’s birthday Farren had woken up from his afternoon nap with bluish-green eyes and Harry laughed happily as he saw the hint of green that had taken over Farren’s eyes, thinking that perhaps Farren had gotten his eyes, their only child to have done so, but after another week and Farren’s eyes still didn’t go completely green, despite the fact that they changed colour depending on his mood, the lighting and what colour he was wearing. Sometimes they could be more bluey-green, or a more greenish-blue, but never fully blue or fully green and Harry had to
concede that Farren’s eyes were blue-green in colour and they were going to stay that way.

Nasta had kept a slight cough for a few days after his illness had finally gone and thankfully none of them, especially not Leolin, had caught Nasta’s flu virus and by the time his thirty-eighth birthday came around, he was feeling much better and had stopped coughing and sneezing randomly throughout the day.

Nasta was woken up to breakfast in bed and several gifts from his smiling mates who all kissed him and wished him a happy birthday.

He loved every gift that he had received and he told his mates so as he was given several books on obscure languages by Max. A very cute, stuffed Welsh Dragon toy and a small, thin, handwritten booklet on Parseltongue by Harry, who promised to help him read and understand the very strange, very alien looking squiggles, that Harry had assured him were actual words and not just random doodles. Harry had told him a bit shyly that it had taken him nearly eight months to put together properly because writing in Parseltongue was apparently even harder than speaking in it.

Draco had given him a full set outfit made completely from dragonhide. Nasta couldn’t help but check the thickness of it, which made his mates snort in amusement and caused Draco to huff that he knew better than to buy him dragonhide anything that had actually killed the dragon, but the biggest surprise came when Nasta recognised the feel of the hide under his hands as a Welsh Green and Draco had admitted to having contacted the Dragon reserve that he worked on and he’d gotten his colleagues to use the hide from one of his favourite buck dragons, Celynwen, to make all of the items. Draco had paid an absolute fortune for the entire outfit to be made from the one dragon and not a mix of different breeds and different dragons, and Draco had hand-picked the dragon used and he went pink as he admitted to giving a bit extra for the outfit, which would go towards helping the reserve along with the profits from the sale. Nasta had crushed him in a hug and given him a kiss.

Blaise had gifted him with a tin of his own favourite coffee and Nasta had looked at him with an unimpressed scowl as Blaise grinned widely and urged him to open it. It was full of Nasta’s favourite, and expensive, imported green tea leaves.

“In the false hope that it’ll make you more used to and accepting of coffee.” Blaise explained when he was asked why it had been put in a coffee tin.

Nasta chuckled and pulled him forward by his neck to kiss his lips.

“Thank you, all of you, I haven’t had much reason to be happy in the past several years, but I have to say, waking up with the four of you, our six children around us, is the best birthday present I could have ever received.”

“Oh you’re going to make me tear up.” Harry sniffed. “You know I’m still girly sometimes after the birth.”
Nasta chuckled and rubbed his thumbs under Harry’s eyes gently.

“I love all of you.”

“Dada!” Braiden cried out from somewhere underneath them.

Max immediately got out of the bed and went down the stairs to the cot that they kept underneath their platform bed, far enough away so that the crying of the hungry quintuplets didn’t wake him up through the night, but close enough to them that they could reach him quickly.

Braiden was happily deposited onto Nasta’s lap, sitting upright and giggling happily now that he was around his most favourite, familiar people.

“Good morning, Braiden.” Harry greeted, pecking that dribbling mouth.

Braiden screeched and smacked his lips together in an imitation kiss and it stopped them all short.

“That’s new.” Draco said as he bent forward and kissed Braiden, who reacted quicker and kissed Draco back, which made him grin.

It was a game they played for the first five minutes of the day. They took it in turns to kiss Braiden and get a drool covered kiss back. By the end of the game, Braiden was also holding his arms out to accept them as they each bent to kiss him and he clenched his arms around them as they wrapped him in a hug. Then Farren woke up and their day properly started as it was a Tuesday and Draco, Blaise and Harry had to go to lessons still.

Max had made them all breakfast, though Nasta had already eaten his, so he was free to play and feed the babies, nuzzling little Leolin as he cradled him gently, watching as he finished all of his milk.

“Do you think it’s time to give him another quarter ounce of milk?” He asked. “He seems to be handling his bottles better, attempting to give him a bit more couldn’t hurt.”

Harry looked up from his breakfast and he smiled at the empty bottle.

“Try it on his next feed, it’s about time we increased his milk intake, he’s been finishing all of his
bottles on every feed except for the night one.” Harry agreed, stroking a hand through Leolin's darkening hair. It was set to go as black as Harry’s, Blaise’s, Nasta’s, Braiden’s, Regan’s and Tegan’s, they were all predominantly black haired. Max and Calix had chestnut brown hair and Farren had gotten a darker brown, but Draco was the only blond and he looked odd.

It was with an accompanying swoop through his stomach and lower abdomen that Harry came to the conclusion that if he were to give Draco children, then he might not be the only blond in the family anymore. Harry shook those thoughts away quickly, he couldn’t be pregnant again, he couldn’t have another baby so soon, he just couldn’t, no matter if Draco was the only blond in the family for a while yet.

“Are you alright, Mio Bello?” Blaise asked, looking at him concernedly.

“Yeah, I’m fine.” Harry answered, shoving away his thoughts and feelings and going back to his raspberry pancakes. “I’m just thinking too hard again.”

Harry smiled tightly and his mates saw through it immediately, but Harry’s pleading green eyes told them to leave it alone and they did…for now.

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

Harry was cornered by a vicious, wild, frothy-mouthed, redhead after his last lesson, or at least that’s how he saw Ginny as she pushed him right up tight to the wall and slipped him a tiny, palm sized box.

“It enlarges into a very special gift; I got everything that you wanted and then some with the left over money, I doubt you’ll mind though. Your lovers are going to be all over you, Harry. I left instructions for the first thing you should wear, it’ll drive them wild so don’t you dare chicken out! Nothing is hotter than a man who’ll do anything to get his lover’s heart pumping and I assure you, wearing these items will have their hearts beating so fast they’ll stop! I’m sure you can all use some stress relief, especially if Blaise’s public mood is anything to go by, Purebloods don’t usually show such emotion or frustration in public.” Ginny told him as she latched onto his arm and pulled him away from the wall.

Harry saw Draco as he was being dragged away and he gave a helpless, one armed shrug as he was pulled along like a puppet.
“Don’t look so much like I’m leading you towards your death.” Ginny chastised. “Hermione, Luna and I want some time with you as well you know, you haven’t spent any time with us and we haven’t even seen your babies since you arrived, how is that fair? We’re your friends aren’t we?”

“Oh of course you are, it’s just that so much is going on and I can’t imagine that Hermione’s not revising as well.”

“Oh she is, but she brings her material with her so that we can test her, I’ve been hit with a book twice and Luna had the book snatched off of her when she told Hermione that she was wrong and the answer was Nargles. Hermione almost threw a fit.”

Harry chuckled as he was dragged to the library and he groaned, though he felt slightly better that Seamus, Dean and Neville were also in the dusty room.

“Harry, haven’t seen you outside of class for a while, what drags you from your cave?” Seamus teased with a grin, immediately shoving his books aside, much to Hermione’s ire.

Harry indicated Ginny with his head and he grinned. “A bossy little red-headed sixth year.”

Ginny smacked him and Harry made an ‘oof’ sound as his body forcibly expelled air.

“Not so rough, Ginny. I had a tear in my body, right where you hit me mind, only a month ago. I’m tender still.”

“Was that from your Caesarean?” Hermione asked interestedly.

“Yeah, I’ve had two now.” Harry rolled his eyes as he massaged his stomach muscles, which had been playing up all day.

“So, are you up for playing Hufflepuff?” Ginny asked. “I can’t continue being Seeker and Chaser, you’re not pregnant now and you’re fit yes? So can we count on our golden boy to play in March?”

Harry startled. He had forgotten that he was still the Quidditch captain and Seeker.
“I’m not sure; I’ll have to run it past the others…”

“They’re not your parents, Harry; you can make your own choices.” Ginny snapped.

“I know I can, but with something that involves my health like this it’s just better to discuss it with them rather than tell them that I’m going to do it and stressing them out. They’ll more than likely let me play anyway. I’m not pregnant anymore and I could use the stress relief really, I’ve never wanted to cry so much in my life until McGonagall gave us that twenty-three inch essay and two exam booklets.”

“Me neither, I could have hit her with a table leg.” Seamus agreed and Hermione made a half startled, half strangled noise.

“It’s alright, Mione; he doesn’t mean it, though I have the almost untameable urge to introduce Professor Binns to Moaning Myrtle.”

Harry shared a laugh with the guys before Hermione got them all back onto their work with a glare. Harry quelled under that glare meekly and he hurried off to find some books for his History homework.

He was walking down the History section, which was quite a way away from his friends, when he came across someone that he would have rather never seen again in his life. Ron was sat at a small table, his own books out. Harry wondered if it was the absence of any friends to distract him that had Ron in the library, actually studying.

He turned to leave, hopefully unnoticed, but when Ron called out to him, he knew that he had been seen and he turned around, schooling his face carefully blank.

“What do you want?” Harry kept his voice as pleasant as he could given the circumstances of their recent interactions and he wondered if they were going to have a fight right here in the middle of the library.

“I…I wanted to…to apologise.” Ron stammered, not even looking at him.

Harry raised an eyebrow. “Who are you and what have you done with Ron Weasley?” He intoned blandly, Ron shot him a grin.
“I’ve had a lot of time to think. I blamed you for everything because…well because…”

“I was an easy target.” Harry filled in. He was always an easy target, the media were having a field day and people just loved to gossip about him because they had absolutely nothing else to talk about during their long and uneventful days.

Ron looked embarrassed. “Fred and George pointed out what I was doing and Charlie went bloody mental when he found out. They made me realise what I was doing and why and for what good it does, I am sorry.”

Harry sighed. “It’s been two years really since the last time that we spoke properly, Ron. When I was lying on the floor in the Ministry atrium, bleeding from the shattered glass that I was lying in, my nose pouring with blood from the possession I’d had to endure and the way you looked at me…you looked at me as if I was scum, Ron. I was fifteen, the same age as you were, and I had just killed Voldemort. I had done something so terrible as to kill another person, no matter who they were and I needed my friends around me, but the way you looked at me like I was dangerous, like I should be locked up, I just knew what would happen afterwards. Though I had hoped fervently that you’d wait until I was at least out of the hospital first, before you blew up at me right there in the hospital. I was practically catatonic in that hospital bed, pumped full of all sorts of potions and you were standing at the end of my bed yelling shit about me.”

“I was scared and angry.”

“And you think I wasn’t?” Harry snapped. “I had just killed someone, Ron! Killed someone right there in the Ministry of Magic in front of several Aurors and the Minister for Magic himself, I thought I was going to be thrown in Azkaban! I thought I was going to be locked away like a dirty secret, but instead I got a pat on the head and I was sent back to the Dursleys and if you’ve been keeping up with the papers then you’d know all about what happened there!”

“Mum said.” Ron mumbled. “Their trial’s coming up right?”

Harry blew out a deep breath and he nodded curtly. “The date keeps being changed, trust the Dursleys to have gotten the best lawyers that money could get them. They’re trying to stall, hoping that the case will fall through. I’ve been told now that they’re claiming the trial will disrupt their precious baby son’s schooling, so they want it put off until his school’s out for the summer so that it doesn’t affect his exams.”

“Will you have to go back to them if you, for some reason, lose? Because Mum says she has a spare room for you if you need it.”
Harry smiled at the mention of Mrs Weasley’s huge heart and Motherly nature, but he shook his head. “It’s unnecessary, I’ve got my own home now and I doubt your Mum has room for five grown men and six babies.”

“How…how are the kids?” Ron asked hesitantly.

“Fine. I could talk to you for hours about them, but something tells me that you’re not really interested and would find the conversation boring.” Harry replied stiffly. Ron blushed.

“I…is there any chance that we can go back to how we were?” Ron asked softly, not looking at him.

“No.” Harry said regretfully, shaking his head sadly. “No. It’s been too long and we’ve both changed. If I could overlook all the arguments, the fights, every hateful word that you spat at me when I was in that hospital bed, in so much pain and thinking that I was going to prison, that would be fine, but I could never overlook what you did to me knowing that I was pregnant. You almost lost me my first son, Ron and I can never forgive you for that. Braiden is the most important, precious person to me now, him and my five other beautiful children. That you almost took him from me with your actions...” Harry’s right hand clenched into a fist as he trailed off and he gritted his teeth, sucking in a breath between them to keep himself calm. “Knowing that you could have been the reason that I almost lost him, I could kill you for that alone, Ron and I want you to know that if you had killed him, I would have killed you. I would have hunted you down, even if it was the very last thing that I ever did, even if it took me years, I would have hunted you down and killed you for it, because even then, I loved him so very much and the pain of losing him would have been more than I could bear.”

Ron nodded his head and he sighed. “I won’t do anything like that ever again, not to anyone. When we were in the hospital wing and you started screaming like that, I…I was terrified. When you screamed at me to get Madam Pomfrey, I didn’t even think not to do it, I just did it. I wanted you to stop screaming like that, I’ve never heard you scream like that before.”

Harry made a small sound, almost a snort, but softer. “That was a gut wrenching pain; it was more fear than pain though. I knew something was wrong, I just knew that I was losing my baby, so I screamed out the pain and the fear.”

“There really is no chance then?” Ron asked. “I miss you and Hermione.”
“I’m sorry, Ron, perhaps if you talk with Hermione then she’ll start talking to you again, though I
do recommend waiting until the exams are over, you know how stressed and uptight she gets, but
as for me and you, I want nothing more to do with you. We can be civil, but I don’t want a
friendship, I don’t want to talk to you, I’m sorry, Ron, but I can never forgive you for causing me
that almost miscarriage, because of you, my Braiden might never have been born and if you saw
him now, the little person that he has grown to be, the budding personality that he has, the happy,
relaxed six month old he is, you wouldn’t be able to forgive yourself either.”

Harry walked away then and he went to collect his bag.

“How’s it going?” Neville asked as Dean craned his neck to look where he had come from.

“Nothing, I think I’m just going to go back to my room’s now, but thanks for reminding me that I
have friends and I promise to spend more time with you. You can even come around at the
weekend to see the babies if you want, though you may be roped into a feeding or two.” Harry
grinned.

“What did he say to you?” Ginny demanded, staring over his shoulder. Harry looked to see Ron
with a haphazardly packed backpack, hunched over and leaving the library. “I swear if he said
anything…”

“Ginny.” Harry cut in. “I’m a big boy, I can take care of myself. Ron and I just talked. He seems to
have grown up a lot this year, we didn’t even fight or curse each other, we just talked to one
another, alright?”

“He must have upset you.” Hermione said softly.

“No, he actually didn’t. I just really need to hold Braiden right now.”

“He threatened Braiden again?”

“No, but we dragged up a lot of bad feelings when we were talking, including the miscarriage that
he almost caused in the hospital wing and I need my son.”

His friends nodded and Harry smiled. “I’ll catch up with you all later.” He promised as he took
long strides out of the library and he started heading for the main staircase so that he could get
back to his rooms quickly.

He was on the sixth floor when his skin tightened and the hair on the back of his neck stood up, he spun to the left just as a stunner went flying past his head. His wand was in his hand before he had turned to face his attacker, praying that it wasn’t Ron after their talk, but he was met with the enraged eyes of Theodore Nott instead, those white teeth were clenched so tightly together and bared at him like a feral dog.

“What is your problem?!” Harry spat.

“You are!” Nott hissed. “I’ve had my eyes on Blaise since our fourth year! I befriended him, seduced him, we experimented kissing one another, I watched him as he lost his virginity to that Ravenclaw, he watched me lose mine to that little Hufflepuff and throughout it all we were watching one another! Do you know how hard it is to be a gay Pureblood? Do you know how hard it is to find another gay Pureblood when you yourself are gay? My Father will not permit me to have anyone other than a Pureblood and you took the only other gay Pureblood for yourself!”

“Well that’s too bad.” Harry growled. “Blaise obviously didn’t like you as much as you liked him.”

Harry had to quickly pull up a shield charm as a stinging hex flew at his head.

“He does!” Theo screamed. “We were going to be together, Potter! I was going to impregnate him this summer, we had it planned!”

Harry sniffed. “You really don’t know Blaise half as well as you think you do if you think that he’d carry your baby. Blaise is incapable of carrying.”

Theo blinked and breathed heavily like he had run from the Great Hall to the Astronomy Tower and back again.

“There’s a potion that allows a man to carry a baby if he wasn’t born with the sac to do so naturally.” Theo informed him.

“It only works in less than twenty percent of males, how do you know that Blaise would be one of those less than twenty percent? What makes you think that Blaise wants to be pregnant? What makes you think that Blaise would even want to carry your child?” Harry questioned spitefully.
“He would!” Theo roared. “We were getting up from kissing, we were going to move on to more sexual things than kissing and petting, we were going to have sex together as soon as I turned seventeen in November last year, but then you turned up on the scene that very same month and Blaise changed! He wouldn’t even look at anyone else, only you! No one will believe that you slipped him a love potion, that you still are giving him a love potion, not perfect Potter! But I know that you are! He changed overnight!” Nott spat. “People don’t fall in love overnight, Potter not unless they’re given a love potion! Blaise wanted to wait until he was out of school before he had children, but you fell pregnant immediately, disrupting his studies, ruining his marks! It’s no wonder that he’s in such a bad mood these days after you shoved five other babies onto him! Five babies that aren’t even his! No man wants another man’s baby shoved onto him!”

Harry swallowed as all of his fears were dragged up, but he trusted Blaise and he wouldn’t let this bastard rip them apart. He loved Blaise far too much.

“Blaise is happy.” Harry said calmly and clearly. “Blaise loves us, all of us, and you’re just angry because he won’t give you a second glance. Blaise is ours, Nott, he isn’t yours to lay claim to. He is the Father of my firstborn son, he was my first lover, my first love and I will not give him up without a fight, you will never take him from us. Never.”

“Do you know how many people’s virginity Blaise has broken over the years? Sixteen! He loved taking virgins, he loved breaking them in and then leaving them to grovel at his feet for any scrap of attention that he would give them afterwards.”

Harry swallowed and he urged himself to stay calm. Either Nott was lying or Blaise had changed a hell of a lot because Harry had never met this cruel and cold man that Nott was describing.

“Not so cocky now are you, Potter? Blaise and I are perfect for one another because I loved breaking in virgins too, though we both preferred male virgins. We would have been perfect for one another, until you came along!”

Harry sighed. “You only think that you’d be perfect together, you’ve convinced yourself of it, but Blaise would have never loved you, no matter what he did in the past. He was ready to settle down and he obviously got bored of playing games with other people. He wanted a future, a family and he’s got exactly that now with us. He would never have married you and he would never have settled down with you, especially not with you wanting to play games with virgins still.”

‘He’s a Dracken, Nott, you idiot.’ He thought to himself with an inward sigh. ‘He would never have settled down with a human, no matter what he said or what he did before he found his mates.’
“He would have!” Nott screamed, red sparks coming out of his wand tip in his anger and Harry clenched his own tighter, ready for any curse that came at him. “You’re just a filthy whore, Potter! You stole Blaise from me, you stole Draco from Astoria and you’re fucking two grown men.”

“My love life is none of your business. Blaise didn’t want you and Draco didn’t want Astoria.”

“Draco is not gay, he never has been! Blaise and I tried to get him to sleep with us in fifth year and he told us to get away from him before he broke our necks, you should have seen his face, he was disgusted with our suggestion!”

“It must have been the addition of you then, because Draco and Blaise love fucking each other now and they both love fucking me!” Harry hissed, his temper being awoken at long last, he felt that flood of heat that his temper brought, heating his blood and making his hand itch to curse the little stain in front of him.

Thinking on how reluctant that Draco was in the beginning to bottom to anyone, Harry could well imagine that Draco had threatened to break Nott and Blaise’s necks, especially if he knew their little game of breaking in virgins and then dumping them. He still remembered Draco’s face when he had bottomed for the first time to Nasta and had had his virginity taken. It was a memory that was forever imprinted upon his mind.

“You have them both drugged!” Nott screamed at him, more sparks flying from his wand tip. “Anyone who knows them can see it clearly!”

“What, you mean like you and Astoria? Please, Nott, I’ve been with Blaise for a year last October and with Draco a year last January. Don’t you think that Blaise’s Mother and Draco’s parents would have noticed anything amiss with their children over the likes of you?” Harry taunted.

Nott growled and even more sparks came out of his wand, Harry looked at it pointedly and interestingly.

“I wonder if you’re so much of a substandard wizard that you’ll lose control and blow up your wand. I’d love to tell Blaise that story, I’m sure he’d laugh so loud and he could use a laugh these days, because you want to know why he’s so stressed? It’s not because I’m forcing five children that aren’t his on him, it’s because we had to take four of those five babies for their Dragon Pox vaccination over the weekend and they screamed the hospital down, add in that our son Braiden is teething and cries in agony as he cuts a new tooth, it’s getting Blaise stressed because he doesn’t
like seeing our children in pain, no matter the reason.”

Nott actually snarled and aimed a bone breaking curse at him that Harry deflected easily.

“Please, Nott. I’m the best in our year at Defence; do you really think that the likes of you can get one over on me? I destroyed Voldemort when I was fifteen.”

“You should have gone to prison for that! I heard you killed him using dark arts!”

Harry snorted. “People always talk when someone’s better than them; there were no dark arts involved or I would have gone to prison for breaking the law, I killed Voldemort in front of several Aurors and the Minister himself, if I had used the dark arts in front of them, I would have gone to Azkaban regardless of the fact that I had used them to kill a madman.”

Nott shot another spell at him, this one a crushing hex and it was aimed at his head. Harry deflected once again, readying his stance for the next spell as they were getting progressively more offensive and dangerous.

“Give it up, Nott, you won’t walk away from this and you will never have Blaise. Just stop because I don’t really want to hurt you, though I will if you carry on!”

“Please, Potter; stop acting as if you’re some amazing hit wizard! You’re just a seventeen year old student! I know how to block as well as you do!”

“All this because you think you love Blaise?”

“I do love him! Just stop drugging him and let him choose for himself! Him and Draco! You can keep your old men; just stop drugging them with love potion!”

“I’m not…”

“You are!” Someone screeched from behind him and Harry made an absolutely idiotic, fundamental mistake.
He spun fully around, giving his back to Nott, to assess the new threat and as he caught sight of Astoria Greengrass, her wand out and aimed at him, he tried to put his back to the wall, like he should have done in the first place, but he didn’t have time to do anything or to correct his mistake as a spell smashed into his back and sent him into a suit of armour, Harry lost consciousness as soon as his head cracked on the solid metal.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Don’t you just hate the both of those little snots? I haven’t given you a cliffhanger in ages, so I thought, why not? I hope you like it.

I feel the need to explain, as I’ve been asked by a lot of you, about the Faeries. Faerie is the species name, like Drackens, but Faeries use different names for their dominants and submissives, where Drackens just use the simple term dominant Dracken and submissive Dracken, Faeries call dominants Valkyries and submissives Fae. So if I describe someone as a Valkyrie, they’re a dominant Faerie, if I mention Fae, they’re submissive Faeries. Like Drackens, Faeries have female Valkyries and male Fae, but as with Drackens it’s an anomaly that’s very rare. So I hope that clears that up a bit more and yes, we will be seeing a lot more of the Faerie court in the future and don’t be fooled by their supposedly kind nature, they can all be vicious and cruel.

Thank you all to everyone whose read and reviewed and is enjoying this fic,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter contains a removed sex scene and scenes of distressing, controversial material.

Last Time

“All this because you think you love Blaise?”

“I do love him! Just stop drugging him and let him choose for himself! Him and Draco! You can keep your old men; just stop drugging them with love potion!”

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Chapter Sixty-Two – Backlash

Draco had told them that Harry had been dragged off by his friends and that he was likely being forced to revise for his exams by Hermione, but as the time inched closer and closer to the curfew, they got more and more worried.

Shouldn’t Harry have been back by now? Wouldn’t he have come to tell them that he was staying away for longer than dinner? Were they being too over protective? Were they being stifling and unfair to Harry? Was he just in Gryffindor Tower for the first time this year catching up with his friends and had just lost track of time?

As Nasta tucked Leolin back into his bassinet after his ten O’clock feed and went back out to the living room, seeing that Draco and Blaise were not concentrating on their homework and Max was pacing...again. He let out a sigh.

“Alright, go and find him. I’ll stay here with the kids.” He relented. “Do not assume the worst, because I’m telling you now, if you go barging in on him and his friends, you’ll put us all at risk
and embarrass the hell out of him. So be calm and collected, please and remain human at all times and that means no sniffing or licking either and use your brains.”

Draco threw his quill down and jumped up, marching to the door and he hardly waited for Blaise to catch up before he was out of the portrait hole. Nasta shook his head and sat down, trying to relax his jittering nerves.

“You’re worried.” Max stated, wanting to go with the younger two, but knowing that Nasta needed some support with the six babies. He couldn’t protect all six of them if someone threatened them.

Nasta sighed again. “I know. I don’t think Harry would have stayed away for this long, from just us maybe, but not from the kids. He’s still protective over Leolin and with Tegan’s recent fever and Braiden’s teething; I can’t see him staying out too long, but maybe I’m just being paranoid. Maybe Harry really does need this break and he’s just enjoying himself with his friends so much that he has lost track of the time.”

“Hopefully Blaise and Draco will find him safe and well and they can put our minds at ease. I don’t mind him spending a night in Gryffindor Tower with his friends if that’s what he wants, though sleeping with him missing from the bed is going to be hard, who will I cuddle with?” Max pouted.

Nasta cracked a smile and he chuckled; he pulled Max into a hug and kissed his mouth.

“You really are adorable, Max and I’m sure if Harry wants to stay with his friends for the night and you want to cuddle up to someone in bed, Blaise won’t object. Blaise is as big a cuddle monster as you are, though you’ll have to put up with me at your back, because I want to cuddle you too.” Nasta growled, nipping at Max’s neck.

“Ooo, that growl has a hint of sex in it.” Max grinned as he moved his mouth into alignment with Nasta’s and kissed him hard.

“When was the last time we had sex?” Nasta questioned.

“I don’t remember.”

“Me either.” Nasta growled attacking Max’s mouth, shoving him backwards onto the settee.
“We’re going to have sex now?” Max asked, excitement lacing his voice and lighting up his eyes.

“I haven’t felt any distress from Harry, he’s likely fine and with his friends and until I hear differently, I’m going to try not to assume the worst and I’m going to try not to think about it so I can have my wicked way with you until Draco and Blaise track down our errant submissive and drag him back kicking and screaming.”

“I hope to be doing some screaming of my own.” Max grinned and Nasta growled, attacking that pliant mouth with vigour.

“Damn those little fuckers with their homework and never ending essays.” Max carried on, panting as Nasta moved his mouth from his lips to his neck, nibbling and biting. “I’ve been aching for this for the last month!”

“I think they have too, but Draco and Blaise have been so focused on their final exams and Harry’s been so stressed with his own homework and the kids, then there was that damn illness I got, we just haven’t had the time, not since Christmas.”

“Oh, Christmas was fun.” Max grinned.

Nasta chuckled and licked a wet line from Max’s exposed collarbone to his chin.

“I love you.” He murmured softly.

Max stopped breathing for a moment, before he gripped a fistful of Nasta’s hair and dragged him into a solid, passionate kiss.

“I love you too, now get on with the sex, those whiny brats of ours could be back at any moment with an angry Harry in tow and none of them will be happy with us having sex behind their heads when they’re trying to do homework.”

Nasta chuckled and he undid the buttons on Max’s shirt slowly as he moved his mouth slowly down from his collar to his chest. Max’s breathing hitched as Nasta reached his belly and still went further, undoing his jeans and pulling them from his legs once the last button came free of the
Max clenched one hand into the soft fabric of the settee and the other into Nasta’s hair, tugging on it mindlessly as Nasta’s mouth kissed down the hard length of him, before moving back up to take him into his mouth and he sucked. Max made a strangled sound in his throat and twisted his head into the cushion it was propped up on, his hips arching into Nasta’s mouth as he sucked lightly, almost teasingly on him.

“Please!” He begged gruffly, tightening his hand in Nasta’s hair.

Nasta came off of him and smirked down at him.

“Do you want to cum in my mouth, or would you rather cum while I’m inside you?” He questioned, stroking Max lightly as he asked, making Max groan and roll from side to side on the settee, almost falling off.

“We need a bigger settee.” Max replied, writhing when Nasta’s hand squeezed tightly around him. “In me, in me!” He answered desperately.

Nasta grinned and he went back to sucking him in his mouth; building him up before backing off and Max yanked on his hair and growled in frustration. Nasta squeezed him tightly in reprimand and Max’s eyes rolled into the back of his head, his toes curling in his socks.

Nasta chuckled and Max opened his eyes to see Nasta removing his shirt and popping the button on his own jeans. He swallowed as his eyes stared at Nasta’s body. Nasta had an amazing body and Max loved it, he loved touching it as he let his fingertips brush over the muscles in Nasta’s stomach, loved the taste of him as he sat up to lick and suck at the skin on Nasta’s chest, moving over his pectoral to his nipple. He sucked on that nipple, nibbled it gently with teeth, letting his tongue run over it before using the tip to run around it lightly, he loved hearing Nasta above him as he moaned softly as he sucked his nipple, he just loved Nasta.

“You’re going to have to make do with conjured lube.” Nasta growled. “I’m not leaving you alone for the time it takes to go and get a bottle from the bedroom; I’ll come back and find you touching yourself, won’t I?”

“Probably.” Max grinned unrepentantly.

Nasta hissed and then smirked as he touched his hand with the tip of his wand. It coated thickly with clear gel and Max moaned at the sight of that gel and Nasta’s smirk together, it never meant
anything good, but it would be oh so pleasurable.

Nasta smoothed the excess over himself through his open jeans and the shoved down boxers before he coated his fingers and traced them around Max’s entrance, loving how Max’s entire body clenched, his head going back against the arm of the settee.

“Please, Nas, please!” Max groaned.

Nasta grinned as he gently eased a finger into Max and stroked his insides teasingly. He quickly inserted a second finger and set to stretching Max as his own cock gave a nasty throb of need.

He played with Max, ignoring the hand that was ripping out his hair and the nails in his shoulder, little droplets of blood welling up in the marks.

“It’s been too long, Nasta, please stop teasing me!”

“No.” Nasta answered as he carefully pushed a third finger into Max, going back to teasing and playing with him, deliberately not seeking out Max’s prostate.

“Oh! Fuck, Nas, please, hurry up damn you!” Max growled.

Nasta chuckled and removed his fingers, before bending down to lick and suck at Max’s leg, moving down to where his fingers had just been, Max moaning and writhing, tugging and yanking on his hair.

Max pulled so hard on his hair that Nasta had no choice but to follow the hand or be scalped. Max pulled him up to his mouth and attacked it with teeth and tongue.

Nasta attacked Max’s mouth in retaliation, fighting and biting and pressing. He used the hand that wasn’t tugging in Max’s chestnut hair to guide himself into Max, pressing himself to Max just enough to keep himself in place, but not enough to breach him.

Max wrenched their mouths apart and glared at him with wild eyes.

“You had better not tease me anymore, Nasta! I swear I will fuck myself on you if you don’t hurry up!” Max growled.

Nasta snarled back and pushed himself inside of Max in one fluid motion, making the larger man
throw his head back with a deep moan.

“Oh I love you.” Max groaned.

Nasta chuckled, burying his face into Max’s neck and nibbling the sweat beaded skin.

“You love my cock inside you.” Nasta whispered against that salty tasting skin.

“That too.” Max answered, arching his hips under him to get him moving.

Nasta let out a snort of amusement before he pulled his hips back and then surged forward, watching Max’s face and listening to his cries of pleasure, he kept moving himself minutely until finally Max screamed, the muscles in his body jumping and clenching, those large, powerful legs slipping around his hips, his head flew back exposing that gorgeous throat and two large, strong hands scrabbled for something, anything to grip hold of.

Nasta grinned as he kept his body at the exact same angle, not moving an inch as he pulled out and then rolled his hips back into Max, who writhed and thrashed under him. It was always an ego boost, an aphrodisiac, to have the powerful, large body of Max pinned under him, writhing and screaming in such a way because of him. It made his heart beat faster, it made his hips to move faster, caused his own head to fall back, exposing his throat as his orgasm built higher and higher from Max’s clenching muscles until finally, he fell over the edge of the cliff in a blinding white rush of heat and unimaginable pleasure until they were both screaming for one another, falling into a tangle of limbs onto the floor, the both of them laughing tiredly, but happily.

“Oh fuck, we really need a bigger settee.” Max grinned. “I love you, Nasta.”

“Love you too, Cariad.” Nasta replied softly, trying to regulate his breathing.

Nasta rolled off of Max’s chest and onto his back, tucking himself back into his boxers and zipping up his jeans.

“The other three will kill us if they ever found out that we fucked on the settee without them.” He said to the ceiling.

Max snorted beside him. “Let them, I wouldn’t regret that if they stood over us with those cute,
Nasta laughed before he sat up, searching for his shirt. He found it under the coffee table and tugged it on and threw Max his clothes, finding his wand and cleaning up the mess and removing the heavy scent of sex from the air.

Just as he finished a small cry came over the baby monitor and he sighed.

“Looks like we finished just in time for feeding.” He grinned to Max who hadn’t moved. The larger man groaned.

“I don’t think I can move.”

“You had better; I’m not doing all six of them by myself. My legs already feel like jelly without walking up those stairs ten times tonight.”

Max groaned again before sluggishly tugging on his clothes to help with the kids as Nasta set the kettle to boil before he left for their bedroom and the platform that held five bassinets of hungry babies.

Draco was rapidly losing his temper as he banged hell out of the portrait that Harry had told them covered the entrance to Gryffindor Tower. The fat lady in the pink silk dress was squawking at him and calling him a brute all the while.

“For the sake of Merlin and my sanity just go and find someone to open this damned, fucking portrait!” Draco hissed, keeping his fangs sheathed by the skin of his teeth. Blaise laid a calming hand on his shoulder as the fat lady disappeared, hopefully to get someone to open the portrait.

“If they’re having a party in here I’ll skin Harry with my teeth!” Draco told Blaise.

“Just spank his naughty behind and drag him to bed to reaffirm just where his skin should be.” Blaise winked.
Draco snorted. “I won’t begrudge him time with his friends, but six hours is surely enough? I mean, what have they been doing for six hours?”

“Catching up most likely, Harry hasn’t exactly been a social butterfly these past few weeks.”

“Has he ever been a social butterfly? Only now instead of spending every minute of the day with Granger and Weasley, he’s spending it with us and Max and Nasta, our family.”

“Just let him explain before you tan his arse over your knee.” Blaise warned as the portrait was pushed open by a Prefect.

“Can I help you?” She sneered as she took in their Slytherin crested robes, not that she wouldn’t know them as Slytherins just by looking at them, even if they hadn’t been wearing Slytherin robes and ties, they were well known on sight through the school as Harry Potter’s Slytherin lovers, though Draco had made a name for himself beyond being Harry Potter’s lover, the same couldn’t be said for Blaise, who had been practically unknown until he suddenly became Harry Potter’s boyfriend over a year ago now.

“We’re looking for Harry.”

“He isn’t here.” She snapped as if she thought they were wasting her time or just wanted to see the inside of their common room.

Blaise sighed heavily. “If he isn’t here can you please go and get one of his friends?”

The girl left with a huff and they were once again looking at the scowling fat lady. Draco was about to start hammering on the portrait door once more as five more slow minutes passed, but just as Draco was grinding his teeth in impatience, the door opened and Ginny Weasley poked her sleepy head out.

“What’s the matter? Is Harry okay?” She asked as she stepped fully out, wrapping her dressing gown tighter around her pyjamas.

“We haven’t seen him; we were hoping that he’d be with you.”
“What? No, Harry left only an hour or two after being with us, he said he wanted to get back to Braiden. I haven’t seen him for about four hours.” Ginny said concernedly.

Draco and Blaise shared a look and then as one they rushed off back to their rooms to inform Max and Nasta. They needed to find Harry.

Nasta swore as he startled so badly that he dropped the bottle that he had just finished feeding to Regan. His arm had automatically tightened around the baby instead of loosening like it had around the bottle.

The panic on Draco and Blaise’s faces stopped him short of chastising them and instead he put Regan down in a handy bassinet and rushed to them.


“He wasn’t in Gryffindor Tower, Ginny said that she hadn’t seen him for four hours. He left the library to come back here, but he never made it here.” Blaise told him in a rush, his panic and fear evident.

“He didn’t give out a distress call, that means he’s either not in distress or he’s unconscious. Draco, go and see if he’s with Dumbledore, if he’s not, get the Headmaster in on the search. Max, go and see the groundskeeper Hagrid, Harry’s good friends with him, perhaps he met him in the corridor and decided to spend some time with him. Blaise, go to Madam Pomfrey and see if she’s seen him. You come back here after!” He ordered them. “I’ll stay with the kids, but I’ll floo the family and let them know that we need them.”

The three rushed off and Nasta combed a hand through his hair roughly.

“Damn it Harry, where are you love?” He asked to the room at large before grabbing the pot of floo powder and setting to call their extended family to let them know that Harry was potentially missing. He was never going to let Harry out of his sight again after this; his heart couldn’t take so much adrenaline.
Harry was forcibly woken up by a spell only to find himself cuffed to a bed. Normally this would have gotten his heart racing in excitement for his creative, naughty mates, but the pain in his skull reminded him that he hadn’t been with his mates when he had lost consciousness. He rather thought that the last thing on their minds right now would be sex when the last thing that he remembered was being thrown face first into a suit of armour.

That and Theodore Nott was sat straddling his hips, which brought back his memory much quicker and he growled lowly, dangerously in the back of his throat.

“Now now, Potter, no need to be nasty. Astoria just wanted to bash your little head repeatedly against the plinth that you head-butted and be done with it, but I have a little something else in mind for you, so I sent her away to bed before she was missed by her fluttery dorm mates.”

It was with a jolt that Harry recognised the bed that he was on. He’d been on it before. It was Blaise’s bed in the Slytherin boys’ dormitory. It still smelt like Blaise and his mate hadn’t slept in it for a year. What angered him the most however was that Nott’s scent was on this bed too…he’d been sleeping in Blaise’s bed, inhaling the scent of his mate, carrying on his ridiculous delusion that he and Blaise would be together, while Blaise was actually up in their private rooms with him.

“Get off of me!” Harry snarled lowly, glaring heatedly at Nott.

“Was that the glare you gave the Dark Lord as you killed him? It gave me goosebumps, but a few raised bumps on my arms won’t stop me. I will have Blaise.”

“He doesn’t want you!” Harry snapped. “He’s never wanted you, he doesn’t even like you!”

The pain that rocked through Harry’s jaw had his head flying to the side against the pillows and breathing deeply. He needed to be more careful. He couldn’t let his mouth run away, his hands were literally tied, so he couldn’t defend himself.

He turned his head back to face Nott and he sneered heavily, a facial expression that he had picked up from Draco over the past year. Nott just grinned down at him, trailing his fingers through the blood on his hand that had come from Harry’s split lip.

“You’re insane.” Harry snapped. “There is something very fucking wrong with you!”

“Yes, there is and I’m looking at him!”
Nott smacked him again and Harry growled, tugging on whatever held his hands above his head.

“How am I here? Do you really think that Blaise won’t find me here?”

“This will be the last place in this entire school that they’ll look for you.” Nott smirked and Harry had a sinking feeling that he was right. “By then you’ll be damaged goods and not fit for anyone.”

“What do you mean?” Harry demanded, trying to sit up, but his restraints did not have a lot of give and he could barely get his shoulders up from the bed.

“Do you think that Blaise will want you after I’m through with you?” Nott asked him, a terrible glint in his eyes. “If I can’t have him, you sure as hell can’t!”

Nott hit him again and Harry blinked away the white dots floating in front of his eyes. He needed to focus, he needed to get out of this place and back to his mates.

When Nott started undoing his belt buckle, his mind clicked. Nott had called him damaged goods, had said that Blaise wouldn’t want him after he was done with him. He meant to rape him.

Harry thrashed and snarled at the fucker who wanted to do something so very heinous to him just because he had false notions of being with his mate.

“Get the fuck off me, Nott! Now!” He growled.

“Our children, he wants to take our children from us!” Passed through his mind and he remembered something so very important. If a submissive Dracken had sex, no matter if it was willingly or not, with a non-Dracken then they would become barren. His sac would destroy itself and he would not be able to have any more children for the rest of his life.

Draco’s face floated through his mind as he continued fighting Nott as best as he could with his arms restrained over his head. If this happened here and now, then he would never be able to give Draco biological children. Draco would never have a biological child if he chose to stay with him. Would Draco even stay with him if he couldn’t give him a child? Would he have a choice? An image of Lucius Malfoy looking down on him answered that thought. No. Draco would lose absolutely everything if he chose to stay with him after this, he couldn’t let it happen. He couldn’t.

He pulled his knee to his chest, wormed his foot between him and Nott and he kicked him as hard as he could, feeling very satisfied when Nott went tumbling over the end of the bed. Unfortunately Nott had had a handful of Harry’s waistline when he had kicked him and his button and a scrap of torn fabric had gone with Nott.

Harry scrambled up to the head of the bed and he controlled the panic building within him.
Panicking would not help him, he needed to have a clear head, he needed to think. He unsheathed his claws and sliced through whatever the hell was binding him to the bed before sheathing them again as Nott bore down on him again looking livid. No matter how much he wanted to kill this fucker, he couldn’t. Thinking of his family, of his children and his future children, he couldn’t put them at risk like that, he had enough of himself to know that. Harry Potter or no, defeater of Voldemort or no, if he came out as a Dracken now, then he would be executed as one and his family and his extended family would soon follow.

He surged to his knees, ignoring the tear in his trousers that was exposing his boxers underneath, and he met Nott head on, who was surprised to see him free of the bed. Harry couldn’t stop hitting him, knowing what this man had done, what he had wanted to do, what he was going to destroy, no matter if it had been unknowingly or not, all because of his delusion of being with Blaise, his mate, sent him into a raged fuelled attack on Nott.

The snores from the two beds with their curtains closed made him snarl too. Crabbe and Goyle had been in the room the entire time, there were no silencing wards or even privacy charms, and there was a full scale fight happening in the middle of it and they still didn’t wake up. Harry had no doubts that they were such heavy sleepers that he could have been screaming and crying for help and they wouldn’t have so much as stirred.

That made him angrier than he could have possibly imagined as he punched Nott, who went flying through the door and into the corridor beyond. Harry didn’t stop his assault as he followed, keeping his claws and fangs back by the last of his will power as he tried to beat a hole through Nott’s chest with his bare hands.

Nott managed to get to his feet and he shoved Harry, who just grabbed his wrists and swung Nott around and toppled him down the small flight of stairs and into the Slytherin common room, which was still quite full since the grandfather clock by the fire said it was near enough half eleven, though as most of them were sixth and seventh years they must have been studying.

“Theo? What in the name of Merlin happened to you?” Daphne Greengrass asked.

Harry growled and the Slytherins turned almost as one to look at him, but none of them did a thing to stop him when he jumped right back onto Nott and started hammering at him again, though two people ran out of the common room, likely in search of a Professor. It was just too bad that Snape wasn’t at the school currently, because he would have been the only Professor in this school with the physical strength to stop him as a Dracken himself.

“Potter! Stop it; you’re going to kill him!” Pansy Parkinson shouted. “Do you want his death on your hands? Think of your lovers! Your children! How can you think to put them through this for your own selfish gain?” She urged him and the red cloud covering his eyes and mind seeped off, leaving just anger and pain and an almost overwhelming fear. He wanted his mates, he needed them here with him, he wanted to feel their arms surrounding him, shielding him from everyone and everything.

He gave one last hit to Nott with the side of his clenched fist before allowing himself to fall off of
the body that he had pinned to the floor and battered.

“What did he do? How did you even get in here?” Pansy asked him as he breathed heavily on the cool stone floor.

“I don’t know how I got here. I woke up here.”

“What did he do that was so terrible, Harry?” Daphne asked, though from the way her eyes went to his ruined trousers to his red, raw and bleeding wrists, she had a very good guess.

Harry didn’t know if it was the use of his first name, the hint that she already knew or the soft tone used, but he answered her honestly.

“He wanted to rape me to get back at Blaise for choosing me over him.”

Pansy’s face hardened and her small fists clenched. She breathed in deeply before gesturing him to move away from Nott, who was breathing wetly on the floor, his eyes unfocused, but blinking up at the stone ceiling.

The young woman conjured a blanket and wrapped it around his shoulders just as the door burst open and the vast belly of a huffing Professor Slughorn appeared, followed by the rest of him as he cleared the door. His prominent gooseberry coloured eyes widened impossibly further as they took in Theodore Nott rolling onto his side on the floor and Harry a little way away at Pansy’s feet, blood covered and wrapped in a blanket.

“What on earth is going on here?” He asked in horror.

“He attacked me, Professor!” Nott breathed out, spitting a mouthful of blood onto the floor. “He should be expelled! Put in prison!”

Harry snorted and said nothing; Dumbledore was the only one with the power to expel a student, or McGonagall if the Headmaster was unavailable as the Deputy Headmistress. Once they arrived then he’d tell them exactly what happened, he’d even take Veritaserum if he had to, to prove that his story true and then they’d see who’d be expelled.

“Miss Bulstrode, if you’d be kind enough to go and get our Headmaster. Miss Greengrass, perhaps
our resident medi-witch also needs to be present, I don’t think either of these boys are up to the long trek to the hospital wing just yet.”

The two girls left and Harry just wanted the familiar feeling of four pairs of very strong arms around him, but how did he give out a distress call in a silent, cavernous room made of stone without everyone questioning his species? He’d just have to wait for Dumbledore to arrive, who could then send for his mates, who must be going mad with worry right about now with it coming up to midnight.

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Dumbledore arrived back to their rooms with Draco, and Nasta felt his heart plummet. Blaise was next to arrive only a minute later and he shook his head. Harry had not been in the hospital wing.

Nasta paced and when his family, Max’s family, Blaise’s Mother and Draco’s parents arrived, all cramming themselves into their small rooms. He informed them that Harry had gone missing.

“Weren’t you watching him?” Myron asked furiously.

Nasta gave him an unimpressed glare. “You might watch your mates every single hour of every single day, but I instil a little something called trust in all of my mates. Harry went with his friends after his last lesson and subsequently went missing between the library and making his way back here.”

“He didn’t let out a distress call?” His Father asked.

“No. I heard nothing and felt nothing and I still haven’t since we found him missing.”

“He’s unconscious then.” Marianna nodded, holding Blaise still as he tried to pace.

“Where is Max?” Richard asked.

“He’s checking out the last place that Harry may have gone to instead of here after leaving his friends.”
“I have all the paintings on the lookout for Harry.” Dumbledore informed them. “If one of them has seen anything, we will know.”

A small cry had Nasta sighing, feeling a small amount of irritation at his youngest child for disturbing the search for Harry, but he went to collect Leolin regardless, ordering someone, anyone, to boil the kettle for him.

He scooped Leolin up gently and made sure that the blanket was wrapped around him to stave off the night chill from his tiny body. He carried him out of the bedroom, only for his Father to take him straight off of him and go to the kitchenette to feed him.

“You have enough on your mind.” His Dad told him. “Focus on Harry for now, the kids will be fine with us.”

Max burst back into the room and it was clear that he was about to lose control, but Nasta didn’t have to do a thing as Myron was just there in front of his son, embracing him, soothing him and calming him down so that he didn’t accidentally unfurl his wings, show his scales or pop out his fangs and claws.

“I take it Harry wasn’t with Hagrid?” Nasta asked, the bottom falling out of his stomach, his Dracken telling him to search every single inch of this place until they found him, but he knew that rushing around like a maniac would hinder the search more than help. They needed to think clearly.

“It’s not that. I was coming back up from Hagrid’s, only I took the long way back as it was easier than heading to the back staircase and I smelt Harry’s blood on the sixth floor. It’s been cleaned up, but I could smell it clearly. It’s all over a suit of armour like he was pushed into it or something.”

It got slightly more difficult to control his Dracken once he had heard that Harry had been hurt, that he was bleeding, but through gritted teeth and his nails digging into his palm he managed to keep control, unfortunately Draco lost his and it was the first time that he had ever shown his parents his wings, fangs, claws and glittery scales that were reflecting the candle light of the room.

Nasta reasoned that Blaise didn’t lose control because Marianna was calming him and Max was now breathing deeply in his Father’s embrace, taking in his scent. Nasta shared a look with him, a look that said that whoever had hurt Harry was going to die.

“Headmaster Dumbledore!”
Nasta startled as the landscape portrait in their living room was suddenly occupied by the painting of a young girl holding a Crup.

“`You’re needed down in the dungeons, Sir. Professor Slughorn has called for you and for Madam Pomfrey.”`

“Then I believe that Horace has found Harry.” Dumbledore said tiredly.

“Draco, regain control of yourself or you’ll be left here.” Nasta ordered, pulling his subordinate’s head into his neck to breathe in his scent. One of the only things that was able to calm an enraged Dracken down was the scent of their top dominant, or a parent, but as both of Draco’s parents were human, that left just him.

Thankfully it didn’t take them long to get Draco calm and back to looking human with the threat of being left in their rooms before they were following Dumbledore down to the dungeons, they passed the suit of armour that smelt like Harry’s blood and it took all of their control and support of one another to remain calm. It was a very heavy, thick scent. Harry had bled a lot.

When they arrived to the Slytherin common room, being directed happily and a bit frantically by the painted people popping up in random portraits, it was to yelling and shouting and Nasta couldn’t help but think that maybe this was just a fight between two Slytherins that had escalated until the need of a medi-witch had arisen, that Harry wasn’t here at all. That thought flew out of the window as soon as he cleared the fake wall that hid the entrance to the Slytherin common rooms. He saw Harry first, his eyes were drawn to him and it was with a flash of almost uncontrollable anger that he took in his little submissive, blood covered and wrapped in a blanket, staring blankly at the wall as a girl with short black hair and a hard face screamed at a bloodied boy on the floor, who was being seen to by Madam Pomfrey.

Nasta felt an almost liquid sense of relief flow through his body as he saw Harry, alive and upright, though the amount of blood on Harry concerned him and the blank look almost stopped his heart as he rushed to Harry, sinking down in front of him and holding him tight.

Harry jumped as arms slid around him, before he recognised those arms, the scent surrounding him and he clenched his arms around Nasta as tightly as he could, taking comfort from the three other pairs of arms that surrounded him.

“What has happened here?” Dumbledore’s voice cut through the screaming.

“He’s a monster, Headmaster!” The girl shrieked and Nasta’s head shot up, wondering if she meant Harry, wondering if she had seen anything that linked Harry to his Dracken side, but she was pointing to the boy on the floor and not to Harry.
“That little freak attacked me!” The boy screeched, spraying out a mouthful of blood.

Harry flinched in their arms and Nasta’s hand jumped to his hair, petting and combing through it, soothing him as he was called that word.

“You deserved it and more!” The girl shouted back. “What you were going to do to him, Nott was utterly foul and unforgivable!”

“Nott?” Blaise snapped his head around to face the bloodied boy, the first time he had taken his eyes off of Harry since they had arrived. “Theo?”

“Look what that thing did to me, Blaise! How can you even like him?” Theo spat.

“What did you do?!” Blaise hissed at Theo, but Harry’s head turned to Blaise, as if he had entertained the thought, for even a moment, that Blaise had been talking to him.

“I didn’t do anything! He attacked me, Blaise! Please listen to me!”

“You are saying that Mister Potter broke into the Slytherin common room just to attack you, am I right, Mister Nott?” Dumbledore asked softly.

“Yes Sir, he was like a wild animal! Look at the state of me, Sir!”

“Mister Potter, how did you come to be in the Slytherin common room at this time of night?”

“I don’t know, Sir. I woke up here after Nott knocked me out on a suit of armour.”

“Where was this suit of armour located, Mister Potter?”

“On the sixth floor, near Professor Slughorn’s office.” Harry croaked, his hands clenching in Nasta’s shirt.
Dumbledore nodded as if Harry had revealed some secret knowledge or had confirmed something the Professor had known that no one else did, but as Max smoothed his ruffled hair from his forehead and kissed the skin there, Harry let it go. He felt weak and shaken, he just wanted some sleep and to never let his dominants go ever again.

“Stay calm.” Harry breathed softly. “Our secret is safe, they don’t know, none of them do, just stay calm.”

“We are calm, Harry.” Draco answered burying his nose into the back of his neck. “Though I think Blaise is going to kill Nott. Good riddance I say.”

“You won’t be in a minute.” Harry said ominously as he poked his head out from the tangle of arms, shooting an arm out to tug at Blaise’s shirt.

Blaise stood back a few paces until he was pressed against Max’s back, his hand in Harry’s, squeezing comfortably.

“So Mister Nott, we have gathered that you attacked Mister Potter on the sixth floor and managed to get him down to the Slytherin common room, where upon Mister Potter woke from his unconsciousness and attacked you. Is that what happened?”

“There are too many missing hours.” Draco whispered.

“Did anyone see Mister Nott bringing in Mister Potter? Or in the case of Mister Nott’s version, see Mister Potter entering the Slytherin common room of his own volition?”

“No Sir.” Pansy answered. “At about twenty-five minutes to midnight, Nott appeared to fall down the stairs from the boys dormitories, he was covered in blood. Harry followed a moment or two later, also covered in blood and he started fighting with Nott.”

“So they came from the boys dormitories? Is there anyone who can account for what happened in the boys dormitories other than Mister Nott and Mister Potter?”

When no one stepped forward Dumbledore sighed. “Very well. I will ask Mister Nott and Mister Potter to accompany me to the hospital wing to give statements. Miss Parkinson, if you would be willing to also come as you seem to have the most inclination as to what has truly happened.”
“Professor, I also saw everything from the moment that Harry and Theo entered the common room from the boys’ dorms.” Daphne spoke up.

“Yes, of course, if you wouldn’t mind also accompanying us, Miss Greengrass?”

Harry was carried securely by Nasta as Nott was levitated by Madam Pomfrey, much to his embarrassment if his undignified screeches were any indication. Harry wrapped arms and legs securely around Nasta and rested his head on his shoulder. He felt safe and calm, but he couldn’t get warm, even with the blanket still wrapped around him. He shivered and Nasta held him tighter. It still wasn’t enough.

They made it to the hospital wing and Nasta sat on a bed, Harry in his lap still being cuddled. Draco climbed up next to them, wrapping a hand around Harry’s and bringing it to his mouth and Blaise sat on the end of the bed by Nasta’s feet glaring at Theo, who was in the opposite bed.

“Now boys, tell me what happened.” Dumbledore intoned seriously. “Mister Nott, please go first.”

“He attacked me, Sir. He must have been using that invisibility cloak of his. Draco told me about it in third year.”

“Mister Potter, do you have your invisibility cloak on you at this present time?”

“No Sir, it’s in my trunk in our bedroom. No. Actually I think it’s in Blaise’s trunk, I might have put it there when I went looking for one of his jumpers to wear when I was cold.” Harry said as he glared at Nott. Blaise’s hand found his thigh and curled around it lovingly and protectively. Nott saw it and he bared blood stained teeth at him.

“How long ago did you put it there, Mister Potter?”

“About two weeks ago, Sir. I had it out when I went digging through my trunk for my photo album.”

“You mean when you turfed out your entire trunk onto our bedroom floor.” Draco grumbled good naturedly, nuzzling his cheek against Harry’s torn and sticky knuckles and the back of his hand, kissing it lightly, not caring who was watching or about the blood his lips found there.
“So you do not have your cloak on you?” Dumbledore reiterated.

“No Sir.”

“He’s obviously lying!” Nott spat as he had his cuts tended to by a silent Madam Pomfrey.

“Accio Harry Potter’s cloak.” Dumbledore said clearly, aiming his wand at him. He cancelled the spell when no cloak was immediately forthcoming to prevent any cloak of his from flying through the school.

“We have established that Mister Potter does not have his invisibility cloak with him at this present time. Now, Mister Potter, it is your turn to shed some light on this situation.”

“Well I got dragged off by Ginny to the library after the last lesson of the day. I spent an hour or two with my friends and then I headed back to our rooms. I was on the sixth floor when a spell went past my head and I turned to see Nott.”

“He shot a spell at you first?” Dumbledore interrupted.

“I didn’t even know he was there until he shot the spell at me, Sir.”

“Very well, carry on, Mister Potter.”

“He started saying a lot of things about Blaise, about how he loved him and that they were supposed to be together, that they had planned to have sex as soon as he was seventeen in November and that I had ruined it by taking Blaise from him on Halloween night.”

“That’s not…!”

“Let Mister Potter finish please, Mister Zabini.” Dumbledore chided.
“He started going on about how I had drugged both Blaise and Draco with love potion to make them be with me because they wouldn’t like me any other way. He said that Blaise really loved him and that Draco wasn’t gay and was supposed to be with Astoria Greengrass.”

Daphne made a small noise and Dumbledore held a hand up to prevent her interruption.

“I… I can’t remember much of what happened next, but I told Nott that I hadn’t drugged either of them and then someone shouted from behind me. I… I was damned stupid. Moody would kill me, but I spun fully around instead of half way around and putting my back to the wall. Astoria was behind me with her wand out and I tried to correct myself and put my back to the wall but a spell hit me full in the back and sent me into a suit of armour.” Harry reached up and touched the large split in his forehead which was also the size of a duck egg. “And I don’t remember anything after that, Sir. The next thing I knew I was waking up in the Slytherin boy’s dormitory.”

“So Astoria Greengrass has a part in this also? Horace, if you would be so kind as to fetch the younger Miss Greengrass, I would like to speak to her about her part in this. Mister Potter, what happened in the boys’ dormitory?”

“I was restrained to a bed. Blaise’s old bed.” Harry said softly, knowing that this next part would test the control of all of his mates, Blaise especially as his slender hand tightened around his own. “He said something about me not being nasty because Astoria had wanted to bash my head against the plinth the armour was on to get rid of me outright, but he said that he had something else in mind for me. He had sent Astoria to bed before she was missed by her housemates.”

Harry breathed out shakily and he took in a deep breath of Nasta’s scent, calming himself enough to carry on.

“What happened next, Mister Potter?”

“I… I’m not sure, we were talking, mostly about Blaise, but he hit me a few times for saying that Blaise didn’t want him and then again when I called him insane and once more when he said that if he couldn’t have Blaise then I couldn’t either. I asked why I was in the Slytherin dormitory of all places and he said that it was the last place anyone would look for me. He said…” Harry licked his lips and breathed deeply and calmly. “He said that after he was through with me then I’d be damaged goods, that Blaise wouldn’t look twice at me, that if he couldn’t have Blaise then neither could I, that he was going to make it so that Blaise wouldn’t want me anymore.”

“Did Mister Nott explain what he meant by that?” Dumbledore asked softly, a deadly fire lighting up his blue eyes.
“He meant to rape me.” Harry answered into the soft silence of the hospital wing and all at once he was holding onto Draco tightly as the blond snarled and Max lunged to secure Blaise from ripping Nott’s head off.

“How dare you!” Blaise howled. “How dare you think that you can do that to one of the people I love the most. That I would just abandon Harry and my children just because you had sunk so low as to violate him! You don’t know me, Theo! You only saw what you wanted to see, that’s why I started distancing myself from you! We were best friends, you were one of my only friends, but this is inexcusable! How dare you do this to Harry in my name, in my name!” Blaise screamed as he tried to fight off Max to get to the man in the bed.

“Blaise please.” Harry said softly, tugging on the hand that he had clenched his fingers around.

Blaise turned to him and took his face into his hands and kissed him.

“Mi dispiace, Prezioso. Mi dispiace.” Blaise cried.

“You have nothing to be sorry for, Blaise.” Nasta said calmly. “It wasn’t your fault. It’s his.”


Blaise smiled and brushed away the wetness in his eyes. “Ti amo.”

“Mister Potter, did Mister Nott achieve what he had set out to do?”

The tension had been thick before, but it escalated now as they remembered the dead eyes that Harry had when they had first found him, the knowledge weighing heavy that if Nott had managed to do what he had wanted to do, then Harry was barren, that they would never have any more children because of one man.

“No.” Harry answered quickly to dispel the rising tension. “No, don’t think bad of me, Professor, but if he had, he wouldn’t be alive, but he tried very hard to do it.”
Harry opened the blanket and leant back in Nasta’s arms to show his ruined trousers, the button ripped off, the zip damaged and the fabric torn.

“I tore the restraints that he had put me in until they broke, it felt like a scarf or some such material, but it was cold, so I think it might have been conjured, but once I knew what he was trying to do, I had to get him off of me, I couldn’t let him use me like that, so I got my leg under and between our bodies, because he had thankfully not restrained my legs, and I kicked him off. I tugged my arms free and I just couldn’t stop myself from hitting him, Professor, not after what he had done, not after what he had said and what he had planned to do to me in Blaise’s bed.”

“I think I have heard enough.” Dumbledore said gravelly. “I will call the school governors and your parents Mister Nott and we shall see about having you expelled from this school for this incident.”

“What?! He’s lying!” Nott cried out.

“No, I do not believe that he is. His account makes much more sense and it ties in with Miss Parkinson’s and Miss Greengrass’ account of what they saw after you had left the boys’ dormitory, though if you would like we can use Veritaserum to corroborate your story.”

Theo remained silent and Harry snuggled into Nasta more, sucking in a breath when his large fingers came too close to the bump and split on his forehead.

“I’m sorry, love.” Nasta murmured, kissing just off from his injury.

“S’okay, I just want to be held.” Harry answered.

Draco pressed up against his back, the expensive cologne that he always wore was a familiar and comforting scent as he cuddled in tightly to Nasta, thinking and overthinking everything. If Nott had succeeded or if he had raped him while he had been unconscious, then he would be barren, his sac irreparably destroyed. He would never have had any more children and yes, while he grumbled and bitched about having more, when faced with never having another child ever again, he found that the idea of more children was appealing, that he did want more, just not right now. But if he had to choose between being pregnant right now or being barren, he knew which one he would choose and it would be the one he would carry on choosing as well, the thought of being unable to give his mates children made him feel physically sick and it sent a cold sensation of ice slicing down his spine.

He didn’t realise that he was crying until Max wiped the tears from his cheeks.
“Don’t cry, love. It’s going to be fine. We love you and of course we’ll support you.”

“I ache.” Harry admitted shyly and quietly unused to asking for help to deal with pain, but he couldn’t ignore the agony that he was in any longer.

He was smothered, but much gentler than usual, no mate touching more than fingertips against him barring Nasta, whose lap he was still sat in.

Madam Pomfrey was there then with a potion that he recognised from Max’s potion’s case. A strong pain reliever. He refused the second potion offered to him, one that he recognised as a dreamless sleeping potion. He was getting much better at recognising potions on sight thanks to Max, which from Madam Pomfrey and his mates’ point of view, wasn’t a good thing currently.

“Harry, perhaps it’ll be better if you just sleep for now.” Madam Pomfrey encouraged softly.

Harry shook his head. “I want to see the kids first.”

“Then you’ll take it?” Madam Pomfrey questioned and she smiled thinly when he nodded tiredly.

Max accepted the potion vial that was offered to him and he slipped it into his pocket, trusting that it was unbreakable, as most potion vials were nowadays, or at least should be.

“You took a bad bump to the head, you have a concussion, Harry.”

“I was asleep for about three or four hours, if I had concussion then the damage would already be done wouldn’t it?”

Madam Pomfrey checked him for any more serious damage. “You had a bad headache yes?”

Harry nodded. “Not any more though, thanks to the pain reliever.”

“You may experience some after effects, Harry including nausea, headaches, an intolerance to light or noise, drowsiness and you may become easily upset, confused or withdrawn. You may also have
problems with concentration; all of these are normal and should last for a few days. Usually I would keep you here, but given your circumstances and that you have dependent children, I will let you leave, but you are excused from lessons for the rest of the week. I expect him to be rested and taken care of.” The matron directed at his mates, who all nodded seriously.

Harry sighed, he was relieved to be excused from lessons, not so happy that he had to be kept on bed rest, but he supposed that he could deal with it, seeing as it was only Max and Nasta that he had to deal with for most of the day and not all four of his overprotective mates.

“Your bumps and bruises will heal, I’m sure Maximilius has some bruise salve for you so I won’t give you any more and your cuts will heal fine, you have no broken bones so I’m happy to let you go with the promise that you will take that dreamless sleep potion soon, you need to rest.”

Harry was excused then, he wasn’t happy to see a sleepy Astoria standing with Professor Slughorn on the way out, her eyes widened when she saw him and she looked fearfully from Professor Slughorn, to Professor Dumbledore and finally to her older sister. She swallowed heavily as Draco glared hatefully at her as they passed, Max keeping the blond and Blaise well away from the bed containing Nott and they gave a wide berth to Astoria as they left too.

“Brace yourself for when we get back, Harry, we were worried, so we called in the family to help look after the kids while we looked for you.” Max told him.

“I assumed as much, I know you’d never leave our babies alone, no matter if I was being slaughtered in the next room.”

His mates flinched and Harry mentally hit himself for the insensitive remark. He blamed it on the concussion and the trauma of the day he had had.

“Let’s not think about that just now.” Max soothed softly, brushing Harry’s hair through his fingers gently.

“Can I have some tea before I take that potion?” He asked softly, asking purely because he didn’t want to make it himself. He didn’t want to do much of anything himself at the moment.

“Of course.” Nasta said as they reached the seventh floor and headed towards their rooms.
“Also, can we please not talk about this tonight? I just want some tea, I want to hold my babies and then I want to sleep.”

Nasta sighed. “Whatever you want, Harry, but we will be talking about this.”

“I know.”

They reached their rooms quickly after that and no amount of bracing would have prepared him for the onslaught of concern from the family members, the backlash of him being missing for seven or eight hours now.

“Alright!” Nasta called out loudly. “Calm down, just sit and breathe while we get Harry settled. Do you want me to tell them, Harry or would you rather do it yourself?”

“Please.” Harry said softly as he clung to Nasta and insecurely tried to hide himself in his shirt, something that he hadn’t felt the need to do for a year now as he tucked his chin into his collar and averted his eyes away from everyone else, trying to bury himself in Nasta.

Nasta shifted him to the rug in front of the fire and held a hand out to Draco, who took the blanket from the back of one of the settees and threw it to him, though as Nasta leant backwards to cover him with the blanket, Myron, ever the observant one, noticed his ruined trousers.

“You were violated.” His voice was soft, his eyes compassionate, but the terrible anger that trembled through his body was palpable. A large fist clenched tightly, the dry, calloused skin creaking softly with how fierce Myron clenched his hands together. “By who?” He demanded furiously.

“Harry wasn’t violated.” Nasta said calmly as the room was set to go berserk.

“So you’re not barren?” Ashleigh asked tearfully.

Harry shook his head softly as he lay back against the rug, Blaise handed him Braiden and Harry smiled, Braiden always made him smile, especially when his six month old pouted his mouth and clenched his sticky fingers in his hair for a kiss.
“Your trousers?” Myron asked unrelentingly.

“Harry wasn’t violated, but the person who attacked him tried very hard to do it.”

“Is this person still alive?” Aneirin asked, a glint that Harry had never seen before in his eyes.

“He wishes he was dead.” Harry answered. “I did a number on him.”

“He did a number on you too.” Marianna said as she looked pointedly to the bruising bump on his head with the bloody gash through it, his bruised cheek and his split lip.

Harry raised a hand to touch the large bloody bump and grimaced. “I hit my head on a suit of armour.”

“Do you have a concussion?” Lucius asked.

Harry nodded.

“He’s on bed rest for the rest of the week.” Max said as he handed Harry a cup of tea and handed out more cups to everyone else.

“You need to be more careful, Harry; even if it’s not consensual you’ll still end up barren, why didn’t you give out a distress call?” Richard asked.

“I know that, it’s all I could think about. Every thought going through my mind was that if he had managed to do what he wanted to, that I would never have another baby again.” Harry replied, his mind going back to the struggle on that bed. “There was never an opportunity to give out the call, I was knocked unconscious, then I was fighting and then I was in a near silent, stone room, the call would have echoed and I didn’t want my family in danger because I couldn’t wait a little longer for comfort.”

“We’ve got you now, love.” Nasta assured him, laying a large hand against his cheek.
Harry sat up and gulped his tea, Braiden being held in his lap, little fist in mouth.

“You had a lucky escape.” Ashleigh told him.

“I know!” Harry snapped. “I don’t want to be reminded of how close I came to being raped every five minutes, I know what happened, I know what was at stake, but I remained calm and I kept my head. I got myself out of my restraints and out of the situation by kicking seven shades of shit out of him. It didn’t happen and I’ll never let it happen, not while I’m still alive and able to fight.”

“You were restrained? To what?” Myron asked him unforgivingly, not letting him drop the subject, no matter how upset it was making him.

Harry sighed and steeled himself to talking about what happened when all he wanted was to go to sleep.

“A bed. He tied me to a bed in the Slytherin dormitory.”

“He was a Slytherin then?”

Harry rubbed his face and tugged on his hair.

“It was Theodore Nott.” He said. “He thinks that he’s in love with Blaise and that Blaise would love him back if I was out of the picture.”

“That boy is still pesterling you?” Marianna asked Blaise, who sighed heavily and bit his lip in frustration.

“Yes, I never thought it would go this far or get this serious, it’s my fault. I never took Theo seriously, he said that he’d kill the Ravenclaw that I went to the Yule Ball with in fourth year and he never. He said he’d kill that fling I had in the summer when I was sixteen, he didn’t. When he started on Harry, I didn’t think anything of it.”

“None of us thought Nott of all people would go after Harry.” Draco put in. “He’s all talk.”
“Well apparently he’s not.” Myron snarked.

“He was mostly talk.” Harry said with a small smile. “He went on long monologues worthy of Azkaban’s finest. He only hit me three times in the six hours that he had me at his mercy. Not including the spell that sent me into that suit of armour.”

“Was it a stunner?” Max asked concernedly.

“You know, I’m not sure.” Harry frowned. “Astoria was behind me, so I turned around and I was more focused on her wand and getting my back to a wall, but I don’t think it hurt, hitting my head on that armour hurt.”

“Where did the spell hit you?” Nasta asked.

“Middle of my back I think, maybe a bit higher.” Harry answered.

Nasta nudged him over and Harry huffed as he rolled over, laying Braiden on his back between his elbows and nuzzling into his clothing, kissing his cheeks and pecking his little mouth, ignoring the drool that covered it and his chin.

Nasta slipped his shirt up and hissed, Harry felt a firm mouth press against his skin and a tongue flicked over it, Harry just focused on Braiden who yawned and his gorgeous indigo eyes partly closed. It was then that Harry realised the time, that his baby boy was awake at nearing two in the morning.

“Why is Braiden still awake?” He asked, trying not to get angry.

“He wouldn’t drop off, honey. He missed his Mother.” Narcissa told him.

Harry sighed and dropped his head so he was looking into Braiden’s eyes.

“You are a stubborn little boy.” Harry said gently, kissing Braiden’s soft cheek. “Are you done molesting my back?” He demanded of Nasta, whose tongue was still licking away.
“It was either a melting spell or a fire spell, those robes that Draco encouraged you to buy might have saved you a lot of pain and suffering. You have a hell of a burn on your back, Cariad.”

“Thank you, Draco.” Harry said softly as he rolled onto one elbow to look over his shoulder to try and see where Nasta was licking, he could only just see the edge of a red raw mark. “Is it bad, bad? Do I need to see Madam Pomfrey again?”

Max touched the spot gently and due to the pain reliever in his system Harry didn’t even flinch.

“I stock burn salves because of Nasta’s idiotic and incredibly dangerous job in which he has the annoying habit of being burnt often, it might be too strong a dosage for this, as your robes did take most of the damage, but I’ll apply it anyway and keep an eye on it, one of us should probably give you a mouthful of blood to be sure, but you’ll be fine.”

“I don’t mind donating blood.” Blaise told him, sitting down next to Braiden, petting his thick black hair lovingly.

Harry smiled and pulled Blaise’s arm to his mouth as he let his fangs come out and he bit Blaise gently before sucking as softly as he could so that he didn’t hurt Blaise unnecessarily.

Licking the four holes in Blaise’s arm lovingly, Harry smiled at him in thanks as he let himself relax and he dropped his head onto Braiden’s belly.

“Let’s get the both of you to bed.” Nasta’s tone left no room for argument, not that Harry was arguing, he was getting very tired. Two in the morning was far too late to be going to bed, it was a good thing that he wasn’t in lessons tomorrow, not so good for Draco and Blaise, who did have lessons in the morning.

Once assured that he was well and was being taken care of, their family left them to get ready for bed as it was getting later and later, though after he had put Braiden into his cot and kissed Farren, Calix, Regan, Tegan and Leolin, who were all sleeping, Harry was feeling very uncomfortable and insecure so he happily allowed Nasta to feed him the purple coloured, dreamless sleep potion, undress him, to redress him in his pyjamas and to tuck him into bed when Nasta offered to do so. He was feeling just a tad clingy to his mates and he hoped that they didn’t notice that he was snuggling into them tighter than normal, or if they did, that they wouldn’t say anything, because he didn’t want to stop the feeling of comfort and security that they provided as he wrapped himself tighter around Draco, Blaise’s hand was on his hip, Nasta was wrapped around his back and Harry made sure to trap Max’s hand between his body and Draco’s.
He wanted to be clingy for a little while, just to make him feel better, he didn’t want to be questioned on it, his feelings or his motives, he just wanted to be held as he slept, preferably in silence, though as Blaise had the very adorable habit of snuffling in his sleep, complete silence was out, but as long as none of them were talking or questioning him, he could live with soft breathing, muffled heartbeats, baby murmurs and Blaise’s snuffling. In fact, the familiar noises of the night helped ease him into sleep and as Max nudged Nasta with his hips, who then pressed tighter against him, he smiled and his body went near boneless as the potion took over and he fell into a deep, healing sleep.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Happy Halloween! Have fun and be safe tonight lovelies, I’ll happily be staying inside and eating all the sweets I bought for Trick or Treaters because Wales is going to be drenched with a very heavy downfall that’ll last all night.
On the topic of America and Hurricane Sandy, I hope you’re all safe and will remain so until it passes, I know many areas are suffering with floods, blackouts and power outages, my thoughts are with you all and I hope this hurricane passes quickly.

I’m done until the next chapter! I’m thinking a Scaled Bits next and then I’ll try and get the third chapter of Lycanthrope Factory out, but I never know what I want to write, so we may have chapter 63 before anything else, it all depends.
I hope you have enjoyed this chapter, I have a lot more up my sleeve to come and I hope you enjoy those and this just as much as you have the previous 61 chapters,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

He wanted to be clingy for a little while, just to make him feel better, he didn’t want to be questioned on it, his feelings or his motives, he just wanted to be held as he slept, preferably in silence, though as Blaise had the very adorable habit of snuffling in his sleep, complete silence was out, but as long as none of them were talking or questioning him, he could live with soft breathing, muffled heartbeats, baby murmurs and Blaise’s snuffling. In fact, the familiar noises of the night helped ease him into sleep and as Max nudged Nasta with his hips, who then pressed tighter against him, he smiled and his body went near boneless as the potion took over and he fell into a deep, healing sleep.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Sixty-Three – Mine

Harry ate his toast happily enough, Draco and Blaise had been gone before he had even stirred from the bed, he had slept for so long, but he felt so refreshed and amazed as he cuddled a month old Calix in one arm, his other still feeding himself his toast.

“He looks so sweet with black eyes.” Harry announced, making Nasta look up from his paperwork and Max to stop his game with Braiden and look over with a grin.

“Of course he does, he’s my son. My little dainty son, think he’ll be a fruit like his old men?”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Stop being so disparaging! He’s our baby.”

“I’m not being disparaging; I think it’s great he’ll be taking after the both of us by becoming a fruit.”

“Is this what you and Nasta do all day when I’m in lessons? Call our children fruits?”
“Don’t bring me into this, I haven’t opened my mouth.” Nasta said, quill not stopping its incessant scratching against the parchment. “And no Max does not sit here all day and call our children fruits, this is the first time I’ve heard it.”

“Well Calix is a dainty little thing.”

“So was Caesar.” Harry countered.

Max hummed. “I can’t counter that, he was. You should have seen him, he was so short and so slim, soft and sweet, I still say he should have been a fruit.”

“Will you stop saying that word?!” Harry snapped.

Max laughed. “I was thinking that Calix would be a sweet fruit, something that also has a kick and a hardness to it, maybe an apple?”

“Did you give him alcohol?” Harry asked Nasta. “No, stupid question, Max have you drank any alcohol?”

“What? No.”

“He just likes spending time with you, Harry.” Nasta said. “So he’s being more…childish than usual.”

Max grinned before Braiden caught his attention by patting him.

“What do you want, cutie?” He cooed. “I’d give you my hair but I’ve had it cut so there’s not enough for you to grab, even with your teeny weeny fingers.”

“Right, I’m done for the morning.” Nasta said, standing with a groan, stretching his back. “How are you feeling, Harry?”

“Fine. My head aches and my back aches, but other than that…” Harry trailed off as Nasta gave
him a look. He blew out a breath. “I want to kill him.” He admitted bitterly. “Is that what you wanted to hear? I want to kill another person because that bastard doesn’t deserve to live after what he did to me, not after what he wanted to do to me! Expulsion isn’t enough.”

Nasta pulled him into a hug, trapped his face between his hands and kissed him hard.

“There’s no shame in what you’re feeling. That man wanted to do terrible things to you; of course you want him dead or at the very least hurting. It was unknowing of the full consequences yes, but that man threatened our family, both current and future. That man could have ripped away your ability to bear our children, it’s normal that you want him dead.”

“It’s not normal to wish another person dead!”

Nasta kissed him hard once more before looking him right in the eyes. “Yes it is.”

“Nasta’s right, Harry, people wish those who have hurt them dead all the time and it’s a psychological response to what happened to you, to what you went through. It’s a coping mechanism if you will, and it’s completely normal. I want to take my claws to his throat, I won’t throw away my entire family to do it over the likes of him, but I want to. I wish I could tear into him like a wild animal, take my teeth and claws to him and reduce him to a pile of meat and blood, but I won’t, that doesn’t make me a bad person, Harry, it just makes me normal, or as normal as Drackens get. I was very surprised that Draco and Blaise kept it together though.”

“You don’t give them enough credit.” Nasta told him. “Blaise and Draco have come a long way in a year; heavy responsibility has matured them faster and changed them for the better. This family, our family, has shaped them into the men that they are today and they’ve taken on all of that and they are still standing, they could have left, they could have abandoned all of us and our children, but they haven’t.”

“I always said that a man who could abandon his family is not a real man.”

“Growing up without a family, it was difficult.” Harry said softly. “I wanted to be included, I wanted to be praised and loved and I wasn’t, no matter what I did I was always wrong. I was always the bad one, always the one in the wrong. I couldn’t imagine our family being broken up now, I couldn’t stand it.”

“They’ll get what’s coming to them.” Max said through gritted teeth. “I was talking to my Dad
yesterday, their application to move their trial back five months for the sake of their son’s exams was denied on the grounds that it would put undue stress upon the victim, which means you, and affect your own exams, so the courts rejected their application. They’re now squabbling over when to actually set the date. Dad said that he’s never known a case like it, though it gives him time to come and speak to you some more, are you alright with that, Harry?”

Harry nodded glumly. He knew it would have been brought back up again some when because Richard and his team needed more information from him, memories and accounts of incidents that only he would be able to provide. Harry just wanted this over and done with already. This long, seemingly endless waiting was making him jittery. Throw him head first into something and he was fine, but make him wait and wait for something that he knew was going to happen eventually and he got nervous.

“It’ll be alright, love.” Max assured. “You know my Dad; it’ll be easier to talk to him about it rather than some random stranger. He’ll be kind and gentle, it’ll be fine. They have enough physical evidence to convict them, but if you were to give accounts of what happened, things that didn’t have physical evidence, they’ll be incriminated further.”

“I know.” Harry replied softly, pulling Calix in to hold him tighter, smiling widely when those black eyes focused on his mouth, even though he didn’t feel like smiling.

“Let’s not talk of this right now.” Nasta coaxed softly.

“What else is there to talk about? My life’s a disaster!”

Nasta sighed and stood, coming around the other side of the kitchenette table and pulling him into a hug.

“Your life isn’t a disaster, Harry, you’ve just had a lot of bad things happen to you that weren’t your fault and personally, the way that you handled Nott was spectacular. Beating the absolute shit out of him like you did showed amazing strength and control. Do you think that Blaise or Draco could have done that in your place? Do you think they would have been able to hold back their Drackens and not just outright killed him?”

“What if he had tied my legs down as well?” Harry voiced aloud the fear that had been gnawing at him since yesterday. “What if I hadn’t been able to get my leg between our bodies and kick him off?”
“Then you would have used your claws to get your hands free and then you would have pummelled the shit out of him with your hands.” Max told him surely.

“It would have been too dangerous, what if he would have seen my claws?”

“He was more focused on getting your belt off wasn’t he? He wouldn’t have seen, besides who would he tell? Dumbledore, Madam Pomfrey? They both knew that you were a Dracken, I think they were surprised that Nott wasn’t a pile of meat as well.”

Harry smiled a bit, reassured that even if Nott had restrained his legs, that he would have been able to get himself out of the situation.

“Esmeralda is here.” Harry announced, directing Max to his owl in the window.

“Ah, there’s my little girl.” Max cooed, Nasta and Harry shared a grin. “It’s from Caesar.”

Max read it and then he couldn’t stop grinning, he let out a laugh and swaggered over to the table, sitting on Harry’s other side.

“You Harry, are a miracle worker.”

“I am?”

“Caesar has delightedly reported that Amelle had two dry heats and then a fertile heat since you spoke to her, Harry, which has left her nine days pregnant.”

Harry grinned widely as he took the letter from Max to read for himself.

“I have to write to her.” Harry declared. “I have to remind her that she needs to have a baby girl.”

Harry rushed off, though not so fast as to jar baby Calix, to get parchment, ink and a quill so that he could write to Amelle, he’d leave it to Max to write his baby brother back.
Harry was on a high for the next week as he corresponded back and forth with Amelle, who was so excited for her forming baby and she promised him that she would do everything in her power to have a baby girl for him, she confided that a baby boy at this point was not entirely welcome after her first son had been killed so ruthlessly. She was getting better with her new counsellor, but it would be a while before she could get over her son’s murder, so she was willing herself to have another daughter.

His sons and daughter were coming along so well that it was almost unreal as the quintuplets came up to six weeks old. Four of them had had their Dragon Pox vaccinations, but little Leolin hadn’t had any vaccinations because of his immature immune system. His Leolin who was still so tiny, who had put on barely two pounds since his birth, who was still having the same amount of milk as a week old baby. Harry tried to feed him more, but the bottle ended up being wasted as Leolin did not finish his feeds and refused to suckle any more after his little belly was full.

Nasta tried to soothe him and tell him that this was normal for Faerie babies, that because Leolin's rate of growth was so significantly smaller and slower than his siblings, that it would take him half a year to get to the point that his siblings were at currently.

Farren on the other hand was drinking four ounces of milk every four hours, almost the same as Braiden, who was four months older, and who was now taking in six and a quarter ounces of milk and now weighing fourteen pounds ten ounces and measured at twenty-five centimetres. Blaise was very proud of how Braiden was coming on, but Max was the gloater, telling Blaise that his son would be bigger in the next coming months than Braiden, who was four months older, but Blaise just smiled and said that Braiden was perfect how he was and that he wouldn’t change him. Draco didn’t like it though, and he pointed out that Calix was, after Leolin, the smallest baby that they had at five pounds and he was Max’s too, Max had laughed it off and said that Calix took after Harry’s side of the family, to which Harry had scowled heavily.

“What has Max said now?” Nasta sighed as he put his quill down and looked at the pout on Harry’s lips as Harry joined him in the kitchenette.

“What.” Harry huffed.

“If he doesn’t control his excitement a bit more then I’m going to kill him and stuff his bulky body into the wardrobe.” Nasta complained.

This had the good fortune to remind Harry of his first heat with Draco and Blaise and the, then unknown, dominant stuffed into the wardrobe. Max had started his mated life with him in a wardrobe and now it seemed that his life would end in one, which of course Harry found hilarious as he doubled over, actually crying with laughter.
“What?” Nasta asked curiously before understanding dawned on him. “You’re thinking about Max in the wardrobe aren’t you?”

Harry nodded, still grinning.

“I forgot that Draco and Blaise had forced him into the wardrobe when you came off of your heat.”

Harry came and slipped onto Nasta’s lap, this was his last week out of lessons, next Monday he was back to business as usual as Nott’s expulsion had been made final and Harry’s aches and pains had gone and he was feeling better about everything that had happened. Though hearing declarations of physical harm and threats of death and then ingestion from his mates also helped and it kept him laughing.

They were angry, livid really, they each wanted to cause pain to Nott, but Harry wouldn’t let them, he said that it was over and done with. He reminded them that he was healing nicely and he just wanted to forget about it, but every now and then one of his mates would think too heavily and let out a feral growl, or drag him onto their laps or into their arms to sniff and lick at him. Harry conquered this by not giving them enough time to stop and think about anything for too long, with six babies this was easier than breathing, all he had to do was tell them to go hand wash some dirty sleepsuits and bibs or change or feed a baby.

The quintuplets were now getting more and more active and Harry almost screamed when he was doing some catch up homework given to him by Draco, courtesy of Professor McGonagall, and Regan suddenly started cooing and gurgling to himself.

“How is that possible?” he asked surprised.

“I…oh…oh! Regan was speaking!” He told them excitedly, going back to his little son, though he had to shift himself carefully because of a little problem that seeing Max’s naked state had caused him.

Both men sagged as the adrenaline eased out of their systems. Nasta placed a large hand over Regan’s head and combed thick fingers through the baby fine black hair. Regan gurgled at the affection shown to him.
“Who’s such a clever boy.” Max cooed back, using the tip of one finger to caress a soft cheek as the rest of him was soapy.

“He’s mine, of course he’s clever.” Nasta gave the other man a light shove, avoiding the soapy areas.

“They’re all clever.” Harry settled, giving a light glare to the other two.

“Yes, of course they are, but Regan is talking first.” Nasta refused to relent.

Harry shook his head and he let it go, they were proud of their children and he was too.

“They’re growing up so fast.” He complained.

“Don’t complain about that, Harry, we want them to grow up.” Max insisted.

“I know, but still. I’m always so busy, I feel like I’m missing out on so much, if Nott hadn’t of attacked me, then I would have been in lessons today, I would have missed Regan’s cooing. How much else am I going to miss because of school?”

“Not that much, I promise you, Cariad.” Nasta assured him. “You have a maximum of three and a half months left in lessons, then you have your exams and then you’re free to do as you please. Braiden will be a little over nine months old and our quintuplets will be five months old, you are not going to miss much.”

“But they’re growing so fast now.” Harry said softly.

“I know, but it’s going to be fine. We have the rest of our lives to enjoy them, love. They are not going to blame us because we have such a busy schedule now.” Max assured him.

“I…I love all of our children, but sometimes I do wish that the quintuplets had waited a year or more to be born.” Harry admitted, not looking at his mates as he said it, feeling absolutely
disgusted with himself for even thinking it, let alone admitting it out loud.

A gentle touch to his chin had a devastated Harry looking up to Max, who kissed his cheek softly.

“We love you, Harry, we love all of our children, but it’s okay to think like that. I think all of us have thought of that more than once. They came at a very inconvenient time for us, there’s nothing wrong with saying or thinking that we wished they had come later, we all wish that they had come later, but they didn’t and there’s nothing that we can do about that but suck it up and carry on, we’re in a bad position right now, but it won’t last forever.”

Harry smiled and he threw himself into Max’s arms, who hugged him back tightly.

“I love you.” Harry said forcefully.

Max chuckled. “Of course you do, everyone loves me, I’m just such a lovable guy.”

Nasta bopped him on the head and bent to peck Harry’s cheek. “We all love you, Harry and we know that you love us back fully. Max is right, this situation won’t last forever, very soon you’ll have so much free time on your hands that you’ll be begging the children to wake up for something to do.”

Harry chuckled. “Oh I don’t think I’d go that far, after all, there are a lot more…pleasurable things that we can do with our free time when the babies are asleep.” Harry winked cheekily as he moved away from his two dominants, ignoring his now damp and soapy clothes.

Max gave a feral grin. “Now he’s speaking a language that I like. Suddenly three months seems like a very, very long time.”

Harry grinned back and winked once more. “Wait until you see what I’ve got.”

That wiped away Max’s grin. “It’s not another skirt is it? Dear Merlin, don’t let it be another skirt.”

Harry laughed softly and he went to the bedroom, he went straight to his backpack and opened it, pulling out the shrunken box that he had only just remembered was still inside. He really owed
Ginny a million.

He tapped the box with his wand and it expanded to a size that made his eyes as wide as saucers. He had thought that it would be a box similar in size and contents as his last one, but this box was bigger, deeper and when he opened it, it did not contain similar products to his last box, oh no. He was very sure that his last box had not contained a corset, nor high heeled shoes, or a skimpy little dress made of what looked like rubber.

Harry felt his face heat up until he was sure that it was redder than his Gryffindor Quidditch robes. He gingerly shifted the top products so that he could see underneath and he had to laugh when he found a skirt similar to his last one, only it was dark blue, it had a matching Velcro collar and high heels. Harry’s blush increased.

“Oh Ginny, you naughty girl.” He said to himself.

Harry closed the box and shrunk it again; he put it in his trunk and closed it once again, hiding the box from his view and his mates’ knowledge. He’d treat them all soon, but not just yet, though he couldn’t help but give Max a teasing wink and a lingering once over as his biggest mate padded naked back into the bathroom to finish his shower.

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Valentine’s Day was a Saturday. It saw Harry waking up to be treated to breakfast in bed by Max, who was really treating them all. Harry smiled as he realised that Max had woken up an hour early just to prepare breakfast in bed for all of them.

The next surprise was from Draco, who handed all four of them a wrapped gift in red heart paper and a red bow. It turned out to be matching necklaces made of rare Welsh gold to honour Nasta and the dragon on the pendant had wings very, very similar to their own, each encrusted with tiny little precious gems to match their own scales.

“It’s gorgeous, Draco!” Harry exclaimed as he fingered his necklace that had been placed around his throat, lightly touching the tiny cut sapphires, diamonds, onyx, amethysts and the golden topaz. “Where’s yours? You had better have one!”

“I do, it’s in the bedside table.” Draco assured, to which Harry dived on the bedside cabinet and forced Draco’s matching necklace on him.

Blaise’s gift was a very large, very expensive customised chocolate selection box. It contained all of Harry’s favourites, but not just his favourites, but all of their favourites, even bite sized squares of Nasta’s favoured ninety percent cocoa with a touch of mint.
“Oh wow!” Harry exclaimed as he dived right onto a chunk of fudge chocolate before Nasta could stop him.

Nasta didn’t even try to stop him, so Harry tried a bite of something else.

“Eat what you want, Harry, just don’t ruin your lunch.”

“Who are you and what have you done with my Nasta?” Harry threatened, narrowing his eyes on the man that couldn’t possibly be his Nasta.

Nasta rolled his eyes. “It’s Valentine’s Day, you can indulge yourself today of all days, but don’t ruin any of your main meals with chocolate.”

“Deal!” Harry exclaimed as he dove onto the huge selection box and tried a small square of white chocolate dotted with tiny black dots. “Is this real vanilla?” He questioned.

Blaise nodded, watching him eat his gift happily.

“My gift comes later tonight.” Nasta informed him, to which Harry gave him a chocolaty kiss.

“Thank you!”

“Where’s your gift to us as your loving dominants?” Max pouted.

Harry indicated the five bassinets next to their bed. “My gift to you is our adorable children.” Harry said seriously, before bursting out laughing at their faces. “Oh I couldn’t keep a straight face for that!” He giggled. “My gift also comes later.”

“If it’s not you wrapped in a bow, naked on this bed, I don’t want it.” Max pouted.

Harry laughed, but the other four didn’t, they looked at him consideringly.
“I think the bow would detract from the naked beauty of him.” Draco said seriously.

“I think it depends on where the bow was located.” Blaise put in.

“I think if it were covering his gorgeous cock it would detract from the beauty of the scene.” Nasta replied thoughtfully. “If it were around his waist however, I think it could add to the enticement of the moment.”

Harry huffed, and he didn’t need to find an excuse to leave the bed and his stupid mates because a small cry came from below them. Braiden was awake.

Harry jumped right over the banister and four gasps let him know that he had startled his mates, who appeared over the banister as he picked up Braiden, who squealed at seeing him.

“How’s my beautiful boy?” He cooed.

“Don’t do that, Harry!” Blaise breathed, his heart racing.

“What?” Harry replied innocently.

“Jump off the platform.” Draco elaborated.

“You lot do it, if you can do it, then I can too. I’m not a girl, I’m not a child, I’m not pregnant. I’m fine, I like doing it.”

“It reminds me of you playing Quidditch.” Max said.

“I’ll be doing that again soon, Gryffindor versus Hufflepuff in March. I can’t wait! I’m so excited!” Harry jabbered, not letting his mates get a word in to deny his place on the Gryffindor Quidditch team. “Isn’t that right, Braiden? Mummy gets to do something that he loves so very much and you get to come and watch! I’m sure your Daddies will bring you and your brothers and sister with them, after all I’ll be very angry if they leave you here alone and I’ll be upset if they don’t come and watch me.”
“When have you got training?” Nasta asked him softly.

Harry looked up at him to see the fear in Nasta’s eyes, but also the resignation, he knew that Harry was going to play no matter what, but he was frightened of what would happen during the match.

“Ginny said they were every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday. I’m training her to be my replacement though, so I only really need to go to one session a week, I’ve been let off this week though due to my ‘injuries’ so I’m excluded from the session tonight.”

“Who’s the new Chaser?” Blaise asked as he came down the stairs.

Harry narrowed his eyes. “Are you asking as my mate and lover, or as the Slytherin Captain and Chaser?”

Blaise chuckled as he came to hug him and Braiden. “As your mate and lover.”

“Dean Thomas, he’s really good, we had him for a sub last year, but with Katie graduating last year, he’s become a main player. We have several substitutes this year though, younger years that show promise, so Ginny and I are running a training programme for them. Hopefully with it in place Gryffindor will be winning well after I’ve graduated.”

“That’s dirty and underhanded.” Draco huffed.

“Is that why you dropped out as Slytherin’s Seeker?” Harry teased.

“No, I dropped out because I would much rather focus on my studies.”

“Are you sure it’s not because Urquhart made Blaise the Captain over you?”

“No.” Draco said sullenly. “It was always my plan to give it up in my seventh year.”
Harry grinned and kissed Draco. “I know, I was just teasing, love. Forgive me?”

“Maybe.” Draco replied snootily.

Harry chuckled and kissed him again before heading into the living room with Braiden.

“Time for breakfast, little man.” Harry told the sixth month old baby, who was now able to sit up on his own and hold the weight of his own head.

Which of course meant that Harry had sent Nasta out to buy a highchair. Harry sat Braiden in it and made sure that he was strapped in securely before going to the cold cupboard and taking out the sealed bowl of baby porridge that Max had made the day before.

A quick heating spell, a taste and temperature test and Harry sat down to feed Braiden the bowl of porridge and pureed fruit.

“He’s such a big boy now!” Harry cooed as Braiden allowed the spoon to be pushed into his mouth, gumming it and scraping his four teeth across the weaning spoon.

Blaise ruffled up Braiden’s mop of black hair and kissed a cheek before it got covered with food.

“I think we can try him on some smooth yoghurts soon.” Max put in. “You know, give him his first taste of dairy, it says from six months.”

“He’ll be eating the same as us soon.” Harry lamented.

“Well, I don’t quite think he’s ready to sink his teeth into steak, but some pureed vegetables might help him on his way.” Nasta replied as he sunk into the seat opposite him and pulled out his work folder.

“Do you have much to do today?” Max asked him.

“No. Just a few write up reports and I need to budget the next month and I’ll be done.”
“What do you need to do for your work?” Harry asked Max.

“Nothing. I have next to nothing to do for my work, I can test myself and my knowledge, but I already know that I know it, so it’s just waiting for an emergency, then I can go in for a few hours and then I’ll do the write up reports when I’m done. That’s it, so whatever you have need of me for, I’m free. Unlike Nasta.” Max added with a saucy wink.

“I’m free.” Blaise denied.

Max shoved him over the arm of the settee. “No he’s not, don’t listen to him, I’m the only one free.”

Harry hummed with a knowing look on his face as he continued to feed Braiden.

“Unfortunately I’m not free. I have six babies to feed, bathe and dress.” Harry said. “Apparently Blaise is free though.”

Max crawled over the arm of the settee and onto Blaise, who hadn’t moved from where he had been pushed earlier.

“Blaise…?” Max whined.

“No, I’m not free anymore.” Blaise stated.

“But I want sex.”

“Go and ask Draco.”

“No, don’t ask Draco, he’s busy with homework.” Draco replied in a drawl.

“Nasta! I’m being bullied by the other mates.”
Nasta chuckled even as he didn’t break his rhythm of scratches of quill against parchment.

“That’s too bad, Max; perhaps you should go and see if our quintuplets are ready for a nappy change or a bottle feed.”

Max sighed as if put upon, but he dutifully got to his feet and went into the bedroom.

“I almost feel sorry for him.” Blaise told them from where he was lounging on the settee.

“He’s just sexually frustrated; he’ll work it out in the shower.” Harry replied.

Draco snorted and Blaise laughed along with Nasta.

“As long as he cleans up after himself.” Draco replied, scrunching his nose in disgust.

“I’m sure he will, he is house trained after all.” Nasta explained, dipping his quill in his ink before going back to his paper work.

“None of the quintuplets are awake and they don’t need nappy changes.” Max reported, sinking into a chair.

“I’m going to take Braiden for a bath then.” Harry said as he stood up and put the empty bowl in the sink and unstrapped a messy Braiden, who had porridge all over his face. Harry had tried to get as much of it off with the spoon as he could, but some things could only be taken off with a soft cloth and water.

“Alright, love. Do you need a hand?” Blaise offered.

“No, no, I’ll be alright.”

Harry went into the bedroom and from there into the bathroom, leaving four of his mates in the living room to plot.
Aneirin came over at five that evening and Harry gave him a huge hug and asked him politely why he was there.

“Your mates want to spoil you, Harry, so I’m babysitting while they take you out.”

“This is my gift to you, Harry.” Nasta explained, giving him a kiss.

“My Mum and Dads’ will be over tomorrow morning too, they want to see their grandchildren.”

“Well they can come anytime, I’ve told them that.”

“They’ve been busy; Talia has a new fella that Dad doesn’t like.”

“Dad’s never like their Daughter’s boyfriends.” Aneirin explained with a wry smile.

“Poor Tegan, she’s going to have a hell of a time getting a boyfriend.”

“Don’t even joke about that, Harry.” Max told him. “She’s not having a boyfriend.”

“Girlfriend then.” Harry said cheekily.

“Girlfriend?” Max squeaked. “No! She’s not having one of those either!”

Harry chuckled and he allowed Draco to drag him into their bedroom to get ready; nothing excited Draco more than being allowed to dress Harry up how he wanted.

“Has Harry said if any of the quintuplets are Drackens yet?” Aneirin asked.
Nasta shook his head. “If any of them are Drackens, then he’s keeping it very close to his chest.”

“My Mum didn’t tell my Dads’ that I was a Dracken until I was a year and a half old.” Max grinned. “She told them that Caesar was a Dracken after only three months, which in comparison wasn’t very long at all.”

“That’s a bit extreme, submissives usually say after a month or two.”

“She wasn’t comfortable telling them since my grandparents on all sides were hanging around and hoping to hear the news.”

“Ah, very understandable that she kept it to herself then.” Aneirin conceded as he picked up Farren and gave him a kiss. “Well Farren is getting to be such a big boy.”

“I know, he’s going to be the size of Braiden soon.” Max said proudly, even as he rocked Regan in his arms.

“Perhaps not the same size, but definitely the same weight.” Aneirin stated as he cuddled Farren tightly. “Oh it seems like I haven’t held them in ages.” He complained.

Blaise came out of the bedroom holding Calix, already dressed to kill in a very posh and expensive looking suit, complete with blazer and shiny shoes.

“Well you look very sophisticated, Blaise.”

“Thank you, Nasta picked the place and the dress code. Harry’s not very impressed.”

Nasta sighed. “I knew that he wouldn’t be, but hopefully the night makes up for it.”

“I’m sure it will and if it makes you feel better, I love where we’re going and Draco’s more excited than I have ever seen him. He loves any excuse to dress up rich and act like a snobby bastard.”
Max snorted and placed Regan back into his bassinet. Taking Nasta’s arm to go and get ready as Draco excitedly came out, Harry sullenly stomping behind him.

All of them were in black trousers, black shoes and black blazers with crisp white shirts, but they each had different coloured ties. Draco’s was a soft gunmetal grey, Blaise’s was a soft purple, Harry’s was deep green, Nasta’s was a silky, shimmering dark gold and Max’s was a dark, sapphire blue. Harry had noticed immediately that the ties matched their eye colours. Draco’s tie made his silver eyes darken to grey and Nasta’s tie brought out the gold in his eyes until he looked like Leolin. Harry also couldn’t help noticing that Nasta’s cheeks and chin were clean shaven for the occasion and he went to touch and kiss that smooth face while he had the chance, the hair would be back in a few hours, likely before they even came back from where ever they were going.

“Oh you all look so handsome. Hold on.” Aneirin picked up the camera on the side table and got them all to pose together and he snapped several pictures of them together. “You all look so grown up.”

“Dad, I’m almost forty.” Nasta dead panned. “Of course I’m grown up.”

“But look at you all together, you all look so adult and sophisticated, this moment has to be documented.” Aneirin stated.

Harry grinned for the camera before he kissed his babies goodbye.

“Mama!” Braiden cried as Harry turned away from him.

“Don’t worry, Braiden, I’ll be back soon.” Harry promised, kissing him again and hugging his little body tightly. “I love you, but you’ll be fine with granddad Aneirin. He’s going to look after you.”

“Of course I will, they’ll all be fine.” Aneirin swore.

“I don’t even know where we are going.” Harry complained as he was led out of their rooms and then out of the school and into Hogsmeade, from there Max grabbed Blaise and Draco’s elbows and Apparated them away, Harry was left to be escorted by Nasta, he did not get an answer from his mates as to where they were going, only secret smiles.
The arrived around the corner from a very large, very old, very posh building that was lit up brightly and as they walked closer and Nasta handed over five tickets to a man in a red suit, Harry realised that this was a very posh, very big event as he was led onto a red carpet and cameras and reporters went mad.

“Where the hell have you brought me?!” Harry hissed as he tried to hide himself behind Max, who, as his biggest, broadest mate, made a very good shield, but as he was surrounded on both sides by photographers and reporters, his attempt to hide failed.

“Just grin and bear this part, love, this is the only bad part of this night, I promise.” Nasta exclaimed. “This part of the night is more for Draco and Blaise anyway. Do it for them.”

Harry sucked it up and grinned forcedly as he waved lightly as he moved quickly down the red carpet and into the posh building. He breathed a sigh of relief and happily accepted the flute of champagne from the dishy waiter just inside the door. He went to take a sip before stopping himself and looking questioningly at Nasta.

“I can have a glass right?” He asked.

Nasta took his own glass from the waiter and gave him a kiss. “Yes love, but just the one.”

Harry grinned and sipped on his glass as Max, Draco and Blaise took their own. Harry looked around and saw more dishy waiters with serving trays of champagne flutes, some with hors d’oeuvres and posh little snacks that wouldn’t fill a fly.

“Can you tell me where we are now?” Harry pouted.

“No.” Draco told him with an apologetic kiss to the cheek. “Nasta won’t say, but I know exactly where we are, I used to come here every year with my parents.”

“My Mum went out with a guy that loved this place, he used to bring her and me until Mum got rid of him after three years.” Blaise explained as he sipped his champagne. “I loved coming here.”

“I’ve come here once, when Mum tried to culture me, Caesar and my sisters.”
“I take it, it didn’t work?” Harry grinned up at Max, who grinned down at him.

“No, Caesar and me were crawling around under the seats, Alayla screamed through the whole thing because Dad wouldn’t let her have a dummy, Talia made herself sick on the free ice cream and Juda fell asleep. Needless to say we didn’t come again.”

“You are going to behave tonight though aren’t you?” Draco asked almost panicked.

“Yes, yes. I’ll be the perfect gentleman.” Max grinned wickedly.

Draco actually looked worried, but Harry gave him a subtle hug and took a little snack that the young, very good looking, waiter offered him.

“Oh those are nice, what are they?” Harry asked the waiter, who was giving him wide, lustful eyes.

“Lobster and king prawn cakes.” The waiter told him huskily. “Have another.”

Harry picked out another of the ‘cakes’ and popped it into his mouth.

“Love, you have to try these!” Harry pushed one into Max’s mouth, who glared at the waiter as he sucked exaggeratedly on Harry’s fingers. “Do you think you could make them for me?”

“I’m sure I could, I’ll make them better than here.” Max promised, still looking heatedly at the waiter, who was checking out Harry’s bum in the tailored trousers.

Blaise possessively pulled Harry away from the waiter and hid him by putting Harry behind him, then turning to put his back to the waiter, but unfortunately the place was full of lusty, male waiters that didn’t know the meaning of the word ‘taken’ and thrived on being very flirty.

Harry thought it was all good fun as he knew that he was going home with his four lovers at the end of the night, so when Draco got some interest from a male waiter, Harry enjoyed teasing him and he offered the waiter a free night with his lover, to which Draco had furiously shot down.

“The first night is free, after that it’s ten Galleons a go!” Harry giggled as Draco dragged him back
towards the other three.

“Is Harry offering himself to waiters for ten Galleons?” Blaise asked incredulously.

“No, he’s pimping me out for ten Galleons a go to the waiters.” Draco scowled.

“Don’t take these waiters seriously.” Nasta soothed. “They’ve been encouraged to flirt with all the guests, I believe they’re even told to do it. They don’t mean anything by it.”

“I don’t like it.” Max huffed.

“I do.” Harry grinned.

Max turned to him with dark eyes gone almost black, but kept blue by the colour of the tie. “You’re mine!” Max hissed at him.

“Yes, yes, of course I am, just as you are mine, but that doesn’t mean I can’t look.” Harry grinned as he eyed up another guest standing near them.

“Come on, Max; let’s go to the bathroom to calm you down.” Nasta sighed.

“I’m not leaving him alone with these sharks!” Max replied angrily.

“I’m sure no one will touch Harry while Blaise and Draco are watching him.”

“Of course they won’t.” Draco replied affronted.

Max was led away by Nasta and Harry beckoned another waiter over, this one looking like a world class male model with his curly blond hair and bright, baby blue eyes. He smiled a nice, white smile and offered Harry his tray of nibbles, Harry took one and pushed it into his mouth. He moaned and those baby blue eyes softened with laughter, but simultaneously darkened with lust.
“Oh I like those.”

“They’re ginger and lemongrass poached scallops.” The waiter told him with a surprisingly deep voice. It didn’t match the cherub look he had going on.

“I’ve never had scallops before. Blaise, try!” Harry almost ordered as he picked up another nibble and presented it to Blaise, who sucked it from his fingers.

“They are nice.” Blaise replied, pulling Harry into a possessive, claiming kiss. The waiter again paid no mind.

“I want to try all of these!” Harry declared. “What are the best ones?” Harry asked the waiter, batting his lashes and chuckling when the waiter stumbled over his tongue.

An older waiter came over and offered them more champagne.

“We shouldn’t, Nasta will do his nut.” Blaise said, even as Harry exchanged his empty flute for a full one.

“Thank you.” Harry said happily, giving his best smile to the waiters.

Another waiter replaced the other two before Harry could even turn to his mates and he offered them his tray with a grin. Harry grinned back at the dark skinned, dark haired, gorgeous waiter.

“Well hello, what are you here to tempt me with?” Harry smiled. “Besides your body that is.”

“Prosciutto and goat cheese parcels.” The waiter told him as if he were describing a lewd sex act.

“I’ll try anything once. I’ve never had goats cheese before either.” Harry said before he popped the little pastry into his mouth and considered the flavour as he chewed.

“Do you like them?” The waiter asked softly, lustily.
Harry swallowed. “Oh yes. Those two definitely go well together. Do you want to try, Draco?”

Harry didn’t wait for an answer but held the little, bite sized parcel up to Draco’s mouth, who slipped his lips over it and allowed Harry to place it on his tongue. Draco slipped his arms around Harry’s back and pulled him against him tight as he chewed and swallowed.

“Those are nice, but I’d rather eat you.” Draco’s voice had lowered, but not enough to stop the interested looking waiter from overhearing.

“You can do that when we get home.” Harry teased. “My supple body is all yours tonight.”

“Not to mention tasty.” Blaise grinned, bending slightly to nibble along Harry’s neck.

Harry made an involuntary sound and he blushed. “Not in public!” He cried wriggling away from Blaise.

“Would you like to try these?” A new waiter asked him hotly.

Harry grinned. “I love that all these hot men are offering me food on a silver plate.” He told Blaise and Draco. “What are these?” He asked the waiter.

“Smoked salmon rolls.” The light brown haired waiter offered with a sexy grin, complete with dimple in his cheek.

Harry tried one, then had to have another. “Oh I love those.”

“What are they, love?” Max asked, looking calm and happy once again as he joined them.

“Smoked salmon rolls.” Harry replied as he fed one to Nasta. “I really like them.”

Max took one and popped it into his mouth.
“I can make some for you when you want them.” Max said just before a voice spoke clearly over the crowd, telling them that the show was about to start and for them to take their seats.

Harry went to follow the mass crowd in through the double doors, but Nasta took his hand and led him up the marble staircase instead.

“We have the best seats in the house, Harry; we don’t have to sit with the peons.” Draco told him.

Harry rolled his eyes at Draco’s ‘superior than thou’ act, but he didn’t comment on it, as long as he knocked it off when they got back to their rooms he was fine with him acting lordly over the rest of the public.

They reached the top of the stairs and two male attendants met them at the top, Nasta handed over the tickets once more and they were happily led to a curtained off box with a table to seat six. Harry and Blaise, as the two shortest, were sat opposite one another, right up by the balcony of the box to look over into the crowd below, Nasta sat next to Harry and Draco sat next to Blaise, Max happily sat on the other side of Draco, sandwiching the blond in.

Harry excitably looked to the stage below and he knew that he was here to see a posh, cultural, sophisticated show, but he couldn’t help but tease his mates.

“So is this going to be a strip show?” He asked innocently. “It had better be male performers because otherwise I’m leaving.”

“It is not a strip show!” Draco told him scandalised. “This is the biggest performance for magical people in the world, Harry!”

“So there aren’t male performers?” Harry asked pouting.

“There are bound to be a few.” Blaise placated.

“Oooo.” Harry cooed in interest before looking back at the stage.

“Try to give the boy some culture and all he wants is a strip show.” Draco complained.
“I’ll give you a private strip show later, love.” Max winked.

Harry chuckled, feeling warm and bubbly. His chuckle came out as more of a tipsy giggle and Nasta looked at him suspiciously, but before he could say anything, the hall went dark and everything hushed.

It was then that Harry learned that he had been brought to the world’s only magical ballet. He was all set to be bored, to endure through this torture only for Draco and Blaise, who were both thoroughly enjoying themselves. He didn’t expect to enjoy it himself, but he was surprised to find that he did enjoy it, very much so and he became riveted to the show, unhappily grumbling when the intermission in the middle came about, though he perked up when a happily smiling, flirty waiter came into their box to offer them drinks and ice cream, which Harry took, though he avoided the champagne with Nasta’s eyes on him and he went for a lemonade instead. The show resumed shortly afterwards and when it was over Harry stood with his lovers and clapped hard for the dancers, it was almost nine when they got out of the building, happily dodging and avoiding the waiters, who were seeing everyone out safely. Harry was excitedly talking with Draco and Blaise about the performance and they were already planning on coming to next year’s show.

Max grabbed him and gave him a long kiss, before Apparating home, or at least Harry had thought that they were going home, but when he opened his eyes, they were opposite a very posh, fancy looking restaurant decked in tasteful Valentine’s decorations that were floating, which let Harry know that they were in a magical place.

“Oh, why didn’t you say we were coming to dinner afterwards? I wouldn’t have had so much ice cream.” Harry whined even as he cupped his flat belly.

“You’ll be fine; you don’t have to order a huge meal, just something light if you want to.” Max assured him as they walked into the fancy restaurant, which not only had a Maître’d to greet them, but a young, curvy, smiley, sparkly hostess in a skin tight red dress with a heart headband holding back her long, dark brown hair.

“Do you have a reservation?” The Maître’d, in his black and white tailed tux, asked them primly.

“Yes, table for five under Maddison-Delericey for nine O’clock.” Nasta answered clearly.

The Maître’d made a show of running a long, slim finger down the book on the stand and Harry wanted to laugh, but he held it in so that he wouldn’t draw attention to himself from the hushed, soft setting of the large, but very full, restaurant. In fact, from what he could see, every single table was occupied.

“Ah yes, table twenty-three, one of the more private tables, Audrey.” The Maître’d addressed the
hostess in the skin tight, red dress, who set Harry’s teeth on edge as she eyed up Max a lot more intimately than she had any right to, managing to be more intrusive with that one look than any of the waiters in the ballet hall had been.

“If you would please follow me.” She had a nice, throaty voice and Harry automatically hated her as she tried to get as close to Max as she could to walk beside him in her daft, pencil thin heels that Harry was pleading with to just snap as she walked, perhaps breaking an ankle as well.

She made sure to brush Max’s broad shoulders as she seated him, not noticing the poisonous glare that Harry was giving her as her eyes were all for Max.

“That touch made my skin crawl.” Max shuddered as the hostess sauntered off on her matching red stilettos.

“Don’t worry, love; I’ll make sure she won’t be able to touch you again.” Harry promised, forced calmly, as he gnashed his teeth together in her direction.

“You can’t go around eating women, Harry, this is the second time that you’ve threatened to eat a woman for looking at me.” Max said.

“That was more than a look!” Harry hissed venomously.

“Wait, Harry’s done this before? When?” Blaise asked, looking amused.

“In the supermarket, I ran into some poor woman when getting, sugar wasn’t it, love?” Max asked, Harry nodded curtly. “She wouldn’t get that I was practically married, went on about me not wearing a ring and then when Harry came down the aisle with Braiden and Leolin she tried brushing him off! Of course Harry threatened to go back and eat her once we had escaped. Personally I thought she looked a little stringy.”

Harry giggled and went to Max, who he had made sure that he was sat next to, to kiss him.

“This one looks like a bad meal too, Harry, she looks fake, I wouldn’t want you getting a stomach ache from ingesting silicone and Botox.”
That made Harry laugh and Blaise joined in happily.

“Not to mention the fabric, I don’t think that dress will come off easily, you’ll have to peel her first like an orange.” Draco said disgustedly as he watched her totter back on her heels, her hands filled with menus.

“Here we are boys, drinks menus, main menus and dessert menus.”

“You can bring these back later.” Harry told her firmly, roughly handing her back the dessert menus, not giving her the option to say no as he opened the drinks menu.

“Can we have a bottle of red wine?” Harry asked Nasta, who nodded, looking like he knew it was a bad idea, but indulging Harry none the less.

“I think white would be better.” Draco told him.

“I’m not fond of whites, I prefer reds.” Harry said.

“Why don’t you go for a nice rosé?” The hostess recommended, purring practically into Max’s ear.

“I don’t want a rosé!” Harry cut in fiercely. “I want a bottle of red wine.”

“We’ll take a bottle of red Bordeaux and a bottle of Sauvignon Blanc then, to keep the peace, but that’s it.” Nasta stressed. “We’ll all take a glass of water as well please.”

“Coming right up.” The hostess told them sweetly, but the look she gave to Harry was anything but friendly.

“Those wines go best with red meat.” Max said to break the silence.

“I was planning on venison anyway.” Draco answered as he looked through the menu.
“What’s venison?” Harry asked curiously, looking through the menu for what Draco had found.

“Deer.” Draco answered unconcerned.

“You could eat Bambi?” Harry demanded.

“What’s Bambi?” Draco asked back with a frown.

“He’s a fawn from a Muggle movie.” Nasta answered. “Harry, if Draco wants to eat deer meat, let him.”

“But it’s a baby.”

“Venison is from deer, Harry, not from fawns.” Max corrected. “Let Draco eat what he wants.”

Harry pouted, but Max kissed him and Harry just couldn’t stay upset. Instead he looked through the menu for something that he wanted.

“What’s veal? I don’t know what half of this stuff is.”

“Veal is calf meat.”

“A baby cow?” Harry asked.

“Or a bull.” Draco put in dispassionately. “I’m not fond of veal.”

“Are they seriously selling jellied eel here?” Harry almost gagged.

“They’re considered a delicacy.”
“Why, because no one wants to eat it?”

“More than likely.” Blaise said as he pulled a face.

“Here are your drinks.” The hostess announced as she escorted the waiter over to them. Harry was very sure that most hostesses showed the patrons to the table and then left to greet other guests, he was sure that they didn’t hang around a certain table, or a certain man, in this case.

The waiter served them their drinks professionally and Harry thanked him softly, taking a sip of the dark red wine and he smiled.

“That’s a nice red wine.” He commented. “Try some, Max.”

Max took Harry’s glass and took a sip. “You have excellent taste, Harry; I’ll take a glass of it please.” He addressed the waiter.

“I’ll do it.” The hostess said hurriedly and snatched the bottle roughly, which toppled on the tray, pouring right over Harry’s shoulder and into his lap, staining his bright white shirt red.

The waiter hurriedly set the bottle upright again on his serving tray and he stopped the wine from pouring over Harry’s person, trying not to topple the bottle of white wine also on the tray, but the damage had already been done.

Harry didn’t know what to do as he stared at the stain, hearing diners from other tables laughing lightly at him and to his horror; he felt tears gather in his eyes.

He stood from the table and he walked right out of the restaurant and he didn’t look back, even when he heard his name being called. He sat on a snow covered bench a few feet away from the restaurant and he let his tears fall, ignoring the wet stain on his shirt, which made him shiver in the icy February wind.

Someone sat next to him and wrapped an arm around him. Harry turned into the familiar, comforting smell of Draco’s cologne and snuggled himself in, sniffling softly.

“Don’t cry, love. It’s alright.” Draco soothed, brushing his overlong hair from his face with gentle fingers.

“Draco’s right, mio amore. It’s not worth your tears.”
“I ruined everything.” Harry sniffled sadly.

“You didn’t, the hostess did, the stupid cow that she is, she’ll have a piece from the manager once Max and Nasta are through with her.”

“What are they doing?” Harry asked, perking up a bit in interest.

“Oh the usual loud fanfare for all the other diners to hear, we’re never eating here again, terrible service for such a highly rated establishment, they’ll send the restaurant the dry cleaning bill, they’ll let everyone they know how terrible a restaurant it really is, the whole third degree.”

Harry chuckled lightly and looked at his two mates, who were relieved to see the tears drying and the small smile on Harry’s face.

“I’m still hungry though.”

“We’re going to a better restaurant, I promise.” Nasta said as he crunched through the snow towards them, he looked angrier than Harry had ever seen him, except perhaps that time when he and Harry had overheard Dominic’s plans for his children.

“First we’re getting you another shirt before you freeze to death.” Max put in, also looking very angry.

“I’m sorry about ruining the night.”

“You didn’t, Harry, you didn’t ask to have a bottle of red wine poured over your head.” Nasta assured him, tugging him to his feet from the bench.

“I thought this was a fantastic restaurant, we had to make reservations a year in advance! It seems to me that the reviews for it are highly over rated.” Max scowled. “It made no mention of clingy, harpy women who have false impressions and a terrible tableside manner. Don’t worry, love, I set her straight, I’d rather be with you and celibate for the rest of my life than spend a minute with her in that ugly red dress.”
“You think you can be celibate for longer than a week?” Harry chuckled. “I think you have a very high opinion of yourself, Mister Maddison. Don’t forget, we can all hear you in the shower.”

That lightened the mood considerably as they all laughed at Max’s expense, who bent to scoop up a handful of snow, shaped it and then threw it at Harry, who ducked at the last moment.

“Seeker reflexes remember? You couldn’t hit me with several snowballs!” Harry laughed.

Max pouted, but Harry went to him and let himself be hugged tightly, he shivered though as a particularly strong gust of wind caught the wine stain on his shirt and Blaise immediately stripped off his jacket and firmly placed it over Harry’s shoulders.

“No arguing.” He cut in before Harry could say anything. “You’ve got a damp shirt, you need it more than I do at this moment and my jacket fits you better than anyone else’s, you’d trail all of the others in the snow.”

Harry pouted, but he couldn’t keep it up as a grin broke over his face as they went into the nearest wizard wear store and bought him another white shirt, Harry changed in the dressing room and then they were off to find another restaurant, hopefully one without an indecently dressed, clingy hostess.

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Harry giggled with Blaise as they clung to one another as they walked down the snowy pavement. They were out in Muggle London, or at least Harry thought they were out in Muggle London and they were looking for a hotel, because all of them were very, very drunk.

They had found a small, out of the way restaurant and they had happily eaten their fill, but unwilling to upset Harry again tonight, Nasta had allowed them red and white wine again, but once the red had been emptied and Harry had pouted, he had ordered another one and another one and soon he had forgotten how many they had ordered and he shrugged it off, saying that this was a onetime thing only and not to get used to it.

They were all very giggly as they found a hotel to stay the night in, Max booked them in and they all crammed themselves into a lift, though Draco was very sceptical and when it started moving he almost had a panic attack. He didn’t trust Muggle made things.

Harry couldn’t stop laughing and as Nasta let them into the hotel room, with its one king sized bed, after arguing with the receptionist that yes they only wanted the one room, yes for all five of them,
no they didn’t want two twin rooms and a queen sized room, yes they were all going to sleep in the one bed, and have sex on it, which had happily been supplied by Max, the heavily blushing woman had handed over the one key card and let them get to their room.

Harry face planted the bed and snuggled onto it, being joined by an increasingly horny Blaise who had stopped speaking English after his fourth large glass of wine.

“Je veux te baiser.” Blaise whispered hotly into his ear.

“Knock it off, Blaise!” Nasta grumbled.

“Va te faire foutre.” Blaise hissed at Nasta.

“What’s he saying?” Harry giggled, moaning lightly as Blaise nibbled around his ear murmuring ‘Je veux t’enculer.’

“What do you think he’s saying? I don’t speak French and I know what he’s saying to you.” Max grinned lopsidedly.

“He has a love of the word ‘fuck.’” Draco told him, yawning.

“Why did you have to be a sleepy drunk?” Harry whined.

“He could have been the ‘passes out after two glasses’ type.” Max laughed, crawling onto the bed, shoving Blaise off of him and attacking his mouth.

Blaise hissed deeply, but Draco caught him around the middle and kissed him. Blaise attention was immediately diverted.

Nasta crawled onto the bed and bit around Blaise’s throat, helping Draco keep him distracted as Max happily peeled Harry’s clothes from his body, Harry giggling all the way.

“You know, most men would be offended at having their love laugh in their face as they undressed them, but I know you Harry and you’re just a giggly drunk.” Max teased.
“You’ve said that before.” Harry grinned, right before he turned the tables on Max and used all his strength to roll their positions, pinning Max to the mattress. “You also said that I was a dominant drunk.”

“Hey, if you want to fuck me, love, then go right ahead, I won’t stop you.” Max encouraged.

“You’d let me?”

“As long as you’re gentle with me, sure. Can you be gentle in your state of drunkenness?”

“Maybe.” Harry giggled.

“I think that drunken giggle tells you no.” Nasta put in, his voice deepened by lust and want.

“I want to be a top!” Harry stated furiously.

“How about you top Max after I have?” Nasta compromised. “You can play with Draco and Blaise until I’m done.”

“I love how I’m being referred to like a piece of meat.” Max grinned. “I love being a piece of meat.”

“You’re my piece of arse!” Harry growled.

“Whatever you say, love.” Max agreed happily in the face of Harry’s aggression.

Nasta plucked Harry up easily and deposited him in front of a heavily snogging Draco and Blaise. Harry immediately joined in the kissing leaving Nasta to grin at Max whose eyes widened and his breath came hotter and heavier.

“Are you going to give me my present?” Max asked softly.
“I think you’re my present.” Nasta answered, a smirk etching itself on his face as he pushed Max down off of his elbows and flat on the bed.

Nasta kissed around Max’s neck, flinging the blue tie over the side of the bed, opening the shirt carefully as he kissed down Max’s huge, muscled chest. Nasta sat up and smirked at Max underneath him as he opened the leather belt and undid the smart trousers, exposing the navy boxers underneath. Nasta moved his hands back up Max’s chest and he let his fingers ghost over Max’s ribcage, bringing his breath in a shudder, he let his hands slip down that wide chest to the narrower waist to grip a hold of those gorgeous hips. He lowered his mouth to kiss Max’s belly button, before licking slowly downwards to the edge of his boxer shorts, Max making a small noise in his throat, which was almost completely drowned out by the loud, throaty moan from behind them. Nasta couldn’t not look at the three behind him and he was only slightly surprised to see Harry above both Draco and Blaise, who were rubbing against one another still fully clothed. Just how dominant did his little lover get on alcohol?

Max brought his attention back to himself by letting out a needy sigh and shifting under his hands. Nasta turned back to him with a smirk and he watched the weight of knowledge fill up those gorgeous dark blue eyes.

“I’m going to make you scream, Max.” Nasta promised with a loving look, which made Max’s blood run all the hotter.

“I’d like to see you try, Delericey.” Max laid down the challenge and Nasta’s smirk grew into something wild and feral.

“I won’t even have to try it, caru.”

“Are you saying I’m easy?” Max demanded.

Nasta couldn’t help the small, drunken giggle that came out, he smiled apologetically at Max.

“No, I’m saying that I’m such an amazing lover that I won’t even need to try to get you to scream.”

“Draco! Draco please!” Harry moaned from behind them and Nasta once again looked over his shoulder to see Draco teasing both Blaise and Harry, the former with his mouth, the latter with his hands.

“Not such a dominant after all.” Nasta turned to Max with a raised eyebrow.
“Wait until it’s your turn, he’ll be the bossiest little thing you’ve ever had to try and satisfy.”

“He’ll have to work hard then, the bossiest little bottom I’ve ever had was you.” Nasta teased.

“Huh, I thought it was Draco.”

Nasta chuckled but pulled Max’s trousers from him in one clean jerk that left the larger man moaning.

“It’s most definitely you, Max.” Nasta said softly before claiming that mouth with his own. They all tasted heavily of wine, but it didn’t matter, they had all had far too much, he knew that. He just hoped that he could get a headache reliever before his Father noticed his hungover state.

Max tried to withstand the assault, but it was impossible, Nasta just completely destroyed all of his defences and left him unable to do anything other than feel and moan helplessly as he was prepared quickly and with an efficiency that came from years of practice.

“Fuck, I hate conjured lube!” Nasta hissed. “Why didn’t anyone think to bring a bottle with us?!”

“Because we thought that we’d end the night up in our own bed?” Draco slurred slightly from behind him, from where he was pleasuring Harry. Blaise was fast asleep next to them, still partially clothed.

“Less talking, more fucking!” Harry ordered, wrapping his legs tightly around Draco and using the hold to fuck himself onto Draco, he moaned at his own actions and let his head fall back.

“Hell, he is a bossy bottom.” Nasta cursed, turning back to Max and slipping himself into the bigger man.

“Told you!” Max breathed as he adjusted to the welcome intrusion. “Oh fuck, harder!”

“I can do harder.” Nasta grinned, moving slowly and smoothly, or as smoothly as he was able to
manage that was, until Max’s muscles stopped clenching on him, then he moved deeper, then faster and once he had his rhythm, he thrusted harder.

Max closed his eyes as he was assaulted with pleasure, gripping the cheap wooden headboard in his large hands and tugging on it until it creaked ominously. Nasta, sensing the danger, slipped his hands from those narrow hips, back up the ribcage and all the way up those long, muscled arms until he forced Max’s fingers away from the headboard and laced them together with his own, pinning Max’s hands on either side of his head and he used the position to change his hard thrusts to a smooth roll, trying to battle the alcohol to make the movements smooth and less jerky.

Draco roared behind them and Harry screeched his release, an errant foot caught the back of Nasta’s thigh and he couldn’t stop the drunken giggle from raising from his throat as he pictured Harry’s body jerking so hard in orgasm that his feet kicked out.

“Chiudi il culo!” Blaise hissed from where he had taken refuge in one corner of the bed, curled up like a cat.

“Italian now, Blaise? Worked all of the French out of your system have you?” Nasta inquired as he forced his body to keep moving, just a little bit more.

“Assonnato.” Blaise yawned.

“You’re sleepy? Go to sleep then, Bello.” Nasta cooed, more than a bit strained as Max tried to divert his attention back to himself by wrapping those long, muscular legs around him and tugging.

“No, don’t go to sleep, stay awake with me.” Harry grinned and crawled to Blaise.

Draco knocked Harry off of the bed and dragged Blaise to his body instead, Blaise hissing curse words in Italian the whole way.

“I don’t think he want’s sex, Draco.” Nasta panted as he felt his orgasm build. Trying to have sex while they were all drunk was like trying to have sex in a room filled with several lively toddlers, his attention kept being diverted to the younger three, instead of staying with Max and it made him feel terrible.

“He does, he just doesn’t know it yet.” Draco growled.
“You pushed me off the bed!” Harry shouted.

Someone banged on the wall by Max’s head and it startled the large man into jerking from it, which put Nasta at an awkward angle as he pushed into Max, too drunk to stop his own body momentum. Max screamed, Nasta grunted and Harry giggled as he had found something entertaining under the bed. Blaise hissed and Draco snarled back at the no longer sleepy eighteen year old.

“Stop disturbing our sex!” Harry demanded of the wall.

“Be quiet, Harry.” Nasta hissed as he tried to find his trousers, and his wand, to cast a silencing charm. Why hadn’t he thought to do so before now? He could barely walk in a straight line, let alone think in one.

“Don’t…don’t you tell me to shut up!” Harry pouted. Loudly.

“Stuff your cock in his mouth, Blaise.” Max said softly from the pillows, trying to hang on to his afterglow of orgasm, but there was too much happening around him.

That made Blaise grin as he kicked away from Draco and went to pull Harry from the floor. Harry fell backwards and Draco pulled Blaise’s nearly boneless body back under his own, preparing the now moaning Blaise with conjured lube.

Nasta found his wand as Max grabbed Harry’s ankle and pulled him back onto the bed, Harry gave a cute little snarl that made Max giggle, but Harry went dominant on him once more and forcibly pressed their mouths together.

Draco pressed into Blaise at the same time that Harry pressed into Max, who was thankful that Nasta had taken him before, because he had been right, Harry was incapable of being gentle whilst drunk, though he did try bless him.

Nasta cast a silencing charm once he remembered how and then set to watching his four lovers as he stroked himself to hardness, he tried not to giggle at the hilarious sight of tiny Harry trying to top the massive Max, though Max tried to make it more comfortable by accommodating Harry as much as possible and holding him tightly as he tried to find a rhythm.

Draco and Blaise however were going at each other like only two previous best friends could, striving for ultimate pleasure together as Draco pushed into Blaise, who shoved himself back onto Draco harshly, grunting and growling like rutting animals. Blaise reached up to grip a handful of Draco’s silky, baby fine, white blond hair and tugged on it. Nasta thought that Draco would go ballistic, but he didn’t, he allowed Blaise to pull him down for a snog full of teeth and tongue as their fucking got faster and harsher.
Nasta shivered as he watched them, his body tightening and flushing hot, his orgasm building as Blaise threw his head back without a care and groaned his orgasm to the ceiling. Draco bit deeply into Blaise’s exposed neck until drops of blood welled up and he muffled his roar of release before riding out the waves of orgasm and collapsing onto Blaise’s heaving body.

His body feeling hot and achy, Nasta looked over to Harry and Max, to find that Harry had found a rhythm after all, with help from Max, whose head was now grinding into the pillow, a soft continuous noise coming from his opened mouth as Harry, like the very fast, quick little whippet that he was, kept to a pace that Nasta was sure that only Harry would be able to keep to.

Max grunted, writhed, then screamed, almost crushing Harry with his thick thighs, tightening them until it expelled all of the breath from Harry’s lungs in one huge rush that left Harry silently screaming his own orgasm.

Draco removed Harry from Max almost before the last throes of their orgasm left them, pushing Harry over onto Blaise, who was already being kissed by Nasta.

Draco took Harry’s previous position and gave a knowing smirk to Max, who looked up at the blond through darkened blue eyes.

“Do I get to top anyone?” He asked.

“No, you just lay on your back and let us do all the work.” Draco answered.

Max went to get up at those words, completely incensed, but Draco shoved him back down again and pinned him, slipping himself inside Max easily and moving his knees to pin Max’s thighs.

“No fair.” Max breathed softly, his eyes closing at the immediate pleasure.

“I think it’s very fair.” Draco smirked, an evil glint in his eyes that Max didn’t like.

“What are you planning to do, love?” He asked.

“Fuck you.” Draco replied candidly.

Max licked his lips at that, but moved to look over Draco’s shoulder when his left foot was squashed to the bed, only to see the sight of Nasta fucking Blaise.
“It’s alright; Harry’s fallen asleep on your foot.” Draco told him, before being side tracked by the Italian expletives that poured out of Blaise’s mouth as Nasta held him in place and gave him everything that he could now that the buzz of the alcohol was wearing off.

“Oh fuck that’s hot.” Draco groaned, a shiver taking over his shoulders and upper back.

Harry moaned softly in his sleep and Draco let out a breath, turning back to Max and jerking his hips harder against Max’s to get himself into his body as deeply as he could.

“I’m not going to last!” Max complained, trying to stave off his orgasm already. His body highly sensitised due to the amount of times that he had been taken in the last hour.

“You had better!” Draco warned even as he pushed himself harder and faster to try and match Nasta’s pace beside him.

Despite the warning, Max felt the coil of heat low in his belly tighten and then release and he screamed, clenching tightly around Draco, bringing the blond with him.

Nasta had a tight grip on Blaise’s cock, preventing the foul mouthed man from orgasming, even as he begged and tossed his head back and forth, almost crying as he pleaded for his release. Nasta denied him as he exercised steel control over his own body.

“Per favore, per favore!” Blaise begged, shifting his hips continuously, throwing his head back and to either side, every muscle in his body tensed in anticipation of an orgasm that was just on the crest, but wouldn’t come. “Ho bisogno di te!” Blaise almost cried.

Nasta let out a cruel chuckle as he denied Blaise’s pleads once more, watching as his lover sunk into a state of extreme pleasure and breathless whimpers, writhing needily on the rumpled bedspread.

Only when he felt his own orgasm hit its pinnacle did Nasta ease the pressure off of Blaise’s cock, stroking him instead of holding him back, and Blaise screamed, loudly and happily as he was finally able to cum after being denied so many times and for so long.

“Me next!” A sleepy Harry demanded as he held a thin arm out to Nasta, who smiled at him indulgently.

“I want to at least top someone.” Max said gruffly as he peeled his back from the sheets and moved
to Blaise, leaving Nasta to put Harry in his previous place with Nasta above him.

Max kissed up Blaise’s neck, ignoring the soft sounds that Blaise was making in favour of slicking himself up for the first time tonight.

Nasta was meticulously preparing Harry, who was squirming and giggling, which seemed to be putting Nasta off.

“It tickles!” Harry complained as he squirmed against Nasta’s fingers, kneeling Draco’s chest, who had worn himself out and was trying to sleep.

“Keep still, Harry.” Draco ordered, turning so that his back was to Harry and Nasta, curling up on his throbbing abdomen, he had had too much vigorous sex and he thought that he may even have pulled a muscle somewhere.

Nasta found Harry’s prostate and immediately the giggles and squirms turned to moans and writhes. Nasta breathed a sigh of relief, no matter how collected and confident he was, it was a blow to his ego to have his lover laughing under him during sex.

Max was having a lot more luck with Blaise, who had dug his fingernails into his scalp because he had too little hair to grab. Max didn’t mind, Blaise was hot and tight and clenched around him beautifully as he pushed in and out of him smoothly. He lasted longer than he had when he was being penetrated and he did not deny Blaise when his orgasm approached, but he instead rode through it and brought him to a second orgasm which ripped his own from his body.

Max lay on Blaise’s heaving stomach and watched Nasta and Harry go at it, the latter had calmed down his laughter and was now whining and mewling in a way that tightened Max’s stomach muscles and made his cock twitch in interest, but he couldn’t go again, he just couldn’t…he was utterly spent.

Nasta was trying to keep his pace even and his thrusts smooth, but the press of sleep wouldn’t leave him be and he almost yawned during sex, which was bound to turn the entire day into a disaster. He lowered his head to watch himself move in and out of Harry instead, who mewed at him and gripped hold of his biceps tightly, his nails digging into his skin hard. The sting of pain helped him keep focus as he shook off Harry’s one hand, which went immediately to his shoulder, and he put all of his balance and weight into his other arm and used his free hand to stroke Harry, whose entire body tensed and those small legs pulled back into his chest, his neck arching in pleasure as his spine stiffened and it was all over for Harry, who wailed which then turned into a scream that almost tore his throat.

Nasta sucked in a deep breath and lowered himself down onto Harry gently, cuddling into him and holding him as he tried to get his breath back.

Max hauled Blaise up and pressed him beside Harry and Nasta before curling up behind him.
“I’m so tired I could sleep for a week.” He stated through a yawn. “All that sex can’t be good.”

“What are you saying?” Harry demanded. “Who are you and what did you do with my Max? The real Max would never complain about sex.”

“I didn’t mean it like that!” Max said, waving Harry’s comment away. “Sex is great, more so when I have your luscious body to sink into, but I’m so tired I can’t move.”

“Just go to sleep.” Nasta encouraged as he pulled the duvet up and over their bodies, rolling between Harry and Draco as he did so and turning to cuddle Draco tightly so that the blond didn’t get shoved off the end on the bed in the night.

Harry snuggled up to Nasta’s back, Max’s huge arm reaching across him to hold Nasta’s hip and the warm weight of Blaise right behind him. He was happy and he couldn’t remember a happier Valentine’s Day, even if he had had a bottle of red wine tipped over him, which reminded him, he had to go and find that hussy and set her straight about Max. Max was his, no one else’s. No one else, outside of this bed, could have him. Not for any reason.

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Harry woke up to a pained moan and he groaned himself, snuggling himself into the warm nest that he had made himself in the bed. Which was smaller than he last remembered, unless Max had grown during the night, because all of them were so tightly pressed together that he felt like a sardine…a very small, squashed sardine.

He heard the pained noise again and blinked open his eyes. He hissed at the light coming through the cheap curtains and he blinked owlishly at them. Didn’t they have black out curtains?

Harry heard the sound of retching and that made him sit bolt upright despite the dizzying pain in his head and the violent lurch of his belly. He clambered over Max’s huge body and found no bed on the other side; instead he went crashing to the floor with its thin, floral print carpet and ugly green rug. Where the hell were they?

He crawled to the bathroom in misery to see that Blaise was being violently sick into the toilet. Harry crawled to him and went up onto his knees behind him, tugging the already vomit flecked hair from Blaise’s face and supporting his shivering body with his own. Blaise was cold to the touch, he had gone into shock.

Harry reached over and dragged the towel off of the rack, so very thankful to find it warm, it had been heated. He wrapped it around Blaise, who showed no sign of response or knowledge of what Harry did, but after a moment or two of dry heaving, his body sagged into the warm towel and into Harry’s arms.
“Are you alright, love?” Harry asked softly, frightened by this unresponsive Blaise.

Blaise nodded slowly, but he didn’t try to answer him verbally. Harry sat naked on the cold floor and cradled Blaise in the warm towel, hoping that Max or Nasta woke up soon and would know what to do because he felt sick himself, but he couldn’t ease his own roiling stomach and look after Blaise too.

Thankfully he didn’t have to wait long as Nasta’s inbuilt trouble sensor woke him up and he came into the bathroom to help them. He shoved Harry’s head down the toilet and rubbed vigorously at Blaise’s arms and chest to warm him up. Harry was sick only a few minutes later.

Nasta cleaned Blaise up a bit before taking him back to the bed and coming back to assist him by rubbing his back and wrapping him in the warm towel as he shivered on the cold floor.

“I’m never drinking again!” Harry sobbed miserably between rounds of dry heaving.

“Make sure that you stick to that, Harry. Every time you want a drink from this day onwards, remember this morning.” Nasta encouraged. He was thankfully not feeling sick himself, but he had a headache to end all headaches.

“I think I’m done.” Harry said pathetically.

Nasta smiled softly behind Harry’s head and shook his own head gently. He scooped Harry into his arms and carried him back to bed, letting him snuggle into the warmth. He had no idea what he was going to do with his mates, but until they got a headache reliever and a stomach settling elixir, they were going to be pretty useless to anyone and everyone.

Max woke with a groan and used both hands to press against his skull like he was trying to hold it together.

“What the fuck did we do last night?” He moaned.

“I only remember pieces.” Nasta admitted sourly.

“I remember next to nothing.” Max whined.
“I remember a lot.” Draco told them gruffly from the other side of a bed. “Bits are missing though. I remember Max got hit on by a woman in a red dress who tipped a bottle of wine over Harry’s head.”

“Some bimbo tipped wine over Harry?” Max asked incredulously. “I hope I snapped her fucking neck!”

“You gave her a piece of your mind while we left to find another restaurant after buying Harry a new shirt. After that it gets fuzzy, I’m sure we enjoyed the meal we had at the other restaurant, but I can’t seem to remember what I had to eat, or what anyone else had to eat, or how we got here, or even where here is.”

“We’re in some rundown Muggle hotel in London.” Blaise told them dryly, his voice soft and pained, his throat raw. “Draco almost pissed himself in the lift and we had an orgy right here in this bed until the early hours.”

“That was fun.” Harry croaked, peeking his dishevelled head out from under the duvet.

“How are you two feeling?” Nasta asked, curling a piece of hair around Blaise’s ear.

“Tired.” Blaise moaned.

“Achy and sleepy.” Harry answered.

“Let’s get home. I’m sure my Dad will have an earful to give us.” Nasta sighed.

Harry’s eyes widened and he dived out of the bed as he tried to get himself dressed, almost knocking himself out on the bedside table as he dry heaved blindly.

“Calm down, calm down, love.” Nasta chuckled as he scooped Harry up and held him. “My Father isn’t that frightening, though Max’s Father is, he’ll be there too.”

“No, it’s not that. My babies! I have to get back for my babies! Right now!” Harry demanded.
Nasta chuckled and let Harry down to scamper around the floor to get dressed as he calmly pulled his own clothes on and encouraged the other two to do so too before he dressed Blaise carefully himself, as he looked deathly pale.

He wasn’t looking forward to the lectures that he was about to get from his Father and his extended family, but he’d endure it. He had enjoyed his Valentine’s Day and night, what he could remember of it anyhow, and he wasn’t going to be bullied into feeling bad over a stupid decision to not keep an eye on what and how much he and his mates were drinking. It was over and done with and they were all paying for it in some way, there was no doubt over that. Though Blaise seemed to be suffering more than the rest of them, so Nasta ignored his whining and soft, croaky demands to be put down as he carried him through the hotel and out into the fresh air while Max checked them out of their room. He had enjoyed himself, but hell he could not wait to get back to their own rooms so they could rest a bit more.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Valentine’s Day the Dracken way, they can’t even go out to dinner without something cropping up, though with five very hit men out and about, you can’t blame one for trying their luck, it might get them a broken neck, but they tried. Some of you readers need to understand that real life involves more for me than just writing for you, I have a full time night shift job and with Christmas coming up I’m busier than ever. I’m not completely well or healthy and I’ve had to move back in with my Mam, which is all very stressful, so I’m sorry and all that you can’t wait for more than five weeks for an update, but that’s life and I’m not going to run myself or my health into the ground for an internet story that I make no money off of and do purely for my own entertainment and enjoyment. So learn some patience and back off.

Thank you all for those of you who do have some patience and for reading and reviewing,

StarLight Massacre. X
Hufflepuff Heights

Chapter Notes

Last Time

He wasn’t looking forward to the lectures he was about to get from his Father and his extended family, but he’d endure it, he had enjoyed his Valentine’s Day and night, what he could remember of it anyhow, and he wasn’t going to be bullied into feeling bad over a stupid decision to not keep an eye on what and how much he and his mates were drinking. It was over and done with and they were all paying for it in some way, there was no doubt over that. Though Blaise seemed to be suffering more than the rest of them, so Nasta ignored his whining and soft, croaky demands to be put down as he carried him through the hotel and out into the fresh air while Max checked them out of their room. He had enjoyed himself, but hell he could not wait to get back to their rooms.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Sixty-Four – Hufflepuff Heights

The smell of alcohol left nowhere for them to hide and as they arrived back home, the only one grinning and giving them a secret thumbs-up was Richard. Behind Myron’s back obviously, because the very large man looked ready to explode.

It was Aneirin however who was staring at him like he had never seen him before, so deep was his shock, so disbelieving and disappointed. Nasta wanted to curl up and hide himself away from a gaze that he hardly ever saw directed at him, but instead he stood tall as he cradled Blaise, who had vomited once more, this time in Hogsmeade, as the Apparation disagreed with his tender belly.

“What is the meaning of this?” Myron spoke in an angry growl.

“Do you know how worried we’ve been?” Ashleigh told them tearfully. “You were expected back last night.”

“We were too drunk to Apparate.” Draco replied helpfully. “Not without splinching at any rate.” He added as he fell onto the settee and cradled his own head.

Blaise dry heaved into his own throat and Nasta moved him into a more comfortable position so
that his belly wasn’t scrunched up. Blaise moaned softly and sobbed in misery as he clung to Nasta’s shoulders.

Harry tentatively let go of Max’s waist, took two steps forward and then plummeted to the floor. Max grabbed his hips and set him back on his feet, Harry blinked slowly as if he didn’t quite grasp what had happened, he made a soft, confused noise and peered blearily around at everyone, who were starting to blur into pairs.

“She’s going to pass out.” Myron informed dryly, just as Harry’s eyes rolled into his head.

Max caught the soft, floppy body before he hit the floor and cradled him, sniffing and licking at Harry’s bone pale face. All he could smell was alcohol and stale sex.

“He needs a stomach settling potion.” Max said softly as he moved to the kitchenette and got down his potion chest.

He pulled out five headache relievers and five stomach settling elixirs and handed the two potions to every one of his mates, keeping four, two for him and two for Harry. He saw to Harry first as Nasta coaxed an uncooperative Blaise into drinking them, but he was at a loss for what to do with the unconscious seventeen year old.

“You should be made to suffer the consequences of your binge like Muggles. How much did you drink!!” Aneirin shook his head sadly. “I suppose it wouldn’t interest you to know that Braiden cried almost all night for his ‘mama’. I kept telling him that Harry would be home soon, but as midnight came and went, then one O’clock and two and I knew then that you wouldn’t be home. What was I to tell that tiny six month old boy? That his parents, who had promised to come back, hadn’t?”

“Really Dad, you can’t possibly make me feel any worse than I already do, so stop with the guilt trip.” Nasta sighed softly.

“What possessed you to drink so much? I have spent my life teaching you about the dangers and detriments of alcohol and then you go out and not only let your submissive and subordinates get flat drunk, but you join them!”

“We were celebrating our very first Valentine’s Day together as a whole, as a real family, Dad. Forgive me for not ruining that celebration by exercising restraint on what myself and my lovers drank.”
“Well you made the papers this morning, perhaps that would interest you.” Myron said silkily soft, his black eyes glaring at them all as he took the folded newspaper from his back pocket and handed it over forcefully.

Nasta shook it out to the front page with Max over his shoulder and the glaring headline ‘Garnet Swan Under Fire’ caught his attention and then underneath that was a second, more detailed headline stating ‘Prestigious Garnet Swan Restaurant make enemies of the Saviour and the hottest, most talked about relationship of the year’ which made him sigh tiredly as he saw the picture of a tearful Harry with a wine stained shirt on the front cover. He wasn’t going to enjoy this article, he just knew it.

“Illustrious and world famous wizarding restaurant, The Garnet Swan, last night became the centre of an embarrassing and reputation destroying scene as five prominent young wizards enjoyed an evening at the Magical Musical Theatre for the yearly performance of the world’s only all magical ballet troupe before heading to The Garnet Swan for dinner reservations that have to be pre-booked up to eight months in advance for Valentine’s Day slots. Other patrons were excited to see Saviour, Harry James Potter, seventeen, enter the establishment, accompanied by his four lovers, Nasta Tabrien Delericey, thirty-eight, Maximilius Diadesen Maddison, thirty-two, Blaise Mariano Zabini, eighteen and Draco Malfoy, seventeen.

‘I have never met the young boy in person and to see him sitting just two tables away from me and my Husband was just a complete thrill’ says Florence Hightly. ‘They were all happy and laughing, talking about the ballet they had just seen and young Harry asked if his lovers would like some wine, which was then ordered. There was a tension between them however, as the young hostess wouldn’t leave their table, flirting quite shamelessly with one of Harry’s lovers. It’s not surprising that he got a bit upset with the lady.’

Other diners then went on to describe a scene ‘like something out of a written drama’ some patrons said, as the hostess, who has been named as Audrey Freeman, twenty-six, touched and flirted with the obviously uninterested man, who tried many times, unsuccessfully, to brush the woman off, then recommended a rosé wine, ‘a favourite of hers’ a colleague mentioned, to the young men, after they had clearly said that they wanted both red and white, not rosé. Freeman then went to fetch the wine herself, instead of allowing the waiters to do their job and serve the young men.

‘Their mood was drastically lowered, darker’ Kirk Williams, sixty-three, told us. ‘They were no longer the smiling, happy lovers they had been when they had arrived and young Mr Potter was most upset and down heartened.’

The next scene, that shocked other diners and has left The Garnet Swan’s reputation in tatters, was when Miss Audrey Freeman came back with the wine server and then proceeded to pour the bottle of expensive red wine over Mister Potter’s head which saw the young seventeen year old leaving the restaurant in tears, pictured above, his night now ruined and his lovers furious on his behalf.

‘It was just awful, disgraceful for such an expensive and highly rated establishment’ Rose Beverly, fifty-nine, said in an interview. ‘That young lady was rude, disrespectful, shameless and cruel to that poor boy, to one we owe so much! That boy did not deserve such treatment for merely dining with his loved ones. The Garnet Swan is a very expensive establishment, we as patrons, expect a certain level of service for our Galleons, this is unacceptable and I and my loved ones will be
dining at The Gilted Crown from now on!’

Harry Potter and his loved ones could not be found for comment, assumedly they went back to their quarters at Hogwarts school of Witchcraft and Wizardry, which three of the five are still attending for their last year of school. The management team of The Garnet Swan confidently assured us that Miss Freeman had been dismissed from service and they have apologised sincerely to their guests and have sent along their apologies to Mister Harry Potter and his lovers for the poor level of service they received and have also offered to replace the shirt that one of their staff members ruined and have also expressed their wish to offer the young fivesome a free dining experience to take advantage of whenever they wish, their school schedule allowing, but all of that does not make up for the fact that the superior, world class restaurant has been left in a frankly embarrassing position and their untouched reputation has been left in shreds.”

Max breathed in deeply as he finished reading aloud the article.

“At least they didn’t follow us and take pictures of what we did in that small restaurant and that cheap, nasty hotel.” Draco said, feeling much better now that his belly had stopped rolling and his headache had been eased away by the potions.

Myron breathed deeply. “That’s not the point!” He snapped.

“What is the point? As you seem to want to make it incredibly loudly.” Harry asked from Max’s arms; where his glassy green eyes cracked open just a touch.

“Take these, Harry, you’ll feel much better.” Max encouraged, overseeing Harry drinking the two potions.

Harry struggled in Max’s arms and the large man set him on his feet. Harry walked right into his bedroom and he immediately stripped into a pair of soft, warm pyjamas before going to his babies. He scooped a sleeping Braiden into his arms and climbed the staircase to his quintuplets.

None of them were awake, but he stroked their soft little cheeks, gave them all a kiss, before carrying Braiden back down the stairs and into the living room, cooing softly to his baby.

“Braiden was…” Aneirin started.

“Don’t!” Nasta hissed angrily, his eyes pinned on his Father.
“Braiden was what?” Harry demanded, waking up a lot more than he had been previously. “He wasn’t sick was he?!”

“No, he missed you.” Nasta said softly.

“Aww.” Harry cooed, rubbing his nose against Braiden’s. “Did you miss me baby? I missed you too.”

“I fed the little quins, Braiden didn’t wake up.” Ashleigh told him.

“Leolin should have had two bottles.” Harry said worriedly.

“I fed him the first bottle.” Aneirin told him.

Harry smiled. “Thank you.”

Aneirin blew out a breath, he just couldn’t stay angry with Harry, his son however, him he could be angry with, he knew better than this, he had taught his son better, fortunately for Nasta, Braiden made a soft sound and opened his beautiful eyes as Harry sat down on the settee.

He grinned, so very happily when he caught sight of his Mummy and he lifted sleep heavy arms to get a hug, which Harry lovingly gave him, ignoring the baby drooling in his hair and over his neck.

“Hello, Braiden love.” Harry greeted softly, blocking out the room around him.

“Mama!”

“Good morning, sweetie. I missed you so much, but your Daddies thought it was a bad idea to Apparate while so intoxicated, truthfully I agree with them, but it’s alright, I’m here with you now.”

Harry just cuddled his little six month old baby and soaked up all the love and trust such a tiny person could have for their Mother. He pressed his lips to Braiden’s temple and kept his lips there as he hugged Braiden to himself.
“I love seeing you like this.” Max told him softly.

“Like what?” Harry answered back just as softly, most of his attention still on the baby in his arms.

“Just like that, in your own little world with one of the kids. It’s amazing.”

Harry smiled, but shook his head at Max.

“Has he had breakfast?” Harry asked the older adults in the room.

“No, not yet. Is he on solids yet?” Ashleigh asked.

Harry nodded. “Yes, he only has a bottle five times a day now and he has rice cereal twice a day. He’s getting such a big boy.”

“May I hold him?” Ashleigh asked.

Harry gave Braiden a kiss and handed him over with no fuss as he went to fix Braiden some breakfast.

“How is Leolin doing?” Myron asked, sitting down next to Draco when offered to by Max.

It made Harry feel warm that Myron was asking after Leolin, and not just Calix and Farren. His only blood grandchildren.

“I’m worried about him.” Harry admitted.

“Only because you are comparing him to the other babies, Harry. He’s going to seem different and even strange compared to them.” Nasta soothed.
“Didn’t you tell him about Faerie babies, Nasta? I gave you the books right from the Faerie courts.” Aneirin said tonelessly, still lividly angry with his son, but willing to put it off to a later date, perhaps when Harry and Braiden weren’t in the room.

“Of course I’ve told him, he’s even read a few of them himself, but it doesn’t seem to be sinking through his Dracken instincts. He keeps trying to feed Leolin increasing amounts of milk to join the other four, but he doesn’t want to know.”

“I just…he’s not growing. Surely he should at least be growing?” Harry bit his lip and frowned with stress and concern.

“He has grown, Harry; his back is now completely healed, he’s gained a few pounds and he’s lost his curled up newborn look.” Draco reminded.

“But he’s still so small, he’s tiny.”

“Only compared to his siblings.” Max told him, assisting Harry with Braiden’s breakfast, handing him the things that he needed to make the baby rice cereal.

“Is it okay for him to be so small though?” Harry asked, looking at Aneirin, a tiny bowl of rice cereal in his hands and a little weaning spoon at the ready for Braiden.

“It’s completely normal, Harry, I’m surprised he’s put on any weight, most Faerie babies don’t until they’re at least a few months old. There are books on this, Harry and one baby in one particular book still looked like he was a newborn at seven months, Leolin’s coming on brilliantly and I’m sure it’s down to your expert care.”

That put a smile on Harry’s face as he went to feed Braiden, who Max had taken off of his Mother and sat on his lap. Harry knelt on the floor in front of him and fed Braiden on Max’s lap, neither of them caring about the odd blobs of cereal landing on them, they were just glad that Braiden hadn’t yet learned to put his hand in the food and throw it, he was content to just sit and allow Harry to push the spoon into his mouth.

Nasta went to get the awakening quintuplets after laying Blaise down on the settee with orders not to move and for Draco to watch him, and then another day began, perhaps not how they would always start their day, as they weren’t always going to have hideous hangovers, but they easily fell into their familiar routine.
Monday morning, the sixteenth of February, saw Harry back in lessons, which he had grumbled about, after thoroughly enjoying his week off from lessons, but he was sent on his way regardless, being accompanied by Blaise and Draco until they broke apart, Harry to Charms, Draco and Blaise to Arithmancy.

Theodore Nott had been expelled, had had his wand snapped in half and was forbidden from buying a new one. There had been a huge article on the front page about the scummy little Slytherin who had attacked the Saviour. Draco hadn’t let him read it and from that alone Harry knew that it was a bad article with at least some misinformation or downright lies.

Astoria Greengrass had been cautioned and warned not to go near him, any of his lovers or their children and she had been firmly told that any more trouble and she would also be expelled and have her wand snapped. She glared at Harry as he sat with Draco and Blaise for lunch, but Harry happily ignored the little girl, talking more with Pansy Parkinson, who wasn’t exactly a bosom buddy, but Harry found that he could actually enjoy her company in small, evened doses.

After lunch Harry went back to Transfiguration to finish off the interrupted double period with Draco, while Blaise rushed off to Ancient Runes. Harry and Draco also met up with Hermione, who also had Transfiguration.

When the final bell rang Harry packed up his equipment and scowled at his filthy hands. Herbology really was dirty work and he spoke softly with Neville as they both went to the hose in the corner to wash their hands.

“Where are Draco and Blaise?” Neville asked, really so much more confident now than his younger years.

“In Defence, poor babies.” Harry grinned.

“What’s wrong with Defence? I thought it had picked up standard now that we have a permanent Professor who knows what he is on about now that the curse is lifted from the position.”

“Ah, but who is that permanent teacher, Nev? None of them have forgiven Professor Drios for that stunner to the back when I was pregnant.”

Neville made an ‘O’ of understanding and he nodded. “I suppose that must be difficult for them to deal with, stunners really can be dangerous and with how powerful Professor Drios is, I am surprised that you came out with the baby still.”
“I’m not!” Seamus Finnegan piped up as they made their way across the grounds to the castle. “No matter how powerful Professor Drios is, our Harry is even more powerful!”

“Cheers, Seamus.” Harry grinned. “Hey, do you guys want to come over later, or I could come to Gryffindor Tower, but it is more convenient to move you lot rather than six babies, I want to introduce you and the girls to the kids, I’ve already invited Hermione, who’s going to ask Ginny and Luna.”

“You sure your guys won’t mind?” Dean Thomas asked.

“Why would they?”

“Alright then, I’ve been dying to meet your kids.” Seamus said with a grin.

“They’ve really come on now.” Harry said with an answering grin.

“Not planning on anymore are you?” Neville asked as Harry went misty eyed.

“ Loads more.” Harry chuckled. “Draco wants a blood child too.”

“Hold up, you have six kids and none of them are Malfoy’s? Maybe he’s infertile.”

“No, I’m sure he’s very fertile; we just never seem to have sex together at the right time.” Harry grinned as his friends all pulled faces.

“Too much information, Harry.” Dean scowled.

“I had to listen to you and Seamus for two years, talking about women and breasts and other icky things that I don’t want to even name.” Harry pouted.

That set them all off laughing as Seamus wrapped an arm around Harry’s shoulders.
“That must have been what turned him off in the first place.” Neville pointed out.

“You know what, it probably was.” Harry grinned at his friends. “I’m blaming my harem of men solely on you two.” Harry indicated Seamus and Dean.

“How can you put the same amount of blame on me?” Dean asked. “I waited a full year after Seamus did to have sex for the first time. He was the one who started off the conversations about women by telling us about that summer between third and fourth year when he had that girl, oh what was her name, Sally? Or was it Sandy?”

“Don’t look at me, I don’t remember her name.” Seamus grumbled.

“Anyway, Seamus started it all off, so therefore he should be blamed more.”

“Blamed more for what?” Hermione asked as she joined them on the fourth floor.

“Nothing, Hermione.” They all said, sharing a grin with one another at what Hermione would say about their topic of conversation.

“You’re not planning on rule breaking are you?” She asked, eyeing them all suspiciously.


“She had Divination, she and Luna will meet us outside your rooms.” Hermione answered still looking at them through narrowed eyes suspiciously, a frown down turning her mouth.

“I can’t wait to show off my babies!” Harry said excitedly. “Oh, don’t mind Nasta or Max, I have no idea what they’ve done all day, so Nas might be working or they could be asleep now that I’m not there to help with the kids.”

“They won’t be having, you know what, will they?” Dean asked with a grimace.

“What sex? Don’t be stupid, with six kids it’s hard enough to find the time to cuddle, let alone have
sex.” Harry waved away as they reached the seventh floor and found Ginny and Luna stood awkwardly outside the portrait of the empty classroom.

“This is your guardian portrait? Who’s supposed to be inside the picture?” Neville asked.

“No one.” Harry winked and took out his wand and touched the keyhole in the classroom door. The portrait swung open and Harry bounced inside to see Max napping on the settee topless and Nasta was nowhere in sight.

“Here we are, home sweet home.”

Hermione, Ginny and Luna all giggled at Max, whose gorgeously muscled upper body really was a sight to behold in all its naked glory, the wide expanse of his shoulder’s barely fit on the settee and his thick thighs left no room for the both of them to fit on the settee, one leg was bent over the side, foot resting on the floor.

“He’s so big.” Ginny giggled.

“Yeah, he is.” Harry winked with a cheeky grin.

“Mama!” Braiden called out, fighting to sit up in the travel cot as soon as he heard Harry’s voice. He managed to sit himself up by rolling onto his knees first and he immediately held his arms up to Harry. “Maa maa!” He stressed.

Harry picked him up and gave him a tight hug and a kiss.

“This is Braiden.” He introduced.

“Ah, I remember this one.” Dean said as he gingerly took a little hand and shook it gently.

“Harry, is that you?” Nasta called out, coming into the living room dressed in the dragonhide trousers that Draco had bought him for his birthday and a tight green tee-shirt, which brought out the green in his eyes.
“Yeah, I bought some friends to see the kids, they’ve already met Max.” Harry grinned, indicating the biggest kid of the family.

Nasta snorted. “He thinks he had it hard because I went to work for two hours this morning. One of the Welsh Greens, Meinir, got out of hand and tried to destroy her enclosure, and everyone in it.”

“How’s that hard?” Harry asked.

“Pregnant?” Harry guessed with a secret grin.

“Pregnant.” Nasta agreed with a smirk.

“You aren’t hurt are you?” Harry asked.

“No. But Max thinks he’s hard done by for being left on his own for two hours.”

Harry chuckled and went to get the quintuplets, who would be wanting a feed soon anyway, leaving Nasta with his friends.

“It’s nice to meet you.” Ginny grinned widely, looking suggestively to his hips and thighs, which she had had a fascination with ever since Harry had told her about Nasta’s special move during sex and exactly what it felt like to be on the receiving end of it. Nasta just nodded in reply, sinking back into his silent, aloof persona.

Once Harry had safely moved all five of the quintuplets into the living room he showed them off to his friends as Nasta went into the kitchenette to make up their bottles.

“Doesn’t say much does he?” Seamus whispered to Harry.

“Who Nasta? You should have been there right in the very beginning; I had trouble getting his name from him.”

“I think he’s just shy.” Hermione defended.
Harry snorted and almost keeled over with laughter at that. If it was one thing that Nasta wasn’t, it was shy.

“He’s not shy, he just likes the quiet.” Harry said grinning. “A lot of people misunderstand that about him, some people over the years have even thought that he was retarded or mute, he’s not, he just doesn’t like talking, he prefers observing everything. Though he has gotten better, especially with us.”

“Where are Draco and Blaise?” Neville asked, almost nervously, though it didn’t show on his face.

“Don’t worry about them, Nev, they won’t say a word to you anymore, they’ve really grown up, not to mention they don’t have the time to go bullying anyone. Besides they know what I think of them behaving in that way and they wouldn’t do it. As for where they are currently, they go to every single study session held by the Professors, then they’ll go to the library for a bit before they come home, they want to do the very best that they can in their exams so they won’t have to resit them in the summer.”

“They spend all day, every day studying?” Dean asked in horror.

Harry nodded. “They want good jobs to support our family. Nasta and Max have good jobs and I was left a lot of money by my parents and my godfather, but we can never have too much, especially not as we plan on having a lot of children.”

Harry cuddled Braiden in his lap, letting his son gum and bite at a teething ring with little plastic animals on it as his friends, most particularly Hermione and Ginny, fawned over the quintuplets.

“I know you had a little girl, where is she?” Ginny asked.

Harry looked at her strangely. “You can’t tell?” He demanded as he looked to his little girl, who he could see immediately was a girl and not a boy like the others.

“It is hard to tell, Harry, especially as they’re all wearing dresses.” Seamus pointed out.

“They’re nightdresses and it makes it easier to change them in the night instead of fighting with poppers, buttons and foot holes. Why aren’t they dressed?” Harry asked Nasta, who shrugged as he handed over the bottles to cool naturally.
“Ask Max.” Was the short, soft reply as he went back to the kitchenette and got out his paperwork.

Harry rolled his eyes and pointed out Tegan to the girls, who carefully picked her up and cuddled her.

“She looks very like that baby.” Neville said, pointing to Regan.

“They’re the closest to twins out of all of them.” Harry nodded. “I think they’re more fraternal twins than part of the other quins, they just happened to be born at the same time as the other three, but they have been mistaken for identical twins by the orderlies who gave them their Dragon Pox vaccine.”

“These two are Nasta’s yes? They look like him.” Hermione said.

“Leolin is Nasta’s too.” Harry pointed out the tiny baby, in his padded carrycot closest to Harry; the other four had been placed down on the quilt in the middle of the floor.

“Why is he so small?” Dean asked. “Is he alright?”

“He’s a Faerie.” Luna said softly as she went onto her hands and knees, lifting one hand to touch a small cheek.

“Come off it, Harry’s as human as the rest of us!” Seamus scoffed.

Harry shared a look with Hermione and he had to control his grin.

“Actually Luna is right. Leolin's a Faerie; it runs in Nasta’s bloodline.”

“Holy fuck, really?” Dean burst out.

“Language.” Nasta snapped from the kitchenette table.
“So that thing about his skin?” Dean whispered after sending a look to Nasta.

“His underdeveloped wings.” Harry said. “He’s fine now though, completely fine.”

Braiden took that moment to sneeze and Harry sighed, picking up a soft cloth from the table and wiping his nose for him and the snot that had covered his face down to his chin.

“That’s disgusting!” Seamus shivered.

“That’s a baby.” Harry replied with a grin. “People just think they’re these little humans that just sleep all the time, that they can put them down and pick them up when they want to and they can use them as dress up dolls, they don’t realise exactly how much work it involves. They all eat, puke and shit more times a day than anyone you’ve ever known, their cries can pierce your eardrums, they can’t wipe themselves, can’t feed, change or bathe themselves, they can’t wipe their own noses, when the baby is finally asleep you have all the washing to do, all the cleaning because you can’t do it when the baby is awake. You can forget about any thoughts of a social life, sleep is a thing of the past and sex is a distant dream that we only get to indulge in on special occasions when Nasta’s Dad or Max’s parents take the kids for the night. I don’t think I’ve slept properly for a year because even when you’re pregnant the baby won’t let you sleep undisturbed.”

“Then you went and had five more.” Neville grinned. “That alone says it’s all worth it.”

“It’s most definitely worth it.” Harry smiled. “I wouldn’t give up this last year and a half for anything, and I mean anything, in the world.”

“Love you too.” Max said sleepily as he stretched his body as much as he could on the settee, watched by three giggly girls and three grudgingly impressed boys as Max’s muscles flexed enticingly under his smooth skin, that was getting steadily paler with the absence of the strong summer sunlight.

“We have company.” Harry informed softly.

“I know, I’ve been listening to you all for the last few minutes.”
Max hefted himself up with a groan and stretched again, this time his back muscles flexing as his spine cracked forcing him to let out a soft moan.

“Why aren’t any of the children dressed?” Harry asked. “You were supposed to have dressed them and washed their nightdresses ready for them to wear tonight.”

Max groaned and rubbed his face. “Nasta left me on my own.”

“Only for two hours.” Harry raised an unimpressed eyebrow.

“Braiden wouldn’t settle without you, Tegan decided to throw a fit when I tried to undress her so I thought it best to just leave her and then Calix decided to play up, then Leolin wanted attention, it’s hard to look after all six of them on your own!” Max defended.

Harry chuckled and kissed Max, who sighed unhappily.

“If you give me their nightdresses now I’ll wash them and dry them in front of the fire.” He said defeated and Harry chuckled again, having known that as soon as he had kissed Max, that the large man would offer to do the washing.

“Oh, I want to pick their outfits.” Ginny said. “Can I please?”

“Their clothes are in the large chest of drawers, Gin.” Harry told her. “One drawer per baby, Braiden’s is at the top, then Farren’s, Tegan’s, then Regan’s, Calix and Leolin’s is on the bottom. Don’t forget bodysuits and socks!”

“I’m so glad we got the magically expandable drawers, otherwise we would need a whole cabinet for each baby.” Max chuckled as he picked up Regan and pulled his nightdress off quickly and carefully as Harry did the same with Braiden.

Each baby was then nearly naked except for their nappies as Ginny came back with her arms full of clothes.

“You have some adorable outfits.” She gushed. “Your bed is amazing by the way.”
“You had better not have gone up there, Ginny!” Harry warned, not liking that someone, anyone, would go so close to his bed.

“No, I saw it from the lower level, but it looks awesome.”

Harry nodded at that and set to dressing his babies for the day, even if they’d have to be changed back into sleepwear in a few hours, Max taking the dirty nightdresses, bodysuits and socks to be hand washed.

His friends stayed for another hour, they talked about anything and everything, exams popped up and then Quidditch and Harry assured the Gryffindors that he would be playing in the match against Hufflepuff in March, in a little over two weeks’ time. He was greatly looking forward to it. He also assured them that he would do his best to play Ravenclaw in May as well and then the final in June, which would likely be Gryffindor versus Slytherin, as it usually was. Harry had missed the first Gryffindor versus Slytherin match which had been in November, when he had still been pregnant with the quintuplets; Blaise had had fun destroying the red and gold lions though. It had been a narrow victory for the Slytherins, who had won two hundred and ten to one hundred and eighty. Blaise’s first match as Captain since Urquhart had graduated.

Harry sighed as he said goodbye to his friends and went to sit on Nasta’s lap as Max hung the rung out clothes on the grate by the fire. Nasta’s arm slipped around his waist and held on as he finished his calculation before dropping his quill and giving him a kiss.

“Were you uncomfortable with them here?” Harry asked sadly.

Nasta shook his head. “No. I just have no idea what to say to school children.”

Harry laughed. “Me, Blaise and Draco are still in school too.”

“But you’re more mature because of the Dracken inheritance. Not to mention the six children.” Max pointed out as he walked around the table to make them some tea. “They were a bit immature, especially the younger girls. A guy can’t even sleep without giggling going on.”

“You were half naked.” Harry grinned.

“Only because Regan spit up on my shirt.” Max pouted as he handed out the tea cups.
Harry took a sip of the familiar sweet warmth of his honey tea and he sighed in happiness.

“I’ll tell you, this is the life. I don’t care how hard or stressful it gets, I meant it when I said that I wouldn’t change these last nineteen months for anything.”

Nasta nibbled his neck and squeezed his waist, but that’s all they had time for as Braiden called out for his ‘mama’ wanting some more attention.

Harry sighed and groaned as he got up to go and pick up a squalling Braiden to play with him and the three stuffed animals they kept at the bottom of his travel cot that Braiden enjoyed. He hadn’t been lying when he had said that the only time they got to have sex anymore was when the in-laws babysat.

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The next few weeks turned into a nightmare as even more homework was piled on them as they came into March. Braiden turned seven months old; the quintuplets turned three months old and Harry started avoiding all meat. This sent him into a blind panic when he finally realised what he was doing and why and it took his mates several minutes to calm him down, thankful that they were in their private rooms and not in public.

“What the hell is the matter, Harry?” Blaise asked as Nasta finally managed to secure his teeth around the back of Harry’s neck, making his body go boneless as instinct took over and his Dracken released calming hormones into his blood as Nasta’s teeth sunk into the flesh at the back of his neck.

“I just realised, I don’t want meat.”

“So, don’t eat it.” Draco replied with a frown. “No one’s forcing you to eat it.”

“No, I don’t want any meat; I don’t even want it near me, that’s the sign of the fifth week of my heat cycle.”

That brought his mates up short.

“Are you sure?” Blaise asked softly.
Harry nodded. “I’ve been eating cereals, bread and rice all week and now I’ve realised that I don’t want any meat. I can’t be pregnant again, I can’t! What if it’s another set of quintuplets?!”

“Calm down, Harry, we’ll deal with it when we have to.” Nasta encouraged, helping him to slow his breathing. “There are still three more weeks of your cycle, then the heat period, do you know exactly what day your diet changed to include more cereals and grains and no meat?”

“I… I think it was last Tuesday.” Harry frowned. “I don’t know for sure, is it important?”

“We know you have eight week cycles.” Nasta told him. “You’re in your fifth week or thereabouts, knowing what day you went into your fifth week can help us pinpoint what day your heat period will hit, which will allow us to make preparations for the children to be away at that time.”

Harry nodded at the logic and he focused on breathing deeply and evenly, there was no guarantee that this would be a fertile heat, next to no Dracken had a fertile heat right after a dry spell, what were the chances that he’d be one of the few who did? So it was best to just calm himself down and not stress over it. His Dracken wouldn’t care if he wanted more babies or not, he would either have a dry heat or a fertile one, he’d have to deal with that when it came to it and until then, he’d carry on as normally as possible.

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Sunday, March the eighth saw Harry waking up two hours early with pre-match nerves. He showered, dried and dressed himself in his Quidditch uniform before the first baby even stirred from sleep. He left the scarlet robe off for now.

He moved the sleeping babies one by one into the living room and tried not to think that he might have another one soon. Or another several, but he staved off that last thought viciously.

Harry fed the babies as they woke and eased them back to sleep, which was easier to do with the quintuplets than with Braiden, who refused to sleep and instead stayed awake with Harry to play with.

Harry kept himself focused on Braiden so that the nerves would ease off, they wouldn’t go completely until he was up in the air, but until then he could at least keep himself occupied with the extra time with Braiden.

Braiden excited Harry when they were playing on the floor together by getting onto his hands and knees, but he didn’t do anything other than bounce on his hands and knees making ‘ah, ah, ahhh’ noises, liking the way that his noises sounded as he bounced on his arms, before falling flat onto the padded duvet and giggling to himself.
Harry let out the breath that he hadn’t known he had been holding and he smiled softly and indulgently at his seven month old son who was rolling and squirming on the duvet in front of him.

Farren woke up and Harry changed him with an ease that came from changing about fifty nappies a day. Harry held Farren on his lap as he played with Braiden, who, at the moment, enjoyed throwing things. Not that they went very far, but sometimes they landed on Braiden’s leg or a foot, and sometimes, if a mate was sitting close by him, their legs.

Draco woke up first and he came to kiss him good morning, kissing Farren’s head and Braiden’s mouth as the little boy giggled on his belly.

“Do you want a cup of tea, Harry?”

“Please, Dray, if you don’t mind. I’m choking on nerves.”

“You’ll be completely fine, but for the sake of our sanity, please, no diving, no speeding, no stunts of any kind and no death defying tricks.”

“So I’ll just sit there in one spot, yes?” Harry asked with a grin.

“That’ll be for the best I think.” Draco nodded as he boiled the Muggle kettle for tea; he was getting so much more domesticated as the months passed.

Harry chuckled. “You just want Slytherin to win.”

“I don’t care about that any more, Harry, there are more important things now, like your health, so be careful.”

Harry nodded. “I will, but I can’t control the bludgers or the Beaters.”

Draco’s eyes flashed with both anger and worry, but he turned to fix the tea before Harry could call him on it. He let it go; all of his mates would be worried until the end of the match. He didn’t always get hurt in Quidditch matches, but everyone knew that Quidditch was a very dangerous game to play, so injuries were an almost certainty, for Seekers especially.

“Oh now who is this sexy man?” Max grinned, looking at Harry in his tight Quidditch leggings and
“Come off it, Max.” Harry grinned.

“No I mean it, your arse looks fucking stunning in those skin tight leggings, sat there with the heels of your little feet pushing it up like an offering that I can’t resist, why don’t you wear them more often?”

“They’re my Quidditch ones.” Harry laughed.

“Then I’ll buy you a pair for everyday use.” Max nodded happily and sat behind Harry to pull him onto his lap.

“Ah ba!” Braiden frowned at Max as Harry was taken further away from him. “Mama, mama, maa maa!”

“Someone’s being a fussy boy.” Blaise said as he scooped Braiden up and kissed a chubby cheek.

“Mama! Mama! Mama!” Braiden chanted as he struggled in Blaise’s arms before he gave up and burst out crying; screaming his heart out and Harry was up and had Braiden in his arms, pacing the living room trying to shush him.

“What happened?” Nasta asked urgently, coming out of the bedroom, razor in hand, half shaved, his chin was bleeding down his neck.

“Braiden’s having a bit of separation anxiety. He doesn’t want to be away from Harry.” Blaise explained sadly as he watched Harry pace with their son, he went wide eyed when he looked over to Nasta and saw the blood.

“You’re bleeding, Nas.” Harry pointed out concernedly, even as he bumped Braiden to try and calm him.

“I heard Braiden scream and I lost focus for a moment and sliced my chin as I turned my head, it’s nothing.”
Draco went to the older man with a napkin and dabbed the cut gently, peering at it closely.

“It doesn’t seem too bad, just a nick.” He said concernedly even as he continued dabbing at the bleeding cut. “It’s not stopping, Max do you have anything for this?”

Max had gone immediately to his potions case as soon as he had seen the blood and he carefully threw a jar of paste at Draco, who unscrewed it, dipped his fingers into it and dabbed it on Nasta’s cut.

Nasta sucked in a breath and forced himself not to push Draco away as the paste stung and burnt.

“It’s nothing.” He complained. “It would have healed on its own anyway.”

Draco gave him a stern look and Nasta sighed, but he pulled Draco into a hug and kissed him regardless. He smiled at the love that he felt from these four men, the care they showed him just for a small shaving cut.

“Breakfast will be up in ten minutes guys!” Max called. “Harry, Braiden’s porridge is ready if he’s calm enough to eat it now.”

Harry nodded from where he was cradling a snuffling Braiden in his arms. Nasta went to finish shaving, this time without any more cuts and Max set out cups of tea and Blaise’s coffee, the only one he’d be able to have in Nasta’s presence, he’d have to sneak the all the other cups that he wanted.

Harry fed Braiden first, who was over his fit and was happily giggling and eating his spoons of porridge that Harry coaxed him to eat. When he was finished, Blaise tried to take Braiden away from Harry again, they waited with bated breath for the screaming to start again, but Braiden happily babbled to himself and tried to snatch Blaise’s hair and they all let out a breath and Harry turned to eat his own cooling breakfast.

At nine in the morning all six babies were bundled up in padded snow suits, hats, mittens, scarves, thick socks and wellies. Harry went for some last minute preparations with the team, leaving his four mates to fend for themselves against the female population of Hogwarts all clamouring to see the cute babies in their snow suits and the very gorgeous men holding them, of course seeing Draco Malfoy, the supposed epitome of cold, cool, calculating Pureblood, holding a three month old baby girl in a blinding white snowsuit with cute little teddies depicted on it might have been the clincher.

Harry, now dressed in the scarlet robes to match his socks, was warming up and running through tactics with Ginny, who he was positive that he was going to pass the Captaincy badge to after he
had graduated, she thoroughly deserved it.

“Are you alright, Harry?” Demelza asked. “You look pale.”

“I feel a bit sick honestly.” He said, rubbing his belly. “Give me a moment.”

“I feel sick too, it’s normal right?” Pauley Hendix, their new permanent Keeper, said worriedly.

“Pre-match nerves are normal.” Ginny assured them all. “But Harry has been playing for seven years and he wasn’t this bad on his first match back in his first year. Are you alright?”

“I’m fine; I just…give me a minute.”

He went into the shower stalls and to the lone sink to splash some very cold water on his face. He didn’t know what was wrong, but he felt off. He had thought that these were just nerves, but he didn’t think that it was now; it was a different sort of feeling. He didn’t remember ever feeling like this during his last breeding cycle, but maybe it was because he’d had a dry spell and now he was going back into his cycle, he’d have to ask Nasta, but until then he’d have to suck it up.

“It’s time to go out, are you feeling better?”

“A bit.” Harry replied rubbing his belly.

“It’s not that illness that you had last year is it?” Dean asked.

“It might be. I’ll see Pomfrey soon, I’m sure the guys won’t let me do anything less once they hear that I’m feeling a bit odd.”

“Are you fit enough to play?”

“Sure. I’ll be fine. I’m just a bit queasy, it’s not like I’m throwing up.” Harry assured as he gathered his team around, smiled at them all before leading them out to the pitch.
The Hufflepuffs, in their canary yellow robes, were already in place, they were late, but Harry walked slowly and confidently, using the smirk that Draco was infamous for to intimidate his opponents.

Harry stood opposite the Hufflepuff Captain and Chaser, Zacharias Smith. Harry would not lose to this boy, he wouldn’t.

Harry was pleased to note that they hadn’t changed their Seeker, Summerby, who Harry was certain he could outfly, not that he was over confident, accidents and miracles happened, but he knew Summerby’s strengths and weaknesses and unless he had gotten in some serious practice since he had last played, then this match would go in Gryffindor’s favour.

“See something you like, Potter?” Smith smirked cockily. “Afraid that you’ve been so long out of the game, off having so many kids, that you won’t be able to beat us?”

Harry couldn’t help it. He laughed loud and hard and the smiles and smirks on the Hufflepuff teams faces slid away.

“I could beat you and your team in labour with decuplets. Don’t flatter yourself or your team, Smith. You’re not going to win here.”

“We’ll see about that!” Smith huffed, sounding like a wounded hippo as they were forced to shake hands.

Harry acted sportingly and offered his hand jovially, getting an approving nod from Madam Hooch, who scowled as Smith tried to break Harry’s fingers. Harry didn’t mind, he was wearing his spined Quidditch gloves, Smith couldn’t crush the steel spines enough to even get to his fingers.

“Mount your brooms.” Madam Hooch instructed, her whistle to her lips.

Harry straddled his broom and smirked wickedly at the Hufflepuffs across from him. He was still the only person in Hogwarts with a Firebolt; he’d be in the air before they could kick off from the floor.

Madam Hooch released the snitch and the bludgers, Harry didn’t take his eyes from the team in front of him, even as Summerby’s eyes tried to track the snitch restlessly. It was a fool’s errand, the snitch would be long gone by the time the game started and the mass of players kicked off.
“Take a long look, Summerby, it’s the only time you’ll see it today.” Harry smiled sweetly.

Ginny snorted off to his left and Harry chuckled. Madam Hooch threw the Quaffle into the air hard, blew her whistle hard and Harry was gone.

The wind through his hair, the height, the smell of the sharp air from this high up, it awakened him and he longed to fly with his wings instead.

Harry found his mates very quickly, his eyes just automatically slid to the four men with their laps full of babies. The nappy bag slung over Nasta’s shoulder was clearly visible from where he was and Harry saluted them with a wide grin, knowing that they could easily see him, before he darted off looking for the snitch, he had told Smith that the Hufflepuffs wouldn’t win and he’d meant it.

It took him five minutes to realise Hufflepuffs tactic and he snorted in disgust as he avoided another bludger. They were trying to incapacitate him; blocking him off, hitting every bludger they could at him to get him out of the game.

Harry let out a feral growl and rolled on his broom to avoid another bludger to the head…they were not relenting, not giving him any time to search for the snitch he realised as Summerby darted this way and that to find the snitch as Harry was forced to play ballerina in the air.

He was thankful to have such amazing Chasers though as Ginny, Dean and Demelza worked so well together that they were sixty points up in fifteen minutes, but it wasn’t enough, if Summerby found the snitch soon, then they would lose. He shot off; outstripping the bludger easily, but another one came flying at his head to replace it, he growled and dropped down several feet.

He weaved and then dived down to the ground below; he signalled time out to Madam Hooch, who blew her whistle with a sharp, shrill blast. Harry dodged the last bludger and landed under the Gryffindor bleachers.

“We need to free you up, Harry.” Ginny said as she landed.

Harry nodded. “I’m making myself feel sicker with all those rolls and loops, I can’t keep that up. I’m going to stay at game level and try to lead the bludgers into their own players. Jimmy, keep the bludgers away from Ginny, Dean and Demelza. Richie, try and keep them away from me.”

The two Beaters nodded at him.

“Pauley, you’re doing great, no scores at all, that’s impressive.”

“They’re focusing more on you, Capt.” Pauley grinned cheekily at him. “I’ve barely had a touch of the Quaffle yet.”
“What are their Chasers doing?” Harry frowned.

“Trying to block you off and cut you up so you’ll crash.” Ginny replied. “Pauley’s right, they’re focusing everything on you.”

“Oh, well in that case we’ll use a new tactic. Dean, Demelza, Ginny, you three keep doing your best, try and get over a hundred and fifty points and make them catching the snitch worthless. Pauley, use your head, your instincts and your manoeuvrability, do not concede any goals if it can at all be helped. We’ll beat them by default if I can’t shake the bludgers loose long enough to find the snitch. It’s not a solid plan and we’re relying a lot on chance here, guys, I will of course still try to get the snitch and avoid the bludgers long enough to catch it, but I don’t want to end up in the hospital wing during this match, the lovers would skin me alive and I won’t be able to play against Ravenclaw, so we’re giving our all in this match. We have two months before Ravenclaw, which leaves ample room for rest and recovery, so everything we have, guys. Let’s run these little canaries into the ground.”

“So you can have your decuplets in peace.” Ginny giggled.

Harry grinned back and winked.

“You’re not having decuplets are you?” Jimmy asked nervously.

“Of course not, would I be playing at all if there was even a hint of pregnancy? Not a chance in hell and that’s before the lovers had a say in it.”

“What are decuplets?” Pauley asked.

“Ten babies at once.” Harry said. “Thank god for that. I think I’d push my lovers off the Astronomy Tower one by one.”

“If it was me in your place it would have to be higher than the Astronomy Tower and the area below would have to have a pit of iron spikes and, just to be sure, fully grown Blast Ended Skrewts crawling around to devour the remains.” Ginny said forcefully.

“You know what to do then, Gin, keep your legs shut.” Harry winked and laughed as Ginny went red and tried to hit him.
“You cheeky snot, like you’re able to coach anyone on keeping their legs shut!”

“Ah, but I’m practically married, I’m allowed to spread my legs.”

“Maybe you two could have this conversation away from young ears.” Dean broke in, indicating the horrified faces of the little fourth year, Hendix and the equally pale faces of the fifth years.

“Ah, yes, sorry about that. Ginny and I get out of hand sometimes.” Harry cleared his throat embarrassedly and took a deep breath to focus himself once more.

“Are you ready to remount?” Madam Hooch crunched over snow to reach them.

“Yes, I think we are.” Harry replied, nodding to the woman, before turning back to his team. “We have a good chance at this, if they’ve changed their tactics, we will change accordingly, but if they keep to the same game plan, we’ll beat them on default points, a win is a win, no matter in what way.”

They restarted the game and his Chasers had taken his plan to heart, scoring goals past the poor Keeper in abandon, but the attacks on Harry had upped their ante too and he had no time to look for the snitch, but he was getting a lot of exercise, it was no wonder that his leg muscles were as toned as they were, well that and riding his mates like pogo sticks. Harry giggled to himself before a bludger almost taking off his face sobered him up sharpish.

‘Head in the game Harry! Focus!’ He thought to himself sternly.

“Another ten points to Gryffindor! These girls and guy are really going for it! They now lead Hufflepuff a hundred and twenty to absolutely zero! One must ask what Captain Zacharias Smith is thinking during this match, or if he’s even thinking at all!”

Harry grinned at that, but they weren’t out of the woods yet, if Summerby, who was zooming around like a blue arsed fly, caught the snitch now, then they would lose, they needed thirty more points just to break even and get a draw.

Richie came up beside him and smashed the bludger aimed at him back into the Hufflepuff Beater, giving Harry a few crucial moments to scan the pitch for a glint of gold. Nothing.
Harry was forced to move as a Hufflepuff Chaser tried to unseat him, illegally mind, but the whistle of Madam Hooch made Harry grin. She had seen it. Play stopped for a penalty, taken by their star Chaser Ginny, but she took her sweet time and Harry knew why as his eyes restlessly tracked the air for the snitch. He wasn’t allowed to move, but that didn’t mean that he couldn’t look.

Ginny scored bringing them up to one hundred and fifty to zero and Harry high fived Ginny as she passed, he hadn’t seen the snitch, but it was a good move on her part to dawdle, just long enough to give him time, but not long enough to give Hufflepuff a concession penalty for time wasting.

Harry zoomed off when play resumed and he stayed away from all yellow clad players and made sure to stay at odd angles from the Beaters. If the Hufflepuff team had clocked their tactic then they weren’t responding to it and if they hadn’t realised by now what they were doing, well that was just peachy.

Demelza got Gryffindor’s one hundred and sixtieth point and Harry grinned. He nodded to Pauley, who now knew that he had to maintain the gap as best as he possibly could. The young fourth year looked so determined that Harry had to smile in pride.

Harry kept away from the Beaters, avoided the bludgers like a pro and it was as he was laughing at Gryffindor’s one hundred and eightyieth goal that he saw it, a shimmer of gold, gone in an instant and Harry focused immediately, his smile gone, the seriousness and the need to catch the snitch blocking everything else out, the crowd, the commentator, the other players, even his own players, who were still scoring goals, there was nothing but him and that small golden ball as he speared after it with complete and utter concentration. A buzz of noise to his left saw him dipping down a few inches to avoid the bludger that was sent at him at the very last second, he zoomed wide around Smith, who had tried to cut him off from the path of the snitch, he ignored when Summerby joined him, he put on a spurt of speed and had to drop away again as a bludger almost took off his hand. He had meant it when he had said that he was not going to the hospital wing this match.

Avoiding another Hufflepuff player, who must have gotten in their own Seeker’s way of the snitch as well, Harry shot upwards when the snitch suddenly went upwards, it circled around the highest Ravenclaw bleachers, Harry following just behind it, avoiding yet another bludger sent his way. Harry mentally grinned when the snitch suddenly shot down again and Harry happily followed, dives were his speciality and he thrived on going straight down like a bullet. His hand closed around the snitch a foot from the ground, giving him plenty of time to pull out of the dive and scream his celebration with the Gryffindors, who had won three hundred and seventy points to absolutely nothing!

Zacharias looked so sour that Harry had to laugh. Harry would never have allowed that little snot to beat him and his team, especially with such an underhanded game play. Even despite their best efforts, Harry had still caught the snitch and he was unharmed to boot! He was very happy.

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Harry met up with his red cheeked lovers and Blaise swung him around and kissed him, right there in the grounds of the castle with the entire student body floating about.

Harry laughed and kissed his mates happily before descending on his babies, kissing them and rubbing noses with them, listening to Braiden’s screeches of joy and seeing the gummy grins aimed at him by his quins.
“After party in the common room, Harry!” Ginny shouted as she rushed to him.

“I’ve had all the celebration I can take, Gin.”

“Are you still feeling sick?”

“What?” Nasta demanded immediately.

Harry glared at Ginny who grinned evilly back.

“I didn’t know about Harry’s illness? He said something about decuplets.”

“Decuplets? Ten babies? But...Harry, you’re not pregnant are you?” Draco frowned.

“Of course not, you wouldn’t have been able to pay me to get on that broom if I had been pregnant. It’s something that I said to Smith before the match, that’s all.”

“What did you say?” Blaise asked interestedly.

“He said something about me being afraid to face Hufflepuff because I’d been out of the game for so long having so many babies that I knew I wouldn’t be able to beat them and I told him that I could beat their shitty team while in labour with decuplets.”

Draco snorted and Max laughed.

“That’s my fierce little lover.” The taller man grinned, ruffling Harry’s already windswept mess of hair.

“Though if any of you ever make me pregnant with decuplets then I’m going to take a leaf out of Ginny’s book and march you one by one off of the highest tower I can find onto a field of iron spikes and just to make sure that you’re all thoroughly dead, I’ll be sure to have a Manticore or two
prowling around, okay?”

Nasta snorted softly in amusement. “Alright, Harry, but just so you know, no male submissive on record has ever had more than five in one go.”

“That’s not true.” Ginny frowned. “There was a male carrier in the papers just last month who had seven. He almost died and three of the seven babies didn’t make it, but he carried all seven to term.”

Harry looked to Nasta to see what he would say, because he couldn’t come out and tell Ginny, in such a public setting no less, that Harry was not a male carrier but they were all illegal creatures. Thankfully he didn’t have to say anything as Hermione, Neville and Seamus converged on them, all grinning from ear to ear, and of course Dean wandered over in his scarlet robes, his grin a million watts.

“That was bloody fantastic!” Seamus exclaimed.

“Are you coming to the after party?” Neville asked Harry.

Harry shook his head. “I wasn’t feeling too well before the match and I’m not feeling any better after it, so I think I’m going to go lie down for a bit and maybe have some ginger or peppermint tea.”

“Oh, well if you feel better later, we’ll be celebrating this victory well into the night!” Seamus told him.

Harry grinned and savoured the euphoria while he could, the look on his mates’ pinched faces told him that he’d be paying a visit to the medi-witch and explaining why he hadn’t told them about his sickness before he had played his match against Hufflepuff. He wasn’t going to look forward to that talk, perhaps he should have gone to the after party after all.

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Chapter End Notes
A/N: I have nothing against Hufflepuff; I just hate that little shit Smith. I hated him in the books and I hate him worse in fanfiction. So yeah, I had to do that, there was no stopping it and yes I know there is no Quidditch final at Hogwarts and that it’s on a points’ basis, but I wanted to do it this way instead.

I’m aiming to update again before Christmas, but if I don’t manage it, because things do pop up unfortunately, Merry Christmas to all of those who celebrate it and I hope that no matter who you are, where you are or what you believe in, that you are safe and happy this time of the year, because it is cold, it is dangerous and things do happen, so take care and thank you for reading and reviewing,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry grinned and savoured the euphoria while he could, the look on his mates’ pinched faces told him that he’d be paying a visit to the medi-witch and explaining why he hadn’t told them about his sickness before he had played his match against Hufflepuff. He wasn’t going to look forward to that talk, perhaps he should have gone to the after party after all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Sixty-Five - Choleric

Harry sat on the hospital bed and sighed unhappily as he was poked and prodded by Madam Pomfrey’s wand. So much for not ending up in the hospital wing after the match.

He’d had the whole, why didn’t you tell us you were sick talk, but as he had pointed out he hadn’t really realised that he was sick until he was in the locker room, he had thought it was just pre-match nerves, so thankfully he had been let off from the whole not telling his mates every detail of his body motions issue.

“From what I can tell it’s hormonal.” Madam Pomfrey told him and Harry let out a relieved breath that it wasn’t anything more serious. “Are you going into your breeding cycle, Harry?”

“I’m in the fifth week of it.” Harry agreed. “Only three weeks more before I go onto my heat period.”

Alright then, your body is producing high levels of different hormones, which is making you feel nauseous, I suggest some light food, some ginger tea and some rest and you should feel better as soon as your hormone levels even out.”

“Okay, thank you, Madam Pomfrey.” Harry said happily as he scooted off of the bed and took hold of his baby Calix, who looked so adorable in his little padded snow suit.
“It’s my pleasure, Harry. Don’t forget, if you’re pregnant again, come to me and I’ll help you once more.”

Harry nodded and he smiled, thanked her once again before taking Blaise’s hand and walking back to his rooms to rest up a bit, there was nothing really that could be done for hormonal issues, he’d have to wait it out as his body once again filled with hormones to make him fertile, though he hoped that it took longer than three weeks, he was still praying for a dry heat.

Once they got back to their rooms, Harry collapsed onto the settee and bent down to untie his Quidditch boots, Max beat him to it and treated him to a foot massage as well.

“Oh you are so well trained.” Harry teased as he lay back and let Max work his magic, allowing Blaise to take Calix from him to take off the snow suit now that they were back indoors.

Max chuckled. “I just like touching you, if you ever need a naked bum massage, please don’t hesitate to ask.”

Harry laughed and bumped Max’s chin with his bare toes, which were caught in Max’s mouth and sucked. Harry moaned.

“Oh don’t do that, I’m sick, do you know how horrible it is to be hard and sick?”

Max licked over the sole of his foot and Harry giggled as it tickled him and made him squirm, but Max held his ankle and licked over the sensitive side of his foot to the top and Harry went from giggling to moaning again.

“Nas! Make him stop! I’m hormonally ill!”

“Max.” Nasta warned from where he was taking the babies out of their snow suits with Blaise.

Max looked at him evilly and nibbled on his foot and Harry gasped. Draco wrapped arms around Max’s shoulders and dragged him away from Harry, or tried to, because Max still had hold of Harry’s ankle, so Harry ended up being dragged off the settee and onto the floor with a bump.

“Nasta!” Harry cried out.
“You salacious beast, leave the boy alone.” Nasta came and clipped Max upside the head, picked Harry up and settled him back down on the settee and tucked him up with a blanket.

“Harry should have a bath before he settles down.” Draco said as he looked to the still red cheeks and the visible grime and it made Harry feel like the blond could see the cooling, gelling sweat on his clothed back.

“Can you run him a bath please, Draco?” Nasta asked as he tried to undress a squalling Tegan, who really did hate being out of her clothes. “Oh please baby girl, just stay still and silent for a minute!” He pleaded with his daughter, who thrashed all the more.

Regan on the other hand was screaming and crying for Blaise, who was trying to re-dress the boy in warm clothing, but Regan was happy to be in just his bodysuit, no matter the weather, and he thrashed and squirmed every time Blaise tried to get the little jumper or trousers on him.

Harry just about pissed himself laughing as he watched his mates try to dress the two from the settee.

“Why don’t you try getting his head through first, Blaise?” He coached. “Nas, take her legs out first or you’ll be there all day.”

“If you think you can do it better come and do it! Otherwise shut up.” Blaise hissed frustrated as he tried to get Regan’s legs into his little trousers.

Harry chuckled and stood up, he pushed Blaise away and dressed a screaming Regan quickly, leaving his son to wriggle and writhe as he got used to the clothing covering him once more.

“There, that is how you dress him.”

Harry moved over and pushed Nasta away from Tegan, whose cries had picked up pitch and pace. He put her arms back into the snowsuit and she sniffled, thinking that she had won the battle, until Harry took out her legs and she started back up her screaming, but Harry sat her up and the suit slipped off easily, Harry merely pulling each of the sleeves in turn until her arms just fell out of the suit.

He dressed her as quickly as he could and presented Nasta with his dressed, sniffling daughter.
“That is how you handle the twin terrors. Next time listen to me because I know what I’m talking about.”

“Your bath is ready, Harry.” Draco called.

Harry happily went into the bathroom and he locked the door behind him with Draco still in the room, who looked at him strangely.

“I’ve missed bathing with you.” He smiled. “Join me?”

Draco grinned. “You know I won’t say no to such an offer.”

Harry grinned and went to Draco, they kissed and Harry happily allowed Draco to undress him from his tight, cold, dirty Quidditch uniform.

Draco helped him into the bath and Harry groaned at the feel of the warm water lapping at his cold body.

“I didn’t realise how cold I was.” He said softly.

Draco stripped himself, which admittedly made Harry feel hotter than the water had and he slipped into the water himself. Harry immediately went to him and wrapped arms around his waist.

“I love this bath.”

“It’s more like a swimming pool.” Draco smiled as he wrapped Harry up and softly rubbed his back with his hands.

“I still love it. I love it even more with a naked you in it.” Harry grinned.

Draco held Harry close and let the warm water relax and sooth them both. He lowered his hands to the water before pulling them back out and trickling the water over Harry’s narrow shoulders and down his back.

Harry moaned lightly, resting his head back on Draco’s chest as Draco continued to trail water over
his back and shoulders, getting rid of the surface grime and sweat.

Harry giggled when Draco’s hands smoothed water over his sides, making him squirm as he was tickled.

Draco chuckled at him before reaching for the body wash that he had put in reach when he had run the bath. He lathered a good handful of it up in his hands before pampering Harry by washing his aching back.

“Do you still feel sick?”

“No, I feel loved, comforted and cared for. I love you.”

Draco smirked as he nosed around Harry’s hairline, kissing his forehead as he continued to wash Harry’s back, shoulders and upper arms.

Draco went on to wash Harry’s front, making Harry whine at the loss of contact and support, before the blond sat him up on the side of the bath to do his lower back, abdomen, hips, legs and feet, Harry practically purring under his hands.

“You’re like a contented cat.” He laughed as he pulled Harry carefully back into the bath to wash the soap from him, dipping his head under and getting some shampoo onto his hands, scrubbing his scalp to clean his hair. “You need a haircut too.”

Harry shook his head. “I don’t. I like my hair.”

“You look as bad as you did in fourth year.”

“What was wrong with me in fourth year?” Harry asked with a glare.

“Your hair was very long in fourth year.” Draco replied diplomatically as he massaged his scalp, distracting Harry from the conversation.

“Oh that’s sooo good.” Harry moaned.

Draco slowly lowered Harry’s head into the water and washed off the shampoo before grabbing
“Must you use that as well?” Harry whined. “My hair’s already clean.”

“Do you want another head massage?” Draco smirked as Harry immediately brightened.

“Ooo, yes!”

Draco used his nimble fingers to smooth the conditioner into Harry’s hair, raising goosebumps up on Harry’s arms and neck as he massaged his scalp once more. He grabbed the wide toothed comb and pulled it through Harry’s hair, getting rid of the few knots and tangles before he ducked Harry’s head back under the water and he scrubbed out the conditioner.

“Are you feeling better?”

“Much.”

Harry took pleasure in returning the favour, even though Draco told him that he didn’t have to, even as he moaned under Harry’s fingers washing his back.

“Are you two done yet?” Max demanded as he banged on the bathroom door just as Harry finished doing Draco’s hair. “I’ve needed to piss for an hour and a half! What have you been doing in there for two hours?!”

Harry giggled as he let Draco pull him out of the water and wrap him in a towel.

“Don’t give me any shit about having sex either; I can smell that you haven’t been naughty!”

“We’ve been bathing!” Harry chuckled.

“For two hours?!” Max demanded. “Oh hurry up! My bladder is going to burst!”
Draco dried himself off, rubbed Harry dry, before unlocking the bathroom door and almost being bowled over by Max as he rushed in to relieve himself with a happy groan.

Harry laughed all the way to the wardrobe and he let Draco dress him warmly, but tastefully. They walked arm in arm into the living room to find Blaise in a very interesting game with Braiden. It looked like Blaise was mimicking Braiden, who was thoroughly enjoying the game as he was back on his hands and knees bouncing and making noises, Blaise copying him while Nasta laughed openly from the settee.

Harry went to his quins and he picked up Leolin, holding him close and trying to ignore his panic as he knew his baby weighed far too little and he brushed off the insane urge to force feed Leolin until he gained some weight. It was a ridiculous thought and it would damage his son, but it took a while for him to clear his head of such thoughts.

He sat next to Nasta as Draco sat by the coffee table, dragged his book satchel over to himself and took out his homework, chuckling as Blaise encouraged Braiden to move and speak by copying him, encouraging him to make new, more complex sounds so he could watch his Daddy Blaise copy him.

Max came back into the living room looking almost orgasmically happy and it made Harry laugh all over again.

“He was dancing almost as bad as Sanex at the meeting a few years ago when he got paralytic on whiskey shots.”

“I wasn’t that bad. Sanex’s dancing would have put shame to a scarecrow caught in a hurricane.”


“Oh yeah, it was hilarious.”

Max then did a boneless move with his body that looked like he was falling and trying to catch himself whilst simultaneously hopping on one foot and waving his limbs around.

Nasta started laughing at that and held his stomach with both hands.

“Please tell me Sanex doesn’t dance like that.” Draco pleaded.

“He really does.” Nasta said happily as he picked up Leolin from Harry’s arms and cwtched him tightly.
Blaise fell onto his belly and laughed at the stricken look on Draco’s face, Braiden copied him and their son giggled and shrieked.

“I wish I had a camcorder.”

“Oh please, there would be a few funny home videos on it, a few videos of the babies; the rest would be homemade porn.” Max scoffed.

“You object to that, why?” Harry asked seriously and Max stopped himself short and frowned.

“You don’t want to shoot a sex video do you?” Nasta asked.

“What’s a video? Who’s going to shoot who?” Draco asked confusedly, his blond eyebrows pulled into a thin line over his nose.

“A video is like a moving photograph, only it can last for as long as you film it for.” Harry explained. “So instead of the video looping around like the photograph, it carries on until you stop it. Or until it runs out of tape, but they hardly ever run out of tape anyway, I mean, who films something for longer than four hours?”

“We would if we filmed a heat period.”

Harry grinned wolfishly.

“We are not filming the heat cycle; imagine if Sanex or Caesar found it? Those two get into everything.” Nasta told them.

“We could ward it.” Harry suggested.

“We are not filming us having sex.” Nasta said stubbornly.

Harry pouted, but he sighed. “We don’t have a camcorder anyway.”
“We can pretend we’re on camera though.” Max grinned. “I’m up for anything; if you want to pretend we’re porn stars, filming a movie together, then we can do that.”

“Have I told you recently that I love you very much?” Harry grinned back.

“When did you get so kinky?” Blaise asked from the floor, where Braiden was chewing on the sleeve of his robe, biting at the cuff button with his four front teeth.

“What are you talking about? I’ve always been kinky.” Harry laughed to himself as he thought about the box that he had stowed away in the bedside cabinet. “Or do you not remember the skirt? Or the toys for that matter? Do I need to remind you?”

“You have more?” Draco asked, his voice striving for nonchalance, but it held a breathless quality to it.

Harry winked. “Much, much more.”

“I catalogued the entire contents of that box, they were mainly toys.” Max told him, as if he didn’t already know.

“I also looked in the box; the only clothing in it was the skirt and the matching panties.” Blaise informed him.

Harry grinned a secret grin. “Well if you don’t believe me, then maybe I should show you? We’re not doing anything for the rest of the day.”

His mates swallowed and Harry stood up and stretched, moving to the bedroom and dodging out of reach of Max as his biggest mate went to grab him. Harry ran to the bedroom and warded the door behind him. He laughed loudly so that they would hear him as he got the new box out and rummaged through it, wondering what he should wear for them. It was true that the first box had been nearly all toys, but this box was all fetish wear and indecently short and skimpy clothes.

He pulled out the blue skirt and the matching blue heels that were just his size, he’d have to practice with them a bit first, he hadn’t exactly made it a point to learn how to walk in heels before.

He stripped himself and pulled on the dark blue skirt, happy to note that it came with a matching
pair of blue panties, just like his beloved red skirt had. He wanted to wear the collar, but it was only March and it wasn’t all that warm, he’d wait until it was warmer before wearing it, which left him the option of finding a blue tee-shirt or jumper, or wearing the white corset, which he was very sure he could change to match the skirt.

Harry fingered his wand and licked his lips, ignoring the pleading from the living room as he touched the skirt with a short jab and then the white corset, which dyed itself dark blue in seconds to perfectly match the skirt.

It had a tie cord back, but thankfully it also had a zip up front so he was able to get into it himself and adjust it himself. He picked up the heels and went into the bathroom to look in the mirror and he barely recognised himself as he stared into the reflective glass.

“Holy fuck.” He breathed as he fingered the skirt and corset.

He had to laugh, he really did, the dark shade of the blue really suited him, offsetting the darkness of his hair, he had thought that maybe the colour would clash with his eyes, but it didn’t, it made them seem darker, but didn’t clash at all.

Harry slipped carefully into the heels, the last thing that he wanted was a broken ankle, but thankfully the heel on them was quite short and chunky, easy and quite comfortable to walk in really as he practised walking in a line. It made him walk funny though, it gave his hips a natural sway that if he hadn’t been wearing heels, he’d have to consciously do to achieve.

He felt a small amount of nerves, but nowhere near the level of when he had first slipped into his red skirt, he knew his mates better now, he had been with them for longer and he knew how they would react.

He laughed manically as he walked slowly back into the bedroom. He’d be fine as long as he walked slowly.

“That does not sound good.” Someone next door said, he thought it might have been Draco, but he couldn’t tell through the wall.

“Please come out, Harry, we can talk about this, we’re rational adults.” Max pleaded.

“You want me to come out?” Harry said blandly.

“Yes, we can talk about this, you don’t have to dress up, we believe you. Please come out.”

“Okay.” Harry grinned as he unwarded the room and opened the door, the triumphant smile on Max’s handsome face faded; his eyes glued to Harry’s body, travelling down to rest and remain on
his high heel clad feet. A shiver went through his large body and a hand almost subconsciously drifted to press against the front of his jeans.

Harry looked to his other mates, Blaise lying on the floor, his mouth parted and his eyes wide. Draco had snapped his best quill, ink staining his hand black as he stared unblinkingly at the corset and Nasta looked to be controlling the urge to devour him with his mouth, his strong tongue peeking out to wet his lips before his teeth bit into his bottom lip, tugging at it. Nasta had always had a mouth and teeth fetish.

Harry walked to Max, who was standing the closest to him, having been the one to hammer on the door and plead with him through it. He made sure the skirt brushed his hand and pressed the corset into his chest so that he could feel the bones going through it.

Max swallowed heavily and painfully as his hands rose to grip Harry’s waist tightly through the corset, almost like he just couldn’t help himself and he breathed out on a shudder, squeezing and rubbing the corset through his fingers.

One hand rose lightning fast to grip the back of his neck, fingers gripping his hair and Max pulled him into a dominating, lusty kiss that had Harry gasping and arching into as his mouth and tongue were taken over, he didn’t even have a chance to reciprocate as Max tried to suffocate him with his tongue, yanking on his hair until he cried out, not entirely from pain either as he held tightly to Max’s broad shoulders, reaching them easier with the added inches from the heels and he dug his nails into Max’s jumper.

More hands on him, caressing his bare legs and Harry looked down into the lust blown indigo eyes of Blaise, who had crawled to him over the floor and was now poking a tongue out and that tongue was licking his legs, trailing up and up until it reached the edge of the lacy panties that he had on under his skirt. Harry made a small, helpless sound as that tongue moved around to the front of his panties and the hard line of himself that was tucked under the skirt.

Harry’s mouth was seized in another of Max’s kisses and Harry couldn’t not close his eyes as his body was savaged by pleasure. A rock hard body pressed against his back and a mouth nipped at his neck to see Draco standing beside him, he could feel Nasta behind him.

“You’re so naughty.” Nasta hissed into his ear and it let Harry know that Nasta was not as composed as perhaps he could have been. His feral side had come out to play.

“What are you going to do about it?” Harry challenged and with a snarl, Nasta spun him around and looked at him through heavy eyes that were dark brown with just a hint of dark gold.

“You are my submissive. Mine!” Nasta said firmly.

Harry nodded. “Yes I am.”
Nasta blinked, seemingly thrown off by his acceptance as if perhaps he had been expecting Harry to deny it. He recovered quickly though and Harry saw a flash of teeth, just before he was arching in pleasure as Nasta bit into his neck, suckling at his skin to create a bruise.

“Oh! Oh, Nasta!” Harry moaned softly, his body quaking as he gripped his hands into Nasta’s hair tightly and pulled.

Blaise caressed his one leg, still licking at the front of him, Max clenched large hands around his waist, tongue flicking over the back of his neck and Draco nibbled an ear as Nasta plundered his mouth.

He couldn’t breathe, couldn’t see or hear anything past his mates, he could smell them, smell their arousal as they pressed and nudged themselves against him and then it was over. They all stopped and breathed out heavily, disappointedly and Harry found out why when he focused on his surroundings. All he could hear was a baby crying.

He dropped his head into his chest and he almost cried himself. He had been so close! Draco went and picked up Calix and checked him, frowning.

“It’s nowhere near time for his bottle and he’s not wet.” Draco told them, patting Calix’s dry nappy and then all thoughts of sex and naughtiness flew out of the window as Harry took Calix from Draco and checked him himself, sniffing at his skin and licking at his tears, trying to find something that would have made Calix cry.

Harry peeled the nappy from Calix and he sighed heavily at the redness on his bottom. He had a rash again.

“Max, please go and get his cream. The rash is back.”

“Of all the times for it to come back.” Max sighed as he went to get the Sudocrem cream.

Harry threw the nappy away and laid Calix on his belly, over his legs, making sure that his knees supported his head and neck and that there was no pressure on Calix’s bottom as he refrained from touching the redness, even though he wanted to. It would do no good.

Max brought the cream over and sat next to him, twisting open the tub and dipping his fingers inside, before spreading the cream over Calix’s bum gently. Calix cooed softly and it made Harry smile.

“I wish he didn’t have such sensitive skin.”
“You’d think it would be Leolin who would be more prone to nappy rash, not Calix.”

“Calix is a soft baby though.” Draco said. “His skin is almost as fair as mine and my Mother told me that I suffered terribly with nappy rash too.”

Calix was happy as soon as the ache was eased away by the local anaesthetic in the cream and he enjoyed very much being fussed over by all five of them and he showed it by moving his arms around and screeching happily, making them all laugh and pay attention to him.

“Mama.” Braiden called out from his travel cot, where Blaise had put him before crawling to Harry in his skirt.

Nasta went and took Braiden from the cot and brought him over to Harry, who hugged his oldest child tightly.

“I love you, Braiden.” Harry told him softly, kissing his little mouth.

Braiden giggled and Harry sat him next to him, holding him upright with one arm around his back, his other hand hovering over Calix on his legs.

“Who’s such a big boy, sitting up like an adult?” Max cooed to Braiden, who patted his own legs with a wide grin and a huffy giggle. “I think it’s you! I think it’s you!” Max wormed a finger into Braiden’s collar and tickled the juncture between his neck and shoulder, making Braiden squirm and laugh, cocking his head to one side to trap Max’s finger, drool running down his chin.

Harry could help but laugh at them both and dutifully got out a soft cloth to wipe Braiden’s chin and mouth, careful not to disturb Calix, whose bottom was getting some much needed air as the cream was slowly absorbed into his skin, fighting the rash and any infections.

“Do you want to go and get changed, Harry?” Nasta asked him casually.

Harry chuckled deeply, evilly. “No I don’t, you can’t get off that easily.”
As all four of his mates groaned, Harry practically cackled, Braiden joining in on his Mummy’s laughter.

Harry had teased his mates all day, going about his usual daily routine as he normally did, only today he was wearing a skirt, a corset and a pair of blue high heels, which were awkward to walk in, especially when he forgot that he was wearing them and twisted an ankle on them.

Their eyes followed him, they groaned when he bent over, they were riveted when he sat on the floor with his legs spread to play with a baby between his knees and they were transfixed when he went onto his knees at the coffee table to do some homework.

He could see they were achingly hard by the way they stretched their jeans or trouser fronts, by the almost subconscious way they adjusted and readjusted themselves throughout the day, how they pressed the heels of their palms to their bulges. It gave him a sexual thrill to know that he was the cause of their discomfort. That he was the cause of them being so hard and uncomfortable, it was a sadistic pleasure and Harry enjoyed it very much.

He ate in his skirt and corset, played and fed and changed his children in it, helped Max clean up the kitchen, cuddled with Draco and Blaise in it, did his homework in it and put his children to bed in it and when ten O’clock at night rolled around and the last feed had been done, the last nappy had been changed and all six babies were down for the night, Harry very happily allowed his mates to grope him, Draco’s hand went right into the lacy panties and squeezed tight around him, sending Harry to his knees.

“Oh Draco, you’re being naughty.” Max grinned, pulling Draco away from Harry and falling back onto the settee, pulling Draco over his knees on his back. “I think you need a taste of your own medicine.” Max said as he pushed his own hand down Draco’s trousers and squeezed him vice tight.

Draco’s back curved around Max’s knees and he moaned loudly, his eyes fluttering under the onslaught.

“Oh or perhaps it’s a taste of your own punishment that you need?” Max laughed and flipped Draco onto his stomach, tearing his trousers away and slapping a pale bum cheek hard and the noise that Draco made widened Harry’s eyes and dried his mouth in moments.

“Oh you like that do you, Draco?” Max purred deeply, hitting Draco hard and causing Draco to make that noise once more, his hips twitching in Max’s lap.
Harry sat and he watched, his teeth biting into his lip, breathing heavily as Max spanked Draco, who was getting increasingly aroused as his bum went from smooth, pale white to a harsh pink, until it finally went red, an achievement for Draco’s fair complexion.

“That’s enough.” Nasta heaved, his eyes dilated and his fists clenched, but he was serious. “Draco won’t be able to sit right for a week if you carry on. Enough, Max.”

“Or what?” Max growled deeply.

Nasta reacted to the challenge instinctively, knocking Max flying, Draco fell harmlessly to the floor. Harry was pulled behind Blaise and it was then that he realised that Max and Nasta were really fighting, not play fighting or foreplay fighting, but actually going at one another.

“Stop it! Stop it!” He shouted at them, trying to move to get in between them, but Blaise held him tightly, shielding him with his own body and then Draco was there, helping Blaise hold him in place, helping to shield him as Nasta threw Max clear across the room and stalked after him.

“Please stop.” Harry begged.

“They won’t stop until dominance is established once again, mio amore.” Blaise told him, petting his hair to try and soothe him.

“Why are they fighting?”

“Max challenged Nasta’s authority.” Draco explained.

“I was looking forward to tonight.” Harry whispered.

“All of us were, but Max spoilt it by challenging Nasta, probably because he was so into spanking Draco that he took leave of his sense.” Blaise explained and Draco flushed a light pink.

“Since when does Max have sense when something remotely sexual is near him?” Draco said back with a sniff.
Max fought back viciously, but once again Nasta was solid and strong and he beat Max back every time the larger man tried to pin him or incapacitate him. Harry begged them to stop, but neither could hear him as they immersed themselves in the fight for dominance that took precedent over everything else.

Harry gave up trying to stop them from fighting each other as the fight took a very violent turn and blood was spilt. He buried his head in Blaise’s chest and he sobbed, hoping that it was over soon. If he could have interjected then he would have and he’d have beaten the sense back into the both of them, but he couldn’t, no subordinate dominant or submissive or any other person, Dracken or otherwise, could interfere with a dominance battle, definitely not for the top place either.

It took what felt like hours before with a sickening crack, Nasta pinned Max’s arm awkwardly behind his back and sunk his teeth into his already bleeding neck where fangs had scraped but not taken hold.

The fight was over for Max and Nasta, but Harry turned from Blaise, his eyes spitting fire as he hit the both of them upside the head. It was his turn now and he’d damn well make them listen to him.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?!” He screamed. “Look at what you’ve done!”

Harry indicated the damage they had done to themselves and the blood spattered, completely wrecked room. Harry kicked the remains of Braiden’s travel cot and he felt his Dracken take over in a burst of blood and rage.

“My baby was sleeping in this cot not an hour ago! Look at what you’ve done to our rooms, we live here! This is not a fighting arena!” He shouted, his voice becoming deeper and reverberating with the edge of a snarl as he fought off the desire to bite and tear into them both. “I told you a year ago that if you wanted to fight like barbarians to do it outside! Away from me and my babies! How dare you do this with our children in the next fucking room!”

Harry breathed deeply and snatched his arm away when Draco tried to hold him. He was shaking with adrenaline and suppressed rage and he couldn’t think right, he couldn’t stand to be here any longer.

“I’m going to bed. This room had better be perfect when I wake up, everything broken will be replaced and not so much as a fucking smudge! I don’t want any of you near me tonight.” He said deadly softly before turning and storming into the bedroom. He resisted the urge to slam the door shut. He was angry at them, but that was no reason to startle his babies awake and make them frightened and upset.

Harry breathed heavily and deeply, before warding the room to stop his mates from getting in. He
knew logically that Draco and Blaise had had nothing to do with the fight and that really Max and Nasta couldn’t have helped it once the challenged was inadvertently issued, but he couldn’t get the image of the mangled cot from his mind, Braiden’s cot. The very same cot that his baby had been in an hour before the fight had started. He swallowed the urge to go back out into the living room and bite his way through their soft, tender stomachs. He couldn’t be near them right now, but he needed to be with his babies.

So his dominants could stay out in the wrecked room and fix it and he would calm himself down and spend the night reaffirming that his children were alive and well. Hopefully by tomorrow everything would be sorted and they could move on.

Harry unzipped the corset and let it fall to the floor, he slipped off the skirt and panties together and kicked off the heels, he stomped naked to the small dresser under the stairs that led up to their bed and he pulled out a pair of his own pyjamas for the first time since he’d been mated. He usually slept naked, but that was when he had four other men in the bed with him to keep him warm, or failing that he just wore one of Max’s shirts, but he didn’t want anything to do with them tonight, so he pulled out a pair of his own pyjamas and dressed angrily. He finished before moving over to the solid wooden cot beside the purple, almost square, settee and he touched Braiden’s sleeping head, smoothing the thick, black hair from his little face and caressing the tiny fist.

To think that Braiden might have been caught up in the middle of that fight, that any of his babies could have been put in harm’s way.

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Harry in full Dracken form, halfway to the living room door before he even realised it and he stopped himself, breathed deeply and used every ounce of will power he had left to retract his claws and fangs, the wings would not budge.

He breathed in deeply and forced himself away from the door, away from Braiden and instead he went up the stairs, climbing them all the way to the top, and he looked into the bassinets, where his five tiny babies lay sleeping. Harry touched and kissed them and he stood across from the bed, leaning on the balcony and glaring at the door that was ten feet below him. His hands formed fists and his nail beds itched to release his claws once more, but sucking in a huge breath, Harry held it for as long as he could before exhaling. He turned his back on the banister, on the door, and by extension his mates and he climbed into the huge bed, being mindful of his bulky wings which were tucked up to his spine, but would not retract, no matter how much he tried to get them to disappear under his skin. He burrowed under the duvet and rested his head on one of the six pillows at the top. Draco was the awkward one who had to have two pillows to rest his head on before he could sleep, the rest of them were fine with one.

Harry determinedly pushed away that thought, forced all thoughts of his mates away and he stubbornly closed his eyes so that he wouldn’t see Max’s book on the bedside table in front of him, Blaise’s spare tie strewn over the top of it where he had discarded it days before. He didn’t want to think about them, he didn’t want to tempt himself into hurting them. He loved them, he did, but at this very moment he hated them, he could have killed them and he didn’t want to. He just hoped that come tomorrow he was calmer, otherwise he didn’t know what would happen or what he would do.
A/N: Well, this is the last update before Christmas, so I can happily say Merry Christmas to whomever celebrates it! I’ll be back in a few weeks, perhaps just after New Year.
I hope you’ve all enjoyed reading this story and that you’re all safe and happy, whether you celebrate Christmas or not.

Merry Christmas to all of you lovelies, I’ll be back in the new year. Love you all loads,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Sixty-Six – Accidents Happen

Blaise yawned once again, before standing up straight and stretching his back. He was very tired, but with Harry being so very unhappy and angry, plus the bedroom being solidly warded, he wasn’t likely to get much sleep tonight, even though he hadn’t done anything besides trying to keep Harry safe during the fight.

He sighed again and looked to Max and Nasta, who were very sad and upset with themselves, even though their instincts had demanded that they fight and there was really nothing that they could have done to prevent the fight, but they all knew they could have fought outside of the school in the grounds and not inside it with the school children, or in their living quarters, where their submissive and six young babies were.

They were cleaning the nearly destroyed living room, which was taking a lot of work, Braiden’s cot was going to have to be fully replaced as it was beyond repair, one settee was going to have to be replaced and with the shattered glass coffee table, which was irreparable, they didn’t know if the carpet should be ripped up and replaced too, though they would likely decide to replace it because it would take a long time to get the numerous blood stains out of it and just in case any glass fragments were embedded in it from the smashed coffee table. Harry really would never forgive them if a baby got cut on a shard of glass as a result of the fight.

“We’ll have to take a Portkey to Australia to get everything we need.” Nasta said softly. “Nowhere in Britain will be open at this time of night.”

“Apparation will be quicker.” Max replied.
“It’s too dangerous, Max. It’s very long distance and we’re all tired.” Nasta answered.

The two were treading around one another very carefully. They would have been fine if Harry hadn’t have reacted so very terribly to their fight. If only the cot hadn’t have been damaged everything would have been fine and he’d be in bed with Harry right now sleeping.

“We had best leave now then if we have any hope of getting this done by morning.” Draco said distantly. He blamed Max and Nasta for ruining their evening and causing Harry distress and upset.

Blaise didn’t blame either of them, not really. He had been a Dracken for longer, he had grown up knowing about the instincts and the random fights that could happen for the most random of reasons. He knew that it couldn’t have been helped once Max had issued the challenge to Nasta. Nasta had had to answer that challenge or lose his place as the top dominant of their mateship, his Dracken couldn’t not fight once the challenge had been issued to him, but they really could have gone about it better.

Blaise looked around at the ruined room, which was looking slightly better than it had a few hours ago and he wondered that even if they worked their fingers to the bone if they would finish it by Harry’s morning deadline. There was just so much to do.

“Come on, Blaise.” Max called to him and Blaise left the room and readied himself to face the Headmaster to get a Portkey to Australia and to explain exactly why they needed a Portkey to Australia at one in the morning in the first place. This was not going to be a fun visit.

Harry woke up confused and unrested. It took all of two moments to realise what had woken him as he rolled over in the dark to scoop up Farren, his chunky baby.

He was confused for a moment as to why his bed was empty except for himself and then it all came flooding back to him and he swallowed a snarl. The anger had not abated in the slightest during his short time sleeping.

He padded down the stairs and unwarded the door automatically; he went into the living room to find it half cleaned and his mates missing. It was for the best really, he didn’t really want to see them, let alone talk to them or hear any begging or apologies, he was still too angry to hear such things at the moment.

Harry made up seven bottles and he carried them and Farren back into the bedroom and he recast the ward on the room before his mates came back. He wanted to be alone with his babies.

He sat on the purple settee and he fed Farren, who suckled strongly and quickly. It made Harry smile and think about something other than his anger at his lovers.
Doing the night feed on his own drained him, he thanked god that Braiden didn’t wake up and was happy to continue sleeping through the night, even if it did mean that he wasted a bottle, but even then doing all five quins was taxing and it was another hour and a half before he was curling back up in the bed and drifting off to sleep once more, praying silently that a baby didn’t need a change before six in the morning when they would all wake back up for another feed. Except for Leolin, who would actually wake up in just two hours for another feed, but he never ate much and Harry would probably forget that he had even been awake at four, but if he was forced to stay awake any longer by another baby needing his attention, then he would feel so much worse for it in the morning.

Draco rubbed his itchy eyes tiredly. They couldn’t find anything even remotely resembling the furniture that they had once had and Max was stressing about it, thinking that if everything wasn’t exactly the same that Harry wouldn’t forgive them.

They had found a carpet that was near enough the same colour, but it was softer, thicker, which Draco really didn’t think would upset Harry at all. He had picked out a wooden table with rounded edges, it looked good and it was practical too as Braiden was sure to be mobile sooner rather than later, and the fact that it wasn’t glass topped was sure to win Harry over after the last one had been destroyed.

They had bought two new settees as, even though they had only destroyed the one, Draco could not abide living anywhere that had mismatched furniture, so the remaining settee would be thrown out as well, even though there was nothing really wrong with it despite all of the times that they had had sex upon it.

It was the cot that was causing the most arguments, because they couldn’t find an adequate replacement that they all thought that Harry would like. Nasta wanted the most practical, Max wanted the most expensive, he himself wanted the best looking cot out of all the shops they had been to and none of them could compromise.

“Stop it!” Blaise cut into their heated debate. “Harry wouldn’t want the best looking cot or the most expensive. It is Braiden’s cot, Braiden is my son and I say we get a good looking cot, that is hard wearing, that’s completely safe and practical and not overly expensive. Harry already needlessly worries about money as it is without replacing our good value, hard wearing cot with something so obviously outlandish and tacky that he’ll start stressing over it. That’s not what he needs, I say that one.”

Blaise left no room for argument as he walked halfway down the aisle, picked up a box next to the display model of the travel cot that he liked and he took it straight to the cash register.

“What if Harry doesn’t like it?” Max fretted.
“It is nearly five in the goddamned morning, Max! If we don’t hurry up and get back it won’t bloody matter which one he likes because he’ll still tear us apart for not cleaning the living room! We still have to lay the carpet, get all the furniture in the right place and assemble this bloody cot before he gets up with the babies in just an hour.”

Blaise paid for the cot, took the blasted free giveaway the woman pushed on him, ignoring the arguments about that as well, and he stormed out of the shop, he moved down a deserted alley and turned to face the other three as they joined him. Nasta pulled out the Portkey and held it out to them and when they were all touching it, he whispered the password that activated it and sent them spiralling back to Hogsmeade.

They made it back to their rooms and they were all just so tired, but their job wasn’t done yet as Draco levitated all of the furniture and held it in the air as Max and Nasta ripped up their old carpet while Blaise tried to assemble the new cot in the tiny floor space of the kitchenette, which frustrated him to no end.

With the carpet cut to size and shape and laid down, Draco let the furniture down with a sigh and moved his neck and shoulders around to get rid of the tension. Holding a spell for that long when so tired was a challenge, but they had no time for rest as Max got rid of the old carpet and the odd settee and Nasta took the new suite out of his pocket and enlarged it. Draco enlarged the coffee table from his own pocket and then went to help Blaise who was cursing at the travel cot in the kitchenette.

At ten to six they had finished and Nasta urged Blaise and Draco to catch an hour on the new settees as they had lessons that day. Max came back into the room after disposing of the carpet and odd settee and slumped onto the rug in front of the fire. He lay down and Nasta lay down with him, cuddling together to keep warm as the two spare blankets they had that weren’t locked in the bedroom with Harry, were covering Blaise and Draco on the settees. All of them fell asleep quickly after their exhausting, emotional night.

Harry groaned as a baby crying woke him up, he rolled over, found his feet and then scooped up one of the quintuplets, he couldn’t tell which one through his gluey, squinty eyes, but he rocked them gently and soothingly, holding them to his chest as he slipped down the stairs on his bum. It wasn’t wise to walk down the stairs when he could barely open his eyes, let alone tell which baby he was carrying.

The baby stopped crying when placed on his chest and only grizzled a bit as a bottle wasn’t immediately placed into a pouted mouth, but Harry continued rocking and shushing gently regardless as he unwarded the room, walked out and ignored the lumps around the room that indicated his four sleeping mates were back.

He did however stop to scrunch his bare toes into the new carpet, which was a surprise, he hadn’t thought that the carpet had been damaged, but the feel of this carpet under his feet and between his toes had him thankful that it had been damaged; Braiden would love the feel of this carpet under his hands.
Harry boiled the kettle after putting a silencing bubble around it. He was angry with them yes, but he wasn’t sadistic enough to wake them up when they had gone through so much effort to please him. The carpet was lovely and if he could find the time today to roll around on it naked then he would do so.

Harry made up five bottles and he carried them and the baby that he was now awake enough to see was Calix, back into the bedroom. He did not ward the bedroom door again. He fed Calix, burped him and pulled off his nightdress and his nappy, letting his skin breathe and air out, which Calix was very happy about if his cooing and wet gurgling’s were any indication as he wiggled his limbs about on the bedspread and Harry went on to feed the next baby that woke up.

From there it was the regular routine of bathing his quintuplets, drying and dressing them for the day, having a lightning speed shower himself where he barely got his hair wet before declaring himself clean, bathing a hysterically screaming Braiden while still wet himself before drying them both off, dressing a calming Braiden for the day, dressing himself in his uniform before carrying them all out to the living room in their carrycots as Harry couldn’t be bothered to go up and down the stairs ten times to retrieve the bassinets for them to lay in.

He carried Braiden on his hip and settled him down into his highchair, strapped him in and warmed up the baby cereal that Max had made the day before and he patiently fed Braiden his breakfast, wiping his mouth and chin often, still thankful that Braiden didn’t want to put his hands into his breakfast yet.

He couldn’t help but smile as he watched his seven month old son eat food from a spoon. The pride he felt, the smugness and the excitable happiness that he felt as he watched Braiden gum the cereal off of the tiny weaning spoon, sometimes biting it with his minimal teeth, made him swell in ways that weren’t visible to the eye, soon Braiden would be crawling and then walking and Harry could hardly contain his tears at the thought of it.

He swiped at his eyes confused and irritated, wondering what the fuck was wrong with him and if it was just overflow emotions from last night or if it was because of the hormones pouring into his blood from his approaching heat cycle. He didn’t like it whatever the cause.

Harry cleaned up Braiden and set him on the carpet with a few of his toys. There was a new toy that Harry had never seen before and he frowned at it, casting all the detection spells that he knew at it, but he could find nothing malicious about it and he conceded that perhaps his mates had bought it to sweeten him up a bit more, they knew the best gift that they could give him was something for the babies…or chocolate, but he was likely to throw the chocolate in their faces right now, so a gift for Braiden seemed more reasonable.

Harry broke open the plastic and gave the large, coloured plastic block to Braiden along with the several chunky plastic pieces that were all in different shapes. The object of the toy was to get Braiden recognising the different shapes and putting them into the corresponding hole in the block.

Harry left Braiden bashing the block onto the new carpet, determined to either break it or crack it open like an egg.

He made himself a cup of honey tea and he started making breakfast for five. It didn’t mean he had forgiven them though. He just appreciated the new toy and the new carpet, he was still angry for what they had done, but he’d have to call Blaise and Draco for lessons soon and they were going to be running around as it was without making their own breakfasts, plus he was less angry with Draco and Blaise the longer he had to think about what had happened.

Harry stole a quick glance at Braiden and chuckled softly as his son had progressed to chewing and
biting at the plastic shapes, turning it around in his hands, before bringing it back to his mouth to bite at it some more. He checked on the quintuplets, Leolin was sleeping soundly, no surprise there; Farren was sat in his carrycot, very content to just lie there and not do anything, again no surprise. Calix was sucking on his little toes having pulled off a sock, Tegan was dozing in and out of sleep, fighting every blink to keep her hazel eyes open and Regan was playing with the soft toys tied to the handle of the carrycot.

Harry smiled at his six babies softly as took another swallow of tea, finishing up the traditional English breakfast and plating everything. He ate his fill, cleaned his plate and then regretfully moved to wake his sleeping mates. He had left it until the last possible minute that he could call them and he still felt guilty for waking them up…or perhaps because he had been the one to deny them a decent sleep in the first place.

He hunched on his heels and shook Blaise’s shoulder lightly, smiling as those sleepy indigo eyes opened to peer at him. Blaise sat up quickly and tried to fight the tiredness that he felt to get his brain working. Harry took note of the new settees and he realised that they matched the other furniture in the room and complimented the new carpet. He liked them.

“Harry?” Blaise croaked, before yawning.

“Your breakfast is on the table, plus a strong coffee, you need to eat now or you’ll be late.”

Blaise groaned, but nodded and dutifully stood up and stretched and Harry moved over to wake Draco, who swatted at him like a fly the first and second time that Harry shook him.

“Wake up, Draco.” Harry encouraged softly.

The blond’s silver eyes cracked open and his mouth scowled, but when his brain caught up to him, the scowl melted away and his eyes softened.

“Does this mean that you’re not angry anymore?” Was the first thing he asked.

Harry sighed. “I’m not angry with you or Blaise.” He conceded, as just looking at Draco’s hopeful, insecure face had robbed him of any anger he felt towards his first two mates. “Now get up or you won’t have time to eat and shower today.”

The threat of not being able to have a shower had Draco up quicker than anything else anyone could have said and he made his way over to the kitchenette table to eat.
“Oh I’ve missed a good English breakfast, nothing against Max’s cooking or Nasta’s healthy freakishness, but this will always be my favourite breakfast and no one can quite make it like you, Harry.” Draco told him.

Harry snorted at the shameless flattery, but he smiled nonetheless as he sat beside the semi-circle of carrycots holding the quins and beside Braiden, who was now bashing the little blocks into the carpet.

“Where did this toy come from?” He asked.

“It came free with the new cot we bought, something about purchases over a certain amount getting a free toy, Draco tried to throw it back at the poor woman saying that we didn’t need their charity, but I just took the toy and walked out.” Blaise explained.

Draco huffed. “If we had wanted a toy like that for our children we could have bought one for him ourselves!”

“It’s alright, I’m sure we have something like it back at Max’s, but Braiden seems happy enough.” Harry said as he put one of the shaped bits of plastic in Braiden’s hand. “Square.” He emphasised as he let Braiden feel and look at the shape.

“Ahhh.” Braiden told him.

Harry grinned and nodded. “That’s right, Braiden. Square. Can you find where the square goes?”

Harry held the big block out to Braiden, with the square shaped hole facing him. Braiden happily hit the block of plastic with the weapon he now had in his hands, but he did not try to push the piece in his hand into the block. He laughed very happily at the noise the two plastic pieces made when they were hit together though.

“Have you had a shower, Harry?” Blaise asked as he put his plate into the sink of soapy water.

“Huh? Oh, yeah, I had one after I bathed the quintuplets.”
“Has Braiden gotten any better at having a bath overnight?” Draco asked.

“Nope. Screamed and thrashed until the floor was soaking.”

“Nothing new there then.” Blaise snorted as he came and kissed Braiden’s mouth, who screeched and held his arms up to his Daddy and opened and closed his mouth cutely for another kiss. Blaise chuckled and happily kissed Braiden’s mouth again before distracting him with the triangle shaped piece of plastic before escaping to share a shower with Draco, lest they both be late for lessons.

Braiden looked from one hand to the other, each holding a different shape and Harry could practically see his baby’s brain trying to work everything out. Harry held Braiden’s wrist and brought his baby’s attention to the shape.

“Square.” He said slowly and clearly, before moving to hold Braiden’s other wrist and bringing his attention with it. “Triangle.”

“Ahhh. Ah ba.” Braiden repeated, looking first to his one hand and then his other.

“That’s right, Braiden! Square and triangle. The square goes in this hole, Braiden.” Harry encouraged, leading his baby’s hand to push the square into the square hole. The plastic block did a loud, jaunty musical tune that frightened Harry half to death as the square shape was pushed through it and it made Braiden squeal and wriggle his whole body in delight as he then tried to push the triangle through the square hole to make the same noise.

“What ‘appened?” Max groggily asked, sitting up from the rug and disturbing Nasta.

“Braiden’s new toy.” Harry replied shortly. “Your breakfast is on the table if you care to eat it.”

Max rolled to his knees and stretched with a groan, Nasta stretched on the floor before getting right to his feet.

“No Braiden, this is a triangle.” Harry ignored his older mates as he searched the block for the triangle hole and showing it to Braiden. “Triangle.”
“Ah ba.” Braiden repeated, hitting the block with the triangle piece. Harry took his wrist and slowly turned Braiden’s hand until the triangle piece was in line with the hole and he let Braiden slam it in. It made a different musical twinkle that had Braiden bouncing in joy.

Harry chuckled and found another shape for Braiden to grasp. “Circle.”

Braiden blinked at him adorably. “Gee ah.”

“That’s right, Braiden. Circle.”

Braiden clapped his hands together and then patted Harry’s hand as he gummed on the circle shape. Harry found the circle hole and held it out to Braiden, who tried to do it himself by carefully moving his hand before hitting the block.

Harry cheered when Braiden eventually got the circle piece in himself, letting Braiden know how proud Mummy was even as his baby danced to the tune the circle hole made.

Braiden snatched another piece from the floor himself and held it out to Harry, babbling to himself, but looking to Harry for an answer.

“Rectangle.” Harry said slowly and clearly. “It’s a rectangle, Braiden.”

“Ah ba ba.” Braiden told him seriously.

Harry clapped and Braiden grinned and clapped his own hands. “Well done, Braiden. Rectangle.”

Harry found the rectangle hole and let Braiden figure it out himself, twisting and turning his hand, trying to get the rectangle piece into the hole. When his baby finally managed it Harry was so happy and proud that he forgot for a crucial moment that he was very angry with the two at the table.

“He did it himself! All by himself!” He told them proudly. “Did you see?”

“We’re watching, Harry.” Nasta told him with a smile as he ate the unhealthy, greasy breakfast with not a murmur of complaint. They were both trying so hard.
“He’s getting to be such a big boy.” Max agreed.

Harry nodded and turned back to Braiden, who had snatched the last shape from the floor and was passing it from hand to hand, feeling it, before bringing it up to his mouth and gumming on it. He held it out to Harry, babbling, likely asking to be told what it was.

“This is a star, Braiden. Star.”

“Ah.”

“Clever boy! It is a star.”

Harry turned the block to its last hole and watched patiently as Braiden figured out the shape and popped it through the hole. Harry clapped with Braiden as they listened to the fifth and final tune the block had in its arsenal and Harry picked Braiden up and kissed and hugged him when it ended.

“You are Mummy’s clever boy!” Harry said softly.

“He…he likes the new toy then?” Max asked hesitantly.

Harry’s spine stiffened as he remembered then exactly why Braiden had a new toy and why Max was hesitant. He gave a glare to the both of them and nodded once before turning back to Braiden, sitting him back on the floor and twisting the bottom of the toy and pulling out the piece that kept the shapes in the toy, tipping the five pieces of plastic out, replacing the bottom and handing the block back to Braiden.

Draco came out, still knotting his Slytherin tie and he looked up once the tension of the room reached his awareness. Harry was playing happily with Braiden, but Max and Nasta looked so upset that Harry must have said or done something to remind them that they weren’t forgiven, not even with all the work they had done last night.

“Harry, it’s almost nine.” Draco hedged cautiously.

“I know, can you get my book bag please? It should be in the bedroom.”
“Of course.” Draco went back into the bedroom and came out with Harry’s satchel, before sitting on the settee to tie his shoe laces.

Blaise rushed out of the bedroom doing up his buttons, he went to the small closet they used to keep coats, jackets and shoes and dug out his own school shoes, slipped them on his feet and threw himself down next to Draco to tie his laces.

Draco got all of their jumpers and robes out for them and handed Harry his shoes. Harry reluctantly got them on and pulled on his jumper and tie. He kissed Braiden goodbye and every single quintuplet whether they were sleeping or not before handing Braiden’s play over to the two mates that he didn’t want to.

“If a single hair on their heads is out of place when I get back you don’t even want to know what I’ll do to you!” Harry threatened in a hiss as he shouldered his book satchel and left, leaving two very upset older dominants and a seven month old, who peered around at the sudden silence of the room and started crying hysterically when he couldn’t see his Mother.

Distance did make the heart grow fonder Harry realised, as through the course of the day he found himself missing Max and Nasta. He found himself wondering what they were doing at that precise moment, wondering if they missed him at all.

He didn’t tell Draco or Blaise, instead he confided it all to Hermione during his first lesson, Charms, and asked her opinion after he had told her everything and how he had felt last night and this morning about all that had happened and what his mates had done overnight.

“Well you have every right to be angry with them, Harry, but you need to let it go. No one was hurt, none of your children were hurt and I doubt very much that they would have even thought of fighting in the room if any baby had been present. Don’t let your instincts rule you, you know they love those babies dearly, you know they wouldn’t have fought in the same room as them.” Hermione told him as they both ducked Neville’s flying backpack, which had somehow turned from black to pale blue.

Harry swallowed. “I think that’s the only reason that I could leave this morning. Deep down I know that they would never hurt any of the babies, but just the thought of that destroyed cot, seeing how damaged it was. I had nightmares last night of seeing Braiden just as crushed inside the cot, which isn’t helping at all.”
“Push your other side back, Harry. You know in yourself that they didn’t mean to upset you, that they would never have hurt any of your babies. It’s all in the mind of your...Dracken.” Hermione whispered after first looking around at their laughing, chatting classmates.

Harry nodded and breathed in deeper and easier. He could forgive his mates, but he would never forget the incident and he would make sure to extract promises off of all of them, not just Max and Nasta, that this never happened again. No matter how old their children got to be.

Feeling lighter and less troubled, Harry finally joined the fun of the lesson and he chuckled and outright laughed as his fellow classmates botched up the charm so terribly that he couldn’t help but laugh at the consequences. He hoped that when he finally saw Max and Nasta again that the anger he had felt before didn’t come surging back, he loved them dearly; he didn’t want to hate them as well.

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Harry didn’t go back to the rooms for lunch; instead he stayed with his friends and caught up more with them, hoping that it would stop the anger from resurfacing when he finally did go back to his rooms at the end of the day. He was feeling much better and he was in a much better mood, so he hoped it worked.

Herbology was his last lesson of the day and as it drew to a close Harry still wasn’t sure about returning to his rooms. He said goodbye to his friends as they headed to the Great Hall for dinner, he himself got all the way to the portrait guarding the rooms before changing his mind and he wandered off instead. He thought about going to Gryffindor Tower, but his feet instead led him to the stone gargoyle in front of Dumbledore’s office.

Harry smiled as he realised that he was still seeking advice and he said several passwords before gaining entrance to the Headmaster’s office and a familiar voice called for him to enter after he had knocked on the smooth, solid oak door.

Grinning, Harry peeked around the door and entered the room as he was bid.

“Harry my boy, a pleasure to see you. I was halfway down the staircase on my way to dinner, when I had the strangest feeling that I was needed back at my office. What can I help you with?”

“I didn’t mean to interrupt your dinner, Sir.”

“That is quite alright, Harry, I’m sure we can get dinner up here in no time at all.”

Harry sat down and basked in the familiar presence that had always steered him right, even if it
was just in a vague direction so he could make all of the main decisions himself. He would be glad for any advice given to him.

“Now, what can I help you with, my boy?” Dumbledore asked after they had both been served by a house-elf.

“I…I don’t really know where to begin, Sir. Everything was fine one minute and then Max issued a challenge to Nasta.”

“Oh dear.”

Harry nodded. “I know that Nasta had to answer the challenge or lose his place as top dominant, but our rooms were nearly ruined.”

“I have heard all about this and I was wondering if I would be seeing you soon about it.”

Harry looked at the Headmaster confusedly.

“And your loved ones came seeking an international Portkey at one O’clock in the morning, naturally I asked them where and why they wanted such a thing at such a time and the whole story came out.”

“Why would they need an international Portkey?”

“I was led to believe that you told them to fix everything that had been broken by morning, they had to travel to a country that was still in daylight hours as everywhere in Britain and Europe was shut for the night and I myself have never heard of an all-night furniture store.”

“I didn’t even think.” Harry sighed and rubbed his head.

“Well, I know all about what happened from their point of view, why don’t you tell me your point of view and your feelings on the matter and we’ll go from there.”

“I don’t know what happened, one moment we were all happy, the next Nasta rushed at Max and
started hitting him. Maybe it’s because I’m a submissive, but I didn’t know Max was challenging Nasta’s authority until Draco and Blaise told me that he was. I thought that we were all happy, why did they have to start fighting?”

“It was an instinctual thing that left little room for thought. They didn’t mean to upset you, Harry, I’m sure.”

Harry nodded. “I know that. I think I would have been okay, or more okay with it, if Braiden’s cot hadn’t been destroyed.”

“Now this they did not tell me.” Dumbledore told him, his eyes taking on a glacial glint.

Harry rubbed his face with his hand before moving it to tug at his hair. “Braiden was in that cot just an hour before, peacefully sleeping. The state it was in, it was irreparable, it had to be completely replaced after they had finished fighting. I keep thinking about it, I had nightmares about Braiden still being in the cot when the fight started. Hermione told me that they wouldn’t have even started fighting if the babies had been in the room, but it was pure instinct. I’ve fought with my babies around me when instinct has taken over, I know they’re older, but what if it had been Blaise and Draco?”

“There is a big difference here, Harry. When you fought with instinct, it was because your lovers and child had been insulted which enraged your Dracken so much that the insult could not be allowed to stand for a moment longer. Maximilius and Nasta however, were fighting for dominance, they are both ruled by instinct, but they are not the same. Nasta had a few seconds to think before he decided to answer Max’s challenge instead of conceding dominance to him, moments which, if your children had been in the room, could have been used to order, or drag, Max out of the room. However because your children were not in the room, he let instinct take over, fully knowing that Draco and Blaise would protect you.”

“So he really wouldn’t have allowed Braiden to be hurt?” Harry said in a soft voice.

“No. I do not believe that any one of you would ever allow any child to get hurt in such a way.”

Harry nodded and he felt so much better, Hermione and now Dumbledore reassuring him had him feeling more relaxed and calm.

“Do you feel better?”
“Yes, Sir, but I’m worried that as soon as I see them again, then the anger will come back.” Harry admitted.

“Can you think of the incident without anger?”

Harry thought back to what had happened, thought back to what he had seen and what his mates had done.

“There is anger there, but it’s not such a terrible anger anymore.”

“If you can control it when thinking back to the incident, then you can control it when seeing them again.” Dumbledore told him sagely and Harry smiled.

“Thank you, Professor. I’m sorry I interrupted your evening.”

“Nonsense, Harry, you know I enjoy your company.”

“I’ll be sure to come around and visit you again, Sir, I may even beat you at chess one of these days.”

Dumbledore laughed happily. “You are a good strategist, you just lack the patience, my boy.”

“That’s funny, Draco said the exact same thing.”

Harry grinned and waved goodbye to the Headmaster and he made his way back to the other side of the school and his private rooms. He calmed himself and tried not to work himself up. Everything would be fine.

He reached his rooms all too quickly and he tapped the portrait with his wand and he entered, he did not expect to see Aneirin cuddling Leolin in his arms, talking softly to Myron, who had Farren on his lap.

“A bit of a random visit.” Harry said with a grin, though he greeted them with a hug nonetheless,
laughing as Richard pulled him onto his lap to tickle him.

“Nasta called me in mid-afternoon, I wasn’t free immediately so he called Myron, Ashleigh and Richard instead. I came as soon as I was able to.”

“What happened?” Harry asked, looking around and counting heads. One baby was missing.
“Where is Braiden?”

“He’s sleeping, sweetheart.” Ashleigh assured him. “He’s fine, but he’s at a stage where he really doesn’t want to be apart from you. He’s suffering with some separation anxiety and as soon as you left this morning he started crying and he wouldn’t stop. He finally cried himself to sleep a while ago.”

Harry bit his lip and looked down at the carpet, upset and guilt creeping into him.

“It’s not your fault.” Myron told him with his deep, strong voice. Handing Farren over to Aneirin and taking Harry into his own arms, squeezing him until Harry expelled all the air in his lungs and had to laugh, breathless as he sucked the air back in.

Harry allowed himself to cuddle into Myron’s solid bulk and he sighed happily.

“Braiden needs to get used to being without you constantly around him. It sounds cruel, but it’s not. You’re his Mother and you are the most familiar to him, from your arms, to your voice, to your heartbeat. All of the children want you, but the longer you leave it, the worse it’ll be later on.”

“I don’t like him crying, I hate it.”

“All of us do, but it is for the best. You need to do your school work, you need to go to lessons, you need to go about your daily activities without having to carry Braiden, or any of the other babies, around with you all day.”

“I’d give it all up if it would stop him being so distressed. I’d drop out and stay here with him all day if it would help.”
“It wouldn’t.” Myron told him disapprovingly. “You need to finish your education, Harry, no arguments. You need to graduate, Braiden needs to learn that you’re not going to always be around and he needs to get some independence.”

“Independence? Myron, he’s seven months old!” Harry complained.

“Even babies can have their independence, their own little space and time to themselves. I’m betting that Braiden cries for you from the moment he wakes up, doesn’t he?”

Harry bit his lip at the truth of that and he nodded.

“I’m not telling you to ignore him, or leave him crying, but when he cries for you, have one of the others go and get him, let him get used to his Fathers as well. It’s hell to go through, especially with the first baby, but you’ll all come through it fine.”

“Are you sure?” Harry asked with a teasing smile. “Are you sure you didn’t mess up the first time?”

Myron smirked and fist bumped Harry’s chin lightly.

“When Max was Braiden’s age, maybe a little younger, he always knew who he liked the best.” Myron sighed.

“Yeah, me!” Richard grinned. “Myron hated it. His perfect biological son, our only child at that time, cried endlessly for me.”

“It was only because you were the stay at home Dad.” Ashleigh complained, rolling her blue eyes.

“Even when Max was so young I was rolling around the floor with him.” Richard said happily. “I couldn’t leave him alone for a moment, every minute of the day that he was awake and not eating, which wasn’t really a lot looking back at it, I was playing with him.”

“Did you happen to knock his head a few times too?” Draco asked.
“Only the once, or maybe twice.” Richard shrugged unapologetically.

“How old were you?” Blaise asked with a grin.

“I was only sixteen when Max was born. I was young and even more foolish than I am now.”

“At least you finally admit it.” Myron grumbled.

Richard laughed. “Myron was twenty-one, he was always away working so Max barely had any
time to see his biological Father, so it was a good thing that he had me.”

“Didn’t you have school work?” Draco asked confused.

“Of course, but I rushed through it, writing down anything just to hand in something so I wouldn’t
get detention. I knew that I knew all the material being taught, I knew even then what I wanted to
be when I graduated, so I knew what subjects I needed to excel in and I knew that when the exams
rolled in I’d be fine. Why did I need to write endless essays which wasted my time when I could be
helping to ease Ashleigh’s stress with the childcare? She was still in school too, only she did care
about homework, so I threw mine out of the figurative window and offered myself up as Max’s
primary carer.”

“Only when it suited him.” Myron told Harry lowly. “He wouldn’t even think to offer himself up
for the night feeds.”

“You had to have some time to bond with Maxie.” Richard insisted with a cheeky grin.

Harry chuckled and tried to picture a sixteen year old Richard, a sixteen year old Ashleigh and a
twenty-one year old Myron with a newborn Max. It was difficult, but the resulting image made him
laugh.

“It would have been less stressful if we had taken the offered help from family.” Ashleigh said as
she rocked Tegan in her arms.
Myron groaned and reclined back against the settee.

“I know, I was stupid, I was jealous and I was stubborn.”

“Not much has changed.” Richard grinned. Myron just gave him a look.

“So you’re pushing us to take as much help as you can give us, and you refused any sort of help at all?” Harry said.

“Myron was very stubborn.” Ashleigh put in. “He wouldn’t accept any money from family to help us out, because he saw it as himself failing to provide for us. He wouldn’t accept any offers from family members to babysit for a few hours so that we could get some rest, or to have a few hours to ourselves, as he saw it as a weakness.”

“I know I was being ridiculous and we could have done without it, but that really was what I thought at the time. I was a complete bastard, I know.”

“We know, we still loved you then and we still love you now, even if we did want to jam your head repeatedly in a window frame for being so uptight and stubborn at the time. We got through it fine and now we can coach these gorgeous additions to our family to not be so pigheaded and stupid and to accept the help when it’s offered. Though Harry has a very level head on his shoulders, so we have no worries of him being ruled over by one of his dominants, least of all our Max.” Richard jibed.

Harry scoffed. “Max is far too laid back to rule over anyone; I’m surprised that you were so shocked that he didn’t turn out to be top dominant.”

“He’s a big man. A big, strong, powerful man.” Myron boasted.

Harry scoffed again and he smiled. “He never uses his size or strength though. Nasta wrestles dragons as a day job; he’s fitter, stronger and faster.”

“We didn’t know that you had picked Nasta as your last dominant though.” Richard pointed out. “From what we knew, you were this absolutely stunning male submissive, with a heart of gold, a kind and sweet personality, who had taken Blaise Zabini and Draco Malfoy, two baby doms, as your first dominants and only needed a grounding mate. We had no idea you’d have such a fuck up
“With your bondings where you would end up with four dominants.”

“Language.” Myron chastised almost automatically.

Harry chuckled at the scowl on Richard’s face at the unfairness of being chastised when Myron himself had used foul language just a few minutes before.

“I wasn’t expecting that hiccup either, but I’m so glad it happened. I couldn’t imagine my life without any of them now, or any of the babies.”

“Does that mean that we’re forgiven?” Blaise asked, which made Harry wonder if Max and Nasta were hiding in the bedroom so they wouldn’t upset him.

“You and Draco were forgiven this morning.”

“But Max and Nasta aren’t.” Myron sighed holding him tighter and rubbing his belly with his hand.

Harry made a frustrated sound and rubbed at his forehead.

“I don’t know! I love them still, of course I do, but I hate them as well. How do you love someone so much and hate them at the same time?! Why couldn’t they have just gone outside to have their stupid little power struggle?”

“I don’t know what you’re feeling, Harry.” Ashleigh said softly. “Richard was never suicidal enough to challenge Myron, not even once, he submitted immediately and willingly and they haven’t had any dominance fights at all through our relationship, but surely you can forgive them?”

“Did they tell you the whole story? Did they tell you absolutely everything or did they omit to mention a few things to you too, like they did to Dumbledore?”

“Like what?” Aneirin asked with a frown.
“Like the fact that their actions led to our entire room being trashed.”

“Yes, they mentioned that, a bit hard not to mention the obvious when we can see that most of the stuff in this room is brand new, including the carpet.” Richard pointed out.

“Did they also happen to mention that Braiden’s cot was demolished? That the cot that my baby was sleeping in not an hour before their fight was so damaged that it had to be completely replaced as it was irreparable?” Harry hissed.

Myron breathed out sharply behind him and his arms tensed around his waist.

“No wonder you haven’t forgiven them.” Richard waved off happily as he finally understood.

“They didn’t say it was anything to do with a baby being involved.” Aneirin said.

“Funny how they keep forgetting to mention that.” Harry growled, folding his arms over his chest. “Where are they?”

“When you didn’t come back, they went looking for you, I think they meant to apologise.” Draco told him, not even looking up from his homework, his quill scratching away endlessly.

Harry scoffed and snuggled into Myron more. “I don’t want them to apologise!” He snapped.

“How long do you think you’ll stay angry with them?” Ashleigh asked hesitantly.

Harry glared at her. “How long would you be angry if your child had been put in such danger from your own mates?!”

“Only you know when the time will be right to forgive them, Harry.” Aneirin told him. “What they did has brought up your fierce protectiveness of your children and I would bet that currently you’re feeling very unforgiving towards them.”

Harry nodded sharply.
“But you also have not tried to attack them, kill them, or hide yourself or your children away from them and you happily left all six of them under Max and Nasta’s care today.”

Harry hesitated and he licked his lips, allowing himself to relax on Myron’s lap.

“I know deep down that they would never purposely hurt any of our children, but I’ve realised that we all have instincts and accidents do happen. How do I protect my babies from accidents that I don’t know are going to happen?”

“You don’t.” Myron told him rubbing the back of his neck soothingly. “Accidents are always going to happen, your children will get hurt, they’ll get cut and bruised, they’ll fall down the stairs, they’ll catch their heads on the edge of doors and if they’re anything like Max then they’ll fall out of a third storey window and cause you such panic and fear that you think you’re suffering multiple heart attacks at once, but you can’t do anything about it, Harry. Accidents happen and there’s not a single thing that you can do to prevent them.”

“Max fell out of a third storey window?” Harry asked quietly.

“He was six.” Richard said with a shiver. “Caesar was four and they were playing ball upstairs in a spare room. Max had thrown the ball too hard at Caesar and it had knocked him to the floor, he was crying so we rushed up to see what was wrong, just in time to see him throw the ball as hard as he could at an unprepared, off guard Max, who staggered backwards, tripped over his own foot and fell backwards out of the large, picturesque window…the window that we had foolishly left open and not warded to air out the top floor of the house.”

“Myron dived out after him.” Ashleigh said in a haunted voice. “I thought for sure that Max was dead.”

Myron shifted underneath Harry. “There was no need to worry. Max was hovering an inch off of the ground with his little face screwed up in concentration. I couldn’t let him go for days, much to his disgust and exasperation as all he wanted to do was play with his toys. It’s rather hard to play with your toys when you’re being clutched on your Father’s lap all day every day.”

“We even made him sleep in our bed.” Ashleigh laughed. “He was so put out.”

“I was too! Do you know how hard it was to go even four days without sex?” Richard pouted. “I
still say he was young enough to not remember it.”

“I say he was old enough that it would have permanently scared him.” Myron countered dryly.

“So there’s nothing I can do?” Harry said sadly.

“You can explain the dangers to your children, but you can’t wrap them in cotton wool. Accidents happen, Harry and it’s a part of life that they do happen. There’s no stopping it.”

Harry sighed and nodded. “That doesn’t mean that I can’t make them suffer.” He said petulantly.

“By all means make them suffer.” Myron encouraged. “They should have known better than to fight in front of their submissive, just a room away from their children. They’ll never get any more like that.”

“What do you mean?” Harry asked.

“If your Dracken is angry at a mate, and I mean really angry, not just ticked off or from a petty argument, then you won’t go onto a breeding cycle.”

“Oh. Well it’s too late for that. I’m going onto a heat period in two weeks.”

“What?!”


“You’re going onto a heat period again, so soon after the quintuplets?” Myron asked him, incredibly shocked.

Harry nodded.
“Fuck, Harry, I knew you were fertile, I didn’t realise completely what that would mean.” Richard told him. “You could be pregnant again in two weeks.”

“I know.” Harry groused. “I’ve done little else other than worry and stress over it since I realised that I had started my breeding cycle.”

“How long have you known?” Ashleigh asked him, trying to hide her excitement.

“Really I’ve known since I started my cycle, but I’ve properly, consciously known since my fifth week.”

“How long are your cycles?” Aneirin asked him curiously.

“Eight weeks.”

“Ha!” Richard exclaimed with a grin and Harry looked to him strangely.

“I knew you were all randy buggers. Ashleigh’s heat was every three and a half months, every fourteen weeks. Every eight weeks! Ha! It’s no wonder you were walking funny when we first met you.”

“I was three months pregnant!” Harry countered incredulously. “Of course I was walking funny!”

“That or your cute little bottom was abused once too often.”

“Richard!” Myron snapped. “Stop being so crude and vulgar!”

“You know he can’t help himself, love.” Ashleigh giggled.

Myron snorted. “He should help himself. What a disgusting thing to say to Harry, our seventeen year old son!”
Harry was shocked. So shocked to be called a son. Not a son-in-law, but a son. Myron held him closer and Harry let himself go boneless, a huge grin on his face. He felt so happy and so loved and the best part was that he didn’t think that Myron realised exactly what he had said in his anger at Richard’s words. It somehow made it all the more meaningful and Harry snuggled into Myron’s bulk tighter, feeling so accepted and loved by the people around him.

“Of course we don’t mind babysitting, whoever you choose to look after the six.” Aneirin told him, smirking at the smile on his face. He hadn’t missed Myron’s admission either.

“Can’t you all look after them?” Harry asked. “I mean, you’re all grandparents together.”

“It’s usually always the submissive’s family who look after the children during heat periods.” Ashleigh said with a smile. “But I’m glad that you chose us.”

“Ashleigh!” Richard said shocked. He looked utterly horrified.

Harry mouthed for a bit, stiffening automatically. “Well I wouldn’t exactly want those despicable people looking after my own children now, would I?”

Ashleigh’s eyes widened and she covered her mouth with her hand. “I am so sorry, Harry! I didn’t mean it, I didn’t think. I forgot all about it.”

Harry smiled wryly. “I’m glad someone could forget about it.” He said softly, wistfully.

He slipped from Myron’s lap, took Tegan out of Ashleigh’s arms and went into the bedroom, just as he closed the bedroom door he heard Myron’s sharp reprimanding snap of ‘Ashleigh’ before he closed the door firmly and went to sit with Braiden, who had dried tear tracks on his face.

Harry held his own tears back by the skin of his teeth as he climbed the stairs to put Tegan into her bassinet before coming back down to get a warm, wet cloth to wash Braiden’s cheeks gently, passing over his little chin and his mouth to wipe away the drool. He went oh so gently over his eyes to remove the last of the tears from his face. He had cried all he was going to over the Dursleys. He had had it with them, he would see them in court, he would see them sentenced and then he was going to forget all about them, they would not rule his life, they would not ruin his life. Not anymore, they had done too much to him already and he had come through it and moved on. He had his own life now, he had four lovers to keep up with and six babies who depended on him entirely, he had no room left to think about the Dursleys anymore. The court case was coming up, it wouldn’t be long now and he would be free of them forever.
My January writing courses are all completed. I’m fine for another year. Some of you readers really need to get some patience though. Four weeks and two days since my last update. I’m sick of hearing how I don’t update quick enough or how it’s been ‘ages’ since my last update, some of you need to calm down and remember that I’m just a person that has a full time night job. That’s 36 and a half hours a week, not including eating, sleeping and bathing, which leaves me very little time to myself, all of my spare time is spent writing these days, I don’t have time to do anything I want to anymore and I begrudge being told that even though I’m sacrificing every spare moment for this story, for some of you it’s not enough, so find some consideration or you’ll find me just getting fed up and updates will be several months apart while I do the things I want to do and write occasionally. All I ask is that you treat me like a person, just because you don’t know me or have never met me doesn’t mean I don’t have thoughts, feelings and other life commitments that require time and attention, just think before you type something and ask yourself, would you really want to be spoken to like that and if you wouldn’t, delete it.

Anyway I’m off from work now for a week because it’s my birthday this Saturday, I can’t wait. I’m hoping to update again either Friday, or actually on my birthday, depends how the chapter comes out, but I want to catch up on some TV programmes I’ve been missing these past few months and catch up with the ton of books I got for Christmas as well, of course those of you on Facebook will find out first exactly when I’ll be updating and hopefully I can get you some sneak peeks of the next chapter too.

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry held his own tears back by the skin of his teeth as he climbed the stairs to put Tegan into her bassinet before coming back down to get a warm, wet cloth to wash Braiden’s cheeks gently, passing over his little chin and his mouth to wipe away the drool. He went oh so gently over his eyes to remove the last of the tears from his face. He had cried all he was going to over the Dursleys. He had had it with them, he would see them in court, he would see them sentenced and then he was going to forget all about them, they would not rule his life, they would not ruin his life. Not anymore, they had done too much to him already and he had come through it and moved on. He had his own life now, he had four lovers to keep up with and six babies who depended on him entirely, he had no room left to think about the Dursleys anymore. The court case was coming up, it wouldn’t be long now and he would be free of them forever.

Chapter Sixty-Seven – Break Up

Harry couldn’t help himself as he carefully took Braiden out of his cot and he carried him up to the bed. He lay down and laid Braiden on his chest, shifting his son’s arms and legs and his head, making sure that his little ear wasn’t crushed in the process and he just lay there stroking the thick, black hair that Braiden had grown in just seven months.

He tried not to let everything get on top of him. The upcoming Dursley case, the exams, his anger at Max and Nasta, his impending heat and the possibility of falling pregnant once again. It was all becoming too much, he couldn’t handle the strain, he had been so good, accepting his inheritance with nary a whimper. Sure he had panicked a bit in the beginning, he had been terrified of Blaise when he had first encountered him in the forest, he had been horrified by the mate meetings, which had seemed a lot like an auction house to him at the time, but he had gotten over all of that. He had thought that now that he was mated that everything would be fine, but it wasn’t. He had hoped that everything would be smooth once he had all of his mates, but it was so hard. All of the children, being constantly pregnant. It was a constant uphill struggle, it was hard work and he couldn’t stand it for much longer. He could potentially be pregnant again in two weeks’ time; he had only just started uncovering his body again after the quintuplets had ruined any and all body shape that he had once had.

The scar he had been left with was getting fainter with the copious amount of salves and lotions that he applied, but the stretch marks stubbornly refused to leave, even with the pelvic floor exercises he was doing and the daily massages that he gave himself with vitamin E oil. It all seemed so hopeless.

Breathing in deeply to calm himself, Harry inhaled Braiden’s light, clean scent and reminded
himself that there was next to nothing that he could do about his situation. Shy of leaving his mates and his children, there was nothing that he could do and he refused point blank, no matter what his mates did or could ever do to him, he would never leave his children, present, future or otherwise.

That made Harry wonder about his heat, he screamed, begged and pleaded for his mates to give him children, if he were to run away, would they find him when he called to them on a heat period? That would be some plan, run away with all his worldly possessions, leave them a note explaining everything and then two months later he leads them right to himself regardless. Not to mention that they woke up after the heats before him too, so he’d likely either wake up back where he had run from in the first place, or to his angry, accusing mates.

Braiden rolled on him and Harry startled and he had to dash to save him from rolling right off of his body, unfortunately it jarred the little boy awake and he blinked his beautiful indigo eyes, looking around himself groggily, until he spotted his Mummy and then he grinned and fisted his eyes to help wake himself up.

“Mama.”

“Hello, Braiden love. How are you feeling?”

“Ba ba.”

“Yes, I think you would be a bit uncomfortable, it smells like you need a nappy change.”

Harry sat up with a groan and he carried Braiden down to the changing table. He smiled as Braiden wriggled and giggled as Harry wiped his bum and thighs clean, before putting him in a fresh nappy and redressing him.

“Oh I love you so much. You are such a gorgeous little boy, simply the best baby in the world.”

Braiden giggled and Harry grinned back.

“Ta ah.”

“That’s a new word, Braiden, you’re so clever.”
Braiden looked at him, a finger in his mouth as he looked around, he used his drool covered finger to point at a toy that was partially hidden under the purple settee, Harry would never have seen it if Braiden hadn’t have pointed at it.

“Huh, what do we have here?” Harry crouched down and pulled out the brightly coloured plastic keys on a thick plastic ring.

Harry used a simple, wandless cleaning charm on the teething ring before he jingled them at Braiden who screeched and grabbed them, putting them straight into his mouth.

“You know, I haven’t seen these in months. They must have been under that settee for two or more months.”

Braiden selected the light green key and put it right into his mouth and gummed on it. Harry chuckled and settled Braiden down on the floor and he went to check on his quintuplets, the ones that were in the bedroom with him anyway.

Regan was fast asleep, so was Calix, but Tegan was awake and blinking languidly around herself.

“Hello baby girl.” Harry cooed, picking her up, checking her nappy to find her dry and he smiled as he realised that she was awake purely because she wanted to be, not because she needed something. He checked on Calix once more to make sure that he wasn’t wet and after happily realising that he wasn’t, he sat down with Tegan sat on his lap, slightly reclined as though she was getting better at holding her head up, she wasn’t as strong as Farren, who could support the weight of his own head comfortably, or Regan, who could support his own head for increasing amounts of time.

Braiden stopped his mouth inspection of the keys and looked at Tegan suspiciously as she was brought near him. He shook the ring of keys at her and Harry felt her startle. Harry chuckled and gripped Braiden’s wrist gently and maneuvered his hand to put the keys back into his mouth before Tegan could start crying. Harry scooted over to the little toy box that they had to keep everything reasonably clean and he got out a soft, foam ball for Tegan, who clenched her hands into the ball tightly and huffed to herself as it squished in her hands.

“This is a ball, Tegan love. A ball.” Harry encouraged.

“Ba!” Braiden replied enthusiastically and Harry grinned.

“Well done, Braiden, a ball.”
Harry chuckled at Braiden’s happy look as he went back to his keys and Harry wondered where the shape sorter toy was, Braiden had loved it, but as he looked around the lower part of the bedroom, it seemed obvious that it must still be out in the living room.

He sighed; he didn’t want to go back out there. He had possibly overreacted to Ashleigh forgetting about his previous abuse, after all he encouraged everyone around him to forget that it had ever happened often enough, but truthfully, deep down, he hadn’t actually expected any of them to forget that he had come from such an unstable and detrimental household. Especially not the woman who claimed to love him, who was for all intents and purposes, his Mother-in-law. Well, one of them anyway, he had three to choose from, but Marianna Lychorinda was nearly always so very busy with whatever she did, Blaise was close lipped about what she was always so busy with, and Narcissa Malfoy had been very silent over the last few months as she took care of a heavily grieving Snape, his only Mother-in-law around was Ashleigh, who apparently saw him as a way to get babies, and nothing else.

Someone knocked gently on the door and opened it. Blaise came into the room and inched his way closer.

“You can come over, Blaise, I’m not angry with you.” Harry said softly.

“Myron sent Ashleigh home; he couldn’t believe what she said to you.”

Harry shrugged and tickled Braiden’s tummy, making the little boy scream in delight and made Harry smile.

“It doesn’t matter anymore, she made her views incredibly clear. I won’t make the mistake of letting myself become emotionally attached the next time.”

“I was afraid you’d say something like that.”

Blaise came and sat behind him, wrapping arms around him and Tegan and resting his chin on Harry’s shoulder, his mouth turned into Harry’s neck so he could breathe across the pale skin.

“Does she see me as a real person, Blaise? Honestly?” Harry asked insecurely.

“Honestly, mio amore? I don’t know.” Blaise whispered. “I don’t know her well enough to gauge her or her actions and you can’t ask Max, he’s biased, she is his Mother after all. Caesar and the girls will be the same, you need to find someone who’s known her for a long time, who isn’t biased
in their opinion against her, only then can you understand who she really is.”

“And where do I find someone like that? I can’t exactly ask her for her address book and owl any friends she might have!”

Blaise sighed. “I don’t know what to tell you, Harry, you’ll just have to trust your heart.”

Harry looked down at Braiden and Tegan and his eyes blurred.

“My heart says that she sees me as a way to get babies back into her life, and nothing else.” Harry confided softly, tears falling down his cheeks. “I’m not a real person to her, Blaise. I’m not real.”

Blaise could say nothing to that, so he held Harry tightly and let him cry, cursing the hormones that were filling Harry’s body and making his moods unpredictable. He’d be sending a very angry message to Ashleigh when he had a spare minute; he hated it when Harry cried. He looked at Harry’s tear streaked face, the anguish and pain written across it and his heart almost stopped and his fists clenched as he cradled Harry. He wondered if Draco had any howler parchment handy.

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Harry refused to come out of the bedroom when there were ‘outsiders’ in the living room so Draco stubbornly and coolly said goodbye to Myron, Richard and Aneirin. Only once they were gone did Harry tentatively step into the living room, one arm wrapped around Braiden, the other supporting Tegan.

He sat on the plush carpet and placed Braiden near him, holding Tegan still and placed the baby monitor next to him in case Regan or Calix woke up. Leolin was in his carrycot. Draco was rocking Farren slowly.

“Max and Nasta should be done with their school wide search soon.” Draco told him hesitantly.

Harry nodded. He didn’t even care about them anymore, or about what they had done. His talk with Dumbledore had helped hammer home that no one had been hurt and it had reassured him of what he had already known. Max and Nasta would never have fought with the babies in the same room, they just wouldn’t have. He now had something new to agonise over, Ashleigh and exactly how she saw him.

Why did his life have to go from one bad thing to another? Every time something good happened, it
was ruined sometime later by something terrible happening. It felt endless.

“I…I think I need a cuddle.” Harry admitted, staring at the carpet.

Blaise took Tegan from him and Draco smoothly, elegantly hunched down and pulled Harry between his legs and into a tight, comforting hug, he kissed the jet black hair before resting his cheek on the top of Harry’s head.

Blaise mirrored Draco and held him from behind; resting his head on Harry’s back this time, right between his shoulder blades, his slender fingers stroking soft patterns onto the parts of Harry that he could reach.

They didn’t speak; they just held one another, listening to Braiden jingle his plastic keys as background noise. However hearing him babbling aloud, talking to himself, brought a smile to Harry’s face.

That was how Max and Nasta found them as they walked through the door.

“We couldn’t find him anywhere; I don’t know where else he’d…be.” Max seemingly told Draco and Blaise, but he finished after a pause when the three of them broke apart, showing Harry in the middle of the group hug.

Nasta let out a relieved sigh that moved his entire chest; he came to hunch down beside him and cupped his face between both hands. He rested their foreheads together and closed his eyes.

“You’re alright?” He asked softly.

Harry nodded.

“No cuts, no bruises, no injuries?”

“Why don’t you sniff and find out?” Harry asked just as softly.

“I didn’t think you’d want me anywhere near you.”

“I’m over that now; I’ve got something else to worry about.”
Nasta pulled him into a strong hug after hearing that and held him as if he was going to disappear. Large hands pressing into his body, a stubbled face rubbing against his own smooth cheek as Nasta tried to crush him, but simultaneously tried not to crush him in his arms.

“I’ve missed you.” Nasta whispered into his ear.

Harry smiled into Nasta’s shoulder.

“Come on! You’ve had your turn!” Max whined, pulling them both apart before picking Harry up and crushing him into his own hug. “I’ve missed only cooking for four. It’s not the same without you, love.”

Harry chuckled and wrapped arms and legs around Max. The big man pulled back just enough to see his face and Harry enjoyed seeing the look of love in those eyes, those gorgeous blue eyes that were glistening with unshed tears.

“So we’re good now, yes?” He asked uncertainly, he needed the verbal clarification.

Harry smiled at that and pulled Max back into a hug. “Yeah Max, we’re good.”

Harry never told Max or Nasta about what had happened while they were scouring the school for him, neither did Draco or Blaise, but it all came out anyway after Blaise and Draco sent a particularly vicious howler, with Draco’s very stroppy eagle owl Saracen, to Ashleigh two days later after carefully selecting just the right words to use in their howler.

Apparently it had been a shock to the three to receive a howler at the breakfast table and they hadn’t opened it in time. Richard thought that it was hilarious. Myron did not.

After igniting the newspaper, it had scorched Ashleigh, but not only that, it had frightened Saracen, who had landed on the chair behind Ashleigh to deliver the howler to her and the obstreperous owl had beaten her head with his strong wings and clipped her shoulder with a talon as he took flight in terror.

Nasta had punished both Draco and Blaise. Harry, who hadn’t known anything about the howler, was left to laugh and giggle at what his lovers had done for him and he made sure to undermine Nasta’s punishment, in secret, by kissing and groping them in thanks.
The two had had to explain why they had sent a howler in the first place and once told, Max did not believe them. He stormed home to confront his parents and left Nasta to deal with two very opinionated subordinates, who refused to believe that what they did was the wrong way to go about defending their submissive’s honour, and said submissive, who had a smile on his face for the first time in days after being quietly withdrawn and was laughing again after days of them not hearing that strong, happy laugh.

Nasta took Harry aside after he sent Draco and Blaise to do all of the baby washing, not brooking any arguments from the two, not even when they ‘explained’ that they had never done the washing before and would ruin all of the clothes, he coolly told them that now was the time to learn and that any ruined clothing would have to be replaced, by them, before the end of the day.

“Harry, is this why you’ve been so quiet lately?” Nasta asked as he settled Harry on the purple settee under the platform bed and sat next to him, positioning himself so that he was open and welcoming, but not overbearing, intimidating or demanding.

Harry sighed and tugged a hand carelessly through his hair. He nodded.

“I just…I can’t get what she said out of my head. How could she forget that I…that those people… I don’t understand how she could have forgotten!”

“Max will sort it out, Cariad.”

“Will he? She’s his Mother, Nasta; he’s not going to choose us over her.”

“I think that you are forgetting yourself that we are Drackens. Family is everything to a Dracken, Harry.”

“She is his family.” Harry pointed out confusedly.

“She’s his ‘old’ family if you will. As a Dracken matures, we separate from our parents, all species do it, humans do it, animals, everyone, it’s a part of growing up and becoming an adult and moving on with our own lives, but where humans will still crave and interact with their birth family, a Dracken feels no obligation to do so. It’s our more human emotions that tell us that we should still be in contact with them. The first sixteen years of life where we’ve lived as near enough humans, that colour our emotions. A Dracken will not recognise a parent like it does their mates and children. As we mature, the scents and focus shifts, when we find a submissive and have children, that’s it. If you and the kids stood at one end of a field and Myron, Richard and Ashleigh stood at the other and you put Max blindfolded in the middle in his Dracken form and told him to sniff out
his family. It would be you and the kids that he’d go to. His sensory receptors would not register his own parents as being family, Harry. It’s only his more human emotions and the part of his brain that hold human thoughts and memories that allow us to still have that attachment to our birth families. In fact if Max was feral in the proverbial field then he would likely attack his parents for being so close to you and the kids, he’d see them as a threat to you.”

“Why?” Harry asked curiously.

“Because when Drackens were still more animal than anything else, they left their parents once they had matured and they never thought about them again. In reality if Father and son had met once again in life, they would likely try to kill one another for territory, or food, they wouldn’t recognise themselves as family. That trait has been watered down over the thousands of years, but it is a trait that has been passed down regardless. Do not ever think that Max would put his parents before you, or even his brother and sisters. They’re important to him, of course, it would kill him if he broke ties with them, but if it came down to a one or the other decision, it would be you every single time and he would feel not an ounce of regret for choosing you over them. His family would already know this, so they’re not about to alienate him or give him any ultimatums.”

“It’s sad to think that two of our children will do that when they’re sixteen.” Harry said quietly.

“Braiden and…?”

Harry chuckled at the eager face and he shoved Nasta’s shoulder. “You’re fishing!” He accused with a grin.

Nasta grinned back and pulled Harry close to his body and he fell sideways on the settee, pulling Harry with him.

“Can I help it that I’m dying to know which baby out of four is a Dracken? I’ve been insanely curious these past three months, we all have. You with your secrets, not telling us just to torture our poor minds!”

Harry chuckled and squeezed Nasta tightly.

“Can’t you guess?” Harry grinned, teasing just a little more.
Nasta snorted. “It’s impossible to guess correctly, it could be any one of them, as soon as the scent dissipates after birth, there’s no way to tell.”

“Just guess.” Harry pleaded, stressing and elongating the last word until he was almost hissing.

Nasta smiled and kissed him. “Max, of course, believes it’s Farren. The biggest baby, the strongest, the most developed. He has a point about that, as Dracken babies are more developed than most, you only have to look at Braiden to see that, but with all of them being so very premature, it’s difficult, not only have they had to catch up to where they should have been, some of them have had set backs, like Calix with his rashes and Tegan with her fever. There are too many factors to guess adequately, but if I had to put money on one, I would have to agree with Max and bet on Farren.”

“Who do Blaise and Draco think?” Harry asked curiously.

“Blaise believes it’s Regan, he thinks that he could be a dark horse in the running, he’s developing nicely, if not as fast as Farren, and he’s putting on weight and coming into himself. Draco however is undecided; he believes either Regan or Calix. He didn’t give his reasons why, he just said with that strange hint of certainty that comes from his Pureblood snobbery that it would be between them both.”

“No one think’s our little girl could be a Dracken? How very sexist.” Harry teased.

Nasta grinned and nibbled at him. “I would love it if either of my children were Drackens, but I have already had a Faerie baby, I’m not greedy, let Max have his thunder this time around, I will give you a Dracken child eventually.”

“Oh? Is that so Mister Delericey. How very presumptuous of you.” Harry said as he sat up on Nasta’s body.

Nasta tickled him and Harry shrieked at the unexpected action, which naturally meant that Draco and Blaise were just there beside them and Harry grinned at them widely from his perch straddling Nasta’s hips.

“Finished the baby washing have you?” He asked them curiously.
Nasta let his head fall back and he laughed.

“We heard you scream.” Blaise told him.

“Yes, Nasta and I are getting reacquainted with one another after our lengthy separation.”

“Lengthy separation? It was two days!” Draco replied incredulously.

“Tell me about it. Longest two days of my life.” Harry said.

Nasta sat up and held Harry tightly as he stood up.

“You two had better be done with the baby washing, Max will want the kitchenette to himself when he gets back.”

“I don’t think he’ll want to cook once he gets back.” Harry said softly. “Maybe I should cook dinner today, cooking will be the last thing on his mind when he comes home.”

“I doubt it. It’ll be the only thing on his mind when he gets back; you know cooking helps ground him and relax him.”

“What if he’s upset? I don’t want him to feel obligated to cook for all of us when he’s feeling miserable. Sometimes I feel like he thinks we use him as a personal chef and nothing else.”

“Don’t be stupid.” Draco told him with a scoff. “Max loves cooking almost as much as he loves sex. If you deprived him of cooking he’d feel like you’d cut off both of his hands. He’d feel useless.”

“In a roundabout way I think that Draco’s right.” Nasta put in slowly, obviously trying not to upset him. “Has Max ever given any indication that he feels like we treat him as a personal chef and not a lover?”

“No, but…”
“Then you’re projecting your thoughts onto him, Prezioso.” Blaise told him.

“I just don’t want to take him for granted; I don’t want to take any of you for granted. Not ever.”

“You don’t, love.” Draco assured him strongly. “Max is very happy to cook every meal, every single day for the rest of his life. Why deprive him of something that makes him so happy?”

“I think that I should cook, just for today, he’s not going to be happy when he comes home and I don’t want him stressing.”

“Go on then.” Nasta relented. “Just don’t come to me when Max is upset that you’ve cooked.”

“He won’t be.” Harry said with a grin. “He’s being very good and acting like he’s on thin ice, it’s like he expects me to explode or something.”

A soft wail over the monitor stopped all of them short and Harry wriggled until Nasta put him down. He went up the stairs and checked on Calix, who was red faced with his hands balled into fists.

“Oh Calix, why do you have to do this now? Can’t you wait until your Daddy is home?” Harry asked, sighing in defeat as he took the baby out of his bassinet, carefully carried him down the stairs and took him over to the changing table.

“I can change him if you’d like.” Nasta put in mildly.

Harry gave him a look as he unfastened Calix’s nappy. “Is this part of your ‘don’t upset Harry any more plan?’ none of you offer yourselves up to change them unless you’re certain it was a wee.”

Harry wiped Calix down thoroughly, applied the Sudocrem and left off his nappy while the cream absorbed. He pulled down the little nightdress and handed the sniffing baby to Nasta, who cradled him without touching his bottom.
“I just thought that you’d like some help.” Nasta shrugged as they headed out into the living room.

Harry shook his head and couldn’t help smiling. “You can be on babysitting duties then.”

Harry went into the kitchenette and sighed at the pile of washing there was still to do. “Did you two do anything?” He asked as he took over and quickly and viciously scrubbed the bodysuits, bibs, sleepsuits, socks, hats, scratch mitts and nightdresses. He wrung them out before rinsing them in plain warm water before wringing them out for the last time.

He hung them all over the safety grate in front of the fire and left them to dry as he cleaned up the kitchen, washed his hands to get the soap powder from them, before starting his preparations for a chicken dinner. It wasn’t Sunday, but he didn’t think any of them would complain. Besides the fact that Max was planning roast beef for the Sunday coming, not chicken, so both dinners would be different anyway.

Harry was almost finished when Max stormed into the room. He didn’t even acknowledge any of them before going right into the bedroom and viciously slamming the door closed behind him. Harry closed his eyes as several startled screams started, two from the other side of the shut bedroom door.

Harry swallowed and tried not to think what Max’s behaviour meant and he could only pray that right now he wasn’t packing all of his stuff into suitcases as he tried to calm a hysterical Leolin.

“What do we do?” Blaise asked hesitantly.

He looked unsure and Harry’s feelings mirrored his, what did they do in this sort of situation? Max was always so happy, so carefree, and seeing him upset and angry enough to slam doors when he knew that there were several babies in these rooms was something they had never had to deal with before, they were out of their element and it only affirmed that though they all got on most of the time, that they had children and a life together, they had only been together for a year, a very short amount of time really, Nasta hadn’t even been with them for a full year yet, not until April and it this little incident only went to show that they didn’t know absolutely everything about one another yet.

“I think from his actions that he wants to be alone.” Draco informed them.

“But Tegan and Farren are in there crying.” Harry bit his lip.

“He won’t leave them cry.” Nasta said surely.
“But he’s angry.”

“We don’t know that for sure.” Draco answered. “He might just be upset or he might just need some space or alone time. He wouldn’t have come back if he was angry with us.”

“How can you be so sure?” Harry insisted.

“Because it’s what I’d do if I was in his position.” Draco confided. “He’ll be fine, just leave him be. He won’t let the kids cry themselves sick, he just wouldn’t.”

Harry nodded and he took in a deep breath, ignoring his Dracken restlessly moving inside of him, demanding that he go and get his crying babies. Nasta was calming Braiden, Blaise had Regan and Draco had Calix and had taken Leolin from him before dinner could burn.

“I knew it was the right thing to do to make dinner.” Harry said softly. “I just had a feeling that I should.”

“Your instincts are very fine tuned.” Nasta complimented as he pulled faces at Braiden, who was calming down and giggling every other sniffle.

Harry dished up the food and put Max’s under a stasis charm to preserve it for whenever he wanted it, if he wanted it at all.

Harry was happy to realise that Farren and Tegan had stopped crying and he prayed that Max hadn’t just put a silencing spell on them, though he couldn’t believe that any of his mates would ever do such a thing.

Dinner was quiet; the atmosphere strained and uncomfortable as Max remained a no show. They couldn’t hear anything from the room next door and Harry hoped that Max was alright, but he was happy that he hadn’t come back out with a suitcase in hand.

They were just finishing when the bedroom door opened and Max came out, his face was red and blotchy and his eyes looked rubbed raw. There was no suitcase in his hand.

Harry let Max decide how they were to proceed, if he would accept them asking him about what was wrong and comforting him, or if he wanted to pretend that nothing was wrong and that nothing had happened.

“I’ve made you something to eat if you’re hungry.” Harry told him softly, neutrally, letting Max know that the ball was in his court, no matter what he wanted to do.
Max nodded and rubbed his eyes once again as he came and sat down, letting Harry serve him the preserved food.

“Thank you.” He croaked roughly.

Harry smiled and cleaned up the used dishes, kicking Blaise pointedly, who winced but he took the hint and he stopped staring, dragging the other two into light conversation.

Harry happily washed up, checking on his pudding in the oven and he waited until Max was done eating to serve them all dessert. It was only a Syrup sponge pudding, but it was freshly made and warm and Max, though quiet, was looking much better than he had when he had come home.

Harry washed up the bowls and spoons they had used for dessert as well as Max’s dinner plate, allowing the other four to relax and unwind. No one was talking to Max though, who was lost, very deeply in his own thoughts.

Shaking his head and making up his mind, Harry went and wormed his way onto Max’s lap and cuddled in tightly. He didn’t want to push Max into saying anything that he didn’t want to, but he also wanted Max to know that if he wanted to talk then they were all here to listen, no matter what was on his mind.

Max hesitated for a moment, as if startled by his sudden appearance on his lap, but after a moment he wrapped his arms around his waist and held him tightly. Harry had half been expecting to be shoved off, so being cuddled back was fine, even if Max wasn’t talking. Nasta suddenly spoke to him and Harry peered out from Max’s chest to look at him.

“Did you do your catch up homework, Harry?”

Harry scowled. “Most of it.”

“Don’t you think you’d best get on with it?”

“No.” Harry wriggled on Max’s lap and snuggled in tighter. “I’m warm and sleepy. I’ll do it tomorrow.”

Nasta sighed. “Alright, but don’t forget.”

Harry knew why Nasta had dropped the subject and he grinned into Max’s chest. “I won’t forget,
“Ah ma!” Braiden called sleepily from the floor and he held his arms out to Harry pouting.

“Oh Braiden, really, right now?” Harry sighed, even as he already moved from Max’s warm lap to pick him up.

Harry cradled Braiden as his son yawned adorably. Harry slipped back onto Max’s lap and the larger man held the both of them, seemingly better now than he was before because he was smiling at Braiden, who was fisting his little eyes and yawning again. He was tired and ready for bed.

Harry didn’t realise that he had fallen asleep himself until his back was pressed to something cold and his eyes cracked open. Max was above him with one eye closed in prayer that he didn’t wake up. He let out a sigh when he realised that Harry was awake.

“I didn’t mean to wake you. I’m sorry.”

Harry made an indiscernible grunting noise and yawned, trying to remember what had happened and where he was.

“’S okay.” He murmured as he yawned again.

“Go back to sleep, you’re too tired to be awake.” Max insisted.

“Hmm. Stay with me?” Harry asked, his brain still half asleep.

“Of course I will, just let me get out of my jeans.”

Harry looked down at himself and realised that he was already in his pyjamas, they were very warm, so either they had had a heating charm aimed at them, or one of his mates had put them on the grate by the fire for a while. It was the cold sheets that had woken him.

Max shimmied out of his jeans and Harry couldn’t help the lazy smile of appreciation that stretched his mouth as he saw Max in just his boxer shorts. It was a wonderful sight; one Harry really did appreciate very much.
“I love that look on your face. That possessive, lusty expression when you look at me.”

“You’re all mine.” Harry reminded. “I have a right to be possessive of such a gorgeous body. I get so very jealous when women try to take you from me.”

“They’ll never succeed, Harry. I am gay and I have been since I was a teenager, no matter how much I tried to get myself to like the female body in preparation for my meetings. Plus I love you, very, very much. I’d never leave you, least of all for some woman.” Max said sincerely. “And if for some reason I do ever leave you for a woman, please check me for spells and potions before getting upset and shredding all of my clothes.”

“They have no right to look at you like that, only I can.” Harry frowned, not being swayed into laughter by Max’s declaration.

Max chuckled then and slipped into the bed to spoon against him. It was quiet for a while in the bed and Harry was very content and just as he was drifting back to sleep, Max spoke.

“I’m so sorry about what my Mother said, she had no right.”

Harry stiffened right up before letting out a breath. “It’s alright.”

“It’s not though, is it? I can’t believe that not only did she forget, but she told you that she had forgotten. I’m so angry with her right now I don’t think I could even look at her.”

“Does…does she see me as a person, Max?” Harry couldn’t help asking. “Does she see me, or does she just see a way to get babies?”

Harry felt Max swallow behind him and heard the hard, nearly painful, noise. “I don’t know.” Was the quiet, almost sobbed answer. “I just don’t know.”

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X
A/N: It’s my birthday! I’m 23 today and as a present to me you can all leave a nice review, you know, seeing as I updated on my birthday for you and all. Ha! I’m not sure when the next update will be, I’m going to be busy now for the rest of the day and likely recovering tomorrow, so I’ll start chapter 68 around Monday then it depends on how much I can get done and how easy the chapter comes.

That’s it! I’m off to go and enjoy my birthday, have fun, because I’m most certainly going to!

StarLight Massacre. X
A/N: A happy early birthday to Katie, one of the Facebookers, who wanted a chapter as a present, I hope this is what you wanted.

Last Time

Max chuckled then and slipped into the bed to spoon against him. It was quiet for a while in the bed and Harry was very content and just as he was drifting back to sleep, Max spoke.

“I’m so sorry about what my Mother said, she had no right.”

Harry stiffened right up before letting out a breath. “It’s alright.”

“It’s not though, is it? I can’t believe that not only did she forget, but she told you that she had forgotten. I’m so angry with her right now I don’t think I could even look at her.”

“Does… does she see me as a person, Max?” Harry couldn’t help asking. “Does she see me, or does she just see a way to get babies?”

Harry felt Max swallow behind him and heard the hard, nearly painful, noise. “I don’t know.” Was the quiet, almost sobbed answer. “I just don’t know.”

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Sixty-Eight – Stamina Exercise

Just five days before Harry was due to go onto his heat he had a letter from Myron, asking if he still wished for him to babysit the children for his heat period. Harry had gotten more and more stressed over the last two weeks, working himself into terrible states because everything was so wrong. Max wasn’t speaking to his Mother, Harry didn’t want to see or speak to her, Draco wanted to go and kill her, Nasta was silently seething and Blaise snarled and bared his teeth every time her name, or someone with the same name, was mentioned.
Max had calmed down over the last two weeks, until he could go a full day without getting lost in deep thought or breaking down in tears, those first few days had been harrowing for the rest of them, and seeing Max so damned unhappy and desolate was one of the reasons why they were so unforgiving towards Ashleigh, who had been silent, which was a blessing really, but that she hadn’t even tried to send an attempt at an apology, not even to Max, angered him immensely.

Everything now was getting on top of him until it felt like he was being buried alive. The entire spectacle with Ashleigh, Max’s palpable sorrow, everyone else’s nearly visible anger, the looming court case, the approaching exams, the mountain of homework that he had yet to do, the quintuplets second Dragon Pox vaccine was due next month, Aneirin had sent them an owl the week before to tell them that Sanex had gone down with the flu and that he was due to work the second half of Harry’s heat period. Then there was Narcissa and Lucius’ silent distance, Marianna’s absence, Remus’s indifference, and the biggest fear that he had, his heat was just a few days away, he didn’t want to be pregnant again, he couldn’t have another baby right now, he just couldn’t.

He had talked everything over with his lovers extensively, especially the approaching heat and what they were going to do and he was adamant that he wasn’t going to punish Richard and Myron for what Ashleigh had said and done, but his Dracken was so stressed and restless over letting Ashleigh near his children that he had lost control of his wings and he could not pull them back in, which meant that he couldn’t leave his rooms and he got more stressed as he missed lessons and became even more jittery because he was cooped up all day, every day.

Three days before his heat, Myron and Richard came to visit after Max had finally relented and owled them, begging for some help or advice on how to calm Harry down, though he had made sure to stipulate that Ashleigh was not to come near them. They flooed to the school as soon as they received the owl and they arrived at the boys’ rooms where they found Harry pacing and growling, Regan in his arms, his wings out and flared with his stress, tossing his head from side to side every other minute in agitation.

“I didn’t think he’d be this bad.” Richard said as he watched Harry pace restlessly.

“It’s been terrible for the last week and a half.” Max admitted sadly. “He doesn’t want her anywhere near the children.”

“He didn’t answer my letter, I take it that he’s going to put the full responsibility on Aneirin.” Myron said neutrally.

“That’s the thing, he doesn’t want to punish you or Dad either, but he’s adamant that he doesn’t want that woman near the kids. He’s so stressed that we can’t get him to fold his wings in, he’s missed a week of lessons and he’s too edgy to do anything other than pace, he’s not sleeping, he’s barely eating and we don’t know what to do anymore, we’ve tried everything.” Max stressed.

Myron snorted and in a moment he had his wings, claws, scales and fangs out and he strode to
Harry and took Regan from him amid snarls and growls, feeling a brief pang that even after everything, Harry had trusted him enough to not think of him as a threat to the child, otherwise he would never have caught Harry off guard and gotten the baby from him safely, before he handed the baby to a nearby Nasta.

He circled around Harry, darting in to try and grip Harry to turn him around, Harry fighting and trying to gouge at him all the way. Myron was bigger, stronger and more powerful however and he had lived as a Dracken for so much longer. He easily managed to circle Harry again, grip one of his biceps and he turned Harry around in his arms, Harry’s back to his chest. He gripped the tiny wrists strongly, but delicately, and he let his legs go from under him. He sat on the floor and he sat Harry on his lap, just holding him now, letting him thrash and growl and snarl and writhe.

It took an agonising forty minutes before Harry finally tired himself out and he slumped back in Myron’s hold, at which time Myron started gently petting and stroking Harry’s wings, Harry shivered at the soft, almost forbidden touch and it took just four minutes for his wings to droop which then allowed Harry to pull them back into his body.

Myron released the tiny wrists that he was holding, letting Nasta take a yawning Harry from his lap and he got up with a groan.

“I’m fifty-three; I can’t be doing this any longer.”

“You have another three hundred years of life left.” Richard said. “Please don’t tell me that you’re going stiff already, I can’t go three hundred years without the level of sex that I’ve come to expect!”

“You have no worries about that, your tight little arse is mine.” Myron growled, biting at Richard’s chin before lining up their mouths, taking extra care with his fangs, as his hands squeezed and dug into Richard’s arse, taking care with his claws.

“Ewwww!” Max whined. “That’s gross, stop it!”

“It’s sweet.” Harry smiled sleepily. “Leave them alone.”

“It’s alright for you to say.”

“Why? Because I don’t have any parents to act like that in front of me?”

Max sighed. “I didn’t mean it like that, Harry, you know I didn’t.”
Harry nodded. “I know, I’m sorry. I just…with everything coming up I don’t…I’m scared.” Harry admitted softly.

“Of what, love?” Nasta asked him softly.

“The heat for one, being pregnant again for another and…what if…what if the Dursleys get off? What if I go through all of the court cases and everything and they still get off.”

“They won’t.” Richard told him. “Harry, the judge and jury are going to stick them up against the wall, shoot them and then hammer the nails into their coffins and throw them into a deep, dark hole. They’re going to prison, Harry and they’re going for a long time.”

“But what if they don’t.” Harry fretted.

“They will, Harry.”

“But just say they don’t!” Harry insisted.

“Then I’ll go and kill them for you.” Myron cut in. “They won’t get away with what they did to you, Harry. I won’t let them.”

“We won’t let them.” Richard added with a glare to his lover. “I have full confidence in our case, Harry, they won’t get away with it. Child abuse is a very serious crime, with the evidence we have, they will not walk free, though if you want to be sure, I’ll come and talk to you after your heat is over, we’ll condemn them even further.”

Harry nodded. “Okay. I don’t want them to get away.”

“They won’t, so calm down and stop stressing over everything. Now, what do you want to do about the children in three days’ time?”

“I’m sorry, but I don’t want Ashleigh near them.” Harry said softly, ignoring Max’s angry hiss at
her name. “But if you and Richard want to look after them, you can.”

“How do you propose we do that when Ashleigh lives with us, Harry? We’re not throwing her out of her own home and likewise we do not want to be here listening to you having sex for a week, not to mention that you could very well use this room and we don’t want to watch you having sex either.”

“Speak for yourself.” Richard snorted. Myron clipped him over the back of the head sharply.

“You don’t have to.” Harry answered, grinning at Richard’s childish pout. “Aneirin is back in work, so he’ll be gone for half of the week that I’m on heat, he offered, quite happily, to cancel, but Alexander owled me. I think he just knew that something was wrong. He’s offered to look after them, he says that he’d be more than overjoyed to have them while I’m on my heat period.”

“Have you taken my Father up on his offer?” Myron asked quietly, keeping his feelings of hurt and failure to himself.

“I’m leaning more towards it, I don’t want Aneirin to have to rearrange his work schedule because of me and I don’t want Ashleigh near them, but I don’t want you to kick her out of your house for any length of time because it’s not fair to make you choose between your mate and your grandchildren. So Alexander is looking to be the most sensible option. That way, if you wanted to, you could go and see the kids at Alexander’s. I’d feel much better about this whole thing if I knew that you were checking up on my babies, not that I don’t trust Alexander, but he is out of practice of having any baby overnight, let alone for a week plus, I don’t think he knows what he’s taking on with these six.”

Myron snorted. “My sisters, Aurelia and Lydia, are submissive Drackens, Harry. Ashleigh was right when she said that the children usually go to the submissive’s family for heat periods. My Mother and Father have been kept on their toes over the years, Aurelia has seven children and you remember Shae? Aurelia is her Mother and Shae has fourteen children now and my Father sometimes has them when she goes on her heat as well. Lydia has five children and is pregnant again. My Father is always kept on his toes.”

Harry smiled and then laughed. “It’s a good idea to hand the kids over to Alexander then.”

Myron nodded. “Of course Richard and I will go and spend time with our Grandchildren if you wish it of us, we wouldn’t miss it, but I wanted you to know that Ashleigh has been thoroughly punished, I don’t think keeping her from the kids is going to help.”
“I don’t want her near them.” Harry growled, his Dracken surging and sending out pheromones that let the dominants around him know that he was not happy.

Myron nodded. “It is entirely up to you of course, you’re their Mother and we’ll respect your decisions regarding them, but she is very upset with herself for what she said.”

“It wasn’t just what she said, Dad, it’s that she actually forgot what Harry had gone through. How could she forget something like that when Dad is working so hard on Harry’s case at home? It doesn’t make any sense!”

“She won’t answer that question when we ask her.” Richard sighed sadly. “We don’t know why she forgot or even how she did. It is strange.”

“She doesn’t see me as a person, she doesn’t think I’m real.” Harry told them. “She sees me as a way to get babies, a means to an end, nothing more. That’s how she forgot, if she could get babies around herself without me, then she wouldn’t give a fuck about me.”

“Do you truly think that?” Myron asked, shocked and unsettled that Harry would truly think that and he was worried that maybe, just maybe, Harry could be right.

Harry nodded. “It’s true.” He said firmly. “She has no interest in me, every single question is always about the babies and never about me.”

“That’s not true, she’s always asking you how you are.” Richard pointed out.

“Only ever when I was pregnant.”

“That…that can’t be true. It can’t be!” Richard said, but his tone belied his uncertainty.

“It is.” Harry moved to pick up Braiden and pulled out a foam mat to change him on.

It was silent as Harry changed and then redressed Braiden and rolled him over, off of the mat and
onto his belly, he thrust the wet nappy and used wipes at Max, who took them silently and put them in the bin.

Harry slid the foam mat back under the settee and he lay down on his belly next to Braiden, slipping a hand under him and lifting him gently, to urge him onto his hands and knees.

“Come on, love, you want to crawl, you want to be mobile.” Harry insisted.

Braiden bounced on his hands making soft noises and drooling excessively.

“I think he’s cutting another tooth.” Harry sighed as he got a cloth out of his pocket and wiped the drool away.

Braiden giggled and Harry gave him a gentle, but forceful shove to the bottom to encourage him to move. Braiden found it hilarious.

“No, it’s not funny, you want to crawl.”

Braiden went to reach out for Harry’s face, but moving his hand made him unstable and he fell to the floor laughing. Harry let out a sigh.

“He’ll crawl when he’s ready, Harry.” Nasta insisted as he rocked a fussy Tegan.

“Just wait until he learns the word ‘no’.” Richard grinned. “It was Caesar’s favourite word.”

“That’s because it was your favourite word.” Myron huffed.

“Oh no, my favourite word was always and will always be ‘yes, yes, YES!’” Richard laughed as he moaned exaggeratedly. Myron went red faced and went to swat at Richard again who ducked out of the way laughing.

Harry chuckled. “Really? Your favourite word is yes? Funny, mine has always been a tie between more and harder.”
Richard almost choked on his laughter and he doubled over.

“Harry!” Myron scolded.

“What? Is it my fault that I don’t have a mate who can satisfy me? I have four of them, you’d think that I’d be worn out before them, but no.”

“Harry!” Max said shocked.

“Don’t look at me like that! You need to go to a gym, your stamina is falling and you’re failing me.”

That did it for Richard, who collapsed onto the settee and held his stomach with one hand and his throat with the other. He started laughing so hard that he just made a wheezing sound. Myron was of course by his side trying to ease him through his breathing, but Richard just waved him away, still wheezing.

“Is he alright?” Harry asked concernedly, he hadn’t meant to hurt Richard through laughter.

“He’s fine. He would have accepted my help if he was in any danger, he knows not to take a chance on things like this.” Myron answered, still hovering over Richard like a worried Mother. Not that Harry blamed him in the least.

Richard drew in a deep, gasping breath like a drowning man breaking the surface of the water and he let out a stream of chuckles.

“It wasn’t that funny.” Max pouted.

Richard nodded his head, wiping away tears. “I love that kid!” He said breathlessly, cheerfully pointing at Harry. “I haven’t laughed like that in ages. I needed that laugh.”

“Well I think it’s time we took our leave.” Myron said firmly, helping Richard to his feet. “We were worried when you didn’t responded to the owl that we sent, but now that the issue of childcare is sorted, I really don’t think mixing you and Richard together is a good idea, you’re both
as bad as one another, thank Merlin that Caesar isn’t here as well or I’d roll over in defeat.”

Harry chuckled. “I bet that doesn’t happen too often.”

“Watch your cheek.”

“I can’t, it’s impossible to look at your own cheeks. The one’s on your face at least.”

Richard started laughing again at that and Myron scowled, picking his lover up and carrying him out of the room to Harry’s jaunty wave. He chuckled before lying down and trying to get Braiden to crawl again once the portrait door had closed.

A heavy weight on his back had him gasping and turning as much as he could to see Nasta sat on top of him, giving him a look.

“What?” He asked.

“So we can’t satisfy you, can we? We get worn out before you, do we? I think we need to take care of our submissive more, Max. Who knows when the last time he was truly satisfied with our love making was.”

Max cottoned on very quickly and he gave a feral grin. “I’m sure some more practice in the art can help boost my stamina.”

“I was only joking, of course you satisfy me.”

“Ah ah, no back tracking now.” Nasta admonished lightly. “We need to thoroughly satisfy you to teach you not to spread such nasty lies.”

“I’m going onto a heat period in three days, can’t you teach me then?” Harry asked as he tried fruitlessly to get out from underneath Nasta.

Nasta put more weight on him and nibbled an ear. “No, I think you need a nice, long, hard lesson right this minute. It won’t wait for three days, will it, Max?”
Max shook his head, a predatory grin on his face as he started moving babies into bassinets. It gave Harry one last life line to use.

“The kids.” Harry complained, but with Nasta sucking and nibbling on him, his concentration was rapidly declining.

“I think it’s time for the kids to take a nap.” Max grinned. “Ninety minutes of peace.”

“Well, from the kids at least, but Harry’s going to be screaming his lungs raw.”

“Big words from a man who can’t satisfy me.” Harry hissed, deciding to play the game, it was easier than fighting, plus he hadn’t had a real chance to unwind in ages. It could turn out to be exactly what he needed. What they all needed.

Nasta snarled and shoved against him. Max hauled Braiden away and settled him down for a nap in his travel cot before stealing him from Nasta and carrying him to the bedroom.

“You’re a barbarian.” Harry complained.

“Don’t I know it.” Max growled before biting at his neck hard enough to make him gasp and to leave a mark.

They didn’t go up to the bed, where Farren and Calix were sleeping in their bassinets, instead Max fell to the clean patch of floor boxed in by the settee, catching himself on his one hand, the other holding Harry tightly to his body, before letting him fall the short distance to the floor and kissing him ferociously.

Nasta joined them, Harry was happy to note him place a baby monitor near them, before he warded the area they were in so that the two boys sleeping upstairs weren’t disturbed.

Max shifted up his body until their groins touched and Harry’s face was smothered in Max’s shirt. Harry smiled as he wormed fingers under that shirt and twisted the already erect nipples. Max let out a part groan, part gasp of pleasure pain and sunk his teeth into his neck; Harry let out his own gasp of pleasure pain and he arched his back. Max chuckled darkly and sucked on his own bite mark, Harry’s body moved restlessly at the pleasure that mixed with just a hint of pain and he partly sobbed, partly moaned at the feel of it.

Nasta shoved Max out of the way and added his own bite mark, tearing the front of his shirt as he
did so, ripping it from his body to uncover more flesh to mark. The entire thing just aroused Harry more, for reasons he couldn’t comprehend or understand. He just loved it.

Max pulled off Harry’s jeans and socks, leaving him in black boxers before moving his hands to his own shirt. Harry watched that muscled upper body appear as Max slid the fabric from strong shoulders and he licked his lips in anticipation. Nasta chuckled from beside him; he had been watching Harry’s face, enjoying his expression as Max undressed himself.

That chuckle took Harry’s attention back to his oldest lover and it was then that Nasta took off his own shirt, watching Harry’s face with a cocky smirk.

“You enjoy that too much.” Harry insisted.

“I can’t help that I love your pure reaction to me undressing.” Nasta answered.

“There’s nothing pure about it.” Harry grinned.

Nasta grinned back before falling on his mouth and biting at it, his teeth and mouth fetish coming through clearly.

Harry used his legs to search for Max and he wrapped his legs tightly around his waist, tugging the huge man into him, knocking him into Nasta, who accidently bit him too hard, which introduced blood into their kiss and excited the Dracken on a primal level.

Nasta pulled back and run his thumb under Harry’s lip, taking a smear of blood with it.

“I’m sorry.” He said gutturally.

Harry grinned, licking his own blood away from his lip. “That’s alright; it makes things more…*interesting*.” He purred.

Nasta licked the blood from his thumb and grinned before Max bent down to kiss Harry, licking at the blood on his lips.

“When did we get into blood play?” He asked deeply.

“When Nasta bit my lip hard enough to break it.” Harry told him.
Max grunted, before once again settling his hips over Harry’s. Harry noticed that Max had also removed his jeans just before his sight was blocked by Max’s chest.

“You’re too tall for this!” He complained, even as he moved his mouth to suck on a nipple lightly.

Max breathed in deeply and sharply. “I’d say that I’m exactly the right height for this.”

Harry grinned but continued sucking at Max’s nipple still, flicking it with the tip of his tongue before swiping it with his entire tongue, just to get a different reaction from Max.

“Oh, you’ll pay for that.” Max hissed.

“Says you.”

Max ripped Harry’s boxers at the seams and threw the ripped fabric aside, leaving Harry naked, aroused and smirking. He wasn’t smirking for long as Max sucked marks all the way down from his neck, to his chest and down to his thigh, while Nasta started using the tip of his tongue to trace light, arousing lines over his sensitive inner forearm, moving down to his fingers and sucking each one individually.

“Don’t bite off my fingers, I need those.” Harry panted, letting his head fall to the side to watch Nasta, who rolled his eyes up to look at him while he sucked. Harry moaned. “Oh that’s so fucking hot.”

Harry’s attention was forced from Nasta and aimed at the ceiling instead when Max licked the highest crease of his thigh, forcing his legs wider and moving his mouth down to a place that Harry had never in his wildest dreams thought could bring him such pleasure, but he had since learnt differently and he was happy to have found that new level of pleasure.

Harry had expected Max to lick him, to tease him, but he did no such thing, instead he just pushed his tongue right into Harry’s body and the unexpected action had Harry yelling out, reaching for Max’s hair with his free hand, his other hand was out to the side and held tight by Nasta, who was sucking his wrist.

Nasta pinned his hand to the carpet and nipped little marks up his arm to his elbow as Max forced his tongue in deeper and Harry’s entire body tensed, jerking out of his control as he gave himself over to the pleasure completely.
Harry had no idea how long the two tortured him for, he lost all sense of time as he writhed and squirmed on the carpet, under their talented tongues, teasing teeth, questing fingers and utter determination and will to pleasure him.

It seemed like hours before Max pulled away from him, breathing deeply and raggedly, he summoned a bottle of lubricant from the depths of their bedroom and only just caught it, cursing as he almost dropped it twice as he tried to open it in his hurry. The lid popping off pulled tight at Harry’s gut, he knew what that sound preceded and his mind had come to associate it with sex and pleasure.

He quivered in anticipation and moaned in delight as he felt that cool gel being applied to his burning skin, then Nasta was there, shoving Max out of the way, taking the lubricant from him and with an easy flick of his wand, he had Max tied up and bound tightly.

Nasta smirked darkly and he chuckled deeply. “Like I’d let you have Harry first.” He murmured. “I’m not in a sharing mood.”

“Nasta!” Max growled, squirming furiously in the tight bonds, made of what looked like conjured scarves.

“This is your punishment for challenging me the other week. I don’t like being challenged.” Nasta replied simply as he coated his fingers slowly in the lube and moved his hand down, letting his gelled fingertips brush Harry’s thigh as he went.

Nasta slipped his fingers inside him slowly, gently and Harry’s muscles tensed, his spine arching out of his control as he let out a long, deep moan as his insides were touched, rubbed and lubricated for something else that tightened his belly.

“Nas’a!” Harry moaned brokenly.

Nasta chuckled and removed his fingers, slipping something else, a lot bigger and a lot thicker than his fingers, inside of him and Harry’s hands balled into fists, his breath catching in his throat.

Nasta sunk himself fully into Harry and stilled for a moment, waiting for Harry’s body to unclench, for his hands to relax and to reach out to him. Only then did he pull himself out, he held himself, just inside Harry’s body for a tenuous moment, before pushing back in.

As Harry loosened up and the lubricant spread deeper inside, Nasta’s movements became smoother and quicker, he fell into a familiar rhythm of pleasure and desire. When he felt secure in his rhythm, he started rolling his hips, it took only a short moment for Harry’s body to understand what was happening and his little lover screamed and it made Nasta smirk as he breathed harshly through his own movements. He knew he could keep this up all night, but they didn’t have all night unfortunately and he wasn’t sadistic enough to let Max watch them together, tied up, but not
have a chance to relieve himself.

Shifting himself minimally once again, Nasta ensured that he was hitting Harry’s prostate head on and he made sure his thrusts stroked all the way inside, hitting that little gland and moving up further into Harry before pulling out again.

Harry did not last long and Nasta let go of his pride and he let himself orgasm with Harry. He had forever to prove that he could last all night long if he chose to, unfortunately the timing today wouldn’t allow it.

He rolled off of Harry and released Max from his bonds before he curled up to catch his breath and recover from his mind blowing orgasm.

Harry’s eyes opened when hands touched his hips, pulling him slightly lower on the carpet. Harry had expected to see Nasta, but he wasn’t at all upset to see Max hovering over him, solidly erect and leaking against his own belly, it made things low inside him tighten and that made him moan as his pleasured body felt abused.

Max didn’t even make any farce of stretching him, Harry was glad as the feel of Max just shoving right into him threw his head back and made him clench so tightly around his biggest lover.

He knew from the pace and desperation of Max’s thrusts that he wouldn’t last long and he clenched his body randomly and strongly around Max, loving the moans and groans that he pulled from Max’s throat.

Max lost himself in the pleasure and he was a bit too rough with him, especially after he had just had an explosive orgasm, but thankfully Nasta noticed and placed a hand at Max’s lower back, reminding him that he wasn’t fucking a blow up doll, but an actual person.

Max’s pace evened out and slowed down and brought Harry back into the moment, his body curving around Max’s as their orgasm approached.

Max went first, he was just too wound up to hold himself back, but Harry didn’t last much longer as he screamed loudly and dug short nails into Max’s shoulders as his entire body clenched in orgasm.

Max rolled sideways away from him so that he didn’t collapse on top of him and they all calmed down together.

“Oh, I can’t move.” Harry whined.

“We don’t have to.” Max told him breathlessly.

Determined to prove him wrong, a cry from upstairs started slowly and sleepily before rapidly turning hysterical and being joined by a second cry.

“I think now we do.” Nasta sighed.
“Those are both your kids up there, go and get them.” Harry nudged Max insistently.

Max groaned, but he dutifully rolled to his knees and carefully stood up, he breathed and calmed himself as he took the stairs, the babies cries getting louder and louder the close he got to them.

“It’s Calix. He’s woken Farren up too.” Max called down to the floor as he scooped the both of them up before carefully coming back down the stairs, holding onto one thrashing baby and one still baby, measuring every step until he finally reached the bottom.

Harry’s afterglow had worn away quickly under the concern for his screaming child. He held his arms out for Calix and took the baby and hushed him, feeling his forehead, cheek and neck.

“He doesn’t feel fevered.” Harry murmured, turning him over onto his belly and lifting his nightdress, undoing his nappy and pulling it away. He hissed at the red, raw rash that had taken over Calix’s bottom.

Nasta sighed. “I’ll go and get the cream.”

“Why does he suffer so badly with this?” Max asked furiously, using his free hand to tug at his own hair while he rocked Farren in his other arm to calm him down after his brother had rudely disturbed his nap.

“Some babies just do.” Harry said sadly. “We’re going to have to up the watch on him again, every half an hour without fail and let his skin breathe for at least three hours a day.”

Max nodded as Nasta came back with the tub of Sudocrem, handing it to Harry.

“Braiden never suffered like this.” Harry sniffed as he covered Calix’s bum with the cream, leaving him on his belly to let the cream absorb into his skin.

“Braiden’s a Dracken, Harry.”
“He’s a baby!” Harry hissed.

Nasta sighed. “Drackens are more resilient than humans, Harry, they won’t catch as many infections or sicknesses.”

“That doesn’t mean that they can’t!” Harry said stubbornly as he lay down to nuzzle Calix’s face, wiping away the slowing tears. “I hate seeing him like this! Why won’t it just go away?”

“He has very sensitive skin.” Max sighed softly. “He must get it from you; Merlin knows my skin’s like old, dried out leather.”

That made Harry smile and he let out a soft chuckle that was part sob.

“He’ll be fine, love. He won’t be in nappies forever.”

“Don’t most babies start toilet training at around two years?” Harry said confused. “That’s a long time, Max.”

“It’ll fly by as soon as we’re away from the school and have a consistent daily routine. Very soon, we’ll miss this place.”

Harry snorted. “It’s a school.”

“You have also said it was like your second home.” Nasta cut in softly.

“Oh don’t turn this into a therapy session, Nasta!” Harry complained. “You know I don’t feel like that now. Max’s home is my home now. My only home. I have no need for a second home anymore.”

Max grinned. “See, the boy lays claim to what is mine, we’ll make a good submissive out of him yet.”

Harry grinned and elbowed Max. “Go and make up some bottles, it’s almost time for the evening
feed and Draco and Blaise will be back soon.”

“Yes dear.” Max sighed sadly, as if put upon and moved into the living room with a muted grin.

Harry rolled his eyes and followed him. “Seriously, what did I do to get you as a mate?”

“Snogged me on a rock out by the lake when you were advertising for a mate.” Max answered happily.

“I snogged you?” Harry demanded. “My memory happens to be a little different about that!”

“Do you regret it?” Max asked as evenly as he could, trying to hide his insecurity.

Harry looked at him stunned before narrowing his eyes. “Of course I don’t. I love you and that isn’t a word that I have ever used lightly. The fuck up that was my own bonding was the best thing that ever happened in those bloody meetings. I have no idea what I would have done if I had had to choose between you and Nasta.” He shivered at the thought. “I’m so glad that I didn’t have to choose between you both.”

“So it was always between me and Nasta?” Max asked, visibly perkier than he had been before.

Harry snorted. “Of course it was between you and Nasta, he was the strong, silent dragon tamer, which just got my blood going, especially with all those fantasies I used to have of him taming me, seeing as I’m part dragon. Then there was you, the incredibly tall, very broad, absolutely handsome potion’s master who promised to cook for me every single day of my life. I think my Dracken was too close to the surface during those meetings now that I think about it, I used to have fantasies about you too, you were just so tall and broad, I used to dream about you completely covering me and pinning me down, you had no need to tie me up, you could easily incapacitate me with your own body. I never had those fantasies about anyone else, so when I woke up off of that heat and found out that I had mated to you too, I just knew that it would be Nasta I would pick as a grounding mate. I always knew it, it just took me a while to realise it. Plus your biscuits were to die for.”

Max just laughed as he boiled the kettle and set up six bottles and five mugs, making sure to keep Farren away from the boiling kettle, just in case.

Assured that Max felt better, Harry lay Calix on the carpet and checked on Tegan, Regan and Braiden. They were all asleep and showed no signs of stirring. He moved to check on Leolin, not
really expecting him to be awake, Leolin still slept for at least eighteen hours a day, but Harry had a huge surprise when he found soft gold eyes open and peering up at him drowsily and slightly suspiciously. Harry smiled widely and picked him up, hoping that maybe this meant that Leolin was moving on from his eat, sleep, shit stage of life and was moving onto his eat, sleep, shit, awake for a little while at a time stage. Harry would just love that, he wanted to spend more time with Leolin, but he was always asleep. It was hard.

“Hello gorgeous baby boy!” Harry cooed happily.

“Is he awake?” Nasta asked surprised.

Harry turned him carefully and showed Nasta the blinking golden eyes. It was always a conscious act to remember to support Leolin's neck. Even at three months old, he could not take even a little bit of the weight of his own head and he flung his arms out in surprise if his head was dipped suddenly.

Nasta came over and kissed Leolin's puckered mouth and nuzzled his cheek.

“Be careful!” Harry snapped. “Your stubble is irritating on the skin and Leolin's skin is more delicate than anyone else’s.”

Nasta smiled and obediently moved his stubbled cheek away from Leolin's face, he instead went nose to nose with him, giving his youngest son all the eye contact he could possibly want.

He took the tiny hands in his own and bounced them lightly. “You need to start growing. You’re worrying your Mother, Leolin and we all know that that isn’t good for him.”

“Oh ha ha.” Harry pouted, but he couldn’t help smiling at the scene Nasta made with Leolin, who was still so small, so tiny and had yet to gain another pound.

Nasta took Leolin from Harry, holding him up under his arms, keeping his head steady, before cuddling him into his shoulder.

“You want to come and sit with Daddy don’t you?” He cooed as he moved to the settee and sat down, his eyes tracking every inch of Leolin's face, slipping back to those eyes often and just smiling and stroking Leolin's tiny arm.
Harry shook his head and he accepted the mug of honey tea that Max handed him and he sat on the floor by the coffee table and he stroked Calix’s back.

“You don’t think he’s too cold do you?” Harry asked suddenly as he felt the heat leaving Calix’s legs. “I know it’s March, but it’s still cold.”

“His skin needs to air out, love or he could get an infection.” Max told him, settling down on the settee behind him with a groan and rubbing Farren’s back as the baby made a soft, startled noise at being moved suddenly downwards.

“We have a choice between him getting an infection or leaving him cold on the living room floor.”

“He’ll be fine, Caru.” Nasta assured him. “Once the cream has absorbed enough we will wrap him in a blanket to help warm him back up.”

“Okay. I hope he’s alright though.”

“Mama?” Braiden called out from his cot.

Max snorted. “He heard your voice.”

Harry moved to get up, but Max pressed the top of his head. “Remember, one of us has to go and get him or he’ll cry every single time you’re out of the room and when you have lessons seven hours a day for five days a week, that’s not convenient.”

Harry sighed and slumped back down letting Max get up to go and get Braiden. Harry was distracted however by the portrait opening to the sounds of a hushed argument as Draco and Blaise came back.

“You’re out of Dracken form, Prezioso.” Blaise said happily, having seen him first and coming to kiss him, holding him tightly. “You smell of semen.”

Harry’s grin widened and he chuckled. “Yeah, it’s Myron’s fault.”
“Why was Myron touching you in such a way?” Draco hissed possessively.

“Not in that way!” Harry defended, blushing. Myron would probably rip him apart at the seams, or probably accidentally crush him, if they tried, not that they ever would, but if they did…Harry shivered.

“Myron came over when we reached the end of our tether, he got Harry out of Dracken form, but certain comments were made and Max and I couldn’t let them stand.” Nasta explained as he brushed Leolin’s hair gently.

Max chuckled darkly and Harry squirmed uncomfortably, busying himself with reattaching Calix’s nappy, pulling down his night dress and wrapping him tightly in a thick blanket, cuddling him to his chest.

“They were flirting?” Blaise asked incredulously as he took Braiden from Max.

Max snorted. “Of course not. My Dad Richard was here too, of course with him everything spirals down to sex. Harry made certain comments about the four of us not being able to satisfy him, Nasta and I had to prove that we could in fact satisfy him and leave him a quivering mass on the floor.”

“I was not a quivering mass on the floor.” Harry refuted.

“You had sex while we were in lessons?” Blaise said softly.

“At least I’m not in Dracken form anymore. That’s good right?” Harry grinned.

Draco shook his head. “I think we should get to have sex now.”

Harry frowned. “I’m not a doll you can line up and use in turn.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “I didn’t mean it like that.”
“Then go and have sex with Blaise if you both want sex so much. I’m so not in the mood.” Harry huffed as he drained the rest of his tea and put the mug on the coffee table, before using both arms to snuggle Calix.

“He’s moody because his heats approaching.” Max said.

“You shut up!” Harry snapped.

“Yes dear.” He replied subserviently.

That one comment took all the anger and frustration from him and quirked his lips up into a smile. He chuckled.

“Sweetheart, do me a favour and get me another cup of tea please.”

“Whatever my darling wants.” Max put on a fake, high voice and Harry laughed as Max flounced into the kitchenette to re-boil the kettle. Watching such a large, physical man flounce was so hilarious that none of them could help laughing at him, even Max was laughing at himself.

Max put the scoops of baby powder into the six bottles and poured in the boiling water, before making everyone a fresh cup of tea and serving them all.

“Thank you, love.” Harry said, pulling him down for a kiss.

Max pulled back and winked at him before going to finish the bottles and bringing them over to cool naturally.

Harry snuggled Calix tighter as he was pulled up onto Max’s lap, being manipulated into the arm and side of Max’s body that wasn’t cuddling Farren as Draco and Blaise slipped off their shoes, ties and settled down to relax with their teas, even if Blaise took one look into his mug and scowled at its contents.

“It’s hardly poison.” Nasta said.
“It might as well be.” Blaise muttered.

Nasta sighed heavily. “Fine, go and have a coffee.”

Blaise’s head snapped up, his eyes slightly wide. “I’ve already had one mug today; you said I wasn’t allowed more than one a day because of the health detriments.”

“Don’t look a gift horse in the mouth.” Nasta answered. “And don’t expect it every day either!” He added quickly as Blaise put Braiden onto the settee next to Draco and rushed to the kitchenette to tip away the hated tea to make himself a much loved coffee.

Harry stood up and sat next to Nasta and snuggled into him, leaning over to kiss his cheek before slipping under his arm and resting his head on the fleshy area of his chest, just before it met his shoulder, near his armpit, settling Calix on both of their laps, making sure not to disturb Leolin, who was fast asleep once again.

Blaise was grinning from ear to ear as he placed his coffee carefully on the table, watching it impatiently as it cooled to the temperature that he liked it at.

“Blaise, Blaise, the mug is not edible.” Max reminded as he grinned. “The way you’re looking at that coffee, it’s like you want to swallow it whole.”

“I’m torn.” Blaise answered, not taking his eyes from it. “I want to just gulp it down in case Nas changes his mind, but I also want to sip it, savour it because it’s such a rare treat.”

“I’m not going to take it off you, feel free to sip away.” Nasta said, wrapping his arm around Harry tighter.

“You should have sex during the day more often.” Blaise insisted. “If it gets me a coffee I’ll even gladly volunteer.”

Harry giggled lightly as Nasta snorted, rolling his eyes before cuddling Harry, Leolin and Calix tighter in his arms.
“Mama?” Braiden called out.

“What, love?” Harry asked back.

“Gee ma.”

“No, you stay over there by Daddy Draco and Daddy Blaise.”

“Mama mama ma!”

“I can’t ignore him.” Harry said firmly as he wormed away from Nasta, put Calix in his arms and went to Braiden. “I don’t care if he depends on me, or cries if I’m out of the room. I can’t just sit there and ignore him as he calls out to me, I won’t.”

Harry left no room for argument as he cuddled Braiden, who clenched his hands tight into Harry’s shirt. Harry sat back on the floor by his cup of tea and he sat Braiden in his lap, who was now quiet and content to bounce on Harry’s lap, cooing and babbling. Harry held him more securely and let him carry on as he basked in his family, looking around at all of his children, all of his lovers and he felt happy, content and he reached over and handed Braiden the shape sorter. His son screeched in delight and started playing with his current favourite toy and Harry was very happy to play with him, the play increased when Draco slipped to the floor and joined in, helping to teach Braiden his shapes, even if he was far too young to actually grasp much, it never hurt to start early.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: This is going to be the last quick update, I am back in work now tomorrow, so updates will be coming slower again, but these last couple of chapters have been a nice treat yes? And a Scaled Bits chapter thrown in for good measure too.

Thank you all for the birthday wishes, I had a brilliant day, I’ve now got a mountain of chocolate and I’m up a Ravenclaw and a Slytherin Quidditch jumper which are official Harry Potter garments, made by the same mill that made all of the film uniforms for the actors and are really comfy.

Okay, some people just aren’t getting the whole Ashleigh thing, so those of you on my Facebook page will recognise this elaboration, though reading chapter 26 of the Scaled Bits will help immensely, but if you still need some help, this is a cut and paste right
‘Okay, I’m going to have to explain because some readers are just not getting the whole Ashleigh thing or ‘why Harry overreacted so much about it’ Seriously? If you were as hideously as abused as Harry and you confided to people you loved and trusted with what happened, for the very first time I might add, and then they turned around and forgot what you had gone through even with daily reminders in the form of one of the people you live with actively working on the case, how the hell would you feel?

Also Harry's feelings on the matter, meaning him thinking she only sees him as way to get babies, apparently 'came out of the blue' well I'm sorry to the reader who said that but you obviously weren't reading closely enough because I have been building up to this plot line for a year! Not even weeks or months but a year! Dropping little hints throughout the story, just little odd comments or actions from her that didn't reveal too much, but hinted at what she actually thought.

I hate Ashleigh, I have always hated her and I did consider killing her off with Theodric so she would never have appeared in the fic, like Lowri, but because I added in Nasta, it was too convenient to have both of their Mothers dead, so I kept Ashleigh with the full idea that I would use her purely to show what happens to submissives who lose children and can't move on. It was subtle and well hidden, but if you have read closely enough you would have found that things don't add up, little actions and the things she says are odd and strange. There is a reason that Amelle does not want Ashleigh near her children, there is a reason other female submissives will not allow her near their children and it has everything to do with the instincts that Harry suppresses. She is not a danger to the children in any way, but that's not all the instincts are warning about.

I have been planning and hinting at this since Ashleigh was first introduced! I have been building this up from the beginning and I will see it through to the end I have planned regardless. That is all I will say on the matter.’

So I hope that helps you to understand, if it still doesn’t, go and read the Scaled Bits, if that doesn’t help, then message me and I’ll try and help you.

Right, we’re on to another fun vote! This is for the Dracken baby among the quintuplets. Vote for ONE baby only. So either Farren, Tegan, Regan or Calix and remember that this is for fun and your vote will not affect the outcome of the Dracken, because that was chosen before anything else, even before I named them.

StarLight Massacre, X
Chapter Notes

A/N: As you have likely guessed, yes I saved the heat chapter for chapter 69, just because I could and it makes me giggle.

Last Time

Harry left no room for argument as he cuddled Braiden, who clenched his hands tight into Harry’s shirt. Harry sat back on the floor by his cup of tea and he sat Braiden in his lap, who was now quiet and content to bounce on Harry’s lap, cooing and babbling. Harry held him more securely and let him carry on as he basked in his family, looking around at all of his children, all of his lovers and he felt happy, content and he reached over and handed Braiden the shape sorter. His son screeched in delight and started playing with his current favourite toy and Harry was very happy to play with him, the play increased when Draco slipped to the floor and joined in, helping to teach Braiden his shapes, even if he was far too young to actually grasp much, it never hurt to start early.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Sixty-Nine – An Insatiable Ache and a Visit

Harry refused to let his children go any earlier than absolutely necessary and on the very morning that his heat was due, he still didn’t want to say goodbye, even though they were all packed up with every possible essential and nearly every toy and item of clothing they had.

They had flooed over to Alexander’s home early that morning and Harry couldn’t help the tears as he hunched over Leolin, refusing to let him go, even as Nasta knelt in front of him and tried to coax him into letting go of the baby that he clutched so desperately.

“Harry, he has to stay here, love. He can’t come with us. When you go onto heat, we will not be able to look after him. He needs to stay here, where he will be safe and loved.”

“I can’t, he needs me!” Harry stressed.

Nasta shuffled closer to him and gripped his waist, getting Harry to make eye contact.
“Harry, Leolin will die if you bring him back with us. He cannot survive a day without someone looking after him and we won’t be able to.”

“I know.” Harry said softly. “I don’t want to leave him though, why did I have to start my breeding cycle again? I don’t want to be pregnant.”

“I know you don’t, love. I know you didn’t want to start a breeding cycle, but you have and you could slip into your heat at any moment, we should have done this yesterday, just in case, but we have left it to the absolute last moment. Please hand Leolin to Alexander and we can go and relax in our rooms, I’ll get Max to make you those fruit tarts that you’ve become fond of and I’ll try and massage your back to ease your stress, okay?”

Harry nodded and he sniffled, kissing Leolin gently and handing him off to a patient, understanding Alexander, feeling like the majority of his heart went with him and his other five babies. He felt bereft, knowing that he would be going home without them, knowing that he was passing their care to someone else while he had continuous sex for six to ten days. He felt sick and guilty.

Nasta stood up and pulled Harry into a hug as his small shoulders shook from his sobs. Nasta scooped him up and nodded his head towards the fireplace, giving the others a hint to get moving. He carried Harry through the floo and he made good on his promises, giving Max a look and sending the big man into the kitchenette to make the fruit tarts that Harry liked, even if he did only eat the fruit from inside the tarts and left the pasty cases for one of them to eat.

He laid Harry gently on the rug, stoked the fire to get it burning once more and rubbed his hands together, using the friction to warm them before slipping them under Harry’s jumper and just rubbing light patterns onto his back to relax him and let his body get used to his touch to comfort him.

Blaise went about cleaning their rooms, cleaning their bedroom and making sure anything they could possibly hurt themselves on was removed from anywhere they could potentially have sex. Draco wasn’t bothered with doing the ‘menial tasks of a house elf’ and instead he sat by Harry’s head with a brush and gently pulled it through the tangles, flinching every time the brush caught one of the numerous snags, itching to tug the brush through the hair to remove them, but wanting to just relax Harry with the soothing motions of hair brushing, massaging his scalp at the same time.

Harry felt so loved and so pampered, he loved his mates, he did, but he wanted his children. Nothing and no one came before his six children and he wanted them back, he wanted them home. He was surprised his Dracken was so calm with them being missing, especially Leolin, as his Faerie baby smelt strange and he would always smell strange to him due to his Faerie inheritance, and he did not like Leolin being out of his sight, or somewhere that he couldn’t see him or reach him if he cried, where he couldn’t check on him at will. He hated it, but the quietness of his Dracken helped relax him, helped soothe him, if his Dracken could put up with it, then so could he.

It would seem longer to his children than it would to him after all. For all he would remember, he would have a few hours of patchy sex and he would wake up six or ten days later feeling like his body had been beaten with a club for a week. He wouldn’t remember right away what had
happened when the red haze took over him, he would only remember later on, but his babies would feel every single moment that he wasn’t there with them. Braiden would be especially upset and he wondered how Alexander and Kimberly would deal with him. He had absolutely stressed that he wouldn’t allow anyone to hit, smack or shout at his children, not even spanking or a telling off, he had strictly forbidden Ashleigh to be in the house while his children were there, had forbidden his children from being taken off of Alexander’s premises barring an emergency and he had said no to any chocolate, snacks or inappropriate foods. Alexander had made a show of writing it all down seriously, pinning the note to the fridge, which had pleased his Dracken that he wasn’t being made fun of, laughed at or brushed off because of his rules and demands. Now he just hoped that they were followed, because if they weren’t…there was going to be hell to pay.

Harry’s heat hit him at early evening this time, one moment he was stood in the kitchenette peeling an orange for a snack, the next moment he was throbbingly hard and so hot that he wriggled in his light clothing. He abandoned his orange and slipped his sleeping shorts and boxer-briefs down together, rubbing his hands over his tingling skin and gasping softly at the hyper sensitive sensation. He gripped the hem of his tee-shirt and tugged it off, rubbing his chest and moaning lightly.

“Harry?” Draco asked.

Harry turned at the sound and Draco swallowed as he saw those wide open, lust blown, emerald green eyes pinned on him. It was only a moment later that the sweet, fertile scent of Harry’s calling pheromones reached him and his mind was just gone, his wings burst from his back, taking his shirt with it, his claws came out and ripped off his lounge trousers, and his fangs appeared as he leapt over the settee and pinned Harry to the counter trying to suffocate him with his tongue as he pushed himself at Harry, trying to penetrate him, but the angle was all wrong.

Draco bent down and hooked Harry’s thighs on his elbows, lifting him up and onto the counter before pushing himself into Harry and starting a fast, brutal pace that had Harry screaming. Hands were all over him, too many hands, too many mouths, not enough space, not enough room. He wailed.

Draco shivered as Harry tightened further and further around him and his orgasm was milked from him under the wave of demand from Harry for his seed. Almost before all of his seed was released into Harry, he was pulled backwards and replaced by Max, who pulled Harry away from the counter and sprawled him over the table instead, allowing for more room for the larger man to move.

Harry squeaked and then moaned as Max pushed into him and set up a harsh pace and rhythm that would bring him to orgasm the fastest, Harry’s heat clouded his own mind and tightened his gut, playing with his nerves and his mind until he arched his back in orgasm, screaming and clawing at Max, leaving bloody lines behind. The blood excited them all and Max’s own claws dug into Harry’s hips, leaving his mark for all to see.
Max rode through his orgasm and pushed so hard into him, Harry believed he was trying to come out through his stomach or spine, he screamed for his mates and they were all there, touching and licking him, sucking skin into their mouths and biting, rolling his eyes up into his head as the whitewash of pleasure blinded him, such an early orgasm after his last had his toes curling, his spine bowing and him screaming for his mates to hear.

Max took a breather over the top of him, letting his fluid get as far into him as possible, before someone shoved him away and had he been in his right mind, Harry would have laughed as Max fell over a chair leg and disappeared from his view onto the floor.

As it was, he wailed as he was left empty and alone and three soothing rumbles calmed him, he wasn’t alone, just not being filled, which was fixed easily when Blaise run soft, elegant hands up his legs, over his thighs and to his waist. Harry blinked at the sudden movement and found himself looking at the table top, bent over it as Blaise pushed into him from the new angle.

Harry’s neck arched all the way back, his spine curving with the pleasure of Blaise’s entry thrust and he made a soft noise of pleasure. The table shuddered and Harry’s eyes opened to see that Nasta had most likely thrown or slammed Draco down onto the table and was wrapping the blond’s legs around his own hips as he pushed forward into him. The sound Draco let out brought an answering moan from Harry.

An incredibly hard shove from behind made Harry’s mind flash to Max and he peered over his shoulder confusedly. Blaise was still inside of him, but Max had come up behind him and entered Blaise, taking control of the pace and force and Max was always forceful.

Dropping his head to the table, Harry shifted himself over just a couple of inches, ignoring the two annoyed growls from his dominants behind him. A harsh thrust had his head bowing back and him forgetting what he was doing, until he looked down again at the blond beauty between his straining arms, he bent down and tried to suffocate Draco with his tongue, coaxing his tongue to play and large, muscled arms wrapped around his shoulders and pulled him down to get a better angle.

Harry couldn’t help the quivers of pleasure that threatened to rip his mouth from Draco’s in a scream as his internal muscles gripped hold of Blaise tightly as his gut tightened and tightened until he jerked his mouth from Draco’s and yelled his orgasm to the top of the table, every muscle dancing, writhing as another orgasm took over his body, milking Blaise of his seed until they both collapsed and Harry curled up to recover.

Someone grabbed an arm and pulled until he was sat in someone’s lap, their large hands positioning him and themselves until with a gasp and more writhing; Harry was seated on their cock entirely, clutching on their lap.

He peered up at beautiful hazel-gold eyes and wrapped his arms automatically around Nasta’s neck, wrapping his legs tight around his waist, and the chair he was sat in, and he started a soft, smooth rocking motion. It was fine for the beginning, but Nasta’s instincts soon overpowered his brain and it wasn’t nearly enough.

He stood up suddenly and put Harry’s back to the table top, his legs still wrapped around his waist and started a punishing, bruising pace that started Harry screaming endlessly.

His hands scrambled to find something to grab, but there was nothing there, nothing to hold, nothing to grab and he shrieked as Nasta seriously tried to come out of his throat. It felt like Nasta was lodged in his chest and the sensation threw his head back, the pain as it cracked against the table top not stopping the next scream of absolute pleasure as his body danced for Nasta.
Nasta bent over him and Harry lifted heavy, sluggish limbs to grip both fists into Nasta’s hair, tugging on him, wailing and screaming as Nasta’s rhythm quickened, but his fluidity fell apart under the onslaught of instinct and pheromones.

Harry’s back arched sharply and another orgasm was wrung from his tired aching body as Nasta filled him, falling on top of him gently, but heavily.

The five of them took a small breather, Harry hoped that it would give him time to catch his breath and calm his racing heart, but all too soon his limbs were being moved and pinned down and Blaise was pushing back into him, Draco slipping large hands under his shoulders and lifting him up and against Blaise’s chest, shoving them both down until Harry was laying on top of Blaise and Draco pushed in beside him, Harry’s breath caught in his throat and he arched back into Draco, even as Blaise rocked forward into him. Harry shook his head and screamed, ignoring Nasta crawling all over Max, pushing into the bigger man while biting at his neck and shoulder, but Max’s hand squeezed around his own and it helped ground Harry in the moment, helped him feel close to all four of his lovers and it made him moan loudly, squirming in his skin on top of Blaise. He wrapped a leg around Nasta’s thigh, not caring that he was impeding his movements or Max’s pleasure, he just wanted to touch all of them and as his gut tightened and his nerves tingled he felt connected to all of them and he screamed his orgasm even as his eyes rolled into the back of his head, his one hand clenched around Blaise’s shoulders, his other hand crushed Max’s hand and his leg kicked out at Nasta.

Harry came down from his high curled up on Blaise’s chest, Draco pressing against them both heavily, Max was lying against him and Blaise, and Nasta was on top of him, all of them were breathing deeply and heavily and Harry enjoyed the short respite from the heat induced sex before his pheromones would pick up again and send them back into a frenzy. He already wanted to sleep for a week and it had only been a few hours or so, he couldn’t put up with a week plus of this, but he knew he would, he knew he’d have very little choice in the matter, but he knew that no matter what that he would survive this and his mates would be right there with him. He’d be fine, no matter how he felt at the moment.

Harry woke up feeling awful. He groaned deeply in the back of his throat and consciously held back the distressed whine that would have brought his mates running from wherever they were.

He didn’t feel as bad as he had done in the past and certainly not as bad as he had when he had had a heat period when pregnant with Braiden, but it wasn’t really about which one was worse, he felt terrible here and now and that’s what mattered and he groaned again.

He rolled over and found the edge of the bed, using it to get himself sitting up by swinging his legs over the side of it. He stood up when he felt able to, but his legs were like liquid, he knees wouldn’t lock and his lower back felt like it had been cleaved in two.

He padded naked down the stairs and made his way straight into the bathroom to relieve his swollen bladder, which Harry was sure was causing most of the discomfort in his abdomen.

He washed his hands once he was done before padding out into the bedroom and going to the chest of drawers to get a pair of Blaise’s pyjama bottoms, he needed something loose but would still stay on his body without tying the drawstrings tight, which was sure to make sitting down
uncomfortable.

He padded out into the living room and smiled at Max and Draco, who were lounging around, not doing much of anything. Harry wondered if they were as sore as he was, Nasta had been on a personal vendetta to make sure absolutely none of them were able to walk once the heat period was over.

“Blaise and Nas gone hunting?” He asked as Draco pulled him into the circle of his arms, throwing a leg up so that Harry was lying on his belly, on Draco’s chest, between his legs. A large hand pressed gently against his back and rubbed softly and Harry groaned as it helped to ease the pain in his lower back.

“Yeah, they should be back soon.” Max’s voice was rough, rough. Almost like he had swallowed sandpaper which had now lined his throat.

“I feel vile.” Harry complained. “I hope it’s another decade before I have to do that again.”

Harry felt Draco shift and he looked at the big blond, who sighed and looked at him with guarded silver eyes.

“Harry, that heat period wasn’t fertile. It was a dry heat. It’s only been seven days since you went onto heat, six days for the actual heat, this is the seventh.”

Harry felt like all of the air had been knocked out of him. He drew in a calming breath as the full weight of the situation sunk into him.

“I’m going to have another heat period in two months.”

“Well, technically in one month, three weeks and six days, but yes you will. Today is classed as the first day of your new breeding cycle.” Max croaked out.

“Fucking brilliant.” Harry groaned, letting out a sigh and resting against Draco, he’d deal with it when it came, but he really didn’t know what was worse at the moment, an endless string of dry heats where he and his mates fucked for six days bimonthly, or being pregnant once again with a possible set of multiples.
Harry was interrupted from his inner thoughts when the portrait door opened signalling his mates’ return, then the smell of fresh meat and blood hit him and he sat up and stared at the dead and skinned animal that Nasta was carrying. A small sound slipped out of his throat, part demanding growl, part subservient whine and Nasta smiled at him, flashing a deadly looking fang at him as he dumped the body on the floor for Harry’s inspection.

Harry didn’t bother inspecting it, anything that his mates brought back for him was good enough for him, he already knew it wasn’t poisoned or off, his mates would never do that to him, so he instead took his claws to the tender meat, carving out a bite sized cube to eat as his mates watched him take his fill.

The blood was still hot, so it was a recent kill, but Harry hated that it started cooling so quickly and he ate faster, chewing less and swallowing bigger chunks. Nasta sat behind him and spread his legs to put on either side of his body, hands falling to his hips as his chest framed Harry’s back. He rested his chin on Harry’s shoulder and turned to nuzzle at his cheek.

“Slow down, Cariad, or you’ll choke.” He coached softly, his cheek was almost completely clean shaven, he must have shaved only just before he went hunting to be this smooth, it wouldn’t last another hour.

“The blood goes cold.” Harry said back just as softly.

“Eat the meat and if you want blood afterwards, you can take it directly from me, my blood is very hot.”

Harry moaned slightly at the thought of sinking his fangs into Nasta’s arm to take blood straight from the vein. He ate slower, hating the blood which came with his food, which had once been hot and was now merely warm.

Once he had had his fill, he didn’t even feel like taking blood anymore, he just wanted to sleep so he curled up in Nasta’s lap, letting Draco and Max eat their fill of the prey that Nasta and Blaise had caught as Nasta stood up and away from the partially eaten carcass to cradle him on the settee with Blaise, the both of them had already eaten their fill and were content to curl up with Harry, who once all of his needs had been met, started getting a niggle in his brain about something. He kept pushing it away, but it was getting louder and more insistent and as soon as the niggle became a thought, his eyes widened and he sat up suddenly, almost catching Blaise’s jaw with his shoulder.

“My babies.” He gasped out, looking around the room quickly, as if hoping to find them hidden away in some corner.

Nasta sat up and held his shoulders lightly. “They’re safe, Harry, they’re with Alexander remember?”
Harry calmed down and deflated slightly as he remembered where they were as soon as Nasta told him. His brain supplied the memory of the morning that he had dropped them off and he sighed in relief.

“I hope they’re alright, we need to go and get them.”

“Tomorrow, love. You need more rest and it’s coming up to eight at night, they’ll all be asleep anyway and I’d hate to disturb them with a travel through the floo.”

Harry swallowed and nodded. “Okay, but first thing tomorrow we’ll go and get them.”

“Right after breakfast, I promise.” Nasta assured him. “I want our children back as much as you do, but we need to recover some more and I don’t particularly want to eat an animal in front of the children, so after breakfast is ideal.”

Harry couldn’t argue with that logic, even if he didn’t like it, so he nodded and settled down. Watching indulgently as Draco and Max play fought over bits of meat, or at least Harry thought they were play fighting. He cocked his head and watched more intently. It was like it was a real fight, but it wasn’t, Max certainly wasn’t using his whole body or strength to fight and Draco barely moved as he batted Max away.

“Are they fighting or not fighting?”

“They’re fighting, Caru, but a fight over food is common ground when there are two or more dominants. Max pulls rank, but Draco won’t settle for second best, so they slap at each other a bit, but you know Max, he’s a true feeder, he likes feeding us all, so he’s not fighting too hard to keep Draco away from the best parts of the meat. He’s letting Draco have it, but telling him at the same time that he still pulls rank and that it’s only because he’s letting Draco have it that he’s getting the prime parts of the animal that you left.”

“That’s sweet.” Harry smiled, Max flashing him a grin, which showed fang before scowling as he slapped at Draco’s hand again as he took the chunk of meat that Max had just carved out from his hand.

Blaise let out a soft breath and Harry turned to him, only to find him fast asleep. He grinned before wriggling down to lie beside him, cuddling in. Nasta rubbed both of their shoulders, kissing each of
them on the cheek, before leaving them to sleep.

“Hunting took a lot out of him, he caught the first animal, our own meal, but after that he was fucked.” Nasta said as he pulled down the blanket from the back of the settee and threw it over them.

Harry hummed and with his very full belly, the scents of his mates still ingrained in his mind and the warmth from Blaise and the blanket, it all worked together to pull him off to sleep to recover a little more before tomorrow. He couldn’t wait to see his children again.

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Harry was so happy to be surrounded by his babies once more, he was sat on the settee, Calix and Leolin in his arms, Braiden sat leaning against his one side, Farren was propped up on the other, Tegan was on his lap, her head supported by his knees and Regan was sat tummy to tummy with him, resting against him as Harry reclined back to make sure Regan didn’t topple backwards onto Tegan.

He was being laughed and cooed at by everyone, had already had a hundred photos taken of him, but he didn’t care as his babies were nearly all awake, the exceptions being Regan and Leolin, and they were all grinning and huffing at him and he felt so happy, though he was saddened to see how big they had gotten while he had been away.

He had sniffed each and every one of them deeply, searching for injuries, illness, bruises and scents. So many scents had been on them, Alexander and Kimberly, Richard and Myron, Aneirin, Marianna’s scent was in there faintly. Then there was also Talia, Alayla and Julinda, other scents that were slighter and fainter of people he had only met once, like Cassander and Alaric, Cepheus and Nicodemus, Julius and his lovely Wife Claire, who he remembered because she had helped him and had been the one to tell him that he was pregnant with the quintuplets, but the one scent he was searching for was missing. He smiled happily and cuddled his children tighter. Ashleigh had not touched or been near them while he was away.

“You’ve been hogging them for an hour!” Blaise whined as he came and snatched Tegan from his lap, sitting next to Farren and nuzzling her gently.

The next moment half the babies were gone and his mates were all sniffing, kissing, nuzzling and holding their children, leaving Harry with Calix and Braiden.

“How were they?” Harry asked Alexander.
“They were as good as gold, Harry. Braiden had some problems being away from you, but he broke on the third day.” Alexander assured him with a smile. “Your little five are getting bigger and stronger by the day, though Aneirin had to assure me that nothing was wrong with little Leo. I’ve never had to look after a Faerie baby before, it’s worrying if you don’t know what’s going on, but he’s easy to care for once you know what you’re doing.”

“She never came to see them did she?” Harry asked, unable to keep back the snarl or the question, even though he knew she hadn’t been near them or touched his children, that didn’t mean she hadn’t been here or tried to be here.

“No.” Myron assured him. He looked tired and ragged, but otherwise happy. “She did try and see them on the very first day, but I threatened to lock her in the attic if she tried it again.”

“I blocked her from the floo in any case.” Alexander told him. “As soon as I heard what she had done I made sure she couldn’t get into this house without me knowing, I won’t have any daughter, or son, in-law acting that way towards my family.”

Harry caught the added son-in-law and bit his lip, wondering what he had done to get in Alexander’s bad books, thinking that maybe the whole thing with Ashleigh was getting to Alexander and that it was his fault. Myron was his youngest son after all, of course that would make him protective towards him; maybe he shouldn’t have asked the man to babysit after all. He swallowed and looked at Braiden; he wondered who he’d ask in two months’ time when he went onto another heat period.

“Mama.” Braiden cooed, patting his face.

Harry couldn’t help but smile as he threw an arm around Braiden and pulled him in close to his side, kissing the top of his head and the wild jet black hair that was silky and shiny. It hadn’t been brushed yet today; Draco was sure to notice soon and take over, getting Braiden’s hair just perfect.

“Stop with the miserable look, Harry, Granddad isn’t talking about you.” Talia assured him. “Of course he’s not; he loves you more than us sometimes! Uncle Alexus’ boyfriend walked out on him the other day.”

“What?” Max demanded. “Sean just upped and left Uncle Alexus?”

“Yes, Lex has been heartbroken since.” Kimberly sighed unhappily. “He’s sleeping in his old
bedroom, he can’t stay in the house that he shared with Sean, he says there are too many memories and bad feelings.”

“Did he say why Sean left him? They’ve been together for forty years!” Max snapped, pacing angrily.

Alexander came and sat by Harry, wrapping him in a hug and pressing a kiss to his temple.

“Alexus thinks that Sean left him for another man.” Myron answered Max, his own angry scowl on his face.

“I’d never hate you, Harry.” Alexander whispered to him, ignoring the other conversation. “You’re a wonderful, lovely boy and I’m thankful every day that you choose my Maxie for a mate, he really lucked out. But it seems my sons and daughters aren’t fairing too well. Myron is having problems with his mate, my Alexus has been left for another man by his life partner and my sweet Lydia is having arguments with her Husband Adam and all of this is overshadowed by my Mother’s declining health.”

Harry blinked. “You’re Mother is still alive?” Harry asked shocked, then he realised how it had sounded and clapped a hand over his mouth.

Alexander chuckled and squeezed his shoulder, Braiden happily sat between them looking at them both in turn and gurgling, drooling excessively.

“I’m her youngest son, I have two younger sisters, but my Mother is two hundred and thirty-six, she has been unwell for a while and her health is rapidly declining, I fear she won’t last much longer.”

“What’s your Mother’s name?” Harry asked curiously.

“Evelyn.” Alexander said softly. “My Father’s name was Angelo, he died several years ago. They were both Drackens. Half of my children were named after them both in some way, but unfortunately my little Aya died at just a year old. Twenty-four children and three of them are dead already. Aya died when she went to the hospital with a serious chest infection, she caught Dragon Pox from another patient and there was nothing they could do. My Rosella died next, she was eighteen and always so opinionated, she went out to South America to explore other countries, she never came back alive and my son Benedict was put to death by the Counsel, he was forty-six.”
“You’re a very strong man and Kimberly is a strong woman, I wouldn’t know what I’d do if I lost a child. It was bad enough almost losing Calix and Leolin at birth.”

“You’d carry on, Harry. It’s all you can do when you already have a family depending on you. You work through the pain and the loss, you grieve in private where none of the children can see you fall apart because that’s not what they need from you at that moment, they need support and comfort and you can’t give into your own desires to break down with them, you have to be strong for them.”

Harry smiled. “I hope that if a time comes when I’m in the same situation, and I pray that I never am, but if I do, I hope that I can be as strong as you are.”

“You’ll have endless amounts of support if ever it came to happen, Harry. It’s always harder on the younger children, but it was my quintuplets and Myron who were hit the worst, they were younger, Myron more so as he had a sister that he never knew as she died two years before he was born and my quintuplets were only eight months old. Kimberly and I never had the option to break down, we had such a large family and they depended solely on us, we’re sure that Aya’s death directly resulted in Kimberly’s ability to conceive, it took a year and a half after Aya’s death before she had another heat period and thirteen months of dry heats before she conceived our very last child, our miracle baby, Myron. It’s been fifty-four years since Kimberly’s last heat period and we’re sure at this point that she won’t have any more, so we’ll have to surround ourselves with our grandchildren and great-grandchildren.”

Harry smiled as Alexander rested a hand on Braiden’s head.

“I’m sorry I won’t be giving you any more great-grandchildren just yet.” Harry said. “I didn’t have a fertile heat.”

Alexander nodded. “I knew as soon as you came through the floo this morning. It wasn’t long enough for a fertile heat, but that’s alright, Harry, no matter how long it takes, I’m very happy with the six that you’ve given me so far. They’re wonderful children.”

Harry beamed at the praise and he cuddled Calix and Braiden tightly. He loved his children and knew they were the best babies in the world, but hearing others saying the same made him all warm and prideful inside.

“Look at you, you little peacock.” Richard teased, easing himself down by Harry’s legs.
Harry grinned. “Of course I am. People are praising my pride and joys.”

Richard wiggled one of Calix’s legs and kissed the bottom of a tiny foot. “My little Grandchildren are always a source of pride and joy. They’re going to rule the world one day.”

Harry snorted. “If you teach any of my children any stereotypical ‘bad guy’ quotes or actions I’ll string you up by your ankles.”

“Aww, not even sitting in a swivelly chair stroking a butt ugly cat?” Richard pouted.

“You give my children any animal or even put it in their heads, you’re dead.” Harry threatened.

“I wouldn’t. Julinda took in a stray cat when she was four, that beast scrambled hell out of near newborn Alayla. Myron almost killed it before Max rescued it and took it to an animal centre.”

“He would have been what, eight?” Harry asked.

Richard nodded. “He was a right humanitarian before he turned sixteen and started killing animals for food.”

“He was a vegetarian?” Harry asked, a grin taking over his face.

“Not as such, but he never liked eating much meat, red meats were the hardest to feed him, he could cook and eat a chicken by the time he was fourteen, but mention that we were having steak for dinner and he let his Mother take over. That lasted only until he was sixteen, but he truly got into meat cooking at eighteen, no idea what changed his mind.”

“Talia pointed out that I’d have a submissive to feed who would want meat in the first phase of their breeding cycle, so I started learning how to cook meat, never intending to like it.” Max shrugged. “I always try what I cook to test it and as I ate more of it, I just never stopped eating it and eventually I started to enjoy it. Now you couldn’t keep a nice steak away from me.”
“I wonder if any of our children will be vegetarian.” Harry frowned thoughtfully looking at Braiden.

“It’s far too soon to tell love, Braiden’s only just being weaned.”

“I want to try him on textured foods next, maybe rice puddings and biscuits to teach him to chew.”

“I can do the rice pudding, but for the biscuits we might be better off buying rusks or baby biscotti.”

Harry nodded and snuggled Braiden. “Would you like that, Braiden? Some rice pudding and biscuits to nibble on to help your teething.”

Braiden cooed at him and Harry grinned.

“I’m sure that baby understands you.” Alexander laughed. “You have a very tight, special bond.”

“I hope it’ll last longer than his babyhood though, right through his entire life, no matter what.”

“I have no doubts that it will.”

Max squeezed himself between Harry and Blaise, causing Blaise to growl unhappily as he had to shift right up against the arm of the seat. Harry thanked god that there was space on the settee for four of them, even if it was a tight fit with Braiden sat on the settee himself.

“I’m so tired.” Max groaned.

“As long as you got in first.” Alexander scowled at his Grandson. “You need to practice getting in there, I need more Great-Grandchildren from my Grandchildren. I swear all of you are so lazy, I had twenty-four children.”

“Granddad, I’ve given you six Great-Grandchildren in a year!” Max gaped.
Alexander huffed. “It’s not enough, get on with making babies.”

“You have thirty-six Grandchildren, Father.” Myron reminded as he wandered over. “And twenty-four Great-Grandchildren, you have enough for now.”

“I’ll never have enough.” Alexander waved him away. “Tell Caesar’s Wife that I want to see that new bump of hers, has he got her under control yet?”

“He hasn’t, but Harry has.” Richard laughed. “Caesar wrote to us the other day, her pregnancy is going well. She’s just starting to get morning sickness; I don’t envy her getting it this early on, she’s only a month gone.”

“And how is Eleonora?”

“Fine, she’s eight months old now and apparently she’s started bouncing around the floor.”

Draco scoffed. “Braiden’s been doing that for the past month.” He boasted.

“He’s also a Dracken and Nora isn’t.” Nasta reminded him. “He’ll be crawling before her, I can guarantee it.”

Harry slid to the floor, using Richard as a crash mat, pulling Braiden with him and handing a still sleeping Calix to Alexander.

He set Braiden on his hands and knees and tapped his bottom; Braiden started giggling immediately and bounced on his hands.

“It’s so cute when he does that!” Alayla cooed.

“He wants to crawl.” Harry insisted. “You want to crawl, Braiden.”

But his baby still didn’t want to move; he went as far as to sit back on his feet and happily looked around him curiously.
“He’s a very curious boy.” Kimberly praised happily. “He wanted to know what was in every single cupboard the fifth morning that he was here as I was making him his baby porridge. He’ll be a very bright boy.”

Harry couldn’t help it as he swelled again at the praise, unable to keep the grin off of his face. Nasta chuckled at him and Harry grinned wider.

“I can’t help it!” He insisted as Richard started teasing him. “My Dracken is very close to the forefront and I’m very happy to have people praising my children.”

Draco yawned and Blaise followed his lead. Harry couldn’t have stopped the long, lingering yawn that almost unhinged his jaw if he had wanted to.

“I think it’s home and to bed for you three.” Nasta said sternly. “A small nap won’t kill you.”

Harry nodded and the five of them said goodbye to the Maddison family and bundled up their children and their things and they headed home.

Blaise went to curl up on the settee, Draco dropped where he stood, onto the rug in front of the fire and Harry checked all of his babies were alright before kissing Nasta and Max, who were on baby duty and he headed into the bedroom so that he could grab a long nap in their bed. He startled and almost screamed when he shut the door and turned around to find someone sitting on the purple settee. Though he quickly and thankfully recognised the familiar face of Amelle and Eleonora, who was on her lap with a stuffed toy.

“Amelle? Why are you here, is everything alright?” Harry asked as he pressed a hand to his rapidly beating chest.

“Are your mates here?” She asked softly.

Harry nodded. “Blaise and Draco are taking a nap and Max and Nasta are on baby duty.” He said as he sat down beside her and took the beautiful baby girl from her and giving her chubby cheek a soft kiss, holding her gently.

“I…I needed someone to talk to. Caesar has been driving me mad, he was bad with Eleonora, but he’s so much worse since I’ve been…”
“Less of a bitch?” Harry questioned with a grin after the pause stretched on.

Amelle gave him a wan smile. “Yes. I’m only a month pregnant, Harry and he won’t even let me get out of bed by myself. I just needed to get away, I’m still at odds with his family, my family will be the first place he looks and you were the only other person I could think to come to.”

“So you haven’t told him where you’ve gone?”

Amelle shook her head. “He wouldn’t have let me come, especially not through the floo and not by myself.”

Harry nodded. “That’s understandable.”

“So you won’t tell?”

Harry shook his head. “Of course not. If you want to hide out here until he hunts you down that’s fine.”

Amelle gave him a bashful smile, her hands playing restlessly in her lap.

“Hold on, I’ll go get us a cup of tea.”

“How can you get two without them knowing that I’m here?”

“Please.” Harry grinned. “Watch the master.”

Harry handed Eleonora back to Amelle and he went back out into the living room, leaving the door open a crack.

“Harry, I thought you were going to sleep? Are you okay, can’t you sleep?” Max asked softly, careful not to wake Blaise or Draco.
“I’m fine; I want a cup of tea though.” Harry replied. “I’m so wound up from seeing the kids that I can’t sleep, so I want some relaxing tea.”

Harry went into the kitchenette and filled the kettle, setting it to boil.

“I can make it for you if you want.” Max offered.

“That’s alright. I won’t take long.” Harry gave a fake yawn.

He poured two cups of tea and got a plate of biscuits before heading back into the bedroom.

“Why do you need two cups?” Nasta asked with an indulgent smile and a raised eyebrow, like Harry had done something particularly quirky or cute.

“In case I need another one after I finish the first one and still can’t sleep.” Harry replied as if it was obvious. “I don’t want to get back into bed, all warm and cosy, only to have to get back out again for another cup of tea.”

Max snorted. “Alright, but if you get biscuit crumbs in that bed I’ll kill you, I absolutely hate crumbs between the sheets.”

“I’ll be careful.” Harry said as he slipped into the bedroom and kicked the door closed. He gave Amelle a grin and she had a grudgingly impressed look on her face.

Harry set up a wandless silencing charm and handed Amelle a cup of tea and offered her the biscuits, which she nibbled on.

“That was impressive.” She mumbled.

“You just have to know how to play them, Amelle. Surely Caesar has to work sometimes?”
She nodded. “Yes but he comes and checks in on me every hour. It really is becoming too much now. I have about six more months of this, I can’t take even another week of his behaviour, Harry. I had to get away, just for a while.”

“If I wasn’t in school still I’d offer a weekend holiday away, submissives only.” Harry grinned. “Though I don’t think even I could get away with that.” He murmured ruefully

“You just had a heat period didn’t you?” Amelle asked curiously.

Harry scowled. “Unfertile. It lasted six days.”

“I’ve heard that sometimes happens with the very fertile submissives, if they have a large clutch so close together, their next heat is usually unfertile, I’ll guarantee your next heat will be fertile, how long are your cycles?”

“Bimonthly.” Harry frowned distastefully.

“Really? Wow, we’ll be pregnant together again.” She grinned.

Harry chuckled. “Yeah, and once again you’ll give birth before me.”

“I might not if you have another five.”

Harry’s face fell. “Don’t even go there. I couldn’t have another five that was the worst I have ever been and almost losing two of them because of how under developed they were, I wouldn’t wish that on anyone.”

“I’m sorry; I didn’t mean to bring it up.”

Harry nodded. “That’s alright, I know you didn’t, but it’s still a very sensitive subject and with my Dracken being so close to the surface.”

“You’re right, I shouldn’t have brought it up, but did you hear about Alexus and Sean?”
Harry nodded, letting the subject be changed happily. “I don’t think I met Alexus personally, though I know he and Sean were at Alexander’s birthday last year, it’s terrible, forty years they’ve been together.”

“That’s not all though, Lydia’s having trouble even though she’s pregnant and Myron and Richard are having trouble with Ashleigh, I told you she was strange.”

Harry smiled sadly. “I wanted so badly to believe the best of her.”

“Some people just don’t deserve that, Harry; some people don’t deserve people to believe in them because they don’t believe in themselves.”

Harry bit his lip. “I feel so stupid, Amelle. I trusted her, I fought for her when you kept Nora from her and this is how she treats me after everything?”

“What did she do, Harry? I don’t think Caesar knows it all, but he is upset.”

“There have been little comments that made my Dracken peek up…”

“I know what you mean.” Amelle cut in. “It started when I was pregnant, she was just so interested in the pregnancy, but it was easier on me because I live outside of Britain, it’s harder to get an international Portkey or floo access for such a long distance, but whenever I saw her, she was always more interested in the pregnancy than in me personally. I thought it was because Nora would be her first grandchild, but it still put me on edge.”

Harry nodded. “Both of my pregnancies she was like it, but when I mentioned the selective reduction, it was then when I started perking up. She was more concerned with me terminating a child than she was if I lived or not afterwards, but it was when she actually forgot about…well you know what my childhood was like don’t you?”

Amelle nodded. “Caesar told me little parts, but I don’t know the full extent, but she forgot about that? That’s not something you ever forget about a person.”

“It was then that a year’s worth of hints and clues and suppressed instincts worked together and I
saw the bigger picture, she didn’t actually see me as a person, but as a way to give her babies. I felt sick and I feel a fool to have ignored my instincts when they were right all along.”

“Those instincts are there for a reason, Harry.” Amelle told him softly.

“I know, but those same instincts told me to keep my children away from Remus too, but I know he would never, ever hurt them.”

“Are you sure about that? Can you say with any certainty that an accident won’t happen and he’ll hurt one of them?”

Harry shook his head. “He wouldn’t, Amelle. He’s a lovely, kind man.”

“Lovely men have accidents, Harry.”

“I know, but if that was the case then I wouldn’t let anyone near them, you can't go through life isolating them away from everyone. It just doesn’t work like that; sometimes you just have to take a chance.”

“But what if they get hurt?” Amelle asked in a small voice.

“Then you pick them up, dust them off and set them back on their feet, it’s all we can do. They need to get a few colds and infections, a few bumped heads and scraped knees, Amelle; don’t you remember your first scraped knee?”

Amelle thought long and hard, her mouth puckering and a little wrinkle appearing between her eyebrows. “The earliest I remember was when I was five, it wasn’t a scraped knee, but I was at a play park just around the corner from my house, it was a regular family outing. My Mother and Father would sit on a bench while I and my brothers would run wild. I was on the monkey bars and my hand slipped, I landed on my bottom, but I banged my elbow hard and had a graze and a small cut, my Mother tried smothering me, talking about diseases and infections, my Dad just licked the cut and graze to close them up, turned me around and told me to get back on the monkey bars. The pain was gone before the tears had even dried on my cheeks.”

Amelle smiled at the memory and Harry smiled too, slightly sadly that he didn’t have any normal incidents like that, he had never been taken to the play park and his first injury that he could
remember was a slapped hand and he couldn’t have been any older than three.

“You need to remember that memory, Amelle, remember how your Mother’s actions made you feel compared to your Father’s, think of Eleonora in your place, having fun in that park on those monkey bars, she needs that fun, Amelle, she needs to interact with other people, other children. She needs to scrape her knees a few times and every bug or cold she gets will only strengthen her immune system. She’s going to be fine and your new baby will be just as fine.”

“I still hope I have a little girl.”

“You need another little girl.” Harry teased lightly. “There are too many men and boys in this family, it doesn’t need us adding to it.”

Amelle chuckled. “That’s true enough. I have been getting better you know. I was even looking for a small job, just a few hours a week, but time to give Caesar time with Nora alone, without me hanging over them, but then I got pregnant and he said there was no way I was leaving the house.”

“You shouldn’t put up with that; I say get a job regardless, if he doesn’t like it then tough. He can’t control you like this, just like you can’t control him, you’ve been doing better, he should reward that with space, trust and privacy and he should absolutely not treat you like a prisoner regardless. That’s not right and it’s not fair.”

“I knew you would understand.” Amelle smiled widely. “I don’t want to be far away from Eleonora, but there was a nice little café in the town where we live. I would serve a few people, wipe down some tables and then go back home again. A little space and time outside of the house, it would have been fine.”

“You shouldn’t stand for it, I completely agree, if you need help wrangling him, I’ll happily do it, I’m not pregnant and I have two months to get him into touch before the next heat period.”

Amelle giggled. “You can’t wrestle Caesar, Harry, he’s a dominant.”

“I used to wrestle with Blaise all the time when it was just the two of us.” Harry said fondly. “It stopped as soon as I was pregnant, then I got pregnant again right after and I guess we’re too busy to do it now.”
“You should do it if it makes you both happy; he doesn’t need to be the one to initiate it, does he?”

Harry grinned. “I guess not.” He laughed happily before they both heard Draco yelling and the unmistakable sound of Caesar’s voice shouting, before Myron’s voice joined in.

“Oh well, it was only a matter of time and I couldn’t hide forever.” Amelle smiled. “I liked our talk though, Harry, we should do it more often.”

Harry nodded and stood up and strode out into the living room.

“What is all this noise, why are you shouting around my babies?” Harry demanded sternly, picking Farren up and cuddling him.

“Amelle and Nora have gone missing; I need Max to help me find her.” Caesar said, speaking far too fast, completely panicked.

Harry rolled his eyes. “You worry too much.”

“Harry, Amelle going missing is very serious, especially with Nora too.” Max told him. “Where was she last?”

“At home, I went to work and I checked in on her and she wasn’t there, I’ve been everywhere and I can’t find her, I need your help, please.”

“Was there any sign of a struggle?” Nasta asked.

“Well…no, but…”

“Then how do you know she didn’t just go to the shops or the park or to a library?” Nasta asked with a frown.

“I told her to stay in!”
“Wait, you told her to stay in?” Max asked. “Why would you do that, that’s not taking care of her, is she unwell?”

“No, but she’s pregnant…”

“That’s no excuse.” Draco glared holding his chest and stomach area, Harry deduced that Caesar had landed on him when he had flooed in, he made a note to massage Draco’s front for him later.

“If I wanted to go anywhere when pregnant I would.” Harry said. “Besides you don’t need to go all psycho or anything, Amelle’s here and I assure you she has Eleonora with her.”

“She’s here?” Max and Caesar said together and Harry couldn’t help but smile at them.

Amelle stepped out of the bedroom and even though she was inch taller than him, she still stood behind him when Caesar rushed to her and Harry shoved him backwards.

“There are going to be some ground rules set down, Caesar, you can’t treat Amelle like a prisoner, no matter your reasoning’s or motivations, it’s not right.” Harry said sternly. “She’s pregnant, so what? It’s not like she’s ill or dying or disabled, she’s fine and she’ll still be fine if you leave her alone for longer than an hour.”

“Why didn’t you tell me, Amelle?” Caesar asked.

“You weren’t listening, Caesar. I’m a month pregnant; I don’t want to know what you’re going to be like in six months’ time. I can’t take this anymore, your behaviour is stifling me, so I’m putting my foot down. It stops today, I will be taking that café job and you are going to give me the space that I’ve earned, I don’t want to move back in with my parents, but I will if you carry on.”

Caesar looked shell shocked and Myron clipped him behind the ear, muttering about his stupid children before excusing himself and flooing away, saying that he didn’t want to be involved, but that if he heard another word about Caesar treating Amelle as he had then he’d go over his knee.

“I…I promise, just, let’s go home okay. I’ve been out of my mind with worry.”
“Just calm down, Caesar.” Max coached his baby brother, wrapping an arm around him. “She’s your mate and your Wife, the Mother to your children, she deserves respect just for putting up with you, fuck knows no one else would.”

Caesar gave a wry smile and Harry hugged Amelle and Eleonora hard. “Don’t be strangers alright, you can come any time.”

Max kissed Nora and then much to her surprise, he kissed Amelle’s cheek.

“Harry’s right, every time you go home it’s like you’ve dropped off the planet but for a few owls, don’t be strangers to family.” He told her, chucking Nora under the chin to hear her gurgled giggles.

They said their goodbyes before heading to Alexander’s to say goodbye to him, apparently Caesar had panicked him too.

Harry sat on the settee with Farren and sighed, his tiredness from before hitting him like a ten ton weight.

“Are you ready to actually go to bed now or are you hiding any more fugitives in your bedroom?” Nasta teased him with a smirk.

Harry snorted. “She just wanted to talk and get away from Caesar for a little while, I was hardly going to deny her the chance to offload the heavy weight on her chest. She wanted someone to tell her that it was alright for her to have a job and that it wasn’t alright for Caesar to lock her up and check on her every hour like a prison guard.”

“I’ll have words with him about that.” Max shook his head, coming to hug Harry and give him a sweet kiss. “The only reason I would lock you up and I mean the only reason, would be to have my wicked way with you in the bedroom. I’d keep you as a pleasure slave, you’ll be unable to leave my bed, you’ll be supplied with absolutely everything you needed and I would have my fill of your luscious body every night when I got home from work.”

“What fantasy land are you living in?” Blaise snorted. “You have four of us to live with.”

“You’d be right on the bed next to Harry.” Max leered. “And so would Draco, Nasta would have to
be locked in a dungeon.”

“You can’t lock Nasta in a dungeon just to have unlimited sex with me, Draco and Blaise.” Harry grinned.

“Why not?”

“You just can’t. Besides Draco and Blaise would have something to say about being kept as your pleasure slaves.”

“Damn right I will.” Draco grumbled. “I am no one’s pleasure slave.”

“Oh please, Draco; it’s only a mental fantasy.”

“Not even then.” Draco replied snobbily. Harry chuckled.

“Hold on, does that mean you wouldn’t mind being my pleasure slave?” Max asked, realising what he had said.

Harry winked. “Give me unlimited access to my babies and you can have all the fantasy slave sex that you want, but I want to be fed, by hand.”

Nasta chuckled and ruffled his hair. “I think it would be the other way around. We’ll be Harry’s pleasure slaves, at his beck and call twenty-four hours a day, feeding and bathing him, being roped into sex whenever he pleases.”

“As if you’d begrudge me sex.” Harry laughed. “Roped into it my arse. You’d love every minute.”

Nasta grinned and nodded. “No doubt I would, but I refuse to wear a thong.”

“I wouldn’t dream of making you wear a thong, you’ll wear nothing when around me and a sheer robe when not around me.”
All of them laughed and Draco shook his head. “This is insane; we’re talking about enslaving one another.”

“It’s alright, it’s only fantasy, Draco, there is nothing wrong with fantasising about it as long as you don’t actually do it. I wouldn’t really dream of enslaving you all, though when I’ve given you all a billion babies and my tight, firm body is completely and utterly ruined, saggy and scar ridden, I want a special fantasy recreated on my birthday.”

Blaise smiled and bent to kiss him. “I’m sure we could manage that.” He whispered against his mouth.

Harry smiled and hugged Blaise one armed, but Farren was getting fussy, even though it wasn’t time for a feed.

“I wonder if he’s been thrown out of sorts by the week away from us.”

“He’s just a growing boy, he needs more food.”

“I’m dreading when he’s weaned; I can see his food ending up halfway across his face.”

“That’s my boy!” Max replied proudly and Harry shook his head, even with the smile on his lips.

“Do me a favour and go and pick a few things up for me from your place, I left them there thinking that we wouldn’t want or need them, but now we do.”

“Alright, what do you need?”

Harry wrote down a little list on a piece of scrap parchment and Max went to floo to his house after kissing them all goodbye. Harry felt so lucky to have so many mates who loved him so much and unconditionally too. It was just as well, because he loved them all just as much and just as unconditionally, he couldn’t see himself without any of them anymore, no matter what he had thought or believed in the very beginning, he had quickly changed his mind and he was so very, very happy with his choices and he would not ever change a single mate, no matter what they did or what they said, because to change them would be to change himself and the dynamics of his
forged family and his children. He couldn’t imagine life without all six of his children, again no matter what he had thought in the beginning.

He could not give up any of them now and if he had had to have a selective reduction he would not be able to name which children he would have preferred to be ‘taken’, he shivered and cuddled Farren tighter, just the thought that he might not have the baby in his arms to hold made him feel sick, but it was worse if he allowed himself to linger on what had gone on in that bedroom, when he almost never had Calix and Leolin to lose in the first place. He felt cold.

Blaise wrapped an arm around him and pressed a kiss to the corner of his mouth.

“You’re shivering, Prezioso, are you well?”

Harry nodded. “Yeah, I’m fine, just thinking.”

“If those thoughts make you shiver so, then cast them away, Bello.” Blaise encouraged and Harry smiled, wishing that it was that simple to forget that two of his children hadn’t been breathing at birth.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Sorry about the rather rubbish heat scene, but it’s all I could get out at this time and knowing I have to write another one in a couple of chapters is making me dread when it comes up, though I hope you’ve enjoyed the rest of the chapter.

Chapter 6 of Damaged Bodies should be out next, but I’m not sure when, but I’ll see what I can do before work tomorrow.

StarLight Massacre. x
April

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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Chapter Seventy – April

April arrived and Harry snorted at every childish attempt to catch him out with an April Fools joke. All day he had had students come up to him telling him shit to get him to react, but he couldn’t even laugh at them, because exempting his friends and a few others, all everyone seemed to be focusing on was telling him that Voldemort was back from the dead, one or all of his lovers had left him, one of his children was in the hospital or that they had seen one of his lovers kissing someone else.

By the time the last bell rang at five, Harry was so very glad that the day was over, as he rushed out of Defence Against the Dark Arts and legged it all the way back to his rooms. He made it back first, even though Draco had had Charms and was closer, though Blaise had had Transfiguration, so he should have been the last back.

He tapped the portrait door and shut it closed, sighing in relief as he went and hid himself in Max’s side.

“What happened?” Nasta asked, bending over the settee and pulling him out of Max’s side.
Harry sighed. “I can’t believe how immature the brats of this school are.”

“April Fools?” Max queried.

Harry nodded. “If I hear that again today then I’m going to blow a hole through a wall. Hey Harry, I just saw your biggest lover kissing a Hufflepuff! Hey Potter, one of your children is in hospital. Draco’s doing this with another Slytherin; Blaise is in the boys’ bathroom with a sixth year Ravenclaw.”

Nasta kissed him to stem his words. “Ignore them, love. You know we’d never do anything like that to you, to each other or to our family and if anything had happened to the children, you would have been the first person to know, one of us would have come to get you or sent a message with a teacher.”

Harry nodded. “I know, but it’s been constant, all day! I can’t wait until I graduate and I never have to see any of those bastards again.”

Max grinned and pulled his chin into a kiss before moving to make some tea. Harry turned to grin at Braiden, who was sat in a baby walker in the middle of the room, the seat raised up high enough so that his feet didn’t touch the floor, but his son seemed very happy to be sat up on his own where he could see the whole room and everyone in it.

“Are you enjoying yourself, love?” He questioned hunching down in front of the walker, bouncing Braiden’s little hands on the tray, where a dummy lay forgotten and Braiden’s favourite teething ring was resting.

“He’s loved that walker, I’m so glad that you asked me to go and get it.” Max answered. “We’ve had fun all day, I’ve been pushing him around in it, he loves it.”

Harry grinned and pushed Braiden back before pulling him forward again. Braiden actually threw his arms up and screeched and giggled hysterically.

Harry couldn’t help but chuckle at him as he did it again. Max slipped down onto the floor and pushed Harry aside.

“You’re not doing it properly.” Max told him, gripping the walker before pushing Braiden far faster than Harry would have dared and he was shocked, but he breathed deeply and clenched his fists to control his instincts to attack Max, listening instead as Braiden shrieked in happiness, just
laughing and laughing as he was zoomed around the room.

Nasta shook his head and handed Harry a mug of tea, pulling him to sit on the settee.

“It’s alright, love. It looks dangerous and I had words with Max when he first did it, but Braiden adores it and I’ve checked and he’s not being hurt and Max isn’t really going that fast after you watch them for a while and Max makes sure not to take any fast or sharp turns.”

“Of course I don’t, I love this boy, I would never want to hurt him.” Max said as he shuffled past them on his knees making car noises, Braiden screaming in joy.

Blaise and Draco came in together and stopped short, just watching as Max pushed and pulled Braiden around the room.

“What are you doing?” Draco asked at the same time Blaise hissed and unsheathed his claws.

Nasta leapt to intercept him and held him on his lap, on the floor and took a fistful of his hair, biting the back of his neck calmingly.

It was the first time Harry had gotten to see another mate calmed down in that way and it made him smile. He knew the same sensation of liquid relief that made Blaise go boneless in Nasta’s arms before he was hauled up and sat on the settee next to him as Max carried on his game with Braiden.

“Listen to his happiness.” Nasta whispered to Blaise. “Actually see him. It’s not too fast or sharp, he’s fine, he loves it.”

“Where are the quintuplets?” Harry asked after a quick look showed that all of the bassinets empty.

“Napping in the bedroom, Max’s game was too loud and Braiden’s screeches kept waking them up and they were getting grumpy.”

Harry went into the bedroom with Draco, who went to the bathroom to shower and change out of his uniform. Harry checked on his children and smiled at their peacefully sleeping faces. He could stare at them all day if he chose to, unfortunately having four mates, an older, more active child and school work to do, it was nearly impossible to catch moments like this where there was next to nothing for him to do and he could indulge himself and watch them sleep for a few minutes.
Damp arms circled him and he leant back onto Draco.

“That was a very quick shower for you.” Harry murmured, soaking in Draco’s quiet presence.

“Hmm…I knew you were out here and that we’d be alone for a few minutes.”

Harry chuckled and turned to face Draco, looking up into his face and admiring the splay of muscles under his hands. Draco still had the most defined chest of all his mates and he loved running his fingers, and his tongue, into the sharp dips and curves of his solid muscles.

Every single one of his mates had very different bodies, but the one thing they had in common was that they weren’t very hairy, Blaise was the hairiest and he had only a controlled patch on his chest, no matter how much he thought that Nasta might be the hairiest because of his stubble problem, he had next to no hair on his chest or back. Draco was the smoothest, his very fine, white blond hairs were barely visible on his arms and legs, let alone anywhere else, but he was still the only man he knew who styled his pubic hair.

“I can’t wait for this school year to be over and I can stop worrying so much.” Harry sighed.

“Two months, love, just two months, keep thinking about that. We have exams at the end of next month and then we don’t have anything to do or worry about until our graduation and it’ll be so worth it when we graduate with honours.”

Harry chuckled and kissed Draco’s pectoral. “I love you, Draco.”

“I love you too, but it’s going to be worth it just to prove to everyone who were so sure that we would fail wrong. I want to rub their faces in it until they don’t have noses left, but I doubt Nasta would let me.”

“I’m sure he’d turn a blind eye to that, love. He’s been turning a lot of blind eyes to us lately.”

“He’s getting more accepting of us and our habits, I mean, who would have thought he’d willingly offer Blaise coffee? I was as stunned as Blaise.”

Harry laughed. “I know, but we’re all really still new to this, we’ve been together for a little over a year. That’s not really a long time to get to know one another, especially when most of our time is
taken up by our six children.”

“We have a long time to get to know the stupid stuff like favourite colours, but we have the important stuff down already, like favourite foods, birthdays, family, we’ve focused on what’s important, everything else can come later, but just for you to know, my favourite colour is teal.”

Harry grinned. “I don’t think I have a favourite colour, but the colour of my children’s eyes comes very close. I hate admitting favouritism, but Braiden’s eyes and Leolin's are stunning.”

“There’s nothing wrong with admitting you like their eye colour.” Draco told him with a snort of amusement. “It’s not like you’re admitting that you love them more.”

“I guess not, but still, it feels wrong to me to even admit favouring their eyes over their siblings.”

Draco kissed him and Harry sunk into that kiss, wrapping his arms around Draco’s shoulders.

“I was wondering where you two had gone too.” Nasta’s voice cut through their kiss. “It’s about time for a feed; the little ones will be hungry.”

Harry looked over the bassinet and sighed as he found Calix awake and looking at him steadily through jet black eyes.

“I swear this one needs bells or a beeper.” He said as he picked Calix up gently. “You do, don’t you?”

Harry dug a single finger into Calix’s belly and wiggled it, eliciting joyous laughter from his three month old son.

“Come on my little gummy baby, let’s get you a bottle.” He said as he moved them into the living room.

“Are you calling him names after you yelled at me for doing the same?” Max demanded.
“You wouldn’t stop calling him a fruit! That’s offensive.”

“And calling him gummy isn’t?”

“He is gummy.”

“He might be a fruit.”

“I am not having this argument with you!” Harry said simply as he boiled the kettle to make up six bottles.

“Are we going to the Dracken meeting this year, it’ll interrupt revision.” Blaise said worriedly as he looked at something which Harry believed must have been the invitation to the meeting, it must have come after they had left that morning.

“It’ll only be one night.” Harry soothed as he made up the bottles and waited for them to cool down. “One night isn’t going to do much, we could even go later and come back earlier if you’d like, or you don’t have to go at all.”

“My Mother would curse me if I don’t show my face.” Blaise sighed. “But I want to revise.”

“You and Draco have been revising for a month.”

“I have another month’s worth of revision to get through.”

“If you’re not prepared enough to miss one night, then you should have started earlier.” Draco cut in carrying Leolin and Regan.

Blaise glared at him.

“Calm it down.” Nasta coached them, coming out with Tegan and Farren.
Nasta put Farren down on the settee and he just lounged there, slightly reclined onto the cushion, calm and cool as you please and it made Harry chuckle. Farren was now getting rounder and he looked like a chubby ball. He loved his food and Harry was sure that he’d be on Braiden’s weaning food soon enough, he just wasn’t getting enough from the milk, he was up to six and a half ounces of milk and still he pouted his mouth for more.

Harry tested each bottle and then passed them out when their temperatures were safe; they were a bit warm, but it wasn’t hot enough to be uncomfortable or blister their mouths.

He stroked Calix’s cheek with the bottle teat and his head immediately moved to get it into his mouth and he suckled strongly.

“Someone get Farren, he won’t like being left out of a feed.” Harry said as he fed Calix.

Max hauled himself up on the settee with Farren from the floor. “How are you, my son?!” He said with a wide grin. “You are definitely my son.”

Harry snorted. “Oh he’s yours alright.” Harry winked.

Max frowned and looked at Farren consideringly. “Well he does look like me and he does have a body build like mine…”

“Don’t forget he eats like you.” Blaise chuckled.

“That wasn’t what I meant.” Harry gave a secret smile. “Farren’s our second Dracken baby.”

There was silence as Harry grinned, finishing feeding Calix.

“You’re serious, you’re not joking?” Max asked.

“Very serious, Farren’s our Dracken baby from the quintuplets, Calix, Regan and Tegan all smelt funny though, sort of tingly, bitter, like a thunder storm or an electrical storm.”

“Magic, they’re magical, love. We have two Dracken’s, a Faerie, two wizards and a little witch.”
Harry grinned as his lovers celebrated as they burped the babies and put them down on the rug for tummy time and Harry hugged them all as Max wouldn’t stop his boasting.

“I have to go tell my Dads, can I go and tell them please? I want to rub Caesar’s face in this!”

Harry laughed. “Go ahead, love, tell them all. I decided this morning that I was going to tell you, but I forgot with my bad mood over the stupid children of this school!”

“You got that too did you? I’d hoped they left you alone.” Draco snorted. “I almost punched the face in of that stupid second year. Little runt that he was, who does he think he is, does he not know who I am?”

Harry shook his head. “Same old Draco. Please try not to threaten anyone with your Dad okay; I’d like to keep on his good side, your Mother invited me to afternoon tea and she said that Lucius would be there.”

“When is this, I haven’t had an owl.” Draco frowned.

“It was addressed to me only, so I think only I’m invited.”

“Why wouldn’t they invite me?”

“Why are you arguing, you hate afternoon tea.”

“That’s not the point! I’m their son, they should have invited me! I would have gone if they’d only asked.”

“Wonderful! They did invite you, but I knew you’d back out, but now you have no reason to.” Harry grinned.

Draco’s face fell and he tried to do just that by going back on what he said and by saying Harry tricked him so it didn’t count.
“No, you’ve said you’ll go now, didn’t he, Nas?” Harry grinned turning to Nasta, who raised an amused eyebrow.

“That certainly seemed to be what he said, yes. I’m afraid you’ll just have to go to afternoon tea, Draco.”

Max near enough cackled at Draco as he finished ‘praising’ Farren for being a Dracken.

“You do know that it wasn’t his choice to be a Dracken, don’t you?” Blaise asked.

“You’re just jealous.” Max teased.

“Why would I be? My son is a Dracken also and he was the first born.”

“There’s a trend there, the first born baby so far has always been a Dracken.” Draco pointed out.

“I’m very sure that that has nothing to do with it.” Nasta pointed out.

“Plus two clutches, one of which was a certain singleton birth, that’s not conclusive.” Harry added.

“You’re just upset that none of your babies were Drackens.” Max teased Nasta.

“I have a Faerie and none of you can ever have one of those, hell I’m surprised to have a Faerie for a son. I’m content with that and I’m happy that Farren is a Dracken, he’s as much my son as yours and I’m proud of him and Braiden, just like I’m proud of Leolin for being a Faerie, Calix and Regan for being wizards and Tegan for being a witch, as you should too.”

“Well of course I am, but still, he’s a little Dracken.”

“Go and tell your family.” Nasta sighed exasperatedly.
Max chuckled and left them to go and tell his Dads the good news. Harry just shook his head and got onto the floor with his children.

“We have to get the cots assembled soon; they’ll all be rolling, though I want Leolin beside me for longer, he stays in his bassinet. Braiden was three months when he started rolling.”

Nasta nodded. “I’ll get on it after dinner.” He said. “I’m sure they’re in the nursery.”

“They are.” Blaise nodded. “I helped Max put them in there when they started getting in the way.”

Braiden made a small noise and Harry turned to him, feeling aghast as he realised that no one had fed Braiden. He was still in his walker and he looked close to tears.

Harry pulled him out slowly, watching his legs on the tray, no matter how much he wanted to just rip him out and cradle him, Braiden’s safety was more important than anything else.

“Who has his bottle?” Harry demanded as he rubbed Braiden’s back and bounced him lightly.

Blaise pulled a face, scooted forward and picked up a full bottle from where Max had been sat.

“I think telling him that his son was a Dracken distracted him.” Blaise said as he handed the bottle over and Harry offered it to Braiden, who latched on and sucked.

“I’ll be tearing him a new one when he gets back.” Harry hissed as he cuddled Braiden and let him suckle.

No one tried to get him to think differently, they just watched him feeding Braiden before burping him and going to get him a rusk to nibble on as a treat. It brought the smile back to Braiden’s little face and he bounced in Harry’s arms with his rusk.

“He’s adorable.” Harry grinned in pride. He had never been a prideful person until he’d had children.

“They all are.” Draco agreed, coming to kiss him and kiss Braiden’s cheek, grimacing slightly as
his lips hit some drool and a patch of rusk mush.

“Harry!” Blaise called out sharply.

Harry looked to him, then to where he was staring to see Regan reaching for one of Braiden’s toys, he stretched as far as he could and when he couldn’t reach it, he pulled back into himself before pushing himself forward to get closer. He didn’t exactly crawl, he was more wiggling to move, but he was moving and when he reached out again, his fingers caught the toy and he was able to drag it closer to himself and into his mouth.

Harry was just stunned, he didn’t think he could move or say anything as he watched Regan suck on the toy he had worked to get.

“Dear Merlin.” Draco whispered.

“He…I don’t know what that was but he moved!” Harry said excitedly.

Harry sat on the floor and pulled Regan into his lap with Braiden and kissed his head of black hair.

“Two achievements in one day, we found out Farren was a Dracken and Regan is mobile.”

“It’s a good idea to get the cots out and put together then.” Harry told them. “If he can move forward, he can move sideways.”

“He’s moving before Braiden, Braiden rolls sideways, but he hasn’t gone forward yet.” Blaise said.

“He will when he’s ready.” Harry smiled kissing Braiden’s black hair. “There’s no rush, the sooner he’s mobile, the sooner he’ll start getting lost and hurt. I’m not looking forward to the first time he bumps his head.”

“I don’t think any of us are, but you know he needs to get a few bumped heads and grazed knees, don’t you?”

Harry nodded. “Yes, I know.” He answered slowly. “I’m not going to like it though.”
“Do you want tea, Harry?” Draco asked.

Harry looked over his shoulder consideringly. “Yeah, go on then.”

Harry got Braiden and Regan sitting up, he made sure to support Regan, because he wasn’t yet used to sitting up for too long and let them move as they saw fit, keeping his arm tensed around Regan, just in case, you could never be too careful.

Max came home grumpy and Harry sighed. How could he shout at him now for forgetting Braiden’s bottle when he was already looking miserable?

“What happened?” Nasta asked.

“She demanded she came to see Farren, demanded it from me!” Max hissed. “Like it was her fucking right to see him now because he was a Dracken, she didn’t even ask after Calix once she heard he wasn’t a Dracken. I don’t know what’s gotten into her lately, but Dad’s taking her to a mind specialist. It’ll have to be done in secret, he’s a Dracken too and specialises in Dracken cases, but there are rumours that the poachers are watching his house.”

“That’s too dangerous.” Nasta cut in furiously. “They could put us all in danger!”

“It’s only a rumour and Dad thinks it’s because he wouldn’t mate with that one submissive in Gothenburg. Her Father didn’t like it as he had all these plans for his daughter being with the high earning Healer.”

“Can we take that risk?” Harry asked, looking at his children and remembering the story of what happened to the babies that poachers thought were Drackens. He held Regan and Braiden tighter.

“Dad’s going to use Polyjuice potion for it, he doesn’t want to hurt the family any more than anyone else, he knows we can’t be too careful, I promise I won’t let them do anything to hurt us or the kids, but we have to try.”

Harry nodded. “He’s right, I don’t like it, but as long as they can promise to be as safe as possible, we have to try and see what happens, to see what triggered her to act like this and be this way and to find out if her therapy before went deep enough to get rid of it, or if it only buried the hurt for a few years before slowly building back up.”
They all took a moment to silently reflect on that before a little giggle broke through them and Harry chuckled and kissed Braiden’s head as he bounced where he was sat.

“You missed Regan being mobile for the first time.” Harry broke to Max gently.

“You mean Braiden?” Max said with a frown.

Harry shook his head. “Regan was on his tummy and he wanted a toy, so he sort of wiggled his way closer until he could reach out and grab it.”

“He’s three months old; Braiden is almost eight months old and he can’t do it yet.”

“I don’t think it’s because he can’t do it, I think it’s because he doesn’t want to just yet. He likes being on his stomach and on his hands and knees, he just doesn’t want to crawl or move, Regan really wanted that toy.”

“I can’t believe I missed it.” Max looked so upset that Harry held a hand out to him and pulled him down for a kiss when he moved over to him.

“Don’t worry, love, all of them will be mobile soon enough and then you can get as much exercise as you need running after them.”

Max huffed and sat behind him, framing his body with his legs and ruffling both Regan’s and Braiden’s hair.

“I caught the moment in a photograph, if it’s developed properly, it should show the whole moment.”

Harry grinned. “You’re the best, Nasta! You know that right, love.”

“Of course.” He smirked back.
Everyone but Harry and Nasta rolled their eyes. Harry just shook his head and laughed.

“I’m going to get dinner on.” Max announced, but he didn’t move right away, instead he kissed at the back of Harry’s neck for a few minutes until he let out a breath of air on a moan. He smiled, kissed his neck once again, before hefting himself to his feet and heading into the kitchenette.

Harry stayed on the floor and played with his children, laying Regan back on the floor, not wanting to injure his spine by keeping him sat upright for so long when his muscles couldn’t take the pressure.

Braiden happily giggled, four of his quins smiled widely as he messed around with them, but Leolin was fast asleep again, it was a bit perturbing, but he was very used to it by now.

“Dinners up, lovers!” Max called happily an hour later.

Nasta and Harry stayed and settled Braiden into his walker; the four quins went into their carrycots before joining the other three at the table to eat.

“So what are we doing for the meeting?”

“We’re going, it’ll depend on how much homework or revision you have if we only go for a few hours or for a little longer, but we can’t go for long because of the kids, we can’t disrupt their sleep too much and it might upset them to be around so many new people and in a new place to boot.”

Harry nodded. “I thought about that too, Braiden’s so clingy, he may not like it much.”

“We’ll see how he deals with it on the day, love.” Max assured him. “If he doesn’t like it and we can’t settle him, we’ll come right home. I don’t like the idea of forcing him to stay anywhere that makes him that upset.”

“So it’s agreed, we go for a few hours if there are no problems. I don’t really want to be there for too long either.” Harry said with a smile. “Those of you who want to stay longer can, but I’ll come home with the kids happily enough, being social with people I don’t even know was never my thing.”

“Before that though we have Regan, Tegan, Farren and Calix’s second Dragon Pox vaccine.”
Draco reminded them. “And Braiden’s third.”

Harry paled. “The vaccine they need all together is next month?” He whispered “I really, really don’t want them all done together. They don’t stop crying.”

“Well it’s better to have them all crying on the same day than having four crying one day and one crying all day the next.” Nasta said. “They need this vaccine.”

“I know that.” Harry put in firmly. “I just hate that they line up to have the vaccine together.”

“I’ll make the appointment tomorrow morning.” Draco said easily. No one offered to do it instead as they all knew about Draco’s thing with the vaccines and that he had to make absolutely sure that they were booked in. It wasn’t that he didn’t trust anyone else to do it, he just didn’t trust the receptionist to put it down properly and he always demanded to see the appointment book where no one else would.

After dinner and everything had been washed up, Nasta and Blaise went to set up the cots as Harry fed the children their last feed before rocking them and soothing them into sleep.

“All done.” Blaise said softly. “We’ve moved Braiden into the nursery and the four quintuplets are in a line where he used to sleep under the platform and Leolin’s bassinet is still upstairs, we took the other four down and dismantled them.”

“Thank you.” Harry said softly as he cuddled Tegan gently as she slept.

“Do you want them in bed?” Nasta asked, stashing a screwdriver into the side drawer.

Harry nodded and stood up. “Yeah, they need their sleep.”

They all took a baby, Blaise taking two, and Harry settled Tegan into the soft yellow cot, he had been adamant that each cot be a different colour. Tegan had yellow, Calix had pine, Farren had red and Regan had green. Leolin’s would be pale blue when he was old enough to use it and Braiden’s was white.
“You did a good job.” Harry praised.

“They are all secure, we tried them out.”

“Aww, did you put Blaise to bed in each cot?” Max teased.

Blaise rolled his eyes. “You want to be careful or I’ll roll you out of bed in the middle of the night.”

Max chuckled and bent into the cot to kiss Farren’s cheek. The cot was on the highest setting because they couldn’t stand or sit up on their own, but it would stop them rolling out.

“I’m not looking forward to when these are lower down and I have to bend in half just to kiss them.”

“If you lean too far on those cots, they’ll tip.” Nasta warned.

“I know that, I’m not stupid.”

“Not often at least.” Draco smirked.

“Oi!”

Harry chuckled. “Come on, let’s go and snuggle on the settee and leave this lot sleep.”

“Have you got all three monitors switched on?” Blaise asked.

“Yes.” Harry nodded. “This one’s on Braiden, this one’s on Leolin and this one’s on these four.”

Blaise nodded and the five of them settled on the same settee, Max sprawled across the whole thing, Nasta sat at his feet with Blaise on his lap, Draco was sat reclined onto Nasta, on Max’s lap and Harry snuggled up on Max’s chest.
“This reminds me of that time where we all crushed Max having sex.” Harry chuckled.

“That hurt.”

“That was fun.” Blaise grinned.

“We should do that again.” Harry suggested with a wink.

“We need to find a way to do that without crushing my chest.” Max grumbled.

Harry laughed. “Deal, but until then, move your arm, it’s starting to get painful.”

Max extracted his arm with a groan and Harry settled more firmly.

“I love this time of night when we have nothing to do but snuggle.”

“I know, but we really should be revising.” Draco complained.

“I’m too tired to do anything.” Harry replied.

“We’ll leave the revision for tonight.” Nasta told them. “We’ll get the ten o’clock feed out of the way and we’ll have an early night tonight.”

Everyone agreed and they settled into peaceful silence, just light breathing and the slightly faster, more tinny breathing through the three, colour coded baby monitors.

Harry loved nights like this where they chose not to do anything but lie together bonding with one another. They had a busy couple of months coming up, what with the needed injections, the Dracken meeting and the exams, but Harry was sure they could get through it, they’d already been through so much and whatever the future threw at them, they could take it easily.
Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Seventy-One – Desirability

Harry groaned under the onslaught of revision that was piled on them over the next month. Draco had fallen into a near sleepless loop of revision and homework. Blaise wasn’t much better and Harry was ashamed to admit that most of the childcare had fallen heavily onto Max and Nasta and as May approached; everyone was feeling the strain as the Professors piled more and more and more onto the seventh years and the children got older.

A few weeks didn’t sound like a lot, but in baby terms, it was a lot of growing and development in that time. Regan had started rolling and rocking, he was very interested in every toy that was near him. Tegan had cut her first tooth, thankfully with not as much fuss as Braiden, but still with a fair amount of screaming and crying, Farren had finally grown tired of plain milk and had progressed to stealing Braiden’s breakfast as well as his rusks and all four of the older quintuplets were sitting up as they approached four months.

The biggest milestone they had reached however was with Braiden, who at nearly nine months had finally taken those first few shuffles forward on his hands and knees.

Harry and Draco had gone for their afternoon tea with Narcissa and Lucius, taking Tegan along for the trip and Harry had enjoyed the bonding time with two of his in-laws, even if both Draco and Lucius were uncomfortable and out of place with the situation, Narcissa was ecstatic to see him and Tegan to catch up with him and to see how much Tegan had grown.

April had been a very boring, wet month apart from those few baby milestones and the afternoon tea with the Malfoys and Harry was glad to see the back of it. He’d be even happier to see the back of the school year completely and he was thankful that the end of the academic year wasn’t too far
The biggest let down of the last few weeks was Ashleigh refusing to see the mind Healer, claiming that she didn’t need to see another one and that there was nothing wrong with her. Myron was now threatening to drag her there, but as she smarmily pointed out, even if he did, he couldn’t make her talk to the mind Healer.

Harry’s heat was approaching yet again, but it was something not talked about, they had too much to deal with at the moment without any of them stressing over the heat period too, so Harry wasn’t causing added stress by worrying about it. The children would go to Alexander and Kimberly once more, no one needed to say it, they knew he’d go onto his heat soon and with the family as they were, there was not much else they could do.

The last Quidditch match of the season was coming up, the final between Gryffindor and Slytherin, who had narrowly scraped past Ravenclaw to claim second place after the appalling performance both teams put up, not that Harry blamed Blaise for being so distracted, but they had both sworn to give one another their best game in two weeks’ time. The game had been moved to the Sunday by Dumbledore ‘for ease of seventh year study sessions’ but it had been because the Dracken meeting was on the Saturday and they needed the time to finish off their homework, do some revision, eat and then prepare for the meeting.

Leolin was coming on in fits and starts as well, he was awake for longer, not much longer, but it was still an improvement. He had put on a pound in weight and he had grown an inch and a quarter and he had finally increased his milk intake by half an ounce. Harry was so proud of him that he had sent an owl to Aneirin boasting about it.

His heat had hit him on the second of May, in the early morning; he didn’t remember much of his heat, only that it had started in the bathroom as he had been brushing his teeth. He woke up six days later in bed. He had had another unfertile heat and he could hardly keep the grin from his face at the news that he wasn’t pregnant for at least another two months.

The Dursley trial had been back pedalled, yet again, due to the defendants ‘not being ready or prepared for court’ Harry thought this was a blessing really, as he had so much that he had to do now, so if they could hold it off until June or July, he’d be so much happier, though he made a mental reminder to dig out the damning photos that he had buried at the bottom of his trunk, for Richard and his team. He didn’t want this trial coming around so soon, though he was sure that every day and night in a cell was only adding to his ‘family’s’ misery. Limited food would make Vernon miserable, limited food, limited TV and no computer games would make Dudley miserable and no cleaning supplies, no house and no flowery dresses would make Petunia miserable.

The day of the Dracken meeting finally arrived and it was a rush just to get their most urgent homework assignments done because they wouldn’t have much time to do it on Sunday either, but Harry was feeling the stress and the strain, two days off sounded like heaven to him, especially if he got to have a little bit of fun along the way.

“Ma ma.”

Harry looked down with a smile to Braiden, who had shuffled over to him and flopped on to his thigh.
“Hello, Braiden love. What do you want, hmm?”

Braiden just giggled and reached out for him.

“Do you want a cuddle or one of Daddy Nasta’s cwtches?” He asked with a grin as he picked up his now heavy baby. He was nineteen pounds and twenty-seven inches, he was growing fast.

Harry cuddled Braiden tightly, swaying with him to hear him laugh before putting him back down and going back to his Charms homework. He regretted that he couldn’t play with his children or lavish them with the attention that they needed and deserved at the moment, but just two weeks and the exams would begin and then two more weeks before they were all over and he could spend every moment of every day with his five sons and his lone daughter.

Braiden didn’t seem to mind as he clumsily crawled off to a distant toy. Harry watched him proudly for a moment with a smile, before he went back to his homework, rushing through it just to get it done, what was the point in homework this close to exams anyway? If they didn’t know any of this by now then they were fucking screwed, but he did it anyway and then when he was done, he dragged his Herbology essay over and he started that.

He did look down when Braiden crawled back to him with his favourite toy at the moment, sitting between his legs and bashing the little aeroplane about. Harry pulled him backwards to sit more firmly between his legs and he started writing again, keeping an ear out for Leolin waking up or for any of his other children, who were being entertained by Max.

“I’m done!” He declared three hours later, just as two in the afternoon approached.

“Did you do it properly?” Nasta asked from his own paperwork, which had gotten backed up over the last few weeks as well.

“I don’t care, it’s done.” Harry said, shoving all his books and homework into his bag and kicking it under the table, he walked over to Braiden and picked him up, turning him around and raining kisses over his little face.

“Do you want to play, Braiden? Mummy has said bye-bye to homework for the weekend!”

“Bye-bye!” Braiden repeated enthusiastically.
Harry looked at him shocked before grinning and looking around him. “I wasn’t the only one to hear that, was I?” He asked.

They shook their heads and Blaise abandoned his homework to come over and kiss Braiden’s cheek.

“He’s growing day by day and we’re missing it because of school.” Blaise hissed.

“A month, love, just one month and it’ll all be over.” Nasta soothed.

“He’ll be ten months old then, he could be walking.”

“Don’t stress about it, he’s only just learnt how to crawl.” Max added.

“He could go straight from crawling to walking in a matter of weeks.”

“We won’t miss it, even if we aren’t there in person, I’m sure Nasta or Max will record it for us, won’t you?” Harry turned to them.

“Of course we will, we wouldn’t want you missing something so important and life changing, as soon as he’s on his feet, I’m teaching him how to kick a ball.” Max declared.

Harry laughed. “One thing at a time, love, though rolling a ball to him might be fine; do we have any balls here?”

Blaise snorted and Harry gave him a dirty look, Blaise giving him the innocent look that didn’t wash with him anymore.

“I don’t think we have, I don’t even think there are any at Max’s, though he had so much stuff for Christmas I might have missed it.”

“I don’t remember him unwrapping one, we’ll have to get him one. A nice, big bright one.”
“Mama!”

“Yes Braiden, but look, Daddy’s here too. Can you say Daddy?”

“Dada.”

Harry grinned at the look on Blaise’s face. Braiden had said Dada before, but never to Blaise and never like he recognised him, this time he did both.

“Say bye-bye, Daddy, you have to do your homework.” Harry coached, waving to Blaise.

“Bye-bye, Dada!” Braiden said as he clenched his fingers into his palm repeatedly at Blaise.

“Oh god he’s so cute!” Harry gushed, cuddling Braiden tightly.

“Watch out, Braiden, I think you’ve got a fan girl already!” Max laughed.

“You shut your mouth!” Harry demanded.

“Oh come on, I can’t still be in the dog house after one mistake.”

“It was a huge mistake, how dare you fall asleep without feeding Regan! That’s twice!”

“I’m sorry I rushed off without feeding Braiden, but Regan wasn’t crying for food, love, he was fast asleep. I wasn’t going to wake him up when he didn’t want it.”

Harry huffed and sat on the floor, pulling the remains of Braiden’s block stack towards him and putting Braiden in front of it, watching him build the tower with the biggest brick on the bottom, all the way to the fifth and littlest brick, before his beloved aeroplane went through it and moved on to attack a teddy bear.
“He’s getting a little boisterous, isn’t he?” He said worriedly.

“Knocking over a few blocks isn’t boisterous.” Nasta refuted. “Of course he’s going to knock them down, he’s learning what happens when he does it, he needs to know if they fall down every time he knocks into them and he’ll keep doing it until he’s sure.”

Harry nodded his understanding as he scooted over and snatched Calix from Max and blew a raspberry on his neck. Calix screeched in absolute delight. “Baba!” He cried out.

“Oh I’m loving today.” Max grinned as he kissed Calix.

“Ba ya!”

Braiden crawled over and looked at Calix through indigo eyes. “Mam be.”

“Gee na.” Calix answered.

“Are they actually having a conversation?” Draco asked, picking his head up from his Potions essay.

“I think they are.” Max answered.

“Braiden?” Harry called out and when Braiden looked at him, he indicated to Calix. “This is your baby brother Calix.”

“Baba Ca.”

“Oh, we have the most intelligent babies in the world!” Harry gloated.

Nasta was grinning indulgently at him like he was precious, but Harry didn’t care, nothing could bring him down today, not even the thought of the Dracken meeting later on.
Harry realised that he may have spoken too soon earlier as he slipped into his new dress robes. These ones weren’t as tight as he wasn’t pregnant and had no baby bump to show off, but they were tailored to show off his body shape to the max, what he had left of it anyway.

Braiden was wearing his own little dress robes, but the quintuplets were wearing just plain, sleepsuits. Harry had adamantly refused to dress them up when all he wanted to do was put them to bed.

Leolin was in the baby carrier, which was strapped around Nasta. Harry trusted him to protect their vulnerable son and not accidentally have him squashed against his chest by the crowd.

Harry had Braiden sat on his hip, his wiggly nine month old curious about his new clothes. Max had Farren hefted over one shoulder as the four month old was nearly the same length and weight as Braiden. Blaise was cradling Regan and Tegan and Draco was rocking a fussy Calix. Harry wasn’t sure what he’d do when he had more children, they didn’t have enough arms to carry them all.

“If this destroys their routine I’m going to kill the Elders.”

Nasta smiled at him. “Done deal. Are we ready?”

Harry nodded and hoisted Braiden higher on his hip, holding his chubby thigh.

“Right, touch the Portkey and hold the kids tightly.”

“We know.” Blaise whined, touching the Portkey with his thumb with both arms full, Nasta had a hand on his shoulder just in case.

At half five the Portkey sent out a pulse and a few moments later it activated. Harry landed heavily and groaned as his knees hit the floor. Max hauled him up and dusted him off.

Braiden was looking around himself curiously. The man who was standing at the podium was very interested in them and the family. Harry glared at him.

“I…I…go ahead please.” He quaked out.
Nasta took Harry’s hand and smirked at him. “Now now, Cariad, don’t make the poor event workers wet themselves in fear.”

“He shouldn’t be looking at my babies like they’re in petri dishes.”

Max snorted. “I hope to Merlin I don’t look like him when I’m looking in petri dishes.”

“No, I imagine you look a lot sexier doing it.” Harry grinned as he entered the familiar room full of chatting, laughing people.

The armed guards were back, in force this time as Harry noticed that there were unmated dominants around. They were standing on guard at the bar area and every few feet around the walls and by pillars.

The crèche area had four more guards than last year, but the laughing, screaming children inside made him smile. There was a small, cordoned off area just for very young babies, he didn't think a single baby in that tiny crèche area was over two, the youngest had to have been two or three months being held by her Mother as she was dipped in and out of the little, shallow ball pit, it reminded Harry that Braiden had had a ball pit for Christmas, he’d have to dig it out and set it up for him, but first he wondered if Braiden would like it in the crèche area with the other babies.

He kept him with him for the moment, not confident enough to leave him just yet; it would be a huge milestone for him to leave Braiden in the crèche. Instead he followed Max, who was dodging people and avoiding small talk, Farren still over his shoulder.

“There you are! I was beginning to wonder if you were coming!”

Harry grinned at Alexander. “Would I give up the chance to show off my children?”

Alexander laughed and patted Harry’s back before chucking Braiden under the chin.

“And how is my gorgeous Grandson?” He asked. “Is he crawling yet?”

Harry nodded. “Yes, he started the other week, he’s a bit awkward and clumsy, but otherwise mobile.”
“That’s wonderful. How about the other five?”

“Leolin’s awake for longer he’s gained some weight and length and he’s eating more, Regan can move himself to get to the toys he wants, it’s not quite crawling, more belly flopping, but he can move. Tegan’s cut her first tooth, Farren’s on weaning food and little Calix said his first words.”

“It’s been a very busy month for you and them.”

Harry nodded with a grin.

“How are your exams coming on?” Myron asked, he looked tired and stressed and strained, but he smiled nonetheless when he heard about his grandchildren’s developments.

Harry scowled. “I came here to get away from revision and homework, but I’m confident I’ll do well, not excellent, but then I don’t care much past passing.”

“Max had better be doing his share of childcare.”

“Oh he is, Max and Nasta have taken over, Max more so because Nas still has paperwork, but still, you can’t keep me away from them for long.” He grinned.

“Here you are! Oh give me my grandson; I’ve missed him so much.”

Harry grinned at Marianna, who took Braiden from him and kissed him so ferociously that she left lipstick smears on his cheeks and chin. He laughed happily enough though and clenched dribble covered hands in her perfectly coiffured hair, not that Marianna cared, she just extracted his little fingers expertly and held him a bit lower.

“Blaise used to love hair too; it just used to fascinate him. Where are you, Blaise?” She asked, looking around for him.

“I’m here, Mother.” He cut in smoothly, coming to stand beside her.
“Oh you boys are doing a wonderful job; I can’t believe how big they all are! Look at this gorgeous Princess.”

She took Tegan from Blaise and hugged her gently. Tegan grinned at her with her lone front tooth.

“She’s cut a tooth? Oh were there as many problems as Braiden’s?”

“No, she was surprisingly mellow about it.”

“Well of course she was! She’s a woman; she has a higher threshold for pain.”

Harry shook his head and chuckled. He’d missed Marianna terribly.

“Hi Harry, Blaise, Draco.”

Harry smiled at Sanex and hugged him tightly.

“Where’s my hello?” Max asked with a pout.

“You look like you can squash me; you don’t get a hello when I’m flirting with these three babies.”

Nasta smacked his brother sharply. “You even try and flirt with them and I’ll break your jaw. And don’t call them babies.”

“They’re less than half my age!”

“That mean’s your old, nothing else.” Harry grinned.

“Cheeky little baby.”
“Stop teasing the lads, Sanex.” Aneirin chastised as he suddenly loomed over his son, an inch or so in their heights, but when Sanex was cowering it looked like Aneirin was that much taller.

“Hi Aneirin.”

“Hello, Harry, now what’s this about Leolin’s development? I got your owl just this morning.”

Harry nodded. “He has grown and he’s gained weight and he’s taking an extra half an ounce of milk. He stays awake for longer too, but not too much longer. I’m still proud of him though.”

Aneirin placed a hand gently on Leolin’s head and rubbed his thumb softly over his black hair.

“That’s wonderful news, he’s started growing faster than average Faerie babies, most don’t start until at least seven months. I’m very proud of him, of all of them and of you too.”

Harry grinned at that and puffed up slightly, he liked knowing that he had done a good job with his children and his Dracken liked it too.

Within ten minutes the only one of them still holding a baby was Nasta, who refused to allow Leolin out of his baby sling, especially not when he was sleeping. Max was trying to pull him towards the bar without getting Nasta’s attention, Blaise was talking in rapid French to his Mother and Draco was slowly slipping away, looking at his pocket watch. Harry remembered then that he’d invited his parents at the afternoon tea session.

“Draco, what time will your parents be here?” He asked.

“Lucius and Narcissa are coming?” Marianna interrupted. “Oh it’s been too long since I last spoke to Narcissa.”

“They should be arriving in fifteen minutes.” Draco told her.

“You should wait at the entrance for them, so they don’t get too overwhelmed by the armed guards.”
“We’ll come with you.” Max offered, pulling Harry more firmly, who reached his hands out for his children.

“We’ve got them, Harry and we won’t let anyone take them.” Myron assured, bumping Calix higher onto his shoulder gently.

Max won his tug of war battle, he was just too strong for Harry to withstand and Harry frowned as his children were lost to the crowd. He took a deep breath and calmed himself. This was another test; he trusted Nasta and Blaise to look after their babies. Max went dead ahead until he couldn’t see his family anymore, then dragged both Harry and Draco towards the bar.

“What are you doing?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Getting a drink, I’ve been dying for one since we arrived.” Max answered as they finally made it to the very large bar.

“Maximilius!” A man behind the bar grinned widely.

“Steffan, how’ve you been?” Max asked.

“Great! Ruby’s pregnant again, though I’m not fond of all these gem names for my children.” Steffan pulled a face. “I know it’s a family tradition and all, but I have six children now.”

“Ha! Snap, I have six as well.”

“What? The last time I saw you, you were unmated! How’d you get six? Who’d you end up with after? It wasn’t Gretchen was it?”

Max pulled a face. “Fuck off was it!” Max pulled Harry into his side and kissed his head. “This gorgeous young man is the Mother to my children.”
“And now I’m envious of you.” Steffan laughed. “It’s nice to meet you…?”

“Harry.” He answered softly.

“So the stud that is Max finally gets picked and settles down, it’s about time you old man and you got a real star by the looks of it.”

“Yeah, yeah I did.” Max smiled and hugged Harry tighter.

“Come on, you can catch up later, my parents will be here at any minute!” Draco interrupted with a snap.

“And who is this?” Steffan asked with a teasing grin.

“Harry needed four mates, so I got landed in a family of five.” Max revealed happily.

“Five of you and six kids? No wonder I’ve barely heard from you! You must be kept busy.”

Max nodded. “I wouldn’t change it for the world.”

“So how many kids are yours?”

“All of them, but biologically I’ve got two boys, Farren and Calix.”

“So who else did you land yourself with, or rather who has your submissive landed you with.”

“This blond beauty here.” Max answered pointing at Draco, who scowled. “Blaise Zabini and you’ll never guess the last.”

“Who? Come on tell me, I’ve been out of the loop for so long, what with Ruby being pregnant every single fucking year.”
“Nasta Delericey.”

“Ha! I always knew there was something between the two of you! There were bets going on about who would cave for a fuck first, you or him.”

“We were just friends.”

“There’s nothing wrong with being friends with benefits. I bet you get more than enough sex now though.”

Max rolled his eyes. “So what’s your newest lot called? The last we spoke you had Diamond and Sapphire.”

“Diamond is seven now, she’s over in the crèche with Sapphie, Amber, Jade and Jasper. I’m hoping for another boy, because four daughters is more than enough for me, but Ruby wants to call our next boy Jett, I mean, come on! I know it’s tradition but every male in their family is either Jett, Mica or Jasper, I want my kids to have an identity, I’ve tried to give them proper first names and gemstone middle names, but Ruby won’t have it.”

“What if you have another girl?”

“Don’t jinx it!” Steffan grumbled. “If we have another girl she’ll be ‘blessed’ with the name Opal. I tell you, I wouldn’t have fought half as hard for Ruby if I’d known her family name tradition was gemstones.”

“Do most Dracken families have naming traditions?” Harry asked with a frown.

Max nodded. “Yeah, my family is warriors and rulers, Aneirin’s great grandfather refused to carry his family name tradition on after they were kicked from the Faerie loop, so that broke their line, but most families do have traditions and whatnot, some choose not to follow them on, I rather like my family’s tradition and I’m glad that you decided to carry it on with my sons.”

Harry smiled.
“Well you’re practically unlimited in your options, how many rulers, kings and warriors have there been worldwide? I’m limited to gemstones and every name has been reused several times in her family, she’s Ruby the eleventh, I’ve got a Diamond the eighth, a Sapphire the sixth and a Jasper the fourteenth. They have no identity or special name as Ruby won’t give them middle names, she says it ‘spoils’ the gemstone names.”

“That’s horrible; she should at least ask you.” Harry said. “I asked if you liked the names before making them official didn’t I?”

Max nodded. “Yeah, I love the names you picked out for all of our children.”

“Alright, rub it in.” Steffan laughed. “So what are your other kids’ names?”

“My oldest is Braiden Blaise Enzo Zabini.” Harry answered with a smile.

“Obviously Blaise Zabini’s child.”

Harry nodded. “I had quintuplets then…”

“Quintup…five kids at once? Fuck me, no wonder I haven’t heard from you, Maxie! I’m rushed off my feet when Ruby’s had a singleton birth every year since we mated. Though at least you get a nice long break now.”

Harry licked his lips and averted his gaze and Steffan’s eyes widened.

“No. Never. You’re back on your heat periods after quintuplets? How old are they?”

“Braiden’s nine months, the quintuplets, Farren, Tegan, Regan, Calix and Leolin, are four months.” Max answered.

“I’ve had two heat periods since.”
“That’s insane! You must be wicked fertile.” Steffan said.

“I don’t mean to interrupt.” Draco said in a tone that implied that he not only meant to interrupt, but that he wanted to do it rudely too. “But I am supposed to be meeting my parents when they arrive.”

“Alright, Draco we’re going. Give us five champagnes please, Steffan.” Max said with a smile and accepted the flutes easily, handing one to Harry and two to Draco, keeping two for himself.

“Nasta won’t like this.” Harry warned as they said goodbye to Steffan and moved to the entrance to find Lucius and Narcissa.

“Why five?” Draco asked.

“Your parents like champagne don’t they?” Max answered Draco before turning to Harry. “I don’t care if Nas likes it or not, a couple flutes of champagne aren’t going to down me.”

“They might down me.” Harry mumbled as he took a sip of the bubbly liquid and grimaced. “Next time get me a sparkling grape juice, it tastes better than this.”

Max rolled his eyes. “Oh, I can see platinum blonde heads; it must be your parents.”

Max led them over to the overwhelmed Malfoy’s, who were trying their best to look like they weren’t overwhelmed and that they fit in just fine.

“Mother, Father.” Draco greeted with a smile as he handed them a glass of champagne each and kissed his Mother’s cheek.

“These halls are spectacular, Draco darling.”

Draco smiled as Max handed him one of the flutes in his hand. “It’s lovely to meet you again, Mister and Mrs Malfoy.”

“Oh darling, please, Narcissa and Lucius is fine.” Narcissa said with a smile as Max took her hand
and kissed it.

Lucius gave Harry’s hand a shake and then Max’s, but he hugged Draco, despite being in public and it put a real smile on Draco’s face.

“Harry sweetheart, how are you? Are you pregnant again?” Narcissa asked, hugging him.

Harry shook his head. “No, it was unfertile.”

“I bet you’re happy about that?”

Harry nodded. “Yes, it means another heat period in two months, but at least I can get the exams out of the way first.”

“Don’t say that too loud, love, no Dracken should know your cycle outside of family.” Max coached.

Harry nodded understandingly and he started drifting off to the side. He didn’t realise that he was doing it until Max pulled him back with a frown.

Harry excused himself to the Malfoys and drifted quickly off to the direction that he had been heading in before. Max excused himself and followed him worriedly. They ended up near the crèche.

“Don’t you get enough with our own babies?” Max teased catching up with him.

“I’m looking for Marisa, Natalie and Kayla.” Harry said.

“Those little girls who turned your hair into an abomination? Harry, that was a year ago, how do you remember that?”

Harry shrugged. “I just do.”
Max chuckled and threw an arm around him, more because the armed guard who was closest to them was looking at them sternly, his grip on the deadly weapon he held tightening.

“We’re bonded alright, fella? Leave us alone!” Max snapped when the guard sidled closer.

The guard just narrowed his eyes. “Just doing my job.”

“Well do it properly. We have six babies under a year old, we don’t need any more.”

“Why are you here then?” The guard demanded.

“Nothing says that we can’t be here.” Max stood up tall and threw an arm in front of Harry protectively as a gun tip subtly came to stomach height.

“Barty, what are you doing?” A large, older Dracken stomped over and knocked the raised gun back down with his hand. “You never unsling your gun unless you have need to use it! Are you trying to cause a scene or mass panic, idiot boy?!”

“They’re lingering around the crèche, Elder.” Barty replied, putting an inflection of mistrust and tension on the words.

“That’s Maximilius Maddison, Myron Maddison’s boy, you shoot him and you’re as good as shooting yourself you idiot boy.”

“Elder Kirrian.” Max nodded respectfully.

“How you doing, boy? Who’s your little one, your sub? Myron told me that you’d mated.”

“Yes, I’d like you to meet my mate, Harry Potter. Harry, this is Elder Henry Kirrian.”

“Nice to meet you.” Harry replied softly.
“Harry Potter? As in, the Harry Potter?” Barty asked with wide eyes.

Harry smirked at him and flashed his lightning bolt for a second before smoothing his fringe back down. He hated showing off his scar, but when it got him the reaction of Barty, the whole fish gaping, wide eyes thing, especially after being threatened, he could show it for a second.

“So not only did you try and shoot a Maddison, you tried to shoot a submissive too. A submissive who happens to be Harry Potter no less.” Elder Kirrian snorted. “Idiot boy. Go behind the bar.”

“But, Elder…!”

“Behind the bar now, boy!”

Barty loped off with a sour face as going behind the bar was obviously a punishment. Barty was replaced immediately by another man, younger than the Elder, but older than Barty.

“Are we going to have a problem here, Yassen?”

“No, Elder.” Yassen answered.

“Good, you watch over these boys, you hear me, boy? I want my crèche team sharp; I need you to be able to identify a threat from a thrice damned non-threat! I want all threats terminated, even if it’s your own fucking Mother, you hearing me, boy?”

“Yes, Elder.”

“Good, now where is your Father, Maximilius. I wish to speak to him.”

“Would you like for me to take you, Elder?” Max asked respectfully.

“Did I ask you to take me like some senile fool, boy?! I asked where he was, now you have fingers, point, boy.”
Max pressed his lips together to keep from laughing and he pointed in the direction of where they’d left the family and the Elder turned and left.

“I love that man.” Max chuckled and hugged Harry to him tightly.

“I can see why.” Harry grinned.

“Come on, you’re not going to drink that, let’s get you a grape juice.”

Harry walked with Max back to the bar, Steffan was busy this time, so the trip to the bar was quick. They moved on and Max introduced him to some of his friends and people that he knew. Though as soon as they saw Gertrude and Gretchen they rushed away like guilty children, the news floating around the hall was that Gertrude had held back Gretchen’s mate meeting, apparently waiting for more ‘prime’ men to turn up. Harry still remembered Gertrude’s words the first time he’d met her and he wasn’t going to let her take his mates.

“Why, hello there, gorgeous.”

Harry stopped and looked up at the tall, muscled dominant, a small sniff was all it took for him to realise that he was unmated and was leaking his scent all over the place to let everyone know that he was unmated.

“I haven’t see you around here before, are you just coming into your inheritance? I bet your parents held back your meeting, you’re just too gorgeous to let loose though. There are some very desperate, dangerous dominants about tonight.”

“Like you, you mean?” Harry sneered. “Don’t flatter yourself, I’m not interested.”

The dominant blinked and looked at himself, as if to say, you’re not interested in this? Harry snorted.

“Oh now you are vain.”
“I’m the best unmated dominant around; you won’t find anyone better than me.”

Harry laughed out loud. “Oh I bet I could and I wouldn’t even need to search that hard.”

“You’re a very beautiful submissive, I bet you’ve had a lot of offers tonight, but only I can make it worth your while.”

Harry rolled his eyes at the blatant topic change and the unsubtle come on.

“Look, I’m not interested, okay. I’m happily mated and I have six children.”

“There’s no need to lie, gorgeous, anyone looking at you can see you’re too young to be mated and definitely haven’t had six children, not with that luscious body.”

“That ‘luscious body’ is mine.” Max cut in, slipping out of the crowd and glaring at the dominant.

“Go away, Maddison, I’m busy talking to someone a little out of your league, why would he want you when he can have me?”

Harry laughed then and pulled Max down into a kiss that was anything other than innocent and chaste.

“This is my dominant mate, he is definitely so much better than you and I’d choose him over you every single time.”

“This is my submissive mate, Daighton, he chose me out of hundreds of others, you must have been there for the meeting, unless you fucked off to the New Zealand meeting before he had finished his own meeting, but you missed out and I have him now, you don’t deserve to lick his cute, iddy biddy feet. So fuck off!”

Harry and Max slipped away from the stunned dominant, laughing and giggling; they stopped to get more drinks from Steffan, who was disgruntled because Amber, his third daughter, had squashed green playdough into Diamond’s hair and his oldest daughter had thrown a tantrum to end all tantrums.
Max downed several more flutes of champagne while Harry stuck to sparkling grape juice and after ducking away from another flirty unmated dominant, they had almost run into Gretchen, whose eyes had widened at seeing Max and had tried to make a beeline for him, Harry tugged him down and they weaved away giggling like little girls.

“Maximilius?”

Max stood up straight, the grin and childish giggling turned into a polite smile, the perfect gentleman in an instant.

“I…yes, can I help you?” Max asked the pretty woman in the blue dress.

“You don’t remember me?” She asked, sounding offended at the very thought.

“Umm…no.” He said, a frown taking over the handsome smile that had been there previously.

“It’s Becky. Rebecca Silvermoss.”

Max frowned and pulled the face that Harry knew meant he was actually thinking about it and hard.

“Sorry, I don’t remember anyone of that name. Where did we meet?”

The woman, Rebecca, looked so offended that Harry wondered if they were in danger of being attacked.

“At Hogwarts.”

Harry’s mind immediately shot to the story that Dumbledore had told him about the Ravenclaw that had rejected several young men and his hand touched Max’s elbow gently as his whole body stiffened. He wondered if Max and Nasta had been two of those young men rejected.

“I remember now.” Max said almost breathlessly, he sounded winded and Harry’s heart ached for
the young Max as it became apparent that yes, Max was one of the rejected men.

“So…I…I was a fool back then, but my mate died last year, I’m looking for a new one, if…if you’re still interested.” Rebecca tried flirtatiously.

“No I’m not.” Max bit out.

Rebecca blinked. “I know I turned you away, but you were only young, we were both young and I am sorry, if you’d prefer we could go on dates first, like humans do.”

“No.” Max said strongly. “I don’t want to go on dates; I don’t want to be your mate. You had that chance, I don’t give second ones.”

“Look, you know it wasn’t anything personal, it was your wings.”

“Yeah, I believe you called them scrawny and stubby.” Max hissed.

“They were.” Rebecca sniffed. “But they’re not anymore, everyone knows that you still hold the record wingspan, you’re unmatched and unbeaten still. Can I see them?”

“No.” Max growled. “Again you had your chance to do more than just look at them, but you gave that up.”

“They didn’t look like they do now!” Rebecca said stubbornly. “I’m your only chance of a mate, everyone knows that submissives don’t want anyone over twenty-five, thirty is the absolute maximum, you’re what, thirty-two now? I am too, we can be happy together.”

“How many kids did you get?” Max asked then.

“I’ve only got three. Three girls. A fifteen year old, a ten year old and a six year old. They’re no trouble, all the hard parts are over and I’m ready for more if you want them.” Rebecca said desperately.
“Those three girls should be your main focus, not throwing all your attention into finding another mate, are any of your girls Drackens?”

Rebecca shook her head. “No, my mate was weak, he couldn’t give me a Dracken, but you could, I know you could! Please, Max.”

“You haven’t been around lately have you?”

“I…no, I live in Australia with my girls. You’d like it there.” Rebecca insisted.

“I like it here.”

“We could come back and live here then! We could be happy, Max, I know it!” She tried, moving to grip his dress robes tightly.

Max pulled her off and grimaced. She had caught his skin and Harry slipped under Max’s arm and stood in front of him, glaring at the woman who had hurt him.

“Who are you?” She asked. “Is he one of your cousins, Max? You know, I have a daughter about your age, she’s lovely, her name’s Coral.”

“Rebecca, this is my submissive mate, Harry, who is eighteen this summer. Harry, one of the submissive’s who rejected me, the very first one actually.”

“Ma…mate?” She breathed pained. “No. No, you can’t have a mate! I was planning…I was counting on you not having a mate!”

“Well I do have a mate. I mated last year; apparently there are still submissives out there that’ll have a thirty-one year old dominant, just because you wouldn’t have picked anyone over a specific age doesn’t mean that you should paint everyone with the same brush.” Max snapped dispassionately. “Harry’s oldest mate is thirty-eight now and we’re all very happy with one another.”

“But…but…”
“Sorry, but he’s mine.” Harry smiled viciously. “You missed out, he’s lovely, kind, funny, strong, intelligent, protective and he’s a fabulous cook. His wings are gorgeous and absolutely huge, the feeling of being wrapped in his arms and those wings is unmatched. You missed out on a hell of a mate and lover, Max is big all over if you get my meaning.” Harry grinned with a wink. “It’s been a year and we already have six children, two are Drackens and one is very special. You hurt him terribly when he was younger, but I’m glad that you did, because if you hadn’t then he wouldn’t be mine now and he is mine, all mine, so back off before I make you.”

Max wrapped his arms around his chest now and Harry grinned at the woman in front of them. How dare she try to guilt Max into a mateship just because she liked the finished product? She should have seen the potential in him from the beginning and taken a chance on him, but she hadn’t, she had been too vain and prideful to realise that at sixteen Max hadn’t finished growing by half. She couldn’t have him now just because he was different to how he was back then, just because he was an amazing man who had grown up and filled out and apparently held a record for the largest wingspan.

He felt stupid for not connecting Dumbledore’s story to Max earlier on, he felt stupid for at least not asking them before now. Max and Nasta would have been there, at Silvermoss’ meeting, and they would have remembered who the story was about, but it just hadn’t clicked. He had had no idea that the young sixteen year old in the story had been Max, he hadn’t realised that Max held a record for the longest wingspan.

“Goodbye, Miss Silvermoss,” Max said firmly and he tugged Harry along through the crowd and he chuckled. “You showed her exactly who was boss, love.”

“You never told me that you held a record for the longest wingspan.”

“I didn’t think it mattered to you.”

“It doesn’t, but knowing that you have such an achievement makes me proud, you shouldn’t hide that.”

Max chuckled. “Don’t mention it around my Dad; I took the record from him when I was twenty-three and I don’t think he’s forgiven me yet.”

Harry chuckled. “You know that means Farren will take it from you.”
Max’s face sobered and when they got back to the family he took Farren from Richard and held him in front of his face.

“What are you doing?” Richard asked with a laugh.

“Is he bigger than I was at his age?” Max asked.

“I…just about I think, why?”

“No! I will not have a son bigger than I am! It’ll be a travesty!”

“Now you know why I was disgruntled.” Myron huffed. “Though I’m glad that you stopped growing at six, eight.”

Max pouted as he looked up those tiny two inches to his Father’s eyes.

“What brought this on, Maxie?” Alexander asked.

“He met the girl who rejected him when he was sixteen.”

“That bitch from your first ever meeting?” Richard asked. “Where is she? I owe her a punch to the face.”

“Please tell me she didn’t bring all your feelings of inadequacy back, you are not a sixteen year old boy any longer, Maximilius and you have four mates and six children, you have nothing to feel inadequate over.” Myron told him.

“No, she wanted to mate with me and for me to take on her three kids.”

“Excuse me?” Myron asked shocked.
“Yeah, her mate died last year, so she’s looking for a new one.”

“Why you after everything that she said to you back then?” Nasta asked.

“You were there?” Harry asked.

Nasta nodded. “Max and I became friends over her. He was only just sixteen, his first ever meeting, but I was twenty-two and had had several meetings before. I took him away from her when she started on him and rejected him, I tried to help him, but he left before my message could sink in fully.”

“It did help.” Max smiled. “But it took months before I stopped trying to kill myself with weight training and weight gain diets.”

“She wasn’t worth it.” Harry snorted. “If that’s what she looks like at thirty-two, imagine when she’s sixty-two? It would be like waking up to a horror film every morning.”

Max laughed along with Richard, and Alexander and hugged him tightly.

“I’m glad I never chose her, or rather that she never chose me. You’re perfect, Harry and I’ll never regret choosing you.”

“Glad to hear that. Now tell me, why is it at every meeting I’ve come to, someone has tried to get you to be their mate?”

“I’m just that desirable.” Max grinned, striking a pose.

Harry laughed. “You are, I’m not denying that, but why don’t they know that you’re mated with children?”

Max shrugged. “Some people don’t want to believe it. It’s happened before, one submissive tried to kill the submissive of the dominant that she loved, ‘so they could be together’ do you remember that?”
“That was horrific.” Aneirin pulled a face. “Disgraceful and horrific.”

“Wasn’t that Charlotte?” Sanex asked with a strained face, obviously forcing the memory up.

Max bobbed his head. “Charlotte was a lovely submissive, a bit like you, Harry, only just less so, because no one can be as perfect as you are, but her first mate was called Barron. Strange name for a kid, but his parents were weird too, but they got on really well, there was another submissive called Tina, she had always crushed on Barron, even before they came into their inheritances, but as soon as Barron met Charlotte, he was in love. Charlotte chose him just four months before Tina had her own inheritance, along with another dominant Sampson. Sampson was wicked protective of both of them, he really lucked out as Barron was a really pretty boy, we all thought that he would be a submissive, but he turned out a dominant in the end, a very small, slender dominant, but he was drop dead gorgeous, I’ll give him that. Tina was so jealous that she would rant and rave whenever they met up because Barron still tried to be a good friend and stay in contact, even though Sampson hated it.”

“So Tina attacked Charlotte?” Harry asked.

“She damn near killed her before Sampson tore Tina’s head off. Charlotte wasn’t a fighter, she was raised like a prim and proper young lady and her first reaction was to call to her dominants for help, the second was to curl up on the floor to try and protect herself and the baby she was carrying.”

“She was pregnant?” Harry asked horrified.

“Yeah, and Tina was so far gone that she tried to dig the baby out of her.” Myron’s face showed exactly what he thought of that. “I was one of the one’s that tried to drag Tina off of Charlotte, I got a claw to the gut for my efforts, perforated my damned intestines.”

“He still has the scar.” Richard smiled.

“Others tried to get her off, but most were trying to be careful with her, she was still a woman, still a submissive, and it wasn’t until Sampson seized her head and threw her into a pillar that that fight stopped, but a new one broke out when Sampson ordered Barron to get Charlotte to the Healers and he turned on Tina. That was a harder fight to break up, he was determined to kill her and he did. Most of the damage done to Charlotte was to her stomach and head, so he gutted her and then tore her head from her body and then he stood tall before the Elders and he asked them to judge him.”
He got off and rushed to his lovers.”

“How was Charlotte?”

“She survived, but she had permanent scarring and she lost the baby. They don’t come to the meetings anymore.”

“That’s hideous.” Harry pulled a face.

“I was only young then.” Max said. “I had to have been, what, fourteen?”

Myron nodded and ruffled his hair. “I liked you better at fourteen, very sweet and agreeable and you came up to my waist.”

Max laughed and bumped his shoulder into his Dad’s. “Wait until you’re the other side of two hundred and you start shrinking, I’ll be taller than you then.”

“You wish, boy!” Myron snapped. “You’ll never be taller than me.”

“I’m sure you’ve cursed me to stay this height.” Max laughed.

“I wouldn’t put it past him.” Richard added, before he flinched and a hand went to his throat. He curled over and Harry was shocked to see his face rapidly turn purple.

“He’s choking!” Harry exclaimed in shock.

Myron uncurled Richard’s body forcibly with his own and two thick fingers forced his clenched jaws open, tugged his head back by his hair and he emptied a bottle down his throat. Most of it was spat back out over his chin, but Richard swallowed a good amount first and Myron rubbed his back firmly and harshly, keeping his body straight and forced upright.

“That…that’s the worst I’ve ever seen you.” Max said in a small, worried voice. Harry had never heard Max sound like that before.
“It’s the stress, he’s always been worse with stress.” Myron answered. “Don’t look so worried, Max; your Dad will be fine.”

Harry bit his lip, it sounded to him like Myron was trying to convince himself more than anyone else. He looked at Richard and saw the stress and strain on his face, which was red and flushed, the veins in his neck puffed up and visible through his skin, the scar tissue looked inflamed and tight. Richard looked worse than Harry had ever seen him and his mind slipped down that dark and dangerous road of what would happen if one day, Myron wasn’t there to help Richard through an episode like this one.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: We are now rapidly approaching the end of the school year, thank god for that because I don’t think anyone can take much more of the high pressure school year. Next chapter will follow on from this one, but be ready for more drama as the next plot twist is revealed. It’s going to be explosive and I can’t wait to reveal it to you all. It has been titled Betrayal, just to tease you all a bit.

Thank you all for reading and reviewing,

StarLight Massacre. X
Betrayal

Chapter Notes

A/N: Dedicated to my Facebookers, who put up with so much from me and so many of my whining’s and ranting’s about everything when I’m having a bad day, this chapter is for all of you, to say thanks, and to make up for all the teasing excerpts I give you that drive you all insane. I’m not sorry about those, but I’ll say thank you for putting up with it and with me and I hope you can forgive me for this chapter.

Last Time

Harry bit his lip, it sounded to him like Myron was trying to convince himself more than anyone else. He looked at Richard and saw the stress and strain on his face, which was red and flushed, the veins in his neck puffed up and visible through his skin, the scar tissue looked inflamed and tight. Richard looked worse than Harry had ever seen him and his mind slipped down that dark and dangerous road of what would happen if one day, Myron wasn’t there to help Richard through an episode like this one.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Seventy-Two – Betrayal

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Harry was practically dragged to meet Marisa’s mother, Janine, who was pregnant and standing with her Husband and mate, Rory if he remembered correctly, who was pressed almost completely against her side.

“Mummy look!” Marisa exclaimed.

“Who is this, darling?” She asked, giving Harry a dark look that softened when she clocked Braiden on his hip.

“He helped me with my beads and I put beads in his hair last year.” Marisa exclaimed.

Janine’s eyes widened in recognition as Harry smiled at her.
“Oh I hardly recognised you without them!” She laughed. “This would be the contents of that little bump of yours?”

Harry smiled with a nod and handed Braiden over to her happily and picked Marisa up when she demanded it.

“Oh we can swap.” Janine laughed. “She’s a little terror; I wish she was this little one’s age again.”

“Braiden’s just learnt to crawl and he’s already showing signs of wanting to be on his feet, I’ll happily swap all of mine for Marisa. I don’t think I’ve slept properly for over a year.”

“All of yours? But, do you not only have the one?” Janine shared a look with her Husband who was looking at him critically.

“No, I have six.”

“But last year you didn’t have any and you were only a few months pregnant.”

Harry nodded. “I had Braiden in August and I fell pregnant immediately afterwards in a freak accident when Braiden was only four days old. I had quintuplets that were born at the end of December.”

“Oh you poor man!” Janine laid a soft hand on his shoulder. “You have a nine month old and five, four month old children and you’re still in school aren’t you? My word, how do you get anything done?!?”

Harry smiled. “The benefit of having four dominants to help out, though I admit it’s a struggle for all of us. So if you’d like to collect the other five, I’d happily swap you for this little wonder.” Harry brushed Marisa’s nose with his index finger and she giggled in delight.

“That’s alright; I’d rather have two Marisa’s than look after six under one year olds.” Rory told him, he looked astonished.

“Did you have any daughters? I know it’s difficult for all males to have little girls. You did have an
“all-male group didn’t you?”

“Yes, I have all male mates and yes, we have one daughter and five sons, she’s the third oldest and we believe she’s a fraternal twin with one of her brothers, they look like mirror images of one another and her brother was clutching her thumb as I birthed them.”

“Oh, she sounds adorable, but five sons, my word, your mates must be proud.”

“I dare say they’d be proud if I birthed a three headed octopus with no eyes. Our lives revolve around the children now and it does make it difficult, but I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

“Ma ma?” Braiden called out curiously, his indigo eyes searching him out and a grin taking over his face as he spotted him. “Mama!”

“Ooo, look, Mummy! The baby’s talking!” Marisa exclaimed excitedly. “Will my new brother or sister talk to me?”

“Not for a while, Marisa Princess.” Rory told her, the gooey look on his face that most doting Father’s got when their ‘Princesses’ did something suitably adorable or pride worthy.

“Newborn babies don’t do very much of anything.” Janine explained. “We have to be very careful of the new baby for a long while and baby won’t be talking for at least five or six months.”

“Months?” Marisa cried. “That’s forever!”

Harry chuckled. “I’m glad it’s not, these last few months have been terribly difficult, but they’ve flown by, I look at all six of them and I can remember clearly what they were like at birth and I can’t help but wonder what happened and where the time has gone.”

Janine nodded understandably. “I know what you mean, it seems…seems like only yesterday when I had my little Marisa and I’ve blinked and suddenly she’s this wonderful, gorgeous five year old girl.” The woman sniffed and Harry had the same horrified look on his face that Rory did as she started tearing up.
“I…come on, love, it’s alright. It wasn’t actually as short as a blink; we have photos of her growing up.”

“I know, but I’m pregnant again now and we’re having our second child, what if this baby grows up as fast as our Marisa?”

“I’m sure the baby won’t be able to help it.” Rory explained, at a complete loss as to what to actually do or say to his mate.

Harry put Marisa down when she squirmed and then she darted off as soon as her little sandaled feet hit the floor. Harry blinked and felt a thrill of fear for her running around on her own.

“She’ll be fine.” Rory said understanding the look on his face. “My family have a trust policy, we have always had it, we won’t let our submissives ruin our children, so we teach them to let the children go. So far Marisa has been absolutely fine, she’s probably seen one of her friends is all.”

Harry nodded. “I won’t let myself act like some of the submissives I’ve seen and I believe the Maddison’s at least follow the same sort of policy…”

“You’re mated to a Maddison?” Rory asked his eyes widening.

“I…yes. Max, Maximilius, he was my third mate.”

“Oh dear Merlin.”

“It’s alright, he won’t do anything.” Harry frowned.

“No, it’s not that. It’s just…no one gets on Myron Maddison’s bad side. No one. And everyone knows that the best and fastest way to get on his bad side is to hurt or upset one of his family, mates of children and siblings included.”

“Well you haven’t upset me, so it’s fine.”
Rory nodded. “The Maddisons are very highly respected Drackens, what they went through….” Rory trailed off shaking his head. “Alexander helped reform the mating rites to make it safer for both dominants and submissives to come together in the same room without deaths and Myron helped reform the Submissive Protection Act in nineteen-eighty-seven, the Elders were considering asking Alexander to become part of the Counsel, but he refused. He wants to spend every moment he can get with his family, not be pulled away by Counsel business.”


“Oh, I think this little one needs a change.” Janine cut in sniffing Braiden delicately. “Do you want me to take him?”

“Oh no, of course not, I wouldn’t subject you to that in your condition.” Harry chuckled taking Braiden from her carefully.

“The changing rooms are just outside the doors, next to the bathrooms.” Rory told him as Harry looked around for the changing rooms that Nasta had mentioned were here.

“They need sign posts or something.” Harry muttered as he thanked them both politely and wandered off with an uncomfortably squirming, stinky Braiden.

Harry found everything that he could have possibly needed in the changing rooms, located in between the male and female toilets, there were piles of different kinds of nappies, from disposable to cloth, wipes, talc, medicated creams, potions and even spare briefs for children who had gotten a little overexcited and had an accident. He understood now why Nasta had insisted that it was not necessary to bring a nappy bag with them at all.

“There we go, all clean and fresh.” Harry exclaimed as he pulled up Braiden’s smart trousers and smoothed down his dress robes.

Braiden giggled at him and Harry couldn’t help smiling at him as he cuddled him into the crook of his arm, cleaning up the changing station that he had used before heading back out into the corridor to rejoin the meeting halls.

“You think you’re so special!”
Harry turned around curiously, not actually expecting to be the one that comment was aimed at, but he saw Rebecca Silvermoss chug back a glass of white wine and teeter towards him on her too high heels.

“Excuse me?” He asked, turning his body away from her slightly to shield Braiden more.

“Max was supposed to be my mate! That’s supposed to be my child!” She slurred looking at Braiden with a gleam in her glassy, unfocused eyes.

Harry took in a deep inhale and looked around, out here was nearly deserted, though there was a guard watching them closely. Harry stepped back a bit, more towards the guard.

“You’re not having my child.” Harry said loudly and the guard pushed immediately off from the wall, his gun coming out from under his open blazer as he approached them.

Rebecca had shoved him hard in the chest and tried to snatch Braiden quicker than Harry would have thought she would be able to and he panicked, sending off a distress call as he felt Braiden leaving his arms. He lashed out from where he had fallen on the floor and he caught her knee with his foot as he lurched up to snatch Braiden back into his own arms and the guard was suddenly upon them, expertly separating them off from one another and pinning Silvermoss to the wall with his gun pressed tight over her throat.

Braiden was crying hysterically and Harry curled over him, supporting and comforting him, sniffing him desperately for any injuries he might have gained, clutching him tightly before the familiar scents of his mates were surrounding him. Large hands touched his back, more tried to lift his face and he let them manoeuvre him until they could see his face, into his stricken eyes.


“She tried to snatch Braiden from me.” Harry told them as he refused to let Braiden be parted from his arms. “She said that Max was hers and that Braiden was hers and she tried to take him. She almost got him from me!”

Myron stood up to his formidable height of six foot ten inches and Harry almost cowered back from the look in his black eyes as he turned to Rebecca Silvermoss and stood so close to her that they had to have been touching. Harry could hear soft hissing and harsh whispering, but he couldn’t make any words out, but he trusted Myron to look after them, no matter what, or from who.
“Where are the other children?” He asked as he realised the only baby around them was Braiden; even Leolin had gone from the sling on Nasta’s front.

“With Marianna, Narcissa, Lucius and Max’s sisters.” Nasta informed him as he sat on the floor and pulled Harry onto his lap. “You don’t bring your children to the battlefield; you leave them safe with family.”

Harry nodded and he breathed deeply to calm his Dracken down, it helped that his mates were all calm around him, soothing him and bringing him back from the edge of irrational behaviour.

“Do you want to go home?” Blaise asked him softly, but his hands were clenched in anger, his nails biting into the palms of his hands to keep himself grounded.

Harry shook his head. “No. I’m fine. I won’t let her ruin a once a year meeting, though I swear right now if she tries for Braiden, or any of my children again, she’s dead.”

Nasta stood up with Harry in his arms before placing him gently on the ground.

“Do you want her removed from the meeting halls, Harry sweet one?”

Harry looked over at the familiar voice of Elder Quintalus Trintus and he smiled at the kindly man who had been his grounding rock during his meetings, who had taught him and looked after him. He had liked Elder Trintus and he had missed the man.

He shook his head. “That’s alright, Elder, she can stay as long as she knows that the next time she goes for my child, she’ll lose her life and quite possibly her eyes and head too.”

The group of seven or so Elders nodded easily, as if Harry hadn’t just threatened to blind and behead someone, and Harry went to Elder Trintus happily and allowed the man to coo over Braiden, though he couldn’t bear to let him out of his arms. He was holding him so tightly that Braiden could barely squirm, let alone move, but he would rather that than have him snatched and gone from him.

Harry caught up with Elder Trintus, he met Elder Midate and got to know Elder Kirrian better, Max stood like a silent shadow protector at his back, his body stiff with tension as if expecting an imminent attack. The Elders seemed to approve of Max and his actions if their proud looks were
any indication.

After a while Harry said his goodbyes to the Elders and he moved back into the meeting halls, where everyone was looking at him, oh they tried not to, tried to do it inconspicuously and subtly, but Harry still caught the glances and the not so subtle stares.

“Harry.”

Harry blinked at the large man suddenly in front of him, not as tall or broad as Max, Nasta or even Draco, but an inch or so taller than Blaise, but still, he was impressive and handsome. Something flashed in his mind and he grinned widely, moving to carefully hug the man in front of him, who he recognised from the familiar facial scarring.

“Arsenio. I haven’t seen you in ages, how have you been?” He asked happily.

He was still tall, about six foot three, but he had more grey hair than the last time that Harry had seen him at his own mate meetings what seemed like forever ago. He was still handsome, despite the claw marks going down the one side of his cheek and he was still as well dressed as he had been in his mate meetings.

The man nodded curtly. “I have been well. Are you alright? I recognised your distress call from your meetings, but the guards wouldn’t let anyone but your family and the Elders through.”

Harry huffed. “Some widowed hussy thought that she could get with my mate and snatch my child, she almost got him away from me so I sent out the call, but I got him back.”

“He is very cute.” Arsenio complimented.

Harry smiled happily at that.

“Is the ‘widowed hussy’ still alive?”

Harry nodded. “Yes. If she tries for him again though I won't be so lenient.”
“Most wouldn’t have been lenient in the first place; you truly are different from every other submissive in every way.”

“I’m taking that as a compliment.” Harry teased with a smile.

Arsenio smiled back and inclined his head. “It was meant as one.”

Harry caught up with Arsenio for the next hour, much to Max’s annoyance, though he didn’t show it, but Harry could feel it in the way his body pressed against him.

Arsenio was still unmated and at forty-six, he now expected to remained unmated for life, Harry cheered him up and told him that not every submissive was the same and that someday, one submissive just perfect for him would pop up and he’d be happy that he had waited and hadn’t mated to anyone just for the sake of it. That had made the weary man smile and Harry felt happy enough to leave Arsenio and let Max steer him towards the bar.

“I need another drink after that; do you want a grape juice?”

Harry shrugged. “Do they have just fruit juice? I don’t think my stomach could handle anything sparkling right about now. It’s so tight and knotted that anything bubbly is going to make me sick.”

“Of course they do.” Max smiled at him. “What juice did you want?”

Harry shrugged again. “Any, I don’t mind as long as it’s not sparkling.”

“Hey, I heard what happened, everyone’s talking about it.” Steffan greeted with a worried look.

“It was Silvermoss, do you remember her?”

Steffan’s face screwed up. “I think so. Arrogant bitch, got rid of everyone over the age of twenty and rejected you because of your tiny wings.”

Max grinned. “Yeah, I’m so glad that she did too, I wouldn’t have had my gorgeous Harry otherwise. Imagine missing out on this?” Max pulled Harry into his body and kissed him before
turning back to Steffan with a grin. “Oh wait, you did.”

Steffan grinned. “Good thing too or you’d still be without a mate.”

Harry snorted and bounced Braiden higher. “Can I get an apple juice please? Non-sparkling.”

“Sure thing, sweetie and who is this cute little guy?”

“This is our firstborn son. Braiden.”

“Zabini’s kid yeah?”

Harry nodded, accepted his chilled apple juice and wandered off towards where he had last seen the family. He found them before he reached where they had been before and he snuggled into Draco’s side, sipping his apple juice.

“Are you alright, Harry?” Draco asked.

Harry sighed. “Yes, I’m just tired and everyone staring at me and talking about me doesn’t help.”

“Where’s Max?” Alexander cut in.

“Over by the bar talking to his friend Steffan. I’m sure Myron will be able to see him.”

“What makes you say that?” Richard asked, his voice was almost gone, but he managed a whispered croak.

“They have to be the tallest people in the room, all they have to do is look around and they’ll spot one another because everyone else is head and shoulders shorter than them.”

Myron snorted and gave a smirk. He looked around and he nodded.
“I see him; I see the top of his head by the bar.”

“See? I told you. When you’re near seven feet, no one else can compare, you must be head, shoulders and half your chest taller than everyone else.”

Myron gave him a sly grin and Harry’s smile faded as he was grabbed and hoisted up on those shoulders with Braiden, who screeched in absolute joy.

“How does it feel to be over seven feet?” Myron asked him, holding him securely.

“Disorientating, how do you manage this all the time? It’s horrible being up here.”

“Braiden likes it.” Myron told him, listening to the happy coos and screeches.

“Yes he does. I could do without it though. Oh! I really can see Max.” He giggled.

Myron snorted and slipped him down into his arms, kissed his temple, kissed Braiden’s cheek and set him back on the floor, all without spilling his apple juice.

“You’ve done that before.”

“Of course I have. I had five very active, very boisterous children who loved climbing all over Daddy and being up high. Caesar loved it, he hated being shorter than Max, whenever we went for walks, he had to be up taller than Max, I’d usually have Caesar and one of the girls on a shoulder each and Richard would have another of the girls. When he was older, and taller, Max would carry one of his sisters around to copy us, do you remember that phase?”

Richard nodded with a happy, reminiscent grin.

“We couldn’t help climbing on you, Daddy.” Alayla smiled.
“I know, love. But having a clump of my hair yanked out because you and your sister started fighting on my shoulders is not the most pleasurable of experiences.”

Richard choked out a laugh. “I remember that!” He gasped out.

“Stop talking until your voice comes back, Richard.”

“Myron is right, Richard.” Kimberly chastised. “Rest your throat.”

Richard frowned, but he remained silent, he did sidle up to Myron and lean against him though and Harry smiled as almost unconsciously, Myron’s arm wrapped around him and held him tighter even as he carried on his conversation with his Father.

He hoped that nothing else happened to their family, he couldn’t stand to have them broken up or destroyed, it was bad enough with Max’s attitude towards his own Mother, though Harry would admit, out loud too, that he wasn’t happy with her himself. Especially as she had outright refused the help of a mind Healer, without seeing the Healer once, it just dragged up all his stubbornness and anger with her and he firmed himself not to let her near his babies until she got help, until she got herself sorted out. He would be happy to include her in his life and his children’s lives, but only once he was sure that she was in her right mind and not a moment before.

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Harry collapsed onto the bed with a sigh and he spread his body over it. Blaise fell next to him and shoved him over.

“That was a horrible night, I blame you!” Blaise hissed at Max.

“I can’t help it if I’m irresistible!” Max laughed.

“He couldn’t have known Mossy would have gotten even more pissed drunk on white wine and tried to attack him.” Harry grinned; using his new nickname for Rebecca Silvermoss, who had thoroughly disgraced herself at this year’s meeting and likely wouldn’t be invited for next year’s meeting.

“She didn’t attack me, she sort of fell short.” Max giggled.
Harry laughed with him, remembering her screaming and shouting like a lunatic, approaching Max intent on hitting him, only to slip on her high heels and end up at his feet.

“Women fall at my feet!” Max declared, spinning around and falling on the bed.

“As long as you don’t expect us to.” Draco muttered, shedding his dress robes.

“You’ve had far too much to drink.” Nasta shook his head, giving Max’s bum a playful swat.

“If you want to make anything of it, you’ve gotta spank me harder than that.”

Harry chuckled and slipped out of his dress robes.

“Oh, never mind, I have a sex slave stripping in front of me.” Max chuckled, putting his chin on his folded hands to watch him.

“Sex slave?” Harry snorted. “You’re my slave, lover boy.”

“Do you wish for me to strip, Master?”

Harry shook his head with a laugh and he tossed his robes to the side, throwing his uncomfortable, formal trousers after them.

“Oh now that’s a better view.” Max said as he dragged Harry towards him by an ankle.

“Hey!” Harry called out, laughing as he found himself being covered by Max and having his neck bitten and sucked.

“Alright, alright, pack it in. Harry and Blaise have a big day tomorrow, they need their sleep.” Nasta told them, breaking them up.
Harry chuckled and snuggled into Draco and Blaise, leaving Nasta to wrestle a drunken Max from his clothes and tuck him in.

“I guess I’m on the night feeds then.” Nasta rolled his eyes. “Stay in that bed and get to sleep, Max.” He ordered as Max tried to get out from under the duvet.

“I’m not tired.” He whined.

“Yes you are, you just don’t know that you are.”

“How is that even possible?”

“Sleep now or you’ll be on the settee with a sleeping potion.”

“Fine.” Max huffed.

“I’ve never seen him like this.” Harry chuckled.

“It’s what he’s like on champagne. It makes him act different than when he’s drunk on wine and he’s different again when he’s had too much beer.” Nasta shook his head. “You’re not twenty anymore, Max, you have to stop doing this.”

“You...you’re not my Mother.” Max declared sleepily.

“Thank Merlin for small mercies, now just get to sleep.” Nasta answered.

“Are you coming to join us, Nas?” Harry asked as he realised that Nasta wasn’t getting into the bed.

“I’m going to check on everything, check the kids and then come to bed, I’ll be ten minutes.” Nasta said softly.
Harry nodded and snuggled back into the warm pile of bodies. He was fast asleep before Nasta came back almost exactly ten minutes later to strip out of his clothes and slip into the bed with the rest of them.

Harry woke up early the next morning and didn’t know why until he heard loud retching in the bathroom. He looked in the bed, to find Draco and Blaise cuddled together, but Max and Nasta were missing.

He groaned and checked on Leolin in his bassinet beside the bed. He was still sleeping soundly.

Harry padded down the stairs carefully and into the bathroom to find Nasta comforting Max, whose head was buried down the toilet.

“Is he okay?” Harry asked sleepily, rubbing his eyes to try and wake himself up a bit more.

“It’s early, love, go back to bed. Max’ll be fine, his body is just reminding him why it’s a bad idea to drink so much in one night.” Nasta told him very softly, telling Harry that Max probably had a banging headache from the violent vomiting and the onset of a very bad hangover.

Harry shook his head and came to kneel beside them, patting Max’s naked, sweaty shoulder.

“I can’t sleep now, it’s too early to be awake, but too late to get any decent amount of sleep, I’ll end up feeling worse for any more sleep.” He explained quietly.

“Go and get some tea then, Max could certainly use a cup to soothe his stomach.”

Harry nodded and he went out into the kitchenette, sending a short wave of magic to the fire to set it going, it was freezing this early in the morning even if it was almost summer.

He boiled the kettle and poured three cups of tea, he carried two into the bathroom, to find Max leaning fully against Nasta, looking pathetic, tired and unwell.

“You brought this on yourself.” Nasta told him as Max groaned weakly. “Thank you, Harry. Here, drink this, Harry made you tea.”
“Thank you, Harry.” Max replied, sounding terrible.

“That’s alright, you get better in time for the match, you hear me, Blaise and I will never forgive you if you miss our last ever game. The last one at Hogwarts at least.” Harry grinned.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world.” Max answered before he gulped the tea down.

Harry went to the bedroom and checked on his children, picking up Regan as his eyes were the only pair open, before checking on Braiden in his new room, who was also just waking up.

Harry carried them both out into the living room and placed them on the carpet with a pile of toys as he made Braiden and Farren baby cereal for breakfast and got the others’ bottles set up ready. He kept a stern eye on the two over on the rug; Braiden was showing off his crawling skills to Regan, who was on his belly, pushing up with his arms to look around himself curiously and with more than a little interest.

Harry made breakfast, only some eggs and toast, he didn’t have the time to mess about with doing a big, fancy breakfast as well as feeding Braiden and Farren and doing four bottle feeds on top of that. He put a warming spell on the plates and made up four bottles, letting them cool down as he went to check on the four babies left in the bedroom, Farren, Calix and Tegan were awake and gurgling to one another, or to themselves, he wasn’t entirely sure as he moved them into the living room, before climbing the stairs in the bedroom to the huge platform above and checking on Leolin who was still fast asleep in his bassinet, but Draco was stirring on the bed.

“Breakfast is ready when you are, Draco.” He said quietly as he picked Leolin up, he got a soft grunt of acknowledgement back so he carried Leolin carefully down the stairs.

Harry placed him into the bassinet in the living room and spared a look for his children, hauling Braiden back with his brothers and sister when he went out of the circle of safe space that he had set out for his children, Braiden was disgruntled, but his head was level with all manner of table corners while he was crawling and Harry couldn’t take that chance.

He boiled the kettle again to make more tea before he put Farren into Braiden’s highchair, because they only had one at the moment, and he fed the very happy boy his smooth cereal.

Harry had noticed that Farren opened his mouth very wide for the spoon, as if he didn’t want to waste a single spoonful of food, where Braiden barely opened his mouth at all and Harry had to manipulate the spoon into his mouth, getting most of his food onto his cheeks and chin in the process.

Harry fed Farren happily, Braiden not so happily, before Calix started grizzling for his own
“Two minutes, love!” Harry called out as he scraped Braiden’s bowl for a last spoonful. “Come on baby.” He pleaded, trying to get the spoon through barely opened lips. “Just a little wider Braiden baby, please.”

Harry forced the spoon into Braiden’s mouth, letting him nibble on it and swallow the cereal, before using the spoon to wipe his face; he fed him the last bit as Calix started full out crying.

“Alright, Calix love!” Harry said as he used a cloth to wipe Braiden’s face and hauled him from the highchair and settled him back on the floor.

Harry scooped up Calix and rocked him gently. He tested the bottle against his forearm and then, relieved at the warm temperature, he shoved it into Calix’s wailing mouth.

Draco came out perfectly showered and dressed, but he looked uncomfortable.

“What’s the matter?” Harry asked curiously.

“I need a piss, but Max has his head buried down the toilet and every time Nasta tries to move him, he starts vomiting again.” Draco grumbled.

“Ah. Can you hold it or should I remove Max’s head for you and give him a bucket?”

“I can hold it for a little longer; I have more self-control than that, but I did drink a lot last night.”

“If he’s not out after you’ve eaten, I’ll drag him out. He’s been in there for over two hours. Is Blaise awake yet?”

“He’s getting there.”

Harry nodded and finished feeding Calix, burped him and settled him back on the floor before hefting up Regan and shoving a bottle in his mouth. Tegan was next and then Harry tried to wake up Leolin for his feed, but he wasn’t having any of it, so he left him and ate his own breakfast as
Blaise came out, partially dressed in his Quidditch uniform, his gorgeous legs were encased in greyish-silver leggings, his muscled chest covered by the same colour vest.

“You need to get ready, Harry.” Blaise told him.

Harry snapped out of his daze and groaned. “I know, give me a minute!”

Harry scoffed down the last of his breakfast and he almost broke the plate by throwing it into the sink and of course Leolin took that moment to wake up crying.

Harry sighed and picked him up carefully, holding him tightly as he held the teat of the bottle out to him and watched as he latched on.

“When do you have to take him to meet the stupid Faeries?” Draco asked.

“Don’t call them stupid, Draco, Leolin’s a Faerie too. But it’ll definitely be after graduation, I can’t even think at the minute, let alone plan a trip to the Faerie city. I want to be settled and secure first, until then, there’s not a chance, no matter how many demanding letters they send to Aneirin and Nasta.”

“Who’s sending me letters?” Nasta asked as he supported Max into the kitchen gently.

Max inhaled once, then dived back towards the bathroom. Harry rolled his eyes as he finished feeding Leolin, burped him and settled him on a little beanbag, so he wasn’t flat on his back, but was upright somewhat and still fully supported.

“Eat your breakfast, Nas, I’ll go and see to him.” Harry sighed.

Harry went into the bathroom and found Max lying flat on the floor, he checked him over and bright blue eyes blinked open at him.

“Oh, you are conscious then.”

Max just groaned. “Don’t sound so upset about it.”
“You did bring this on yourself. You drank a hell of a lot last night.” Harry replied. “How are you feeling?”

“The world is spinning.” Max laid his head against the tile floor and sighed. “The floor is cold and so nice.”

“Please tell me you can shake this off before the match.” Harry begged. “You still sound drunk.”

“I think I might be.” Max groaned. “Go and get me one of those potions that stops it.”

“I don’t think Nasta will let you.”

“I don’t care, I want one.” Max groaned pathetically. “I’ll be able to watch the match fine if I have one as well.”

Harry sighed. “Okay, give me a minute. Don’t go anywhere.”

Harry chuckled as he looked at Max spread out on the floor by the toilet, wearing only his loose boxer shorts, pressing as much skin against the cool tile as possible. Max wasn’t going anywhere without help for a while. Not without a potion at the very least.

He went back into the living room to find his three mates scoffing their breakfasts, watching the time and watching the babies, who still needed their baths and dressing for the day.

“Is Max alright?” Nasta asked as he came into the kitchenette and pulled down the first aid kit, though it was more like a large jewellery chest.

“He wants a sobriety potion. He’s going to get hell for doing this on our big day!” Harry huffed, mock angrily as he found the little vial labelled as a sobriety potion, grabbed it, put the first aid kit back before stomping back to the bathroom.

He grinned as he found Max curled up around the toilet.
“I got it and I think I managed to convince Nasta that I was angry with you, so it should be fine. Come here.”

Max crawled to his knees and sat up slowly, looking very pale and sweaty at the movement, no matter how small and slow. Harry unstoppered the vial and brushed Max’s hair with his fingers as he swallowed the contents of the little bottle down in one go.

Potions were very potent stuff and fast acting, Max looked visibly better within minutes, but the difference between injected potions and orally taken potions was dramatic. Orally taken potions took a few minutes to work, injected potions, as they went directly into the bloodstream, acted in seconds.

“Oh I feel renewed!” Max exclaimed happily, stretching his aching body and rubbing his face.

“You had better be, the kids still need to be bathed and dressed, I’m not ready and Blaise is still eating breakfast, we’re going to be so late!”

Harry stripped quickly and hopped into the shower, ignoring Max, who was washing his face in the sink to wake up a bit more and to refresh himself. Harry washed as quickly as he could and when he got out, Draco and Nasta were bathing the kids while Max dressed the washed and dried babies.

He grabbed a towel and rubbed himself dry quickly, wincing as Braiden started screaming as soon as the water touched his bum.

“He’s going to have this bath over one day; I think we should start putting him in the big bath.” Nasta sighed as he tried to hold Braiden still, while Draco washed him with a soft cloth.

“I’m sure I saw bath seats in that store we went too.” Max replied. “We can get him one of those now that he can sit up properly. Maybe some toys would help calm him down a little so he’s not such a monster in the water.”

“If it’ll help, I don’t care what you do.” Harry replied as he threw the towel into the hamper and walked naked into the bedroom.

Blaise was just finishing off getting into his Quidditch uniform, though he dropped his armguard to the floor when he saw Harry.

“Don’t even think about it. We don’t have time.” Harry warned him as he dug out his pale yellow
leggings and dragged them on to his still slightly damp legs, forgoing underwear. Blaise’s leggings and vest were a greyish-silver, overlaid with emerald green robes, it was a stunning contrast.

He bent over the dresser to find the rest of his uniform and Blaise pinched his bum, making him jump and almost hit his head.

“Hey! I’m trying to get dressed here, Blaise!”

“I can’t help it, you’re so gorgeous.”

Harry snorted and pulled on his skin tight, pale yellow Quidditch vest, before dragging on his bright red socks with the two bright yellow stripes at the top.

“You look stunning like that. I swear I get hard every time I see you in those damnable uniforms.” Max told them, coming out of the bathroom carrying Regan and Calix, who were dressed up warmly in jumpers, but they had forgone the snowsuits, what with it being May this time around.

“Maybe if you’re good we’ll all wear our Quidditch uniforms for you, Draco still has his.” Blaise winked.

“We’ll treat you and Nasta on the night before our graduation.” Harry chuckled, catching on as he slipped his bright red robes on over his vest and leggings before fishing out his shin and arm guards and strapped them into place before stepping into his knee high flat boots and lacing them up tightly. He found his steel boned gloves that protected his fingers from breaking and tucked them into the waistband of his leggings and picked up his gorgeous son, Calix.

“Are we ready?” Nasta asked as he slipped the strap of the fully packed nappy bag over his shoulders.

Harry nodded as he got Calix and Leolin into his arms, making sure they had everything they could possibly need and that no baby had been left behind.

“Right, let’s go rally the team and remember, Blaise, you can’t forbid them from involving me in the game.”
Blaise gave him a dark look that said that he had planned to do just that.

“I mean it; I want your best game, not a handicap.” Harry said sternly as they made their way down to the Great Hall. “I won’t go easy on you and I don’t want you to go easy on e either.”

Harry went to the Gryffindor table with Nasta, while Blaise and Draco headed for the Slytherin table with Max, who was in a deep debate with Draco over the strengths and weaknesses of both teams and who he believed would win based on what he had seen so far. Personally Harry thought he was trying to avoid Nasta as much as possible.

“Hey Harry, how are you feeling?” Ginny asked in her own uniform and finishing off a hearty breakfast.

“Fit and ready to destroy Slytherin once again. Gryffindor are winners in points, all we need to do is get this match won and we’ll get the Quidditch cup. Slytherin are goners.”

Ginny snorted and grinned at him. “Of course they are. Your lover is the Captain.”

“Hey, Blaise is bringing his best game, don’t you think for one minute that just because we love one another and share a bed and a child that we’ve automatically won this match, he’s going to give us his all.”

“If any of his team hurt you, they’re dead.” Ginny said seriously. “He wants to win, but he won’t have you hurt, even I can see that.”

Harry rolled his eyes and took a last drink of pumpkin juice, shifting Calix as he cooed softly, lashing a foot out at Leolin.

“Calix, don’t do that, love.” Harry said softly as he handed Leolin off to Nasta, who slipped him into the sling that he was wearing.

“Can I hold him? Is this one Nasta’s?” Ginny asked as Harry handed him over.

“No, Max’s. Leolin, Regan and Tegan are Nasta’s.”
“Oh, I’m sorry, I can never keep them straight, I knew Leolin was Nasta’s though, Faerie baby right?”

Harry grinned and nodded. “Yeah, Faerie baby with his gorgeous Gryffindor gold eyes.”

“I bet they look stunning, he hasn’t ever been awake to show me those eyes yet.”

“You’ll get plenty of time yet to see them, he needs a lot of sleep. I don’t want to do anything to disrupt his development, he’s started earlier than most Faerie babies, I want to keep it that way.”

Ginny nodded understandingly. “Hermione’s been filling me in, she borrowed some books on Faeries from the library and I think you gave her some, she’s been overloading herself with Faerie information because she doesn’t want to research the other thing in case someone asks her why or digs deeper into it, so she’s waiting for graduation and a trip to Flourish and Blotts.”

“Who told you about that?” Nasta asked suspiciously.

“My Mum let it slip, she didn’t realise I didn’t know, she thought it was only Ron and Bill, but your secret is safe with me, don’t worry and I’ll even forgive you for not cluing me in, I can understand why and Hermione and I have been having little conversations, it’s fun to make up code words for it, we’ve been calling it your Charlie for the last week. But she does want as many books as she can get on the matter.”

Harry snorted. “She’ll need more than Flourish and Blotts. The amount of information on that subject is very limited.”

“What are you talking about, Harry?” Seamus asked.

“What rates of Muggleborns have a born squib ancestor.” Ginny replied quickly and easily. “Hermione was interested, but she can’t find anything on it.”

“Well, all of them do.” Seamus replied confused. “You can’t have a Muggleborn without a magical ancestor.”
“I think what Hermione wants to know is how far back her magical ancestor was, so she’s looking for the average amount of generations the Muggleborn’s squib ancestor was before their birth to see if there is a pattern so she can apply it to her own family.” Nasta explained easily, as if that was truly what they were talking about before Seamus joined them.

Harry squeezed his thigh and smiled at his quick thinking. He loved that he had smart, quick thinking mates; they could protect him and his babies better.

When it was time for the teams to move out to prepare, Harry gave a kiss to Leolin and to Calix before he handed the latter over to Nasta with a kiss, taking the brooms he had been carrying in lieu of a baby and walking to the Slytherin table, he kissed Tegan, Farren, Regan and then Braiden, before kissing Max, Draco and Blaise, handing the latter his broom.

“He’s done something to your broomstick!” One of the Chasers of Slytherin burst out.

“The one in my leggings maybe.” Blaise shot back scathingly.

“You wish I had.” Harry grinned. “Give me a kiss for luck.”

“I would, but I think I need it more.” Blaise told him seriously.

Harry smiled and kissed Blaise. “For luck.” He said sweetly as they broke apart. “Now I have to go and prep my team to pummel you into the ground. Have fun.”

Max’s laughter followed him as he walked to meet the rest of his team at the doors, shouldering his Firebolt happily. He loved flying and he was so happy to be able to take part in this match, it had been touch and go with his heat periods, but he was unpregnant and not due another heat period for at least another month and a half. He’d be out of school by the time he went on his next one and that had made Draco very, very happy indeed.

Harry next saw Blaise on the pitch, he had given a riveting speech and loved how his team trusted in him and rallied around him, he hadn’t had a single comment about him going easy on Blaise because they were lovers. His team knew him better than that, though Blaise’s face told him that his teammates weren’t as convinced and had given him a right going over about it.
He and Blaise shook hands, though far from the usual pre-match, break the opponent’s fingers grasp, Harry didn’t want to let go of Blaise’s hand for an entirely different reason, and when Blaise pulled him into a kiss, the crowds went wild.

“I think that must be a new thing, I don’t think any Captains have ever kissed before a match in the History of Hogwarts.” Harry smiled.

“We’re not like other Captains.” Blaise winked back.

:Is this proof that the outcome of this game is already decided? With that kiss between legendary Captain and Seeker Harry Potter, who has led his team into victory a record of nine games since his appointment of Captaincy in his sixth year, after a very successful seven years on the Gryffindor team and his lover Blaise Zabini, who took over Captaincy of Slytherin this year after the position was declined by Harry Potter’s other lover, Draco Malfoy.” The commentator, a Ravenclaw seventh year, announced far too seriously.

“Well that was long winded and unnecessary.” Blaise snorted. “You had better bring your best game, Potter.”

“You’re damn right I will, Zabini, but I do plan on making this my tenth win of my Captaincy career, so you had better have brought better than your best to the pitch.”

“Mount your brooms.” Madam Hooch told them.

Harry threw his leg over his Firebolt, watching Blaise do the same, only with his Nimbus two thousand and one.

“On my whistle. Three. Two. One.” A sharp blast of the whistle and Harry kicked off from the hard floor, first as always, and he forgot everything else. He forgot that he was playing against Blaise, forgot the crowd and the commentator, nothing matter but the feel of the wind in his hair and the snitch.

It was a good game, despite what the commentator called ‘boring’ seemingly because Harry wasn’t being battered by Bludgers. Gryffindor were fifty points up on Slytherin, who only had ten points to their sixty, but their Chasers were trying, Blaise especially, who had scored Slytherin’s only goal.

Harry kept an eye on the young Seeker they had replaced Draco with this year, she was good
apparently, but she hadn’t been in Draco’s league, let alone in Harry’s. She wasn’t doing much of anything, but her eyes were alert and watchful. Harry kept his eye on her as he drifted around the pitch lazily, waiting for the snitch to make its first appearance of the match.

Despite his warning to Blaise, not a single Bludger came his way, though that didn’t mean they were safe from the Slytherin Beaters, who were aiming instead at their Chasers and their Keeper, of course the commentator picked up on this and started pointing it out.

Harry flew up to Blaise and punched his shoulder.

“Hey! You said no holding back!”

“I’m not going to let them hit Bludgers at you!” Blaise said angrily, swiping the sweat from his forehead.

“Chances are they wouldn’t hit me anyway!”

“I’m never going to take that chance! I love you, you’re my lover, the Mother to my one and only child, I never want anything to hurt you; it’s just a game, Harry. It’s not worth a night in the hospital wing.”

“If I had a Beaters bat I’d clonk you on the head with it, then you’d see the hospital wing in a better light.”

“Harry, I’m sorry, but I’m not risking them hitting you. People die from Bludgers if they’re hit wrong.”

“I’ll hit you wrong! What would you do if I refused to seek the snitch?!”

“Hold up the Quidditch cup.” Blaise said stonily. “If you throw the game, your team will never forgive you, if I throw the game, I won’t give a shit what they think.”

Harry gave him the look he deserved and flew off and signalled time out to Madam Hooch, ignoring that he had been talking in the middle of the pitch for three minutes while the game was still going on.

He landed angrily and waited for his team to land around him.
“What’s the matter, Harry?” Ginny asked. “What was with the domestic?”

“He’s told his Beaters that he’ll curse them if they aim for me.” He spat out furiously.

“That’s good though, isn’t it?” Hendix asked innocently.

“No it’s not good!” Harry snapped. “I told him to treat this like any other match!”

“Harry, he’s not going to. Of course he’s not.” Ginny told him gently. “It hasn’t been said, but what would you do if Jimmy and Ritchie hit Blaise with a Bludger and he fell thirty feet to the floor?”

Harry’s fists clenched automatically and his face pulled into a snarl.

“Exactly!” Ginny said, smacking him. “He doesn’t want to feel like you just did, he doesn’t want you to get hurt. I know you can avoid them, but not always. Leave it and let’s crush him anyway, if you don’t get the snitch, I don’t know if we’ll win, the Beaters are leaving you alone, but they aren’t leaving us alone, Jimmy and Ritchie are doing well, but it only takes one hit, Harry and our front technique will fail and we’ll lose. It’ll be the same if Paulie gets hit, that’ll be it, game over. Blaise is too good a Chaser and without a Keeper…just get the snitch, please.”

Harry sighed and calmed down somewhat. He nodded.

“Yeah, I think I can get the snitch, I have no idea what the Slytherin Seeker’s name is, but she doesn’t seem very good. She’ll be good in a few years, but not this match, and not against me.”

Harry signalled that he was ready to get back in the air to Madam Hooch and he had a group huddle with his team, before getting on his broom and getting back in the air.

The Slytherin team took to the air as well and Harry took a deep breath, sent a smile to Blaise, got a smile back and the game was on. Neither of them sent Bludgers at each other, but Blaise getting hit by a Bludger didn’t affect the game as much, they had two other Chasers, maybe not as good, but still two other goal scorers on the pitch, the Gryffindor Beaters were aiming for the Slytherin Seeker, which would mean that Slytherin would have next to no chance at winning the game if one of his Beaters hit her.
Harry couldn’t help smiling as he saw the formidable forms of Max and Nasta in the crowd, the platinum blond head of Draco next to them, six babies surrounding them.

Harry dove back into the game, ignoring the commentator screaming about the ‘injustice’ of having two lovers as Captains for opposite teams. Harry rolled his eyes at the dramatics. Quidditch die hards always annoyed him, though it had been funny with Oliver, though he knew now that telling a young kid to ‘get the snitch or die trying’ was more than a bit harsh, especially as it was an interschool match and not even a league game or world cup.

Another hour into the game and the commentator had moved on to exclaiming that Harry was purposefully not seeking the snitch to give the Slytherin Seeker a chance, which was just untrue, he hadn’t seen the snitch once all match, though he was proud that Blaise had gotten two more goals, and equally proud that Hendix had stopped twice as many as he hadn’t been able to save. He was a very good Keeper, maybe in a few years he could even be as good as Oliver, who was now a permanent, first team Keeper for Puddlemere United having moved up from the reserved team.

Gryffindor led seventy to thirty and the Slytherin players were getting dirty, despite Blaise intervening and giving them a shout out about it. They had promised one another a good, clean game.

Harry wasn’t going to give them a chance though, he flew up high until everyone were little specks, though the magical megaphone allowed him to hear the commentator claim that he was going up high so that he could claim that he hadn’t seen the snitch if it popped up, which wasn’t true as Harry had a feeling that the snitch was hiding up here as he hadn’t spotted it once down at game level and he had long since learnt to trust his Seeker’s instincts.

He was right and Harry grinned as the chase started. He loved this part of a match, the high speed, hairpin turn chase after the nimble, winged, golden ball. He followed it, twisting and turning through the air, then the snitch went down, straight down and Harry followed it, all the way back down to game level, down further, the concentration was effortless for him, he was breathless from the plunge straight down with the wind forced through his hair and he sucked in as much air as he could into his protesting lungs and as the grass came up, the snitch zipped off to the left and Harry followed it as if he were as small as the snitch himself. His knees did scrape heavily on the ground though, he had left it a bit late to pull up from the sheer dive, but any earlier and he could have gone in the wrong direction and he would have had to double back on himself, if he hadn’t lost the snitch completely that was.

“Harry Potter’s Wronski Feint has failed to engage the clever Slytherin Seeker into crashing into the hard, unyielding ground. What tactic will Captain Harry Potter come up with next after this recent tactical failure?”

That made Harry smile ferociously. The Slytherin Seeker wasn’t giving chase, she, and everyone else, thought that he had been Feinting, as he did in nearly every match that he played in because he just loved diving, but that was against good Seekers who knew how to play the game, this young girl couldn’t even see the snitch dancing in front of his fingertips, she wasn’t good enough to play, not yet.

Harry urged his broom on faster, quicker, twisting and turning after the snitch, going back up to game level, weaving through players and flying balls after the snitch and only then did the Slytherin Seeker realise that perhaps he wasn’t Feinting at all and she turned to give chase, only for
Harry to pull sharply upwards after the ball and swipe it from the air. He held it up screaming and yelling and the sharp blast of Madam Hooch’s whistle ended the game and Harry was converged upon by his teammates.

Noise and sound came back to him in a rush and he couldn’t stop grinning, he felt renewed, reenergised and so very, very happy. When he was handed the Quidditch cup by a smiling Dumbledore, Harry flew it around the pitch, holding it up over the Gryffindor stands and laughing happily. Today had been amazing, to make up for the horrors that awaited him further down the line and the upsets of yesterday, today at least, had been incredible.

-------------------------------------------- X

Harry actually went to the after party this time, being almost forced to go by Max and Nasta, who told him that it would be his last chance and that he deserved to go and celebrate his tenth win as Captain and his final ever win as Captain. He enjoyed it immensely and he had a great time with his friends, his team and his housemates.

He and Neville had taken two second years, three first years and a third year to the kitchens and told them that it was a Gryffindor tradition for them to know where the kitchens were and how to get into them and that when they were seventh years they had to pass on the tradition to the younger years too, but not all of them, just in case the secret got out and the kitchens were reinforced with a different portrait.

Laden down with baskets of snacks, drinks and cakes, they headed back to the party to feed everyone and the party was set to last well into the night, seeing as they had the Head Girl at their party and the Prefects couldn’t say anything like Percy had in their third year.

Harry didn’t stay all night, he stayed for a few hours before saying his goodbyes, claiming saucily that he wanted to carry on his own party with his lovers, before turning to his friends and telling them he missed his children. He hugged them and said goodbye, before walking happily through the school to the other side of the seventh floor and his own personal rooms.

He took out his wand and tapped the keyhole of the door in the portrait of the empty classroom and he slipped it back into its holster as he pushed open the door and walked into the happy, calmness that was his personal rooms.

Max was cooking and had his back to him, but the other three and the kids were missing.

“Hi Max, where is everyone?”

Max startled and turned to look at him. Harry was aghast to see that Max had a bruise forming on the side of his mouth, which was slightly bloody. Harry gasped and rushed to him.

“What happened?” He asked, utterly horrified.
Max sighed. “I riled Blaise and Draco up too much about the credibility of their Quidditch team, Blaise finally hit me one and stormed off to have sex with Nasta and Draco to make himself feel better. I wasn’t allowed to follow, so I’m making dinner instead to distract me from what I’m missing.”

“What did you say to him?”

“A lot of things that I shouldn’t have, but I didn’t realise that I was actually upsetting him until he hit me, I thought it was all in good fun, but you know me, I always manage to shove my foot in my mouth.”

“Did you apologise?”

“Several times, but he seemed to think that it was just because I wanted to be included in the makeup sex. I’m not that sex mad, I was sorry I had upset him more than anything, but he didn’t believe me.”

“I believe you.” Harry smiled and hugged him. “You never mean to hurt anyone, you’re a big softie. No matter how angry they are, they shouldn’t use sex as a weapon. That’s wrong.”

Max smiled at him and hugged him gratefully.

“Where are the kids?”

“They’re down for the night. Leolin’s due a feed in an hour, but the others have been put to bed for the next three hours at least.”

Harry nodded. “Is dinner alright to cook itself for a while?”

“Yeah, I was just standing over it because I had nothing else to do.” Max admitted bitterly.

“Come and cuddle then.” Harry offered, moving to lay on the rug by the roaring fire. It was May,
so it was slightly too hot by the fire, which is what Harry wanted.

Max came and laid next to him and they cuddled together, just talking, before it got almost too hot to bear and Harry started stripping off his Quidditch robes, Max joined him in shedding his long sleeved shirt and jeans.

“Leave your socks on.” Max requested with a naughty grin.

Harry grinned. “You like the socks far too much.”

“I like the leggings and the vest too, but I won’t give up an opportunity to see your gorgeous, sweaty skin.”

Harry stripped naked, leaving on only his bright red socks with their two yellow stripes around the top. Max was naked too and they happily cuddled, sweating profusely in front of the fire, rubbing together. It wasn’t about sex, mostly wasn’t about sex anyway, but more about the bond and connection they had from skin to skin contact, laughing and cuddling, rolling around as much as they could on the rug, which was more than a bit arousing.

“What in the name of Merlin are you doing out here? I can hear you laughing from the bed… room.” Draco had come out and he looked around the room for Max as he spoke. He found them just as he finished his sentence and his mouth dropped open.

“What is he doing, Draco?” Blaise asked.

“Having sex with Harry.” Draco replied.

Nasta and Blaise just appeared and looked at them, they were all fully dressed and Harry knew what he and Max looked like, he had counted on it, as he smiled innocently at them.

“When did you get back?” Nasta asked.

Harry made a show of looking at the clock on the mantel piece.
“About an hour and a half ago. I left one party and had another one with Max, seeing as you three weren’t here to join us.”

“I thought you would have spent longer at your victory party.”

Harry shook his head. “I missed my lovers and I missed my children. I wanted to come home.”

“And then Max convinced you to have sex.” Blaise deadpanned. He looked angry.

“No, I convinced him to have sex with me.” Harry corrected. “I wanted victory sex.”

“He told you what he said, did he?”

“Actually he did and you should have all known that Max wouldn’t have meant any harm, he thought that he was teasing, if you didn’t like it, then you should have told him way before you got angry enough to hit him, which I sincerely hope was not in front of my children, or it’ll be my turn to be angry. Now kiss and make up and let’s eat, I’m still hungry.”

“After what?” Nasta asked confusedly.

Harry grinned. “I snuck into the kitchens to get snacks and cakes for the party. I passed on the legacy of Moony, Padfoot and Prongs to the younger years, so hopefully, even after graduation, future generations of Gryffindors can enjoy victory with sweets and pastries too.”

Nasta just shook his head and came to them; giving Max a kiss after Harry rebuffed his advance with a pointed glare. Draco did the same and then Blaise, who also apologised for hitting him.

“Wonderful! Now dinner yes? Exercise makes me hungry and I’ve had a lot of it today.”

“Are you going to get dressed?” Draco asked with a slight hint of trepidation.
Harry grinned and pulled on his leggings, but only his leggings. Max groaned and tugged on himself through his boxers and Blaise thunked his head on the table.

“Who knew that leggings could be as bad as that horrible skirt?” Draco sighed, closing his eyes and breathing deeply.

Harry just laughed and sat down as Nasta helped Max dish up dinner. He ate happily and heartily and the conversation, though quiet and studded with silence as they ate, stayed well away from Quidditch. Harry knew that Blaise didn’t mind, and that they all knew that he was excited to have won, but he wasn’t insensitive enough to rub Blaise’s face in his loss, he’d had his victory party and that was enough for him. He didn’t need to talk about it endlessly or to relive the entire game, he was just happy to know that he had won and now he was back with what was important, his lovers and his children.

The next morning Harry dragged himself out of bed to get ready for lessons, he hated that the weekend had gone so quickly and that he was now back in lessons for another five days. He calmed himself, two more weeks and the exams would start, it would be over soon and he’d never have to do it ever again.

He scoffed his breakfast, ignoring Draco’s horrified look, just so that he’d have time to play with his children for half an hour at least before he had to rush around getting ready.

He built a tower of blocks with Braiden, helped Regan figure out the shape sorter puzzle that had once been Braiden’s favourite toy, clapped at Calix as he bashed a little toy truck about laughing, stopped Tegan from putting a corner of a cushion in her mouth and bounced Farren on his knee. All the while Leolin slept happily on his beanbag.

The morning was alive with the sounds of baby screeches, laughter and cooing, the sounds of flashy, musical toys and Harry loved it. He laughed right along with his children and joined in their games where he could, grinning over his shoulder now and then at one of the others when they laughed at something particularly funny that a baby had done.

“They’re growing up so fast, it’s almost unreal.” Max shook his head as he carefully stepped around toys and babies alike, the ease of such an action proving how often he had had to do it.

“I know, Braiden’s almost a full year old. Just three more months and we’ll be having our very first birthday party for our child. It doesn’t seem like a year.”

“I know what you mean.” Max nodded.
“It’s strange that he’s almost a year old.” Blaise said softly. “It doesn’t feel like he should be that old. The time has rushed past and it’s like we’ve completely missed it.”

“We haven’t.” Nasta assured. “It’s seemed so fast because we’ve got very full schedules and no time to actually step back and breathe for a while, to just look around and see what’s in front of us, that makes it seem like the time has gone all the quicker. It’ll be better once we’re out of this school.”

Harry sighed. “It’ll be Christmas again soon, then the quintuplets first birthday. How do we handle five one year olds, on their birthday, all together?”

“Throw in a year and four month old and we have a disaster waiting to happen.” Draco groaned.

“Plus any more children we could have by Christmas.” Harry’s eyes widened and he pressed a hand self-consciously to his belly, which was still slightly rounded, but was steadily firming up and slimming down.

“It’s going to be worse at their fifth birthday party. Five, five year olds all running around, smearing cake everywhere, shouting, screaming…it’s going to be a nightmare.”

“Please stop speaking.” Harry begged. “Let’s take it one birthday at a time. I can’t think about my little babies being five years old, not yet.”

The welcome distraction came in the form of three owls bearing letters. Nasta collected them, shooed the owls away to the Owlery and snorted at the one letter, throwing it directly into the fire.

“Faerie court?” Harry asked.

Nasta just grunted in affirmation as he handed a letter to Max, who tore it open.

“It’s from Caesar, he’s checking in, Amelle’s pregnancy’s going great, he’s included a scan photo for us.”
Max handed the grainy photo around and Harry grinned at the little white mound that made up a baby.

“Caesar says that Amelle told him to write ‘I’m still holding out for a girl’ for you, Harry.” Max informed, his eyes tracking the letter until the end, where he folded it up and put in on the counter, Harry tucked the scan photo into a frame on the mantel piece. He made a mental note to dig out his photo album later, after lessons, to put it in safe.

“This letter’s for you, Harry.” Nasta said, handing the last letter to him, after checking it extensively with his wand first, making sure there were no hidden curses or potions inside.

Harry opened it and checked the name at the bottom, but he needn’t have bothered as the first line ‘Dear Harry cub’ would have clued him in to who it was instead. He smiled.

“It’s from Remus. I haven’t heard from him in ages, it has to have been at least five months, not since the quintuplets were born, I’ve just been so busy, I hope he’s okay.” Harry frowned at the thought that Remus might be hurt or ill.

“I’m sure he’s fine and has just been busy as well, Dumbledore would have said something if Remus was hurt or unwell.” Nasta said, doing that thing he did where it made you think he’d read your mind.

Harry nodded, his smile coming back, which slipped from his face the further into the letter he read. He was shocked at the contents of the letter and by the end, he didn’t know if he should be livid angry or upset and crying.

He threw the letter at Nasta, who caught it automatically on a reflex and stared at him in confusion.

“Tell me what he means!” He demanded of Nasta, who blinked at his demand and his behaviour towards one of his only remaining family members. Harry’s shock was fading away to settle into anger. Anger had always come easily to him, ever since his fifth year.

“Dear Harry cub, it’s been a long time since we last spoke, too long, and for that I’m sorry, but things here have been pretty hectic. Nymphadora and I have moved into a house together, out in the quiet countryside. It’s beautiful, Harry; I’ll show you around when you have time for a visit.

This may come as a bit of a shock to you, but Dora and I got married in February, it was a quiet affair, not many guests, just Dora’s family and a few others, I knew you were swamped and busy with your school work and your family, so I didn’t invite you, I hope you’re alright with that. Dora
and I are planning to renew our vows in a year next summer, hopefully by then you will be able to come.

I’ve been so happy these last few months, Harry, I’m glad I gave Dora a chance, she’s really brought out the best in me and I couldn’t be happier to have her with me now. I’ve gotten a small, part time job in the town, they’re all Muggles so they shouldn’t look too deeply into why I take every full moon off from work, if they do notice a pattern, I can always claim I’m wiccan, I’m wearing a pentagram just as a precaution as I need this job, it’s not much, but we need everything we can get now.

Which brings me to my last point; Dora and I rushed the wedding mostly because she fell accidentally pregnant over the summer, August 20th, and gave birth to a beautiful baby boy last month, on the 18th, who we named Teddy, after Dora’s Father. I’m so proud to be a Father; I really am, even though I worry so much for Teddy and Dora being landed with a werewolf as a family member. He’s doing great and I was hoping that you’d be his Godfather, I can’t think of anyone else I’d rather ask than you, I hope this summer you’ll be able to come and see him, all the best, Remus.”

There was silence from all of them as Nasta finished reading the letter out loud; the noise and shrieks from the children fell into the background as Harry felt a tight squeeze in his throat and the corners of his eyes burned. He staved the tears of betrayal off viciously.

“What does he mean?” He asked again, biting out the words, hoping that someone made more sense of the letter than he had.

“I…how could he have gone off, gotten married and had a child without telling you?” Blaise asked softly. “He didn’t tell you did he?”

Harry shook his head, his body clenching to keep control of himself.

“This is the first that I’m hearing about it. I knew he liked Tonks, I knew she liked him, the last I heard they’d started a tentative relationship and Remus had promised to invite me to the wedding, though he said it would be a long way off! Now the next I hear they’ve gone and gotten married quickly, without even telling me or giving me a chance to accept or decline the invitation for myself and they’ve had a baby!” Harry’s voice shook under the strain of his anger and the light headedness he felt at this sudden news.

“This…we don’t need this right now.” Draco bit out sharply.

“He does see me as family doesn’t he?” Harry asked softly, unsurely. “I mean, he’s the only one I have left, I know we’re not related by blood or any official titles, but I saw him as family and I
thought he did too. You don’t go and get married and not tell your family because you thought they
were busy, you don’t get someone pregnant and not tell your family! You don’t have a baby and
not tell your family!” Harry lost the battle with his body and the first hot, scalding tears washed
over his cheeks. He swiped them away roughly and angrily and backed away from Max who tried
to hug him. “Don’t. If you hug me now I’m not going to be able to leave this room, we have class
in twenty minutes.”

“You’re not going.” Nasta told him firmly. “You’re staying here with me, you’ve had a huge shock
and I’ll tell Dumbledore myself why.”

Harry looked up at that. “Dumbledore. Remus tells him everything, I wonder if he knew. I won’t
be able to handle it if he knew and he didn’t tell me either.”

Harry quivered and Nasta pulled him into a hug, even as Harry tried to fight him off.

“You’re in shock, Harry.” Nasta told him, holding him tighter. “Just breathe and try to calm down.”

“Calm down? How the hell can I do that, Nasta?! He didn’t tell me he was getting married, he
didn’t tell me he was expecting a baby and now he tells me, via a letter, that he’s married with a
two week old son and he just expects me to be okay about everything!”

“I know it’s difficult, love, but try. Please.”

Harry sucked in deep, ragged breaths and tried to calm his weak, rapid heartbeat. He swallowed
and tried to think past the shock, tried to understand, but he couldn’t. He just felt a complete sense
of betrayal by one he loved so much and it sent him quivering again.

Nasta held him tighter and rubbed his back and arms to warm him up after a touch to his skin
revealed that it was cold and clammy.

Max waved a muted, greyish-white potion in front of him and coaxed him into drinking the mild
calming draught, he needed it and as his body stopped quivering and started warming up again, he
realised exactly how much this had affected him and how badly.

“I just don’t understand, how could he have done this to me? He knows I hate secrets and surprises,
how can he just spring this on me in a letter?” Harry said, the potion forcing calm over him, when
he knew he was angry inside. It was a very strange feeling.
“It’ll be alright, you’ve had a bad shock, but once it settles, we’ll ask him exactly why he thought this would be a good idea, why he believed that keeping this from you would be a good idea, I thought he had a modicum of intelligence, but it seems to me that he doesn’t.”

“He was probably just excited.” Max sighed, then gulped as several glares were sent his way and he backtracked quickly. “Not that that’s any excuse, of course not, he should have told you, he should have, it was wrong of him to do this and I won’t condone it.”

“Draco, Blaise, you need to go to lessons or you’ll be late, don’t worry about chasing down Harry’s Professors, I’ll sort that out.” Nasta said softly, brushing Harry’s hair gently. “Harry, would you like to go back to bed?”

Harry shook his head. “I want to ask him what he was thinking! You don’t keep this from family! Maybe he really doesn’t see me as family anymore, now that he’s got Tonks and his baby he doesn’t need me to be his family. He’s got a proper one of his own now.”

“I’m sure that’s not true, love. We’ll get to the bottom of this; just put it from your mind.” Nasta winced as soon as he said it.

Harry glared at him, as Nasta knew that he would.

“How am I supposed to put this out of my mind? He’s married with a child! Just five months I haven’t seen him, she was pregnant when they were at the house when I had the quintuplets.”

“They might not have known then.” Max tried weakly.

“She would have been four months pregnant! What sort of person doesn’t know they’re four months pregnant?!?” Harry demanded.

Draco pulled him into a hug and kissed him.

“We’ll sort it out, don’t worry about a thing, we have to go to lessons, but we’ll be back for lunch.” He assured him.
Harry sighed. “Thank you, Draco. I love you.”

Draco kissed him softly and lingeringly before Blaise took over; letting Harry get one gasp of air, before kissing it right back out of him. Harry couldn’t help but smile at that, which is what they had wanted.

“Thank you. I love you both. Be careful and don’t stress over the exams, you’ll be fine, me on the other hand, have no chance, I’ve missed so many lessons this school year.”

“You’ll be just fine. You are intelligent so stop putting yourself down, just calm down, get some more sleep and let Nasta sort this; it’s what he’s our top dominant for.”

Harry managed a small smile as Max muscled and man handled him onto the settee. Forcing a cup of honey tea into his hands and smoothing a blanket over his lap.

“We can’t take any chances with shock, even psychological shock can cause complications, even though it’s rare, I won’t risk it. So we’ll warm you up, keep you calm and wait on you hand and foot.”

“I like the sound of that.” Harry grinned easily.

“You just want a bunch of gorgeous man slaves to do your bidding.”

“That too.” Harry grinned. “If you could go out and find me some gorgeous man slaves, that would be brilliant.”

“Oi, cheeky.” Max mock scowled. “You’re lucky you’re so adorable or I’d have to throw you over my knees and spank that cute bottom of yours.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “I’m not cute, no part of me is cute, stop saying it is, I’m a grown man damn it.”

Max just grinned at him and Nasta settled beside him, holding him wrapped in his blanket.
“I’m alright, the potion is working perfectly. I’m very calm.” Harry explained.

“We will sort this out, love. I promise.”

“Why is our family so dysfunctional?” He asked. “Everyone seems to be working towards completely destroying us.”

“They’ll never succeed.”

“It’s our own family trying to destroy everything! Think about it, Max, your Mother, now Remus, the dominants at the meeting, hell the submissives at the meeting tried to get you away from us.”

“They’d never succeed.” Max replied firmly.

“That’s not the point; it’s that they’d do it in the first place. She tried to snatch our child! How can I ever let them run free in the meetings if every submissive who wants you is going to try and hurt them or take them?!” Harry demanded. “They don’t respect us, they won’t stop because they don’t want to and threats alone aren’t enough.”

“Are you regretting not making an example of Rebecca Silvermoss and killing her to warn off everyone else?” Nasta asked him softly.

“I think I am.” Harry said sadly. “That’s a terrible thing to say about someone, wishing them dead, wishing that you had killed them just to make a point, but it would have worked. Just like when Blaise killed that dominant who watched us having sex made a point to the other dominants. Words don’t do anything with Drackens, actions make them think twice. No one would have dared touch our children again if I’d killed her when she almost snatched Braiden.”

“Don’t worry, love, they’ll all know soon enough.”

“What do you have planned?” Harry asked Nasta curiously, his eyebrows lowering.
“It’s a surprise.”

“I don’t like surprises.” Harry pouted.

“You’ll like this one.” Max assured him.

“You’re in on this too?” Harry asked.

Max nodded with a grin. “I found out accidentally when I came home earlier than expected and caught Nasta in the act, I’ve been in on it since then. Blaise and Draco don’t know about it either, it’s a surprise for them too.”

Harry narrowed his eyes in suspicion. “Just what are you planning?”

“You’ll have to wait and see, but you will like it.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“We just can, love, I promise and everyone in the wizarding world will then know we’re together.”

“It’s already been in the papers and some Drackens still don’t know.”

“It’s only been in the British papers, love, not all Drackens that go to that meeting are British or live in Britain. You saw Demetrius there, he’s Greek and he lives in Greece, he wouldn’t have read any of that shit in the papers. Steffan is Scandinavian; he was born in Norway and now lives on the border between Norway and Sweden with his family, he wouldn’t have read anything in the papers about you or us, so not everyone will know, but after this, they will.”

“I don’t think I like the sound of that.”

“You will, you won’t have to wait too long either. We’re almost done.” Nasta assured him.
Harry rolled his eyes. “I hate secrets and surprises, can’t you just tell me? We can all surprise Draco and Blaise then.”

“No. It’s your surprise.” Nasta said stubbornly. “Now drink some tea and we’ll see about sorting this out with Remus.”

“I’ll sort things out with my Mother too. I’m so angry with her, but I didn’t realise how much it was destroying the family. I’ve never seen my Dad Richard have an episode as bad as he did the day before yesterday at the meeting, if it really is stress and strain doing that, then I’ll do all I can to help him, even if it means talking to my Mother when I don’t want to.” Max said, before adding quickly and sternly. “But the kids aren’t going near her. Not yet, she hasn’t got that right.”

“I can’t believe she refused to see the mind Healer.”

“I’ll get on that too, she loves all of us. I’ll owl Caesar and get the girls onto her. She can’t ignore us, even if she thinks she can ignore my Dads’. If she’d just agree to get help, then I’m sure I’d stop being so angry with her, but I can’t let it go, I can’t have my Mother treat my mate like that! I won’t stand for it.”

Harry pulled him into a kiss. “Thank you, Max. It means a lot to me that it’s me that you stand up for, especially against your Mother. I don’t like her attitude, but I never wanted to break up your family, but it does feel good to have you with me and not just ignoring the issue.”

“I wouldn’t have ignored it, even if he had.” Nasta insisted.

Max smiled. “It’s her doing all the breaking up, Harry. It’s not us, it’s not you, it’s her. I never would have ignored this behaviour, not from anyone, especially not one of my own family members, not towards you, not towards our children, not towards the other mates. No way. I won’t stand for it.”

Harry smiled and cuddled into Max. He wanted all of this gone and sorted out. He was calm now, he could think. He’d ask Remus exactly what he was thinking by not telling him about the wedding and the baby, okay so he was busy, but Remus was family and he found it easy to keep up with Amelle and her pregnancy along with Eleonora’s progress, how difficult would it have been to keep up with Tonks’ pregnancy and Remus’s new son, Teddy?

He just wished Remus that had bothered to tell him, he felt so betrayed and hurt that he had been sending every scan photo he could to Remus and to Molly and his mates’ families and that he had kept up with them all, only to find out that Remus had not only hidden a wedding, but a pregnancy
and a baby too. It hurt and Harry clutched his mug of honey tea tightly, letting his mates look after their children, letting them look after him as he sat there and stewed over the hurt he felt from Remus.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: This chapter is for the one year anniversary of this fic being ripped down from Fanfiction, exactly one year ago today. Those who were with me before it was torn down would remember clearly what I’m talking about, those who were on Facebook will remember my distress and upset from that time, those who have recently found this fic or joined under a year ago, you will not remember this horrible time, but fanfiction could have destroyed everything by tearing down this fic and I could have stopped writing this amazing story that I love so much, I’m glad I got over it and I’m so happy to see my old readers back and new ones who have joined since and I’m glad I got over the hurt to re-post this fic back up on this site, I would have regretted it if I hadn’t, so thank you to all my Facebookers who kept my head up and got me to start writing again and posting the story back onto Fanfiction.

For the Facebookers who say this excerpt on my page;

‘Draco gasped and bent double as the woman caught his stomach with her claws, he choked back a scream and twitched. She had used her venom, he needed Nasta.
He stumbled back away from her as she tried for his face, before she suddenly dived to the floor, it confused him and before he could so much as draw in a breath, she had sliced the front of his trousers and the blinding agony of it forced him to vomit, his eyes rolling into his head.
A roar had him looking up to see Blaise and for the first time he was relieved to see his best friend, standing over him protectively.
Draco swallowed his pride and let out a distress call for Nasta. They needed help; this woman was insane, he never would have believed it of one of the people he trusted so much. He felt sick and the agony running through his body had him convulsing. He gripped himself through his trousers, only to find shredded skin and lumps attached to strings of flesh and the shock of it sent him convulsing again, he knew what he was touching, but he didn’t want to believe it, his mind didn’t want to make sense of it, he couldn’t…it wasn’t how it was supposed to be, this wasn’t supposed to happen.
His breath shuddered out, he felt cold and listless, he tried to breathe, but it was painful and his one hand pressed against his lower chest, just above his stomach, where another wound was. He wondered idly if this was it, if he was going to die from this and the thought caused him such distress he let out another call, he’d never had to use it before today, never knew how it would work or what it would sound like or how he would manage to get the call out, but now he did know, he knew that it just came when he was feeling such distress, it was almost an automatic reaction and he wished he’d never had to use it.
Blaise went flying over him, feet catching on his body and Draco saw the gouge in his
chest, almost identical to his own, if she went for Blaise’s genitals as well, she was trying to do the same to all of them and he had played into her trap by calling Nasta here. He felt sick, so sick.

“Draco, Blaise?!”

Draco knew that voice, Nasta had arrived. The snarling he heard clued him into Nasta’s rage and knowing that Nasta loved him and Blaise enough to be so angry and upset about this warmed some of the chill of the shock away. What would he tell Harry? How could he tell Harry that he was now ruined?
A head went rolling past him and Draco started, trying to writhe away, but the pain was too great, he thought for a moment that it was Nasta’s head, fully believed that the insane woman had killed him outright, but the head that rested a little away from him was female, was the head of his attacker and Blaise’s attacker, and the hands that suddenly touched him were Nasta’s. A bloody arm was shoved under him and he sucked deeply, aware that Nasta had dragged Blaise over and he was feeding him blood from his other arm. They were both going to survive, he was going to live, but at what cost, he thought as his hand pressed tighter to his ruined genitals.’

HAPPY BELATED APRIL FOOLS! Yes, it wasn’t real; I was just teasing you to make a point. Lay off on the Draco baby issue or I WILL make this excerpt a reality. I hope this has let you see exactly how sick of the issue I am. To those who have never pestered me or demanded anything of me, thank you and I’m sorry for this evil joke. I hope you can all forgive me for it.

All the best lovelies, I hope you have enjoyed this anniversary chapter,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter is dedicated to cgraham18@live.com. I loved your review, thank you so much. Its reviews like yours that keep me writing. Thank you.

Last Time

He just wished Remus had bothered to tell him, he felt so betrayed and hurt that he had been sending every scan photo he could to Remus and to Molly and his mates’ families and that he had kept up with them all, only to find out that Remus had not only hidden a wedding, but a pregnancy and a baby too. It hurt and Harry clutched his mug of honey tea tightly, letting his mates look after their children, letting them look after him as he sat there and stewed over the hurt he felt from Remus.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter Seventy-Three – Calming Down and Carrying On

Nasta wouldn’t let him floo over to Grimmauld Place in search of Remus, he pointed out that Remus had told them that he had moved into a house in the countryside with Tonks and hadn’t said where it was located.

That put an even bigger damper on Harry’s already low spirits. For the first time taking care of his children seemed more like a chore than anything else with his mind so far away and he hated feeling that way, so he removed himself from them as well, nursing his hurt in the lower half of their bedroom.

His head was a mess, his heart was worse and reasons and explanations raced each other around his brain, why had Remus done this to him? He knew he should have written to Remus more as well, but surely a marriage, a pregnancy and then the birth of a baby was more interesting than the height of teenage schooling, the listed amount of homework he had to do or him going on and on in pages about the amount of stress he was feeling. He just didn’t understand why he hadn’t been told.

Growling softly to himself he tried to keep his Dracken under control, which wanted the hurt to intensify, wanted him so hurt that he turned irrational so it could take over and eliminate the threat. He didn’t want that to happen no matter how hurt or angry he became with Remus.

“Harry, are you alright, love?” Max asked, creeping around him like he’d attack him if he approached too suddenly.
Harry could only sigh. “I’m fine, Max; I just can’t understand it and I don’t think I will until I hear his reasons for doing this to me. How could he just keep this from me and then spring it on me all at once? What was he expecting me to do?”

“Nasta’s written him back, he should be getting the owl in a few days, depending on where he lives now, we’ll get to the bottom of this, love, I promise.”

“I hope so, I’ve really missed him. Everything’s been so hectic, especially with the exams coming up and the amount of homework we have, it’s not like I excluded him, Max. I haven’t had time to breathe let alone owl anyone about nonsensical things. Right after I last saw him I had more than enough on my hands with Braiden and newborn quins, I was terrified for Leolin and his wings, terrified he’d get an infection, I was barely sleeping, I don’t think any of us were for those first two months and now with the exams are coming up…”

“It’s alright, love, you’re not to blame, so stop trying to justify yourself, you don’t need too, not to us and you have to stop trying to blame this on yourself, it is not your fault.”

“But why did he keep this from me? Doesn’t he trust me?”

Max sighed. “Only he can answer that, Harry, all anyone else can do is speculate about it.”

“I know, I just don’t understand.”

“Why don’t you go and talk to Dumbledore?” Max suggested lightly.

Harry nodded with a sigh and kissed Max gently. “I think I will, you’ll be here when I get back though, won’t you?”

Max nodded with a smile. “Of course. I’m not going anywhere.”

Harry nodded at that and trekked out into the living room. Picking up the letter and a few other things on his way out.

“I’m going to go and see Dumbledore a minute, Nas, I won’t be long.”
“Don’t work yourself up. We’re going to sort this for you.”

Harry nodded and went for the door, feeling torn as Braiden called out for him as he tried to leave. He would usually have just taken Braiden with him, but he was going to have a pretty upsetting conversation and he didn’t want to shout or upset Braiden at all, so he kissed him goodbye and carried on to the Headmaster’s office without him.

After guessing the right password, Harry climbed the winding staircase, too jittery and impatient to wait for it to take him to the top and he knocked on the solid wooden door.

“Come in.” Was the soft, gentle reply.

Harry entered and smiled at one of his most favourite people.

“Harry dear boy, how have you been? What brings you to my humble abode?”

Harry couldn’t help but chuckle, no matter how weakly.

“I just…I don’t know how to start, Sir.”

“Well, why don’t you sit down and tell me what this is about first and we’ll go from there.”

Harry did as he was bid and he fell into his nervous habit of running his hand through his short, messy hair, making it even messier.

“It’s about Remus.” Harry sighed.

Albus immediately looked concerned. “Is he alright? I haven’t heard that he is unwell.”

“Oh, he’s fine as far as I know.”
“Then you wish to see him? You have taken a lot of school time off this year, Harry, I understand, of course, but can it not wait until the weekend? I’m sure you understand that your education is important. I cannot condone another day off of lessons, though I’m sure you have a good reason for missing your lessons today.”

Harry was suitably shamed, he hadn’t wanted to miss lessons today, but Nasta had insisted.

“‘It’s not that I want to see him, Sir, I do, but that’s not it. Did you know that he was married?’”

Dumbledore blinked pale blue eyes and looked suitably shocked.

“No, no I did not. I knew he had moved out of Grimmauld Place and into a home with Nymphadora; he sent me a short letter explaining where he would be. When did this happen?”

“February. He proposed in January and they rushed the wedding in time for the following month. I didn’t get an invite.”

“Neither did I. I had no knowledge of this, Harry, is this what has upset you so much?”

“Not really. Him moving into a house with Tonks and marrying her, I could have forgiven that, but she got pregnant in August and they now have a two week old son that they’ve named Teddy. They’ve named me his Godfather.”

Harry handed the letter over to the Headmaster and he could see the fury on Dumbledore’s face as he read the letter and he had to swallow against it to keep himself in his seat.

“He has also neglected to mention this to me.”

“I…I know he’s entitled to his own life and maybe I should have gotten in touch with him first, but he’s moved house, gotten married and had a baby since I last saw him after the quintuplets were born, that was just five months ago, only twenty weeks, she was pregnant when he came to see me at Christmas, pregnant when he came to see the quintuplets after they were born and out of the hospital. I just don’t understand why he didn’t tell me before everything happened, even if I couldn’t have gone to the wedding I would have at least congratulated them.”
“I will have words with him and find out what is going on, everything does seem to have moved very quickly.”

“I wanted to go and see what was happening, but he didn’t say where he’d moved too, Nasta’s owled him back, but we don’t know how long a reply will take.”

Dumbledore nodded in understanding. “I can understand how this would have affected you, Harry and at such a stressful time in your life, you may have the rest of today off, but tomorrow I expect you to be back in lessons.”

“I wanted to go in today, Sir, I honestly did, but Nasta wouldn’t let me. He’s too overprotective sometimes.”

Dumbledore nodded once again. “Was this all you wanted to see me about?”

Harry smiled. “The bad stuff yes, but Calix is babbling more than ever, he’s started babbling ‘mama’ a lot more too, my heart swells every time I hear it.” He handed over the photos of the children he had taken for the man. “Draco’s Mother wanted a photo of them all dressed up formally so she could show them off to her friends. So we dressed them up properly, it took most of the day to do, but we got there in the end, we’re giving a copy of them to all family members.”

“Thank you, Harry, these are lovely.”

Harry left feeling happier and like a weight had gone from his chest. He arrived back to his rooms and dived into his family, happily taking the weight off of Nasta so he could do some of his paperwork, he only had a little bit left, which probably meant he’d get an owl sooner rather than later with a bunch more paperwork for him to do.

Harry kissed him hard. He really did appreciate that Nasta gave up his love of actually handling the dragons for paperwork, just to ease their childcare stresses. It wouldn’t be for much longer anyway. As soon as school was over and they had graduated and had left, Max and Nasta could go back to the jobs that they loved so very much.

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Harry was back on edge a few days later and Remus remained silent, Nasta reminded him that if the owl took a few days to get to Remus, it would take a few days to get back too, but Harry wondered if Remus would answer him at all or if he would be too busy, he remembered having a
newborn Braiden and even with five of them looking after him it was hard to find free time. The first child was always the worst as they had all questioned absolutely everything they did in handling and caring for him.

Harry shoved the bad feelings away and took up his mantel as lover and Mother, he couldn’t keep doing this, his children and mates had to come first and everything and everyone else had to come second to them. His children didn’t stop needing milk because he was upset and his lovers didn’t stop needing his support just because he was having a bad day. He had to just work through it and keep working through it until it was over or just gone.

Richard had sent him a letter personally about meeting up over the weekend to talk about his past for the trial, which was inching ever closer, and though he knew it had to be done, he just didn’t want to do it.

He sighed and he reminded himself to take those photos out from where he’d buried them long ago in the bottom of his trunk. He was not going to be happy to look them over again, after his neighbour had died he’d sworn to himself that he’d never look at them ever again. He’d never expected for any of this to be dragged up or for the Dursleys to face a court over what they’d done to him, not after the neighbour who had taken half of the photos had died. Those photos were going to really help Richard though and anything that helped Richard and stopped him from being so stressed and causing another episode like the one at the Dracken meeting could only be a good thing.

He dutifully made a reminder of the meeting with Richard on the calendar though, the one that Draco had bought so they had some semblance of order in their lives. He groaned as he caught sight of Draco’s neat handwriting on the square for the coming Saturday, which reminded him that they had to get the kids vaccinated for Dragon Pox.

Harry scrubbed his face and went to the bedroom and got an armful of washing, dumping them in the sink filled with hot water and washing powder as Blaise played with the kids that were awake.

He scrubbed out his frustrations and wrung out the sleepsuits, bodysuits, stained bibs, socks and blankets before hanging them to dry over the grate protecting the kids from the fire.

“Is the washing all done?” Nasta asked him, stepping around a mobile Braiden with an armful of toys to dump into a cardboard box he had pulled out for their toys, despite them having a toy box in the bedroom, which was actually full now that he thought about it.

“Yeah, it just has to dry; do you need a hand with the toys?”

“I think I’ve got it.” Nasta answered, letting the toys tumble into the box.

“Max, do you need a hand with dinner or with the potion?”

“Don’t let him near any potions!” Blaise burst out. “We have babies in the room and I actually
Harry turned and glared at him even as Max laughed.

“Nah, I’m good, go and relax for a bit.” Max answered, stirring the cauldron on the top of the oven.

Harry went into the bedroom and found Draco in the bed. He had a headache and they had found out the hard way that they were out of headache relievers, so Max was quickly making more, all the while Draco suffered.

“How are you?” He asked barely above a whisper as he checked on Leolin in the bassinet. He was sleeping peacefully.

“My head feels like it’s being repeatedly hit with a Beater’s bat.” Draco moaned.

“This will teach us to check on our stocks of potions before we desperately need them.” Harry moved onto the bed and cuddled in to him, stroking his head and his sweaty blond hair.

Draco groaned pathetically.

“It’ll be alright, Max is almost done.” Harry soothed him gently, holding his broad shoulders tighter.

“Tell him to hurry up.”

“You know better than I do that potions can’t be rushed, if anything goes wrong he could cause harm to you or poison you or it’ll go arse up and he’ll have to start all over again.”

“I know, but this is the worst headache I’ve ever had and I don’t have any potions to help me.”

Harry shushed him and held him as his hand massaged his left temple; the right side of Draco’s head was buried in his chest.
“It’s going to be fine, very soon your headache will be gone and you’ll be back to your normal self.”

“Are the others laughing at me?” He asked insecurely.

“Are they…of course they’re not!” Harry said as quietly as he could while still bringing across his surprise and horror that he could ask such a thing without knowing the answer already. “Draco, we love you, why would any of us laugh about you being in pain? Blaise is playing with the kids, trying to keep them busy, Nasta is trying to clean up the floor space a bit and Max is making a potion for you while also making dinner. None of us are laughing because you’re in pain.”

Draco nodded and something in his shoulders and upper back relaxed and Harry shook his head, kissing Draco’s head.

“Silly man, of course none of us are laughing behind your back, I’m very upset that you’re in pain and hurting. I love you and they do too. No more doubting, us or yourself. None of us want to see you in pain.”

Draco squeezed him tightly for a moment, before pulling him in more securely and they both settled down waiting for the potion. They fell asleep quickly, only for an hour though before Max woke them up with the much needed potion.

Draco necked it back as soon as he was partially upright and it took a minute before his entire body melted in relief.

“Oh that feels so much better.” He said softly, falling back onto the bed.

“Really I would have wanted you to eat something first, but given the situation I think it’ll be alright as long as you eat soon, that said, dinner’s up in five.” Max grinned.

Draco nodded and got out of the bed. Harry stretched and got a lecherous grin from Max before he crawled onto the bed and nipped at his neck with his teeth.

Harry chuckled. “Max! Stop it, I have to get up.”
“No, I’m going to keep you here and completely ravish you and keep you barefoot and pregnant for the rest of our lives.”

Harry laughed at him and shook his head. “Don’t you dare, I don’t want to be barefoot and pregnant all the time, just some of the time.”

“I can compromise to that as long as all the babies are mine! Mwhaha.”

Harry laughed helplessly at Max’s fake evil laugh and pushed him off.

“You’re so funny, Max. I love you.”

“I know, I’m amazing, now let’s go eat before dinner burns and I have to start all over again.” Max grinned, scooping him up and carrying him down the stairs as Harry held on for dear life.

“Fuck, please don’t drop me.”

“I’m not going to drop you.” Max told him seriously. “I wouldn’t dream of dropping you and my Dracken doesn’t like the idea either.”

“Good.”

Max carried him into the living room and put him down onto Draco’s lap before going to the kitchenette to serve dinner. Harry snuggled on Draco’s lap, kissing the corner of his mouth.

“I see you’re feeling better.” Blaise came and sat next to them, Calix on his lap.

Draco nodded. “That was a terrible headache.”

“It looked like it; you were really pale, I’m glad you’re feeling better.” Blaise kissed Draco and Harry smiled at them both.
“Mama.” Calix called out and Harry fell on him, kissing his cheeks and cuddling him.

“My little boy is growing up!” He said proudly to the others. “He knows me!”

Blaise snorted. “Of course he knows you. They all do and they all prefer you to the rest of us.”

“Oh that’s not true.” Harry huffed. “They just know that I carried them for however many months, they have known me for longer.”

Draco chuckled and kissed his neck, flicking his tongue out to taste him.

“Come on lovebirds, foods up and those kids should be down for the night already, Blaise you’re slacking mate.”

“Five out of six isn’t bad!” Blaise called back. “And I’ll have you know that it’s your son who’s refusing to go down to sleep. He wants his Mummy.”

“Like Father like son, I want his Mummy as well.” Max said wiggling his eyebrows suggestively.

Harry rolled his eyes and sighed. “Come on, Calix, let’s get you to bed, love, you’ll be grumpy tomorrow otherwise.”

Harry put him in the empty travel cot, Harry loved them as they just popped up with next to no assembling required and they could be folded down just as easily and now only Leolin could use the bassinets, they needed a lot of handy travel cots.

Harry sat between Blaise and Nasta and ate his dinner happily, letting the conversation float over his head, he didn’t feel the need to contribute, Draco and Max were talking potions, Nasta was reading through Blaise’s Transfiguration essay and was talking through it with Blaise.

Harry finished first and he set the kettle to boiling for tea, but was muscled away quickly by Max before he could start doing the dirty dishes.

“That’s my job.” The large man told him, pushing him gently into the living room.
Harry rolled his eyes, but he didn’t argue.

“Harry, did you finish your Charms questions?” Nasta asked sternly.

“Yes, Blaise helped me.” Harry said with a smile.

“We did them this afternoon.” Blaise confirmed.

“Do any of you have homework left?”

All three of them replied in the negative. “It’s just revision now, which is optional.”

“If I do anymore revision then my brain is going to fall out of my ear.” Harry scowled.

“Let’s take a night off then.” Nasta suggested with a smile.

“I have an idea for what we can do with a night off.” Max grinned at them from the sink.

“If you want sex, you can happily have my body. I’m so stressed I need some relief.” Harry smiled before anyone else could say anything.

Max stopped and turned around with soapy hands. “Really? You mean it?”

Harry nodded. “I’ve been in the mood for it for the past week, since the meeting really, but with everything that’s going on, it just took over and it got pushed to the side. I’m sorry for that, but I do want sex from all of you.”

“You know I love hearing you say that. It’s my favourite sentence from you, ‘I want sex.’”

“And there’s me thinking it might have been ‘I love you’ or even ‘here is the child that I bore and birthed for you’” Harry teased with a grin.
“That too.” Max chuckled.

“Do the dishes first, I want this place clean for tomorrow and I want the kids fed and in bed before anything, then we can do whatever we want.”

“Yes sir!” Max saluted him and went back to the washing up with gusto.

Harry laughed, but happily mucked in and cleaned their living space up, Draco opted to do the feeds, because he was getting more domesticated, but he wasn’t at the point of offering to do physical labour yet. Not if there were any other options.

It took merely an hour for them to be done and for the feeds to be well under way, Harry went to get their tiny Leolin, who was fast asleep but wouldn’t be for much longer because he needed his bottle, all of the other babies had missed a feed at one point in their lives, but Harry was sure he’d turn maniacal if Leolin missed just one feed. He already drank so little for his age, Faerie blood be damned, if he missed a whole feed Harry just knew that it would upset him and probably panic him as the very thought tightened something in his chest.

“Done!” Max cried out as he straightened the cushions on the settees and stood with his arms out in a spotlessly clean living room.

“You know, I think I should bribe you all to clean with sex more often, this place hasn’t been this clean since we moved back in.” Harry chuckled, letting Blaise pick him up.

“How many kids are there left to feed, Draco?”

Draco, who was concentrating on carefully feeding Leolin, looked up for just a moment as he considered the question.

“Just Leolin and Braiden, the others are all in their cots, Calix doesn’t want to sleep though. He was sat up and awake when I bedded Tegan down.”

Harry sighed. “I hope he’s not sick.”
“He was grizzling a bit, I think he might be cutting his first tooth.” Draco replied.

Blaise put him down when he wiggled and Harry went into the bedroom to see four sleeping children and Calix pouting at him through the bars of his cot.

“What’s the matter, little guy?” He asked, picking him up and cradling him, moving to the rocking chair and sitting in it, pushing off gently with his feet, like he used to when they were very young and were screaming for milk at all hours of the early morning.

“Are you not feeling very well?” He asked softly, laying a hand over Calix’s forehead. “Hmm… well you don’t have a temperature, love, are you just being stubborn? Come here and have a cuddle until you fall asleep then. I’ll look after you.”

Harry closed his eyes and hummed gently, Calix resting on his chest, Harry’s arms wrapped around him securely as he rocked gently back and forth, his fingers playing along Calix’s back and through his hair.

He heard steps coming through the bedroom, but he didn’t stop his humming or rocking and he didn’t open his eyes, he didn’t want to calm Calix down, getting to the point of sleep and then ruin it by breaking the rhythm, so he ignored it, it was likely only Draco or Nasta putting a fed Leolin to bed.

He didn’t know how long he did this for, Calix had long since stopped playing with the hair at the nape of his own neck, his chubby hands going still, his soft laughs, coos and puffs of air against the skin of his upper chest had gone steady and slow and his little body had gone still.

Harry stopped rocking slowly, easing out of it, he stopped his humming and checked on Calix, opening his eyes to see his sweet sleeping face. He breathed in relief and stood up to put him in his own personal pine cot.

He turned to see his four mates sat on the purple settee watching him, he frowned.

“How long have you been there and why are you sat there?”

“Watching you being a good Mother is an amazing turn on.” Max assured him. “Watching you settle him down in maternal bliss makes me hard for you.”

“Everything makes you hard. Watching me *sleep* makes you hard.” Harry snorted.

“You’re very sexy when you sleep.” Max purred coming to stand against him and pressing the hard
length of his muscled body against him.

Harry snorted and trailed his hand down Max’s body.

“Well then, why don’t you wear me out enough for me to sleep and then you can watch me all you like.” Harry smiled; dipping his voice lower and watching Max’s blue eyes go almost navy blue in desire.

“I think I can manage that.” Max said, his own voice gone deeper, picking Harry up and carrying him up the stairs, the others followed, happily and as Harry was dumped onto the bed, Blaise slithered on and covered him before Max could, but the bigger man didn’t care as he just flumped onto Blaise’s back and covered the both of them instead, nipping and biting at Blaise’s neck.

Draco crawled onto the bed and Nasta stripped off his shirt before joining them, Harry grinned at the appearance of Nasta’s belly, it was going soft with the absence of the hard, physical work he did at the reserve, but Harry didn’t care. He sat up, one hand on Blaise’s shoulder, the other hand around Nasta’s back, pulling his belly to his lips so that he could lick and kiss that gorgeous expanse of skin, moving parts into his mouth to suck hard or bite softly at the flesh between his teeth.

Nasta’s hands moved through his hair, tugging on him, moving through to cradle the back of his head before moving further down to tickle his neck before spreading over his shoulders and down his arms. Harry shuddered at the feeling it caused.

“I love it when you do that.” He told Nasta shakily.

“I know.” Nasta replied with that damnable smirk.

Harry chuckled and moved his mouth lower, to Nasta’s waistline and he played his tongue under the rim of it until he broke off with a moan as someone, probably Blaise from the feel of the lips on his shoulder, sucked at his skin.

“Mark me.” He demanded. “Where everyone will be able to see.”

All four of his mates groaned at that and they fell back onto the bed and Harry ended up with two bites on either side of his neck, very high up, very visible. Nasta’s was very high, almost on his jaw, just under his ear, Blaise’s was lower, on the meat of his neck, Draco’s was more on the front of his neck, as Max’s bite took up most of the one side of his neck because he opened his mouth wide to give him a love bite.
“Oh, you had better hope that those last the rest of the week.” Harry moaned.

“Hold on, let me make sure.” Blaise said breathlessly, moving his mouth back over his mark and sucking on it harder, making Harry writhe and wriggle on the bed.

“Oh, that feels so good.” He muttered, holding onto Blaise.

“There.” Blaise was even more breathless, but he looked at his purpling mark happily and proudly.

“I think I’m done for foreplay.” Max groaned, tugging on himself. “I’m about to disgrace myself. It’s been too long.”

“You and Harry had sex last week.” Nasta pointed out.

Harry and Max shared a guilty look. “Actually, Max was feeling left out and hurt by what you did, so we cuddled by the fire and it got too hot, so we got naked. It just looked like we had had sex.” Harry exclaimed.

“So you didn’t…”

“Nope.” Harry said shaking his head. “So be careful with me, I’ve been left out.”

“Me too.” Max added.

“You’re not going to have a cock shoved into you. Or several cocks.”

“Four, thank you, I don’t want to think of seven men taking you.” Draco put in with a scowly face.

Harry chuckled and wrapped his legs around Draco’s hips and rolled his groin into Draco’s.
“Don’t worry; every cock that has ever been inside my body or I’ll ever let inside my body is in this bed. Or under it.”

“Under it?” Draco questioned.

“The toys. They’ve been inside me as well.” Harry couldn’t help squirming as he remembered that and Blaise chuckled darkly at the reminder of that day.

“Toys don’t count.” Max groaned.

“I’ll remind you of that then the next time I play with them. You won’t be invited to join in.”

“That’s hardly fair!” Max pouted.

Harry chuckled and rolled his hips again; pressing the length of himself against Draco’s solid six pack. It felt amazing so he did it again; throwing his head back at the sharp, sudden flare of pleasure it gave him when the head of himself caught on a ridge of muscle.

“Oh that’s gorgeous, do it again.” Max said, moving the both of them to press against the other.

Harry laughed breathlessly. “Keep that up and I’m going to disgrace myself and then go and fall asleep.”

“The hell you are.” Max answered, nosing around his neck and throat.

Blaise pulled him back and sucked and nibbled around the back of his neck and Harry moaned softly. They broke off into rough pairs, Blaise and Harry, Nasta with Draco and Max.

Seeing the regal blond between the two larger, more muscled men made Harry grin as he watched them as Blaise licked and sucked all down his neck and shoulders.

When Max started preparing Draco, Blaise’s fingers found Harry and it was then that Harry knew that Blaise was watching the other three too.

When Max moved to two fingers, so did Blaise and Harry moaned a lot louder than Draco did, who merely grunted. Harry shivered and gasped as Blaise’s hand slipped further around his stomach,
pulling him flush against his own body and holding him there, holding him on his fingers.

Max sent them a look and that look, as well as the grin that stole over his face, let Harry know that Max knew what Blaise was doing and he quickly removed his two fingers and replaced them with three and Blaise did the same.

Harry’s hips bucked into thin air and his head went back to rest on Blaise’s shoulder, his first mate then went and sucked on his exposed Adam’s apple, which earned him a small, pleasured whimper.

Blaise used his shoulder to send Harry flying onto the mattress of the bed and Harry’s hands snapped out to catch himself just in time, before his face hit the bedspread. He looked to the other three, to find them watching him and Blaise, Draco was still sat up on his knees, so it seemed that he and Blaise were breaking away now as those fingers slipped out of his body and were replaced by something else that made the white heat building in his belly grow into a tight ball that was begging to be released.

“Oh Blaise, I love you!” Harry burst out as Blaise slid inside him fully and completely in just one deep, smooth slide.

Max chuckled deeply at his declaration of love, watching him through dark, lusty blue eyes. Harry sent the same look back at him through dark green eyes, watching him with his mouth partly open.

“I want to shove my cock into that little mouth of yours.” Max told him, even as he stabbed into Draco with three fingers, Nasta holding the blond as he groaned and jumped between them.

Harry didn’t remember much of what Max, Nasta and Draco did together after that as Blaise set a harsh, punishing pace that he could hardly keep up with, it was taking all of his energy and thought process to push himself back on Blaise, his head hanging between his arms, his eyes closed as he moaned and gasped breathily.

“Oh! FUCK!”

Harry looked up at that, forcing his eyes open to see both Max and Nasta pushing into Draco, who was swearing and cursing through gritted teeth between them.

That was all Harry got to see before a harsh jab to his prostate had him screaming his orgasm, arms giving out on him, his hands left to scrabble to find something to grab onto. His one hand went around a fistful of duvet, his other hand found a large, thick ankle and his nails dug in as hard as he could manage.

He felt Blaise release inside of him almost like a second sensory overload and he moaned as he squirmed at the feeling. He rested and breathed harshly, listening to Draco nearly screaming
between Max and Nasta, but he couldn’t lift his head up to watch.

A touch to his hip sometime after Draco had fallen silent had his eyes blinking open and he looked over his shoulder, down his own body, to see bright, dark blue eyes looking back at him, Max was crouched over his body with a predatory grin on his face and Harry could only grin back, rolling over onto his back and spreading himself open for Max, who growled. This was going to be a very, very fun night.

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Harry woke up with a groan and rolled his tired and faintly beaten body from the bed, heading to where he heard noise, trailing fingers across the wall to help balance him as his eyes wouldn’t open just yet.

He scooped a child into his arms and carried on to the kitchenette, taking the noise with him which made his head pound in time to his heartbeat, like his lower back, which was also throbbing.

Harry filled the kettle before settled the squirming baby back in his arms more securely as the wriggly one tried to get away.

Harry cracked his bleary eyes open and secured the baby under his one arm so he could set up the bottle to stop the noise; from the weight alone he could tell he had Farren. Of course it was Farren.

“Calm down, love, I can’t make it any faster.” He croaked. He needed tea. Or whiskey. Something.

Harry got the bottle made up, tested it after having used a cooling charm on it first, before shoving it into Farren’s mouth. He couldn’t be bothered to stand, so he went and sat down on the settee instead as he fed his second son.

Last night had gone a long way to alleviating some of the stress that he felt and had been collecting over the last few weeks. Now if only he could get a headache reliever or a mild painkiller for his head and back he’d be absolutely fine and ready to take on another day of school.

Quicker than he would have liked Farren finished guzzling his milk and Harry sat him on the side of his thigh, patting his back firmly, waiting for the wind to come out one way or another. He wasn’t looking forward to today, he just knew it would be a bad day and the upcoming Dragon Pox vaccinations for all the children except Leolin and then the day after that he had the lunch date with Richard were all weighing heavily on him.

It was Thursday, but it felt like the week couldn’t be over quick enough, he just wanted to sleep for a week, but as he held Farren, sitting him on his lap facing him, his chunky legs on either side of his lap as his son babbled and fist his hair in chubby little hands, Harry could only smile at him.

“I love you so much, Farren. You and your brothers and your sister. Please grow up well and strong and kind. Your Daddy Max calls you a bruiser, but every time he does I just picture a skin
headed yob with tattoos and piercings everywhere and I don’t want you to turn out that way and I
don’t want you in and out of jail either, petty offences or not, so you’re going to be a Mummy’s boy
from now on, okay?”

Farren giggled wetly at him, spitting with his tiny tongue and Harry’s smile widened.

“That’s right sweetheart, you’re a Mummy’s boy now.”

“Muma.” Farren cooed softly.

Harry blinked and swallowed, before pride swelled within him and he danced around the room
with Farren in happiness. He must have shouted out, because Draco was suddenly there beside him
wearing absolutely nothing.

“What is it? What’s wrong?” He asked breathlessly.

“Farren said his first word!” Harry told him proudly, watching with a smirk as Draco’s shoulders
deflated as his protective urges drained away.

“Let me guess, he said mama, right?”

“Nope!”

Draco’s face pulled into a frown. “What did he say then? I’ve got a bet with Blaise and Max that
all the children will say mama as their first word.”

“He said muma.”

Draco suddenly grinned and kissed Farren’s soft cheek.

“You didn’t stipulate that it had to be exactly mama did you? Just some form of Mum?”
Draco nodded as he made his way to the kettle and tested it with the bend of his index finger before making tea.

“I take it Nasta didn’t approve of you betting on the kids?”

“No, I don’t.” Said man scowled as he carried a writhing Tegan carefully. She let out a grizzle and then another, before she started wailing and then full outright crying.

Harry sighed and Draco couldn’t fix the bottle quickly enough to save Harry’s skull from splitting open.

“One of you do me a favour; get me a headache reliever please.”

“No, I asked for it for no damn reason, yes I have a headache, Draco!” He snapped.

“Harry.” Nasta growled warningly as he fed Tegan.

Harry blew out an agitated breath. “I’m sorry, I’m just in a lot of pain, my lower back is killing too, but the headache is worse.”

“Do you regret last night?” Draco asked with one perfect blond eyebrow raised as he handed over the headache potion and a cup of honey tea.

Harry got a dopey look on his face as he thought to the previous night.

“No, of course I don’t. It’s just a coincidence that I woke up with a headache and its put me in a bad mood. I’m sorry I snapped.”

“That’s alright. I’ve had worse.”
“You shouldn’t have to put up with it from us though.”

“Hey, I had a headache yesterday, remember, if you feel even half of the pain that I felt yesterday then it can justify some snapping, I could have torn all your noisy heads off one by one yesterday.”

Nasta chuckled as he readjusted Tegan in his arms, their only daughter did not stop moving when she was being fed, she wiggled and shifted and they had to shift and readjust their holds with her.

“Oh! Nas, Farren said his first word! He said muma.” Harry said proudly.

“Bring him here and hold him out for me.” Nasta said with a grin and Harry did as he was asked watching with his own grin as Nasta kissed Farren and told him how proud he was of him. His Dracken cooed in delight within him, Nasta was the perfect top dominant, they had chosen perfectly, Nasta was a perfect Father to all of their children.

Just fifteen minutes later and their rooms were a hive of activity as the rest of the students slept all abed still.

Everyone knew now about Farren’s first word, none more proud than Max, who had stolen Farren from him and replaced him with Regan. Harry wondered what Max was coaching their son about as he spoke to him softly and seriously in the corner, but as he fed Regan, whose little hands cupped the top of the bottle as he was fed, his mind wandered to how amazing his children were.

He blinked and looked around him; he found Nasta and walked over to him, making sure none of the others were around.

“Nas? Is it possible to go onto a heat period early?” He asked seriously.

Nasta blinked in surprise. “No, Harry. Your breeding cycle is established at puberty, just before your inheritance happens, it never changes.”

“But I conceived the quintuplets off a heat cycle.”

“A very rare happening, Harry, I assure you. I doubt we could do it again if we tried. Conceptions like that happen very, very rarely and with the weather in this country being so sporadic and often mild, we don’t usually see optimum conception temperatures here. It was a fluke, love. Is there a reason for all of this?”
“I…I’m not sure, but my Dracken is keeping a running commentary inside my head about how we have such amazing children, how you were such a perfect choice of mate and how brilliant a top dominant and Father you are…it’s just strange.”

Nasta grinned at him and Harry pouted. Nasta chuckled and pulled him into a hug.

“It’s nothing to worry about; you’re just feeling reflective upon your life and your choices. Though there is no greater honour than for a submissive Dracken to come to the realisation that they chose their mate perfectly or to be called a perfect Father and top dominant by said submissive. I’m going to be happy all week now.”

Harry laughed and cuddled in closer, taking care not to dislodge Regan’s bottle from his little mouth.

“So it’s nothing to worry about and it doesn’t mean that I’m going onto an early heat.”

“No love, you’re fine and nothing can alter your breeding cycle, it’s something unique to you and no one else. It’s not going to change; it’ll always be two months between heat periods for you.”

Harry nodded. “Maybe it’s why I had such a headache though, with my Dracken harping on in my ear about things I already knew a long time ago.”

Nasta’s smile widened until it went almost from ear to ear, as Harry had known it would, he was kissed breathless before Max called them all for breakfast and their day took them on separate paths. Harry hated that he had to spend so much time away from his lovers and his children five days a week, but Dumbledore was right, he couldn’t afford to miss any more lessons, not so close to the exams, no matter how stressed it made him feel to be separated from them all for so long.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: There’s not a lot to say this time around really. Lycanthrope Factory will be
updated next I think, I’m almost done with my new Hobbit fic and that’ll be posted in full when I’m done, I’m thinking 15-20 chapters, I’ll know more when I’m done with it and that’s about it, except for the Remus issue, which a lot of you don’t seem to understand.

Remus was out of the country and unable to be contacted through owls when Harry went through his mate meetings and then fell pregnant, Harry couldn’t have contacted him if he tried. Dumbledore was the one to tell Remus about the pregnancy and the mate situation when he got back into the country, because if you remember, which most of you seem not to, Harry was in his nest when Remus got back into the country. You know, all feral and Dracken, not in his right mind, tried to gut Blaise because he didn’t recognise him? As soon as Harry was able, he filled Remus in about everything and Remus understood that he wasn’t able to contact him.

Remus not telling Harry about the move, the engagement, the wedding, the pregnancy or the birth is not Harry’s fault, he is not overreacting, I mean hell he’d just had Braiden snatched from his arms, he’s stressed, he’s overwhelmed, then he finds that Remus, a man he thought he could trust, has gotten married, has had a baby, without telling him. Of course he’s going to be upset and he’s not overreacting. To those of you who did understand and knew that Harry was nesting when Remus came back into the story line, thank you.

Right, that’s it until the next time; I hope you enjoyed reading lovelies,

StarLight Massacre. X
Vaccinations and Heart-to-Heart

Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter is dedicated to every single one of you readers. Thank you for sticking with me for seventy-three chapters, soon to be seventy-four. Thank you.

Last Time

Nasta’s smile widened until it went almost from ear to ear, as Harry had known it would, he was kissed breathless before Max called them all for breakfast and their day took them on separate paths. Harry hated that he had to spend so much time away from his lovers and his children five days a week, but Dumbledore was right, he couldn’t afford to miss any more lessons, not so close to the exams, no matter how stressed it made him feel to be separated from them all for so long.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Seventy-Four – Vaccinations and Heart-to-Heart

Saturday morning came all too quickly and Harry wanted to take a bat or even a bar of iron to every single book and piece of homework that dared to cross his path. He had been given so much homework in the last two days that he was sure he’d never be able to finish it before the end of next year, let alone by graduation when it was in fact due in next week. It was impossible.

Blaise was acting like a man possessed and all of them had learned to avoid him very quickly as he was in one of those moods, but with one mate down, the rest of them shared more childcare and Draco, who was also in a bad mood, lost it very quickly and he and Blaise had a massive argument in their living room, which devolved incredibly fast into a physical fight as they were dominant Drackens. Of course Harry got involved and the result of the fight broke half of their furniture, two of Harry’s fingers and Blaise’s left arm.

Harry was just glad that the kids had been taken outside in the sun for a bit by Max and Nasta to give them time and privacy to revise in peace, not that it worked out that way. This was seriously not what they had had in mind and Nasta had screamed bloody murder at all three of them when he had come home to find the place demolished, though that had soon ended when he had noticed that Blaise was cradling his arm to his chest and Harry was desperately trying not to cry over his obviously broken fingers. The punishments he had been threatening had vanished as he rushed them straight to the hospital wing and into the care of the stern, but kindly matron.

Madam Pomfrey had taken one look at them and had shaken her head in exasperated disapproval.

“You aren’t the first to have a fight this close to the exams; you won’t be the last either.” She had told them as she fussed around them. “It’s the same every year.”
Harry had been healed in a snap, but Blaise’s arm had taken a while longer to fix. Max and Draco had cleaned up the room by the time that Nasta had escorted them back from the hospital wing and no more was said about that morning.

Harry gulped his honey tea down, before making himself another one. It was very, very early and his racing mind wouldn’t let him sleep. He regretted his fight with Draco and Blaise, but he had felt so angry and frustrated that he just hadn’t been able to help jumping in when they had started to fight in front of him.

He looked to his fingers, perfectly fine and mobile again, but he remembered them sticking out oddly, bleeding and bruised, and being unable to move them. He sighed. It had been ridiculous, how could he have resorted to fist fighting like a common brute? With his own mates no less, in their rooms where they raised their tiny children.

He sighed and gulped another cup of tea in mere minutes. He’d need a wee every hour for the next two days if he carried on.

He pulled some homework towards him, even if it was the last thing in the world that he wanted to do after yesterday, but it had to be done. He considered taking a leaf out of Richard’s book and writing anything down just so he wouldn’t get detention for not handing in set homework, but Nasta wouldn’t let him.

He snorted and decided to screw it, he scribbled rubbish that only just made sense and he didn’t care. Richard had had the right idea. At this point of the school year, it was revision that counted, not homework, he didn’t care what Nasta said now, their life had been stripped down to homework, revision, lessons and childcare, the only exceptions had been the sex and the fight they had recently had, the only two blips in a month of a heavy work load of consistent and constant childcare and schoolwork.

They were all frustrated and stressed and there was nothing that any of them could do about it, not until the exams were well and truly over. Blaise and Draco were only getting worse the closer the final exams came and Harry just could not deal with this high stress situation any more, he’d be reduced to tearing out his hair soon, it was already getting hard to keep control of himself. His fingernails itched and ached to release his claws, his gums were inflamed as his fangs tried to come out and he couldn’t keep his back still with the heavy weight of his wings, which moved under his skin constantly, reminding him every moment of the day that they could rip out of his back in a spray of blood at a moment’s notice and there’d be nothing that he could do about it once that happened, he and his family would be exposed, he’d put them all in danger, he’d completely ruin their lives, he needed to get more control of himself.

Finished with one piece of homework, he moved onto the next, speeding through it as he just didn’t care. Nasta could tear it up in front of him for all he cared now. His weekend was completely booked and the next weekend was just before the exams, which started a week Monday, he just didn’t care anymore.

“You’re up early.” Blaise said tiredly, emerging from the bedroom on wobbly, still asleep legs and going to the kitchenette.
Harry nodded. “I couldn’t sleep.”

“Me either.” Blaise sighed as he made a coffee for himself from his secret stash of coffee grounds he hid in an empty food tin, Nasta knew about it, of course he did, but he didn’t let on to Blaise that he knew about it, leaving Blaise to think that he was being sneaky when he really wasn’t. Harry smiled softly to himself, but broke off when Blaise brought him a fresh cup of honey tea over.

Blaise sat next to him and threw an arm over his shoulder and kissed him.

“I’m sorry about yesterday. I love you and I never meant to hurt you, not at all, mio amore. How are your fingers?”

“Fine, how’s your arm?”

“Stiff, but Madam Pomfrey said that it’ll be that way for a few days. Are you actually doing homework?”

“Not properly, I don’t have the time. The kids have their injections today, I’ve got the lunch date with Richard tomorrow, when am I supposed to actually sit down and do it all? I’d rather just put any old shit down and focus on getting as much revision as I can get done at this point.”

Blaise nodded as he got his own homework out and started where he had left off yesterday.

“You be careful.” Harry said with a nudge and a grin. “We don’t want that homework taking over your mind again; you might pin me down and fuck me.”

Blaise chuckled. “You wish that I would.”

“So what if I do?” Harry grinned naughtily.

Blaise snorted and pushed him gently, before pulling him into a passionate kiss with a large hand on the back of his neck, their mouths moving against one another, lips parted and pressed firmly together, their tongues licking and twining at one another’s continuously as Harry shifted and moved to straddle Blaise’s lap, their kiss never breaking for longer than it took to take in a quick
breath, their lips still pressed together and their tongues dancing.

“Not interrupting?”

The two of them broke apart huffing and panting to see Nasta cradling Farren in his arms as he moved to boil the kettle and make a bottle for him.

“No, we’re apologising for yesterday and making up.” Harry told him as he calmed himself down.

The older man nodded approvingly and set up the bottle, all the while Farren wailed in his arms.

“Yesterday should never have happened.” Nasta said eventually as he put the bottle teat into Farren’s mouth after shaking it vigorously.

“No, it shouldn’t have. But it did.” Blaise answered. “We can’t change that.”

“I was so angry with the three of you, but when I saw that you were hurt…I was so afraid. Three of my four mates had attacked one another and two of them were hurt. Do you have any idea what that did to me?” Nasta asked in a small, soft voice. “I wanted to punish all three of you, I was so angry I could have, but seeing you injured terrified me and I had to get you help as soon as possible. I was so conflicted between fear and anger. I know we’ve all been under pressure, we’ve all been feeling the strain, but I thought we were better than this. I never would have believed you three capable of attacking one another as soon as my back was turned. I wouldn’t have left yesterday if I’d have had even a hint that this might have happened. You attacked one another!”

Harry bowed his head and bit his lip. He hadn’t thought how it might have looked or felt to Max and Nasta as they came home after a fun afternoon in the shade of a tree with the kids to find their rooms wrecked and three bruised, bleeding young men in the middle of the carnage, two of them with broken bones.

“I’m sorry.” Harry said quietly and sincerely as he slipped onto his own chair once again.

“No, sorry isn’t enough, Harry, you have to promise me that this will never happen again. Never.”
“I promise. I have no idea what came over me. I was just so angry and so frustrated; I wanted everything to just go away.”

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“I didn’t even see Harry join in.” Blaise admitted. “It was just me and Draco. He started on me and I just leapt at him, so I take full responsibility for starting the physical fight if you want someone to punish for that.”

“I think you’ve punished yourself enough.” Nasta sighed. “But you have to stop acting like children or animals. I know you’re young and have limited control, but you can’t behave like this when we have children about.”

“Trust me, I know. They didn’t even come to mind.” Harry said. “I think it was only because you had removed them from the rooms that I even considered joining the fight instead of tearing them a new one over actually fighting in the rooms. If the kids had been here, I would have done the same as I did the last time a fight broke out in these rooms I think. Thankfully no travel cots were demolished this time.”

“I’m sorry too.” Blaise said. “It should never have gotten that bad, but I reached breaking point when Draco started on me, I just couldn’t stop myself.”

“I hope it’s all out of your systems now, we’ll be in public later today.”

“We’re not going to start brawling in public!” Blaise hissed, offended at the very suggestion. “No matter what I’m still a Pureblood and I was raised a Pureblood!”

Harry snorted. “Don’t start quoting blood supremacy now, Blaise, I might have to chop your hands off.”

Blaise snorted and pulled him into a hug.

“I never would with you, Bello. I’m officially classed as a creature now anyway, as is Draco; we can hardly slate you for not being Pureblooded when we’re now considered half breeds.”

Draco walked into the living room just in time to hear that last and he huffed, completely affronted. Harry chuckled.
“Don’t worry, love; we’re all the same, all half breeds.” Harry said. Blaise snorted at the look on Draco’s face.

“Call me a half breed again, Potter and see what happens to you.”

Harry grinned. “What are you going to do?” He teased. “Nasta is stood right there.”

Draco sent a glare to said man as he stumbled to the kettle to make tea. Nasta finished feeding Farren and burped him, sitting him on his hip as he came over to the table that Harry and Blaise were sat at.

He sat down himself with Farren on his lap, facing towards the table. Harry was instantly distracted as he leant over the table and started pulling faces and letting Farren hold his fingers as he wiggled them and babbled to him.

Max’s chuckle was the only thing to bring him out of the game, cutting over Farren’s loud, happy giggling.

He had both Calix and Braiden in his arms and Harry smiled at him. Holding his arms out for Braiden as he went to get Calix a bottle. Draco had Braiden’s smooth cereal already in the little bowl and was heating it with his wand carefully and checking it every few seconds to make sure it was warm enough, but not too hot for Braiden’s little mouth.

When it was ready he levitated it over, which made Farren and Braiden screech in laughter and made Harry shake his head as he grabbed the bowl from the air and fed Braiden on his lap, letting Blaise take the spoon now and then to feed their son a mouthful between paragraphs in his essay.

“You are a gorgeous boy.” Blaise cooed to Braiden lovingly. “You are my precious baby boy and I love you.”

“Da la.” Braiden cooed back, slapping his chubby little hands on the table top in joy.

Harry chuckled and pushed the spoon into Braiden’s mouth, of course he still didn’t open his mouth wide enough, so most of the smooth goo ended up on his chin, but he laughed as Blaise pulled a face at him, which made Harry smile widely. This is what he wanted mornings to be like, not them all being so stressed that the children had to be taken away from them and they ended up breaking into physical fights at each other’s throats, this is what mornings should be like and he’d strive for it to always be like this in future. After the exams were over that was, all bets were off before they were over and done with.
The hospital was noisy and busy today and Harry hated it as he sat with Max and Nasta in the paediatrics ward of Saint Mungos, the disinfectant smell tickling his nose and throat aggravatingly. Again Draco and Blaise stayed home with Leolin, hoping that the two or so hours extra of almost complete peace to do their homework and revision would keep them in their good moods from that morning. Harry hoped that they didn’t have another fist fight while they were alone again and he wasn’t there to jump in and try to stop them, though he hadn’t done much to stop them and after his fingers had been broken he had jumped right into the fight, furious that he’d had two of his bones broken by his own feuding mates.

People were staring at them and whispering about them, one person had even tried to take a photo of them sat in the waiting room before Max had shouted out, loud enough for everyone to hear him, that they were in a damned hospital and to have some respect for others. The orderlies had rushed the shocked, blinking woman away quickly, chastising her that photography was prohibited in all parts of the hospital. Harry was sat between his mates, Braiden and Farren on his lap, Nasta held Tegan and Regan and Max was pretending to eat a hysterically laughing Calix.

The wait always made him feel nervous and he couldn’t stop his knee from jumping under Braiden, but it just made his two sons giggle at the movement, at least they could be happy and not nervous about what was to come, but he was sure they’d learn soon enough, he had very intelligent children after all.

“It’ll be alright, love.” Nasta assured him.

“I hate seeing them in pain, seeing Braiden after his vaccinations alone was bad, seeing four of them screaming themselves hoarse was worse, now all five of them are going to be at it all afternoon.” Harry said softly, squeezing the two boys on his lap and putting his head down between theirs so he could kiss each one in turn.

“It has to be done.” Max said softly, pulling his head in for a kiss.

“I know that, it doesn’t mean that I have to like it though.”

“I’m going to the bathroom a moment, where’s the nappy bag? I believe Regan needs an urgent nappy change before they declare this hospital a hazardous area.” Nasta said suddenly, pulling a face.

Max handed over the nappy bag laughing and Nasta handed over Tegan.
“If we’re not here when you get back, we’ll be in the Healer’s office, so just come on in, okay?”
Harry said, chuckling.

“Of course.” Nasta answered with a nod before setting off to the bathroom around the corner.

“It really will be alright. Just think of the headache Draco alone would give you if we didn’t get
them vaccinated. It’ll be worse than all of us screaming together after a Dragon Pox vaccination.”

Harry laughed and bumped his shoulder against Max’s.

“I love you, but you’re so daft some times.” Harry said with a smile to take the bite out of his
words.

“I know. I can’t help it. It’s the way I was brought up; my Dad Richard was a very, very big
influence on me.”

“A very bad influence if you ask Myron.” Harry chuckled.

Max’s grin widened. “He loves the mayhem really. He always hated it when the house was too
quiet; it gave him too much time to think about the bad stuff.”

Harry’s smile turned sad. “Have you spoken to him lately?”

“Yesterday. He’s fine, he asked if you’re still meeting Richard tomorrow and I said of course you
are, you were asleep and I didn’t want to wake you up, you are still going aren’t you?”

“Of course.” Harry said with a nod. “I need to get it over and done with, Max. I want that part of
my life to finally close. I haven’t had a flashback in a while, but I…I haven’t said anything about it
as I didn’t want anyone to fuss, but I get…nightmares about them, I don’t know why this is all
coming up now, but it is and I’m remembering more and more the longer I think about it.”

“That’s usually how it works.” Nasta said as he sat back down with a happily gurgling Regan. “The
safer you feel, love, the more the bad stuff comes out. It’s actually a good thing, it means you feel
safe with us and feel able to now deal with the bad memories you suppressed early on.”
Harry sighed. “I wish the nightmares weren’t so bad though.”

“Is that why you’re always awake so early lately?” Max asked concernedly.

“Sometimes, not this morning though, this morning it was the fight with Blaise and Draco, I felt like scum for hurting the both of them so violently and I just couldn’t sleep.”

Nasta sighed and threw his spare arm around him. “You’re not scum, love. I do wish that the three of you hadn’t fought so viciously and violently, but the stress and tension of the last month has been building steadily and surely, it was bound to blow over some when, I just hope that we’re done with the fighting. I don’t like knowing that you can be reduced to fist fighting when I’m not there to intervene, or that you’re so angry, upset or completely frustrated enough to trade blows, it means I’m not doing my job as top dominant properly if you feel that way.”

“You’re an amazing top dominant, love.” Harry assured.

“Of course you are, I wouldn’t want your job.” Max said.

“You wouldn’t survive being the top dom.” Harry chuckled. “You wouldn’t be able to handle me in one of my moods, let alone Blaise in the mood he’s in at the moment.”

Max grinned. “I’m glad I don’t have to. He’s an absolute horror at the moment.”

Nasta rolled his eyes, but he was saved from answering as an orderly came out and called for them to come into the Healer’s office. Harry stood up and licked his lips.

“Come on, love, it’ll be fine.” Nasta encouraged as Max walked on ahead. Harry blew out a breath and walked down the corridor.

“Good morning, how are you all today?” Healer Nasser asked, looking at them from over his clipboard as they walked into the paediatric Healer’s office.
“Fine.” Harry answered as he sat Braiden onto the bed; the sides were high and made of a soft mesh to stop the infant patients from rolling or falling off while the Healer worked.

“Five Dragon Pox vaccines today, yes? One at a nine month dosage and four at a four month dosage, is that correct?” He asked, reading off of the clipboard as he checked the sealed bottles of vaccine on the desk and lined them up, a sealed needle lying innocently next to each one.

“Yes, Healer.”

“Right, I can see you want this over with as quickly as possible, but if you’re agreeable, we need their heights and weights and a general check-up for their medical records.”

Harry sighed and nodded. “Can we do that first, before they’re all screaming?”

“Of course, Mister Potter.” The Healer nodded.

He took out his wand from the pocket of his lime green overcoat and took measurements of each baby quickly and easily.

“They’re not exposed to much magic are they?” He asked approvingly.

“No, we try to keep all magic away from them and only use it on them directly in emergencies, but still very sparingly, the school itself is filled with so much magic, so we try to live without magic as much as possible.”

The Healer nodded. “That’s good and very mature and responsible of you. You don’t know how many parents come in here with children that are almost permanently damaged by magical overload because they either refuse to live without magic or don’t know they have to. I don’t care how young the couple is, there is no excuse for such negligence. If you can be bothered to have a baby, you need to be bothered to learn how to care for them properly.”

Harry smiled as one by one the babies were measured and weighed and checked over, and then came the hard part. The actual vaccinations.

Braiden was up first and Harry held him still as Max pulled faces at him to keep him as distracted as possible. Healer Nasser held his arm still as he slid the loaded needle under his skin gently, he
pushed the plunger down and emptied the syringe and then drew the needle out quickly and only then did Braiden draw in a large breath and he started screaming as loudly and as hysterically as he could, scarcely taking another breath before exhaling it, crying as quickly as his little lungs could manage.

Harry put Farren down for his injection as he picked up Braiden and shushed him to no effect, bouncing him and trying to calm him down as a smear of potion was put over the vaccination site by an efficient Healer Nasser and a tiny little dot of a colourful plaster with little moving snitches on it.

Nasta put Regan down on the bed behind Farren and held the older baby still as his own vaccination was administered and Harry found himself with another crying baby in his arms, one on either side of his neck, pulling at his hair, making wet trails all the way down his neck and to his chest.

Regan went next and Nasta cuddled him as he cried hysterically and Max put Tegan down and held Calix for his injection, before handing the screaming boy over to Nasta before he held Tegan for her injection and at long last it was all over and done with, all five of them screaming and crying, leaving an apologetic looking Healer who smiled softly at them.

“I am sorry about that; at least you won’t have to get them all done together anymore. The highest number of babies under three I’ve ever had to do at once before was four; I don’t envy any of you lads.” Healer Nasser said with a smile before he gave a rue chuckle “You know because of you, I’ve never been busier with vaccination appointments, making babies cry has become a daily occurrence for me.”

“Do I apologise for that?” Harry asked jokingly.

“Absolutely not, trust me when I say that I’ve never been happier to be busy. When…when you’ve heard a child screaming and dying from Dragon Pox, you never forget and I know you think it’s bad with them crying now, but it’s nothing to what they’re like when they’re dangerously fevered, so very sick and dying from Dragon Pox. I’m so grateful to you for manning up and bringing all of your children for the vaccinations, even if you hate the publicity and the media, in this case, it’s been a gift. So many children are being vaccinated, it’s tripled in the last few months alone, we saw an increase immediately after your firstborn had his first vaccine, but when you kept coming back and even bringing your younger four for their vaccinations, that’s when the appointment cards took off. Parents are finally bringing in their children, adults who were never vaccinated are booking appointments and I want to thank you personally for that, all of you. Hopefully we’ll see the number of Dragon Pox cases declining over the next decade and I hope to never encounter another child with such a disease.”

“What…” Harry stopped and licked his lips. “I know this will be a hard question for you to answer, but what was the youngest patient you’ve ever had with Dragon Pox?”
Healer Nasser smiled sadly, his grey eyes shadowed with grief and pain. “The youngest I’ve had was a little girl and I’ll never forget her for as long as I live, she was five months old and she didn’t stop crying until the very end. She held on for three days, as bad as it sounds, I prayed for her to meet her end quicker, but she lingered and fought and there was nothing that we could do to help her, we had to watch her die slowly and painfully, fevered beyond belief, she felt like a naked flame to the touch. It’s nothing I would ever wish on an adult, but on a child.” The Healer shook his head and swallowed painfully. “No, I am so grateful that you have spurred people to vaccinate their children too, there’s no excuse. Dragon Pox is a vile disease and once you already have it, there’s nothing that we can do to help, that should be enough to get parents off their backsides and get them to vaccinate their children, but people never think it’ll happen to them, they brush aside all the warnings and statistics in favour of burying their heads in the sand, but when it does happen to them or their families they look to us to help, but the only defence against Dragon Pox is vaccinating everyone before they get it, otherwise there is nothing else we can do but try to make their passing easier and more comfortable.”

Harry held his crying children tighter and breathed in deeply. He nodded his head to the Healer decisively.

“We’ll see you in four months for Braiden’s next dose, Healer Nasser.” He said strongly and he couldn’t help smiling back as the Healer’s face broke into a soft smile at his declared words.

“I’ll see you in four months, Mister Potter.”

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Harry spent the next four hours having tears and snot rubbed into his shoulders and neck as he tried to calm down five screaming babies in the bedroom.

Calix, as his smallest, and though he hated to admit it, his weakest child after Leolin, cried himself to sleep quickly, followed by Regan and then Tegan, but Braiden and Farren were still going strong and Harry didn’t know what else he could possibly do for them.

He collapsed onto the bed and pulled Farren into one side of himself and Braiden into the other, snuggling them and letting them clutch and tug at him as they wailed, screamed, cried and then finally they tapered off into exhausted grizzles and whines.

He felt drained and completely wrung out as an hour and a half later the room was quiet and Farren and Braiden slept fitfully on either side of him. He eased out from between them, before carrying them both down the stairs carefully and placed Farren into his cot, before going into the nursery and putting Braiden into his own cot.

He turned on the two baby monitors, the one in the nursery and the one on the side table behind the four cots in the bottom part of the bedroom. He carried the two, colour coded, monitors into the living room and he collapsed onto the settee.
Max pulled him into his side and Draco handed him a cup of tea a few minutes later.

“How are they?” Blaise asked softly.

“All sleeping for now, hopefully they’ll sleep for a while and wake up feeling better, but at least that’s over with for now, Braiden doesn’t need another one for four months, the four quintuplets don’t need one for five months.”

“It’ll all be worth it once they’re completely vaccinated.” Draco told him.

Harry nodded strongly. “Yes, yes it will. Completely worth it, no child of mine will ever have Dragon Pox. Speaking of which, Nas, when can we vaccinate Leolin?”

Nasta shook his head. “Not for a while, Harry, the vaccinations will only end up killing him, they’re too strong for his body to handle, it would probably end up giving him Dragon Pox instead of doing its job in preventing him from getting it.”

“What if he gets Dragon Pox before he’s old enough and strong enough to get vaccinated?” Harry asked something which had been playing on his mind for a while now with a crumpled frown.

Nasta came and sat on his other side and held his hands gently, playing with them for a moment as he gathered his thoughts, before looking up at him with a sad look in his eyes.

“If he gets Dragon Pox, love, then we’ll just have to make him as comfortable as we can. This is the danger of us having Faerie babies, Harry, you know four in ten Faerie babies don’t even make it to their first year and out of the remaining six, only one or two of them will even reach adulthood. Their immune systems are next to non-existent while they are children, any bugs, viruses or diseases floating around and he will get it and it’s highly likely that it’ll kill him. His body won’t be able to fight them off.”

“But what can we do?!” Harry asked desperate and teary.

“Nothing, Harry.” Nasta told him sadly. “There’s nothing that we can do.”
The next morning Harry was a bit despondent as he looked at the large, deep bruises on his children’s arms. Apart from the hysterical crying afterwards and the knowledge that the vaccines hurt his tiny babies, it was the bruises that the vaccinations left behind that he hated the most.

He refused to let Leolin go as he cradled him gently in his arms, talking to him softly and encouraging him to talk or at the very least babble, but Leolin just laid there in his arms, looking at him through the deep, bright gold coloured eyes that Harry adored.

Harry traced the sharp nose, the tiny lips and the thin face. He hated that Leolin wasn’t chubby like all of the others, but Nasta had coached him to give it time, Leolin was still in the premature stage of his life as he had been born three months early and a lot of his body’s healing and growing had gone into his underdeveloped wings in that first month of life, which had set him back by a lot. He would remain in the premature stage for at least another two months and then Harry hoped that he would start to gain some much needed weight and height, it was disconcerting to hold a baby the same size as premature month old baby when you knew that he was actually four months old and putting him next to the other quintuplets was worse.

“He’s not going anywhere.” Nasta told him softly, sitting next to him and putting an arm around his shoulder.

“I know that, I just…” Harry trailed off, not sure what he felt or what his reasoning for holding onto Leolin so tightly was.

“I didn’t mean that he’s going to get up and leave or one of us will take him away from you, I mean that he’s not going anywhere. We’re not going to let him leave us, Harry.” Nasta told him sternly and surely and Harry swallowed hard.

“How do we control that?” Harry asked softly.

“We don’t. We can’t control what’s going to happen, so we don’t control it, but we have faith and we have intelligence. We’re not going to be stupid like other parents of Faerie children, we’re going to look after him properly, love, because to do any less would be to put the blame at our feet for his death and I can’t allow that to happen. If one of us is sick, we take no chances, even if it’s just a sniffle or a feeling of general unwellness, tell someone else to tend to him, even in the middle of the night, we do not handle him as what is just a sniffle to us, could be a full blown, fatal fever to him. If one of the kids gets sick, like Tegan was, we need to remove him from them, we take no chances with his health or his life and if we can manage that, then I’m sure we can get him safely to adulthood where his immune system will become impenetrable.”
Nasta pressed a kiss to Leolin’s soft head and then he moved to kiss Harry.

“I can’t bear the thought of losing him.”

“I know, love, but imagine being a Faerie, having a Faerie lover and only being able to have Faerie babies. Imagine their fear as they try to raise their children, any one of them they can lose at any moment. It’s hard for Faeries to conceive, it’s why they were so sceptical that we had had a Faerie baby. I’m only a fifth generation carrier of the gene and you’re nothing, no Faerie genes at all, only dragon genes as they call it. Faerie couples have trouble conceiving, Harry; you can imagine their surprise and doubt that we had had a Faerie child when their own can’t have one easily.”

“We’ll show them.” Harry said as he looked lovingly to Leolin’s little face, that was drooping with sleepiness. Though he was awake for longer these days, Leolin still spent most of his time sleeping.

Harry didn’t worry or begrudge him of that, sleep was the best thing for Leolin, it helped him develop and grow, and though his social skills were being battered by the constant sleep and his communication skills were non-existent, Harry tried to calm down about it. Leolin would learn in his own time and as soon as he had a spare moment, he’d tear through those books that Aneirin had given them from the Faerie libraries and learn all he could, for now though, the only books he needed to go near were Transfiguration and Herbology.

Harry was nervous as he sat opposite Richard in the small restaurant. He had a small glass of wine in his hand that he was sipping on. Nasta would have thrown a fit, but Richard said that it was alright and it would help calm him down and he swore not to tell Nasta with a wink.

They had ordered a light lunch, but Harry’s eyes kept slipping to the leather bound notebook by Richard’s hand all throughout the meal, licking his lips and biting it harshly in slight fear and nervousness as he picked at his food.

“Just calm down, Harry, this is a formal chat, I know, I am here in a business capacity, but you are still my youngest son, my youngest child, and I want to help you.”

Harry sighed and he reached a hand out to grip his glass and he took a gulp of the sweet red wine within. He breathed deeply, let it out and took another gulp.
“Okay. I’m ready. What do you need?”

“Okay Harry, any time you feel uncomfortable, you just say and we’ll take a break.”

Harry nodded his understanding and prepared himself, mentally and physically as he settled himself in the chair as if expecting a physical blow.

“My team and I have been asking everyone who has even had a slight contact with you about what they remember, thus includes neighbours, teachers, everyone we could track down. Your old teachers all said that you were a bright, happy little boy, but one teacher was of a profound interest to us. A Mister Payne.”

Harry smiled in remembrance. “He always looked out for me on the playground; I always stuck close to him when he was on playground duty.”

“He remembers the bright smiles and the happy little boy, but he also noticed the sad eyes behind the smile. He said it was like you were wearing a mask, at such a young age too. He told my work partner that your cousin liked singling you out, alienating you from the other students so that you were always alone.”

Harry nodded. “Dudley had a knack for doing that. He intimidated a lot of the other students because he was bigger and heavier than them and he had them too frightened to even speak to me.”

“We’ve noticed that about him as we’ve spoken to other children around the area. Particularly a Mark Evans, who seemed terrified to even hear Dudley’s name mentioned. It’s all painted a picture of a terrible, evil little boy who happily enjoyed bullying other children and neighbourhood animals too. One elderly woman insists that she saw him stone her cat to death with his hoodlum friends.”

“He liked bragging about what he did. A single cat isn’t the only animal in that neighbourhood that he killed purposefully.”

“I dare say it isn’t. We have a picture painted of him of a terrible, vile young man, but the defence will likely claim him misunderstood or insist we offer proof of his wrong deeds. We have statements and witnesses, so I’m happy to tell you that your cousin will be looking at a prison sentence, but it might only be three years.”
“That’ll be more than torture for him.”

Richard smiled. “Now, your Aunt and Uncle are currently looking at fifteen years each, we’re trying to push that up as much as possible, so we need more information, more damning evidence. The pictures of the bedroom that was yours and the cupboard they kept you in are what have given us those fifteen years apiece, but those bastards deserve worse, so…tell me about any injuries that you sustained, Harry. Anything that you remember will help. You don’t have any Muggle medical records after you lost your parents, so that alone is damning, but if you had any broken bones that weren’t seen by a professional, any deep cuts that needed stitches that you never had.”

“I…I dug these out for you.” Harry said as he hesitantly pushed over an old, tattered envelope of photographs.

Richard looked surprised, but he opened up the envelope, slightly wary of what he was about to see, and he pulled out a large pile of old photographs. He had to use all of his professional decorum not to leap over the table and pull Harry into a hug, or to go and beat the bastards who were being kept in the holding cells to death.

He flipped through each picture of Harry’s beaten, bloody and scarred body, some from when he was very young. They were hideous to look at and he swallowed painfully.

“Who took these photos of you, Harry?” He asked through a dry mouth.

“Hermione and Ron took the ones where I’m older, I took some myself, but when I was really little it was the neighbour next door, I believe she died a long while ago. She promised to get me help, to get me out of there. She took the photos for evidence, but…but she died before anything could be done. A brain aneurism, completely out of the blue one evening, there was no warning, no helping her, she was just gone.”

Richard put the photos down and took Harry’s hands in his own. “You’re being very brave, Harry. This will take their sentence up by a lot, actual physical evidence of the horrors that you sustained is going to convince the jury more, I’m glad your inheritance wiped these scars and marks from your body…” Richard stopped and hesitated.

“But from a professional’s point of view you’d have rathered they still be there.” Harry said with a smile, understanding Richard’s mind set.

“If you weren’t my little baby boy, then yes, but as you are, absolutely not, but these…these are like gold to us, Harry. I can’t tell you how pleased I am that we have these photographs.”
Harry smiled softly. “I thought you’d need them. I always keep them buried in the bottom of my trunk, especially after the neighbour died. None of the others have seen them, I don’t want them too.”

“These are all horrific, where did you get them?”

Harry took several of the photos that clearly showed scars and he lined them up. “These are all magical, the one on the bend of my elbow there is from the Basilisk fang going through my arm in second year, the gouges on my shoulder here are from the dragon in the tri-wizard tournament in my fourth year. The funny looking scar on my leg is from an Acromantula from the same year and the same tournament. Those scars are from when Voldemort possessed me the year after the dragon and the giant spider, there was broken glass on the floor and he made me roll and writhe in it before I destroyed him. I didn’t actually feel those over the splitting pain in my skull, but the damage was still done whether I felt it or not at the time.”

“There are a lot more scars that aren’t magical, tell me about those.”

Harry licked his lips and he went to one of the oldest photographs. “I remember this one clearly, it’s the first time I ever got hit, I was eight, I fell on a rake.” Harry said as he showed the picture of the little circular scars on his back, near to his left side.

“What sort of hit was it?” Richard asked as he put a number on the back of the photo and made a notation in his notebook. “Was it a slap, a punch, a push?”

“A backhand.” Harry said softly. “It was too powerful and I fell onto a rake in the garden.”

“Just to clarify, you did not receive any medical attention for that wound, did you? Not even a Tetanus vaccine from falling on a dirty rake?”

Harry shook his head. “No. They never took me to see a doctor, sometimes if it was really bad, Aunt Petunia would throw a couple of bandages at me and push me into the bathroom to clean up, but that was only in rare circumstances and I had to clean the bathroom afterwards.”

Richard swallowed and took a sip of his wine, which he had hidden a few drops of calming draught inside. He had known that he would need it, but hearing that Harry had gone through such horrors, he wanted to hurt someone, he felt so angry, so pained for Harry and his shattered childhood.
He squeezed his hand into a tight fist under the table so that Harry couldn’t see it, he swore he wouldn’t tell Myron about these details until after the Dursley family had been sentenced and locked up and even then, not without a hell of a lot of calming draught, alcohol or sex, maybe all three, to help calm him down, but he shook those thoughts off, thinking of sex with Myron often led him to have a dopey grin on his face and in this circumstance, that would be a disaster. He didn’t want Harry to think that he was laughing at him or making fun of him. So he instead schooled his face as he was so used to doing in his profession and he urged Harry to drink his wine, which also had a few drops of calming draught in it.

“Did you ever have any broken bones?”

Harry sighed. “That’s a harder question to answer, even if it sounds pretty straightforward. I was a kid; I didn’t know the difference between a break, a fracture, a dislocation or just a deep bruise. It was all just pain and hurt to me.”

“Do you have a better clarification now?” Richard asked patiently, understanding perfectly that this was hard for Harry to talk about.

“I’m sure I broke my arm once, Dudley pulled it back too far and I heard a crack, but I was really young and I can’t be sure. It’s one of the only times that Aunt Petunia bandaged me up herself, she tied it very tightly and told me that if I touched it or took it off then I wouldn’t get breakfast.”

“Was…was food often used as a punishment?” Richard asked softly, hesitating only slightly. He was too close to Harry not to be affected by what he was hearing, he would have been affected by it if he didn’t know Harry personally, maybe he should have taken his partner up on the offer of doing the interview, but he had known that Harry wouldn’t talk to a stranger about this and he wouldn’t abandon Harry to struggle through these horrors on his own.

“Yes, it was threatened at least twice a day on average.”

“How often was the threat actually carried out?”

Harry shrugged. “It differed from week to week, but I missed at least two or three meals every week and when I was fed, it was just a piece of bread and a plastic beaker of water.”

“That’s all? You never had anything different?”
Harry shrugged. “I was sometimes allowed to finish what Dudley left or didn’t want if I hadn’t done anything they considered bad that day, but as he got older, he ate everything and there was never anything left.”

“You mentioned before that you would eat grass?” Richard reminded gently.

Harry blushed and ducked his head. “Yeah. When it first started happening, I was always so hungry that when I was sent into the garden to weed or just to be out of their way I took to eating the grass and drinking the water from the hose, which often made me sick, so I had to stop that, but the grass was okay once I got over the strange taste and texture, but it never kept me full for long, no matter how much of it I ate.”

“When did this start, Harry, how old were you?”

“About seven I think.”

“What is the longest period of time they kept you without food? This is a very serious question, Harry, so I need you to think carefully.” Richard stressed.

“When I was younger it was a couple of days if I was locked in my cupboard, I guess they just forgot about me, but when I was older, it was a week sometimes before I got anything. When I started Hogwarts, particularly after my second year and the cat flap was installed in the bedroom door, I got small, regular meals, once a day, something small, a bowl of soup, bread, maybe a bruised apple or an overripe pear.”

“As a teenager you’d only get a piece of fruit for an entire day?”

Harry shrugged and nodded.

“We’re you locked in your room all the time?”

Harry nodded again. “All day every day, all night, every night.”

“This is a very invasive question, Harry, I know, but what about when you needed the bathroom.”
“I was allowed to use it at around midday, if my Aunt remembered to let me out.”

“If she didn’t remember?”

Harry blushed but shrugged it off. “I’d have to hold myself.”

“What is the longest time you’ve gone without the use of a bathroom, Harry?”

“Three days and I was only let out because I hammered hell out of the door. I got punished for that.”

Richard focused on writing that down and not doing or showing anything else. He breathed deeply and pushed it out through his nose, trying desperately to calm himself. Maybe he should have put more than a few drops of the Calming Draught into the wine glasses.

He went back to the pictures that Harry had brought and he pulled out one that showed a horrific bruise that covered Harry’s stomach and the right side of his hip and side. Harry was very young in the photo. He scanned the other photos and he deduced that it was a photo that looked to show Harry at his youngest.

“How old are you in this one, Harry?” He asked, pushing the picture towards Harry so he could see it.

“Six.” Harry answered, which was honestly a lot older than Richard had thought that he was, it seemed the effects of Harry’s abuse and mistreatment had been much more apparent before he had started Hogwarts. “Dudley had gotten a new cricket bat for his birthday and he tested it out on me. The woman next door that I told you about, she saw the bruises as I was thrown into the garden as punishment for ruining Dudley’s birthday by crying and I was trying to tend to my own wounds and she took that photo, that’s when she got involved in everything. She never confronted the Dursleys though, she said she was going to save up the evidence and go straight to the police, but I think she was more afraid than she let on, it took years of collecting photos and evidence and all the while I was being beaten, starved and attacked. As she baked cookies and watched her favourite afternoon TV shows, I was right next door terrified, hungry and praying for a glimpse of hope and when she died she still hadn’t gone to the police, so with her death, my hopes went also and I resigned myself to being in that house until I was either old enough to leave, they threw me out, or I died.”
Richard breathed deeply and his heart ached for Harry. He couldn’t think of what he must have felt, to have salvation so close at hand, only for it to never quite go that last inch, then to have it ripped away so completely and firmly. He steeled his iron resolve; these beasts were not going to get away with what they had done to Harry, to his little son. He’d push and push and fight every single moment to have them locked up forever. He’d accept absolutely nothing less than that.

They slowly went through all the photos that Harry had brought with him, ordering more wine, though he made sure it wasn’t too much, and by the end Richard wanted to grind his teeth in anger and frustration, how in the name of Merlin could anyone not notice these bruises and scars on a child’s body? He failed to believe that only one person in fifteen years had noticed the bruises, the scarring, the obvious malnutrition and neglect that had surrounded Harry. It wasn’t possible!

“Right, Harry, you’ve done amazing and I know that you’re tired and fed up and want this to be over already, we’re almost done, I promise. You’ve been so brave and have given us a lot to work with, I’m confident that we can get them on a higher charge now thanks to this evidence. I’m so proud of you.”

Harry puffed up slightly at that, his Dracken particularly liked the praise that was given to him. Richard smiled indulgently at him as he noticed and he chuckled, ruffling Harry’s already messy hair. Harry had run his hand through it so many times that Richard had wondered several times if it was going to stay stuck up like he had used a heavy duty hair styling potion.

“You’re a good boy. I love you very much and have never been happier to have you as my youngest son. Now, this is going to be hard for you sweet one, but these next few questions are going to be about sexual abuse.”

“I’ve never been raped.” Harry burst out immediately. “I wouldn’t have been able to have children otherwise.”

Richard smiled sadly. “I know that, love, but sexual abuse covers a lot more than just outright rape, it’s a very wide, broad spectrum. I know it’s hard and difficult, but did anyone ever touch you where you didn’t want them too?”

Harry shook his head furiously. “They thought that I was dirty and contagious, they didn’t hit me often, like I said. They wouldn’t willingly touch me unless I had done something really bad; or rather what they thought was really bad.”

Richard was so angry at that, that they had made Harry feel so dirty that he couldn’t be touched, that he deserved it because he was a naughty child. Harry had quoted the term ‘born bad’ several times and it made him clench his hand so tightly that he almost drew blood, but he was so relieved to hear that none of them had ever sexually abused him, so very, very glad that that particular
horror was spared from Harry, even if nothing else had been.

“Has anyone else ever touched you against your wishes?”

“Only Nott, but I doubt that he counts after what I did to him for it, there was no one else. I wasn’t in any after school activities, my teachers were always nice and when I got to Hogwarts I was always with Ron and Hermione. I wasn’t sexually active before Blaise and I didn’t really think about it before him either. I never wanted to touch anyone sexually and I hope that they never wanted to with me either. Blaise was my first for many things and I was terrified, he was so kind and gentle with me, I think if it had been near enough anyone else, then I wouldn’t have been able to do it without the heat cycle and that was something that I really wanted to do. I was determined to ‘keep my mind’ during that first time, I’m glad it was Blaise.”

Richard chuckled and smiled. “Right, I think we’ve covered everything and I’ve taken up enough of your time. Max’ll be having kittens if I don’t get you home in time for dinner, but thank you, Harry. You’ve done a lot for me today, but most of all, you’ve done a lot for yourself and I’ve never been prouder of you.”

Harry smiled at that as Richard packed up his notebook, the photos, his pens and pencils, all into a stylish briefcase. They both stood and Richard wrapped an arm around him and led him out of the restaurant, paying the bill on the way out, much to Harry’s protest, but he was shut down by Richard telling him that sons didn’t pay for meals with their family and if Richard held him a little bit tighter and closer than usual on the walk out, Harry didn’t mention it or begrudge him that small level of comfort.

Harry couldn’t believe that it was almost dinner time though, they’d been talking in the restaurant for five and a half hours and Harry was feeling drained and tired, a familiar feeling lately, but he was glad that he had done it and it was all over with now, he just missed his children and his mates and he wanted to get home.

Richard took him to a less crowded area and slipped down a deserted alleyway, he took hold of Harry’s arm, pulled him into a tight bear hug and twisted on the spot.

Harry landed heavily and Richard pulled him up and held him tighter as he got his bearings and his legs back under him.

He breathed deeply and Richard set them off walking down Hogsmeade and through the gates to Hogwarts. They chatted quietly together, normal conversation this time, mostly about the children, but Harry asked after Myron, Caesar, Amelle and Eleonora and the three girls, Julinda, Talia and Alayla. He did not ask about Ashleigh and Richard noticed, even if he didn’t say anything about it or call Harry up on it, he decided then and there to up his ante on his Wife and he made sure to make a mental reminder to tell Myron about it. They had to do something or they would end up alienating their children, all of them, and his heart wouldn’t be able to handle the pain of it. He loved Ashleigh, he truly did, but he loved his children more and he was old enough, and he had enough control of himself, to ignore his Dracken side, who insisted that his submissive was more important. He knew that Ashleigh was the one in the wrong, that Ashleigh was the one who
needed help. He refused to choose between his mate and his children, but if Ashleigh didn’t step up and kept refusing their help, then he’d have no choice, he refused to lose a single one of his children over this, whether it was Max, Caesar, one of their sweet girls, or Harry. They were all his children and he refused to see them unhappy and he refused to alienate them when he knew Ashleigh was the one who needed to sort herself out. It wasn’t right and it wasn’t fair.

They reached Harry’s rooms and went inside to complete chaos. The room was a mess, nearly every child was crying or screaming bar Braiden, who had tear tracks on his face, but he was crawling slowly through the mess and debris, getting very close to a table full of half empty mugs of tea, three of the four mates were trying to calm down the kids and Max was trying to cook while also feeding Leolin.

“What in Merlin’s name has happened here?!” Harry demanded as he rushed to scoop Braiden up as the nine month old sat up and pulled on a dangling piece of fabric, a discarded school tie, which pulled three half full mugs towards his face.

Richard just laughed. “It looks like they’ve missed a Mother’s touch.”

“Max and Nasta are used to looking after them for seven or eight hours a day, I’ve been gone for a maximum of six. I’ll reiterate, what happened?”

“Blaise happened.” Draco huffed. “He’s possessed, I swear it.”

Blaise scowled and turned away, trying to calm Farren.

“He’s not possessed; he’s just trying to do his school work.” Harry defended. “That doesn’t explain why this place is a tip and why every child is upset and crying.”

Blaise sighed. “I lost my temper with Max and shouted at him, it startled the children.”

Harry stopped and took a deep, calming breath; he let it out and took a step towards Blaise.

“Are you telling me that you shouted in front of my babies loud enough to frighten them to tears?” Harry demanded softly.

“Oh hell, he’s doing that quiet shouting, that soft, I’m going to kill you tone, you better run,
Blaise.” Richard told him seriously. “Myron uses that tone too, right before he ties me to the bed and leaves me there all alone for the day.”

That made Harry chuckle and though he didn’t see it, Richard winked to the four men over Harry’s head with a grin.

“Right, this is my cue to leave you to the domestics, I’ll see you lads later. Max, your Dad wants to hear from you soon, Caesar wants to talk to you and would it kill you to write to your sisters every once in a while? All I get is nag, nag, nag. Max hasn’t written to me in a month, Max is being distant, Max is losing touch with us, please, for all the love you hold for me, save your poor Dad and write to those harpies!”

Max laughed loudly and Harry chuckled, he started taking his children from his mates and settling them all on the settee, he kept Braiden with him, as he was more mobile than the others, but he put him down when all of them were settled on the settee.

Max saw Richard out and Harry started entertaining his children with a puppet show with two teddies he had scrounged from the mess on the floor.

“I’m not doing this to entertain you lot too, I want this room clean. Now.” He said as he looked over and saw his mates watching him as well.

That set them off as Max went to finish dinner and clean up the kitchen and lay the table and the other three went around the living room, cleaning everything up, even Draco, which Harry felt accomplished over and a little bit of pride was thrown in there too. He snorted, he was proud of his lover because he was cleaning, he was going soft.

Braiden snatched a dancing teddy from him and a fuzzy leg went right into his mouth. Harry laughed and picked up another teddy and carried on the pantomime, Calix giggling hysterically and the sound made Harry giggle too, which turned into deep laughter as Calix laughed so hard that he lost his balance and fell forward.

That made all of them laugh as Harry pushed him back up and kissed his cheeks, his little face flushed a bright red, his gummy grin on display, his little tongue visible through his open mouth.

“Can someone get a picture of him please?” Harry asked, unwilling to look away from Calix, giving him serious eye contact and grinning back at his dainty son.

“Already done.” Max told him as he lightly gripped Calix’s red apple cheek between a finger and thumb. “You are gorgeous and your laugh is infectious.” He told him as he jiggled the full cheek so very gently, which got a screech of absolute delight.
Harry chuckled and kissed all of the kids.

“Have they all been fed?”

“Leolin was the last.” Nasta nodded.

“Then these little ones should be in bed.” Harry said as he picked up Calix and gave him a kiss, carrying him into the bedroom to settle him in his cot.

Once the babies were all in bed, Harry sat down at the kitchen table and he was served dinner by Max. He kissed him in thanks and tucked in. It didn’t take them long to devour dinner and when they were all settled on the settee with tea, Max had joined them after washing up; they all looked at him expectantly.

“Oh no. No, I am not speaking about this.” He said quickly. “Absolutely not.”

“There’s no shame in it, Harry.” Nasta said calmly.

“That’s fine for you to sit there and say! You weren’t the one that this happened to!” Harry burst out, upset. “The things those people did to me, what they said, Richard almost lost it in the middle of a crowded restaurant, how do you think you lot will react?”

“How long are they looking at now?” Max asked softly.

“Richard said between thirty and thirty-five years. Dudley’s looking at five.” Harry sighed.

Max’s face hardened and it was only then that Harry realised that Max had grown up with Richard’s cases and likely knew how bad it was if they were looking at thirty-five years apiece prison time.

“Leave it.” Harry sighed tiredly.
“It must have been horrific if they’re looking at that amount of time, Harry, that’s on the low end of murder with intent.” Max said.

“It was bad, you knew that before.”

“Not this bad! What the hell did they do to you?” Max asked angrily before his face fell and he went stark white. “They didn’t touch you did they? No…please tell me that they never touched you like that. I’ll KILL THEM!”

“Max! Keep your voice down or you’ll wake the kids. They never.” Harry interrupted, shaking his head for emphasis. “They never did anything like that, no one has, only Nott and look what he got! No, they thought that I was dirty and contagious, they never would have touched me like that.”

“You’re not dirty or contagious.” Draco told him softly, sitting next to him and pulling him into a hug.

“I know that now, but back then I didn’t, I thought that I was filthy and unworthy of the touch of other people, but I was never sexually abused. Never. I consider that worth a bit of emotional turmoil.”

Nasta sighed and threw his arms around both Harry and Draco; he kissed the back of Harry’s head.

“We love you and if you want to tell us one day, we’ll always take the time to listen, but otherwise, push it from your mind, it’s over now, you don’t have to speak about it again, not until you’re in court, but Richard will be right beside you for that.”

Harry smiled sadly and a little wistfully. “I’m feeling raw and open at the moment. Richard grilled me for every minute detail and I did my best to answer fully and honestly, it hurt. It hurt me to talk about it, all of it, in exact, gruelling detail; I can’t do that again, not yet.”

“Oh come here.” Max pulled him into a bone crushing hug and Harry laughed. “It’ll be alright, those monsters will be in prison soon and you’ll never have to worry about them hurting you again.”

“I didn’t think I had to worry about it now, not with my own personal bodyguards on duty all day every day, you four won’t let anyone hurt me, will you?”
“Of course not.” Blaise said immediately. “Anyone who tries to hurt you will be on the wrong end of my wand.”

“That better be your wood wand and not your trouser wand.” Max joked.

It took just a moment before Harry got the joke and he laughed loudly.

“I won’t let my mates’ spear anyone with their wands, those wands are mine!” Harry insisted possessively.

“Is that so? I don’t see your name on them!” Max challenged.

“Get me a quill and a pot of ink, in your favourite colour, and I can rectify that, I’ve never done tattoos before, but I’m sure it’ll look alright.”

Max went quiet. “Absolutely not!” He said. “You take a quill to mini Max and I’ll break your neck.”

“Mini Max?” Draco grinned. “Undercutting yourself a bit aren’t you, Max?”

“If you say so, my love.” Max grinned and then winked with a laugh as Draco went pink.

Draco huffed and crossed his arms. Blaise kissed his cheek and laughed.

“Don’t pout, Draco, it’s unbecoming.” He said, before ducking out of the way as Draco aimed an open handed slap at him.

“Don’t start.” Nasta said seriously.

Harry shook his head and leant back against the settee, closing his eyes. Today had been completely draining and he wasn’t lying when he said he was feeling raw. Only one week now and
the exams were going to be upon them. He couldn’t wait until they were fucking over.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: We celebrate today, two whole years of consistent, dedicated work and research for The Rise of the Drackens. This day, exactly two years ago, was when the first chapter for this fic was written and posted on Fanfiction and Adultfanfiction and since that day, I have not stopped with this fic.

Everything is meticulously planned, all information is written down, I’ve created family trees, new characters and people, good and bad, new species of creatures, taken, changed and embellished old species of creatures. Every plot line is measured and weighed and acted upon with forethought of all consequences. This fic and every single chapter is planned to within an inch of its life and I can happily say that I regret nothing about it because of that. Research and planning are the key to the success of this fic, plus the amazing, supportive fan base provided by each and every single one of you readers and reviewers.

This fic has had its low points these past two years, it has been ripped apart by minimal flamers, who are happily ripped apart back, it’s been taken down, thus forcing me to change the fic on Fanfiction to include no MA rated material lest it be taken down again and myself permanently banned from the site, it’s been copied and plagiarised numerous times, all resulting in the offending authors being reported and their stolen attempts removed, because I do not tolerate plagiarisers of any kind, but when it’s my own fic, it’s personal and I will fight for what is mine and trust me when I say this fic is wholly and completely mine and anyone who tries to take that from me will be reported and removed quickly and efficiently.

But counter to that, it has had its high points too, the two translations into Spanish and French, every single review milestone has been excitedly and happily celebrated, we are now up to 9,500 reviews, which is absolutely amazing and still stuns me to this day and every other milestone to come will incite just as much excitement as the previous, I’ll never get bored or tired of hearing your thoughts and views of this story and every plot twist and chapter within it that I dedicate hours upon hours of my free time to give you.

Unfortunately I doubt we’ll be seeing a third year of Rise of the Drackens, at least not one where I’ll be actively updating it, as this fic is drawing to a close now, but I will be carrying on through their lives in fits and bursts in the Scaled Bits, as it will be more a collection of scenes jumping around rather than a follow on, chaptered story like this one, but I will be showing life after this fic ends.

So I would like you all to join me in celebrating two whole years of hard work, dedication, research, family, love, lust, babies and, of course, Drackens, with me, with this chapter. I hope you have enjoyed it and I’d like you all to know that I have enjoyed writing every single chapter, every miniscule detail, I have a thing for details as you likely have noticed by now, every minute I’ve put into this fic has been truly worth it and I’m so very glad I’ve had you lot to share it with, to share in my hard work and the joy that this brings, all the emotions, good and bad, everything, thank
you from the bottom of my heart, everything you readers do is greatly appreciated and
I wouldn’t have gotten anywhere with this fic without all of you being there with me.
Thank you.

Whether you have been here with me for the entire two years this fic has been posted,
or for two days, thank you for your continued support and I hope that when I’m finally
done with this fic you can all call it a story that you have loved right from the very
beginning all the way through to the absolute end,

StarLight Massacre. X
Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Tests

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Seventy-Five – Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Tests

Richard sighed as he dragged himself up the stairs of his home and he slipped into his study. He was bone tired and he felt drained from the several hours that he had spent with Harry. Speaking of which, he looked around the room at his current ‘active’ case. Pictures of Harry and the Dursleys stared back at him from the walls, pictures of Harry’s ‘bedroom’ were everywhere and he sighed again, moving around his desk to put his briefcase down, ignoring the three other desks and tables where documents and handwritten notes were lined up neatly and ready for the court case.
He was as prepared as he could be, but talking to Harry had really, really helped, no matter how they both felt now afterwards and the photos were a serious boost to their evidence cache.

He took them from his briefcase and he closed his eyes. He swallowed tightly and put them down. He couldn’t look at them again today, he’d sort through them later, but he had done too much already today. He turned and left his study, hunting down Myron, who thankfully didn’t work weekends.

“I was expecting you back an hour or so ago.” Myron said, looking up from his paperwork on the desk of his own study as Richard opened the door and walked inside.

Richard didn’t answer but he approached his lover and pushed Myron back from the desk on his expensive swivel chair and he crawled into his lap, sitting astride his legs, still saying nothing, just holding onto his lover and tucking himself into him like they were teenagers still.

“That bad?” Myron asked softly, rubbing his back gently.

“Worse.” Richard forced out, his voice strained with pain and the unshed tears that he refused to let fall. “It was worse than worse, My. I have no idea how he came out of that hellhole as the wonderful person that we know today. He should be a bitter boy who is locked up and afraid of his own shadow, but he’s not.”

“He’s a very strong young man.”

“That’s not it. His strength of character, to come through what he has and still be able to interact normally with others, to react normally and to force away his own emotions and thoughts to do what he knows is right.”

“Tell me.” Myron said softly, encouragingly.

Richard shook his head. “I don’t think I can, several hours of listening to him lay out some of the most horrific details possible. That it happened to our boy, our boy, Myron! I almost lost control several times in the restaurant and that was with the help of a calming draught too. That poor boy, I could cry for the innocence that he lost, for what he had to survive through in that house. He never deserved that…no child deserves that.”

“Did you find out if he was…violated?”
Richard shook his head. “He wasn’t, thank Merlin! Harry said that they thought that he was contagious, so they never touched him more than necessary and never like that.”

“We can take a small mercy in that, if nothing else.”

“Did you have any more luck with Ashleigh?”

“I really think we have to let the kids handle her, if she still doesn’t see sense from them, then we’ll know that she is no longer our Ashleigh and I will order her to seek medical help, I don’t want to, but she’s not the woman I fought so hard for anymore, Richard, she’s changed, different. We see Harry as ours, why can’t she?”

“I know what you mean, but I’m worried, I know that Harry isn’t of our blood or bodies, but we still see him as our son, we see him as ours, Myron and he’s younger than all of our children. Does Ashleigh still see our babies as hers, or have they been bumped off with the flood of grandchildren too?”

Myron actually considered it and that alone proved exactly how little they thought of their submissive mate at the moment and proved that Richard wasn’t alone in his fears for their children.

“She wasn’t avoiding them like she was Harry, I don’t know why he seems to be setting her on edge when he did everything that Amelle didn’t. Everything that she wanted he gave to her, she should have been so thankful and grateful to him. Not a lot of submissives would have been as kind or as thoughtful, he pushed aside his own instincts to give her what she wanted the most, something we as dominants should have condemned, but we didn’t, because he had made our submissive happy.”

“I think it’s wonderful that he handed his newborns over so trustingly, it proves if nothing else how much Harry thinks of our Max, how much he trusts him, to listen to him against his own instincts to hand our Ashleigh his baby.”

Myron smiled at that thought, that Harry trusted his oldest son so much; it made him so glad that Maximilius had found someone so perfect for him. Other submissives might not have been so tolerant of his sense of humour, or his childish ways, and would have sought a way to put a stop to it and that Harry not only accepted that part of Max, but actively encouraged and joined in sometimes made Max so happy, and that was all Myron could ask for as a Father.
“We’ll sort this mess out, Richard, I swear it. Ashleigh must be taken to hand before she pulls apart our family further and the monsters that hurt Harry so much will never be free to hurt him again, even if the court case falls through and I have to exact my own justice for a second time.”

“I don’t want you dead or in Azkaban, Myron.” Richard said softly, looking at Myron imploringly. “The justice system works, you need to trust in that, trust in me, those people are not getting away with what they did, no jury on Earth will rule them not guilty after all the evidence that I have. They won’t get away with it.”

“Then there’s no need to worry.” Myron insisted. “If they face imprisonment, I won’t have need to track them down and kill them for daring to touch our youngest.”

“With the pictures that Harry gave me today, they are definitely facing thirty years or more, depending on the judge, and I’m aiming to get Mister Justice Brais, he’s well known for being extremely hard on child related crimes.”


Richard shook his head. “Nothing for you to worry about, they’re evidence.”

“What do they show?” Myron asked softly, too softly. Richard swallowed nervously and he wondered if he told what those pictures showed; would Myron go to the holding cells and just outright kill the Dursleys before he could stop him?

“Scars.” He said softly, deciding that Myron wouldn’t let it drop if he didn’t tell him. “Harry took photos of the injuries and scars that those monsters left on his body before his inheritance wiped them away.”

“Who took the photos? Why didn’t they come forward and report it?!” Myron hissed enraged.

Richard sighed. “There was a woman next door to Harry who took most of the photos from when he was a child, she kept telling him that they needed more evidence before they could go to the police, but Harry worked out, even at that young age, that she was too cowardly to act and that they would never have enough evidence for that woman to take him to the police and report it, she died a few years after they started. Aneurism. Harry snuck in and got the photos before anyone found them and he kept them hidden in his…in his cupboard.” Richard swallowed painfully.
“What about the other photos, are there more after that point?”

Richard nodded. “Harry took most of them himself, but when he went to Hogwarts he got Hermione and the Weasley boy to carry on taking the photos of just his back.”

“And they didn’t report it, not even to a teacher?”

“They were kids, Myron, just like Harry.”

“They weren’t being abused!”

“Harry didn’t tell them that he was being abused!” Richard refuted, trying to get it into his Husband’s thick skull. “He told them that his cousin did all the damage; he said it was just a sort of sibling rivalry, that they fought, but because his cousin was bigger and heavier, Harry lost most of the time. He told them that the photos were just so he could see the back of his body, nothing more. They never understood or realised what was happening.”

“Max said that the girl had no knowledge of the abuse.”

“In a way she didn’t. Children don’t see a scar or a mark and automatically think child abuse like an adult might, they would have believed sibling fighting and accidents over an adult striking him, children don’t understand, not even book smart children like Hermione. Harry said she still has no idea what’s happening with his family. That’ll change though this summer, when she goes home, the press is going to be all over this. A well off, suburban, Surrey family all arrested and facing court over child abuse and neglect? It’ll be like a human swarm.”

“Harry is our priority.” Myron said strongly. “We protect him first and foremost.”

“Obviously.” Richard said, rolling his eyes as he shifted on Myron’s lap. “I just want to make everything better for him, My. I can’t stand to see him suffer so much. It hurts me, it hurt so badly to see his face as he was speaking, to watch the painful emotions twist over his face, to see him hurting and so uncomfortable in speaking about these things, I’d take it from him if I could.”

Myron held him tighter, closer at that and Richard sighed, letting his body relax against that larger
chest. Myron may not have been the spry, young twenty-one year old that had first caught his eye in those meetings, but for a man in his fifties, he wasn’t bad at all.

Many men by now, even Drackens, had gotten comfortable and lazy, eating too much and not doing enough exercise, but Myron took everything in moderation and he took being the family’s protector seriously, very seriously.

He was a bit softer than he had been back then, but Richard didn’t mind in the least. Myron was still fit and healthy, still able to chase the kids down if needed, still able to climb a tree after an errant niece or nephew at family get togethers, he was still strong enough to make him feel safe and secure when he was wrapped in those large arms, even more so in those impenetrable wings, and he was definitely still able to fuck him into a babbling mess. What more did he need from his dominant mate and Husband?

------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------ X

The last week before the exams hit was the worst week of Harry’s life. Every single little thing annoyed and frustrated him; the teachers had given up on setting homework for the seventh years after the first round of hysterics and breakdowns, expertly dealt with by Madam Pomfrey, and instead gave them revision work, which was just as hard and challenging, just as annoying and frustrating as the homework, but at least they didn’t have to hand it in at the end or face detention if they didn’t actually do it.

Hermione was just as possessed as Blaise, and Draco wasn’t any better than them and the three of them were driving him mad. He understood the need for a good job and that his mates were being driven by instincts as well as their competitive streaks and their need to prove themselves as the best, but this was too much, never before had he had the urge to just smother them in their sleep and he didn’t like the urge.

Calix finally cut his first tooth, followed by Tegan’s second tooth, Braiden cut two more and the three of them were so unhappy and pained that it took most of Harry’s attention, despite Nasta trying to get him to revise as much as possible as he tried to deal with three miserable, grizzling, teething kids.

“Harry, go and do your revision worksheets.” Nasta told him firmly for the seventh time in an hour.

“Calix is…”

“I don’t care. Go and revise, now.”

Harry could do nothing but listen to his top dominant, but he made his feelings very, very clear by glaring at Nasta, trying to burn a hole through his head, as he left the bedroom. Nasta sighed wearily and picked Calix up, who was trying to relieve the pain in his gums by chewing on his foot.
and toes, one little sock clenched in one hand balled up in pain, his cheeks flushed a dark red like he had been smacked on each cheek.

Nasta scratched at the irritating scruff on his chin, the hairs itching as they grew back in and he sat on the purple settee with Calix in his arms, trying to soothe him. He’d only just managed to settle his only daughter down and now his little son was off and he’d bet that as soon as he calmed Calix down, Braiden would start again. It was endless.

He hated ordering any of the others around, particularly Harry, the subordinate dominants needed a bit of ordering around and keeping in line and reminding that he was the top dominant and not them, but with Harry it just felt wrong and it made him feel terrible. Harry was mostly amicable and passive when he chose to be, even with his temper he was more mature than most, so ordering him to be even more so felt like abuse in whatever small way, or maybe he only felt that way because the court case that was taking up half of Harry’s mind these days was looming ever closer. Either way, he hated it, but sometimes it was necessary, Harry needed to keep up with his revision work. It was important, Harry needed to graduate and even if a crisis hit them, he needed to do that revision, so they had three teething babies, it could wait, he could handle it. He’d have to handle it.

Applying more of the seemingly useless teething gel to Calix’s gums, particularly around the little spot of white that was the emerging tooth, Nasta rocked him as he sniffled, a little hand clenching so tight around the sock Nasta would have been worried about his tiny nails breaking the skin had it not been there. To think that Calix was so agitated and pained that he would squeeze his hand so tightly as to break the skin on his palm had his arm muscles bulging with the effort it took not to hug delicate Calix half to death.

“It’s alright, Calix; it’s just a tooth, Baban, calm down.” He soothed softly, even knowing that it wasn’t going to work, knowing that to Calix it wasn’t ‘just a tooth’ and that for the child in his arms that tooth was a red hot agony.

His premonition had been wrong though; he hadn’t even finished soothing Calix before Braiden was blinking open indigo eyes, a wail caught in his throat as he sniffled.

Nasta scooped him up too and held them in either arm. He just hoped that Tegan didn’t wake up now as well, or any other baby for that matter, because he would loath to call Harry in here to help him after ordering him away. He cursed Max, who had chosen today of all days to go and confront his Mother with his brother and three sisters.

“Heaven help me, it’s all right boys, it’s okay. Daddy is here, I’ll look after you.” He soothed, but of course that wasn’t enough, something had to go wrong and it did as he heard sudden shouting from next door.

He didn’t want to, but he had to put the two boys down and go and see what his subordinates and submissive were doing, he hated leaving his sons though, as they started screaming as soon as he put them down and stopped soothing them.

Nasta was not impressed to find Draco and Blaise shouting at one another, Harry looking tearful between them, a hand up to both of their chests to hold them apart. He could well imagine that this
is how the other fight had started, the one where Blaise had ended up with a broken arm and Harry with two broken fingers. He stormed to them and ripped them apart violently, holding back the urge to throw them into opposite walls.

“What is the matter with you both?!” He hissed. “Do you hear that crying? That’s the sound of Calix and Braiden screaming in agony because I had to leave them to come and see to you two because you can’t act like adults for two fucking minutes!”

None of them said anything, Nasta rarely swore and he rarely looked so angry and when his fangs popped out of his gum line, that is when they knew that they had crossed a line.

“Harry, go and boil the kettle please.” He said as calmly as he could, trying to suppress the hint of a growl in his voice, it wasn’t Harry that he was angry at and he wanted to show that in whatever small way that he could in this situation, Harry hadn’t been involved as far as he could tell.

He shoved both of his subordinates onto their knees and twisted a hand into their hair at the back of their heads and yanked it until they were looking up at him with gritted teeth.

“You will tell me what set you off this time and I swear to Merlin, if it’s not a good enough reason I’ll force you into separate rooms to study.”

Neither of them answered and he was going to put some weight of an order into the question when Harry answered from where he was setting up bottles.

“They were questioning one another and Blaise didn’t believe that he’d gotten an answer wrong and accused Draco of misleading him so that he would get a better score in the exams.” Harry said softly.

Nasta couldn’t believe that that was what this was all about and he snarled, yanking their hair further aside and he sunk his fangs first into Draco and bit down, before biting into Blaise and remaining there. As the instigator of the argument, Blaise needed a harsher punishment.

Nasta left the wounds bleeding for five minutes as he lectured them on how to behave, how to react and exactly what not to do in their rooms, around their submissive with their children present before he licked at Draco’s wounds, bit into his own arm and let Draco drink. He left Blaise’s wounds bleeding for a further five minutes before letting him drink his blood to heal himself and he let go of them and walked back into the bedroom to help Harry with the feedings. He couldn’t take much more of this behaviour, he couldn’t wait until the exams were over and done with and they were out of this damned, cursed school.
This had been the worst week, no, the worst month that he had ever had to live through, it was no wonder the number of older dominants killing younger dominants was so high, if those younger dominants were still in school then he completely understood now why they did what they did. These subordinates were driving him insane, but he was strong enough to not kill them for such things, he loved them far too much, but they were seriously trying his patience.

The exams hit them with the force of gravity, tugging them down, flat to the ground and pinning them in place as exhaustion covered them like a familiar blanket that held no warmth or comfort.

Harry, Draco and Blaise were all frustrated and agitated, Max and Nasta were tired, grouchy and short tempered. Leolin had developed colic, Calix’s tooth had come through only to give way to severe nappy rash, Braiden and Tegan had calmed down, but Farren cut all four front teeth together and that alone was worse than anything else they could have faced.

Max hoisted Regan over his shoulder as the little boy giggled and squirmed, the only child who was being well behaved and was actually happy at the moment.

Max put him down on the carpet in a mass of toys and the little boy squealed in delight, doing his little worm wriggling act to reach the nearest one. He was hopeful that any day now that he would start moving properly, the brand new camcorder that Harry had begged for was on standby on the side table, ready to be picked up and used the moment that a baby did so much as squirm differently.

Nasta came in with a grouchy Farren and a crying Leolin and Max held his arms out for the Faerie baby, putting him over his knees and rubbing his little tummy with just two fingers, following the line of the large intestine to help relieve the tiny little boy of his discomfort and pain while Nasta took a frozen teething ring out of the cold storage and handed it to Farren to gnaw on.

“How is he?” Max asked, not stopping his massage of Leolin’s belly.

“How is he?” Max asked, not stopping his massage of Leolin’s belly.

“Miserable.” Nasta answered tiredly. “Why did he have to cut four teeth at the same time?”

“He’s awkward.” Max smiled, even if it was tired and weak.

Nasta snorted as he came and collapsed next to Max with a teary Farren clenching his jaws tight around the frozen ring, whining around it, grizzling even as the cold soothed his inflamed gums and the clenching eased the pain of his emerging teeth.

“He’s awkward.” Max smiled, even if it was tired and weak.

Nasta snorted as he came and collapsed next to Max with a teary Farren clenching his jaws tight around the frozen ring, whining around it, grizzling even as the cold soothed his inflamed gums and the clenching eased the pain of his emerging teeth.

“Just three more hours and our boys will be home.” Max sighed. “They’re on break at the
moment."

Nasta nodded. “Hopefully cramming in some last minute revision.”

“I’m surprised that Harry isn’t here.”

“I told him not to come, I told him to get something to eat and to revise while he could.”

“I’m still surprised that he isn’t here.” Max chuckled.

Nasta chuckled himself as he bounced Farren as he chewed on his warming and softening teether. Nasta had had the smarts and the foresight to put a new one into the cold cupboard ready for when this one lost it’s hard and cold effects.

“The children are our responsibility at the moment, Max, leave the boys to their exams, we have to try and stop them worrying about anything else.”

“Easier said than done with Harry, the kids are always on his mind, always his first priority, as it should be really, but he actually told me yesterday that he’d rather flunk school to stay here with the kids. I told him not to be so stupid and urged him onto his revision, but I swear he was serious. He would seriously risk not graduating just to be here.”

Nasta sighed. “I know, he said something similar earlier in the year to me, but I won’t let him fail his magical education. He’s in his exams right now, so we can be thankful that even if he feels like he’d rather be here, he’s actually going to graduate.”

“If he passes his exams that is.” Max pointed out. “He’s been writing down anything for his homework for the last month just to get it over and done with, who’s to say he’s not doing the same with his exams?”

Nasta shook his head. “No. He knows how important these exams are and he doesn’t want to repeat his seventh year, he’s going to pass. I told him to do his best. He’s not completely thick, I’m sure he’ll be fine.”
Max laughed at that. “Not completely thick.” He quoted back with a grin.

“You know what I meant.” Nasta waved off, though they were both grinning.

“Oh, only nine more days of this and then these exams are all over and our lives can really begin.”

“You need to go back to your home before we need to go there, the dust needs to be gone, the house needs to be aired out and those cots need to be set up.”

Max nodded his understanding and then grimaced as Leolin filled a nappy with a small sound of wind passing.

“Poor little boy, I hope you feel better for that now.” Max said as he slipped carefully to the floor and slipped a changing mat out from under the settee, pulling the nappy bag over and set to changing Leolin, who did actually seem better than he had before or at least not as pained.

“Watch Regan, he’s wiggling too close to the table.” Nasta warned.

Max stopped in mid change and hoisted Regan back from the table one handed and placed him back into the mess of soft toys before finishing off changing Leolin and sighing when he was done.

He settled the little Faerie baby onto his special beanbag before going to dispose of the nappy, washing his hands and then boiling the kettle.

“Do you want tea, Nas, or a smoothie?”

“Smoothie please.” Nasta replied as he tried to keep Farren happy, even as his blue-green eyes teared up again.

Max pulled the jug of the freshly made smoothie from the cold cupboard. Nasta made an entire jug fresh every morning and this one was mainly kiwi and apple, with a bit of pineapple and some lime juice squeezed into it, so it was a lumpy, dull green and very thick. Max wouldn’t have drunk it purely for that reason alone.

Regardless of his preference Max poured a glass of the thick, green smoothie and put the jug back into the cold cupboard, taking the glass over and handing it to Nasta, kissing his oldest son as he
did so, kissing away the silent tears.

“Don’t cry, sweetheart. You have your Daddies here, that should be more than enough for you to be happy; nasty Mummy is away doing mean exams as punishment for being no fun.”

Nasta snorted. “Harry will eat you alive if he hears you saying that to any of them.”

“Muma?” Farren looked around and blinked his sea coloured eyes as he didn’t immediately see Harry. He started crying in earnest when Harry didn’t magically appear to his call and he called out several times again, crying harder. “Muma!”

Max groaned and took Farren from Nasta and hefted him over one large shoulder.

“Come on, buddy. No crying or you’ll have to have a spoon of castor oil.”

Coincidently this made Farren cry harder, without knowing what castor oil was, which amused Max, but made Nasta’s scowl deepen.

“Don’t punish him with food or Harry really will kill you.”

“Castor oil isn’t food; it’s more like engine oil.” Max refuted.

“It’s edible and it’s administered orally, I doubt Harry will care how it tastes once he hears.”

Max rolled his eyes but dutifully didn’t mention it again as he shushed Farren and got him a new teether out of the cold cupboard to bite on.

“Is he still not better?” Draco asked, coming in and slipping his shoes and tie off immediately. He looked drained and exhausted, his pale face pinched with lack of sleep, stress and overwork.

Max shook his head as he walked around the room with Farren, who was crying on his shoulder and around the frozen teether he was gumming furiously between grizzles.
Draco collapsed onto the settee with a groan and when Nasta pulled him into his body and let him rest against his chest, Draco didn’t complain or kick up a fuss, which made Nasta grin to Max, who rolled his eyes yet again.

“How did the exam go?” Nasta hedged cautiously, aware that if Draco didn’t think that he had done well, then he could throw a tantrum, not as bad as Blaise would if he thought he hadn’t done well, but still bad for a seventeen year old man.

“Alright I believe, but no one really knows.” He said, but he took his question paper from his pocket and scoured it critically. “There were a few questions that I had to embellish with an educated guess, but other than that, I’d say I got an EE at the least, if not an O.”

“The practical?”

“Perfect.” Draco said with a cocky smirk. “Nothing less than I expected, my wand work is nearly always flawless and Transfiguration is one of my better subjects.”

“Did you see Harry or Blaise?”

Draco nodded. “Harry was antsy, like he just wanted to get up and leave and Blaise is shitting himself.”

Max groaned. “He seriously needs to calm himself down or he’s going to have a stroke.”

“It probably doesn’t help that he is the very last person to be called up.” Nasta sighed. “I offered for him to be Delericey-Zabini for the two exam weeks, so he’d go sooner, but he saw it as a weakness and declined.”

“He’ll be fine.” Max said as he carried on pacing with Farren. “As soon as he’s out of that exam, he’ll be fine.”

“Unless he thinks he’s done poorly.” Draco voiced the main problem of the situation.

Nasta squeezed him and kissed his forehead. “Let’s not make problems where there may not be
Harry dashed into the room like a whirlwind and all but threw his stuff away from him before biting out quick hello’s and scooping Regan up, turning him to pepper his little face with kisses.

“Did your exam go okay?” Nasta asked.

“I’ve only just escaped from there; please don’t make me talk about it so soon.” Harry groaned theatrically. “I want an hour, or seven, to reconnect with my babies.”

“You’ve only been gone for five hours.” Max laughed.

“It feels like so much longer.” Harry sighed as he shifted with Regan up to the beanbag Leolin was on, his eyes only half opened and observing everyone around him sluggishly.

“Muma!” Farren called out miserably from Max’s shoulder and Max handed him over with a sigh, partly relieved to be rid of him, which made him feel terrible, but also left him with a feeling of inadequacy that he couldn’t calm his own son like Harry could.

“Oh come here, big boy. How are those four little teeth coming?” Harry asked softly, but Farren gripped onto Harry and buried his head in Harry’s robes and cried onto him.

“He’s been in pain all day.” Nasta sighed. “He’s gone through three teether and that gel is useless.”

“Oh sweetheart, come here to Mummy.” Harry said as he let Regan go when he wiggled to go back to his toys and he cuddled his second oldest child tightly, letting Farren clutch at and cry on him.

It took just five minutes of Harry soothing and calming him for Farren to fall asleep in his arms and Harry held the five month old gently as he hummed under his breath, his other hand brushing the darkening hair from Leolin’s closed eyes. He was certain now that the thin, pale, almost colourless hair that he had been born with would eventually turn black.

Harry smiled as he groomed Leolin's hair and hummed to Farren clutched on his chest. A flash had him turning a glare onto Nasta, who held his hands up with a grin.
“It was too adorable to pass up, it’ll be one for the albums though.” Nasta defended.

Harry rolled his eyes, but he stood up carefully and went to go and put Farren into his cot, hoping that he would sleep for a long while as his teeth grew in.

A look in at Tegan and Calix had Harry snatching up his remaining son and storming into the living room.

“Well the idiot who left Calix in his cot without supervision please go and clean up the mess he has made before I strangle you.” He growled, his Dracken pulling to the forefront of his mind.

Harry pulled the changing mat out from under the settee and dragged out a pack of baby wipes to try and clean Calix up a bit before bathing him. He wondered who’s bright idea it really was to leave Calix alone in his cot with no nappy on as Nasta rushed to go and clean the mess that had been made. Harry was just thankful that there was no mess on Calix’s hands, he would have killed one of them had he touched anything or put it in his mouth. It didn’t stop him from using a wipe on his hands and every single dainty digit though.

“One of you go and run him a bath please.” Harry said, calming down a bit. No one knew that this was going to happen, but it was a huge oversight to leave a five month old bare and in a cot with no supervision. It had been a mistake, but hopefully they could learn from this and have it never happen again.

“I thought it would help his nappy rash to sleep with nothing on.” Max admitted softly.

Harry sighed. “It has helped.” He said as he touched the rash, which was fading. “But finding him sitting in his own filth is playing on my mind a little. Give me a minute.”

“He’s going to be fine as soon as Daddy Draco gives him a good, long scrub in the big bath.” Draco said as he came and picked Calix up from the mat, kissing a cheek and carrying him off to the bathroom.

“Braiden’s awake.” Nasta said as he bought the cot sheets and linens out to be washed. “Max, go and buy a new mattress please, that one won’t come clean, not even with spells.”

Max nodded and went to get the old one to get rid of it and he went to buy a new one. They really
did not need this stress on top of everything else. This was the wrong week for something like this to happen.

Of course things only got worse in the second week of the exams, when everyone’s stress was already sky high, by the arrival of an owl the morning of the Charms theory exam and the Defence Against the Dark Arts theory and practical exams. An owl bearing a letter from one Remus Lupin.

“Seriously?” Blaise exploded over breakfast. “We hear nothing for weeks and he chooses now, now of all times, to answer?!”

“Calm down, Blaise.” Nasta soothed, trying to keep his subordinate in line and to calm him down, this level of stress was not good for anyone and the babies were picking up on it, they had been quiet all morning.

Nasta hid his own anger underneath a tightly gripped steel mask. His anger mattered to no one; it would help nothing, so he wouldn’t show it. He needed to think more for Harry right now, who had gone bone pale.

“Harry, we don’t have to open this now.” Nasta said carefully. “We can leave it until after the exams.”

Harry just shook his head. “I’ll never be able to concentrate on them if I don’t read it.”

“It’s going to ruin your concentration either way.” Max growled as he spooned itty bitty lumpy porridge into Braiden’s waiting mouth.

Harry frowned and conceded to that silently as he took the letter from Nasta and opened it, glowering at Draco, who was trying to look over his shoulder.

Harry ignored that his hands were shaking as he took the parchment from the envelope and he read it with his heart in his throat. His one hand clenched in the parchment and his heart felt like it was going to beat out of his chest.

“What did he say?” Blaise asked as the silence stretched on.
“He’s blaming me.” Harry answered softly, feeling disconnected from everything, his head was staticky and the roaring between his ears deafened him.

“He’s what?” Draco demanded as he snatched the letter from him and read it through quickly. “I can’t believe that man, who the fuck does he think he is?!?”

“It’s fine, Draco.” Harry said defeatedly.

“Fine? This is not fine! Look at what he wrote!” Draco burst out, handing the letter to Nasta, who was holding his anger back by the skin of his teeth.

After he read it, he didn’t think he could be any more controlled than he already was and he was quivering in his skin, his anger trying to force the change into his Dracken side.

“I’m going to throttle him.” He hissed, his voice mottled and distorted with the bass growl of his Dracken.

“He doesn’t outright say it’s my fault.” Harry tried to defend weakly.

“No, but the way he’s worded it makes you think that it’s your fault, you said it yourself. He’s blaming you!”

“I can’t think of this right now.” Harry said. “If he wants to blame me, then fine, let him. I’ll sort it out after the exams, but right now, I have to focus on my Charms exam.”

“Harry.” Blaise tried softly.

Harry shook his head. “No. He’s made his feelings very clear, I’ll sort it out after school’s ended, but until then, I don’t want to hear any more about it.”

Harry picked up Regan and cuddled him, but despite his own request of no one talking about it, he couldn’t get the letter from his mind. Nasta was right, even though Remus hadn’t outright said that
it was his fault, the way the letter was worded made Harry automatically think that it was his fault. He didn’t know if that was purposeful or accidental, but he would find out. Remus was his last link to his parents and to Sirius, he had come to care for the werewolf and no matter what the man thought or did, Harry wouldn’t give up that link or stop caring for him so easily.

The letter played on his mind all day and during his theory Charms exam he had caught his mind wandering several times to Remus and the letter, resulting in him barely finishing the paper before the time limit was up. During the break he tried to eat a bit, tried to forget the letter, but he couldn’t and Draco and Blaise bickering beside him didn’t help, but he reached his limit when Hermione joined them, bickering over questions they had already answered and had no hope of changing. Did it really matter how long all of their answers were? Did it matter if they had forgotten to mention something? The exam was over; there was nothing else they could do about it even if they had forgotten the most crucial part of the answer!

He got up and left. He didn’t even think they had noticed him leave, he didn’t care. He went outside into the grounds for some air, enjoying the peace and the sun on his skin and he found his legs automatically taking him to Hagrid’s hut.

On the off chance that he might be there, Harry knocked on the door. Fang started barking inside, loud and deep, from the other side of the door.

“Ge’ back you dozy dog.” Hagrid said before he yanked open the front door. “‘Arry! Good te see yeh, come in, come in.”

Harry couldn’t help but smile as he entered the familiar and comforting hut and sat in one of the huge chairs that absolutely drowned him, it would have drowned Max and Myron too which said a lot as they were the tallest people that Harry knew outside of Hagrid, who was a half giant. He scratched Fang behind the ear happily as the boarhound came and put his huge head in his lap. It took him way back to his younger school years, when things were simpler, when he didn’t have a family and severely elevated blood pressure, he still wouldn’t change anything though, except perhaps fast forwarding the exams.

“How have you been, Hagrid?” Harry asked as the half giant rushed around setting up tea and a plate of rock cakes that Harry wasn’t going to touch.

“Great, Harry! Do yeh have time to come an’ see what I got for my next class?”

“I have my Defence exam soon, Hagrid, but maybe once they’re over?”

“Course.” Hagrid said with a grin and Harry was reminded harshly why he had gotten on so well with Hagrid in the first place. The man was just too friendly and jovial to think anything bad around him. “I’ve bin meaning to ask yeh, how are those kids o’ yours?”
“They’re great, Hagrid, they really are, I could talk for days to you about them and not get tired of it.” Harry said with a grin. “Once the exams are over I’ll bring them to meet you, but no baby dragons. Or Blast-ended Skrewts.”

Hagrid waved a large hand at him. “Course not, that’s for when they’re a bit older. You are still sending them to Hogwarts aye?”

Harry nodded happily, ignoring the slight hint of panic that thinking of his children going to school brought up, but he shook it off, it wouldn’t be for over ten years yet. He had time.

“She won’t be. As a Faerie he’ll have private tutors from the Faerie city, but my other five will.”

“I still can’t believe you ‘ad a Faerie folk.”

Harry smiled. “Believe me, Hagrid, everyone is surprised. The Faerie court in particular. They send at least two letters a week now asking to meet him, but Nasta and I have made up our minds, we won’t take him until after we’ve graduated and left the school, we don’t have the time to be messing about.”

“Good on yeh, those blasted, demanding Faeries should be the least of yeh worries!”

Harry laughed at that and nodded. “Yeah, they should be, but as I said, they’re sending us letters every other day now so we can’t really forget about them, they really want to see Leolin. I think it’s because they want to verify that he is actually a Faerie, but Aneirin told Nasta, who then told me, that some of the Court wanted Leolin for themselves. If that’s what this is about then they’ll have to pry him from my dead body because I’d kill myself before I sacrificed him to those stuck up Faeries. He’s my child and they can’t have him.”

“How dare they!” Hagrid roared in outrage on his behalf and Harry felt so much better that Hagrid was so loyal to their friendship. If only he could keep his mouth shut when he was drunk maybe he would feel more comfortable telling Hagrid about his species status.

“I just wish that the Faeries were the only thing that I had to worry about.” Harry sighed, the letter popping back into his mind with all the talk of the letters from the Faerie Court.
“What do yeh mean, ‘Arry?”

“It’s Remus, he’s just… I don’t know, but I haven’t heard from him in months, then out of the blue he tells me he’s moved house, married Tonks and had a baby. I owled him back asking him why he didn’t tell me sooner and the letter I got back this morning just avoided it completely and made me feel like it was my fault.”

“He did not!” Hagrid said.

Harry nodded. “So my head’s all over the place now and I can’t really think about much else, which is bad timing really with the exams.”

“Remus always ‘ad problems with self-confidence, even as a lad, though he got better with his band of mischief makers, but after they died, he only got worse.” Hagrid snorted. “It’s no excuse, but maybe he just didn’t think you’d be interested in his life.”

Harry thought about that and rubbed his head. “Maybe, I’ll have to talk to him and find out, but with the exams, it’ll have to wait until after graduation.”

Harry said goodbye when the start of the exams approached, he would already have to reassure Draco and Blaise that he was fine and explain where he had been and why he had left them without saying anything, but he didn’t care, he couldn’t stop thinking about what Hagrid had said. Even after everything that they had been through, would Remus still think himself so unimportant to him that he wouldn’t want to bother him with what he was doing with his life?

He needed to get to the bottom of this, he and Remus needed to sit down and talk this out honestly, otherwise he was going to lose his only remaining link to his parents, his second mentor after Dumbledore, one of his best friends, one of his only confidents, a sort of Uncle to him, a real Uncle unlike Vernon, and it hurt to think about breaking ties with him, he couldn’t bear the thought of losing Remus too. Something had to be done and soon.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Okay, to everyone out there who is calling me all the names under the sun for
‘finishing the story so suddenly and leaving so many threads untied’ you obviously didn’t read what I wrote properly. I said we are coming to the end, not that I’m ending it immediately. There are still twenty or so chapters left, though this is subject to change because I can’t see into the future.

To everyone who is demanding Draco have a child right this minute, just stop, you’re being ridiculous. It’s a complete lottery as to who Father’s the children, I was never in a million years going to give them all a child in alphabetical order and then keep cycling around them in order. You’ll have to wait and if it takes him twenty years to have a biological child, that’s how long it’ll take, it’s not going to come around any sooner the more you whinge about it, so just stop.

Florence: The main fic will never catch up to the Scaled Bits future chapters because I’m not taking the main fic that far, so there’s no point stopping yourself from reading them because it’s not actually a spoiler for anything.

I hope you have all enjoyed reading; next fic will probably be their graduation,

StarLight Massacre. X
Freedom

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry said goodbye when the start of the exams approached, he would already have to reassure Draco and Blaise that he was fine and explain where he had been and why he had left them without saying anything, but he didn’t care, he couldn’t stop thinking about what Hagrid had said. Even after everything that they had been through, would Remus still think himself so unimportant to him that he wouldn’t want to bother him with what he was doing with his life?

He needed to get to the bottom of this, he and Remus needed to sit down and talk this out honestly, otherwise he was going to lose his only remaining link to his parents, his second mentor after Dumbledore, one of his best friends, one of his only confidents, a sort of Uncle to him, a real Uncle unlike Vernon, and it hurt to think about breaking ties with him, he couldn’t bear the thought of losing Remus too. Something had to be done and soon.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Chapter Seventy-Six – Freedom

The end of the exams for the majority of the student body was celebrated so vivaciously that even the teachers were laughing. Harry rushed to find Draco and Blaise in the crowd of celebrating seventh years, most of whom had just finished their last exam of the year, History of Magic.

Harry found Blaise first and he threw himself into his lover’s arms, hugging him and laughing. Blaise yanked him up fully and Harry wrapped arms and legs around him, holding on tight as Blaise kissed his neck. Blaise had always had a thing for his neck.

“I can’t believe it’s over.” Harry said into Blaise’s shoulder. “It’s completely over!”

“We’re free.” Blaise chuckled.

“Thank Merlin for that.” Draco’s voice came from behind them and Harry turned to latch onto him, hugging him just as tight.
“Let’s go back to our rooms and share the love.” Harry grinned.

“If you want to share the love then we have to rope someone in to babysit.” Blaise said with a grin and an eyebrow wiggle.

Harry laughed as the Hall started dispersing and they followed the crowd. They met Max in the Entrance Hall, he was very easy to spot being head, shoulders and half of his chest taller than everyone else, and Harry hugged him tightly.

“Why are you down here?” Harry asked.

“It’s a gorgeous day and being in that room all the time is driving me and Nasta insane, so we packed up a picnic and took the kids out by the tree down by the lake for some fresh air. I left Nas and the kids there to claim our spot, we’ve been turfing away students for the past hour.”

Harry chuckled and they made their way out into the sun and down to the lake where Nasta was watching critically over five squirming babies and little Leolin, who looked incredibly disgruntled to be outside.

“Mama!” Braiden called out and started crawling towards him slowly, coming off the blanket and onto the grass.

Max stopped him from running to him. “Let him get stronger by at least crawling a bit, love. Walk to him and meet him halfway.”

There was a group of fourth and fifth year girls and they were cooing and giggling at Braiden as he made small noises as he crawled slow inches across the grass.

Harry hunched down in front of him and let Braiden come to him, let him pull himself up using his leg, holding his hands up, still making his small noises. Harry chuckled and picked him up, kissing him gently and carrying him back to the blanket.

He kissed Nasta passionately, ignoring the screeches from the girls sitting by a crop of rocks opposite them and their shady tree. Some people could be so immature.

“Have they got their sun cream on?” Harry asked.
Nasta just gave him a look and smirked. “Of course they do, I’d hardly forget that.”

“Oh yeah, that’s right. Sanex forgot your sun cream didn’t he and you got your little mole.”

Nasta rolled his eyes. “Yes, but really both of us were to blame, I should have remembered too.”

“But you were only…how old were you?” Harry asked.

“Eight.”

“Oh then there’s no excuse, you should have remembered.” Harry said.

Nasta grabbed him and pulled him into his lap and tickled him as Harry wriggled and tried to fight him off as he laughed hysterically and uncontrollably.

Nasta stopped tickling him, kissed him and then let him go. They were all smiling. It felt like a huge weight had been pulled off of their backs and it felt good. Really good.

They spent a good few hours down by the lake, letting their children feel the texture of the grass, stopping Farren from eating fistfuls that he had ripped up and even taking them to splash the water down by the lake. They headed back to their rooms carrying a worn out group of babies a few hours later.

“I can’t believe that Braiden will be a year old in just two months.” Blaise shook his head as he cradled his son lovingly.

“I don’t want to think about it.” Harry pulled a face.

“We have to plan his party though.” Blaise said with a frown. “Who we’re going to invite, what to serve…”

“He’s going to be a year old.” Harry interrupted. “He’s not going to be eating canapés and inviting all of his friends around.”

Blaise sighed wearily, but he gave up; recognising that Harry wasn’t in the mood to talk about it
just yet and he really didn’t want to ruin the good mood the ending of their exams had put them in.

They had next to nothing to do when they got back to their rooms, Nasta and Max had kept everything tidy, there was nothing school related to do except wait for the graduation ceremony, the babies were all sleeping due to their tiring afternoon outside and the absence of the stress was so sudden it left Harry feeling light headed.

“This…this is boring.” He laughed as he turned from his place on the settee to look at his lovers, all spread throughout the room.

“Don’t knock a bit of peace and quiet.” Nasta cautioned him. “Remember this time yesterday?”

Harry grimaced. “I’d rather not.” He answered as he thought back to the revision cramming he had been doing for History of Magic with Regan screaming in his ear.

Blaise had been yelling in French as he tried to break their coffee table by repeatedly hitting it with a book that looked more like a paving slab, and was about as heavy as one too, as Nasta shouted back at him in French, probably trying to calm him down, but Harry didn’t know as he didn’t speak French.

Draco had been just as angry as he threw a full bottle of ink at Blaise, yelling at him to shut the fuck up already, which had then turned Nasta on him as quick as a flash about his vile language in front of the babies, had Blaise shouting even louder in French as he tugged at the sleeve of his shirt which had black ink spattered all over it and had had Max shouting at him for the ink stain on the carpet.

Harry had wanted to kill all four of them as he had slammed his hands over his ears and shook his head to try and blot out the noise they were making. It had been a very high stressed environment and the change, just from yesterday to today, was incredible.

“I’m so glad it’s over, though I think I got the second part of question eighteen wrong.” Draco said, frowning slightly as he thought back.

“Please, please for all the love you hold for me, do not mention anything exam related.” Harry said seriously. “You can’t change it and thinking about it and discussing it only upsets and angers both you and Blaise to the point of shouting and screaming at one another and it gets on my nerves, so don’t. You couldn’t change it even if you had wanted too.”

“Harry’s right.” Nasta said. “Enjoy the freedom you have now and use it to relax and catch up on some sleep. There’s nothing to do now but enjoy the next month until your graduation in July.”
“That can’t come around quick enough, it really can’t.” Harry said seriously.

The next morning Max once again left the school to go and talk some sense into his Mother with the full backing of his brother and sisters, who knew and fully supported what he was going to say and do. Their first talk hadn’t done much, as it seemed their Mother didn’t take their threats to cut ties with her seriously. Today they were going to show her exactly how serious they were.

Max and Nasta had spent the majority of yesterday, while the younger three were in their final exams, meticulously copying Max’s official birth certificate, which they had requested from the Ministry archives. The copy was so good that Max had had to make absolutely sure that he had the right one when picking them up.

He was going to take his Mother’s name from his ‘official’ birth certificate and file it at the Ministry again, changing it, claiming himself Motherless. He had had the thought to originally change it to his other Dad Richard, putting him down as his official Mother, but he didn’t want to cause fights between his Dads and his Mother or cause any feelings of resentment. This should be enough on its own, to declare yourself legally Motherless was one of the most serious ways of severing ties completely with a family member, it should be enough to be the wakeup call that his Mother needed.

It was a very drastic move, a desperate one, but he wanted his Mother back…no, that wasn’t entirely right, she hadn’t left, she was still his Mother, still the woman who had carried, birthed and loved him throughout his life, but he wanted her to accept all of him, mates and children and all. He didn’t like knowing that she saw his submissive as a baby factory or his children as substitutes for his lost brother Theodric and all the children after that that his Mother had been unable to have.

In fact, it grated on him, he hated it and if he hated it, his Dracken was worse. At the very least he wanted to know why. Why did she see Harry only as a way to get babies? Why did she see his children, her grandchildren, as her own? It wasn’t right and until she could answer those questions to a level that he expected, she would not be allowed near his family again.

Caesar had instilled the same rule, not that their Mother had gotten to see much of Eleonora in the first place, but with Harry continuously helping and supporting Amelle, with Caesar behind her one hundred percent, she was allowing more and more contact and she had recently gone up a level to unsupervised contact. She had taken the initiative herself and she had invited Myron and Richard over for the afternoon to babysit Eleonora while she and Caesar had gone for a simple meal for a few hours after a routine check-up scan of their new child. Everything was going fine according to Caesar’s last letter.

That she hadn’t been invited or involved in this, rather momentous milestone, had hurt Ashleigh terribly, but it was hammering home exactly the point that they wanted to make, the more she resisted, the more she was going to miss.

Apparating from Hogsmeade to his childhood home, Max grinned as he hugged his Dad tightly, letting himself be comforted for a moment by those huge, strong arms before he turned and lifted his other Dad right off his feet in a back breaking hug. His Dad hated that he was only six foot two
to Max’s six foot eight; it meant that Max could just pick him up like a teddy bear and haul him around, despite being the younger and he’d been able to do it since his early teens.

“Put me down you oaf!” Richard cried out. “Myron, control your beast of a son.”

“Maximilius, you know your Dad doesn’t like you to pick him up.” Myron said deeply, despite the amusement in his black eyes.

“But it’s so fun and so easy; you want to put more weight on, Dad.” Max teased.

“You’re not too big to go over my knee!” Richard threatened.

Max laughed. “I think I am. You wouldn’t even be able to manoeuvre me over your knee anymore, let alone take the weight of me on it; actually my weight would probably pop your knees out of joint.”

“He might not be able to, but I can.” Myron answered, raising a single eyebrow. “One word from him and I won’t hesitate to take you over my knee.”

Max pouted. “You’re no fun, Dad!”

“On the contrary, I think he’s very fun.” Richard grinned as he went and kissed his husband’s cheek.

“Don’t I even get a hello, Maxie?”

Max turned to see his Mother sat at the table on the opposite end of the large living room. She was pouring over several photo albums that he recognised as being from his and his siblings childhood.

“Hello, Ashleigh.” He answered stiffly.

His Mother reared back like he had struck her hard, her blue eyes going wide and her mouth going soft. Her hand went to her heart and pressed against it and she ducked her head away as her eyes
filled with tears.

Max ached to rush her and wrap her in his arms and tell her that he was sorry and that he didn’t mean it, but he firmed himself, helped along by his Dracken gnashing its teeth at the thought of comforting the one who was hurting his submissive mate. This had to be done and he was the oldest, he couldn’t leave this painful job to his younger siblings. He had to lead them by example.

“Maximilius, no matter your feelings on the matter, she is still your Mother and you will give her the respect that entitles.” Myron growled, his huge hands clenched into fists at the sight of his submissive mate hurt and in tears. He tried to stay calm and remind himself that this was his child, but his Dracken didn’t care, he saw a dominant male upsetting his submissive and nothing more.

“She’s not going to be for much longer, that’s why I’m here.”

“What do you mean?” His Mother asked from the table, standing up quickly. “I’ll always be your Mum, Max. I love you, I always will!”

“It’s a shame then that I can’t say the same.” Max answered coldly as he took his birth certificate out of his inside pocket.

“Is that…?” Richard began.

“It’s my official birth certificate; I took it from the Ministry’s records yesterday.”

“For what purpose?” Myron asked softly, already having an idea of why from what Max had said before and he hoped desperately that he was wrong. Surely things hadn’t gotten as bad as that?

Max swallowed and he unfolded it. It wasn’t his real birth certificate, but the symbolism was real and to his parents, all three of them, it was all very real as they didn’t know that this document was faked.

“To do what I’ve been threatening to do since all of this started. You didn’t believe that I’d cut my ties to you, but for Harry, for my family, I’d do anything, even render myself officially Motherless.”

“You can’t!” Ashleigh cried out and she flew at him, slipping her arms around his chest and
clutching at him, fisting his shirt in her hands.

“I’m sorry that it came to this, but I can’t have you hurting Harry or my children. I told you last week that I’d cut ties with you and you all but laughed in my face. You still haven’t apologised to Harry, you haven’t tried to make amends, so I no longer want you in my life. Harry means the world to me and if you can’t even try to get better for my happiness, then I don’t see the point in you being in my life. My family is what is important in all of this, Harry and the kids, Nasta, Blaise and Draco too. They are my family now and you’re continuing to hurt them and I can no longer stand for it.”

“Max, can we talk about this?” Richard said desperately. “Talk it through together, all of us?”

Max shook his head as he took out an ink eraser from his pocket. His Mother actually screamed as he took it out, acting more like it was a knife or a wand than a simple tool to erase even the most permanent of inks.

“I have been talking this through and it’s gotten us nowhere, I’m done talking. Talking isn’t working and the longer this goes on, the more it affects my family and I can’t allow that to continue.”

“Have you thought this through, Maximilius?” Myron asked seriously.

“This isn’t being done on a whim, Dad. I’ve been thinking on it for at least a few months now, I’ve been clinging to the hope that she’ll change her mind, that she’ll seek help, but she hasn’t, so now this is the end. I don’t know what else I can do, I’ve tried my all and it just hasn’t worked.”

“So you’re giving up?”

Max nodded his head simply. “I can’t keep putting so much thought and energy into this, my family needs me. I can’t keep putting them second best just because she wants to continue acting like a stubborn, spoilt brat. The stress of the exams has made me realise what’s really important and though you may not like it, you have to respect me for that. My family come first, they always have and they always will, you taught me that yourselves. This is me putting my family first.” Max said seriously as he indicated the small, harmless seeming eraser.

“Please, Max, please don’t, please!” His Mother begged and Max’s knees threatened to go from under him as his Mother slid to the floor and huddled around his knees, sobbing.
He sat down on the settee and he used his quivering knee to rest his fake birth certificate on and he poised the eraser.

“No, please, please don’t, please! I love you, you’re my son! I can’t lose another son, please!” She beseeched him.

Max firmed himself and he started rubbing on her name and signature, erasing it from his birth certificate, the symbolism of the act, even if the document was a fake, almost crushed his heart as his Mother sat and watched him do it, not once offering to seek help, not once offering to apologise to Harry. That alone told Max how far this had come, it made him realise that he should have addressed this sooner, or even noticed it sooner. He had not once realised before it was pointed out to him that his Mother didn’t care for Harry as a person or that she saw his children only as extensions of those that she couldn’t have herself.

When her name was completely gone, he felt tired and drained. Empty. He wanted a shoulder to cry on, but he was over four hundred miles from Nasta, Draco, Blaise and Harry and the distance felt crushing as he couldn’t break down here, he couldn’t undo everything that he had set out to do that morning. He couldn’t show any weakness or how much this was truly affecting him.

“How could you?” His Mother, Ashleigh, said quietly. “How could you have sat there and undid thirty-two years of love and care so easily? As if nothing mattered.”

“You don’t matter to me anymore.” He lied. “You stopped mattering to me as soon as you made Harry feel like nothing more than a machine to pop out more babies for you to fawn over. I stopped caring when you refused to get help, when you refused to even apologise to him…”

“I did apologise! I sent him an owl…”

“Don’t lie to me!” Max roared, standing up angrily. “I LIVE with him! Every single morning I hoped to see an owl from you, but you never once sent one! Every single morning I waited anxiously, collected the mail every single morning hoping that I could hand Harry a letter of apology from you, so I wouldn’t have to make sad excuses for its absence, so I wouldn’t feel the overwhelming shame of having you for a Mother! But that’s over now. I don’t need to worry any more as I am officially Motherless. I don’t have to care or worry about you any longer, I no longer have to make up lies to excuse your behaviour and I no longer have to feel ashamed of you, because you’re no longer anything to do with me or my family.”

“Is that truly how you felt?” Richard asked, feeling like someone had just punched a hole through his chest.
Max nodded jerkily. “Expect Caesar later, as soon as the time zones catch up, he’s planning on doing the same.”

“I…I’m going to lose all of my sons?” Ashleigh asked breathlessly.

“Open your eyes!” Max shouted at her. “You’re going to lose us all!”

“All of you are planning to do this?” Myron asked, shocked.

Max nodded again. “We’ve all been in constant contact for months, but after last week, that’s when it all went downhill and I shared my plans with them to take her off of my birth certificate. Caesar understood immediately and he has agreed to do the same. The girls took a bit more persuading, but they came around in the end. The girls want to wait and see what you do and how you react to this first, if you do nothing yet again by the end of this week, all of us will be Motherless. You’ll lose us all and to me, that’s just fine.”

His Mother slumped bonelessly onto the floor and hunched herself over. Her shoulders shook with her unsuppressed sobs and Max ached to go to her, to tell her than it wasn’t real, that they weren’t using their official birth certificates, but he took in a deep breath of air and reminded himself that this was all for her own good. She needed to realise that they were serious about this.

“You brought this on yourself.” He told her sternly. “There’s no use crying about it now that I’ve done it, now that I’ve made good on my promise. I told you last week that I was going to do it, it was your own fault that you didn’t believe me and didn’t heed our warnings, now you risk losing every child that you have ever had through your own selfishness and stubbornness!”

“Please, Max.” She crawled to him and held him around his knees. “Please, we can forget about this, just let me put my name back on your certificate, please.”

“Why? What purpose would it have? I’m not going to have you in my life whether your name is on it or not, but this way, at least I can tell people that I have no Mother, this way at least I can stop being so ashamed of you!”

He tucked the certificate back in his pocket and turned to his Dads’, both of whom looked very unsettled and deeply shocked.
“I hadn’t wanted to do this in front of you.” He lied smoothly. “I wanted to take her aside and do it privately, but what’s done is done. I want you to know that the love I have for you both has not been affected by today or by what she has done, you are still my Dads’ and you always will be, though I have to say that I’ve lost some respect for you both from this whole ordeal, but I will be seeing you again and my children will always call you both Granddad. Know too that you are always welcome at our home whenever you want to visit, Harry’s breeding cycle is half way through and I’d like for you both to be there for support when he nests, if he catches on this heat of course, but I want you to be there to greet the new additions to the family when they come.”

Max was silent, everyone was silent except for Ashleigh, who was nearly choking on her sobbed gasps on the floor, until Myron stepped forward and kissed his forehead, letting his lips linger on his son’s skin, feeling the short hair under the palm of his hand as he pulled Max’s head to his mouth before he pulled back slightly so that his breath whispered across Max’s forehead.

“I’m not happy about this, but you’ve done what you think is best and I respect the hell out of you for it. I can see how painful this was for you to do, even if you did try and hide it. I want you to know that I will sort this out, I’ll sort out my submissive and I hope that once that has been done, you’ll be open to changing the status of your birth certificate once again.”

Max nodded. “That’s all I want, Dad. I hate that it has come to this, but that’s what it comes down to, it has come down to this and until such a time where things change, this is my final decision.”

Myron nodded and broke apart from Max and clapped a huge hand on Max’s equally huge shoulder.

“I’ll do everything in my power to change this, I will not have my family broken apart by this, I will not risk losing all of my children over this, no…I won’t risk losing a single child over this. I love you all deeply and dearly, one way or another, I will sort this.”

Max smiled and rested against his Father for a moment, before he stood back. “I’ll see you later; I’ve got to get the certificate back to the Ministry today, but now that the exams are over, we have nothing to do but lounge around, so if you have a spare few hours, don’t hesitate to come visit us, you should see how much Farren has grown! He’s so much like me it’s amazing! Braiden’s almost ready to take his first steps, we think it’ll be any day now and Tegan is so hilarious, you have to come and spend an afternoon with them, they’ve changed so much and they miss their favourite Granddads, Aneirin and Lucius are sticklers, they need a couple of fun Granddads.”

Richard smiled wanly at that, but he was too upset to do much else, his throat was tightening to the point of pain and he was having difficulty breathing, how had it come to this? How had it become
this bad? They had partially lost their baby Maximilius, how long would it take for him to completely sever ties with all of them because of Ashleigh? It had to end; he would not lose any of his precious babies for anyone, not even his own mates.

Max took his leave after Richard gave him an automatic hug, his mind a million miles away, he would sort this out, he shared a look with Myron and he saw the look in those black eyes that he loved. They’d sort it out together, they couldn’t lose their children.

Max chose to use the floo this time, he didn’t want to walk from Hogsmeade back to his rooms in the state that he was in, he walled himself up tight until he was in private, he held himself strong and tight. He went through the floo because he wanted to get back as soon as possible; he went through the floo because he needed to break down in the comforting arms of his beloved mates as soon as possible.

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Harry laughed as he rolled around with Farren. Draco had gone to catch up with a few of his friends that had been neglected during the year thanks to the kids and the exams, though Draco snorted when Harry had worded it in such a way and told him that it was hardly neglect and that he had chosen to ignore them in favour of doing more important things. The blond had then called him an emotional Gryffindor and left, leaving Harry to watch him go, before laughing and going back to rocking with Leolin.

Blaise had gone for a lie down, the exams had taken a lot out of him and the stress he had been feeling took a little longer to disperse than Harry’s immediate relief. Nasta explained that it was because Blaise’s stress had gone deep down inside of him that it had rooted into his everyday emotions and he needed a little longer to recover from their effects.

Max had gone to see his parents once again, they all knew what he planned to do and Harry wasn’t exactly happy with it, but he accepted and supported Max in whatever decision he made concerning his Mother.

Nasta was finishing the last bout of paperwork he had received over a month ago now, leaving Harry to do what he had sorely missed doing during the two weeks of exams. Playing with his children.

Braiden was now crawling strongly, if not exactly straight as he tended to veer off to his right no matter what direction he was going in, Regan had gotten smoother at his wriggling and had learnt to use his legs more, Calix was pulling himself across the floor using only his arms, in short, slow jerks of movement, his legs folded together under him, which looked rather comical at times, Farren was still content to watch everything and not move all that much and Tegan was still demanding to have everything she wanted brought to her by pointing at it and screaming.

They had all changed and developed so much from the tiny, wrinkled newborns that had been less than a year ago, even Leolin, and he was so proud of them and now that school was over and done with he was about ready for another clutch, though he did hope he didn’t get pregnant again right after he gave birth like he had done with the quintuplets, he’d have to make sure no lecherous mates were near him on a hot day as he dismantled his nest. He grinned to himself and cackled as
he rolled Farren over yet again, his second oldest child screeching with giggles.

It was nice to see that Farren wasn’t letting his erupting teeth bother him. He had grown in four together and now another two were popping in as Braiden cut yet another tooth too. Harry was almost glad that Leolin wouldn’t be teething for another few years and that Regan seemed wholly content with milk and the occasional bowl of fruit puree and his teeth had yet to show signs of coming in.

Harry sighed and sat Farren back in the cardboard box filled with soft toys. Every one of his children were in their own cardboard box filled with toys and they were having the time of their lives, safely and unable to crawl off and into danger, it was one of his better ideas, though naturally Leolin was on his beanbag and not in a box as he couldn’t sit up on his own yet.

“What are you thinking?” Nasta asked from the kitchen table.

“That this was one of my better ideas.” He grinned, indicating the boxes, before his smile slipped around the edges a bit. “I am worried for Max though. He’s doing an incredibly painful thing, even if it’s not actually real, it’s going to feel real to all of them.”

Nasta nodded. “I’m thinking the same thing. We need to be on hand to support him when he comes back, which is why I won’t go into work today, even though it was offered.”

“He’s going to be a wreck when he comes back isn’t he?” Harry said softly.

Nasta nodded. “Yes, he is, but it was his choice and his decision and we can hope that this is the wakeup call that Ashleigh needs to spur her into action.”

“You never know, miracles can happen.” Harry snorted. Nasta chuckled with him.

“We can hope, for Max’s sake if nothing else, that this is exactly what she needs to seek help or failing that, that it’s the wakeup call that Myron needs to order her to seek help, but as he pointed out, he can order her to do it, but that won’t make things any better, she has to want to get better in order to actually get better, so let’s just hope that her children rendering themselves Motherless will get her to pull her stubborn head from her arse.”

Harry laughed and nodded. “Yes, I want her to get better too, purely for Max’s sake. I loved her once, but after everything, it’s going to take a lot to get our relationship back to what it once was, if it ever will get back to that point, that is.”
“Harry!” Blaise’s voice hissed from the bedroom doorway and Harry almost snapped his neck to look over to him, only stop as he realised why he had been hissed at so urgently.

Braiden was using the settee that his box of toys was resting against to pull himself up to his feet. He was standing up for the first time and he seemed so incredibly pleased with himself as he showed no signs of moving or sitting back down from where he was stood, leaning heavily on the seat of the settee, looking at the room from his new perspective and new vantage point.

Nasta, concerned with the stunned silence from his two younger mates, came around the settee from the kitchenette to see what they were looking at and he grinned proudly.

“I was wondering how long it would be before he at least tried standing.” Nasta said proudly as he picked up the new camcorder and started recording Braiden standing. He had spent the week it had come reading all the instructions and manuals, Harry was more content to push each button to see what it did, no instructions needed. Nasta just shook his head at him and told him that he’d break it if he wasn’t careful.

“I can’t believe it.” Harry said, feeling himself get weepy, he shoved the urge aside viciously.

“Ten months old and standing, I’ve never felt more pride than this before.” Blaise said as he stood and watched.

“I can’t believe I could have missed it.” Harry said upset.

“It’s okay.” Nasta soothed. “We didn’t miss it and we’re watching him right now. He’s a bit bowlegged though, isn’t he?”

“Are babies supposed to be bowlegged?” Harry fretted. “Maybe we should take him to a paediatrician just in case.”

“Why don’t we ask someone first, before rushing him off to the hospital.” Blaise said calmly.

Nasta nodded. “Blaise is right, a Healer might not be needed, we should ask someone first, then if it’s needed we’ll get him checked out.”

“I’ll check in those baby development books we were given, there might be something about it in
them.” Harry said.

When Braiden pushed off from the settee and sat down on his nappy covered bottom with a flump, clapping little hands together at his actions, Harry went and cuddled him, telling him how proud he was of him, Blaise at his shoulder, the both of them forgetting all about Nasta filming them as they kissed one another passionately, sharing a look of pride and love before turning back to Braiden and praising him some more, peppering his face with kisses as he giggled and babbled. Their little boy was standing and very soon he would be walking, their children were all growing at an alarming rate and as Braiden’s first year birthday approached, a stone of dread sunk into Harry’s stomach. He didn’t want his children growing up quite as fast as they were, he wanted them to slow down, he didn’t want them to not need him so soon.

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Narcissa Malfoy sighed and shooed the house elf away. Severus had yet again declined to eat breakfast and she was very worried about him.

She smiled softly at the photo of all her grandchildren lined up on a settee and dressed up smartly. Draco had sent her a whole envelope full of photos, but the one with all of the children on the settee together, some of the little boys in waistcoats and bowties, the others in smart dress robes and her lone granddaughter Tegan in an absolutely wonderful white silk dress with pink accents, little tights, a beautiful little headband and lace had to be her favourite and she had framed it and put in right in the centre of the mantel piece in her favourite sitting room where she and her friends took tea on most afternoons.

Draco sent her letters almost twice weekly now updating her and Lucius on the development of the six children and she, as a Mother herself, could tell just from these letters that he loved them very much, despite none of them truly being his own, which Lucius pointed out at least once a week when she gushed over them. She made sure to reprimand him of such sayings and reminded him that Draco wouldn’t take kindly to him saying such things and her Husband would stop for all of a week before he said it again.

She could understand the need for a blood Heir to the Malfoy name, Lucius had been an only child and so had Draco, they were the last of the Malfoy name and it had to carry on through Draco or die out, a thought which made Lucius almost physically ill, but she reminded him that six children were more than enough to be getting on with for now and that Draco was sure to get a blood child at some point as Drackens never stopped breeding. They bred until they physically couldn’t any longer and in that time they could have a very large number of children to look after, which was going to be stressful enough and she made sure to remind Lucius that their Draco was young yet and she urged her Husband to give Draco until he was twenty-five, like their original contract with Astoria Greengrass had laid out. They had not expected to be young grandparents, indeed they had never expected their Draco to be a young Father, but he had been only sixteen when Harry had birthed Braiden and seventeen when he had birthed the other five. He was coming up to his eighteenth birthday now and young Harry had had an almost six month break from pregnancy now, that was very short after a multiple birth for a Dracken. From the books that Draco had given her, written by actual Drackens, Harry could go for as long as several years before his body repaired itself enough for another period of heat, but somehow, she didn’t know how, but she just had a gut feeling that Harry wouldn’t wait as long as ‘normal’ Drackens would to get pregnant once
again. She hoped that the next pregnancy contained at least one of Draco’s blood children, but failing that she wanted another little girl, Tegan looked lonely in the photographs, the lone dress in a group of little suits and bowties.

She was oddly pleased about the idea of Harry getting pregnant again sooner than expected, not just for blood grandchildren, she honestly didn’t mind that Draco was calling her a grandmother to all six children, unlike Lucius, who didn’t refer to himself as a grandfather and probably wouldn’t until he was a ‘real’ grandfather. She was rather annoyed with her Husband for it, but there was only so much chastisement she could give out in a day without feeling like a Mother to her own Husband.

Picking up the photo in its polished silver frame, she took it to Severus’ room, up on the family wing so they could be close by, just in case. She wasn’t worried that Severus would outright take his own life, but she was worried that he would inadvertently take his own life, especially if he kept refusing food; this was the second day that he had gone without eating a thing. Lucius could usually goad him into eating something, but the past two days had been bad ones and they didn’t know how to break him from his daydreaming.

She knocked on his door purely to announce her presence, as Severus never gave or declined permission for them to enter. She opened the door and came in jovially, smiling, though he took no notice of her. At least he was out of bed today; sat in the chair he had put facing out of the window, though he was still in his pyjamas, not even a dressing gown or slippers adorning him.

“Good morning, Severus, how are you feeling today? I brought a photo for you to see. It’s of Draco’s children.”

The look that Severus gave her could have wilted flowers, but it was the same look he always gave her when she came and disturbed him from his thoughts. Narcissa didn’t let it bother her anymore.

“Here, have a look. They’re coming on so well now.” Narcissa said happily, pride lacing her voice.

“How is Potter?” Severus asked, his voice quiet and strained with disuse.

Narcissa smiled happily, this was definitely an improvement and she was delighted that he was interacting with her for a change instead of ignoring her and carrying on his daydreaming.

“Oh he’s fine. The boys have just finished their exams. Draco informed me that Blaise has been insufferable lately, but I believe he just wants to do his best. I coached Draco to be patient and to leave him be, Marianna instilled a heavy, studious ethic into Blaise, he has always wanted to do well and I loved that it rubbed off on Draco when they had their little play dates as children, so I am unsurprised to hear of how seriously he is taking the final exams.”
“I asked about Potter.” Severus snapped.

Narcissa sighed and resettled herself. She was better with the idea of having Harry Potter, a Halfblood, in her family line, especially after the birth of grandchildren, Draco’s obvious love for the boy and a year and a half to get used to the idea, but something deep inside of her still rubbed at the thought. She believed it was her Mother’s teachings from when she was a small child, she had made sure to instil those beliefs in Draco too, Lucius more so than herself, but it seems that either their only son hadn’t listened overly much to their teachings on blood supremacy, or the Dracken inheritance had overruled every lesson on blood heritage that they had ever given him.

“He’s fine, Severus, I haven’t seen him, but Draco informs me that he’s handling the pressure very well and that he cares more for his children than his studies. I suppose it’s nothing that we can’t expect from a Halfblood raised by vile Muggles, but at least Draco and Blaise are doing well and from what Draco has told me that the older two are very highly paid. The one is a senior Dragon Handler, though it is highly paid, it’s more commoner work, but Draco has said that the oldest one enjoys it, but the one, Maddison, he’s a Potions Master, Severus, I’m sure the both of you would enjoy one another’s company.” Narcissa said with a smile.

Severus had a strange smile on his face, like he was caught in memory.

“All submissive Drackens are more focused on their children.” Severus informed her. “It’s how it should be. The dominant mates provide, which is why Blaise has always strived to do well to get the best job that he can, and the submissives keep track of the children, it’s nothing to do with his upbringing or his blood status, or do you forget that you are talking to a Halfblood?”

Narcissa blinked. It was easy to forget that Severus was a Halfblood. He and Lucius had been friends for so long that she often forgot that he wasn’t a Pureblood, but it never really mattered, she could make an exception for Severus.

“If you can make an exception for me, when I am nothing to you, then you can find it in yourself to make an exception for Harry; at least his Mother was a witch, unlike my Muggle Father.” He said stonily, giving the impression that he had read her thoughts. “Draco is deeply in love and to hate Harry is to hate a part of Draco, to hate Harry is to hate the man that Draco loves with all of himself. You risk alienating your only son if you carry on, his Dracken instincts will always have him choosing his mate over you and Lucius. You are nothing to his Dracken, just people his human side knows and if you push him, you’ll lose him. You can’t win out against his mates and children.”

“Draco said that Maximilius is estranging himself from his own Mother.”
“Why?” Severus asked interestingly.

“Something about her only seeing Harry as a means to get children about her and as of last week, she refused to apologise still, so Maximilius was planning to take her from his birth certificate.”

“Hardly surprising.” Severus grunted. “Drackens have turned on their own Mothers for less, though it is usually the Fathers that cause the trouble and having dominant sons near dominant Fathers is always going to be a stressful time, though naturally it depends on the personality of both involved.”

Narcissa was shocked and unsettled. To think that her own darling son would turn on her if she didn’t show Potter love and affection was unnerving.

“I would watch what you say to Draco and tell Lucius the same. If you complain or whine to Draco about Potter, you’re as good as shutting the proverbial door between you. He will never choose you over his mate and children, to think differently is to become ignorant. Drackens are not merely humans with wings, Narcissa.”

Narcissa bristled at being called ignorant and her spine automatically straightened as she watched Severus critically. He was slumped in the chair, tired and worn out, rail thin and sickly looking. Somehow she knew that he would never get over this and she settled herself down again. The thought of losing a dear friend hurt, to watch said dear friend wither away before her eyes was insurmountably more painful.

The loss of Regulus had torn Severus apart, but the not knowing had kept him alive. Bitter, lonely and full of anger and resentment, but alive. Finding Regulus’ body had been a blessing and a curse. Severus now knew exactly what had happened to his submissive and why, he could put to rest the ‘was my mate pregnant’ fears and could put his mind at ease with all the painful scenarios that had filled it, but without the determination that Regulus’ sudden and mysterious death had brought, Severus didn’t want to carry on his life any longer.

He had done everything that he had sworn he would do. He had sworn to find out what had happened to Regulus and he had and he had sworn to a dead Lily Potter that he would look out for Potter in her absence and he had. Potter was a grown man now, a Dracken to boot and he had four very powerful young men as his bonded mates, including her own son. He was a part of a very large, very protective and very powerful and influential family. He was well protected and well looked after, there was nothing that Severus had to live for now and Narcissa understood that on a logical, unfeeling level, but the friend in her who had known Severus for years, had cared for him for years, would not be so easily silenced, she would fight for his life, even if he wouldn’t fight for it himself. The friend in her could do no less.
Max had only been gone for merely an hour when he flooed back into their rooms, landing on his feet but falling immediately to his knees and his face just crumbled. One moment, strong and slightly arrogant, the next he was the picture of abject misery as he covered his face with both large hands and sobbed.

Harry knew right then that the meeting had not gone well and he’d had to carry out his threat of making himself ‘Motherless’ even if it was a fake document.

Blaise was closest to him and he reached him first and Max threw his huge arms around him and crushed him into a hug, those massive, powerful shoulders shaking with the force of his sobs and Harry’s heart broke for him. His Dracken snarled inside of him, they should go and get revenge for their mate; they should kill the one who had hurt their mate so badly.

Harry suppressed this instinct, but when Max’s sobs became audible; loud, wracking sobs that he couldn’t hold back or control, Harry’s patience and control was sorely tested.

Max let out a sound that made Harry’s spine straighten, his wings vibrating against the bone and it took him a few minutes before he realised that Max was letting out a distress call. It was the first time that he’d ever heard it and he felt the reactions it caused in his body and mind. Nothing else mattered but getting to Max and taking that noise away from him. Nothing.

Blaise held him tighter, even though it was Max enveloping him and clinging on for dear life. Nasta’s Dracken side was forced out of him, despite his steel control, as soon as he felt the vibrations of the distress call. It was an automatic reaction and he went to Max and held him as he cried and yelled out his distress call.

It took ten minutes before Draco came through the door, panting, panicked and pink cheeked and he came to their little huddle and joined them.

“What happened?” He asked.

“He had to go through with his plan.” Harry said softly from where he was buried under Max’s arm, letting his biggest mate crush him. Nothing mattered but making Max better.

Draco threw his arms over Harry’s head and around Max’s shoulder and around Blaise’ back on the other side. Nasta was behind Max holding him from behind, but he had blocked off their floo network before he had, just in case anyone decided to join them, after all Max’s parents could feel his distress call and it would probably be driving them crazy.

It took endless minutes for Max to calm down, almost half an hour before he stopped sobbing so uncontrollably that he couldn’t hear their whispered words and almost half an hour before he stopped keening like a frightened child or a wounded animal. Half an hour in which he tore at all of their hearts as he completely broke down in their arms before calming and quieting down and kneeling empty in their arms, unable to cry anymore.

They spent the next hour piecing him back together and building him back up with kind words and actions, endless comfort and unconditional love. Harry took over the kitchen, which he was quite
happy about, though the circumstances were upsetting. Blaise stayed cuddled up with Max and showed him the recording of Braiden standing, which helped a lot as the feelings of pride were immense at seeing their little son standing on his bow legs for the first time and the little extra bit on the end where Nasta had filmed Blaise and Harry kissing and cuddling over Braiden did more to make Max’s mood improve.

Draco did the one thing that made him feel better when he was upset and took a brush to the slight curls that Max had on his head. It had been a while since his last haircut and his hair was getting longer and as it got longer, the curls started to grow in. It was cute.

Nasta handed Braiden to Max and their oldest child gurgled and giggled as Max bounced him on his lap, encouraging him onto his legs by standing him up, even as Draco carried on brushing his hair and Blaise cuddled against his side.

Harry handed out tea, sneaking Blaise a cup of coffee, just because he knew it would make Max smile, it did, he actually chuckled as he let Braiden grip hold of and squeeze his bottom lip, tugging on it in curiosity.

“Don’t let him do that, he’ll hurt you.” Harry scolded as he carefully took Braiden’s clenching fingers from Max’s lip, being careful of his nails. “They’re a little long; I think he needs to have them cut again.”

“I’ve got it.” Max said deeply in his emotion roughed voice as he sat Braiden down before he brought a tiny hand up to his mouth and started nibbling on the tiny nails.

Braiden giggled hysterically. “Da! Da!” He cried out, his little body wriggling and writhing as he giggled as each nail was bitten and picked at until they were short and smooth again.

“Oh I love this little boy.” Max said as he finished and pulled Braiden into a hug.

“Dapda.” Farren cooed from the floor.

They all stopped and looked at Farren as he frowned up at Max, a stuffed teddy still in his arms.

“I think he heard you and has a touch of jealousy.” Draco chuckled as he walked around the settee and hefted Farren out of his box and sat him between Max and Blaise, before going back around to play with Max’s curls.

Farren gurgled as he bashed his teddy about, leaning himself onto Max’s side.
“I think the babies know that you’re upset.” Harry said as he came and kissed Max’s cheek.

“Mama!” Braiden called out, reaching for him over Max’s head.

“Ah, but they still love you the most.” Max grinned, tilting his head back and getting his prominent Adam’s apple poked curiously for his trouble.

“Naturally.” Harry grinned as he picked Braiden up and set him on his hip. “I’m always going to be the best and their favourite.”

That made all of his lovers laugh, which half of his children joined in on, which made them all laugh more.

“I think it’s about lunch time, do you want to try blended potatoes, carrots and pork today, Braiden?” Harry asked as he sat him in his high chair and dug in the cupboard of little labelled jars that Max had made up.

Braiden bashed the tray of his high chair and gurgled happily, calling out for Harry as he bashed louder.

“It’s no wonder we’ve been suffering systematic headaches for this last week.” Blaise said as he grimaced at the noise.

“Aw, Braiden, your Daddy doesn’t like your music.”

“That’s not music.” Draco complained, insulted at the very notion that the racket they were hearing was music.

“Of course it is.” Harry said. “It’s Braiden’s very own music, made by his own hands. You should be proud.”

Draco snorted. “Fine, you stay here and listen to his music and be proud over it, I’m going to check
Harry rolled his eyes before turning his attention back to Braiden, sitting down in front of him and loading up a tiny spoon with the contents of the jar and started the process of giving Braiden lunch, avoiding the hands that had so recently decided they wanted to grab the spoon and throw it every time it came towards him, regardless of the blended food the spoon was full of.

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Severus let himself gone boneless when the door closed behind Narcissa at last. He still held the photograph of the six children that Potter had had and he couldn’t stop himself from imagining them as his own and Regulus’ children. The thought made something deep inside him ache.

He knew this was his ending, he had nothing left tying him to this world except a grown godson in Blaise and a self-taken on ward in Potter, who was also grown. Neither of them needed him anymore and with the questions answered about Regulus, he could go in peace.

He had no beautiful children like the six that Potter had, no child that needed him or depended on him, no child to carry on his genes, no mate to help raise said child, no one to grow old with. He was only thirty-eight years old, he had another three hundred or so more years to live yet and the thought drained him.

His stubborn will to find out what had happened to his beloved Regulus had been the only thing keeping him going, through every day; every painfully boring lesson where he wished desperately that he was somewhere else.

His dreams at night had him aching to abuse his own profession and consume over dosages on the Dreamless Sleep potion, just so he wouldn’t see Regulus’ happy, upturned face at night, a toddler in his arms who looked just like his beloved mate. His envision of the daughter that they should never have lost. Their daughter who should be twenty years old but instead had not a physical speck in this world for anyone to remember her by.

Severus had laid Regulus to rest a week after he had been found, outside of the incredibly strong preservation spells that the lake in the underground cave had had, Regulus had started decomposing rapidly and he couldn’t bear the thought to see the perfectly preserved body of his beloved mate turn to so much mush and rotted flesh in his arms.

Lucius and Narcissa had been a huge help to him, Albus visited at least twice a week as well as the letters he received from Draco and Blaise, and even the two letters he had gotten from Potter. They were all trying to help him, but he had no reason for living besides to merely be living.

What did he have to live for now? No mate, no children. The entire focus of a Dracken was to breed and procreate; he had failed at that when he had failed his submissive mate on so many occasions.

Severus looked at each grinning or sharply focused face of the six beautiful children that Potter had given to his dominants, though Lucius was always quick to correct his Wife by saying that none of them were Draco’s, he knew exactly what Draco would think of each and every child, he knew that his Dracken would see all of them as an extension of his submissive mate, which naturally made
the children ‘his’ as well.

From Narcissa he knew they were all doing well and even though Potter had a court case coming up for the Muggles who had hurt him in his childhood, he was very well supported and he was being watched for signs of depression or signs that he wasn’t coping with the situation, so far neither had been forthcoming.

Severus forced himself to stand, even though he was hunched over and almost crippled by grief, he managed to shuffle himself back to his bed and he lay down with a sigh of relief.

There was nothing in the world that he wouldn’t give to have Regulus back, but full resurrection was impossible and the cheap imitations would only be an insult to Regulus’ memory. There was no way around it, Regulus was gone and he was never coming back. Putting it so bluntly in his mind had a stab of agony tearing through him so shockingly that he curled over his own chest as much as possible and tiredly rubbed over his breastbone.

His Dracken was rebelling. They both hated the thought of their mate being dead and gone with no children to carry on their genes, but though he wished that his only daughter had never died, he wished more that Regulus was here with him and that thought ate away at him, deteriorating his condition further, plaguing his mind with guilt and self-loathing.

He rested on the bed, the photograph still in his hand and he looked at the five little boys and the lone little girl. That little girl could have been his own and his heart clenched agonisingly yet again. He should have protected Regulus better, he should have kept him closer to him, then maybe their little girl would still be here and maybe, just maybe, Regulus would still be here too.

He felt so much guilt, so much pain, why hadn’t he followed Regulus that day? Why had he let his mate leave the house, go through the front door and out into the world on his own, just because of some petty argument that he couldn’t even remember. He should have done more, been more for his submissive and he should have gone after Regulus instead of sitting at home and sulking about the argument they had had that in hindsight didn’t matter at all to him.

He felt sick and lost. His thoughts run a continuous loop around his failure as a dominant mate, how he had lost his mate and daughter, how he had let it happen and he eventually curled up further, his loss and bereavement laying heavily on his mind as he stared at the picture of the six beautiful children. They could have been his; he could have had a picture just like this on his office desk, or on his sitting room wall.

He felt his eyes burning with supressed tears and he slammed his emotions back into check. He had cried all he was going to over this and he wouldn’t allow any more to be shed, he would not drown Regulus’ memory in tears. He had cried more than enough.

It took endless hours for his mind to flit from thought to thought, to memory and back before the nightmares started. He hadn’t realised that he had fallen asleep until he was throwing himself into wakefulness with a gasp caught in his throat.

He sat up as quickly as he could in his deteriorated state and releartned how to breathe. This had become familiar to him, these dreams and nightmares that beleaguered his sleep and wouldn’t leave him be. It had been weeks since he last had the energy to brew potions and Lucius would immediately recognise and confiscate the Dreamless Sleep potion like he was a child that needed to be told what he could and couldn’t do or put into his own body.

Severus lifted the photograph in its frame of silver and watched one of the little boys kick his legs happily as another brought a hand to his mouth to gum on three fingers. He had dreamed that the
six of them had died. A heinous thing for him to dream of another’s children, but it was only a
dream, one that he couldn’t shake.

His heart had long since calmed when he laid himself back down in his guest bed at Malfoy
Manor. He felt weak and shaky and he realised that it had been some time since he had last ate. He
didn’t particularly mind, if he was absorbed with a brewing project he often went without eating
for a few days too.

His body was weak and almost useless now, he could barely sit up through sheer willpower alone
and he didn’t think he could get himself from his bed, so he closed his eyes and thought of
Regulus. How much he longed to join his mate, how much he wanted to see him again, to see his
smile and hear his laugh, to hold him in his arms once again, feeling his body shake with the throes
of passion as his mate drew blood from him, trying to keep from screaming. Regulus hated
screaming and Severus was always extra arrogant after he had made Regulus scream for him.

His breathing becoming increasingly ragged and stilted, Severus, on some level, knew what was
happening, but he refused to call out for a house-elf. He just continued lying on the bed, thinking of
the mate and child that he had lost, one thanks to the Dark Lord and the other thanks to Potter
senior.

He let what was going to happen, happen. He wouldn’t outright take his own life, but if it
happened on its own, he wasn’t going to stop it. He had had enough of this life and he wished to go
to the next to be reunited with Regulus, even if there was no next great adventure after death, at
least he would be in the same state as Regulus and they would be buried side by side.

Still holding the picture frame, Severus took several more stilted breaths before his breathing
regulated and evened out as he slipped back into sleep, his overtaxed mind and body too exhausted
and stressed to stay active for any longer, the nightmares didn’t come back, he didn’t dream and
Severus did not wake up ever again.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: So we’re leaving it here. You’ve had a quick update, it’s a long chapter too, so
make the most of it lovelies and let me know what you think.

Additional A/N: I’m afraid to say that the next update from any of my fics will be a
long time in coming, I had to have my beloved cat Suki put down yesterday after
thirteen years together and you wouldn’t even be having this update if I hadn’t
finished it the day before she died. I ask for patience and respect in this hard time for
me and my family, you may think she was just a cat or what not, but to me she was so
much more, so please be respectful.

Thank you for all your support and thanks for reading and reviewing, I truly do
appreciate it,
StarLight Massacre.
June

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Seventy-Seven – June

Two days after the exams had finished for Harry and his mates, the fifth of June, was an eagerly anticipated day for a special reason and Harry woke up extra early just to move the sleeping children to the living room and to start making a special breakfast.

Nasta joined him not half an hour later and pulled a box of wrapped presents from under the sink, where he had stashed them because if there was one place that Draco would not go in without being told, it was the cupboard where they kept the cleaning products.

He laid them out on the kitchen table before boiling the kettle to make tea and baby bottles.

Draco’s birthday had fallen on the perfect day, the Friday after the exams had finished for the three of them, though there were still some people doing exams from different electives, but none of that mattered because they weren’t one of them. If he remembered correctly it was Muggle Studies today and it had been Care of Magical Creatures yesterday.

“Is he still asleep?” Harry asked Max as the larger man slipped out of the bedroom.
Max nodded as he yawned, his jaw cracking with how wide it forced his mouth. He scrubbed a hand over his face to wake himself up a bit before finally feeling a little better about being awake so early.

“Yeah, he’s fast asleep; I gave Blaise a pinch on my way out, so he is awake.”

“And likely not happy with your wake up technique.” Harry said dryly.

“I hope I get treated like this for my thirty-third.”

“Of course you will, but it’s my eighteenth first.” Harry grinned.

“You come of age in the Muggle world and can legally drink alcohol, oh wait; you’ve been doing that in the wizarding world for a year already.”

Harry snorted and shook his head before picking up Regan and settling the five month old in his arms. He checked in Regan’s mouth for signs of erupting teeth, but there were none, so he carried him over to Nasta to collect a bottle to feed him.

Blaise stumbled out of the bedroom, half asleep on his feet and groaning.

“Here, have some coffee.” Nasta told him, handing him a cup of his most favourite Italian roast coffee.

“I’m still dreaming.” Blaise said roughly.

“You often dream of Nasta handing you coffee?” Max teased.

“He’s usually naked when he does it.” Blaise replied before he gulped the coffee like it was cool water and not boiling hot.

“You can have me hand you coffee naked on your birthday.” Nasta told him, pulling Blaise’s head to his lips so he could press a kiss to him. “And you can have Max massaging your feet, Draco fanning you with palm leaf as Harry spoons coffee flavoured liqueur into your waiting mouth and
anything else you can dream up, but can we please concentrate on Draco for today?"

They all nodded, put in high spirits by Nasta’s fantasy scene, but when they heard Draco stirring, before they were ready, things turned rushed as Max took over breakfast to finish it off while Harry and Nasta tried to get the feeds out of the way as Blaise laid the table around Draco’s gifts.

It didn’t help that several owls turned up together with cards and gifts, Calix decided he wanted to wet a nappy and Tegan became frustrated and unhappy with the lack of attention that she was getting and started crying.

Blaise took Calix as the more serious matter and changed him carefully, making sure the powder covered all of his bottom so no wet or dampness was left behind to start a rash, by which time Harry had finished feeding Leolin and was distracting Tegan with a soft doll, making it dance in front of her.

Nasta unloaded the owls of their burdens and dispatched them easily enough and Max had just finished serving the table breakfast when Draco came out, still in his pyjama bottoms, dishevelled and confused as to where they’d all gone…or perhaps what all the damn noise was.

“Happy birthday, Draco!” Harry called out as the others called out some semblance of the same, they hadn’t had time to decide on what to say or when, so it was a jumble of birthday greetings, but Draco’s mouth split wide with a smirk that was almost an actual smile.

“You performing baboons are loud.” Draco said, still smirking. “If you had slowed down a bit and stopped making so much noise, I’d still be asleep and you’d have had more time.”

Harry huffed. “I think we made good time, besides it was the baby baboons making all the noise, not us.”

Draco picked up Braiden, who had crawled to him and was now sat at his feet and pulling on his pyjama leg.

“Good morning, love.” He greeted the ten month old boy happily.

Braiden babbled and burbled a bit, before Nasta took him from Draco and steered the blond to the table for breakfast. Four of the quintuplets were put in bouncers, Leolin was back on his little beanbag and Braiden went into his baby walker, this time with the seat low enough for him to pull himself about the floor with his feet.

Harry kept an eye on him as the five of them ate breakfast, though he did notice that Draco was eyeing up his gifts and that he was eating quicker than he normally did.
“There’s no rush.” Harry teased. “We’re not going to take them off you if you don’t finish your breakfast within ten minutes.”

“I know, but I’ve always loved receiving gifts.” Draco smirked.

“You’re spoilt is why.” Blaise nudged him with his shoulder.

“And you’re not?” Draco teased back, in too high spirits to mind all of the ribbing.

“I’ll have you know that I lived a very balanced life.” Blaise sniffed.

“A balanced life in the lap of luxury.” Draco countered, finishing the last bite of his toast.

Nasta, concerned about the effect the current conversation would have on Harry, changed the subject without it looking like he had as he handed Draco a wrapped present and took his empty plate away, thus distracting all of them from the previous conversation.

They watched Draco opening his various gifts and cards, getting kisses for their presents and when he was done and Nasta had cleaned all of the ripped paper and envelopes up, Harry shyly handed Draco another card.

“This is a special one.” Harry said softly as Draco looked at him in puzzlement, as Harry had already given him a card and a present.

The puzzlement faded when Draco pulled out the card, which really was a folded piece of card that had been hand painted by Harry, who wasn’t the best of artists, but when he opened it, he understood. Inside the card, on both sides, was a collection of six handprints, his children’s handprints, around the message ‘Happy Birthday Daddy Draco’ in the middle.

“This must have taken you forever.” Draco said to distract from how touched he was that Harry had thought to do this for him.

“Not really. I got some paint, got a sponge, painted their hands and pressed them to the card. It took longer to clean the paint from under their nails!” Harry laughed. “I won’t be doing that again in a
hurry.”

Draco traced the minute print that had Leolin's name written in elegant cursive under it.

“This isn’t your handwriting.” Draco told him surely.

“No, it’s mine.” Nasta said with a smile. “I helped Harry with the prints and the handwriting, but the idea was all Harry’s.”

“Thank you, love.” Draco said, pulling him into a kiss.

The day passed quickly and easily, they focused more around Draco, but naturally their main focus was on the children, who didn’t care that it was their Daddy Draco’s birthday, they just wanted all of their needs met and all of the attention, but Draco didn’t mind sharing the limelight.

They had an almost constant stream of visitors to wish Draco a happy birthday, Pansy Parkinson, Daphne Greengrass, even Crabbe and Goyle, though Draco hadn’t spoken to either of them in months, not since Harry had almost been raped by Theodore Nott and Draco had learnt that Crabbe and Goyle had slept through his shouts just feet away from him.

Narcissa and Lucius had sent an owl with a card, a letter and several gifts, but they remained a no show and told Draco that they’d see him when he got out of school, but Draco didn’t seem to care, he told them that unfortunately as his birthday fell in the school months that his parents often didn’t come and that in his younger years he had been doing exams on his birthday even.

Blaise nodded and said the same, his birthday fell in the school year too so he was used to just getting an owl from his Mother and various step-fathers.

Harry didn’t want to bring down the mood, so he didn’t tell his mates that even though his birthday fell in the summer holidays that he had often been ignored, or sometimes even worked harder on his birthdays, at least they had people who cared for them and loved them.

Harry went to play with Calix and Regan then, to hide his bad mood with praise for his little sons as he watched them play and learn with their toys, he didn’t however fool the ever observant Nasta Tabrien Delericey, who came to sit beside him, Braiden in arms biting at a stuffed doll.

“Are you alright?”

Harry looked at him and smiled a small, strained smile and he nodded.
“Of course, why wouldn’t I be?” He asked airily.

“You don’t have to pretend, Harry, not with me. What happened? What was said to upset you?”

Harry blew out a breath and smiled as Blaise looked over; he clapped enthusiastically as Calix slotted a plastic triangle through the triangle shaped hole to make a chirpy, jingly tune.

He looked back at Nasta when Blaise looked away, his attention caught by Tegan. He licked his lips and checked where everyone else was, Nasta could keep something quiet. The other three, not so much.

“It was the talk about where everyone’s birthday landed.” He confided.

“Yours is the only birthday to land in the summer holidays.” Nasta said neutrally. “Normally an extra reason for a child to celebrate, but not so much you. What did they do to you on your birthdays?”

“Nothing.” Harry answered.

Nasta just gave him a look that plainly said he didn’t believe him and Harry blew out a harsh breath.

“Really, they didn’t do anything and that was the problem. They ignored my birthday as thoroughly as they ignored me when they had company around. Sometimes they would give me a longer list of chores to do, but often I was completely ignored and my birthday passed with no acknowledgement at all. I had a selfish thought is all, when Blaise and Draco were complaining of not being home for their birthdays or their parents not coming to see them, I just thought, at least you have people who care, people who love you and that’s not fair of me to say or to think, it’s not their fault that the Dursleys were how they were with me.”

Nasta pulled him into a hug and kissed his head.

“It’s not selfish to think this way, Harry. You have every right to feel human emotions and yes, to you Draco and Blaise will seem very spoilt and ungrateful, but they’ve never been without that love and support, so like most people in that situation, they take it for granted and to someone like you, who has never had that sort of love and support, it comes across very strongly to you, you see it differently because you’ve never had that love to take for granted in the first place. They don’t realise that they are digging a knife into you with their words, needless to say I don’t think they
think of anyone else when they get into a pissing debate with one another. I’ve never known anyone to argue as much as those two do, it’s like they look for things to argue about.”

Harry snorted in laughter and rested against Nasta.

“I just don’t want to be a downer on anyone, especially not on Draco’s birthday of all days, but it just hit me that I never actually had a reason to celebrate my birth before I came to Hogwarts. I was just another year older, it was another year less on my countdown to my eighteenth birthday when I could just get out of their house and leave and forget everything that had ever happened to me there, even though I never...”

Harry fell silent and Nasta remained silent with him as the three little boys played and giggled in front of them, Calix and Braiden having one of their daily conversations that only they were privy too, but when it seemed like Harry had actually stopped talking and wasn’t just gathering his thoughts, Nasta pressed him.

“You were going to say something, what was it?”

Harry shook his head lightly, his messy hair still bouncing around his head; he had allowed Draco to brush it for an hour straight, so it was extra light and fluffy today.

“You can tell me, Harry. I love you and I won’t think anything different about you, it’s those people who are to blame and they will be punished.”

“It’s those people that I’m worried about.” Harry said.

Nasta reared back like he had been punched and the flash of anger was so sudden and severe that Harry’s heart missed a beat.

“Why in the world are you worried about those beasts?!” He hissed.

“Who’s worried about what?” Max asked with a frown.

Harry looked over at him and gritted his teeth, the other three had taken notice of them and had
realised that not all was as it seemed and they had come over to join them.

“It’s nothing; we’re not doing this here, not now!” Harry made to stand up, but Nasta held his upper arm tightly.

“No. You tell me why you’re worried about them, after everything they’ve done to you.”

“You’re talking about those people, aren’t you?” Blaise asked quietly.

Harry found it maddening that his mates couldn’t even say their names, or even their last name, it was like the Voldemort thing, he wasn’t afraid to say Voldemort and neither was he afraid to say Dursley.

“What brought this on? Are you having another flashback attack?” Draco asked and Harry was angry to see him so concerned and worried, this was Draco’s day, Draco’s birthday, they shouldn’t be doing this now.

“No and it’s nothing to worry about, Nasta and I were just having a conversation that he made too loud.” Harry explained, his eyes glaring holes into Nasta’s.

Draco sat down on the settee adjacent to where Harry and Nasta were sat on the floor and looked at him.

“It’s my birthday and it is my wish that you tell me of this conversation.”

Max snorted. “Aren’t you a regal bastard? Well Harry, his birthday Prince has commanded it; you might as well tell us what’s going on.”

Harry snarled and glared at Nasta for putting him in this position and he turned to his three other mates.

“I was just saying that my birthday fell in the summer holidays.”
“I would have loved my birthday to fall in the summer holidays, but my guess is that you would have rathered it fell on a school day.” Max said, his blue eyes staring into him.

Harry’s hand went through his hair and he tugged on it harshly.

“I spent an hour fixing that hair!” Draco cried indignantly and Harry had to smile as he tried to fix the damage that he had done.

“I would have rathered it fell on a day in the school year; at least here I had my friends.” Harry said softly.

“You have us now.” Blaise told him.

Harry nodded. “I know, but before Hogwarts my birthday was never anything special. I had no family, no friends; it was just another day of the week.”

“You said something of the like last year, near your seventeenth birthday.” Max said thoughtfully.

“He did?” Blaise frowned.

Nasta nodded. “The day that you and Draco decided to argue over books and who was the better author, you went upstairs to argue and Harry, Max and I stayed in the kitchen, he said the same then.”

“Why are you worried about those people? What’s the link between birthdays and them besides how they treated you before?” Max asked.

“I was telling Nasta that every year my birthday was just a countdown until I could leave them.” Harry confided.

“Carry on.” Draco said when Harry stopped.

Harry huffed and gritted his teeth. “I’m worried for them because I’m more worried about you.”
“That makes no sense at all.” Blaise informed him.

Harry growled and waved his hands in frustration, he didn’t want to spell it out for them, he didn’t want to actually have to say it out loud. “I’m worried that you’re going to go and hurt them and I’ll lose you all!”

“What would you think that?” Nasta asked.

“Because what I was going to add on was that I never actually thought that I’d get out of that house.”

“As soon as you were eighteen you would have been a legal adult, you would have been able to just get up and go.” Max said confusedly.

“Exactly.” Harry said quietly. “When I was younger I never...I never actually thought that I’d live to see my eighteenth birthday. That’s what I meant. Every year everything got worse, everything got harder, by the time that I was nine, just getting through the year was so hard that half the time I just wanted to give in and die in my sleep so that I wouldn’t have to face the next day and the torment it would bring.”

“You wanted to die?!” Draco asked, his expression showing his astonishment.

“My life has never been easy. I thought everything would be better when I got to Hogwarts, but it did and it didn’t. For the first time in my life I had friends, I was happy, but then the events at the end of the year had me facing sudden death and then I get sent back to the Dursleys and everything was ten times worse, every subsequent year has been worse than the last as I’ve gotten older.”

“I hope that doesn’t apply to now.” Blaise put in quietly.

Harry smiled. “You know that it doesn’t. Having you four in my life is the best thing that has ever happened to me and I’m not just saying that or exaggerating anything, you and the kids are the best thing to ever, ever, happen to me. Most people have a favourite memory, their happiest memory, one that they’ll never forget as long as they live, a day at the beach, a certain birthday or Christmas where everything was just utterly perfect, even you four have a special memory that you hold above the rest, don’t you?”
Max thought about it and he smiled. “Definitely when I got my Potion’s Mastery. When I got that letter by that ridiculously fluffy owl telling me that I had passed all of my exams and that all those hours of studying and the endless days and nights of revision for those examinations had paid off, I have to say that it’s the best moment of my entire life.”

“Mine is a bittersweet memory.” Blaise said softly. “It was when I had finally learnt enough Italian on my own to write a letter to my Father’s parents, my paternal grandparents. I was so proud of myself for having learnt it by myself, for sticking to it and battling through all the frustration and anger at forcing myself to learn a third language so young. I had barely a grasp on English back then and most of what I knew was thanks to play dates with Draco throughout the years. I wrote that letter in my best handwriting, I was so proud. They never replied, so I wrote them another letter. A week later that letter came back unopened, they’d put a block up to prevent any more of the letters I sent getting through to them.”

“How old were you?” Nasta asked.

Blaise shrugged. “I was eight. I didn’t get a proper grasp of English until I was about thirteen, but by then everyone at Hogwarts knew me as a silent shadow. They never realised that I was silent because though I knew what they were saying, I didn’t know enough English to reply to them and I didn’t want to embarrass myself by botching up the language. They thought I was an arrogant sod who thought that he was better than them and they stopped trying to speak to me.”

“Mine was getting the O.W.L. results last year.” Draco said with an embarrassed smile. “I was terrified of what the letter contained, worried that I might have failed everything, but when I saw that I’d gotten all O’s, that had to have been the proudest moment of my life. My biggest achievement to date and I hope to replace that with my N.E.W.T. results this year.”

Everyone looked expectantly to Nasta and he chuckled. “I have so many memories and I hope to remember them all, I could easily say that my best memory is the moment I grasped enough of a language to speak it fluently, of which I know so many that the memory would be repeated several times over. It could be the moment I spoke my first sentence in my second ever learnt language, which was German when I was four. I could say that it was exploring each and every new country I was taken too, or even running hand in hand with my brother and sister across some field or beach or through a busy market place, but I think, upon reflection, the one that I’ll always remember above the others would be when I heard my Mother’s voice for the first time. My grandparents on my Mum’s side were Drackens and they had six children, one of whom was very interested in Muggle things. My Uncle Rhodri mixed a Muggle Dictaphone with a spell and he caught my Mother’s voice on it, exactly as it was. She was pregnant with me at the time and the clip features a whinging Angharad and a squalling Sanex before my Dad took them off for a bath before bed, but my Uncle Rhodri was asking my Mother about me and hearing her speak of me, still in her belly, the love that she had for me even then, how she spoke about me, not knowing if I was even a boy or a girl. She called me baby Nest, because I was always nestled against her spine, she said that
no matter what she did to dislodge me, I always squirmed back to her spine and that nickname helped my Dad name me after...after I was born and she died. It’s the only time that I have ever heard her voice and that is a memory I will forever treasure, knowing without a doubt that she loved me before my birth and knowing that she would have loved me after birth if she had lived.”

There was silence after that before Harry moved to hug Nasta, who covered his eyes with one hand to hide his tears.

Max pulled that hand away and kissed each eye gently, catching those glittering tears on his lips.

“You don’t have to hide your tears, not from us.” Blaise told him.

“I think about her every day.” Nasta said. “Especially as I see the kids, my Aunt Megan told me that my Mother had always wanted to be a mother, and a grandmother, she wanted to be surrounded by children, but she died before she even got to see me, let alone the six beautiful children that I would have given her as grandchildren. She died too soon.”

“My Father did too, at least your Mother died in childbirth, my Father was killed by my own Mother in a fight over me, how do you think that made me feel growing up? To know that my Father’s family blamed me for his death because it was a fight about me, a baby just a few weeks old and that that was the reason they wouldn’t see or speak to me, because them blamed me for his sudden and early death.”

“They’re idiots.” Draco said as he hugged Blaise. “They don’t deserve to know you. They don’t deserve to see the amazing man that you have become.”

Harry said nothing. He had lost both of his parents, he had no grandparents and the only family he did have had abused and neglected him so badly that they were facing thirty years in prison for it. The only memory of his parents he had was of them dying in a struggling attempt to save his life, but then he didn’t need to say it, everyone already knew his story because it was public property, people in the wizarding world had known his story before he had even known how to walk and talk.

“We got a little off track.” He said instead with a smile as he rested against Nasta, whose arms came around him to hold him against his chest. “As I said, my memory like that, the one that I’ll cherish forever, was just after I chose Nasta and I knew that I was pregnant and that I didn’t need any more mates, when all of us became a real family together. You four are the reason that I wake up every morning happy, the reason that I smile and laugh, you’re the reason that I love instead of hate and the reason I can forgive the Dursleys, after everything they’ve done to me, is because I have you four to stand beside me. I have you now and I have my whole life, my future, ahead of me, why should I care what happened in the past? Those people don’t matter to me anymore, the
four of you do. You are the reason that I live and carry on living, you’re the reason that I love going to bed just to lie beside you all, to wake up beside you every morning. Nothing else matters to me, not even the Dursleys and what they did, as long as I have you four and our six children with me, how can it? How can anything compare or come close to what you four do for me and give to me? I don’t even care if that makes me pathetic and sad, if it does then so be it, I’m a loser and I’ll shout it from the bloody Astronomy Tower myself and I still don’t care, I love all of you and getting the four of you and falling in love with you is my most cherished memory. The only thing that I have to hold onto is the memories of you four and everything that you’ve done for me and outside of that, I have the paled Quidditch victories, the broken friendships and the dead family members that I used to use to try and make a Patronus with. I have no other treasured memories, no family event or holiday that I’ll remember because I never had any of those before I had you, everything good in my life has come only after I already had the four of you in my life.”

Nasta’s arm clenched tight around him and Harry felt other hands and mouths touch him, holding him, kissing him, but he felt that swell of love and he savoured it. He had his four mates and his six children, nothing else mattered to him anymore, not even the Dursleys.

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They vowed to stay silent about what they had said as they got on with Draco’s birthday, Harry even subjected himself to another hour long grooming session by Draco after he messed up his hair yet again, this time it wasn’t really his fault as Farren had decided to take two huge fistful’s of Harry’s hair between drool covered, biscuit sticky fingers and had yanked and tugged and pulled, doing his best to give Harry two bald patches as he grimaced and howled in pain, trying to detach the five month old baby from his head.

Draco soothed his scalp with a soft bristled brush as Harry pouted and grumbled under his breath about vindictive babies.

“He’s not being vindictive.” Blaise laughed. “He was just curious. All babies are curious of hair and you happen to have not only a lot of it, but it’s stranger than most.”

“Thanks for that, that makes me feel so much better.”

Draco laughed as he carefully took the knots out of Harry’s hair, untangling them carefully and gently.

“It does have a life of its own; it’s a bit like your hair is a separate living entity.”
Harry huffed and ignored the both of them as he instead listened to Max humming some song in the kitchen as he made them dinner. He wouldn’t tell them what he was making, but Draco had guessed that it was Chasseur chicken, one of his favourite meals.

Harry had spent the afternoon baking a cake for him, after Max had finished cleaning up from lunch Harry had started and the finished cake was decorated in pale green icing with little silver balls. Draco loved it and had already taken a photograph of it. Harry refused to allow him to take a piece.

“Mama?”

They all stopped what they were doing to look at Braiden, who had called out.

“What’s the matter, love?” Harry asked him.

Braiden brought a finger to his mouth and stuck it inside his dribbling mouth, before he turned and pointed at Leolin, whose golden eyes were opened and blinking, observing the room and the people in it with his scrunched up, suspicious frown that he almost always wore when he was awake.

“You’re such a good boy, Braiden, such a good older brother to tell me that Leolin was awake.”

Harry peeled himself away from Draco and his brush, kissed Braiden and praised him some more before he went to scoop Leolin from his beanbag, he had had more than enough hair grooming for one day, there was only so much that he could take, even for a birthday wish and he had reached his limit, if Draco wanted to play hairdresser any longer then he’d have to wrestle Blaise into it or drag a baby between his thighs and hold them down as he clawed a brush through their hair.

Harry sat on the settee with Leolin in his lap and he made sure to get eye contact and a lot of smiling in at Leolin while he was awake, he still spent the majority of the day sleeping, though not as much as he once did and at five months old, he was only just starting to come out of the newborn phase of spending every day eating or sleeping. Harry was glad that Leolin was developing well, but as he looked at Regan dashing around the floor on hands and knees, the same age as Leolin, from the same pregnancy and the same sac, he couldn’t help the streak of worry that gripped him.

Nasta came out of their bedroom and laughed as he bent to pick up the speeding Regan and hefted the disgruntled baby over his shoulder.

“Where are you going to in such a hurry? Oh I see what’s happening, Mummy has gone to tend to Leolin, so Daddy Draco is looking for another victim for his dreaded brush!”
“Oh ha ha.” Draco scathed.

They all shared a laugh at his expense, though he couldn’t keep the annoyed look on his face and it melted into a smile. He shook his head and put the brush away.

Nasta put Regan back in the middle of the room, where Tegan was trying her best to gnaw a thick finger from her doll and Calix was bashing about a soft teddy.

He came and sat by Harry and smoothed the soft, fluffy bits of downy hair that Leolin was growing on his head. It was going steadily darker by the day now and growing in thicker and more substantial too.

“We have to go to the Faerie courts soon; we’ve ignored them more than enough. It’ll go from a simple snub to all out offense soon and they’ll be very aggrieved.”

“Let them.” Harry said. “They snubbed your family for over a hundred years.”

Nasta smiled. “There are those who genuinely want to see them though, Dain and Kailen, Warren too. They were all family friends.”

“More than family friends if what your Dad was saying about what he was finding out about the family lines is true.”

Nasta grimaced. He hadn’t taken the thought that he might be related to Dain or Kailen very well, but Aneirin had been finding more and more evidence that Trefor Delericey had had a very elaborate and planned affair with the both of them and even more evidence that not one of his children had come from his Husband, which might actually explain why all of his children had had Trefor’s maiden name of Delericey and not his Husband’s name of Costas.

It had been correctly assumed at the time that Trefor was being abused by his Husband, but wrongly assumed that he had gotten his last revenge on the man by changing his children’s names to his ‘maiden’ name of Delericey; none of them had ever once thought that not one of those children had been his Husband’s by blood, so now it seemed that the Delericeys were carried on through either Dain or Kailen and that they shouldn’t even be Delericeys anymore…if they came from Dain, they should have been named Talarin and if they came from Kailen, then they should have been named Aldaren. Nasta had taken that news hard too.

“We’ll go soon.” Harry promised. “I just don’t want anything to happen to Leolin, you know he hates travelling.”
Nasta sighed and kissed Leolin's forehead.

“I know, I just want to get it over and done with. Dad is going to contact Dain and Kailen soon and confront them on what he’s found out, I want to have had the visit and gotten it over and done with before then, I don’t want to see them.”

“Nasta…”

“No. They knew, all these years they knew the truth! They didn’t once approach us, we’re their several times great-grandchildren, me and Sanex, my Dad and my Uncle Idris and my Aunt Nerys. My granddad Hywel, my great-grandad Dai, we’re all related to one of them and they know which one and they know that we’re alive! They’ve done nothing.”

It was the most vindictive that Harry had ever seen Nasta. Usually so cool and calm and collected, his burning anger at the two Valkyries was not abating, no matter what any of them said, as soon as Nasta had read that letter, he had been set to hate them and hate them he was doing.

“How would you feel?” Nasta had challenged him when Harry had tried to ease him down a bit. “To find out after all these years that you have a great-grandfather in the world who knew you existed, who knew exactly where you were and what you were to him and he still did nothing? When he didn’t even give you a chance?”

Harry had stopped trying to get Nasta to give them a chance after that, he would have been angry too, he would have hated to find that he had another living relative in the world that knew of him and where he was and they had left him to rot with the Dursleys without so much as an introduction.

“I know, love, let Aneirin deal with them, I’m just saying; don’t let your anger cloud your judgement.” Harry explained softly. “Hopefully we won’t even see them when we go to the Faerie city, it’s a big place, enormous even according to Aneirin and the books, what are the chances that they’ll be there?”

Nasta had snorted harshly. “They both sit on the Faerie court; they’ll be there when we take in Leolin.”

Harry scowled. “You don’t have to go if you don’t want too, I’ll go with Aneirin.”
“I am not a coward.” Nasta said bitingly. “I’ll go even though I don’t want to just to rub their faces in Leolin. If they ignored us because we were humans and Drackens and not Faeries, I’ll parade Leolin in front of them and then deny them the chance to know the amazing boy that he is.”

“And if they have a perfectly good reason to have broken ties with your family?” Draco asked, handing them both cups of tea.

Nasta sneered and swallowed a gulp of the tea. “I doubt they will.”

“But if they do?”

“Then I’ll hear what they have to say and if I deem it good enough, then we can try and build on that, but I’ll never trust them, if they loved Trefor so much, why did they let him and his children die? If they were any sort of lovers or dominants they would never have allowed them all to die!”

“You need to remember that they aren’t Drackens, love, they’re different to us, have different instincts, maybe the situation was out of their hands?” Harry suggested. “Maybe they weren’t there or couldn’t help? If I was out for a walk with the kids and I was killed and the kids with me, I’d never want any of you to think that it was your fault.”

“Don’t say things like that!” Blaise snapped. “I don’t want you saying things like that about yourself or the kids.”

“It’s a completely hypothetical situation, Blaise, I swear.” Harry soothed.

“I still don’t like it.”

Harry rolled his eyes and shifted Leolin on his lap when his little Faerie baby grunted.

“You are such an unhappy baby.” He sighed as he passed Leolin over to Nasta when he silently asked for him.
“You think he’s unhappy?” Draco asked.

“He’s always frowning and scowling at everyone and grunting. If I didn’t know any better I’d say he was yours.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Draco demanded.

Harry chuckled. “That you are overly fond of scowling.”

“I am not always scowling!” Draco said with a scowl, making all of them laugh at him. “It’s my birthday, you shouldn’t be harassing me.”

Harry laughed but went to kiss Draco. “We’re only teasing, love. Leolin probably just doesn’t understand what’s going on around him, that’s all, you scowl because it makes you look handsome.”

“You think so?” Draco asked, his folded arms loosening and a considering look come over his face.

That sent them laughing again and Draco huffed and went to go put the kettle on to make even more tea, making sure not to hit Max, who was laughing in the kitchenette, still making dinner.

“Don’t fill up on tea, dinner’s up in half an hour.” Max warned as he dragged Draco into his arms for a hug, kissing the fluffy blond hair.

“Don’t you mess my hair up!” He said angrily.

Max took it in his stride and kissed down his neck and over his cheek instead, ending at his mouth, which he peppered with kisses until the click of the kettle broke them apart.

“Why do you taste of peppermint?” Max asked, licking his lips.

“He’s been stuffing the peppermint toads that I bought him for his birthday.” Harry chuckled.
Nasta’s head snapped around like a shot.

“How many have you eaten?” He demanded.

“Only three.” Draco insisted, a haughty look on his face.

“How many did you buy him?” Nasta asked Harry who smiled innocently.

“About twenty, but his Mother bought him another ten. They are one of his favourites.”

Nasta’s eyes narrowed on Draco whose own eyes narrowed right back. “Don’t even think of taking them off me like I’m some little child.”

“I wasn’t even thinking of it.”

“What are you thinking then?”

“I’m wondering if you have actually only eaten three or if it’s more.”

Draco shifted from one foot to the other, a nervous habit that they knew well and one he did unconsciously when he wasn’t exactly telling the truth.

“I knew it!” Nasta said. “How many have you really had?”

“I didn’t know how many I was eating!” Draco pleaded.

“How many?”

“Seven, but it is my birthday, I can be let of this once, can’t I?”
Nasta blew out a breath. “As long as you eat all of your dinner I can’t see the harm.”

“I can still have my birthday cake too?”

Nasta smiled at the cheek of it. “I wouldn’t dream of rendering all of Harry’s efforts to waste, so yes you can, but take more care with your treats in future, you’ll make yourself sugar sick.”

Draco came to kiss Nasta then, who realised for himself what Max had meant as he pushed his tongue into Draco’s mouth which tasted strongly and sharply of peppermint.

Draco sat and sipped on his tea, waiting for dinner, his hand slipped into a box beside him and pulled out another peppermint toad, even as Nasta watched, but Draco truly did seem unaware of what he was doing as he was completely glued and enthralled by the book that he himself had given him for his birthday.

“Draco!” He said sharply and the blond started and looked up at him with a frown.

“What?”

Nasta nodded to his hand and Draco looked at it and then blinked at it, as if he hadn’t known it was in his hand. He dropped the toad back into the box and licked the powdered sugar from his fingers. He packed the box back up and slid it under the table.

“I didn’t know I was doing that.” He said.

“I know you didn’t, I was watching you. How can you not know you’re picking something up to eat it?”

“I… I don’t know. I’ve always done it. I always snack on sweets when I’m reading. I become so engrossed in the book that I just…I just do it.”

Nasta blew out a breath. “Then in future I’m going to have to give you a limited supply of sweets when you’re reading, though I am glad that you’re enjoying the book I got for you.”
Draco smiled then. “Of course, I hadn’t even realised that Penelope Vance had brought out another book series, I was so engrossed with her other one that I never noticed.”

“And you have the audacity to call Hermione a bookworm.” Harry grinned.

“She is a bookworm, Harry, I caught her reading the Library index in our second year! The index catalogue! It’s not even a proper book.”

Harry laughed and went to kiss Draco, distracting him from his book as Harry clambered onto his lap and kissed him deeply.

“Have I ever told you that I love the taste of sweets?” Harry said as they broke apart, only to have his head pulled back into a deep kiss.

“Break it up boys, dinner’s up!” Max called, interrupting their snogging session.

Harry grinned to Draco, shifted his weight heavily onto Draco’s lap, or rather a certain part of Draco’s lap that had been very happy with the kissing and Harry’s position atop of him, before getting up and going to eat.

Draco growled as he tugged at himself through his trousers and repositioned himself before going to sit down with as much dignity as he could muster while fully hard.

“You’re evil.” He hissed at Harry, who laughed joyously.

They ate the meal amid light chatter and sly looks. Harry’s foot went to Draco’s lap, as it had for their first year anniversary in the restaurant in Hogsmeade, but when he pushed Harry’s foot from his lap, Blaise’s hand would replace it and when he smacked Blaise’s hand away, Harry’s foot would be back. It was a wonder he managed to eat anything between them and by the time he got through his slice of delicious cake, he was sweating lightly and quivering with the need to just release.

He excused himself to the bathroom, listening to Harry and Blaise laughing behind him and Nasta telling them off, but he didn’t mind, not too much at least. He’d had a brilliant eighteenth birthday and tonight, it was only going to get better, he’d make absolutely sure of that, he was going to pay both Harry and Blaise back in kind for their antics at dinner. He’d enjoy that too.
Chapter End Notes

A/N: Thank you so much to the patient readers who have not once complained about my small break from this story, to those who demanded I come back to write for it immediately and hassled me and left nasty, demanding reviews, it’s been seven weeks, get over yourselves, you’re not going to ‘die’ if I don’t update ‘right this minute’ grow up and read something else until such a time I feel ready to update it again. Those on my Facebook know that I initially took this small break for bereavement, which turned into more when I started a new ficlet, which I have wanted to focus on, but have been unable to through the demands and pressures of this story, so I’m letting all of you know now, that I will not be updating for The Rise of the Drackens again until The Tribulation of the Blue Moon, my new fic, is completed. It’s only going to be approximately ten chapters long, of which I have already posted six, it won’t be much longer, so be patient and let me work on what I want to work on. I do not want to come to resent this fic like I have two of my others.

Thank you to everyone who has read and reviewed and waited patiently for this chapter,

StarLight Massacre. X
Last Time

They ate the meal amid light chatter and sly looks. Harry’s foot went to Draco’s lap, as it had for their first year anniversary in the restaurant in Hogsmeade, but when he pushed Harry’s foot from his lap, Blaise’s hand would replace it and when he smacked Blaise’s hand away, Harry’s foot would be back. It was a wonder he managed to eat anything between them and by the time he got through his slice of delicious cake, he was sweating lightly and quivering with the need to just release.

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P’s until Dumbledore said those magic words that had everyone sitting up straighter and straining their hearing.

“Harry James Potter, Gryffindor, Seeker for the Gryffindor Quidditch team for seven years, Captain of the Gryffindor Quidditch team for two years. Eight OWL results, Tri-wizard champion, Defence Alliance instructor and receiver of a special award for services to the school and an order of Merlin: first class for services to the wizarding world.”

Harry walked up to raucous clapping and screeches from the crowd, both adults and students alike, but he still heard Max yelling at him, he was glad that Dumbledore had left off the Boy-Who-Lived title and The Chosen One, or god forbid he had put in the defeater of Voldemort. He would have died from the embarrassment of it, but as it was he couldn’t keep the grin from his face.

Harry smiled at Dumbledore as he collected his sheet of parchment that proved that he had attended Hogwarts and had successfully graduated.

“Well done, Harry, I’ll be sad to see you leave.”

“You can come around to visit us any time you like, Sir and I mean that, I would love to carry on our chats over tea as the kids play about our feet.”

Dumbledore chuckled and nodded. “I look forward to it, my boy; I very much look forward to it.”

Harry walked down the stairs again, waved to his mates, the Weasleys and everyone else who was there to see him, Draco and Blaise graduate as he retook his seat and then sat studying his diploma, with all of his achievements and what they were listed down the paper, as soon as his N.E.W.T exam papers were graded his diploma would automatically update and would then list any and all of his achievements through the years until he died. It was a very clever piece of magic.

Blaise happened to be the very last person up so when he left the stage amid claps and cheers, and Max’s yelling, Dumbledore said goodbye to them for the last time as students of Hogwarts and then welcomed them all to the school grounds as adults. Harry threw his pointed hat into the air with the rest of his year group and then he rushed off to go and find his family.

He found Myron easily, at nearly seven foot tall, he was very easy to spot and Harry darted his way between bodies and reuniting people to bowl right into him, holding him around the middle and resting his chin on that strong chest as he grinned up at him.

“I’m so proud of you.” Myron said gruffly, ruffling his hair.
“It brought a tear to my eyes.” Richard said, actually brushing away real tears.

“He’s been a right mess all day.” Max snorted, picking Harry up for a bear hug before setting him back on his feet before turning to drag Blaise into a hug as Draco greeted and hugged his Mother.

“I can’t believe that I’ve finally graduated.” Harry said with a wide grin.

“Congratulations, Harry.”

Harry turned and smiled at Lucius Malfoy, who held Calix out to him.

“No, he’s with you this afternoon.” Harry teased. “You need to learn how to look after a baby, you might be getting a real grandchild soon, I have a heat period in a week.”

“I have had him all morning.” Lucius tried to be dignified, but it was difficult when he was wearing a partly pleading expression.

“Another hour won’t do any harm. He likes you.” Harry said, cooing over Calix, who was sleeping in Lucius’ arms.

“I forget which one this is.” Lucius told him. “I know he’s Calix, but other than that…”

“Calix Bowen Black, Max’s second son.”

“So this is the little Black heir?”

Harry nodded. “I promise you’ll have a Malfoy heir soon, or at least a baby of Malfoy blood, Draco’s just not assertive enough.” He chuckled.

Lucius looked offended at the mere notion of that.
"I assure you that my son is not at fault for this!"

"Oh and I suppose I am? Draco was happier to have sex with Blaise than with me when I conceived the quintuplets and Blaise happened to be the lucky sperm for Braiden, I’m sorry about that, though if Draco had gotten that first baby Blaise wouldn’t have a blood child either, do you think he or Marianna would be making this much fuss over it? I may have six children, Mister Malfoy, but I’ve only had two pregnancies, Draco will get a blood child and a lot of them too if everything progresses as it has done previously, but I will not shoulder the blame nor will I allow you to bully Draco just because I haven’t given him a Malfoy heir yet, it’ll happen, in time, you just need to be patient and let it happen as it happens. Are you really in that much of a rush to be on babysitting duty? I would have thought you’d want to wait as long as possible before we left your grandchild with you, for you to bathe and feed and change every few hours, but if you’re that desperate for it I’ll talk to the others and see if we can’t get you the kids for a few days a month."

Harry left the stunned man where he was rooted to the spot and he went to greet Marianna and Aneirin, hugging them tightly, asking after them and their health and cooing to his oldest and his youngest sons, Braiden was alert and awake, grinning at everyone. Leolin was fast asleep in Aneirin’s arms tucked up in a little blue and white blanket that had been knitted for Braiden when he was a newborn but still fit around Leolin’s tiny, tiny body at six months old.

He took Braiden from Marianna when his eleven month old reached out for him and he kissed that little mouth gently, smiling widely as Braiden giggled happily, but that’s when things went downhill as a flash almost blinded him and he had his wand in hand and aimed in a split second, his body turned to the side to better protect Braiden, only for another flash to go off, making him see coloured spots.

Someone’s back was in front of him then and the trailing edges of blond hair identified Lucius Malfoy.

“What is the meaning of this?” He asked silkily with a hint of steel beneath. “Is it customary for the Daily Prophet to take photos of students upon their graduation? Is this a new custom that I have yet to hear about?”

“He’s Harry Potter, there’s gold to be made…”

“I don’t believe I appreciate having my son-in-law exploited for a mere pouch of gold.” Lucius cut in scathingly. “Is it the nature of the Daily Prophet to take photos of children without the parent’s permission now as well? I had not heard that that law had changed either. I believe that it is time for you to take your leave and if a single photograph of my son-in-law or his children appears in the papers, you will be hearing from my lawyer.”

The photographer stalked off sullenly, unhappily and Lucius turned back to Harry, ignoring the rest of the family, even Draco, who was staring at him, shocked.
“Thank you.” Harry said softly.

“It was my pleasure, it is always my pleasure to cut down others, but if you would please take Calix from me now, I’ve lost the feeling in both elbows and my right shoulder. It has been a very long time since I’ve had to hold a baby, least of all for such an extended period of time.”

Harry laughed as he shifted Braiden onto his hip and accepted a still sleeping Calix into the crook of his arm.

“I think my little Princes’ are in need of a nap, it’s been a long day.” Harry said as he noticed that Leolin was still fast asleep despite the drama and that Regan was fast asleep too.

“We’re all packed up, we can go home if you’d like.” Max offered. “Unless you’d rather wait for the school to dismiss officially to take one last train ride home.”

Harry smiled and shook his head. “I’d like to go home, I’ve had more than enough train rides home and I certainly won’t miss a nine and a half hour train ride with six babies in tow.”

Draco and Blaise agreed, they too said they’d had more than enough train rides to the school and home from the school to last them a lifetime, so the babies were all accounted for and Nasta and Max went with Richard, Aneirin and Myron to get the luggage.

Harry handed Calix and Braiden off to Blaise and Draco as he went to see the Weasleys, he and Ron had been civil to one another, but they would never be friends again, there was so much water under the bridge now that it was forming its own ocean.

“Harry dear, how are you? I saw that photographer hassling you. I was about to go and give him a piece of my mind when he left.” Mrs Weasley patted his cheek gently and Harry smiled at her.

“Lucius got rid of him for me, we’re going to go now, the kids are shattered and are in need of a good nap, none of us want to ride the train back with grouchy kids and over nine hours is too long a ride for them.”

“Okay dear, you take care and congratulations on graduating.”
“Thank you, Mrs Weasley.”

“Call me Molly, dear, you’re a graduated man now.”

Harry laughed. “Okay, thank you, Molly.”

“Don’t be a stranger either, you hear me? I want an owl at least twice a week.”

Harry smiled widely as he gave her a long, tight hug. He slapped hands with the twins, promising to come and see their joke shop and to bring along his children as well as his lovers too, before he gave a solid handshake to Mister Weasley, accepting his congratulations and he and Ron shared a nod before he rushed back to his family and got himself and his children ready to Apparate.

“How does it feel to be a man?” Aneirin asked.

“No different to yesterday, or this morning, or last week really. I think I’ve been a man for a while.”

Max snorted and bumped him with a suitcase. “You’ve always been more mature than Draco and Blaise.”

“Pardon me?!” Draco burst out glaring at Max.

“Well he is, you and Blaise argue over absolutely everything, from books, to authors, to exams, revision, any excuse for an argument and you’re both all over it, you need to sort that stuff out. Harry never behaves like that, you’re fathers’ now, you can’t behave like temperamental boys.”

Draco scowled, but he held Calix tighter, obviously biting back what he really wanted to say, but a quick look at his Mother stopped him, whatever he wanted to say, he wouldn’t say it in front of her, which meant that it was probably a cuss word or even an actual curse.

“Come on, let’s get home and get settled in, have we got everything?” Nasta asked.
“We made sure to pack everything and we used that spell to locate anything that we might have forgotten, we’ve got everything.” Harry said with a smile. “I can’t believe we’re actually moving out of those rooms.”

“Good riddance.” Draco said. “They were so small, it was fine with just us and Braiden, with the quintuplets too it was an acquired talent of stepping over babies without injuring them.”

They all laughed at that, fondly, or not so fondly in some cases, remembering stepping over several babies to reach a settee or to go to the bathroom.

“It was like an exercise programme.” Max grinned. “It’s like that game I used to play with my brother and sisters when we were younger where we weren’t allowed to step on the carpet because it was lava, we used to jump from chair to table, we used to make stepping stones with cushions, only instead of lava, all babies are landmines, you’re not allowed to step on the landmines.”

Harry laughed and shook his head. “Landmines are explosives.” He told Draco, who looked at Max like he’d lost his head. “If you stand on them they blow up.”

“Are we going or not?” Blaise asked, looking around at the students and their parents suspiciously. “I don’t like the look that girl is giving you.”

They all turned to see Sally-Ann Perks blush and look away quickly.

“She was trying to flirt with me during the ceremony.” Harry replied disgustedly. “Or at least I think that was her attempt at flirting, she might have just had something in her eye.”

“Don’t be so scathing, Harry.” Hermione chastised.

Harry turned and hugged her tightly as her parents looked on nervously. Harry would have thought they’d have gotten used to having a witch in the family by now, it had been seven years after all.

“It feels good to be graduated. I never thought I’d get here, not with…”

“I know.” Hermione answered. “His end was a bit anti-climactic though, wasn’t it?”
Harry snorted hard. “For you maybe, you trying being possessed and having a man screaming and flailing in your mind as you burn him to death.”

Hermione held him tighter. “There isn’t anything that I wouldn’t do for you. I would have followed you anywhere if you had needed it.”

“I know.” Harry said, wrapping his arms around her further. “It’s not needed though, he’s gone, he’s dead and this time, he can’t come back.”

“I can’t believe he used Horcruxes…seven of them no less.”

“He’s gone, Hermione, I burnt all of those soul fragments, I burnt him.”

“He still has followers out there.” Hermione said directly into his ear.

“The Aurors are hunting them down; they were way more interested in my list of names after Voldemort’s body was found in the Ministry. They won’t get away with what they did.”

“Why did Lucius Malfoy get away? Donations to charity?”

Harry stiffened before relaxing. “No, he was questioned with Veritaserum and it emerged that Voldemort was blackmailing him with the lives of his Wife and son, apparently it’s old Pureblood stuff and he could do absolutely anything he deemed necessary to ensure that Draco, as his only blood Heir to his family name, survived, even using the Unforgivables and torturing Muggles. That law really needs to be changed.”

Hermione nodded. “I agree, people can’t get away with murder and torture just for the sake of one child.”

“Well Lucius got off on Draco’s name, so I can’t really complain about that, he’s been a little… prickly I suppose would be the word, but he doesn’t seem to want to stake me through the eyes in my sleep.”
“Voldemort has no chance of winning now, Harry; he’s dead, only the insane fanatical followers are going to be after you, like the Lestranges.”

“Rodolphus and Rabastan are still eluding Ministry capture then?”

“There hasn’t been a single sighting.” Hermione said nervously. “You take care of yourself, Harry, be careful and don’t take any unnecessary risks.”

“You know I will be careful. I’m a Mum now, Hermione, I’m over the recklessness of the past, I have something to live for now, people I care about enough that they will always come before myself.”

“Do we have something to be worried about?” Max teased.

Harry broke away from Hermione to see that they had gathered a crowd around them, watching as they hugged for fifteen minutes whispering into one another’s ears.

Harry laughed. “I’d make a joke right now if I didn’t think it would earn me four petulant lovers and a room of stony silence. You know you have nothing to worry about, we were having a conversation.”

“Wrapped in each other’s arms?” Draco demanded.

Hermione shrugged. “We’ve had conversations like this throughout our friendship.”

“Oh? Even when you abandoned him for a year?” Draco stabbed cruelly.

“Draco!” Harry snapped, giving him a poisonous look. “We’re over that, you know we’re over that, why bring it up? You know we didn’t speak in those several months, you know the problems it caused and how hurt I was. No one stood by me back then, not you, not the Ministry, not even Ron and Hermione. I was alone and isolated until Blaise chased me down in the forest!”

“Careful, Harry.” Nasta warned with a look and Harry took a deep breath and smiled, giving Hermione another lingering hug, saying his goodbyes to her, before going to hug Blaise tightly.
“Did I ever thank you for choosing me?” Harry asked.

“Several times, Prezioso.” Blaise murmured gently.

“Though I could have done without all the neck squeezing, people thought you were abusing me of all things. Harry Potter, Boy Saviour in physically abusive relationship! It made me want to go tearing chunks out of people.”

“I was just helping you out.” Blaise insisted. “You wouldn’t let me do anything back then, you wouldn’t even let me provide or care for you. Do you have any idea how frustrating that is for a dominant Dracken?” He asked quietly.

Harry shook his head with a grin. “No, because I’m not one, but I wanted you to understand that I value my independence, I was never going to be a ‘yes dear, right away dear’ type of person and you seriously chose wrong if that’s what you wanted.”

Blaise laughed and kissed him. “Never.”

“Ma Da!” Braiden called out and Harry picked him up and brought him between him and Blaise, who wrapped his arms back around Harry, sandwiching Braiden between them.

“He’s looking more and more like you every day.” Blaise said, nuzzling a baby soft, chubby cheek. “My hair, my colour eyes, but everything else is like you.”

“He definitely has your chin.” Harry said. “Mine isn’t that strong or sharp.”

“But everything else is yours.” Blaise said. “He’s stopped looking like a clone of me and has started looking like a clone of you.”

Harry shook his head and smiled, kissing Braiden before setting him on the floor on his little feet, which were in a tiny pair of trainers, he stood up holding Braiden’s hands and let him see the world from an upright position. Blaise stood back a little and held his arms out, encouraging Braiden to toddle to him, but though he was so much better at standing now, he still hadn’t taken his first steps. Braiden was very happy to bounce between Harry’s hands, not the slightest bit interested in
taking a single step forward and Harry sighed.

“Don’t you want to walk to Daddy Blaise?” Harry asked.

Braiden tipped his head back to look at him and grinned with a mouthful of little teeth that were coming through fast now that he was just a few weeks from his first birthday. The time had gone so fast.

“Are you ready, Harry?” Nasta asked.

Harry nodded as he pulled Braiden back into his arms. “Yes, let’s go home.”

They bundled the children up again, made sure they had everything and everyone and Harry looked at the majestic castle for the last time before he Apparated away to Max’s home, his home.

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Settling in was easy, they had been here before, they knew where everything was and it just felt like coming home after a really long time away. It was an amazing feeling.

Harry collapsed onto a settee with a groan, Braiden in his lap as everyone settled around him. Max had been back yesterday and had cleaned everything and opened all the windows to let in a breeze and the house smelt clean and fresh and Max had even set up a play area for the babies in the middle of the room so that they had somewhere to go as soon as they got home, the sleeping babies were put into one of the three travel cots that Max had set up, they were still small enough at six months to fit two into one cot for a nap, but the awake babies were put in the play area and of course Tegan immediately took over, stopping Farren from playing properly as she snatched every toy that he picked up from his hands.

“She is so controlling.” Harry huffed as he separated them both and handed Farren one of his favourite toys, only for Tegan to crawl clumsily over and snatch it right back off of him.

“No, Tegan!” Harry said firmly. “That’s naughty and you shouldn’t snatch from your brothers.”

Harry carefully took the toy from her and handed it back to a scowling Farren, who turned his back on Tegan and started playing by himself. Harry laughed and stroked Farren’s back before handing
Tegan her favourite toy, but she flung it away and started crying.

“You are so spoilt.” He told her as he lifted her out of the play area and cradled her as she cried on him.

“They’re just more advanced than regular babies.” Marianna said with an adoring smile. “They’re learning and developing so quickly and they have these huge personalities squashed into tiny little bodies, Tegan obviously wants to rule the roost, but Farren is not prepared to let that happen.”

“She needs to learn to stop being so spoilt and learn to share.” Harry said with a frown as he patted her back soothingly, listening to her cries trail off into hiccups.

“I’ve noticed that she’s only like this when Regan’s not with her.” Nasta said musingly, sharing what he had observed in the last few months. “If Regan’s there she’s so absorbed with him that she doesn’t take any notice of the others, but when he’s not there, it’s like she’s forced to take notice of them and she doesn’t like it.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Like I said, spoilt.”

He put her down into her own travel cot and tucked her in, stroking a soft, chubby cheek until her little mouth puckered into a yawn; she fell asleep easily as he eased her to sleep.

“See, she was overtired.”

“Does Farren need a nap too?” Myron asked.

Harry checked on his second oldest child and shook his head.

“No, he’s fine. He’s turning out to not need as many naps as the others, he can stay awake for longer and doesn’t ever get grouchy, he’s so laid back.”

“He takes after me.” Max said loudly and proudly.
“I know, it seems the only thing that he took from me is the slight tint of green in his eyes.” Harry said as he sat back on the settee and pulled Braiden onto his lap. “Even then they’re more blue than green, more teal coloured.”

“Our eye colour mixed into his eyes is adorable.” Max assured. “We make good looking sons.”

“We’d make good looking daughters too.” Harry grinned. “When are you going to give me some little girls to fuss over?”

“What about the daughter I gave you?” Nasta asked with a raised eyebrow.

“She acts more like a son than Calix, Braiden and Leolin put together. I think if I put her in a little blue shirt and a pair of dungarees no one would know that she and Regan are not identical twin boys.” Harry laughed.

“You certainly will NOT put my only daughter in dungarees!” Draco hissed. “How dare you even joke of such a thing!”

Harry laughed harder. “I wasn’t joking, Draco. If I’m taking them out to the park when they’re older or into the garden then I won’t have her in pretty little white dresses and expensive sandals, I want her to be able to run around and get dirty with her brothers, a little girl she may be, but I won’t have her treated any differently where my sons are allowed to run around and roll in the mud, but she has to sit prim and proper in a little wicker chair sipping tea and making idle small talk. Let her grow up and have fun first, then once she is actually a woman she can start acting like a little lady…if she wants too that is! She may not even be the slightest bit interested.”

“Well said!” Richard said with a smile, Harry hadn’t seen him grin or laugh like himself since the problems with Ashleigh had popped up, she hadn’t done anything but lie in bed since Max had taken her from his birth certificate and since Caesar had done the same she had become despondent, the girls had yet to go through with the threat and they were instead urging their Mother to seek help, Talia was rapidly losing patience according to Max and she was in the process of making a false certificate to take her Mother’s name from it. Harry wanted her to get better so badly, but she was not being cooperative, she wasn’t helping herself and they could only do so much in terms of helping her, she needed to want to help herself too or nothing was ever going to work.

Max left the room with a smile and he came back ten minutes later with a tray of tea cups and a plate of biscuits.
“You make the perfect housewife.” Blaise teased, giving him a kiss in exchange for the mug of coffee.

Max laughed and nipped at Blaise’s nose. “You’re lucky you’re so cute or you’d be over my knee.”

Blaise snorted and shoved him away. “Don’t flatter yourself; you couldn’t get me over your knee.”

“Don’t tempt me.” Max grinned naughtily.

“How about you behave yourself?” Myron demanded. “You have guests.”

“I’m aware of that, Dad, if you weren’t here I wouldn’t have threatened to do it, I would have just done it.” Max answered with that naughty grin widening on his face.

Harry laughed and Braiden joined in with him, which made a wave of warm pride and love flood through him.

“Daddy Max is very silly isn’t he, Braiden?”

“Dada maba!” Braiden echoed adorably as he clapped tiny hands together.

“I found the balls you wanted for him. They were under the stairs.” Max said, holding a finger up as he remembered something and he rushed out of the room.

Harry frowned as he tried to remember what balls he had been talking about before Max brought back the inflatable ball pit and blew it up with magic, stoppered it and then upended the two huge bags of plastic balls into it that Braiden had gotten for Christmas.

“Come here my son, let’s see you in this pit and see what you make of it.” Max clapped his hands together and took Braiden from Harry’s lap, settling him into the inflatable pit and settling him securely on the floor, surrounded by plastic balls.
Braiden’s eyes were wide and he kicked his legs and flapped his arms, his eyes filling with tears as he
knocked the balls flying, which startled him more and he started crying in earnest.

Harry plucked him out and comforted him as Braiden clutched at him before he calmed and
sniffled on his lap.

“I think that was a little too sudden.” Harry said.

Max nodded and handed Braiden a yellow plastic ball, which Braiden held with his whole hand
and stared at. He sniffled again as his tears dried up and Harry grinned when the yellow ball was
held between both hands and went right into the dribbling mouth and his son tried to bite on it, but
it was far too big to fit in his mouth and he just ended up slobbering all over the ball instead,
licking at it with a little wet, pink tongue.

Max however had put Farren in the ball pit and he seemed to be enjoying it a lot more than Braiden
had, or at least he wasn’t crying hysterically. He was just sitting in amidst the balls, acting like he
did when he was propped up between several cushions. Max was offering him different coloured
balls, but when Farren finally slapped a green ball from Max’s hand he laughed and sat back,
getting the message that Farren was perfectly happy to just be sitting in the balls observing
everything and not playing with them.

“I wish he’d play more.” Blaise sighed. “Especially when I see him actually playing with
something and then someone takes what he has from him, like Tegan did.”

“I don’t think he’s interested in anything that he can’t actually eat.” Max said with a small smile.
“Watch.”

He picked up a biscuit from the plate, which Harry had only just noticed had a few rusks on the
side, and handed it to Farren, whose whole face lit up as he started gurgling, grasping the rusk in a
little hand and sucking on the biscuit happily.

“See! My boy is only happy when he’s eating.”

They all laughed, but a high beeping sounded, interrupting them and Aneirin broke off his
conversation with Lucius and Myron to touch a button on his watch. He cursed softly.

“I’m going to have to leave you lads to settle in, I’m being summoned by my secretary. Work is
always calling.” He sighed.
Nasta hugged him and Aneirin kissed his forehead, he went around the kids, kissing and hugging, shook hands with everyone and then hugged Harry.

“I’ll owl you later in the week and I’ll come over when I can.” He promised as he made sure he had everything before twisting on the spot.

“I think it’s time I got going too.” Marianna said, checking the time. “Josiah is taking me to dinner and I can’t help but take an hour or two to get ready.”

“I think you’re missing another hour in there, Mother.” Blaise teased.

“Oh hush you, a woman has to look her best for a date, don’t they, Harry?”

Harry tore his face away from Braiden and blinked. “Um, I don’t actually know. I can’t say I’ve ever been a woman or even gone on a date with one.”

That made everyone laugh as Marianna gave him a fake smack to the shoulder and kissed his cheek.

“You have dressed like one though.” Blaise whispered into his ear as he came to sit next to him.

“That was different.” Harry smiled. “If I like wearing a skirt or a dress with high heels now and then to rile up my lovers, there’s nothing wrong with that, it’s when I start wearing the muck on my face, keeping half the house in a handbag and spelling the hair off my legs when you have to check my boxers to make sure I haven’t accidentally blasted my balls off with a severing hex.”

Blaise laughed so much and so hard at that along with Harry that everyone stared at them and despite being asked to repeat the joke several times, they were laughing so hard that they couldn’t breathe, Braiden giggling between them.

“Come on, what’s so funny?” Max asked curiously. “I like a good laugh.”

Harry shook his head, calming down a bit, at least until he caught sight of Blaise and then he burst out laughing again.
“Well I think it’s time to leave these hyenas to their fun, it was lovely seeing you again, Narcissa. We must have tea sometime soon.”

“Of course.” Narcissa agreed graciously as she stood and smoothed down her skirt. She gave that little kiss to each cheek that women were fond of doing before Marianna left and Narcissa hugged Draco as she and Lucius planned to leave, Lucius wrapping up his conversation about politics with Myron.

Harry sat with a smile on his face and Myron stood with Richard.

“We’ll leave you boys be, but we’ll be back soon to see you.” Richard said with a wink.

“I thought you needed to…”

“Not now, Myron!” Richard snapped.

Harry’s smile fell; it was the first time that he’d ever seen Richard being stern with Myron and not the other way around. It made him think that perhaps things at their home were even more difficult that he had originally thought.

“You don’t have to go.” Harry offered. “Max has a spare room if you’d like to stay the night even.”

“Oh now that would take me back to the early years.” Richard chuckled.

“Don’t offer my spare room to them!” Max replied scandalised. “I’m not going to wash the sheets my Dads’ have been…intimate on!”

That set Harry off laughing yet again and the tears came beyond his control as he tried his all just to control his breathing as he sucked in a deep rattling breath only to lose it laughing again.

Max huffed and crossed his arms and turned his head away. “Well I’m not!” He scowled.
Myron chuckled and punched Max gently on the shoulder. “We’re not staying, though it was nice of you to ask, Harry. We’ll leave you to settle in, but maybe in a few weeks we’ll take you up on that offer.”

Max looked horrified and Harry slowed his breathing right down before he had a heart attack and he hugged Myron and Richard goodbye before they turned to leave, he hefted Braiden back on his lap as Blaise handed the little boy his yellow ball that had slipped from his hands.

“So what were you laughing at?” Draco asked once Myron and Richard had left, leaving them on their own to settle in.

“Blaise reminded me that I liked wearing women’s clothes.” Harry said wiping the tears from his eyes and draining the last of his honey tea.

“And that made you laugh why?” Max asked. “If you’d had the idea to wear more, Blaise wouldn’t have been laughing with you.”

“Harry told me that there was nothing wrong with wearing women’s clothing to wind us up, but when he starts wearing make-up, carting around a handbag and charming off his body hair that we have to check to make sure that he hadn’t accidentally cursed his balls off.”

Max snorted, Nasta rolled his eyes and Draco huffed. Harry giggled and Blaise grinned.

“Just us for the joke, love, but just so we’re clear, if that ever does happen, I want it on record that I wish to go to Saint Mungos to have that rectified.” Harry told him and they laughed together and Braiden giggled between them, clapping little hands, once again dropping the yellow ball, which Blaise dutifully bent to pick back up to hand to him.

“Who wants more tea?” Max asked happily.

“You just want to spend the day in your kitchen.” Harry teased.

Max groaned in pleasure. “Don’t tempt me.”
“I think you could get hard from being in that kitchen for too long.” Blaise said.

“He can when Nasta’s in there too.” Draco added with a smirk.

Said men blushed and Harry laughed, slipping to the floor and letting Braiden lean over the ball pit and pat at them, picking up balls and dropping them and clapping his hands, letting him and Farren interact together.

“We’ve all had a long, exciting day; I think it’s best if we catch an early night.” Nasta said.

Max huffed. “Your version of an early night is a boring one. My early nights often…”

“Leave us tired, grouchy the next morning and in my case with a backache.” Harry finished with a grin.

“I was going to say mutually satisfied.” Max pouted.

Harry laughed and beckoned Max over to kiss him. “Where is my tea?” He asked with a smile.

“I’ll happily go and get you one, my kitchen is all lonely and cold through disuse, I have to change that. There’s nothing worse about a house than a cold, dingy kitchen. A kitchen should always be the heart of the house!”

Harry watched Draco roll his eyes behind Max and he stifled a giggle, happily focusing on Braiden instead, who bent all the way over the side of the ball pit and Harry happily rolled him all the way over and sat him in with the balls, Braiden laughing happily, much more at ease with the pit and all the balls after they were introduced slowly and he and Farren started playing together. He loved watching his babies play together, they were growing so fast now that he wanted a spell to slow them down a little, but he knew that that wouldn’t be fair.

He sighed. “When must we visit the Faerie city?” He asked unhappily.

Nasta grunted and pulled a face, like he always did these days when Faeries were so much as mentioned.
“Next week some when, it might be best to get it done before your heat period. They’re expecting us so we don’t have to book an appointment.” He grumbled.

“Do you want me to go on my own?” Harry asked. “I don’t mind, honestly.”

Nasta’s whole body quivered and he made a soft snarling noise.

“The Dracken won’t let me, huh?”

Nasta shook his head. “No. It’s a terrible idea letting you go anywhere alone and with one of the babies too, no, I’m going with you, but I hate those fucking Faeries.”

“Our son is a Faerie!” Harry reminded forcefully.

“Not the Faeries collectively!” Nasta amended. “Those two specific Faeries.”

Harry made an ‘O’ of understanding and nodded as he played with Braiden and Farren, pushing a few balls around with his finger.

“Will they try to take him from us?” Harry asked again, as he had several times since the Faeries had expressed interest in him.

“I’ll kill them if they try.” Nasta swore and then he grinned, showing sharp fangs. “It would be my pleasure to.”

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Harry clutched Leolin tightly, his little blue and white blanket wrapped around his teeny body securely, but he couldn’t help but be slightly awed at the Faerie city as he walked with Nasta through the streets from the edge of the city, where the specialised Portkey had left them.

When he had been told city, he hadn’t actually thought city, as stupid as it sounded. He had thought maybe the court halls that Aneirin had visited, the library he had mentioned and a few other
official buildings grouped together, but this was an actual city, completely hidden by magic, but it was huge, complete with residential houses as well as shops and business buildings.

The pathways were paved with granite of all things and the roads were tightly packed dirt. Nasta had told him that they didn’t have cars here.

“Why do they have roads if they don’t have cars?” He asked with a frown.

Nasta had shrugged, but they found out why when they found horses pulling carriages further down. Harry snorted incredulously.

“Seriously, they have horses and carts still?” He sniggered and Nasta chuckled, pulling him into the side of his body as they got strange looks from the regal looking Faeries.

“They all remind me of Draco.” Harry hissed quietly and Nasta grinned.

“We have to try and tug the silver spoon from his mouth.”

“And the bejewelled sceptre from his arse.” Harry muttered.

“He has gotten better.” Nasta allowed with a small smile.

“He has, but he has a long way to go before he stops using a saucer with his tea cups and crossing his hands in his lap as he’s waiting for dinner.”

Nasta laughed, but cut off when they were approached by one of the Faeries.

“Dragons do not belong here!” He snapped hostilely.

Nasta stepped in front of Harry and Leolin smoothly.

“Says who?” He demanded. “You? And who are you? Are you Sindri, head of the court? I think not!”
The Faerie sneered at them, but he moved off and Nasta ground his teeth together. “Fucking Unseelie.” He spat.

“That’s the horrible Faeries?” Harry said.

Nasta chuckled. “They’re not horrible, but they’re more like dominant Drackens, they’re more often than not Valkyries, who are the warriors of the Faeries, the defenders, the protectors, they don’t like us being here anymore than we’d like a bunch of Ministry officials walking into our yearly meetings. They're suspicious of us.”

“They should mind their own business!” Harry huffed as he checked Leolin over critically and tugged the corner of the blanket to cover his little chin.

“Is he alright?”

Harry nodded. “He’s fine for now, but he’ll want a feed soon though, I’d rather feed him before the meeting rather than during it.”

Nasta nodded and they walked leisurely around the city, making their way slowly to the large, sandy coloured building that dominated the skyline like Gringotts bank did with every other building in Diagon Alley.

When Leolin woke up, little fists flailing as he cried for a bottle, they stopped on a bench and Nasta pulled a little bottle from the nappy bag that he was carrying over his shoulder. Harry sat right up against Nasta, whose arm was firmly around him, his other arm acting as a shield to Leolin. They had talked about this non-stop for the last week and Nasta had told him that he’d bring Leolin alone if Harry didn’t let him act as a human shield for them both.

He hated it, naturally, but as he had been told numerous times, a dominant Dracken’s main purpose after giving seed for babies was to die in place of their children or submissive, better if it was in place of both. If Harry heard that one more time then he was going to start frothing at the mouth.

Leolin was drinking more, but he was very slow going, which meant that he didn’t drink as much as a little guzzler like Farren would, but Harry counted it as a success than Leolin was drinking at all and that he had actually increased his milk intake since his birth, even if it was only by a few extra ounces per feed.

Harry hefted the tiny baby over his shoulder and patted his little back, now a dab hand at avoiding the miniscule wings and the small stubs that were his flexible wing joints. It took them a further five minutes to get Leolin to bring up his wind and Harry let himself be led around by Nasta’s arm around his back, following the subtle twitches in his mate’s muscles, following him almost hip to
hip as he kept his eyes on Leolin's golden ones, but he stopped dead when Leolin smiled up at him with a toothless mouth for the first time.

“Nas! Nasta he smiled! He smiled at me!” Harry hissed as he tried to get Nasta to understand as quickly as possible while still keeping his eyes on Leolin.

“He what? It’s too soon.”

“He smiled at me!” Harry snarled furiously, glaring at Nasta, before looking back at Leolin and smiling widely at him.

Nasta poked his head over his shoulder and looked down at Leolin, who frowned and squirmed, making a soft noise.

“Are you sure you got all of his wind up?” Nasta asked.

“Of course I did! He smiled at me damn it!”

Nasta chuckled. “Okay, if you say that he smiled then he smiled. I can’t wait for him to do it again so I can see; I’ve been waiting for something other than a frown or a scowl for six months, that’s forever in Dad years.”

Harry laughed at that. “Dad years? You just made that up.”

“No, it’s something my Dad always used to say.” Nasta answered with a smile.

“Delericey?”

A Faerie with thick black hair and bright gold eyes rushed up to them.

“I was expecting your Father to be with, you must be Nasta and Harry. I am Warren.”
Nasta stopped shielding Harry then and he relaxed a bit, just enough to shake hands with Warren.

“My Father told me to look out for you.”

“I’ve been waiting for you for the last three moon turns.”

“Moon turns?” Harry said. “Months?”

“The Faeries don’t measure time like we do, Cariad.” Nasta explained quietly. “They usually measure time with the equinoxes and then by full moons. They don’t count the hours of the day, but by the phases of the sun and I don’t think they know what minutes or seconds are.”

“Is this the little one that’s causing all the fuss?” Warren asked, waiting for Harry to remove the blanket a bit to show Leolin’s slowly blinking eyes and his little frown. “He’s beautiful. He looks like Trefor’s second son, Neifion.”

“You knew him?” Harry asked surprised.

“Yes…well, we need to get going.” Nasta said coldly, steering Harry away from Warren who had nodded to Harry’s question.

“Bye, Warren!” Harry called out before turning to Nasta. “How long do Faeries live?”

“Longer than Drackens. I think the average is six hundred years.”

“Six hundred!” Harry gasped.

“On average, some have reached seven hundred.”

“That…that’s insane!”
Nasta pulled him into a hug as they walked and squeezed his shoulder before they stopped and looked up at the court building. It looked ancient, worn smooth by time and one of the steps was broken and it was actually crumbling like ash into a little pile of something that looked like beige dust.

“Well, let’s get this over with. I want to rub their snotty noses in him and then leave.”

“Please keep calm.” Harry begged. “I know you’ve had a few…surprises this last week or two, but don’t let it get in the way of what’s best for Leolin.”

“I’d never let anything get in the way of what’s best for Leolin, not even myself, never doubt that, Harry.”

“I don’t doubt it, love, that’s why I trust you implicitly as my top dominant, you always put everyone before yourself, sometimes I really don’t like you doing that, but when it comes to the kids...”

Nasta smiled and sucked in a deep breath. “Come on then, let’s get this done and see what these Faeries have to say.”

They climbed the gritty, sandy feeling steps, avoiding the crumbling step and Nasta opened the ancient door that swung easily on its well-oiled hinges despite how old they looked.

Harry stepped into the halls and frowned at the polished stone that was everywhere. The Faeries had a love of granite it seemed. Nasta led him forward to the polished wood reception desk, their shoes echoing on the floor and the Faerie sat behind the desk sneered at them with every step they took.

“Dragons do not belong here.” He told them. “The courts are closed.”

“We would see the court now.” Nasta sneered right back.

“Do you have an appointment?” He asked snottily.

“We’ve had an open invitation to come here for four months.” Nasta replied as politely as he could, breathing in deeply to calm himself.
“The court doesn’t speak to dragons.”

“We are here by invitation of Sindri himself.” Nasta hissed, trying to keep his calm as best as he could. “We would see the court now or it’ll be on your head.”

“The court does not speak to dragons!” The Faerie sneered right back at them, repeating his previous comment as if he thought they merely didn’t understand what he was saying.

“Then go and ask them yourself.” Nasta hissed. “We’re not leaving until we have had this meeting.”

“You’ll be laughed right out of the court room and I shall laugh too as you are dragged past this desk by the Valkyrie guards on your way out.”

“Fine, whatever, I don’t care what you find your turn-ons from; just let us go and see the court.” Nasta waved away, thoroughly annoyed now.

The Faerie stuck his nose in the air arrogantly and wrote something down in a thick book.

“Go down the left hall and turn right, then right again and finally left and wait until you are called in.”

“Thank you for your help.” Harry said, slightly sarcastically as he and Nasta moved away from the desk and followed the directions to a square room with a few benches outside of a wooden door.

Harry sat down with a sigh and rested Leolin on his knees, smiling at his youngest child, kissing little fingers and little hands, Leolin made soft little noises, but not anything anyone could call close to a laugh.

“I can’t wait until he starts laughing.” Nasta said, as if he had read his mind.

“Me either, though Farren still hasn’t laughed and Tegan’s more like to scream than laugh.”
“She is a very frustrating little lady.” Nasta admitted. “Maybe she needs a woman’s touch?”

“She needs to stop being so spoilt and her every baby whim indulged! It’s not helping. Draco is particularly bad.” Harry said with a smile.

“I think he’s just dreaming of all that gorgeous, thick black hair that she’ll have when she’s older and is trying to keep her on side so that he can brush it to his heart’s content.” Nasta chuckled.

Harry laughed with him. “As long as she doesn’t take my hair, or really if none of the children take my hair, I think he’ll be happy.”

“There’s bound to be one baby with your hair, the odds against it are too high with how many babies we can potentially have. I like your hair anyway.” Nasta told him, bending down to bury his face in his hair, nuzzling it. “I’d love for a child to have your wonderful hair; it would look so adorable on a child.”

Harry laughed. “Don’t tell Draco that, he’ll kill you in your sleep for saying such a thing, after all, we can’t have a child in dungarees either. The shame of it!”

Nasta shook his head. “I’m glad you’d let our girls run around in the mud like our boys, I don’t want them all prissy and made up like dolls or little ladies, as you said, that can easily come later, when they are actually grown women, but for now, I don’t care if they run around the garden in jeans and a baseball cap or dive into a pile of mud completely naked, as long as they’re having fun.”

Harry nodded. “I swore that I would treat my girls and boys the same. I won’t have them segregated or treated any differently and I mean it, if one of my girls does not want to wear dresses, I won’t force her, if Tegan wants to wear jeans and a baggy tee-shirt for the rest of her life, I don’t care. Are we going to give them pocket money?” He asked suddenly, curiously.

Nasta laughed in surprise. “They’re not even a year old.”

“But will we give them money when they’re older? I never had pocket money, but Dudley always had pocket money and everything he wanted on top too.”
“I’m sure we can work something out, but I’m sure a few Sickles a week aren’t going to hurt, as long as they don’t spend all of it on sweets. I mean that seriously.”

Harry nodded. “I was thinking more for the clothes they want, or books, magazines…everything I wanted but could never have when I was little. It wasn’t sweets I would have bought with any money I had. I wanted proper food; I would have killed for a crunchy green apple or a real sandwich, not just a slice of unbuttered bread and a piece of cheese. But outside of food I would have bought a toy or two, books, clothes that actually fit me and that I wanted to wear, a pair of trainers without holes. I just want them to have everything that I never got to have.”

Nasta sat next to him and wrapped an arm around him. “You’re away from them now, Caru, they can’t hurt you anymore, no one can hurt you anymore.”

“I know and between Richard and his team and the jury, I won’t be seeing them again either after the trial, I just…it’s bringing up so many memories, Nas! I hate the memories, I hate the nightmares.”

“You’re getting nightmares again?”

Harry sighed and nodded, not seeing the point in hiding it. “I usually get up and splash some water on my face before getting back into bed, but sometimes the memories are too harsh and I need to have a cup of tea to calm myself down before I can fall back to sleep again.”

“Have you had any more flashbacks?”

Harry shook his head empathetically. “No. I rarely think about it when I’m awake and it helps that I’m just so busy with the kids as well, but this last week, with the trial getting closer and Leolin’s meeting with the court, it’s just…I guess I’m just nervous.”

“You know they won’t see or hurt you again, even if they do get off, which they won’t.”

Harry nodded. “I know that, but…my nightmares don’t seem to realise that.” He admitted. “I’m sometimes a little boy again, six, eight, ten, it differs, but they’re always hurting me, shouting, yelling, hitting, the one I had recently frightened me. I was about four and I was slowly starving to death, I could see my ribs and my belly was back against my spine, I was so hungry in the dream that I could still feel the sensation of it when I woke up.”
“I thought you said that they started starving you when you were seven, not four?”

“They didn’t, it was just a nightmare.” Harry said sadly. “Nightmares rarely make sense, but I…I don’t know why these nightmares are coming up now!”

“Are you worried about the court trial?” Nasta asked.

Harry shrugged. “A bit I guess. I’ve only ever been in court once, when I was fifteen and it was when the Ministry was trying to expel me for repelling the Dementors that were sent after me. That was just a witch hunt, this is going to be a Muggle court and I have to watch what I say without it seeming like I’m withholding anything, I just know that I’m going to mess it up somehow.”

“You won’t, Harry, I promise. Richard will be right there with you, right next to you and he’ll be doing most of the speaking anyway.”

“I’m still worried about it, I don’t know why I’m so worried and nervous, I just am.”

Nasta hugged him and kissed his cheek. “Everything is going to be fine, we’ll get through today, we’ll get through your heat, we’ll get through the trial. Everything is going to be fine, Harry, because I won’t let it be anything else. I promise.”

Harry smiled gratefully at Nasta, but he sighed and tickled Leolin’s little belly, watching him squirm on his knees. He couldn’t help but think that something was going to go wrong and as a haughty looking Faerie with red hair and the Faerie gold eyes that made him look like his whole head was on fire came to tell them that the court was ready for their audience, Harry’s heart started beating faster and his breath came shorter, he didn’t want the Faeries anywhere near his little boy and he couldn’t explain why.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: With the completion of The Tribulation of the Blue Moon, I can now happily come back to the Rise of the Drackens, I hope you have all enjoyed this chapter, I’ll go into more detail about the actual Faerie city in the next chapter, but I wanted to get Nasta and Harry into the meeting as soon as possible, which will now carry on in the
next chapter.

So, I hope you’ve all enjoyed this chapter and I’ll see you soon,

StarLight Massacre. X
Audience

Chapter Notes

A/N: A happy belated birthday to Emma, one of the Facebookers, I'm sorry it's a few days late lovelie.

Last Time

Harry smiled gratefully at Nasta, but he sighed and tickled Leolin’s little belly, watching him squirm on his knees. He couldn’t help but think that something was going to go wrong and as a haughty looking Faerie with red hair and the Faerie gold eyes that made him look like his whole head was on fire came to tell them that the court was ready for their audience, Harry’s heart started beating faster and his breath came shorter, he didn’t want the Faeries anywhere near his little boy and he couldn’t explain why.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Seventy-Nine – Audience

Harry controlled himself as he walked with Nasta through the wooden door and approached the slim and slender table with nine Faeries sat behind it, five males and four females. He tried to breathe deeply and calmly, but his mind automatically flashed to the summer before his fifth year, just after his fifteenth birthday, when he was forced before the whole Wizengamot to defend himself against a witch hunt set against him before he’d even walked into the courtroom, just so they could discredit his name for daring to tell the truth about Voldemort and Cedric.

Nasta’s hand pressed against his lower back and Harry breathed easier, at least he had support this time, he had Nasta to walk with him, to stand with him and to protect him if these Faeries should foolishly attempt to hurt Leolin, not that he’d let them, he’d be the first to tear out eyeballs if they so much as said a bad word against his little son.

Harry let Nasta greet the court in the strange pattern they had, Harry would think it easier to just go along the table and greet everyone in order, but no, the Faeries did everything differently, just so the head of the court, who was sat in the centre of the table, was greeted last, so Nasta started with the Faerie on the left end of the table, then greeted the Faerie on the right end and then swung back to the left of the table and carried on going left to right.


One Faerie, a female, stood and approached them carefully, showing her hands, but her eyes were
all for the bundle in Harry’s arms, a soft waver in her laughter lined mouth.

“Narilla.” Nasta greeted calmly with a small, polite bow.

Harry relaxed only slightly then, Aneirin had told them who would be friendly and who might be hostile, who had been hostile towards him and the idea of Leolin being born to Drackens and those who had wanted to take Leolin away. Narilla had been the one who seemed more concerned about Leolin’s health rather than taking him from the unfit ‘dragons.’

He pulled the blanket from Leolin’s face; his golden eyes peered up into Harry’s before flitting across to rest on Narilla, who was approaching him. He was frowning deeply.

“Oh such a face from one so little.” She laughed as she drank him in. “He is six moons old now?”

Harry nodded silently as he pulled the blanket from Leolin’s body and handed it to Nasta, who folded it up and slotted it into the nappy bag that he was carrying unashamedly.

Leolin was wearing a nappy and soft linen trousers, but he wasn’t wearing a shirt or a vest, which is why he had been wrapped in a blanket in July.

“Oh he’s such a little sweetheart.” Narilla sighed, thin fingers ghosting over a sharp cheek that had yet to gain baby fat.

“Check the baby for glamours.” One man sniffed his nose crinkling like he had smelled something foul and rotten. “I don’t believe these dragons could create one of our kind.”

“Oh hush, Alston!” Narilla chided sternly, her gold eyes hot with anger. “If the blood is in the lines it can come up anywhere, even somewhere unexpected, if the gods will it so.”

“The Delericeys were nulled and voided!”

“Not anymore.” One man said with a glare.

“One Faerie does not change their status, Dain!” Alston spat.
“Yes it does.” The ancient looking Faerie in the centre of the table said softly and slowly. “I have given this a lot of thought and if the gods had cursed the Delericey line as null, this little one wouldn’t have been born to it, so the gods have seen fit to lift the curse and bless the Delericeys with the life blood of the Faeries once more.”

“They’re dragons!”

“We heard you the first time, Alston.” A very young, good looking Faerie answered. His hair was a shock of soft looking golden curls that almost completely matched the bright gold of his eyes. Harry smiled a naughty smile and tried to ignore the blush rising on his cheeks as he thought of Draco with gold eyes, if the Faerie’s hair had been straight and his eyes silver instead of gold, Harry might have easily imagined Draco behind that table. They had the same angular face.

“Then why is no one listening?!” Alston hissed.

“Because you don’t have a valid point.” The Faerie, Dain, pointed out with a snarl.

“You and Kailen should not be a part of this court meeting; you are too close to the situation.” A woman with dark, unfriendly eyes glared at him.

“I am a member of this court regardless of the situation, Siusan!” Dain bit out harshly.

“You will obviously vote to accept this babe of dragons due to the past, not the present situation!” Another woman burst out angrily.

“That babe of dragons is a Faerie.” The curly gold haired Faerie said boredly. “Regardless of past situations, that is the present, he is a Faerie and I will not vote to outcast one of our own based merely on parentage.”

“No one asked for your opinion, Eitri!” Alston snarled.

“Oh? I thought that was the reason that we were all here?” The previously silent male closest to Dain put in softly.
“They fight like children with an ice cream.” Harry whispered to Nasta, who shot an amused look down to him before turning back to the table of fighting Faeries. It was rather amusing.

“Enough!” One woman shouted. “They should not be allowed to keep such a vulnerable babe, I would accept him, Sindri, I gladly would and I’d raise him as my own!”

Harry hissed and covered Leolin’s body with his arms and Nasta slipped in front of him, his stance loose and ready to attack.

“You touch him and I’ll kill you.” He swore deeply.

“You see!” Alston stood up to point furiously at Nasta. “No culture! They’re mindless beasts! They’re an outlawed creature for a reason!”

“I agree with, Alston, we cannot leave a defenceless Faerie babe with such beasts. They could get him killed, or even kill him themselves.”

Harry’s hands clenched, his instincts battling with his rational mind, he wanted to kill her for daring to say that he was a threat to his own baby, but his logical half knew that they were riling them up on purpose, to show their very worst qualities to the court and Harry touched Nasta’s back, rubbing a thumb into the tense muscles of his lower back, easing out the tension.

“They’re doing this purposefully.” Harry stood on his toes to whisper as close to Nasta’s ear as he could while the court fought once more over the outburst. “They’re riling us up to show only our bad side, we need to stay calm.”

Nasta breathed in deeply and let it out slowly, he slipped an arm around Harry’s back and stepped back to stand beside him, placing a hand on Leolin’s head and running a thumb over those sharp features. Leolin was still awake, but he was getting tired as he yawned with a minute mouth.

“Narilla, come away from them, they’re dangerous and unpredictable!” Alston said angrily.

Narilla, who was standing off to the side a little away from them, puffed up with fury and Harry could almost see her beautifully muted dress ruffling with her indignation.
“You dare presume to order me around?” She demanded her face a hard mask of perpetual anger. “I am three hundred years your senior! I was presiding over this court before you had full function of your wings and was still suckling at your Mother’s milk in swaddling clothes!”

“I…I meant no offence.” Alston replied, completely cowed and contrite from the vision of the enraged woman before him.

“You meant every offence and I will not stand for it!” Narilla answered, turning her back on Alston and coming back to touch Leolin again. “Your Father said that you had named him Leolin?”

Harry nodded silently. He felt as thick as a crate of bricks just nodding all the time like a toy dog, but he was so nervous and he was more afraid that he’d actually stutter and make even more of a fool out of himself that he just couldn’t speak. It seemed safer to just stay silent and let Nasta talk, not that Nasta was much of a talker either and he was nearly as silent as he was. He didn’t know if that was a good thing or not, but the Faeries seemed to like talking.

“Dragon name.” Alston muttered under his breath, just loud enough for them to hear, but he was coming across as petulant now and Harry shook his head sadly. He’d never understand how some people were so pathetic as to make fun of someone’s name, particularly one of a six month old infant.

“I know there were some problems with him being born too early, have his wings covered over yet?” Narilla took his attention once more, not even paying the slightest bit of notice to Alston any longer.

Harry carefully, and a bit nervously, pulled Leolin to rest carefully and securely over his shoulder, a move he had done a thousand times, but never with nine critically staring Faeries watching him, just waiting for him to slip up and make a mistake so that they could jump all over it like a dog with a bone.

Leolin’s tiny little wings were just starting to get a faint blush of pale colour to them, which made them seem healthier and more substantial than when they had been raw and weeping, Harry gladly welcomed the change, even if the wings had yet to so much as twitch.

“I assume he’s had no sicknesses or infections from having the open sores on his back? Not many premature Faeries survive. It’s less than one percent, maybe one premature baby in every one hundred, and I’m sure that one only survives now and then through pure luck.”

“He’s been fine.” Harry answered softly, thinking about what he wanted to say before opening his
mouth. Draco would have been so proud. “No infections, no sickness, nothing but a bit of discomfort from having the sores, he used to wriggle on his back a little, like the newly growing skin was itchy, but he never cried over it and he never lost any sleep or missed any feeds.”

“Oh he’s a strong one.” Narilla complimented. “May I hold him?”

Harry pulled away from her immediately and raised an arm to curl around Leolin’s back, his hand protecting his head.

“Harry, I think it would be best if you let Narilla hold our son.” Nasta coaxed gently and carefully, aware that if he sounded too demanding that Harry would likely take a swipe at him.

Harry breathed deeply and he had to force himself to lower his arms and they shook as he handed Leolin over to the female Faerie.

He snatched himself back before he could lunge forward and take Leolin right back off of her. It didn’t feel right to be handing his son over to anyone, but he was soothed by Nasta, who held him and touched him, murmuring softly, encouragingly, in his ear, and by Narilla, who held Leolin expertly and gently, not putting pressure on his little wings, but still holding him securely and that she praised him, Leolin and Nasta over how well he’d come on and it all helped settle his Dracken side back away from the edge where the smallest little thing would push him to attack.

“Bring him over, quickly, Narilla.” Alston encouraged.

Narilla glared at Alston as Harry lunged forward, only to be held back by Nasta, who moved to block Narilla from the table.

“You will learn very soon, Alston, that I can cause you a lot of pain and embarrassment, now you will stop ordering me around like a witless animal. I am not your Mother, your lover, your sister or thankfully any other relation of yours, so you have absolutely no right to order your Elder’s around like you own them and if your Mother allows you to speak to her this way then I would be very surprised and disappointed in Sulana! I wonder how she’d react if I told her how you were conducting yourself today, at court too, no less.”

“Please do carry on.” The curly, golden haired Eitri said to Alston with a devastatingly handsome smile. “I believe we’d all enjoy watching the lovely Narilla rip you to pieces, after she’s handed little Leolin back to his rightful parents that is.”
“There will be no fighting in this meeting hall with a babe present.” The Faerie in the centre of the table, the one Harry was realising was the head of the court, Sindri, said harshly in his slow, tired voice.

Nasta gently petted Harry and loosened his arm around his waist now that they knew that Narilla wasn’t going anywhere with Leolin, but Harry was so very anxious to get his son back into his arms.

“We are here to meet Leolin for the first time.” The Faerie, Dain said into the echoing hall. “We are here to accept him into our city, not to decide if he should be ripped from his natural parents or if he deserves to be here or not. He is a Faerie, he has as much right to be here as any of us and we have no right to take him from his parents.”

“I would be a better Mother to him…”

“You have lost every babe you have ever tried to raise!” The nearly silent Faerie, Kailen, burst out angrily. “If there was a reason to take Leolin from his natural parents you would be the very last person given charge of him, Donella! Leolin is healthy, he is happy and he is still alive despite being born early, so Harry, Nasta and their other lovers are obviously raising him right and we have no need to intervene, Leolin is in no danger where he is and taking him from his natural parents for no reason is diabolical.”

“I agree with, Kailen.” Eitri spoke up immediately. “I won’t vote to have a babe be taken from his natural parents just because Alston is a prick and Donella wants him for herself.”

“You’re a babe yourself!” Alston snarled at him.

Eitri raised a golden eyebrow and gave a small dry chuckle. “Hardly, Alston. We all know why you hate the Dracken species, how is your daughter these days and your two grandchildren? Or is it three now, do you even know?”

Alston snarled and his hands clenched tightly.

“That is enough in front of the little babe!” Narilla demanded. “The little one is already getting uncomfortable with all of this overt aggression floating around. Here, Harry sweet one, I think he needs his Mother back.”
Harry happily accepted Leolin back and he couldn’t help but clutch at him tightly, bending his head to sniff at him deeply. Nasta reached under his elbow and touched the top of Leolin’s head, rubbing his black hair through two fingers and a thumb.

“It would be criminal to remove him from your care.” Narilla said softly as she watched them with their little Faerie baby. “I won’t have it, Sindri.”

Sindri nodded slowly. “This meeting is not for the removal of Leolin from the care of anyone.” He said clearly. “We are here to greet him, a lost Faerie babe, back into our city. We will give him and his parents everything they need to raise him safely.”

“Thank you.” Harry said softly.

Sindri nodded. “May I hold him?”

Harry licked his lips and took a deep breath, stepping forward without Nasta prompting him; he knew how important this moment was.

Harry bent easily over the very slim table and he laid Leolin in those aged arms and he watched as Sindri seemed to absorb the presence of Leolin, smiling softly as Leolin almost glared up at him.

“It is always nice to see a new Unseelie.” Sindri said softly.

“Leolin’s an Unseelie? How do you know?” Harry asked curiously as he tried to see some sort of mark or something that Sindri could see that he hadn’t noticed before.

“It’s his look, sweet one.” Narilla told him. “Unseelie babies are always scowling so much. Seelie babies are usually more docile, like Eitri.”

“He smiled at me.” Harry frowned.

Eitri laughed softly. “Unseelie can still smile and laugh and joke and they can be as kind as much as the next person, but they are more likely to be scowling and frowning if they’re left to think too much, it is their default expression if you will.”
Eitri stood then and came to stand at Sindri’s shoulder and Harry watched as Leolin’s little pout deepened to a full out scowl. Eitri laughed and bumped two slim fingers under Leolin’s chin very gently.

“Oh he is most definitely an Unseelie.”

“Can you tell is he’s a Fae or a Valkyrie?” Harry asked curiously.

Eitri looked at him with those gold eyes, long curls of the same golden hair falling down his face which allowed Harry to compare them critically and he found that it was very much the same shade of gold as his eyes.

“No. It’s impossible to tell yet, but most Unseelie are Valkyries too. It’s been a very long time since we’ve had an Unseelie Fae born.”

“Is it a problem for you if he’s a Fae or a Valkyrie?” An evil eyed female asked him. She had been silent up until now, sat stiffly between Dain and Kailen, like her chair had a spike on the seat but she saw it as too improper to stand to remove it, and Harry didn’t believe she was one of the ones on their side, not with the look in her eyes, so he answered her loaded question carefully, thinking hard about every word that he said, he couldn’t mess this meeting up, for Leolin’s sake if no one else’s.

“Of course not, I just wanted to know.” Harry answered carefully. “He’s my son, if there is anything I need to know then I want to know about it, I wouldn’t care either way if he turned out as a Fae or a Valkyrie and I don’t mind that he’s an Unseelie, I still love him. Nothing is going to change that.”

“Zuzana was asking because most parents of a Fae sell them.” Eitri told him blandly, his handsome smiles gone to be replaced by a blank stare that couldn’t entirely hide the pain in his big, wide eyes.

Harry reared back like he’d been hit and Nasta pressed a supporting hand to his back.

“It is not as clear cut as that.” Kailen told them. “They do sell them, but under the guise of a marriage bond, usually for a large dowry and the chance to make powerful new friends.”
“That’s hideous.” Nasta answered and Harry didn’t need to turn around to know that he was pulling that pinched face that he did when something truly disgusted him.

“Eitri got himself out of a marriage selling, didn’t you, Eitri?” Alston hissed dangerously and Harry realised that that was what the blank, almost pained look was about…someone had tried to sell Eitri, likely before he was even an adult. “He was going to go for a record price I hear, what with his odd colouring and pale beauty. His Uncle sat on this table before him, but he died suddenly halfway through drawing up the marriage contract.”

“A very strange and sudden passing.” Eitri replied, lowering his head in what was clearly false grief. “Though I was very pleased to have been chosen to sit at this table after his death, I was expecting Lanika or Hirum to take the empty seat, though we all know that Alston wanted his son Eldon in my place. What other reason would he have for bringing this up?”

“Eldon is older and wiser than you!” Alston insisted. “A mere babe like you should not have been given such a prestigious position in the first place and in light of your obvious involvement with your Uncle’s passing…”

“Be very careful now, Alston.” Siusan told him, placing a calming hand on his arm. “The perpetrators for Culan’s death have already been charged and sentenced, they wanted Eitri for themselves and Culan refused them and their price so they killed him to try and bargain for Eitri once more with his new guardian, how could any of us have known that Eitri would petition to be his own guardian upon his Uncle’s death? So I am sure young Eitri had nothing to do with such a travesty, such involvement would mean his curly, golden head.”

“Of course I wasn’t a part of that horrendous scheme, I was just a young babe, wasn’t I, Alston?” Eitri said mildly, a sweet smile on his pouty lips. “I couldn’t possibly have been involved.”

“Suisan is correct.” Sindri said slowly as he cuddled with Leolin. “The perpetrators for Culan’s death were found and tried and executed justly, bringing up such a matter is very embarrassing for this court in front of visitors.”

“I think it’s very informative.” Nasta denied. “To know that most Faeries sell Fae babes to the highest bidder for gold and power is very interesting. If Leolin were to take a Faerie as a lover much later in his life, can we expect that his chosen partner might try to sell any Fae grandchildren that we might receive? I believe these are things that we need to know so that we might prepare accordingly and know to look for it in order to put a stop to it.”

“You arrogant beast!” Donella burst out suddenly and harshly. “To think that you actually believe
that your babe would even be given a second glance by true Faeries. That you dare to think that he would actually manage to get a Faerie lover for this hypothetical situation to even arise! Imagine if they had a dragon babe! No Faerie would risk such embarrassment. It’s laughable, inconceivable… Faerie or not, he will never have a true place here!” She ranted dramatically, pointing a long finger at Leolin, who was slowly drifting off to sleep in Sindri’s arms.

“You say another bad word against my son and I promise you will regret it.” Harry said angrily, his fists clenching tightly.

“Are you threatening me beast?!”

“Yes.” Harry confirmed. “If you say anything about my son, if you so much as breathe on him, I’ll break your neck faster than it takes you to fart in the morning.”

“You vile, uncouth beast! They should never have been allowed into this city!” Donella complained to Sindri.

“You would have him thrown from the city for laying claim to his own son and threatening violence if he’s harmed?” Eitri asked with a laugh. “Donella, forgive me for saying, but you are clearly missing the point. Far from being an uncouth beast, he is saying, very clearly, that if anyone here harms Leolin that he’ll react in kind, such a thing should be praised, not admonished.”

“I agree with Eitri.” Narilla said proudly.

“I also agree with Eitri.” Sindri said, cutting off the ranting and raving that was brewing up. “Here, Harry, take your Leolin back. Thank you for letting me hold him. It has been too long since I have last held a Faerie babe, too few are being born and less are surviving.” He said sadly.

Harry accepted Leolin back and held him tightly, smiling as Leolin cracked open his eyes as he was shifted so much and his little son gave him a small twitch of his lips that could have been a smile before he closed his eyes and settled himself down again.

Nasta’s arms wrapped around his waist and supported his arms holding Leolin. Harry felt Nasta breathe on the back of his head, making his hair flutter and he took a deep breath, feeling more relaxed about this whole meeting. A certain few were making it tense and were making him angry, but others, like Narilla and Eitri were making it all better, Sindri seemed nice enough and though he knew Nasta didn’t want to be near them, Dain and Kailen were being nice too.
“Thank you for bringing him in to see us.” Sindri told them. “I would be happy to see him again in less…inimical conditions. Perhaps when he is a little older.”

Harry nodded his head and smiled. “Of course.”

“If there is ever anything you need, I insist that you come to us for it.” Narilla told him softly.

Harry felt Nasta nod above him. “We will likely take you up on that offer often. We were very surprised to have had a Faerie babe too, but we have had him and all we want is to do what’s best for him.”

“Then you would be best handing him over now.” Suisan told them. “I would raise him better…”

“The gods took all four of your babes from you while they were still in the womb.” Dain spat at her. “You were not meant to have babes in arms.”

“That is despicable of you to say, Dain!” Donella hissed.

“It is nothing that is not true. If anyone here would have that little boy it would be Narilla. No one else! Not that Leolin needs to be taken from Harry and Nasta, that would be truly despicable.”

“We are not here to remove Leolin from his natural parents.” Sindri reminded them firmly, sounding even more tired and exasperated. “We were here to meet and greet him, now we have do so. Nasta, Harry, if there was nothing else, you may leave.”

“Thank you again.” Harry said softly as Nasta gently moved and coaxed Harry to walk in front of him, so that if anyone attacked their back, they’d hit Nasta first.

They made it back out into the corridor safely and Harry let out a breath that he hadn’t realised he’d been holding when the door shut behind them to the shouting and yelling of the Faeries from within.

“That went well.” He said to Nasta with a grin. Nasta snorted and gave him a kiss.
“I love you so much.”

“I love you more.” Harry said with a smile. “Come on, let’s get home.”

Blaise pulled Tegan back between his legs more securely and kept one arm around her as he tugged Calix back by his waistband, the little boy giggling uproariously.

“They’re getting more of a handful every day!” Blaise complained.

“They’re growing every day.” Max informed him as he hunched down behind him to wrap him in a hug, kissing the back of his neck.

“I know that, but seriously, Harry has a heat period in a few days, we could have even more babies.”

“We could.” Max agreed easily.

“Doesn’t it all seem a little…much?” Draco asked carefully.

“It does at times.” Max said mildly, sitting back more comfortably and pulling Blaise into his lap. “But we don’t have any way to control how many children we have, it’s going to be tough, but this is what we’re made for, the whole point of Drackens is to procreate, it’s so finely in tuned to our instincts that the thought of not mating and not having children drives most Drackens insane and they have to be executed.”

“I just hope we don’t get another five.” Blaise smiled. “I love the quintuplets, all five of them and that I love Braiden goes without saying, but another five? I think I really would go for a vasectomy.”

“I think triplets next would be the limit.” Max nodded.
“One would be the limit!” Draco put in, marking the page in his book and putting it down so that he could take a sip of tea and carry on the conversation without seeming rude.

“We need to allow for more than one I think.” Blaise answered. “There are four of us. I think Max has it right, I’d be happy with triplets as a maximum for this next heat.”

“It seems too soon.” Draco sighed.

“You weren’t born to this life; you weren’t raised with this as the normal.” Blaise pointed out. “Nasta, Max and I were told from very young ages what we were and we have spent the rest of our lives making decisions according to our futures. We knew that we’d have a submissive mate, we knew there was a possibility of other dominants, but we all knew for certain that we’d have a lot of children and we’ve been mentally preparing for that for years, in my case it’s been ten years, my Mother told me when I was eight what I was and what my future was going to be and yes, I admit I was a bit resentful at first, having my life dictated in such a way, but it is what it is. I did my absolute best in school when some others goofed off or put off homework and revision because I wanted a high paying job, I knew that I’d need it to support my future family and the high number of children that I’d likely have, so I spent my teenaged years preparing for it when others were focused on inconsequential things.”

“I’ve had twenty-five years to get used to the idea.” Max shrugged. “I was told very young because I was like Farren, a big, boisterous boy. I was very strong and I was rough with my sisters and with Caesar too, so I was told what I was young to help me understand that I had to be careful, Nasta was told young too, in light of his Mother’s death, Aneirin sat him down and told Nasta, as his only Dracken child, what he was to help him understand. But you and Harry…you were thrust into this life with no warning, which rarely happens, but still, you should have both had breakdowns by now, but you’re both so strong and stubborn and determined. You had no time to prepare for this, no time to get used to the idea of so many children where Nasta, Blaise and I have grown up knowing that this was normal and we’ve prepared accordingly, you and Harry never, so it will be more difficult for you, naturally, just remember though, that you’re not alone. You will never be alone and we’ll always be here for you and yes, sometimes you all drive me up the wall and I say things because I need to vent out a few frustrations, but I still love the lot of you and if you need help with anything then I’ll do my damned best to help you, but the number of children we have, it’s just something that we can’t control. Dracken numbers are falling, Dracken pairings are having less and less Dracken babies and more human babies, it is unfortunately creating something of a baby boom, if we don’t start picking up numbers somewhere, we’re going to die out.”

“I believe it’s because I’m so far out of my comfort zone.” Draco admitted after taking another sip of his tea to consider his words. “I am an only child. My Father was an only child; my Mother was one of only three girls. We have six children under a year old already and more to come. I suppose all I want is for everything to slow down, so that we can enjoy the children that we already have for a little longer before more come along.”
“A wish shared by nearly every Dracken family in the world I suppose.” Max nodded understandingly. “We all want to enjoy them more, adding another dozen while our first ones are still so young seems almost criminal, but we aren’t humans, Draco. We are going to live for a very long time and Harry will be fertile for less than half of that time, we will get to enjoy our children, but unfortunately this is how it is and nothing can change it, there isn’t a potion, spell or any sort of birth control that can be used while Harry is in heat, trust me when I say that it’s all be tried and tested before, there are even some Drackens who are working on trying to create a Dracken specific birth control, but until the unlikely event that they succeed, you need to realise that this is our lives. We were chosen to be Drackens, if we couldn’t handle it, we wouldn’t have been chosen, so pull up some of your inner strength, we can do this and we are going to damn well enjoy it too.”

Draco shook his head with a long suffering sigh before he rushed to put his teacup down and pick Braiden up, who had crawled to the settee that he was sat on and lifted his arms to be picked up. Draco sat him on his lap and used his fingers to comb through the silky black strands of hair that Braiden was growing as their first born son snuggled in and his eyes started dropping.

“I think someone needs a long nap.” Blaise chuckled.

“He woke up too early this morning. I told you that he’d be knackered by the afternoon.” Max grinned. “This will teach you, Braiden, stay asleep longer in the mornings and you won’t have to have a nap!”

“I wonder how Harry and Nasta are getting on at court with Leolin.”

“I bet they fuckiing hate it.” Max said happily. “Nasta’s been in a right foul mood for the last week or two.”

“I heard him snap at you this morning, are you alright?” Blaise asked.

Max scoffed. “Nas can snap at me all he likes, he knows I’ll just snap back, which is probably why he chose me to snap at in the first place. I won’t take it to heart like the rest of you.”

“He still shouldn’t say such things to you.” Draco said with a frown.

“He was worried and nervous about going to the court, he needed a safe outlet for it, I more than understand. You heard Aneirin, some of the court wanted to take Leolin away from us, now Nasta
has had to take Harry and Leolin into such a hostile place to meet the very people who want Leolin away from us. He’s scared and he doesn’t want to admit it out loud, but if anything at all happens to Harry or Leolin at those courts then he’s never going to forgive himself.”

“Is that why he was lecturing Harry about letting him be a human shield at breakfast?” Blaise asked.

“He’s been doing that for the last week too.” Draco pointed out.

“How would you feel in his shoes?” Max challenged. “It’s not easy being the top dominant, it’s not easy holding us all together and making sure that there is minimal stress and no tension between any of us. The position of top dominant is hard and it’s a heavy weight to bear, one that can never be put down for even a moment’s rest, yet Nasta has not once complained or whined about it. He loves us and he would endure anything and everything if it meant keeping us all safe. His instincts are screaming at him for walking Harry and Leolin into a hostile situation that he may not be able to adequately control, he’s been a quivering wreck inside these past few weeks, so if a bit of snapping here or there helps him keep control, then I’ll paint the damn target sign on my forehead for him, because trust me, I know Nasta, I’ve known him for years and if he loses his temper, he fucking loses it big. At the moment, all he’s doing is venting some of his fear and frustration, he’s not angry with any of us, he’s angry at the situation he’s been forced into, but you need to understand that he has to get rid of his tension safely and in a way that isn’t detrimental to us as a family, so he snaps and he vents and that’s okay, because I never want to see Nasta truly lose his control, never.”

“I’ve never seen him lose his temper before.” Blaise said consideringly.

“No you haven’t, because he hasn’t lost control once since you’ve known him. He has little wobbles and temper tantrums, but he has never fully lost his temper, not truly and if you saw him in a fit of rage, you’d be as scared and as respectful as I am towards him. He has a hell of a lot of control and he uses that control every day to make us a better family together. Honestly, I don’t think we would have made it this far without one of us being killed if he wasn’t here with us.”

“You think so?” Draco asked quietly.

“Draco, my love, I’m almost certain of it.” Max replied with a grimace.
Harry took the time to enjoy the Faerie city now that the court meeting was over; at least it was for now. It truly was beautiful, picturesque, a bit like Hogsmeade, only this was a city and not a small village.

The city centre was a collection of buildings, mostly food shops and other small buildings, Harry saw a jewellers, a butchers and a leather shop from where he stood just outside the courts, but Nasta wanted to just leave and get away from the Faeries, but there was only one entrance and one exit to the city and it was on the other side of the city, so they had a lot of walking to do and a lot of hostile and some not so hostile Faeries to pass through. One Fae was so happy to see Leolin that he practically gushed as his Valkyrie stood behind him, arms folded and a serious frown on his face, but Harry remembered what Eitri had told them, it was their default expression, so Harry didn’t take it to heart as he showed Leolin off to the Fae. He was so excited to see a Faerie baby that he just didn’t care that he and Nasta were Drackens.

“We need to leave, Ezrah, your Mother is waiting.” The Valkyrie said quietly, carefully.

“Just a moment more, please.” The Fae, Ezrah, begged.

His mate nodded his head and Ezrah smiled so wonderfully that Harry knew that his mate would do anything to see it, that the stern and frowning Valkyrie would do absolutely anything to see Ezrah smile and to make him happy.

“I’ve been told that he’s a little Unseelie.” Harry told Ezrah carefully; aware that Leolin’s face was blank and slack now that he was sleeping.

Ezrah laughed. “I bet he’s all scowly, isn’t he?”

Harry nodded. “He smiled earlier today, but that was the first time he’s ever done it. Every other moment that he’s awake he’s always scowling at everyone and everything around him, especially at his brothers and sister.”

“You have more Faerie babes?” The Valkyrie asked shocked.

“Lathen! That’s so rude.” Ezrah chastised. “I’m so sorry about him, I can’t take him anywhere.”

“It’s alright.” Harry smiled. “Leolin is our only Faerie babe so far, we have two Dracken sons, two wizards and a witch.”
Harry watched them closely to see their reaction to him raising Leolin with Dracken siblings, wondering if that would be an issue too, but Ezrah just got a strange look on his face.

“You’re so lucky to have so many babes. I…Lathen and I have been trying for the last half century and we beg the gods every morn and eve to bless us with babes, but it seems that I was never meant to carry.” He said sadly. “Leolin is the first Faerie babe I’ve seen in this last decade, I know Eudel had a daughter fourteen moon turns ago, but no one has so much as seen a peek of her. He won’t speak of her and his mate hasn’t been seen since either. They’re so secretive that it’s taken all the joy out of being parents and the rest of us can’t even celebrate her birth properly.”

“That’s not fair to say.” Lathen told Ezrah sternly. “They’ve lost three boys and a girl already. Niobe is their longest surviving babe, they just want to protect her.”

“That doesn’t mean that they can’t bring her out into the fresh air!” Ezrah said back. “Locking her away is just going to do more damage! This little boy seems just fine to me and he is an even younger babe than Niobe!”

“Leolin likes being outside.” Harry said as the two men glared at one another in silence. “He always seems more aware of everything when we sit him outside than if he’s stuck inside.”

“You see!” Ezrah pointed at Harry. “He understands and he isn’t even a Faerie.”

“We are late for our visit with your Mother.” Lathen said quietly, recognising that he had lost the fight, but in typical male fashion, he wouldn’t admit it out loud.

Ezrah huffed but turned to coo some more at Leolin.

“Thank you for letting me see him, I’d almost forgotten what babes look like in this city. I do hope we’ll see each other again and then when we do, that you have Leolin with you still. I shall give messages of health to the gods for him.”

“Thank you.” Nasta said a bit gruffly. Harry looked at him and saw that he was not holding things together as well as he had thought, it was time that they left this city and the stress of it behind. Nasta had endured enough and every added minute here was adding to his stress and very soon he would crack. They needed to get back home and away from here so that Nasta would relax and unwind.
“Thank you, Ezrah.” Harry nodded. “I’m sure that Leolin and I will be seeing you again soon, the court wishes to see Leolin again when he’s a little older, I’ll keep an eye out for you.”

The smile that Ezrah gave him made Harry smile back, feeling happier as Nasta led him away, towards the exit to the city and Lathen herded Ezrah in the opposite direction, presumably towards his Mother who was waiting for them.

Harry cuddled Leolin back into the crook of his arm and covered him over before he slipped his arm through Nasta’s and rested against him, letting Nasta’s arm slip around his back and hold him tightly as they hurried to the exit of the city, passing more horses pulling carriages, past Valkyries standing on guard, actual swords on their hips, past a pair of matching stables that were adjacent to one another, before they went past another guard house and then through the absolutely huge double gates that led into and out of the city.

Nasta only breathed easy when they passed these gates with no issue and he took out the Portkey, holding on tight to Harry, making sure that he and Leolin both had a hand touching the Portkey before activating it and Nasta’s knees buckled when they arrived in the back garden of Max’s home to better take Harry’s weight onto his own body as he knew that Harry couldn’t land properly.

They got their bearings back before Nasta led him into the house through the back door, into the kitchen, where Max waved at them happily and put the kettle on before coming to hug them both tightly, giving them each a big kiss.

“Everything go alright?” He murmured as he held them both in his large, strong arms. “We weren’t expecting you to be gone for so long.”

“It was better than I thought it would be. None of my nightmares came true.” Harry said with a smile.

“They didn’t want Leolin away from us then?” Blaise asked as he wandered in from the living room, Calix thrown over a shoulder.

“Some of them did.” Nasta grumbled as he took Leolin from Harry as Harry took Calix from Blaise and peppered his face with kisses.

“He’s been a pain all day.” Blaise told him. “He’s been trying to get into everything and now he’s refusing to go to bed.”
That made Harry smile and he cuddled Calix tightly as his little boy babbled sweetly at him, happy to see him again.

“Have you been exploring, Calix? Who’s a growing boy?!” Harry cooed.

“You two have been gone nearly all day, I bet you’re starving, I was just getting dinner prepped for when you got back.” Max said happily. “Did you have any Faerie food?”

“They had the same food as us.” Harry said with a roll of his eyes. “There was a butchers, a bakers, I even saw a Delicatessen’s. But no, we were at the court for most of the day, we haven’t eaten since breakfast.”

Max’s grin grew wider. “I’ve got a feast prepared for you both, I even made dessert, it’s probably not as good as your desserts, Harry, but I’m still good at them.”

“I know you are.” Harry said as he pulled Max’s head down for another kiss, they broke apart when Harry’s stomach growled loudly. “I did say I was hungry.” He defended with a grin.

“That’s exactly what I like to hear from my men.” Max grinned right back.

“You’re a dope sometimes, you know that right?” Harry asked.

Max nodded. “I’ve been hearing that all my life, love. I think it finally sunk in about five years ago.”

“I thought I heard you back.” Draco said as he came into the kitchen with a teacup in hand.

Harry gasped. “Draco! Where is your saucer? Is the world ending?” He turned to ask Nasta, who tried to suppress his smile.

Draco put his teacup down and dragged Harry into a hug.

“Harry, where is your lack of fashion sense? You’re wearing an outfit that actually matches! Oh
wait, I dressed you this morning.” Draco replied and Harry laughed and pulled Draco into a deep kiss.

“I love you.” Harry said with a smile. “Saucer fetish and all.”

Draco rolled his eyes. “I can deal with your lack of fashion sense unless you’re going out, then I insist that you let me dress you.”

“I prefer you to undress me, but whatever makes you happy, love.”

That made Max laugh loudly as he made them all tea, slipping Blaise a coffee as Nasta was distracted by Calix, who was crawling around his feet, babbling.

The look Nasta gave them both let them know that they hadn’t got away with it, but he didn’t say anything and he accepted his own cup of green tea from Max, reminding Harry of his thought the other day that Nasta had eyes in the back and sides of his head. He always seemed to know what was going on, who was where, what everyone was feeling and when they were doing something that they shouldn’t be, he was the perfect top dominant.

“Tell us all about it, are they going to try for Leolin?” Draco asked as he took the tiny baby from Nasta and cradled him gently. “They’ll have to pry him from my dead hands if they want him.” He swore as he sat at the table.

“Where are the others?” Harry asked as he picked Calix up and sat him on his lap.

“All in bed sleeping.” Blaise told him.

“Even Farren?” Harry asked surprised. Farren didn’t nap and he didn’t go to bed easily.

Max nodded. “We tired him out; we found out that he really, really likes doing roly polys. We’ve been doing it for the last four hours, over and over again; I could do with a nap myself after that!”

Harry smiled and he made a mental note to play with Farren tomorrow.
“So what happened?” Draco prompted.

“It was horrible, I could feel myself losing control the more they demanded Leolin be away from us.” Harry told them.

“So they did want Leolin away from us?” Blaise asked as Draco’s arms tightened around Leolin.

“Four of them did, one because he hated Drackens, one because she didn’t want any baby to survive where hers hadn’t and two because they wanted Leolin for themselves.”

“So it was a minority?”

“It wouldn’t matter if the majority of them wanted Leolin from us, Sindri is the head of the court, he could have stopped it with an immediate appeal where several independent Faeries would then decide along with him what would have happened, but he was adamant that Leolin be left with us.” Nasta said.

“I liked Sindri.” Harry smiled.

“Did you see Dain and Kailen?” Max asked them carefully.

Nasta snarled under his breath but Harry sighed.

“Yes, we did. They were on the court, but we didn’t get to speak to them properly. We saw Warren though.”

“What’s he like?”

Harry frowned consideringly. “He seemed very interested in Aneirin and why he wasn’t with us.”

“It was none of his business!” Nasta hissed.
Harry patted his shoulder and gave his stubbly cheek a kiss. “I know, love, but he was very interested in where your Dad was, shouldn’t he have known that it would have made us look weak if we’d taken him with us?”

Nasta grunted and Harry gave it up, Nasta seriously didn’t want to be talking about this and mentioning Warren and his interest in Aneirin was not making things any better and neither was talking about Dain and Kailen.

“So that’s it now?” Blaise asked hopefully.

Harry shook his head. “They want us to take him back in a few months, I think they’re surprised that he’s still alive, they said that most premature Faerie babies don’t survive, in fact, didn’t Narilla say that only one survived once in a blue moon and only then due to luck?”

Nasta nodded as he looked to Leolin over the rim of his cup. “Yeah, we’ve done a brilliant job with him; I’m not sure if he has latent Dracken blood helping him or if it truly is just luck, but I’m hoping it’s something a little more substantial than mere luck.”

Harry nodded as he drained the last of his honey tea. “Luck can run out, if it’s in his blood from us, then he’ll have that for life.”

“Then let’s hope it’s his blood, you are both Dracken’s after all, even if Nasta did give him Faerie blood, there has to be some hint of Dracken in him.” Max nodded as he bustled happily around his kitchen.

“I’m going to put these two to bed, then maybe a bit later on we can forget all about this hideous day.” Harry said with a wink.

“Does that mean what I think it does?” Max asked happily.

“It means that I think we need to re-christen your wonderfully big bed.” Harry grinned.

Max whooped with joy and Harry shook his head as he picked Leolin up from Draco and carried him and a drowsy Calix up to the second floor. He tucked Leolin into his bassinet in their bedroom before taking Calix next door and tucking him into his cot.
He made sure the others were still sleeping, tucking them in, giving them soft kisses before he made sure the baby monitor was switched on still before he left the bedroom, shutting the door quietly behind him.

He took in a deep breath and smiled. It had been a serious rollercoaster of emotions and thoughts today, he’d spent several hours with Nasta and Leolin in the Faerie city, he was emotionally drained and he wasn’t feeling much better physically, but hopefully he’d feel better after he ate some of Max’s amazing cooking and then he’d snuggle up with his mates for an hour or two while they just relaxed together, before they came up to bed for the night, then the real fun could start, he needed a bit of practice before his heat period hit them, he had a feeling that very soon he’d have a couple more newborn babies to look after.

He didn’t much care, he wanted more children, though perhaps not another set of quintuplets anytime soon, or ever for that matter, but he was worried about what his mates felt about adding to their number of children. He warred between bringing it up or keeping quiet and as he rejoined them in the kitchen. Max was just serving up dinner for them all and he decided to keep quiet, Nasta wasn’t in the best of moods and he had already had his control tested beyond his limitations today, it could easily wait for another day or two, or even until after his heat period, he’d hate to hear that they didn’t want any more children only for him to have a heat period and end up pregnant, it would hurt him deeply, but could he trust that they’d tell him the truth if they knew that he was already pregnant? He sighed loudly.

“Something on your mind?” Draco asked him with a frown.

He smiled a bit wanly. “Just thinking about the meeting with the Faeries, they want to see Leolin again in a few months, but I don’t think travelling with him every couple of months is going to help him get any stronger. If we keep travelling with him, the bigger the risk of him coming into contact with germs and getting a bug or a fever. I just don’t think it’s in his best interests, despite the court wanting to see him.”

“I was just thinking the same thing but I didn’t know how to voice it.” Nasta said quietly. “They’ll want to see him often to make sure that we’re caring for him properly, but on the other hand taking him out that often around other people, as Harry said, it puts him more at risk.”

“Can’t the court come to us?” Harry asked.

Nasta looked like he’d smacked him.

“You can’t demand that the court comes to us when we’re the outsiders.” Nasta told him.

“Why not? If they want to see my baby so damned often then they can come here to see him! I will
not put Leolin at risk when he’s already so delicate and vulnerable, he’s up against the odds already, taking him out amongst other people who could be carrying absolutely anything is not going to help!”

“You really do want to demand that the court members come here.” Nasta said breathlessly, like Harry’s words had been a physical force that had knocked the breath from his lungs.

“Well…maybe not demand, but can’t we negotiate this? I understand the importance of getting back into the Faerie community, of how important it’ll be for Leolin, but damn it what’s the fucking point of going through all this if he gets sick from all the travelling and dies anyway?” Harry forced himself to say. “He’s too delicate! So you tell those fucking Faeries that they can come here to see him, or send whoever they want to come and see him, well except for Donella, Alston, Siusan or Zuzana, those fuckers can stay away, but Leolin has to be our only priority in this.”

Draco nodded. “I agree with Harry, regardless of how rude it is, Leolin is ours and we need to protect our baby more than we need him to be in the Faerie community. As painful as it is to think about, it’ll all be for naught if the travelling makes him sick and we lose him before he even understands what being a Faerie means.”

“Surely they can’t expect us to travel with Leolin so much?” Blaise put in. “They know exactly how dangerous it is, why would they want us to do it more often?”

“It’s up to you though, Nasta, you’re our top dominant, it’s your call.” Harry said. “I know how important it is, but I won’t have Leolin affected in such a way. I won’t see him sick.”

Nasta chewed and swallowed on his mouthful of food, thinking hard and considering, everyone was quiet for a while as they all ate, letting Nasta have the time and space that he needed to think.

They were just finishing up dessert when a little wail came over one of the monitors. Harry stuffed a spoonful of trifle into his mouth, but Nasta waved him back down and walked past, having already finished his dinner and his dessert.

Nasta went up to Leolin and cradled him, moving over to the bed and throwing a mat onto it before changing his wet nappy, kissing his soft little belly gently.

He sighed and dressed Leolin in a cotton sleepsuit, watching his soft gold eyes blinking slowly, until they stayed closed and Leolin’s breathing eased out in sleep.

Nasta sat on the bed and cradled Leolin some more, thinking hard about his mates concerns, weighing everything up; they couldn’t afford to make enemies of the Faeries, not when Leolin was one. The Faeries had the power to destroy them, they could sell him and his family out to the Ministry and get them executed and take Leolin as their prize. Braiden and Farren would be kept in
custody and then executed when they were older and Calix, Regan and Tegan would be extradited from their birth country as blood carriers. It would drag all of their families into it too, his Father would be killed, leaving Sanex alone. Marianna would be executed and over half of Max’s family would be executed, leaving just a few of the Maddisons from such a huge, powerful and influential family. The Faeries could destroy them, but his mates concerns were very real and very valid, all this travelling would expose Leolin to germs and bacteria that could make him very sick and with his nearly non-existent immune system, it would likely kill him.

Nasta breathed deeply and he gave Leolin a lingering kiss and put him back into his bassinet, covering him over with a light, summer blanket. There were times when he absolutely hated being the top dominant, there were times when he didn’t want to be the one to make all of these hard, life altering decisions, he didn’t like being in this position, but he knew what he had to do, even if he didn’t like it. He knew, for Leolin and his family, that he had to do it. It was the only real choice that they had.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Not a lot to say, just that I hope you’ve enjoyed this chapter as much as the rest, I hope you’ve enjoyed the Faerie courts, I’ve posted a map of the Faerie city up on my Facebook page if you wanted to have a look at the layout of the city, for those of you asking, the court case with the Dursleys is coming up soon, have some patience, if you check real cases you’ll see that they never go straight to a trial either, there are sometimes years between someone first getting convicted and going to trial, so a bit of patience, it is coming and I haven’t forgotten.

Well, I’ll see you all for the next update soon lovelies, until then you can happily join me on Facebook if you wish, my page name is StarLight Mass, as Facebook wouldn’t allow me to use Massacre, they must have thought I had evil intentions, but I hope you’ve all enjoyed this chapter,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

Nasta breathed deeply and he gave Leolin a lingering kiss and put him back into his bassinet, covering him over with a light, summer blanket. There were times when he absolutely hated being the top dominant, there were times when he didn’t want to be the one to make all of these hard, life altering decisions, he didn’t like being in this position, but he knew what he had to do, even if he didn’t like it. He knew, for Leolin and his family, that he had to do it. It was the only real choice that they had.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighty – Into the Fire

Harry had prematurely said goodbye to his children it seemed. His heat period was due some when today, so that morning had seen Alexander and Kimberly taking temporary custody of their six babies to prepare for it, but as they all finished a late dinner thirteen hours later in a tense silence, there wasn’t so much as a sign of his heat period hitting him.

“Do you feel anything?” Blaise asked him.

Harry shook his head as he pushed his plate away. “Nothing, but then it usually just hits me out of the blue. I might feel a small twinge or a rush of heat just before, but it’s literally just seconds before it hits.”

Max sniffed him deeply as he walked past and Harry gave him a small, half-hearted glare.

“There’s no change in your pheromones either.”

“It’ll happen when it happens.” Nasta told them patiently as he stood to help Max with the dishes.

“I need the bathroom, be right back.” Harry murmured as he rushed to the downstairs bathroom and took a moment to just breathe.
He used the bathroom, washed his hands and then splashed his face with cold water. He sucked in a deep breath and headed back out and went to the living room. He missed his children dreadfully. He missed Braiden babbling, Calix giggling, he missed Leolin’s little scowls, he wondered if Tegan was playing nicely, if Regan had eaten a whole portion of baby food today and he hoped that Farren hadn’t isolated himself from his siblings as he always did. He just missed them and he wrapped his arms around himself and swayed lightly as he ached to cradle them.

Blaise brought him a cup of hot, honey tea and sat right next to him, giving him some much needed comfort as Blaise took some liquid comfort of his own in the form of a strong coffee.

“Does Nas know that you have that?” Harry teased.

Blaise nodded his head as he took a pleasurable sip. “He knows. He’s trying to keep everyone’s stress down, so he’s allowed me a coffee. He stopped Max from having a shot of Firewhiskey though. He told him that he needed a clear head for the heat period and that dominants had hurt their submissive through being drunk on a heat period before, we’re all feeling the tension, Firewhiskey won’t help anyone.”

Harry smiled. He liked hearing that his mates were as stressed about this as he was.

“It’s too quiet.” Harry sighed.

“It’s unnerving.” Draco agreed as he came in to sit on Harry’s other side with a cup of white tea. “I keep wanting to go and search for them, to check on them.”

Harry nodded. “Exactly, it’s not right, we should be enjoying a rare day off, but I just want them back, it’s weird.”

“Enjoy it while it lasts.” Max said as he came in and sat on the adjacent settee, his own tea in hand.

Nasta followed him in, with green tea, and sat next to him.

“What’s wrong?” He asked softly, looking at their faces critically.
“I miss the babies.” Harry said with a wry smile. “I just want them back.”

Nasta nodded understandingly. “I just went to make up their bottles, Max had to stop me and remind me that they weren’t here. It does take some getting used to.”

“What the hell do we do for the rest of the night? I don’t think I’ve been able to have a whole day where I can actually hear myself think for more than an hour.”

“We could get some practice in.” Max suggested with a grin.

Harry gave him an unimpressed look. “If you’re offering yourself up, go right ahead and bend over, but I’m going to be sore enough after this without adding to it early.”

Max just grinned wider, put his tea down and slipped from the settee and bent over in front of Harry, his arse in the air and chest pressed to the floor.

Harry almost choked on his tea as he rushed to put the cup down before he dropped it.

“Oh holy hell.” He gasped. “I wasn’t serious!” He said weakly.

“I am.” Max said and Harry could hear the grin on his lips.

“If Max wants it, give it to him.” Blaise said with a grin, slapping Harry’s shoulder.

“This wasn’t how I saw us spending the evening.”

“You have to admit, it will take away the empty space that our children should occupy and it will take away the tense wait for the heat period to start.” Max explained as he wiggled his bum to get their attention back to it.

Harry smiled and slid to his knees behind Max, he couldn’t deny that he was excited by the offering, he was and they could likely smell that.
“This could be just what your Dracken needs to push him over into his heat.” Blaise told him as he slipped onto Draco’s lap and turned to kiss him harshly.

“If I take Max. Nas, why doesn’t he take you?” Harry said softly.

Nasta smiled and kissed him, then went to Blaise and Draco and broke them apart to kiss them both, before he laid himself on the floor and slipped himself under Max to kiss him.

“I love taking you, you’re so strong and silent, I love pulling sounds of pleasure from you, even if they’re just small gasps or sharp, indrawn breaths. I love being the one to support you as you fall to pieces in my arms.” Max groaned as he nosed around Nasta’s neck.

Nasta smiled at him and Harry peeked over Max’s shoulder and pressed right against his back to get a kiss.

Draco made a soft sound and the three of them turned to look at them both, to find them both completely bare and Blaise was already pushed deep into Draco.

“You two are always so impatient, you just strip off and get right to the fucking, didn’t anyone ever teach you about foreplay and the benefits to going slow?” Max asked.

Blaise grunted and slipped an arm around Draco’s waist to hold him tighter, shifting to get a better angle.

“I think they’re too busy to answer, but right now I want to get right to the fucking too.” Harry grinned.

“I think we need to show Harry about foreplay first, since he’s so eager to just jam himself into anything.” Nasta told Max, who rolled over and grabbed Harry and before he knew what was happening, Harry found himself naked and pinned to the floor on his back with two tongues licking at his body.

“I don’t…”

“We know, love, you don’t want to be penetrated before your heat, but nothing says that we can’t get you warmed up.” Nasta said as he nuzzled against Harry’s thigh.
“I’m plenty warm already.” Harry grinned.

“Time to get you a little warmer then.” Max growled as he kissed a path to Harry’s little nipple and took it into his mouth, flicking it with the tip of his tongue.

Harry sucked in a deep breath as Nasta moved his mouth very close to the apex of his thigh, poking out his tongue just enough for Harry to feel it dragging across his skin, leaving a little wet line behind that reacted with every one of Nasta’s exhales.

Draco grunted and Blaise screamed from somewhere to Harry’s left and he tried to look over, but unfortunately Max’s huge body was in the way of his view.

His attention was grabbed when Nasta’s mouth slid over his cock and swallowed around him. He made a soft, desperate sound and his hand found the top of Nasta’s head and he gripped at it hard, twisting that black hair and tugging on it as Nasta moved like it wasn’t even there, pulling his head back before swallowing him down yet again.

Max took advantage of his open mouth and kissed him hard, even as a finger pressed against his entrance and slid inside his body. He didn’t care now, he wanted this, he wanted them, he didn’t care how fucking sore it made him after his heat period and he begged for them.

“No, no. We set this up and we’re going to do this right.” Max informed him as he moved away from him and went to Nasta, who was still stretching him out, apparently for no fucking reason at all.

“Ready for when your heat hits you.” He said with a smirk as he read the question in the glare that Harry sent him. “I don’t want anyone to tear you.”

“I hate you so much right now, what if my heat doesn’t hit until midnight? Are you going to leave me like this until midnight?” He demanded.

Nasta chuckled. “No, Caru. I thought the idea was for you to give Max what he wants and he wants you to be inside him. You give him what he wants, so he can give it to me.”

Harry rolled to his knees and got a moment to look around only to see Blaise was going at Draco yet again. He grinned, but he moved behind Max and kissed his lower back, wrapping his arms around Max’s waist as Max shifted and moved to drag Nasta under him.

Harry let Max and Nasta start first, letting them get into a rhythm as he watched Blaise and Draco go at it against the settee. When Max picked up his tempo and seemed to have forgotten everything
except Nasta, who was lying on his back and digging his fingernails into Max’s shoulders making soft sounds of pleasure, Harry pressed against his back as hard as he could and disrupted them, grinning as they both groaned and started complaining.

“I want a turn too.” He said with a smirk. “I’m not waiting either.”

Harry slowly pushed into Max, his biggest mate dropping his head to Nasta’s chest with a sharp groan, clenching tight around Harry and leaning further onto his elbows, burying his face into Nasta’s neck.

“Oh Harry, please.” Max groaned.

Nasta gave him an evil grin and he bucked his hips up just as Harry pushed into Max. Their large mate threw his head back and yelled out.

“Yes! Fuck yes, do that again.” Max demanded.

Harry shared a grin with Nasta and they both repeated their moves and Max shouted out even louder.

“Are you killing him?” Draco asked, more than a little breathless.

“No, not really. I think he’s dying from pleasure more than anything.” Harry laughed as he pushed himself into Max, his hands slipping over Max’s sweaty, muscled back.

Max shook his head and a low snarl came from between his lips as he gripped a hold of Nasta’s hips and shoved himself forward, Harry slipped and bumped his chin on Max’s back.

“Fuck! Warn a guy next time.” Harry complained as he moved back and dug his fingers into Max’s hips, gripping him tighter so he wasn’t dislodged again.

“Keep up, Harry!” Max bitched right back.
Harry laughed and picked up the tempo, chasing his orgasm now as he started breathing harder and shorter, Nasta started grunting; moving his hips faster and Max fell down onto his elbows, being hit on both sides as he growled under his breath.

“Love you, Nasta. Love you, Harry.” He grunted out right before he threw his head back and yelled out his orgasm.

His clenching pulled Harry right over with him and when he could actually see again he rolled off of Max and curled up beside him and Nasta, who were snuggling together. He tried to control his jumping muscles, but he was content and feeling lazy at the moment, so he stopped and let his muscles jump and quiver as much as they liked as he lay on the floor relearning how to breathe normally.

“You two, you come over here.” Harry called out to Blaise and Draco.

“I can’t move.” Draco complained weakly.

“Why don’t you come over here?” Blaise demanded.

“There are three of us over here, we outnumber you.” Harry informed them.

“I’m tired now.” Max told them as he flumped his entire, considerable, weight onto Nasta, who grunted, but didn’t say anything else as he wrapped his arms around Max’s shoulders lovingly.

Draco groaned, but he started shifting, moving to get his knees under his body as he moved slowly over to where Harry, Max and Nasta were lying.

Harry felt a small ball of heat, which he had taken as his afterglow, get bigger and start moving around his entire body. His eyes widened and he chuckled a bit.

“You four need to wrap up your afterglows and shake off your lethargies, I’m going to need you over here in about five seconds.”

“What do you mean?” Nasta asked.
“I’ve got that feeling; I think my heat period is imminent.”

“Are you sure?” Blaise asked as he pushed himself up onto his elbows.

Harry didn’t have time to answer as his heat slammed into him before spreading outwards and hitting his mates, who were up and gone in a flash. Draco, being the closest to him at the time, surged inside him and Harry urged him on, digging claws and fangs into him, his wings cushioning his body as his sense of sight was blurred down to a lot of colour that he instinctively recognised as his mates, he knew the blue and black was Max, the black and purple was Blaise and beyond them both the black and gold was Nasta. He knew the mate inside him was Draco from the blue and silver colour of him.

He never remembered much, his instincts took over, but he knew that he was screaming and whining and begging for his mates to give him their seed so that he could give them babies.

They all fell on one another, but as soon as one mate finished with him, another always took his place, sometimes two of them did together and he didn’t care as he threw out an arm and shoved the coffee table away from his head, annoyed by it being so close to him.

Someone swallowed down his cock and he screamed again, the haze of his heat pulling at him as he tried to remember where he was, but all that mattered was his mates and he called out for them, feeling the sound reverberate through his throat as he sunk claws into blue and black. Max.

Fangs sunk into his neck and he cried out, his body quivering as he orgasmed, someone bit at his nipple while someone else sucked on one of his balls. He whirled and mewed and then black and gold was rolling him up and over and a cock that he really wanted slid into him as he nuzzled into his mate’s neck, licking at the fresh sweat from his skin and nibbling on his neck while his fingers tugged lightly at jet black, mussed up hair.

Another cock pushed into him and fangs sunk into his neck from behind and his back arched, he screamed out and convulsed as another orgasm hit him. He felt weak and shaky from all of his orgasms; he and his lovers took a small breather, the sweat cooling on their bodies as they rested for just a moment. He sucked in deep breaths, laying as still as he could to conserve energy and to minimise any aches that he might have had.

Five minutes later he rolled onto his side and whined for a second or two when the fire in his body became unbearable, that’s all it took for black and purple to pull him up and slide him onto his cock, his head fell back in automatic response as his back arched, he felt so good and he made a soft, happy sound to let his mates know that they were making him happy.

They rumbled back to him and his breath caught in his throat as he clenched tightly around his mate, making him growl and thrust faster into him, he caught his prostate and he screamed again, sinking claws right back into his shoulders before dropping his head and taking in a mouthful of blood to sustain himself. To give himself just a little boost of much needed energy.

As soon as his mate was done he was pulled off and he was carried somewhere, he didn’t know where or why, just that he was now on something very soft. He whined loudly and angrily, he just wanted to be filled, he didn’t care about soft. His mate complied and he was left gasping and he latched onto his mate tightly as others joined them, hands and mouths touching him and one another.
He screamed and dug his claws and fangs into them, begging and whining and bucking into them, even as they got in each other’s way and put knees and elbows where they shouldn’t, he still didn’t care as his eyes rolled into the back of his head with the force of his next orgasm. Everything else from that moment was a complete and utter blur of colours, bodies, cocks, sex, blow jobs and orgasms with a hell of a lot of tongues shoved into every inch of his body and fingers digging and pulling as he bucked, writhed screamed and begged for them. He was lost to his heat, lost to himself, he didn’t remember much more after that.

Harry woke up suddenly and so acutely that he was momentarily confused as to what was happening, what had happened and what had woken him up.

A muscle twitched in his lower belly and his eyes widened as he dashed for the en suite bathroom to relieve himself. He had to groan at how fucking good it felt to release his swollen bladder.

He finished up and cleaned himself off, before realising that he seriously needed to clean up, he was covered in blood, dried semen, saliva and god knows what else that made his skin feel tight and itchy, odd patches of things he didn’t even want to name pulled on his skin as he moved. It was strange; usually his mates cleaned him up before he even thought of waking up.

He jumped into the shower and grimaced as he tried to wash his hair, but it was matted and glued together with so much semen that he couldn’t even run his fingers through it.

When he was finally done with scrubbing his body and picking off flaky patches of semen and washing off stale sweat, he couldn’t believe how much was on his body; he’d never had to clean himself up after a heat period before, it was a serious eye opener.

He went downstairs on shaky legs, gripping the banister tightly as his stomach tried to eat itself with how hungry he was. He went into the kitchen to find all four of his mates slouched over the table with mugs of coffee and cups of tea in their hands. That was odd too, usually by the time that he woke up they had been awake for a day or two already and they were almost completely fine. What was going on?

“How are you all holding up?” Harry asked through a screamed raw throat.

Nasta sat up suddenly and looked at him as if trying to determine if he was actually there or if he was some sort of apparition before rushing up from his seat and helping Harry to a chair, urging him to sit down and checking him over, sniffing him deeply, despite how painful it looked for him to be moving and even standing up.

“The hell you doing up?” Max grunted from where he was slumped over the table top, looking half dead.
“What do you mean?” Harry asked as Draco made him a cup of tea and passed him a vial of pain reliever.

“We all woke up an hour ago; usually you sleep for a full day or two after us.” Blaise pointed out.

Harry frowned. “No wonder I feel so damned awful.”

“We don’t usually leave you in your own filth.” Nasta assured him, looking a little uncertain and almost worried about Harry’s reaction to the state of himself when he had woken up. “We come down here just to get a cup of tea and a pain reliever and then we take care of you, the bed and the house and fix any damage done during the heat.”

Harry smiled, feeling his dry lips crack as they pulled. “It’s fine, Nas, you always take amazing care of me and I always knew logically that you’d have to relieve yourselves and wake yourselves up a bit first. I was sleeping, unconscious almost, I didn’t know what sort of state I was in and I assure you I didn’t mind cleaning myself up for a change.”

“Why are you awake so early?” Draco asked.

Harry shrugged. “I woke up how I usually do, suddenly and with the overwhelming need to take a piss before my bladder explodes and takes half my insides with it.”

Max chuckled tiredly. “Well we can bump up our schedules a bit; we can get the kids back later today and not tomorrow.”

“How long was my heat?” Harry asked with a frown.

All of his mates shrugged together.

“No idea, we’ll ask Alexander later, but for now, we need to fix everything up before we bring the kids home.” Blaise answered.

“I need four more of these first.” Harry said with a grin as he waved his empty cup in the air.
Nasta chuckled and took his wand from his sleeve and made the kettle boil again.

“You’re two feet from it.” Harry smiled with a shake of his head.

“I’m not getting up if I don’t have to, not in this condition.” He answered. “We don’t have the kids around to worry about at the moment; I’m taking the opportunity to use my magic as much as I can before they come back.”

“We need to get you a man cave so you can use your magic as much as you like without hurting the development of any of the kids.”

Nasta frowned consideringly. “That’s actually a good idea. We all need somewhere to blow off a little steam now and then without damaging the development of the kids. I’d never forgive myself if I was the one to damage their core so much that they can’t access their own magic later in life.”

Harry arched his back and grimaced as it cracked several times.

“Oh I needed that.”

Harry drank two more cups of tea and he went for another wee before he actually helped his mates with the cleaning up, grabbing his wand on the way down to the living room.

They had had fun, but Harry was finding so many lingering aches and pains that Nasta forced him to take it easy. It was mid-afternoon when they finally dressed and prepared themselves to face people again. Harry wanted his sweet little babies back and he wanted to know how they’d been and if they’d done anything new. He’d be devastated if they had, but he still wanted to know that they’d been growing and developing in the time that he’d been forced away from them.

They flooed over to Alexander’s and Harry found another couple of pulled muscles that he hadn’t realised he had as he landed hard on his knees before falling forward and face planting the rug.

“Oh ow!” He moaned pathetically as he allowed Draco to pull him up to his feet. He ignored his blond lover’s smirk.

He found Myron in the second living room, looking at him with a frown, Farren in his arms. He seemed to be trying to get Farren to take a nap as there were little bodies on the living room floor
covered over with blankets.

“Are you awake early or have you come late to pick the kids up?” Myron rumbled as he shifted Farren to just one arm. His second oldest boy was so big that only Max out of the five of them could do that now and still make Farren look small.

“We woke up earlier today; does that mean I had a ten day cycle?” Harry asked.

Myron nodded. “Yes. Though I wouldn’t have expected to see you awake so early.”

“Why is he awake early, Dad?” Max asked as he came to give him a hug.

“It happens sometimes, usually when the submissive doesn’t feel safe or feels that they or a member of their family is threatened.”

Harry frowned. “I don’t remember thinking any of that.”

“It was likely subconscious, how did the meeting with the Faeries go?”

Harry scowled deeply and pulled a grim expression.

“Then you have your answer. You’re still remembering that meeting and whatever happened and you feel threatened by them, so you woke up early.” Myron explained as he tried to prevent Farren from sitting up.

“Muma.” Farren called out.

Myron sighed. “He heard your voice.” He said wearily as he sat him up, only for Farren to reach out and babble at him some more.

Harry smiled softly and picked up his heavy boy and cradled him, ignoring his protesting muscles.
“Did you miss me, Farren? I missed you so much.”

“He really doesn’t like naps.” Myron grumbled.

Harry smiled at that. “No, he doesn’t.”

“I thought I heard you boys, what on Earth are you doing here?” Kimberly asked as she patted them all before giving them each a kiss to the cheek. “You must have had a ten day cycle; I don’t believe that you would have left the little darlings here for three extra days.”

“He felt threatened, Mother.” Myron explained. “He woke up as soon as his heat was over.”

“Then you had a fertile heat and that could well have helped you wake up earlier than usual. You may be pregnant and if you felt threatened that could have made you feel even more threatened if you’d just conceived a new clutch.”

“They won’t know if he’s pregnant for a few weeks yet, Mother.” Myron said exasperatedly. “You know yourself, a fertile heat is just the first step, there are other factors too.”

“So I might not be pregnant?” Harry asked.

“No.” Nasta told him as he slipped an arm around him and bent to kiss Farren’s cheek. “You need a fertile heat to get pregnant, but just because you have one doesn’t mean that you’re automatically pregnant.”

“With how fertile he is I’d say it’s a sure bet.” Richard said as he wandered into the room. “Glad to see you boys again, I’ve missed you all.”

“I missed you too, Dad.” Max grinned as he hugged Richard so tightly that he pulled his shorter, more slender Father from the ground.

“Alright you mutant offspring of mine, I love you too, but I feel like a baby rabbit whose been shoved into the clenching arms of a toddler.”
Max gave Richard a kiss before releasing him. Richard rubbed at his rib cage and gave Max a mock glare, even as Max was grinning widely.

“How are you, Harry?”

“Sore, tired, I ache and I’m hungry again.” Harry said with a smile. “But I just want my babies back.”

“Understandable.” Richard said as he pressed a kiss to Harry’s head. “But damn they’ve gotten such a handful! They’re into absolutely everything, we couldn’t even turn our backs for a minute to have a conversation without one of us spotting another baby trying to pull the stuffing out of a cushion or trying to yank a drawer out or trying to climb the bookcase. I’m thankful there are five of you to watch over them.”

Harry laughed as he snuggled Farren, who still wasn’t taking his nap.

“They are all very curious.” Myron nodded in agreement. “Braiden wanted to climb up everything, even the curtains, we had to pin them up out of his reach. I don’t know what you’re feeding Calix these days, but I’ve never seen a baby move so fast. It took us ten minutes to catch him the other day and Regan started cruising the furniture.”

Harry gasped and rocked backwards. “Regan stood up?”

“He…hasn’t done that before? Myron asked carefully.

Harry shook his head, trying to control the disappointment growing within him for having missed Regan standing up for the first time.

“He’s only six and a half months old, he shouldn’t be standing yet.” Blaise denied.

“It was less standing and more pulling himself up and then hanging onto the seat of the settee. He didn’t like his feet being flat on the floor. I took photos, I’ll show you when they’re developed.”
“Thank you.” Harry nodded in gratitude. If he hadn’t seen the moment in person, at least someone had thought of him enough to capture it in a picture.

“Where’s Granddad?” Max asked with a frown.

“He’s had to pop over to see Alexus.” Kimberly fretted.

“Uncle Alexus has moved out again? I thought he was living back here?”

“He doesn’t want to live with his parents.” Kimberly said. “He’s in a small home in Kent.”

“Is…is he any better?” Max asked, already knowing the answer.

“No sweetheart. He still misses Sean.”

“Did you find out why Sean left him?”

“Lex is still adamant that it’s another man, but no one has actually heard anything from Sean, we can’t find him.”

“Have you heard from Caesar?” Max asked instead.

“He sent an owl just the other day.” Myron nodded. “Amelle and the baby are fine, Nora has started standing and he’s fine too.”

“She’s four months pregnant now, isn’t she?” Draco questioned.

Harry nodded. “Yes. She has three more months to go. Has she found out if she’s having a boy or a girl yet?”

“No, the baby’s legs are still folded together.” Richard told them.
“I hope she gets her second little girl, I don’t know what would happen if she had a boy, it could undo all of the progress that she’s made so far.”

“Has she told you why she doesn’t want a boy?” Myron asked with a look that said he didn’t know and if he didn’t know, then Caesar didn’t know.

“I do, she told me just after the quintuplets were born and then once again when she was a month pregnant and she came to me for a talk, she reaffirmed that she was still feeling the same. It’s not my story to tell however.”

“If it’s something that can help us to help her…” Myron started before Harry cut him off.

“It’s not. Nothing and no one can help her with this, she just needs time to understand and to come to her own realisations, she’s been doing so well, better than any of us could have thought, but she still has lingering pains and only time can help her come to terms with them.”

“Is this about her first mate and the baby she lost, was that baby a boy?” Myron asked shrewdly.

Harry sighed and dragged a hand through his hair. “Yes, he was a boy, a month from being born when those poachers made her miscarry as she watched her mate being overpowered and killed in front of her. She naturally has lingering pain over that experience and it won’t go away in just a few years. She might never be ready for a baby boy, but if she gets used to little girls, with the right mind set she might even miss having a little boy.”

“What if she has a boy before she’s ready, do you think she’d harm him?” Max asked.

Harry laughed. “Don’t be ridiculous. She’d never harm one of her children, that I fully believe, but it would hurt her to look after him and it might negatively affect her mental health and back track on the progress that she’s already made, or she could surprise us all and look after him amazingly well and finally put the baby that she tragically lost to rest. I just don’t know.”

There was silence, but it was interrupted before anyone could say anything else by the floo flaring up and Alexander stepped out a moment later. His worried, lined face broke into a wide grin as he spotted them and he immediately pulled Harry into a big hug.
“How are you, dear one?” He asked.

“You just walked past me to greet my mate!” Max said in mock offence. “I’m your grandson!”

“I have a hundred grandsons; I only have a handful of sons-in-law and only one of those I actually like at the moment.” Alexander said back as he kissed Harry’s head, before he went and hugged Max tightly, pulling his head down to give him a kiss. “How are you, Maxie? You’re a little early for a ten day heat.”

“We figured out that Harry was feeling a little threatened from the meeting with the Faeries.” Nasta explained. “So he woke up as soon as his heat period wore off barely an hour after we ourselves had woken up.”

“What did they say?” Alexander demanded. “Did they threaten my little Leolin? Tell me if they did and I’ll kill the lot of them and burn their ridiculous, not so secret slum to the ground.”

Harry smiled. “They didn’t threaten him, but it is likely subconscious on my part, a few of them did want to take Leolin away from us as they didn’t think that Drackens could raise a Faerie baby correctly.”

“Arrogant fluff thinkers.” Alexander snorted. “I’d love to sink my claws into them.”

“You and me both.” Nasta grumbled.

“How is Alexus?” Myron asked, changing the subject quickly.

Alexander’s face went tight again. “Still being a stubborn arse. Your drama loving brother is convinced that his life is ending and I don’t know what to do to make this better for him.”

“Find Sean, truss him up and offer him up to Alexus on a skewer?” Harry suggested with a shrug. “It would make me feel better.”

Alexander smiled and ruffled his hair. “I knew there was a reason that you were my favourite.”
Harry smiled and bounced Farren a little as he wriggled. He sat him up when he started whining and looked like he was going to start crying.

“You really don’t like naps, do you?” Harry said with a smile, kissing Farren’s chubby cheek and inhaling the scent that was his second born son. It was comforting and settled him right down.

“Give me my boy.” Max said as he held his arms out.

Harry kissed Farren again gently. “Go to Daddy baby.” He said as he handed Farren over to Max, who squeezed him gently and kissed him wetly.

“Max! He doesn’t want your dribble all over him.”

“Why not? He dribbles all over me.” Max grinned.

Harry rolled his eyes and moved to stand by Blaise, covering his yawn with his hand.

“Cutie! How are you?”

Harry looked over his shoulder at the doorway to see one of Max’s identical Uncles; he was either Cepheus or Nicodemus, but they both had blond hair and jet black eyes and were completely indistinguishable from one another. They didn’t even have any visible freckles or birthmarks like Fred and George did to tell them apart.

“You don’t remember me, do you?” He pouted.

“Knock it off, Nico.” Myron grumbled, glaring at his older brother.

“Nico…Nicodemus. I know who you are, but I’ve heard that name somewhere be…” Harry trailed off as he frowned and then he turned around fully and glared at him. “You’re the bastard who wouldn’t stop pinching my bum at my meetings and you tried to grope me through my boxer shorts!”
Nicodemus threw his head back laughing, Alexander joined him, but Myron and Max looked equally unimpressed with Nicodemus.

Max threw an arm around Harry’s neck, put another one around his waist and pulled him up into his arms and gave him a possessive kiss.

“All right, Max, I know he’s yours, calm down. I wouldn’t sink so low as to steal my own Nephew’s mate.”

“Like you could.” Harry huffed.

“You saying this isn’t a body to die for?” Nicodemus demanded as he indicated the general area of his torso and groin.

Harry laughed and twisted onto the crook of Max’s arm. “You saying what you have is better than this?” He demanded as he caressed a hand down Max’s front before pointing to Nasta, Blaise and Draco. “What about those three, do you think you’re better than them too? Better than all four of them?”

“Of course.” Nicodemus grinned.

Harry shook his head.

“Ignore him.” Myron told him. “My sister Kyra and I are the only sane ones.”

“Aunt Kyra isn’t here is she?” Max asked quickly, looking around as if his Aunt would step out of a corner somewhere.

“No, Nico came here to tell me that he was booted out of yet another meeting, but Cepheus might be in with a chance to get a mate.” Alexander said with a smile.

“I’m not surprised that he gets kicked out of every meeting if he goes around pinching people’s bums and trying to fondle them when they’re not looking.” Harry grumbled.
“What about Xerxes?” Richard butted in. “He’s sane.”

“You and I have different perceptions of sane.” Myron told him.

“He’s not that crazy, not like Nico and Ceph.” Richard said.

“Still here!” Nico called out with a grin.

“You can’t call everyone that’s not as boring as you are insane.” Richard carried on.

“I’m not boring.” Myron growled. “I’m sane.”

“See, you’re doing it again.”

“Who want’s tea?” Kimberly broke in mildly, glaring at her son and son-in-law.

She didn’t wait for a reply; she just left towards the kitchen, leaving them in silence.

“You two are in trouble.” Nicodemus laughed. “Mum only looks like that when she’s seriously pissed off.”

“Watch your language!” Myron snapped at his older brother, much like a Father.

Nicodemus just laughed and went to sit down. Harry joined him, but he sat on a different settee. He was so tired and he felt achy, almost flu like, perhaps they should have taken the rest of the day to just rest and come to pick up the children in the morning, but then he’d missed them so much that he didn’t think he could have waited that long.

“Stop it!” Kimberly hissed at Richard and Nicodemus when they started arguing just after she placed a tea tray of full cups on the table. “If it had escaped the notice of your fool brains, there are five babies trying to sleep in this room! Merlin help you if you wake any of them up! Don’t make
me go and get my spoon.”

The two of them lapsed into silence, cowed by the anger of Kimberly who had sat down and started talking to Harry quietly about what the babies had gotten up to when he’d been on his heat.

Regan, Tegan and Calix usually napped for an hour and a half to two hours at a time, Leolin was still cat napping, he’d sleep for four or so hours, wake up for a little while before he fell off to sleep again. Farren would nap for thirty to forty minutes if they managed to get him to take his afternoon nap at all, but he always refused his late morning nap and Braiden would sleep for nearly three hours in the afternoon, but like Farren, he also refused his morning nap. It was a nightmare sorting them all out and trying to keep all of them straight and happy and well rested.

“How long have they been down now?” Harry asked. “I’d hate to wake them up with floo travel.”

“Braiden went down right after lunch.” Kimberly told him, smiling softly and the blanket covered bundles on her living room floor. “There’s no fuss from him either, just straight down and almost straight to sleep too. He’s such a good boy. He’s been down for…almost three hours now.” She said looking at the clock on the mantelpiece.

“He’ll be awake soon then, he usually only sleeps for three hours. How about the other four?”

“Calix, Regan and Tegan went to sleep two hours after Braiden, naughty little ones that they are; they thought that it was a game of catch.” Kimberly smiled indulgently. “They’ve been asleep for a little over an hour now.”

Harry nodded. “That’s about right, they usually wake up all together, though sometimes Braiden will wake up half an hour before them, it depends on how tired they are. How was Leolin?”

“Leolin has been a bit restless, he’s been sleeping shorter and waking up more often.”

“Has he been doing that through the night too?” Nasta asked curiously.

“Yes, he doesn’t seem to want anything though. Alexander and I tried feeding him, changing him and even singing to him, but he was just so disgruntled.”

“He usually only wakes up in the middle of the night once now, for a bottle.” Harry said, biting his
Nasta went to where Leolin was in his bassinet and he picked him up gently. Harry watched with baited breath as Nasta checked him over and even sniffed him before his tongue peeked out and licked over a sharp cheek. He shook his head.

“He’s fine, maybe he just missed us?” Nasta wondered aloud as he cradled Leolin’s miniscule body in his arms. “It could be separation anxiety.”

Harry breathed a little easier and patted the seat next to him. Nasta took the hint and Harry bent over to smooth the hair away from Leolin’s tiny face.

“I hope that’s all it is.” He murmured.

“I’m sure it is; don’t stress yourself out over it.” Max said as he actually did the impossible and made Farren drowsy enough to close his eyes. He was still awake, because his fingers were twirling through the hair behind his ear, but his eyes were closed and his body was sagging in Max’s arms as his biggest mate swayed with him gently and slowly.

“I don’t know how you do that.” Blaise grumbled. “He never falls asleep for me, even when I do the same.”

“He loves me.” Max replied smugly.

Blaise rolled his eyes, but he smiled when Braiden’s blanket twitched, right before their eleven month old rolled onto his knees and rubbed his eyes with little fists.

“Call him, go on.” Max urged him in a hiss. “He loves you the most.”

Harry huffed, but shifted forward to the edge of the settee and opened his legs.

“Hello Braiden, love. Did you have a good sleep?” He asked gently and clearly.
Braiden turned around and the grin that lit up his face made Harry feel teary.

“Mama! Mama ma!” Braiden burbled out as he set forward as quickly as his hands and knees could get him, going back on his knees and lifting his arms up when he got between Harry’s legs.

“Hello Braiden, did you miss me?” Harry murmured gently as he squeezed his firstborn gently.

“I think it’s safe to say that he definitely missed you.” Richard grinned.

Harry smiled at him, but his attention was taken by Braiden, who stood in his lap and wrapped little arms around his neck. He was still babbling.

He couldn’t help but laugh softly. “I wasn’t gone that long, love. Come on, tell me what you got up to, did you have fun?”

Harry moved his son to sit on his thigh and wrapped an arm around him and then he sat and listened to Braiden babbling, nodding his head and humming when Braiden looked up at him, acting like they were having an actual conversation, which to Braiden they likely were.

“He’s so adorable.” Nicodemus praised. “You’re an amazing Mother, why can’t all submissives be like you?”

“Harry’s one of a kind.” Max said proudly, his chest swelling as his Uncle praised his submissive mate.

Harry snorted and turned away from both of them as he looked back at Braiden’s bright indigo coloured eyes and he smiled widely.

“Sorry love, Daddy Max distracted me; carry on with what you were saying.”

“Baba ca, da mambe ah.” Braiden nodded seriously.

Harry smiled and nodded his head back at him. “Is that right?” He questioned and was surprised
when Braiden nodded his head and carried on babbling.

“I swear he understands every word you say.” Draco told him.

“I think I actually believe you.” Harry laughed. “Who’s my clever boy?”

Braiden giggled when Harry tickled him, but he couldn’t help grimacing as one of his pulled muscles throbbed.

“I think you’re the one who needs a nap.” Max laughed, still swaying and bouncing lightly with a sleeping Farren.

“I think it’s time we got home, none of us are really recovered yet.” Nasta said, not really giving them a choice either.

Harry nodded and yawned widely.

“I’ll go and pack up their things.” Alexander nodded with a grin. “I’ll miss these little blighters when they’re gone.”

“You can come around and visit you know.” Max told his Grandfather. “You never know, it might put you off babysitting the next time.”

“Why is that a good thing?” Draco demanded.

“It’ll give someone else a look it at the kids.” Max answered with a grin.

Harry shook his head and stood up, groaning as a pulled muscle in his back made itself known. He handed Braiden to Blaise and rubbed at the sore spot unhappily.

“I’ll give you a muscle relaxant when we get home.” Max said sympathetically. “Just enough to loosen them up to stop the pain.”
“Thank you, I feel like my body is trying to rip itself apart.”

Alexander came down from up the stairs with three suitcases of the stuff that Harry had packed, including toys, blankets, dummies, clothes for the six of them for ten days, with spares just in case, all of their bottles and formula powder, baby food jars, a box of rusks, a packet of apple rice cakes and carrot flavoured corn sticks. Alexander had bought his own stock of nappies for them, as Harry didn’t think he had a suitcase big enough to carry all the nappies they would need for ten days, let alone the wipes and talcum powder too. He had packed Calix’s medicated cream though, just in case.

“Thank you so much for looking after them.” Harry said with a shy smile.

“It was my pleasure to look after my great-grandchildren.” Alexander waved off. “They’re so cheeky now, such a difference two months makes.”

Harry smiled at that and went to ease up his remaining three quintuplets as Tegan woke up from her nap and was not very gentle in clambering all over Regan, waking him up too.

“Hello sweetheart.” Harry greeted her, kissing her little mouth gently. “I’ve missed you so much baby girl. Did you have fun while I was gone?”

“Mama.” Tegan babbled softly as she snuggled into him, clenching her little fists into his shirt.

“That one is definitely the naughtiest.” Alexander said, sounding very approving of that fact. “She wouldn’t let any of them play, she snatched toys, threw them at me when I tried to tell her not to and always... always filled a nappy right after I’d dressed her for the night after her bath. It didn’t matter how long I waited either, I kept her in just a nappy yesterday until I’d finished off the others and I honestly thought that she wasn’t going to, so I dressed her, tucked her in, bang on time she needs a change.”

Harry laughed and snuggled with Tegan. “She definitely likes being the one in charge.” He allowed with a nod.

Draco eased Regan out of sleep, he was a little groggy after the rude awaking he’d had, but he was very happy to see them back and he clapped his little hands together awkwardly, missing every other try.
“Cassander taught him that.” Kimberly smiled. “He was here the third day of your heat.”

“His depth perception is a little off.” Max grinned.

Harry rolled his eyes before easing Calix out of sleep when he made a soft murmur and shifted.

“Calix love, are you going to wake up?” He coaxed gently.

“Ah ma.” He sighed sleepily.

“Oh he’s so cute.” Harry gushed quietly.

Draco snorted and gave him a look that Harry knew meant he was being a complete dork, but he didn’t care.

Calix rolled over and blinked those jet black eyes open, so much like Myron’s and Kimberly’s. He grinned widely when he saw Harry sitting over him that he babbled nonsense and held his arms up in the air, still on his back.

Harry laughed at him. “Come on silly boy, up you get, we need to go home.”

Harry cradled Tegan and Calix to his chest and he stood up, groaning as it made his legs and back ache.

“We really need to get you home.” Max teased. “You’re falling apart at the seams.”

“It seems like it, I definitely feel like I’m falling to pieces.” Harry nodded.

“Let’s get you boys home then.” Alexander smiled. “You need the rest.”

It was easy getting home from then on, though Nasta made Harry wait until last, just so that he could be ready to catch him on the other side, he still wasn’t any good at landings, and experience from his trip to Alexander’s, pulled muscles only made him worse and with two babies in his arms,
he really didn’t want to face plant the floor.

Nasta caught him easily and did a really cheesy dance dip before kissing him while his head was tipped backwards. Harry laughed along with Tegan and Calix as Nasta righted them up and led him to a settee to sit down.

Harry still had a grin on his face when Max held out a cup of tea which he promised had a muscle relaxant in it. Harry set Calix and Tegan on the floor by his feet before grabbing it and swallowing the hot tea down in five large gulps.

“It’ll take a few minutes to work, but it will work.” Max assured him with a smile.

“Where’s Leolin? I want to make sure he’s okay.”

“He hasn’t woken up yet, Cariad.” Nasta told him, but he nodded to the bassinet by the arm of the settee regardless.

“I just want him to know that we love him and that he’s home now.” Harry said. “I don’t like that this has distressed him in any way.”

“It couldn’t be helped.” Nasta soothed.

“That’s not the point.” Harry said sadly. “He was unrested and distressed when we took him to the Faerie city too, but at least that was only one day, now he’s distressed and unrested at Alexander’s too. I think we should focus more on his routine and work harder on keeping him in it.”

“It changes so often though.” Blaise pointed out. “Some days he sleeps longer than others, sometimes he takes in more milk, some nights he wakes up twice, others only once. His routine differs.”

Harry nodded. “I know, but if we focus on his main routine, feeding him at the same time every day, bathing him at the same time and doing everything on a repetitive cycle then maybe he’ll be more reassured.”

“If you think it’ll help then we’ll try it.” Nasta said.
Draco picked up some parchment and got a bottle of ink and a quill. “I’ll write it down so that we can look at it if we need reminding of what he needs next.”

“If he’s kept on near enough the same schedule every night then he should come to anticipate it and hopefully that will make everything less stressful, but there will be disturbances and things he may not like, like trips outside.” Max told them.

“I know that, but if his basic routine is solid then maybe he’ll deal with the disturbances and distractions better, or at least that’s what I hope.” Harry sighed sadly.

“He won’t be this way forever.” Draco reminded him as he scratched away with his quill.

“I know, but if there is anything I can do to reduce his stress and anxiety, I’ll do it.” Harry said firmly.

“You know that we all will.” Blaise answered him softly. “I hated hearing that he’s been unrested and anxious while we’ve been otherwise occupied. I’ll do anything to help him, even learn a new routine for him every week if needed.”

“Hopefully it won’t change that quickly, but with Leolin, you never know.”

Harry sighed and sunk into the chair, relaxing back and watching his children play on the floor, all of them looked at him every ten or so minutes to make sure that he was still there and it made his heart ache, he hated knowing that he had caused them all some degree of anxiety or stress, not just Leolin. He almost hoped that he was pregnant now, at least then he wouldn’t have to have a heat period and leave them for however many days at a time in another two months. He’d have a guaranteed nine months at least of no heats that he could stay at home with them and reassure them that everything was fine. That would actually be for the best now.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: I hope you enjoyed this one and the heat period. Next chapter will be around
soon enough, so not long to wait for that, but naturally the longer the chapter the longer it’ll take.

The next chapter is definitely going to make you all smile if what I have planned goes well, it’s something that has been on my mind for a while since it was brought up in a previous chapter as a joke, but it’s stuck, so I’m writing it, you can’t miss it. So I hope you’ve enjoyed this chapter lovelies, until the next chapter then,

StarLight Massacre. X
Fantasy

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry sighed and sunk into the chair, relaxing back and watching his children play on the floor, all of them looked at him every ten or so minutes to make sure that he was still there and it made his heart ache, he hated knowing that he had caused them all some degree of anxiety or stress, not just Leolin. He almost hoped that he was pregnant now, at least then he wouldn’t have to have a heat period and leave them for however many days at a time in another two months. He’d have a guaranteed nine months at least of no heats that he could stay at home with them and reassure them that everything was fine. That would actually be for the best now.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighty-One – Fantasy

“Lay off!” Harry growled angrily as he was pushed towards a chair. “We have no idea if I’m pregnant or not yet and if I was I’m not doing any damage! Back away from my body!”

“Back away from the man’s body!” Max proclaimed loudly, picking Blaise up and hauling him to a different settee.

Harry’s anger and frustration melted away and he couldn’t help grinning, which was what Max had aimed for, he was sure.

He was turning eighteen tomorrow and he was getting excited as his mates kept hinting at a big surprise just for him, but the continuous manhandling and the urging to just take it easy and rest some more was stripping that away slowly, but surely.

“What is going on now?” Nasta asked exasperatedly. Harry felt bad for disturbing him; he’d had a large batch of paperwork come from the Welsh Dragon Reserve that morning and he was very busy trying to sort it all out. The stress rolled off of him like an almost visible haze, but Harry had learnt that Nasta dealt with stress very well. At least up to a certain point that was.

“Blaise is treating Harry like an invalid again.” Max told him. “Nothing I can’t sort out, don’t worry.”
“It looks like you’re making things worse.” Nasta replied tonelessly and with a cocked eyebrow.

Max was holding Blaise to the settee, but Blaise wasn’t paying any attention to them and was instead fighting and snarling, his claws and fangs were out, but his wings were still absent. Small mercies and all that.

Nasta sighed and got Max to back away before seizing Blaise around the waist and holding him tightly to his chest as he went to dive on Max, presumably to tear into him. His fangs slid out and Nasta sunk them into the back of Blaise’s neck to calm him and within minutes Blaise had calmed right down and he had gone boneless in Nasta’s arms. Harry breathed a bit easier; he hadn’t known that he had been getting tense from this situation until Blaise had visibly calmed down.

“Stop upsetting Harry.” Nasta demanded. “It’s his birthday tomorrow! You’re ruining his big surprise; he won’t want it if he’s angry with all of us.”

“I didn’t say that!” Harry cut in quickly with a wide grin. “I want the surprise; I just want to be left alone. We were on holiday in Guadeloupe last year and I was further into my pregnancy with the quintuplets then than I am now, if I am pregnant at all that is and if I am it’s only a week along.”

“You’re a very fertile man.” Max purred. “Chances are that you are pregnant. We could have a little baby growing in here.”

Harry rolled his eyes as Max’s huge hand covered his slim belly. He was pulled into a harsh kiss and when they broke apart he shook his head, his chest heaving.

“When’s Draco coming home?” Harry asked. “I’m hungry.”

“He said early afternoon, before Regan and Tegan need to take their naps, so at about one.” Nasta answered.

“I can make you an early lunch.” Max offered happily. “Draco will likely eat at the Malfoy home with his parents and he has food for Regan and Tegan with him. There’s no point in us waiting for him to come back to eat lunch only to find out that he’s already eaten.”

Harry scooped up Calix and carried him into the kitchen. Braiden had already gone down for his nap at noon, after his own lunch, and Leolin was sleeping too, it was just Calix and Farren left
awake for them to entertain and they’d both be going down for a nap in an hour or so and then they’d have an hour or two to themselves to clean up the house and sort everything out before the kids woke up and then made a mess again.

Nasta set Farren down in the play area that they’d set up, using a corner of the kitchen and cordoning it off from the rest of the kitchen so that if they were all in the kitchen, they didn’t have to leave their babies in a different room, but it also kept the babies safe from the dangers of the kitchen.

Harry sat down with Calix in his lap, he was chewing on a small ball that had different textured nodules to help teething babies as Calix was cutting a new tooth. Nasta went back to his paperwork, Max started prepping for lunch and Blaise sat beside him, playing with Calix’s hair. His hand kept twitching as if he wanted to pull Harry onto his own lap and trap him there. Harry swore that he wouldn’t do or say anything about it until Blaise actually started manhandling him again.

“So are you excited for tomorrow?” Max asked him with a smile.

“Of course I am. I turn eighteen tomorrow. It’s always been a big birthday in my mind.” Harry smiled.

“You won’t be able to drink tomorrow.” Nasta told him without even looking up from his paperwork.

Harry sighed. “I know that. I wasn’t going to drink anyway, the kids will be here. I’m not some sort of alcoholic, Nasta; I don’t wait for any excuse to drink.”

Nasta looked up and blinked confusedly. “I know that. I wouldn’t have minded if your birthday had been before your heat, but with the unknown status of your…”

“I know.” Harry cut in aggrieved. “As I said, I wasn’t going to drink anyway, pregnant or not.”

Nasta seemed to realise that he’d shoved his foot into his mouth as he stopped talking and went back to his work silently. This was the downfall of being pregnant, or even just maybe pregnant it seemed. They were treating him like he was stupid. As if he didn’t already fucking know that he couldn’t drink because of the maybe baby, what sort of fool did they take him for?

Harry breathed in deeply and settled himself. He reminded himself that Nasta was under a lot of stress and had a lot of work to do and that his comment likely wasn’t aimed to hurt him or make him feel stupid, even if it had.
He was not some child who would fly off the handle for an imagined slight when it wasn’t intended that way. He wasn’t the raged filled teenager who had felt white hot anger burning through him at all hours of the day and blew up spectacularly for any small, minuscule reason. He’d grown up since then. He wasn’t the reckless boy who had once thrown himself into all sorts of danger just because he thought others were in trouble or because he was too curious for his own good. He was a Mother now. A Mother to six young babies and maybe more soon. He was a lover to four amazing men, he was one fifth of the adult percentage of their family, if he went and did something reckless and dangerous, he not only risked his lovers, but he could risk making his children Motherless too. How the hell could he live with himself if he risked that, risked them, for the sake of his own feelings and curiosities? No, he wasn’t that boy anymore, he’d grown up since then and he wasn’t going to look back. He would regret nothing.

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Harry was the first one awake the next morning. He’d had a nightmare and he was covered in sweat, feeling sticky and dirty. He didn’t even remember that it was his birthday today; all he could think about was the nightmare that had been so bad that it had mentally disturbed him. What sort of person was he to have such disgusting dreams about his own children? He wanted to vomit. Climbing out of the bed carefully so that he didn’t wake up his lovers, untangling himself from them and their limbs and from the duvet, he checked on Leolin, who was sleeping peacefully in his bassinet by their bedside. He grabbed a clean pair of pyjamas from the dresser before he went to the nursery next door and checked on the five other babies, who were again all sleeping peacefully in their cots. He’d just had to check on them after his nightmare. It was half four in the morning and he felt unrested and grubby, his thoughts flying around his head at a mile a minute, flitting through his nightmare on repeat, honing in on every vile detail until he felt physically sick and close to tears.

He went to the bathroom on the ground floor and got into the shower, making the water as hot as he could stand it to make himself feel cleaner. He stayed in just long enough to wash his hair and body before he got out and wrapped himself in a towel. He dried off carefully and dressed in the clean pyjamas that he’d brought down with him and he cleaned up the bathroom before he went into the kitchen to get a cup of tea, sitting at the table and trying to calm himself down and not think about the nightmare that he’d had, but it was the only thing on his mind, the only thing that he could actually think about. That was how Nasta found him just fifteen minutes later.

“Why are you up so early, love?” He asked softly as he checked how hot the water in the kettle was, Leolin wailing half-heartedly in the crook of his arm for a feed.

“Nightmare.” Harry grunted tiredly. “I’m going to drink this and get back into bed; hopefully I can sleep for an hour or two at least before the kids wake up and need dealing with.”

“I can handle them if you want a few more hours in bed; you look dead on your feet. How long have you been down here on your own?”
“Not long.” Harry answered as he watched Nasta make up a bottle for Leolin over the rim of his teacup. “I woke up at about half four, checked on the kids, grabbed a quick shower to clean myself up and then came to get some tea to settle myself. If I’d known that Leolin was going to wake up I’d have brought him down with me so that you could sleep for longer. I knew I should have grabbed the baby monitor, I just wasn’t thinking straight.”

“I still don’t think you are thinking straight.” Nasta told him gently. “Get some more sleep, maybe then you’ll feel better. We’ll talk through your nightmare when you wake up if you’d like to.”

Harry nodded and drained his tea. He dropped the cup into the sink gently, he kissed Nasta before he kissed Leolin and he trudged back up to bed, hoping to get a few more hours of sleep at least.

He crawled into the bed and he snuggled down between Draco and Blaise. He tried to clear his mind, or at the very least he tried not to think about the nightmare that he’d had, but it was difficult when it was roving around his mind and kept buzzing to life every time he tried to drift off to sleep. Max was just getting up when he finally fell asleep, restless and exhausted.

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Max was very happy, excited almost, as he showered and dressed himself as quickly as he could, keeping himself as quiet as he could so that he didn’t wake Harry, the birthday boy. The youngest member of their mateship was eighteen today and he was now a legal adult in the Muggle world as well as the wizarding world, which was great as it meant that all five of them could now go out into the Muggle world and do everything that they wanted to do. There would be no sneaking wine to Harry or Draco like they’d done last Valentine’s Day, when Nasta had insisted seriously, to the owners of the rather grubby restaurant, that Harry and Draco were definitely eighteen, almost nineteen in fact, when in truth they’d been seventeen. The five of them had gotten seriously drunk off of that night, there were still some parts that one or more of them just didn’t remember. Max smiled, it had been an amazing Valentine’s night…he made a mental note to make next year’s just as amazing, he’d corroborate with Nasta to treat the younger three.

He peeked his head in on the kids, happy that none of them were awake as of yet as he rushed down the stairs to start breakfast, he was going to surprise Harry with breakfast in bed again.

“Don’t bother with Harry.” Nasta told him from the table where he was doing paperwork with Leolin cradled in one arm.

“You said that you weren’t going to do paperwork today and we agreed that we’d give Harry breakfast in bed.” Max said with a frown, wondering what had happened in just several hours to change this.
Nasta sighed and put his quill down, rubbing his face. “Harry was down here this morning when I came down with Leolin. He had a nightmare, Max, he didn’t even remember that it was his birthday and he looked terrible. I think it would be a bigger present to let him sleep uninterrupted for a few more hours.”

Max sighed and took the chair next to Nasta, taking Leolin from him so that he had both hands free for his paperwork. He cradled his youngest son gently and pressed a kiss to his sleeping brow.

“What did he dream about this time?” Max asked softly.

“I don’t know, he looked so out of it. I thought that it would be better to just put him to bed and let him tell me later. It likely has something to do with the Dursley case; it’s taking over his thoughts these days and his nightmares are getting worse.”

Max nodded. “I’ll make him brunch when he wakes up later. But Draco and Blaise should be awake in an hour or so, so I’ll make breakfast for four and get the kids sorted, that way you can get as much paperwork out of the way as possible before Harry wakes up.”

Nasta pulled Max down into a grateful kiss. “Thank you. I can’t believe how much I have to do. I’m going to have to pop in to the Reserve some when to evaluate the adolescents too. That’s snuck up on me, it seems only the other week that I got the update that they’d hatched.”

“You’re doing it again.” Max teased.

“Doing what?” Nasta asked curiously.

“Going all crazy, gooey eyed over the hatchlings. I’ve already told you, you can’t sneak one away under your shirt.”

Nasta smiled. “I do miss them a lot. I can’t help it, but I’d never risk our children in such a blatant, selfish way.”

“I know you wouldn’t, I was just teasing.” Max bopped him over the head before he turned to put Leolin in his kitchen bassinet before he boiled the kettle to make tea.
He made sure that Nasta was supplied with a fresh cup of green tea before he drained his own cup to wake himself up before he started the preparation for breakfast, reminding himself that it was for four people and not five like usual.

Draco came down at seven with Braiden and Farren tucked into his arms. He settled them both into highchairs with Nasta’s help and predictably Farren started bashing the tray of his highchair with his hands as his breakfast wasn’t immediately put in front of him.

“Alright Farren, calm down.” Draco chuckled sleepily. “I haven’t even woken up properly yet.”

“Here you go, love, wake yourself up.” Max pulled him into a kiss and passed over a teacup of white tea, just how Draco liked it, before he started up making two bowls of baby cereal.

“I’ll feed these two; you have too much to do with breakfast.” Nasta offered, putting his paperwork back into the case file to avoid spilling anything on it. He didn’t much feel like spending two hours of his time charming dried cereal off of his work.

Nasta took the two tiny bowls from Max and set Braiden’s in front of him, but he held Farren’s in one hand and loaded up a tiny spoon that was nearly lost in his hand.

Braiden’s hand went into his bowl and his hand then went to his mouth as he suckled his cereal happily.

“For a boy who doesn’t like having a bath, he sure does like getting into a mess.” Draco observed, watching over Braiden.

Farren greedily ate every bite that Nasta gave him. Nasta was so proud of how much Farren was growing and how quickly too. He had swallowed his cereal and had his mouth open again, waiting for more before Nasta had even loaded up the spoon and he had to chuckle at him. He made sure to keep an eye on Braiden, who was smearing his breakfast halfway across his face. He couldn’t believe that Braiden would be a year old in just two weeks. It had gone so very fast, he still remembered cradling a newborn Braiden in his arms, his heart bursting with love for his first ever child. He’d still been reeling at the thought that he was actually mated and that he finally had a submissive mate of his own after twenty-one years of waiting, that he had three other dominants to love too and then Braiden had come along and he had thought that his heart might burst from the amount of love that he felt.

Farren finished his cereal and Nasta had to scrape the bowl as Farren sat there with his mouth open waiting for more and when the cereal was completely gone and Nasta didn’t put the spoon back into his mouth, he started crying.
“What is the matter baby boy?” Max asked him softly, coming over to wipe Farren’s hands and chin with a damp cloth. Farren started crying harder as he realised that breakfast was over.

Nasta turned to help Braiden, picking up his spoon and helping him to actually eat his breakfast, grimacing as those gunky fingers tugged at his sleeves and gripped his hand and fingers, smearing more of his smooth cereal everywhere.

Max gave up trying to comfort Farren as he tore a ripe banana from the fruit bowl and peeled it. He broke it in half before picking up a knife and cutting each half into very thin slices.

He picked up half of the slices in his hand and scattered them over Farren’s tray and, sniffling softly, Farren picked one slice up and jammed it into his mouth, chewing happily and dribbling mashed banana down his chin.

“This boy is only happy when he’s eating!” He complained. “A whole bowl of cereal and half a banana, at seven months old! He’s going to be bigger than I am before he’s a teenager!”

“A little help please.” Blaise asked from down the hall and Draco stood to go and help him, coming back in with Calix squirming over his shoulder, giggling and yanking on baby fine, blond hair.

“Calix love, please don’t pull my hair.” Draco coaxed as he tried to get those little hands from his hair while trying to also get him into a highchair as Blaise came into the kitchen with Regan and Tegan babbling together in his arms.

“Harry’s sleeping like a rock today.” Blaise told them. “He didn’t so much as stir as I woke up because these three were screaming their heads off.”

“He’s had a rough night.” Nasta said with a sigh. “He was down here at four this morning, he had nightmares again. I thought it would be a bigger gift to him to let him have a lie in rather than wake him up with breakfast in bed.”

Draco nodded. “It would be. I think he’d enjoy that a lot more. He misses his sleep.”

“I vote that we let him sleep as long as he wants to, even if it’s past midday.” Blaise added.
“I agree with that. The best present that we could give him. His beauty sleep.” Max laughed. “We’ve got the family and his friends coming over later though for his party, so he can’t sleep for too long, I’d think he’d want a shower at least.”

“He had one this morning.” Nasta informed them as he finished feeding Braiden and was using a cloth to clean up what he could.

Max picked up the other half a banana and scattered it over Braiden’s tray, watching as their oldest boy clapped his hands happily as the banana slices just appeared for him. He picked one up and stuffed it into his mouth, chewing happily and wriggling his little body as he ate.

“I think he likes bananas.” Draco smiled.

Max pulled open a drawer and pulled out a notebook, he grabbed a pencil and wrote something down.

“Braiden loves bananas. They puree really well so I used to mix a bit of banana puree in with his cereal when we were just giving him his first taste of things other than milk. Farren likes them better now that they’re whole; he wasn’t fond of them when they were pureed.”

Max put the pencil down and went to get three bowls of baby cereal and handed them out with little spoons before he turned back to keep an eye on breakfast, washing up Farren and Braiden’s bowls and spoons before wiping down his counters.

Blaise fed Tegan her cereal as Draco tried to coax Regan into eating, but their fourth child was very fussy and he was playing up yet again.

“Only you could have such a fussy eater.” Draco groused to Nasta.

“You mean you weren’t?” Max teased.

“I’ll have you know that I have always eaten everything that I’ve been told to eat. If it was on my plate, I ate it without complaint. Have you ever known me to leave anything?”

Max frowned in thought before he laughed. “You know what, I haven’t. You always clear your plate. What if you don’t like something?”
“I still eat it and then I know for next time that I don’t like it and I won’t agree to eat it again.”

“I couldn’t do that.” Max grimaced. “If I didn’t like it, I would not fucking eat it. I was very opinionated and very strong willed, even as a child and nothing, not even the threat of a public spanking from my Dad, would get me to eat anything that I didn’t want to when I was a kid, which unfortunately had the effect of teaching my brother and sisters that they didn’t have to eat what they didn’t want to either. My Dad hated it.”

“Ba na.” Braiden babbled loudly, cutting across their conversation.

“Yes Braiden. Banana.” Nasta encouraged brightly, holding out a thin slice of the fruit to their, almost, one year old.

“Na na.” Braiden giggled as he grabbed the slice and squashed it in his hand before sucking the mashed banana into his mouth.

“You’re so messy.” Nasta mock growled at him, getting a happy giggle back and mashed banana covered fingers grabbing for his face. He pulled back very quickly out of reach.

“Ba na na.” Calix babbled and as one, four heads swung to look at him.

“Get the camera!” Max hissed.

Nasta rushed to fumble the camcorder from a kitchen drawer, he set it up and set it to record as Max hunched in front of Calix and babbled to him and then he said ‘banana’ to Calix and he screeched happily.

“Ba nana.” Calix said more clearly, clapping his hands together.

“Banana.” Max encouraged again showing the thin slice of fruit to him.

“Nanah.” Calix grinned bashing a little hand against his highchair tray.
Max scooped him up and cuddled him close. “Who is such a clever boy! Seven months old and he said his first proper word! This here is my boy!” He boasted, turning Calix to face the camcorder. “This clever boy is made with my genes and that bruiser by there, is also my genes!” He added pointing to Farren, who was sucking the last of the banana slices into his mouth. “I have a smart son and a big bruiser.”

“Are you done?” Draco sneered. “I haven’t had any biological children yet, we all know that my genes will be highly superior. Not that I think any of them are inferior, but my genes are naturally going to be a cut above yours.”

Blaise snorted. “I think that it’s Harry’s genes that are the superior ones. All the kids are amazing and they all have one thing in common. Harry.”

“I can agree to that.” Nasta said with a soft smile as he put the camcorder back down and placed it back into its drawer.

“Right lovers, breakfast is up, are these monsters finished yet?” Max asked as he handed Calix off to Nasta, who had held his arms out for him.

“We’re just waiting on Regan to stop being a fussy mare.” Draco grumbled as he tried to get Regan to eat a little more.

“I’ll set the bath up after breakfast.” Nasta sighed. “If one of you could give me a hand we can bathe three of them at a time and get done in half the time so that we can focus on setting everything up for Harry.”

“I’ll help you.” Blaise said after thanking Max for his breakfast.

“Thank you, Caru.” Nasta smiled and pulled his head into a kiss as he passed on his way to get to his own breakfast.
“Did Harry say what his nightmare was about?” Blaise asked.

Nasta shook his head. “No. He didn’t say much about it. He just told me that he had a nightmare, not what it was about, but I’d think it was about the Dursley trial.”

“Don’t say that too loudly today.” Draco warned. “It’s his birthday; the last thing he needs is hearing that damn name.”

Nasta nodded in understanding and dug into his breakfast, but it was like chewing rubber. He’d rather eat his own wings than tell Max such a thing though, especially as he was sure that Max’s cooking was just as perfect as it always was, the fault lay upstairs, sleeping in their bed and not even knowing that it was his birthday.

Max set to cleaning the dishes and the kitchen as he started baking little fairy cakes and making a very large birthday cake for Harry.

Nasta and Blaise bathed the children and dressed them smartly, but made sure they were still comfortable enough to play and move around in as they dropped them on Draco, who was freshly showered, in the living room with their toys and then they went for their own shower, and if they took a little longer than usual and Blaise came out a little bow legged and flushed, no one said a word.

Draco wrangled the five kids as best as he could, but he was definitely feeling more love for Leolin, who was fast asleep in his bassinet, not crawling over everything, not hitting his brothers, not throwing anything, not trying to climb the cabinets, not screaming, not crying, he wasn’t doing anything but sleeping peacefully and Draco was forced to run around like a fucking peasant trying to keep an eye on all five of them as they all crawled off in different directions. Calix, the little speed racer, was darting off out the door. Tegan was hitting Farren, who was just sat there letting her hit him, but he was crying loudly. Braiden was cruising the coffee table, hitting it on every step with a hard, plastic musical ball that was lighting up brightly and making an ear splitting sound every time one of the buttons was bashed into the table. He couldn’t see Regan anywhere.

“Max!” He called out loudly, trying to keep his voice under control so that he didn’t wake up Harry, but Max heard him and the urgency in his voice.

Max dashed into the room wearing his dark green apron, covered in flour and Calix under his arm.

“He was just coming into the kitchen when I heard you.” Max sighed as he settled Calix down on the floor and went to take the musical ball from Braiden as Draco picked up Farren and cuddled him gently, soothing and comforting him.
“I can’t find Regan!” He told Max desperately.

Max looked around and Draco saw when the panic set in. He put Braiden in the playpen, snatched up Calix and put him into it too, Draco got the message and placed Farren into it with his two brothers, but Max had separated Tegan off and placed her into a travel cot that was up behind the settee, then he started looking for Regan.

Draco joined him, his heart in his throat and he felt like either bursting into tears or shifting form and clawing up some prey.

“What’s wrong, what happened?” Blaise asked as he came into the living room from the downstairs bathroom, happy, relaxed and sated for all of a minute.

Nasta moved him to the side so that he could come into the room and see what was happening for himself.

“Regan’s gone missing.” Max informed them.

Both of their faces slackened and then the panic set in as they started searching the whole room.

“How the hell did you lose him?!” Blaise raged hysterically.

“Braiden was bashing his damn music ball against the table, Tegan was attacking Farren and Calix was off out the door, I couldn’t track all of them at once and I lost Regan.”

“We’ll find him.” Nasta said soothingly. “He can’t get out of the house.”

Max blanched. “I have the back door open to stop the kitchen from overheating.” He explained before he ran to his kitchen to the back door to see if maybe Regan had taken a trip outside. His heart felt like it was going to explode.

“He couldn’t have gotten far!” Draco said a bit hysterically.
“Calm down, just stay calm.” Nasta encouraged. “Check under the settees, check under everything.”

Draco dropped to his belly and peered under their chairs, his heart constricting when he didn’t see even a hint of his little boy.

“Where the hell can he be?!” Blaise shouted.

They all sighed when they heard Harry getting up at Blaise’s shout, but before they could even exchange glances to decide what to say to him or how they could possibly explain to their submissive mate that they’d lost one of their children, a thump on the stairs had their hearts lurching into their throats, another thump followed by another had them rushing into the passageway as they heard a little body falling down the stairs.

A sleep tousled, very exhausted looking Harry in pyjamas stood at the top of the stairs, his face etched in fury and horror.

Regan was stuck halfway up the stairs, floating a mere half an inch from hitting the next step, he was screaming even as he was frozen in place and Harry almost fell head long down the stairs to grab him as Nasta rushed up the stairs to grab them both.

Harry clutched at Regan tightly and ignored Nasta carrying him down the stairs as he focused on the screaming baby in his arms. He was so angry that he was visibly shaking and all sorts of thoughts and scenarios were going through his mind, he felt bile creep up his throat.

Nasta sent Draco to go and find Max in the considerable garden and Harry kicked out at Nasta to get to the floor, sniffing and tracing his eyes all over Regan’s little body, but there seemed to be no damage done to him at all that he could see, but he wasn’t taking any chances, not with his little boy as he inhaled deeply around his head, trying to scent out any damage whatsoever.

“Oh thank fuck. I need a shot of Firewhiskey after that scare.” Max groaned.

“He fell down the stairs.” Harry bit out so coldly that they all swallowed nervously.

“Is…is he alright?” Max asked hesitantly.

“He fell down the stairs!” Harry repeated angrily, his voice rising as his arms tightened around Regan.

“Let me see him, Harry, I have first aid training.” Max encouraged. “One simple spell, that’s all,
you know that this could be an emergency situation, we’ve been in this position before, just let me check him okay? Please.”

Harry clenched his jaw so hard that they could hear his teeth grinding together. “I won’t let go of him.”

“If you’re pregnant then the spell might…”

“I don’t give a fuck!” Harry hissed. “If I’m not pregnant then I’m going to feel worse for not holding him, stop wasting time! If he needs a Healer then the sooner we get him there the better!”

Max nodded haltingly and pulled his wand out of his sleeve and cast a diagnostic spell while Harry nuzzled with Regan, still sniffing him.

“He’s alright, Harry. There’s absolutely no head trauma and no concussion. He doesn’t have any broken or fractured bones, he might have a little bruising, but I swear to you there is no danger to him or any damage done.”

Harry unclenched his jaw and he swallowed hard as he heard that. He nodded sharply instead and tried to regain normal breathing patterns.

“What happened?” Harry asked them, deceptively calm.

“I… I couldn’t keep track of them.” Draco admitted bitterly. “Braiden was damaging the table, Tegan was attacking Farren, Calix was out of the door and into the kitchen and I lost Regan. He must have gone out of the door before Calix did without me noticing. I’m so sorry.”

Harry nodded and sat down on the settee, curling his legs up and cuddling with Regan. He looked so tired that none of them knew what to say.

“He was on the top landing.” Harry informed them. “He was right on the edge of the stairs as I came out of the bedroom because you were all shouting, when I woke up I heard him babbling to himself. I thought I was having a heart attack. He turned sharply to look at something down the hall and he just fell backwards. I tried to reach him, fuck I tried to get to him before he fell, but he toppled backwards before I could get halfway to him. Anything could have happened to him. He could have broken his neck! We’re lucky that he was born a wizard and he had his magic to help
save him from tumbling down the full staircase, but he shouldn’t have been in that position in the first place. I want those safety gates put in on the top and bottom of those stairs within the hour.”

“Mama!” Braiden called out from his small prison.

“Let them out too, I won’t have them locked up like animals because you can’t keep an eye on them.” He said grumpily.

“Did you have another nightmare?” Nasta asked softly.

“Not now.” Harry snapped. “I at least want some tea before I start thinking about that again. That is the very last thing that I want to deal with right now.”

Nasta sighed and turned away, letting the kids out to play once again, separating Tegan and Farren as his little girl seemed to really enjoying going after Farren in particular for some reason. He closed the door to the living room so that none of them could get out again as Max went to get Harry a cup of his favoured honey tea and Blaise took a dejected Draco to find the safety gates that they’d put into storage for when the babies were older, they really hadn’t thought that they’d need them until the kids were at least walking around a little, but it seemed that there was still a hell of a lot they needed to learn. He couldn’t believe that Regan had been put into such danger, just for the sake of a gate at the bottom of the stairs.

Max came back quickly to hand Harry his cup of tea and Harry was feeling better enough to at least thank him for it, but he looked ill from where Nasta was standing and he hated the thought that Harry was plagued by these nightmares enough to make him ill. He really couldn’t wait until it was all over and done with and Harry never had anything to worry over again.

The room was silent except for baby giggles and screeches and babbling, with the occasional sip that Harry took from the cup of tea that he’d been given. They watched silently as Braiden crawled to where Harry was sat and pulled himself up to his feet, lifting one arm up towards Harry, the other had a death grip on the fabric of the settee.

“Mama!” Braiden called out loudly and demandingly, gaining Harry’s attention and Harry gave him a small, pained looking smile, but he smiled nonetheless and he bent forward to put his cup on the table before he pulled Braiden up to cuddle on his lap with Regan, who was held so tightly to Harry’s front that he couldn’t have gotten away even if he’d been trying to, but their little boy was just lying on Harry, not doing or saying anything with his little hands clenched tight into Harry’s pyjama top. They could almost believe that he was sleeping, but his hazel-gold eyes were wide open and frozen with shock and terror. That made all of them feel so much guilt and pain, all of them felt terrible that this had happened to Regan, their beautiful little boy.
“The safety gates are up and I checked them several times. They’re secured and magically warded. They won’t be able to fall down the stairs again.” Draco said hesitantly as he came back into the room with Blaise.

None of them were sure what to do or to say about what had happened, they were at a loss in such a heart stopping situation. Honestly speaking, what could they do after what had happened?

“Do you even know what day it is?” Blaise asked him suddenly.

Harry frowned. “Friday.”

Nasta sighed as his concerns from earlier were confirmed. “It’s your eighteenth birthday, Harry.”

They watched as Harry’s eyes widened as realisation hit him. Nasta sighed again and rubbed his forehead with his finger and thumb.

“I completely forgot. I just wasn’t thinking.” Harry tried to assure them.

“That’s okay, Harry, you had a rough night. Would you like to talk about it?” Nasta asked patiently.

Harry sighed. “It was them again. It’s always them! I just want these dreams to stop.”

“If you talk the nightmares through with us then maybe you’ll feel better.” Max hedged. “You know you can come to any of us for anything, Harry, anything at all. We only want to help you.”

Harry raked a hand through his already messed up hair and all but groaned, wrapping his arm back around Braiden and he kissed him lingeringly before turning to do the same with Regan on his other side.

“They took the kids away from us. They hurt them like they once used to hurt me and I was just stood there like a fucking idiot doing absolutely nothing but shouting at them to stop, but they never. No matter what I did I couldn’t move, it was like I was cursed to the spot. I heard the babies crying, calling out for me, but I couldn’t go to them. I’ve never felt so helpless. I think it was a mix of the trial, my old memories and those damned Faeries threatening to take Leolin away from us. It all jumbled up and made that monstrosity of a nightmare. Then I wake up from the same dream
that I had had this morning and I find Regan playing on the top of the stairs! Seeing him fall backwards while I was powerless to help him, while I was too far away to protect him, hearing him hitting the stairs as he fell down them, his crying and his screaming. I couldn’t have controlled my reaction to that if I’d tried, but I did manage to keep a hold on my Dracken, who still wants to come out to make sure our little baby is alright.”

“How did he even get up the stairs?”

“He crawled up them.” Harry said with a look. “Myron and Richard told us that he pulled himself up using the settee and held himself off the floor. If he can do that then he can pull himself up a set of stairs.”

“The gates are up now, he won’t be able to do it again and he’s fine, Harry. He might be a little scared from his sudden fall, but he’s not injured. I am sorry that it happened in the first place, of course I am, but he’s okay and we’ve taken measures so that it’ll never happen again.” Draco said softly.

Harry sighed and nodded. “I know, I’m sorry for snapping, but it’s been a long night and after that nightmare and finding Regan on the landing, watching him falling…it didn’t make me feel very secure. If he hadn’t have been up on the landing, if he hadn’t have fallen, then I might not have had a bitch fit over just a few nightmares, but he was and he did.”

“You have as many bitch fits as you want. You’re entitled to them after that.” Max grinned. “We still love you, or at least we do until you start gouging out eyes.”

Harry chuckled and smiled at Max, grateful to him for lightening the mood.

“Do I get birthday kisses now?” He asked with a cheeky smile, trying to apologise for his behaviour, even if it was caused by the most horrific nightmare that he’d had to date and watching his precious little boy falling backwards down the stairs. His heart still wasn’t beating smoothly.

Max darted right in and snogged him breathless, sweeping his tongue into his mouth and pressing their lips together hard and kissing until they were both struggling for air. Harry’s lips were bruised, bright red and felt a little tender, but his chest heaved and he was grinning a bit dazedly.

“Now that was a birthday kiss.” Harry practically giggled. “Where are my other three?”
Harry was in a much better mood after he’d had a proper kiss from all of his mates and seeing Regan moving again also helped. His little boy pushed back from him and shimmed to get himself off the settee and onto the floor, Harry’s hands hovering over him in a protective gesture that he didn’t even try to reel in. He watched with his heart in his throat as Regan crawled to a soft bear and cuddled with it, rubbing it over his face in a comforting gesture.

Max jumped at the chance to get back into his kitchen, remembering that he had a cake in the oven. He made Harry swear not to move and not to go into the kitchen. Harry pouted and threw his arms up and had a mini, very exaggerated tantrum, even rolling over the floor, in which all of his babies and his mates laughed at him. Braiden even clapped for him and it made Harry feel better as he pulled Braiden into his arms and he carried on rolled around the floor with him.

“You haven’t even asked about your presents.” Max teased as he brought Harry another cup of tea and a bacon sandwich.

“I keep telling you, I don’t need them. I have everything that I could possibly want, what else can you give me?” Harry asked with a smile as he cradled an armful of children close to his chest before letting them roam off towards their toys again. “This helps though.” He grinned as he held up his sandwich and took a big bite, wiping the blob of brown sauce from his lip with his thumb.

Max shook his head and sat behind him and dragged him back onto his lap, wrapping his arms around him tightly and kissing the back of his neck with soft, dry lips.

Braiden stood on Harry’s lap and reached over his shoulder to grasp at Max’s hair, giggling his little heart out.

“You’re getting so much better at standing, little man. A year old in a few short weeks, dear Merlin where does the time go? I still remember you looking like a small hairless rat lying in the crook of my arm.”

Harry stopped chewing and turned his head to stare at Max. He swallowed hard.

“Did you, or did you not, just call our son a hairless rat?” He demanded.

“He did look like a hairless rat.” Max defended. “Didn’t you baby?”

Max pulled Braiden over Harry’s shoulder and cuddled him tightly. “You were a little hairless rat weren’t you, love? Yes you were!”
“Did I just hear you calling my Grandson a hairless rat?”

They all stopped and turned to look at a very unimpressed Marianna standing framed in the doorway.

“Well?!” She demanded of Max, her hands on her considerable hips.

“I uhh…well that might not have been exactly what I meant.” Max stammered a little and Harry laughed at how uncomfortable and embarrassed he looked.

“It had better not have been!” Marianna huffed before she turned to Blaise and gave him a hug that looked like it had crippled his back before she turned to Harry and smiled at him. “Happy birthday, sweetheart, here you go.”

She handed him a wrapped present and took Braiden from Max’s arms to squeeze him tight.

“Thank you.” Harry said politely with a smile as he went to open it.

“You can’t open just one gift, you need to receive them all first.” Draco complained.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Marianna has been kind enough to bring me a gift, I’m not going to shove it to the side and ignore it.” He said as he tore the colourful paper open to reveal an absolutely gorgeous jumper, it was overlarge, just how he liked them in the winter and he buried his nose into it. It was so soft and thick and it smelt clean and he knew just from looking at it and feeling it that it was expensive. The label was all in French.

“Thank you so much. I love it.”

“I thought you might.” Marianna smiled. “Even if it is summer, I’ve never known a boy to wear so many jumpers.”

Harry grinned as he folded his new jumper back up and carefully placed it on the coffee table, scrunching up the paper to dispose of it before a baby got hold of it, but Max took it from him and ushered Marianna to a settee, offering to get her tea.
“A coffee would be better.” Marianna told him. “You had better make a good cup too, to make up for calling my sweet Braiden a rat; you just wait until your Father hears what I overheard.”

Max actually blushed, one of the only times that Harry had ever seen him do so. He could count on one hand the amount of times that something had embarrassed Max enough to blush and he couldn’t help grinning as he watched Max nod his head and rush out to the sanctuary of his kitchen.

“He is just too fun to wind up.” Marianna chuckled huskily.

“You shouldn’t tease him, Mother.” Blaise chastised lightly.

“Why not?” Marianna asked. “He insulted my Grandson, I will tease him until he gets all flustered or, if that doesn’t work, I’ll insult his parentage and insinuate that he is a few genetic pairs short of normal.”

Blaise rolled his eyes as if this was all completely normal and Harry chuckled, finishing his sandwich and draining his tea. He didn’t have to wait long before Max came back to refill his cup, handing Blaise and Marianna mugs of coffee as he sorted out Nasta and Draco with tea too.

“Silly boy, did you hear me say put milk and sugar into my coffee?” Marianna asked with a frown.

Max swallowed and apologised, going to take the mug back to make her a new one, but Marianna laughed.

“You’re lucky that I like my coffee with milk and sugar.” She explained with a smirk as she took a deep sip. Her violet eyes glinting with the smile that she wouldn’t let show on her mouth.

Max sat down heavily on the settee behind Harry and seemed to be giving himself a mental pep talk. Harry wondered if it was the calm down and get under control sort or the ‘I’m not going to kill her’ mantra. He smiled and hid it behind his cup as he pulled a lost looking Regan back onto his lap and tickled him until he screeched happily. He still hand the stuffed bear, which had been a gift for Braiden last Christmas if he believed right, in his one hand.

“Muma.” He said quietly, looking up at him through Nasta’s hazel-gold eyes, a wide grin on his
little face. He looked so much like Sanex that he had to smile. His hair was black and his eyes were paler than Sanex’s, but the face was all Nasta’s older brother’s and by extension Aneirin’s, he hoped they would both come today, it seemed like forever since he’d last seen Sanex and Caesar, he wanted to catch up with Amelle and with Talia too. He wanted to know if Julinda had worked things out with her Husband that was never there and if Alayla’s nursing course was going well. He had so much to talk about with so many people.

“How are you, Regan?” Harry asked him happily. “Are you enjoying yourself? I bet you are. I bet you’re just hampering to go exploring again, but you can’t do that without me or one of your Daddies with you, it isn’t safe.”

Regan giggled and reached for Harry’s lips. He couldn’t help but smile as those little fingers curled around his bottom lip, little nails digging in, but not too much, they’d groomed all of them recently, cutting nails, trimming hair and making sure everything was all alright and after the ordeal that Regan had been through, Harry would have let his son do anything and everything to keep that smile on his face and the giggle on his lips. He seemed to be much better now, or at least the wide eyed, frozen terror had gone.

“Where are you boys hiding?” Richard’s voice demanded just before he rounded the corner into the larger living room, the one that wasn’t connected to the floo. His scowl transformed into a grin. “There you are! I found you.”

Harry chuckled as Richard came to greet him first, bending down to hug Harry where he was on the floor before taking Regan from him and holding him tight.

“Hello munchkin!” He greeted brightly before swooping in and kissing Regan on the cheek. “How have you been? Still as naughty as you were last week, or have you gotten even naughtier?”

“Naughtier.” Max said with a smile, obviously feeling better since his run in with Marianna.

“I don’t believe you.” Myron grumbled as he stepped up behind Richard, his arms going around his Husband’s waist and holding him tightly as he bent his head to kiss the top of Regan’s head, his fluffy black hair just long enough to show that it wasn’t going to take after Harry’s own.

“This little one is as good as gold.” Myron continued. “Richard seems to think that Regan knew enough to only act up when I wasn’t in the room to witness it.”
“He did!” Richard insisted. “I swear he only got that evil glint in his eyes when he saw you leave the room.”

“He fell down the stairs, please be careful with him.” Harry breathed out, his fingers aching to turn into claws. “I don’t want to attack you, but my Dracken does, so be gentle with him.

“He fell down the stairs?” Richard gasped and Harry saw his arms tighten in an automatic gesture of protection; it calmed his Dracken down further.

“Halfway down them.” Harry amended. “His innate magic took over and he froze himself in mid fall. He was so scared.”

“Are you sure he isn’t Max’s baby? Did we ever tell you about the time that Max fell out of the third storey window? Myron jumped out after him only to find him floating just off the ground.” Richard said with a shiver.

“You did tell me that story.” Harry nodded and he felt better for being reminded of it. All parents had scares like this, he still wasn’t going to let Regan out of his sight, but he did feel calmer.

“All parents go through something like this, Harry, there will be many more accidents to happen too, you can be sure of that, but someone is always going to be there to help pick them up and dust them off. Regan seems fine to me, just like Max was fine after his tumble out of the window, you won’t want to let him go, but he’s absolutely fine and he doesn’t need smothering. Myron even brought Max to bed with us and he was six at the time, my poor balls have never ached so much!”

Myron rolled his eyes and kissed Richard before he took a small something from his pocket and enlarged it with his wand.

“Happy birthday, Harry.” He said as he pulled Harry off the floor with the force of his hug and petted his hair lovingly before setting him back on the floor and he sat himself next to Max, pulling his son into a tight hug and pressing his lips to Max’s temple. That gesture alone told Harry that Myron still had nightmares over Max falling from that window, thinking on it, his loveable mate could have died that day, Harry might never have met him and then he wouldn’t have had Farren or Calix. He swallowed and made a mental note to catch a tight hug with Max himself later.

“Thank you.” Harry grinned as he tore open his present and opened the box inside, only to gasp and shut it again quickly. He blushed to the roots of his hair and even down his neck, his cheeks
flaming. He could feel the heat of it as he turned to stare at Myron, his mouth parted slightly in shock and embarrassment. He couldn’t believe that Myron would have ever thought to get him a sex toy, let alone such an outrageous set.

“Don’t you like it?” Myron asked confusedly.

“I…yes of course. Thank you.” Harry flustered out, the heat in his face flaring up another level and he had to lower his eyes, he couldn’t even look at Myron as his cheeks burned red.

Richard started laughing uproariously and Myron’s eyes narrowed dangerously, he knew his Husband too well by now and that laugh let him know that Richard had done something that he wouldn’t approve of.

“What was in the box?” He demanded. Harry wasn’t sure if he was talking to him or to Richard.

“Nothing they won’t enjoy, I promise.” Richard laughed.

“What was in the box?!” Myron hissed dangerously. “Where is the gift that we bought for him?”

Richard grinned as he took out an identically wrapped box and enlarged it, he handed it to Harry with a wink. Harry was almost too afraid to open it. He was noticeably slower in unwrapping it, keeping the box away from his body as if expecting a python to fly out at his face as he cracked the lid open on the box and peeked inside carefully.

Harry pulled the lid off completely as he deemed it safe, he removed the safety packaging that kept his gift from being damaged by being thrown around in the slightly too big box and he took out the beautiful leather case that held a collection of nine beautifully bound books. He pulled the first one out and a grin split his face as he realised that it was all about defensive techniques and offensive spells. A set of nine, fully detailed defence books for advanced learners of the art. He sat up on his knees and he turned and threw his arms around Myron’s waist where he was sat on the settee next to Max, squeezing that thick middle as tightly as he could. Myron chuckled and held him back tightly.

“I hope you like this one more than whatever was in the box that was given to you the first time. I will find out what it is though and I’ll punish him accordingly.” Myron told him, glaring at a grinning Richard, who was completely unrepentant.

“I do. I love it. Thank you so much.”
A scream had Harry’s heart leaping into his throat as his mind took him back to what had happened to Regan that morning, his head snapped to the side to look at Farren who was lying on his back on the floor, Tegan kneeling over him with a wooden block in her hand.

He breathed deeply to calm himself, his fangs digging into his bottom lip as he picked up Farren and all but smothered him to his chest as Nasta picked up Tegan, took the block from her hand and set her into the travel cot with no toys.

“I see she’s still a bully.” Myron grumbled. “We had a hell of a time trying to keep her and Farren separated; she really doesn’t like him.”

Harry hated that. He hated that two of his children weren’t getting along and they were so young. This shouldn’t have been happening.

“It’s because Regan likes playing with Farren.” Blaise told them. “Tegan doesn’t like him playing with anyone other than her and usually he doesn’t mind, but sometimes he’ll crawl over to Farren and she hates it when Regan wants to play with any of the others.”

“She shouldn’t have the capacity to feel jealousy yet!” Harry said desperately as he rocked Farren.

“They’re born from Drackens.” Max reminded him. “They’ll develop a lot quicker than you might think, even if they are humans. They still have our genes, even though they aren’t Drackens themselves they’re still Dracken gene carriers and they still have Dracken blood.”

“I think she needs some sisters to play with. That might make her feel better.” Marianna said.

“That or she’ll get jealous over them too because she’s not the only girl anymore.” Richard shrugged. “She might very well get jealous over any new babies because they’re just that, new babies.”

Harry tugged at his hair with his free hand and sat on the settee with a sigh. “Why does she have to be so jealous and spiteful? She shared my body with Farren for four months, you’d think that she’d feel even a slight connection to him for that, she doesn’t do this to Braiden and Regan plays with him too.”

“Ah…actually she does do the same to Braiden.” Richard told him with an apologetic grimace.
“It’s just that he’s up on his feet now and cruising, she can’t compete with that as she hasn’t found her feet yet, but we noticed that if he was on the floor playing, then she would make her way over to him and give him a smack and a couple of times she’s hit him when he’s taking his nap, so we had to always keep an eye on her.”

Harry couldn’t believe what he was hearing and he held Farren tighter.

“How do I make her stop? I don’t want her to do these things, I want her to stop!”

“She’s a baby still.” Myron sighed. “The only thing you can do is keep a close eye on her and pull her away if she gets too close to Farren or Braiden, it’s what we were doing in the end, it’s all we could do. She won’t understand what she’s doing wrong for a while yet, so she won’t understand punishment, though I would start your method of punishment sooner rather than later, just so they know there are consequences and whatever you do, stay consistent!”

Harry lay back with Farren and his second oldest son lay snuggled into his chest and murmured quietly to himself as Harry rubbed the spot that Tegan had hit him with the block with one hand while his other rubbed his back slowly and soothingly.

When she was old enough, he would most definitely put a stop to her behaviour, he would not have any of his children treating one another this way, he wouldn’t stand for bullying in his own home. He wouldn’t stand for it.

At two in the afternoon, the babies were all fast asleep napping; even Farren who had had a rough start to his day, though not as rough as Regan had, who was sleeping peacefully, completely safe in his travel cot, his soft bear tucked under his arm still and Harry was happily catching up with Hermione, Ginny, Fred, George and Bill.

Hermione had just started a job at the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures and she hoped to make a huge difference for all magical creatures and Harry knew that she’d make sure that she would do so fairly and justly and for all creatures, including Drackens. She hoped, with the help of Myron, Aneirin and Lucius, to help reform the way that Drackens were perceived and persecuted, stating that the execution of anyone without fair trial was barbaric and archaic. She went on for a long while, but Harry just smiled and nodded along with her like he’d been doing for most of their friendship together. It was just easier than trying to keep up with her when he didn’t understand half of what she was saying. It was a survival technique.

“Merlin, stop for breath once in a while, Granger, here have a cake.” Draco said as he shoved a cake into her hands before dragging Harry away and into the next room.
“Are you okay, what’s wrong?” Harry asked panicked, but Draco just gave him an evil smirk and pulled him into a passionate, lingering kiss.

“I’ve been wanting to do that for the last hour.” Draco confessed as they broke apart slowly, Harry blinking at him dazedly.

“By all means, carry on.” Harry encouraged with a grin.

They were found ten minutes later, still snogging and clutching one another close, by Caesar, who of course laughed loudly and ran back into the kitchen to tell everyone what he’d seen, embellishing his story by claiming that Harry and Draco were half naked and were ‘all but having sex’ in the next room.

It backfired on him slightly as Max hit him for seeing his claimed mates in the heat of the moment and Caesar went whining to Myron, who cuffed him around the ear for snooping around in someone else’s home.

Harry went to explain, only to find that the more he protested that he and Draco weren’t half naked and trying to have sex, the more people actually believed that he had done it, which he thought was completely stupid, so he just huffed and went to sit next to the newly arrived Amelle, who was four months pregnant and was trying to control a fussy Eleonora.

“Hey Amelle, how are you feeling?” Harry asked softly as he sat next to her.

“Don’t you start too!” She snapped. “How do you think I feel? Why does everyone have to ask me that?”

Harry grinned. “Sorry. Have your cravings started yet? How about your bump, how incapacitated do you feel with it currently? Can you still see your toes?”

“Harry!” Caesar gasped in shock.

“Finally someone who gets it!” Amelle crowed happily as she turned her body to face him and she smiled gratefully at him. “My cravings have started. Marmite, I need marmite on everything and if this damn baby gets any bigger I’ll need a mirror to tie my shoelaces! How much room does this baby need? I’m sure I was never this big with Nora.”
“You were bigger.” Caesar informed her.

Both Harry and Amelle looked at him, both with mouths agape.

“You seriously did not just say that.” Harry told him. “Well…I suppose it was nice knowing you, but you are so dead.”

“What do you mean I was bigger?!” Amelle demanded, cutting Harry off. “Are you calling me fat? How dare you! This is all your fault, this baby is yours and if it wasn’t for you then it wouldn’t be there!”

Harry pulled her into a hug and petted her gorgeous auburn hair. “It’s alright, he doesn’t know what he’s saying, he’s a stupid man, we can’t expect him to know these things. It’s called ignorance.” Harry told her soothingly.

“You’re a man too.” Sanex told him.

“I’m a submissive, it doesn’t count.” Harry sniffed.

“Why not?” Caesar pouted.

“Because he knows what Amelle is going through because he’s gone through it himself.” Nasta told them.

“I knew I loved you for a reason.” Harry said with a grin. “See Amelle, not all men are hopeless. Nasta gets it.”

Harry took the fussing and struggling Nora from Amelle and held her in front of his face, examining her from when he’d last seen her.

“Well now, you certainly have grown since I last saw you!” He told the year old girl softly. He had very regretfully missed her birthday because it had been when he was on his heat period. “Look how gorgeous you are, Nora! Just look at this hair.” He chuckled and he twirled a long lock of the soft, dark auburn hair around his finger. “Don’t let Draco see you with this hair or he’ll
continuously brush it for you. He loves hair.”

“That’s a good thing.” Amelle smiled. “She loves having her hair played with.”

Harry grinned. “Draco! You have a willing victim this time, go and get your brush.”

Draco rolled his eyes, but did as he was told, sitting Nora on the table and using his favourite brush to smooth through Eleonora’s thick, gorgeous hair, which had the effect of calming her right down and stopping her fussing.

Nora screeched happily and wriggled her little body as Draco pulled the brush through her hair that was almost to her shoulders already. He wrapped an arm around her quickly, just in case she fell from the table and carried on. Harry knew from experience that Draco could do this for an hour or more, he could almost guarantee that Nora would get sick of it before Draco did.

Harry talked to Amelle more, asking her about her little café job, which she was enjoying, though Caesar was driving her completely mad as he turned up for coffee every other hour just to check up on her throughout the day, but Amelle was just happy to actually have her small job.

He greeted more guests as they arrived, he greeted Alexander enthusiastically and Max was in his element as he cooked up a feast for them all, keeping everything under control as so many people tried to cram themselves into his kitchen, which looked tiny when it was filled with so many people, but the more people who arrived, the happier Max seemed to be, it was adorable and made Harry almost melt from seeing him act this way, from seeing him so very happy just because he had so many people to cook for.

Harry was very surprised when a sound came over the baby monitor and he realised which one it was coming from. Leolin usually never woke so early.

Harry excused himself and he went to get him quickly, seeing what he wanted, but he didn’t seem to want anything as he looked up at him through his bright, golden eyes, sniffling.

Harry picked him up when it looked like he might start to cry again and he cradled him close to his heart, shushing him gently before the tears could come.

“What’s the matter, love, are you alright?” He asked as he smoothed Leolin’s thin, black hair through his finger and thumb. “Do you want to come out with all of us and join the party too, is that what you want?”

Harry carried Leolin back down the stairs, securing the safety gates behind him as he went, and he joined everyone back in the kitchen and reclaimed his place with Amelle on one side of him and Hermione on the other as he showed Leolin off to them both. His seven month old was scowling up at the two women.
Amelle laughed lightly. “Oh look at that sweet face.”

“Does that mean he’s an Unseelie?” Hermione asked. “I read up about Faeries when you told me that Leolin was one through Nasta’s bloodline. You should have an indication by now of whether he’s a Seelie or an Unseelie.”

Harry nodded at his friend, smiling indulgently as she went into a spiel about everything she’d learnt about Unseelie Faeries, even Aneirin looked impressed.

“You know more about him than I do.” Harry told her with a laugh. “At least if I ever have any questions I’ll know where to go.”

Hermione gave him a small, embarrassed smile, but Max took all the pressure and attention away from her by serving dinner and yelling at everyone to sit down at the table, which had been magically enhanced to its limits to fit everyone in.

“I’ve been reading up on Drackens too, Harry.” Hermione said. “The book I have said that you could only be pregnant with chicks in the winter.”

Amelle turned and snarled at Hermione, but Harry touched her shoulder and murmured gently to her.

“What did I say wrong?” Hermione asked.

“You called our children chicks.” Harry said softly, trying not to let the others hear, but Amelle had attracted their attention by growling.

“The books said…”

“I know. I read a book that called Dracken young chicks too, but I found out, when I called them chicks in front of my Elder chaperone, that it’s a derogatory term that the Ministry have coined to describe a Dracken’s young to dehumanise them to the public to make it easier for them to be able to extradite Dracken carriers and execute the inherited Drackens as soon as they’re sixteen. They’re not chicks, they’re not birds and they are not born from eggs. They’re babies, Hermione and to our Drackens they’re just our young, or our offspring, we don’t call them chicks and our Drackens don’t call them chicks.”
“I didn’t know.” Hermione said, biting her lip.

“I know. I didn’t know either, as I said I read a Ministry sanctioned book when I was first inherited, it was the only information I had to go on while I was still keeping it a secret, and I honestly thought that they were called chicks, but no, it’s just another way that the Ministry is trying to turn the mass public against us as a whole species, a way to dehumanise our children so that they aren’t seen as human right from their birth.”

“That’s disgusting.” Hermione said furiously.

“It is.” Myron said calmly. “We’re trying to change such things, but there is only so much we can do without endangering our families. No one is going to listen to a Dracken preaching about Dracken rights.”

“I’ll do as much as I can.” Hermione swore seriously. “I’ve been overturning house-elf rights and campaigning for the legal discrimination against vampires and werewolves to be demolished, including the children of said creatures. I’ve got a rather large backing from both colleagues and from the public too.”

“Be careful, Granger. It’s our lives that you’re playing with, not your own.” Draco warned her.

“No, this could be a good thing.” Harry said. “Hermione is well known for fighting against such injustices, even while we were still in Hogwarts, and she’s a Muggleborn…if anyone is not going to be linked in the slightest to any Dracken blood, it’s going to be her.”

“Harry’s right, this could be just what our species needs as a whole. Someone obviously not a Dracken or related to one to stand and fight our corner.” Aneirin insisted. “If you’re serious about doing this, Hermione then we will give you all the help and support that you need. Lucius Malfoy is pushing through several protective bills himself, if you add to that to support his bills, this could actually work and the laws can finally be changed.”

Hermione started talking seriously with Myron, Aneirin and Richard about reforming the laws and what needed to be done and how much work there was to do, but Hermione being placed in the Control of Magical Creatures department was an amazing opportunity that they couldn’t miss out on. This could be just want their species needed, people to support them and back them. With Hermione and Lucius, two people who weren’t linked in the slightest to Drackens, perhaps between them they could get the public on the side of the Drackens and that disgusting ‘executed
on sight’ law could be abolished and their ‘dark creature’ status could be overturned.

Dinner carried on as normal after that and Harry had just blown out the candles on his two tiered birthday cake an hour and a half later when he heard Braiden calling for him through the baby monitor. He was up and gone before anyone else could offer to go and get his first born son for him.

He went in to the nursery to find Braiden stood in his cot and bouncing in anticipation as he called out for him repeatedly.

“Hey, what’s this?” He asked. “You impatient little boy.” He cooed, picking him up and cuddling him close.

Calix and Farren were also awake and Harry scooped them both up and carried them carefully down the stairs, thankful that he’d left the gates open on his way up, anticipating coming back down. He sent Blaise to get Regan and Tegan and told him to close the gates on his way down.

The attention went from Harry to his children in seconds and he was thankful for that, he’d had more than enough attention for one day as his sons were taken from him and cooed and fussed over, but Max did serve him a huge chunk of cake with orders to tell him how much he liked it. Harry grinned and took a huge bite of the moist cake, chewing thoughtfully.

“Love it.” He declared after swallowing, kissing Max hard, his mate’s tongue sweeping into his mouth to taste the cake for himself.

Harry broke away from Max to take another big bite of cake. It was chocolate cake, he could see that well enough, but he detected a hint of fudge and he grinned at Max as he realised that it was actually a chocolate fudge cake.

“I really do love you.” Harry said as he rested against him.

Max wrapped his arms around him and bent to kiss him, making his way to his ear. “Don’t forget you have your big surprise later.”

Harry blinked as he remembered his promised surprise and he grinned excitedly.

“I can’t wait! What is it?”
“Later.” Max promised as he kissed him hard again before turning away and annoying his sister Alayla.

“Piss off, Max!” Alayla shouted loudly five minutes later as her temper won out over her patience and control.

“Alayla, watch your language, there are children in this room!” Myron chastised.

“Tell Max to leave me alone then, he’s more annoying now than he was when he still lived with us!”

Myron sighed heavily and went to split up his son and daughter, cuffing Max upside the head as he was at it.

Harry shook his head as Max turned to him, pouting and holding his arms out. He had to chuckle and he opened his arms and let Max bury himself into his chest as best as he could. It looked as ridiculous as it sounded.

“Everyone is mean to me, Harry.”

Harry laughed. “If you weren’t such an annoying twat then maybe they wouldn’t be mean to you.”

Harry suddenly found himself off his feet and in the air as Max carried him around and held him happily, nibbling at his neck.

“Mama!” Braiden called out startled and Harry looked down at him to see him frowning up at him as if wondering how he’d suddenly gotten so tall.

Harry bent to pick him up from Blaise and Max settled them both up in his arms and Harry clutched at Braiden tightly as he wriggled and stood up to look over his shoulder, giggling at how high he was.

“My fearless little boy.” Harry kissed him.
“Did you find out if you’re carrying?” Alexander asked him.

“Not yet. I’m holding it off as long as possible so that I can enjoy an extra week or two of freedom.”

Harry shared a laugh with some of his guests, but others, including his mates, were not impressed.

“It would be better if we found out sooner rather than later.” Nasta tried to sooth.

Harry rolled his eyes. “What do you think I’m going to do, go skydiving?” He asked. “I won’t do anything more or less than I already do, pregnant or not. At least if you lot don’t know then you can’t treat me like I’m made of glass.”

“Isn’t the point of being mated to a dominant, or four dominants in this case, being treated like glass? Shouldn’t you be enjoying it?” Julinda asked curiously.

Both Harry and Amelle scoffed, looked at one another and then laughed. Harry shook his head. “No, Juda. The very last thing that we want is to be treated like glass, pregnant or not. We can look after ourselves and we want to.”

“Exactly.” Amelle nodded. “I only know a handful of submissives that actually enjoy being treated in such a way and I always thought they were weird.”

Harry snorted and grinned at her. “I don’t mind being pampered occasionally, or getting a bit of bonding time and I’m getting better at letting these lugs carry me, but I’m not some pathetic, weak person who needs a big strong man around just to function normally. I don’t need protection, I don’t want to be coddled and I absolutely do not want to be escorted around everywhere like a dainty woman from the nineteen hundreds.”

“We can’t help ourselves sometimes.” Max assured him. “If we know you’re pregnant, or even suspect it, the urge to protect you is nearly overwhelming.”

“Which is why I don’t want it confirmed until the very last moment possible.” Harry smiled as he cuddled into Max’s body. “I don’t want to be overwhelmed or coddled. I’m not used to it and it makes me uncomfortable.”
“We can’t be having that.” Alexander said as he pulled Harry into his own arms, taking Braiden with them. “You boys can’t be letting your instincts rule you.”

“It’s hard, Granddad.” Max said with a sigh.

“You don’t think I know that?” Alexander snorted. “I’m not some feeble old man, I’m a dominant Dracken too; I had my own mate and children. How terrified do you think I was when your Grandmother had quadruplets after a string of six singleton births? How about when we had the quintuplets? How much do you think I wanted to smother my mate and never let her out of my sight?”

“I could see the physical strain on your body and in your eyes as you stopped yourself.” Kimberly smiled at her Husband softly. “But I will be forever thankful that you let me deal with it the way that I wanted to, in the way that I felt I needed to, to get through those high multiple pregnancies.”

Alexander shared a soft look with his Wife and mate and kissed her gently.

“How hard do you think it’s been on Harry to actually go against his instincts so much? You idiots can’t even suppress a mere overprotective instinct, yet every single day this amazing young man not only suppresses his instincts, but he goes against them using logic and his heart. If he can do that, why can’t you? If I could do it decades ago, why can’t you youngsters do it now, when you’re two generations younger than I was when I managed it? You’re supposed to be evolving into smart, intelligent humanoid dragons, not devolving back into mindless beasts who only run on their base instincts.”

Harry glanced at his mates and saw their unhappy looks and he sighed. “It isn’t easy.” He admitted as he wiggled to be put down. “It’s a continuous struggle between my head, my heart and my instincts. I have to fight one of them every day, with almost every decision that I make and sometimes the instincts just take over, but I see how proud you all are of me when I decide to ignore my more irrational instincts, I see how happy it makes you, so it makes it easier to do, but I face that fight, that struggle every single day, yet I do it to make you all happy, why can’t you do the same?” He asked.

“We’ll try.” Nasta nodded. “But the safety of you and the children come first.”

Harry nodded. “Trust me, if we were attacked or under threat, my instincts would take over too. I almost lost it this morning and I only managed to hold on by a thread.”
“Let’s stop this talk now and get back to your birthday.” Aneirin encouraged. “I don’t like that this heavy talk has taken over what is supposed to be a celebration.”

“I quite agree.” Mrs Weasley nodded. “Harry dear, if you are pregnant we can cross that bridge when we get to it, for now, concentrate on yourself and the fact that you have turned eighteen today, not if you might or might not be pregnant.”

Harry nodded and he smiled at the wonderful people that he had around him. He knew sometimes he was difficult to deal with, he had a temper and he had his own thoughts and ideas that maybe others didn’t like or agree with, but they were his thoughts and feelings and he’d like for others to respect them as he respected their thoughts and feelings too, even if he might not like them.

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It was eight at night when the last of his guests left, his children had been bedded down for an hour already and Caesar had taken Amelle and Eleonora home a few hours before when Amelle started to get tired and Eleonora was starting to flag from all the excitement and people fussing around her.

Harry collapsed onto the settee and accepted a cup of tea from Max gratefully as Nasta moved around them picking up debris and cleaning up. There wasn’t much to do as everyone had been considerate of them and they had cleaned up after themselves for the most part. It was mainly forgotten cups and glasses and a few plates of half-eaten cake that had been put down and forgotten about.

“I’m bloody knackered.” Harry groaned.

“You can’t be that tired!” Draco insisted.

“I didn’t sleep very much or for very long.” Harry sighed. “I don’t want to be tired, but I am.”

“How about if you stay awake for another hour or two, I’ll give you a dose of Dreamless sleep.” Max offered.

Harry perked up and grinned. “That would work, why can’t I have it now though?”
“You’ll be awake at four in the morning again if you take it now. So if you wait until ten, then you can take it to get yourself back into a regular sleep pattern.” Max told him with a strict, no nonsense tone that only came out when it came to dealing with doling out his pre-dosed potions.

Harry nodded at that logic and settled back once again, cuddling into Draco who wrapped a muscular arm around him and held him close.

Feeling safe, happy and very content, Harry let himself snuggle into Draco’s chest and kissed his chin, peppering lingering kisses along his cheeks and his lips.

“Are you ready for your surprise?” Max asked him, his voice deepening.

Harry blinked and stopped kissing Draco’s face to look at him.

“You mean there’s more? You already gave me presents, I’ve had too much as it is.”

“I don’t think you have.” Max told him firmly. “None of us do, so you get a big surprise from all of us because you deserve so much and more.”

“Will I like it?” Harry asked curiously.

“I damn well hope so.” Max grinned and Harry grinned back. Max’s happiness really was the infectious type of happiness; Harry was almost certain that not even a Dementor could rip Max’s happiness from him.

“Well, where is my surprise? I want it.” Harry said.

Draco chuckled and carried him up to their bedroom. Harry was dumped on the bed and told to stay where he was as his mates all walked into the bathroom.

Harry frowned and stared at the closed door, wondering what the hell they were doing. He swung his legs over the bed and went to check on Leolin and made sure that he was alright and sleeping peacefully. He tucked the blanket around him, made sure that his little feet were to the bottom of the bassinet so that he couldn’t be suffocated by his own blanket and then he made sure that there was a silencing bubble around his bassinet. He didn’t want Leolin hearing them, if he was getting what he suspected at least, but he wanted to know immediately if his little Faerie baby woke up.

He climbed back onto the bed and he lay back sighing, looking at the clock on the bedside table
before looking back at the ceiling. What the hell was taking them so long and what the hell were they doing?

His thoughts run around his mind at a mile a minute as he tried to guess what they were doing. Several thoughts floated through his head, ranging from sex, sex, more sex and then his mates ambushing him into the bath, but that one made him laugh to himself, so he went back to sex. He did wonder why they had to go into the bathroom though, why couldn’t they have stripped in front of him? They’d done it half a hundred times before, why was tonight different?

“Harry?”

Harry propped himself up on his elbows and his jaw dropped and his mind went completely blank. His eyes traced every detail of what was in front of him and he hardened instantly, completely out of his control.

All four of them stood there with their heads bowed, collars around their necks and wrists, wearing robes made from such a sheer material that he could see that they were wearing nothing underneath them and that they themselves were hard.

He swallowed several times, trying to wet his bone dry throat.

“What…what’s this?” He asked, or more stuttered really as he tried to wrap his head around what was happening.

“We’re your new slaves, Master.” Max answered demurely, his head still bent to the carpet.

Harry almost bit off his tongue and a full body shiver raced through his spine, one he couldn’t have suppressed even if he’d wanted to.

“Do we not meet your high expectations, Master?” Blaise asked.

Harry giggled nervously and he tried to sort himself out. “This is insane.”

“Should we leave you be, Master?” Nasta asked him and Harry understood immediately that if he told them to leave, even if it was just to sort out his own nervous tension, then this would be over and they wouldn’t try it again. He absolutely did not want that to happen.

“No, I want you to stay here with me.” Harry told them, trying to get himself into the fantasy that
they had obviously been planning for him, trying to get into a ‘master’ mind set. He didn’t want to spoil this for them, or discourage their efforts, but he still wanted to break down into helpless giggles, he couldn’t believe that they’d set this up just for him.

He took a deep breath and wondered just how far they’d let him go, how much control they’d give him, they were his dominant mates after all, they were in their human forms at the moment, but their Drackens were never far from the surface.

Was this a new level of trust that they were giving him? Especially after that talk downstairs that afternoon about them pushing away their needless instincts more. But no, they would have had to have planned this for longer than a few hours, they had obviously talked about this at length and they had to have been planning it for a while, well before the talk that afternoon, because they were all in those sheer robes that he’d never seen before and he knew, without a doubt, that they hadn’t owned them before now. His mind conjured up the morning, at least a week and a half ago now, when Max had received a parcel at breakfast that he had hurried away and hidden and Harry remembered vividly that Max had almost swallowed his own tongue when Harry had asked what it was. He was obviously looking at the contents of that parcel on his mates’ bodies.

He stood up, locking his knees to keep them steady. He had an uncontrollable urge to touch the floaty, sheer robes that they were wearing and he reached out to run it through his fingers. It was soft and comfortable, he had expected something coarse like lace, but it wasn’t, it was so very soft.

This close he could see that Draco was wearing a cock ring that matched the collar around his neck and the bracelets at his wrists and he quickly checked his other mates, to see them wearing cock rings too. He swallowed and he almost shook from the quivers that wracked him, he felt lightheaded, almost like he wanted to swoon like one of the damsels in an old romance novel.

He giggled again and he breathed deeply again to try to calm himself. If this is how his mates felt when he dressed up in a skirt for them then he felt their pain. He was rock hard, throbbing and leaking and his balls were aching already.

“What do I do with you four?” Harry asked almost breathlessly as he walked around to stand behind them, smiling at the sight of their gorgeous bums through the teasing material.

“Whatever you want to do with us, Master.” Draco told him carefully, no hint of his usual superiority in his voice. He actually sounded demure and bland, like Harry truly was his Master.

Harry trailed his hand over his back and down to his bum, leaning forward to kiss his shoulder through the soft, sheer mesh robe, rewarding him for trying.

They had taken a huge leap of faith here, put themselves in such a vulnerable position and Harry would not abuse that. He settled himself and swallowed another nervous giggle. He wasn’t used to taking charge in the bedroom, not outside of his heats and even then all he did was whine until his mates took notice of him, or when he was drunk, of which he barely remembered much other than throwing himself at his lovers. Even when he topped them during sex, it was never really him in charge, it was them who pushed back onto him, them who told him what to do, this was something
entirely different.

This was out of his comfort zone too, but these four men were his. He loved and trusted them and they loved and trusted him too, he could do this, he would do this. They were his mates and for the next hour or so, they were his play slaves and he wouldn’t embarrass them or make them regret the decision to give him this gift and their trust.

“You, on the bed.” Harry ordered with a thick tongue, giving Draco a gentle little shove, watching with a dry mouth as Draco moved slowly and crawled onto the bed, giving him a show and his breath caught in his chest at the sight.

“Where do you want me, Master?” Draco asked with his head still bent subserviently.

Harry was nearly panting as he moved to position Draco exactly how he wanted him on the bed, his sheer robe falling open to frame his body as it had no ties on it to hold it closed.

“You look gorgeous like this.” Harry complimented.

“Thank you for saying so, Master.”

Harry shivered as his cock twitched yet again at that title, he was already leaking against his belly. He licked his lips and bent to kiss at Draco’s cobblestone abs, they were softer than they once were, Draco not having done his usual exercising with so much going on, but he wanted to get back into it now that they were all out of school. He said it wasn’t anything time consuming, just fifteen minutes, maybe half an hour at the most of simple stomach crunches and maybe push ups. Apparently wizards didn’t have magical means of staying fit that were as permanent as actually doing the exercise, so the young, admittedly vain, witches and wizards did it the good, old physical way to keep fit and Harry was more than appreciative of Draco’s efforts to keep himself healthy and in top shape.

Harry licked and kissed his pale skin, sucking at his belly button and he felt the effort Draco made not to break character, not to make a noise that would displease his ‘Master’ and Harry raised himself up to smile at him, letting his love show through.

He stood up again and turned to the other three, who hadn’t moved but definitely looked more unsettled and wobbly than they had before. This was driving them insane as well as him. He smiled at them.

“I’m very pleased with you all.” He said softly, his voice slightly gruff from arousal.
“We’re very happy to have pleased you, Master.” Blaise told him.

Harry went onto his toes to kiss Blaise. “Climb onto the bed for me.”

Blaise did as he was asked and climbed on, sitting away from Draco and waiting for Harry to position him.

Harry laid them next to one another, Blaise’s robe slipping open to show off his gorgeous body as well. Harry paid him the same amount of attention as he’d given to Draco, licking and kissing his skin. He was so hard that he pressed against his own belly and he shuddered as he reached down under his trousers to tug at himself sharply, trying to ease the pressure, just a little.

“You four are going to kill me.” He groaned.

“Never, Master. We love our Master. We would never harm you.” Max assured him passionately.

Harry smiled at him. “Then you better get over here and help me.”

“Yes, Master.” Max agreed fluidly as he came to stand in front of him.

Harry was frustrated as hell, he didn’t want to order them to do anything, things they might not want to do or might not have otherwise done, but they seemed to expect him to order them to do everything and anything.

“Kiss me.” He gave in and Max immediately pulled him into his arms and kissed him passionately. At least he didn’t have to order the passion into their kisses or order them to hold him while they kissed. That would have been too much for him.

Harry stumbled away when Max let him go and he sat on the bed between Draco and Blaise, who had both sat up and started caressing his shoulders on either side.

“Let us make you feel good, Master.” Blaise whispered into his ear.

“We can make you feel everything, Master.” Draco agreed.
Leolin however had different ideas as he started sniffling and then wailing. Harry sighed and stood up; he mock glared as Nasta had moved to go to Leolin.

“Did I say that you could move?” He queried, showing that he was still going to keep to this fantasy, even if they had a little distraction in the form of Leolin wanting a feed.

“I…sorry, Master.” Nasta said as he stood still and spread his legs, holding his arms behind his back and he dropped his chin to his chest.

Harry went to Leolin and picked him up, cradling his littlest boy to his chest gently.

“This little one is my son. You do not touch my son without permission. Now, none of you move while I see to him and my other children. It won’t take longer than ten minutes. I’m sure you can behave and stay still for that amount of time, can’t you?”

Harry got four ‘yes Master’s’ from his ‘play slaves’ before he left the room to feed Leolin. The others wouldn’t need feeding for a while and he would be free to play with his mates and the fantasy they had set up for him on his birthday just as soon as he settled Leolin back down to sleep.

Harry took the downtime to get himself into the zone that he needed, the head space he needed to slip into this fantasy, he wanted to do this, he wanted this gift that they’d given him and had planned to give him for a while, something that they had planned meticulously. It was only fair that he did his best too. He just needed to calm down a little, get over the shock and the surprise of seeing them in such a way and squash the nervous giggles that wanted to come out at inappropriate times. He could do this, he would and he’d damn well enjoy it too.

He fed Leolin and encouraged and coaxed him to drink as much as he could before burping him and snuggling with him gently and humming softly until those half open golden eyes closed and stayed closed, his little chest raising and falling rhythmically in sleep.

Harry carried him back up the stairs and took Leolin into the nursery to check on the five sleepers inside, all in separate cots, all in various positions and all fast asleep and peaceful. He checked the baby monitor to make sure that it was still on before he went next door to find his ‘play slaves’ were all still exactly where he’d left them. It sent a thrill of excited pleasure through his spine and down into his gut. It pleased him more than he would have expected to see them as still as statues, still exactly where they’d been when he’d left the room.

“Is your son alright and well fed, Master?” Draco asked.
Harry nodded. “An extra eighth of an ounce of milk tonight. I’m very proud of him.”

“We’re happy that you’re proud of him, Master.” Nasta smiled softly, his own pride glittering in his hazel eyes as he watched Harry tucking Leolin in gently. They looked darker in the low lighting.

“I’m very proud of the man who gave him to me too.” Harry said smiling. “Now come here, I want to play.”

“I am yours to play with, Master.” Nasta assured him softly, ducking his head with a playful part smile, part smirk on those kissable lips.

“I’m going to play with all of you tonight.” Harry promised with a naughty grin. “Kiss me.”

Nasta snatched him up and kissed him hard and deep, pulling his body in tight to his own barely covered skin. Harry let out a soft, uncontrollable moan that was muffled by Nasta’s mouth.

He felt breathless and a little dizzy when Nasta set him back onto his feet and he sucked in deep, rapid breaths and tried to calm himself, but he was hard and solid in his trousers, verging on being uncomfortable and almost painful.

“What would you have of us, Master?” Blaise almost purred in his ear.

Harry swallowed and tried to keep track of where all four of them were and what they were saying, but as soon as they said ‘Master’ he couldn’t remember anything that came before it, he just felt a huge jolt of absolute desire and all he could think about was his cock.

He played with the collar around Draco’s neck; it was simple in design, lightweight and looked like it had been put on with a charm as it was seamless. The matching cuffs around his wrists were the same and Harry kissed the thin, pale skin of Draco’s wrist.

“You don’t know how turned on I am at seeing these on your body.” Harry whispered.

“Anything to please you, Master.” Draco whispered softly.

“You all please me.” Harry said, trying to keep in his Master persona, but he couldn’t help adding.
“You didn’t have to do this to please me.”

“We wanted to.” Max whispered behind him, bending his head to his hair. “We just want to please our beautiful, wonder Master.”

“You do.” Harry said strongly, slipping back into the fantasy. “Now make yourselves useful and strip me.”

Four pairs of hands immediately set to taking off the clothes that he was wearing and then touching and caressing bare skin. Harry gasped as his cock was taken in a tight grip and squeezed. He shuddered as he was stroked in that firm grip and he could feel his orgasm being pumped out of him, getting closer and closer and he wriggled to try and get away, only for a solid chest to press against his back, one large arm wrapping around his chest, the other around his hips to keep him still and upright, even as he quivered and writhed as he was played with and teased.

He tried to get them off, tried to tell them that he didn’t want to cum so soon into the game, but every time he opened his mouth, a tongue was pushed past his lips and stopped him from doing anything other than moaning, not that he could think straight under the onslaught of sensations that his mates turned play slaves were giving to him.

His head connected with a shoulder with a loud crack of bone on bone as he threw his head back in orgasm, his body jumping as every last drop of cum was urged and coaxed out of his body as he was held upright and he screamed himself hoarse. Someone placed their hand on the back of his head and rubbed it gently, that someone also bent down to sniff at the back of his head, checking for any damage. He must have been declared fine as he was kissed again, hard.

“What would you have of us now, Master?” Draco asked him from behind. It had been Draco who was holding him still and upright and Harry wanted to glare at him for it, but he was too relaxed, too sated to even think of moving.

“Please. Please.” He begged.

“What does our Master want from his four slaves?” Max asked him. Harry shivered as he heard how very deep Max’s voice had gone. How gruff it was with his arousal. He loved when Max’s voice deepened with arousal; it made his already spent cock twitch in interest.

“I want…I want.” Harry licked his lips as he rested himself back on Draco’s body.

“Tell us, Master. We love you so much. We just want to please you, we’re obedient and trained,
Master, we’ll do anything and everything that you tell us to do, Master.” Nasta told him in a soft, breathy voice.

“Oh fuck!” Harry screwed his eyes closed and tried to catch his breath that he had lost at hearing those words. “Please. Fuck me! Fuck me!” He begged them.

“As our Master commands.” Blaise said with a meek smile that didn’t fit him at all, but he swooped in and stole his mouth in a fierce kiss, stealing the very air from his lungs.

He was moved to the bed, still kissing Blaise, and before he’d even settled onto his hands and knees a tongue licked across the back of his leg and had him whimpering and as that tongue moved up and to his entrance, Harry ripped his mouth from Blaise’s and screamed as his body was seized by such exquisite pleasure. He loved it when his mates did this for him, the sensation of it was like nothing else he’d ever felt and he loved that they loved him enough to do this for him.

He was a quivering wreck when Max took a break to bite at his bum cheek. He knew it was Max because he stopped every now and then to say the most absolutely perfect, utterly filthy things to him, still calling him Master and Harry felt like he could cum just from this, just from being on his knees, Max’s tongue in his arse, listening to the dirty things that Max was whispering against his body, calling him Master, with his leaking cock head rubbing against his own belly.

Max went back to licking him, pressing his tongue into him and Harry’s body jumped and he screamed yet again at the sensation of it, fisting the sheets in both hands and arching his back, pushing himself back onto Max as he felt like sobbing with the exquisite sensations.

Hands were touching him, stroking his back; one hand moved to wrap tightly around his cock, moving slowly, but firmly enough that he could feel his toes curling in anticipation of an orgasm.

He actually did let out a small sob as he felt his stomach muscles tighten, he dropped his head down and he wiggled on his knees.

“I can’t…I can’t take anymore, please! Please!”

“All you had to do was beg, Master.” Max’s arousal gruff voice came from behind and he started opening him up with his tongue in earnest as that hand on his cock, which he thought might have been Nasta’s though his brain was too scrambled to tell, started moving faster and he couldn’t hold back, he didn’t want to as he screamed himself raw as he orgasmed yet again.

“Are you alright, Master?” Blaise asked him, laying down on the bed too so that they could look at one another.
“Amazing.” Harry said with a goofy grin.

“It can get better if you wish, Master.”

Harry regained his breath and chuckled roughly. “I thought I had already asked my play slaves to fuck me.”

All four of them gasped. “We are so sorry, Master, we are terrible slaves to you, we promise to do better, we love our Master, we only want to please our Master.” Nasta grovelled and Harry chuckled sleepily.

“If you get to it now then all will be forgiven.” He said with a grin, inching forward to kiss Blaise.

“Of course, Master.” Draco practically sighed out and he started kissing Harry’s back as Max pressed lubricated fingers into him.

Harry hadn’t been expecting that, he’d hoped for a cock, not more teasing and as those fingers started stroking his insides and found the small bundle of nerves that made him shake and quiver, he cried out for them, begging for them to fill him, babbling his need and his wants to them as he tried anything and everything to get them to fuck him faster.

When Max’s fingers pulled out and something a lot thicker and harder pressed in, Harry all but sighed in utter bliss as he finally got what he wanted.

“Are you alright, Master?” Draco asked him, one large hand rubbing soothingly over his lower back as Max gripped both of his hips tightly with strong hands.

He nodded jerkily, about all his scattered brain could manage at the moment as he was split open, Max rocking into him gently to loosen him up even more, but he didn’t pull out, he barely moved, just rocked deep inside of him and it drove Harry crazy with want and desire. He could feel Max’s cock ring press against him. He’d had more than enough of this torturous, seemingly endless teasing.

“Damn it, fuck me or I’ll replace you!” Harry yelled out.

Max held still and he sniffled like he was crying, but Harry could tell immediately that it was fake.
Max didn’t snuffle when he was crying, he sobbed into both of his hands, his face hidden from everyone who might see.

“Please, Master, no. Don’t get rid of me. I’ll be good. I will!” Max assured him, proving Harry right and he smiled right before it was wiped from his face as with one powerful move, Max pulled out of him and then in the same moment pushed back in deep, stimulating nerves that had been teased to sensitivity and pulling a choked off yelp from Harry.

Max stilled again. “Are you alright, Harry?” He asked panicked and Harry knew right then that Max had thought that he had hurt him.

“I don’t believe that I ever gave you leave to use my name, slave.” Harry answered cheekily. “Nor did I tell you to stop.”

Max moved a little hesitantly after that, acutely aware of how big he was and how small Harry was, but, reassured by Harry’s moaning and little movements back onto him that Harry was perfectly fine, he started moving harder and deeper once again.

Harry’s head snapped to the side and he looked down at the headless body of Nasta, who had slipped under him to take his hard, leaking cock into his mouth. Harry panted harder, seeing Nasta’s strong body framed by the soft, floaty and transparent robe was doing something for him.

Blaise caught his attention again by pulling his head around and into a kiss and assaulted by all four of them at the same time, Harry was unable to hold himself back and he screamed loudly into Blaise’s mouth, arching against Draco’s hands on his back, clenching tight around Max and cumming hard into Nasta’s mouth, who sucked him lightly and gently to clean him up before pulling away carefully.

“Please, Master! Please, permission to remove the cock ring?” Max begged.

“Yes, yes!” Harry shouted as Max moving prolonged his own orgasm until his eyes felt like rolling into his head.

Max screamed behind him as Harry assumed the cock ring had been removed for him and Harry curled up and rested, feeling cum sliding out of his body and over his one thigh, he didn’t care, at least he didn’t until a tongue licked up the line of cum sliding from his body. He jumped and turned onto his back, to see Nasta smirking down at him, the tip of his tongue still poking out like a cat. Even as Harry watched him, he bent his head back down and licked at him again.
“Please. Too much.” Harry said even as he wriggled on the bed. Part of him wanted Nasta to stop, part of him wanted him to carry on.

Nasta held his legs open and licked at him again and Harry arched up, only to have Blaise slip under him and rest his head in his naked lap, that floaty robe teasing him where it touched.

Nasta tongued around his balls and Harry almost sobbed, twisting his head in Blaise’s lap, feeling him hard and wet against the top of his head. He arched his neck and looked at that cock, curved against Blaise’s belly and leaking. He moaned and squirmed again as Nasta dug his tongue inside him, cleaning him of Max’s cum and Harry couldn’t take the sensations.

“Stop! Please, just fuck me, no more teasing. Too much.” He babbled.

“As my Master wishes.” Nasta told him, pulling back and licking his lips. That one word made his tired cock twitch yet again and Harry wanted to punch himself between the legs; surely he couldn’t get himself hard again? He couldn’t take another orgasm, he was too sensitive, the ache in his balls was almost painful.

Nasta slid into him and Harry shook from the sensation of it. He didn’t get hard, but he still enjoyed it.

“I don’t think I can go again; go for your own orgasm.” He said. “It still feels amazing.” He added when Nasta looked at him with a look that said that he was ready to stop at any moment. “I think it’s too close to my last heat and that drained me of all my sperm, they haven’t had a chance to recover their numbers yet.”

Max laughed loudly and bent to kiss him as his play slaves shared a chuckle. Nasta started to move and Harry gave a small moan, grabbing the nearest thing to him, which was the thin robe that Max was wearing and tugging on it.

He shook Max as much as he could and Max chuckled at him, getting that look on his face that said he thought someone was doing something adorable, he usually saved that look for the babies.

“Don’t you laugh at your Master!” Harry shouted as the pleasure escalated.

“Forgive me, Master. This lowly slave will shut his mouth.”

“Good or I’ll have to have one of the other slaves plug it up for you.”
Max actually moaned and Harry grinned. “Why don’t you suck on Blaise for me?”

Max dove on Blaise and pinned him down, swallowing his cock down and Harry felt his own cock twitch and he couldn’t stop the moan that tore from his throat as Draco started sucking on his belly, avoiding his over stimulated cock.

Nasta started rolling his hips and Harry started sobbing again as the exquisite pleasure pain took over his brain and he started hardening. He thrashed his head from side to side and he could almost feel how sore this next orgasm was going to make him.

Nasta’s finesse slipped and he started pushing into him harder and Harry dug his fingers into Draco’s baby fine blond hair, his mate thrusting against his hip.

Harry bent his head to see that one of Nasta’s hands was wrapped around Draco’s cock, which was missing its cock ring, jerking him off as he tried to bring them both to orgasm at the same time while Max swallowed hard around Blaise.

They were all so very close, he could feel his balls drawing up, he could feel the desperation coming off of Draco, he could feel Nasta moving faster, he could hear Blaise moaning and muttering in French beside him and it was all suddenly too much, he was on the brink of orgasm and then, of course, Nasta pushed him right on over by opening his mouth.

“Master, permission to cum.” He asked breathlessly, his hips still moving relentlessly, his hand tugging on Draco hard and his blond lover was very, very close if his grip on Harry’s waist was anything to go on.

“Yes! Yes, please!” Harry begged. “Please cum, I can’t anymore, I need…I need, Nasta!”

Nasta pushed up into him and Harry felt the wash of hot liquid filling him, Blaise was screaming, Max was shouting, Draco was a warm heat against his side, lying on him and Harry’s orgasm was so explosive that his eyes rolled up into his head.

Harry woke up to someone washing him with a damp cloth, he felt the strange residue from being magically cleaned, but still someone was washing him with a damp cloth as well.

He cracked his eyes open to see Draco smiling above him, damp flannel in hand as he washed Harry’s body. He was wearing pyjama bottoms and not his floaty robe, Harry wondered which one he liked the most, Draco in just pyjama bottoms, his view unobstructed from that glorious chest and cobblestone abs by any material or the teasing, tantalising sight of glimpsing skin and the hint of muscles beneath the transparent robe.

Something in his mind clicked and he sat up, or he tried to as he fell back holding his lower abdomen with a groan, the pain in his lower back making itself known.
“Leolin!” He called out. “We can’t use magic around Leolin!”

“We didn’t.” Max assured him from somewhere near the foot of the bed. “He wanted another bottle, so Nasta took him to feed and change him; we cleaned everything up when he was out of the room.”

Harry relaxed then and he wondered why he had thought that his mates wouldn’t have already made sure that Leolin was well out of the room before using magic. Then he decided that his brain wasn’t really in the best of places after his birthday surprise, fantasy, whatever it had been and he just rested back on the pillows and let Draco pamper him, one large hand massaging his lower belly to ease what was most definitely pulled muscles.

“Where’s Blaise?” He croaked out.

“Changing Calix and seeing if any of the other kids need anything.” Max answered as he clambered into the bed wearing sleep shorts and a wide grin.

“Am I clean?” He asked Draco.

“As clean as I can get you outside of a bath, yes.” Draco replied as he stood to take the damp cloth back to the bathroom.

Harry rolled over and snuggled into Max’s chest.

“Did you have a good birthday, Master?”

Harry groaned. “Stop that, I’m too tired to get hard, but yes I did. I loved my big surprise. Thank you.”

“You’re very welcome. We remembered that you said that you had a slave fantasy.”

“It was a joke.” Harry groaned.
“You enjoyed it though, didn’t you?”

“I can’t exactly lie now and say no, can I?”

“Not really.” Nasta chuckled as he came in with Leolin.

Harry forced himself to sit up and held his arms out when Leolin turned to look at him through gold eyes.

“Hey baby, why are you still awake? Why don’t you go to sleep?” Harry cooed tiredly to Leolin.

His mates all clambered into the bed around him, watching as he rocked and hummed and bounced Leolin to try and get him to sleep, but his little boy refused.

The main lights were switched off, leaving just the lamp on the bedside table switched on so that they could see and tend to Leolin.

“Of all nights to fight sleep, Leolin, you choose the one night where I’m so tired I can’t think properly.”

“Do you want me to take over?” Nasta asked, sitting up and moving over as much as he could with Draco between them.

“No, I’ve got him. I won’t sleep and leave you to deal with him alone.” Harry said, speaking louder in his last sentence.

Blaise groaned and rolled over, covering his head with his arm. Max did nothing as he was deeply asleep already and Draco just sighed.

Harry huffed and rocked Leolin, wondering why his Faerie baby wasn’t sleeping, but his brain was too tired and too fucked out to think on it.

“Please baby, go to sleep. You like sleep and though I love this new development in you, maybe you could sleep now and try it again tomorrow when Mummy and your Daddies are actually awake and have enough brains left in their heads to function, yes? Is that a deal?”
Leolin did nothing, just blinked up at him and then he smiled at him and Harry smiled back wider.

“I saw that smile.” Nasta told him. Harry looked at him and they shared a proud grin together.

“These bastards should have been awake to see it too!” Harry scowled.

Leolin copied him and his little mouth pulled into his familiar frown. Harry laughed and cradled him gently.

“Who’s my favourite little Faerie baby?” Harry cooed. “You’re so adorable!”

“Stop talkin’, go sleep.” Draco complained from between them.

“Oh I’m sorry, is being awake with our son bothering you and disturbing your sleep?” Harry demanded. “Maybe you should damn well wake up and sit with Nasta and me as we try to get him to sleep.”

Nasta plucked Leolin from his arms and sniffed at him, his tongue flicking out to lick over Leolin’s forehead. He shook his head.

“No fever, no sickness. He just wants to be awake with us.”

Harry yawned tiredly, almost unhinging his jaw and Leolin copied him a moment later, tiny mouth puckering in a wide yawn. Harry cooed some more and nuzzled with Leolin.

“I’m not sure, love, but I actually think that he’s copying you. That wasn’t a real yawn.” Nasta said with a small frown. “You smiled, he smiled, you frowned, he frowned, you yawned and so did he.”

“Coincidence maybe.” Harry said, his own frown coming to his lips and he watched as Leolin’s blank face slipped into a frown.
“He is copying you.” Nasta laughed.

“I still think it’s coincidence.”

“Close your eyes and pretend to sleep.” Nasta encouraged.

Harry did as he was told, he was almost actually asleep after ten minutes of pretending, but Nasta’s soft laugh had him blinking open his eyes, to see that Leolin was fast asleep and breathing deeply and evenly.

“He was copying you.” Nasta grinned as he slid out of the bed and placed Leolin gently, oh so very gently, into his bassinet and covered him over, laying a huge hand over his little son’s chest and smiling softly. He bent to kiss Leolin’s little face before he slid back into the bed and turned on his side and cupped Harry’s face over Draco’s broad shoulder.

“That was new, I wonder if he’ll do…do it…tomorrow.” Harry said around a huge yawn that made his eyes water.

Nasta nodded and lay down. “We’ll see tomorrow, but for now, let’s just get some sleep, Cariad. We need the sleep now.”

Harry didn’t reply. He just snuggled in tighter to Draco and heard Max groan in his sleep as he shifted tighter to his back. He settled himself down and stopped himself thinking too much, he’d think about Leolin’s development and his want to copy everything that he did tomorrow, for now, he ached pleasantly in all the right places and he wanted some sleep before he had to wake up again tomorrow morning. He’d had a fucking brilliant birthday, his surprise was even better and he was very, very happy. He couldn’t have asked for any more than he’d gotten and he was thankful every single day that he had these four amazing men with him to share in everything his life held. He loved them so much and he would be sure to tell them that tomorrow, after some decent sleep that was. He didn’t even care that Max had forgotten his Dreamless Sleep potion, because after that, he was sure that his sleep would be too deep to dream of anything at all.

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Chapter End Notes
A/N: I love this chapter, or rather the last scene. The slave fantasy thing is from a few chapters ago where Harry and the guys were just joking around, but the idea stuck with me and I couldn’t get it off of my mind…so as any good author would do, I wrote it in. I hope you lovelies enjoyed it and the slight development of Leolin. He’s getting bigger and older now and his brain is kick starting a little, but more about that in the next chapter, but first thing’s first. What did you think of this chapter and all it contained? Let me know lovelies, I appreciate it more than you could ever know!

I’ll see you all soon with the next chapter, I hope you enjoyed this newest one, let me know if you did, please point out any mistakes you’ve found, I am human behind this laptop screen and mistakes are unavoidable and until next time, take care and carry on,

StarLight Massacre. X
A/N: A huge happy birthday to Lizzie! Thank you so much for my gift fic, Fragmented Soul, you get this whole chapter dedicated to yourself! Have a very happy birthday and I hope you're having a wonderful day, you deserve it!

Last Time

Harry didn’t reply. He just snuggled in tighter to Draco and heard Max groan in his sleep as he shifted tighter to his back. He settled himself down and stopped himself thinking too much, he’d think about Leolin’s development and his want to copy everything that he did tomorrow, for now, he ached pleasantly in all the right places and he wanted some sleep before he had to wake up again tomorrow morning. He’d had a fucking brilliant birthday, his surprise was even better and he was very, very happy. He couldn’t have asked for any more than he’d gotten and he was thankful every single day that he had these four amazing men with him to share in everything his life held. He loved them so much and he would be sure to tell them that tomorrow, after some decent sleep that was. He didn’t even care that Max had forgotten his Dreamless Sleep potion, because after that, he was sure that his sleep would be too deep to dream of anything at all.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighty-Two – Birthday Baby

The thirteenth of August saw Harry rushing around like a blue arsed fly. It was his baby Braiden’s first birthday tomorrow and he was getting everything ready for his big day.

He had told Nasta to check the little party foods that he and Max had brought from the supermarket to make sure that there were no nasties in them, Max was scouring the kitchen, including the floor, and Harry had put Blaise and Draco on watching the babies while he was cleaning every single room in the house, his wand blurring with how quickly that he was casting cleaning spells.

He just wanted everything to be perfect and of course being a month pregnant really didn’t help. His mates had freaked when he’d told them. Of course he’d known first, usually after his heat period he’d have a down time of eating exactly what he wanted with absolutely no problems, though he’d mostly eat meat, especially after his week and a half of a liquid diet of mainly blood, and his mates always presented him with freshly killed prey that he gulped down without hardly chewing it once he woke up off his heat, but even though he always ate what Max made for him and everything that he was encouraged to eat, even the lamb casserole, he only wanted light foods, like soups and fruits. That was the first clue that he had that he might actually be pregnant.

He’d finally had enough of wondering about it though and he’d wanted it officially confirmed, so he’d packed up Calix and Tegan, told his mates that he was going to visit Mrs Weasley for a bit
and from there he’d begged her to watch the two babies while he went to Saint Mungos for a pregnancy test. She had been absolutely delighted to watch them for him and Harry was only gone for a mere half an hour.

He didn’t usually like getting things through the fanfare surrounding his name, but he was glad of it this time as it got him in to see a Healer quicker than he normally would have and he didn’t much like the idea of spending all day sat in the hospital.

“Are you?” Mrs Weasley asked him as soon as he flooed back to the Burrow. She had a knowing smile on her face, as if she already knew without him having to say anything.

Harry nodded, his suspicions confirmed. “Three weeks pregnant.” He shook his head. “I really wish there was a contraceptive for Drackens.”

“If ever you need a break, dear, you know where I am.”

“I have six babies Mrs…Molly.” He said with a grin as she went to glare at him. “I’ll have more soon. What if I have another set of quintuplets?”

“Then you have another set of quintuplets.” She’d told him firmly. “You’ll love them just as much as your previous six, I have no doubt of that and you have family who love you, dear. We’d do anything for you, just call us when you need us, even if it’s to give three babies to me and Arthur and three to someone else. We’ll look after you.”

Harry had smiled at that and he had hugged her tightly, scooping up Calix and Tegan and saying his goodbyes.

“Oh, before I forget, next week is Braiden’s first birthday. The fourteenth and we’re holding a party at our house. It goes without saying that you’re invited. It’s just going to be a few hours for the kids, I doubt they’ll be up to much, but still. My first baby’s first birthday.”

“Of course I’ll be there; I wouldn’t miss it for the world.”

Harry had grinned then and had flooed home to feed Calix and Tegan their lunch and then settle them down for their nap. Braiden was already upstairs sleeping and Leolin was in and out of sleep. Harry was very excited because he seemed to be sleeping less and less each day, but he still spent the majority of his time sleeping.
His original plan had been to find out if he was pregnant or not and keep it to himself, but he found that he couldn’t. He had a fiercely burning desire to share his news with his mates and as soon as all the babies were tucked up for their naps, he got a cup of honey tea and got his mates to sit with him.

“What’s this about?” Draco asked carefully. “Did Wea...Ron say something that you didn’t like? Was it about the kids?”

Harry shook his head quickly. “No, nothing like that.” He explained. “Ron wasn’t even there. I had an ulterior motive for going to the Burrow. I went to get myself checked out at the hospital and I wanted to do it without an entourage.”

As he had known they all started speaking at once and the gist of it was that he should have told them and let them escort him or at least let one of them go with him for protection, that he was possibly pregnant and he needed a shield with him at all times.

“I’m not possibly pregnant.” He told them and they had all shut up.

“It’s not a big deal.” Max said quickly and encouragingly, even though he looked a tad devastated. “We can try again in two months’ time, now that you’ve had a fertile heat; your next one will be fertile too and so on until you are actually pregnant. It’s alright, love.”

Harry had pulled a confused face, looking at them all and wondering how they had come to the conclusion that he wasn’t pregnant just from the vague answer that he’d given. He had chuckled and shaken his head at them for jumping the gun to reassure him over something that wasn’t even true. He hadn’t wanted to tease them with the news, but it seemed that they were teasing themselves, but now that they thought that he wasn’t pregnant, he was very happy to see no joy in their faces at thinking he wasn’t pregnant, but he hadn’t wanted or expected to see the disappointment there either and that’s all that he could see in four sets of eyes.

“You misunderstood me, Max, my love.” He had told him calmly. “I’m not possibly pregnant. I am pregnant. Confirmed at three weeks and four days along. I conceived on the third day of my heat cycle. I’m very healthy and there are no problems as of yet according to Healer Almus.”

It had taken a moment for that to sink in and then their faces had broken out into happy, excited faces and he had been clamoured and hugged and treated like a porcelain figurine and he enjoyed it, for all of an hour at least.

He grinned now as he thought back to when he’d told them and the following week where he could
barely take two steps without one of them being there offering him something or holding an arm out for him to hold on to. He was exasperated already and it had been a week, but he had warned them all that if they fucked up Braiden’s first ever birthday then they were going to be thrown off the roof with a rope tied to their ankles and left dangling there until he took pity on them, which wouldn’t be for at least a week, he had assured them seriously.

“Harry, come down for something to eat!” Max called up to him. Which was at least an improvement from just last week when Max had come up to get him just to carry him back down.

“Damn it, Max, I’ll eat when I’m fucking hungry!” He shouted back.

“The babies want you to feed them!” Max called back.

Harry grimaced at the low blow. If anything could have gotten him down those stairs and into the kitchen, it was telling him that his children needed him. Cursing under his breath, Harry cleaned up the very last room that he had to clean before he headed out of the door and down the stairs, ignoring that Max was almost buzzing to rush up them to help him down.

“You touch me and you’re dead, Mister Maddison.” Harry threatened with a smile. “I’m fine for another couple of months yet.”

“Can I at least hold your hand? I did that before you were pregnant and I liked it. I don’t want to lose that contact just because you are pregnant. Not every touch is meant to rip away your independence, Harry, sometimes we just want to touch you because we like touching you. I don’t want to only be able to touch you when we’re in bed and going to have sex, though I do like that.” He stressed with a grin. “But I miss just touching you. We all do.”

Harry bit his lip and screwed his eyes closed. He’d been on such a vendetta against them mollycoddling him during his pregnancy that he’d stopped noticing what was just an innocent touch between lovers and what was actually mollycoddling him during his pregnancy.

“I’m sorry.” He said softly. “I didn’t mean…I didn’t realise that I was acting this way. I just don’t want to be smothered and I was so against it that every touch became oppressive. Can you forgive me?”

Max laughed and pulled him into a tight hug. “Of course I can. I love you; it’s what crazy people mated together do.”
“I’m going to ignore that I was just called crazy and ask for a hug instead.”

Max hugged him even tighter and Harry wrapped his arms and legs around Max, who bumped him up and carried him into the kitchen where five babies in highchairs were giving Draco the run around and Nasta was trying to suppress his laughter by biting his lips as he fed a lazily suckling Leolin.

“There you are! You can’t leave me with five of them! They’re all hungry and Farren’s upset, Tegan’s throwing her dinner at me and the only happy one is Braiden because he can feed himself!” Draco hissed.

Max kissed the side of his head and set him on his feet and took over feeding Tegan and Regan, leaving Draco to focus all his attention on Farren, who was always going to be a guzzler and left Harry to supervise Braiden while feeding Calix.

“How did your cleaning go?” Nasta asked as he stood looking like a sexy pin up from a Mother’s magazine, hip cocked against the counter, legs tight and taut in faded, well-worn jeans, Leolin cradled lovingly in one arm to a bare chest as he fed him watchfully from his tiny bottle.

“Fine, all done and everything’s clean. It’s just the living room now when the kids are in bed and any mess they or we ourselves make until then. Did you find any unsuitable foods?”

Nasta shook his head. “It’s all aimed at babies in their age group and you did well picking the organic foods, there’s nothing in them that shouldn’t be.”

“I found that recipe you wanted, for the little mini cakes for them to share. There’s perhaps a bit too much sugar in them, but nothing harmful and they have no icing, just something similar made with cream cheese and powdered sugar, but we can leave that off of the kids ones if we wanted, it’ll just a sponge cake with shredded carrot in them then.” Max informed him.

Harry nodded. “I’ll make them later tonight. I don’t want to miss a single thing tomorrow.”

“I’ve put the camcorder on charge; it’ll be on him all day tomorrow.” Nasta assured him.
“Thank you.”

“Caesar wrote me back. He, Amelle and Eleonora will be here for the party.” Max told him. “Half my family are coming too, so it’s a good thing we’re setting up outside. There would never be enough room for everyone who’s coming inside.”

Harry nodded distractedly as he fed another little spoon of grey goo to Calix.

“What is this?” He asked Max.

“Potatoes, chicken, peas, carrots and gravy. It looks disgusting, but tastes like a full meal in one bite.”

Max proved it back taking the next spoon of food for himself.

“It doesn’t look like this in the supermarkets.” Harry frowned.

“If you read the back of the jar you’d know why. They colour it to make it look more appetising with paprika or tomato puree or spinach extract. It’s all natural, but it doesn’t need to be in there, it’s included just for aesthetics.”

Harry was so curious that he had to take a spoon for himself after watching Max do it. It wasn’t bad, but it was strange and the texture was strange too, with small, soft lumps in it.

“It’s okay. I still prefer adult food though.” Harry grinned.

Calix giggled and Harry looked at him, his mouth and cheeks a mess, his mouth open to show off his several little teeth and a covered tongue as he bashed little hands against his tray.

Harry gasped and exaggeratedly pulled back. “Do you not like me eating your food, Calix? Do you want it all to yourself?” He teased as he loaded the spoon up and went to put it into his own mouth only for Calix to bash the tray again and gurgle.
Harry laughed and fed the spoon to Calix, who worked it with his mouth and tongue, mashing up the little lumps with his tongue before swallowing and opening his mouth again.

“You’re such a good boy! Who’s going to be so big and strong when he grows up?”

Calix giggled as Harry fed him the last of his little bowl of food before he run the spoon over his cheeks and chin and fed the last of the food to Calix before he sat back and sighed.

“Are you okay?” Draco asked and Harry tempered his immediate anger and clipped answer of ‘yes’ and allowed himself a few moments to breathe.

“I’m fine, Calix needs a wash cloth though, he’s such a mucky boy.”

“Ba nana.” Calix clapped his hands and Harry grinned. He’d been so proud when he’s been shown the footage of Calix saying a proper word and now after every meal Calix always said banana.

“Strike that, I think he wants dessert first.” Harry smiled.

“I cooked up some peaches for them to try.” Max said with an excited grin. “I think they might want a little more than bananas now that Braiden is a year old tomorrow and the quintuplets are turning eight months old.”

Harry felt a flutter of the excitement that Max was feeling and he watched as his largest mate easily shifted Nasta aside, who was gently rocking Leolin while playing peek-a-boo with him, to reach a bowl he had put on the counter.

He used the back of a curled finger to check the contents and grinned. “They’re cool enough. I steamed them to keep as much nutrition in them as I could” He announced as he took a knife to the three balls, which Harry assumed were peaches.

Max peeled them, eating the skins himself and he cut out the stones easily and then diced them up small, cursing every time he squashed one of the soft cubes.

Once he was done, he separated them out into five piles; two were slightly larger than the other three. He checked over his shoulder for the babies who were done and he scattered a handful of the peach cubes onto highchair trays, Braiden and Farren got the larger piles.

Harry watched as Calix squashed the piece of fruit in his hand picking it up and then poked a little
tongue out to lick at the juice.

“That’s a peach, Calix.” Harry encouraged. “Peach.”

“Eah.” Calix nodded.

“Each.” Braiden nodded from beside him as he mashed up a cube in his mouth, the juice going absolutely everywhere.

Harry grinned and smoothed Braiden’s hair away from his mouth, kissing a cheek that was wet and tasted of peaches.

“Braiden love, you taste delicious. I’m going to have to eat you all up.” Harry declared as he started kissing all over Braiden’s cheeks and lips, his little boy giggling.

“Mama. Mam mam ma ma.” He babbled happily.

“I think they need a bath now and then an hour to settle down before bed.” Nasta said as he placed a sleeping Leolin down into his bassinet gently before hoisting up Farren and Braiden, who had both finished.

Harry sighed as Max collected empty bowls to wash and Draco scooped up Regan, Tegan and got Calix into a firm grip in his long arms, leaving Harry with just a sleeping Leolin to watch over.

“I hope Blaise’s job search has gone well. He’s going to be a nightmare otherwise.” Harry sighed softly.

“It’ll be good practice.” Max told him as he slipped the trays off of the highchairs to wash them down in the sink. “I’d be very surprised if he got a job from his first application. It’s a milestone, being rejected from your first interview.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “I suppose. I just don’t want him to be upset on Braiden’s birthday.”
“Braiden is his son, Harry. He’s as excited as us that he’s turning a year old. He won’t let himself ruin it by being in a bad mood.”

Harry nodded and took a moment to sit down and relax. There was nothing he needed to do, nothing that needed his attention at the moment. He’d wrapped all of Braiden’s gifts for tomorrow; he had everything sorted for now. It was time to take a breather.

Max worked around him, picking up globs of food from the floor and table, disinfecting everything, washing everything down and then folding up the highchairs and storing them in a pantry at the other end of the kitchen before he dried the little plastic bowls and spoons and put them away, he put Leolin’s bottle in the steriliser and set that going before he boiled the kettle and sat opposite Harry with a groan.

“Do you ever get tired of being in the kitchen?” Harry asked him with a smile.

Max laughed. “That’s the equivalent of asking me if I get tired of sex. No I don’t. I love my kitchen and I love sex. I think it’s impossible for me to get tired of either.”

Harry smiled and nudged Max with his foot. Max nudged him back, so Harry did it again and very soon they were giggling like little girls and playing a rather forceful game of footsie under the table.

They stopped when Draco demanded a cup of tea from the living room.

“His royal highness has spoken!” Max called out loudly.

“Damn right he’s spoken!” Draco shouted back. “Bring me tea!”

Harry laughed and with a shake of his head he picked up Leolin gently and carried him into the war zone that was their living room to screeches, giggles and Nasta laughing deeply.

Harry sat down against the arm of the chair and snuggled with Leolin, resting his baby on his chest; little face tucked into his neck and he let him take the pressure off of his little wings, one hand supporting the tiny nappy clad bum as he watched his other children play on the floor.

Regan was getting better at holding himself off of the floor and cruising the furniture, Tegan was getting more coordinated and could crawl faster and better now and she was just finding her feet now that she had learnt how to hold herself upright against the table. Calix had absolutely no interest in standing and instead he zoomed around the floor, knocking people off their feet as they cursed and tried to avoid him as he crawled around their legs like an overly affectionate cat.

Farren shuffled over to sit by the settee where Harry was sat with Leolin and Harry dropped a hand
to play with his fluffy, dark brown hair. Those blue-green eyes tilted back to look at him and Harry grinned down at him.

“Hello love, are you alright? Do you want to stay here with me?”

Farren babbled a bit and giggled before he turned back and sat watching as Nasta lay on his back and played with Braiden, who was laughing so hard that he was drooling. Nasta grimaced every time a drop of baby spit landed on his neck or his shirt, but he still carried on playing and Harry loved him just a little bit more for that.

Max came into the room with a tray that he set down on the table before bending down and snatching Calix from the floor, rolling him up over his shoulder, their son screaming in joy all the while.

Draco grabbed his tea and sipped at it with a sigh before handing Harry’s to him and Harry took excessive care not to drip anything onto Leolin. He was so paranoid that he handed his cup back to Draco after a few quick gulps. He scalded the back of his throat and the roof of his mouth, but he didn’t care as he wrapped his arm back around Leolin and dropped his other hand back to Farren’s hair.

Nasta sat up and placed Braiden into his lap and reached for his own cup of tea.

“Oh I needed this.” He said with a grin.

Harry listened to his mates, he greeted Blaise enthusiastically when he came home, encouraging him with words and kisses as he told them dejectedly that he hadn’t been successful with his interview and that they wanted someone more experienced than a wizard straight out of Hogwarts.

“Tell me how I can get more experience when no one want’s to hire anyone with no experience?!” He demanded, shaking his head.

Max had gotten Blaise a cup of coffee for him and he cheered Blaise up by pulling off his shoes and giving him a foot rub.

“Where’s mine?” Draco demanded with a grin.

Max had laughed and given Draco a foot rub while Blaise finished off his coffee before he shuffled over on his knees and he had rubbed Harry’s feet too, without him having to ask, before their biggest mate stood and stretched his back.
Nasta calmed the babies down and then Max gathered them around him to read a picture book, it was the same pictures every night, but always a different story and though the babies couldn’t really understand them, they always enjoyed story time with Daddy Max.

After that they had a bottle of warm milk as Nasta, Draco and Max took them to bed at ten to seven, leaving Harry and Blaise where they were and Leolin was left on Harry’s chest when Harry refused to part with him.

Max came down first and he set to refilling tea cups before he started on dinner which he had already prepared earlier. Draco came down next and lowered himself to the floor by Harry, where Farren had sat and he set to gently stroking Leolin.

“Nasta’s taking a quick shower so he’s free later on tonight and tomorrow.” Draco told him.

“I want to take one tonight too.” Harry nodded. “I don’t want to miss a thing tomorrow. I can’t believe I gave birth to him a year ago tomorrow.”

“I can’t believe you fell pregnant with quintuplets a few days after giving birth to him this time last year.” Blaise chuckled.

Harry pulled a face. “I love them, so much.” He insisted. “But if I have another set of quintuplets growing in here, I’m going to spend my next several heats alone by any means necessary.”

“If you have another set of quintuplets then I’ll chain myself up outside on your heats.” Max told him as he came into the living room to top up their teacups. “Dinner will be ready soon. It doesn’t need much time to cook.”

Draco moved into the kitchen with Max to keep him company and Blaise helped Harry sit up with Leolin to also move into the kitchen before Blaise went to call Nasta.

Harry made it to the kitchen and he kept Leolin against his chest as Max finished everything off. Nasta came in dressed in pyjama trousers, his hair still damp and he was talking to Blaise happily.

Harry stood and placed Leolin into the bassinet as Max brought over the plates for them.

“You’re such a brilliant cook.” Blaise groaned as he almost inhaled his food.

Max grinned and tried to play it off, but Harry could see how pleased he was, how his chest swelled, how he had a slightly pink tinge to his tanned cheeks.
“What do we need to do now tonight?” Max asked, changing the subject without trying to make it seem like he was.

“The living room needs to be cleaned up and a space needs to be made, I’ve got the cakes to do still. I want his presents brought down and set up too.”

“What’s first tomorrow? Presents?” Blaise asked.

Harry shook his head empathetically and swallowed quickly.

“No. They can have their breakfast first and then a bath and we can get them ready and then we can go in the living room. Which reminds me, I want the bouncers out for the other babies, so that they don’t crawl here there and everywhere, but they don’t feel left out by being separated off and put into the playpen.”

“That seems a good idea.” Nasta nodded. “Keep them close enough to feel involved, but keep them out of the way and in one place.”

Harry was banned from moving after dinner, his mates insisting stubbornly that he had done more than enough for one day and he instead sat on the settee with a cup of tea and watched his mates clean up all the toys and mess. He let this ‘order’ stand mainly because he had Leolin back on his chest and he loved cuddling with his little boy.

They broke for a tea break once they were done clearing up and all that was left now was to clear a space large enough for tomorrow, set up the bouncers for the quintuplets and then bring his gifts down for him.

Leolin made a soft noise against Harry’s neck and he broke out of his thoughts and looked at him as best as he could with his little head buried in his neck.

Leolin squirmed a little and made the noise again and Harry pulled him back from his neck gently and smiled as those gold eyes narrowed and his little mouth frowned up at him. Then soft recognition flowed in those eyes and Leolin smiled to match Harry’s smile.

“You’re being so adorable tonight, love.” He praised.

Harry sat up and placed Leolin on his thighs, bum to his lap and his head supported by Harry’s knees. He held Leolin’s tiny hands in his own and kissed them, smiling and talking to Leolin gently
as Leolin tracked every movement he made greedily and stared at his mouth, watching the movement as Harry spoke.

“Come on, Leolin, say mama. It’s easy.” Harry encouraged lightly.

Leolin blinked softly at him and Harry laughed holding his hands gently as he bent to kiss that tiny face.

“What’s taking the tea so long? I’m gasping and dying of thirst!” Harry called out to his mates with a smile.

“Max was making the tea, but he’s currently got his tongue stuck down Draco’s throat.” Blaise answered back. “Give us a minute.”

Harry shook his head and he smiled to himself. How he loved those men, faults and flaws and all, though he did admit that they drove him fucking insane sometimes and he did get angry with them, sometimes so angry that he wanted to scream and curse them into oblivion, but he still loved them.

“Ma.”

Harry’s heart about stopped and he stopped breathing as he looked down at Leolin, who was looking up at him through those eyes. He gasped in a deep breath and calmed himself, he couldn’t react like he wanted to and dance around the room with Leolin, shouting in joy. Instead he bent his head and laid a kiss to those lips that had just uttered their very first word for the very first time.

“I love you, Leolin, you’re my very special little boy and I love you so much, you don’t know how happy it makes me to hear you saying something, but why don’t we show your Daddies too, yes? Can you do it again?”

Harry nuzzled with Leolin before he sat up and covered Leolin’s little ears to protect them a little from what he was going to do next.

“NASTA!” He screamed out, not even having to fake his excitement, all he had to do was recall the memory of Leolin saying just one word. Not even a word, just a sound really; one syllable and his heart missed a beat.
Harry was all but crushed in Nasta’s arms, all four of his mates rabbiting at him and he smacked them each in turn and glared at them.

“How dare you frighten Leolin so badly!” He chastised. “Can’t you tell the difference between me calling in fear and calling in excitement? Surely you have enough brain cells to make that distinction? If I’d known that you’d do this then I would have left you all in the kitchen!”

Nasta breathed in deeply and visibly calmed himself. “Why did you call for me?”

“I wanted you all here, I knew that if I called for one of you, that you’d all come. But Leolin spoke!”

“Spoke? What do you mean he spoke?” Max asked.

“He said Ma.” Harry said proudly, his previous excitement drawing back in.

“Are you sure it wasn’t just wind?” Max asked.

Harry glared at him. “Sit back and away from him, let me show you and then you can try and claim his amazing achievements as wind!”

His mates did as he asked and sat on the settee or on the floor and Harry captured Leolin’s attention again.

“Look at me baby, don’t look at them, they don’t believe that you can say anything, but I know you can. Your first word at seven and a half months old. Can you say Mama again for me, love?”

Leolin blinked and squirmed, but Harry didn’t press him. Leolin had taken a minute or two the last time he had prompted him to say anything as well and as Harry spoke softly and regularly about nonsense, stopping for a little pause every now and then to give Leolin what he needed to speak, encouraging and prompting him regularly to say ‘Ma’ again. It was in one of these little pauses that Leolin graced him with a grin and made his heart soar again.
“Ma.” He called out softly, raising a little hand to Harry’s face.

Harry pulled him up and kissed him all over his little face. So very, very proud.

“I told you!” He gloated to his stunned mates.

“I can’t believe it.” Blaise said as he shuffled forward to run his long fingers through Leolin’s dark hair.

“He must have taken some of our Dracken blood.” Nasta said consideringly. “Most Faerie babies do not say their first words until they’re well over a year old at least, some have yet to speak a single word on their third birthdays, but I’m not surprised that it was just a monosyllable, that’s typical of Faerie born babies.”

Harry smiled. “I don’t care about what other Faerie babies do, this little baby is mine and I’m so proud of him, even if it was just a monosyllable, it was for me and he called me Ma and to me, he couldn’t have made me prouder or happier even if he’d sat up and sung.”

“Don’t misunderstand, Cariad. I’m so very proud of him and how well he’s coming on. The courts will want to know about this development though; this is what they meant when they told us to keep them updated with Leolin.”

“Time for you to put your plan into action then.” Harry pulled a face, not sure how he thought about it.

“We’re going to use Blaise’s old home.” Nasta nodded decisively. “I don’t want them to know exactly where we live, I’d never rest, but Marianna is hardly ever home, she’s always away with Josiah or she’s away shopping. It won’t be too hard to convince the court that we live there if we scatter around a few toys and let the older ones roam free, we just have to make sure that it’s baby proof and that Marianna moves anything she doesn’t want broken or damaged.”

“I talked to her about it.” Blaise nodded. “She will do anything to help us, even give us the house when we need it. Did you…talk to them?”

Nasta snarled under his breath, but he reeled it back in and took a deep, cleansing breath. He nodded sharply.
“I talked to them both and I invited them around to visit.”

Nasta’s tone of voice alone let them know what he really thought of that idea, what he really thought of having Dain and Kailen coming over and having to play nice with them to get the court on side.

He’d done it soon after their talk about not taking Leolin back and forth to the Faerie city every couple of months and he’d proposed his idea of getting Dain and Kailen on their side, as the both of them sat on the court they could act as envoys between them and the rest of the court without risking Leolin’s health and his life travelling all the way to the Faerie city every couple of months.

The two Valkyries had all but jumped at the chance and that made Nasta angrier. He had come from the floo conversation grinding his teeth, large hands clenched into fists and the only thing they could get out of him for a while had been short, angry grunts.

Harry hated that this was upsetting Nasta so much, that it was adding to his stress. He wanted to grab a hold of Dain and Kailen and throttle them both until they told him why they had never sought out their own family members; he wanted to demand why they were only interested in them after a Faerie had been born to the Delericey line. He wanted to scream at them and ban them from even looking at Leolin for the hurt they’d caused not only Nasta, but Aneirin and Sanex too, but he couldn’t. They needed the two of them on their side to convince the court that Leolin was safe and happy with them. They needed Dain and Kailen so that Leolin remained happy and healthy as the risk to his life was insurmountable the more they travelled with him and risked him getting a bug, a virus or an infection.

They didn’t need this now, why couldn’t everything just happen how he wanted it to? Why did everything always have to be a bumpy road? Why were there always obstacles in the way of him and his family?

Harry sighed and shoved it out of his mind, he needed to focus on Braiden’s birthday, it’s what he wanted to focus on, but with Dain and Kailen coming to visit, Ashleigh still insisting that she didn’t need mental help, Remus’s silence, the trial looming ever closer and Severus’ funeral coming up next month, their plate was full to bursting point already, they didn’t need anything else to pile on top of it now.

Growling softly, Harry gave Leolin a soft, sweet kiss and handed him to Nasta as he went to the kitchen and grabbed the recipe that Max had left on the counter in his soft, slightly sloped writing. When in need of stress relief he turned to sex or to baking. He wanted the former, but he needed to do the latter. He sighed heavily and washed his hands before he set to baking the carrot cupcakes for tomorrow.

Blaise came in to keep him company, chatting to him excitedly. Max was right, despite being rejected due to inexperience; Blaise was so excited for Braiden’s first birthday. He was currently wondering how Braiden would react to his presents and if he’d like what was given to him.

“I think it might overwhelm him a little.” Harry said as he turned to face Blaise, mixing bowl in hand, wooden spoon beating his cake mixture as his talked. “He’s never had anything like this, but I can’t wait for Christmas, he’ll be sixteen months then and he’ll be much more aware of what’s
happening and what’s going on, but I really can’t wait to see his face tomorrow, I just hope that the quintuplets will be alright with all the focus being mostly on Braiden. I don’t want them to be jealous, but I always want tomorrow to be special for Braiden, it’s a very fine line.”

That was one of his biggest worries about having quintuplets. That they’d be jealous of the attention Braiden got tomorrow and further on, when they were older, when they had to share their birthday with four other siblings, how could they all focus on five different children at the same time as they tore into presents and clamoured for their attention all at once? It was going to be nigh on impossible. He pushed it out of his mind for now, he’d think about it when they were older, but for now, they didn’t even know what a birthday was.

Harry finished his cakes and stored them in several large air tight tubs and cleaned up the kitchen before Max could lynch him for the mess.

Nasta wandered in, moving over to the back door and he checked that it was locked.

“Are you done, Harry?”


“Tucked up in bed, he fell asleep soon after you came out here, I’m going to make his bottle up and let it cool for him and then we can get ourselves to bed, for the boring kind of bed activities as Max would say, we need to be up early.”

Harry chuckled and shook his head as he made absolutely sure that there wasn’t a speck left in the kitchen, that his cakes were stored safely and then he wandered up to their bedroom with Blaise and Nasta.

“Did you…” Max started to say, but Harry cut him off gently with a hand over his mouth.

“The kitchen is spotless.” He said with a grin.

Max licked his hand and Harry rolled his eyes as he pulled it away and dried it on his shirt, which he then stripped off and threw towards their clothes hamper. Draco rolled his eyes and went to pick it up from the floor to put into the hamper properly. Harry stripped off completely and threw the clothes at Draco, who caught them deftly and deposited them into the hamper as Harry slipped into a pair of clean pyjama shorts and climbed into bed, it had been boiling hot that day and the night didn’t look like it was going to be any better and sleeping in a large, heavy bed with four other bodies would not help the night feel any less hot and sticky.
Harry moved on his knees towards Max, who was already sitting in the bed, his back propped up against the headboard watching them all. He flopped onto Max and snuggled in, one large hand fell to his hair and trailing over the back of his neck and rubbing gently and soothingly, playing with his hair, his skin, his ear until one moment Harry was awake, laughing sleepily at Nasta and Blaise and the next he was fast asleep in the bed, Max on one side of him and Blaise on the other. Draco was on the other side of Max and Nasta was on the other side of him.

Harry was awake with the sun and he was more excited today than he had been for his own birthday as he bounced excitedly and roughly pulled himself out of the tangle of limbs that he had found himself in, waking his mates up as he did so.

Max groaned being the worst affected as he was sleeping wrapped up with Harry. “Too early.”

“It’s not! Braiden was born today! Get the fuck up now!” Harry ordered. “He’s a year old today.” He exclaimed excitedly and loudly as he clambered out of the bed.

Harry rushed into their en suite and tore off his sleep shorts, jumping into the shower as he had been too tired to have one yesterday, despite wanting to get it done and out of the way before today, but it was early still; he had a bit of time before Braiden would wake up for his breakfast.

He scrubbed himself clean, used the first shower gel that came to hand and roughly washed his hair before he jumped out and dried himself off. He padded naked back into the bedroom to find that his mates had all gone back to sleep in his absence and hadn’t gotten up like he’d wanted them to.

He smirked and jumped onto the bed naked and still a little damp from his shower.

“Get up now!” He demanded, watching as they cracked open eyes to glare at him, groaning, yawning and then Max swore as he looked at him and realised that he was naked and damp.

“I didn’t like this wake-up call until I opened my eyes.” He said with a yawn. “It’s too early to be awake though.”

“It’s almost six, Leolin will be awake soon and then Braiden will be up, we need to get their breakfasts done, our breakfasts over with and then onto his presents! Wake up and get up!”
Draco sighed and forced himself to sit up. He swung one leg out of the bed and then the other, standing up and going into the bathroom. Harry smiled.

“One up, three more to go. Don’t make me push you out. I’m pregnant. It could put too much of a strain on me and the baby.” Harry threatened.

That got Nasta’s attention and he sat up immediately, one hand pressing to Harry’s flat belly.

“Don’t strain yourself, if you want me to push Max out of the bed, all you have to do is ask me.”

“You were still sleeping too.” Harry pointed out.

“I’m up now; do you want him out of bed?”

Harry nodded. “I want you all out of this bed.”

“I’m up, I’m up!” Max complained as he forced himself into an upright position, dislodging Blaise, who had sidled up to him for warmth after Harry had left the bed.

Blaise groaned but Harry helped him sit up and his first mate went to join Draco in the bathroom just as Leolin decided that he was hungry and wanted something to eat.

Nasta saw to him and Max grinned as he spied a naked Harry still sat on the bed. He grabbed him and rolled him over until they were naked chest to naked chest and they shared a morning kiss.

“Your breath is horrible.” Harry laughed teasingly.

“I couldn’t reach the bedside table last night and I needed a drink, but you and Draco were pinning me down and I didn’t want to wake you up.” Max pouted. “I want more kisses.”

Harry laughed. “As if I’d let something so trivial as morning breath stop us from having kisses.”

They went back to kissing for a few minutes until Nasta hit them both with a pillow.
“You wanted us all up, now you’re the one who is left in bed. Get up the both of you; we have a birthday boy to sort out.”

Harry grinned and pulled Nasta into a furious snog too, moving his mouth until his jaw ached and using his tongue to fight off Nasta’s. They were both breathless when they broke apart.

“You need to sort out Leolin.” Harry reminded him as their little boy watched them impassively from the crook of Nasta’s arm.

Draco and Blaise came back from their shower just as Max was going into the bathroom and Nasta left for the kitchen. Harry pulled Blaise and then Draco into their own morning kisses before he hurriedly dressed and dried his hair with a quick charm before shoving his wand up his sleeve.

“I’m so excited I can’t stand it!” He told them as he bounced where he was stood, watching them dress, entirely too slowly in his opinion.

“You weren’t this excited for your own birthday.” Draco complained.

Harry nodded. He’d made that observation as well, but he didn’t care. “Braiden is my first born child and he turns a year old today, of course I’m more excited for that.”

Draco rolled his eyes but Harry grabbed Blaise’s hand and dragged him into the nursery next door to peek in at their children. Only Calix was awake and he burbled happily when they approached his cot. He had been sitting quietly, rocking himself back and forth while gripping his little feet.

Blaise picked him up and cradled him in his arms, kissing his little head and brushing his fingers through his sleep tousled, chestnut brown hair. He was looking more and more like Myron as the days passed, though Harry would put money on Calix never reaching Myron’s six foot ten inch height.

“Let’s get you downstairs for breakfast, Calix.” Blaise told him with a smile, those jet black eyes peering at him as he chewed on one of his hands.

“Mama.”
Harry turned with a grin to see Braiden rubbing his eyes and rolling over in his cot to get up. Harry eased him to his feet and then picked him up and squeezed him.

“Hello my lovely, birthday baby. How are you?” Harry asked as he cradled him tightly.

“Mama ba la.” Braiden babbled as Harry settled him in his arms and turned to Blaise, who had a watching Calix in his arms still.

“Let’s get you boys down stairs.” Harry said softly.

“Baba ca!” Braiden called out, reaching to touch Calix, patting his head.

Harry and Blaise shared a laugh before they moved down into the kitchen where Nasta was feeding Leolin and Max was sorting out the little bowls of baby cereal, setting them up ready to warm through.

“No Farren?” Max asked surprised.

“No, these two were the only ones up, but Calix was awake when we went in, but we didn’t hear anything over the monitor, so we need to keep an eye on that.” Harry told them as he settled Braiden into his high chair.

“Was he upset?” Draco asked as he placed a concerned hand on Calix’s head.

“No, he seemed quite happy to just sit there rocking as he clutched at his feet. I just want us all to be aware that he is waking up and he’s not making any noise when he does wake up.”

“First person awake goes to check on them then.” Nasta nodded his agreement.

Their morning passed much the same as it always did. A mess of feeding babies, cleaning up their hands and faces keeping them happy until they had eaten their own breakfasts and then they bathed the babies, changed them into their clothes and once everything was clean and Max had the camcorder set up and ready and Blaise, Draco and Nasta had taken their five other babies to sit in their bouncers, or in Leolin’s case settled him on his beanbag, Harry carried Braiden into the room,
to his pile of presents and set him in front of it, sitting behind him.

Braiden clapped his hands and burbled at the gifts and he hit at them and clapped his hands some more.

“Mama!” He called out, looking behind him to Harry and he pointed at the gifts.

“Yes, Braiden love, let me show you.” Harry said as he turned Braiden back around and tore at the bright, coloured paper covering a large box.

Braiden screeched and clapped his hands harder, giggling and he reached forward to tug at a strip of paper, uncovering a trampoline.

“I’m still not sure about that thing; I thought we were going to wait until Christmas, when he was a little older.” Draco said worriedly.

“It’s fine, Draco, I promise you.” Max insisted. “He’s going to love it.”

“He hasn’t used half the toys he had last Christmas.” Blaise complained.

“Will you killjoys leave him be for one day? We got too many toys for him for Christmas, we all know that and I told everyone to calm down this year, but that doesn’t mean that I don’t want him to have presents on his special days, now shut your mouths and get the pregnant man a cup of tea.”

Blaise went to do it, partly because he wanted to sneak a cup of coffee and partly because Max couldn’t because he was holding the camcorder.

Harry helped Braiden through the pile of gifts and sipped on his tea, he fussed over the babies in their bouncers, Calix was up and down like a jack rabbit, properly bouncing and Farren was laying still, Regan was fussing and Tegan was dozing lightly, every screech and clap from Braiden jerked her awake, but her eyes drifted closed again when everything calmed down. It was so adorable and Harry made sure that Max got some footage of her as Braiden turned a knitted Snidget around in his hands, examining it.

“How many gifts does he have left? I can’t see anything through the sea of coloured paper.” Draco smiled.
“Three I think.” Harry said as he scrunched up some of the loose paper and threw it away, uncovering the remaining presents. “Here you go, Braiden, three more for you, love.”

Braiden giggled and Harry helped him unwrap the remaining presents and Nasta cleaned away all the paper.

Calix and Tegan were napping, Farren was just lying there and Regan was watching them all through his hazel eyes, but he was blinking slowly, each time his eyes remained closed a little longer and Harry knew that he’d be taking his mid-morning nap at any moment.

Blaise slid to the floor and he helped Braiden with some of his toys, tearing packaging away and letting him play with his new toys.

“Here, Draco, hold this, I need to go start his birthday lunch, we’ll be having guests soon.” Max said as he looked at the clock on the fireplace mantel piece.

Draco took over the recording of Braiden bashing around his new toys and Blaise got rid of packaging and boxes, but when Braiden cried when Blaise tried to take a box out of his hands, Harry gave him a glare to back off.

“He’s more interested in the box than what was inside it!” Draco huffed.

“A box promotes imagination. Leave him be.” Harry said as he covered the four quintuplets over as they slept, though Farren just sat there, not sleeping, not moving and not minding having a blanket placed over his lower body.

At eleven in the morning they greeted Marianna and Josiah, who had actually come to see them for once, but he was so boring and droning that Harry gave up talking to him after just ten minutes. He was glad for the distraction that Aneirin made when he arrived, hugging him tighter than he usually would have.

“Are you alright?” Aneirin asked him concernedly, pulling back from him and looking him over critically before giving him a subtle sniff.

“Save me from him.” Harry hissed under his breath as he threw his arms back around Aneirin’s neck tightly; the man growled dangerously as he presumably glared at Josiah.

“What has he done to you?”
“He’s so boring!” Harry whimpered. “I could feel my arm hairs growing!”

Aneirin sagged in his arms and Harry felt him shaking his head. “I thought he’d hurt or threatened you!” He sighed. “Don’t do that to me, Harry, I’m a sixty-one year old man.”

“You’re not old.” Harry scoffed. “Sixty-one years young!”

Aneirin chuckled and patted his back. “I love you, kid, I really do. You make me feel young again.”

“You are young.” Harry rolled his eyes dramatically. “Aren’t you listening to me?”

“I’m listening.” Aneirin smiled.

“Where’s Sanex?” Nasta asked, coming over to them. “Surely he isn’t thinking of missing my son’s first birthday?”

“He’s running a little late, he has a new girlfriend and he spent the night with her, he was just waking up when I floo called him.”

“Is she human?”

“Not quite.” Aneirin pulled a face. “She’s a werewolf according to Nex, you have no idea how much I wanted to just yank him away from her and hide him away, but I tried talking to him instead, but he won’t be swayed.”

“Werewolves aren’t all bad.” Harry defended automatically, but his mind went to Remus before he could stop it and he clenched his teeth. He had a four month old Godson that he hadn’t even seen yet and Remus and Tonks were still silent. He’d even sent them a second letter, but so far, still nothing.

“When one of your children comes home with a werewolf for a bed partner, I’ll hold you to that.”
Aneirin said darkly.

Harry sighed. “I don’t even want to think that far ahead, they’re babies, but I’m going to make sure that my babies can protect themselves and a werewolf is only dangerous for one night a month, just twelve, thirteen days in every year. That’s nothing in the bigger picture, Aneirin. I know I set you on edge when I tried to kill Sanex last December, but that doesn’t mean that you shouldn’t trust him with his new girlfriend, if it makes you feel better then have Sanex sleep under your roof on the full moons until you can trust his girlfriend more.” Harry shrugged.

“Sanex isn’t known for listening to reason; he’ll probably want to stay with her on the full moons to show how supportive he is of her.” Aneirin grumbled.

“Who’s to say that she’ll want him to be there? She might not want him there to see her change into what most consider a ‘monster’ and a contagious one at that. She could lay down the law and tell him to leave her alone on the full moons. Their relationship is new, brand new if they haven’t experienced their first full moon while together yet, you don’t show your new boyfriend the proverbial monster in the wardrobe when you’ve only been together for a few weeks. She’s going to want to wait and take that sort of thing slowly because she’s probably afraid of scaring him off, or at least I damn well would if it was me, so you might be worrying for nothing.”

“I actually feel better.” Aneirin said with a look and a small laugh. “Why do I feel better?”

“Because I’m a genius and you should all listen to me more often.” Harry informed them before turning his attention to a newly arrived Myron.

“Where’s Richard? Is he grounded for the gift that he gave me for my birthday?” Harry asked. “He better not give Braiden anything like that, not ever!”

“I can’t believe what he gave you and I’d never allow him to entertain the thought of giving anything like that to the children.” Myron growled as he clutched Harry in a fierce hug, proving that he’d done as good as his word and had found out what Richard had gotten for him. “He’s been thoroughly punished, I assure you, but no, he had to slip into work really quickly, but he promised to be here before lunch.”

“Is it…is it my trial?” Harry asked nervously, a pit forming in his stomach.

Myron sighed. “Why do you torture yourself? You know yours is the only case that Richard is
“What’s happened?” Harry asked, almost dreading the answer.

“You also know that Richard can’t speak of his trial cases with anyone not involved.”

Harry snorted. “Don’t try to tell me that he doesn’t tell you absolutely everything because I won’t believe you.”

Myron gave a wry smile. “He does tell me everything about his cases, but he trusts me not to spread it around, not only could it mean his job and his practice, something which he loves, but it could mean all of his trials fall through, including yours and he could face court himself for perverting the cause of justice.”

“I won’t tell anyone, just my mates…”

“Who will then tell their families and so on, it takes just one person to say something in another’s hearing and that’s it.”

“Can you…can you just tell me if it’s anything bad?”

Myron sighed heavily. “Not really. It’s to do with your cousin. He has killed one of his Aunt’s dogs apparently and she’s now screaming like a banshee about how much of an awful, evil child he is, but he’s now old enough to be tried as an adult. Richard is hoping she’ll spill something revealing that can help him put yet another nail in their coffin. That’s all.”

Harry just blinked and frowned. “Dudley used to kill the neighbourhood cats, but I didn’t think he’d actually kill one of Marge’s dogs. She loves those things more than anything else in the world and he would have known that. If he killed Ripper, her favourite dog, then I’m not surprised that she’s turned on him in a heartbeat. That dog was her baby, she treated it like a child and took it everywhere with her.”

“This is all good news for the trial, Harry.” Myron reminded him. “Unfortunately Richard is still collecting evidence, more of it now that this woman is willing to spill about your cousin, so we can’t apply for a court date until all of the evidence has been seen, selected and examined. I know this must be a lot of pressure for you to deal with, but try to put it from your mind. It’s not for you
to worry about it, it’s a done deal, the trial is just a formality and if Richard has it his way, which he usually does, then they’ll never get out.”

Harry nodded glumly. He’d been hoping to get the trial over and done with sooner rather than later, all this new evidence coming forward was just delaying everything, surely they had enough for a conviction by now? All he wanted was this over and done with, it had been his mates who had wanted to press charges against them, to get justice for him, when he just wanted to forget.

Harry’s attention was taken by Farren, who startled him by clutching at his leg and Harry wondered when, and who, had let him out of his bouncer. Harry bent down and picked him up, groaning at the hefty weight of him.

“You’re getting so heavy, Farren, you’ll kill my back.”

“Then you shouldn’t be picking him up in your condition!” Max told him sternly, taking Farren from him as quickly as Harry had picked him up.

“His condition?” Aneirin picked up on immediately as he had been passing close by them, Tegan in his arms. “Have you had it confirmed that you’re pregnant?”

Harry sighed and scratched at his head. “Yeah, I’m pregnant again. A month gone already, the time is flying by.”

“Who got to you first?” Marianna asked with a little laugh.

Harry scowled. “Draco if I remember right, but it doesn’t matter who got to me first, according to my dates I didn’t conceive until the third day of my heat cycle and I was too far gone then to tell when I got pregnant or who did the impregnating, not that I’d be able to tell anyway as I’m sure all four of my mates had me several times over during every single day of my ten day heat period.”

“So it could be any of them?”

Harry nodded. “I don’t care who got me pregnant. I’m having another clutch and if any of them complain about it not being theirs biologically I’ll gouge out their testicles. I don’t give two shits which one Fathered the baby, if any of them refuse to help with the newborn baby just because the baby turns out not to be theirs, then I’ll nail them to a tree outside.”
“Very well said, sweet one!”

Harry turned with a smile to find Alexander had arrived and he opened his arms for a cuddle.

“I take it you received the news that you’re pregnant again?”

Harry nodded with a smile. Kimberly squealed happily and pulled him into a tight hug.

“Oh I can’t wait to meet the new little one, congratulations darling.”

“You’re pregnant?” Narcissa’s smooth voice asked from behind Kimberly.

Harry ducked his head around Kimberly and smiled at her and Lucius. He nodded. “I am. A month gone, approximately six more to go.”

“Congratulations, but where is the birthday boy? I bought him a gift.” Narcissa smiled.

Harry grinned and went to scoop Braiden out of his pile of presents, holding him in one arm, his hand between Braiden’s legs as he held him back to his chest and carried him over to Narcissa. She was right, today was about Braiden, not about him, not about the trial and not about his new pregnancy.

“Hello, sweetie.” Narcissa cooed, taking Braiden gently from Harry’s arms and sitting him on the crook of her one arm.

“A year old, he’ll be walking before we know it and then he’ll be in school, then he’ll be off to Hogwarts or any other school that you wish to send him to. Time passes too quickly,” Alexander sighed and Harry looked at him strangely, wondering if something had happened that he hadn’t been told. He didn’t like the thought of Alexander hurting for any reason, the man was too kind.

Harry helped Braiden open his new gifts and let him screech his excitement as he revealed new toys. He had to laugh at Aneirin’s gift of a doll’s pushchair. He just shrugged when Harry gave him a knowing look.
“It was one of Nasta’s favourite toys when he was a boy, he used to steal his sister’s pushchair, he didn’t want the doll, he just wanted to push something around. So I thought that it might help with Braiden’s walking if instead of staying where the furniture was, he could have something that rolled with him.”

“Thank you, Aneirin, I’m sure he’s going to love it. Nasta set it up for him.” Harry ordered and Nasta smiled as he did as he was told, opening the box and pulling out the instructions. He’d already set up the trampoline and after a mini disaster and a short hissy fit in which he hadn’t realised that he’d screwed the handle bar on backwards which is why it looked twisted, he’d gotten it set up and ready.

“Come here, love, your Daddy Nasta has spent a lot of his time today putting this together for you.” Harry couldn’t resist the dig at how long it had taken Nasta to set it up and the glare he got in return told him that Nasta had gotten the message, which made him laugh.

Harry held Braiden tightly under his arms as he bounced him on the trampoline. Braiden looked at his feet and giggled so Harry took it as a good sign and did it again.

Blaise sat in front of him and clapped his hands to gain Braiden’s attention.

“You can do this yourself, Braiden.” He told their son clearly. “Come here.”

He held his arms open and Braiden wobbled over to Blaise on the surface of the trampoline, Harry supporting him all the way. Blaise took his hands and put them on the handle bar and Braiden got it immediately as he started bouncing himself and he screeched in joy as he bounced on the spot.

It was probably too generous to call it bouncing, as Braiden was just holding on and bending his knees, his feet never left the surface of the trampoline, but damn was Harry bursting with pride as he watched his little boy trying his best and having a hell of a time at that too.

Harry turned to see if his mates were watching him, only to see that everyone was watching and they had the camcorder on him, Blaise and a giggling Braiden as he played with his new trampoline.

Regan crawled over to him and Harry sat him on his lap. His little boy was still a little clingy after his tumble down the stairs a few weeks before, but he was getting his confidence back slowly. He’d all but forgotten what had happened to him, but every now and then he sought Harry out and clutched at him tightly as if he were remembering what had happened, but all the books he’d read said that he would have forgotten by now. Harry wasn’t convinced and he soothed Regan and held him tightly and comforting. He hadn’t put the bear down since he’d snatched it up after his fall and he cried a fit if they tidied up and he couldn’t find it. Nasta was more than likely right in telling them that it had become his security and comfort object. Nasta had charmed it so that it didn’t fall apart and couldn’t be damaged or worn, he said they’d thank him several years down the line when
the bear didn’t fall apart in Regan’s hands and they didn’t have a replacement to soothe him with.

“Lunch is ready.” Max told them all with a grin. “Braiden! My birthday boy, do you want to come and have lunch? You can come back to your trampoline after.”

Braiden looked up, all the way up, at Max and frowned. “Nah.” He said clearly, shaking his head softly for emphasis, before he turned away from Max and carried on bouncing.

Harry was the first to start laughing, joined by the others. “Please tell me you got that on tape?” Harry begged Nasta.

“I got it.” Nasta assured him with a smirk.

Max just looked gobsmacked. “Did my little boy just tell me no?” He demanded.

“I believe he said ‘nah.’” Harry informed him with a cheeky grin. “But essentially, yes, he did the equivalent of telling you to piss off and leave him to play.”

“I thought he did.” Max grimaced.

Max moved then and hunched down in front of Braiden, holding his little waist and holding him still and gaining eye contact with him.

“You can come back and play with your trampoline after you’ve had your lunch and after your nap.” He said clearly and sternly. “But now it’s time for you to eat your lunch.”

Braiden wriggled in Max’s firm hold and tried to push his big hands off of his waist, then the tears started but Max was having none of it as he picked Braiden up and carried him, wailing and crying, into the kitchen.

“We raised that boy well.” Richard sighed with an exaggerated misty look up at Myron, who rolled his eyes, but he had a smirk on his face.
“Yes, we did. Now let’s see if he can stick it through when Braiden starts a tantrum.”

Richard cackled evilly and Harry shook his head as he carried Regan into the kitchen, where Max was strapping a thrashing Braiden carefully into his highchair.

“Calm down, baby boy, you can eat and then you can go back on your trampoline.” Max told him.

“Nah!” Braiden cried out.

“If you don’t want to go back on it after lunch, then you don’t have to, but you will eat your food.” Max told him.

“Nah!”

“Leave him to me.” Harry sighed.

“No. I started this, I will finish it.” Max said stubbornly.

“What if he refuses to eat?” Harry asked worriedly.

“If he doesn’t want to eat, then he won’t eat. He’s not having anything else.”

Harry gaped at Max in horror. “He’s a baby! How can you be so cruel to him?!?”

“It’s not cruel.” Max denied. “He will learn not to mess about with his meal times and his food or he’ll go hungry. He’s not going to starve from one missed meal, Harry and it will enforce discipline and a set routine.”

“So that’s it is it? He’s a year old now, today in fact, so now he’s open to discipline?”

Nasta placed a hand on his back and nuzzled the top of his head.
“I think Max has the right of this, love.” He told him soothingly. “Braiden’s showing up and he’s throwing a tantrum, if we let him get his own way, then he will learn that if he acts up like this then he gets what he wants. We can’t let that happen.”

“But…”

“No.” Nasta told him, pulling him and Regan into a hug. “I know it’s his birthday, I want to spoil him as much as you do and of course I want him to be happy today of all days, but he doesn’t understand all the excitement, he doesn’t understand the fuss or what’s happening and if we let him get his way ‘just for today’ then he’s going to expect it tomorrow too and he’ll play up twice as much because he won’t understand why he was allowed to get away with it today and why he won’t be able to get away with it tomorrow. It’ll confuse him, love. We can spoil him and let him get his way within reason when he’s older, when he can understand that a birthday is a special occasion, but today, when he’s so young, he follows our rules and the routine we set for him.”

Harry swallowed and he nodded. He didn’t like it, but he understood and his mates were making sense. He allowed Max to be firm with Braiden, he bit his lip hard enough to draw blood to restrain himself when Braiden started crying out for him and he watched as Braiden threw an all-out tantrum, throwing his spoon, throwing his food and knocking his bowl to the floor.

“Alright, that’s enough.” Max sighed as he picked Braiden up and carried him out of the room. Harry heard him talking to Braiden as he went down the hallway. “You’ve obviously been overstimulated and over excited and you’re in need of a nap, so let’s settle you down and you can have a nice long sleep and we can try this again when you’re less grouchy.”

Harry sighed and continued feeding Calix and Regan as everyone finished off their light finger food snacks and Amelle encouraged Eleonora to eat the little tomato flavoured corn sticks.

Farren was also eating the little finger foods, very, very happy to be trying new things that were edible and with different textures to what he’d tried before.

Max came back down twenty minutes later and cleaned up the mess that Braiden had made.

“He’s fast asleep. I think all the stimulation today just overworked him and he couldn’t process it, so he needs some down time to settle himself.”

Harry nodded and he felt better knowing that Braiden had settled down and that it was likely just all the fuss and attention on him.
The quintuplets went down for their own nap an hour after lunch, but Leolin, who had slept right through the morning and through lunch, woke up just ten minutes after his brothers and sister had gone to sleep.

Harry cuddled him to his chest as he teased a newly arrived Sanex over his new girlfriend and naturally, the best friends Caesar and Sanex, teamed up on him and teased the absolute fuck out of him, claiming that his posture had been permanently altered from having a cock rammed up his arse four times a night.

Myron was almost apoplectic with rage as he overheard them both. He smacked them both upside the head and he demanded that they apologise immediately and dredge up some respect for other people.

Myron sat next to Harry, still giving Caesar and Sanex a glare, they were both grinning and trying to hide it, but not much ever got past Myron. Richard had joined them just before lunch and Harry had found the time now that his children were all taking their naps to corner him to demand details about what was going on.

“I knew Myron wouldn’t deny you anything.” He’d sighed. “He loves you far too much to deny you anything that your cute behind desires, but it’s nothing, Harry, just new evidence coming forward, that’s all. It’s nothing for you to worry about.”

Harry had almost sagged with relief and he was able to carry on with Braiden’s birthday, what he could at the moment with all the kids but Leolin being asleep. Speaking of the devil, Richard came to dump himself on Myron’s lap and the older man wrapped him up tight in his arms and kissed subtly at his neck. Harry was sure that he could only see it because he was right next to them at just the right angle to see. He hoped his relationship with all of his mates was like the one between Myron and Richard when they’d been together as long as they had.

“How is Leolin today?”

“He spoke!” Harry told everyone proudly and loudly.

“He did what?” Aneirin asked from across the room.

“Leolin said his first word yesterday.” Harry repeated.

“Are you sure you weren’t hearing things?” Aneirin said as carefully as he could, trying not to offend him, but being very sceptical at the same time.
“That’s what those four said when I told them, but then I got him to repeat it for them and they had to believe me!” Harry said with a wide grin.

Myron’s huge hand swallowed the top of Leolin’s head and he cradled it gently in his palm. “He’s coming on so well.” He praised.

Harry nodded proudly. “I also want it on the record that he said ‘Ma’ that’s all of them now. Every single one of my babies has said some variant of ‘Mum’ as their first words.”

“Duly noted.” Max winked at him.

“We think that he has some Dracken blood in him. He’s seems stronger than most Faerie babies and now he’s talking and he likes copying everything Harry does.” Nasta put in.

“He does?” Blaise asked with a frown.

Harry nodded. “Yes, we found that out after my birthday surprise. When you, Max and Draco were all fast asleep and Nasta and I sat up with Leolin as he wouldn’t sleep. He copied everything that I did, when I smiled he smiled, when I frowned, he did and when I yawned he did, I thought it was a coincidence until Nasta got me to pretend that I was sleeping and Leolin copied me, only he really went to sleep.”

“You may have a point, you’re both Drackens, he must have taken something from your genes, even if it’s a bit of added strength or robustness.” Aneirin said. He looked more relaxed and less stressed and Harry wondered if it was his work, Sanex’s new girlfriend or if he truly was that worried about Leolin.

A few hours later Harry said goodbye to everyone as he cleaned up cake from the floor, the table, the high chair trays, everywhere. His babies had loved their carrot cakes, but they’d gotten them everywhere in the attempt to eat them.

Regan had been the worst, as their baby with the least teeth, soggy, drool covered bits of cake were absolutely everywhere. Though, naturally, Leolin hadn’t had any cake, he was still struggling just to drink a whole three ounces of milk in one go.

“I swear today was an ordeal.” He groaned as he fell onto Blaise and cuddled with him.
“It was worth it to see him happy, but I’m glad birthdays are only going to be once a year.”

Harry laughed. “Love, have you forgotten that we have six babies and more on the way? In ten, twenty years, how many babies do you think we’ll have and how many birthdays do you think there will be?”

Blaise groaned. “Every other day is going to be a birthday.”

“Welcome to the circus.” Max laughed.

“Seriously, Max, did you just call our family a circus?” Draco demanded. “One of those Muggle centres that display oddities for the public to laugh at?”

“It’s an expression more than anything, love, don’t take it to heart.” Max told him, pulling him into a hug and kissed his temple softly.

Nasta was sat on the floor and he was supervising Braiden, who hadn’t stopped bouncing on his trampoline since he’d seen it after he’d woken from his nap, they’d hoped he’d have tired himself out by now, but he was still going strong.

“Is he even slightly tired yet?” Draco asked. “He’s making me tired just watching him.”

Nasta shook his head. “He stops now and then to babble, but then he starts bouncing again.”

“Can you even call it bouncing when his feet don’t leave the trampoline?” Blaise asked.

“Well it certainly isn’t jumping.” Max laughed. “But he’s definitely doing something, what else would you call it?”

“I think it’s a mix of both.” Harry said. “If he did that on a flat surface, would his feet leave the ground then? Maybe the trampoline is too stiff for him to actually bounce and this is the best he can do at the moment?”
“We’ll try it, but for now, I think he needs to calm down. I think a nice bath while someone hides his trampoline so that he can’t see it, a relaxing story and then to bed, he’s had an exciting day and if we don’t keep to his routine now, then he’s not going to sleep.” Nasta said as he placed his hands on either side of Braiden, let him bounce a few more times, giggling, before he lifted him off of the trampoline.

It took several seconds for Braiden to realise that he wasn’t being played with and that he wasn’t going back onto the trampoline. He started throwing a tantrum like he had that morning.

“I told you that thing was a bad idea.” Draco grumbled as Nasta handed him to Max, who took Braiden for a bath; Harry carried Tegan and Leolin up to bathe them too.

“He loves it though.” Blaise answered. “We can’t take it off of him now, I won’t have him upset.”

“He’s more upset being let on it and then taken off again.” Draco pointed out. “I hate seeing him upset and taking him off of that thing all the time is upsetting him more than anything else he’s had so far.”

“That’s a good thing.” Nasta told them seriously as he moved the trampoline to the corner of the room and covered it over with a blanket. “He needs to learn that not everything is always going to go his way, that we are his parents and he has to listen to us. A bit of disappointment isn’t going to hurt him and it’ll actually help him later in life.”

Nasta sat down and pulled Farren up on to his lap. Their big bruiser was sporting a very large bump on his head after he’d tried to stand, only to grab hold of a small stack of parchment and not the table. The parchment had slid from under his hand and Farren had head butted the table. It seemed that all of their children were going to be in the wars this month; his heart had never been in his throat so much as when they’d started finding their mobility, which led then to injuries.

“How’s his head?” Blaise asked concernedly.

Nasta brushed Farren’s fringe from his face and kissed his bump gently.

“Still looking sore, but I don’t think it’s causing him any pain. He doesn’t seem bothered by it.”

“He’s definitely Max son.” Blaise grinned. “No sense, no feeling.”
Draco shoved him, scowling. “Don’t say that about him! He’s just a baby.”

Blaise laughed. “It was more a dig at Max than Farren. We all know that Farren’s our tough little boy, there’s not a lot that’s going to faze him.”

Harry came back down and swapped a freshly bathed Braiden, dressed in a soft, light and clean sleepsuit. He was sucking on a pale pink dummy, already dropping his eyes closed in tiredness.

“I think the bath did him in, he’s knackered.” Harry laughed softly. “We had to take him out because we were afraid that he was going to slip under.”

Harry gave Braiden to Draco and picked up Calix and Regan to take them up to give them their bath.

“Can you listen on the monitor for Leolin please? He went straight to bed.”

Nasta nodded. “Of course, Cariad. If Braiden drops off, I’ll take him up and drop Farren off for you and Max. Then maybe we can rush the clean-up and then have a cwtch before bed.”

Harry smiled widely. “I’d love to.”

Harry took Regan and Calix up to Max who was drying Tegan off and trying to dress her. He’d thankfully let out the water and refilled the bath, so all Harry had to do was strip Calix and Regan and dunk them into the warm water before taking a soft cloth to their bodies as they laughed and squirmed in the warm water.

He and Max managed to get their children bathed, dried, dressed and bedded down easily enough and Harry collapsed onto the settee with a groan, watching as Nasta and Draco cleaned up quickly, using the odd, sparse spell.

They were done with the cleaning quickly and Max brought them all tea, even Blaise, who didn’t drink coffee after seven in the evening so that he could sleep properly at night. They sat and relaxed while they drank their tea before they checked all the windows and doors and Max sent a quick spell at their tea cups to wash and dry them and then they traipsed up to their bedroom, doing their nightly routine, dressing and chatting quietly. Harry set up the baby monitor for the nursery next door on their bedside table; he didn’t need to bother with the one for Leolin, who slept contently in his bassinet next to their bedside.
None of them were all that tired, it was still early, it being only half eight at night, but as they all climbed into bed, they were all sat up against the headboard and Nasta started the cwtch he’d promised, wrapping an arm around Draco tight before throwing his other arm around Harry and pulling them in close to his warm, naked upper body. What a glorious upper body it was too, Harry grinned as he rested the side of his face against the solid muscles of Nasta’s chest.

Blaise leaned into Harry’s side and Max threw a huge arm around Draco, managing to touch all of them at once as he snuggled down and relaxed himself, his arm going heavy over them.

“Today’s been long.” Draco sighed as he eased himself down against the pillows and lay between Nasta and Max comfortably.

“Too much excitement, too much overstimulation and too many tantrums.” Harry agreed with a nod. “And only four more months until we have to do it all again. We have Christmas and the Quintuplets’ first birthday coming up in December, just six days from one another.”

Max groaned. “We’ll never survive. Braiden will be sixteen months old by then; he should be up on his feet and walking and with how interested Regan and Calix are with moving they could be up on their feet too.”

Harry blew out a deep breath against Nasta’s nipple and closed his eyes in defeat.

“I’ll be five months pregnant at Christmas; I’ll be next to no help with chasing them down if I’m all rotund and cumbersome.”

That got him laughs and a few chuckles.

“I’m sure we can manage, we wouldn’t want you rushing around like a lunatic, not when you’ll be so heavily pregnant. We value our lives.” Max told him.

“If you value your tongue you’ll keep your mouth closed.” Harry huffed.

“Yes, Master.” Max purred.

Harry groaned tiredly. “You know what that does to me, be a good mated slave and save it for when my body doesn’t feel like it’s been trampled into the ground.”
“Yes, Master.” Max grinned.

Harry rolled his eyes and smothered a yawn into Nasta.

“Hopefully we can get back to a more normal schedule tomorrow.” Draco said sleepily. “Today was an ordeal.”

“I fully agree.” Harry said. “I hope Braiden learns to take ‘no’ better than he did today. I hope it was just all the fuss and the attention coupled with overstimulation and overtiredness. I don’t know what to think if he behaves like that every day from now on.”

“I think we’re focusing too much on the negative.” Nasta informed them. “He did learn a new word today, just because that word was no, or rather nah, doesn’t make it any less of an achievement. That he actually applied the word in the correct way, even if it was in a surprising and rebellious way, he still used it correctly. He’s growing and his brain is developing. We should be happy and thankful for this.”

“I’ll feel happy and thankful tomorrow, when I’ve had some sleep.” Blaise grumbled, a slight French twang to his words.

“Get to sleep, Blaise.”

“I’m trying, but it’s difficult with you all talking over me.” He groused.

Harry chuckled and twisted himself around more comfortably. “Alright, we get the message; we’re going to sleep now.”

Nasta slipped down and pulled Harry and Draco into his body tighter. “I’ll see you all in the morning. Max, don’t forget that you have an afternoon shift tomorrow.”

Max groaned. “I’ve gotten too used to lying around and sitting on my arse, I don’t want to go back to work.”
“At least it’s only a couple of hours in the afternoon and not a full day.” Draco tried to put the silver lining into the cloud.

“There is that.” Max murmured. “I’d still rather not go in at all.”

Harry yawned and settled down, keeping his eyes closed and his arms wrapped around Nasta, one hand touching Draco, Max’s arm heavy over his waist and Blaise a warm heat at his back, one slim, smooth hand holding onto his hip.

“Night lovers.” Max called out just as Harry was drifting into a peaceful sleep.

Everything was quiet and they didn’t have anything to worry about and nothing was pressing, they had a funeral coming up soon, they had the trial to deal with a little after that and they would have to get back into a working mentality, a working schedule yet again now that their schooling was over and done with. Draco and Blaise would want to look for jobs soon and Harry entertained the thought of a small job for himself, but maybe not just yet. He didn’t know what he wanted to do and there was really no rush at all, he was only just eighteen, he’d deal with the most pressing matters first, the unavoidable obstacles, and then he’d entertain the thought of jobs and careers, until then, he had nothing else that he needed to do, it could all wait for the morning.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: I can’t believe Braiden is a year old! Where has the time gone? Where has my newborn boy gone? A year! The quintuplets will be a year old soon too, fuck me I need a lie down!

Well that’s all for this week! Absorb the fluff of this chapter lovelies, the next chapter is the horror filled, tear jerker I promised would be coming up soon and don’t forget that you can always join me on Facebook, I’m under the name StarLight Mass and I’d love to welcome you to the page.

Until the next time lovelies, take care of yourselves and Lizzy, have a happy birthday!

StarLight Massacre. X
Poison

Chapter Notes

A/N: Chapter Warning: Please proceed with caution, some scenes of this chapter will be hard to read and may provoke an emotional reaction. It is not my intention to upset or offend anyone, I have never personally suffered such a situation or loss and I deal with grief in a way that doesn’t apply to everyone, so I’m going off what I think I would feel in such a situation coupled with what I know of the characters I’ve created for this story. Please heed this warning and read with care, especially if you know you may react badly to certain triggers.

Last Time

Everything was quiet and they didn’t have anything to worry about and nothing was pressing, they had a funeral coming up soon, they had the trial to deal with a little after that and they would have to get back into a working mentality, a working schedule yet again now that their schooling was over and done with. Draco and Blaise would want to look for jobs soon and Harry entertained the thought of a small job for himself, but maybe not just yet. He didn’t know what he wanted to do and there was really no rush at all, he was only just eighteen, he’d deal with the most pressing matters first, the unavoidable obstacles, and then he’d entertain the thought of jobs and careers, until then, he had nothing else that he needed to do, it could all wait for the morning.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighty-Three – Poison

Alexander’s birthday came and went on the twentieth of August and with it the end of the summer approached fast and Harry felt relaxed and calm as September came upon them. A far cry from this time last year when he was only just pregnant and had a two week old Braiden when they were due back in Hogwarts. Though the holiday to Guadeloupe was extraordinary and Harry didn’t think that he’d forget that holiday for as long as he lived.

The first of September had brought some bad news, but it was the morning of the fifth of September that they received the harrowing, tear stained letter from Kimberly. Alexander’s very unwell Mother, Evelyn, had passed away. Alexander was inconsolable and couldn’t stop sobbing. Harry floo called Mrs Weasley immediately and he asked her through his own tears if she could babysit for a couple of hours. The kindly woman who he saw as close to a Mother as he’d ever get readily agreed without question and bless her she came right over, still in her house apron and she took charge as Harry tried to rally around a bone white Max, who was devastated that he’d lost his great-grandmother so suddenly and out of the blue.

Harry remembered Evelyn from Alexander’s birthday party last year, he hadn’t realised that he’d met her, but when he’d been introduced to her properly at Alexander’s birthday party this year, he...
recognised her as one of the elderly ladies who had fuss ed over a newborn Braiden as they sat under a parasol eating cakes and drinking iced tea. The same group of ladies that Harry had snatched Braiden from when Draco had made a comment about them smothering Braiden and he’d flown off the handle like a fool. But Evelyn had been so lovely, so kind and generous and loving that Harry had fallen in love with her easily. It was no wonder that Alexander himself was so loving and kind and so laid back with a Mother like Evelyn and now, just as he’d been properly introduced to her, she was gone.

They flooed over to Alexander’s home, to find it full and buzzing with activity and noise. It seemed that the entire Maddison brood had turned out…there were no children in sight.

Max forced his way through his family members to find Alexander sobbing hysterically on the settee and Max sat down heavily next to him and dragged his Grandfather into a hug, sobbing himself.

Harry didn’t know what to do, they already had one funeral to attend this month, Severus Snape’s, now they’d have yet another one, a more personal funeral and Harry swallowed hard. He hated seeing any of his mates upset, he hated it more if they started crying, but seeing Max’s devastated face as he received the news of Evelyn’s death was the worst thing in the world.

Harry was at a loss for what to do, he’d never really had to deal with someone else’s loss, only his own and he knew that what he found helpful, might be the worst thing possible for someone else. The closest that he’d come in this sort of situation was helping to comfort Nasta and Blaise when the subject of parents came up, Nasta having lost his Mother and sister and Blaise losing his Father, but he hadn’t been there for the initial loss. He’d never had to see anything like this, but he remembered feeling this way when he’d lost Sirius. He remembered the shock and devastation that that had made him feel and he went light headed with the mere thought that that was how Max was feeling right now.

He breathed in deeply and he turned away from the room of grief and huddled into Draco, it broke his heart to see so many people whom he loved and cared about hurting so much.

He could see Cassander and Julius, Keanu and Enrique just behind them and Lydia and a pregnant Shae. All of them were crying and Shae was openly sobbing. Xerxes, the oldest of them, was dealing with his grief differently. He was standing tall and strong, his mouth a severe line and his fists were clenched tightly. He was angry and Harry recognised that type of grief as his own. He’d gotten angry in public at any and every one and he’d sobbed on his own in private where no one could see or hear him.

Harry slipped away from Draco and made his way over to Xerxes and he touched him lightly, flinching back automatically as Xerxes turned sharply to him, one fist raised. He had reacted the same when Dudley had interrupted his grieving once, and he had recognised the tight tension in Xerxes’ shoulders, thrumming all the way down his straining arms to his tightly clenched fists.

“I’m sorry, Harry.” Xerxes grumbled. “I’m not the best company right now. I didn’t mean to frighten you.”

Harry smiled wanly. “I know. You didn’t frighten me though; I knew you’d react like you did. I was the same when my Godfather died. I felt like I could take on the world in a bare knuckled blood bath and that was before I knew that I was a Dracken and that I’d have claws to help me.”
Xerxes looked down at him and gave him a grimace that was mostly a pained smirk and he pulled him into a hug. He was almost Myron’s twin, despite the age difference. Xerxes definitely looked older, but he was also a few inches shorter than his youngest sibling.

“Only you have been able to get a smile from me today.” Xerxes said with a shake of his head. “Even my own mate, Holly, has avoided me since I got the news. She doesn’t know how to handle me when I’m like this.”

“Lucky for you both that I do.” Harry said. “We grieve in the same way it seems.”

“Have you…are you better? I can’t seem to shake it off, my sisters, my brother, my own children and now my grandmother. It’s all just piling on top.”

Harry laughed humourlessly. “No. I’m not better by a long shot. It never goes away.”

“How long…?”

“Over three years now and if I think about it too much or if I allow myself to wallow, then it feels like I’m drowning in the grief.” Harry admitted. “But that said, the pain of it does get better. It may never go away, but it…lessens. It becomes less sharp. You just have to get over the initial loss, but then I wasn’t allowed to grieve naturally, so maybe it’s just the two of us stuck in this angry stage of grief.”

“You weren’t?” Xerxes said with a frown.

Harry shook his head. “I had lost my Godfather, I’d killed someone, actually killed someone and I was just fifteen. Instead of grieving for Sirius and getting therapy for killing Voldemort, I was thrust into the limelight. I had interviews left and right, I had people looking to me for strength and guidance that I couldn’t possibly give them when all I wanted to do was curl up and cry. The strain of it was immense, the pressure was incredible and I had to stand under that on my own, while inwardly grieving my loss, putting a face on for the public and crying myself to sleep while in private. I was always angry, I wanted to punch everyone who came near me, I wanted to cry and rage at everyone who congratulated me, I still feel like that when random strangers approach me, but you learn to deal with it.”

“I had no idea.” Xerxes muttered. “I knew you were always thrust into the papers and in front of
reporters until you went home for the summer, but you looked so...so...

“Happy? Normal? I made myself look like that for the pictures, but inside I was stabbing out all of their eyes so that they couldn’t look at me, so they couldn’t see me when all I wanted was to rage and scream and cry at them to leave me well enough alone. I destroyed half of my possessions and some of Dumbledore’s too. I was just so angry.”

“Did you ever harm yourself?” Xerxes asked curiously.

Harry shook his head. “Not purposefully, there were a few incidences of cutting my hands and fingers when I was picking up all my broken stuff after my rage and I punched a few walls and doors and I almost broke my foot kicking my trunk, but no, nothing where I consciously thought ‘oh this is sharp, I want to hurt myself with it.’ I’ve never thought of suicide either, in case that was your next question. My mates already asked me that before. Have you ever hurt yourself?”

Xerxes sighed. “When I was much younger. I was twenty-one when I mated to Holly. I’m her only dominant and I tried my very best for her and our children. We had our first son, John, with no problems, then Hannah and Joel came along and everything was perfect, then the problems started. I don’t know what changed or what happened, but Holly started miscarrying. Seven now, but the first baby after Joel was…was stillborn and I…” Xerxes sighed heavily and looked off into space. “I was so strong for Holly, comforting her, protecting her like a good dominant should, but I needed a release myself, I needed comfort and relief from the pain in my heart. I found that release with cutting spells. It was always my upper arms, never my wrists; it wasn’t about killing myself, I would never have left my submissive and our children alone, it was just about the release of the sorrow and anger that I felt that I couldn’t show in my need to be strong for Holly. Needless to say I sought out professional help when I realised that what I was doing wasn’t healthy, then my Father found out and he all but wiped the floor with me, but by then I had already stopped and had gotten onto the road to recovery. It was all over and sorted quickly when I had his help and I was better able to then deal with the miscarriages after that. Holly hasn’t had a heat period in ten years now. I think her Dracken realises that one more miscarriage or stillbirth will destroy her.”

“That’s so sad.” Harry said sympathetically, looking up at Xerxes with his mouth puckered, trying to keep from crying.

Xerxes smirked anyway, knowing exactly what that face meant, and threw a huge arm around him and pulled him into a tight hug. It was hard to believe that he was a seventy year old man with the strength that Harry felt running through his muscles, but he was steadily coming to understand Dracken physiology and the difference between what he had grown up thinking an old man was, to what an old man meant in Dracken terms.

Alexander was ninety-three now, he was so strong, his back was unbent and his knees didn’t shake. He could run and jump, laugh until he had to hunch over and he was as energetic as Harry himself
was at eighteen, perhaps more so at the moment because he was always so tired what with being pregnant and looking after six young babies.

“Holly and I have both made our peace with it, Harry and we love the three children that we have got, even though our oldest is now forty-eight and doesn’t need us as much. John is actually only four years younger than my youngest brother Myron.”

Harry chuckled at that. Myron must feel so strange, having a nephew who was only four years his junior, but then how did he feel knowing that Xerxes was fifteen years older?

“You remind me a lot of Myron. You’re both calm and strong.”

“It doesn’t help that we look like mirror images of one another.” Xerxes chuckled. “But naturally as the elder, I’m also the better looking.”

Harry grinned and had a little chuckle with Xerxes. He was glad that he could make the older man laugh and feel less rage and overwhelming anger. He knew from his own experience with grief that if he laughed, even just a little, then he felt a lot better afterwards and he couldn’t even begin to understand the type of pain that Xerxes must have been in to lose so many babies, to lose a brother and two sisters and now to lose his Grandmother, a beloved Grandmother it seemed, apparently very suddenly, despite her being unwell for some time, it was just too much to bear thinking about. Evelyn had seemed so strong at Alexander’s birthday party, if a bit pale and tired, but certainly not so close to death as to just die out of the blue only two weeks later.

She had delighted in the babies that he’d not only allowed her to see, but had encouraged her to hold and cuddle, introducing them properly as half of the submissives had clutched their babies to their breasts, though another exception, like him, had been Shae, who was a born Maddison, not to mention that she had fourteen children and was pregnant yet again, she couldn’t hold them all, but she didn’t even try as she set them free on the garden and the other guests, only several of them were young, a few were still babies, but Shae’s oldest children were well into their teenaged years and were very well behaved...well, mostly well behaved.

Evelyn had thoroughly enjoyed herself however, being allowed to hold and play with babies and children, even if it was only Harry and Shae allowing it, though Amelle did let Evelyn hold Eleonora, but being pregnant, just a month and a half from carrying to term, it was hard for her to not hover over her baby girl. Evelyn had seemed so strong and so full of life and lustre at the party, laughing and joking and giving him, Shae and Amelle tips on how to handle their dominant mates which had had all four of them laughing hysterically with actual tears running down their faces, it was hard to believe that just two weeks later she was dead; it was a surprise and not a good one.
Draco and Nasta had gone back home, they couldn’t leave Mrs Weasley with all six of their babies all day and expect her to look after them fully, but Harry and Blaise stayed with Max, among the grieving adults. Blaise tried to do what he could, helping Harry make tea and coffee and then all but forcing the Maddisons to drink them, but he was still uncomfortable in this situation. He had lost his Father, but like Harry it had been before he’d even known him.

Harry had tried to comfort Max, but his mate had shrugged him off viciously, which had hurt, but Harry understood. He had shrugged his friends off sometimes when he was upset too, when he hadn’t wanted any fuss or anyone to talk or comfort him, when he’d just wanted to think and remember. He understood, he really did, but it still hurt.

He was seven weeks pregnant now, just five days from being a full two months pregnant. He would be going for his first scan soon. He was already booked in with the Healer at St Mungos, but before then he had five Dragon Pox vaccinations to oversee.

His quintuplets were eight and a bit months old and Braiden was twelve and a bit months old. They would need their Dragon Pox vaccines and then a few days later he would be going for his first scan of this pregnancy. He rubbed his belly gently, foolishly he was trying to feel the babies within, despite knowing that he wouldn’t be able to feel anything for months ahead yet, he just couldn’t stop himself from doing it, he couldn’t have another set of quintuplets, hell he couldn’t have quadruplets, he just couldn’t handle so many young babies. He prayed for just the one.

“Are you well, Harry?” Myron asked him.

Myron had turned up to the grieving party shortly after they themselves had arrived. His eyes were red rimmed, not like he had been crying but more like he was preventing himself from crying and holding his tears back with as much force as he could muster, which was then irritating his eyes.

“Fine.” Harry said quietly, but his throat was constricted with tears that he wouldn’t let fall.

Myron sighed and pulled him into a hug.

“Max doesn’t deal well with grief.” Myron told him softly. “He doesn’t like being upset; he’s too much of an insufferable happy person. He doesn’t like anyone making a fuss over him and I know, as his mate, that that will be the first thing that you’ll want to do, but just let him get it all out on his own first and then when he’s calmed down and he feels empty, then he’ll need some comfort to make him feel more like himself again.”

Harry nodded, brushing his tears away. This wasn’t about him. It was about Max. Myron was right, the only thing that he wanted to do was comfort Max, but that wasn’t what his mate wanted or needed, it was what he himself needed and this couldn’t be about him, it had to be about Max.
“I understand.” Harry said, sniffling to get himself back under control.

“You can take comfort yourself, Harry, you knew her too and it just so happens that when I grieve I need someone to take care of before I have a complete breakdown. I usually use Richard and Ashleigh, but Richard is in work and Ashleigh is trying to talk Julinda out of taking her from her birth certificate, I need to feel needed and useful in order to process and deal with my own loss, will you let me help you and in turn help myself?”

Harry nodded and Myron pulled him back into rest on his chest and Harry couldn’t prevent the tears that started falling again as he cried. He cried for Evelyn, he cried for Alexander and Max and Myron and Xerxes and all of the Maddisons who were so devastated by the loss of Evelyn. He cried away his fear of the coming trial, the uncertainty over his pregnancy, the nerves he felt at dealing with having more children. He cried out the stress of Ashleigh’s stubbornness, for the confusion with Remus and the baby godson that he’d never met and he let Myron comfort him all through it, let him hold him and touch him, the older man taking comfort from helping him through his tears. He fell asleep on Myron feeling drained, worn and raw, but so much better and lighter for drawing out all of the poison that had been weighing him down for the last several months.

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When Harry woke up he didn’t know where he was or what had happened or how he’d gotten to where he was.

He was on a bed, he could see that much, but he didn’t recognise the bedroom he was in or any of the scents around him.

Confused and on high alert, he inhaled deeply and then deeper again when he couldn’t decipher anything. He slipped from the bed and pulled on his Dracken to break the surface of his body and he shifted himself to his Dracken form. He didn’t like this.

A hand fell to his pregnant belly, still flat and not showing just yet and he growled softly. They had to protect their unborn clutch by any means necessary.

He inhaled as deeply as he could and held the air inside his lungs as he tried to pick up on any scents on the lingering air, but his head felt like it was stuffed with cotton wool and the skin on his face was tight and itchy. He couldn’t remember what had happened to him, his memories were blank. He didn’t like this at all.

He moved carefully to the door and tried the handle. It was unlocked and there was no magic on it or the surrounding area. He pulled open the door onto an unfamiliar landing with an unfamiliar colour scheme. He didn’t recognise anything. There were no windows.

The corridor seemed to go on forever and there were open doors on either side that showed rooms identical to the one that he had woken up in, there were no windows.

The corridor carried on and on, it twisted and turned, on and on until he rounded a final corner and
came out onto a balcony landing that overlooked a spiralling, square staircase that wrapped like a block around the wall, going down and down into the depths of an unknown manor house.

He listened hard and inhaled deeply, but he couldn’t hear anything and he couldn’t smell anything. He carefully made his way down the stairs, picking his way down each step, keeping his back to the wall as he wound his way down each carefully measured stair. He couldn’t hear anything, he couldn’t see anything and he couldn’t smell anything. Where were his mates? His children? What had he been doing before he’d gone to sleep? Why had he been left in an unfamiliar place, surely his mates wouldn’t have left him, especially not when he was pregnant, where were they?

He wanted to call out to them, but he didn’t even know if they were here, he couldn’t smell them, what if they weren’t here and whoever was here heard him and got to him first while he was unprotected? He swallowed around a dry mouth and tried to figure out a plan. If he could find a window then he could fly away, but everywhere was dark, there didn’t seem to be any windows at all in this place and he felt panic claw at him, the walls closing in before he shook it off and calmed himself down. He was good at dealing with this sort of pressure, he could deal with this sort of situation, he’d done it a thousand times...only when he reached up his sleeve for his wand he found it missing.

He searched his whole body, but his wand had definitely been removed. Then he panicked. He was no good at wandless spells, he couldn’t do it consciously! He’d only managed it a handful of times and none of them had been intentional or controlled.

Moving faster down the stairs, he hoped to find a door, anything that led to the outside, but the staircase kept going on and on, down and down and with every flight of stairs, his panic grew, his footsteps quickening until he was all but running down the stairs. He stopped to catch his ragged breath, hand on his pregnant belly, a stitch in his side and his lungs burning from lack of oxygen.

He didn’t know what to do, he was torn. He wanted his mates, he needed them, but he couldn’t call out for fear that someone was here. He had a feeling that someone was here and that that someone meant to cause him harm, but he couldn’t get out, there didn’t seem to be any sort of exit here.

He inhaled deeply and tried to find any scents, anything at all, but nothing he recognised came to him, the winding staircase made him blind at every corner as he couldn’t see far before a wall cut off his sight. He was trapped in an unfamiliar place, with no wand, no protection, with no windows and no exit, pregnant and on his own without anyone around him, where were his mates? What had happened? Had he been drugged? He thought as he rubbed at his itchy eyes and tried to think past his cotton wool stuffed head. He looked down the stairs as far as he could, but he couldn’t see an end, what sort of magic was this?

A noise behind him on the stairs had his eyes widening as he realised his mistake too late and he spun around to see what had snuck up behind him only for him to scream as he caught sight of what had been following him, stalking him through the house and down the stairs, and he leapt backwards in horror and fright, only to tumble down the endless flights of stairs, the vile creature behind him following with a manic grin, just waiting for his battered body to come to rest to claim him, and quite possibly his unborn baby, as his prize.

Harry was ripped from sleep in a cold sweat, panicked and finding it difficult to breathe, his face and eyes were tight and itchy and his head felt like it was stuffed with cotton wool, his memory was blank and softly fuzzy and when he calmed enough to look around himself, he found that he was on the very same bed that he’d been on in his dream, in the very same windowless room and he screamed in distress. He screamed until he thought that his throat might tear and his eardrums would burst.
In his panic he saw the door and refused to even go near it, instead he turned and ripped the
tapestries and fabrics from the walls, one of them had to be hiding a window, it had to! He heard
pounding feet and his fear leapt up another level. The monster on the stairs was running to come
and get him instead of stalking him through the house. It was coming for him and his unborn
clutch!

He screamed in severe distress, his voice breaking as he held the call for as long as he possibly
could before his shrivelled lungs demanded air as he pulled down another floor length piece of
heavy fabric and his heart almost burst as he found the window at last. He flung it open, thankful
that it wasn’t locked, and as the footfalls came louder down the corridor, getting nearer and nearer
to him, he flung himself out of the window and into the open air. Into freedom.

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Flying wasn’t so bad, he decided as his powerful wings beat the air in fast, rapid strokes. He’d
stopped calling as soon as he hit the air and his wings had unfurled, twisting around and flying off
over the roof so that the monster couldn’t see him through the window he’d uncovered.

It was peaceful out here, there was nothing to worry about, nothing to do but fly, he had nothing to
do and no one to look after. It was just him, the white, fluffy wisps of cloud below him, the endless
blue sky ahead and the burning sun that felt amazing on his scales and wings.

He had outsmarted his captor, the monster from his nightmares, and he was free. He was following
the ingrained scents that his children had left on his mind at their birth and he was following the
almost minute directions that he could pick up on. He was going back to his mates and his children.
His captor would not be able to fight off his mates, they were too strong and too powerful, they
would protect him, he knew it.

The only problem was that he was getting tired. He’d been flying for an hour or more now and he
ached fiercely, the strain on his wing joints especially was almost excruciating by now and he was
hungry and in need of a good, long drink of cool water, but he still had a way to go yet and he
couldn’t stop. What if the monster caught up to him when he was resting and still so far away from
his protectors?

Just the thought of the monster on the stairs had him beating his wings yet faster, despite how very
tired he was and how much his muscles protested. He wanted his home nest, he wanted his mates
and he wanted to hug his children, especially his Faerie baby. He rested a hand on his pregnant
belly as his whole body rose and fell rhythmically with every beat of his wings. It was almost
soothing, a balm to the panic and fear that he’d felt an hour or so ago. He never wanted to feel like
that again, he never wanted to see such a sight again. He wished now that he had killed the
monster, so that he might sleep easily, but he had been too panicked, too distressed, his first
thought to his unborn clutch and the fall he’d had down the stairs in his dream. He couldn’t risk his
clutch, better to draw the monster out and have his mates kill it rather than take the risk upon
himself and lose his unborn clutch and maybe his own life too. It was too great a risk and he
trusted his mates to deal with the monster, he trusted them to protect him and their children with
their very lives.

He was covered in a sheen of dewy sweat when he finally reached the place that his inner
navigation system was telling him was his home nest, the place where his mates and children
were…only he could smell his children, but not his mates.
Panic gripped him yet again at the thought that maybe the monster had beaten him here, that the monster had taken his children hostage and he landed quickly with that thought, panic tearing through him as he ripped the door from its hinges and rushed into a more familiar setting, he recognised this place, the smells, the sights, he knew where he was.

He rushed to his children to find them with four humans. He hissed dangerously and he could smell the fear pouring off of them. It was so potent that he could almost taste it on the back of his tongue.

“Mama!”

He advanced and chased the humans away from his babies, one step at a time. He flared his wings in warning; he snapped his jaws at them and bared his teeth as they tried to slip out of his home nest. Were they working for the monster? Were they here for his children? Where the fuck were his mates and why had they left their children alone and unprotected like they’d done to him?!

He picked up the baby who had called out to him and he nuzzled his child, inhaling his scent deeply to make sure that these humans hadn’t hurt him. His little child clutched at him as if terrified and it made him growl deeply, he felt his venom secrete then, with just the thought that his child had been hurt or scared and he twittered to him comfortingly, placing him down and turning his attention to the humans, baring his coated teeth at them. Their fear racked up another level as a glob of venom welled up over his bottom lip and dripped off of his chin. They knew what he was and what his venom could do to them.

The male human had bravely stepped in front of the three female humans; he had a stick in his hand like a weapon. He cocked his head slightly, more venom leaking from his mouth at the action, he remembered this human male from his last birthing, he remembered the stick that shot hot sparks at him too, almost blinding him. He growled dangerously. This was twice now that this human male had threatened him and his children and he wasn’t going to stand for it. He wouldn’t live to do it a third time.

One of the human females squawked loudly in distress and he snarled. She was calling for backup; he couldn’t protect all six of his children by himself, he was pregnant too, he couldn’t handle this himself. He let out his own distress call, louder and longer than the human female and he felt his mates rumble back to him, they weren’t too far away from him now and he trilled at them to hurry them along. They knew he was pregnant; they would be here to protect him soon.

He gathered all of his children up, they had gone still and silent from his first snarl, he had very clever children; they knew not to move and not to make a sound, that this was a dangerous time and he needed them to be as still and as quiet as possible.

He got them all behind him and put them down, letting out a soft rumble for them to stay where they were before he straightened up and glared at the humans, who had slipped further towards the door while he had been gathering up his children to better protect them.

He stalked forward; if they worked for the monster then they had to die.

“Harry, please. Let’s not do this again.” The male human jabbered at him nervously.
He growled and he smelt salt water, one of the human females was crying. He bared his teeth again and hissed; darting forward only to be stopped by sparks. He swiped at the human male warningly as he rubbed his face free of the sting from the sparks, watching the human male as he backed the three women up to the back of the room, still using himself as a fronted shield.

A whooshing noise had him swinging around, but it was too late. He was tackled to the floor and he screamed in distress, thinking that the monster had grabbed him, only for him to smell an unmated dominant Dracken. His thoughts flew immediately to his unborn baby and the fall he’d just taken…was this Dracken trying to kill his cutch to impregnate him with his own? He screamed louder in distress and fought back harder, it was not going to happen, not while he still lived.

He dug his claws in and clenched his jaws tight around the nearest body part that he could find, he would have liked the neck or throat, but he got a wrist instead and he bit down, clenching his jaws together rapidly and repeatedly until he felt his teeth grate on bone and then he worked his jaw back and forth, over and over, depositing his venom into the blood stream and into his attacker’s very wrist bone causing the Dracken above him to yell out in absolute agony. His attacker tried to yank his arm back, used his fingers to try and pry his mouth from his wrist, but he refused to unclamp his teeth as he sunk his claws deep into whatever flesh he could to keep his prey where he wanted it, pushing more venom into his body from his claws, secreting more and more venom as he wrestled with the Dracken above him, feeling the excess liquid numbing his lips as it dribbled out of his mouth and rested on his face.

One of his babies cried out and that was all it took to get him to let go of his prey as he scrambled out of the tangle of limbs that he and his attacker had become and he rushed to where he had left his children and he rammed a balled up fist into the face of the new threat, another unmated dominant Dracken, that had been holding his little boy. He caught his baby around the waist and snarled as ferociously as he could manage to get the threat to back away from his babies as he stood protectively in front of them, his fifth born child nuzzling into his shirt, calling for him.

A familiar scent entered his home nest then and he called out, a soft cooing roar and then comforting arms were around him, large wings wrapped around him, shielding him, comforting him and out of sight, he turned and buried himself into his mate’s chest and clung to him, rumbling and growling, telling his mate how afraid he had been and how glad that he was now that he was finally here.

He smelt all of his mates around him, heard their reassuring rumbles and then he was released to be held and nuzzled by his three other mates as his top dominant turned to get rid of the Dracken and human threats in their home nest.

Only when they were alone did he start calming down and as he calmed down, the tears came. He cried and cried until his human form washed over him and then he bawled his eyes out, safe in the arms of his mates in their home nest with all six of his babies around him and completely safe.

He didn’t think about anything, he just got rid of his pain and his fear and the anguish he still felt over the events of the last few hours with his cleansing tears and when he had no more tears left to cry, he stood resting, tired and bonelessly on who he thought might have been his second mate and he felt and thought nothing. He just stood there against his mate, the three others around him.

“Harry?” Someone called out. “Harry?!”
He blinked and turned to look at the noise, staring blankly at his top dominant who was stood with such concern and worry on his face, but the threat was gone now, there was nothing to be worried over yet, unless they already knew about the monster.

“Do you want to talk about it?”

Harry blinked.

“How do you remember how to talk?” His top dominant asked him gently.

“He’s been in Dracken form for hours, Nasta; it’s his first distress shift where he hasn’t calmed down immediately or shortly afterward. It’s going to take a while for him to get recalibrated.”

Nasta nodded. “I suspected as much. Harry, do you want to go to sleep?”

He understood that and he felt his eyes widen at that very suggestion and his hands balled up tight into the shirt under his hands.

“Alright, love, no sleeping.” Nasta soothed him, petting his hair gently to calm him down.

His mates got him sitting down on a soft seat and they helped him to drink a liquid from something they called a cup, he recognised it, though he didn’t remember how to drink from a cup, so he instead used the tip of his tongue like a cat to drink the warm liquid, but he was calming down more, relaxing more as his mates touched and soothed him, though their worry was like a sharp blade underneath their care and love.

He fell asleep without meaning to and his mates covered him over and tucked him in, never straying far from him just in case he woke up again as they fixed up the house and checked on their napping children and had a hell of a lot of floo calls to receive and take care of.

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Nasta rubbed his face with his hands as he made sure that his older brother, Sanex was alright. This was the second time that Sanex had come up against a feral Harry in Dracken form and twice he
had come perilously close to dying, only this time Max’s three younger sisters had been in the house with him.

Max’s Uncle, Cepheus, was being cared for after the surprising amount of damage that Harry had done to him after he’d heard and reacted to the distress calls from Alayla. The bite to his wrist was very bad and very, very deep, it had gone down to the bone apparently, which had been chipped and fractured by the force of Harry’s bite and his four fangs, which had gone into the bone and infected it with his venom and it was taking some expert medical treatment from an actual Dracken Healer to fix it, yet Cepheus was still fevered, hallucinating and talking gibberish. The expert Dracken Healer from the Counsel was unsure whether he would live or not, Harry’s venom had not only gotten into his blood circulation, but had been deposited into his bone too, which was spreading to other bones like a poison. Even if he lived he might never have the full use of his hand again.

Nasta had never felt so much fear for anyone in his life than when he’d heard the highest pitch of Harry’s distress call and then when they’d reached the bedroom he’d been in only to find him missing. He’d honestly thought that someone had taken him, his pregnant submissive mate.

The fear and the panic he’d felt as he tried to follow Harry’s scent, the destruction of the bedroom he had been placed in to rest. None of them had given up for a moment as they called in the back up, as they called in all of their family members to help search for Harry. They had left Sanex, Julinda, Talia and Alayla at their home to look after their children as they searched for an, assumed, abducted Harry.

He had gone half crazed in his need to find him; he couldn’t get the echoes of Harry’s distress call out of his mind. Harry had never called out in such a state of distress and fear before, it made him ache to tear into something, knowing that someone had put Harry into such a state of distress as to give a call such as he had.

Nasta looked to Harry now, sleeping peacefully, Blaise sat right by him just in case and everything seemed fine, but he knew what was lurking beneath all of their minds, in their hearts. They needed to know what had happened to Harry, what had made him scream in so much panic, fear and distress and where he had gone, what had happened to the bedroom and who had hurt him so badly.

Nasta’s fists clenched and he took another gulp of green tea. It was laced with calming draught that Max had snuck into all of their cups of tea, to keep them all from shifting and going out to claw up any and everyone their Drackens even suspected of hurting Harry, they needed both the tea and the calming draught and he knew it, Max knew it too which is why he had laced all of their tea with calming draught, courtesy of his potions stash; Draco had gulped his tea down in just four large swallows, somehow just knowing that it contained a calming draught and knowing that he needed it, but then, after Max, he was the expert on potions, so Nasta wasn’t all that surprised that Draco knew that the tea contained a calming draught.

“How are you feeling?”

Nasta turned to look at Max and gave him a small, wry smile. “That should be my line.” He said gruffly.
Max had been in a state before Harry had gone missing. He’d just lost his beloved great-grandmother and then hours later he lost his submissive mate…his pregnant submissive mate, from his own Grandfather’s house no less, when he’d been right there, just down a couple flights of stairs.

“I’m fine. Calming draughts work a treat.” Max said, pulling a face.

Nasta sighed and pulled Max into a long, lingering hug. “We’ll sort this and we’ll find out what happened, we just need Harry to remember how to talk and to come back into his human self before he talks to us.”

“What if he doesn’t want to talk about it?” Blaise wondered aloud.

“I’m sure he will.” Nasta answered. “Something happened and whatever it was, it was bad. I’ve never heard him call in such distress before and from the way he was sobbing earlier, something happened to absolutely terrify him.”

“I just want to know how anyone knew that Harry would be at my Grandfather’s house.” Max said. “He’s distraught thinking that Harry was kidnapped because of him.”

“I’m more concerned with who knew that the Maddisons are Drackens.” Nasta said darkly. “Was it a coincidence? Was it just Harry they were after because of who he is and what he’s done in his past? Or were they poachers who somehow knew that the Maddison family are Drackens and lay in wait for the first opportunity they could get to snatch a suspected Dracken?”

Max bit his lip. “My Dad had the same thought, but Oliver was on his own in the library, Kyra was alone in the attic and Philip was actually out in the garden, if they wanted a Maddison Dracken, why not snatch one of them? Why Harry?”

“Oliver and Philip are large men.” Draco answered gruffly. “Kyra is visibly a dominant. From what I know of these poachers, they prefer submissive Drackens. Easier to work with and easier to overpower and manhandle and Harry is obviously a submissive and he was sleeping at the time, it would have been easier to snatch him groggy and half asleep than to try and overpower an awake and alert dominant.”

Nasta’s hands clenched at the logic in that and he snarled before he could stop himself. Harry let out a soft rumble and turned in his sleep towards Blaise.
“How did he get away though?” Blaise asked softly.

“We need to ask him when he’s awake.” Max answered. “It’s very rarely that a Dracken can get away from poachers unscathed and virtually never without any sort of outside help. They know they can’t take a Dracken one on one, so they make sure they have the numbers to overcome us before they even consider approaching a Dracken.”

“How did they get off the Maddison property, with Harry, without any of us noticing them?” Nasta asked. “If Harry was calling for us, then he was awake enough to know what was happening and he was scared. We know that from his call. He would have fought them, he would have shifted and fought them, how did they fight him, overpower him and get him out of that room before the Maddison family, who were just down a few flights of stairs, reached it?”

Max groaned in frustration, but when the floo flared and a voice called out from the fireplace, he got onto his knees to talk softly, keeping the family updated on what had happened, but no one knew anything, there were more questions than answers and those questions wouldn’t start to be answered until Harry woke up.

Harry woke up slowly and he frowned as he blinked open his eyes and he was surprised to see the ceiling of his living room. It wasn’t often that he fell asleep downstairs and not in the middle of the day either, which the sun through the front window seemed to indicate. He sat up and stretched and opened his eyes to see Blaise staring at him.

“What’s the matter?” Harry asked, frowning harder as his throat was dry and sore.

“Are you alright?” Blaise asked, leaning in to nuzzle at him.

“I feel a bit fuzzy and a little sore, but otherwise I’m okay. I need a drink though.”

“Max! Harry needs tea.”

“Is Max here? I thought he’d be at Alexander’s.”
Nasta rushed in, Draco not far behind him and they held Harry tightly, Blaise squashed to him by Nasta’s unyielding arm. Max came in only moments later with tray of tea. He’d already been making the tea when Blaise had shouted to him.

“How are you feeling?” Nasta pulled back to ask.

“Fine. A bit fuzzy and sore, like I told Blaise, but otherwise I’m fine.”

“Here, this has a bit of calming draught in it.” Max said as he handed Harry a cup of his favourite honey tea. Max was an expert at making it perfectly now.

Harry looked at him a little strangely, but he drank it anyway and felt the calming effects hit him almost immediately and the built up tension in his shoulders melted away and he couldn’t hold back the pleasurable sigh as his whole body relaxed.


“With what?” Harry frowned as he lowered his tea cup.

Nasta sighed. “What's the last thing that you remember?”

Harry pursed his lips as he thought back, the action harder than it should have been, which confused him, but he eventually found the memory he wanted. “We were at Alexander’s house, I fell asleep on Myron and then I woke up here. What’s going on?”

“You don’t remember anything that happened after you fell asleep?”

“No, I was asleep, how do you expect me to remember?” Harry deadpanned sarcastically.

“You woke up before you did just now, Harry.” Max told him gently. “You woke up at my Granddad’s. You fell asleep here after you almost killed my sisters and Sanex again.”
“Don’t tell him that!” Blaise hissed angrily as he wrapped his arms around Harry’s shoulders protectively, as if he could shield Harry from what he’d just heard, but Max had jogged something in his memory and he frowned as he explored these memories that were, as far as he could tell, from when he was in his Dracken form.

“I went feral.” He said softly. “I…don’t…I didn’t mean it. I didn’t recognise any of them, I just… I was scared and I was so happy to be home and I thought that you’d all be here, but I only scented our children and I panicked when there were humans around them. I thought…I thought the humans were trying to hurt my babies or trying to take them from me. I couldn’t allow it.”

“We understand, Harry, everyone understands.”

“Someone attacked me. A Dracken. I bit him.”

“Cepheus. He’s going to be…fine.” Max said more than a bit strained.

Harry shook his head. “He’s not. I wanted him dead. I bit right down to the bone and still I didn’t stop, I was trying to bite his hand off and I didn’t want to let go. Oh god, what have I done?”

“It’s not your fault, Harry and Ceph might be fine. He’s got one of the Counsel’s Healer’s with him.” Max assured him.

“Do you remember what happened before you arrived at the house?” Nasta prompted.

“I was flying.” Harry nodded as he took comfort from Blaise who was still holding him. “I…I think I flew all the way here. I remember thinking that I needed to land to have a rest, but…but I was scared in case…in case I was caught up and captured when I was still away from you all.”

“Caught by whom?” Draco asked him desperately.

“The monster.” Harry replied with a swallow.

“The monster?” Draco prompted.
Harry nodded before he stopped, his stomach dropped and he felt completely empty. He flushed heavily when he realised exactly what had happened and why. He buried his face in his hands.

“I think I need a mind Healer.” He told his mates softly. “Or at the very least I need to talk to someone.”

“Talk to us.” Nasta encouraged.

“I need a professional.” Harry insisted.

“Whatever you think happened…whatever those people did to you, we’ll get through it.” Max soothed him.

“That’s just the point, no one did anything to me.” Harry whispered. “It was all me. This is my fault and I need help or it’s going to happen again.”

“What…what do you mean, Harry?”

“I had a nightmare.” Harry admitted bitterly. “Everything that’s happened…it stemmed from one nightmare.”

“A nightmare?” Max asked incredulously, his anger flaring up. “My Uncle Cepheus is going to die over a goddamned nightmare?!”

Harry flinched and clenched his hands together. “I said that I didn’t mean to do it.”

“Do you think that’s going to matter at all to Cepheus?!”

“Max, stop it.” Nasta ordered harshly.

Max’s jaw clamped shut with the full order from his top dominant, but he growled instead, turned
on his heel and then stormed over to the fireplace. He threw a handful of floo powder into the flames and then left them.

“He’s just upset over Evelyn dying.” Blaise insisted, holding him tighter, his fingers digging almost painfully into his shoulders.

Harry shook his head. “I need help. These nightmares are getting worse and if I did all of this from one nightmare, then what happens the next time I have one? Will I hurt you the next time? Myself? What if I hurt our children?! I can’t live like this. I need help…immediately.”

“Can you talk to us first?” Nasta asked him. “I just want what’s best for you, I want to help you; I want to understand what happened. What monster were you talking about?”

“The monster from my nightmare.” Harry told him ashamedly. “I thought it was actually real and I panicked. I actually believed that it was real even after I had woken up, Nasta!”

“What did it look like?”

“Like all of my fears rolled into one.” Harry explained. “It had strange legs, in a dress that I think I saw at the last Dracken meeting; it had my Uncle’s upper body and Voldemort’s head. But it… Leolin’s face was in its chest, like he’d been sucked into the body of the monster. It’s getting worse, Nasta, I need help. I thought it was real, I actually, honestly thought that that thing was real and I completely lost my mind and the ability to think rationally. I destroyed the room that I was in because I actually believed that there were no windows in the house, I believed that I was trapped there like I was in my nightmare and I went bat shit crazy because of it.”

“You were scared, Harry, people believe all sorts of things when they’re scared. You aren’t going crazy.”

“I’ve lost Max! He’s gone! What else am I supposed to think?”

“You haven’t lost him. He’s grieving.”

“They’re all going to hate me for attacking Cepheus, I know it, I do, I hate myself for it.”
“Harry, Cepheus is a fifty-seven year old man, he knew you would attack him as soon as he touched you, but still he did it.”

“Because I was going to kill his three nieces and Sanex!” Harry shouted.

“He still knew how you would react! The both of them did!”

“Both of them?” Harry demanded, his voice lilting in panic.

Nasta sighed. “Nicodemus came over with him. They stayed at their Father’s house just in case you went back there and they were the closest when Alayla let out a distress call.”

“What…what did I do to him?”

Nasta looked uncomfortable for a moment but he sighed in defeat. “You punched him in the face, but that’s all. He’s got a broken nose, but he’s completely fine.”

“I killed his twin brother!”

“Cepheus is still alive and he’s with one of the best Dracken Healers that we have, he’s going to be fine.”

“You hope.” Harry said glumly.

Nasta seized his shoulders and shook him a little. “No, Harry. This wasn’t your fault! You were in Dracken form. We all know what happens when we’re in Dracken form. You weren’t in your right mind, you didn’t know who you were attacking, if they were friend, family or foe, if Cepheus had been an enemy and you’d hesitated then he could have killed you! You did the right thing listening to your instincts and no one can hold that against you. No one!”

“I should have had more control…”

“No. No, Harry, I will not have you pinning the blame of this on yourself! Your control is amazing
for your age. You were scared, we heard it in your distress call, everyone heard that you were frightened. They knew, Harry and they knew how you would react to them before they even flooed over here.”

“Max hates me.” Harry said rubbing his eyes, trying not to let his tears fall.

“He doesn’t hate you, he’s grie…”

“If you say that once more!” Harry growled at Blaise. “He was fine with me until I told him that it was a nightmare that set me off and then he left!”

“He’ll calm down.” Nasta assured him.

Harry blinked then as realised that his hand had been absently playing with the hem of his jumper. He pressed a hand to his belly panicked as he remembered something else that had him infinitely more worried than anything else.

“Cepheus tackled me to the floor. The baby!” He cried out.

“He did what?!?” Blaise demanded furiously before turning to Nasta. “We have to get him to the hospital!”

Nasta picked him up in his arms and before Harry could get his bearings back, Nasta had taken him through the floo and they had arrived at Saint Mungos.

“They’ll stay there won’t they?” Harry asked Nasta. “The other children…”

“They’ll stay.” Nasta nodded as he demanded to be seen by Healer Almus. The witch behind the desk looked through a book in front of her that was magically updating and tried to tell Nasta that Healer Almus was booked up, but his mate would hear nothing of it.

“I can get you an immediate appointment with Healer Morrisey…”
“I don’t want an appointment with Healer Morrisey, I want Healer Almus. Now!” Nasta hissed, releasing the pheromones that induced fear in others and Harry saw when it hit the welcome witch as she gulped hard and shifted her chair back a little.

“I…I’ll see what I can do.”

“I want it within ten minutes.” Nasta told her irrationally before he turned and sat down in the seat, right in front of the witch’s desk.

“That was horrible, Nas.” Harry told him with no real heat behind his words. He was too worried to be angry or disapproving and he trusted Nasta as his top dominant to do his all to make sure that he and the baby were safe.

“I’m not messing around with this. You are pregnant and you’ve been injured. I will have that appointment with Healer Almus no matter what it takes me to get it.”

Harry could have laughed if he wasn’t feeling so upset and miserable when a harried Healer Almus followed the nervous welcome witch into the waiting room and he almost deflated at seeing them.

“How did I know it would be you?” He shook his head. “Come on then, let’s see what you’ve gotten up to in just four weeks.”

Nasta carried him into Healer Almus’ private office, very few patients ever got an examination in the Healer’s private office, but Harry qualified for the honour.

“What’s happened then, I assume it’s the pregnancy?”

“I got tackled by a well-meaning relative because I was trying to kill four other relatives.” Harry nodded.

Healer Maximilian Almus blinked and then blinked again, before he nodded as if everything was normal and he heard such statements daily as he started moving, using a series of spells to check on him and the progressing pregnancy. Harry held himself as still as he could, letting the Healer work. He wasn’t worried about the spells, they had been created for pregnant witches and wizards and Healer Almus knew exactly what he was doing. He was a senior Healer after all and Harry trusted that he knew what he was doing and he trusted that Nasta would protect him if anything happened.
or threatened him and the baby.

“Well you seem to be fine and there are no adverse reactions to the pregnancy. I can do a scan if you wish.”

Harry nodded. “I think I would feel better if you looked at what little you’ll be able to see.”

Healer Almus set up the equipment and Harry grimaced as the cold gel was rubbed all over his belly. Harry squinted at the black, white and grey grainy picture on the monitor, but if he thought it had been hard to see the quintuplets, this was near enough impossible, even Healer Almus was pulling a face trying to force himself to see what was on the monitor.

“I hate doing early scans.” He grumbled good naturedly. “You have no idea how many parents I meet that come in demanding a scan when they’re three or four weeks pregnant because they want to see their babies. Do you know how difficult it is to see an embryo that small?”

Harry shook his head. “Is that what’s wrong here? I can’t see anything, but then I have a lot of problems seeing anything in scan photos.”

“I can just make out the sac surrounding the baby and I can just about see a heart beating, if I’m seeing things right though, then this is a second heart right here.”

“That means two babies, doesn’t it?” Harry asked curiously.

“That means twins, yes. I can’t see any evidence of any more hearts, so it looks like it might be just the two…but if you could wiggle onto your side for me…that’s it.”

Harry twisted onto his left side and Healer Almus dug the transducer as deep into his body as he could. He did the same to his other side before digging it back into his abdomen.

“No, I’d say definitely two, but we’ll have a better idea of if that is accurate or not in another couple of weeks and from what I can see, these two are fine. Oh, there’s the one heart, beating strong.” He said as he pointed out a throbbing white blob that was no bigger than the nib of a quill.
“Where’s the second heart?” Harry asked, leaning up on his arms to see the screen better.

“It could be that we just can’t find it, Harry, I assure you that my spells told me that nothing is wrong inside of you and it would have picked up a dead embryo.”

Harry nodded and calmed himself. “So nothing is wrong and the tackle to the floor didn’t hurt the babies?”

“No, you and your maybe twins are fine.”

Harry smiled and let out a sigh of relief.

“Five months to go and then these two will be out, but first I need to survive two funerals, Christmas and three birthdays, one of those for quintuplets.”

“I would advise you to go slow for a week or two, just in case. Dracken pregnancies are delicate from what I’ve learnt, I’ve been reading so much and learning from other Dracken Healers and from what I’ve been told, you’re lucky that you aren’t just a few more weeks along or you could have had a miscarriage. So take it easy for a bit and rest when you can.”

Harry nodded his understanding and then Nasta helped him wipe off his stomach and pull his shirt back down and then they were thanking the Healer for his time and making their way back home, at least Harry could tell them now that he wasn’t having another set of quintuplets, even if his pregnancy didn’t stay with twins.

Max stayed away from all of them for the next two days and nights, this would be the third day and he was sleeping over at Alexander’s with most of his Aunts and Uncles and a hoard of his cousins and Harry was feeling more and more unhappy about it the longer it went on.

Cepheus was going to live according to Nasta, who had heard it from Aneirin who had heard it from Myron as apparently none of the Maddisons wanted to come near him, even Aneirin was keeping his distance, yet he understood. He’d tried to kill Sanex again, Myron and Richard’s three human daughters had been separated from him by Sanex, another human, and he’d almost killed Cepheus and he had broken Nicodemus’ nose. He was surprised the Maddison family hadn’t launched a lynch mob after him for what he’d done to their family, no, he could very well understand their behaviour towards him, but Max was his mate, one of his dominant mates and
regardless of what he’d done he should have been here, he didn’t have to speak to him or even look at him, Harry would even stay in a separate room if it helped, but he should have been here for the sake of their children if nothing else. They knew that something was wrong and they missed their Daddy Max and it broke his heart having to tell them that Daddy Max wasn’t here every time they looked around and asked for him.

Harry held Calix on his lap and tried to get him to swallow a small syringe of medicine, but his fever red face was screwed up with his crying and he pushed away anything that went near his mouth. Harry felt ready to cry himself, but he swallowed it back down and carried on trying to comfort a fevered Calix. The last thing that his son needed was to see his Mother crying right now, even if it was the only thing that he felt like doing in that moment.

It didn’t help that he was on his own either. Nasta had been called into work urgently just before lunch as one of the female dragons had just suddenly turned and started killing and maiming her juvenile offspring, the keepers were trying to save as many of them as possible and they needed as many hands as they could get as the juvenile dragons were attacking the well-meaning keepers as their mother attacked them and the keepers. Draco was on a planned visit to Malfoy Manor with Farren and Regan and Blaise had gone job hunting again. Calix had been fine that morning and none of the kids were playing up, everything had been calm and quiet and going fine, until Calix had woken from his after lunch nap with cherry red cheeks and a burning fever. He felt useless, utterly useless.

He’d put a sleeping Leolin upstairs and he hoped that was enough to spare his little son from the virus that had caught Calix, but Braiden and Tegan were crawling around the floor and without Regan to distract her, Tegan was throwing things at Braiden and trying to get close enough to hit him.

“Tegan, stop it!” He snapped, sharper than he had intended, which made him close his eyes as Calix’s cries picked up another pitch.

He’d contemplated sending out a weak, non-urgent distress call, but the only mate who was free was Max and at the moment, Harry wasn’t sure that Max would come and he didn’t want to feel the pain that he knew he would when Max didn’t come at his call. He didn’t want to give anyone any more ammunition to use against him either when they found out that he’d given a distress call because he couldn’t cope with his own children. He felt useless enough without that.

He swallowed the lump in his throat and blinked away the tears. He redoubled his efforts to get the medicine into Calix and he actually managed to do it when Calix threw his head back to cry, his arms flinging out to the sides, which gave Harry the opening he’d been waiting for to get the syringe into Calix’s mouth and depress the plunger, finally getting the potion into Calix’s little tummy. Calix cried harder.

“I know it tastes horrible, Calix, but it’ll help you, I promise.”

Harry offered Calix a bottle and his fifth born son turned his head away and cried until he was very nearly sick, which would have brought the potion straight back up and he would be back to where
he started.

Harry got him up onto his shoulder and rubbed his back softly to calm him down, walking around the room with him as he moved Tegan away from Braiden on every other circuit of the room.

“Tegan, I’ll put you in the playpen in a minute, stop trying to hit your brother!”

Calix drifted off into a fitful sleep and Harry carefully eased him down into a travel cot and covered him over.

He dealt with Tegan and used the sides of the playpen to separate them off from one another, so that Braiden could play on one side of the room happily and Tegan could play on the other, unable to reach, and therefore hurt, Braiden.

He went up to check on Leolin, who had been very quiet while he was dealing with Calix, only for his heart to stop at the sight of cherry red cheeks on his pale, unmoving baby.

He snatched him up and rushed down the stairs. He all be ripped the potion’s case apart looking for the infant fever reducer that he’d given to Calix, before remembering that Leolin couldn’t take it just as his hand closed around the small dosage vial. He ran to the living room and fell to his knees in front of the fire and he floo called Saint Mungos and Healer Cole, who had given him his personal and professional floo addresses when Leolin had been born. He explained as best as he could to the man, but he was so deathly afraid for his little son that he couldn’t stop the tears or the warbling of his words.

“Can you come through right now? He needs to be seen immediately."

“Give me a minute, I have three other babies, one of them has the same fever I think.”

“Bring that baby with you, but try not to infect the other two.”

Harry nodded miserably. “I’ll need to get a babysitter; I’ll be over with them both as soon as I can.”

Healer Cole nodded and severed the call and Harry immediately called Mrs Weasley. He explained as quickly as he could and she dashed right on over and took charge of Tegan and Braiden as Harry packed a quick nappy bag for Calix and Leolin.

“Where are your lovers?” Mrs Weasley demanded angrily. “They should be here with you.”
“I…Nasta’s in work, Blaise is job hunting, Draco’s got Regan and Farren at his parents and Max isn’t speaking to me at the moment. I’ll be back as soon as I can, I promise, I just…I need to get them to the hospital.”

“I more than understand, I’ll stay here all night if I have to, dear, just get them to the hospital and keep me updated if you can.”

Harry nodded and then he was gone. He flooed directly into Healer Cole’s office, who rushed him away immediately into another room.

Leolin was taken straight from him and Harry clutched Calix tightly for comfort, wondering how this had happened, how he could have been so careless just because he was feeling upset. His little Leolin could die from this and he felt sick and shocky.

The door burst open and Healer Almus rushed into the room looking panicked.

“I got your message, what’s the…Harry?”

“Cal…Calix got a fever and he…he passed it to Leolin.” Harry huffed out.

“Let me take Calix and have a look at him while Healer Cole see’s to Leolin, where are your lovers?”

Harry couldn’t speak anymore, he just shook his head.

“Come on, Harry, let’s see to Calix.”

Harry was pulled from the room and he felt torn. He wanted Calix seen to, but he didn’t want to leave Leolin, who was in a quarantined area he saw as he was led out of the room.

“There’s nothing you can do hovering over Leolin.” Healer Almus told him firmly. “Come with me and we’ll look at Calix, the less people around Leolin at the moment the better.”

Harry nodded, but he didn’t feel any better and he felt his chin wobbling with the urge to cry, but he bit his lip and took Calix into a different room down the corridor and he watched as the Healer checked him over and settled him down in a tiny bed with sides.
He felt terrible and his throat ached to release a distress call so much that he trilled softly. Healer Almus looked at him sharply but Harry shook his head.

“Draken thing. I’m calling my mates and hoping they’ll come.”

Harry was forced to wait outside the room then as Healer Almus examined Calix and he had resorted to pacing the corridor agitatedly in tight, dizzying circles, wringing his hands and playing over the afternoon and everything that he could and should have done to prevent this from happening in the first place. He was worried about his sons, he was so terrified that he felt like he could vomit and he hadn’t even seen Leolin since he’d brought him in fifteen minutes ago. He couldn’t believe that it had only been fifteen minutes, it felt like hours had passed, it felt like time was making a mockery of him and he yanked on two fistfuls of his hair harshly, why was this happening?

It took ten minutes before Nasta, sweat soaked, soot covered and his tee-shirt missing came barrelling down the corridor to meet him.

“I came straight from work when I realised that your call came from the hospital, what happened?! Are you alright? Is it the twins?!”

“It’s Calix and Leolin! They have a fever!”

“Leolin has a fever?” Nasta asked, his eyes widening in panic and fear.

Harry nodded. “Calix got it first, right after his nap and I separated them straight away, but it wasn’t soon enough, when I went to check on Leolin he had the same cherry red cheeks as Calix. I brought him right here after I called Molly to watch Tegan and Braiden. I called out for you shortly after I arrived.”

Nasta held him tightly and placed a kiss on his forehead. Blaise arrived moments later and Nasta filled him in, then Draco arrived and Nasta filled him in too and then they were finally allowed in to see Calix, who was sleeping peacefully in just a nappy, though he was still fever flushed.

“He’s going to be fine.” Healer Almus assured them. “He’s got bronchiolitis, he’s just a little fevered and a bit congested, though he is thoroughly miserable about it. You reacted very quickly in getting the potion into him, Harry, he’s already getting better, but it’s a very bad virus and it could have been so much worse if left undetected for a few more hours.”
“What about Leolin?” Draco demanded.

“I’ll see what I can find out, but it would be best if you didn’t see him just yet.”

Harry shivered and hunched his shoulders up as he turned to smooth out Calix’s hair. Max hadn’t come. Blaise seemed to be thinking the same thing as he kissed Harry’s cheek and touched Calix’s hand.

“I’ll be right back.”

“Where are you going?” Draco demanded. “Two of our children are in the hospital, you can’t leave now! What are you thinking?!”

“I’m thinking that Max needs to be here. He should be here!” Blaise hissed as he turned and left.

Blaise stormed out of the hospital and flooed right over to the Maddison’s house. He was staying at Alexander’s still as the whole family were grieving and Max still wasn’t speaking to his Mother, or at least he hadn’t been when he’d last heard from Max, but Ashleigh was sat on the settee when he arrived, though no one was talking to her, she tried to talk to him when she saw him, but he walked right past her angrily.

He stormed through the house to where he smelt Max the most strongly, he found him sat at the kitchen table with what looked like half his family, Blaise noted that a pale, sick looking Cepheus was also there.

Blaise pulled Max away from the table and he looked at his lover, whose eyes widened and the smile on his face slipped just as Blaise brought his fist down into his stupid mouth.

“What the fuck was that for?!” Max shouted loudly, jumping to his feet while simultaneously wiping away a smear of blood from his lip.

“You ignored Harry’s distress call you bastard!” Blaise screamed at him, his French accent thickening. “How dare you ignore a distress call from our submissive mate, our pregnant submissive mate. You’re supposed to care for him and drop everything and anything and go to him when he calls! I left in the middle of an interview when he called for me, an interview that was going wonderfully well, but he called and I ran to him, as we’re all supposed to!”

“I didn’t think that he’d want to see me when I’m in such a mood.” Max said softly. “His call
wasn’t distressed; I thought he was just calling to get me to go back.”

“Calix and Leolin are in the hospital you selfish prick, he couldn’t call any louder than he did or the humans would have heard him! Calix, your own son, has bronchiolitis and Leolin is in an isolation ward and he could actually die but you’re too selfish to care!” Blaise yelled as loudly as he could, before turning and leaving as quickly as he’d come.

He rushed through the hospital, but Max was following just half a step behind him, demanding answers and Blaise ignored him until they reached the room where Calix was, Harry was crying silently by his bedside, holding a tiny hand.

“What the hell happened?”

“Get out!” Draco hissed.

“I want to know what happened!”

“And we needed you with us for the past three days!” Blaise told him angrily. “Yet you were nowhere to be found!”

“Why are Calix and Leolin in the hospital?” Max asked, sounding terrified.

“Calix has a bad viral infection and he got a fever from fighting the virus. Leolin caught it from him before I could separate them.” Harry said softly, not taking his eyes from Calix.

“Where’s Leolin, why isn’t he here?”

“He’s being kept in quarantine, we haven’t…haven’t been allowed to see him yet.” Harry said, his voice breaking.

“I am so sorry.” Max said with a nervous swallow.

“It’s fine, now go away.” Harry said quietly.
“I…I can’t leave!” Max said shocked that all of his mates seemed to be suggesting the same.

“You were happy to leave them for the last three days!” Harry stood to hiss at him. “You didn’t give a shit what it would do to them, you didn’t care when Braiden turned around and asked us where ‘Dada Ma’ was yesterday! You didn’t even come to visit them because you were so busy wrapped up in your own little world! You can be angry at me all you damn well want to, but why would you ignore your own children?!”

“I…I’m not angry with you!” Max said. “I just… I needed to get my head straight. I didn’t mean to take it out on the kids.”

“Well you did.” Blaise snapped. “You should have been home with Harry and the kids today, you should have been there when Harry found Calix and Leolin fevered, he had to waste time floo calling someone to babysit before he brought Calix and Leolin here. Leolin could die, Max!”

“Don’t.” Harry warbled out, shaking his head. “I can’t hear you say things like that…I can’t…I can’t think that my little baby is going to die. Please, I can’t.”

Nasta wrapped his arms around Harry’s shoulders and bent to kiss his head, standing tall and offering silent comfort without any empty promises or words.

“We all rushed from where we were to get to Harry, you didn’t even move a muscle.” Blaise snarled. “Nasta rushed from a disaster at work to get here! But you wouldn’t have known that he was even called into work, would you, because you weren’t there. He injured himself to get here!” He hissed referring to the hideous burn that Nasta had on his back that he’d gotten when he’d turned his back on the dragon and just ran when he’d heard the call.

“I didn’t…I’m sorry, I’ve been so absorbed with my grandmother’s death that I forgot everything else and then the whole thing with Uncle Ceph…”

“I know your family hate me now, but what does that have to do with you not coming to see your own children?!”

“My family don’t hate you!” Max said surprised. “Cepheus is even joking about the force of your bite and he asked me how you give blow jobs. My Dad almost put him back on bed rest.”
Harry shook his head and sat back down, turning back to Calix.

“Calix is your biological son; Farren is your biological son. You claim that Braiden, Tegan, Regan and Leolin are like your own sons and daughter, yet you were happy to leave them for three days and two nights. I can’t bear to be apart from them for a few hours. They were asking for you, calling for you, Regan even went looking for you, we found him crawling around the kitchen as if you’d be hiding in there. How did you think they would take you just upping and leaving them?”

“I didn’t mean to.” Max said and Harry could hear the tears falling in his voice.

“Did you even think of them? Have you thought of them even once for the past three days?”

“Of course I did! I thought of them all the time!”

“Then why didn’t you come and see them!” Draco demanded.

“I didn’t think you’d want to see me. Not after my harsh words. I didn’t mean them, I know you’ve been suffering badly with your nightmares, I’d just lost my great-grandmother and I couldn’t bear the thought of losing an Uncle too, not so close together.”

“You shouldn’t have let that stop you from seeing your children.” Harry told him calmly. “Even if I hated all four of you and couldn’t stand to be on the same ground space that you had stood on, I would still put up with it for a mere hour with my children.”

“Is this a bad time?” An orderly in her pale yellow robes asked as she looked from Harry to Max and then back.

“What do you want?” Blaise asked her, too tired to even make the statement sound rude.

“I…I’m doing my rounds of this floor, I’ll just need to check…Calix over.” She said as she looked at the name on the clipboard.
Harry nodded and the poor orderly checked Calix over while dealing with five, stony silent men who were watching her every move critically, almost glaring at her as she touched their sick son.

She recorded her findings on the clipboard; both the one in her hands and the one at the end of Calix’s little bed.

“He’s doing well and he’s started to show an improvement.” She told them before leaving the room very quickly.

Harry huddled up in his own skin as he controlled the shiver that wanted to wrack his whole body. Nasta noticed and wrapped his arms back around him.

“He’ll be alright, love. He’s improving already.”

“What about Leolin?” Harry asked him quietly. “We haven’t heard anything.”

“No news is good news.” Draco encouraged him.

“I just can’t help thinking that he’s in a different room, all alone and I can’t go and see him, I can’t comfort him, I can’t hold him!” Harry said trying to hold back the tears that wanted to fall.

“It’s going to be alright, Harry.” Max said softly.

“Are you still here?” Blaise hissed poisonously.

“I’m not going anywhere! Calix and Leolin are my children too, I have as much right to be here as you!”

“Glad to hear it.” Draco sneered. “Too bad you didn’t remember that three days ago.”

“I’ve said I’m sorry. How much blood do you want?”

“How much do you currently have in your body?” Blaise asked him spitefully.
“You can’t get blood from stone.” Harry put in softly.

“Please, I am sorry. I just wasn’t thinking. I swear I never meant for this to happen or for any of what I’ve done to come across this way.”

“How did you think we’d take you abandoning us, your own mates, and the kids? Your own children!” Draco demanded.

“Enough.” Nasta cut in gently, but firmly. “This isn’t the time or the place. We’ll do this later, at home; we can’t forget that we are in public. Anyone can walk in on us at any time and if we shout then they’ll hear us.”

Calix squirmed in his bed and as one; all eyes were upon him as he blinked open his jet black eyes and squinted up at them, lifting his hands to scrub at them tiredly.

“Mama.”

“I’m right here, Calix, love. I’m right here.” Harry murmured softly as he sat forward into Calix’s line of vision.

“Mama ba.” Calix told him as he squirmed on his back and rubbed his arm over his face and head in obvious discomfort.

“I know you feel bad, Calix, but you’re in the hospital, the hospital is going to make you all better.”

“Dum.”

“Did he just call you dumb?” Blaise chuckled.

Harry glared at him. “No he didn’t. He’s asking for his dummy. I’m not sure I picked it up, I think it’s on the mantelpiece.” Harry said panicked as he dug through the nappy bag that he’d brought
with him, practically tearing it to pieces to find Calix what he wanted.

“I’ll go and get it.” Max offered immediately.

“He wants the green one, the darker one, he likes that one the best.” Harry gushed out. “Hurry!”

Max sped out of the room and Harry tried to distract Calix by offering him a bottle, him having refused his earlier feed.

“Dum.” Calix whined as he pushed the bottle away.

“I know, love; Daddy Max is going to get it now.”

“Dada ma.”

“Yes, love, he’s here too. He’ll be right back with your dummy.”

It took Max what seemed like an age to come back and Harry was dancing on eggshells by the time he darted back into the hospital room, Calix’s favourite green dummy in hand.

Harry took it from him and waved it in front of Calix, who grinned weakly when he saw it, but still lifted a pale hand to reach for it. Harry placed it to his lips and watched as Calix took it into his mouth and started slowly sucking on it, his eyes closing immediately, his hand dropping back to the bed.

“You took your sweet time.” Draco growled, not willing to give an inch.

“Everyone’s congregated at ours to wait for news, I updated them on what was happening and then Braiden wanted a hug and Farren and Tegan and Regan wanted one after him. The pale green dummy was on the mantelpiece, the darker one was on the kitchen counter.”

Harry made an angry noise and pulled at his already stuck out hair. He looked like a mad man. “Of course it was! I left it there after Calix’s nap when I rushed to get the fever reducer! I took it from his mouth and left it on the side. I’m sorry.”
“It’s fine, Harry, it took me minutes to find it, it’s fine.” Max assured him quickly.

“Did…did anyone say anything?” Harry asked nervously.

“What do you mean?” Max asked.

“I think that Harry might be worried that your family are blaming him for Leolin and Calix getting sick.” Nasta put in perceptively.

Harry nodded. “I’ve been…inattentive in the last few days. I’ve been thinking more of myself and my feelings than that of my children and now this has happened and it’s all my…”

“Stop.” Blaise hissed at him. “You have not once been inattentive to them. Your first thought was always and will always be for them, we all know that, Harry. You’re hurting and the meeting with that mind Healer scrambled you up a bit. This is a virus, it’s airborne and they didn’t catch it through any imagined inattentiveness, they were going to get it regardless of anything that we could have done, even if we’d known about it. They have probably had it for days before the fever started, or at least Calix would have, I’m not sure how long it would take to show up in Leolin.” He added looking questioningly to Nasta.

Their oldest mate shook his head. “It would have shown up almost immediately in Leolin the moment that he got it. He has next to no immune system, what little he has would start to fight the virus, giving him the fever, but the virus would have been far too strong and would have overwhelmed his antibodies in minutes, half an hour at most. That he was still fever flushed when he was admitted to the hospital is a good sign, he wasn’t yet overwhelmed by the virus and then the Healers would have dived in to help him fight it off with potions, we’ve given him the best chance of survival that we could.”

“I should have noticed that Calix was sick sooner!” Harry cried, not yet willing to forgive himself. “He was quiet during lunch, but he ate everything so I didn’t look into it, I thought he was just missing Max. He was right next to Leolin throughout lunch; his fever hit him after his nap a few hours later.”

“It’s not your fault and no one blames you, especially not my family.” Max told him. “They’re worried, not accusing you behind your back; they know things like this can happen at a moment’s notice.”
Harry nodded, feeling a little more reassured. “I just don’t want this to be happening, please tell me that this is another nightmare.”

“It’s not, Mio Amore, I’m sorry.” Blaise said, coming to nuzzle him.

“You…you said that you had an appointment with a mind Healer, I didn’t know.” Max said softly.

“You weren’t there to know!” Draco snarled.

“I’m getting therapy for my nightmares.” Harry told Max, ignoring Blaise and Draco. “I’m talking it all out with my mind Healer, my fears, my dreams, my memories. Though apparently when Myron carried me upstairs to the bedroom was I partially awake. The Healer told me that my dream emulated where I was because I was awake enough to see it, but not conscious enough to take it in, so I knew where I was enough to visualise it, but I didn’t recognise it or see it as familiar. All the dark fabric covering the walls, the matching floor length curtains covering the windows, I remembered them in my nightmare, only it made it seem like there were no windows, which made me feel trapped, so when I woke up and saw the room from my nightmare, lying on the bed from my nightmare and in a room covered with dark fabrics with no windows, I lost my mind.”

“When…when’s your next appointment?”

“In a few days. We’re going to talk about how I was treated after I killed Voldemort and dig out all the festering pain left from having to shut it all up inside due to being in the media limelight instead of letting my thoughts and feelings come out at the time.”

“I…I want to be there for you, Harry, please let me.”

“I haven’t stopped you from being anywhere, Max; you made that decision on your own.” Harry told him.

Max nodded and came to hold him. Harry let him. “I’ll make this up to you. I swear.”

“It’s not me you have to make it up to, it’s the kids and at the moment we could lose one of them.” Harry told him seriously. “I’m not exaggerating just to make you feel bad when I say that they
missed you a lot and all of them have been calling for you. Calix called for you just now when he woke up, none of the others, just you when you left to get his dummy. How could you punish them so much?"

“I didn’t…I didn’t think, I’ve been trying not to think for the past few days, but I missed them terribly, I missed you too, and those three even though none of you are happy with me, I’ve spent most of my time crying on my own. My Grandmother has been there for me through every step and milestone that I’ve taken in my life and it’s hard to believe that she’s gone. It was so sudden and I just can’t wrap my head around it. I didn’t want you or the kids to see me sobbing or just breaking down randomly throughout the day.”

“We’re your mates!” Harry told him. “We want to help you through this, we wanted to be there for you, no matter what happened or how you felt or how you reacted, we wanted to be there for you, we wanted to comfort you and hold you and tell you that it would pass and everything would turn out fine, but you didn’t even give us the chance to try!”

“I don’t like anyone seeing me like that, I feel like I have to hide it, how can I be a dominant if I’m the one having a break down?”

Harry blinked at that and then he panicked and rolled up Max’s sleeves and checked his arms carefully, with eyes, fingers and by scent.

“What’s the matter? What is it?” Max asked confusedly.

“Your Uncle Xerxes told me something similar when I was talking to him, he told me that he felt useless and like he couldn’t take care of his mate if he was the one crying, so he used to get his emotional release by using a cutting spell on his upper arms.”

Max looked thoroughly shell shocked. “Uncle Xerxes used to cut himself?!”

Harry nodded. “He felt like it was the only way that he could deal with it at the time, he went to get himself help and then Alexander found out and wiped the floor with him apparently, you echoed pretty much exactly how he said he was feeling, I had to check.”

“I haven’t been staying away because I’m hurting myself, I promise.” Max told him, cuddling him tightly.
“Will you come back to us then?” Harry asked.

“If you’ll still have me there.”

“I told you, it wasn’t my choice to keep you away, you did that yourself.”

“But do you want me back?”

“I never wanted you to leave and I’d be happy to have you back.”

Max picked him up out of the chair he was sat on and then sat on it himself and held Harry on his lap, holding him and inhaling his scent.

“You’ve missed so much.” Nasta told him.

“It’s been three days, how much could I have missed?” Max asked dumbfounded.

“I found out that I’m having twins.” Harry told him with a smile.

“Your scan isn’t for another two weeks. The twenty-fourth.” Max said, looking upset that he’d missed it and worried that perhaps he’d gotten the wrong date.

Harry sighed. “Cepheus tackled me to the floor in his attempt to save Sanex, Julinda, Talia and Alayla. Nasta took me for a scan to make sure that everything was alright and that I wasn’t having a miscarriage.”

“He did what?” Max growled as his hand fell protectively to his belly.

“Why do you think I tried to bite his hand off instead of just clawing him up? He tackled me to the floor with that hand, that and it was closer to my mouth than his neck.”
“I’ll kill him!”

“I think he’s been punished enough.” Harry said darkly. “I almost did kill him.”

“He knew you were pregnant! He knew better!” Max snarled.

“You’re missing the big deal here, we have twins! Not another set of quintuplets, not quadruplets, not even triplets. Twins. Though the Healer did warn me that they might not stay twins.”

“How can they not stay twins?” Draco asked with a frown.

“Vanishing twin syndrome.” Nasta told him. “Where one isn’t viable or something happens, if they’re under ten weeks then sometimes the one twin is absorbed by the other or by the Mother. So even though the scan showed twins at seven weeks, doesn’t mean we’ll end up with twins. The next scan, which is on the twenty-fourth, will show us a better picture more clearly of what we’re having.”

“What else did I miss? Was it just the mind Healer and finding out about the twins?”

“Tegan learnt to say pea. Though she says it like quadruple ‘E’ so it comes out more like peeee, but she means the vegetable. We tried her on some mashed peas the day before yesterday and coaxed her to say it and that’s what she came out with.”

“She likes peas?” Max asked softly.

Harry nodded. “Calix likes them too, but Regan absolutely hates them. Oh and we gave them some avocado, I think we may have actually found a food that Farren does not like.”

Max smiled at that. “I can’t believe I stayed away for so long. I wasn’t thinking.”

“So you’ve said.” Draco huffed.

“Draco, please. This is the wrong time and the wrong place. We’re trying here.” Harry pleaded.
Draco scowled but he nodded curtly as he touched a little foot with the pads of three fingers.

“I hate this.” The blond muttered.

“I know.” Harry nodded.

Hours passed in quiet conversation, the orderly in her yellow over robes and her clipboard came in to check on Calix again and she smiled and told them that he was improving steadily.

“He should be showing visible improvements soon, the potions are doing their job.” She said as she marked down the improvements on both clipboards.

“Can you…can you tell us anything about our other son, Leolin?”

“Leolin?” She questioned as she looked down the names on her clipboard.

“Leolin Siorus Potter.” Harry elaborated.

“I…I don’t have him on my rounds. Hold on one moment, I’ll be right back, I’ll ask the head nurse for you immediately.”

Harry shared a look with his mates. He did not like that he hadn’t heard anything and now an orderly was saying that he wasn’t here, he was in a room just down the corridor to his knowledge.

The orderly, bless her, came back quickly.

“I don’t have him on my rounds, but he’s on our check in book. He’s in quarantine so no access is allowed to him except by two cleared Healers. Healer Cole and Healer Almus are both in the room with him, they haven’t come out yet to update us, I could try and get one of their attention to ask, if you’d like.”

“I’d like an update, but I’d rather not interrupt.” Harry said with a grimace. “I’d rather let them both work.”
The orderly nodded. “I’ll let you know as soon as I know anything if a Healer doesn’t do so first.”

“Thank you.” Harry said gratefully and almost sagged into Max.


“That would be great, thank you.” Nasta replied with a nod.

The orderly left them and they stayed in silence, wondering what it meant that Leolin was being seen to by two experienced, senior Healers and they hadn’t come out of his room once for hours.

The orderly came back with a tray of tea, a jug of milk, packets of sugar and even a large teapot and a pile of packaged sandwiches and a pack of biscuits.

“Thank you so much.” Harry said.

“I’ll come back to check on Calix in a few hours and again, I’ll let you know as soon as we hear anything about Leolin.”

Harry nodded and then they were left alone again as Draco set everyone’s tea up more for something to do with his hands than anything and he handed the cups out to them, though Blaise took his tea black with no sugar, so he just picked up a cup and drank after it was made.

They ate on automatic, the sandwiches first and then the biscuits. They spoke quietly and Calix woke up once more because he was wet and Harry dealt with him quickly as Max kept him distracted, their little boy giggling tiredly and he was visibly happy to see his Daddy Max again as he babbled ‘Dada ma’ over and over again in a croaked whisper they had never before heard from any of their children. Their little son was so exhausted and he’d been sleeping for most of the day, it was heart wrenching to see him, to hear him so tired when he was usually so energetic.

They spent the night in the hospital; Blaise slipped home to tell everyone congregated there that they were going to be in overnight and they still hadn’t heard anything about Leolin, but that Calix was doing better.

He came back with more nappies and two new bottles for Calix and he had picked up the blanket from Calix’s cot to help make him feel more at home and his favourite soft toy, which had been given to Braiden last Christmas.
“I hate this.” Harry growled.

“He’s going to be fine.” Nasta soothed. No one voiced the thought that Leolin might not be, they just couldn’t handle those sorts of thoughts being said out loud, they couldn’t think that their baby boy might be snatched from them after such little time spent with him. It didn’t bear thinking about.

Harry woke up stiff backed and aching. He grimaced and wondered why he felt this way when the memories of the day before slammed into him.

He snapped his head to the little hospital bed in panic and he found Calix sat up and playing quietly with his favourite stuffed dinosaur teddy. He let out a loud, shaky sigh which drew his son’s attention.

“Mama.” Calix called out when he saw that Harry was awake.

“Oh baby, how are you?” Harry said softly as he picked his little boy up and cradled him, feeling his forehead consideringly.

Nasta had transfigured their sandwich packets into temporary beds for them last night to sleep on when three in the morning came and there was still no news about Leolin. He wanted to go and hammer on the door to Leolin’s room and demand answers, but then he’d thought about what could happen if he disturbed the Healers and his disturbance became the difference between life and death for Leolin and he stayed in his seat.

“Baba go.” Calix asked, patting his face.

“Your brother’s and sister are at home love, you’re in the hospital to make you feel better.”

“Dada ma.”

“Daddy Max is here too.” Harry turned and pointed out a sleeping Max to Calix who screeched… loudly.
His mates were awake like a shot, which made Calix happy as he reached out for Max happily, who took him gently and cradled him.

“Dada ma!”

“Hi baby. I missed you so much.” Max said almost tearfully as he squeezed Calix firmly, but not tightly.

Calix babbled to Max then, odd words, sounds and he went from almost whispering one moment to almost shouting the next as he bashed around his stuffed dinosaur.

Harry offered him a bottle but he looked at it confusedly and the looked around him and then he frowned.

“I think he’s confused as to why it’s daytime, but he’s getting a bottle. It’s usually in the evenings when he has a bottle; he has his cereal in the morning.” Nasta told them.

“You need to eat, Calix, you need your strength, just one bottle, I promise.” Harry encouraged as he scooped Calix back up into the crook of his one arm and pressed the bottle teat into his mouth.

Calix sucked and swallowed happily enough, but halfway through he slowed down and his eyes started drooping, he fought the sleep, but it came as no surprise when he finally lost his battle and dropped back off to sleep. His little body too exhausted to fight for long when it was still fighting the virus on the inside.

Harry sighed and put him down on the bed, covering him over with his blanket and making sure his stuffed dinosaur was cuddled up close to him for comfort.

“I’m going to find the bathroom a minute.” Harry explained as he stood up and stretched.

“Thank fuck, I really, really need to go, but I didn’t want to leave.” Max explained as he stood and then groaned, holding himself through his jeans.

Harry laughed at him. “That’s ridiculous, you should have just gone.”
They left and went to find the bathroom, which was around the corner from their room. They washed their faces in the sink while they were at it too and found a waiting room with a kettle and tea bags.

They made Blaise a cup of coffee while they were at it, anything to keep them all happy in this situation.

“Has there been any news on Leolin?” Harry asked the nurse, in his pale blue robes, at the desk on their way back.

“The child’s name?” He asked them.

“Leolin Siorus Potter.”

He did a double take at him then and seemed more interested in the search than before. Harry didn’t like him, he wanted the kind orderly from last night back, but he knew logically that her shift would have ended by now.

“There’s still no news and the Healers with him have not come out nor have they been relieved by any colleagues. What did you do to him?”

Harry’s mouth dropped open.

“How dare you insinuate that we would do anything to our child!” Max growled dangerously.

Max hurried Harry away before either of them could shift and attack the man in public, but they were both shaking in temper. They went back into the room that held Calix and Nasta rushed to them the moment he saw them.

“What is it? Is it Leolin, did you hear anything?”

“No, that fucking nurse at the desk asked us what we did to Leolin.” Max growled.

“But we haven’t done anything to him.” Blaise replied with a frown.
“Exactly!” Harry burst out furiously, his temper rising. “He made it sound like we had and that we were the reason that he was here in the hospital. He had no right! I’m going to go claw him a new fucking hole.”

“I’ll sort him out.” Nasta assured him as he grabbed Harry around the waist and bit his neck lightly in warning, running his fingers through Harry’s hair to calm him before putting him down and he left the room after a last, soft kiss.

“I smell coffee.”

“It’s not your usual stuff, but we thought that you’d rather have coffee than more tea.” Max explained.

“This is wonderful, but I need a piss too, I think this cup will go right through me.”

“There’s a bathroom just around the far corner, we washed our faces a bit in the sink too.” Harry told him and Draco. “We could all use a splash of water.”

“Nasta needs a razor more than a wash, there has to be half an inch of stubble on him already and it’s only going to get worse the further into the day he waits.” Draco chuckled.

Harry smiled a bit at that. Nasta did look quite scruffy and rugged today. Haggard too, but Harry more than understood that one.

Nasta stormed back into the room and he calmed himself down visibly as Harry handed him his cup of tea like a peace offering. Nasta smirked at him and pulled him into another kiss.

“I sorted him out and the head nurse turned up as I was flaying him alive and she took off where I left off. I’ve been assured that he’s going to have a full disciplinary.”

“I’m going for that piss.” Blaise told them and Draco followed.

“I went before I started shouting at the nurse.” Nasta told them. “I glared at him as I went past, made him squirm a little first.”
Max chuckled and kissed Nasta’s hairy cheek. “Seriously, love, go home and shave your face. I feel like I’m kissing a carpet. Do you still have that electric one that I bought for you all those years ago?”

Nasta laughed then. “Of course not, I burnt the motor out using it twice a day for three years. I do need a shave though.” He grimaced as he scrubbed a hand over the beginnings of his beard.

“You’re the only man I know who can grow a beard in a day.” Harry smiled.

“We can’t all be baby faced and smooth like you.” Nasta teased as he pulled Harry up into a hug only to rub his beard all over his smooth cheeks. That made him laugh.

“I have more hair on my arse than Harry has on his face.” Blaise said with a grin as he walked back into the room.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Me and Draco both.” He grinned.

“Draco has to shave once in a blue moon; you don’t have to shave at all.”

Harry rolled his eyes again before sighing. “I miss the kids. This is killing me.”

“And all of us too.” Blaise assured him. “Hopefully Calix can go home today, then we just need to see what’s happening with Leolin.”

Harry bit his bottom lip nervously. “I’m worried by how long it’s taking, Healer Cole and Healer Almus haven’t even taken a break, it’s been fifteen hours. I’m really, really worried.”

“It’ll be okay, love, take this as a positive thing.” Nasta encouraged.

“How?!” Harry demanded.
“If they’re still working on him, then he’s still alive.” Nasta told them with a grimace. “Truthfully speaking, most Faerie babies would have died from a virus like this one by now. Leolin is in good hands.”

Harry swallowed and nodded. “There is that.” He allowed bitterly.

It took another few hours for an orderly to come around and check on Calix again. He was discharged now that he was better, though they’d been told that he would be a bit sluggish and a bit tired for the rest of the day, but he would start showing improvements in the next coming days.

It was a waiting game then, Draco took Calix home after he’d been discharged and left him in Granddad Myron’s capable arms and he was forced to tell the family that they still had no news on Leolin. It was destroying them all.

Draco was gone for an hour, talking to the family and catching a few quick hugs with the kids and he’d only been back at the hospital for half an hour when a ragged Healer Almus came into the waiting room they had taken up residence in after they had left Calix’s now empty room to be cleaned up, sterilised and ready for a new infant patient.

“Healer, how is he, please.” Harry begged, his nerves frayed and his hands aching from how hard he’d been twisting his fingers together.

“We’re doing all we can. We’ve had to take a break because we’ve reached the limit for energising potions.”

“How is he?” Nasta asked sharply.

“He’s alive, but not in a good way at the moment.” Healer Almus admitted sadly. “I think…I think it might be best if you come and see him now…to say goodbye.”

Harry felt his eyes widen. “No.” He denied. “No! No, this can’t be happening! This can’t happen!” He screamed.

Nasta grabbed him around his waist and picked him up, shoving his face into his neck and he held him there until Harry had breathed in enough of his calming pheromones to relax, but then the tears came and the wracking sobs shook his whole body violently.

“Come on, Harry. Let’s do this now. We need to say…we need to say goodbye.” Nasta told him,
his voice breaking as he sniffed hard, trying desperately to cling onto his hard won control.

“I can’t. I can’t do it!” He sobbed.

“You’ll regret it for the rest of your life if you don’t.”

“If…if we say goodbye, it sounds…it sounds like we’re just giving up on him.” Harry said. “I won’t give up on him. Never.”

“It’s not giving up on him, love.” Nasta told him. “We’re just going to see him after waiting nineteen hours for any news about him.”

A door opened and Harry squeezed his eyes closed tighter when his mates gasped. He knew it would be bad but he felt his own gasp rip out of his throat when he opened his eyes. It was like someone had just crushed his lungs.

Leolin looked terrible. His skin was almost translucent pale, his blue spider web of thin, delicate veins showing through prominently. His eyelids were bluish-purple bruises with black bags around the sockets. He was wired up to machines, like in a Muggle hospital, then he reminded himself that excess magic couldn’t be used on magical babies, but right then and there he wouldn’t have cared if Leolin was made a squib through magical overuse, as long as it saved his life.

He was breathing too rapidly and he felt shocky as he was the first to step forward and touch one little hand, which was too small, too pale and unmoving. He didn’t like seeing his little boy like this; even his previous cherry red cheeks had gone colourless, leeched of all vibrancy and signs of life. He looked grey. He looked like he was dying…or like he was already dead.

He almost choked on a sob that forced its way out and he shoved a hand over his lower face, mouth and nose both, to try to keep from making a noise. He didn’t want to wake Leolin, he needed his rest.

“It’s going to be alright, Leolin.” Harry said thickly, swallowing hard and blinking away his tears so that he could see his son clearly.

“We’ve done all that we can for him.” Healer Cole assured him and Harry spared him a glance to see that he looked worse than exhausted. “But bronchiolitis is a very serious virus for a baby of Faerie blood to get, his lungs are already underdeveloped from being born premature, he’s at a disadvantage because of his Faerie blood and the bronchiolitis virus has inflamed the small airways of his lungs. Leolin is having some very serious problems breathing on his own.”
“Is he in…is he in any pain at all?” He asked shakily. He needed to know that his baby wasn’t suffering.

“No. He’s been crying weakly on and off for half the night, he’s as exhausted as we are. He needs some sleep to recover his strength, I’m glad he’s sleeping at all with the cough he has, but he needs something to eat now. He refused any sort of milk last night, he was too distressed.”

Harry swallowed. “I could get him to eat, but which is more important for him now, sleep or food?”

“Unfortunately both.”

Harry closed his eyes so he couldn’t see his mates crowded around their son lying in a glass bassinet and hooked up to all sorts.

“How long has he been asleep?”

“An hour or so now. He hasn’t slept for any longer than two hours at a time though.”

Harry nodded and he took the bottle from Healer Cole and grabbed the only chair in the room, which had been moved well out of the way, and he placed it by the bassinet.

He tested the milk and checked it over, before he scooped up Leolin gently, watching the wires and his fragile little body.

“Leolin love, wake up baby.” Harry coaxed stroking a pale, pale cheek gently, trying to make his voice as even and calm as he could, even though his heart was beating out of his chest and he just wanted to cry his eyes out. Leolin’s skin was paper thin and felt dry and flaky. Even on his cheeks Harry could see the pattern of his veins and he could easily trace them with his eyes.

Gold eyes cracked open to scowl tiredly at him, but when Leolin saw who it was who was holding him he opened his eyes fully and he tried to smile at him, making nonsense noises, but he tired so quickly that Harry was afraid that his little boy had died in his arms at how still and silent he’d gone so quickly.

Draco even looked over his shoulder in panic, but Harry relaxed when he saw his little chest raise and fall slightly.
“Come on, love, I know you’re excited to see us, but you need something to eat right now.”

Harry got Leolin awake again and placed the bottle into his mouth and it truly was the strongest that Harry had ever seen him suck in his short life.

He couldn’t even manage a quarter of the bottle before he fell asleep again, but Healer Cole looked mightily relieved that he’d taken that much.

“That could really help him, we just couldn’t get him to drink, it seems that he wanted you to feed him, a familiar face to keep him going.”

Harry felt better at that, but he still couldn’t stop his heart from pounding, the fear from infecting his every thought. He felt sick and half crazed with the need to protect his baby, yet how could he when there was no way to protect him from what was already in his body.

He cradled Leolin as tightly as he dared; laying his lips on Leolin’s forehead and leaving them there, tears escaping from his eyes as he tried not to start sobbing, which would jostle Leolin from his much needed sleep.

“There’s nothing more you can do now.” Healer Cole told them. “Go home, get some rest, see your other children. We will floo call you immediately if anything changes, my office is just a few doors down, you could be here in moments, but there really is nothing that you can do now.”

None of them liked it, they didn’t want to leave, but they all needed a shower, they needed proper food, all they’d had in the last twenty-three or so hours had been a few cups of tea, a sandwich each and a pack of biscuits shared between them. They needed some proper sleep and Harry really wanted to cradle his five other children to him tightly. It didn’t help that they were reminded that the more people around Leolin the worse he could get and they were all dirty and needed a good wash.

“Goodbye, Leolin, we love you and we’ll be waiting for you to come back home with us soon.” Nasta told him, kissing a little cheek softly, mindful of his new beard.

Harry cried harder, but silently, as each one of his mates said goodbye to Leolin and gave him a farewell kiss. It seemed too permanent to Harry, too much like giving up, but he murmured his own goodbye, telling Leolin how much he loved him, how proud he was of him and all he’d achieved in his short life and he couldn’t breathe at all when he kissed him for a final time and laid him back in his hospital bassinet.
He covered his mouth and nose again, sobbing and trying to muffle it so that he didn’t wake his baby son and he let Nasta lead him out of the room and away from his baby. He couldn’t stand it.

They flooed home to questions, but Draco stalked off in sullen anger, Max all but ran to find a quiet place to cry in private, Blaise went straight to the top cupboard in the kitchen and grabbed a bottle of Firewhiskey and took it out into the back garden, Nasta muttered about going for a shower and a shave, which left Harry standing in the middle of the room, crying still and feeling lost.

Myron was there then, holding him and comforting him and easing him onto the settee.

“They shouldn’t have left you like that.” He growled.

“I understand, we all need to deal with this in our own way, I don’t begrudge them that. We all need to come to terms with everything.” Harry warbled out.

“What’s happened?” Aneirin asked him. He’d been crying too, or at least rubbing his eyes a lot. They were red and puffy.

“We…the Healers said…we had to say…say goodbye to him. They’ve done…they’ve done all they can for him.” Harry said shakily as he quivered like a leaf in a high wind.

He couldn’t stand it and he broke down into his hands and he cried so hard that he gave himself a headache. Myron held him tightly and Aneirin crowded him from the other side as he heard Mrs Weasley sniffling quietly, he heard some others crying and Amelle came to sit on her knees in front of him, an extraordinary feat as she was very big with baby now. She’d be nesting soon.

She wrapped her long arms around him and rubbed his back as he hiccupped and sniffed hard between Myron and Aneirin. He felt numb and like he’d been battered.

“If you need to talk it through, Harry, you know that I’ve been through this myself. I’ve lost a baby too, you can come and talk to me whenever you want to, I won’t turn you away, just please don’t shut it all up or it’ll take you ten years to heal from it like it took me. Don’t drag it out for as long as I did, Harry, your other children need you too. I didn’t have other children, I didn’t have a mate to help me, I was left alone to deal with the loss of my baby, you have mates, you have family and you have other children. It does happen sometimes, but I can tell you from experience that it gets better too.”

Harry nodded as he swiped at his tears and tried to control his huffing so that he might be able to breathe properly.
“I just…I can’t…I didn’t want to say goodbye to him. I know that sounds…sounds terrible, but it seems like…it just seems like giving…giving up on him, but Nas said that I’d regret it if I didn’t.”

“He’s probably right, Harry.” Richard said gently, not even the hint of a smile on his face. He looked old.

Harry nodded understandingly. He knew why they wanted him to say goodbye. They all thought that Leolin wasn’t going to make it, they thought that he was going to die and that he’d regret not saying goodbye to him while he had the chance, but even though he’d gone through the motions, even though he’d said goodbye to his little baby, he was never going to give up on him while he still drew breath. Never. They could get him to say goodbye every single hour of every day and he would do it, but he wouldn’t believe it, not until his sweet little Leolin drew his very last breath for the very last time. He wouldn’t believe his goodbye until then.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: I refused to post this for Christmas as I refused to ruin Christmas for you, my readers, as you can see, this chapter hits a few sore points and a lot of emotional buttons, but please remember that if it isn’t in the main fic, then it’s not set in stone, even if it is in the Scaled Bits or I’ve mentioned it on Facebook or in authors notes, it doesn’t matter because I can change my mind. I’ve said that all along, so please bear in mind that anything could happen, despite the Scaled Bits that aren’t directly linked to a specified chapter or the ones that are reminiscing of the past.
The next chapter is titled ‘Goodbye’ and may cause even more emotional distress, but from my early plans it’ll only last for half the chapter, not the whole chapter like this one, so it’ll be worse in some instances and better in others.
Don’t think that Max is going to get away with leaving his family for three days either, he’s had a slap on the wrist so far for doing it, but regardless of the situation, he shouldn’t have left and he should have come when Harry called for him, the entire purpose of a dominant Dracken is to procreated and to protect, he can’t do either if he’s not with his submissive or his offspring. So expect dominant on dominant punishment to come.

I hope you’ve all had a lovely Christmas and I’m sorry to say that I am taking a few weeks off from writing now to enjoy my own holidays, I’ll be back in the New Year with new chapters for all of my stories, though I’ll likely be on my Facebook page now and then throughout, I love my readers too much to stay away from you all for too long, but family and friends come first at this time of the year, so I’ll see you soon, take care of yourselves,

StarLight Massacre. X
Goodbye

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry nodded understandingly. He knew why they wanted him to say goodbye. They all thought that Leolin wasn’t going to make it, they thought that he was going to die and that he’d regret not saying goodbye to him while he had the chance, but even though he’d gone through the motions, even though he’d said goodbye to his little baby, he was never going to give up on him while he still drew breath. Never. They could get him to say goodbye every single hour of every day and he would do it, but he wouldn’t believe it, not until his sweet little Leolin drew his very last breath for the very last time. He wouldn’t believe his goodbye until then.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighty-Four – Goodbye

Nasta couldn’t stop thinking. He cut himself twice trying to hack through the beard growth on his cheeks and chin and he gave up soon after, throwing the disposable razor as hard as he could, watching dissatisfied as the light, plastic rubbish hit the wall with a quiet sound and bounced only once on the floor.

He took out his wand and used the spell that he had become so very familiar with over the years to get rid of the hair on his face. It took twice as long as using a razor and left his skin feeling mucky, but the shaving burn that he got when using a razor wasn’t there when he had finished, so he didn’t need to use the aftershave moisturising cream.

He climbed into the shower and washed himself on automatic, his mind on the image of his youngest son in the hospital. He swallowed hard and clenched his fists tightly. He could not lose his son; he would not lose his son! He couldn’t believe that this had happened, they’d all been so careful, but in the end it hadn’t been enough.

Getting out of the shower, not even feeling the pain of the burns on his back, he dried himself off and dressed himself on automatic. He went down the stairs and into the living room, slightly annoyed that it was full of people that he just didn’t want there, but he ignored them and went to his mate.

Harry looked as bad as he felt, completely and utterly destroyed and Nasta didn’t know if it was a good sign or a bad one that Harry had stopped crying, but as he was sat listlessly on the settee and staring off into space, Nasta was more inclined to think that it was the latter. He needed a release for his emotions, a release that crying would give him, trying to bottle himself up wasn’t going to work and it wasn’t healthy.

Now more in control of himself and his overwhelming emotions than he had been when he had
arrived back home, Nasta sat down and pulled Harry gently onto his lap. Harry didn’t react, it was like Nasta wasn’t even there and Harry hadn’t registered being moved at all.

Nasta nuzzled around his neck, kissing and brushing his skin with his nose, holding him and caressing him where he touched. It took four minutes before Harry’s resolve broke into pieces and he started crying harshly and Nasta held him and rocked him on his lap as Harry screamed into his shirt, curling up and burying his face into Nasta’s chest.

“Are you alright, Nasta?” Aneirin asked his youngest son.

Nasta looked at his Father, a sneer wanting to form, but he controlled himself, barely. “Do you honestly think that I’d be at all fine after hearing that my son has to rely on luck and miracles to survive?” He demanded harshly. “No, I’m not alright.”

“I lost my daughter, Nasta. Your sister.” Aneirin reminded him. “Don’t shut me out because you think I don’t know what you’re going through. I do.”

“Angharad didn’t have Faerie blood. She didn’t get sick and waste away in front of your very eyes!” Nasta hissed, forcing his Dracken side down deeper when it flashed up.

His Father sighed sadly and Nasta felt like apologising, he knew how much it had hurt his Dad to lose Angharad, he and Sanex had witnessed it first hand, but he sighed instead and turned away. He didn’t mean to take his anger out on his Father; it was the last thing he wanted to do, alienate his remaining family members when he actually needed them close by, his Father had lost a daughter and now he might lose a grandson too.

“How... how’s Calix?” Harry asked, hiccupping as he swallowed air in rapid huffs.

“He’s sleeping.” Myron told him, moving his arm, which had a blanket draped over it, showing Calix’s little face, his mouth obscured by his green dummy.

Harry nodded. “I feel empty.” He confessed, rubbing at his eyes, irritating them more, the red outline clashing with the pale skin and the green iris.

“It’s alright to feel this way.” Nasta assured his mate firmly. “We’ve all had a terrible shock; this is our body’s way of dealing with it.”
“I…I can’t….can’t handle any of my babies pass…passing. I can’t!”

Harry started crying again and Nasta felt a stab of annoyance, but he crushed it viciously and held Harry tighter to his chest. He understood what was happening, he was isolating himself from everyone, including his own lovers, he’d done it before when his sister had died, he wouldn’t let it happen here and now. They needed him now more than ever, they needed him as their top dominant to hold them all together and he would give his all to make them feel better, to keep them together because they were a family and he wouldn’t let this break them, even if Leolin didn’t make it.

He had known all along that the odds against Leolin were high. He had never in his life expected to have a Faerie baby himself, a hundred and fifty years the last one had been born into his family and she had died too. Perhaps the Delericey line was cursed, not to not have any Faerie babies, but to have them sparsely and then watch them die as infants.

He closed his eyes and clenched his hands, forcing those thoughts away. Harry was right, Leolin wasn’t dead yet and he would not give up on his son by acting like he already was. That Leolin had survived thus far was nothing short of miraculous, but Harry had gotten him to the hospital very quickly and that had helped immensely. Harry had done everything that he could have possibly done to ensure Leolin’s survival and Calix’s health and he was proud that his young submissive mate, just eighteen years old and two years into being a fully-fledged Dracken that he hadn’t even known he was, hadn’t completely gone to pieces and just sat on the floor crying and calling for his dominants to deal with it.

He’d heard of several horror stories where that had happened and one story where the submissive had attacked her own baby because she couldn’t get him to stop crying and then instead of getting him help as he haemorrhaged, she had sat on the floor, rocking her dying child in her arms and calling for her dominant, who was half a world away for work, instead of dealing with it herself, which could have given her child what he needed to survive.

Harry cried for several more minutes, before he stopped and calmed himself. It took six additional minutes of calm and quiet before Harry sat up on his lap and brushed at his face, sniffing hard. He pushed himself to his feet, stood up and just got on with everything. Nasta admired him and his strength so much in that moment; he didn’t think he could deal with anything even remotely normal at the moment. He felt like he would have a breakdown if he tried, but not Harry, who seemed to need the pointless, menial tasks to centre himself as he cleaned up the toys and odd bits lying around.

He took Calix from Myron and cradled him, listening to him wheeze slightly as he breathed through his congested, inflamed lungs. Harry snuggled him into the crook of his arm securely, keeping him slightly elevated as he set about sorting this and that, finding things to do. Nasta didn’t tell him what to do and he didn’t even think of suggesting that he stop and just sit down to rest, if this helped Harry cope in whatever small way then he wouldn’t stop him from doing it. Harry needed this as much as Nasta needed to just sit here and not do anything.

“Mama.” Braiden called out from where he had just stood up in his travel cot, his face still creased in sleep from his nap, rubbing wide indigo eyes with little, chubby hands.
Harry smiled sadly and picked him up, being careful of Calix.

“Hello, love, I’m sorry it’s been so long since I last saw and held you. I love you so much, but your baby brother is…he’s unwell and I needed to stay with him for a little bit.”

Nasta’s heart broke for Harry and for his children and he swallowed the lump that had formed in his throat. He felt so out of control, he felt so angry and he didn’t like this, he needed to gather himself up, pull himself together. He couldn’t lose his family.

Max had silenced the room he had holed himself up in. The spare bedroom that Harry had once demolished to make his nest was out of the way and quiet, everything had been cleaned and put back, even his carpet, but he didn’t care as he rammed his fist into the wall yet again, leaving yet another orange sized crater in the wall.

He’d fix the wall later, but for now, all he cared about was the anger inside him, the pain, the uncertainty, the uselessness and the never ending cycle of why the fuck was this happening to his baby boy.

He knew he should be down in the living room with Harry, but he also knew that as top dominant that Nasta would be there with him and he knew that Nasta was so much better for Harry at the moment than he, or even Blaise and Draco were going to be.

He had lost his great-grandmother, he had almost lost an Uncle who was still sick and in pain and now he might lose a son, all in a few days. He rammed a fist into the wall yet again, harder this time. He couldn’t give up on Leolin, he had to believe that his son could bounce back from this, he’d never taken much thought to Faerie children, he’d learnt about them vaguely in school, nothing in depth, but then he’d never known what it would mean to have a Faerie child, not even after Harry had mated to Nasta, who was well known to have Faerie blood in him. Even after Leolin had been born, after everything he’d been told and warned about, he’d never expected this, none of them had.

His knuckles ached and he thought that he might have broken a few bones as his hand was already swelling, but just the thought of what he’d seen at that hospital had him angry enough to hit the wall over and over, the thought of Harry downstairs, crying and in pain had him hitting the wall again and again and the guilt he felt at staying away for three days because he hadn’t wanted his mates to see him breakdown had him screaming in rage.

Three days he had missed out on, he’d missed too much and that it might have been the last three healthy days of Leolin’s life had him collapsing to the floor and burying his face in his knees, sobbing. This couldn’t be happening, he couldn’t lose Leolin, he loved the tiny little boy so much and that he might now die crushed his heart. He couldn’t bear the pain of it.

He stayed upstairs in the spare bedroom all day, he just sat there crying and trying to block out the emotional pain by creating physical pain, but it never lasted long enough and his hands were red raw, swollen and bleeding after just a few hours. They were shaking uncontrollably and he knew
then that he’d done some serious damage, but he still didn’t care.

He must have fallen asleep at some point because the next he knew he was pushing himself up off of the floor groggily and it was early morning. Very early morning. His hands were throbbing with his heartbeat, an ache so fierce that he had to grit his teeth against the pain of it. At least they had stopped bleeding, but they were so swollen they looked and felt like they were made of fluid filled rubber. They were nearly useless he found out as he tried several times to open the bedroom door.

He went down into the kitchen and grit his teeth as he used his hands to get the potions that he needed from the case of his potions collection, he’d never hated the fact that the case had a zip lock top before that moment as his swollen, balloon like fingers fumbled to grip the metal tab.

“If you’re looking for dreamless sleep you won’t find any.” A voice in the darkness whispered, making him jump and curse as he let go of the tab he’d only just managed to grip.

Nasta moved over to him then, he looked like he hadn’t slept in a month and his beard was back. He frowned at Max’s hands when he noticed them and he picked them up carefully to see them better in the dark and he hissed deeply.

“I hope this made you feel better.” Nasta said harshly as he unzipped the potions case in harsh, jerky motions, getting out a pain reliever and something to reduce the swelling.

“Might need Skele-Gro as well.” Max muttered, shamefaced in the shadow of Nasta’s anger. “I think there are broken bones.”

“Looking at this I’d say there are definitely broken bones.” Nasta quipped as he took Max’s hands in his again and applied a topical paste that Max knew by the scent alone without even having to look at it. It would be a pale, bluish grey colour and it would help heal the cuts and scrapes on his knuckles while cooling the skin so that the potion to help aid the swelling would have a better chance of working.

Nasta helped him swallow the three potions as he couldn’t pick up the delicate vials in his clumsy, swollen and paste coated hands. He took the swelling reducer first, then the pain reliever and finally a small measure of Skele-Gro. Max grimaced as it burnt all the way down his throat and into his belly, reacting unpleasantly with his stomach acid, the taste alone making him regret hitting the wall so often and after his hands had already been injured as well.

Nasta got him sat at the table and used his wand to conjure up a soft cushion out of thin air which he made Max rest his hands on as he set about making tea.

“You said something about not having any dreamless sleep left; I had at least two doses left if I
“Remember right.” Max said more for something to say as he really didn’t want to sleep anymore right now.

“Blaise drank himself into a coma, he didn’t even recognise me when I carried him up to bed when I found him in a pool of his own sick, he almost suffocated himself because he’d drank that much. Harry really needed the potion as he refused to sleep. I tricked him into drinking it just to get him to sleep and Draco had nightmares so I forced him to drink some before taking him back to bed.”

“Which explains why you’re still awake at least.” Max sighed. “I didn’t expect anything like this to ever happen, if I had I would have made more to keep at hand.”

“None of us knew this was going to happen, Max.” Nasta said harshly as he all but dropped a cup of tea by Max’s elbow before throwing himself into the chair next to him and cradling his own cup. “I mean, I knew the odds were against us and against Leolin, but this…” Nasta trailed off and shook his head.

“It was very sudden, I know I have a cheek saying it, as I was gone for three days, but I never would have gone if I knew this would happen or if I had any idea that it was building up to this. I just…didn’t want to breakdown in front of you all and take your attention away from what was truly important.”

“You are important.” Nasta hissed at him. “You are important to us! Yes the kids come first, and yes Harry comes first as our submissive, but that doesn’t mean that we don’t care what happens to you or what you go through, Max, we love you, but this can’t keep happening.”

“It’s just…she died so suddenly and none of us were expecting it. It blindsided us all, I was just starting to feel like myself again when Blaise came with the news that Leolin and Calix were in the hospital. I was…I was honestly going to floo call you that evening to talk out everything and why I’d left and why I felt like I couldn’t be here. I needed to be with family, not that you aren’t family! I don’t mean that, I just needed to be with people who knew her like I did, remembered her like I did and it was easier for me to deal with everything knowing that I could slip upstairs to cry alone but still have those family members to talk to just downstairs, it helped me.”

“I understand that, Max, but you should have at least made an hour or two during the day to come to us, to see the kids and to talk to us and the way you left…can’t you see that Harry thought that you were still angry with him? Can’t you see how that looked to him and to us? You might have come to realise that you weren’t angry with Harry after you left, but you never came back to tell us that, we still thought that you were staying away because of Cepheus.”
“I didn’t want any of this to happen.” Max said quietly.

“None of us did. I carried Blaise up to bed and found Harry sobbing over the empty bassinet by the bedside. I tried to remove it and he almost gutted me. He actually tried to sneak back to the hospital you know, at one in the morning no less, I tried to tell him that we can’t do any more for him, but he wouldn’t hear of it and kept insisting that Leolin needed him. I don’t deny that, Leolin has always been more attached to Harry, but Leolin’s life is in the hands of two experienced Healers who know what they’re doing and we have to trust in that, but we all need to understand that he is still alive and that’s more than I could have hoped for. If he survives this, then it will give him a serious boost in childhood as his immune system will be just that much stronger.”

“I’ve never really understood praying before. I’ve never really had to do it, but I haven’t stopped praying to Merlin, Morgana and any other fucker who wants to listen. I’ve prayed before, but I’ve never done so with such fervour or honesty before.”

“I know exactly what you mean.” Nasta said with a sigh. “Part of travelling all over the world and diving into all sorts of different cultures, is that you learn so many different religions and hear about different gods and goddesses that people believe in and I learnt about them all, but I never really had faith in any of it, I’m too much of a logical thinker to believe in such things, but when we were in the hospital, waiting for any sort of news, I prayed to every god and goddess I knew or had even heard about to give him just a bit more strength. I’ve never done that before either.”

Max snuggled into Nasta and dropped his head to Nasta’s shoulder, he felt a hand tug through his short hair and he sighed softly.

“You know I still have to punish you. I still have that urge.” Nasta said almost conversationally.

“I know. I was expecting it yesterday to be honest, we couldn’t have done it in the hospital, too public, but once we got home…”

“I left you alone to think about what had happened, that and I had to make sure that Harry was alright, his need for me to support him outweighed my urge to punish you. The kids knew something was wrong though, they could sense something was wrong almost as soon as they woke up. They were happy to see us home though.”

“How was Calix?”
“Very chesty. He’s got a very bad cough which probably sounds worse than it is just because he’s so young. He’s refusing feeds as well, Harry had to practically plead with him to get him to eat last night, which led to Calix crying and coughing more, this entire situation is distressing.”

Max was upset enough that he clenched his hands and then he did it again when no pain was forthcoming, the pain reliever had worked. He picked up his cup and all but drained his cooling tea in a few large swallows.

“You can punish me now if you want, I don’t think either of us are going to be getting to bed and I want to be able to look after Harry and the kids today without thinking of anything else. I’ll have to brew more dreamless sleep and a hangover cure for Blaise too and maybe I should restock the calming draughts and headache relievers while I’m at it.”

Nasta nodded at that idea and he stood up; he pulled the collar of Max’s jumper down away from the apex of his neck and pressed a thumb deep into the muscles where Max’s neck met his shoulders. His fangs came out smoothly when he thought about them and he licked them to coat them with his saliva.

He let Max sit and squirm, worrying about when the strike would come. He wouldn’t let this be easy on him, not after what he’d done, but he was too tired to be angry at the moment, which was probably a good thing as he knew he should never punish someone while angry, and he had more pressing matters on his mind than punishing an errant subordinate mate.

He bit deep and sudden with all four fangs and Max tensed under his hands and mouth, his body automatically twisting away from what had caused the injury, which made him grunt in pain as the pressure of Nasta’s fangs increased.

Nasta held on for a long time, biting down hard, clenching his jaws before releasing without removing his fangs and then biting down hard again, causing as much pain as he could with minimal damage.

He finally felt that Max had had enough and he released him, leaving the collection of puncture wounds in his neck to bleed freely. They were already going a deep reddish-purple, they would bruise horribly.

“Thank you.” Max said raggedly.

“Did you feel enough pain?” Nasta asked him seriously.

Max nodded. “More than enough. I wanted to scream out several times, but I didn’t want to wake anyone.”
Nasta nodded and sat back down, running his tongue along the inside of his mouth to clean away the lingering traces of blood. He made more tea, even though he really wanted to take a leaf out of Blaise’s book and just drown himself in alcohol, he couldn’t afford that luxury. He was the top dominant of this family and it fell to him to be the strong one. It fell on his shoulders to look after everyone and make sure they didn’t hurt or kill themselves. He spared a glance for Max’s hands; he had already failed one of his subordinate males, two if Blaise counted for drinking himself unconscious and almost drowning in a pool of his own sick before he’d been found. He had to pull himself together. It fell to him to look after them all.

The both of them were quiet for long minutes, they both kept half an ear on the baby monitor and half an ear for any incoming floo calls.

Max rolled his shoulder yet again. It hurt terribly, but it would serve as a reminder to never take his family for granted. He’d started to rely on them to always be there for him, even if he wasn’t there for them, he had fully expected to come back and everything would be how he had left it, but he had been dragged back in amidst a crisis and everything was changed now forever. Calix was sick, Leolin might die, Harry was having twins and seeing a mind healer to boot, his babies had grown and learnt and developed while he’d been gone…it wasn’t worth the price he’d paid, just for a bit of privacy to cry on his own.

He knew now that he should have trusted his mates, trusted himself to them and their love and care, but hindsight was always so much clearer than in the moment. He’d failed his family and now they might never be a family again, but he swore right then and there that he would do his all to keep them together. He wouldn’t let this ruin them. He wouldn’t let what he’d selfishly done be their breaking point.

Harry woke up at nine in the morning and it took just mere seconds for him to remember everything that had happened and where he was. He sat bolt upright and looked around him. Draco was fast asleep in bed beside him, in a way that Harry just knew was potion induced. Blaise, Max and Nasta were not in the bedroom and hadn’t been for a while, if at all, if the cold sheets were any indication.

Harry got out of the bed and made his way down the stairs and into the kitchen, where his three mates were sat, four babies in the corner of the room in a playpen and Calix was swaddled up tighter than tight in the bassinet. He hadn’t moved as his blankets were still wrapped around his little body.

“Stop being so loud.” Blaise moaned pathetically.

“I’m not being loud; I’m making you a potion so your head won’t feel like it’s falling off your shoulders.” Max answered as he stirred a potion on the countertop.

“It’s your own fault.” Nasta told him.
“I don’t need the speech right now.” Blaise growled.

“What’s going on?” Harry asked softly, his voice muzzy from crying nearly all of yesterday afternoon and being forced to sleep through potions.

“Blaise drank himself into unconsciousness last night and now he’s miserable because he has one hell of a hangover.” Nasta told him as he came to hug him and guide him into a chair.

Harry sat by Calix’s head and brushed his hair back gently. Chestnut brown and thick, it was taken straight from his Father and Grandfather, but those eyes, those jet black eyes were straight from his Granddad Myron. He looked like a clone of Myron and by extension Xerxes and he had physical traits of nearly every Maddison family member in some way, whether it was his eyes or hair, he looked like a Maddison, more so than Farren despite his very dainty size.

“Did he feed this morning?” Harry asked worriedly.

“Max got him to eat a bit of cereal, but he didn’t finish it and he coughed a lot, which put him off eating anymore, but he ate enough to last him until lunch at least.”

Harry swallowed and nodded, snatching his hand back from Calix. It was so unusual to see Calix sleeping during the day that he just wanted to wake him up, but he quelled that urge and stopped touching his baby so that he wouldn’t be tempted.

Instead he turned his attention to what had happened last night, he stared at Nasta hard until his mate took notice and turned to look at him. He watched as Nasta’s shoulders squared and he puffed up in preparation for the fight he knew was coming.

“Why did you stop me from going to see Leolin last night?” Harry asked, the bite of a growl in his throat.

Nasta sighed. “It was one in the morning, Harry, you needed to sleep, you can’t go for two days without sleep, you still haven’t eaten anything and you haven’t even tried to shower.”

“Who the hell cares if I haven’t had a shower when our son is in the hospital!” Harry shouted. He stopped and calmed himself down when four babies stopped playing in the corner and turned to look at him.
He swallowed hard and bit the inside of his cheek when he felt tears well up in his eyes. He swallowed again and breathed calmly.

“You need to shower, Harry and you need to eat, don’t make me order you to do it because I will if I have to.” Nasta said softly. “You need to shower before I’ll even think of letting you go back, those are the clothes that you wore when you were tending to Calix, they have the virus on them, I don’t have to tell you that reinfecting Leolin at this point could undo all of the hard work that his body and the Healers have done for him.”

Harry looked at the table top and swallowed. “Did you have to force a sleeping potion on me? I could be at the hospital right now.”

“You needed the sleep and I knew you wouldn’t sleep without help.” Nasta told him unrepentantly.

“Will you tell me if there have been any floo calls at least?” Harry asked desperately.

“Two.” Nasta nodded. “One at six in the morning, the other at twenty past eight. There’s no change in him, he’s still breathing, he slept straight through the night and he fed once this morning. He hasn’t opened his eyes since last night. Healer Almus thinks that Leolin believes that you’re still there with him, which is why he slept through the night and why he fed with no fuss.”

“All the more reason for me to get there as quickly as possible so that when he does actually open his eyes he doesn’t realise that I wasn’t there all night!”

“You will shower and eat before we go back, even if it’s a five minute scrub down and a piece of toast, understand me?” Nasta growled. “Don’t test me on this or I’ll order you to do it and I don’t want to.”

Harry snarled but he stood and stormed out of the kitchen and went and took his ‘five minute scrub down’ which actually took him eight minutes as he got lost in thought under the fall of the water.

He dressed at record speed and as he was leaving the bedroom, a groggy Draco was just waking up.

“Get a shower, Draco.” Harry told him. “Get dressed; we’re going to the hospital soon.”
Draco just nodded and did as Harry had told him. When he reached the kitchen a plate of buttered toast was waiting for him. He felt queasy just looking at it.

“Try and eat something, Harry.”

“Have you lot eaten.”

Nasta nodded. “Getting Blaise to eat was a struggle as he is suffering with nausea from his hangover. But even he ate a few pieces of toast, so please try, Harry. For our unborn twins if not for yourself.”

Harry nodded and slumped down into his chair and nibbled at his toast, trying not to taste the damp cardboard texture or the sandy flavour. He didn’t want to do this.

Draco came down showered and dressed, but his eyes were bruised with too much crying and not enough sleep. He looked rough, they all did.

Draco tore at a piece of toast with the intent of just getting it in and over with and once done, he gulped at his tea as if he’d just eaten a plate of sand.

Harry took a leaf out of Draco’s book and scoffed a piece of toast, smearing butter over his face as he just wasn’t as well-mannered and graceful as Draco, but he wiped his face with the tea towel that Max threw at him and gulped down his tea.

“Can we go now?” Harry asked, practically glaring at Nasta.

“Our other children?” Nasta asked him simply.

Harry looked at them and felt something slice through his heart. He wanted so much to be with Leolin, to hold him and make sure that he was okay. He’d locked his Dracken side up tight because otherwise he would have already slashed up Nasta’s face and made a break for the hospital. No matter how much he wanted to see Leolin, he wouldn’t injure anyone he loved to do it.

He dropped his head and the anger was just there, brewing just under the surface. He stood up and knocked his chair back, slamming his hands on the table top.

“You said that we could go when I’d showered and eaten! I’ve done both! What more do you want from me?! I can’t just sit here and wait like nothing’s wrong when my baby is in the hospital and I
haven’t seen him in hours! I want to see him NOW!”

Of course he paid for his loss of control when Calix screwed up his face and started crying and then coughing as he cried, which made Harry feel like a monster. An inch tall monster as Nasta glared at him for waking Calix up with his outburst.

“Did that make you feel better?” Blaise hissed at him, his face tight with the pain he must have experienced from Harry shouting and was prolonged by Calix’s crying.

Harry shook his head silently as he watched Draco sooth Calix gently. He felt wretched.

“Calix is still sick.” Nasta told him coldly, which made Harry swallow hard and caused his eyes to fill up with tears that he wouldn’t let fall. “He was released from the hospital yes, he’s getting better, but he is still sick and he needs his rest. Get control of yourself! We’ll go to the hospital soon, you’re not the only one who wants to see him, but we have five other children to think about, one of whom is sick himself!”

Harry curled up on his chair and he sat quiet after that. Max finished the potion for Blaise and his first mate drained it gratefully. He listened as they moved around and murmured quietly together. He sat and thought about his outburst, but it made him feel worse. He hadn’t meant to wake Calix, of course not, but he was out of control, his emotions were destroying him and locking up his Dracken with no outlet was splitting his mind, his emotions and his instincts into two separate halves which was confusing him and winding him up until he felt that he could bounce he was that high strung.

A soft touch to his back had his claws coming out and poised to kill as he swung around ready to gouge his claws into whatever had touched him, but his wrist was caught and after a few moments of fighting and struggling, his sight cleared and he saw Nasta looking at him. He stopped all movement and he collapsed back into his chair, or he tried to, Nasta caught him and held him up to his chest and pressed him in tight.

“We’re all angry.” Nasta whispered into his hair. “None of us want to be in this situation, but we are, but we can’t forget that we have five other babies to look after and shouting in the vicinity of our sick son is going to cause the anger to rise in all of us.”

“I need to see Leolin. I need to!” Harry sniffled.

“I understand that this is hard for you as a submissive, but override your instincts, Harry. You’re pregnant, you can’t risk our two unborn babies in such a way, you need sleep, you need food and
rest. You need to keep yourself healthy and we’re no good to Leolin if we’re too tired to keep our eyes open when we go to see him. The showers are self-explanatory, if we take any germs or bacteria into Leolin’s quarantined room while he’s so sick and weak, it could kill him. We can coat our hands in the cleansing potion, we can wear any number of overcoats and sterilised aprons, but if our skin is dirty and covered in bacteria…can you see where I’m going with this, Harry?”

Harry nodded. “It’s like none of that matters, like it doesn’t get through to my brain, all that matters is that I’m with Leolin and that he knows that I’m there for him.”

“I know it’s difficult, we’re all struggling, Draco had nightmares, I couldn’t sleep because I was half waiting for a floo call all night, Blaise drank himself half to death and Max broke his hands. We’re all struggling to come to terms with this, but we need more control, we can’t keep doing this.”

“Max broke his hands?” Harry queried and he looked around. Max wasn’t in the kitchen anymore.

Harry kicked out gently and Nasta put him down and Harry went hunting. He found Max just climbing out of the shower, towelling his body awkwardly with bruised, swollen hands. He hissed deeply and he cradled those hands that were hot to the touch.

“What did you do?!” He hissed as he brought those hands up carefully and nuzzled them softly. Max didn’t make a sound, not a murmur of pain and Harry knew then that he had taken a pain reliever for them.

“You’re stupid.” Harry told him. “Look at the state of your hands! This will take days to heal.”

“I’m alright.” Max said thickly.

Harry looked up and saw his eyes shimmery with tears. Harry pulled Max down and cupped his cheek, brushing a thumb under his bright blue eye and causing the built up tears to slip down a strong cheek. Harry kissed it away.

“Why are you crying? It’s okay, I just don’t like seeing you hurt, especially knowing that you did it to yourself. Why would you do this?”

“I was just angry. So angry. I knew that I was hurting myself, but it wasn’t enough to block out the
emotional pain, so I kept doing it.”

Harry kissed both hands softly. “Your family will be here soon, Max, you need to get dressed.”

Max nodded and sucked in a deep breath, his huge chest filling up before he exhaled harshly. “Let’s go and see our baby.”

Harry nodded and he slipped back down the stairs, letting Max dress himself clumsily with his hands. Myron was already going to give him hell for it, Harry knew. He was surprised to see that Myron was already in the living room though, Farren cocked on his hip happily.

“Harry.” Myron nodded in greeting.

Harry bit his lip and nodded back, rushing around and sorting what he needed to, to visit Leolin in the hospital, packing up any and all toys that he thought Leolin might like and as he rushed around the room yet again, Myron grabbed his upper arm and pulled him into a tight, almost crushing hug.

“It’ll be alright, Harry. Leolin’s got two strong people as parents and three others to act as role models, he’ll fight, but while you visit I’ll look after these five.”

Harry nodded and held on tight to Myron’s thick waist. Relieved almost to the point of tears that Myron was treating him normally again, he had a suspicion that Myron knew that that had been what was wrong with him, but he was too tactful to say it and humiliate him, so this was his way of letting him know that everything was fine and that he didn’t hold a grudge because of what he had done to his brother Cepheus.

“What did you do to your hands?!” Myron demanded harshly.

“I thought Aneirin was coming over this morning?” Max hissed at Nasta.

“He is, but your Dad wanted to come over too.” Nasta said unrepentantly.

Max cursed.
“Watch your language and tell me what you did!” Myron chastised and demanded at the same time.

“I was angry.”

“So you battered your hands against a wall until they looked like that? Tell me, are you a caveman? Did I raise a caveman for a son?” Myron snapped.

“No.” Max sighed exasperatedly.

“No, you’re more foolish! How could you think that injuring yourself could make you feel better? Have you had blood?”

“I can’t.” Max answered, pulling the neck of his shirt aside to show his punishment marks.

Myron shook his head. “Have you at least treated them?”

Max nodded. “Of course. I’ll continue to treat them as well, but right now I just want to go and see Leolin.”

Myron huffed and sat himself down on the settee, pulling Farren fully onto his lap.

“I’ll look after these five; does Calix have any potions to take?”

“Just the one. He had it this morning, his next dose is just after he’s had his lunch, the instructions are on the bottle. He needs to eat something, anything, before he can take it though, even if it’s just a spoonful of something or a mouthful of milk if he doesn’t want to eat solids with his sore throat.”

“I’ll sort it, get yourselves off and tell me how my little boy is when you get back and don’t forget to give him a kiss from me.”
Harry nodded and then he was jittery with nerves, almost sick with anticipation as he entered the hospital just seconds later through the floo. He managed to force himself to wait for all of his mates to arrive, which could have been helped along by Nasta’s hand holding his like an errant toddler who would wander off and get lost.

They exited Healer Cole’s office just as Healer Almus poked his head out of the quarantined room that Leolin was in.

“The wards went off on the floo connection, I knew you were here. Come on in.”

The entered the anteroom and they did the whole dipping their hands into the bowl of cleansing solution that Harry could barely remember Nasta doing for him yesterday, Healer Almus muttered a few spells over them and Harry felt like bursting through the wall to get to his baby, who he could just barely see through the window and Healer Cole who was standing vigil over him.

“He’s been wonderful all night and all morning. We’ve limited his human contact and…I’m not sure if you saw the paper this morning?”

“No, we haven’t had a chance.” Nasta answered, a note of anger in his tone. “What happened?”

“The media knows that one of your children is here and that another one was released yesterday. A reporter tried to trick the orderlies into letting them in to see Leolin, only the human restriction rules kept them out of the room.”

Harry snarled furiously and he wasn’t the only one. Sometimes he seriously hated being Harry fucking Potter. He couldn’t deal with the media on top of this already stressful and painful situation.

“No one asking to see Leolin at the front desk is being allowed in; in fact we’re evicting them from the hospital. We know that you come through the private floo and that no one knows the baby’s name…well that sorts out the real from the fake right away.”

“They’re putting him at risk!” Harry said furiously. “Just by asking to be near him, in the same room as him they’re putting him at risk! How dare they!”

“They can’t get in. Jasper and I haven’t left the hospital; we’ve been keeping vigil day and night. If by some fluke these people got past the Healer desks, they couldn’t get into that room as only Jasper and I can open this door.” Healer Almus explained, pointing to the flimsy looking clear door
that was the only thing separating them from Leolin.

“Thank you.” Nasta said gratefully.

They were let into Leolin’s room and Healer Jasper Cole greeted them softly, but Harry rushed to Leolin and raked his eyes all over his little body, still wired up to all sorts, but he was breathing still, even if he looked worse than when they’d left last night. He’d never been a pudgy baby, having been premature and with Faerie blood to boot, he’d never really gained any weight like his siblings, he’d looked thin and like a newborn for so long, but now he looked starved and skeletal, Harry could see his whole rib cage and he shivered as his hands itched to pick him up and cradle him.

“Can I…can I…?”

“You can pick him up, but remember to watch the wires.” Healer Cole said gently and understandingly.

Harry did just that, wrapping the blanket that Leolin had been lying on around his little body and he cradled him to his chest, staving off his tears and the urge to bawl and beg and plead. Why his son? Why his little boy? Why was this happening to him and to his little Leolin? It wasn’t fair!

“Hey, love.” He said softly. “Did you have a good night?”

His mates came and sat around him, Healer Almus pulling chairs from a far corner of the room. They all touched or held a part of Leolin, being mindful of the wires and his delicate body.

It took ten minutes for their soft voices to filter through Leolin’s sleeping mind and he woke with a small sound in his throat and a weak little wiggle.

“Good morning, love, are you going to open your gorgeous eyes for us?” Harry coaxed.

Leolin did as he was asked after a few minutes where he wiggled slightly some more, but those gold eyes cracked open, dull and dark and Harry clenched his jaw to prevent the urge to just start sobbing, instead he forced a smile and Leolin did the same, which made Harry laugh as he brushed at his eyes so that Leolin wouldn’t see his tears.
“You’re going to get better. I know you are.” Harry said firmly. “You don’t give up, you hear me. You never give up, because we aren’t giving up on you. We love you, sweetheart, you will get better. I made a promise that I’d never let anything happen to you and I swear I won’t. I won’t be made a liar, so you fight and with the wonderful Healers we’ve got for you helping you, you will get better.”

Leolin burbled tiredly, not making any sense as he made noised that sounded like ‘blak’, ‘mern’ and ‘olp’. His lungs sounded wet, like Calix’s were and Harry only realised then that Leolin had the same virus as what Calix did, it was the same virus, but it affected Leolin more dangerously and it could easily kill him.

“Are his lungs alright?” Harry asked the Healers, breaking eye contact with Leolin, who whined sadly.

Harry immediately shot his gaze back to Leolin, who smiled weakly at him. Harry smiled back widely.

“They’re very constricted and inflamed. He’s having a lot of trouble breathing, which is why we’re keeping him elevated and not flat on his back. We’re always watching him and so far, his lungs haven’t failed once, we’re very surprised and deliriously pleased with this, but we’re aware of it happening at any moment all the same.”

Harry nodded to show that he’d heard, but he didn’t take his eyes from Leolin, who was getting tired again.

“Does he need to feed?” Nasta asked the Healers.

“It would be advisable to feed him as often as possible. He drank less than half an ounce earlier.” Healer Cole nodded.

Harry took a bottle from the bag he’d packed, checked it and coaxed Leolin into eating it. Far from being as gutsy as he had yesterday, Leolin didn’t even want the teat in his mouth this morning.

“Hey, you will eat.” Harry told him sternly. “Drink your milk, Leolin.”
Leolin’s eyes opened and he gave Harry a glare, but he parted his lips to accept the bulb of the teat into his mouth and he suckled softly, a few mouthfuls before he stopped again and peered up at Harry through those purple-black bruised eyes.

“Keep going.” Harry encouraged softly but firmly.

Leolin closed his eyes again and suckled a few more mouthfuls before he looked back at Harry.

“Drink as much as you can, love, we’re not going anywhere, your Daddies and I will be here for you.”

Leolin sucked for a few minutes, slow, small sucks. He drank a bit more, but he soon weakly swatted at the bottle, refusing to take any more.

“Ma.” He murmured softly.

Harry smiled and cradled him close. “I love you, Leolin, never forget that.”

Leolin fell asleep quickly and easily with a reasonably full belly, Harry handed him carefully over to Nasta and he stepped out of the room to take a moment. He didn’t want to wake Leolin up by crying all over him. He wiped his eyes and his nose before he dipped his hands back into the cleansing potion before Healer Almus let him back in.

“We’re going to take him for some more X-rays later, we’d like for you to go home in this time and then you can come back in the afternoon.” Healer Cole said in a tone that he must have used a hundred times, but Harry still snapped his head to him and glared.

“I won’t leave him to go through that alone!”

“He’ll be asleep through it.” Healer Almus soothed. “We can’t let you into the X-ray room anyway. Have you forgotten that you’ve already had one knock in your current pregnancy, don’t push your luck with this, Harry, you could lose them and as your personal Healer, I can and will bar you from the hospital.”
“You can’t do that!” Harry said aghast.

“Then follow our instructions and leave Leolin to us. Overexposure to people will only harm him further.”

“I can’t just leave him! I don’t want to leave him!”

“Under normal circumstances we’d allow you to remain, as we allowed you to do for Calix, but Leolin isn’t a normal baby, these aren’t normal circumstances and we can’t allow you to see him for more than a few hours a day. I’m sorry, this must be excruciating for you all, but we’re Healers for a reason; don’t make us throw you out for Leolin’s own good.”

Harry was shaking he was so shocked and angry.

“This isn’t right! You can’t do this! We’re his parents!”

“They’re Healers, Harry, they can do this.” Draco said with a bite of anger in his voice as he glared at the Healers.

“We’re doing this for Leolin; we’ve been living in this hospital, in this room and the office since he came in. My Wife hasn’t seen me in days and I’m missing my own children.” Healer Almus said with a hard bite to his own voice. “All we want is for Leolin to live, if that means we chuck all of you out, we’ll do it!”

“Why can’t we wait in the corridor?” Blaise demanded.

“We understand the want to be close to him, but with Harry pregnant it isn’t practical to have him not eating or sleeping properly and loitering about in corridors. It’ll do none of you any good to hang around here when you have five babies at home and two more on the way. Leolin is doing amazingly well in our care; you are just a floo call away, it’ll take us moments to get you over to him if anything goes wrong or if anything changes, but so far he’s been stable and very well, we’ll allow you visitation, but we can’t have you here all the time, it makes our job harder and strictly speaking, Leolin needs a lot of rest, as much of it as we can give him, which means no disturbances.”

“We’re not happy with this.” Nasta growled.
“You don’t have to be.” Healer Cole piped up. “As long as Leolin survives this then we don’t care what you think of us or the situation.”

“I don’t understand how you can do this! He’s our son!” Harry cried desperately.

“They can legally kick us out and keep us out if they think we’re disrupting the health and healing of a patient.” Max rumbled deeply, his eyes dark with his anger. “The Wizengamot brought the law in just eight years ago after a Mother refused to leave her baby and even slept in the same room and would continuously pester and question the Healers to the point where they couldn’t do their job and that baby died as a result, my Dad studied the case, but the Wizengamot will now take the Healer’s side in ninety percent of cases to keep the number of magical babies up.”

“Please!” Harry begged. “Please, I can’t stay away from him, he’s my baby! I need to look after him, can’t you understand that I need to be here with him, that I have to look after him and assure myself that he’s alright!”

“Our instincts would demand that we see him.” Nasta explained with a nod. “If too long passed we’d force our way in and we’d take him, which would ultimately kill him. We need to sort out a balance, you need to understand that we have to see him, our Drackens demand no less, but I at least understand the logic behind not camping out in the hospital for days at a time, especially with Harry’s pregnancy.”

“We would like your cooperation in this. You won’t be allowed in this room overnight as we restrict the air flow and up the oxygen levels to help Leolin sleep better, so it would be best if you left at night and came back in the morning, this would ensure you get sleep. At lunchtimes we’ll be checking the spread or the receding of the virus through his lungs with X-rays, so I would again advise you all to go home, get something to eat, or some more rest or even just play a game with your other children to see them for a few hours, but it’ll be better for you than hanging around the hospital, waiting for news that we don’t have ourselves to give to you. We should know more in the afternoons, after the X-rays, but in the mornings we’ll just be informing you of how he was in the night, we won’t have much more to tell you than that, but he’s stable, he’s calm and he’s been better than we expected.”

“Will he…will he recover?” Harry asked, looking up hopefully.

The two Healers exchanged a glance and Harry’s heart sank.
“You either don’t want to say anything or you don’t think he has much hope.” Harry said softly.

“The former, Harry.” Healer Almus said. “We really don’t want to say or get any of your hopes up just yet. It’s too early to tell, but we are happy with the strength and determination that he’s shown so far.”

Harry nodded as he brushed Leolin’s hair back, he was being passed around, he was in Draco’s arms at the moment, having gone from Nasta to Blaise and to Draco, who wasn’t allowing Max to hold him.

“Draco.” Harry said firmly, giving him a look. “Pass Leolin to Max, I want a hold afterwards before we’re forced to leave.”

“Forced to leave for your own good.” Healer Almus cut in.

Draco very reluctantly passed Leolin over and it looked like he was going to say something, but Nasta’s hand cupped the back of his head warningly.

“I hate this.” Max murmured as he cradled Leolin in just one arm, his other, swollen, hand free to brush gentle fingers and a lone thumb over Leolin’s even sharper features. He looked gaunt and sickly.

“I can’t leave him.” Harry whispered. “Not like this.”

“Have some faith in him, love.” Nasta encouraged. “None of us like it, but try to think what’s best for Leolin.”

Harry swallowed hard and bitterly. He wanted to scream and rage and demand that he be able to stay here with Leolin, but he wouldn’t risk being barred and not being allowed to come back, even if the Healers were bluffing, he wouldn’t risk it, he couldn’t.

Nasta pulled him forward and gently put his head in the crook of his neck, letting Harry inhale the calming pheromones that he was emitting.

“This won’t last forever, Harry and the Healers are right, we need to focus on the twins as well and to do that you need rest and food.”
“I just don’t want to leave him.” Harry warbled. “I feel so lost, so out of control, I don’t know what to do!”

“Then listen to me and let me tell you what to do.” Nasta said gently. “I’ll look after you.”

“Who’ll look after you?” Harry asked concernedly.

Nasta chuckled darkly. “I’m almost forty, love, I’m the top dominant of our family, I’ll look after myself or I wouldn’t be fit to be your top dominant, though I wouldn’t say no to cwtching every now and then.”

Harry smiled then, albeit weakly, but he tried. He sat back and nodded as he brushed the tears from his face.

“We can try it your way, but I can’t promise that I won’t give you hell over it because I probably will. I don’t want to leave him here.”

“It’s to make him better.” Nasta assured him.

“I know that…logically, but part of me doesn’t want to listen to the logical part of my brain.”

“I think that’s why you always ended up in trouble, it’s because you didn’t listen to the logical part of your brain that you ended up running after a death omen that turned out to be a mass murderer.” Draco commented flippantly.

“Wait, what?!?” Nasta hissed. “When was this?!”

Harry glared at Draco. “My third year.”

“You took on a mass murderer when you were THIRTEEN!” Nasta hissed, his face reddening.
“It was better than the sixty foot basilisk when I was twelve.” Harry answered distractedly as he was handed Leolin carefully and he elatedly got to cuddle his sick son back into his arms.

“What did you just say?” Blaise asked.

Harry looked up and then he seemed to realise exactly what he had said. He pulled a face.

“Well at least I can still surprise you after two years.” He said. “I told you all that my school years were adventurous.”

“Your first year.” Nasta nodded. “I remember, but I thought that was it.”

Harry actually laughed. “Yet you knew about the Tri-wizard tournament when I was fourteen and my journey to the Ministry at fifteen where I fought and killed Voldemort and you thought hunting for the Philosophers stone was the worst?”

“It seems we need to have a talk about all this.”

“There’s nothing to talk about, it happened, it’s in the past. My school boy adventures are the last thing on my mind right now.” Harry answered as he cradled Leolin more firmly into his chest, Leolin who was sleeping deeply, deeper than Harry had ever seen him.

He picked up a tiny hand, the skin dry and paper thin, and held it gently, staring at Leolin. He couldn’t stop staring.

“I love you sweet boy. I will never, never give up on you, so you don’t get to give up either, do you hear me? You fight, Leolin; you fight for me, for your Daddies, for your brothers and your sister and most of all for yourself. You fight and you keep fighting, I will never say goodbye to you for real, so please don’t say it to me.”

Three hands pressed against his back and shoulders and one hand slipped over his side to his stomach, Harry smiled softly at the silent support offered to him.

“We’re all here for you, love, even if we are forced to go home, it’s only goodbye for now, not
forever. I know you’re going to get better because I know that my strong little fighter won’t give up and neither will we, no matter what happens. We will always love you, don’t you give up, don’t you say goodbye.”

Harry was aware that he was going around in circles, but he didn’t care as he widened his eyes to stop the tears from falling as he cradled Leolin to him. He swallowed; he couldn’t believe the papers had found out about Leolin and Calix being in the hospital and the only possible reason for Myron not telling them that morning would have been because he didn’t know either. He had come over very earlier, so he might not have seen the paper yet.

The media was going to pay for this breach of privacy, it had grated on his nerves when they’d published naked photos of him arriving at the hospital with his newborn children, publishing a story about his dying, hospitalised baby was a huge leap over the boundary line and he wouldn’t stand for it, if Richard couldn’t handle it himself along with his trial, he’d ask if his business partner could sue the media for him.

This ended, he wasn’t the little boy who didn’t have anyone to protect him or look out for him anymore, he was an adult now, he had family completely surrounding him, but more importantly he was a Mother, the naked photos of him he could take, the article about his ruined anniversary dinner he could take, but he would not stand idly by and do nothing as they theorised and speculated on why his baby was in the hospital, what had happened, if it was his fault, his lovers fault or if his baby would live or not. He wouldn’t stand for it and if he could he’d rip them all to pieces, the Daily Prophet, Witch Weekly, World News, any and all of them who’d published the article or some semblance of it about his baby would get the full force of his rage and Merlin help them if Leolin didn’t make it.

Harry was all but dragged out the hospital an hour later and he couldn’t stop the tears as he was pulled away from Leolin so that he could go down to have his X-rays done.

Nasta picked him up and bumped him over his shoulder so that he could carry him easier and Harry wrapped himself around Nasta tightly, holding on as he cried. It helped to know that this hurt his mates as much as it hurt him, he hated it, he didn’t want to leave, but he couldn’t risk being barred from the hospital.

He hated those fucking Healers, he hated them for making him leave, but he respected the hell out of them for sleeping in the hospital just to keep an all-night vigil on Leolin to make sure that he was alright and if his little boy survived this…he’d apologise to them for his behaviour, his words, his thoughts and he’d send them and their families on fucking holiday to the tropics if he could, but he hated them in that moment as he was taken through the floo in tears, his heart ripped in two between the sick baby he was going home to and the sick baby he was being forced to leave in the hospital.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: My break was ruined as I don’t think I got more than a few days off before I was
back to writing, so you get this chapter up earlier than I planned.

I hope you’ve all enjoyed this chapter and I’ll hopefully have the next one out soon. I’m sorry if I’ve missed any questions, but there were a hell of a lot of reviews and I may have missed one or two I’m sorry, until the next time lovelies,

StarLight Massacre. X
Our Farewell

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighty-Five - Our Farewell

Harry knew immediately when he got home through the floo that Myron had been told of the news article. His face was red, bordering on purple, a vein was throbbing in his temple and his one hand was clenched into a tight fist, the other was wrapped around Calix’s sleeping body.

Aneirin was sat on the settee, he looked angry too and he also had a red flush to his face and neck, he was holding the newspaper spread out over his knees.

“Let me see.” Harry demanded, his throat raw.

“I don’t think now is the right…” Nasta tried but Harry cut over him.

“Now is the perfect time, give it to me!”
Aneirin handed the paper over reluctantly and Harry glared at it in disgust as he read the article. He ground his teeth together and was practically shaking with his anger the more that he read. He had been right, they subtly implied that it was his, or his lovers’, fault, they insinuated that if a ‘Mother’, which Harry took to mean a woman, had been in their household it wouldn’t have happened and speculated on why two of his children had been admitted to St Mungos and why one was still there despite the attention of senior Healers, theorising heavily that the baby wasn’t going to leave the hospital alive after its treatment in his care.

He was going to kill all of them. Suing them wasn’t enough, he was going to march straight to their offices and rip them all limb from limb and then slash out their throats.

He hadn’t realised that he’d actually been doing just that until Draco rushed after him and snatched him up into his arms, holding him tight as Nasta read the article aloud, sneering heavily.

Of course Narcissa flooed over in such a panic that she almost fell over Myron’s foot and the bigger man had to dart quickly to catch her by grabbing the back of her robes and yanking her up, unable to do anything more gentle or gentlemanly as Calix was still sleeping in his other arm.

“Mother.” Draco greeted, unable to go to her because he was afraid that Harry might make a break for escape.

Before another word could be said, Lucius Malfoy was there looking almost apoplectic with rage, his pale face flushed the same pink that Draco’s went when angry.

“I take it that this is another unauthorised piece?” He snapped out softly with so much contained anger and threat that it reminded Harry that this man had been a Death Eater, blackmailed into it or not, he had been a Death Eater.

“I don’t want to sue them.” Harry said calmly.

Eight heads almost broke their necks with how quickly they turned to stare at him.

“How could you not?!” Blaise demanded.

“I want them dead.” Harry snarled, kicking out and writhing in Draco’s hold. “I want every single one of them DEAD!”

Nasta took him from Draco and forced his head into the crook of his neck, but Harry wasn’t having any of it and he unsheathed his fangs and bit Nasta’s neck instead, which startled Nasta enough to drop him and then Harry rushed for the nearest door.
It was Aneirin who caught him this time, the sixty year old man surprisingly quick for such an age, but then it didn’t really count with Drackens, sixty in Dracken years was the equivalent of being stuck at thirty biologically, or at least Harry thought it might have been, because the speed and strength of Aneirin left him stumped stupid as to what had happened and how he had been stopped for a few moments.

Then Nasta, fangs, claws and wings out, snatched him back and snarled right in his ear.

“Remember that he’s pregnant, Nas.” Was all that Aneirin said as he sat back on the settee.

Harry felt teeth scrape over the back of his neck and his instincts stilled his body immediately, those teeth bit down just enough to apply pressure without breaking the skin and his body was flooded with endorphins and he went boneless in Nasta’s arms.

“I am your dominant, the top dominant for this family! I decide what we do.” Nasta growled harshly at him. “You do not make the decisions for us, I do!”

Harry was pushed onto the settee and he stayed there unhappily.

“We’re suing them.” Nasta growled tightly. “I won’t have my family disrespected in such a way, I won’t have my submissive or my subordinates accused of endangering our children and I will not allow them to get away with surmising over my sick, hospitalised son.”

The three older men in the room nodded and they started talking about the process to get the lawsuit rolling.

“I will start wording the letters.” Lucius promised. “I sent the cease and desist letter in the summer when they harassed Harry at his own graduation, I am certain that you will win this case.”

“Thank you, we appreciate your help.” Nasta nodded.

Max forced a cup of tea into Harry’s hands, his own shaking a bit too much to be anything other than pain related and Harry sat up and took note of it, thinking of something else besides Leolin for the first time in several hours.

“Are you okay?” He asked softly, trying to avoid Nasta’s attention.
Max sat down and held out his quivering hands.

“It feels like they're being stabbed over and over.” Max grumbled. “It’s the Skele-gro.”

“I remember what that was like; it felt like a thousand splinters were being stabbed into my arm.”

Harry took his one hot hand and rubbed it between both of his own and Max sighed happily.

“This helped when I was dealing with Skele-gro, a little bit at least, I wasn’t allowed any visitors in the Hospital Wing, so I had to do it myself and as it was my whole arm, it never really worked properly, at least it’s only your knuckles. Have you taken any more pain reliever?”

“I don’t deserve it.” Max said softly, looking away in shame.

Harry gave him the look that that comment deserved.

“Can someone go and get Max a pain reliever please.” Harry asked as he continued massaging Max’s burning knuckles, swapping over to his other hand.

Draco did as he was told and brought back the potion quickly, which Harry forced Max to drink, not that it took much as Myron was giving Max his own look, which effectively had Max swallowing the potion quickly and without question.

“What happened to your hands?” Aneirin asked curiously.

“He thought that it would be a good idea to hit walls.” Harry replied as he finished up his massage and picked up his cup of tea, somehow he just knew there was a calming draught in it.

Once he’d drained his tea and the potion had taken effect, only then did he realise that the only baby in the room was Calix. He could almost feel his panic attacking the calming draught.
“Where are the others?” He demanded.

“They went up for their afternoon nap. Aneirin and I had just come back down when you came home.” Myron answered concisely.

Harry knew then that he was still a little slow and shockedy, he should have known that his babies would have gone up for their nap by now, but the routine he had worked out with his mates that they kept to strictly had slipped from his mind and he couldn’t remember anything and that made him feel useless.

“They won’t sleep for long.” Aneirin told them. “They barely stayed down for their midmorning nap. They know that something’s wrong.”

They found out exactly how true that was when only fifteen minutes later they heard one of the babies waking up and letting out a shrill cry, which woke the others.

Nasta and Blaise went up to get them and when they came down, two babies apiece, there were tears on chubby little cheeks.

“Mama!” Braiden called out as soon as he saw him sat on the settee, he was struggling in Blaise’s arms to get to him, reaching out for him.

Harry took him from Blaise and held him tight, but it seemed his three other babies wanted him and his attention as well and Harry was stuck with Regan lounging on his lap, Farren was on one side of him and Tegann and Braiden were on his other side and he was getting the full works, babbling, screeches, dribbling, calls of ‘Mama’ and the baby equivalent of hugs, which included little hands clenching in his hair.

“I missed you all too.” Harry said softly as he tried to hold their squirming bodies and stop them from falling to the floor as they all babbled over one another.

Braiden was settled and happy to know that Harry was there and was not going anywhere as he slipped himself off the settee and crawled over the floor to his toys, looking back to make sure that Harry hadn’t moved from where he was sat on the settee.

He got out his toys from the large box in the corner, which attracted Regan’s attention and he slipped down to crawl over to the toys too and he giggled happily as Braiden handed him a wooden block and they started building a tower together, a very wonky, strange looking tower, but still a tower. Harry just loved watching them playing together, Braiden handing Regan blocks, sharing
without being taught or told, doing it because he wanted to.

Tegan babbled angrily and got onto the floor and Harry watched her carefully as she went the long way around the coffee table so that Braiden wouldn’t see her, trying to sneak up on him to hurt him for taking Regan’s attention, and then Blaise picked her up, which she did not like at all if her squalling was any indication.

Calix made a soft sound in his sleep and Harry stood up, handing a relaxed and laidback Farren quickly to Max and taking Calix from Myron and taking him away from the noise, but it was too late, he made it to the hallway when glassy jet black eyes blinked open and Calix babbled softly, tiredly.

Harry sighed. “Hello, love, how are you?”

Harry brushed his fluffy hair back from his face and kissed him gently; sniffing him lightly and he didn’t need to breathe in any deeper than that, he smelt the sickness on him, the cloying, too sweet smell of it and it almost choked him. His arms automatically clenched tight around Calix before relaxing so that he didn’t hurt his sick son.

He took Calix back into the living room and he grimaced at the people there.

“Did he have his potion?” He asked.

Myron nodded. “He refused all solid food though; he had half a bottle of milk instead. He was able to swallow it more easily than anything more solid.”

Harry nodded and cradled Calix gently until Narcissa wanted a hold and he passed him over reluctantly. It was driving him out of his mind smelling the sickness on Calix and knowing that he was sick and that Leolin was sick too, but Calix wasn’t getting better, surely there should have been some improvement by now, but all Calix wanted to do was continually sleep and he wasn’t eating properly. He was nine months old; he needed more than just half a bottle of milk.

Even now Harry watched him fighting off sleep, little mouth puckering in a yawn as he settled down in Narcissa’s arms to sleep some more. He was worried.

He felt like he was having a complete mental breakdown, torn clean in half between Leolin and Calix, he wanted to keep them both together so that he could stay with them indefinitely until they were both recovered, but doing so would risk Leolin’s life and going between the both of them was hurting something within him, he tugged at his own hair and bit his bottom lip hard to keep in the sob that wanted to escape. He felt like he was going slowly insane and he was losing his grip on reality, it wasn’t any wonder why the Ministry classed Drackens as dark, dangerous creatures if this is what they saw, the mindless insanity that came from being stuck between two sick children when he was unable to help either of them.

A shrill scream of pain had him snapping his head over to see Tegan attacking Braiden, her little
hands fisted into Braiden’s hair tighter than tight and putting all of her weight behind pulling on it, and of course then he heard Calix crying behind him as he was woken by Braiden’s cries and he snapped.

“Stop it, Tegan! For fuck’s sake just STOP IT!” He shouted as loudly as he could at her.

He realised exactly what he’d done in the silence that followed and he was horrified with himself as he stared wide eyed at his frowning daughter. Her hazel eyes filled with tears and when the first one fell, Harry broke and he ran from the room and barricaded himself in his bedroom.

His own tears started and he sobbed harshly, wracking his whole body as he cried. He couldn’t believe what he’d just done, to his own child no less, and he slumped to the floor, curled up on his side, which put him partially under the bed, and he just cried. He cried violently, the picture of Tegan’s crumpled face in his mind until he was sick and then he couldn’t stop crying or vomiting. It was a vicious, unending, unrelenting circle, he couldn’t stop crying and he was so disgusted with himself that he vomited and then it carried on until he was lying in his own sick and then he couldn’t move himself because of how hard he was sobbing, said sobs wracking and convulsing his whole body out of his control.

He was shaking and he couldn’t believe that he’d shouted at his baby daughter, what sort of monster was he?

Someone knocked on the door and it creaked open, then suddenly he was being pulled backwards and someone was soothing him, but he couldn’t see through his tears. He was carried into the bathroom and placed by the toilet.

“I was wondering when this would start, you always suffer with morning sickness and you’re almost two months pregnant.” Nasta’s strong, comforting voice said gently as he pulled his hair away from his mouth.

“It’s not morning sickness.” Harry said weakly. “I cried too much and started being sick and then I couldn’t stop. I’m a monster.”

“You’re not a monster.” Nasta told him with a sigh. “We’re all under a lot of pressure and the stress of this is getting to all of us. Tegan is no worse off for having you shout at her, in fact she’s actually behaving herself for once.”

“She is nine months old! I shouted at my nine month old daughter!” Harry sobbed.

“It’s alright.” Nasta soothed as he rocked Harry gently. “These aren’t normal circumstances, you don’t go around shouting at her every day, it was once, Harry. Once under a high pressure, severe
stress situation. Let it go, love.”

Harry cried onto Nasta and breathed calmly and shallowly to calm his roiling belly.

“I can’t believe I shouted at her like that, she’s going to hate me.”

“She cried for you the moment you left the room.” Nasta told him. “You were the one she wanted and she stopped hurting Braiden as well.”

“I need to see her, I need to apologise.”

“You don’t. Do you feel better?”

Harry nodded as he stood on wobbly legs and washed his hands and face with cold water, checking in the mirror to make sure there was no vomit in his hair. Nasta was in the bedroom cleaning up the mess he’d made and then he escorted him down the stairs.

“Are you alright?” Draco asked him gruffly, pulling Harry into a tight hug.

Harry nodded.

“Ma mam ma.” Tegan called out, her own face tearstained as she crawled to his legs and sat back on her knees lifting her hands up to him.

Harry picked her up and cuddled her tightly, apologising to her over and over. He told her how sorry he was and how much he loved her as he kissed her chubby cheek as she clung to him.

“Sit down, Harry; you need to recover your strength.” Nasta said as he sat Harry down and fussed over him.

“It was just a little sick.” Harry said weakly.
“You were sick?” Max asked and he shared a look with Nasta.

“What?” Harry asked with a frown. “I cried too hard, that’s all.”

Max looked relieved and he sighed with that relief.

“What’s the matter?”

“If you’d been sick because of an illness, you couldn’t have gone back to see Leolin.” Blaise told him.

“But you weren’t.” Nasta said firmly before Harry could rip out Blaise’s throat for daring to say such a thing. “So we’ll be going back in a few hours to see him, but first, you need to eat something to regain your strength.”

“You aren’t giving me a choice, are you?” Harry said with a groan.

Nasta shook his head. “No. You eat or you aren’t going back, especially after being so sick upstairs.”

Harry just nodded, giving in to Nasta’s demands without a fight. He didn’t want to fight any more as he rocked Tegan in his arms, holding her little head to his chest, running gentle fingers through her hair, it reached just below her ears, it made Harry smile as he realised that she and Nasta had the same length hair, though Nasta did grow it a little longer on top and at the back.

He was watched as he sat on the floor to eat a bowl of light soup, Tegan staying between his legs on the floor, playing with his socked toes and a stuffed penguin.

Harry ate his soup easily and then a sandwich with two cups of honey tea and a glass of water. He had Calix back in his arms as Myron and Lucius left to start the suing process of the Daily Prophet and Narcissa followed after them half an hour later, leaving Aneirin to stay with them, offering to be their babysitter when they went back to see Leolin. He looked troubled however.

“What’s wrong, Dad?” Nasta asked, picking up on the thread of tension also as he wiped Farren’s chin with a muslin cloth after he’d dribbled a biscuit over his face because he’d eaten it with too much relish and fervour.
“I’m just wondering how long it’s going to take the Faerie courts to see that article and put two and two together. They read the Daily Prophet as well.”

Nasta’s face went stark white and Harry felt a thread of fear filter into his heart.

“They won’t go near him.” He said firmly and with more confidence than he felt.

“If the courts decide that Leolin isn’t safe with us…” Nasta said weakly.

“They won’t take him!” Draco hissed. “Over my dead fucking body!”

“Don’t say things like that!” Harry cried out. “They won’t take our Leolin and they certainly will not be killing any of us! I won’t allow it!”

“They can’t just take him can they?” Max asked. “I mean, that would be the worst thing possible for Leolin right now, they’d end up killing him and that’s the last thing they want, right? So they can fight us all they want, but the Ministry won’t recognise their authority in the hospital because they’re magical creatures, so they can’t get access to Leolin without our permission and even then that’s subject to the Healers’ demands. They cannot get to Leolin in the hospital and they don’t know where we are, we’d have to take Leolin to them, which of course we won’t do. They cannot get our son and if they do find out where we live…we get the kids out and we fight them for daring to try and take our baby boy by force.”

“They won’t.” Aneirin shook his head. “They won’t try to take him by force, there’d be too much of an opportunity for him to be injured or killed. They’d talk their way to him, they’d play mind games to make you feel like handing him over is the only way to keep him alive. They’d make you feel guilty and useless and unfit to look after him and they’d convince you that the only way is to hand him over, they’d promise that you’d get to see him when he’s older, that he can see you whenever he likes when he’s an adult and much stronger than he is as a child, but even if he reached his adult years you’d never see him again. They’d adopt him out to Faerie parents, who would raise him like their own and they’d never tell him that they weren’t his biological parents and because you gave him up to them, Faerie law, which they won’t tell you about by the way, means that you sign away all of your rights to him as his parents and you agree to never seek to get him back and you never try to see him again under threat of execution in the Faerie city, even if you don’t touch a document, the mere act of handing him over is paramount in Faerie law, if you hand him over to them, then you’re signing away your right to him as his parents.”

Harry felt weak kneed at that and he carefully felt his way to the settee to sit down. He felt more reassured that they wouldn’t take Leolin by force, because he knew he would never hand his son
over to anyone, but the thought that if he did, in a moment of grief or guilt that the Faeries would exploit mercilessly, that he’d never see his little boy again made bile crawl up the back of his throat.

He made it to the downstairs bathroom with just seconds to spare as he dry heaved twice and then he vomited up his lunch. He was dimly aware of hands touching him, soothing him as he calmed himself and lay his head on his arms, which were folded over the toilet seat.

“They won’t ever get him.” Blaise said soothingly. “We would never give up our rights to him, even if we weren’t Drackens.”

“What if I do?” Harry whispered hoarsely. “What if they make me feel like I can’t look after him? I already feel like I can’t! But I won’t give him up to anyone else. I won’t!”

“You take Nasta with you to the Faerie city, you don’t go alone, Harry, so even if you do start to feel that handing him over is the only way to keep him alive through their vicious mind tricks, Nasta will stop you, Innamorato.”

“What if we both start feeling like it’s the only way?” Harry spoke aloud his new fear.

“That is easily solved if you do not take him to the city. If he’s not there for them to take, how can they take him?” Blaise said carefully. “Go to them without Leolin to talk everything through, and then when you feel better and more secure, take him to visit.”

Harry turned around and latched onto Blaise and hugged him tightly.

“What would I have ever done without you?” Harry sniffed. “You’re always the one to help me through these hard times.”

“I wouldn’t be a very good dominant mate if I didn’t.” Blaise brushed off.

“No. It’s more than that. You’ve been here for me from the very beginning, Blaise. You were my first everything. My first boyfriend, my first mate, my first lover, my first love, the Father to my first born child, I had my first ever heat period with you, my first mate meeting with the knowledge that you were always there, you’ve always been there for me.”
“Not always.” Blaise said with a self-deprecating grimace.

“You were punished and forgiven for that, Blaise.” Harry told him. “Like Max has been punished and forgiven. That’s how this works, if we do something wrong, we get punished for it and time to realise what we’ve done and to make amends and then we are forgiven and life carries on. I still love you, Blaise, like I still love Max despite any wrong doing he’s done. He upset me, you upset me, I get over it and I still love you.”

“That’s because we have children with you, would you have put up with us and our actions if we weren’t Drackens? If we never had children with you?” Blaise asked seriously.

Harry sighed heavily. “It’s impossible to say, I am a Dracken and we do have children, but I know, deep inside that I love you all. I love every single one of you right down into the deepest parts of me and if anything happened to you, it would kill a piece of me to lose you. Submissive Drackens are forced to love their dominants with the birth of children, but I loved you all before any children came along and I think that if that dominant died, then the hold over the submissive would die as well, thus they would be happy and grateful and glad that the dominant had died. I wouldn’t feel that way if you or Max died, Blaise. I’d be crushed and devastated. I don’t just love you because of Braiden; I don’t hate you just because you walked out on me once due to anger, stress and sleep deprivation. It’ll take a hell of a lot more than that to counter all the good qualities that you have, all the little things you do for me each and every day, it will take a lot of bad and negative feelings to change the love I hold for you into hate.”

Blaise all but crushed him in his arms then, holding him tight and kissing his hair.

“Ti amo, Blaise.” Harry whispered with a soft smile into Blaise’s shoulder.

“Ti amo, mio diletto.” Blaise whispered back, his breath just ruffling the messy tufts of Harry’s hair.

“I’d kiss you right now, but I’ve just been sick and I think only Max is gross enough to kiss me after I’ve vomited, so I need to brush my teeth.”

Harry did just that as he pushed away from Blaise’s warm, soft body.

“Max kissed you after you’d vomited, properly kissed you?”
“Four times.” Harry nodded. “Tongues and all.”

Harry laughed as he saw Blaise’s face in the mirror, crinkled with his disgust.

“I am never kissing him again.”

“It was before I’d even mated to him. It was when I was rejecting Draco, I accepted Max through those four kisses and then I took Draco back, it’s how I forced them both to be mated to me when really only one of them should have been. If it hadn’t have been for those four kisses, I might never have had Max to call mine.”

“Then I’m glad he found the courage to kiss you, vomit and all.” Blaise said and Harry hit him gently with a chuckle. “Let’s go and get you something to drink, mio amore, you need a sit down too.”

Harry let Blaise lead him into the living room and sit him on the settee before he was gone to get him another glass of water.

“You look like you feel better.” Max said with a worried smile.

“I told Blaise about the time that you kissed me after I’d been sick. He was suitably disgusted, which made me laugh.”

Max laughed himself and sat next to him, pulling him into a deep kiss.

“I don’t care what you’ve been doing; the urge to just kiss you overtakes everything else. I love you too much, even back then, to care about such trivial things, I needed to kiss you, so I did.”

“He’d been sick!” Draco said aghast. “Your first thought should have been to comfort him and get him into a bed, not ravishing him!”

“It wasn’t that type of sick, Draco.” Harry assured him. “It was after Max told me what that little bastard Dominic was going to do to my babies, I couldn’t hold onto my stomach after hearing that my children, my babies, would have been harvested for potion ingredients.”
Harry looked to his babies, Braiden and Regan who were playing in the remains of what had once been a tower, Farren on the floor by the table actually playing for once with a ball, Tegan by Draco’s feet still with her stuffed penguin and Calix, fast asleep on the settee, cushions piled high to prevent him from rolling off. He shivered and cuddled into Max.

“I wouldn’t have allowed him to do such a thing.” Blaise assured him as he came back into the living room. “I was older, bigger, stronger than him and I was mated to you first. If by some freak accident you had mated to such a vile dominant, I would have killed him for you and you would have been able to get a new mate, but he would have never been able to do what he had planned to our children. He wouldn’t have lived long enough to have seen them born.”

Harry smiled at that and accepted the glass of water. “I hope none of our children end up with anyone like that.”

“We’ll raise them right and we’ll raise them to be picky.” Nasta assured him. “Draco and Blaise got lucky, finding you so young and with only a few meetings between them, but it takes a few meetings to get into the swing of things and then a few more to actually find a submissive worth the time and effort. No one is exaggerating when they say that you were one of the most coveted submissives of the last decade. I can count on one hand the amount of submissives I’ve truly chased after; two of them rejected me and one found her dominant before I even got to speak to her, but the point I’m trying to make is that submissives like you and like the three others I saw are rare, Harry and they’re getting rarer. For every twenty submissive meetings only one or two will be kind, conscientious, loving submissives.”

“I was bisexual with a preference for men.” Max shrugged. “Chasing after the female submissives was something I knew I had to do, because everyone thought that male submissives had fallen out of the genes and with female dominant numbers going down too…everyone thought that the anomalies were being bred out…I think I chased after several submissives properly and three of them don’t count because they were my first meetings and I was young, brash and overly excited to just be near a submissive that I would have taken them if they’d been the devil incarnate. But Nasta’s right, being lucky enough to be one of the hundred dominants chosen by one of the kinder, sweeter submissives who aren’t utter sluts is near impossible. I was so stunned when you asked to speak to me that first time that my Uncle had to give me a smack to get me moving. You were so beautiful, so perfect, I couldn’t believe my luck.”

“I’m not perfect!” Harry denied with a scowl. “You know that I’m not!”

“Perfect doesn’t mean flawless.” Nasta told him with an indulging, adoring smile. “You have your faults as we all do, but you’re still perfect to us because you’re exactly what we were looking for. We say perfect because we’ve seen the utter bitches that some submissives can be, the sluts who
order us to strip off so that they can fondle us before choosing us like prime cattle, the submissives who order us to fight to the death like ancient gladiators of a ludus, those who belittle us and make us lose all self-confidence and belief in ourselves. You were never like that, even with those you knew you weren’t going to be mated with, you shot a few of them down sharply after they were disrespectful to you, but you never destroyed them or their confidence and I think I loved you from the first time that I saw you. Your friend, the baby dominant, Henley, he actually took away the confidence to get his own submissive from meeting you, if his first meeting had been anyone else, acting how he did, like an overgrown child and actually allowing his Father to accompany him...he would have been torn to pieces by some submissives, they would have stomped on his excited buoyancy, torn out his kind, good intentions and crushed his sweet nature under foot. I've seen it a thousand times, even with Max.” Nasta said with a nod to Max, whose face shadowed with the memory of his first meeting where he had been ripped to pieces and had had his confidence completely shattered. “But not you, you gave that baby dominant what he needed, the belief in himself, the confidence to be himself and not to try to be someone else to impress a submissive and because of that, he’s mated with a child and another one on the way.”

Harry grinned at the reminder of Henley’s baby. The excitable young man he’d once compared to a crack addicted puppy dog had sent him an excited letter, enclosed with a photo of himself with his pretty mate Anabel and their little daughter Claudia, who was just months younger than Braiden. She had been born at the beginning of December, so she was just weeks older than his quintuplets and it made Harry feel slightly better to know that Henley’s mate Anabel had caught on her first heat after she’d given birth too. He hadn’t had an update from Henley since, but he’d made sure to inform him of his six babies with the more on the way, he’d enclosed his own family portrait photo, him, his mates and all of their little ones. It had been hell trying to get them all to look at the camera at once, but the finished result was worth it. That portrait was hanging on at least several walls of family members with instructions to update them as soon as the twins were born.

“Do you feel better now?” Aneirin asked him from where he was sat, easily forgettable, in an armchair away from them. Harry had forgotten that he was there.

Harry nodded. “I do actually. I can’t wait to hear from Henley, his mate is due in October, the same as Amelle.”

“Amelle is beating Caesar with baby names.” Max informed him. “Or at least that’s what Caesar says. Though apparently she only wanted Eleonora to be Gem Bear to wind him up.”

Harry nodded. “She did, she was never seriously considering it. He kept telling her what to do, so she tortured him with the idea that she was naming the baby Gem Bear. I wish I’d thought of it, I might have had a bit more freedom.”

His mates gave him an evil look and he smiled innocently.
“Do you want some more tea?” Max asked as he looked at the clock. It was almost two in the afternoon. They’d been told sternly not to go back until after four o’clock and that they could stay until nine at the very latest. Having the set, unchanging times helped Harry deal a little better with everything.

Harry nodded his head. “Fingers crossed I can keep this down.” He said wryly.

“Do you want to try some toast?”

Harry shook his head. “I honestly don’t think I could eat anything, I’m going to struggle with just the tea. I don’t want to risk it.”

Max fretted then and Harry sighed and pulled him into a hug, rubbing their foreheads together with a smile.

“I’m fine, Maxie, I promise. Take care of yourself, especially with your hands. I can’t keep anything down and forcing it in isn’t going to help.”

“You’re pregnant.”

“Harry’s right.” Nasta cut in. “He is pregnant, but forcing him to eat isn’t going to help him or the babies if he can’t keep it down. It’ll just ruin the lining of his stomach, so leave him be, if he feels up to it later, he can have a little light something to eat for dinner.”

Harry all but beamed at Nasta for what he’d said and he forced himself up and he threw his arms around Nasta, which made him chuckle deeply and cuddle him back. They kept this up for long minutes, wrapped up with one another and rocking from side to side with wide smiles.

“Are you two done cwtching?” Aneirin said, the laughter clear in his voice. “I think Braiden’s jealous.”

Harry looked down and found Braiden at his feet, frowning up at him and Nasta, arms around one another, Nasta swaying him lightly and soothingly.
Harry bent down and plucked his first born up off the floor and cradled him gently between him and Nasta.

“What’s the matter, Braiden?” He asked.

“Mama, baba in.”

“Baba in?” Harry said curiously. “That’s a new one.”

“Baba in.” Braiden nodded seriously, before he turned in Harry’s arms and pointed curiously to the bassinet that Leolin slept in and all at once Harry understood and his throat closed tight.

Nasta looked astounded. “I can’t believe that he made such a connection so young.”

“Baby Leolin isn’t here right now, love.” Harry said to his year old son, completely choked up. “He’s at the hospital. He needs to get better before he can come home, but I’ll be sure to let him know that you miss him.”

Braiden nodded as if he actually understood him and Harry made a mental note to be careful with what he said around Braiden from now on. If Braiden could understand what they were saying, even a little, then he wanted absolutely no swearing or cursing around him and he wanted his mates, and himself of course, to censor what they said when little ears were listening in.

He shared a look with Nasta, who nodded as if he’d read his mind, Harry smiled; Nasta truly was the best candidate for their top dominant. He knew everything that was going on and what everyone was thinking, at least vaguely enough to guess and his guesses were usually correct. Harry loved him deeply.

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At four in the afternoon, Harry had nibbled on a few dry, cream crackers and he was back in the hospital, dipping his hands into the cleansing solution while Healer Almus waved his wand over him and his mates.

He rushed into the secured, quarantined room and he hovered over Leolin’s glass bassinet, checking all the wires and counting them, to make sure they were all there and nothing had changed.
Leolin looked worse than he had that morning, his breathing was now noticeably affected as he wheezed with every inhale and rattled with every exhale. The black-purpling bruising around his eyes was more pronounced, deeper and, not a chubby baby to begin with, he was starting to look skeletal.

“What happened?!” Harry demanded in a hiss. “He looks worse!”

“The virus has spread to encompass more of his lungs. More to his left than his right lung. He’s finding it increasingly difficult to breathe, as you can probably hear for yourselves. We’ve got the ventilator on hand, just in case.” Healer Cole told him, indicating a new machine off to the one side.

“You have to stop it!” Harry demanded furiously. “Do your jobs and help him!”

“Harry.” Nasta warned him sharply. “I apologise for him, he’s been having difficulties today.”

Harry turned slowly and he glared at Nasta, baring his teeth.

“How is your pregnancy progressing?” Healer Almus concernedly.

“I’ve been queasy this afternoon.” Harry admitted as he obsessively traced Leolin’s face and body, pressing a finger to the tiny hand that was wired up to a machine that was beeping slowly, barely realising what he was saying.

“Would you like to have a once over?” Healer Almus offered.

“That would be kind, thank you.” Nasta agreed.

“There’s no need.” Harry shot down. “I’m not leaving Leolin when I only have a limited amount of time with him. Can I pick him up?”

Healer Cole shook his head firmly. “No. At the moment he’s at the perfect elevation to keep him breathing on his own and to help ease the congestion in his lungs, any disturbance to that could mean that he has to be put on the ventilator.”
Harry swallowed the frustration and the urge to scream. This was for Leolin, he couldn’t think of himself and his own needs. He wouldn’t be that selfish, he’d already shoved his children to the side these past two days, he’d made a sick Calix cry and he’d actually shouted at Tegan. He had acted like the monster that the Ministry claimed all of his species, but he couldn’t, he wouldn’t, put Leolin’s life at risk for himself. He wouldn’t allow it when he knew that it could kill his son.

He contented himself with watching Leolin sleep, soothed himself with the knowledge that he was still breathing on his own for now. Leaving him was going to be that much harder when it came to nine o’clock, but until then he had five full hours with Leolin, unless of course the Healers threw them out early, but he didn’t want to think about that happening, because if it did, it would mean that Leolin had taken a turn for the worst.

Leolin woke up when they’d been there for two hours, just sat in the quiet of the room with the whirring and beeping of the machines and he was visibly happy to see Harry bent over his bassinet as he wriggled enthusiastically as much as his tired, aching body could while it was wired up to all sorts.

Healer Almus handed him a premade bottle and Harry slipped an arm under the back of his head after asking the Healers if it was alright and he offered Leolin the bottle and he looked very unhappy to have the bottle waved in his face, but he took one look at Harry and opened his mouth, his throat looked red raw and Harry held his tears back by every single ounce of strength that he had left in his body. He now understood why Leolin didn’t want to drink, every swallow must have been a painful hell for him, but he did it anyway, for his Mother, for Harry, who encouraged every single suckle and swallow enthusiastically.

“Who is such a good boy?” He gushed exaggeratedly, but Leolin cracked tired eyes open to look at him and he smiled around the bottle bulb.

Harry could feel his emotions getting out of hand and he used his right foot to stomp on his left, grinding down on his toes as he took a deep breath to calm himself. While Leolin was awake, he would be the picture of strength, care and confidence along with love and happiness. He could break down later at home, safe in the knowledge that his children couldn’t see or hear him and that he had the support of his lovers at his side.

“You are my special little Faerie baby and I love you very, very much.” Harry said clearly, his voice only wavered once.

“Ma.” Leolin croaked softly, letting the bottle slip from his mouth.

“I’m right here, sweetheart.” Harry assured him with a wide smile. “I’m right here, you can go back to sleep now, your Daddies and I aren’t leaving, we won’t leave you sweet baby.”
Harry almost choked on the lie, but he watched as Leolin yawned, his raw throat being exposed yet
again, before he held onto Harry’s finger and he fell asleep again, but seeing him drink a little milk
boosted Harry’s spirits. Leolin hadn’t given up and if he was half the little boy that Harry knew he
was inside, then he wouldn’t give up and neither would he.

The hours passed all too quickly, but they dragged slowly, endlessly on as they sat around Leolin
and listened to him fight just to breathe. He woke up once more for some more milk and he didn’t
look at anyone else except Harry and it was Harry he reached out for when he had had enough
milk.

Harry held him and hugged him as best as he could without picking him up or moving him from
the soft, padded, foam mat that was keeping him elevated as he struggled to breathe before he fell
back into a restless, uneasy sleep.

Healer Almus kicked them out at nine in the night and Harry was once again dragged away by
Nasta as he cried and begged not to leave the hospital, to not be taken away from his son.

Aneirin had put all of their children to bed, but he’d kept Calix down with him and informed them
unhappily that he had been sick at about seven. Max checked him over as the mate with the most
medical training and he declared that he was alright, but that they’d have to keep an eye on him and
if he was sick again or if his condition worsened, then he’d have to pay another visit to the
hospital. Harry felt his sanity slipping away from him yet again and Nasta quickly bundled him up
and off to the bedroom, ordering someone, anyone, to get a cup of tea and a mild sleeping potion.

“I don’t want to sleep. I can’t sleep, Nasta, please!” Harry begged, in tears at the very thought of it.

“You need to sleep, love. I don’t like doing this to you, you know that I don’t, but you’re pregnant
and you need to sleep. It’s only a mild dosage, you won’t have a full one, you’ll sleep for eight
hours under the potion and then however long your body can afterwards, but our twins need you to
get some sleep. Let us deal with everything and get some sleep.”

“I can’t leave you to deal with everything…”

“We are not pregnant. You are.” Nasta told him firmly. “I need you to sleep, Harry, as much for
my peace of mind as for your health and our twins’ health. You’ll be up in time to visit Leolin in
the morning, after a nice shower and breakfast, but right now, I need you to sleep, please do this for
me, for our twins. Please, Cariad.”

Harry sighed and he ducked his head. “Okay, but I’m not happy about this and you promise, you
promise me, that you will look after Calix.”

“You heard Max, he’s alright, he just needs some watching, so if I bring his cot in here to sleep
beside us and I sleep the closest to him, will that reassure you enough to sleep peacefully?”
Harry nodded. “Get some sleep yourself, Nas, please. I know that you never had any last night and don’t try to fob me off, an hour or two on the settee doesn’t count. You can put a ward on the floo to alert you to incoming calls and Calix can be right here with us. We all need the sleep and if you’re forcing me to sleep, I want you to sleep for more than five hours tonight.”

“I’ll make sure that he does.” Max assured him as he came over to the bed and handed over the potion laced tea.

“You too, Max, I want all of you to sleep for a couple of hours. You’re all forcing me to eat and sleep and bathe and I know I’m pregnant, but you need to look after yourselves too, babies or no babies. They’re going to need their Daddies too.” Harry told them, palm over his belly as he sipped at his tea, waiting for it to cool a little before he gulped it down.

“I’ll make sure of it.” Nasta promised as he kissed him and took off Harry’s jacket and his socks, because he knew how much Harry hated sleeping in his socks, and he tucked him in and urged him to drink down his tea.

Harry gulped it down before the potion could take effect and he spilt half the cup on himself, but he nodded off before he could lie down, he never saw the adoring smile that Max and Nasta gave him as they laid him down on the mattress, undressed him fully and covered him over, taking away the almost empty cup and they left him to sleep. They had a challenging several days coming up for them and they were going to need all of their strength and control to get them through it, but whatever the outcome, they would get through it together as a family.

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Harry didn’t know what was worse that following week. How slowly it went as they waited desperately for any update on Leolin, as they waited anxiously for Calix to show even the slightest improvement. So far Calix had not improved that they could see and all the updates on Leolin were the same and left him craving for even more information.

The funeral for Evelyn had been held on the sixteenth of September, which Alexander had graciously and sympathetically offered to postpone for them, but they had refused. Evelyn deserved to be put to rest by her family, with her family around her. He couldn’t make the whole Maddison family wait to bury a beloved family member. There were relatives that he’d never seen or met before, Alexander’s brothers and sisters and nieces and nephews who were scattered to the four winds, all over the world, all reunited together for the funeral of Evelyn Maddison, all waiting to bury her, he couldn’t keep them waiting because of himself. Evelyn deserved to be put to rest, she deserved better than to rot above the ground waiting for something that might never happen.

It almost destroyed Max to attend, but Nasta had him in hand as he pulled Max into his body and
held him tight when it looked like Max would bolt and hide from them. Harry reached up and laid a hand on Max’s, which was locked around Nasta’s shoulders as his biggest mate’s knees gave in, Nasta holding him up and supporting that large body and heavier weight without a murmur of complaint. Blaise was running soothing lines up and down Max’s spine as he watched the sermon and Draco was stood, tall and silent, the picture of perfect solemnness, it was only when you slipped around and looked at him from the front that you realised that his hand was between Max and Nasta’s bodies, his palm resting comfortingly on Max’s belly, the back of his hand pressing into Nasta’s belly in silent support.

Severus Snape’s funeral had been held three days later on the nineteenth, in the Hogwarts grounds and in front of the whole school. Old students had been invited back along with retired teachers who had known him and it was easy to sink into the shadows as he helped Blaise grieve for his Godfather and Draco grieve for his mentor.

Harry was stood with Hermione, who told him that even if Snape hadn’t exactly been pleasant to her in her school years, he had still been a brilliant teacher and had helped her push herself to be her best to prove everyone wrong about her and her abilities. It was strange that half the graduated students that had come back to see Snape buried on the grounds had said near enough the same thing. They hadn’t liked the man, but they said that he was a brilliant Potion’s Master and in his own ‘unique’ way, had taught them what they needed to know.

A monument had been erected for Snape in a quiet, out of the way area of the grounds, far from being disrespectful to the man, Harry thought he would have rather preferred it as he looked at the wild plants growing around the area that Snape was being laid to rest in, at least half of them were used as potions ingredients.

Severus Snape was finally laid to rest and Harry shuddered at the thought of losing his mates in such a way. He and Nasta had gone with Snape to find Regulus and he still had the odd nightmare about it now. Snape deserved peace and quiet, he deserved to be reunited with Regulus and the baby daughter that they had lost.

Throughout the funerals, two in near as many days, Harry forced his mind to be blank and calm. He absolutely did not let it wander to the thoughts that in another few days he could be doing this for his own little boy. He wouldn’t have been able to attend either funeral with that thought in his mind, but now, on the twenty-second of September, it was all he could think about.

He was spending as much time in the hospital as he could, he knew he was barely taking care of himself and as far as he was concerned, he was at the very bottom of the list. Leolin and Calix came first, as they were both sick, his four other children came next, then his mates as real people, then his unborn twins and then himself.

He was aware that he was distancing himself from his twins, because he knew that if anything happened to Leolin or Calix, then he wouldn’t be in any fit state to look after them before or after they were born and that frightened him, truly frightened him. He didn’t want to give up on any of his babies and realising that he was subconsciously distancing himself from his own children hurt his heart. He tried to counteract what he was doing once he knew that he was doing it, but he had so much to do, so many thoughts in his head and emotions in his heart that everything he did was difficult, was a struggle and he didn’t know what to do or how to deal with it, so he shoved it to one side.

Braiden, Farren, Regan and Tegan had had their third and fourth Dragon Pox vaccines, Braiden didn’t need another one now until he was three years of age, the quintuplets needed to have another jab in four months and Calix was not allowed his third jab until he was better, but that didn’t seem
like it would be any when soon.

Harry had finally had enough of Calix not improving and he snapped out where he was going as he bundled Calix up and took him through the floo and into the hospital, ignoring his startled mates. Healer Almus came out of Leolin’s room just as Harry was going to knock on the door.

“It isn’t time for…ah.” Healer Almus started before he trailed off and Harry could almost see his Healer’s mask slip into place.

“He’s not getting any better, I know that you said it would take time, but it’s been two weeks, surely he would have shown some improvements?”

“He hasn’t shown any improvements since he was discharged from the hospital?” Healer Almus asked seriously.

Harry shook his head. “I’m so worried, he’s spending all of his time sleeping, he’s not eating, he’ll only take a bit of milk when pushed and Max says that the last few times haven’t been enough to give him his potion. I know that isn’t serious, but I checked him over today and he’s started to lose weight and I know that that is dangerous, please, I know you’re looking after Leolin, but Calix is still sick!”

“Don’t wind yourself up.” Healer Almus soothed him gently; leading him into a room, a different one to the one that Calix had been in the first time. “I’ll take a look at him. Bronchiolitis is a very virulent condition. Though it often sounds worse than it is because it affects the lungs, but if Calix is still refusing to eat, he may need to be readmitted.”

Harry nodded, nervously playing with his hands as he watched Healer Almus check on a sleeping, wheezing, Calix.

“This is one of the premature babies, isn’t it?” Healer Almus asked almost conversationally, but Harry picked up on a thread of something in his voice and he swallowed, nodding slowly. “How premature was he?”

“I…he was born nearly three months early.” Harry said quietly.

“You don’t happen to know how long it was in weeks, exactly.” Healer Almus said, still in that strange tone as he checked Calix over.
“I conceived on the eighteenth of August and gave birth on the thirty-first of December; they were born ten weeks and four days early.”

Healer Almus nodded. “Is Calix the baby who wasn’t breathing at birth? The one who had fluid in his lungs?”

Harry nodded, feeling very scared now as he watched Healer Almus work on Calix. Had he focused all of his attentions on Leolin only to have Calix ripped from him instead? He had thought that Calix was going to be fine, that he was strong and robust and that he would be fine after his initial stay in the hospital because he didn’t seem as weak as Leolin, didn’t seem as small and fragile. Had he been wrong? Was he now going to lose his baby Calix because he had brushed aside his illness in favour of Leolin?

His body quivered with fear, he couldn't lose Calix, his happy, bubbly baby, but looking at him now, pale and exhausted, struggling to breathe, he felt sick and scared. Calix was seriously ill too and he hadn’t noticed before now and because of that, Calix was suffering and through their negligence, they could now lose him after all.

“I need you to step outside for a while, Harry, go and get your lovers if you need to, but I need to check Calix over without distraction.”

Harry nodded and he rushed to Healer Cole’s office and he went straight home, stumbling out of the floo, to find that Nasta was rallying everyone and barking at them to do as he said.

“Harry! Where is Calix?” He growled.

“Healer Almus has him…he…he thinks that because he had fluid in his lungs and was so premature that he’s not healing how he shou...should be!” Harry cried desperately as he fell into Nasta’s arms. “He might have to be readmitted to the hospital.”

Harry watched Nasta swallow hard and he closed his eyes. He knew how difficult this was for all of them and having Calix in the hospital again was only going to add to their stress, but if it’s what Calix needed, he would keep him in the hospital.

“You couldn’t have waited five more minutes for us to go with you?” He sighed.
Harry shook his head. “He needed a Healer. He wasn’t getting better and time was of the essence!”
He said dramatically.

Nasta nodded instead of arguing, this had been a new thing for the last week and Harry thought it was because Nasta was just too tired, he wasn’t sleeping properly and his appetite had started to dwindle. He was going to make himself sick and Harry couldn’t deal with a sick mate on top of two sick children. He just couldn’t. The stress of this was going to kill him.

“We shall stay here if you…are you allowed to go and see him?” Myron cut himself off to ask, Tegan was up on his shoulder and she was giggling as Richard pulled faces behind Myron’s back, but even as he pulled another face, he gave them a concerned, saddened look.

“I can’t say goodbye to Calix too.” Harry whispered in the quiet that followed, the only noise was of the babies playing and Tegan’s giggles. “We can go back for Calix, but Healer Almus said I had to wait outside for a bit.”

“Come on then, let’s get back to the hospital.” Max said, looking pale and sick himself.

“Keep us informed.” Myron said as he sat on the settee, sitting Tegan on his knee and bouncing her, Tegan screeching in utter delight.

“If…if we’re longer than their dinner time, they have jars in the top cupboard. Regan doesn’t like anything with sweet potato.” Harry said hesitantly.

“We have them in hand and I’m sure that Max has a book of their likes and dislikes in the kitchen.”

Max nodded. “Top, middle drawer in the counter that faces the kitchen.”

“Get going then.” Myron encouraged and Harry found himself flooing back to the hospital, landing on wobbly feet as all the floo travel in such a short amount of time affected his balance and his stomach it seemed as he was a little queasy.

Draco wrapped an arm around him and Blaise came to him on his other side, holding and supporting him and giving him comfort too as he let his head drop to Draco’s pectoral muscle and he let his two mates escort him to the family waiting room that they had spent so much time waiting for news on Leolin.
This was all wrong and backward, this shouldn’t be happening to his two youngest children, no…it shouldn’t be happening to his children at all! He wanted to scream and rage and attack, but he knew that that wouldn’t make him feel any better, he had given into those instincts and twice his children had paid the price for it, he didn’t want to think on how this was affecting his unborn twins.

The anxious waiting on tenterhooks was not something that Harry had missed and as the minutes passed like hours, he couldn’t stop himself from leaping out of his seat and pacing as much as he could, out of the reach of his mates, who would likely pull him back down in aggravation, but he needed to expel his restless, nervous energy and this was the safest way that he could think of.

Healer Almus came into the waiting room and at once, Harry wasn’t the only one on his feet waiting anxiously for the exhausted looking man to start speaking.

“Calix has been readmitted to the hospital. He should be fine…”

“You said that before!” Draco cut in angrily.

“Calix was healing fine while in the hospital, but I believe he was discharged too quickly and the potion given to him wasn’t strong enough to knock the problem on the head. He hasn’t gotten any worse, but he hasn’t improved either. The potion prevented the virus from spreading or getting any worse, but it wasn’t strong enough to help aid Calix in fighting it off. He’s on a higher dosage now…”

“How high?” Max demanded and Harry knew that look on his face, if it was one thing that Max knew better than anything else, it was potions. He would know immediately how serious things were from the dosage prescribed to Calix. Harry loved him more in that moment as he would tell them exactly how bad things were and he wouldn’t use medical speak to do it.

“We’ve put him on a three millilitre dosage three times a day.”

“That’s double what he was taking before!” Harry said aghast, it had been a struggle to get Calix to eat enough to give him the one point five millilitres of potion.

“We’ve been having trouble trying to get him to eat.” Max said, straight to the point and deadly serious. “We won’t be able to feed him enough to support a three millilitre dosage and not three times a day.”

“We’ve injected the first dose directly into his bloodstream, we will continue to do this while he’s
here, by the time he leaves we would like to see an improvement to his appetite, then we shall release him back into your care. I promise that he will improve this time.”

“On a three millilitre dosage I damn well expect it.” Max said tightly.

“Calix will be fine?” Nasta questioned.

Healer Almus nodded his head once.

“How is Leolin?” He asked next.

The Healer pulled a face and closed his eyes, steeling himself.

“He has taken milk this afternoon, as you know, Harry fed him…but shortly after you left he brought it back up.”

“He…that’s new, he hasn’t done that before!” Harry said panicked.

“His vitals dropped after he’d vomited, we may have to put him back on the ventilator, just to help ease his breathing. He’s struggling.”

Harry felt like he’d been poleaxed, he could hear the blood rushing in his ears and his world sort of tipped to the one side. It wasn’t until Draco grabbed him and picked him up that he realised that he’d been swaying and his knees had gone from under him.

They all remembered the four days that Leolin had spent on the ventilator last week, how awful he’d looked and how…how utterly still he’d been and how worried they’d been that they would get that dreaded floo call in the middle of the night.

Leolin had improved to the point where he could breathe on his own again and they had taken that as such a good sign, to be told now that that improvement was wiped away in a mere hour was devastating. Leolin had been in the hospital for two weeks; Harry didn’t know how much more he could take without his brain splitting right down the middle. This was going to make him insane, he knew it.
October saw Lucius Malfoy launching a full scale lawsuit against the Daily Prophet, who had published an article about Calix being readmitted to the hospital before he had declared his intent to sue them for the previous article, which meant that they were doubly in trouble and though the lawsuit didn’t make the mainstream news, as the Daily Prophet was one of only two newspapers that wizarding Britain read, the second being a paper for world news, everyone knew about Lucius Malfoy suing the paper from the Ministry grapevine. This was helped along when the story had been published in the Quibbler, courtesy of Luna Lovegood, who was now co-editor along with her Father. The magazine had sold out just three hours after it had gone on sale and had had to go back into re-print.

Amelle had started nesting and Caesar had flooed over to them and told them that she apologised heavily for not being able to hold on for longer in such a family crisis, but Harry waved him away.

“It’s fine, I know more than anyone that it can’t be helped. I mean, hell when I went into my nest with Braiden it was the afternoon of my seventeenth birthday! No, just make sure that she and the baby are okay and watch after this cutie.” Harry said as he chuckled Eleonora under the chin and she burbled happily at him, her chubby cheeks flushed with her laughter.

Calix was released from the hospital on the fourth of October, he was eating happily and the higher dosage seemed to have knocked his virus on its head, finally, and he was back to fighting sleep, eating heartily and even playing for short amounts of time, though he still slept and rested for the majority of the day, regaining his strength. His bad cough however persisted.

The Faeries had been in touch several times in the last two weeks, demanding that they answer their questions, but none of them were particularly in the mood to entertain the pompous Faeries, so they were ignored, at least until Sindri, the head of the court, contacted them personally. Aneirin and Nasta both agreed that to ignore the head of the court was an insult that they couldn’t afford to give the Faeries.

The ninth of October, the day after Sindri had contacted them, saw Dain and Kailen standing in their living room, none of them were in the mood to play musical houses and switch around to Marianna’s house when the Healers would be contacting them at their house and Harry was not missing any news on Leolin because Dain and fucking Kailen were pushing themselves onto his family.

There was a stony silence as they, along with the non-negotiable bodyguards that they had to bring with them as members of the court, stood facing off against one another; the only good thing about this was that one of the bodyguards was Warren, though the other was unknown to them.

“Where is Leolin?” Dain asked, finally breaking the lengthy silence.

“He’s in the hospital.” Nasta answered. “As you well know. I told Sindri this yesterday and you read the papers yourselves.”
“We did not know which babe was in the hospital.” Kailen said placatingly, giving Dain a stern look. “Is Leolin well?”

“He’s in the hospital!” Harry hissed. “Of course he’s not well!”

Nasta pressed a hand to his arm and soothed him gently.

“Leolin has been sick now for over four weeks. He improves and then he relapses and then he improves again. He is currently doing well. He is fighting so very hard to continue living and we are doing our all to help him, the Healers who are looking after him haven’t left the hospital since Leolin was admitted. We are doing everything that we possibly can to help him.”

“May we ask what happened?” Kailen asked gently.

“He got sick.” Harry said, also lowering his voice and lowering his shoulders. “Bronchiolitis, a lung infection.”

“Most Faerie babies do not survive lung infections, especially not those who were born premature.” Dain said and Harry’s eyes blistered with his anger which came surging back. He’d always had a temper.

“How dare you say such a thing to us when we’re already destroyed over this! Do you have any idea how hard this last month has been for all of us?! How hard it is to visit Leolin day after day in the same hospital room! We know the odds, but it has been a month already and he is still alive, so fuck you both! You can give up on him and brush him aside like he’s already dead, but I can’t! I WON’T!”

Nasta pulled him into a hug and a look up at him showed Harry that he was glaring poisonously at Dain and Kailen, even as his gentle hands comforted him and his soft voice soothed him.

“Calm yourself, Harry. You don’t need this stress.” Nasta was murmuring over and over.

“You are pregnant again.” Warren said sharply, Harry was surprised by his observation; he hadn’t even started showing yet.
Harry nodded. “Three months.”

“The stress of this will not be good for your new baby.” The Faerie guard said concernedly.

Harry shook his head. “No, it’s not. I’m having twins…I’ve been stressed all through their main growth period, which makes me more stressed and worried about the damage I’m doing to them that I can’t even see.”

“Have you had one of your medic personnel check the two babes over?” Warren asked with a frown.

Harry nodded. “I’m being very well taken care of; it’s just the stress of Leolin and Calix being sick.”

“Is…is Calix still sick too?” Kailen asked, trying to show an interest in the other babies, which earned him a few brownie points at least, but not many.

Harry turned, took several steps across the living room and picked Calix up from the playpen. He was almost completely back to normal and had had his dosage dropped now that he had visibly improved and was much better. It was just that persistent cough that was heart wrenching to hear from one so very young.

“He’s okay. He’s getting better with the right medication.” Harry said as he kissed Calix, who giggled and threw his arms around Harry and hugged him. He’d been allowed to have his third Dragon Pox vaccine and his little arm was still bruised from it, but even that was fading and Harry hugged him back tightly, accepting the sticky kiss that Calix gave him. He couldn’t believe that he could have lost his baby Calix, this sweet, loving, bubbly boy.

“Max, can you get a wet wipe please, he’s still got peach juice on his face, it makes him taste gorgeous, but he’s sticky.” Harry said with a tired smile.

“Come here my boy.” Max said, clapping his hands to get Calix’s attention and then holding them out to accept him when Harry handed him over.

The Faeries watched everything with stern, judgemental eyes and Harry wanted to jam his claws into their eyes. He wasn’t going to win any awards for world’s best Mum, he knew that, but he was
doing a damn good job in his opinion, he was doing his damned best and that’s all anyone could
ask of him. His children were clean and happy, were well fed and they were loved. Calix had
gotten sick and had passed it to Leolin. At the end of the day, that was all that had happened and it
couldn’t have been prevented.

“I suppose you think you could have done a better job?” He demanded furiously, unable to keep
silent as his anger grew.

Warren shook his head. “It is a good thing that Leolin was with you, we had an outbreak of Dragon
Pox in the city, a merchant brought his illegitimate human daughter into our walls and she was
carrying the disease, even though she was protected from it by her vaccinations. We lost eleven
children; we only have three of them left to us.”

“Is Ezrah alright?” Harry asked quickly, remembering the sweet Fae who had been kind to him and
had gushed over Leolin, he remembered that he’d been trying to conceive a baby with his Valkyrie,
Lathen.

“How do you know Ezrah?” Dain demanded suspiciously as he looked from the unknown Faerie
on his left to Kailen and Warren beside him, on his right.

“I met him the last time I was in the city.” Harry replied with narrowed eyes.

“Ezrah is fine, he is an adult, just barely maybe, but he is an adult and such diseases cannot harm
him.” Warren explained kindly.

“I know that, but he was trying to conceive.”

“He has thus far been unsuccessful. He is still young.” Warren said. “We have however lost our
youngest Faerie babe living in the city. Niobe died half a moon turn ago, her parents have been
inconsolable. We have lost several teenagers and one boy who was on the cusp of manhood. His
death came as a huge blow to us and the city. He’d had a very promising future.”

“I’m sorry for the children that you’ve lost.” Harry said sincerely, thinking about how close he was
to losing Leolin and how close he’d come to losing Calix too.

“Leolin is the youngest Faerie babe known to the court.” Dain told them. “We have lost all others
and for that, our city is grieving. To hear that Leolin may not make it either…prayers are being sent to the gods in the house of worship for him, I think most, if not all of the Faerie city is sending strength to him.”

Harry didn’t know what to think about that. He’d thought, they’d all thought, that the Faeries would try to snatch Leolin from them as quickly as they could because of his illness. Yet here were Dain and Kailen, telling them that nearly all of the Faerie city was praying for his son’s health instead.

Of course the information on the Faerie city and the outbreak of Dragon Pox made more sense. They definitely would not risk one of the only remaining Faerie babies by taking him to a city riddled with Dragon Pox.

“Please sit down.” Harry offered, indicating the settee behind them.

“We would prefer to remain…”

“You sit down because I’ve told you too and I’m three months pregnant and I can’t remain standing up for a minute longer.” Harry hissed.

Nasta escorted him to the settee and sat him down and sat beside him as his mates sat around him. Aneirin was also there for the visit, but he was staying silent as he took the armchair which offered him the best position to protect the playpen that the babies were playing in. Warren had barely taken his eyes from Aneirin, who had either noticed and was ignoring the Faerie, or he was completely and utterly oblivious to the amount of scrutiny that he was being placed under.

“Have the Healers told you anything of Leolin’s chances?” Dain asked as he sat uncomfortably on the settee adjacent to the one that Harry was sat on.

“The mere fact that he is still alive after a month is a good sign, but other than that, there isn’t much to go on. He has his good days and bad ones.” Nasta said simply. “As I said he improves and then he relapses. We don’t know what’s going to happen, but we do know that he is going to be sick for a long time, but we have the best Healers that we could find with him and, again as I said, they haven’t left the hospital once since he was admitted.”

“They know how delicate he is? How to care for him as a Faerie?” Kailen asked with deep concern.
Harry nodded. “Healer Cole has fifty years of experience in caring for sick magical creature babies.”

“Healer Jasper Cole?” Warren asked, a hint of relief in his voice.

Harry nodded. “Yes, you know of him?”

“He helps a lot of the Faerie babes we have when they get sick and he has saved more than a few of them. We trust him.”

“He, along with Healer Almus, have been looking after Leolin to the very best of their abilities. We trust them both to keep Leolin as healthy as they can, but we…we also trust them to…to keep him comfortable if he…if he does give in.” Harry stumbled thickly.

Nasta wrapped an arm around him and he felt Max’s hand gently petting his hair. Only Max’s hands were big enough to encompass the whole of his head and since Max’s hands had fully healed from the abuse he’d put them through, he’d been using them more and more having realised just how much he did with them when he was unable to use them properly.

“Mama.” Braiden called out, standing up and reaching his hands out of the playpen for him. “Mama, up.”

Harry couldn’t help smiling at his little boy as he eased himself up carefully and went to scoop Braiden up and out of the playpen.

“That is one of your Dracken sons, yes?” Kailen asked.

Harry nodded. “My first born child and the first of my Dracken children.”

“You have one other?” Dain questioned as he looked at Braiden like a curious oddity.

“Yes, Farren is a Dracken also.” Harry said, nodding to Farren, who was in a bouncer beside Aneirin’s chair, just lounging and watching everyone around him.
“The other three are human?”

“Yes, two wizards and a witch.” Harry confirmed and he sighed.

Dain and Kailen were trying, but they were hundreds of years old and they just didn’t know how to act or what to do or say. They weren’t being knowingly malicious or insensitive, they just didn’t understand and Harry felt sorry for them. He wondered how many Faerie babies they’d seen die over the centuries and how many of those had been relatives. Now that Leolin was in the hospital, their last and only Faerie relative for a hundred years...he could see their sadness and the helplessness that he himself felt.

“You’re welcome to see him when he comes out of the hospital.” Harry offered in a moment of kindness and shared compassion. “You can’t visit him inside the hospital, the Healers won’t allow it because the more people around him, the more risk he’s in, but I’m positive that he will recover and he will come home.”

The look they gave him, that sad look like he was a small, disillusioned child made him want to take back the empathetic offer for them to see Leolin. His son would come home; to think otherwise was condemning Leolin to death while he was still alive and fighting for his life. He wouldn’t do it.

“Thank you, that is kind.” Warren answered. At least he had the sensitivity and the intelligence to keep the scepticism off of his face.

Harry sneered at the four of them and turned to Braiden on his lap, playing with him instead. He had missed playing with his children, but with Calix home and Leolin having a good day when they’d visited him that morning, his heart was lighter. Now he just wanted Leolin home and his twin children to be born quickly, easily and healthily and hopefully they could put this dark cloud to rest.

“I think we’ll say goodbye now.” Nasta said firmly. “We’re needed at the hospital in half an hour and we need to prepare. Thank you for coming to see us, but you’ve got what you came for. We’ll keep in contact with the court about Leolin’s health, but until then, we would like you to leave.”

“You cannot dismiss a member of the court from your presence...” The unknown Faerie started angrily and offended on behalf of the two Faeries that he was there to protect and serve, but Dain cut him off with a raised hand.
“This is their home; they have the right to ask us to leave.” Dain said with a respectful nod at Nasta. “Trefor wouldn’t have stood to have anyone in his home a minute longer than he wanted them there. You remind me of him very much.”

Nasta swallowed back what was likely an insult, but Aneirin cleared his throat and stopped him.

“Oh, thank you for coming.” Nasta said instead, but his eyes were shouting that he really wanted to tell them that he wanted to flay them inch by inch until they were raw and screaming.

“Please keep us informed of Leolin and we hope to come and visit again soon, once Leolin is out of the hospital.” Kailen said with a small smile and a nod to Harry.

Nasta saw them out of the front door and Harry relaxed back with a happy groan.

“I’m so glad that they’re gone.” He said.

Braiden giggled at him as Harry sunk in the seat and Harry pulled him flat on his chest with a playful growl before he tickled him.

Braiden screeched in utter joy. “Mama no! Mama no!” He cried out as he giggled, his body wriggling.

Nasta came back in and smirked at them both. “If you could see what you both look like.” He said as he shook his head, pulling Braiden up and brushing away his happy tears from laughter flushed cheeks. He kissed one of those cheeks before he placed Braiden on the floor to play and pulled Harry up.

“I’ll get us a snack.” Max said as he pushed himself to his feet. “We’ll need something before we go back to the hospital.”

“Thank you, Max, nothing too heavy for Harry though. His morning sickness is getting worse.”
“I feel okay.” Harry replied, patting his belly. “They’re settled at the moment.”

“I can’t wait to meet them.” Draco said with a smile. “I wonder if they’re girls or boys.”

“Still genderless at the moment.” Harry said.

Though he’d had another scan in September and gotten a blurry photo for it. His one twin was tucked up, knees to chin and ankles crossed over where the genitals would be and no amount of prodding would move the baby. The second twin was spooning the first, arms tucked into chest, forehead resting against the back of the first baby and of course, genitals covered by the back of the first baby.

It was frustrating, not knowing, but it made everything so much more exciting and with Amelle now nesting without knowing the gender beforehand, Harry was wondering, along with half of the family, if Amelle would have a boy or a girl and the excitement was running thick through the family. Caesar was practically vibrating as he counted the days until his new son or daughter was born and he was free to bug the family, along with a year old Eleonora, until Myron lost his temper with his younger son and hauled him away to calm him down. That had made Harry laugh.

The tenth of October had brought Harry a shock and more happiness. Henley sent him another letter, his handwriting quick and excited and Harry could just picture him bouncing and vibrating as he wrote the letter. Anabel, his mate, had had her second baby on the seventh of October. A boy. A boy that they had named Harry Henley Jackson.

Max had snatched the letter from him when he had frozen in shock and ignored the questioning of his mates. He had boomed out a laugh and almost doubled over with his amusement.

“The baby dom named his son Harry!” He told the others. “He named his first born son after the submissive that he couldn’t have!”

“It wasn’t like that!” Harry denied immediately, but everyone was laughing now and he rolled his eyes at them exasperatedly.

“I can’t wait to meet baby Harry.” Max said.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked.

“The baby dom, Henley, he’s going to bring his two babies to come and see you once his mate is feeling more settled and has healed up.”
Harry snatched the letter back and read the rest of the letter, read everything that came after the announcement that Henley had named his newborn son after him and there at the bottom was the promise to come and visit him in the New Year with his mate and his two children, Claudia and baby Harry.

He was of course excited to see Henley, but he’d be sure to remind him that he had to come after February, when he’d nested and given birth to his twins. He still couldn’t believe that Henley had named his first born son Harry and it wasn’t just a coincidence, but he’d named his son for him. Him, of all people! He’d be sure to ask what the hell Henley had been thinking when he’d made that decision, but until then, he put the letter safe and he smiled at the enclosed photo of a happy, but exhausted Anabel holding the newborn Harry and an excited, grinning Henley who was holding sweet little Claudia, who was almost a year old now.

“I can’t wait to see Henley again; I’ve missed that little puppy.”

“I don’t think he’d like you calling him a puppy. He’s a Father now.” Nasta pointed out.

“He looks just the same! And he’s only seventeen.” Harry almost cooed, like he’d used to when Henley had been trying to court him.

“He’s almost eighteen.” Blaise pointed out.

Harry nodded. “This December. Claudia turns a year old on the fourth and he’ll be eighteen on the seventeenth. He’s so cute though!”

Draco came and kissed him. “You’re adorable when you gush.”

“I do not gush!” Harry said, prodding Draco.

“I like it when you gush.” He said as he laid a kiss on his neck, arms around his waist and hands cupped on his belly.

“Are we talking about the same thing now? I like gushing in some ways.” Harry said naughtily.
“Always one to lower the tone.” Max said with a grin. “I love it.”

“I knew you would.” Harry smiled, then he sighed. “I hope Leolin is home from the hospital for Christmas.”

“Two months is a long time away.” Blaise assured him. “A lot can happen in two months.”

“I know, but I do want Leolin home for Christmas and his birthday and everything that comes after.”

“I know you do. We all do.” Nasta said, pulling him into a kiss. “Until then, let’s get something to eat and then we can go and visit him, we can keep hoping and with some luck and perhaps some help from his Dracken blood, Leolin will pull through and we can shove all of this behind us.”

Harry smiled and he nodded. Over a month Leolin had been fighting and the Faeries themselves had said how rare that was, he took that as a good sign that Leolin would survive this damnable virus and he was not going to let anyone rip that hope away from him, it was all that was keeping him clinging to his sanity and he knew that even if Leolin was released from the hospital, it would be a long while before he was fully recovered, if he ever did fully recover, but he didn’t care what it took or if he had to look after Leolin for the rest of his life, he damn well would and he’d do it without complaint and with a happy smile, just as long as he still had his Leolin.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: The next chapter should be the last in this tear-jerking clump. I’m hoping it’ll span to December, the beginning of December, not Christmas, but I’m still hoping to get the story that far in the next chapter.

A massive thanks to Tamara, one of my Facebookers, who did a picture for this period in the story:

www.mystkyten.net/Poorbaby.html

Thank you so much for reading, thank you so much for reviewing and letting me know what you think and feel about what’s happening and I hope you’ve enjoyed it,
StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry smiled and he nodded. Over a month Leolin had been fighting and the Faeries themselves had said how rare that was, he took that as a good sign that Leolin would survive this damnable virus and he was not going to let anyone rip that hope away from him, it was all that was keeping him clinging to his sanity and he knew that even if Leolin was released from the hospital, it would be a long while before he was fully recovered, if he ever did fully recover, but he didn't care what it took or if he had to look after Leolin for the rest of his life, he damn well would and he'd do it without complaint and with a happy smile, just as long as he still had his Leolin.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighty-Six – Preservation

Blaise’s nineteenth birthday on the twelfth of October couldn’t have been more sombre. With Leolin in the hospital, Blaise didn’t want to celebrate and the last thing that he wanted was a party. Marianna was very downcast as well, she gave Blaise his gift, as they all had, but they could all see how much Blaise did not want the fuss or the attention as he dispassionately unwrapped books and clothes and gave a polite, yet distant expression of gratitude that he obviously didn’t truly feel.

None of them felt like sex, none of them wanted to celebrate, but it was unfair to Blaise, so they tried to be happy for him, but he didn’t want any of those things either, so it just made the lot of them miserable, just like they’d been for Max’s thirty-second birthday on the nineteenth of September.

Blaise didn’t let Marianna stay for long, in fact he all but told her to leave when quarter to nine in the morning came and their usual visiting time for Leolin approached.

Alexander was there to look after the five other babies and though Marianna had said that she didn’t mind staying to help, Blaise said something harsh in French and she all but fled from their home, almost in tears. Harry had tried to wheedle what he’d said out of Blaise as unfortunately Nasta had not been in the room to translate, but something on Blaise’s face told him that he hadn’t wanted Nasta to hear what he’d said and he refused to tell them.

They’d been called in the middle of the night, only one of a handful of times that it had happened over the last six weeks, to rush straight to the hospital. They’d had to leave Max at home with their other sleeping babies and it was unfair and heartbreaking to leave one of them at home while they were urgently rushed to the hospital for what could be Leolin’s final hours.

Leolin had thankfully been stabilised and they’d come home in the early hours to update an anxious, worried Max before climbing back into bed for an hour or two of sleep before they’d been
awoken by their other children who wanted their breakfasts, so Blaise had already been in a bad mood before his birthday had actually really started.

Leolin was doing better that morning, he was on a ventilator again, but he’d taken a half ounce more milk than he had the morning before and despite the horrifying dash to the hospital at two in the morning, he was looking better. They knew though the danger that lurked below, Leolin had been fighting so hard and for so long now and he still had the virus, the danger now was that he would just give up, that he would become so tired that he couldn’t fight any more and the virus took him over completely and his tiny body gave in.

Harry was shaking violently as he arrived in Leolin’s room, touching a tiny, wired up hand that was chalk white, translucent and dry and flaky. He sat in the chair silently and with no fighting or fuss. Everything else just seemed so inconsequential when he sat next to Leolin. Arguing was pointless, fighting was ridiculous, shouting was unneeded…nothing else mattered next to Leolin, who fought for every beat his heart took. He wasn’t even taking his own breaths today as the ventilator expanded and compressed his chest artificially, breathing evenly and deeply for him.

For three hours they sat in the hushed room with him, and in that time he didn’t wake once. He was going longer and longer between waking up, he spent several hours asleep and only ten or so minutes awake now before he slept again. Worry didn’t even begin to cover what Harry was feeling, the black cloud that was hanging over him, making him feel like the end was coming ever closer for his son…he tried not to think about it, but the thoughts pressed in anyway, unwanted and all encompassing.

They were kicked out at midday as Leolin went for his daily X-rays and Harry prayed that this time there was some improvement, any improvement, just a tiny little ray of hope to break the black clouds that were gathering thicker and thicker by the day.

At three months pregnant now, Harry’s morning sickness had hit him with full force, but he didn’t suffer as badly as he had with Braiden or the quintuplets, he didn’t know if it was because he just wasn’t eating enough or if this pregnancy was just better than the others, but he was thankful that he only felt queasy in the mornings until he’d eaten a few ginger newts to settle himself, though sometimes if he ate something with a powerful taste or smelt something with a strong odour then he would vomit in the afternoons or evenings, but he was holding his stomach better than he’d been able to before.

Blaise’s birthday ended miserably and Harry felt terrible for that, but Leolin’s condition had worsened and the frustration and the anger had swelled to breaking point. Blaise had finally snapped and shouted at them that he didn’t want to celebrate or receive any well wishes and that the one thing that he wanted was his son out of the hospital and no one could give that to him. He shouted that he didn’t want books or clothes, that he didn’t want to receive any sort of gift while Leolin was a hairsbreadth away from death, which made them all feel dejected and miserable.

Harry had cried then, softly and silently at first and then huge, body wracking sobs from a combination of pregnancy hormones, the stress and worry over Leolin, the anguish of being told that his little son had worsened yet again and having someone, anyone, shouting at him for any reason at all and he had just crumbled.

He had clutched at Blaise tightly and cried onto him, much to said man’s distress and guilt; Harry had surprised his mates with his outburst as they hadn’t been expecting it. He had been strong, silent and stoic these past few days, but the effort had cost him dearly and now being shouted at, not even personally, but just hearing someone shouting, had snapped his resolve and welled up his emotions and he couldn’t stop crying as he buried himself in Blaise’s robes and released all the
emotions he had had pent up through his cutting tears.

He was aware that he was being held tight, that he had more than one person holding him as he stood, drained and sniffling with a sopping wet face. He didn’t release his tight hold on Blaise.

“I’m sorry, Innamorato, so sorry.” Blaise murmured. “I didn’t mean to shout, I never wanted to upset you. We’re all going through a terrible time; I know…I’m so sorry. Perdonami per favore.”

Harry rested on Blaise and let his mate hold him, his weak body quivering and Blaise realised the danger as he swept Harry up into his arms and sat with him on the settee, Harry securely in his lap where he couldn’t fall.

“I got you a cup of tea.” Max said a bit uncertainly, as if he didn’t know if Harry would drink it or throw it in his face, cup and all.

Harry wrapped his hands around it and sipped. He didn’t care anymore if there was a calming draught in it or not. He didn’t care about anything anymore.

“Are you okay?” Draco asked softly.

Harry nodded slowly, he felt detached from himself.

“I know you wanted me to have a good birthday, but I just can’t enjoy myself, Prezioso, I just can’t. I’m sorry.”

“It’s not that.” Harry croaked out bitterly. “It’s everything, Leolin getting worse, the pregnancy, everyone’s stress and then I heard shouting, it didn’t matter if it was at me or not, you could have been shouting at the table and I would have reacted the same, it just broke something in me and I couldn’t stop the flood of emotions.”

“That’s okay, getting it all out is good.” Nasta said petting his hair lovingly. “Do you want an early night?”

Harry just nodded. No fighting, it would do no good. Nasta may have made a pretence of asking him, but he knew that if he refused then Nasta would have insisted and he’d end up in bed anyway. It was easier to save all of his strength and energy for Leolin.
Harry had assumed that it would be just him going to bed, it was only ten in the night and they would use his pregnancy against him, but when he was tucked up in the bed and covered over and just dozing lightly...his mates slid into the bed with him after they’d changed and gone through the motions of cleaning themselves. It seemed that they all needed an early night after the early start yesterday and the broken sleep coupled with the highly stressful day.

His lovers held him tightly and threw arms under and over one another, moving legs to fit in and get comfortable and they moved with one another until they were all pressed close and holding one another, but were comfortable enough to sleep where they were without any errant elbows or knees digging into anyone else or any loss of circulation to any limbs.

Harry fell asleep quickly and easily when they were all still and settled, exhausted after such an emotionally draining day and lulled to darkness by the soft, even breathing and strong heartbeats that surrounded him.

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The five of them didn’t see or hear from Myron or Richard for the next week and they never seemed to be home when Max floo called them, which put pressure on Aneirin and Marianna to be there to watch the five babies around their work commitments while they went and visited with Leolin, though neither of them made any sort of murmur or complaint.

The five of them all assumed that it was something to do with Amelle and her nest, that perhaps something had happened that needed them to floo over to America to be there for her and Caesar, but when they turned up at midday on the twenty-first of October, they were both exhausted but very happy.

“Ashleigh went to see a mind Healer.” Myron informed them proudly, his chest practically exploding from how puffed up he was. “She’s been checked into a hospital, but she’s finally realised that she doesn’t want to lose her entire family. Her Father, Thomas, is incredibly disappointed in her, but it was her Uncle Todd’s horror at what she’d done that finally got through to her. He’s the only other Dracken currently alive in Ashleigh’s family and having him on board with us really gave Ashleigh the boot she needed to sort herself out.”

“It took her long enough.” Richard grumbled. “It only took both of our sons and all of our daughters taking her from their birth certificates and the man who helped ground her in childhood showing his abhorrence of her actions, but maybe now she can become the woman that we both fell in love with again.”

“Even Alayla took Mum from her birth certificate?” Max asked surprised. He had shared with them that he didn’t think his youngest sister would ever go through with the plan, even if it wasn’t her real birth certificate.
Myron nodded. “She was crying as much as your Mother was, but she did it. I think that along with not being able to be here for Leolin and losing all of her children and the knowledge that she wouldn’t be able to see any new babies as Amelle has now nested with her newest grandchild… it was the last straw for her and she agreed to talk to a mind Healer, who made her see that she really did need the help. Four days later she was packing a suitcase to go to the hospital. I’m so proud of her. Perhaps now you would reconsider putting your Mother back on your birth certificate, where it belongs?”

“How is Amelle?” Harry asked as the tense silence stretched on for long minutes, Max saying nothing.

“Still nesting.” Richard nodded, looking uncomfortable and upset that Max had refused to say anything on the birth certificate matter. “She’s doing well from what Caesar said, she’s eating well and she’s preening, she almost killed one of her brothers, but she’s ready to give birth any day now.”

“I hope Ashleigh gets better.” Harry said softly.

“She’s been frantic over Leolin being in the hospital, I had to forbid her from flooing over to see you. I didn’t think you needed it.” Myron said eagerly, as if he wanted Max to see how much his Mother had changed.

Harry nodded. “You’re right of course; the last thing I want is anyone demanding to see Leolin when I have such limited time with him myself and being clamoured is the last thing that I need. He’s getting worse and worse.”

Myron closed his eyes and let out a sharp breath. “How bad is it?”

“Bad.” Max said breaking his own silence now that the topic was back on Leolin, though his face crumpled with worry and fear with the topic change. “He’s so weak from continually fighting that he hasn’t been off the ventilator in nine days. He hardly ever wakes up anymore and he’s drinking less and less. We’ve been called in the middle of the night more times this last week than the last month he’s been in the hospital.”

“He will get through this.” Harry said, but even to his own ears he sounded defeated, clutching at straws and he closed his eyes against the world. His arms ached to hold Leolin again, he hadn’t been able to pick him up in two weeks and he was feeling the strain of it now more than ever.
“I am so sorry, Harry.” Myron said strongly.

“He’s not dead!” Harry burst out. “Not yet.”

Myron looked taken aback at his sudden exclamation, but he nodded respectfully.

“I need lemon.” Harry sniffled.

His mates looked at him as though he’d announced his intentions to go on a skiing holiday to Switzerland.

“I need lemon!” He shouted at them and Max’s face scrunched up in confusion, but he went into his kitchen and came back a few minutes later with a glass of lemonade.

“Thank you.” Harry said as he drained the glass.

“Was that…was that a craving? You want lemon flavoured things?” Draco asked.

Harry frowned. “I think so. I want something else too, but I don’t know what.”

Harry was distracted by his disturbed, unhappy son as Braiden woke up early from his nap. He’d barely been down for half an hour and it was beginning to show as his happy, sweet boy had turned into a short tempered, grouchy grump.

Harry cradled him to his chest, even as Braiden cried and fought him off, almost making himself sick with his tears.

“Pass him here, love, you don’t need him playing up in your condition.” Draco offered but Harry shook his head as he clamped Braiden tightly to himself.

“I’ve got him.” Harry said sadly as he listened to Braiden crying and grizzling against his chest, his fists clenched and his feet kicking, Harry had thankfully turned him to the side so he was kicking at the air and not kicking at his pregnant belly.
He sat down and shushed Braiden gently, rocking him on his lap. It didn’t take long before he was calm and sniffing against Harry’s shirt.

“Mama.” He whimpered softly.

“I know, sweetheart, everything’s turned upside down and you don’t know what’s going on, but this will all be over soon, I promise and then everything will be back to normal and you’ll have me and your Daddies here all day with you.”

“Mama.” Braiden repeated softly, cuddling in tight, his body sagging as he drifted off to sleep, tear tracks still wet on his face.

Stuck on the settee and with nowhere to go for a couple of hours, Harry drifted off to sleep along with Braiden while his mates spoke softly with one another and with Myron and Richard.

The next few days crawled by at a snail’s pace and Harry was stunned when he flooed home from the hospital on the twenty-eighth to find Amelle sat happily on his settee, Caesar flapping around her like a caricature vulture asking if she needed or wanted anything. She steadfastly ignored him.

“Amelle!” Harry said happily surprised as he moved to greet her and the newborn baby that she was holding in her arms.

His mates who flooed in behind him were just as surprised to see her as he was as they turned and greeted Amelle and Caesar.

“I thought that this might help you, just a little.” Amelle said tiredly as she handed Harry her newborn baby.

Harry cuddled up next to Amelle on the settee and looked at the absolutely beautiful baby in his arms; he could tell immediately that the baby was already a few days old though.

“When did you…?”
“The twenty-fourth, the early hours.” Amelle answered. “Six pounds and one ounce, nineteen inches and with very healthy lungs.”

Harry’s face paled and he felt light headed.

“Oh…oh I’m so sorry! I didn’t mean it like that, I swear. I just didn’t think.” Amelle said thoroughly embarrassed and abashed.

“I…I know, it’s okay.” Harry said with a dry mouth. He swallowed painfully.

“Did you have a boy or a girl?” Max asked, breaking the mounting tension.


“That’s a lovely name.” Harry forced himself to smile. “Eleonora and Beatrice. Is Nora excited to be a big sister?”

“I think she is.” Caesar said with a smile as he dangled Nora, upside down, in front of their faces. She was screeching in happiness.

“Caesar!” Amelle said panicked, snatching her daughter from the air and cradling her tightly.

Harry laid a hand on her arm. “It’s okay.” He soothed. “I know it seems scary, but it’s not. Max does it to the kids all the time, they’re okay, they actually like it! I think they take after him in the brains department.”

That made Amelle laugh softly and her arms loosened around Eleonora until she was holding and supporting her daughter on her lap and not clutching at her. Caesar mouthed ‘thank you’ behind Amelle’s head and Harry smiled tiredly.

“How’s Leolin?” Myron asked.
Harry’s mouth dropped into an anguished grimace. He shook his head. “He’s gotten even worse. He’s…he’s listless, his eyes are dull and he doesn’t recognise us, not even me. It’s like…like he’s looking right through me!” Harry said, his voice cracking as he sobbed. “It’s like he’s given up and he’s just waiting to die. He’s suffering and there’s nothing that I can do.”

Amelle patted his back as he cuddled with her newborn daughter, Beatrice. The little girl made a soft noise and wriggled in his arms, one arm flopping back jerkily as she tried to move, her head twisting to face his chest.

Harry took her tiny little hand and tucked it back into her blanket and after a soft press of his lips to a plump cheek, Harry handed her back to Amelle, he had a feeling that Beatrice was hungry and Amelle breastfed her children, he so didn’t want a baby trying to latch onto his nipples in search of milk.

He excused himself to go into the kitchen. He made tea, making a whole pot just for himself, drizzling in some honey and squeezing the juice of a whole lemon into it. His craving for lemon had not abated in the slightest.

He opened the cupboard to pull down the guest mugs and he spied a box of Oxo cubes. He had the instant and insane urge to put one in his mouth. He bit his lip and looked through the kitchen door and into the hallway…no one was there and he could hear everyone talking softly in the living room, cooing over baby Beatrice and praising Amelle.

He barely noticed that his hand had been closed around the box before he’d even fully decided he that was going to pop one into his mouth. Just to try it of course.

He unwrapped the foil around the little cube and he licked it. His tongue tingled at the salty taste. He popped the whole thing into his mouth and let it crumble and melt on his tongue as he broke it up against the roof of his mouth. He shivered and he took out several more and put them in his pocket before he replaced the box and got out more cups. He made up the tea and took it back into the living room, handing out the tea to everyone.

He sat down to drink his own tea, but he didn’t realise that he was unwrapping another Oxo cube until Draco drew attention to it.

“What in the name of Merlin are you eating?” He asked.

Harry blinked as everyone turned to look at him. He blushed and lowered his hands to his lap.

“It’s…uh…”

“That’s an Oxo cube, why the hell are you eating Oxo cubes?!” Max asked aghast. “They taste vile.”
Harry frowned and lifted the cube to his mouth and flicked his tongue over it. That shiver at the salty taste happened again and he pressed against one corner to make it crumble into his mouth, the granules making his tongue tingle and caused his mouth to fill with saliva.

“I want it.” Harry said softly. “I need it.”

“You’re craving Oxo cubes? Of all things to crave. They’re not even food!” Max argued.

“They’re edible.” Nasta conceded.

“Barely! They’re used to flavour stuff and make gravy, not to eat on their own!”


“What did he say?” Draco asked as he frowned at Blaise and then looked questioningly to Nasta as their family translator.

“He told Max to leave his little lover alone and then told Harry that he loved him and that he was his beloved.” Nasta said with a smile.

“Ti amo, Blaise.” Harry smiled as he popped the cube into his mouth and let it melt on his tongue.

“Do I need to get in extra Oxo cubes now as well as lemons?” Max asked him, defeated.

Harry nodded. “Please. It’s what I’ve been craving. The missing one that I couldn’t work out.”

“They have no nutritional value! How can you be craving them? What can you be craving from them?”

Harry shrugged. “I just want them.” He replied simply.
Their guests left them at three in the afternoon, when Healer Cole flooed them and told them that they couldn’t go back for their afternoon visit. He didn’t say much more, only that Leolin needed to go for more tests and that he needed to get back.

Harry felt himself just stop and stick where he was, his thoughts wouldn’t move, he felt floaty and robotic as he moved around stoically, waiting for that dreaded floo call to tell them that Leolin had passed on, but he refused to think about it, he held strong for Leolin, sent him all the strength that he could spare and as a result of his worry and stress and the exhaustion that he felt, he collapsed.

He woke up with a cool hand on his cheek to the horrified, concerned face of Draco, who was shouting for Nasta, who was there what seemed like a second later, making Harry’s world spin at the sudden appearance, even though he was already lying flat on his back, and causing his head to sear and pulsate in pain originating from the back of his skull and pounding behind his eyes, white washing his vision.

“Harry? What happened, Draco?!”

“I don’t know, I came up to use the bathroom and found him in a heap on the floor!” Draco replied.

“Harry, can you hear us?”

“Yes.” He replied quietly, barely above a whisper, trying to sit up, but a huge hand that could only be Max’s pressed him back to the floor and held him there to prevent him from trying to move again.

“What happened, love?” Draco asked him panicked.

“I…I don’t know.” He said as he pressed a hand to his head.

“Did you hit your head? Do you have any pain?” Blaise asked him.

“I…the back of my head hurts.” He admitted, still a bit out of it.

Max’s other hand, the one that wasn’t pressing him to the carpet, slipped around to finger the back of his head. He hissed.
“You’ve got a hell of a bump, love. Can you try and sit up?”

“Maybe if you took your hand from my shoulder.” Harry teased weakly.

He was eased up and his vision deteriorated into white star bursts. He reached out and groped blindly for something to hold onto and he found a bicep. He dug his fingers and his nails in to anchor himself, but hands were suddenly supporting him from all sides.

“I collapsed.” He said with a groan. He wasn’t going to get another moment of peace for the rest of this pregnancy thanks to this incident.

“Were you hungry, thirsty, tired?” Nasta questioned gently.

“I…I don’t know.” He said as he pressed a hand to his temple, trying to ease the throb of pain behind them. “I was thinking about Leolin and the next I knew Draco was above me shouting for you.”

“Were you dizzy?” Max asked, checking his pulse with his fingers pressed into his wrist.

“I was when I woke up; I don’t think I was before I collapsed. I don’t remember.”

“Blaise, go and get a glass of water for him, please.” Nasta instructed and Blaise rushed away.

Harry was eased to his feet and Nasta held him tightly around his back at his upper rib cage with one hand, just under his armpit and his other arm rested across his stomach to hold his hip, prepared in case Harry fell forwards or backwards. He looked as worried as Harry had ever seen him, stressed too. Tired, paler than usual and the pressure of being the top dominant in these circumstances was showing through clearly, but he was still strong and calm, the voice of reason and he always knew what to do, a rock in the turbulent sea.

“Think for me, Harry, please, this is important, we need to find out why you collapsed so that we can prevent it from happening again, especially with these two.” Nasta said seriously, laying a hand over Harry’s belly, which had ‘popped’ in the last week and he was finally showing, just enough for his mates to have something to cup in their palms.
“I…I’ve been tired lately.” Harry said, which he knew was an understatement; all of them were exhausted and emotionally drained.

“You’ve been getting a good amount of sleep, even if some of those hours were due to the influence of potions.” Draco said worriedly.

“Not that kind of tired.” Harry said with a sigh. “I’ve been exhausted, mentally, physically, emotionally, I’m tired of this and I just want it to be better.”

“Come on, let’s get you…”

“If you say bed I’m going to hit you.” Harry said weakly.

“To the settee then, but you are lying down.” Nasta finished sternly.

Harry didn’t fight, he just gave in with a sigh and he let Nasta carry him down the stairs and into the living room, tucking him up on the settee with a blanket. Blaise handed him a glass of water.

Harry drank deeply and he actually felt so much better for it, he drained the entire pint glass in half a minute. He couldn’t remember the last time he’d drank something and he looked at Nasta sheepishly.

“What?” His top dominant asked curiously. “You have that look on your face again, the one where you want to apologise, but don’t want to tell me what’s wrong.”

“I can’t remember the last time I had something to drink.” He admitted with a wry frown.

Nasta sighed. “Blaise, bring in the jug of water please.”

Blaise was already halfway out of the door.

“I’m sorry, I just didn’t realise…it didn’t seem important.” He said, lowering his head to the cushion.
“You need to take better care of yourself…you will take better care of yourself, or I’ll have no choice but to do it for you.” Nasta said seriously.

Harry nodded. “I just…I’ve eaten, I had toast this morning and Max made me a sandwich and I did eat that…I just forgot to drink anything with it.”

“You had juice with breakfast.” Draco said. “But I don’t think you drank all of it, we were running late for the hospital.”

“I’m sorry.” Harry sighed.

“Get some rest, sleep if you want, but stay there and drink some more water.” Nasta said sternly and Harry rolled his eyes behind Nasta’s back as he stood and turned away. “I saw that!”

“You did not!” Harry complained.

“I can see you in the mirror.”

Harry looked up at the mirror over the fireplace and groaned at Nasta’s smirk. He pulled the blanket over his head and of course, that entertained his babies, who were scattered on the floor with a sea of toys and they clapped and gurgled at him.

Harry popped his head out of the blankets and seeing Regan startle like Harry had burst a balloon or something had him laughing. Braiden giggled and clapped his hands at him.

“Peep-o!” He called out to them before ducking his head back under the blanket.

“You’re supposed to be resting, not playing.” Draco told him.

“I am resting. I’m lying down aren’t I?” Harry challenged as he played peek-a-boo with his babies. Regan startled every single time Harry’s head popped up from under the blanket.

“He’s such a scaredy cat!” Max laughed. “Where’s that Jack-in-the-box?”
Max then went to search through an entire spare room that was filled with toys, all the birthday and Christmas presents, for the errant Jack-in-the-box that had been given to Braiden last Christmas as Blaise set up the camcorder with a smirk.

Max came back into the living room with it and his grin was a mile wide as he sat the box in front of Regan.

“If he cries, you’re dealing with it.” Harry told him seriously.

Farren, who was sat near Regan, shuffled over to watch as Max encouraged Regan to open the lid of the box, which would trigger the soft puppet inside to spring out.

The two boys watched in avid attention as Regan peeled open the lid, Blaise recording their reactions for future blackmail material, not that he’d tell Harry as such.

The lid opened and the puppet on the spring leapt out and Regan startled so badly that he toppled backwards, but Farren’s reaction was the one that surprised them the most. He hadn’t startled or leapt back, jumped or even cried out in surprise, his first instinct had been to lash out and he slapped the puppet hard as it leapt out of the box, catching it in the air and hitting it to the floor.

The three of them burst out laughing and Harry felt like he couldn’t breathe through his laughter.

“Tell me you got that on camera!” He demanded of Blaise, struggling to speak through his laughter.

Blaise nodded. “Oh yeah, I got it.” He laughed back.

“What is going on? Harry, you’re supposed to be resting!”

“Farren…Farren!” Harry choked out on his laughter.

Nasta misunderstood and picked up an angrily chattering Farren, sniffing him for injuries.

“He’s…is he actually angry? What happened?” Draco asked as he had followed Nasta back into the living room.

“He does not like the Jack-in-the-box.” Max laughed. “Watch.”
Max set the box back up and took Farren from Nasta, sitting him in front of it. He opened the lid himself and once again as the puppet sprang out, Farren lashed out to hit it and slapped it to the floor.

“I’m not sure I like us encouraging him to be violent.” Harry said after he’d calmed down and wiped away his laughter tears.

“It’s not violence per se.” Nasta said, looking at Farren carefully. “I think it’s the fight or flight instinct…most people would be inclined to startle and jump back, his instinct is to fight it.”

“I don’t like that either.” Harry frowned.

“It may save his life one day, Cariad. If Farren turns out to be a submissive Dracken I’ll eat my left testicle. He’ll need those instincts to survive the meetings and all the better if those instincts are honed and leaning more towards fight. His hand-eye coordination is amazing for his age too!”

Harry licked his lips and picked Farren up and rested him on his chest. Farren had grown taller and heavier than all his other sac siblings and he was closing in on Braiden quickly. He was gaining three to four pounds a month and he’d grown four inches since Harry had checked last month, he wasn’t crawling much and he wasn’t even trying to stand, so where the three other quintuplets and Braiden were rushing around, crawling, climbing, their weights were levelling out and they were gaining a pound or so a month, but Farren was content to continue letting himself grow and gain weight.

“Oh you’re getting heavy.” Harry huffed and then waved away Max who tried to take Farren away from him. “You take away my baby and you’re a dead man.” He threatened with a slightly hiss.

Harry cuddled up with Farren and they both took a nap, at least until Farren started whining for food and woke Harry up from his little nap. Max happily gave them a snack of scrambled eggs and bread, but the smell of the eggs had Harry rushing for the downstairs bathroom, even if he hadn’t moved from the settee and Max was feeding the kids in kitchen, he could smell it as strongly as if Max was waving them under his nose.

Draco came with him, but if it was one thing Draco had a problem with, it was vomit. He winced every time Harry heaved and he flinched when the vomit hit the water of the toilet.

“Just go away, Draco, you’re making it worse.” Harry groaned. “I want tea, go and make me tea.
Put lemon in it. Lots of lemon.”

Draco nodded and left him, all but running from the bathroom, seemingly without noticing that Harry was upset with him.

Nasta came in just a minute later. Him, Harry liked having around when he was being sick and as those big, strong hands moved him into a better position and rubbed firm circles on his back, brushing his hair away from his sweaty forehead, he felt better. He made Harry feel calmer, made him feel cared for and that was why Harry trusted him as his top dominant. Nasta cared and he was calm in a crisis.

Nasta sorted him out, helped him wash out his mouth and then settled him back onto the settee; his promised cup of tea from Draco was on the coffee table.

“Was that…?” Nasta asked.

“The smell of the eggs.” Harry grimaced. “It just sent me running.”

Nasta nodded as he handed Harry his tea. He lay his hand on Harry’s belly softly.

“It seems these two are giving you the run around.”

“Not really. It’s not too bad actually; remember the morning sickness with Braiden? I thought I’d never be able to eat anything again and the pain and discomfort with the quintuplets is nothing compared to this, but then this time during my last pregnancy I was just a week or two from going into sudden labour with them, that pain was bad. This is okay…manageable.”

Nasta smiled just as the floo flared to life and out stepped someone that Harry had given up the hope of seeing.

Remus Lupin was cradling a little boy to his chest, Harry’s heart about stopped. His supposed Godson would be six months old already and Harry hadn’t seen him once before now. His hair was bright green, like blended peas.

Nasta stood from the settee and deliberated with himself, trying to tear himself in half, did he stand in front of a pregnant Harry who had just been very sick, or the door that led to his children? He chose Harry, trusting that Max, Blaise and Draco, who were feeding the children in the kitchen, would be sufficient to protect them.

“I…I couldn’t say all that I needed to in a letter, I had to see you face to face.” Remus said
nervously, breaking the stunned silence.

Harry blinked. “And bringing your son is going to achieve what? Act as a shield or a deterrent to prevent us from attacking?”

“I just thought that you’d like to finally meet him.” Remus said mildly. “I’m not here to fight and hopefully no one will attack anyone.”

“Pass him here then. It’s you I’m angry with, not him.”

Nasta took the little boy from Remus and handed him carefully to Harry, who smiled at the little boy, who grinned back. He already had five teeth that he could see, for a six month old that was impressive.

“His name is Edward, after Tonks’ Father, but to us he’s just Teddy.” Remus said and he didn’t seem to know where to put his hands now that they were empty of his son.

“Hello Teddy, how are you?” Harry asked happily and he watched as those blue eyes changed to completely match his own. He laughed. “I think he likes me.”

He turned Teddy to show Nasta and Remus that Teddy’s eyes were now the same deep, dark green that his own were. They clashed terribly with his green hair.

“He likes taking the colours from everything around him; he made himself look like a tree when Dora took him through the forest around our home the other day. Greyish-brown skin like bark, two tonal orange and brown hair like the leaves.”

“That must be hell to hide. How do you stop him from doing it in public without using magic on him?” Harry asked concernedly.

“We can’t take him out into the Muggle world, not until he has a bit of control over what he’s doing and has more understanding of why he can’t do it around Muggles. Have you taken your children into the Muggle world?”
Harry nodded. “Max goes to the supermarket every two weeks, he usually takes at least two babies with him and he alternates them depending on their mood really. Why are you here?”

Remus looked at the floor, before looking back up determinedly. “To explain myself.”

“I don’t think there is anything to explain, I think I understand perfectly.” Harry said icily.

“Who are you talking…to. Oh.” Max said curiously as he came into the living room with a coughing Calix on his arm.

“I read that two of your children were in St Mungos, I don’t put much stock in the Daily Prophet, but that cough doesn’t sound good.”

“Calix is alright now, but he was in the hospital and he was readmitted shortly after he was released when it became apparent that he wasn’t getting any better, but it’s just his cough now. Leolin…Leolin hasn’t come out of the hospital yet. Eight weeks and counting.”

“I am so sorry, Harry.” Remus said sadly. “Do the Healers know what caused it?”

“Calix contracted Bronchiolitis, he passed it to Leolin before we…before I could separate them and they were both hospitalised. None of the other four got it, just my two youngest, weaker babies.”

“I don’t think it’s fair to say that they’re both weak, Harry.”

“I didn’t mean it like that.” Harry insisted. “But neither of them were breathing at birth, they were both premature and now they both get lung infections…it can’t be a coincidence!”

“Why can’t it?” Remus asked him simply.

“Why not any of the others? Why just Calix and Leolin?”

“Perhaps all of your children had the virus, but the four older children were able to fight it off.”
“Then Calix and Leolin are weaker.”

“They’re fighting, Harry, if they were weak, they wouldn’t be fighting, weaker they may be, but not weak.”

“Leolin…he’s…I think he’s starting to give up.” Harry said softly. “Every day he’s getting worse, more listless, more pale, more exhausted…he sleeps for almost twenty hours a day now.”

“Perhaps he just needs something to remind him to keep fighting. Maybe he doesn’t want to see his Mother and Fathers so pale and tired and stressed themselves, maybe he wants what he’s used to and not this pale, worried and forced shell.”

Nasta let out a warning growl, but Harry placed a hand on his arm.

“Not with children in the room, love.” He said softly. “Do you really think we’re making Leolin give in quicker?”

“It can’t hurt to try, Harry. Get more sleep, eat more, try and be happy around him without being forced, I know that will be difficult, nearly impossible given the circumstances, but he will be able to read that your attitude is forced and he won’t know why and it’ll upset him. I’ve been reading a lot of baby behavioural books and anything that I can get my hands on really since Teddy was conceived.”

“We haven’t been able to see him this afternoon.” Harry said sadly. “He took another bad turn.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, I am.”

“Where have you been?” Blaise demanded angrily. “Do you know how upset you’ve made Harry?”

Harry looked to see him stood beside Max, Braiden and Regan in his arms. Draco was behind him again, framed in the doorway with Tegan in his arms.
“I came to explain.” Remus told him.

“I don’t hear much explaining.” Draco said sarcastically.

Remus sighed.

“All of you sit down.” Harry ordered. “I feel weird being the only one sat down and Nasta won’t let me get up.”

“Is that…”

“This is Teddy, Remus’ son.”

“Your Godson, if you still want him to be.” Remus said quietly.

“Of course I do.” Harry said softly, pressing a kiss to Teddy’s cheek and watching him burble happily. “I never gave my children Godparents, I didn’t see the point. I don’t plan on dying and the chances of all five of us being killed together is slim and if we are, our children will go to family… together of course. I would burst out of my grave in angry vengeance if they were all split up from one another.”

“You are pregnant again?” Remus asked, spying the bump as he took the armchair behind him as his mates sat on the settee, Max sitting on the floor with the babies as they crawled over one another to reach their toys.

Harry sighed and nodded. “I conceived on the twentieth of July. I’m due in February and currently I’m three months pregnant with twins. We don’t know the gender yet.”


Harry nodded. “Two babies, one placenta. They’re identical, as if I needed any more stress, I get two babies that are going to be identical to one another and knowing my luck, they will end up being like Fred and George! Which reminds me, I haven’t told Mrs Weasley yet.”
“We’ll send an owl to her tomorrow.” Nasta nodded. “Hedwig has been a little restless lately; she’s attacking Esmeralda and Jasmine.”

“She likes Saracen.” Harry chuckled, giving a look to Draco, who rolled his eyes.

“I do not want to referee the sex lives of our owls, it’s not my fault that I liked the male eagle owl the most and you have a female owl and Max has two female owls!”

“If he gets all three of them pregnant…” Blaise warned.

“We can sell the eggs to the bloody owl emporium.” Draco said folding his arms over his chest.

Harry laughed and shook his head. “Let’s just leave them to it for now, the attic is their domain.”

“We’re getting off track.” Blaise pointed out, glaring at Remus. “You have upset my submissive mate; you’ve ignored him, hurt him, now you come into our home and expect us to just accept you?”

“Let him explain, Blaise.” Nasta said softly.

Remus licked his lips and sat forward in the chair. “I was…I was selfish. I’m a very selfish man, I’ve come to realise this. I was selfish when I left Harry at only fifteen months old because I couldn’t bear to look at him and see James. I use my…condition as an excuse to wallow in misery and then I use that self-created misery to do things for myself. I’ve held Dora at arm’s length for months and then I gave in to her and I became possessive. Nothing else really mattered except for her, I forgot about you, Harry and I know that sounds terrible, but I swore that I wouldn’t lie to you when I came to explain everything to you and that’s the truth. You were happy and well cared for, you had your mates and your children, so once again my selfish side came out and I thought of myself, of what I wanted…it didn’t even occur to me to invite you to the wedding. I convinced myself that you’d be too busy, that you wouldn’t want to come, so I never asked and for that I’m sorry. Dora is helping me become a better man, a better person and she’s making me realise exactly how selfish I am.”

“And Teddy?” Harry asked softly. “Why didn’t you tell me about Teddy? Not even a note that Tonks was pregnant, you just sprung it all on me at once!”
“Again, because I’m a selfish man. I wanted to keep it to myself, just for me. I told Tonks that I’d sent out the owls to everyone, including you, when I hadn’t. She was my Wife, she had my child growing inside her, I didn’t want anyone else to know. I didn’t want anyone taking her attention away from me, I wanted it to be our secret and I honestly didn’t think anyone would mind me taking that time to just be there for the both of them. I realise now how very wrong I was.”

“Why didn’t you tell me this when I sent you a letter asking?” Harry demanded.

“It wasn’t…it wasn’t something that could be said in a letter, Harry and I was busy with Teddy and with Dora. Andy has been around every day too to help Dora, I love her, but she is definitely not blessed with any homemaking skills. I can do that easily enough, but with Teddy too and juggling the full moon and the aftermath of it as well, it’s difficult.”

“Tonks is back in work.” Harry said as he realised what Remus was saying between the lines. “You’ve been at home with Teddy all day.”

Remus looked a bit startled and he nodded. “Being who I am…I can’t actually find work, Tonks is the one who works, I’m a house-husband.”

“It’s not too bad.” Harry said with a small smile. “Though I have nothing to complain about, I get to play with my babies all day and sit on my arse being fed by hand by my loving partners.”

Max snorted and shook his head.

“Max does all of the cooking.” Harry said, poking the back of Max’s head with his socked toes. “Nasta keeps everything clean and tidy, Blaise is job hunting to provide for us and me and Draco are being lazy Lords of the family.”

That got him a laugh from everyone and he smiled, glad that the tension was gone. He had more than enough tension to deal with without anyone adding to it.

“So all of this…everything that’s happened, is because you’re selfish?” Nasta asked seriously.

Remus nodded. “I didn’t understand why anyone would be upset that I’d kept it to myself…I know
now, Dora has very much made me see the error of my ways, she was disgusted that I hadn’t told you about anything, Harry. She wanted to come today, probably to make sure that I actually came, but she’s in work all week, she told me to send her best to you for the baby in the hospital. The Daily Prophet still doesn’t know the names or genders of your children, so we didn’t know which two were admitted or why, the Prophet is just speculating, there was a different reason in every article, though they have stopped all mentions of you or the children.”

“It’s going to stay that way too.” Harry sniffed. “Lucius and Myron are suing them.”

“I had heard that too. I very much enjoy the Quibbler.” He said with a sly smile.

Harry smiled too. He remembered the article about Sirius, he’d enjoyed the Quibbler since then too and that one of his good friends was the editor, or co-editor rather, just made him enjoy it all the more and it gave Hedwig something to do now that they’d cancelled their Daily Prophet subscription in protest of their treatment by the media, maybe now, after the lawsuit had been successful, he’d pick it back up, he knew that Draco liked being kept in the loop, but their house was so filled with magazines it was a wonder that they could move.

Nasta got subscriptions from all over the place, monthly subscriptions to Magical Menageries, Creatures Criteria, Flying Beauties: A Monthly Journal for Dragon Handlers, Linguistics for the Logical Wizard and Flames, Claws and Scales as well as The World News newspaper which came every morning. Max had a monthly subscription to The Practical Potioneer that Esmeralda dealt with along with several medical journals and a subscription to The Daily Dose, a magazine for Healers and pharmacists and Blaise had his own subscription for an Arithmancy magazine; Theory of Numerology, which Harry used to swat at the occasional fly and he stole some of Nasta’s linguistic magazines on occasion too. Draco only had two subscriptions, one for Finical Finances and the second for Magical Business Growth. They had so many magazines that Harry wondered where the hell they found the time to read any of them, as he never actually saw his lovers reading them, but they then turned around and quoted from them. More than once he’d wondered if his mates shared a time tuner behind his back.

“I thought you liked me, I thought that you cared for me.” Harry said softly as the silence stretched awkwardly. “Why wouldn’t you want to tell me?”

“I didn’t want to tell anyone.” Remus said uncomfortably. “It was selfish of me, I know. I am sorry, Harry, I didn’t…it wasn’t my intention to hurt anyone with my actions, but I always seem to be doing just that, intentional or not.”

“Max, I think we need tea.” Harry said with a sigh. “Lots of tea. Does Teddy need anything?”

Remus shook his head. “I fed him just before we left the house.”
“Is he okay to move around?”

“He’s crawling.” Remus said with a nod.

Harry placed Teddy carefully on the floor and watched as he moved around slowly, exploring and touching everything in this new environment, a bit wary of the five babies playing with a pile of toys, but unlike Remus, Teddy took the plunge and crawled over to them and sat down, just on the edge of the pile of toys and the circle the five babies made.

Harry watched with pride and love as Braiden looked up and saw him, he tilted his head curiously and looked to Harry.

“Mama?” He questioned and pointed to Teddy.

“That is Teddy, Braiden love, be nice to him he’s only little.”

Braiden grinned as if he understood and he picked up a plastic, musical ball and handed it over to Teddy, who screeched happily and grabbed it between both hands, the ball jingling merrily as its buttons were pressed by Teddy’s clenching hands.

Max came back in with the tray of tea and he served Harry first and the smell of lemon was so powerful that Harry’s mouth was watering before he’d brought the cup up to his lips for the first sip.

“This is perfect; you have to make it like this all the time.” Harry said.

“Tomorrow you’ll want more or less.” Max teased him with a wry smile.

“I know, but today, this is perfect.”

Harry settled down and watched as Max played the host, serving Remus his tea, though he was a bit stiff on the conversation. He sighed, this was by no means the end of things, he knew that, but he hoped, that at least in his case, it was a step in the right direction.

Remus had told him before that he was a selfish man; Harry hadn’t blamed him for that. He hadn’t blamed Remus for leaving him with the Dursley’s as a baby because of his resemblance to his
Father, but this, this was one in the same…Remus hadn’t told him, or anyone it seemed, that he’d gotten Tonks pregnant because he wanted to keep it to himself. It actually made him wonder if it was a werewolf trait, a bit like the submissive Dracken’s need to keep the species of newborn babies to themselves, just for a little while, even though everyone around them, including their mates, were dying to know if the baby was a Dracken or not.

He sighed, it was going to be a long road for everyone involved to walk, but if they kept together and kept going, then they could make that walk together and he hoped that at the end of it, they didn’t head off in separate directions.

Wednesday the eighteenth of November marked his seventeenth week of pregnancy, he and Remus were exchanging owls and he brought Teddy over every Saturday for a playdate, but it was slow going and they were still a little stilted and awkward around one another. Harry couldn’t just forget that Remus hadn’t wanted to tell him about his marriage and baby just because he hadn’t wanted to, but he sucked it up, Remus hadn’t told him about it, he had self admittedly been selfish and now Harry had to get over it. What was done was done and couldn’t be changed, so they had to put it behind them and move on. If only his mates were as easy to convince, but none of that mattered to him at that moment, as the eighteenth held such a huge surprise that Harry almost cried.

“Are you sure?” He warbled out as he clutched Leolin to his chest, free of wires as of three days ago and off the ventilator for the last two weeks.

“Yes, we feel that he’s strong enough now that he’s finally managed to fight off the virus with the aid of certain spells and some mild potions. He’s doing well, his vitals have picked up over the last few weeks, he’s eating more and he’s got some colour back to his cheeks, we’re happy to let him go home with you.”

Harry was so happy and so relieved that he started crying as he cradled Leolin to his heart.

“Ma.” His baby said softly, making Harry cry all the more.

“Yes love, you get to come back home with us.” Harry sobbed out through his happy tears.

Draco wrapped his arms around Harry’s waist tight and rested his chin on Harry’s shoulder.

“I’m so happy.” Harry cried out. “Thank you so much for everything you’ve done for him, thank
you for saving his life, you’re both miracle workers!”

“If there is anything that we can do.” Max said sincerely.

“I just can’t wait to sleep in a proper bed.” Healer Cole said with a smile and a hand to his back. “Those transfigured beds aren’t good for my eighty-six year old back.”

“I’m spending a week in bed with my Wife.” Healer Almus said with a naughty grin that made him look ten years younger and infinitely less tired. “We’ve both accumulated three weeks holiday with all the hours we’ve pulled.”

“We’d be incredibly happy to send you both and your families to the Maldives.” Harry said seriously. “After everything that you’ve done for us, I’d send you both for the year.”

“We were doing our jobs, Harry; we’ve come to love this little guy, grumpy scowls and all.” Healer Almus told him as he took Leolin’s hand and waved it gently.

“We still want to do this for you.” Nasta said just as seriously. “You deserve the break.”

“They aren’t going to accept, just buy them non-refundable tickets and shove it in their hands.” Max said. “But before that, let’s get Leolin home. I’ve kept his bedding freshly laundered for the last several weeks ready for when he came home.”

“You can’t do…!” Healer Almus started in shock, but Nasta cut him off.

“Our son means the world to us and you have inarguably saved his life and made him healthy and strong enough to be able to come home with us today, we owe you more than a holiday, but as I cannot give you my beating heart, our submissive has decided to give you a break away from this hospital, I will allow this as we take our son home for the first time in almost eleven weeks, we owe you more than we could ever give you, let us do this for you to show how very grateful we are.”

“We do this for every patient.” Healer Cole said sternly. “We were doing our jobs.”
“How often do you spend every single moment of your time, for eleven straight weeks, monitoring a patient in quarantine for twenty-four hours a day just to keep him alive?” Draco asked them seriously.

“I admit that this has been a rather unusual situation and Leolin has needed a continuous level of upmost care, but it is still our jobs to look after him and we get paid to do so.”

“You have lived in this hospital, in this room and the office next door, for eleven weeks while you’ve been caring and nursing our vulnerable son back to health and strength, if anyone deserves a holiday it’s you both.” Harry said firmly. “So we will send you and your families on holiday, we’ll send your tickets to your partners if we must, but it’s our gift to you both for the dedication that you’ve shown our son.”

Healer Cole shook his head. “Get him home, I’m sure you have family waiting patiently to see him again.”

Harry nodded and he was escorted out of the hospital room. They didn’t have anything to help them get Leolin home, no blankets, no carrycot to keep him safe, Harry contented himself with Nasta’s strong, solidly muscled arms wrapped around him and Leolin tight, their son between them as Nasta protected them both through the floo network until they reached their home.

Harry peered tearily at Myron, Richard, Alexander and Aneirin who were sat talking softly.

“You were gone for barely an hour; Leolin hasn’t taken another turn has he?” Richard asked with a sad look.

“Why are you crying, Harry?” Aneirin asked with a sort of soft horror.

“I’m so happy.” Harry said with a sniff and Nasta broke away from him and Harry showed Leolin to the four men, his golden eyes back to their previous vibrancy and he let out a soft burbling giggle as he recognised where he was.

“You were allowed to bring him home?” Myron said stunned, even as he leapt up and came to hover over Leolin.

“Yes, the Healers said that the virus has passed through him and he’s back to good health, he’s eating again, he’s got the colour back into his face, now we just have to keep him this way.” Harry said determinedly.
“I’ll go and grab his bassinet, he must have missed it after so long in that hospital issued bassinet.” Max said, more for something to do as they all knew that there was no way that Harry was letting Leolin go.

Harry sat down in the middle of the settee so that he could have people sat on both sides to see his little baby.

“I must go and tell Kimberly.” Alexander said excitedly. “It’s wonderful to see him home.”

Harry couldn’t let Leolin go, even when he was urged to by his mates so that they could have a cuddle. He apologised and told them that he couldn’t let him go and they understood, they sighed and grumbled, but they understood.

“You need sleep yourself, so you will put him down for bed, he needs his sleep.” Nasta said sternly.

Harry nodded. “I just…I need to hold him for a bit.”

“Ma.” Leolin said sleepily.

“I’m so happy that he recognises me again.” Harry said softly as he pressed his cheek to Leolin’s.

“Let him sleep, Harry.” Max said as he shook Leolin’s tiny duvet into its cover. “He should be napping right about now.”

“Leolin cat naps through the day, you know that he doesn’t keep to the same schedule as the others.” Harry said.

“I thought we were trying to keep him on a regular schedule so that he felt less anxious about changes.”

“After being in that hospital room for eleven weeks, I think he needs a bit of doing what he wants
to do for a little bit. He’s happy to be back here, can’t you see that?”

“Don’t push him too hard, Harry, he needs rest and recuperation now.”

Harry nodded. “I know, of course I know that. I just want to hold him.”

Leolin raised a hand to Harry’s face and pressed a tiny hand against his chin and he babbled softly. Harry grinned at him.

“I’m so happy you’re home.”

“Ma.” He agreed softly before he pulled his hand back and the first knuckle went into his little mouth as he sucked on it.

Harry held him as he fell asleep and only then did he let everyone have a hold of him before Nasta tucked him up in his bassinet, obsessively smoothing out his duvet and making sure that it was tucked in around Leolin’s body.

“Cysga’n dawel.” He said to Leolin softly and laid a soft kiss on his cheek. “Rwy’n dy garu di.”

“What did you say to him?” Harry asked when Nasta came to sit next to him.

“I told him to sleep tight and that I loved him.” Nasta replied, a bit gruffly.

“Told him to sleep tight and that I loved him.” Nasta replied, a bit gruffly.

Harry twisted his body to rest up against Nasta and he cuddled in tight.

“I love you.” Harry said softly.

Nasta smiled down at him and kissed his forehead. “I love you too, Cariad.”

“I think today is the best day I’ve had all year.” He said in a whisper.
Nasta nodded. “I know what you mean, we’ve had a lot of trials and obstacles to get over this year and more to come in the next year, but we will get over them together, I will always be here for you, Harry, for all of us. I love you all too much.”

Harry smiled to himself and he rested his head over Nasta’s heartbeat. The strong, even thud under his ear helped relax him and soothe him and before he knew what was happening, he’d been lulled into sleep, his first, deep and peaceful sleep for many months.

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They had a stream of visitors over the next two days and Harry was happy to welcome Amelle back into his home as he let her cuddle his son as he cradled Beatrice.

“How are you little Bea?” He asked softly as those baby blue eyes traced every inch of his face.

“Is little bumblebee a Dracken?” Max asked Amelle curiously. “Or are you doing a Harry and keeping it to yourself for several months first?”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Of course she’s keeping it to herself; Beatrice is not even four weeks old yet.”

Amelle smiled a bit uncertainly, as if she didn’t know how long she was supposed to be keeping the secret for.

Harry went and laid his hand on her forearm.

“You keep it a secret for as long as you feel you need to.” He said seriously. “It’s something personal to you, let Caesar beg and wind himself up, but only tell others when you want to.”

Amelle grinned at him and nudged him with her shoulder.

“When have you got to go back to the hospital?” She asked.
Harry grimaced. “Soon. I’ve had more than enough of that hospital.” Harry laid a hand over his pregnant belly. “I’ll be glad when these two are born, but not any when soon, I don’t want another panic like I did with the quintuplets.”

Amelle smiled in sympathy and nodded. “I understand why you don’t want any more premature babies; you must have been so frightened.”

“It was terrifying.” Harry admitted with a nod. “My second ever pregnancy, it was with five babies and I had no clue what was happening to me.”

“Sanex said he heard the rip from across the room.”

Harry nodded. “Yeah, it took a few moments for me to take in the pain of that and several more before I realised what had happened.”

“Was it very painful?”

“The worst.” Harry said with a grimace. “I don’t remember much, I went feral very quickly afterward and the memories come in random bursts, but I do remember the first incision…all the amniotic fluid just came gushing out and because my sac was already ripped, Farren just fell through very soon after, tearing the edges of the incision I’d made because I didn’t have time to make it any bigger before he fell out of me. I made myself almost sick with worry during the first few days after I’d given birth when I thought back to what might have happened if I’d caught his head or back with a claw, he was so close to my abdomen, if he’d been in any other position…” Harry shook his head, dislodging those thoughts quickly. “No, I pushed away those thoughts quickly afterward, but I wouldn’t wish that sort of labour on anyone.”

“I hope I never have a pregnancy like that, I’m paranoid as it is with just singletons.”

“Hopefully these two will be happy to stay where they are for a few months more.” Harry said happily, patting his belly.

“Have you found out if they’re girls or boys?” Amelle asked. “I kept up my end of the deal; you need to boost the female numbers as well.”

Harry laughed. “That’s very true, but no, we still have no idea, the one is spooning the other, who
has their legs pulled in tight to their chest. Still no gender, but I have another scan soon, so maybe we’ll find out on this next scan.”

“My hope is that you have two girls.” Amelle said with a sly smile. “If only to boost our numbers over the boys of the family.”

“You’ve gone and said it now, watch; I’ll turn around and have identical twin boys.” Harry teased. “It won’t be so bad to have boys I suppose, as long as they’re healthy, I don’t care.” He said somberly as he looked over his shoulder to Leolin.

Amelle pulled him into a hug and took Beatrice from his arms. “Leolin is strong, he has too much of you in him, take the advice you gave to me…he got through it, he’s fine, let him enjoy his life without smothering his every move. It’s difficult, Merlin I know that, but you have coached me through my urges, now let others help you, don’t smother him for this, enjoy him, but let him run free and enjoy himself.”

Harry let out all the breath in his body and pulled a fresh one into his lungs. He nodded sharply.

“I know, the urge to just clamp him into my arms and never let him go is insane, though.”

“As you taught me, breathe through the urge, let it come and then let it pass, ignore it.”

Harry nodded again and breathed harshly. He kept doing it until the urge to crush Leolin to his heart abated.

“Thank you, I just…I don’t want to leave him; it’s his first night home.”

“I understand.” Amelle said with a knowing smile.

Harry said goodbye to the stream of guests as five in the afternoon approached and he settled himself by the head of the bassinet, which was beside the settee, he refrained from touching a sleeping Leolin as he kept his hands busy by playing his hands over his pregnant belly and contenting himself with the small shifts of movement from within. His twins were strong and were growing well, he was very happy with them and he couldn’t wait until they were born and he could hold them in his arms. He knew that his mates were excited about it too, but then to a dominant Dracken, babies were a sign of fertility and prowess, so they happily gloated to one another over it.
He was sure that part of the Dracken meetings in May was so the dominants could gloat about how many more babies they had and the submissives could rub other submissives faces in their perfect newborns, it made him snort in incredulity when he saw it happening at the meetings.

“I’m not like that.” He assured his belly and the babies within. “You two can run around and cause terror all you like and I’ll look on proudly and tell everyone within hearing distance that you’re mine, my little twins. Just stay put for a little longer, okay? I don’t want another sudden labour and you have to wait to at least January before you come. I’m busy in December.”

Harry smiled as he dropped his head back against the arm of the settee and rested; his hands still stroking and rubbing circles on his belly.

Things levelled out for all of them as the days went by, everything slipped into an easy routine to encompass everything, they settled and they carried on, worried and fearful though they were, they took everything one day at a time and there was no lack of hugs and kisses.

As November slipped by them, they had news from Ashleigh at the hospital that she was settled in and Myron and Richard visited her often and relayed information to the family. She was doing well, she was seeing mind Healers daily and she had unlimited support at all hours of the day and night.

She had sent him a personal, heartfelt letter as part of her recovery programme outlining what she had done wrong, how she had felt and how she had gone about showing those feelings in the wrong way, but most of all, she had finally apologised to him in a way that Harry believed was actually real and sincere and not a bluff just so that she could come to see the babies. He had sent her back his own letter, a letter that he had poured over for hours over several days to express his own emotions and thoughts and how she had made him feel with her actions, but he wished her well at the end of it and told her that he hoped that she found what she needed from the Healers and he assured her that when she got a clean bill of health and came home, there were grandbabies waiting for their Grandma Ashleigh.

Richard’s fiftieth birthday on the twenty-seventh of November was much more lively than the three birthdays that had come before it, Max and Blaise had had their birthdays ruined and Ashleigh’s fiftieth birthday on the fourth of November was not only ruined by Leolin in the hospital, but by her being in the hospital herself. Myron and Richard had gotten to visit her, but she hadn’t come out of the hospital for the day, which she insisted was for the best.

At four months pregnant, Harry was taking things a bit easier than he normally would have and he was finding it difficult to pick up his children, especially Braiden and Farren, as his back was in agony every time he bent down to pick them up. But he grimaced through it regardless, though Nasta complained about it and the effects on his pregnancy, but Harry tuned him out, he steadfastly refused to stop holding and hugging his children just because his pregnant belly was in the way or his back was twinging uncomfortably.
“I wish that you would just take it easy.” Max sighed as Braiden clamoured at Harry’s feet for attention, going up on his knees and reaching up for him and naturally Harry bent right over and picked him up, a brief flash of pain marring his expression from the pressure on his spine.

“I am taking it easy.” Harry said as he straightened up and cuddled Braiden to his chest.

“I don’t like seeing or knowing that you’re in pain.” Max replied with a worried look.

“It’s honestly not as bad as you think.”

“Don’t lie to me, Harry; we can see the pain on your face as you bend to pick them up.”

Harry groaned in aggravation. “Seriously, Max, I’m fine; one of the twins is lying back to back with me, that’s all.”

“How do you know?”

“Because I can damn well feel it!” Harry replied, placing his hand over his belly. “One is head down, back to my belly; the other is head up, back to my back.”

“So…you’re saying that our twins are in the sixty-nine position?” Max said with a grin.

Harry blinked at the sudden turn of the conversation and then he huffed and turned away, hiding his smile from Max.

“I can’t deal with you in this mood.”

“Just because you’re gagging for it but find it too uncomfortable to have sex.” Max teased him. “We could do the sixty-nine you know…a bit of mutual release for both of us, I reckon I could get you off first.”
Harry looked over just in time to see Max waggle his eyebrows and he couldn’t help laughing.

“Later.” Harry said with a smile. “We’ll go to bed an hour or so earlier and we can have some fun, but for now, it’s almost dinner time and these little guys are getting hungry.”

Max groaned. “There’s my cue to leave you and your luscious, edible body and go into the kitchen to make food.”

Harry laughed and shook his head. “I’ll come with you; just let me get the rest of these hungry babies.”

“Just herd them towards the kitchen.” Max waved away.

“They’re not sheep!” Harry said sternly.

“No, but you can’t carry them all and you already have Braiden.” Max said, even as he stooped to pick up Calix and Tegan. “Come on you two, into the kitchen.”

Harry was shocked to see Max nudge Regan and Farren with his foot.

“Don’t do that!” He said aghast.

“It’s just to get them moving!” Max defended as Farren and Regan started crawling, being directed by Max’s soft nudges towards the kitchen, Regan infinitely faster than Farren, who was unhappy to be forced to move.

They reached the kitchen and Harry set Braiden down in his highchair and secured him in.

“Don’t get them!” Max burst out as Harry went to bend down to pick up Regan. “Take Calix and let me get those two.”

Harry sighed and took Calix from Max, kissing him softly and setting him in another highchair as Max bent and scooped up Farren easily, setting him in his chair and clipping him in before bending
back over to pick up Regan.

Harry sat down in a chair and entertained the five babies as Max heated up the food that he’d made for them yesterday afternoon.

“Did you remember to send your letter off to Remus after your nap?” Max asked as he dished up the babies dinner onto little plastic plates.

Harry nodded. “Yeah, he’s still being careful around me with what he says and he’s keeping me updated of every move that Teddy makes to try and make it up to me for not telling me about him in the first place, but Tonks has been sending me letters too, I just want her to stop apologising, it wasn’t her fault and married or not, she shouldn’t have to apologise for him and besides the point, Remus already apologised, I’m getting sick of hearing ‘sorry’.” He complained as he took a plate from Max and started feeding Calix.

Blaise walked into the kitchen, his best robes already being yanked off and Harry knew immediately that his job search hadn’t gone well. He hadn’t had a good interview since the one that he had ran out of when Calix and Leolin had first been admitted to the hospital.

“Are you…?” He started but Blaise cut him off harshly.

“Don’t.”

“Hey!” Max said angrily. “You do not get to take your bad mood out on us! I don’t care how bad a day you’ve had or how bad you feel, we’re your partners, your mates, you do not treat us like shit because we do not deserve it.”

Blaise flumped into a chair and slumped over the table.

“It’s just all the same!” He complained. “No one want’s a newly graduated student and they all want someone with more experience! How am I supposed to get more experience if no one will give me a chance in the first place?!”

Harry had no idea what to say and he felt terrible for his partner.

“It took me getting an apprenticeship before I could get a job.” Max said casually. “From eighteen
to twenty, when I actually got my apprenticeship, I could not find a single job. I even applied to clean out the owl shit in a postal office and I was declined. You need to keep at it, Blaise, or you need to find an apprenticeship.”

“Do you think I could?” Blaise asked a little uncertainly. “Get an apprenticeship that is.”

“Of course you can.” Harry said. “You’re incredibly intelligent and you know what you’re doing, Blaise. Find what you want to do and then get yourself into an apprenticeship.”

“I know what I want to do.” Blaise said tentatively. “I just don’t know how to go about doing it.”

“Then do it yourself.” Max encouraged. “If you know what you want to do, take the plunge and open your own business.”

“No one will want to do business with a nineteen year old with no training or experience!” Blaise cried out in distress.

“Not with that attitude they won’t.” Harry said with a frown. “Max is right, if you want to do it and you know you want to do it, we four will support you, Blaise, of course we will. Set up your own business, we’ll find you a place to operate from, we’ll have it advertised…if you want to do it, love, we’ll make it happen.”

Blaise actually looked teary and Harry forced himself to stand up to go to him and hug him.

“We love you, Blaise.” Harry said softly. “If this is something that you want to do, do it and we’ll be right behind you all the way.”

“Damn right, what Harry said. Sort out what you need, get everything in order before you set up, talk to my Dad if you need help, he has a business from my Granddad, they can both help you if you need it. My Grandfather set that business up on his own, from absolutely nothing. My great-great-great Grandfather set his business up from his garden shed. It can be done if you have the right attitude and a lot of determination, you can do it, Blaise.”

“Thank you.” Blaise said softly.
“Do you feel better?” Harry asked gently.

Blaise nodded. “I’ll see what I can do, I’ll talk to Myron and Alexander, maybe Aneirin too and see what they think and I’ll look at my finances to see if it’s doable.”

“I said before that we will support you, that includes financially.” Harry said firmly.

Blaise shook his head. “No, the last thing I want to do is to haemorrhage money from our family when we have babies and more on the way, I won’t do that, if I can’t afford to do it myself, then I’ll put it on the backburner and I’ll wait until I can afford to do it.”

“Go talk to my Dad then, he doesn’t work weekends and my Dad Richard is probably driving him ballistic since it was his birthday two days ago. He still gets as excited as a kid at Christmas.”

“You don’t mind?” Blaise asked as he looked at the babies who were finishing off their dessert of peeled, stewed plums.

“Of course not, we’ll finish these off now; we’ll bathe them and then tuck them up into their cots with a story.”

“Where’s Leolin?”

Harry looked across to the baby monitor that he was carrying around.

“He had his dinner early, he ate two full ounces of milk before he fell asleep, I think he’ll be asleep now until at least ten or eleven.”

Blaise nodded. “Then I’ll be back as soon as I can. Thank you, both of you!”

Blaise rushed back out as quickly as he’d come home, shrugging his robes back on as he went and Harry shared a look with Max. They both started laughing before taking muslin cloths to the babies’ hands and faces and getting them out of their highchairs and ready to have their baths.

Two hours later Harry and Max were cuddled up together and were watching the end of a TV
programme when Draco flooed home and joined them. He’d gone to visit his parents and he
looked happy and content with himself, Harry was so happy that Draco was finally coming to
terms with himself and coming to enjoy his life. It made him happy and he snuggled into Draco
and Max and continued watching the TV programme until it finally went off and two minutes after
that Nasta flooed home covered in dirt and dragon dung, but he was grinning tiredly.

“How can you be so happy when you smell so rancid?” Draco demanded with a wrinkled nose.

“He’s a Dragonologist, it’s what they do.” Max said with a grin, mentioning proudly Nasta’s very
recent promotion from senior dragon handler to Dragonologist.

“What, roll around in dragon shit and then compare with one another?” Harry teased.

“Exactly!” Max said with a laugh.

Nasta rolled his eyes, but he was too happy to take their teasing to heart.

“I’m going for a quick shower, I’ll be back soon.” He told them instead.

“The babies are all asleep, use the downstairs bathroom.” Harry all but ordered and Nasta smiled at
him and nodded.

True to his word, Nasta was back not twenty minutes later, clean and pink, still a little damp, but
still happy, though he was much more tired than he’d been before. He squeezed onto the settee
with the four of them and it was only then that he seemed to realise that someone was missing and
the tension poured into his muscles as he sat upright again.

“Where is Blaise? He should have been home by now.”

“I was thinking that too.” Draco added. “Has he gone to wallow upstairs?”

“No, he came home at five and then he went to see my Dad.” Max said, pushing Nasta back against
the settee.
“His job hunting was unsuccessful?” Draco asked.

Harry nodded. “Yes, the same story, they want someone with more experience, but the only way he can get that experience is by working, so he’s stuck really, so we suggested that he set up his own business. He’s gone to talk to Myron about the idea.”

Nasta pondered on that and he nodded. “I’m sure that we could support him through that.”

“We already offered, but he refused and said that if he couldn’t afford it himself, he would wait for a few years.”

“The whole point of being in a mateship is to support one another.” Draco said with a sneer. “I have more than enough money to support a business venture and I’m sure that Father would be interested in it as well.”

“Together all of us can support Blaise and have enough for everything that we need.” Nasta said. “I can’t believe that he would be worried about money when we love him so much. It’s like he’s shutting himself off, shutting off his finances for just himself when he should take into account all of our finances, we can support him opening his own business.”

“He said he didn’t want to take our money when we have babies.” Harry said as he rested a hand over his growing belly.

“Ridiculous.” Nasta scoffed. “We have more than enough.” He said.

Draco nodded. “We do. I check all of our finances regularly, as my Father taught me to do when I was very young, and we have more than enough for anything and everything that we want to do. I’m not saying we go on lavish holidays every month or go on shopping sprees for things that we don’t even need, because then we’ll eat away at all of our savings, but if Blaise wishes to start his own business, we can do that easily. It’s an investment; he will start paying back into our funds as soon as he’s set up.”

“I’ll speak to him later, or even tomorrow.” Nasta said as he sat back with a groan. “Until then, I want to cwtch up with my mates and I want to enjoy my evening. Today was hard work; those juveniles are getting a handful.”
Harry readily got onto that idea and with a heart heavy with worry and concern over Blaise, over Leolin, over his pregnancy, over everything...he snuggled into Draco’s muscular bulk and he settled down to watch a film with three of his four mates, even if Draco did complain over the Muggle entertainment and insisted that everything would have been so much easier if they used magic, which Max pointed out wasn’t the point of the film and that Muggles didn’t know that magic was real.

Draco just huffed and Harry pressed his head over that strong heartbeat and smiled. He loved that Draco still didn’t understand some of the Muggle terminology and nuances, he loved all of Draco’s little quirks and as one large hand came to rest over his pregnant belly, rubbing against it softly, Harry fell into a light doze surrounded by his mates, lying on Draco with the blond’s hands on his baby bump and the sounds of the TV playing in the background. He couldn’t wait for nineteen-ninety-nine to start and he hoped that the New Year brought him some good news, because this year had been nothing but bad news after bad news and though things were slowly improving, they were by no means fixed just yet.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Almost to the New Year! Which means one thing really, or two things, a fresh start and E and A are finally nearly here! I’m definitely revealing the gender in the next chapter and I’m planning on them being born in the chapter after, so we have one/two chapters more to go before they’re born, so if you want to guess at genders, paternity or names, you go right ahead because they’ll be here very soon! I’m so excited.

I hope you’ve enjoyed reading, don’t forget to play at guessing for the identical twins, they’ll be born soon and I’ll see you lovelies very soon,

StarLight Massacre. X
Council Notes

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighty-Seven – Seasonal Stress

December was cold and bitter when it arrived. Harry was buried under owl order catalogues as he searched for Christmas presents for his mates, Christmas presents for all of the family, presents for his six children and birthday gifts for his quintuplets too. What did you buy five one year olds, one of whom was the equivalent of a baby only a few months old, when they already had every toy under the sun?

He was sat on a cushion on the floor, up to the coffee table as he poured over piles of catalogues and magazines, his babies all around him with toys. Calix was in Braiden’s ball pit bashing around with his little hands, giggling infectiously, Leolin was in the bassinet beside Harry and he had a plate of freshly made lemon cake from Mrs Weasley who was very, very happy with the news that she was getting two new twin grandchildren and had immediately taken up the challenge of chef when she’d learnt that Harry was craving all things lemon.

The lemon cake she’d made for him was so tart, so zesty and citrusy that no one else could even eat it, as they’d found out when Max had taken a big bite out of a slice and had immediately dived for the tap of cold water. Harry however, absolutely loved it, even if it did make his tongue feel like it was shrivelling up if he ate too much in one go.

Max came to look in on him, as he’d thrown them all out and told them to leave him alone to pick
their gifts without ruining the surprise.

“Do you need anything?” He asked.

Harry leant back on his hands and sighed as he let his head fall backwards on his shoulders. “A break, a headache reliever and another cup of tea.”

Max laughed and came to kiss his forehead. “Put these away, take your break for a bit and I’ll get you tea and that potion, I’ve got more than enough of them at the moment.”

Harry did just that as he sat on the settee beside the bassinet, he checked in on Leolin, worried that he might have stopped breathing in the hour since he’d last peeked in on him, a constant, continuous worry that he’d had since Leolin had come home from the hospital just three weeks ago.

He was eating well, sleeping well and he was back to recognising him, and now his mates too, as he reached a tiny hand out to them as well, but the only word he would say still was ‘Ma’ which Harry was secretly smug about. He did want Leolin to grow and develop, of course he did, but he just couldn’t help but want to keep his baby to himself, at least for a little while longer.

“Baba in?” Braiden said as he pulled himself up onto the settee, settled himself, crawled over to Harry and then stood up using the arm of the settee, standing up so that he could peer curiously into the bassinet. “Baba in!”

Leolin’s golden eyes cracked open and he gave his big brother a poisonous glare from under furrowed brows and a frowned mouth. Harry chuckled lightly, even as his hand went to Braiden’s back to support him so that he wouldn’t fall.

“What’s this?” Max said as he came in with two cups of tea. “Is our sweet boy doing something interesting?”

Max peered into the bassinet and caught sight of Leolin’s face. He laughed.

“Oh now that is a face and a half.” He laughed as he placed down the two cups and came back to chuck Leolin under the chin with a gentle fingertip.
Harry picked Leolin up out of his bassinet and as soon as Harry had him upright and face to face with him, Leolin broke out into a wide, gummy grin.

“He is so attached to you.” Max said with a grin as he threw himself onto the settee and made Braiden bounce, which made him giggle.

“Up! Up! Dada ma, up!” Braiden held his arms up to Max and clambered into his lap, standing all over him and coming close to stomping a little socked foot into delicate areas, but Max avoided that by pulling Braiden into the air and setting him safely on his huge thighs. Braiden started bouncing and Max made it that much more fun by grabbing his waist and with every other bounce he was lifting Braiden into the air.

Harry shook his head at them with a laugh and turned away; he sat down and pulled Leolin onto his chest, sitting him on his bump. He couldn’t put into words how amazing it felt to be sat in his own home with Leolin stretched out on his body, awake and looking around curiously and not a single wire in sight.

Draco joined them with a glass of pumpkin juice when he saw that it was safe to come in without having his head torn off and he eased himself to the floor with a groan and pulled Tegan onto his lap, bending to grab the nearby hairbrush.

“Give her, her penguin, Draco, she’ll cry otherwise.” Harry advised before taking a sip of his sharp, lemon tea. He’d stopped putting honey in it when the lemon had started overpowering the taste of it, making it redundant to put it in in the first place.

Draco bent forward again, Tegan giggling and clapping tiny hands together as he did so before she squealed when Draco handed her, her stuffed penguin.

“I love you sweet girl.” He said softly to her.

Harry smiled at them both as Draco brushed her hair as Tegan chattered nonsense to her penguin. Tegan got bored of not being able to move after just fifteen minutes and Draco let her go with a sigh before he dragged Regan onto his lap to brush his hair, unwilling to let his victims get away from him and his hairbrush.

Regan didn’t even last five minutes as he had been happily crawling around with a huge, chunky truck, a truck which ended up going into Draco’s shin in frustration.
Max laughed uproariously, which made Braiden laugh along with him. Draco took it all into his stride as he let Regan go and pulled a complacent Farren onto his lap and brushed his soft dark brown hair gently.

Half an hour later Draco was forced to stop brushing the silky strands of Farren’s hair as their second oldest son had fallen asleep on him, bright yellow dummy in his mouth. Draco shifted himself back and up onto the settee and relaxed against the back of it with a groan, Farren cuddled up on his lap.

“Anyone want a tea top up?” Max asked as Braiden had gotten bored with the bouncing game and had climbed down off his lap and crawled over to the toys and Regan.

“No, if I drink anymore I’ll need a tap fitted.” Harry complained.

“Not for me.” Draco said. “I’ve still got juice left.”

“Just me then.” He said with a laugh, but before he could leave the room, the warning for their floo sounded softly and they turned to look at the fireplace as a head appeared.

“Ah, just the man I wanted to see.” The head said jovially. “Max, can you come in for a few hours, please? I’m begging you here. We’ve had an outbreak of flu and it’s set to spread; we’ve got infant patients and elderly ones too, more infant ones though. We’ve got distressed and panicked parents demanding potions, four of our clinics have run clean out of Pepper Up and the infant suspension and that was all before midday and six more of our clinics are running critically low. We need all hands on deck.”

Max sighed. “Yeah, I can come in for a few hours. You two don’t mind do you?”

Draco shook his head.

“No.” Harry said. “Just don’t work too hard; you were up early this morning.”

“Oh, I didn’t see you there, hello to you too, Mister Potter.”

Harry blinked, having never seen or met this man before in his life.
“Ignore him.” Max said with a good natured eye roll. “This is Harvey; he’s a proper fan girl of yours, Harry. He almost passed out when he learnt that one of my new boyfriends was you.”

Harry could see Harvey blush even though he was just a head in the flames.

“It was nice to meet you, Harvey.” He said softly with a smile. “I don’t get to see Max’s work friends very often.”

“That’s because he’s all jealous and possessive over you and won’t let us come over anymore; we used to have a poker night and a football night every week and we used to be around all the time during Quidditch season.”

“I told you all before, I have six children, soon to be eight. I can’t have the noise here, I won’t have the drinking and I won’t have the gambling.”

“We’ve moved them to Patrick’s place; you can come over to spend an hour or two with us, it wouldn’t kill you to socialise every now and then.”

“Of course he can.” Harry said. “If that’s what he wants to do he can, but right now, isn’t there some sort of emergency breakout that you need to work on?”

“Yeah, that’s got to be the priority here; I’ll see you in a minute, Harvey.” Max said as he checked himself over to make sure that his clothes were work appropriate, he made sure that he had his wand before he turned to kiss all six children, Draco and then Harry. “I’ll see you in a few hours.”

“They only want you because they know that you’re the best they have.” Draco said with a smirk.

Max smiled at him and winked. “Of course that’s why they want me there; I’m the only Potions Master the company has, the rest are trainees or apprentices. That’s why I can get away with having so much time off, they can’t afford to replace me. There has been a shortage of Potions Masters for the last decade and more and more apprenticeships are failing because those undertaking it just aren’t prepared to put in the dedication or the work that it requires. All I remember of my apprenticeship is falling into bed late at night, completely exhausted, aching and smelling of all sorts and then getting up before dawn every morning, still tired, still aching and still smelling of whatever ingredients I’d been preparing the day before. The apprentices these days just aren’t dedicated enough to do that, so there’s a lack of them now.”
“Just go to work.” Harry said with a smile. “The sooner you go, the sooner you can come back.”

Max saluted him and moved to grab a handful of floo powder.

“Oh! And find out about those poker nights, you need time with your friends as well!” Harry said quickly as Max threw the floo powder into the fire, turning the flames green.

“Will do! I’ll see you all later, don’t miss me too much.”

“No chance of that happening.” Draco chuckled as Max left.

Harry moved over to the settee that Draco was on then and with Farren sleeping on his lap and Leolin slowly starting to doze on Harry’s chest, his heartbeat calming and relaxing his little Faerie son, they cuddled up as much as they could and just enjoyed the peace that was only broken by babies at play.

Draco picked up his book from the side table and started reading and Harry just stared at Leolin, tracing his features and running gentle fingers over his tiny hands, arms and legs. They were content and happy for the moment and Harry had never seen Tegan so well behaved before as she played quietly between Braiden and Regan, Calix was napping in the ball pit, they could barely see his little body in amongst the brightly coloured balls.

Nasta came down almost two hours later, his face pinched and pale. He was hunched over holding the side of his head with one hand. He looked ill.

“Are you still not feeling better?” Harry asked softly, hyper aware that Nasta had a severe headache. “Max left another dose of potion on the counter next to the kettle, would you like some tea with it?”

Nasta nodded without saying anything and Harry stood up, ushered Nasta to sit where he’d been and handed him a sleeping Leolin as he went to make tea and get the headache reliever for Nasta, who had been in bed since that morning with a headache so severe that it made him feel physically sick to look at bright lights.

“Where’s Max?” He heard Nasta ask as he came back into the room.
“Emergency at work.” Draco answered.

“A flu outbreak.” Harry nodded as he passed the small vial to Nasta. “They begged him to go in for a few hours; he’s been gone for three so far.”

“You’ve been okay without him?” Nasta asked as he drained the vial in one swallow, grimacing as he did so, and then sipped at his cup of green tea to take away the vile taste.

Harry nodded. “Fine. It’s been very quiet. The kids played for a bit, had their naps, then played a bit more.”

“Did you get your shopping done?”

Harry shook his head. “Not all of it, but some. I’ll send the forms off later and finish the shopping next week, for now I want to take care of you.”

“I’m okay, much better than I was this morning. Damn headaches.”

Harry sat next to Nasta and kissed his prickly cheek. He hadn’t shaved that morning because he had felt so bad and his stubble was thick and spiky, just the other side of being an actual beard.

With Harry cuddled on one side and Draco on the other, Nasta allowed himself to sit back and just relax, resting his head against the back of the settee and hope that this second dose of potion knocked back his headache, he couldn’t take much more of the dull throb in his temples.

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Harry’s five month scan found him with an unfamiliar Healer conducting his check-up. Good to his word, Harry had sent both Maximillian Almus and Jasper Cole and their families on holiday, sending their respective wives the non-refundable tickets and, rather large, thank you cards detailing all the work they’d done and how much it meant to him that they’d shown such a dedicated level of care and concern to his fragile, vulnerable son and thus he was thanking them with a holiday.

Healer Carmentis Paion was a fifth generation Healer, her great-great grandmother had been a Healer and her daughter had been a Healer, and her daughter and both her sons had been Healers and it had become a family profession.
The nervous woman checked him over, checked his weight against his height to the size of his bump and rambled about her family as she told him that her own son was just starting out as an orderly and that she hoped that soon he would be elevated to a nurse and then on to become a Healer. Harry hoped that he didn’t talk as much as his Mother did; it was doing nothing to elevate his confidence levels in his new temporary Healer.

Blaise was annoyed by her rambling too. Harry could see it on his face the more that Healer Paion spoke, telling them that her name, Carmentis, actually meant Healer in Latin, the angrier Blaise got.

“It’s just the ultrasound now?” He asked a while later as he had his heartbeat checked and all of his vitals looked over.

“Yes, I’d like to do a Doppler scan too, just to check that their hearts are beating well as they’re identical twins and then we should be done.”

“Thank Merlin.” Blaise hissed under his breath as the Healer turned away from them to set up the equipment.

“Shush, be good.” Harry chastised.

Blaise just gave him a look and huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. Harry braced himself for the cold goo; goo that he was sure was the same lubricant that he and his mates used at home. He flinched as it went onto his belly and shivered, at which point Blaise’s arm slipped under his neck to support and comfort him.

“I’m sorry it’s cold.” Healer Paion said with an apologetic smile.

“That’s okay; I’m very used to it by now.”

Harry smiled as he heard the fast rush of blood that was his twins heartbeats, it seemed impossibly fast to him, but he was used to that as well, he knew that babies heartbeats were much faster than an adult’s.

“Oh, I think we can see the gender of one twin here. Would you like to know?”
“Yes!” Harry said excitedly as he sat up as much as he could to see the screen better. Healer Paion hovered over little legs and the area between, which was flat and smooth. “Is that…does that mean?”

“A little girl.”

Harry laughed happily. “Identical twin girls, Blaise!”

Harry looked at him to find his first mate misty eyed and staring at the screen. He smiled and clutched at Blaise’s hand.

“Everything seems to be fine, everything is coming within normal levels, you have two healthy, growing girls.” The Healer told them with a smile as she wiped Harry’s belly clean and handed him the photos that she’d printed off.

“Thank you.” Harry said as he stood up with Blaise’s hands all over him, eager to help him. “Come on, I can’t wait to tell the others!”

Blaise escorted Harry through the hospital, his arms around him possessively as he basked in the joy of finding out that they had two little girls on the way.

They flooed home to find that Nasta was home from his lunch with his brother Sanex and that Max was back from work, they were anxiously waiting in the living room with Draco, who had stayed behind to watch the babies.

Harry was grinning from ear to ear and he cackled at them.

“Did you find out the gender?” Max asked, unable to take it anymore.

Harry laughed louder and nodded. “Yes, we found out the gender.”

“Come on, Harry; don’t keep us in such suspense!” Draco said anxiously as he twisted his hands together.

Harry held out the scan photos. “Girls. We have two identical twin girls on the way.”
Max hooted in joy and picked him up, cuddling him tightly.

“They’re healthy and growing well, they’re perfectly formed, their heartbeats are within normal range and the placenta is doing its job properly of feeding them both, though one twin is just slightly bigger than the other.” He informed them as he clung to Max happily.

“I can’t believe that we’re getting two new daughters!” Max said happily.

Harry nodded and was passed to Draco and then to Nasta as they hugged him and wound themselves up with excitement.

“They still aren’t coming for another two months!” Harry laughed. “We have Christmas and the quintuplets’ birthday to come first.”

“Don’t forget nesting time.” Nasta told him seriously. “How are you feeling about that in relation to your last birth?”

Harry frowned. “Alright I guess, I haven’t really thought of it, I know that my last pregnancy was far from smooth, hell it was practically traumatic with everything that happened, but I know it was because of exceptional circumstances and that the chances of it happening again are slim, especially with only two babies. I don’t feel insecure or frightened or anything about my upcoming birth, I remember nesting and birthing Braiden well, but…maybe we could start doing the blood bottling a little earlier, just in case?”

Nasta smiled at him and nuzzled his face. “You truly are remarkable. Yes, we will start bottling our blood now before Christmas.”

“I don’t want to miss Christmas or the quintuplet’s birthday.” Harry said stubbornly.

“You may not have a choice, Caru, but we’ll film the whole thing for you if it does happen and when you’re recovering from the caesarean, you can watch it all, every single moment of it.”

Harry smiled and then sighed. He knew that was the best that he could hope for and really, he was just glad that he had four amazing, wonderful mates who were willing to record these events for
him to watch back, he couldn’t help but think of all the horror stories that he’d been told since he’d found out that he was a Dracken, about all the bad dominants out in the world who wouldn’t have given a shit and wouldn’t have cared for the thoughts or feelings of their submissive. He smiled at his four; he truly was the luckiest man in the world to have, not just one, but four amazing dominant mates. He loved them more and more as each day passed.

With their quintuplets now eleven months old and just weeks from their first birthday, Harry was rushed off his feet as Calix picked up a new level of speed crawling. He’d bumped his head several times in the last week and he had an egg on his forehead from where he’d gone into the bookshelf the other day.

Braiden was cruising now at a sprint, but he still wouldn’t let go, Harry was watching him more than normal, he had a feeling that Braiden would be taking his first, unsupported, steps any day now that he was sixteen months old.

Tegan was up on her feet and she was exuberantly happy about it as she cruised around and happily used Braiden’s trampoline, a little penguin bouncing around her feet as she jumped.

Regan was up on his feet too and he was frustrated with his lack of being able to move further away from the furniture. He’d already tested taking a few steps without the furniture, but as soon as he let go, he fell to his knees without the support to hold him up.

Farren was shuffling himself around the floor to where he wanted to go, but he was still very content to sit and watch everyone and everything as he grew bigger and heavier daily. He was twenty-two pounds and thirty inches and growing steadily still. He weighed nearly the same as Braiden, who was just a pound heavier and there was half an inch between them. Farren would overtake Braiden in height and weight in the next few months, he’d bet money on it.

Leolin looked now like he was four months old, he’d been set back by his long stay in the hospital, but he was back to gaining some weight and he was now giggling up a storm whenever anyone said or did anything with him, whether Max played silly faces with him, if Nasta gave him a kiss and nuzzled him a bit, if Draco brushed his thin, black hair or nibbled on his fingernails to groom him, if Harry spoke to him or read to him from a book, but he definitely giggled the most when Blaise changed his nappy. He laughed so hard that the first time that he’d done so that they’d actually thought that he was choking.

Calix’s cough had trailed off bit by bit until they’d turned around one day and realised that it had been two days since he’d last coughed and his throat was back to being pink and healthy looking. He’d had one rash in that time when he’d urinated in the night and hadn’t cried to let them know that he needed a change, but even that was healing up nicely with Max’s new paste.

Harry was happy and content as he sorted out Christmas and he made sure that he and all his mates sat down one evening to write out a full shopping list for everything that they needed for the week of Christmas, he didn’t want any of them to have to leave the house for several days over Christmas exempting a crisis or emergency. Max and Blaise took Tegan, Regan and Farren to the supermarket the week after.

It was Monday the twenty-first of December when the first urge hit him. Harry was doing the
laundry washing and he picked up a clean, warm jumper of Nasta’s that he’d just been about to fold and he brought it to his nose and inhaled deeply, despite being through the washer and dryer, he could still detect a hint of Nasta in the fabric and that was it. He clocked where his mates were before he snuck out of the house and trudged through the snow to find a suitable nesting site.

He knew that he was against the time, it wouldn’t take long for his mates to realise that he was missing; he couldn’t have them finding his nest before he even started building it. His feet led him through the orchard and into the forest at the back of Max’s house, he weaved through it and out the other side and into the field beyond and it was there that he found a small hole in a mound of snow covered earth. He sniffed at it and scented for danger, before he used his claws to make the hole bigger.

He slipped into the hole, like an underground burrow and the first thing that he did was reinforce it with magic. He warded it and cleaned it out, not that there was much in there, before he made it bigger and used his hands and his claws to make a good, solid nest for himself, rubbing his scent over it to keep away animals that would use his hard work for their own nests.

He put Nasta’s jumper in the back of his nest and climbed back out of the hole and used the earth that he’d pushed out to make a rim over the entrance to prevent water from getting into his nest before he rushed back to the house, cleaned himself up quickly and went in through the back door quickly.

He listened hard, scented for his mates and nothing had changed, he could hear his mates talking quietly, could hear his babies at play and he let out a relieved sigh. He went back into the laundry room and finished off folding the dried clothes.

He left the little room loudly and made his way to the downstairs bathroom, again loudly. He didn’t want his mates to think that he’d been anywhere other than in that little room folding clothes and towels.

He checked himself in the mirror, checked every inch of his clothes for something that his magic may have missed, anything that would make his mates suspicious, but there was nothing. He sighed in relief. Now he just needed his cold reddened cheeks to calm down and he would be all set.

Someone knocked on the door and Harry looked at it panicked.

“Harry? Are you okay, are you being sick?” Nasta’s concerned voice asked.

Harry flushed the toilet and turned on the tap.

“No, one of our girls kicked my bladder and if I’d waited a second longer then I would have made a puddle on the floor.”

Nasta chuckled softly. “Alright, do you want a cup of tea?”
“Please, with lots and lots of lemon!”

“If you eat any more lemon then those girls will come out bitter.” Nasta joked.

Harry laughed. “I don’t think it works like that. I’m eating lemon because our girls need it for some reason. Maybe they want the acid?”

“More like the vitamin C, but of course you couldn’t just eat an orange, no, you gravitate towards the lemon.”

Harry did a final check in the mirror, nodded at his appearance before he unlocked the door and walked into Nasta’s body, holding him around the middle.

Nasta laughed at him and wrapped his arms around him in a huge hug.

“Did you finish the washing?” Nasta asked.

“Just about.” Harry said with a smile.

“Go sit down then, I’ll get the tea.”

Harry nodded and broke away from Nasta and went into the living room. He actually felt guilty for keeping his nest a secret from his mates, he hated keeping anything from them, but as he beamed around at the living room, decorated to perfection with Christmas baubles, tinsel and sparkly decorations that kept his children’s interest for hours, he knew that he’d have to keep this secret for a while more, he couldn’t have anyone knowing where his nest was before it was ready, there was too much of a chance for strangers to find him and he couldn’t put his twins in such danger, not his baby girls.

The snow had piled down and around the house to the point where Max had to shovel it away every morning just so they could open the front and back doors. Harry’s nest was just a mound of snow and he liked it like that, it provided an extra layer of coverage and camouflage and as he stuffed two towels, a wicker basket and a faux fur blanket that he’d found in the back of a wardrobe into the hole, he realised that his nest was coming on nicely and it was cosy and comfortable. He
liked being down here.

His mates had started making up a bottle of blood for him every morning for the past two days and he felt secure enough that if he started nesting, then he’d have a bottle to hand, though they were each taking a blood replenisher potion with their breakfasts. So he was doubly secure in the knowledge that even though they were losing a bit of blood daily, they were still topped up and healthy and able to protect him and his babies if it was needed.

Christmas had been relaxed and really slow paced. Harry had woken up first, mainly because a baby was squirming in his sac, partly because Blaise’s knee had been jabbing into his back, and he’d had a shower and dressed himself in the dress robes that Draco had laid out for him the night before.

He had checked in on his little babies and had a peek into Calix’s nappy because his second youngest son could happily sleep in a wet nappy before he went to start breakfast and lure his mates out of bed with tea and coffee.

The morning had been filled with helping their children open the plethora of gifts that they’d been given before cleaning up and leaving them to play as Max went to start on Christmas dinner.

Harry was happy and content and now the thirty-first was rapidly approaching and it was a rush to rip down Christmas decorations in preparation for the quintuplets first birthday. Harry was almost ashamed to steal one of the tiny knitted jumpers that Mrs Weasley had gifted to his children for his nest and when she came around for the quintuplets’ birthday a few days later and asked about them, Harry made some excuse about an accident with breakfast to explain away the one missing jumper.

The house was filled to bursting, almost to the point where there was no room to move, they definitely needed a bigger house, but every time he brought it up, Nasta smiled at him and told him that it wasn’t time yet. Harry had no idea what that meant but he was starting to feel cramped in his own home and with the birth of the twins now a little over two months away, they’d have a lack of bedrooms too, they’d already turned one spare bedroom into a nursery and they couldn’t keep Braiden and the quintuplets all in the one bedroom when they were older and even then what if they had more babies too? They needed a bigger house and he was going to have to start really working on his mates to get them to move, he wouldn’t have a lack of space for his babies.

Harry weaved as nimbly as he could through the guests, dodging around Marianna and Narcissa, ducking under Myron’s arm and around the back of Aneirin, between Sanex and Caesar and he had to squeeze past Mrs Weasley and Kimberly, all just to reach the downstairs bathroom before his bladder took matters into its own hands.

At four in the afternoon they put all five babies into high chairs, Leolin stayed in Harry’s arms, as Max put a little cupcake onto all of their trays as Draco cut the huge birthday cake for the guests. Harry couldn’t believe that all of his children now were a year old or older. It made a strange feeling build inside him, he wanted more babies to cuddle, honestly, the twins couldn’t be born soon enough in his opinion. He couldn’t wait to hold them and the excitement he only got when he was so close to birth settled in his belly, he was almost six months pregnant, his girls were strong and healthy and though a Dracken baby could be viable at the far end of four months, six months was when they were viable with a strong chance of survival.

Farren lowered his head to his cake before they’d finished singing happy birthday, flicking his tongue out to lick and slobber all over it before taking a bite. Harry couldn’t help laughing along with their guests.
Braiden pulled his to pieces and ate the chunks, Tegan lowered her head to nibble her cake and Regan pulled his cake to his mouth and nibbled it. Calix was uninterested in his food as he instead twisted and turned in his highchair, trying to stand up and, panicked and concerned, Draco rushed to secure him and hold his little shoulders, even as Calix complained and chattered angrily.

“No, da!” He whined.

“You can’t stand up in your chair, Calix.” He said sternly.

“Up!”

Draco sighed and unclipped him, picking him up and holding him up against his shoulder and Calix clapped his hands together, peering around at everyone interestedly.

“Dada day.” Calix said patting Draco’s cheek.

Draco chuckled and held a little hand, bringing it to his mouth. “I love you.” He said easily and in front of everyone too, Harry was so proud of him.

After all of them had had some cake, it was time to say their goodbyes as Blaise and Max got the babies ready for their bath as Nasta and Draco played hosts. Harry supposed that made him the hostess, but as he was sat on his arse stuffing cake into his mouth, he didn’t think that he counted. He took a swig of tea and smiled to himself, cradling Leolin gently as his youngest boy slept.

He accepted the hugs and kisses goodbye from everyone who wanted one, let the family run soft fingertips over Leolin’s sleeping cheek, through his hair or over his hand and then suddenly, they were alone in their house that didn’t seem as cramped or as small as it had an hour before.

“I’m so glad that’s over and done with.” Nasta sighed. “So much hassle for one day.”

Harry nodded. “I know what you mean. They won’t even remember it, I wouldn’t mind if they were older, but all that hassle and rushing around for a day they won’t even remember.”

“At least we’ll have the memories of it.” Nasta smiled.
Harry grinned. “And we can show them that we gave them a good day through photos and the video footage. I can’t wait to show a grownup Farren how he used to lick his cakes.”

Nasta smirked. “I can’t believe that Calix refused to even touch his.”

“He did have one too many biscuits after his dinner.” Harry allowed. “He probably wasn’t hungry.”

“Well they’ll have their baths now, we’ll let them play for a bit, give them a story and tuck them up into their cots. Then maybe we can have a bloody rest.”

“We still have the clean up to do.” Harry reminded with a groan.

“I think it can wait one night.”

“Draco won’t think so.”

“Then Draco can damn well clean up.” Nasta groused. “I just want to sit down and relax for an hour.”

Harry smiled. “I know that feeling, especially with these two.” He said as he laid a hand on his baby belly.

“Have I said before how gorgeous you look pregnant with my children?” Nasta said huskily, his voice deepening. “I can’t wait until you give me two new baby daughters.”

“Fred and George are beside themselves with glee, you know that these girls are going to be born terrors?”

Nasta chuckled. “I say Uncle Fred and Uncle George should have their own babies and stay away from our twins.”

Harry laughed. “Oh, they’re looking forward to meeting the girls; they told me that they were
going to start on them early, as if we need more trouble making identical twins in the family.”

Nasta helped him up and escorted him into the disaster zone that was their living room; there were piles of toys, clothes and books everywhere. They’re tried to keep them into their separate piles according to who had been given what, but when the kids had all started digging into one another’s gifts and playing with anything that came to hand, they gave up, especially when a very interested Braiden had gotten involved with a giggling Eleonora and a very forward Teddy.

Nasta pulled a face at the sight of everything.

“You know, I’d forgotten how bad this room actually was, I guess we will be cleaning up after all, there’s no floor space and all these toys are just going to wind the kids up when they come back down.”

“I’ll take Leolin up for his bath so that you can use magic.” Harry said with a smile as he forced himself back to his feet.

Nasta kissed him. “Thank you!” He said happily and gratefully.

Harry shook his head as he made the climb up the stairs to hand Leolin off to a very wet Max, taking an armful of dried and dressed Tegan and Farren.

He went back down the stairs and the living room was perfect and it made him feel more relaxed as he put Tegan and Farren down, groaning as his back twinged painfully as he stood back up.

“Sit down.” Nasta admonished him, sitting beside him and digging his thumbs into Harry’s lower back, massaging away the tension.

Harry groaned again but for a completely different reason this time. Nasta kissed his neck and Harry shivered.

“I love you so much.” He sighed.

Nasta chuckled and his voice had gone deeper again as he whispered how much he loved him into his ear.
“Not getting too hot and bothered in here are you?” Max teased with a grin as he came into the room with a sleepy Regan and a babbling Braiden.

“Nas is making my lower back feel better.” Harry said softly and with another pleasured groan.

“He’s making something feel better.” Max laughed.

He put the two boys in his arms down on the floor and then sat in front of Harry, one hand started rubbing his pregnant belly and the other cupped the back of his neck and those large, strong fingers kneaded the tension away from his neck and shoulder muscles. He groaned louder and allowed his body to let go of all the tension that he had and he sunk down in the chair.

Blaise just laughed when he came in with a yawning Calix and Draco shook his head, though he was very pleased to see that the room was clean and that the babies were content to snuggle with stuffed animals instead of crying for their more noisy, stimulating toys.

Harry flopped back onto Nasta and he cuddled in, he was exhausted after such a hectic few weeks, there had been so much to do and now…now there was nothing left for them to do, it was all over and Harry felt so very good about that.

He was handed a cup of tea and a slice of birthday cake and as they were sat down talking softly, that was when his attention was caught by Braiden standing up against the coffee table. He shushed his mates urgently, which brought their attention to Braiden too, Max dived for the camcorder they had been using all day which was on a side table.

“Mama?!” Braiden called out, hitting the top of the table with a flat hand.

“What’s the matter, sweet one?” Harry asked.

“Up!”

“You have to come here, Braiden, I can’t stand up, your baby sisters are in here and they make it hard for me to move.”

“Mama!”

“Come on.” Harry encouraged, sitting forward and opening his arms. “You can come here, just let go and walk towards me, you’re sixteen months old now, almost seventeen months, it’s time for
you to take a step out on your own.”

“Ma ma, up!” Braiden said slapping his hand back onto the table.

Harry chuckled. “I’m not coming to get you, I’m too big, Braiden, you come here if you want a

“Nah!”

“Then you stay over there.” Harry said simply.

Braiden’s bottom lip trembled, but Harry really didn’t think that he could get himself up off the chair, even if his boy started crying. Then Braiden sniffled, rubbed his eyes with a little hand and cruised around the table; he reached the edge and leant away from it, his hand still firmly on the top of it.

It would take him just four or five steps from the table to reach Harry, who was sat on the edge of the settee, his arms open wide.

He smiled at his oldest son and gave him an encouraging nod.

“Come for a cuddle, Braiden, you’re such a big boy, you can take a few steps to me, can’t you?”

Braiden looked unsure, but he teetered on the edge of the table, before he nodded and his hand slid over the surface of the table and he put one foot in front of the other and he took his first ever unsupported step towards him. Harry would have been severely proud of Braiden just for taking that one step, but his son kept going, one baby step after another.

It took six steps before Braiden reached him and Harry pulled him up onto his lap and peppered his face with kisses.

“I am so proud of you, Braiden!” Harry said with a proud grin. “You’re growing so quickly and I can’t believe you have finally taken your first steps, maybe now you’ll start walking a bit more often.”

Nasta slipped an arm around Harry and pulled him back to rest against him, Braiden coming with them and Nasta ruffled Braiden’s hair as Max recorded them.
“I think that mop needs a trim.” Max said from behind the camera.

“You think so?” Harry questioned as he run his fingers through Braiden’s hair and let it slip back into place. “It doesn’t cover his eyes yet, I think he’ll be okay for another few weeks.”

Nasta ruffled Braiden’s hair again and their son giggled happily and clapped little hands together.

“I think on that accomplishment from Braiden it’s time to settle them down for bed.” Blaise said as he came to take Braiden from Harry and Nasta, kissing him hard and cuddling him tight much to Braiden’s delight.

“Oh I just want to sleep.” Harry said with a sigh. “These two are buggering up my insides.”

“They better bloody not be.” Max said as he put the camcorder down. “That’s my job.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Stop being a pervert and carry me to bed. I want to go to sleep.”

“Now who could refuse that offer?” Max said sarcastically. “Way to see in the New Year, Harry.”

“Fuck the New Year, I’m heavily pregnant and I want my bed.”

“Do as he says.” Nasta said. “He’s right, his health comes before anything, Max and we’ve had a busy few weeks, this is the first time that we’ve had to breathe and it’s the first night that we’ve had the option of going to bed early.”

“It’s six o’clock.” Draco pointed out.

“Still heavily pregnant.” Harry said back. “My body doesn’t care what time it is or what day it is, I didn’t have a chance to have a nap today like I have for the last few days and I’m paying for it. I can’t help being tired!”
Blaise picked him up and kissed him. “Ignore them, they wanted to see the New Year in together, but we all know how taxing pregnancy is on you, perhaps we can celebrate tomorrow, or even next year.”

Harry nodded. “I don’t mean to be a killjoy, you can stay up, of course, I just can’t stay awake for another six hours...I’m exhausted and the last thing that I want to do is collapse again, I worry for our girls. I’ve already had two big falls in this pregnancy; I don’t need a third, especially not in my sixth month. I’m so close to birthing them and they’re viable, if I lost them now...” He trailed off, his throat clogged with emotion.

On that dropped bombshell, Blaise carried him up the stairs as Nasta instructed Max and Draco to herd up the children to get them into bed. Harry knew that he wouldn’t sleep the whole night, he knew that he’d likely be awake at two or three in the morning, but he didn’t care, he knew himself and he knew not to push himself in such a late stage of pregnancy, he was exhausted now, he wouldn’t last even another hour. He knew that.

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True to his prediction, when Harry woke up it was still dark outside and he was surrounded on all sides by four deeply sleeping men.

Harry tried to get back to sleep, but he knew that it was pointless when his mind started working coherently and he groaned mentally, sitting up and slipping as carefully out of the duvet and over the bed as he could, not easy given that he was six month pregnant, but he made it to the edge of the bed and found the floor with his foot without waking any of his mates, though Nasta did let out a soft growl, which Max answered just as softly.

He grabbed his clothes, made sure that he had everything that he needed, set up some towels and he took a long, luxurious bath, hoping to eat up an hour or two while relaxing himself in the warm water. He hadn’t had anything but quick, convenient showers for the past month; it felt oh so good to have a long, relaxing bath when he knew that he had absolutely nothing to do for the next several hours.

He dressed in a jumper and jeans and he checked in on Leolin in his bassinet, who was sleeping peacefully, before he left his bedroom and went to the nursery next door. He checked on his babies, checked Calix’s nappy and noticing that he was wet, he took him out of his pine cot and changed him gently, his year old son murmuring gently as his lower body was jostled around as he slept.

Harry gave him a kiss and lowered him back into his cot and secured the side back into place. He went down the stairs and had a cup of tea to wake himself up fully, he had a good breakfast and a good hour and a half to himself to just sit and relax, but then it hit him, the urge to leave his home and go to stay in his nest.

He went up the stairs and dug through his babies’ dressers, getting out some of the new bodysuits that had never been used, he got nappies and spare bottles, formula powder, a big bottle of water
before he found the cord clamps that Max had gotten for the quintuplets that he’d never gotten to use in the kitchen drawer and he slipped the bottle of blood his mates had made up yesterday morning into the backpack last, right on the top so that he knew that he had it, it was the most important thing that he needed to bring with him. He left through the back door without even looking back.

He dug the freshly fallen snow from the entrance to his nest and he pushed the backpack into the hole first and then climbed in after it, his belly only just fitting. He took off his clothes and shivered in the cool air, but he used his clothes as a barrier over the opening to his nest and he snuggled himself down in the many fur blankets that he’d found and lined his nest with.

He had everything that he needed for the moment, so he pulled out all of his Dracken attributes, keeping his wings folded into his back as he didn’t actually have the room to stretch them out in his little burrow and he settled himself down for his nesting period. He’d have his baby girls in his arms soon, until then, he needed to preen and prepare himself for his coming labour.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Harry is nesting and his mates don’t even know it! That’s going to be a shock for them when they wake up and find him missing.

So we’ve found out now that Harry is having identical twin girls! Anyone want to change their guesses now? We will have the birth in the next chapter, I’m not sure when it’ll be up, but I’m hoping now in the next few weeks, I need to sort out my other fics too, Damaged Bodies, Lycan Factory and I’m hoping to work on The Pride of the Lions too, it’s been too long and I’ve given Drackens too much of my focus and attention, so hopefully I’ll get something for those out too, but until then I’ll see you soon,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

A/N: Wishing a happy birthday to Heidi, one of the Facebookers. Happy Birthday lovelie, I hope you have a wonderful day and that you enjoy the chapter.

Last Time

He dug the freshly fallen snow from the entrance to his nest and he pushed the backpack into the hole first and then climbed in after it, his belly only just fitting. He took off his clothes and shivered in the cool air, but he used his clothes as a barrier over the opening to his nest and he snuggled himself down in the many fur blankets that he’d found and lined his nest with.

He had everything that he needed for the moment, so he pulled out all of his Dracken attributes, keeping his wings folded into his back as he didn’t actually have the room to stretch them out in his little burrow and he settled himself down for his nesting period. He’d have his baby girls in his arms soon, until then, he needed to preen and prepare himself for his coming labour.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Eighty-Eight – Savage Parturition

Draco was woken up by the faint, hysterical crying of a baby and he blinked several times before the noise filtered through his brain and he actually registered what it meant.

He snapped upright and flung the duvet from his body, the cold air immediately making his almost hot skin break out in goosebumps. He rushed into the nursery next door and scooped up Regan, who was crying his heart out with a livid red mark on his brow, just above his right eye. Draco surmised that he’d been bouncing in his cot and he’d slipped or fallen and hit his head against the side of the cot. Harry was going to go ballistic.

“Is he okay?” Nasta’s groggy voice asked from the door.

Draco nodded. “He’s okay, he’s got a bad bump just above his eye, but he’s okay.” He answered as he bounced Regan in his arms as his boy calmed down slowly.

Nasta picked up Tegan and Calix as Blaise came to pick up Braiden and Farren.
“Why do I have the two biggest and heaviest?” He complained.

Nasta immediately took Farren into his arms as well. “Better?” He asked.

Blaise nodded. “Hand me Calix, I won’t fall with him.”

“I got them.” Nasta insisted.

“Where’s Max?” Draco asked.

“He’s getting Leolin. He was awake in his bassinet, but he was just staring at his mobile, he was transfixed with it.”

“Where’s Harry?” Max asked as he peeked his head around the nursery doorframe, Leolin looking like a doll in his huge arms.

“I thought he was in the bathroom.” Nasta said with a small frown.

Max shook his head. “No, the bathroom’s empty, I thought he was in here with you lot.”

Nasta looked worried then and he let Blaise take Calix, handed Draco Farren and then passed Tegan to Max on his way out of the nursery as he went looking for Harry.

The three remaining mates took the babies down into the kitchen for their breakfasts, though they kept an ear on Nasta’s movements as he checked everywhere for their missing submissive.

“I can’t stand this.” Draco growled. “Where is he?!”

“He’s not in the house and his scent is faint at best on the air, he hasn’t been here for some hours.”

“He wouldn’t have flooed to family, would he?” Max asked. “Not again, not after what happened
the last time he did so.”

“He didn’t take any babies this time, maybe he thought that it would be okay.” Blaise said.

“He’s pregnant!” Draco hissed.

“I know that!” Blaise hissed back. “But maybe Harry thought it would be okay as long as he didn’t take any kids, though that doesn’t sound like him, he’s been so much more careful with the twins since he had those two knocks.”

“I’ll go and check first, you sort these six out.” Nasta said sharing a look with Max before he left.

“What was that look?” Blaise asked.

“He was warning me to hold down the fort in his absence. He’s worried, he thinks something has happened.”

“Harry’s most likely with the Weasleys and he’s lost track of time.” Draco waved away.

“And if he isn’t?” Max demanded. “What then?”

“No one could have gotten into the house without us hearing! They couldn’t have snatched Harry from our bed; we would have scented the danger before they’d even reached the second floor.”

“And if Harry was downstairs at the time? He went to bed very early, he would have been up early too.”

“What do we do?” Blaise asked.

“What Nasta told us to do, we sort the kids out.”
“But if Harry’s in danger…”

“And if he isn’t?” Max asked. “It’s a dangerous line to walk. He could very well have lost track of
time with family, or something else might have happened to him, we don’t know yet. We need to
wait for Nasta to come home.”

“But if Harry is in danger then anything could be happening to him! He could be hurting; he could
be moving further away from us with our unborn girls!”

“You’re forgetting one thing. Harry hasn’t given a distress call. No one could have snatched him
from our bed, so he would have had to be downstairs, up and awake, if he was in any trouble, he
would have called us, which stands to reason that wherever he went, he went on his own.” Max
pointed out as he handed out bowls of orange flavoured baby cereal.

Braiden’s bowl went onto his tray with his spoon and he happily fed himself clumsily, Farren’s
also went onto his tray, but Farren ate with his hands, not a spoon and Tegan’s went onto the tray
with a spoon, she wasn’t as neat as Braiden, but she could at least get most of her cereal into her
mouth, even if some ended up all down her front and onto the floor.

Blaise fed Leolin a bottle of milk as Max started feeding Regan, whose brow was going red and
puffy from his bump and Draco fed Calix, who had the tendency to throw his food more than eat it
if his bowl and spoon was left on his tray within his reach.

Max was washing up the bowls, spoons and the lone bottle as Blaise wiped up the highchair trays
and the odd speck on the floor while Draco settled the babies in the living room with their toys,
securing Leolin onto his beanbag chair and snuggling a stuffed rabbit into his little arm for him
when Nasta finally came home.

“He’s not at any of the family houses and they haven’t seen him at all today.” He announced, a
thread of panic in his voice.

Aneirin flooed in directly behind his son and placed his hands on Nasta’s shoulders.

“When did you last see him?” He asked seriously.

“He went to bed really early, at about six, he didn’t take his hour or two nap in the afternoon
because of the quintuplets birthday, so he was exhausted. He must have woken up early.”
“Has he started nesting?” Aneirin asked.

The three of them looked at one another and Max came in to the room with a frown, drying his hands on a dishcloth.

“I haven’t noticed anything going missing.” He said with a frown. “He took curtains, tea towels, carpet, rugs, the bathroom mat, all the duvets and even my oven gloves for Braiden’s nest, nothing has gone missing.”

“But you can’t be certain?” Aneirin asked. “Have you tried calling to him to see if he’ll answer?”

“Would he answer?” Nasta asked with a frown.

“If he’s just nesting, then yes, he’ll answer you.”

“There is almost a foot of snow outside!” Max said aghast.

The floo flared to life and Myron stepped out, he was wearing very smart robes over a smart suit, he’d been in work.

“Richard called me, he said that Harry was missing.” He said by way of explanation. “He couldn’t leave; he has a preliminary hearing with the judge and defendants for Harry’s case to attend in five minutes. He said he’ll be here as soon as it’s over.”

“We’re just going to check to make sure that he’s not nesting.” Aneirin nodded to Myron. “Nothing could be amiss.”

Nasta took a deep breath and let out a guttural noise that stopped all of their babies short; they huddled up together and stilled completely, just watching, their eyes wide, not making a single sound.

Tense minutes passed, hearts were pounding and blood was rushing through their ears and Nasta called twice more, before finally, a small call echoed back to them. Harry’s call.
He could hear his top dominant calling for him and it annoyed him. He just wanted to rest in the cocoon that he’d made for himself. His top dominant should know that he was nesting and that he needed peace and calm to birth their new children, not this aggravating disturbance. His dominants didn’t need to do anything now, this was his time, he knew what to do, he just needed to be left alone in order to do it, they should know that.

After the third call he realised that his top dominant was likely worried and wasn’t going to leave him alone. He called back, a soft, happy sound to let his mates know that he wasn’t distressed or in any trouble. He didn’t care if they knew where he was now, as long as they left him alone and didn’t try to get into his nest, he didn’t want to hurt his mates, but he would if they tried to enter his nest, they’d give away his position to other predators, he wouldn’t have it.

He scented them from the outside and they made noises that he couldn’t understand. He trilled at them angrily, letting them know that they weren’t making any sense and that he didn’t appreciate them being there.

His top dominant growled to him and he hissed back, warning him to stay away and out of his nest. He shifted his body and rolled around in his cocoon before he settled in another comfortable position and he stroked his belly, being very careful of his claws around his twin babies.

One of his dominants stayed outside his nest, the others left and Harry chattered angrily, they would give away his nest site if they sat at the entrance! They’d give away his nesting site to predators!

He squawked and hissed trying to get them to understand, but the mate outside his nest didn’t leave. Huffing and fluffing himself up like an angry bird; he settled himself down and closed his eyes. If his dominant gave away his position, he needed to be ready to defend himself, but one thing was for certain, the moment that he went into labour, his mates had better be prepared to surround his nest, he’d be so very vulnerable at that time and he wouldn’t be able to protect himself or his newborns. He’d need them then, but it was stupid of them to give away his position before he had even gone into labour.

“He built his nest in the fucking ground!” Draco hissed angrily back at the house. “In the damn ground!”

“It’s not unheard of.” Myron insisted logically. “Drackens naturally prefer to be on higher ground and they like being in open nests so they can fly away if they need to, but in such cold weather, it is normal for a Dracken to build a nest in a cave, a mine, a hollow tree or an abandoned burrow, it protects them from the elements. Harry wouldn’t survive if he had to spend a month or longer in the rain, snow, winds and ice of winter, he has some protection in Dracken form, but if his core temperature drops below thirty-five degrees...well you should know what will happen.”
Draco paled at the reminder of how sick Harry had been when his core temperature had dropped to just thirty-three degrees. None of them wanted to feel that level of worry again, Harry had been very sick.

“The biggest concern would be if the blood that he has taken with him freezes, but his instincts would tell him to protect it at all costs. He’s likely keeping it close to his body to share his body heat with it.”

Max paled and rushed into the kitchen. He ripped open drawers, rifling through them to look for something. He found a sterile bag of little plastic clamps, he counted them. He let out a sigh of relief.

“He’s taken four cord clamps.” He informed Nasta, who nodded.

“Why four of them when he only needs two?” Draco questioned.

“Just in case one is defective and doesn’t work or in case there is an extra baby that the scans didn’t pick up on, it can happen, it’s doubtful, but possible.” Nasta informed. “It’s better for him to overcompensate than to end up with an extra baby when he has nothing to clamp the cord with.”

“He took the bottle of blood from yesterday too. Not that I expected anything different.” Max said with a small amount of relief. “I hope he remembered everything that he needed.”

“I’m very sure that he picked up everything he would have needed. He would have learnt from Braiden’s nesting what he needs more of and what he needs less of.” Aneirin told them.

“It doesn’t look like he took any food with him.” Max said worriedly as he checked his cupboards.

“Take that as very high praise.” Myron said deeply. “It means that you fed him sufficiently when he was nesting with Braiden and he trusts you to do the same this time. Ashleigh didn’t trust Richard and I to feed her until she was nesting with Talia.”

“Lowri didn’t trust me until Nasta.” Aneirin said fondly. “She kept insisting it was because I wouldn’t give her, her favourite biscuits. Or at least not enough of them.”
“What were her favourite biscuits?” Nasta asked softly.

Aneirin looked at Nasta with a soft smile and pulled him into a hug with an arm wound around his neck. The others left the kitchen to give them some privacy, going into the living room to check on the children.

“The same as yours.” Aneirin whispered gently back to Nasta. “Bourbons.”

Nasta swallowed heavily and breathed out raggedly. “I wish I’d had the chance to know her.”

“Know that she loved you, Nasta. She loved you with everything that she had and she would be proud to the point of tears at the man you have become.”

“Would…would she like Harry?”

“She’d love Harry from the top of his hair to his tiny toes, she’d love your subordinates and to say that she’d love the kids would be a severe understatement. She was a good woman, a loving mate and an amazing Mother and I loved her fiercely. I miss her more and more each day, but you and Sanex, you remind me so much of her that I always know that pieces of her survived and live on in you both. It makes me happy to know that even though she isn’t here to see you both, that she is still here within both of you.”

Nasta crushed his Dad in a hug and subtly wiped his eyes on his Dad’s shirt, though the hand cradling the back of his head let him know that his Dad at least knew that he was crying.

“It’s alright, Nasta. Calm yourself down.”

“It’s just, I lost her before I even knew her, she didn’t even get a chance to hold me before she died and then…then losing Anga…”

“I know. It makes me more determined to keep you and Sanex healthy and well, I worry for you working with those dragons.”

Nasta laughed and stood up, brushing away his tears. “The dragons aren’t the dangerous part of my
job; it’s facing Harry when I come home with a new burn. You’d think I was a toddler running with a kitchen knife.”

“I don’t blame him.” Aneirin said darkly.

“Are you okay?” Blaise asked, he was stood by the backdoor awkwardly.

Nasta grinned at him. “I’m fine. Who’s watching Harry?”

“Draco, he seemed very eager for the job.”

“He really needs to learn to deal with emotions.” Nasta muttered.

Blaise came and hugged Nasta tightly, squeezing him around the shoulders and pressing a kiss to his temple.

“I love you, if you need to talk about anything then you can come to me.”

“I’m alright. I just had a wobble.”

Blaise nodded. “I understand perfectly.”

Nasta knew that he did too. Blaise had lost his Father shortly after his birth as well and Harry had lost both his Mother and Father at a little over a year old, yet he seemed to be able to hold everything together so much better than he or even Blaise could and they both still had a parent left to them. It made him make a mental reminder to talk to Harry to gauge how he was feeling once he had recovered from giving birth.

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He shifted again and whined in the back of his throat. He wanted meat and he had none. Someone approached his nest and he growled as he smelt Dracken, he didn’t want anyone near his nest, but then a huge lump of meat rolled into his nest and the Dracken backed off again.
He sniffed the meat excessively, checked it and dug into it with his claws, prodding at it, but he
could see or scent nothing wrong with it and he happily tore into it, blood coating his claws, fingers
and chin as he ate messily with his fangs and little teeth, chewing minimally as he almost gulped
the meat down to fill his grumbling belly.

He cooed happily and threw the remains back out of his nest before he covered himself over in his
many blankets and snuggled down.

He had been nesting for a while now and he felt safe and secure in his nest, especially as he’d seen
off those Drackens that had been sitting outside his nest several days before. They only came back
every now and then, he was surprised that they were giving him food, he didn’t know why they
would, but he didn’t care as he rolled and made himself comfortable.

He stroked his belly and cooed to his growing children within. It wouldn’t be long now and he’d
have them in his arms.

He shivered in the icy gust of wind that carved through his warm, cosy nest. He had found that he
really did not like nesting in winter. It was so cold that he had to stay wrapped up and covered and
he kept losing the feeling in his fingers and toes. He was just so cold, he hated it.

He rolled around again, trying to get himself warm, but on every exhale his breath misted in front
of him in a white torrent and his lungs burnt with every inhale of icy air. He really, really hated
nesting in winter.

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The whole family were waiting patiently as the weeks passed. Harry had been nesting for over two
weeks so far, longer than he had with Braiden, but not by much. It was the seventeenth of January
and it was hell trying to handle the babies, who all cried out for their Mother, especially Leolin,
who had stopped sleeping properly and cried most of the time that he was awake, repeating the
word ‘Ma’ over and over, at least until Draco had had the incredible idea to give Leolin a picture of
Harry, which Leolin gripped in his little fists tightly. It wasn’t the same and he still cried and called
out for Harry, but he became transfixed with the moving picture of Harry long enough to at least
drink a bit of milk, but it was safe to say that they really just wanted Harry to give birth already, but
he wasn’t due until February, so they had some weeks to go before Harry went into labour, or so
they’d thought.

They had a steady stream of visitors to come and help them out or to just keep them company.
They’d given up guarding Harry in his nest after he’d tried to attack them numerous times, hissing
like an enraged snake and snatching at them with his claws. He’d gone into such a feral state that
he didn’t recognise them from any other Dracken and he was treating them as threats, so they’d
backed off a little, just to ease down Harry’s obvious stress at them being so close to him and his
nest.

They made sure that Harry was very well fed, and by the partially eaten remnants that he was
throwing out of his nest, they were feeding him exceptionally well, but still Nasta didn’t let up on
delegating himself and the others to hunt, they hadn’t had such an influx of meat in a year or more
and the more animal side of themselves were very happy with their new, high prey diets, but Harry
trusted them to feed him while he was nesting and Nasta would be damned before he failed his
submissive mate in any way.
“Mama?”

Nasta looked over to Calix who was cruising around the furniture, a frown on his face as he called for Harry.

“Mama!”

“Calix, your Mother isn’t here at the moment, he’s outside nesting, he’s going to give you two new baby sisters.”

“No!” Calix screamed, slapping his hand down. “No baba!”

“You don’t want two new baby sisters?” Nasta asked him as he hefted Calix up and onto his lap.

“Mama.” Calix said sadly.

“You just want your Mum, huh? Well don’t worry, I’m sure he’ll be out soon; he knows his little babies love him and he’ll want to get back to you as soon as he can. But until then, we’ll be here for you.”

Calix looked up at him and Nasta got the impression that his little son had understood him as he latched onto the front of his shirt and snuggled in tight, hiding his face against his chest. Wrapping an arm around Calix’s tiny body, Nasta held him in place as he tried to do some paperwork while Calix was snuggled into him, while keeping an ear out for any danger with Harry outside and watching the other little babies on the floor. It was just his luck that he’d been given a shit load of paper work yesterday morning, just when he didn’t need any more work to do.

“Are you okay?” Draco asked as he came into the room with Leolin in his arms.

“Yeah, Calix and I are having some Father and son time. He misses Harry.”

“They all do.” Draco sighed. “The first thing Leolin does when he’s in a new room is check it for
Harry; I barely managed to get him to sleep.”

“Why don’t you put him in his bassinet and catch up with your book? We don’t need to do anything until Harry goes into labour.”

“I never thought I’d say this, but I hope Harry goes into labour soon.”

“I know exactly what you mean. I didn’t realise they were this attached to Harry.”

Draco nodded as he slipped Leolin into his bassinet with an ease of having done the same action a hundred thousand times before. He covered the tiny boy over with a cellular blanket and tucked him in, gave his thin cheek a kiss before he came to sit next to Nasta and he picked up his book from a side table, let it open on his bookmark and he settled down to read, placing his right ankle on his left knee and leaning slightly on Nasta’s shoulder.

Calix turned his head and shifted his body so that he was still clutching at Nasta’s shirt, but he was facing Draco and peering out at him with those curious jet black eyes.

Draco run one long, slim finger down his little pert nose and gave him a smile before settling down and sinking into his book, picking up immediately where he’d left off in terms of how tense he was as he read a suspenseful, penultimate moment that he had been forced to leave right in the middle just the day before.

He was disturbed only five or six minutes later, when Braiden pulled himself up onto the chair next to him and butted his way under Draco’s arm and onto his lap.

“Mama?”

“Your Mother isn’t here right now, Braiden.” Draco explained patiently as he slipped an arm around Braiden and tugged him down.

“Baba Ca.”

“Yes, your brother Calix is here.” Draco said with a smile. “Your brother Leolin is over there in his bassinet.”

“Baba in.” Braiden nodded.
“Your brother Farren is down here by Daddy Nasta’s feet.”

“Baba Fah.”

“Your sister Tegan.”

“Baba Tee.”

“And your brother Regan.”

Braiden frowned as he stared hard at Regan who was giggling and playing happily, babbling to himself.

“Regan.” Draco said slowly and carefully.

“Baba Ee…we.” Braiden shook his head sending his mop of hair in all directions, it fell right back into place only slightly mussed.

“Regan.” Draco said again, louder and clearer.

Regan stopped playing and looked over as he heard his name. He crawled over, chunky aeroplane in his hand as he climbed up with him and Braiden. He sat on his own, but right next to Draco as he started playing with his toy up on the settee.

“Baba Ee…Ewe…Baba Ee. Nah!” Braiden exclaimed in frustration. “Baba gan!” He nodded and leant over Draco to pat Regan on the head. Hard.

Regan scowled at his brother and smack his hand away. “No!” He snapped back.

“Play nice.” Nasta cut in authoritatively.
Braiden and Regan both frowned, but they turned away from one another and after a few minutes, Braiden climbed back down to the floor and pulled himself up with the coffee table, he then took several steps around with its help before he tried stepping out on his own. He toddled from the coffee table to the armchair, then from the armchair to the toy box, where he sat down and dug out some toys to play with.

“He’s getting much better at toddling now.” Draco pointed out to Nasta.

“We’re going to have to make sure that the house is completely safe now that he’s on his feet.” Nasta nodded even as he continued writing on a long piece of parchment, Calix tucked into his chest, legs splayed over his lap and still clutching at him tightly.

“Dada Day, mama!” Tegan demanded as she tugged on the leg of his trousers.

“Your Mother isn’t here right now, Tegan.” Draco said with a sigh, he was beginning to sound like a broken radio.

“Mama!” Tegan shouted.

Calix jumped and turned to look over his shoulder down at his sister.

“Nah, baba Tee!” Braiden admonished. “Ne gah abba ta!”

Tegan turned on him as quick as a flash and before anyone could do anything, she’d flung her arm over her head and thrown the cardboard book in her hands at Braiden’s head.

Nasta was up a second later, Calix placed to the side of where he’d been sat and Tegan went straight into the travel cot behind the settee, Nasta didn’t say a word to her as he came around the settee and picked up a crying Braiden. The book had smacked him on the top of his head, but thankfully it had been the flat of the book and not a corner.

“That’s the first time she’s acted out since…”

“Since Harry shouted at her when Leolin was in the hospital.” Nasta finished gruffly. “It seems to
me like she understood that Harry wasn’t here and wouldn’t be for a while, so she’s started with her bad behaviour again.”

“Please hurry up, Harry.” Draco sighed.

He was so cold that he felt like he’d never be warm again. He snarled angrily as he wriggled tighter into his cocoon of fur blankets, the next time he went into labour in the winter, he was finding somewhere warmer!

Trilling softly to the dominant Dracken outside his nest, he tried to get them to leave him alone without moving from his warm position, if he did then he knew he’d be cold again and he didn’t want to be cold anymore.

The tender midsection of an animal rolled into his nest and he hissed angrily. He didn’t want to move, not even to eat, he was too cold.

He reached one arm out and snagged the meat, sniffing it over before he started eating, keeping as much of his body under the warm blankets as he possibly could while he did so. At least it was a fresh kill so his meat was warm in the middle and that made him feel warmer inside as his food settled in his belly.

His two babies were moving about restlessly and he knew that the time to take them out would be soon, his spine hadn’t stopped aching since he’d woken up that morning and he was developing a pain in his abdomen, just under his tight, solid bump.

He mewed softly and wriggled in his cocoon. He sat up and checked on everything, making sure he had everything he needed, laying it out within easy reach. It was almost time.

He ate a little bit more before he threw the remains out of his nest to make space, he lined the wicker basket thickly with soft, clean blankets ready to receive his newborns and he washed his claws with water to make sure there was no more meat or blood on them from his meal.

The pain got progressively worse as time passed and it got so bad that he started warbling with every exhale, only quietly, but he was getting louder and louder with each minute that passed until just an hour later he was screaming loudly.

He heard the reassuring growls from his dominant mates, they were close by, but he couldn’t scent them, he wanted them where he could scent them, but just knowing that they were there when he knew that there were also other dominants hanging around reassured him and he let them know that as he let out a harsh call which ended in a scream. It was time.

He checked his claws again, making sure they were still as clean as he could make them before he got onto his knees, he spread them out so that his baby bulge was between his thighs and he felt underneath it gently, pressing his finger knuckle into the flesh there to check where his babies were lying and for the perfect incision site. He let out his loudest scream yet and took a few deep breaths while letting the growls of his dominants steady him and calm him. He’d done this twice before, he could do it again.
His index claw sunk into his stomach, through flesh, fat and muscle, his middle claw slipping in behind it to make the incision wide enough for a baby to get through and clean enough to ensure a quick recovery.

He screamed through the agony of it, his eyes blurring with tears of pain as he felt around inside himself for the membrane of his sac, he pressed on it, feeling for the position of the precious babies within. This was such a delicate part of the process, he would not catch either of them with his claws, he refused to put them in any danger and especially not from himself, never from himself.

His hand and wrist now covered in blood, he found an area of his sac that had a little space between it and the baby on the other side, so with the very tip of his index claw, he slit open the sac with a smooth, swift movement, his other arm up, his hand poised to guide a head through his sac and out into the open.

He pressed gently, slipping his hand against his sac and tentatively fingered around inside himself for a head, he found one and cupping the back of it with his hand; he guided the bloodied baby out of his sac and onto the blanketed ground, freeing his first baby girl and welcoming her into the world.

He checked her over, just enough to ascertain that she had no injuries or obvious deformities that needed to be immediately addressed before he reached back into himself and eased his second girl out into the world, his wrist got entangled with the umbilical cords, because they were both attached to the same placenta, the one was now crossed over the other, so it took some manoeuvring on his part and a lot of pushing them out of the way, but he finally cupped the back of his baby’s head and eased her body from his, laying her next to her sister before reaching out and grabbing two cord clamps. He checked them over and made sure they were physically alright before he snapped them low down onto the cords and severed them, only then did the two wet wails of newborns fill his nest.

Grunting with exertion, he let out a hoarse scream that hurt even his ears as he pulled out the single placenta and dumped it down into a waiting towel. He made sure his insides were clean and he’d left nothing amiss inside himself before he snatched up the bottle of his mates’ blood and gulped it down. It was cold, icy and thick, but he didn’t care as the damage he’d done to himself to get out his baby girls slowly knitted itself back together, leaving behind a livid red line that would scar badly.

Only after he’d done that did he check on his newborns, wiping them free from blood and hoisting them onto his shoulder in turn to pat their backs to free any fluid from their lungs. He checked them over more critically, counting fingers and toes, making sure their noses and throats weren’t blocked; he checked their eyes, which were both a stunning shade of cornflower blue, but were a little wet and gluey from being surrounded by fluid for so long. He checked on their cords and made sure the clamps were tight before he checked their more intimate parts. They were both definitely little girls.

Once assured that they were perfectly fine, he put them in clean nappies and dressed them in sleepsuits that were a little big and baggy on them, but would keep them warm, before he tucked them into the wicker basket and covered them over with three blankets, placing little hats and scratch mitts on them while he was at it and then he took a moment to breathe.

He threw the placenta and bloodied blankets out of his nest and croaked tiredly to his mates, letting them know that they had to remove them before it attracted predators, before he curled up and fell into a deep, deep sleep.
They were all anxious, they had removed the blood soaked blankets and the placenta from outside Harry’s nest and disposed of them yesterday afternoon, covering the bloodstains over with fresh snow merely to appease Harry as they knew that no predator would dare go near his nest site.

Max was brewing a scar reducer, more to keep busy than anything as they waited and waited anxiously for any noise or sound from Harry, but there was nothing and though they were tempted to just go into his nest and bring him and the babies into the house and out of the cold snow, they knew that after birthing Harry needed time to come back into himself. He would still be feral for a while afterwards and he’d come to them in his own time, but the waiting was agony, but at least Harry had stopped screaming, that had brought them a small amount of relief. Hearing the one that they loved so very, very much screaming in such heart wrenching agony hurt them deeply and the need to go to Harry, to protect him and comfort him was incredibly strong, but they had been unable to do so and that had made them all angry, grouchy and anguished in equal measures. Of course it didn’t help that their babies had all started to scream along with Harry once they’d heard him, even little Leolin, who had cried himself to sleep and cried his lungs raw in the process.

Blaise almost thought that Harry had the best part of this situation, then he thought about digging his own claws into his own stomach to take out two live newborns and he felt queasy, there was no way that he could do what Harry did to birth their children into the world. He’d have to have those babies pulled from him forcibly as he was under the body bind curse after he’d been caught and dragged back kicking and screaming and likely with a trail of bodies littering the way.

Regan cruised around to meet him and patted his knee.

“Mama?”

“Hello to you too, Regan.” He sighed as he held those slim shoulders with both of his hands.

“Mama?”

“He’s not here Regan, sweetheart.” Blaise said sadly. “He’s with your new baby sisters.”

“Dada Blay, mama.”

Blaise sighed and picked Regan up, sitting him on his hip as he moved to the kitchen. Max was still brewing a scar reducer on the counter, they’d put two bassinets in the kitchen at the opposite end of the table to Leolin’s, ready for the newborn twins. Draco was feeding Leolin far enough away so that if by some freak, clumsy accident Max knocked over the cauldron then he’d have ample time to turn his back to protect their little baby from any splashes.
“Regan really want’s Harry.”

“They all do.” Draco groused. “You’d think that we were convenient moving statues that fed and changed them.”

“All babies have a deep connection with their Mother; Dracken babies are no different, Draco.” Max said from the counter.

“But it’s like we’re nothing to them.”

“Of course you’re not, they call you Daddy Day don’t they? They know who you are, they’re just closer to Harry and I’d like to think that they’d act like this if any of us went missing for two and a half weeks. I mean, no offense to you Max, but they were a wreck when you left, they called for you constantly too.” Blaise answered. “So I don’t think it’s a reflection on us that they’re calling for Harry so much, they obviously have a strong bond with him and two and a half weeks is too long for him to be gone, but they acted the same when Max left us, so though they have a strong bond with Harry, they have a bond with us as well.”

“I still want Harry to come home.” Draco grumbled.

“I’m clock watching at the moment.” Max sighed proving his point by looking at the wall mounted clock. “He went the whole night without making a sound, this morning Nasta heard movement, but Harry didn’t call out and he didn’t make any move to come out, so Nasta fed him and left.”

“I want to meet our girls so badly.” Draco sighed. “They’re a day old already and I don’t even know what they look like.”

“Sometimes it takes a submissive a while to settle down after labour, especially if it was a normal, uneventful birth. Take the quintuplets for instance; Harry’s worry for Leolin overruled his instincts. He wanted to get Leolin to the hospital so badly that it took just hours for him to come around and invite us into his nest, but with Braiden it took about a day before he came out of his nest, so I think that we should just be relieved at the fact that it means there isn’t anything immediately wrong with our twin girls.”

“I know, but the wait is killing me.” Blaise said anxiously, looking as the clock ticked over to four
in the afternoon.

“Mama.” Regan sat patting Blaise’s cheek.

“He has to come out soon or these kids are going to drive me mad.” Blaise said as he walked away with Regan again, taking him back to his brothers and lone sister who were being watched over by Richard and Aneirin.

“No news?”

“Nothing. Harry’s incredibly quiet; we have no idea what he’s doing.”

“You likely never will.” Aneirin said. “What little he’ll remember of his labour and birthing he may not feel like sharing, at least not immediately, but if I had to hazard a guess then I’d say that he was forming a bond with the two girls, settling them down and himself and just resting. Opening up your own stomach and removing two babies and the placenta…he’s not going to recover overnight, Blaise, he’s likely hurting, at the very least he’s very sore and aching.”

Blaise nodded as he put Regan down on the floor and watched as he stared hard at everyone in the room.

“Mama?” He asked curiously.

Blaise wanted to hit himself in the head.

“Go and play, Regan.” He encouraged instead as he sat back down and threw his head over the back of the settee. “This waiting is agony.”

“I remember this waiting.” Richard said with a fond smile. “Always waiting on eggshells for Ashleigh to come out of her nest holding my new son or daughter. It was bittersweet really, it was agony, but I always forgot it the moment that my baby was placed in my arms.”

Nasta walked into the room with a grizzling Braiden, who’d had a hell of a tantrum and had vomited from his crying, all because Harry wasn’t there.
“How is he?” Blaise asked, holding his arms out for his son.

“Better, but he’s still whinging.” Nasta replied, placing Braiden into Blaise’s arms.

“There’s no news from outside.” Blaise reported. “Harry’s still quiet.”

Nasta nodded. “I expected as much, he has double the amount of newborns as he had the last time he had an uneventful birth, he’s likely run ragged from the night feeds, but remember, he only has a limited supply of nappies and formula. He’ll have to come out and soon.”

Blaise nodded and held Braiden to him, his shirt soaking through with his son’s tears. This had gone on long enough now.

Max finished up his potions, bottled them and then cleaned up before he started dinner, Blaise envied him for having something to do, something to take his mind away from the long wait.

They fed their babies and bathed them, getting them ready for bed as they took away their stimulating toys and left them with soft, quiet toys that would calm them down. Aneirin had Leolin tucked into one arm as he read a picture book to him quietly, making up a story to go with the pictures.

They all heard Max’s happy exclamation and Harry’s tired voice from the kitchen and as one, six babies turned towards the kitchen and Calix was just gone, crawling as fast as his little hands and knees could take him, burbling happily with a soaking wet chin from his dribble.

Nasta scooped him up and carried him into the kitchen to see Max ushering a very pale, tired looking Harry into a chair. He had two heavily wrapped bundles in his arms. He could just see a pale tuft of hair sticking out of one blanket; he would bet that hair had been darker yesterday from the fluid.

“How are you feeling?” Nasta asked and he tried to hold onto a squirming, fighting Calix.

“Tired, achy and sore.” Harry croaked, but he smiled at his babies as everyone in the kitchen tried to keep a hold on them. “I missed you all.”

“How are those two?” Draco asked as he stared at as much of them as he could see.

“Loud.” Harry chuckled as he looked down at them. “And hairy as hell, they were born with their
hair stuck straight up, there’s at least two inches of the stuff. It was darker when they were born too, but the more it dries the lighter it’s going.”

“They’re adorable.” Richard said with a grin. “I told Myron that he’d miss their homecoming, but he’s in work until six.”

“Pass them here, you must be exhausted.” Max insisted.

Harry handed the twins over and then grinned tiredly as he got a hold of the babies that he’d missed while in his nest, holding Leolin and Regan while the others knelt on the table where he could hold them and kiss them.

“I missed you all too.” Harry said hoarsely as the babies all babbled over one another.

“What colour are their eyes?” Blaise asked.

“Cornflower blue at the moment, but that could change easily in the coming months.” Harry nodded. “But their eyes are a gorgeous colour.”

“Have you thought of names?” Draco asked as he was cradling a little girl with a misty eyed look on his face as he looked down at his daughter.

“Of course he hasn’t!” Nasta cut in. “He’s just come out of his nest, give him a minute to eat and get some proper sleep first.”

Harry nodded happily at that idea. “I feel like I haven’t slept in a month. I have a few ideas for names from before their birth, but I don’t like any of them now, but one thing is certain, I want one of them to be named after your grandmother, Max. I decided on that the day of the scan when we found out that they were girls. I knew the first girl born would have the middle name Evelyn, you don’t mind do you?”

Max passed the baby he was holding to Blaise and pulled Harry into a tight hug, babies and all.

“That means so much to me, Harry. That you would name one of our newborn daughters after a
woman who I loved so much, thank you. I love you.”

“Love you too.” Harry said right before he let out a jaw shattering yawn.

“Max has dinner on; as soon as you’ve eaten you can climb into bed.” Nasta said with a smile and a soft caress to Harry’s cheek.

“That sounds like heaven.” Harry declared, even as he bent to kiss Braiden’s mouth and raised a hand to stroke a finger back and forth over Farren’s cheek.

“Can you hold on for a bath too, or do you want to wait for tomorrow to deal with that?” Draco asked, even as he continued to gaze at his daughter.

“Tomorrow.” Harry said firmly. “They’re half an hour apart.”

“What do you mean?” Blaise asked as he rubbed noses with the little girl in his arms.

“One will wake up for a feed so I sort her out, burp her, check her over and then put her back to bed, then half an hour later the other one will wake up and it’s the same all over again, they’re not synchronised, they’re on their own schedules, I’ve had barely any sleep, though thankfully they only woke up every three hours, not every two or I’d have had no sleep at all.”

“Which one is which?” Max asked.

“That one is the youngest. Four pounds and eight ounces.” Harry said looking critically over the one baby in Draco’s arms. “She wakes up first for her feeds, and that one is the older twin. Four pounds and six ounces.” Harry said as he nodded to the baby that Nasta was currently cradling. “She wakes up half an hour after her sister drops back off to sleep for her feeds. They were born seven minutes apart as far as I remember; I think I caught my wrist between the umbilical cords, because they were attached to the same placenta it was awkward to manoeuvre around them, so I had to sort those out before I could take her out and it took me a while to do it.”

“Your dinner’s burning.” Richard said happily.
Max turned around and cursed, diving for the food that he was cooking and taking the saucepan from the hob.

“I think that’s our cue to leave. It’s wonderful to see you again, Harry, congratulations on your two new baby girls, they’re beautiful.” Aneirin praised.

Harry grinned tiredly, but proudly from under his pile of children, some of whom were getting drowsy.

Nasta saw their guests out as Max dished up dinner onto waiting plates.

“It’s going to be impossible to get these monsters into bed now.” Blaise sighed as he cradled the baby that Nasta had handed back to him.

“I’m sorry for not coming home later.” Harry teased in a croak.

Blaise chuckled and pulled him into a kiss. “I love you and I’m glad that you’re home, it hasn’t been the same without you around, plus the kids really missed you.”

“I was worried about that before I nested, but I just didn’t think about it when I went feral.”

“Next time you go and nest, let us know about it! We almost had heart attacks when we woke up and found you missing.”

“Sorry, the urge came suddenly and I didn’t think of anything other than gathering up what I needed and getting to my nest.”

“We found you alright.” Nasta said as he helped move the babies off the table and into the two travel cots that he’d brought back with him from the living room.

“Did I miss anything?” He asked, gathering up the courage. He’d be devastated if he missed anything.

“Regan cut a back tooth, Braiden’s getting stronger at walking and Tegan has decided to read
It doesn’t seem to matter that the book was upside down and it’s just nonsensical babbling, but she’s very happy to read her books to us.” Blaise said with a grin.

Harry laughed. “Did you get it on tape for me?”

“Of course, it was too adorable not to tape.” Max answered as he put a heaped plate in front of Harry and gave his cheek a solid kiss.

“On the subject of Tegan, she started playing up when she realised that you were gone and weren’t coming back. She threw one of her books at Braiden and it hit his head.”

“Those books are chunky and have sharp edges!” Harry said as he turned to Braiden and checked his head.

“The flat of the book caught him, but while we’re on the subject of injuries Regan had a black eye for a few days too.” Nasta informed him.

“How the hell did he get a black eye?!!” Harry demanded aghast.

“He fell in his cot and he must have caught his brow on the side bar, it wasn’t a bad black eye, just a slight bruising around his eye socket. It looked worse than it was, I promise.” Max assured.

Harry nodded, but he still stood up and went to the travel cots, staring hard at Regan, turning his head every which way before placing a kiss to his forehead. He couldn’t detect even a hint of bruising which helped settle him back down.

“Come back here and eat something.” Nasta chastised. “Don’t overwork yourself either, you need rest.”

Harry sighed, but he smiled too. He’d missed his mates while he’d spent two weeks in isolation. He couldn’t remember the full weeks that he’d been in his nest, but he remembered bits and pieces and this caring and fussing comfort from his mates was making him feel very settled and happy.

He ate his first cooked meal in weeks and he relished it happily and when his youngest newborn girl started wailing at the top of her lungs, it was absolutely lovely when Draco dived from his chair to see to her and Max all but run to the kettle to get her a bottle made up. He could just relax
and sit back on his arse and do nothing but stuff his face and it felt absolutely fucking amazing.

“I know you said they had hair, but damn that’s a mop and a half.” Max laughed happily as he handed the bottle over to Draco and uncovered the little girl’s head from her blanket covering, running his thick fingers through the little girl’s thick mass of pale hair.

Harry grinned. He couldn’t wait to tell his mates that both of his newborn girls were Drackens, but not yet, he wanted to keep that to himself for a while longer, but they were going to be insanely happy and proud of him and their girls, he loved them dearly already, but he would adore them if they’d just let him get a couple more hours of sleep a night. He’d grown so used to it over the last few months with all of their babies sleeping through the night, as it was rare now that Leolin woke in the night for a bottle, that these next few weeks where their girls would wake them every three hours for a feed was going to be a torturous hell. He was already exhausted and they were only a day old.

“Come on you, let’s get this potion on your scar and tuck you up into bed with the kids. You look like you need a good fourteen hour sleep.” Max said as he waved a jar of familiar scar salve at him.

“I can’t do stairs.” Harry said as he held up his arms to be carried. “Trying to get out of my nest with two newborns and all the uneven ground to get over was severely painful, even just getting over the step to the back door almost killed me.”

“All you have to do is ask.” Max almost sung as he picked Harry up carefully, being mindful of the now empty baby bump as he carried Harry from the kitchen and up to their bedroom.

Max laid Harry gently on the bed and Harry groaned happily as he wriggled around in ecstasy. “Oh you have no idea how good it feels to be in a BED!”

Max laughed and pinned him down and took the dirty pair of maternity jeans from Harry, the only article of clothing that he was wearing and if Max had to guess, he’d say they were the same pair that Harry had likely worn into his nest two and a half weeks ago.

The scar was long, thick and livid and Max winced to see it. He couldn’t even imagine cutting himself open with his own claws and looking at the scar, it had been a wide cut, but he manned up and applied the scar reducer thickly and copiously. Harry fell deeply asleep before he was even halfway finished.

Placing a strip of gauze over the paste, Max plastered it down so that it wouldn’t move or rub off on the sheets and then he slipped Harry gently and carefully into his arms and pulled back the duvet before he placed Harry in the centre of the bed. He kissed Harry’s slack lips and tucked him back over.
He could hear Blaise and Nasta in the nursery next door and then Draco came in with Leolin to place him in the bassinet. Two more had been added to the bedside on the opposite side of Leolin’s, like a mirror image from the kitchen only a bed separated them in this room and not a long table.

“Who’s watching the girls?” He asked.

“They’re alright for the moment.” Draco whispered. “The younger twin was fed and burped; now we’re waiting for the older girl to wake for her feed. They’re absolutely gorgeous, Max.”

Max nodded with a grin. “I know. I’m so damn proud of him, after the horror that was the quintuplets birth I expected him to go overboard or to panic and cock something up, but he didn’t, he pushed aside the past birth and focused on what he needed to do and what he knew he had to do and he birthed them without issue. Well almost no issue, he did mention that tangling with the umbilical cords, but other than that, he said that nothing went wrong. That takes bravery, guts and a dash of maturity too. I can’t wait until he’s more rested and less exhausted so that he can hopefully remember a bit more, but for now, he really needs his sleep.”

Draco nodded as he bedded Leolin down and tucked him in before they both left the bedroom together. They went back down the stairs and into the living room, where Draco had moved the girls after dinner and they sat down and just looked at them sleeping peacefully, their little faces angelic in sleep and their little hands drowned in too big scratch mitts. They were almost mirror images of one another, the only difference in them and their position was that one girl had her head to the left, the other to the right so that though they were in separate bassinets, they were both facing one another.

“I wonder who’s they are.” Draco sighed wistfully.

“I have an idea, but I want to wait for Harry to wake up to confirm it.” Nasta said as he came into the living room and joined them on the settee and sat with them, all three of them gazing at the sleeping girls in front of them.

“You didn’t leave a space for me.” Blaise complained as he came in.

Max grabbed him quick as a flash and dragged him down onto his lap, holding him around the hips and nuzzling the back of his neck with his lips.
“There we go, now we can all baby gaze together.” Max said happily.

“They’re amazing.” Blaise sighed. “Our newborn girls. A day old. Merlin, how much I want to thank Harry for everything that he does, puts up with and goes through just to give us these adorable children.”

“They look like Braiden.” Max said with a grin, squeezing Blaise’s middle. “They’ve got the same chin.”

Blaise laughed. “Yeah, they do have Braiden’s chin, but Braiden has Harry’s chin.”

“They look like they have Harry’s eyes.” Max said consideringly.

“The one I fed opened her eyes for a few moments, they’re more rounded than Harry’s eyes, but they do have an almost almond shape to them. They’re just more rounded almond.” Draco told them.

“I don’t think we’ll really know until Harry wakes up.” Nasta said. “But one thing’s for certain, whatever the outcome, I have two new baby daughters and I’m currently the happiest man in the world.”

“I can agree to that.” Max said and twisted so that he rested against Nasta, Blaise reclining against him. “I love those girls already and I don’t care which one of us is the Father, I will be teaching them how to cause mayhem.”

“You certainly will not!” Draco hissed. “My daughters will not be forced to cause trouble when they may be as good as gold.”

“Stop the fighting.” Nasta said, swatting at them both lazily. “It’s too late in the day and I’m just glad to have Harry and my newborn girls back under this roof and out of that snow.”

“I can agree to that.” Blaise said with a sigh. “After all the waiting, the worrying and the anxiety and tension, I’m just happy that all three of them are home and safe. I feel exhausted myself.”
“An early night then. I have a feeling that these two are going to keep us sleep deprived for the next several weeks; we need all the sleep that we can get.” Nasta nodded.

“What about Leolin?” Draco asked. “He’s going to have his sleep disturbed every single night.”

“We’ll have to put up a one way ward to help keep him sleeping as much as possible, Harry won’t allow him to leave our bedroom just yet, he’s the equivalent of a four month old, it’s too soon.”

Nasta smiled as one of their daughters shifted in her sleep, but that didn’t last when she opened her tiny pink mouth and started wailing. Loudly, very loudly. He looked at the clock and sighed with a smile as he saw that Harry was dead on, she was exactly half an hour behind the schedule of her younger sister. These next few weeks were going to be a huge strain and challenge on them all if their two newborn girls continued with their different schedules.

Chapter End Notes

Well I hope you’ve enjoyed reading this chapter, the next one will be around soon, but I want to try and get something for Lycanthrope Factory and Damaged Bodies out too, maybe the second chapter of Pride of the Lions too, until then enjoy,

StarLight Massacre. X
Saints Patience

Chapter Notes

A/N: Happy belated birthday to Louise, one of the Facebookers. I’m so sorry I couldn’t get this out for your birthday or manage to get you that Scaled Bits chapter, I hope this helps make up for it.

Last Time

Nasta smiled as one of their daughters shifted in her sleep, but that didn’t last when she opened her tiny pink mouth and started wailing. Loudly, very loudly. He looked at the clock and sighed with a smile as he saw that Harry was dead on, she was exactly half an hour behind the schedule of her younger sister. These next few weeks were going to be a huge strain and challenge on them all if their two newborn girls continued with their different schedules.

Chapter Eighty-Nine – Saints Patience

Nasta felt like he’d been beaten to within an inch of his life and then served up cold the next morning. He had known that the girls being on different schedules would be hard to manage, but he’d had absolutely no idea exactly just how hard it would have been to deal with. Every three hours, first one baby would wake them up for a bottle and then just as they were all drifting back to sleep after sorting her out and getting her back to sleep, the other one would wake up. So even though the twins woke every three hours, the four of them only got an hour and a half, maybe two hours’ worth of sleep if they were lucky in that time and through it all Harry slept like a rock. He never stirred; he didn’t so much as twitch, not even once, at the ear piercing wails just beside the bed.

Not that Nasta held it against him, of course not, Harry had done his part amazingly well and he was happy to take over for a couple of days while Harry recovered and rested after his ordeal. It was more that he was surprised that Harry could sleep through all the feedings, he had been correct after all, the girls were loud, incredibly loud, in their demands for their milk.

He’d been worried that he might have to ward the nursery next door so that none of their other babies were woken up with the noise, but amazingly no matter how loudly one baby cried, she never woke up her twin, the other baby slept peacefully through it all just next to her screaming sister, just like their Mother. He wanted to know their secret to blocking out the noise.

Nasta was the only one awake at the moment and he had both twins with him and six babies crawling around his feet after he’d done the breakfast feedings all on his own…well, Leolin wasn’t crawling about anywhere, but he was on the floor for once, flat on his back in a padded baby gym. He hadn’t moved an inch, his arms still straight by his sides, but the shiny shaped mirror floating over his head was holding his avid attention. He’d managed to feed and supervise all eight of them
and the worst that had happened was Braiden getting the yolk of his soft boiled egg in his hair along with a smear of butter from his little toast soldiers. Nasta considered that a success.

Now he had one twin in his left arm, he’d long since forgotten if she was the older or the younger twin, they were completely and utterly identical to his eyes, though he was sure that as he got used to them and they aged he’d get better at telling them apart, but for now, it was impossible until one of them opened their mouth to scream for a feed.

“Dada Nah?” Braiden asked as he toddled unsteadily over to him.

“Are you alright, Braiden?” He asked softly.

“Mama?”

“Your Mother is upstairs sleeping, Braiden.”

Braiden nodded his head, but his indigo eyes looked to the baby in his arms curiously.

“Oo at?” He asked and Nasta wished fervently that he had a video camera to hand, Braiden was growing by the day and his vocabulary in particular was picking up after suffering a lapse when Braiden had first found his feet. It was stunning to see the advanced effect that the Dracken genes had on his development.

“This is your new baby sister.” He told him softly. “You need to be very quiet and gentle with her.”

Braiden, who had been reaching out a hand to touch the baby, pulled it back sharply and looked up at him unsurely. Nasta smiled and took his still tiny hand in his own and held it as he helped Braiden pet his new sister, his little finger tips barely brushing her skin and soft hair.

The girls’ hair had gone paler still this morning and Nasta grinned to see it, curling a lock of it around his finger; they really did have a lot of hair for newborns. It was a soft, pale brown at the moment and it was starting to curl as it dried. He’d known it would go curly ever since Harry had said that they’d been born with their hair stuck straight up.

Max shuffled into the room and he looked at him blearily.

“Good morning.” Nasta greeted with a smirk.
“How are you even awake?” He groaned as he flumped next to him and immediately robbed one of the little girl’s from his arms. “They’re so loud! My ears are still ringing.”

“I’m up out of necessity, our children needed their breakfasts, one of us had to get up to sort them all out and it wasn’t going to be anyone else but me, Harry hasn’t moved all night.”

“I need to reapply the scar reducer salve to him soon. Merlin it was bad this time, Nas.”

Nasta nodded. “It’s been a while since he was last pregnant and with the quintuplets birth, what with his sac ripping, that was a bad birth and even with the scar reducer he still had a faint scar left behind, he’s just ripped through it yet again, it’s bound to make it a look a little worse.”

Max nodded thoughtfully, but his eyes were all for the little girl in his arms. He was completely smitten, just like the rest of them.

“She’s gorgeous.” Max whispered reverently.

Nasta nodded his agreement, but his attention was diverted by Blaise coming into the room.

“I feel like death warmed over.” He said miserably.

“You look worse.” Max relied with a grin and Blaise gave him a solid thwack, which made him laugh all the more.

“Behave yourselves.” Nasta said with a long suffering sigh.

“You’re asking the impossible there.” Draco said just as he walked into the room.

“Dada Day!” Calix called out and immediately went up onto his knees and lifted his arms high above his head.
Draco chuckled but bent down and hefted Calix up under his arms and held him against his chest, settling him into his arms, giving him a morning kiss when Calix demanded it.

“Have you been alright this morning, Calix?” He asked, his voice still a little gruff around the edges from sleep.

Calix went into a stream of babbling and burbling, an odd word thrown in here or there for good measure, but Draco just nodded seriously and hummed at intermittent points.

“Was Harry still asleep when you woke up?” Nasta asked.

Draco nodded to him. “Like a rock, I think he’s going to sleep for another several hours at least. He didn’t even stir when I unwrapped myself from him.”

Nasta nodded. “That’s alright, let him rest and recover. He ate before he went to sleep, so I’m not too concerned about him missing a few meals. He ate well in his nest too, we fed him well.”

“How are the girls?”

“Sleeping at the moment, we need to get some new sleepsuits and bodysuits for them, the ones we have are either too small or too baggy, it’s not too much of a problem as they are going to grow, but the oldest girl, or at least I think that one is the oldest, she pulls her legs to curl up to her chest, but because the sleepsuit is so baggy, her legs come out of the leg parts and then when she stretches out again, both legs go into the same leg hole and then she gets stuck.”

Max laughed at that. “That’s just begging for an accident to happen, I’ll pick some up today after work, I have to go in, just for an hour to oversee a shipment. I just have to check on the quality of the potions we’re shipping out.”

“Remember that Harry will not have any sort of slogan on them.” Blaise warned.

Max nodded. “I don’t like it either, so no problems there.”

“Do you think we will be able to send the birth certificates off today? Hedwig is back to attacking
Esmeralda over Saracen; one of them needs a flight.”

“It depends on whether Harry is up to naming our girls later.” Nasta said. “But if he’s not then just let him rest.”

It took a further three hours for Harry to wake up at half past one in the afternoon. All of their babies were down for their naps after their lunches and Max had left for work after fending off his insistent, excited family members who wanted to visit the newborn twins.

Harry shuffled slowly into the kitchen, being careful of his very sore stomach, to where Nasta was doing paperwork and Blaise was cooing over one girl as Draco fed the other, his shirt sleeves rolled to his elbows and his solid forearm muscles were bulging as he cradled a tiny four pound baby to his chest, leaning his lower back against the counter like some eye candy model for a Mother and Baby magazine.

“How are you feeling?” Nasta asked, shoving his paperwork aside as he stood up to come to Harry and hug him.

“Like I slept for a week.” Harry chuckled.

“Not quite a week, but a good analogy all the same.” Blaise nodded.

Nasta got him to sit down and made him a cup of honey tea and a plate of lightly buttered toast.

Harry ate like a starved man so Nasta tossed him a pear as well and Harry saluted him with it, before tearing into it like it was a prime steak.

“Max left instructions for you to have a bath or a shower, though a bath would put less pressure on your muscles and then you are to let me apply that scar salve.”

“Where is Max?” Harry asked. “Work?”

“He had to go in for an hour or so, just to oversee a quality assessment before a large shipment of potions is sent out to various clinics and apothecaries all over Britain. He’s going to pick up some sleepsuits on his way home too.”
“I hope you told him no stupid slogans, I don’t want any slogans on any of them.”

“He remembered.” Draco said with a smirk as he burped the little girl in his arms.

“Let me hold her.” Harry demanded.

“You need to go and have a bath first.” Draco argued. “You’re filthy and my little queens have already been bathed today.”

Harry cocked an eyebrow. “Queens?”

Draco nodded. “They’ll be treated better than royalty!” He declared seriously.

“He’s been doing this all morning.” Blaise chuckled. “I think he’s in love.”

Harry laughed, but it made his stomach muscles throb so he stopped abruptly and pressed a hand to it.

“But Nasta was already packing his paperwork up and away before Harry could even answer. Harry went to the downstairs bathroom and started running a hot, deep bath. He was looking forward to this, he hadn’t bathed or even washed in nearly three weeks, he felt dirty and grubby. He was dirty and grubby. Smelly too.

Nasta came in with a collection of potions in his hands and Harry stared at them.

“Let me guess, Max’s orders?” Harry said with an indulgent smile.

Nasta nodded as he tipped two of the potions into the water. “Yes, a muscle relaxant to help with any aches and pains that you have and an antibacterial potion to help kill any viruses or bugs that are on your skin, it was Max’s idea to use the latter, just in case, so we don’t spread anything to Leolin.”
Harry nodded seriously, sobered up with that thought and he pulled off the plasters stuck to him with a grimace as they were glued to the tiny hairs of his belly, all but ripping out the soft black hairs that went from his belly button to his groin, even catching the tops of his pubic hair which were also ripped out when he tore off the plasters and made his eyes stream with tears. He peeled back the gauze with an even bigger grimace at the state of the scar on his body and the mess that the salve had made before he stepped into the hot, soothing water with Nasta’s help to wash it off along with the almost three weeks’ worth of filth and grime.

Nasta stayed with him, on his knees, his shirt sleeves rolled up, like how they bathed the babies, only Harry wasn’t going to soak him from head to toes.

“I’m so proud of you, our girls are absolutely perfect.”

Harry smiled as he lay back and just let Nasta wash the two and a half weeks’ worth of dirt, dried sweat and even odd patches of dried blood from his skin as he happily relaxed in the medicated water.

“They’re adorable, what do they look like now that they’re two days old? I barely got a glimpse of Draco’s queens before I was arm wrestled into a bath before I could even hold them!”

“Their hair is a pale brown and it’s going curly now that it’s mostly dry. They’ve gone a pale pink too; they’ve lost their red flush and the swollen cheeks from their birth.”

Harry grinned. “I can’t wait to hold them again, my arms ache for them.”

“Once you’ve had your bath and I’ve sorted out the salve.” Nasta said with no room for any argument.

Harry laughed. “How did the night go? Please tell me that you didn’t sort them both out every single time. You look run down and exhausted. You’ll make yourself sick.”

“Not every time, Max sorted them out a few times and I kicked Blaise out of bed once, but I did the morning feed and the kids’ breakfasts, I’ve been awake since then.”

“Go and have a nap then.” Harry encouraged seriously. “Max will be back soon, I’ve got Blaise and Draco, go and get an hour or two while it’s going to be quiet. It’s only going to get worse come
tonight; you may as well sleep while you have the chance to.”

Nasta pulled a face, like he was going to fight or argue about it.

“Nas, please love. You need to get some sleep, just a small nap. The kids will be asleep for the next hour and a half, the twins are well in hand, the nights are going to be the worst, we already know that from past experience and they’re on a different schedule, which only makes it harder, we might as well take advantage of the time that we do have and you’re tired. Go and get some sleep.”

Nasta sighed and Harry knew that he’d won and he fought to keep the grin from his face as Nasta gave in with a nod.

“If I can’t sleep though, I’m getting up.” He swore.

“Something tells me that as soon as your head hits the pillow and you’re in a quiet, dark room, you’ll be out like a light.” Harry replied, grimacing as he looked at the filthy water that he was swimming in. “Fuck I was dirty. Who would have thought I’d get so dirty from spending two and a half weeks in a hole in the ground?”

Nasta chuckled as he washed Harry’s greasy, filthy matted hair with gentle fingers.

“It’s a wonder that Draco didn’t have a heart attacking seeing this.” Harry grumbled as he reached up to tug at a knotted twist of hair.

“He was enamoured with his two new daughters.” Nasta said. “I don’t think he noticed.”

“I can’t believe I have to pry my own daughters from him and Blaise. All I wanted was a cuddle!”

Nasta chuckled and kissed his soapy neck with soft lips.

“They’re Max’s girls aren’t they?”

“You couldn’t tell?! If I’d thought that you couldn’t scent it on them then I would have said
yesterday.” Harry insisted, eyes wide and beginning to get upset. “You knew immediately with Braiden, so I just assumed that you knew with the twins.”

“No, your nest was enclosed this time, love, they smell like you and blood and meat and dirt and that was before all of us touched and cuddled them, we couldn’t tell anything from scenting them, only that they’d been held against your stale sweaty chest for too long. Draco was almost frantic to bathe them this morning.”

“Well damn. I would have said yesterday if I thought that you didn’t know, I really would have!” Harry said with a sharp nod.

“I know, love, so they are Max’s?”

Harry nodded. “I suppose you guessed from the curly brown hair if you couldn’t scent it on them?”

Nasta grinned. “He’s going to freak, he hates his curly hair.”

“It might look better on a girl than a boy. Alayla carries it well when she’s not straightening it down with potions and spells. I was surprised to see it so pale though.”

“You have to remember, love that half of Max’s family are blonde, half of his Uncles have blond hair, his Mother and Grandmother are both blonde and one of his sisters too. Then there is Talia, who has blondish-brown hair, just like our girls.”

“I think their hair will get darker as they get older though, you told me before that sometimes people with dark brown hair are born white-blond and it gets darker as they get older. That could happen here.”

“It could very easily and Max’s family has such a variety of hair and eyes colours that those girls could come out with a selection of any of them.”

“Like Calix looking like a carbon copy of Myron.” Harry nodded. “I love his eyes; they’re so intense and different.”
Nasta chuckled. “I think Calix took your body build more than Max and Myron’s though.”

Harry pulled a face. “Here’s hoping he doesn’t hold that against me when he’s older.”

“Of course he won’t!” Nasta said quickly, but truth be told he’d never actually thought of that. Would their children dislike taking Harry’s slender shape and small stature when they had four tall, muscled Fathers? He’d have to keep an eye on that and nip it in the bud before it even started, if indeed it did ever happen and become an issue, but he hoped that it never did.

Harry sat down carefully on the settee as he had both of his girls in his arms as his other children ran riot around his feet, just happy and excited to see him there and know that he was in the room with them. He smiled at them as they babbled and talked to him, showing him things and handing him toys before rushing away to get something else to hand to him. He had a seat full of toys and teddies next to him. It was adorable.

Harry had told Blaise and Draco that the girls were Max’s, but it was just bad luck that the one who had Fathered them was the last to know as he was still in work, it seemed his quality checks were taking longer than he’d estimated they would.

Harry was settling into home life again happily after almost three weeks away as he checked everything over with his children, checking their little teeth, of which there were many now, Braiden had fifteen teeth, Farren had ten, Tegan had eight, Regan had five and Calix had ten. Leolin of course still didn’t have any, but Harry was very happy to see him reaching up and stretching to try and grip at the shiny mirror floating just out of his reach on the baby gym. He was getting stronger and more active and after his recent set back with his hospitalisation, it was amazing to see him doing something other than eating, sleeping or just lying awake and not moving.

Though of course he’d only been awake for a mere few hours before Draco brought up the inevitable Dragon Pox vaccinations that the four older quintuplets needed this month, he’d actually booked them while he had been in his nest for the following week.

“They need those vaccinations.” Draco said stubbornly.

“You know they always cry for me afterwards.” Harry said in exasperation. “I’m glad that you want them vaccinated, but at least try to make it a bit more comfortable for them, Draco. They like me being there with them and holding the vaccinations back by a couple of weeks is not going to ruin the other vaccines they’ve already had or endanger them in any way.”
“I just don’t want them to…”

“I know and after the scare with Leolin and hearing about what happened to those poor children at the Faerie City…it has terrified me too, but it still could have waited a few weeks until after I’d given birth and come out of my nest to go with them.”

“You’re out of your nest now.” Draco pointed out.

“I am, which has saved you from four tantrums and possibly from being thrown up on too.” Harry deadpanned.

Draco kissed him and tried to take one of the baby girls, but Harry lifted the corner of his upper lip back and growled, holding the baby tighter.

“Just five minutes, please.” He begged.

Harry frowned consideringly. “I’m trying to fit names to them, so you had better make it just five minutes.”

“Anything you can give us a hint on?” Blaise asked from where he was lying on the floor, Calix crawling all over his back and Regan building a tower with Blaise’s help in front of him.

Harry grinned and shook his head. “Not yet, but I have some good ideas, none that I want to share yet though.”

Harry looked at the baby in his arms, the smallest baby, or rather the lightest baby as both girls had been sixteen inches long, his oldest girl, who was already named for Max’s great-grandmother, the great-great grandmother that this little girl was now never going to meet, was lighter than her sister by a mere two ounces.

He sighed and wondered if he could get away with naming the baby with the letter E to match her middle name of Evelyn, but he wasn’t sure naming the baby something like Emily Evelyn was going to do his daughter any good when she was in school.

He huffed out a sigh again and it was only ten minutes later that he snapped at Nasta to go and get him his baby name book. All credit to Nasta he just lifted one black eyebrow and put aside his paperwork and did as Harry had asked. He’d only been up for less than half an hour too, he’d gone for his nap after sorting out Harry’s scar and the new plasters after his bath and he’d grabbed a
refreshing and rejuvenating two hour nap. He looked less like he would drop down unconscious at any moment and more like the alert, watchful gorgeous man that they knew and loved so very much.

Harry grabbed his arm and pulled him into a kiss when he came back with the huge book that looked more like an encyclopaedia.

“I’m sorry, I just don’t want to name them something stupid and have them stuck with it for life, or at least until they’re seventeen and can legally change it, I want their names to be perfect and it’s doing my head in. I didn’t mean to snap at you.”

Nasta cupped his chin and kissed him back, pecking at his lips until Harry couldn’t help but smile into the kisses.

“It took you days to name all of the quintuplets, don’t push yourself so hard so soon, after all they’ve only just been born, the perfect name will come to you, it always does.”

“It helps me to stay still and sitting down.” Harry pointed out with a cheeky grin.

“Then by all means sit right here and pore over this book until you’ve found a name, just be careful, I don’t want you upset either.”

“I know what sort of name I want, at least I have an idea, a tentative idea, but it’s just not coming to me! I need some inspiration.”

“You need the patience of a saint.” Blaise laughed from the floor.

“Especially with those two, they cry like a bloody siren.” Max said as he came into the living room.

“Where the hell did you come from?” Draco demanded.

“The front door.” Max said with an eyebrow up near his hairline. “I went shopping remember, I Apparated home.”
“Hi, Max.” Harry greeted softly.

Max came and kissed him hard and deep and when they broke apart Harry was panting and laughing.

“I missed you too, how was work?”

“Boring stuff today, just quality controlling, it didn’t take me more than an hour and a half.”

“You’ve been gone for nearly five hours!” Blaise said incredulously.

“I had to make sure that what I was getting for my girls’ was perfect!”

“Looks like you bought out half the baby shops in London.” Harry laughed with a nod to the several bags wrapped around Max’s left wrist.

“Nothing’s too much for those little girls.” Max grinned as he dropped the bags to the floor.

“Let’s see what you bought then.” Draco said as he stood up and went to go digging through the bags. Max stole the baby girl from Draco’s arms and gave her a big kiss as he sat down next to Harry and cradled her, ignoring the evil glare that Draco was giving him for taking the baby from him.

“They are your girls too, you know.” Harry said softly, watching Max closely.

“Of course they are, I love them so much.” Max replied with a sappy, lovey-dovey look at the baby in his arms, not really listening to what Harry was saying.

Harry laughed. “No, they are yours, as in biologically.”

Max blinked at him. “They are?” He questioned as he looked from the baby in his arms to the baby in Harry’s.
“Yes.” Harry nodded happily. “Really, who else’s could they be with all this blondish-brown, curly hair.”

“Theyir hair isn’t curly!” Max denied, even as he pulled the hat gently from the head of the girl in his arms to spy, just as Harry had said, blondish-brown curly locks. “They…they really are mine.”

“Like I told you, they’re yours, two more little Maxie Maddisons running around. Just what we, and the world, need.”

“I can’t believe they have curly hair! Of all the traits my grandmother passed on into the genes it had to be curly hair!”

“I think they look sweet.” Harry said with a smitten smile at his newborn babies.

“Can I tell the family the good news? Do we have names yet?”

“You can tell them, but no visitors until tomorrow. Harry needs his rest and he doesn’t need the fuss.” Nasta said firmly.

“And no names just yet, I’m working on it.” Harry said as he patted the huge, thick book which was opened on the letter E’s.

Max grinned. “I’ll be back when my Dads stop trying to strangle me and let my head go!” He said excitedly as he handed Nasta the little girl that he was holding and flooed to his family home.

Harry shook his head. “He needs something to calm him down.”

“He’s got a good eye for fashion though.” Draco said happily as he pulled out the mountain of clothes that Max had bought from their respective shopping bags.

Harry looked at the tiny dresses, the little skirts and tops complete with miniature tights and leggings and the more practical bodysuits and sleepsuits in pale pink, white and a soft pastel purple
that Harry really, really loved.

“That colour, what is it?” He asked Draco curiously; who as their most fashion orientated lover was more likely to know the answer.

Draco looked at it. “Purple.” He said as if Harry was being ridiculous.

Harry gave him back an unimpressed glower. “What kind of purple, I can already see that it’s purple, what shade is it?!?”

Draco pulled a face as if he couldn’t believe that he hadn’t understood what Harry had meant with his question. “It’s one of the pastel purples; I think it might be pastel violet.”

“I really, really like it. I think I want their bedroom in that colour, at least until they’re old enough to decide for themselves.”

“Is this another hint for us to get a new house?” Nasta asked him from over his paperwork.

Harry sniffed. “I’m not hinting any more, I’m telling you that we need a bigger house. Braiden will need his own room soon, the twins will need their own room and the quintuplets might need two or even three rooms, that’s five extra bedrooms, Nasta. We only have two spare, though we could always shove the quintuplets in a room together or make them share with Braiden and demolish the upstairs bathroom and convert that into a bedroom, we’ll still have our en suite and the downstairs bathroom, but by the time that’s finished I could have had even more babies and then we’ll be back to square one, we need a bigger house!”

Harry stubbornly refused to hear anything else about it, he didn’t particularly want to move, he loved this house and it held some amazing memories for him, but it was becoming a necessity. They needed more space and more bedrooms.

“At least settle with those two first.” Blaise encouraged. “We can start looking at houses in the spring.”

“I agree with Blaise.” Nasta said and Harry gave him a look.
“Fine, but we will find a new house as soon as possible, Braiden’s getting older and with the twins now we’re lacking space.”

Harry indicated how cramped it looked in their living room with the four of them sitting in it with five children roving the floor, one lying in the baby gym on the floor and the two newborns and that was without Max there, Max who was huge, broad and dominated any room that he was in by his sheer size alone without factoring in his larger than life personality.

“This is no way to live! We can’t even have guests around anymore, the quintuplets birthday was a squashed up hell with everyone in this house, a tin of sardines doesn’t even cover how cramped it was in this house. I had enough of being crammed into small spaces when I was forced to sleep in a cupboard as a chi…!” Harry cut himself off and he shut his mouth, looking at his lap. “Sorry.” He said softly.

The settee dipped after a moment and Nasta threw his arm around him, a soft, but scratchy kiss was pressed to the side of his head.

“I’m sorry this room reminds you of your childhood, Harry.” Nasta said softly.

“It’s not…it’s not the same as the cupboard.” Harry said. “I’m not lonely for a start, but the lack of space, it is getting to me a bit. I don’t want it to and I do try not to think about it and not to let it get to me, but sometimes it still does.”

“We’ll sort it, I promise, just a little longer.” Nasta swore.

Harry nodded and looked at the girls, both sleeping, both silent and still.

“Eva.” He said softly.

“Sorry?” Blaise asked as he perked his head up.

Harry showed Nasta the page that he was looking at and pointing out the little tidbit underneath.

“That should appease Max’s family tradition and I like the name.” Harry said with a smile.

“Welcome to the family, Eva.” Nasta said, kissing the baby in his arms.

Harry laughed. “This one is Eva, not that one.” He said, indicating the baby in his own arms.

“I thought this one was the older twin.” Nasta said with a frown.

Harry checked them over critically. “Nope, this one is the older twin, that one’s the younger.”

“I’m going to buy them bracelets or necklaces or something to tell them apart.” Draco complained.

“And then when they get older and start swapping them over just to confuse us because we’ve become reliant on looking at the bracelets to tell them apart, what then?” Harry asked. “No, you learn to tell them apart from the subtle differences in their appearance and their personalities.”

“They’re two days old! They haven’t got any personalities.” Draco grumbled.

“I just realised, Max isn’t here again, he was the last to know they were actually his biologically and now he’s the last to know the first born girl’s name.” Blaise pointed out.

Harry’s eyes went wide. “Oh, I didn’t realise! I just…it just came to me and it fit and it was perfect so I said it out loud, I didn’t mean…”

“We know.” Nasta said soothingly. “He’ll just be excited to welcome Eva into the family. He won’t care, just like he never when he found out they were his.”

“Now our youngest needs a name.” Harry said as he placed his hand over the head of the baby in Nasta’s arms.
“Don’t push yourself; do you want to break for a snack?”

“I could use some tea to help me think.” Harry said with a grin.

Nasta laughed as he stood up, placing the baby in his arms into the bassinet beside Harry, he went into the kitchen, taking orders from Blaise and Draco on the way past.

Max came home exuberant and joyful as he pulled the baby immediately from the bassinet and into his arms. Harry shook his head as his biggest mate kissed the baby wetly and loudly and sat down to cradle her. These two were never going to get a moment of peace and the bassinets were a waste of space as it seemed that they were never going to get to use them.

“Do you like the clothes?” Max asked.

“They’ll suffice.” Draco said haughtily.

“I love them.” Harry said with a smile. “We need to swap babies too.”

“Why, has your twin wet a nappy?” Max asked, even as he moved to do as he was asked.

“No, at least I don’t think so. Oh I hope they don’t turn out to be two more Calix’s.” Harry fretted.

Max checked the baby in his arms. “No, she’s fine. Why did we have to swap?”

“Because I wanted you to meet your oldest daughter, Eva after the saint of Liege. Eva Evelyn Potter-Maddison.”

“You named her? We were just talking baby names and what you might call them, none of us guessed Eva though.”

“Do you like it?” Harry asked a bit quietly.

“I love it. What’s the other one’s name?”
“I haven’t decided yet.

“So we have Eva and unnamed.”

“Unnamed for now.” Harry grinned.

Nasta came in and he handed everyone a cup of tea, he’d obviously heard Max come home as there was a cup for him too.

“Did he tell you the news?”

“He did, I love it!” Max declared happily. “Little baby Eva.” He all but whispered as he cradled her gently.

“Dada Ma? Baba ba.”

“This is your new baby sister Braiden, this is Eva.”

“Baba Va!” Braiden said with a grin, his mouth of teeth on show.

“You’re so clever and you’re the very bestest little boy in the world.” Max declared to him softly, which made him shriek in laughter and clap his hands…right next to Eva’s head.

The loud crying of the baby made all of his children stop and look over at the noise as Max shushed her and tried to comfort her after she’d been startled.

Harry’s attention was taken from a crying Eva and was instead grabbed by Regan, who stood up against the table and toddled from the table to the settee that Max was sat on without help and unaided.

“Please tell me that I wasn’t the only one to see that!” He burst out as he quickly got up, put the unnamed baby girl into her bassinet and rushed as fast as his sore, aching muscles allowed him, to Regan to praise him.
“What did he do?” Max asked.

“He just took his first steps!” Harry said excitedly before he rained kisses all over a giggling Regan.

“What, unaided?” Max asked.

Harry nodded. “He pulled himself up with the table and then toddled from the table to here on his own!”

“Well done, Regan.” Blaise said happily as Nasta came and picked him up, kissing his little mouth.

“You’re getting to be a big boy now, Regan; you’ll be running around before we can catch up soon.” He told his son with a proud grin.

“Put him down and see if he’ll walk for the camera.” Draco insisted as he set the Muggle contraption up how Harry and Nasta had shown him.

Nasta did as he asked, putting Regan down next to the table as he hunched down a little way away and held his arms out to encourage him.

“Come on, Regan, come to me.”

Regan giggled at him like it was a game and Calix crawled right over to Nasta and demanded his attention, which made Max laugh.

“Mama?” Regan called out softly, looking around the room for Harry.

“I’m by here, love.” Harry said from behind him and Regan turned around and gurgled at Harry, clapping his hands happily.
He once again used the table to pull himself to his feet and he rushed to Harry as fast as his unsteady, toddling steps could manage and he all but fell into Harry’s arms.

“You’re going to be a little terror on your feet, I can tell.” Harry said as he cuddled Regan close and bent him over his knee to tickle him, which resulted in baby giggles.

“Mama, usk.”

Harry looked at him consideringly.

“Usk is a river in Wales isn’t it?” Max asked Nasta.

“It is, but I don’t think that’s what he’s saying.”

“He wants a Rusk.” Harry said simply and Regan clapped his hands together happily once again.

“Usk!” He cried with a grin.

Blaise went out into the kitchen and came back in with the box of Rusks. He threw one at Harry, who caught it and handed it to Regan as Blaise gave Farren one, which was grabbed off of him immediately by Tegan.

Blaise took it back from her and handed it back to Farren before he could start crying and handed Tegan her own biscuit before handing one to Calix who was continuously crawling around his feet, babbling non-stop, waiting for his turn to be handed a biscuit.

It was silent when all the babies had a biscuit and Harry took a moment to just breathe, cuddling Regan on his lap still. He loved moments like this, where his growing babies had done something new and accomplished and he happily looked around at them all as they nibbled and licked on their Rusks while they all just took a moment to absorb the short lived silence.

The next morning, the twenty-first of January, Harry slept late yet again and when he came down the stairs in a clean pair of pyjamas, because his muscles still ached too much to even contemplate stuffing himself into a pair of jeans, Max was in the fire, talking heatedly to someone.
“What’s going on?” He asked softly.

“He’s arguing with his family, we agreed that they could come over today, but Max refused while you were still in bed.” Nasta explained.

“I’m not in bed now.” Harry said.

“They can come over in an hour.” Nasta said firmly and Max relayed the messaged. “After you’ve woken up a little and had something to eat and had a chance to hold the girls before they’re passed around from pillar to post.”

Harry nodded and he went into the kitchen to get some cereal and a cup of tea. Blaise came with him, Farren cocked out on his hip.

“Muma, wusk.” Farren said as he looked around for the familiar red and orange box.

Harry shook his head. “Do you want a mid-morning snack?”

He found the Rusks in the cupboard and pulled one out for Farren and handed it to him, smiling happily as he watched Farren wiggle and squirm in utter enjoyment as he gnawed and sucked on the hard biscuit.

“If he gets any heavier I’ll need back support to carry him.” Blaise laughed.

“You leave him alone.” Harry said without bite. “It’s wonderful that he has an appetite and with genes like Max’s then he was always going to be big.”

“Calix isn’t.”

“Calix takes more after me, or did you forget that my genes made him too?”
“Sorry.” Blaise said softly, but his tone alone told Harry that he didn’t really know what he was apologising for and was doing so just to appease him and keep him happy. It made him huffy instead.

Harry ate his cereal and drank his tea before he made another cup to take with him into the living room. He carried it carefully, but when he ran into Calix in the hallway, obviously on his way to the kitchen to see him, he couldn’t help but grin.

He bent down and picked Calix up, but the resulting pain in his stomach made him drop his cup of tea to use that arm to support Calix before he dropped him instead. The cup shattered on the floor and had Nasta there in three seconds flat, if that, to sweep him off his feet and up into his arms, taking Calix with them.

“Are you alright? What happened?” He asked as he stepped carefully over the broken china and carried him into the living room.

“I dropped a cup.” Harry told him. “I picked Calix up and I guess my stomach wasn’t ready for the bend and lift and I thought it better to drop the cup than to drop Calix.”

“I’ll clean it up now, just be careful, Harry, don’t push yourself, you’re still recovering.”

Harry nodded as he was placed onto the settee, lying down on his back and he sat Calix up on his chest, away from his empty bump and the sore caesarean scar.

Max came over and took Calix from him and bent to put him on the floor and Harry was about to get angry and demand his son be given back when Max sat down on the few inches of settee that wasn’t taken up by Harry’s body, facing away from him and he lifted his shirt to reveal the plaster covered gauze.

Max was checking on his scar and was likely going to change the salve and coverings. Harry huffed almost silently. It would have been nice if his biggest mate had told him so beforehand instead of just taking his son from him without any sort of explanation, he wasn’t a mind reader and he never would be if how poorly he grasped at the mind arts was any indication.

He lay back and let Max do what he wished as he watched his babies at play, of course Calix hadn’t been happy to be moved from Harry to the floor, so he hadn’t gone far. He was kneeling up against the settee by Harry’s head and he was babbling to him furiously as Harry groomed his hair with his fingers.

“I know sweetheart, Daddy Max moved you didn’t he?” Harry cooed as Calix paused. “I can’t decide if you’re acting like a furious cat or an angry bee.”
“Angry bee, definitely.” Max said as he threw a huge grin over his shoulder. “With all that angry buzzing going on behind me I thought I’d have to bring out the fly swatter.”

Harry laughed. “Oh, ow! Stop making me laugh!” He demanded. “You know I can’t laugh just after birth, the pain is almost as bad as being punctured by a Basilisk fang!”

“That’s the second time that you’ve alluded to that incident. What happened?” Nasta demanded as he came back into the living room with a fresh cup of tea for him.


“The Basilisk, you mentioned it when Leolin was in the hospital that you’d gone up against a sixty foot Basilisk when you were twelve, you’ve just said that you were punctured by a Basilisk fang, what happened?”

“Nothing really.” Harry shrugged uncomfortably.

Nasta gave him an unimpressed scowl. Harry groaned. “Why do you have to make such a huge deal out of it? It happened six years ago!”

“If it’s not a big deal then tell us about it.” Nasta challenged with a smirk that Harry refused to admit made his belly tighten painfully in lusty desire.

He groaned theatrically which made his babies laugh at him.

“It was second year, something about the Chamber of Secrets being opened, Heir of Slytherin, students being petrified, follow the spiders, blah, blah, blah, almost got eaten by a nest of Acromantula, Hermione figured out about the pipes, something about a diary, Ginny got taken down into the Chamber so naturally I went to rescue her because I figured out that the entrance to the Chamber must have been in a bathroom because of Moaning Myrtle, went down, killed the Basilisk and rescued Ginny and got a special award for services to the school for it.” Harry rattled off quickly before sitting up and drinking his tea.

“Would you like to tell us the full version now?” Nasta asked with the bite of a growl in his voice.
“That is the full version.” Harry said.

“I think Nasta means for you to fill in the blanks and tell us what happened, when and how in detail.” Max explained as Nasta flushed a horrible red. “We take your safety seriously and Nasta’s top dominant instincts are likely ripping his brain to pieces at the moment over this.”

“It happened six years ago!” He said firmly. “How can you keep me safe from mere memories?”

“Harry, we love you and we want to know everything about you, the good and the bad.” Blaise put in. “Nasta could just order you to tell us and you’d have to, but he’s trying to hold back to give you a choice, do you understand how painful that is for him? How difficult it is for him to hold back the instinct to order you to just do as he says? We love you so much; please just tell us what happened?”

“I don’t want you to be angry with me.” Harry tried to explain.

“We will be angry if you try to keep secrets from us, love, especially secrets to do with your safety, even past safety.” Max explained. “As you said, it happened six years ago, so it’s not like we can punish you for it, we just want to know what happened to you.”

Harry sighed and made himself comfortable. “Wait until the kids have gone down for their nap at least, I don’t want them overhearing this; they’re at an age where they absorb everything.”

“My family will be here then; do you want me to get rid of them at lunch?” Max asked, looking at the clock, it was only half ten in the morning, but his family would be here at eleven, that left just an hour for them to meet and greet the newborn girls.

“As long as Myron promises not to spank me, they can stay. They heard about my first year, why not the second too? Besides I’ve already told Richard.”

“Wait, wait, wait. You told my Dad? When?! Why does he know before me?” Max asked, pouting at him.

Harry sighed. “The fang that went through my arm left a scar; I had to tell him about it to rule it out
of the Muggle evidence for the court case.”

“I can’t believe he never told Dad about it!” Max grinned. “My Dad Richard has never kept anything from my Dad Myron. He’s going to freak and go ballistic on his arse, not yours.”

“Good.” Harry grinned back. “Now hand me my girls, I want a cuddle before I have them stolen from me later.”

Nasta handed first one girl to him and then the other. They were wearing their new, perfectly fitting, sleepsuits, one in powder blue and the other in the pastel violet that Harry had loved.

He stared at them hard and then one baby moved a hand to rub over her own ear and he knew immediately that she was the unnamed baby, so that meant that the baby in the powder blue sleepsuit was Eva.

“Good morning, Eva.” He greeted her softly and pressing a kiss to her head, inhaling the soft, clean scent of newborn baby from her skin and hair. “Good morning, sweet girl, I know you don’t have a name yet, but you will soon. I promise.” He said to the other as he kissed her too.

“How in the name of Merlin did you tell them apart just by looking at them? We had to wait for their feed to put them in different colours to tell them apart.” Draco said incredulously.

“The younger baby plays with her right ear to soothe herself, she first did it just a few hours after birth. Every forty minutes or so she’ll lift a hand and play with her ear.”

“And Eva doesn’t do that?” Nasta asked, looking at the baby in the powder blue.

Harry shook his head. “She plays with the hair behind her ears. She’ll tug on it lightly and carefully, more like running her hair over her fingertips. I’m not sure if she likes the feeling of her hair sliding over the tips of her fingers or if she likes the feeling of her actual hair.”

“I’m going to be on the lookout for that now.” Blaise said with a grin.

“How do you tell them apart when they’re not awake and not self-soothing?”
“I just can.” Harry shrugged. “They smell different to me, they act differently, they look exactly alike for now, but they’re not the same. Does that make sense?”

“I understand it.” Nasta nodded. “They have subtle differences in smell, but it changes depending on everything around them, so I can’t tell them apart from it. Currently they smell like Draco to me because he refused to put them down all morning.”

Harry laughed at that. “Just don’t forget our older babies.” He said seriously.

Draco snorted and indicated Tegan, who was perched in his lap with one of her favoured cardboard books, babbling under her breath as she flipped the pages over and then back again.

Harry grinned at the sight of it. Regan was sat close to them both too, but he had a crude knitted ballerina doll that Hermione had made for Tegan for Christmas, Regan didn’t care as he bashed it about happily in play with a doll house.

“You need to tell Granger to stop with the knitting projects, it’s not working.” Draco said with a sniff, following where Harry was looking.

“She’s getting better.” Harry smiled. “She started making hats for the house-elves when she first started knitting and Ron came out with that they looked more like woolly bladders so they didn’t count as clothes. I miss those days.” He said sadly.

Max slipped an arm around him and cuddled him in close, pressing a kiss to the side of his head.

“He didn’t deserve to know you and what he did to you was wrong and unforgivable.” Max said.

“I’m glad that you made up and that you agreed to be civil, but I would have been too angry, too upset if you had become friends again. I wouldn’t have been able to get over what I’d seen him do to you, how upset he’d made you, nor the damage that he’d done.” Nasta added.

“We would never have been friends again. He almost killed Braiden, every time I’d see him he would have reminded me of that almost miscarriage and that foul concoction that I had to drink to save Braiden’s life before it had even really begun. Civility I can stretch to, but friendship…no, never again. Too much happened between us, too many things were said that can never be unheard; there’s simply too much water under the bridge to ignore it. No amount of time will ever fix the damage done.”
Their distraction came with the floo warning sounding a minute before Richard flooed into their living room with a grin. He stepped over the low fire gate and came straight to him to peer at the two girls.

“I’ve heard so much about them, but this is the first time that I’m getting to actually see them.” He said pulling Harry’s head to his lips for a kiss. “They’re gorgeous, I’m so proud of you!”

Myron came in just behind Richard and he too stood over the gate and he forcibly moved Richard out of the way so that he could greet Harry and get his first look at the newborn girls.

“Oh da!” Braiden exclaimed as he pulled himself up with the table and toddled on unsteady feet to Myron’s leg, clutching it tightly, bouncing on his feet still gripping Myron’s leg. “Ah da, ah da!” He repeated holding his arms up to Myron, who stooped all the way down, having to go to one knee to get low enough, and picked him up, holding him up on his shoulder so that they could have eye contact, cocked on the side of his ribcage where most would have sat Braiden on their hips, but Myron was not most men and he was not the size of most men either.

“Is he saying…?”

“Granddad, we’ve been working with him to get him to recognise his granddads’ through pictures, it seems that you stuck in his mind.” Draco said with a smirk.

“I can’t believe he’s walking! He’s getting much better at it too.” Richard said as he patted Braiden’s back gently.

“Regan took his first steps yesterday afternoon too.” Harry said proudly.

“Really?” Richard looked around and then he swooped down and pulled Regan up into his arms, the boy laughing happily as he was hefted up high quickly, dropping his knitted ballerina in favour of clutching at Richard.

“I hear that our new granddaughters are Max’s or is he just pulling our legs again? He’s been insufferable with his boasts about how virile he is.” Myron said as Max refused to be embarrassed and grinned proudly, his chest puffed up and out.
“They’re Max’s; they have his curly hair to prove it.” Harry said with a grin of his own as he pulled Eva’s little hat off to show the brownish-blond curls that she was sporting.

“I do not have curly hair!” Max denied with a pout.

“Only because you keep sheering it off so that it’s too short to get curls in it.” Harry said flippantly.

“That’s adorable; Max had the most cherubic little curls as a child.” Richard said teasingly, looking at Max while making it look like he was looking at the baby. “He got them from Ashleigh’s Mother’s genes. I was displeased when he got older and started cutting his curls off himself and so short too! Not a single wave was left to show that he’d ever had curly hair and he’s still the same now.”

Marianna came over next and she immediately took one little girl from him.

“Oh, sweetheart, she’s lovely!” Marianna exclaimed as she held the tiny baby up and she kissed the baby softly.

“If I’d known that we could take the babies I would have done it sooner.” Myron said, right before he took the other baby from Harry, Braiden still in his other arm.

Harry shook his head with a laugh just as Aneirin flooed into their living room, he was happy to pick up Tegan and stand beside Marianna and Myron to look at the new arrivals.

“You did an amazing job; I hope there were no problems or complications?” He asked with a soft, proud smile at Harry which automatically made him puff up with pride.

“No, nothing. It all went really smooth and quickly. The only trouble I had was getting around the umbilical cords, I got my wrist caught between them, but that’s all, nothing serious.”

“Do they have names yet?” Richard asked.

Harry smiled at the floor before shooting a look to Max, who was all but bouncing in excitement.
“One has so far.” Harry strung out, teasing a little.

“Which one?” Myron asked.

“The baby in powder blue is the one who has a name.” Harry said happily, looking at them as they looked at him, obviously waiting for him to continue.

“Don’t tease them, Harry.” Nasta’s hand landed in his hair and stroked it lightly through strong fingers.

Harry laughed. “Her name is Eva. Eva Evelyn Potter-Maddison. Named of course after Saint Eva of Liege and after a wonderful woman who these two will now never meet.”

“That’s a lovely name.” Marianna praised.

“Oh, did I miss the name?” Narcissa asked as she stepped gracefully and elegantly out of the fireplace, brushing the soot off of her cloak, just catching the end of the conversation.

“Eva.” Harry said softly as Lucius flooed in behind her.

“Ga ma.” Braiden called out and reached for her over Myron’s shoulder.

“Did he just…?”

“He called you grandma. We’ve been teaching him with photos. So far he recognised Myron as his grandfather and you as his grandmother.”

Harry blinked as he realised what he’d said and he looked at Marianna to see how she’d taken the news that her biological grandson was calling another woman grandma, but she was smiling still and she was rocking Eva gently. Dracken families truly were as fluid as water, it seemed.

Narcissa was beside herself in happiness as she plucked Braiden from Myron and kissed all over his face, leaving small smears of her pale lipstick on his cheeks and chin as she praised him and
told him how smart he was.

“I better get their lunches on or they’ll be eating late and then they definitely won’t be happy, Farren especially.” Max said with a grin.

“I’ll come with you, goldilocks.” Richard teased as he moved into the kitchen with Max to their shouting argument about Max’s curly hair and all the names that Richard could think of to call him to tease him about it.

Harry shook his head. “I think they look sweet.”

“They do.” Narcissa assured him. “They look adorable, sweetheart. Now does this other little darling have a name?”

Harry shook his head again. “No, I haven’t found any suitable names yet, I did think of Ava, but… well Eva, Ava, a bit too similar for my liking. There is the possibility of getting tongue tied when calling them and I never want to call one of my children by the name of a sibling, especially not an identical twin.”

“Understandable.” Aneirin nodded as he bounced Tegan on his forearm as she giggled and babbled happily. “Why not try a similar name but one that doesn’t have a single letter difference and is pronounced differently?”

Harry cocked his head, thinking hard and deeply. Of course he was disturbed by the twin girls waking for their feed and he sighed. He didn’t want his one girl to go so long without a name, but he just couldn’t think of anything and he didn’t know how to do everything he needed to and keep the Maddison tradition.

He blew out a deep breath and pulled Calix up onto his lap when his son hit at his knee. Calix laughed and bounced on him, Harry could only keep that up for a minute or so before his stomach muscles started searing in agonising pain.

“I can’t bounce you anymore, Calix, sorry.” He explained. “My muscles hurt too much, sweetheart.”

Calix bounced on him some more, but when Harry didn’t join in and stopped making him bounce harder and higher, he started crying and kicking out his feet in the beginnings of a tantrum.
“Pass him here.” Nasta insisted as he hefted Calix up from Harry’s lap, which stopped the temper tantrum in its tracks as Calix giggled happily at the fast, sudden movement and clapped his tiny hands together in joy.

They all moved to the kitchen for a little more space and better access to the kettle for tea and baby bottles and when Mrs Weasley flooed over, he called out to her and her husband to draw them to the kitchen from the empty living room, he was unsurprised to see Ginny with them, a little surprised to see the twins had come to visit, but downright shocked to see Charlie and Bill, who had a stunning blonde on his arm who Harry hadn’t seen in years, it really had been too long since he’d taken the time to go and see and talk to Bill’s Fiancée.

“I wasn’t sure if you’d like this, but I wanted to introduce you…not that you don’t know who she is, of course.” Bill said a little nervously.

Harry looked closely at the woman, noting the changes from her eighteen year old self to her twenty-two years before he laughed happily and went to embrace her.

“Of course it’s fine. Fleur, it’s been far too long, how have you been?” Harry asked. “Why are you still with Bill?”

“Hey!” Bill exclaimed as he cuddled the woman close with a mock glare to Harry.

“Are you two still engaged? When’s the wedding, can I come to this one? Do you have any babies on the way yet?”

“We were going to marry last year and the year before that, but we thought it would be best if we had a long engagement. The date has been set for this coming August though, but not near Braiden’s second birthday, of course.”

“I’m very happy for you both.”

“You were always so sweet, ‘Arry.” Fleur said throatily as she hugged him and gave him a kiss to each cheek. “Pregnancy suits you well, you are glowing!”
Harry laughed. “I can’t seem to stop having babies.”

“Maybe you should try contraceptives?” Charlie said with a wink.

Harry huffed. “I don’t want those drugs and potions, I want more babies. I’ll be very happy if I have a hundred babies.”

“Don’t you think that’s a little extreme?” Ginny said curiously with a wink. She knew that he was a Dracken and couldn’t control it. Bill and Fleur, however, didn’t know yet.

“No.” Harry answered shaking his head. “I’ve been…I’ve been denied a family for so long. I just want to make my own now that I can. I want to make fifteen Quidditch teams out of my children and I want to do that with these four, amazing men of mine.”

“Aww, we love you too.” Max said as he pulled Harry into a deep, scorching kiss that made his toes curl in his socks. “As long as you give us about twenty-six babies each, you will have your wish, but if Nasta gives you fifty, I’m suggesting that we chain him up and make the numbers more even.”

“You’re the one with the most babies so far!” Harry pointed out laughingly.

“If I get those fifty babies then I retain the right to gloat and try to get you with more.” Max said seriously.

Harry laughed and swatted at Max. “Get these babies their lunches before Farren eats through his highchair tray.”

“The little girls are Max’s?” Mrs Weasley asked, even as she cradled the unnamed baby close to her chest.

Harry nodded his head with a smile. “They are, which brings his total up to four babies.”

“I’m going to have to start pulling away now.” Max smiled. “I’m going to have to get in there quick next time again or my Grandfather will have at me.”
Harry shook his head. “Where is Alexander?”

“He didn’t want to overwhelm you or fill the house around the newborns. He’ll leave you be for a few days, maybe a week before he comes to clamour you and meet the girls. His hand was mostly forced anyway, Ellien has gone onto her heat, he’s babysitting her five children.”

“Aunt Ellien has gone onto a heat period?” Max asked in surprise.

“Yes, her first for eleven years.” Myron said for Harry’s benefit when he blinked in confusion. “Her youngest, Shane, is now twelve.”

“Shouldn’t they be in school?” Draco asked.

“Aunt Ellien is a bit of a snob.” Max said with a face. “Only the best tutors will do for her little darlings. She won’t let them out of her sight either despite Granddad’s attempts. I think that’s why it’s so rare that she goes onto heats, she’s fifty-six and we already have more children than her.”

“How did that happen?” Blaise asked. “Her being a snob that is, hardly any of the Maddisons are like the typical submissives clogging up the meetings.”

“She’s the one that slipped through the net; she was always jealous and possessive, even as a child.” Myron said as Max served the babies their lunches of teeny tiny cubes of chicken, creamed potatoes and peas. It was going to be a messy lunch and those peas were going to be everywhere by the end of the meal.

“She’s a bitch.” Richard said flatly. “If you don’t think her babies are geniuses then she tries to curse you. The real kicker is that her babies aren’t geniuses, they’re smart, don’t get me wrong, but they’re not geniuses, Braiden is definitely more advanced than any of Ellien’s babies were at his age.”

Harry puffed up uncontrollably. He couldn’t help it and he grinned right along with everyone else for his behaviour.

“You have a lot to be proud of.” Aneirin told him, nudging his shoulder. “But bringing down the
mood a little, Dain and Kailen want to come and see Leolin now that he’s out of the hospital and the contagion in the Faerie City has been contained and has now run its course. They swear they won’t bring any diseases or illnesses into the house or they wouldn’t dare ask to come and visit.”

“We’ve got to have time to settle in to a routine with the twins, Harry needs his rest to recover and the quintuplets have their third Dragon Pox vaccine next week.” Nasta said stiffly.

Aneirin sighed exasperatedly. “I’m very sure that you could make a million excuses to hold it off for the next year and a half, Nasta, but they’re cooperating with us, they’re accommodating us and now they’re even worse because of the tragedy that’s hit them. We need to keep them sweet, Nasta and Leolin is the way to do it.”

“Aneirin’s right, we can’t afford to make enemies of the Faeries.” Harry said softly, touching Nasta and resting against him. “Think of Leolin, love. He might choose to live with them when he’s older and we’ve all gone, we can’t make that any more difficult for him than it is already going to be because he’s not a full blooded Faerie.”

Nasta gritted his teeth and ground them together. He nodded sharply. “In three and a half weeks then, after those injections, after my birthday and after Valentine’s Day and not a day sooner.”

Harry hugged him and grabbed him by the collar of his shirt and pulled him down and into a kiss.

“I love you.” Harry declared with a grin.

“You’re insufferable.” Nasta said, smirking to take the bite from his words and to show that he didn’t really mean what he’d said.

“You love me and everyone knows it.” Harry said airily, turning to go back to his babies, but two strong, solid arms wrapped around his waist tight and pulled him back against a matching solid chest. Plush lips mouthed around his neck, sucking gently and teeth lightly nipping. Harry’s head automatically fell to the side to give Nasta more room to move and better access to his vulnerable neck.

“Alright, alright, break it up.” Mrs Weasley clapped her hands. “Parental adults and young babies are present, gentlemen.”
“Mum!” Ginny whined sadly as Nasta stood up and just held Harry to him and Harry groaned.

“I was enjoying that.” He said with an exaggerated pout.

“Behave yourselves.” Narcissa said with a smile before she sighed wistfully. “Oh to be young and in love.” She rested against Lucius, who wrapped an arm around her back and held one of her hands in his own.

Harry was almost shocked. It was the most loving and intimate that he’d ever seen the Malfoys, Draco looked unsurprised and barely took notice of his parents’ actions and behaviour, perhaps Lucius and Narcissa acted like this all the time out of the public eye. He pondered on that and he smiled as he realised that it likely meant that they were getting more comfortable with him and the others in order for them to show this side of their relationship, of themselves, in public and that made him insanely happy.

“So does my other little granddaughter not have a name?” Richard all but begged.

Harry smiled and shook his head. “I can’t think of one, give me some time.”

“Don’t you push him.” Max mock glared at his Dad. “He’s doing amazingly well so far.”

“It did take him a few days to name the quintuplets.” Ginny pointed out, happily getting a cuddle from Eva. “She’s gorgeous, Harry.”

“That’s Eva.” He said with a nod.

“I love the name choice too.” Ginny winked at him.

“They are just beautiful.” Fleur said happily as she cuddled with the unnamed twin.

“Thanks, Fleur, when are you and Bill going to have some beautiful babies?” He teased.

“After the wedding, of course.” She laughed and Harry grinned.
“Your English is getting better.” He praised her.

“Bill has been ‘elping me, though thee French is still prevalent.” She nodded with a beatific smile.

“I bet he has.” Harry winked. “I remember how fun it was to try and teach Nasta Parseltongue.”

“Is it difficult to learn?” Fred asked with a face.

“Very.” Nasta answered. “Harry gave me a written booklet for Christmas that he’d made for me. I still haven’t got a clue what it says and I can’t pick out any patterns either. It’s an impossible language to learn.”

“I told you that it’s probably because it’s a snake language and snakes don’t write. I don’t think Parseltongue was ever meant to be written down on paper.” Harry explained.

“You still have that ability?” Arthur asked, sharing a look with his Wife.

Harry nodded with a frown. “Yes. I got so used to knowing it was there and ‘seeing’ it with my mind’s eye that I retained the ability even after Voldemort’s soul fragment was destroyed from within my head.”

“Wait, what?” Myron demanded sharply. “What soul fragment in your head?”

Harry sighed. “After the kids are down for their nap.” He said defeatedly shying away from the furious glare that he was getting from his mates.

“I still remember how to speak it.” Ginny said softly. “He possessed me for a couple of months and I still know how to say the words that he taught me perfectly. I think that once you hear it and know what it means, you just don’t forget it. Ron only heard Harry say open once and he knows how to say that one word too.”

“He does?” Harry said confusedly.
Ginny nodded. “I was explaining to him why I could speak the words I’d learnt, even if I could never understand a snake like you could or hold a conversation with one, but he realised then that he knew how to say open after listening to you speak it.”

“Have you tried to have a conversation with a snake since you lost the soul fragment in your head?” Aneirin asked.

Harry nodded. “Yes, I can still understand them and hold conversations with them.”

“Are you sure it’s actually gone?” Aneirin asked again.

Harry nodded vehemently. “Definitely.”

Max made the tea after he had washed up the plates from the kids lunches as Nasta, Draco and Blaise put the babies down for their nap, Harry was forced onto the settee and he had one of his girls pressed on to him to keep him sat down. He could stand up by himself with his arms free, but with something in his arms, especially one of his fragile babies; they knew that he’d be unable to get up.

“Sneaky, nasty people.” He huffed.

“What’s the matter?” Richard asked.

“I can’t stand up properly yet, I need both arms to do so and even then it’ll be painful. With my arms full, there’s no way I can get up.”

“They just want to keep you safe and well.” Mrs Weasley said with an approving nod. “You shouldn’t be moving just yet.”

Harry rolled his eyes and made Charlie laugh.

“I’m fine.” He said. “Coddling me isn’t going to help anything.”
“Did you, or did you not almost drop Calix because you pushed yourself too hard?” Blaise asked as he walked into the room and sat beside him.

“No, I dropped a cup; I kept my hold on Calix.” Harry corrected. “He’s getting heavier too. I need to start weight lifting to keep up with them.”

Max snorted as he came into the room with a tray of filled tea cups.

“They aren’t that heavy.” He brushed off.

“Not to you!” Harry pointed out with a laugh. “You’re three times bigger than I am.”

“I know.” Max said smugly with a grin.

Harry rolled his eyes just as Nasta and Draco came back into the room. They settled down and looked at him patiently.

“What first?” He asked sullenly.

“What was that about soul fragments in your head?” Myron repeated.

“Horcruxes. Voldemort had six of them that he knew about and a seventh that he didn’t know about. He used his old diary, the Gaunt family ring, Slytherin’s locket, Hufflepuff’s cup, Ravenclaw’s diadem, his snake Nagini and me. I was unknowingly keeping him alive and that is why we always repelled one another. It was why he was so drawn to me and so obsessed with me, I was a part of him. His soul fragment wanted to go back to him, it didn’t want to be inside me, so it tried to get back to him and though he didn’t know it, Voldemort was drawn to me because I had a piece of him inside me.”

“Horcruxes are powerful and dark soul magic.” Aneirin explained. “Not much is known about them, but I learnt about them from four different wizards, one in Croatia, one in Serbia and the other two in Greece. Just the unspeakable evil needed to split the soul in the first place would have most people baulking in disgust. To make six knowingly is completely despicable and would leave the remaining soul unstable. They’re nearly impossible to destroy as well. Basilisk venom and
Fiendfyre are about the only ways to completely destroy one, how did you do it?"

Harry sighed. “Back to the Basilisk.”

Aneirin gave him a look. “What Basilisk?”

“His second year, my first.” Ginny said softly. “The Diary, which we know now was a Horcrux, was in my belongings from a second hand book store.” Here she paused and looked at Lucius, but she said nothing to or about him. “I started writing in it and it wrote back. I thought it was so cool and I was really lonely and homesick, so I continued pouring my heart out to the diary.”

“As she put her soul into the diary, the Horcrux within it got stronger. There were messages left all over the school ‘The Chamber of Secrets has been opened, enemies of the Heir beware.’ And other such things.” Harry took over as Ginny went pale and silent. “Students were being petrified by Slytherin’s rumoured monster that he kept in the Chamber of Secrets. It was a pure stroke of luck that no one died that year.”

Here Harry gave his own look to Draco, who had the grace to flush an embarrassed pink.

“I was young. I didn’t actually want anyone to die, it was all bravado in front of my friends.” He said quietly. “It was all twelve year old bluster. I would have been horrified if anyone had actually died in the school that I was attending.”

“Anyway, things started happening, the school governors got involved as student safety was questioned and Hagrid, who had been blamed fifty years ago for opening the Chamber of Secrets the first time around and was subsequently expelled for it, was blamed again without any proof and he was taken to Azkaban.”

“That’s why he was expelled?” George asked wide eyed.

Harry nodded. “Only it was Voldemort both times, once when he was a student at the school, the second time he managed it through Ginny. But Hagrid told us to follow the spiders before he was taken away; Ron and I did this as Hermione had already been petrified by Slytherin’s monster this time.”

“Please tell me that you weren’t so stupid as to follow them, how can you be so reckless with your
Harry sighed. “We were young, Hermione had been petrified and she could have died. I got hold of the diary after Ginny had tried to get rid of it in the abandoned girls bathroom and I worked out how to use it and once we got talking, it took me into a memory of the day that Hagrid had been blamed for the opening of the Chamber and the death of a student, so we went to talk to Hagrid about the Chamber, just as he was arrested.”

“I was there that night.” Lucius cut in. “I surely would have seen you.”

Harry scratched his nose and grinned as he held his newborn daughter tighter. “I have an invisibility cloak. Ron and I were in the corner, watching you and Fudge, but Hagrid told us that we’d get the answers we needed if we followed the spiders, so we did.”

“Spiders are naturally afraid of Basilisks.” Aneirin cut in smoothly, displaying his intelligence and learned knowledge from all over the world. “For a creature with eight eyes to come up against a Basilisk who has a killing stare if caught with a direct gaze…it’s very reasonably their worst nightmare.”

“Add in that spiders don’t have eyelids and can’t close their eyes, it makes sense that they’d flee from a Basilisk.” Nasta nodded and Harry grinned, they were like two peas in a pod. Two very handsome, muscular peas.

“Ron and I followed the spiders as we’d been told to do, right into the forbidden forest and straight into a nest of Acromantula.”

“You did what?” Mrs Weasley demanded in a soft, horrified whisper, her face pale and her hand gripping Arthur’s arm tightly.

Harry rubbed the back of his neck. “Well at least they could speak English. We were able to talk to Aragog, Hagrid’s pet from when he was a child.”

“How many were there?” Max asked.

“Oh hundreds, from tiny little ones the size of my finger tip, slightly bigger ones the size of dogs, some that were the size of horses and then there was Aragog, who was just huge. We spoke with
him as the others were his children and they deferred to him as their patriarch.”

“What happened?” Charlie asked interestedly, sitting forward with his curiosity. Harry remembered that that it wasn’t just dragons that Charlie loved, but all magical creatures. No one could get near an Acromantula, let alone actually speak to one, and that had spiked his latent curiosity.

“Aragog told us what he knew, how Hagrid wasn’t the perpetrator and that he wasn’t the monster in the Chamber and that a student had been killed in a bathroom.”

“What then?” Richard asked.

“He told his children to eat us. If it hadn’t been for the car that we’d stolen at the start of term and crashed into the Whomping Willow then we’d likely be dead.”

“You stole a car?” Nasta demanded. “At the age of twelve!”

“It was Mister Weasley’s car and technically Ron was the one who opened it and drove it, I didn’t know how.”

Fred and George sniggered and Harry smiled at his lap.

“So you got away from the killer spiders, what then?” Blaise asked.

Harry sighed. “We knew the spiders feared whatever the monster was, we knew that it had killed in a bathroom the last time the monster was released from what Aragog told us, I worked out that the student killed was Moaning Myrtle, who never leaves the first floor girls’ bathroom. So naturally we tried to sneak away into the girls bathroom to talk to her, we were caught by McGonagall and told her some sob story about wanting to see Hermione, so she led us to the Hospital Wing to see her, that’s when we noticed that Hermione had a piece of paper scrunched up in her hand as we sat with her petrified body.”

Harry shook away the shiver that travelled down his spine at the memories of seeing Hermione lying so still, stiff as a board in the hospital bed.
“Of course, clever little miss that she was, she already knew what it was. The piece of paper was a page from a book called Most Macabre Monstrosities, the page was on Basilisks. Everything fit; we knew then that Slytherin’s monster was a Basilisk and Hermione had written pipes underneath it all. It was using the plumbing of the school to move around unseen, which helped the bathroom theory.”

“What did you do then?” Myron asked, his face etched into false calm, obviously expecting the worst.

“We went to the staff room to wait for a teacher; we hid in a wardrobe of spare robes when we heard the call for all teachers to report to the staff room. That’s when we found out about Ginny.”

Harry said nodding to her. “Ron was devastated. I don’t think I’ve ever seen him so pale, not even when we walked into the Acromantula nest and he absolutely hates spiders.”

“So you went down into this Chamber alone?” Myron demanded.

Harry shook his head. “No. We went to Professor Lockhart, he was the Defence teacher that year and he was apparently this legendary wizard who’d defeated all of these fantastic beasts and ghouls, we went to him with what we knew.”

“So you got a Professor to go with you this time?” Lucius asked interestedly.

Harry sighed. “Well, not exactly. He was packing to leave the school as we found him. We confronted him and he admitted to being a complete fraud. He’d get the full story and all the details of what these other amazing witches and wizards had done and then he used the Obliviate charm on them and then he passed their heroic deeds off as his own, of course he then turned around and he tried to attack us and wipe our memories to stop us from ratting him out. In his words ‘he’d never be able to sell another book’ if we told anyone.”

“That’s totally illegal!” Nasta burst out, utterly appalled. “To use the Obliviate curse upon two twelve year old boys for such a selfish reason! What happened to him?” Nasta asked, looking very much like he wanted to rip him to pieces.

“Oh he more than got his just desserts. I disarmed him and then forced him to come with us at wand point.” Harry sighed. “I found the entrance to the Chamber in the first floor girls’ bathroom, it could only be opened by a Parselmouth, so either me or Voldemort, who had possessed Ginny so that she could go back and forth through the Chamber, could even open the entrance. I pushed Lockhart down first…just in case.”
Max snorted in amusement and Harry smiled as he looked at him from under his lashes.

“I went down next and then Ron. It was just a carpet of small animal bones in an underground cavern that was so deep under the school that it was even underneath the lake. That’s when we found the skin.”

“The skin?”

Harry bobbed his head.

“The shed skin of the Basilisk. It was sixty feet long and a horrid, dark poisonous green. That’s when Lockhart attacked us again after he’d pretended to faint after seeing the skin. He grabbed Ron’s broken wand because we’d thrown his out of a window after the first time he’d attacked us. The wand backfired when he tried to perform the memory charm on us again and knocked him back into a wall which caused a rock fall. He wiped out his own memories and I believe he’s still in Saint Mungos recovering.”

“Good.” Draco muttered. “I hated him, he was a terrible teacher and I learnt nothing, absolutely nothing in that year.”

“Yeah, I think the only thing that I learned was to never open a full cage of Cornish Pixies in a classroom full of students.” Harry laughed. “But the rock fall now separated me from Ron and Lockhart, I carried on alone, he stayed to clear a path through the rocks.”

“Oh here we go!” Myron snarled. “I was wondering when you’d get to the part where you went into a dangerous situation on your own.”

“I was not going to let Ginny die!”

“For all you knew she was already dead!” Myron answered back.

Harry had no answer for that, they hadn’t known and the message had read ‘her skeleton’ which had pointed to her already being dead, but neither of them had wanted to think about that at the time.
“I wasn’t going to leave her down there.” He said in the silence. “Dead or not, I was not going to leave her there.”

Ginny stood and came over and sat next to him and Harry held her hand with his free one and he smiled at her.

“She was still alive when I reached the Chamber.” Harry said softly. “But she was being drained by Tom Riddle, he set the Basilisk on me to give him more time to drain Ginny and get stronger.”

“How are you still alive?”

“Luck really.” Harry shrugged. “Fawkes, Dumbledore’s phoenix came and blinded the Basilisk so it couldn’t kill me with its gaze and it brought the sorting hat with it too. I put it on and begged for help and I almost got knocked out by the sword of Gryffindor.”

Harry shifted the baby in his arm and Ginny read him like a book, reaching forward to snag the only cup of untouched tea left on the coffee table, holding it out to him. The taste of the honeyed tea soothed and settled him, even if it was a little cool.

“The next thing that I happened to do was pure stupidity, I know that, but with the adrenaline and the fear, you just have to act. Stopping and thinking things through would have meant my death and likely Ginny’s too. The Basilisk was angered, it was in pain, it was thrashing around and lunging unpredictably, so naturally, the little idiot that I was, I climbed up the giant statue of Salazar Slytherin to face it.”

The looks of shock and horror he got almost amused him if he hadn’t realised in hindsight how dangerous and suicidal he had actually been. All it would have taken was one slip or misstep on the age smoothened, wet stone and he would have plummeted to his death.

“The Basilisk could smell me, even blinded and half mad with pain, it lunged for me and I thrust up with Gryffindor’s sword and it went through the roof of her mouth, into her brain and out the top of her head. She went into death throes and died half in a pool of water and half on the walkway of the Chamber.”

“Where does the ‘being punctured by the Basilisk fang’ come into it if you’d killed it?” Nasta asked.
“That was on your notes.” Richard nodded. “One of the photos had to be discarded because the scar at your elbow was magically created.”

“You knew he’d been bitten by a Basilisk?” Myron demanded.

“He’s obviously fine!” Richard insisted stubbornly.

“I am fine. When I stabbed the Basilisk through the top of her head, her fang went into my arm. Naturally I knew that I was dying, but…”

“Knew you were dying!”

Harry nodded. “Well yeah, it was a little hard to ignore the fuck off huge snake fang in my elbow! Plus my vision was going blurry and the edges were going black, my very blood was burning and I was dizzy and confused. Not to mention the sizzling of the puncture site.”

“What did you do, how did you save yourself?” Bill asked.

“As I sat there listening to Riddle lay out what was going to happen, how I had mere minutes left at the most, how he was going to drain Ginny to death so he could become solid and corporeal, Fawkes came to lay his head on me and he shed tears over my wound…”

“The healing properties of phoenix tears.” Nasta said with a smirk.

Harry nodded. “Fawkes saved my life and I picked up the fang that had gone through my arm and I stabbed it through the diary, one of the only things to destroy a Horcrux…”

“Basilisk venom. Genius really.” Aneirin said, though his face was still pale and tight from anger and a touch of fear.

“Not that I knew it was a Horcrux at the time, but like I said, I survived from luck. With the Horcrux destroyed, the shade of Riddle that lived within it was destroyed and with the drain gone,
Ginny woke back up. I took the sword, the diary, the sorting hat and the fang to Dumbledore along with Ron, Ginny and Lockhart. Ron and I were given awards for special services to the school and I still have the Basilisk fang upstairs with Gryffindor’s sword and that was my second year at school.”

“Did you ever have a normal year?” Lucius asked him with a concerned look.

Harry nearly glowed at that look directed at him, things were slowly improving between them and their relationship, despite its downright frosty start and rocky, patchy middle, was getting better all the time and Harry was so glad. He didn’t want Draco to be caught between his parents and his lovers, it wasn’t a fair position to put him in and with the improving relationship came a relaxed air and trust was beginning to form, not a lot just yet, but Harry was sure that if he and Lucius continued to work at it, with the help of Draco and the tight handed guidance of Narcissa, then things would end up being better in the near future.

Lucius was already quite content to sit Tegan on his lap or hold Braiden’s hand as he toddled around his knees and he’d even had a cuddle with the newborn twins without anyone having to dump them on him. It made him smile and it made him insanely happy and his life was all but perfect at the moment.

He shook his head to Lucius question though before he answered him. “No, not before I got with these guys, if you can call getting into a relationship with four men and falling immediately pregnant normal and then of course I fell pregnant with the quintuplets and now only a mere year later I have identical twins as well.”

“You really are going well with the babies.” Mrs Weasley said happily.

Harry relaxed as the women took over and started talking babies and the air just relaxed and everyone started talking and cooing over the babies again. Harry sighed happily and rested back against the settee, baby still in his arms. He still needed a name for this one and it was driving him insane. He just knew that he was going to get more grumpy and irritable the longer it took for him to find her a name.

The kids woke up soon after their naps and they had water and weak juice in little sippy cups as the adults had their tea cups refreshed and they got to have a light snack of poached pears as they hadn’t had their desserts and then there was no time for anything else, no time to talk as the kids started playing and shouting and laughing and moving everywhere and climbing on everyone. It was adorable really and Harry watched it all with an indulgent smile from where he sat cuddling with his newborn daughter, at least until Marianna stole her from his arms that was.

He didn’t mind as he stretched himself out and rotated his shoulder. He assisted Braiden up onto the settee when he climbed up to sit with him, cuddling into his one side, Harry was curled against the arm of the chair and Braiden was curled against him. He hadn’t meant to fall asleep, but he did, he never noticed the photos being taken of him by his adoring mates.
Chapter End Notes

A/N: Took me a while to get this one out, I’ve had problems focusing this last week and the plagiarism report for The Tribulation of the Blue Moon had to be dealt with, which has ended happily with the offending story being pulled down, but I lost a day there dealing with that, but I finally got this up and out and I’m now going to try and get a chapter out each for Lycanthrope Factory and Damaged Bodies, which will be a treat for those reading them, but I have no idea or any guesses as to how long that may take.

I hope you have all enjoyed this chapter, I’ll see you all…not soon I don’t think, maybe in a month, perhaps a little longer due to the work I want to do on my other fics, but definitely not too long away, but until then,

StarLight Massacre. X
The Romance of Valentine's

Chapter Notes

Last Time

The kids woke up soon after their naps and they had water and weak juice in little sippy cups as the adults had their tea cups refreshed and they got to have a light snack of poached pears as they hadn’t had their desserts and then there was no time for anything else, no time to talk as the kids started playing and shouting and laughing and moving everywhere and climbing on everyone. It was adorable really and Harry watched it all with an indulgent smile from where he sat cuddling with his newborn daughter, at least until Marianna stole her from his arms that was.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Ninety – The Romance of Valentine’s

Harry was able to bend and lift easily three weeks later. It was the twelfth of February and they’d barely been left alone by members of the family since the twins’ birth.

Nasta’s thirty-ninth birthday on the third of February had been quiet and spent together as the growing family that they were. Nasta had gone out in the night with his friends from the Dragon Reserve when they had begged him to come celebrate with them however, but only after asking several times if it was alright if he did and only if they were absolutely sure that they didn’t mind him going out for a few hours, especially with the newborn twins. Draco had all but shoved him out of the front door in the end and told him to go and enjoy himself for once.

He’d come back four hours later, without touching a drop of alcohol, in such good spirits and in such a brilliant mood that Harry, Blaise and Draco were walking funny the next day and Max was happily nursing a sore lower back with a smug grin on his face. Nasta had broken the headboard of their bed with how enthusiastic he had been with the four of them.

It was now just two days from Valentine’s Day and they were getting offers on all sides to babysit for them, but Harry already knew exactly what he wanted to do and working his mates over to his way of thinking had been very easy and required nothing more than a soft plea and wide eyes.

Nasta and Draco were already in ‘negotiations’ about what they were doing to ‘surprise’ him, but
Draco was so adamant about getting his own way that he often started shouting, which Harry could hear perfectly throughout the house.

Draco wanted to go to the world famous magical ballet again, like they had two years ago, but Nasta wanted a quiet, romantic meal so that Harry wasn’t excited too much while he was still recovering.

Harry looked down at his bump; it was smaller, much smaller now than right after he’d given birth, but he still had it, not that it bothered him and any lingering doubts about his mates not finding him attractive still with the belly had been thoroughly abolished in the last few weeks as they lavished loving attention and sex on him in equal measures.

“Mama.”

“Hello, Calix sweetheart, how are you feeling?” Harry asked smiling.

“Ba nah, appa gee tah nub uh.”

Harry blinked at him, but he nodded and tried to look interested, but he was just stunned. Usually he could decipher a little bit about what his babies were saying, but he hadn’t understood anything he’d just heard.

Calix giggled and Harry stood up and hefted him up and onto his hip.

“Come on big boy, let’s go find Daddy Max, I don’t know about you, but I think dinner is taking too long.”

“Almost done!” Max insisted as Harry carried Calix into the kitchen before he could say a word. Farren was sat at Max’s feet, tugging insistently on his trousers and making sad, upset noises. “Why did I choose today of all days to try them on something new and go adventurous? I should have started this an hour before I did!”

“Don’t worry, are you almost done?”

“Yes, five minutes, can you move Farren though? I hate him around my feet when I’m cooking. I’ve moved him five times; he just keeps coming back, even when I put him in the playpen, he just climbed over the top. He’s getting more and more used to being on his feet.”
Harry nodded and slipped Calix into his highchair before grabbing the other four from the space they were kept when not in use between the fridge and the wall and setting them up in a line. He grabbed Farren from the floor and hefted him up and into his highchair.

“You are getting far too big, baby.” He complained as he secured Farren to the chair. “I think you’ll be in a booster seat soon, these highchairs are getting entirely too small for you.”

“Do you think that it’s a little soon for that?” Max asked as he looked over his shoulder at him.

Harry shook his head. “No, he can sit up fine on his own and most booster seats now have five point straps and the seats strap to the chairs as well and it’s not like we leave them alone when they’re being fed. He’s just not going to fit in these chairs for much longer, look, his thighs already touch both sides of it. He’ll get stuck one of these days.”

Harry went off in search of more babies and only when he had Tegan tucked up under one arm and Braiden by the back of his dungaree straps did he go back into the kitchen with assurances from Blaise that he had Regan and Leolin and that Draco had their two girls.

Harry got Braiden and Tegan into their highchairs just as Max was serving Farren and Calix. Blaise got Regan into his highchair just as Max put a little plastic plate onto the tray and he wiped his forehead with an exhausted sigh.

“There we go, five meals on their trays, only forty-eight minutes late.” He groaned as he collapsed back into a chair.

Harry watched as Blaise set up the bottles and cooled them down with a mild spell before he started feeding Leolin as Draco fed Eva.

Harry picked up his youngest baby from the bassinet where she had been left and he kissed her softly.

“Pass her bottle to me.” He asked, holding a hand out for it.

Blaise passed the bottle over and Harry tested the temperature out of habit, before he stroked his daughter’s cheek with the nipple and watched her root happily for it. He smiled as she latched on and started suckling strongly.

“She’s going to pull the teat right out of the bottle one of these days.” Harry laughed. “She’s so
Harry went back to watching his beautiful daughter, now almost a month old, suckle down her milk. Both of their hair had gone even curlier now that they were older, but it was darker now too, going a more solid brown than the blondish-brown damp wisps they’d had at birth, but those curls were already touching their ears and the middle of their necks at the back.

Alexander absolutely loved their curly hair and Amelle had spent the day with him and the girls just after they’d been born talking quietly as they both cuddled with a baby each, the swarm of older children all over the floor as they patted and poked at Eleonora, who truthfully was enjoying the attention from the other babies as Braiden toddled all over the room collecting his favourite toys and dumping them into Nora’s lap. It had been then that he had named his youngest daughter, as he and Amelle had been talking, cooing over Braiden’s actions and Nora’s preening.

He’d named his youngest daughter Ave. Ave Amelle Potter-Maddison. Amelle had cried, Caesar had teared up when Harry had explained to him why his mate was crying so hard that she couldn’t even speak through her sobs, after he’d come running from the kitchen that is, and Max had kissed him breathless and stupid. She had been named Ave after the Saint Aventine to match her sister, the both of them named after Saints and the both of them named for a family member who had touched Harry’s life in some way, Evelyn and Amelle.

“Pass Ave to me, Leolin wants you.” Blaise sighed as he held onto a squirming Leolin who was chanting ‘Ma’ over and over, close to tears.

Harry sighed and passed Ave to Max first to securely pick up Leolin and then Max passed Ave onto Blaise with her bottle before he went back to supervising dinner.

“When does Nasta get home?” Draco asked as he burped Eva gently on his broad shoulder, spit up cloth flung over the same shoulder, just in case. If it was one thing Draco hated, it was vomit in any form, even just spit up milk.

“I don’t think hounding him as soon as he comes in from work is going to get you your own way.” Blaise warned him.

Draco looked affronted at the very idea. “I merely wish to ask him something, don’t jump to conclusions, Blaise, it makes you look stupid.”

“Stop it.” Max warned them in a growl before anything started, but Harry watched as they started sizing one another up and he knew they would continue the argument later.
Shaking his head, Harry bounced Leolin against his shoulder, one hand cupping the back of his head as his tiny, fourteen month old son clenched his hands in his shirt, nuzzling his collarbone with his small, sharp nose and wet lips, sucking on Harry’s skin with a toothless, drooling mouth.

“I’ll tell you something, if Dain and Kailen don’t lay off, then Nasta’s going to blow like Mount Vesuvius.” Max said with a headshake as he watched Harry with Leolin.

“They just want to see Leolin; they want to see him alive and well.” Harry said patiently. “He is their several times great-grandson.”

“And so is Nasta and Sanex.” Max said with narrowed eyes. “Hell, so is Aneirin and his brother Idris and his sister Nerys, yet they didn’t give two fucks about any of them. Not even when their several times great-granddaughter died, they didn’t fucking care then either.”

Harry glared dangerously at him as Braiden picked his head up from his plate. “Fu…foo…fuff.”

“If he says that word, Max, then you’re a dead man.” Harry said calmly, but his eyes were spitting fire at his biggest mate, who was a little pale at the thought of teaching his oldest son a swear word. Not only would Harry kill him, but Nasta, Blaise and Draco would kill him and after that, his Dad would kill him.

Max dived to distract their eighteen month old son with his dinner, which thankfully, and luckily for Max, worked.

“I know that what Dain and Kailen did to Nasta and his family was wrong, no one needs to tell me that and I will always stand by Nasta even if he decides that he wants to hate them forever, but I will not let that impact badly on Leolin. Like it or not he is a Faerie and he is going to need to socialise and maybe even live with the Faeries and if that means putting up with Dain and Kailen then I damn well will, for Leolin’s sake. He is potentially going to outlive everyone in this room; I don’t even want to think on how much pain that will cause him later in life, if he has friends, a lover, maybe even children of his own who are going to live just as long as he is, then maybe that will help support him when we all inevitably die. Don’t ever think that I’ll forgive them for hurting Nasta, because I won’t, but if it helps Leolin in whatever small way, then you can bet your last goddamned Knut that I’ll do it regardless!”

The kitchen was silent after that but for the sounds coming from their children as they were fed dinner, fed their desserts and then taken away to be bathed. Harry was cuddled up with Eva and Ave on the soft settee in the living room, so he was the first to greet Nasta when he flooed home, covered in muck and filth and soot. He had a new burn on his left side, which Harry could easily
see because his gorgeous, hunky mate wasn’t wearing a shirt and his bare muscled chest was displayed to his perusal, even if it was dripping in sweat and caked with soot it was a beautiful sight, but the burn, covered in a bright orange burn paste, worried him, as ever, despite knowing that as a Dracken that Nasta would be healed in a few days at the very most. It was a very large area that was covered with the orange paste.

“It’s nothing, Cariad.” Nasta insisted as he caught sight of where Harry’s worried look was directed. “One of the juveniles trying to show everyone who’s boss. He couldn’t even generate enough flame for a complete fireball; it was more like a quick spurt of heat that caught me and another Dragonologist. The keepers couldn’t calm him, so they called us and a few handlers over to his pen. He was seriously agitated. How was everything here?”

Harry smiled. “Except for Max almost teaching Braiden to say fuck, everything was fine.”

Nasta raised an eyebrow. “Why was Max trying to teach Braiden how to say fuck?”

“He wasn’t trying to teach him, he almost taught him. He said the word in front of Braiden and he tried copying it, thankfully Max distracted him with his dinner, but this has to hammer home exactly how careful we have to be now, he’s picking up new words so fast.”

Nasta nodded and sighed. “I’m going for a shower and I’ll be back out soon. I could use a cwtch.”

“Take a bath instead, love.” Harry insisted. “Draco wants to ambush you about my supposed Valentine’s surprise again.”

Nasta groaned. “I think it would be less hassle to just ask you what you want for your surprise.”

“A quiet meal with my lovers sounds perfect to me, keeping up with all those gorgeous waiters offering me food was more effort than I think I could expend at the moment.”

Nasta gave him a look, then he smiled and kissed his head, he knew that Harry was only teasing.

“I’ll fight your corner then, there will be no giving in and not an inch over to Draco on this matter. Now I’m going for that nice, long soak in the bath, then I want to cuddle my little girls and then later, after dinner, I want you on my lap.”
Harry grinned. “Oh really? What position would you like me on your lap?”

Nasta’s cheeks pinked a little. “Not like that!” He insisted, kissing Harry’s mouth this time before going to run his bath.

Harry laughed and snuggled his daughters. “He’s a wonderful man is your Dad Nasta, easy to rile up sometimes, but oh so very wonderful.”

He lay back and smiled to himself, closing his eyes for a moment. He hadn’t had to do a single night feed since the girls had been born and he counted himself lucky for that, but that didn’t mean that he wasn’t woken up three times a night, every night. He still had ears after all and the girls were just so loud and he was always tired lately.

“Is Nasta home yet?” Draco demanded suddenly.

Harry snapped upright and peered around owlishly, his face pulled into a confused frown.

“What?”

“I’m sorry, love, I didn’t realise that you were sleeping.” Draco said as he sat beside him and pulled him to rest on one broad shoulder.

“It’s okay.” Harry said with a yawn, checking on his daughters. “Nasta is home, he was filthy though, so he’s taking a bath. He has a new burn on his side, so I definitely want Max to take a look at it.”

“I need to look at what?” Said man asked as he came into the living room, just catching the tail end of the conversation.

“Nasta, he’s got a new burn on his side.” Harry said.

Max huffed out a sigh. “That man needs his goddamned head checked, putting up with such
injuries, working with dragons of all things, coming home with bites and burns and claw marks. Idiot mate of mine! One of these days he’ll come back missing an arm or his bloody head, then what would he do?”

Max was still muttering as he left to the kitchen to get the burn salve that he’d made himself, boasting that it worked better than the weak, mass produced gunk that people dived for when they received a burn. He came back in with his potion’s case and started setting everything up with a scowl on his handsome face.

Nasta rolled his eyes and groaned when he came into the living room almost forty minutes later, squeaky clean, pink skinned and in a pair of clean pyjamas to see Max sitting stiffly, a frown on his mouth, waiting for him with a glower on his face.

“You had better not have covered that damn injury again!” Max growled. “Sit here, now.”

Nasta blew out a breath and stared at Harry with betrayed hazel eyes.

Harry shrugged. “I had to tell him, you know I hate any of you being injured and Max is the first aider of the family.”

Nasta subjected himself to Max’s attentions, reclining down on his back, head resting on the arm of the settee, his legs over Max’s lap as Max prodded around the burn on his side.

“Twist onto your side for me, Nas.” Max instructed, helping Nasta turn on the settee so that his burned side was more exposed. It looked vaguely sexual from where Harry was sat watching them as Max twisted himself as well to look more closely at the burned skin, his groin pressed to Nasta’s arse and Nasta’s legs curled around his waist.

“It’s not too bad, it was only a juvenile.” Nasta insisted, breaking Harry from his fantasy.

Max didn’t even bother answering that as he prodded around the edges of the burn wound, inspecting it closely and carefully.

“This will last for at least two days.” Max told him unhappily.

He sat back and unscrewed the lid off of the burn paste he made special for Nasta and after
scooping a generous amount out, he applied it with gentle fingertips, but still Nasta hissed in pain through clenched, gritted teeth.

“Well it’s your own fault.” Max growled, but he eased the pressure off of his fingertips until he was merely skimming Nasta’s skin, just touching enough to get the salve to cover the burn.

When he was finished Max cleaned his fingertips on a wet wipe and moved Nasta’s legs so he could stand up, before placing them back down on the settee.

“Stay exactly where you are.” Max told him. “You don’t want to know what will happen to you if I find out that you’ve moved or touched that salve.”

Max left the room with his potions things and the soiled wet wipe and Harry smiled as he left. He loved watching his dominants care for one another, he didn’t know why it made his stomach feel all fluttery, but it did.

“I guess this means that I’m not having my cwtch after all.” Nasta sighed. “I swear he’s a bigger mother hen than my Dad ever was.”

Harry laughed and eased himself up, he took his girls over to Nasta and eased one of them into his arms and Nasta grinned, cuddling Ave tightly to his chest, laying a bristly kiss to her head.

“Which one is this? I still can’t tell them apart, though she does smell like Blaise.”

“That one’s Ave, she smells like Blaise because he’s had her for most of the day. He kept stealing her from everyone.”

“To be fair I thought I was stealing time with both of them.” Blaise said with a bashful shrug. “I can’t tell one from the other yet and you insisted on keeping them in their nighties today.”

Harry sat back down and cuddled into Draco again, the both of them cuddling Eva and sharing her weight between them.

“They didn’t need to be dressed and yesterday all they did was spit up on their clothes, keeping
them in their nighties is easier.” Harry defended with a sniff.

Max came back into the room and he scowled at Nasta.

“I didn’t move.” Nasta insisted.

“You had better not have.” Max grumbled, but he still fussed around Nasta and made sure he was comfortable and settled, moving the cushions, settling his legs more comfortably.

“Alright Max, I’m fine.” Nasta said sleepily as he snuggled with Ave.

“Do you want to go up to bed, love?” Max asked. “You must be tired, or are you hungry? I could start dinner early.”

“I’ll help you.” Harry said as he shifted Eva fully to Draco and went to stand up.

“Don’t you dare move. You stay right there, I’ll do dinner.” Max said.

Harry rolled his eyes and stood up regardless and he stretched happily. “After how long the kids waited for their dinner, I think it might help for me to come and give you a hand.”

Harry smiled to show he was teasing, but Max sighed and nodded. “Come on then, but if you start feeling any pain, you sit down immediately.”

“Fine, but I doubt I will. I’m getting better at being able to stay up on my feet for longer.”

Harry helped Max in the kitchen and he enjoyed himself. He loved cooking with Max and they danced around one another easily, unless they were snatching passionate kisses, which was quite often, but they got dinner done and Blaise set the table as Max helped Nasta, who didn’t even need help or support, but acquiesced to it regardless while Draco took Eva and Ave to their bedroom to put them down in their bedside bassinets.

Dinner was mostly quiet, but Nasta did tell them what he’d done in work and likewise they told him what had happened at home and with the kids while he’d been away.
Blaise did the washing up while Max was busy getting Nasta to bed. It was eight o’clock in the night, but an early night sounded like heaven to Harry, who followed them up and got under the duvet with Nasta and cuddled into him.

“I got my cwtch after all.” Nasta said with a grin.

“You did, just wait for the others to join us; we can have a group cwtch then.”

“I love you, so much.” Nasta told him in the ensuing silence as Max went down to help lock up the house.

“I love you more.” Harry teased as he rolled over and buried his head under Nasta’s armpit, his mouth and nose resting against his mate’s ribs, laying soft, nuzzling kisses to the skin under his lips.

“I’m not even tired.” Nasta said with a slight chuckle.

“I am, but then even a small amount of exercise tires me out, the string of pregnancies close together has left me unfit.”

Nasta did laugh at that, softly though so he didn’t wake up the sleeping twins.

“You’re just recovering from being pregnant and having the girls cut out of you, you’ll be fine in a month or so and if you are unfit, I’m sure I could help you with a nightly fitness regime.” He said into Harry’s ear, flicking his tongue out to lick the outer shell.

Harry shivered and he let out a shaky laugh. “I am unfit. Very, very unfit. You’ll need to help me at least twice a night for the next ten years to help get me back into shape. Maybe even more than that.”

“If that’s what it takes.” Nasta breathed huskily. “I’d be more than happy to dedicate my time to help you with your fitness, even if it takes us fifty years to get you fit and healthy again.”

Harry had to close his eyes and he had a full body shiver that had goosebumps rising on his arms.
Then Nasta rolled on top of him and Harry couldn’t stop the reaction that had him arching into Nasta’s body eagerly.

“You’re hurt.” Harry said sadly, raising his legs to cradle Nasta’s body only to drop his right leg away from Nasta’s left side.

“If you think a little burn from a juvenile of all things is going to stop me from loving on you, you have another thing coming! If it had been an adult female, then I might not be able to ravish you as I’d perhaps like to as I’d probably be knocked out on pain potions, but not from a male juvenile.” Nasta told him and as Harry opened his mouth to reply, Nasta slanted his over Harry’s and pushed his tongue in, stopping Harry’s reply at the source before Nasta wrapped his arms around him, one supporting the back of his neck and he rested some of his weight onto Harry, aware that they were both recovering and that dropping his full weight onto his mate would likely result in them both howling in agony and if there was any howling going to happen tonight, then it was going to be from pleasure and not from pain.

Harry wiggled out of his clothes and Nasta kicked off his pyjama bottoms, Max having refused to let him put his pyjama top back on after having applied the burn paste after his bath.

“We’ll have to be quick.” Harry panted, his body clenching tight in anticipation. “There’s no way that Max will let us do this with your burn. He’ll be very protective of you for a while because he’s in top dominant mode. He might even spank me.” Harry said, perking up a little at that.

Nasta chuckled and he rolled Harry onto his one side and slapped one bum cheek lightly. Harry breathed out in a harsh sigh and he groaned in pleasure.

“You know I love it when you do that.” He said shakily.

“Oh?” Nasta said with a light tone. He slapped Harry’s bum again and Harry’s cock just went rock solid and he rolled back onto his back and lifted his left leg only to grip at Nasta’s back.

“Fuck me.” He demanded. “Quickly, before Max comes back up and tries to stop us.”

Nasta smirked at that, his mouth splitting into an evil grin. “I can do that. If you want a hard, fast quickie, I’m more than happy to oblige.”

“You’d better not hurt yourself either, because then I’ll feel all guilty and I don’t like feeling guilty when we’re having sex.” Harry said with a grin.
Nasta grinned back before he reached over and pulled the bottle of lube from their bedside table, he popped the top off and using just his elbows to support himself, he squirited some of the scented, edible lube onto his fingers.

Harry’s body clenched and his breath came faster as he watched Nasta rub the lube between his fingers to warm it before he pushed two fingers straight into Harry. He threw his head back and bit at his own forearm to keep in the pleasured scream that wanted to escape.

Nasta’s hazel eyes darkened and the pupils expanded as he watched Harry writhe quietly on the bed, panting and moaning softly, biting his own arm to keep himself quiet.

He pushed in another finger and Harry’s legs shot back to his chest and he almost winded himself, but he groaned and rolled on the bed, his head dropping to the side before snapping to the other side as Nasta touched his prostate. He pressed against that firm, smooth lump and watched as Harry’s face screwed up and his back arched out of his control. He loved how Harry reacted, he loved watching him and it tightened something in his gut as Harry keened softly.

He pulled his fingers free and he gripped himself hard and tight to ease himself away from the edge of orgasm, he stroked himself to get the feeling back into his cock before he pressed himself against Harry’s entrance. He held Harry’s hips to keep him still while increasing the pressure of himself pressed to Harry.

“Are you okay?” He asked gruffly.

“Yes, damn it yes!” Harry told him, still wiggling on the mattress. “This is the longest quickie ever.” He declared and Nasta smirked.

He surged into Harry with one long, sinuous thrust and held himself still as Harry writhed and rolled as much as he could while Nasta was inside his body and holding his hips tightly.

He waited for Harry to calm down, for him to keep still, though he was still panting and breathing heavily under him and only then did he pull himself out of Harry, he waited with just the head of himself still inside Harry until he felt that he could control himself adequately and then he pushed himself back into the warm, tightness of Harry’s clenching body.

He repeated this until his thrusts were smooth and Harry was digging his short nails into his shoulders and squeezing his eyes closed, his plump bottom lip caught between his teeth to keep himself from crying out in pleasure. Then Nasta found his rhythm and using his one hand to roll Harry’s hips to an angle and his other to cup the back of Harry’s head, he lost himself in the pleasure of his mate’s body.

He rolled his hips and used every muscle in his body, every last drop of his energy to bring them to a hard, fast, gut clenching orgasm within minutes.

Nasta rode out Harry’s orgasm and his own and made sure to fall to the side of Harry, to the opposite side that he usually fell on due to his burn injury and he concentrated on slowing his breathing, on just recovering from the quickly built, explosive orgasm that he had experienced with
his submissive mate.

“We should get cleaned up.” He said once he had his breathing back under his own control.

“Can’t move.” Harry grunted through a sore throat.

“I can’t either.” Nasta said with a smug grin.

Harry laughed and moved, with a lot of grumbling, protesting and jerky muscles, to turn and cuddle into Nasta’s body. He grunted when something moved and caused an ache in his spine, but other than that, he was content to just lie where he was, very pleasantly sated and now very sleepy.

Nasta managed to grab a few baby wipes from the bedside table and he cleaned himself and Harry off as best as he could with Harry being boneless and unhelpful before he dragged the duvet over them both and he yawned. He was definitely tired now.

They were both fast asleep when Max came back up with Blaise and Draco once everything had been cleaned and put away and locked up.

“Did they…? They actually had sex!” Blaise hissed. “You kept me downstairs cleaning when I could have been up here getting in on an orgasm!”

Max blinked stupidly before he covered his face with a hand. “I knew I shouldn’t have left them alone! Nasta is injured for fucks sake!”

“Apparently he wasn’t that injured.” Draco told him before he went into the bathroom to wash himself up for bed.

Max sighed. “I’ll kill them both in the morning, or at least chew their ears for an hour or so.”

Blaise chuckled and he followed Draco into the bathroom, leaving Max holding two bottles ready for when the twins woke for their feed. They were still on a different schedule, though they were apart by only twenty minutes instead of half an hour, they were getting more in tune to one another, it was just taking a long time.
Harry was spoiled rotten for Valentine’s Day, he’d gotten four rounds of sex, breakfast in bed with his mates, a baby cuddle pile when he’d ordered Blaise to go and get their awake, older babies to put them into the bed with them. He’d gotten chocolate, a pendant for his platinum bracelet that Blaise had given to him for their very first Christmas together, back when it was just the both of them. He got a new pair of jeans and four sappy, clichéd cards filled with declarations of love and protection and desire. He felt very, very spoilt, but then he’d bought cards and gifts for his mates too and they’d all bought gifts and cards for one another as well, so they were all spoilt today and they had a lot of fucking cards up on display.

Harry cooked lunch, kicking Max out of the kitchen, much to his whining displeasure, but Blaise kept him happy by crawling onto his lap and straddling him. They had kissed passionately for several minutes, slowly, teasingly, their lips lingering together, their tongues playing and their hands stroking and gripping.

They had disappeared up the stairs and Harry grinned every time he thought of it, he had looked at them all throughout lunch, sated, happy, Blaise with a livid love bite on his neck that he didn’t even bother hiding and Max with a scored line of nail marks that went from his back over his shoulder that was just visible under the edge of his jumper.

Harry looked at himself in the mirror, he looked good and he grinned as he turned and critically looked at himself, noting the tight trousers made his bum look more pert and the flared shirt was tight around his shoulders and chest, which made him look nice and slim, but was flared over his belly so that the stubborn pouch of remaining baby weight from his last pregnancy wasn’t visible. He wasn’t vain by any definition of the word, but he did want to look nice for his mates tonight, no matter what they’d say about him always looking nice and not caring that he still had some baby weight around his waist.

It was only four in the afternoon, but they were going early because of the obligations they had with their children. Harry grinned as he made sure that nothing was out of place and he went to show his mates how he was dressed. He absolutely loved teasing them.

He got his answer when he walked into the living room and his mates turned to him and their eyes widened or their pupils dilated. He felt like the most gorgeous person on Earth with those four handsome, stunning men looking at him like they wanted to undress him and eat him while doing terribly wonderful things to his body and he grinned widely at them.

“Are the kids all ready?” He asked casually as he caught Braiden, who toddled to him with his arms out, giggling and babbling and Harry picked him up and kissed his little mouth. “Apparently not.” He chuckled as he answered his own question.

“You look gorgeous, Harry.” Draco said huskily.

Harry smiled. “You always do.” He answered, exaggeratedly roving his eyes over Draco, who was dressed in tight, pale grey trousers and a slightly darker grey shirt with a tie that matched his trousers. It brought out his silver eyes into stark contrast and made them seem more grey than blue or silver, but Harry had seen those eyes up close every single day for the last two years, he knew
they were silver, edging the line perfectly between grey and blue.

“Come on love birds, let’s get these little monsters over to Malfoy Manor and then you can eat one another with your eyes at the dinner table.” Max teased, but his eyes kept flitting from Draco to Harry and then over to Blaise, who looked stunning in all black, to Nasta, who looked casually gorgeous in black trousers with an untucked pale blue shirt with no tie. Max looked like he couldn’t decide who looked better or which one of them he wanted to strip naked and fuck first. Harry loved that, it made him smile.

Harry snuggled Braiden, his eighteen month old baby boy, in his arms and covered his face in his shoulder as he flooed over first to Malfoy Manor. He had been adamant that Lucius and Narcissa would be babysitting for them today and he greeted Narcissa happily and smiled as she waved her wand over him and Braiden to remove the soot from the floo from their clothes and with one last kiss to Braiden’s soft cheek, he handed his baby over.

“Are you sure you don’t mind doing this?” He asked concernedly.

“It’s no trouble at all.” Narcissa said. “You gentlemen need a night to yourselves and if no one else is available for the evening, then of course Lucius and I are happy to look after the children.”

Did he mention that he’d lied a little to get the elder Malfoys to babysit for him tonight? He grinned internally as his mates turned up one by one with the children in carry cots, except for Farren, who was too big and was cocked out on Max’s hip.

“What time are your dinner reservations, darlings?” Narcissa asked. “Do you have time for tea before you leave?”

Harry nodded. “That would be lovely; we wanted to come a little early, just to make sure that the kids settle, where is Lucius?”

“He’s in his study finishing off some last minute reforms. Draco, be a dear and go and get your Father, he’s been burying himself in his work since finding out that we were having the children tonight.”

Draco put down the two carrycots that held Leolin and Ave and he kissed his Mother as he passed her and then he went to find his Father in the labyrinth that was Malfoy Manor.

Harry and his three other mates settled the children down and those who were awake were let out
of their carrycots and Narcissa told them that she’d had a house elf completely baby proof the one front room so that the babies would be very safe as they played.

Max and Nasta set up the eight travel cots as Harry explained that Eva and Ave would wake up only for a feed or a change and that Leolin would sleep when he wanted, but was usually asleep for the night by sixish and the other five were to be put to bed at six thirty, seven O’clock at the very latest.

Lucius came in with Draco and he looked a little too pale to Harry’s eyes.

“We should be back by ten or eleven.” Harry said with a soft smile.

“You take your time.” Narcissa said with a smile. “We haven’t had a chance to babysit for you yet and Braiden is almost two years old! We’re excited to have this chance to spend some time with all of them, you boys don’t take nearly as much time as you deserve for yourselves.”

Harry couldn’t help but think that Lucius was not sharing his Wife’s enthusiasm and he looked terrified as Braiden giggled and toddled around one of his many living rooms, despite it being baby proofed.

“He seems very happy to be up on his feet.” Narcissa said with a loving look to Braiden.

“He’s gotten much better at it in the last few days; he’s almost completely stopped crawling now.” Draco said proudly as he touched the top of Braiden’s head as he toddled past where Draco was sat, sipping at his tea.

“Have any of the others been up on their feet?” Narcissa asked.

“Regan is up on his feet and Farren knows how to stand and how to climb, Tegan is still cruising, but Calix is very happy crawling still.”

“Has Leolin made any attempts at moving?” Lucius asked at an attempt to show interest.

Harry shook his head. “No, but that’s normal, he won’t be even attempting to move himself until he’s at least three years old.”
Lucius nodded, but he looked a little awkward and terrified of being left alone with these eight little people.

“We’d better get going.” Draco said as he checked his pocket watch. “Eva and Ave have been fed and will need to be fed again in three hours, this rabble won’t need feeding, but they may want snacks, we’ve packed them some rusks and Nasta insisted on putting in some fruit slices too. They have their sippy cups, they’ve got their names on them so that you know which one is which and Leolin has a bottle, his are bigger than Eva and Ave’s, I think that’s everything.”

Narcissa was smiling at him.

“Go and have fun, I have had a child before.” She told him as she patted his cheek lovingly. “We’ll be completely fine, I’m sure they’ll be absolute angels.”

Lucius tried to hide how worried he was about this whole evening as he said goodbye to his son and his son’s lovers. His mates. He was getting more and more used to that the longer he had to think about it and making up with Draco had helped everything immensely.

As the oldest boy, Braiden, crawled up into his lap and sat down facing the table, his one arm wrapped around his tiny waist automatically as long past memories of Draco doing something similar at this age plagued his mind. He did what he’d done then too and held the boy securely and shifted his chair further under the table so that Braiden could reach the table top. The little boy bashed little hands against the surface until Narcissa handed him a toy, which was then happily played with. Perhaps this wasn’t going to be so difficult after all and he was worried for nothing.

He looked around at the eight children that were for all intents and purposes, his own grandchildren, five grandsons and three granddaughters. He…cared for them, he couldn’t say that he loved them, not yet, but he did care and he wouldn’t want any of them to ever be hurt. When he’d found out that the little ones, Calix and Leolin, were in the hospital, he remembered how his heart had jumped, how his guts had clenched tight at the thought of those two little boys dying, how crushed his son, Draco would be and that had upset him too.

He looked to Calix now, happy, healthy, pink cheeked in his excitement as he rushed around the hardwood flooring on his hands and knees, little socked feet working to push himself faster as he chased after a soft, foam ball that Narcissa had enchanted to slowly roll around the floor.

He was in fine health, but he did remember seeing him unnaturally pale, with fever red spots of colour on his cheeks. He hadn’t been allowed to visit him or Leolin in the hospital, none of the grandparents had been allowed to visit, which he believed had made things harder, but when Calix had been released, he remembered thinking then that the boy still didn’t look well, that maybe the Healers had released him too early and he hadn’t been right and he’d never been more angry or more afraid than getting the news that Calix had been readmitted to the hospital. It was then that he realised that these little children had inched their way into his heart. It wasn’t love, not yet, though he was sure that would come given time and evenings like this, where he and Cissa were alone to bond with them, but he most definitely cared about them and just the threat of them being sick, hurt or hospitalised made him very angry and admittedly a little fearful too. He didn’t want to lose a
single one of them.

“Are you alright, darling?” Narcissa asked him.

He looked up at his Wife and he smiled softly at her, his heart swelling with love for the woman he cared for, the woman that had given him their beloved son. He nodded.

“Perfectly fine, dear.” He answered as he shifted Braiden into his lap more fully.

“How would you like a cup of tea?”

He nodded his assent and it was a minute or so before he realised that Narcissa had left the room and had left him on his own with all eight of the children. He looked around him, at Calix who was all over the floor, crawling faster than he could ever remember Draco being, to Tegan who was dragging the cushions off of his settee and throwing them at whichever brother was closest, Farren who was lifting himself up with the side of Eva’s, or was that Ave’s?, carrycot, as it rocked and tipped ominously.

He stood up quickly and dropped Braiden to the floor as hurriedly as he dared before he caught the carrycot with one hand and eased Farren to his feet with the other, he picked up the cushions and stacked them on the floor, away from Tegan and he caught Calix around the waist before he bumped his head on a chair. He sighed; he couldn’t wait for them all to go to sleep. This was not going to be as easy as he’d hoped just minutes before.

Harry was very happy with just dinner and then a stroll through a park, arm in arm with Nasta and Draco as Max had Blaise thrown over one shoulder. His first ever mate had drunk too much. Far, far too much and, helpless sleepy drunk that he was, he was fast asleep.

It had been hilarious really, one minute he’d been fine, then he’d found a bench and sat down, a minute later he was fast asleep and only grunted and groused when they’d tried to wake him.

“This is the last time I promise that he can drink whatever he wants.” Nasta shook his head. “We’d best get him home and then pick up the kids; it’s getting to the tail end of when we said we’d be home.”

Harry smiled. “I’ve had a lovely night, thank you.”
“I wanted to take you to the Ballet again, you enjoyed it the last time and we missed out last year.”

Harry squeezed Nasta’s hand and hid a grin.

“Thank you, Draco. I did enjoy it, perhaps next year?”

Draco nodded and he smiled and bent to kiss Harry. “I just want you to be happy, Harry.”

“With you four with me, how can I not be happy? Especially when Blaise is so entertaining.” He chuckled.

Max laughed. “He’s out of it, seriously out of it. Poor bastard is drooling down the side of my neck.”

“If he’s drooling down your neck, then why is he the poor bastard and not you?” Draco asked curiously.

“Because he looks ridiculous doing it and I look like a strong, handsome, kind and caring man by putting up with it.” Max said with a wide grin.

Harry laughed and they reached the end of the park and they slipped down an alleyway. They Apparated home first and Max took Blaise up to bed while he, Nasta and Draco went over to Malfoy Manor to get their kids back and likely rescue Lucius from hell on Earth.

Everything was quiet as Draco led them through the labyrinth and to the room that they had left the kids in, Narcissa was reading quietly and Lucius was in the process of dipping his elegant quill into a pot of ink open on his right side, Calix was sleeping in his lap facing him, little mouth open as he snuggled lightly into Lucius’ robe.

“Oh darlings, did you have a good night, are you all happy? Where are Blaise and Maximilius?” Narcissa asked, marking her page and sliding her book to the side table. Eva was in the crook of her arm sleeping peacefully.

“Blaise drank too much, Mother; he fell asleep on a park bench of all things! Max has put him to
bed.” Draco told her as he took Eva from his Mother and kissed her full on her tiny little mouth.

“Is he alright?”

“Yes, Mother, he’ll sleep it off and if Max is in a favourable mood then he’ll give him a headache reliever and a stomach settler tomorrow morning when he wakes up after a night of having the twins screaming in his ear.”

“Max put him in the spare room.” Harry said with a shake of his head. “So he wouldn’t be disturbed.”

“He’ll want to get out of that habit; we won’t always have a spare room to put him in, unless he’d rather sleep on the settee.” Nasta said with a shake of his own head.

“The kids were alright, weren’t they?” Harry asked as he looked around, trying to find anything out of place, but everything was perfect; all the babies were in the travel cots, except for Eva now in Draco’s arms and Calix still on Lucius lap.

“They were little angels.” Narcissa gushed happily.

“Curious little angels.” Lucius added with a smirk. “They wanted to get into everything, particularly Calix, who even refused to go to sleep because he wanted to know what was behind every cupboard door and in every drawer before he would rest.”

Harry shook his head. “That boy is definitely going to become an explorer. He didn’t break anything did he? He broke one of Draco’s knick-knacks last week.”

“They are not ‘knick-knacks’” Draco said pompously. “They’re collectable figurines.”

“Whatever they are, Calix broke one of them. I told you not to leave them on the bottom shelves of the bookcase!”

“How was I to know that he’d climb three shelves to reach it?! I thought they would be safe on the fourth shelf.”
“Well they weren’t.” Harry said simply. “So other than a bit of snooping around, they were okay?”

“Braiden missed you a lot.” Narcissa said, looking a little worried about that fact. “Leolin too. He…he cried himself to sleep, darling. I’m sorry, I couldn’t calm him.”

Harry sighed. “It’s okay, we knew there was a chance of that happening, he’s very…”

“He’s very attached to Harry.” Nasta answered as Harry waffled a bit for the word he wanted.

Harry nodded. “I don’t know why but we share a very strong bond, he calls for me, the only word he says still is ‘Ma’, he has to see me before he’ll go to sleep, if he wakes up and I’m not there he cries. I’m not sure if it’s normal or what to do with him as he’s a Faerie.”

“I’m sure it’s normal.” Nasta said thoughtfully. “I’m sure I read that most Faerie babies do become more attached to their primary carer because they feel safe with them as they’re around them more.”

“We’re going to have to start putting him around the rest of you.” Harry said softly. “I don’t want him thinking that only I’m safe when all of you are as well.”

“We’ll sort it, love, for now, let’s just get them home and settled and then we can talk more about it later.” Nasta insisted.

It took three trips for them to get all of the babies home and all the stuff that they’d taken for their children too with only three of them and Harry’s abdomen muscles ached when he was on the second trip back to their home, he was carrying both Farren and Regan on his shoulders to get them home and into bed as quickly as possible and when he arrived in the living room he had to put them on the settee, get onto his knees, spread his legs and then massage his stomach to try and ease the pain that was even threatening to have him vomit.

“Are you alright?” Draco demanded as he flooed home, he dropped the three packed up travel cots he had been carrying and rushed to Harry.

Nasta flooed in just behind Draco with the remaining travel cots and two backpacks and he
dropped them too and rushed to Harry where Draco was crouched in front of him.

“What happened?” He asked as he sat behind Harry and added his hands to the massage. The bigger, harder, firmer hands had Harry’s less effective hands slipping away and he went onto his hands and knees, lowering his chest and pushing his arse up and he sighed happily as those expert hands took away his pain.

“I think carrying both Farren and Regan was too much for my stomach muscles, I’m sorry.”

“You have nothing to be sorry for.” Draco told him firmly. “You’re still recovering and today has been busy and exciting, you need to rest now.”

“Draco, can you carry him up the stairs for me? I’ll leave the cots and bags where they are for now and sort it tomorrow. I’ll get Farren and Regan to bed.”

“I’m sorry.” Harry repeated.

“Stop apologising, love.” Draco told him as he got Harry into his arms and then stood up. “Your body is recovering from pregnancy and birth, that’s fine, you’re going to have a few wobbles, give yourself some credit, Harry.”

Harry just snuggled up into Draco’s arms and wrapped his own arms around Draco’s broad shoulders. He kissed a pale, baby smooth cheek and settled himself as he was carried up the stairs.

“I love you.” He said sincerely.

“I love you too; now let’s get you into bed.”

Harry laughed at that and they met Max, who was, surprisingly, changing the bed sheets.

“Did you have a little solo accident?” Harry teased.

Max blushed. “No!” He stressed. “Ave spit up on me when I was burping her on the bed, some got
on the covers, so I thought it best to change them.”

“Good, Draco would have given you the cold shoulder for a month for chancing leaving them on.” Harry giggled.

Draco went to dump him on the bed, then he seemed to remember that Harry had been hurt and that was why he was carrying him, so he gripped Harry’s body again, but the aborted movement had him overbalancing and they both tumbled onto the bed.

“Are you alright? Did I hurt you?” Draco asked.

“I feel like I’m missing something, what happened?” Max asked concernedly as he watched them.

“I had a moment that’s all. My incision site hurt for a few minutes when I tried carrying Regan and Farren together. Nasta is being over protective and had Draco carry me up to bed, which I like, but I don’t think it’s going to end in the way that I like the most.”

“Of course not.” Max said as he pulled Harry’s shirt off for him and examined the residual scarring. “Sex right now will crunch up your belly and your stomach muscles, which is exactly what you don’t want.”

“Max is right.” Nasta said as he came into the bedroom sans Regan and Farren. “No sex tonight, love.”

Harry sighed. “Okay, fine, but only because I’ve already had lots of sex this morning on top of an amazing day and I really am in quite a bit of pain.”

“Do you need a pain reliever?” Max asked even more concernedly as he undid Harry’s belt and pulled off his trousers, and not in a way that usually ignited Harry’s blood either as he fought off a grimace of pain.

“No, I just need some rest.” Harry said as he snuggled under the covers in just his boxer shorts and one by one Max, Draco and Nasta joined him. “How’s Blaise?” He asked sleepily.
“He’s fine; he’s fast asleep in the spare bedroom.” Max answered through a yawn. “Now get to sleep, when I wake up for the bottle feeds I’ll check on him too, but he should be fine until the morning.”

Valentine’s had been a wonderful day, even though it hadn’t ended all steamy and sweaty under the sheets, but Harry didn’t mind. He couldn’t help that he had given birth recently or that his body was still healing. He had enjoyed his day though and despite the lack of sex during the night, he’d had more than enough that morning, and the lack of sex at the end of the romantic day didn’t bother him in the slightest as he had never felt more loved, nor more in love than he was in that moment as he lay snuggled into Draco’s bulk with Max pressed right up against his back and Nasta’s hand over Max’s waist and between him and Draco, cupping the remaining bulge of his belly, his fingers drawing sleepy, soft patterns over the scar tissue. It sent him right to sleep in a warm bubble of love and contentedness. The only thing missing was of course Blaise, but that couldn’t be helped tonight, Blaise would sleep better on his own and being so far away from Eva and Ave, he was less likely to wake up with his head feeling like it was being torn in two. Harry smiled as he stilled himself and let his body relax. He lived for days like today, where he felt loved by the men that he had chosen as his mates, where he truly felt like he had his own family to love and to cherish for the rest of his life. He lived for his family and anything that threatened his family was going to meet a very painful, messy end.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Today we celebrate three years! Yep, The Rise of the Drackens is exactly three years old today and was first posted up, exactly three years ago today, where the hell did the time go?
Now to clear some things up, this fic is not abandoned, I do not have writer’s block, I’m not purposefully denying you chapters to ruin your day or any other of the ridiculous things that have been thrown around since the last update. Straight up, pure and simple, I just did not want to write for it, it’s as simple as that. I didn’t want to write for this fic, so I didn’t and while I’ve been away, my stress levels have plummeted and some of my back burner fics have been getting some much needed attention, which has overall made me very happy.
Just because I don’t update for a few weeks or even a few months, does not mean I’m abandoning the fic or that I have writers block, it means I’m doing other things, focusing on other stories and I would like for you to respect that as readers, though I know that a handful of readers either won’t respect me as a person and will carry on their selfish behaviour, or they just won’t read this message. I’m very happy to know that more than half of you will and do respect me as a person and I thank you all for that, this update is for all of you who have waited patiently while I updated Damaged Bodies before I came back to this story, love you all, lovelies.

Updated A/N: Thankfully I wrote this chapter a few weeks ago in preparation for the
anniversary, my Grancha is very ill in the hospital at the moment and he was taken in on the 11th of May, we were told on the 14th that the fluid on his lungs contained Asbestos. We found out on the 15th that he had lung cancer and that he was looking at weeks, not months, we’ve been told not to expect him to live long past August at the most, so once again lung cancer is going to claim another of my family members and my Grancha is the closest family member I’ve had to see suffer in this way. Between comforting family members and visiting him in hospital, I’ve been drained, completely wrung out and trying to deal with my own fluctuating emotions. I’m not going to be around much for the foreseeable future, which will only worsen when my Grancha dies. It’s unfair perhaps on you readers, but when I took the break from The Rise of the Drackens to write for Damaged Bodies, I had no idea that in just a few weeks my Grancha would be critically ill in hospital and told that he has terminal lung cancer. That’s just the way it is though, so make this chapter last, I doubt you’ll be getting another one off of me for a while and that goes for all of my stories, not just this one.

Anyway, I think that’s it. I’ve decided that the Myron/Harry will be a side story, I’ve got the first part of that written, so that’ll be out soon as it’s pre-written and I don’t think there’s anything else that needs to be said now, I hope you enjoyed the chapter,

StarLight Massacre. X
Faerie Stories

Chapter Notes

Last Time

He had enjoyed his day though and despite the lack of sex during the night, he’d had more than enough that morning, and the lack of sex at the end of the romantic day didn’t bother him in the slightest as he had never felt more loved, nor more in love than he was in that moment as he lay snuggled into Draco’s bulk with Max pressed right up against his back and Nasta’s hand over Max’s waist and between him and Draco, cupping the remaining bulge of his belly, his fingers drawing sleepy, soft patterns over the scar tissue. It sent him right to sleep in a warm bubble of love and contentedness. The only thing missing was of course Blaise, but that couldn’t be helped tonight, Blaise would sleep better on his own and being so far away from Eva and Ave, he was less likely to wake up with his head feeling like it was being torn in two. Harry smiled as he stilled himself and let his body relax. He lived for days like today, where he felt loved by the men that he had chosen as his mates, where he truly felt like he had his own family to love and to cherish for the rest of his life. He lived for his family and anything that threatened his family was going to meet a very painful, messy end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Ninety-One – Faerie Stories

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It seemed that Harry had forgotten how very hard it was to have such young babies. Either that or his girls were ten times more demanding than his previous six children had been and at the moment he was leaning more towards the latter.

They were a little over a month old and they cried for everything, even for absolutely no reason and Harry was sure that they even cried when the house got too quiet as well.

“Mama, de canna no baba bana.”

Harry picked up Tegan and sat her on his lap.

“I know, sweetheart, your little sisters are very loud aren’t they?” He said as another high pitched shriek came from upstairs. “They take after your Daddy Max.”
“Dada Ma.” Tegan repeated and Harry kissed her lovingly.

“Yes baby, your Daddy Max. It seems he makes well behaved little boys, not so much well behaved little girls.”

“We’ll have to ban him from having any more girls.” Blaise agreed as he swaggered into the room, dressed to perfection in one of his brand new sets of work robes.

He’d finally found somewhere willing to take on an inexperienced young man, just out of Hogwarts…well, several months out of Hogwarts now, but they had heard little else other than Blaise’s new job since he’d been owled the news that he’d gotten an apprenticeship position. Max had been right though, no one wanted to hire an inexperienced graduate, Blaise had only gotten a job after he’d been accepted for an apprenticeship.

Of course Harry was bursting with pride for his mate, especially as it made Blaise so very happy, but he needed to focus on more than just Blaise’s new job, especially with Nasta finally giving in and allowing Dain and Kailen to come and visit them and with Eva and Ave’s very first Dragon Pox vaccine later that day, he was stressed. He just knew that it was going to go worse than the four quintuplets fourth vaccine had gone last month. He was glad that they, and Braiden, didn’t need another one now until they were three years old, it was just Eva and Ave to sort out for the foreseeable future and Draco was already stressing about them being so unprotected.

“I don’t think banning him from having girls will work.” Harry said with a smile. “Not only is it actually impossible, but I want baby girls…they’re just so loud!”

“They’re healthy and have good lungs.” Draco commented from the armchair, where he was sat reading a book.

“They do. But I’ll still plug them up with dummies if it’ll help keep them quiet for a few minutes.” Harry laughed as he bounced Tegan on his knee.

“When are those meddling Faeries coming over?” Draco asked with a small sneer.

“After the hospital appointment.” Harry replied. “Now Blaise, have a good day, don’t get too stressed and enjoy yourself.” Harry told him as he stood up to peck his lips and held Tegan up for the same.
He shared a last hug with Blaise and then his mate was gone, half an hour early to his first day of his first ever job, joining Max, who was also already in work, and Nasta, who was only working a half day today so that he’d be home at midday in time for the girls’ vaccinations that afternoon.

“Just me and you now, Harry.” Draco commented.

Harry laughed. “You mean, me and you and eight babies?”

Tegan giggled and clapped her hands together. Harry smiled at his almost fifteen month old daughter, she was always laughing, though Max pointed out that it sounded more like a cackle. Harry flung a cushion at him every time he dared to say such a thing in his hearing range.

Braiden, his almost nineteen month old son, toddled to his leg and tugged on his trousers.

“Mama.”

“What do you want, Braiden?” He asked as he looked down at his sweet son.

Braiden lifted his arms up and Harry smiled, he bent down and picked him up and sat him on his other hip, cuddling him.

“Don’t overdo it.” Draco cautioned as he put his book down and came to take Tegan off of him, cuddling her in his own arms.

“I know, I know. It’s not like I picked up Braiden and Farren.” Harry sighed. “I am getting better and the scar is fading. I’ll be back to normal soon.”

“I know, just take it easy, please.” Draco told him, putting their foreheads together and rubbing their noses against one another, which made Harry smile. “I don’t want to see you hurt.”

Harry chuckled and pecked at Draco’s lips. “I’ll be fine. Now it’s almost nine in the morning, Blaise has just fed Eva and Ave, they’ll need a nappy change soon, I’ll cut up some apples for a snack for the kids and then I’ll start on lunch.”
Draco groaned as he sat back on the settee with Tegan. “What did I just say about overdoing it? Just calm down. I’ll sort out Eva and Ave and the kids’ midmorning snack, you just stop stressing so much or you’ll do yourself an injury.”

Harry blushed a little. “Sorry. I think maybe we need a calendar or a cork board or something so that we know what we’re doing, I need everything written down just so that I know that I’m not forgetting anything; I’d feel awful if I forgot something important just because we have too much to focus on and some things end up slipping through the net.”

Draco closed his book, which he’d left open on the arm of the chair and put it on the side table before picking up a piece of parchment and a self-inking quill and he wrote down a quick schedule of the day while Harry was distracted by Braiden and their quintuplets, as Tegan had immediately moved off of the settee and gone back to Harry when he’d sat back down.

He smiled as he watched Harry being surrounded by five adorable, sweet children. He stood up and checked on Leolin, who was scowling fiercely up at the floating shapes above him, tracking them with his golden eyes. He almost looked like he was sneering and Draco smirked, ruffling the slowly thickening, black hair gently.

He handed the piece of parchment to Harry and went to check on Eva and Ave, he didn’t want to disturb them, they were quiet at the moment and he’d like to keep it that way, but he needed to make sure that they didn’t need a nappy change after Blaise had fed them.

Little feet stomping on the wooden floorboards of the hallway behind him had him peeking over his shoulder to see Regan toddling after him as fast as his bandy legs could take him, a toothy grin on his face.

“Where do you think you’re going, hm?” He asked as he picked his little boy up and sat him on his hip.

He carried Regan up the stairs and went into his bedroom, where Ave and Eva were sleeping peacefully in their bedside bassinets. He had only kept Regan with him because he was their most quiet child, after Leolin that was, and he wasn’t likely to wake the girls up with an ill-timed screech.

He peeked in on the sleeping girls, checked their nappies and changed Eva’s when he found her wet, watched avidly by a fascinated Regan.

“I think it’s time for a midmorning snack now, do you want some apple?” He asked as he picked Regan back up and swung him over his shoulder, getting a soft giggle for his efforts.

He went back down the stairs, closing the baby gates as he went.
“Oh there he is! I was panicking as I couldn’t find him. This schedule is brilliant though, Draco, thank you.” Harry said as he took Regan from him and Draco just smirked and nodded before he went to cut up four apples for the kids to nibble on before their lunch.

Harry snuggled Regan and went back into the living room, where the TV was set onto an infant cartoon channel that was more than a little freaky, but Braiden was engrossed with it, standing against the coffee table, rocking from foot to foot in an adorable little dance to the music as he watched the creepy cartoons.

“You’ll give them bloody nightmares putting that on.” Draco complained as he came in with Farren toddling excitedly behind him.

“They like it and it’s not too bad, just a little…strange.” Harry defended as Draco put a bowl of thin apple slices down on the coffee table. There were four different varieties of apples and they were all different colours, from a solid dark red, a crisp, fresh looking green, a red and green mix and a green that was almost a yellow. Harry smiled approvingly.

Farren grabbed a handful and Harry took a hold of his wrist gently and pulled up his best serious face. “One at a time, Farren.” He said as he held up a single finger and Farren pouted at him, but he used his other hand to pick up one slice from his handful and he used his several teeth to bite into it happily.

“Good boy.” Draco praised as he bent to kiss Farren’s brown hair.

Harry made sure that all the kids had at least one apple slice before he picked up Leolin and went into the kitchen with him, sitting him in a soft seated highchair so that he could recline backwards as he wasn’t good at sitting up unaided and he started on making lunch for his children and for him, Draco and Nasta before they’d have to get the girls ready for their first injections.

Myron and Richard were coming over to babysit for them while they went to the hospital and Aneirin would be over after that for Dain and Kailen’s afternoon visit. He sighed…they were taking on too much, he was sure of it, and now that Blaise had a job to fill in the void as he tried to start up his own business, it was just him and Draco who were unemployed and Draco had started making hints that he was going to start searching for a job soon, which would leave him on his own on some days with all eight of his babies, hell by the time that Draco found a job he could even have nine or more babies and he had to breathe deeply to calm the panic and the stress. Everything would be alright, they had a huge extended family that they could rely on if things got difficult, they wouldn’t truly be alone, even if it seemed like they were at times.
Harry had just finished washing the dishes from lunch when Myron and Richard flooed over and Harry happily hugged them both tightly, absorbing the warm comfort that they offered and he pulled back with a sigh.

“Thank you for doing this for us.”

“It’s not a problem, Harry.” Myron told him seriously, pulling him back into another hug and patting his back.

“Well Nasta is having a quick shower, Draco is getting the girls ready and the others are everywhere!” Harry said.

Richard laughed. “Got it. Are they down for their naps?”

Harry nodded and then moved his hand to the reclining high chair where Leolin was sat grumpily. “All of them but Leolin, but then he had a good night last night, he slept for almost nine hours straight, it frightened all of us half to death when we realised that he hadn’t cried for his one O’clock feed or his six O’clock feed, but when we checked, he was just sleeping, but now he doesn’t want to take any naps.”

“That’s okay, you leave him to us, we hardly spend enough time with Leolin because the other five are so active. It’ll be good for the three of us.” Myron told him and Harry watched as Richard pulled faces at Leolin, who scowled even harder.

“The wind will change and your face will get stuck like that.” Richard told Leolin seriously.

Harry looked at Myron and shook his head. “You got one and I got one, we can comfort one another later, after I get back from the hospital and before those pissing Faeries come over.”

“Language.” Myron chastised him with a smirk, but he pulled him into that huge, thick body and gave him a squeeze. “Richard and Max aren’t too bad…though I have to lump Caesar into that group too, you just have to know a good muffling charm so you can’t hear them.”
Harry chuckled. “I do know a good muffling charm.”

“Are you ready?” Nasta asked, his black hair was still damp, but he was dressed and ready to go.

“Draco is still fussing with the girls. He’s put them both in sleeveless dresses so their arms are easily accessible, but now he’s worried about them being too cold so he’s digging around for cardigans and he’s complaining about the lack of matching shoes.”

Nasta let out a long suffering sigh and he turned back the way he’d come and went past the downstairs bathroom to go upstairs to sort out Draco and the girls.

“He looks overly stressed.” Richard commented casually.

Harry hummed softly. “He is…he’s got the most dangerous job out of all of them, he works long hours, he always has a ton of paperwork to do and still he insists that he does the night feeds. He’s doing too much but he pulls top dominant over us, so we can’t do anything about it. I’ll be much happier when the girls start sleeping through the night, but from the way they act thus far, they’re never actually going to sleep through the night.”

“Why do you think that?” Myron asked concernedly.

“They cry for the sake of crying.” Harry told them as he ran a hand through his hair. “They cry when it’s too loud, they cry when it’s too quiet, they cry if they think they haven’t been fussed over for a while and then they cry for no reason that we can figure out. They’re nonstop crieds.”

“I’m glad you’re taking them with you.” Richard laughed.

Harry rolled his eyes and finished cleaning the last of the kitchen before he picked up Leolin and cradled his little boy gently as he took him into the living room.

“We’re going to be late if those two don’t hurry up.” Harry grumbled checking the clock concernedly.

“Pass Leolin to me and go and see what’s taking them so long, surely these vaccinations are more
important than if they’re wearing shoes that match their dresses and cardigans.” Myron told him.

Harry heaved out a breath and nodded, handing Leolin over carefully and he went up the stairs to check on what the hell his two mates were doing.

He found them in their master bedroom, a baby apiece dressed like they were going for professional photo shoots.

“What is taking you two so long? We’re going to be late!” He hissed. “Get those girls in their carrycots and get downstairs!”

“It’s too cold for them to go out barefoot and I can’t find any shoes for them.”

Harry made a soft, angry noise in his throat, he strode to the dresser and pulled out two pairs of tiny white, frilly socks, he jerked them apart and wiggled them onto his daughters’ little feet, folding over the frilly tops.

“There…their feet are covered, they don’t need shoes at a month old!”

“Are you okay?” Nasta asked him, putting Ave into his one arm and pulling him into cuddle against his other side.

“I just…I don’t want them to miss this appointment and we’re pushing it here, we have ten minutes to get to the hospital.”

“What?!” Draco raged, looking at his pocket watch. “Our appointment is for…”

“The appointment is for one O’clock, Draco…it’s ten to. It doesn’t matter what they are wearing, how they’re dressed or if their bloody cardigans and socks match their dresses, it’s not important, these vaccinations are important and out of everyone I would have expected you to be more concerned with their health over their appearance.”

“I lost track of the time, of course I care more about these inoculations! I made the appointment for them!”
“Then get Eva into her carrycot and let’s go before we miss it!”

Draco actually listened and Harry took a moment to rest on Nasta, before he took Ave from his arms and followed Draco down to the living room, where his mate was strapping Eva up securely.

“You have six minutes to get to the hospital.” Richard supplied helpfully.

Harry glared at him. “We’re going now.” He hissed as he made sure Ave’s straps were secure and tight around her little body.

Draco picked up one carrycot and Nasta the other, leaving Harry with the already packed and ready nappy bag. He didn’t think they’d need it, but it was better to be safe after all.

The hospital was loud, crowded and busy and they couldn’t find a place to sit down in the waiting room after they’d checked in so they had to make do with standing, which played hell with Harry’s stomach muscles as he shifted from foot to foot agitatedly.

“Rest against me.” Nasta encouraged him and he pulled Harry until he was taking a bit of weight off of his own feet and he sighed, realising that this was why he was so short tempered today, he was in pain and he hadn’t even realised it.

An Orderly in her pale yellow robes called them at almost fifteen minutes past one and that annoyed him too, if they had an appointment for one O’clock, why were they called almost fifteen minutes after their appointment time? He didn’t care how busy they were, they should stick to their given appointment times!

Healer Nasser was waiting for them and Harry almost sighed at seeing the friendly face. If it had been anyone else, he may have just lost his temper, as irrational as it might have been.

“So these are the little ones causing all the fuss?” He said with a smile. “Harry Potter, pregnant for a third time in less than two years, at just eighteen years old, even though he already has six children, what a terrible scandal!” He teased and Harry smiled.

“What can I say, I don’t like contraception and I’m definitely not giving up the night time activities.”

Healer Nasser laughed and he patted the bed with the sides pulled up. Taking a breath, Harry unstrapped Eva from her carrycot and he laid her down on the bed, taking her one arm out of her
cardigan ready for the Dragon Pox injection.

Healer Nasser did a few cursory checks on her before he started; checking her length, weight, head circumference, colouring, heartbeat and he took a peek in her eyes, mouth and ears.

“She’s in very good health, she’s a good weight too, wonderful. Is this the oldest twin?”

Harry nodded and the Healer turned and wrote a few more notes down in his file.

“Right then, let’s get this little girl vaccinated.”

Harry watched as the Healer unwrapped a new needle, took out a tiny little bottle of liquid and pushed the needle into the bottle, drew up the liquid and then he turned to Eva. Harry took another steadying breath and rolled his daughter slightly onto her side and he held her arm out for the needle, which slid easily under her soft, pale skin. Healer Nasser slowly depressed the plunger and then withdrew the needle and only at that moment did Eva open her mouth and scream.

Ave woke up and she screamed with her sister as Harry quickly passed Eva over to Draco and picked up Ave, letting Healer Nasser check her over, check her measurements and everything that he needed to before he prepared the injection and Harry held Ave still as she was vaccinated.

Her cries picked up a higher pitch and when Harry picked her up to comfort her, she vomited over his chest, which he ignored as unimportant.

“Thank you, Healer.” Harry said as he watched Healer Nasser discard the used needles into a bright yellow box and then pop the empty vaccine bottles into a white bin on the floor.

“My pleasure, Harry. Despite the tears and the screams, I’m happy to see two new little girls vaccinated against such a vile disease.”

“Have you had an increase in people vaccinating their children?” Draco asked curiously.

Healer Nasser nodded happily. “Yes, we’re seeing an increase every month in those vaccinating their children, it’s common knowledge that your oldest ones are now fully vaccinated and only need booster jabs from now on, so that you’ve given them the full course of vaccine, it’s waking more and more people up to the dangers and the need to have their children vaccinated. I’ve waited a long time to see this happen.”
“Good.” Draco said as he grimaced as Eva’s snotty nose came into contact with his shirt. He quickly got out a handkerchief and dug carefully around in her nose to clear it for her.

“I’ll see you back in two months for their next dose, here is your appointment card. If you can’t make it, just see the welcome witch at the front and she’ll change it for you or if it becomes a problem at a later date, then you can owl the hospital for a different appointment.”

Harry checked the card and handed it to Nasta as he cradled Ave tightly to his chest, ignoring the spit up milk on his shirt for now; there was nothing that he could do about it as his twin daughters continued to scream.

“Do you want to use my private floo? I can’t imagine you wanting to go back out into that waiting room with those two.”

“That would be very appreciated, thank you.” Nasta spoke quietly.

They were led into an office next door and they flooed back home quickly, Eva and Ave still screaming their lungs out after their new and very unappreciated ordeal.

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Two hours later and Harry was clinging to Max who had just fed him a wonderful potion which had eased away all of his pain and he could finally relax as his tight, tensed muscles melted with the blissful effects of the potion.

“You should have taken this a couple of hours ago, why didn’t you?” Max clicked his tongue at him as he put the stopper back into the vial and slipped the empty bottle back into his potions case, zipping up the top securely.

“We were at the hospital before I even realised that I was in pain and when we got home we were just trying to settle down Eva and Ave and that took over an hour and their arms are already bruising. I just didn’t think to stop and take it.”

Max shook his head and cuddled him tighter, laying kisses all down his neck and he brushed his hair and his jumper aside to kiss over his shoulder. Harry chuckled breathily.
“Stop that, the kids will be awake soon and Dain and Kailen will be here in an hour or so.”

“I don’t care; you’re too delicious and irresistible. I have to have a taste of you and this luscious skin.”

Harry smiled and cuddled into Max, tilting his head to give him more access to his neck. Eva and Ave were fast asleep after their hour long crying fit, the napping babies would be waking up soon and Leolin was sleeping peacefully, they had come home to find him, like a blot on Myron’s massive chest, sleeping soundly with Richard cuddled in to Myron’s side, a huge arm holding him in place as he stroked a hand slowly and rhythmically down Leolin’s tiny back. It had been so sweet, so domestic that Harry had ordered them not to move an inch as he pushed Ave onto Nasta and then urged him and Draco to hurry Eva and Ave out of the room so that he could take a few quick photographs.

Myron and Richard had gone soon after they’d come home. They were visiting Ashleigh in the hospital today, which is why Harry had been so agitated about the delay to their scheduled appointment time, and Harry had placed Leolin down so that he could carry on sleeping and he’d gone to help Nasta and Draco with the twin girls. Now everything was silent for the minute as he took a stolen moment with Max. It didn’t last long.

Nasta soon came into the room with a yawning Braiden on his hip, his little face still sleep creased from his cot sheets and his hair all mussed up. Harry smiled adoringly at him as he took Braiden off of Nasta and cradled him in his arms and Braiden just snuggled in for a short while before he woke up a bit more.

It took twenty minutes for the quiet calm to turn into piercing screeches, giggles, shouts and the sounds of five happy toddlers at play, Leolin was awake and he was sat on Harry’s lap, the both of them reclined backwards, both watching the room as it descending into complete chaos. It was this chaos that Aneirin flooed into just five minutes later.

“Well they all look happy and boisterous.” He laughed. “How are the girls?”

“They’re sleeping peacefully, but their arms are already bruising.” Harry shook his head. “They hated it, they cried harder and longer than any of the others did.”

“From the noise I came home to, I thought that the Healer had cut off their arms at the elbow.” Max said with a grin. “Instant headache.”

“It was that bad?” Aneirin asked concernedly.
Harry nodded. “It was, we’ve all had to take headache relievers it was that bad. I can still hear their screeches ringing in my ear. Eva wiped her nose on Draco, so he’s very unhappy and Ave threw up all over my front.”

“But they’re okay now?”

Harry nodded. “A bit flushed and a bit warm with the after effects of the vaccine, but they’re both sleeping now.”

“And how is this little boy doing?” Aneirin asked, sitting next to Harry and cupping Leolin’s cheek with a gentle hand.

“He’s doing wonderfully well. He slept for a full nine hours last night and refused to have a midmorning or an afternoon nap after his lunch, but he did fall asleep on Myron and he stayed asleep for a little under two hours, so he’s all refreshed and ready to meet and greet…not that he looks very happy about that, but then he’s always scowling these days.”

“He’s an adorable little Unseelie.” Aneirin praised before his attention was taken by Calix racing over on his hands and knees and rearing back on his knees and lifting his arms up. “Well hello, Calix, how are you big boy?”

“Big boy.” Calix repeated with a wide grin as he was picked up and sat on Aneirin’s lap.

“Well that’s new, how long has he been talking like that?”

“Two days, I sent you an owl, but it must still be travelling.” Harry said with a gooey smile. “He only does it with certain words and phrases, like big boy, good boy, get down, sit down, no and bye.”

“Bye.” Calix said, flopping a little hand at the wrist in an imitation of a wave.

“Bye? Where are you going?” Harry asked him with a smile.

Calix smiled back and curled up with a laugh as Harry tickled him.
“I thought I heard you.”

Harry turned to the door to see Nasta standing tall, dressed casually, but neatly. He was smiling at his Father, but there was a tension that he couldn’t quite hide at his eyes and the corners of his mouth.

“What are you stressing for?” Aneirin asked. “Everything will be fine, Nasta. They just want to fuss over him a little.”

“It’ll be just them, though? Just them.”

“You know that two guards have to escort them, they’re members of the court.”

Nasta’s teeth ground together and Harry slipped Leolin to Max and stood to go and comfort his angry, agitated mate.

“They’re coming for a private, personal visit, not on court business!”

“You know it doesn’t matter…besides this could be classed as court business, Leolin is of great interest to the court after all.”

“I don’t want my home invaded by guards! They’re supposed to be family, they should come here as family!”

Aneirin sighed. “I know, I get the feeling that they don’t trust us yet…the dirty dragons may turn into beasts and injure them while they visit.”

Nasta snorted. “I will injure them if they don’t watch their step.”

“Just…please, don’t start anything.” Harry begged. “I want them to see Leolin and then I want them gone, I don’t want them here for more than an hour. If you start arguing they could be here all afternoon.”
“They damn well won’t.” Nasta all but hissed.

“Max, tea, please.” Harry begged in fragments.

Max stood up and he handed Leolin back to Harry before leaving the room. Harry hoped he had gotten his hidden message and put a drop of calming draught in everyone’s tea. He couldn’t take any more stress.

Harry got Nasta to sit down and he put Leolin onto him, if anything would assure that Nasta would relax and calm himself down it was giving him one of the kids, Leolin especially as he was more delicate and vulnerable and their Drackens instinctively knew that.

Max came in quickly and he gave Harry a long look and Harry almost sighed as he fell on his cup of honey tea. Max had gotten his message and he’d put the calming draught in the tea.

Nasta and Aneirin both drank their tea and nibbled the biscuits…one of which was swiped by a very quick, opportunistic Farren, who had toddled quickly away and hidden, badly, behind a chair to suck and gnaw on it.

Harry laughed at him with his mates and Aneirin, the terrible tension broken. He shook his head softly.

“He’s crazy.” He said with a smile.

“What do you expect; he was made between me and you.” Max said.

Harry gave him an affronted look. “Me? You’re saying this is my fault? Oh no, I won’t take equal blame for that with the likes of you. Calix is my baby, Farren is all you.”

Max roared with laughter and it amused Harry that four babies turned and joined in with their Daddy Max without knowing what they were even laughing at.

Calix crawled from Aneirin, over Nasta, who held Leolin up securely as he let Calix pass over him, and then over Max and he sat himself straddling Harry’s lap. Little hands grabbed his chin and Harry bent down to receive the wet, dribbly, smacking kiss that Calix gave him and he didn’t even wipe a hand across his mouth, he’d done that just once and Calix had cried for ten minutes and then ignored him for half the day.

“What does my baby boy want?” Harry cooed as he wrapped his arms around Calix and rocked them both back and forth.
Calix giggled and clapped his hands. Harry smiled and he cuddled Calix tightly. It was hard to believe that his quintuplets were almost at the same age that he had been when he’d lost his parents and had been orphaned thanks to the attack by Voldemort, it was even harder to believe that Braiden was older than that.

He immediately stubbed out the thought process of thinking of his children without him and his mates there for them. It wasn’t worth thinking about, he would be there for them and his children would never live the same life that he had as a child. He would never allow it.

“You’ve gone all morose, are you okay?” Max asked as he cupped Harry’s chin and tilted it back so that they could have eye contact.

“Just thinking too hard.” Harry sighed as he rested against Max.

“This visit is going to be fine.” Aneirin assured him.

Harry nodded. “I know, I’m not worried about anything happening, I just can’t switch my brain off.”

“A lot is happening in these next few months.” Nasta agreed with a soft exhale.

Harry swallowed hard as he was reminded forcibly that his court appearance against his own family was in just three months’ time. Richard had everything ready, he’d finally gotten all of his evidence sorted out and his case set up and he was ready to go into a court room and rip the Dursleys to pieces over their past actions, but they knew that the Dursleys also had a lawyer who would have spent the time that they had been gathering evidence instructing the Dursley family on what to do and what to say to get them the lowest possible sentence. It was galling.

He was distracted by Draco coming into the room with both Eva and Ave, who were both wide awake and both mewling unhappily.

“What sort of noise is that?” Max asked as he stood up and went to check on his two daughters.

“The grizzly sort of noise.” Harry replied as he played with Calix’s hair. “Like I said, they’re not happy unless they’re the centre of attention, they grizzle when they’re not.”
“Well, do they want anything?” Max asked curiously.

“They’re not wet, they’re not due a feed and they’ve just woken up from a nap.” Draco told them.

“How are their arms?” Harry asked.

Draco pulled a face. “Badly bruised and getting worse too.”

“Maybe that’s why they’re grizzling.” He said as he stood up with Calix cocked on his hip and made his way over to his girls.

He pulled the blanket from around their bodies until he could see their left arms, the one that the Healer had injected with the vaccine. The injection site was steadily going darker. He sighed.

“Get something to soothe the area, please. Keep it compressed, I heard that keeping the area compressed will help with bruising and recovery.”

“Mama, babas bad?” Calix turned and asked, looking at Harry to his little sisters with a frown.

“Yes Calix, they’re feeling a little poorly at the moment, but they’ll be okay.”

“Ma.”

Just one word, a soft, almost inaudible sound and Harry kissed Calix, placed him on the floor where he crawled off as fast as he could go to where Braiden was playing with several wooden blocks and Harry turned to Leolin, who was staring at him intently from Nasta’s lap.

Harry picked him up carefully, still supporting the back of his head and his neck and he kissed him too and then cradled him in his arms.

“Ma.” Leolin repeated.

“I still think it’s astounding that he’s talking so early.” Aneirin said proudly.
“He’s come on so well.” Harry agreed as he smiled at Leolin, who caught sight of it and grinned widely back with his toothless mouth. “He’s grinning at me again!”

His mates and Aneirin all came to peek at him and they just caught the grin before Leolin saw them and scowled so hard his eyebrows furrowed down.

“He’s so adorable and his puppy love with you is so cute.” Max said.

All of them stopped when the floo warning sounded and announced a visitor who wasn’t tied in to their wards. Harry sat down with Leolin and cradled him as Max stood in front of Harry and Nasta went to stand opposite him to protect their playing children, Draco put Eva and Ave down into their bassinets and stood in front of them as Aneirin tensed, ready to protect his son, sons-in-law and his grandchildren.

Warren flooed through first and he smiled at them warmly, greeting them like old friends and Harry eased down. He liked Warren; he had always been kind to them and helpful too and Harry was happy to see him. Nasta however growled when Dain flooed through after Warren, followed by Kailen and then lastly another guard. The same one who had come to visit the last time, the one that had been rude to them, the one that none of them liked and hadn’t wanted to see again.

“Thank you for coming.” Harry said when the silence stretched on and on uncomfortably. “Take a seat.”

“You’re not pregnant this time.”

“No, I gave birth a month ago.” Harry said with narrowed eyes. “I’m still recovering and I’m still sore, so sit down.”

Dain and Kailen acquiesced without another word and sat down together on the adjacent settee. Warren and the other guard took up positions behind them both, standing behind the settee.

Of course Braiden immediately wanted to know what was happening and who the new people were. He stood up and toddled to the coffee table, he studied the new arrivals intently, making sure that they were actually new and that he hadn’t seen them before, before he looked to Harry with a pouty frown.

“Mama?” He questioned as he pointed to the four people on the settee. The Faeries watched him back even more intently, insanely curious. Faerie babies didn’t walk or talk before they were five
or even six years old in some cases; it must have been strange for them to see Braiden doing both at a little over a year old.

“These are our guests, Braiden; they’ve come to see us and your brother, Leolin.”

“Baba in.” Braiden nodded. He toddled around the table and then walked from the table to the settee, where he climbed up and sat straight on Kailen’s lap, watched by four astounded Faeries.

Braiden proceeded to strike up a conversation with Kailen, who had no idea what to do and he rushed to support Braiden and appeared confused as to what he was supposed to say in relation to Braiden’s conversation and what he was supposed to do as he hurried to support Braiden’s head and neck, only to have his hand smacked away angrily by Braiden.

“Braiden is very bold and forward.” Harry said with a smile. “He likes meeting new people and he always makes sure that our guests aren’t left out. Would you like some tea?”

“I…tea…yes. Tea would be lovely, thank you.” Kailen said as he tried to pull himself together and away from his undignified gawping at Braiden.

“How is little Leolin?” Dain asked.

Harry swallowed and he took a breath, he stood up and crossed the distance to Dain and he placed Leolin gently into his arms.

“Leolin is fine.”

“He has no signs of his hospitalisation?” Dain asked in surprised.

Harry shook his head. “None. His and Calix’s coughs have gone, they’re both breathing easier and their check-ups showed absolutely nothing amiss, they’re both fine.”

“Baba in!” Braiden greeted as he placed his hand on Leolin’s head. “Baba, no gee an habba ah.”
“That’s right, Braiden, Leolin is being held by our guest, this is Dain.”

“Ain.” Braiden repeated.

“And this is Kailen.”

“Aien.” Braiden nodded.

Braiden bent his head down and he kissed Leolin gently, before he slipped down off of Kailen’s lap, off of the settee and he toddled back to his brothers and sister and the toys.

“That…that is amazing.” Warren exclaimed, sounding as amazed as he claimed Braiden to be.

Harry laughed. “It must be so strange for you to see.”

Kailen nodded. “Yes…we knew that other species babies were more advanced, naturally, but actually seeing it, seeing this tiny little boy upright and walking, talking and actually understanding what is being said to him at, how old is he, eighteen moon turns? It’s…it’s…” Kailen shook his head, unable to find the word that he wanted to use to describe what he was seeing.

“Braiden is advanced for his age; he’s a Dracken child after all.” Nasta said tonelessly. “But even Leolin took partial Dracken blood.”

Four heads snapped to Nasta at that and then to Leolin, scrutinising him as if they would be able to see any imperfections or blemishes on him that would be a sign of his Dracken blood.

“How do you know?” Dain asked.

“Well he’s our child for starters; we know how he acts and what he does that he’s not supposed to be doing from the books that the court gave to us. He survived being premature and his lung infection for one thing, which points to him being stronger and more robust than full blooded Faeries.”
“That could be a coincidence, a wonderful miracle; it does not mean that he took Dracken blood.”

“Would you be so adverse to the idea if he had?” Aneirin asked sharply, giving them a solid, hard look.

“No, no!” Kailen assured. “It is just that Leolin surviving through his life’s hardships does not prove that he took his parents’ Dracken blood.”

“How about the fact that he understands us, recognises us or that he can talk at fourteen months old or that he’s been doing so for some months now? He first spoke when he was eight months old.” Nasta asked with a smug smirk.

“He…he can speak? At his age?!” The unknown guard asked incredulously.

“Yes, yes he can.” Nasta said proudly.

“This is ridiculous.” Harry sighed. “What the hell is your name?” Harry asked the unknown Faerie. “You’ve been here twice and I still don’t have a clue who you are, it’s rude.”

“Forgive us; this is Auric, one of the guards.” Kailen introduced, looking at the guard as if he was only just seeing him and he was of no importance, which really he wasn’t to Dain and Kailen, they were court members, two of only nine Faeries given such an honour out of the hundreds of Faeries living in and out of the Faerie city, the man behind them was merely a guard employed to be their bodyguard and to protect them with his life. A nobody. Warren it seemed registered more on their radar as he was a friend of theirs through Trefor if he’d understood what they’d told him correctly, this Auric apparently wasn’t anything other than a guard.

Max came back into the room with a tray of tea. He was using his previously unused tea set which included the little sugar bowl, the matching jug of milk and the matching patterned tea cups, saucers and teapot. Harry smiled because he knew that Max had been waiting for such an excuse to break it out and use it since he’d been given it almost four years ago as a gag gift by his brother, before they’d even become mates.

“What does Leolin say?” Dain asked curiously.

“Leolin!” Harry called, clapping his hands gently and waiting until he had his son’s attention
before carrying on. “What do you want? Do you want to come here to me?”

“Ma.” He called out softly, one little hand rising up and out to Harry.

Harry hefted him up and kissed him softly.

“I love you, Leolin.”

Leolin held his chin in both hands and clenched his little fingers, his tiny nails pinching Harry’s skin.

“Ma.” He repeated quietly.

Harry laughed and sat down, Leolin sat on his lap and he turned him around to face the room and he held him upright, slightly reclined back to take the weight of his head, because though Leolin could now sit up with help and keep his head from flopping to either side, he couldn’t hold it up himself for very long and if they didn’t support his head, he toppled either forwards or backwards or to either side, even while he was being held.

“He can sit up?” Kailen asked in bewilderment as he saw Leolin sitting up.

Harry nodded proudly. “He’s getting better at it every day. He’s moving his arms and legs more co-ordinately now too.”

“He’s moving as well?”

“Braiden, sweetie, can you bring Leolin’s blue rattle to me please.” Harry asked loudly and clearly, emphasising the toy he wanted and it took Braiden a few moments to process what he had been asked and he turned and went digging through the torrent of toys covering the floor. He found the pale blue ring rattle that had been given to Leolin for his birthday, got himself back to his feet and he toddled over with it.

Braiden waved the toy with a happy giggle in front of Leolin and the frown that took over the Faerie baby’s face made him smile as Braiden giggled and waved the toy at his brother.
“Baba in, attle.” Braiden gurgled as he waved the toy harder; making the plastic beads inside it make the noise that Leolin liked so much.

Leolin giggled with his brother and he reached out for the rattle, which Braiden handed to his brother.

“You’re a good boy, Braiden and a good brother. I’m very proud of you and I love you.” Harry said.

“Kiss!” Braiden demanded.

Harry tilted Leolin sideways, bent down and pecked Braiden’s lips and then his oldest son was off, back to the baby group and the piles of toys they were making from their toy chest.

Harry tugged Leolin back upright and watched as Leolin carefully turned the rattle over in his hands, listening to the rattle make its clinking noise. Over and over and over he turned it, listening before it came up to his mouth and he bit it hard with his soft, pink gums, a tiny, tiny little tongue passed over it, wetting the hard plastic with copious amounts of dribble.

Harry stood and he passed Leolin over to Kailen this time, leaving his son on the Faerie’s lap as he made a cup of tea how he liked it, giving the tea a good squeeze of honey from the bottle on the tray before he sat back on the settee and savoured it, leaning into Nasta as he let the Faeries stare and gawp over his son, who was paying no attention to them as he focused completely on the rattle in his hands. He did notice that Max had sat on the floor, playing with their children happily, but he was sat directly in front of the fireplace, Harry didn’t think that that was a coincidence at all. He approved immensely.

“It…it’s strange.” Kailen said as he continued to stare at Leolin.

“What is?” Harry asked a little sharply.

“He’s so tiny, about the same size any normal Faerie baby would be at fourteen moon turns old, but his mental development is far superior to the level that usual Faerie babies are at this age. It’s amazing to see a Faerie baby acting in this way so young; it gives me hope that he will see adulthood.”

“It is obviously his tainted blood; he should not be allowed or exposed to other Faerie babes, he could infe…”
“You are not here for your opinions!” Kailen snapped hard and quick, furious and as dangerous as an enraged chimera. “Do not forget who I am and that this boy is of my family! That everyone in this room is family of Dain and I!”

Auric clenched his jaw and looked at the floor in furious embarrassment and humiliation at being publically chastened by a member of the court so venomously.

“Are we your family?” Nasta asked sceptically. “You two, who we hadn’t even heard of until Leolin was born and revealed as a Faerie?”

“You do not speak to members of the court that way!”

“You were just warned that you are not here for your opinions!” Dain spun to face Auric and he glared at him. “Keep your mouth shut; this is no business of yours.”

“What do you mean that you don’t believe that we are family?” Kailen asked as he cuddled Leolin tighter.

“As I said, we only heard about you when Leolin was born.” Nasta said bitterly. “You were very content to ignore me, my brother, my sister, my Father, my Uncle Idris, my Aunt Nerys, my grandfather Hywel…none of us have heard of either of you…in fact we had no clue that you were even part of our family or that Trefor had had an affair…you never even tried to get into contact with us!”

Dain and Kailen shared a long look and Kailen sighed sadly before nodding at Dain.

“We were embarrassed.” Dain admitted. “It’s not through lack of interest that we never got into contact with the children of Nesta and it wasn’t because he never had Faerie children either. We raised Kian and Daire, our little grandsons and we loved them fiercely, we loved our great-granddaughters, Prudence, Abigail and Kagan and our Nesta too, but…the pain we felt at Trefor’s loss, we never had time to grieve the loss of our lover and our six children. We put all of our focus; all of our attention was on raising Kian and Daire to the best of our abilities, and having never raised any young children before it was all new and a frightening experience and we were always worried about how we were doing, or if we were even doing it right. Narilla was a huge help to us both as all of our children came to us at eighteen, except for our youngest born daughter, who came to us at fourteen, but they all came to us when they were already grown, we saw a few of them as children, but it was never for long, so we needed the help to raise our grandsons, but when Kian
and Daire were grown too…it…it…”

“It hit us quite suddenly that we were alone, that we had lost one that we loved so very much, that six of our children had been murdered by a man who should never have been near them in the first place. Trefor’s Husband, Jediah, was a controlling, abusive man and Trefor was so sweet and gentle, he obeyed his Mother, he obeyed his Husband, his one act of defiance was to fall in love with someone his Mother hadn’t sold him to, or rather two someone’s.”

“We loved Trefor.” Dain told them with his head held high and no hint of embarrassment over his declaration. “He came to us and he slotted between us so well that it was like the two centuries we had been lovers before him had never happened, like he had always been there between us. Losing all of our children with him…it ruined us, we only had our two grandsons left to us and when they were grown and off making their own families, that is when it hit us and…we couldn’t face anything or anyone.”

“So you shut them out.” Harry said softly.

Kailen sighed and he snuggled Leolin on his lap.

“It wasn’t so much shutting them out, we were still talking to them, still seeing them…but it, it became harder and harder the more that we pretended that everything was fine.”

“We had shut it out for so long as we cared for Kian and Daire that once we had given in and started to grieve, it got harder and harder to pull it back and keep it hidden until one day it all just boiled over.”

Kailen rested his head back against the settee and he closed his eyes. “We had seen Kian happily married to a human woman, he loved her so much that we didn’t dare try to stop him from marrying a human, he loved her so much that we knew that if it came down to it, it would be us losing out, not her, so we made sure not to put Kian in such a position. He and his Wife, they had three stunning daughters, Prudence, Abigail and Kagan and our little Daire had had his beautiful boy Nesta, who was growing up so fast, he was only just a teenager when we…when the grief became too much for me to take any more.”

“Once Kailen had started, I couldn’t support him, I could do nothing but join him and we started our long process of grieving for our lost family members, for the ruined shreds our family was left in when we should have still been creating beautiful children with Trefor, watching as our older children settled and started families of their own, but we couldn’t, we could only visit grave sites.”
“It took too long, far too long for the depression to disperse, the first decade was the hardest, where we couldn’t even sit in on court meetings and we were in danger of losing our seats. Sindri didn’t want to put us out of a job, he didn’t want to replace us, but our presence was needed in the court, our voices were needed for debates and we couldn’t even crawl out of our bed on most morns.”

“Yet we couldn’t allow ourselves or our ancestors to be so dishonoured as to be kicked out of the court, so we went back.” Dain said with a grimace of remembered pain. “We were listless, depressed and hurting so much that we couldn’t even take comfort in one another.”

“I got so bad that at my lowest I even hated the sight of Dain. I hated him for allowing Trefor to be our Fae, for letting him get pregnant with seven children who had all died or been killed, for leading us to this agonising pain. I couldn’t remember how happy we had been together, how wonderful our children had been, how much our family had flourished, now cut down to just us and two little boys, one who had seeded three daughters to a human woman and one who had seeded a lone son to carry on Trefor’s last name.” Kailen admitted, his gold eyes filled with tears. “Dain and I fought at least once every half a moon turn and even attacked one another and it almost destroyed our relationship and at points we almost killed one another in the process. I hated that we were so distant, yet I hated that Trefor and our children were dead even more, so I took it out on Dain and I hated him. We had told Trefor not to go to that funeral! Why should he have gone to that poisonous old woman’s funeral? She brought him nothing but pain and hate and hurt! She hated her own child, she sold him, a beautiful, kind, wonderful Fae, to a spiteful, evil human man three decades older than he was to be raped, abused and kicked about like a stray, unloved dog! Why did he have to go to her funeral?!”

“Because he obeyed her in everything except over us and the kids.” Dain said painfully. “When she died, he wanted to go and make his peace with her grave and the kids went with him, even if Delwyn, Neifion, Darin and Kyrin had only gone to spit on her grave site.”

“What happened?” Harry asked quietly.

“Jediah was lying in wait; he knew that Trefor would go to his Mother’s funeral. That evil cretin should have been dead a thousand times over, but Trefor never wanted him hurt. He always held us back when we would have torn his worthless head from his useless body. Trefor, in a fit of rare rage and courage in the face of the filth that had tried to sell our own fourteen year old daughter Keri, in front of the very man who had raped and beaten him so many times, he snapped and he told Jediah the truth of what he had done, the potions he had taken to ensure that he never conceived with him, that all of the children he thought were his own were in fact ours and had taken on his maiden name of Delericey over his Husband’s name of Constas. That filth went ballistic, he killed Trefor and then he killed all of our children, putting them under the body bind curse and killing them in turn, hoping to wipe out the Delericey name, before he then killed himself, denying us our chance of revenge and justice for his actions.”
“I wished he hadn’t…” Dain said breathing heavily, his hands clenched, his teeth gritted. “What I would have done to him to exact my vengeance, the pain I would have made him feel for every single tear and drop of blood that he made Trefor spill, for killing our children in selfish, cold blood just because they weren’t his…he still raised them until they were eighteen, Keri until she was fourteen, for him to just turn around and kill them all, even sweet Keri and our delicate Rhonwen, our defenceless, terrified daughters.”

Kailen reached over and kissed Dain on the mouth, the very first time that Harry had seen them show any sort of affection towards one another, they didn’t even hold hands or hug or even sit close together, there was a two inch gap between their hips and legs where he was practically sitting on Nasta’s lap he was that close to his top dominant mate.

“Calm yourself, Dain, this way of thinking is useless. He is dead, we got over all of that, we came out of it and we still have family.”

“What were you embarrassed about?” Harry asked them as respectfully as he could in the face of their pain.

“By the time we pulled ourselves back together and had fought off our depression, the little teenager Nesta was a fully grown man who was married to a wonderful man named Urien, who was of Dracken blood even though he wasn’t a Dracken himself, and they had had five children together, two of whom were Drackens, and their first born son, Dai, had even had his own son, Hywel, your Grandfather, Nasta. But all of Kian’s daughters had perished, one in a fire, one of illness and the other of suicide and Kian himself was dead and buried with his Wife. We kept up with all of you, loved you from afar, but we had been gone from Nesta’s life for over three decades, we had never met any of his children, or grandchildren, we felt embarrassed that it had taken us more than three decades to grieve, that we had sunken into depression for so long that we didn’t even know the people in our family anymore. That we had lost a boy we had loved fiercely without knowing about it, that we weren’t there to protect his daughters when it was needed.”

“So you ignored us?” Nasta asked.

Kailen sighed heavily. “It seems like we ignored you, but we kept up with everything that you did, we know all of your achievements and what you have done in your lives, we just never let on that we knew you. We thought it would come across as strange or even perverted if we let on that we were watching you all, but never approaching.”

“But when Leolin was born and he turned out to be a Faerie, you couldn’t hide from us, because we had to go to the city and we had to go to the court and the both of you sit on the court. You
couldn’t hide anymore and you were randomly, out of the blue, suddenly confronted with the family that you felt alienated from because of your period of grief.” Harry nodded.

“Three decades was a long time, a very long time to be out of touch with our own family. Three whole decades.” Kailen said with a pained tone. “Everything had changed, the family had grown up, there had been several births, a few deaths, marriages, we didn’t know them anymore and at that time we felt that we had no right to intrude on their happy lives with our lingering misery. We still feel that way, the pain and the loss is always there and we are still miserable, we still feel like we have no right to intrude upon you all, as we did when we found out that you and Nasta had all but married and started having children, another generation to our family that we felt that we could never approach. We wanted to meet you, to be a family, but we felt that we couldn’t, that we had no right to intrude after so much time had passed.”

“Until you found out about Leolin. You couldn’t hide from us when Aneirin took the news to the court or when Nasta and I brought him to the city, but when you realised that no one knew that you were related to the Delericey’s…you tried to get off onto the right foot by being extra helpful.”

The both of them nodded. “We had planned to wait, our thinking was that if we got to know you and then told you Trefor’s story of what had happened all those decades ago, to explain ourselves, then things might go smoother, but you found out before we had the chance.”

“That would have been my doing.” Aneirin cut in with a heavy sigh. “My brother Idris and I went hunting through the family archives and we found mentions of Daire being brought up by his paternal grandfathers with his older brother Kian, which had been listed down as you both. Idris and I worked out then that Trefor must have had an affair and that at least his eldest son Delwyn had been the son of one of you two, thus making Daire your grandchild and of our line, the main line of the Delericey family, essentially of your own line. We had no way of knowing the true story or what had actually happened or why, but we knew that it had happened for whatever reason.”

“Call Uncle Idris, he needs to hear this.” Nasta said as he stood up and left the room.

“He has every right to be angry with us.” Kailen said sadly to his lover as Dain all but deflated at Nasta’s exit.

“He isn’t angry; Nasta is a man of very few words.” Harry explained to them both. “He left because it’s almost time for our month old daughters to have a feed; he’s making up their bottles and giving himself time to digest everything that he’s just heard.”

“Why do you only pay attention to Leolin?” Max asked suddenly. “I know he’s a Faerie, but if you
have been watching all of your family, then you do know that that includes all of these babies now, don’t you? Tegan and Regan, those two almost identical kids by there, are also Nasta’s blood children regardless that they have no Faerie blood and despite not sharing blood, Nasta sees every single baby here as his own, so really they’re all your several times great grandchildren.”

“We…we knew that he had two other blood children and that he saw all of these children as his own, he said as much in the city when he came to see the court with Harry and Leolin, we just feel a little…”

“Awkward.” Kailen supplied for Dain as he waffled a little trying to find a suitable word. “We feel awkward around them as we have only ever been around Faerie babes, so human babes and the babes of Drackens are an unknown to us, so we really do not know how to look after them or what they might need or want, so it felt best to us to watch them, but have no interaction with them, that way we can’t possibly harm or upset them.”

“What rubbish.” Harry snorted. He stood up, walked to his group of children in their mountain of toys and picked up Regan by the back of his dungarees and deposited him onto Dain’s back.

Regan screeched and wrapped his arms tight around Dain’s neck and started bouncing on him.

“The best thing about human and Dracken babies is how active and how strong they are.” Harry said with a smile. “As long as you use common sense and don’t start throwing them about, they’ll be fine, just watch your hair, some of them like pulling.”

Dain caught Regan and tugged him around the side of his body so that he was sat in his lap and Regan clapped his hands happily at the action.

“It is frightening to see them being played with so rough.” Kailen said with wide eyes. “But they are unhurt and happy still…even though they are so tiny, they are so active, it’s a…a conundrum!”

“Not really, this is just the difference between Faeries babies and other babies, don’t worry, you’ll be coming over every other Wednesday from now on, so you’ll learn quickly how to deal with them.”

“You’d…you’d let us have regular, prolonged contact with them all, not just Leolin?”
“Every single one of them. All eight so far and many more to come.” Harry nodded.

Harry found himself wrapped tight in two pairs of arms, Regan up by his neck, Leolin down by his chest and Harry laughed.

“It’s fine. You shouldn’t be embarrassed to have taken time to grieve and family should be with family. You have explained what happened and your thoughts and feelings, what you had both gone through and how strong you were to push off the grief that you felt to raise Kian and Daire to adulthood and I at least accept that and will allow you to be in the lives of your several times great grandchildren.”

“I feel the same way.” Nasta said simply and to the point as he walked in with two bottles and Farren toddling after him, hoping that he had a biscuit.

Nasta looked down at him and smiled, taking out a packet of Rusks from his pocket.

“Dada Ta, Usk!” Farren all but begged, latching onto Nasta’s leg and tugging on it.

Nasta opened the packet and handed Farren the biscuit and Farren squealed happily, dropping onto his bum so that he could eat his biscuit immediately.

“Make sure they all have just the one, I don’t want their dinner to be ruined.” Max told Nasta seriously.

“There are only five in a packet.” Nasta reminded him.

“I’m just saying.” Max said.

“I know you were, but I know not to ruin their dinners with snacks.”

“Don’t you take that tone with me.” Max growled.

“I’ll take any tone I like!”
“Will you two knock it off already before I throw you both out in the back garden.” Harry complained. “You sound like an old married couple.”

“I love seeing my nephew being kept on such a short leash.”

Harry turned and did a double take at the man standing tall next to Aneirin. He was absolutely gorgeous and Harry grinned.

“Well, Nasta certainly never told me about you!” Harry said as he went to greet the new man.

“I tell you about my Uncle and Aunt all the time.” Nasta replied confusedly.

“You never told me how gorgeous he was!” Harry denied as he cuddled right in to Nasta’s Uncle Idris, who laughed and shoved Harry’s head down while ruffling his black mop of hair. It was getting a bit too long again.

“And Aneirin and Nasta never told me how very beautiful you were, or how funny!” Idris replied in a deep, pleasant voice that had Harry grinning.

“Oh Nasta, how could you keep this man away from me for two years!”

“It has been two years hasn’t it?” Idris sighed. “It’s utterly criminal that it has taken me this long to come and see my new family members, are all these kids yours? Damn you boys are busy. Nye, you want to teach your son some control before they have so many kids they’ll have to start populating Mars.”

Max fell onto his back and laughed hard and Harry had to sit down, but both Aneirin and Nasta wore identical scowls.

“Merlin, you two are such serious killjoys! Where is my fun nephew? Sanex would have laughed at that. He always laughs at his cool Uncle Idris’ jokes. If I had a son then he would definitely be a copy of Sanex.”
Braiden made his way over curiously, toddling on unsteady, turned in feet, to see the new arrival.

“Has it really been so long that this little one is already walking? Damn I need to take more time off of work!”

Idris bent right down and scooped Braiden off of his feet, holding him under his arms and attacking his face with kisses, making eating noises while claiming that he was going to eat up all of Braiden and swallow his adorable, tiny feet whole, before cradling him in his one arm and tickling him mercilessly with the other.

“I honestly wondered what had gone wrong with Sanex and why he was so different to you and Aneirin. Now I know.” Harry replied as he watched and listened to Braiden screeching in utter delight, giggling and laughing, squirming and twisting.

“I hadn’t ever wanted to subject you or the kids to Uncle Idris, but I suppose it was going to happen eventually.” Nasta sighed.

“You act older than I am!” Idris complained. “Nye, you gave seed to a little old man!”

Max was beside himself with laughter, so much so that tears were streaming down his cheeks as he laughed so hard that no sound was escaping.

“Please tell me your Aunt isn’t like this too?” Harry pleaded.

“No, my Aunt Nerys is more level headed, though she scales the tallest buildings in the world as a hobby.”

Harry shook his head. “Crazy…all of them crazy.” He turned back to a horrified looking group of Faeries. “Maybe it was a good thing that you didn’t want to be involved with this family, I don’t blame you and I’m a part of it.” He laughed.

“Is that little boy, Braiden…is Braiden alright?” Warren asked concernedly.

Harry turned back to find Idris dangling Braiden upside down by his ankles, Braiden screeching in
downright joy, his shoulder length black hair sticking straight down as he wiggled as Idris pretended to bite his belly, blowing raspberries on his bare skin as Braiden’s shirt fell down to reveal his pudgy little belly.

“He’s fine.” Harry said, waving a hand at Idris and Braiden. “Braiden loves it.”

“It seems so dangerous!” Dain hissed.

“Dracken baby, remember?” Harry reminded him.

The four Faeries drew back in horror and Harry turned around quickly to find Idris was only holding Braiden’s one ankle as he used his free arm to support Braiden’s back and then turn him right side up again and cradled the eighteen month old boy in his arms securely.

Harry let out a breath and rolled his eyes. Idris was so much like Sanex it was easy to see who Sanex took after and between Nasta and Aneirin, it was very, very easy to see that they were very alike in personality, but where Sanex looked more like Aneirin, Nasta looked more like his Uncle Idris. It made Harry ache with curiosity to see his mate’s Aunt Nerys to see what she looked like too.

“So those are the stick up the arse Faeries?” Idris asked his older brother with a scrunched up nose.

“You swear again and I’ll throw you off of the roof.” Harry said seriously.

“He’s so mean, Nasta! How do you love such a cold bas….barbarian?” Idris stopped and corrected himself when Harry snapped his head around and gave him a cold glare.

“Ba ba un!” Braiden repeated happily.

“Example A of why you will be going off of the roof if you swear in this house.” Harry said as he used both hands to indicate Braiden, who continued to repeat his new word with increasing volume.

A high pitched wail broke the peace of the room and they all turned to the two bassinets, where Ave had woken up for her feed.
Draco, who had been silent and observant all throughout the visit, moved for the first time as he took one of the bottles that Nasta had made up and tested it against his forearm before scooping up Ave carefully and rubbing the bottle teat on her little, rosy cheek.

“‘You gave birth!’” Idris exclaimed happily to Harry. “I thought that you were still pregnant when I saw you, you should have said I had a new great-niece, Nye!”

Harry’s head dropped to the floor and his hands fell against his will to the baby bump he still had a month after birth and he felt it self-consciously.

Max was there then, smelling of sage because of the headache relievers and the scar reducers he had been brewing and he was holding him tightly and kissing him as Nasta ripped into his own Uncle over upsetting his submissive mate.

“I’m okay, I’m fine!” Harry stressed. “I do look like I’m still pregnant with this baby pouch and really I only gave birth a month ago, I’m not surprised that it’s still there. Just calm down and get me tea.”

“I really do love seeing my brother get chastised by you, Nasta.”

Harry looked up at the new person in his living room. He studied the pretty woman with her silky looking black hair and her beautiful hazel-gold eyes. He smiled as he realised that this must be Aneirin and Idris’ younger sister Nerys, Nasta’s aunt.

“You’re supposed to take my side!” Idris whined.

“When you just insulted a submissive who gave birth a month ago? No.” Nerys said with a sniff. “Nasta, are you not going to greet me? Get your cute little behind over here and give me a hug.”

Nasta smiled and he hugged his tall, slender aunt and he kissed her cheek with genuine affection.

“It’s good to see you, Aunt Nerys.”

“You look so well!” She commented as she seized his head and tipped it this way and that. “’You look happy and I must say that I’m so glad that you started to keep up with your shaving, as your Aunt I feel I have to tell you that you look like a scruffy tramp when you don’t shave.”
Max laughed loudly and Harry chuckled as Nasta flushed red and groaned in embarrassment.

“These must be three of your four mates, Harry I can tell as your submissive, I would recognise Myron Maddison’s only son anywhere, and the son of Lucius Malfoy too, so it is Blaise who is missing.”

“He’s in work, his first day.” Harry said with a smile. “He’ll be home soon.”

“Now for what I really want to do, come and introduce me to these gorgeous, adorable little munchkins wandering around my feet.” Nerys cooed as she tugged on Nasta’s arm to get him moving.

“Are we waiting on many more people?” Dain asked as he obsessively made sure that Regan was on the floor before letting him go when he squirmed to be put on the floor. Kailen was still cradling a tiring Leolin, who was yawning widely and showing off his toothless mouth.

“No. I called my brother and my sister, our Father refused to come.” Aneirin said.

Dain swallowed and Kailen closed his eyes from the pain of having one of their family members reject them so obviously and firmly.

“If what Nye tells me is true and you have a legitimate reason for ignoring our family for so long, then I will sit him down and make him listen, but our Father and Grandfather don’t know either of you, they didn’t even know that you were members of our family, you have ignored us for a hundred and thirty years, that is not going to be turned around overnight.” Nerys said, standing tall even with Calix and Tegan in her arms.

She sat on the settee and Harry grinned as he saw how similar she and Tegan were, both with black hair and hazel eyes, though Nerys’ had the gold hint that both her brothers and her nephew Nasta shared, Tegan had a gold hint, but it wasn’t as strong or as pronounced.

“Now, tell me what you told my brother to convince him that you deserve to even speak to us.” Nerys said sternly and primly as she sat, looking all but regal in her smart, pencil skirt suit with two fourteen month olds on her lap.
Nasta made his Aunt a cup of tea with half a spoon of sugar and a drop of milk in one of Max’s new cups and he handed it to his Aunt with a matching saucer and Harry knew then that if Tegan turned out to be as no nonsense and as stern as Nerys then he’d be a very happy man and a very proud Mother.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I love these Faeries so much, and Idris…Idris is awesome. This chapter carries on where it left off in chapter ninety-two, so more Faerie action to come and things are about to get very, very interesting and a little…hmm, well I expect to be lynched, so it’s that sort of interesting.

We have a scheduled update for next week, it will be for this fic as I’m focusing a little more on this one after the eight updates I put in for my other fics, so I have some time to dedicate to it, but the Scaled Bits and Damaged Bodies will still be having a bit of work done to them, but until then, I’m sticking with this fic for a while.

Tammy Azrael Malfoy: Ave is pronounced like the word knave or save. There is emphasis on the A so it’s pronounced like Ay, and there is none on the E, so it’s almost silent.

Sara: No, squibs cannot carry the gene, they don’t have any magic, thus the magical creature gene is not present in their blood because it needs magic in order to carry it. All Drackens have to have a Pureblood in their lineage somewhere, even if they are no longer considered Purebloods.

Anyway, it’s been a while, so it’s painful for me to say that my Grancha did die very quickly after he fell ill, the cancer was very aggressive and it spread very quickly through the rest of his body and he died only days after being released from the hospital. His funeral hit me very hard so I took some time away, but I’m much better now, thank you all for your support and kind words, the family have been getting better and life carries on as it always does, we’re doing well and now nine weeks after he died, things seem to be almost back to level ground and I just want to carry on now and forget the pain and sadness, which is why I haven’t stopped writing and updating for several weeks now, but yeah, I want it all behind me and I never want to think of him that way again.

I’ll be focusing now on this fic for a few weeks, then I’m going on holiday for the first time in four years, so I’m looking forward to that, but until next week lovelies, I hope you’ve enjoyed this chapter, I’ll see you soon,

StarLight Massacre. X
Familiar Repeat

Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter is dedicated to Jane, for the amazing review that was given to me for this story on AFF.

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Ninety-Two – Familiar Repeat

Harry sat through Dain and Kailen retelling their story of pain and anger and the embarrassment they had felt and still felt to this day, decades later, and through it all he held Blaise’s hand tightly. His mate had come home ten minutes after Dain and Kailen had started their retelling and he had stayed in the living room to hear the story instead of going for a shower and to get changed into something more comfortable.

Max was in the kitchen making dinner for the kids and Leolin was on Harry’s lap, after calling out for him and then falling fast asleep on him after a little bottle of milk. Eva had been fed and both newborn girls were sleeping peacefully and their older children were calming down a little as the smells of their dinners wafted through to the living room. Farren was naturally out in the kitchen with Max hurrying him along with the continuous reminder that he had hungry children to feed.

“I see.” Nerys said simply when the Faeries had stopped speaking, not giving away any of her thoughts or emotions.

“Stop teasing them, Rissy.” Idris waved a hand as he lounged on the floor, Regan and Calix
climbing all over him. “It’s good enough for me, welcome back into the Delericey fold!”

Nerys sighed. “I suppose that Idris is right. The pain you must have felt in raising your two grandsons, knowing that your lover and children were all dead. I wouldn’t wish to go through such a terrible trauma.”

Aneirin sighed. “I will speak to my Father and Grandfather; expect an owl in the coming days, a week at the most. They will want to meet with you as well I expect.”

“How dare you presume to speak to members of the prestigious court that way! They will set up the meetings and you will be there!”

Aneirin sighed, Idris laughed and Nerys raised a perfectly plucked eyebrow with an almost feral smile on her mouth.

“Oh really?” She let out a little laugh. “Well that doesn’t work out for us, so we’ll just have to say our goodbyes here and now.”

“Warren, please would you do the honours?” Kailen asked icily.

Warren bowed at the waist. “My pleasure, Kailen.”

Harry wondered what was going on until Warren turned and seized Auric in a headlock and dragged him out into the passageway and then out of the front door. Idris almost choked he was laughing so hard.

Max poked his head around the door, a cutely befuddled look on his handsome face.

“Did I just see what I thought I did?” He asked.

Harry nodded with a grin.

“Warren was just removing some filth from your home.” Dain declared with a haughty sniff. “He has annoyed me all day, this last infraction could have lost us our family and we will not stand for
such from a lowly guard. He is no friend of ours and he should have kept silent; we put no stock in his opinions so he should not have voiced them.”

“Nerys was just making a point.” Aneirin assured them. “Ordering any of us anywhere will not be the best way to prove that you want us to be a family. You can request us to visit, but ordering us to go to the city and present ourselves to you will be steadfastly ignored.”

“We wouldn’t even have thought to order you anywhere, all orders from the court come direct from Sindri himself, we have no say or even any previous knowledge of the summons that Sindri sends out, he is the Head of the court, but all of us understand your wish to keep Leolin safe and thus we understand the need to not take him travelling so often and after the Dragon Pox outbreak in the city...most are just pleased to hear that there is at least one Faerie babe still living, even if he isn’t living in our city.”

“Is Ezrah okay?” Harry asked.

“You asked after him on our last visit, is he a friend of yours?”

Harry shrugged. “We’ve sent a few owls to one another and he wanted to see all of my children so I sent him a photo. I wouldn’t call us friends yet, but I could definitely see myself being friends with him given some time and some more interaction. I want to invite him around for a morning so that he can mingle with the kids, because he’s frightened of finally having a baby and then not being able to look after it properly because he’s never been near any children before.”

“You are very kind to him.” Kailen told him.

Harry shrugged. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“Ezrah’s Father was disgraced for crimes against citizens of the Faerie city. He was selling orphaned Faerie babes and even desecrating the graveyard for bodies to sell to wizards for potions ingredients. He was executed when Ezrah was only nine.”

“That isn’t Ezrah’s fault!” Harry defended hotly. “Why is he being punished for his Father’s crimes?!”

“He is the seed of his Father.” Dain sighed. “It is not us personally who persecute him, though we
don’t have much interaction with him, but many others do hold him accountable for his Father’s crimes and they even tried to prevent him from bonding to Lathen, his very respectable, well liked Valkyrie lover.”

“They tried to mess up his marriage?” Harry asked, absolutely disgusted.

Kailen nodded. “The court had to intervene and we even had to post guards around Lathen’s house during the bonding ceremony to ensure that nothing interfered. Ezrah’s Father, Ezile Seneca, was a very hated man, some saw the truth of it, like us, especially when Ezile tried to sell Ezrah several moon turns after his birth, his own son, but many will not forget or forgive him for the sins of his Father.”

“That’s awful!” Harry said. “I really want him to come over now. Your society is seriously messed up!”

“Harry!” Aneirin chastised.

“Well it is!” Harry said unashamedly and unrepentantly as Idris laughed uproariously. “If I go out and kill a hundred people tomorrow then that is on me, those are my actions, my fault, what does it have to do with my babies? Or even my mates for that matter?! Nothing! So they shouldn’t be blamed for it and neither should Ezrah be blamed for what his Father did. His Father sounded like he was an utter prick.”

“We are not saying that what the Faeries of the city believe is right, just that that is what they believe.” Dain explained patiently.

“You have to remember, Harry, that the average age of the citizens of the city is five hundred years old.” Nasta told him just as patiently. “They think differently to us.”

Harry huffed. “Well they should think more like us, poor Ezrah! I’m going to send him an owl right now; he can come and visit us whenever he wants to!” Harry decided as he strode off to the attic, where their owls had made their home, and to the small writing desk that they kept there stocked with parchment, ink and quills so that they could send letters quickly and easily.

Harry wrote a short letter detailing to Ezrah that he could come and visit in the morning of any day that he chose and that Harry would love to show him his children personally and that Lathen was welcome as well if he wanted to join them.
He couldn’t believe that anyone would blame Ezrah for what his disgusting Father had done. Those Faeries needed to realise that this was the twenty-first century now and that they couldn’t ostracise Ezrah just because his Father had been an utter bastard. Though he knew that the chances of them even taking any notice of him was next to non-existent. He couldn’t even entertain the thought of living in the Faerie city; he didn’t know how Ezrah did it day after day.

Poor Ezrah had been nine when his Father had been executed for his crimes and that was a Faerie nine and not a human one too, his books said that the human equivalent of a Faerie nine year old was a little over five years old. Ezrah had had the understanding and abilities of a five year old and those fucking Faeries had still painted him with the same brush as his vile Father. It wasn’t fair and Harry felt so sorry for Ezrah having to live in that city knowing that the people there didn’t accept him and had even tried to prevent him from marrying to the man that he loved and who loved him just as much in return, Lathen was one of the very few who saw Ezrah as a person and not as the reincarnation of his messed up Father.

“Hedwig!” Harry called to his beautiful snowy owl and she preened and strutted away from her place huddled next to Draco’s owl, Saracen and glided down to him. “Are you up for a trip? I need this delivered to Ezrah in the Faerie city, you may have trouble getting in again, but I trust you to deliver it for me, as I have done the last several times.”

Hedwig puffed up at that and gently nipped at his hand with real affection and Harry stroked her breast after he had tied on the letter and carried her to the open window. She gave Esmeralda and Jasmine a warning squawk before she fluttered her wings and took off. Harry really needed to prepare for the next coming weeks now.

Draco groaned as he rolled over Max’s back and got to the floor, walking blind to the bassinets that held his almost two month old daughters, he blearily groped around until he felt a neck and a bum and hefted the screaming baby to his chest, before making his way to the door and going down into the kitchen, fumbling the latches on the baby gates as he went down the stairs carefully.

He turned on the little dim lamp that Max had plugged into the corner of the kitchen counter units for this reason and he was able to see what he was doing without searing out his eyeballs as he set the kettle to boiling and waited for it to click over as he set up the bottle, the formula powder and then stood waiting for it as he shushed Ave and cradled her gently to his bare chest.

He was falling asleep standing up when an ear piercing screech jerked him awake again and he groaned, turning around and sorting out the bottle, pouring in the hot water and then cooling it with a weak spell, he tested it against his under forearm and then offered it to the screaming baby, who blissedly shut up when the bottle teat was stuffed into her little mouth.

Draco sighed and snuggled the feeding baby tightly, aware that he’d have to do this again in fifteen or so minutes with the elder twin, Eva. Like Harry and his other beloved mates, he couldn’t wait until they were synchronised together, he could have brought them both down with him and sorted them out together and then taken them back up to bed and gone to sleep again, instead he had to
bring the one down, sort her out, feed her, burp her, check her nappy and then get her back off to
sleep and then wait for the other one to wake up and repeat the process before he could climb back
into bed and he was already so tired that it felt like his eyes were bleeding from the rough sandy,
grit stuck in them.

Groaning he checked his little devil and sighed as he saw her still sucking strong.

He rested back against the counter and let his head drop backwards. He hadn’t missed this part of
having children and he was counting the months down until they would start to sleep all the way
through the nights. He was looking forward to having a decent, uninterrupted night’s sleep, though
he knew that the first time any of the babies slept through the whole night was always filled with
panic when they woke up the next morning, the mad rush to the bassinets to check on the baby’s
breathing, but as they got more used to it, that blessed full night’s sleep was utter heaven to all of
them.

Draco put Ave over his shoulder and patted her back with his eyes closed and after the small noise
escaped her, signifying that she’d brought up her wind, he carried her back up the stairs. He laid
her on the changing table in their bedroom and flipped her nightdress up and checked her nappy,
grumbling when he found it almost sodden.

He changed her as quietly as he could, listening to the soft sounds of his mates breathing and Max’s
soft, but prolonged, snores. Their biggest mate must have been pinned on his back; he only ever
snored when he was stuck on his back.

Tossing the soiled nappy and the used wipes into the bin beside the changing table, Draco made
sure that Ave was comfortable, that her nightdress was straight and not twisted and he checked on
her scratch mitts to make sure they were still in place before he tucked her back up in her bassinet
and then picked up Eva and slouched back down the stairs with her.

He was glad that it was six in the morning; it meant that the next feed was someone else’s
responsibility, his night shift of feeding was over and the morning feeds would start, it was Blaise’s
turn this morning to get up with the babies at eight.

He switched off the lamp on his way back up the stairs after feeding Eva, closed all the baby gates
and made sure they were securely latched and almost had a heart attack at the top of the stairs
when he turned around and saw a sleepy Braiden was sat on the landing staring at him in the dark.

“What are you doing up? How are you out here?” He asked curiously, his heart beating in fear and
with worry.

He picked Braiden up one armed and took him back into the nursery and placed him back into his
cot, tucking him back over and he watched with a furrowed brow as Braiden yawned and snuggled
back into the stuffed snake that he’d gotten for him last Christmas.

He checked the sides of the cot and found them all secured and latched. He wondered how the hell
Braiden had gotten out of his cot and out onto the landing and as he made sure that Braiden was
asleep again, that the other four were still asleep too and he made a mental note to tell his mates
that morning at breakfast.

He closed the nursery door tight this time, instead of leaving it ajar like they usually did and he
took Eva back into the bedroom, placed her on the changing table and checked her nappy, kissing her happily when she was unsoiled and bone dry. He made sure her nightdress wasn’t twisted and that her scratch mitts were in place before he put her back into her bassinet, checked on their Leolin and then he climbed back into the bed.

His spot had long since been swallowed up as his inconsiderate, sleeping lovers who had all moved closer together to close up where he’d been sleeping, but he kicked and nudged at Max until the huge man grunted and twisted off of his back and onto his side, dislodging Nasta, who had been sleeping on his chest. Their top dominant rolled right over onto his other side and threw an arm over Harry, but not only did him prodding Max onto his side stop his hideous snoring, but as Draco slid up tight to Max’s back, he smirked happily as he took Max’s warm spot. He could sleep now for a further two or so hours before he would have to force himself out of the bed for breakfast, but until then, he was too tired to stay awake for any longer and he had nothing else that needed his attention. It was time to just sleep.

Harry frowned with worry as he listened to Blaise telling them that he’d found Braiden sleeping on the nursery floor in a pile of stuffed animals.

“How do we keep him safe if he’s climbing over the side of his cot?” He asked as he tugged at his hair.

“Stop that.” Nasta chastised him as he unwound his hand and kissed the spot that he had been tugging on. “He’s fine. He’s a curious little boy and he’s fearless at his age, he’s going to climb out of his cot and all he did was sleep on his teddies, it’s not like he was climbing over the baby gates on the stairs.”

“Don’t, I feel sick with just the thought of him doing that.” Harry said as he shivered, watching as Braiden spooned the last bits of his porridge into his little mouth with improving coordination, though four times out of ten he scraped the spoon across his cheek before he got it into his mouth, but even that was an improvement from the nine times out of ten it used to be.

Draco came down all groggy and looking half asleep still. Harry grimaced and looked at him with concern. He’d done all of the night feeds by himself as Max, Nasta and Blaise were all in work today and it looked like it had taken a serious toll on him.

“Come and sit down, have a cup of tea.” Max insisted as he sat Draco down and tucked his chair under the table like he was a dainty woman in a fancy restaurant.
Draco just rolled his eyes and slumped onto the table.

“Are you sure we can’t just silence them?” He groaned tiredly.

“I’m sure.” Nasta told him, bending over his back to kiss a milk pale, non-stubbled cheek.

Draco made a noise and swatted a hand at Nasta to get rid of him, turning the other way so that his kissed cheek pressed into the arm he was resting on the table. “Leave me to die in peace.”

Harry chuckled. “Stop being so overdramatic, I thought you’d grown up a bit since Hogwarts.”

“Being overtired makes him over grumpy and even more overdramatic and diva-ish than usual.” Blaise commented from over the rim of his coffee mug.

Max bent over Draco and kissed his other cheek and Draco smacked him away too.

“Hey, you can’t hit me! I brought you over a cup of tea to wake you up a bit.” Max said with the laughter clear in his voice.

“He needs more than waking up; he needs a good jolt of something to liven him up.”

“He looks a bit like a dead and decaying zombie.” Max joked.

“Oh shut up, all of you.”

“Dead people don’t talk, Draco.” Blaise told him. “Do the walking dead talk?”

“No.” Harry replied with a shake of his head. “They just grunt and moan a bit.”

“Are you sure you were watching zombies and not porn?”
“I’m sure.” Harry said with a nod. “Though there’s not much difference.”

The five of them shared a laugh over that.

“Daddy Dayco!”

They all looked over at Braiden as he held his arms out to Draco, porridge spoon still in his hand, though his bowl was now empty.

“He’s getting so much better with his words.” Harry said proudly and he kissed Braiden’s cheek, pulling him out of his highchair and handing him over to Draco, taking the spoon from his hand as he did so.

“Good morning, big boy.” Draco greeted kissing his cheek as well.

“Bo da!” Braiden repeated.

“Did he just…?” Max said speechless.

Harry looked to a tearfully stunned Nasta and he grinned.

“I think our little boy just greeted Draco in Welsh, Nasta.”

Harry had been a little sceptical when every morning Nasta greeted their children in Welsh and then in English, repeating the same line to them all every single morning ‘Bore da, Braiden. Good morning, Braiden.’ For all six of them, which even included Eva and Ave now that they were born. He’d always done it and Harry had been worried that mixing up four different languages, English, Welsh, French and Italian, would confuse them and they’d end up at a disadvantage, but he had to hand it to his mates, hearing Braiden speaking Welsh…it made his heart flutter in all consuming pride.

Nasta took Braiden from Draco and hugged him tightly, kissing all over his face and swaying with him.
“Bo da, Daddy ast!”

“Bore da, Braiden. Good morning.” Nasta repeated as he hugged his oldest son happily.

“Blaise found him out of his cot this morning, sleeping in his teddy pile.” Harry told Draco and he watched as Draco’s eyes widened and he swallowed his mouthful of hot tea quickly and a little painfully.

“That reminds me! When I was doing the six O’clock feeds for Eva and Ave, I was just bringing Eva back up to bed and I found Braiden on the landing.”

“What?!” Harry all but screeched. “He was actually out on the landing?!”

Draco nodded. “I tucked him back up into his cot and he fell asleep again, he must have heard me taking the girls downstairs, but I made sure to close the nursery door tight after that.”

“I was wondering why it was shut tight when I went to get them this morning. I almost head butted the door because I was expecting it to be open.” Blaise nodded. “We’re going to have to put up wards to stop him from going near the stairs.”

“I’ll make sure we do that, but if he’s climbing, we’re going to have to keep an extra close eye on him, he’s not going to limit himself to just climbing out of his cot.” Nasta told them.

They all nodded and Harry sighed as he watched Nasta clean Braiden’s face and hands off with a cloth while murmuring to him in Welsh.

“You need a haircut.”

Harry looked to Draco who was considering Harry’s hair like it was a particularly large rat that had leapt onto his overpriced plate of food and made off with his prime piece of steak.

Harry fistd his hair and grimaced.
“I know. It’s far too long and far too much hassle to deal with. I can’t be bothered to comb it some
days.”

“Like this morning.”

Harry nodded with a grin. “Like today.”

“I’ll cut it for you when the kids go down for their midmorning nap.” Max offered.

“Just don’t take too much off of it like you did the last time that you did my hair for me!” Harry
said sternly. “It’s my hair; you will take off how much I want, not what Draco tells you to take off!
I looked ridiculous.”

“You looked like a shaved cat…all spiky and tufty.” Blaise told him with a cheeky smile.

“Shut up you, you’re not allowed to say anything; your Mother still cuts your hair.”

“She does a better job than Max.” Blaise grinned.

“My haircuts are passable!” Max pouted.

“For men trying to hide their curly hair, maybe.” Harry whispered to Blaise. They both started
laughing together.

“What did you just whisper?!” Max mock glared.

“Nothing!” Harry insisted.

“You said something, I heard you whispering!” Max insisted. “I’ll force it out of you!”

“You can’t hurt me.” Harry pointed out smugly. “I’m still on light duties while I recover.”
“I’m warning you, I’ll sing!”

“Oh dear Merlin, not that. You better tell him, Harry.” Draco said seriously. “I already have the beginnings of a headache.”

Harry looked at Blaise and they started laughing again.

“I love all of you.” Harry declared before he stood up and proceeded to clean up the splash zone now that all of the kids had finished their breakfasts and were chattering to one another and themselves.

“Time to move the rabble to the living room to unleash them on their toys.” Max smiled as he picked up Farren and hefted him onto his hip.

“Make sure he’s clean.” Harry told him sternly.

“Farren’s always clean, what doesn’t make it into his mouth on the first try will be scraped off and will get into his mouth on the second attempt.”

Harry rolled his eyes, but he couldn’t argue with that as it was true, Farren always sucked his fingers clean after a meal.

“Come on, Princess.” Harry groaned as he hefted Tegan out of her highchair, cleaned up her hands and face, untied her bib and threw it at the washing machine.

He took her into the living room and sat her on the nice, clean floor free of all toys and mess. It took five minutes...just five measly minutes for most of the toy chest to be emptied onto the surrounding floor as Tegan and Regan dug around in it for whatever they wanted, if they even wanted anything to begin with.

“Make sure you do your studying.” Nasta told him sternly and Harry groaned, very unhappy to be reminded that he had to take his potions exams that spring.
“Can’t I just give up and not do it?” He complained.

“No, now that you’ve given birth and we know that you aren’t pregnant, you need to take those exams and get a mark in them to finish your formal education before you fall pregnant again.”

“Better make it quick then.” Harry grumbled. “My track record is against me, the longest I’ve gone without getting pregnant is the scant months after the quintuplets. What was it…seven months?”

Nasta cupped the back of his head and pulled him in to kiss his forehead. “Just relax, you’ll be just fine. The kids will be alright playing, then they’ll have a mid-morning nap, you can get some theory done and Max said he’ll help you with some practical later on tonight.”

Harry nodded as he went to the sideboard and took out the revision books that his lovely mates had put together for him…mostly Draco and Max, as the experts that they were, Max more so than all of them, being a qualified Potions Master and all that, but Blaise had added in some input having been competent enough to prevent Harry from blowing off his head when it had been just them in the potions classroom.

He sat on the floor with the study materials and flipped them open unhappily on the coffee table.

“It’s too early in the morning for this.” Harry grumbled.

“We’d be in our first lesson of the day if we were still in Hogwarts.” Draco told him.

Harry looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. Draco was right; they’d already be in lessons in Hogwarts as it was already ten past nine in the morning. How the hell had he ever survived school and being a Mother at the same time? Studying and babies did not mix together very well.

“I have to go. I’ll see you all later; I should be home at five.” Blaise said as he caught every kid and kissed their mouths, caught Draco and kissed him, came to Harry and kissed him quickly and then got Nasta and finally Max, before he was gone through the floo and Harry smiled widely.

“How long do you think this exuberance will last?” Harry asked the others.

“Give it a month or so.” Max answered. “I was excited for my first apprenticeship too, at least until it had worn me down to nothing and I was so tired, so exhausted, that I couldn’t dredge up enough
energy to form opinions on it anymore.”

They all laughed at that and then Nasta was sighing and regretfully saying goodbye to them as well.

“When will you be home?” Harry asked.

“Late.” Nasta grumbled. “I had to skip on half a day yesterday because of the girls’ injections; I’ll be making up the time today, so I wouldn’t say I’d be back any earlier than seven.”

Harry frowned and he clamped Nasta in a tight hug, kissing all over his forehead.

“You be careful, you have a higher chance of getting injured when you’re on long shifts when you’re tired.” Harry said with concern.

“I know, that’s why I really couldn’t do any of the night feeds last night or I would have assuredly had an accident today, but I’ll take extra care in work so that you don’t worry.” Nasta promised as he kissed Harry repeatedly, his rough skin scratching on Harry’s face and he smiled at that. Nasta had shaved just that morning and already his facial hair was rebelling and growing back in, making his face bristly.

“Stop hogging him, Harry!” Max complained. “I want hugs too.”

Nasta grinned and with a last kiss he moved over to their biggest mate and he and Max embraced exaggeratedly and Max even swung Nasta into a swoon and bent to kiss him like Nasta was a maiden who he was wooing from decades ago.

“And you say that I’m the youngest of us all!” He shook his head.

“You are.” Draco reminded him.

“Not mentally.” Harry grinned.
Nasta caught Draco and then their children and with a groan and a pinch of floo powder, he was gone and they wouldn’t see him again for at least ten or more hours.

“When are you due in work?” Draco asked as Max sat on the settee.

“Ten.” Max answered as he reclined back for twenty or so minutes.

“Help me with this then.” Harry grumbled as he sat back down and shoved his book at Max.

“Right, come here you hopeless case.” Max scooted over until Harry was between his legs and he could peer over his shoulder. “Let’s start you on the theory of the Draught of Living Death, that potion will be on your exam and it’ll be the potion that you’ll make for your practical exam, so if I can teach you to brew it inside and out, you should be good.”

“I almost killed Blaise with this potion.” Harry said conversationally.

“So he’s said, numerous times. You also tried to kill your entire class with the sleeping draught; didn’t you blow a hole in the floor?” Max grinned. “Now, I want you to memorise all the ingredient preparation today. Just focus on that and I’ll test you later tonight. I’ll be home at four, so I’ll sort out dinner, I’ll cut your hair afterwards as we’ve lost track of time for this morning and then we can clean up and get you preparing the ingredients right.”

Harry nodded and went to work on memorising the ingredients and their preparation. It sounded easy, but with eight babies in the house, five of them old enough to be walking, talking, making noise, making mess, throwing toys and tantrums, needing sippy cups and snacks and continuous supervision...just memorising the list of ingredients was difficult, let alone how they were prepared. He was glad that three of them went straight down for their midmorning nap, leaving just Farren, who rarely napped, and Braiden, who was refusing to go down for his nap and was instead splashing about in his ball pit.

“Have you gotten anywhere?” Draco asked as he brought him a cup of tea.

Harry snorted incredulously. “No. This is not only hopeless, it’s impossible.” He declared.

“Take a break.” Draco offered and Harry didn’t need to be told, he shoved his books away, slid up onto the settee next to his mate and took a long drink of his tea.
“I’m never going to be good at potions.” Harry sighed.

“You don’t need to be good.” Draco told him. “You just have to make the examiner think that you’re good by excelling in the one potion that we know they’ll test you on. The N.E.W.T. level potion is always the Draught of the Living Death and because it’s such a hard potion to prepare and brew correctly, it doesn’t matter that everyone knows what it is beforehand. We just have to get you preparing and brewing it perfectly, to the letter, to convince the examiner that you aren’t a hazard to all living things when near a cauldron.”

Harry rolled his eyes and sighed. “At this rate I won’t even be able to do that.”

“You will.” Draco told him. “I have faith that you’ll be able to do it.”

“I’m just hoping that I don’t blow up the examiner at this point.” Harry groaned.

Draco chuckled and kissed him gently. “Take advantage of the lull in sound and get to memorising those ingredients. You’ll need to know what ingredients you need because you won’t have any instructions at all when you get into the examination room, but you will have a fully stocked cupboard with all sorts of ingredients that you won’t even need. A consequence of everyone knowing what potion the exam will contain beforehand.”

Harry thumped his head onto the coffee table. “Of course they couldn’t give instructions or even an ingredient list, bloody evil, masochists.”

Draco just smirked and went back to his novel. This was really the only time that they could do anything for themselves, as Harry wasn’t even going to try and tackle the mountain of laundry they had to do. If he was revising, then he wasn’t going to do the washing as well, that could wait…or he could dump it all outside and burn it. He liked the latter option better, that way he wouldn’t have any washing to do at all, but there would be a serious lack of clothes and towels afterwards.

Of course things got harder as Harry was forced to admit that he was just useless at potions and after a week he couldn’t ignore the state of the house any longer. His mates did bits and pieces where they could, the kitchen was always spotless thanks to Max and Draco kept the living room and their bedroom clean, Blaise kept the two bathrooms clean and Nasta made sure
everything else was tidy, but none of them had time to do the laundry, the situation of which had gotten so dire that they’d even run out of room to put the dirty washing in. The kids were running out of bibs and Blaise didn’t have a single clean shirt for work so he’d had to go out and buy a new one along with four new sleepsuits for Eva and Ave as they’d grown too much to justify squashing them into the smaller sized suits any longer.

Harry groaned as he dumped yet another armful of washing into the mass of dirty clothes already on the kitchen floor and he started separating it out into piles of whites, colours, darks, jeans and delicates. He shoved the white things in first, there were at least four loads of washing for it and it contained Blaise’s shirts and most of the kids’ sleepsuits, night dresses and bibs. This washing was going to take him a couple of days to wash, dry, iron and put away, there was too much of it and he’d even woken up at four in the morning just to sort it all out and start it.

It was now gone five, it had taken him an hour to empty all of the hampers and collect up all the dirty clothes around the house, separate it, treat the badly stained clothes and then put the first load in. He was not going to be doing anything else now for a while.

He had both Eva and Ave down with him, if he was already up then he saw no point in having the girls remain upstairs in the bedroom, waking up his mates when they needed the rest. He’d offered himself up for all the night feeds and Draco and Max had leapt at the offer, but Nasta had taken both the ten O’clock feed and the midnight feed too, not letting Harry do too much. Yet Harry had been the one to do Leolin’s one O’clock feed, Eva and Ave’s three O’clock feed and he’d be doing the six O’clock feed in an hour for the girls and he’d gotten up to settle Leolin back down when he had wet a nappy at four in the morning too, which is when he’d decided to stay up to tackle the washing. So his mates had had a decent night of sleep for once, he’d been awake for most of the night and the early hours and he was up at four in the damn morning doing the washing just so that his babies had bibs and Blaise had clean shirts for work, though it was terribly strange to see Max wearing his smart, work trousers during his days off and Nasta lounging in tracksuit bottoms and gym clothes as they’d both run out of jeans to wear.

He’d had enough of the laundry situation and he was fed up of Draco complaining about it and Blaise buying new shirts for work was ridiculous when he had eight perfectly good shirts already. His mates weren’t going to get a break, Max, Nasta and Blaise were working hard, Max had only had three days off in the last fortnight and Nasta had only had a half day off in the last two weeks and that had been for the girls’ vaccinations and he’d made up the time off the next day. Draco had absolutely no clue how to do laundry and it would take longer to teach him how to do it and he’d probably turn all of their whites into colours in the process or ruin the delicates. So that left just him to do it and he didn’t care how much he needed to revise for his upcoming exam, the laundry needed to be done and he needed a break from the gruelling revising and practice that Max was putting him through. He knew all of the ingredients that he needed for the potion and even as he sorted out the sink to hand wash some of the delicates, he run through the list in his head.

Draco had been invaluable with a piece of advice that Harry knew was going to help him. He told him that whenever he was working with potions he put the prepared ingredients to the side in the order in which they were put into the potion, Max had jumped on the idea when he saw how much it would help him and he was getting Harry to memorise the list of ingredients in the order in which they were put into the potion and Blaise had jumped in and reminded them to split the ingredients into the quantities they were used in, obviously remembering Harry dumping in the whole bowl of lacewing flies in their sixth year, so a handful of the ingredients appeared in his list twice, but he knew he knew which ones he needed.

He wrote the list down on a piece of spare parchment and he checked it over twice, changing a few things that looked like mistakes to him, and then he left it on the kitchen table for Max to look
over. He went back to it five times between washing loads and wringing out the delicate clothes which he had draped over the kitchen radiator, just to check that the list was still correct.

He had finished one load of white washing and was putting on the first load of jeans when Blaise joined him in the kitchen, he’d prioritised the washing and he’d done Blaise’s work shirts, the bibs and nightdresses and a load of jeans first so that it would all be dry sometime later today instead of tomorrow.

“How long have you been up?” Blaise asked when he dodged through the twelve or so piles of clothing still on the kitchen floor, looking to the full radiator and the three clothes horses that were loaded up with drying clothes that couldn’t go into the tumble dryer.

“Hows.” Harry said as he made sure he had biological powder and softener in the machine, turned the dial and started the next load of jeans off. “Your shirts should be dry soon. I’ll iron them for you when they’re dry.”

“You didn’t have to, I bought two shirts the day before yesterday, I still have one left to wear.”

Harry shook his head. “If I don’t do this now then I’m going to have to throw it all in the garden and set fire to it, there’s already too much of it. If I leave it for any longer then I’m never going to finish it. Even now I don’t think I’ll finish, each load takes about two hours to wash, I’ve got twenty-six hours’ worth of washing on this floor and that’s without adding in today’s loads of washing too or the drying and ironing. Though I am bumping off some of the hand wash only things now.”

“Take a break, love.” Blaise told him as he got Harry sitting down, before he filled up the kettle and set it boiling for a cup of tea for Harry and coffee for himself.

Harry nodded. “I’m alright for an hour or so, I’ve pre-treated most of the sleepsuits and tops because of the stains, so that needs some time to work in, so my next load of hand washing will wait until I’ve had a cup of tea at least.”

“Have you had these angels down with you as well?” Blaise asked.

Harry nodded. “No point in me being up at four in the morning and leaving them upstairs to wake you lot up at six, I fed them, burped them, changed them both and then started the washing, it took me an hour just to sort it all out.”
Blaise made him a cup of tea, squeezed a good glob of luscious honey into it and handed it to Harry before making himself a mug of coffee and all but falling onto it.

The two of them sat directly opposite one another, two little girls sleeping peacefully in their bassinets next to them and they not only twined their free hands together, but their legs under the table too, giggling as they did so, laying kisses on one another’s hands and talking softly as they savoured the peace and the quality time together alone.

At least until a murmur came over the baby monitor and a thump sounded above their heads from the nursery. Harry was just gone, not even stopping to open the baby gates, but vaulting over them, ignoring the pain that it caused his recovering stomach and he made it to the nursery to see Braiden stood on the floor, playing with Calix through the bars to Calix’s cot.

Harry sighed in relief and picked them both up, noticing that all of his babies were awake.

“I really thought that he’d hurt himself.” Blaise said breathlessly, having followed Harry up to the nursery.

“I know, I was so scared, but he’s fine. Go and get Leolin for me please.” Harry told him. “He must be awake by now, but be quiet, Max and Nasta don’t have to be awake for another hour. It’s only eight.”

Harry took three trips up and down the stairs to get the kids into their highchairs from upstairs and his stomach was a burning agony by the time that he got Farren down into the kitchen.

Blaise was eating toast when Harry made it back down, he was in work really early today, he only had fifteen minutes before he had to leave, but he’d still made up the porridge for the kids and left them to eat, all except Calix, who couldn’t be trusted.

Harry took over; leaving Farren to feed himself as he went to spoon porridge into Calix’s waiting mouth. Blaise moved around him and the piles of washing to get to the sink and to the door before coming back into the kitchen ten minutes later dressed for work.

“I’ve got to go, Prezioso.” Blaise said regretfully. “I love you, and take it easy a bit.”

“I love you too.” Harry said as he turned to get a kiss from Blaise, who took it one step further and wrapped his arms around Harry and snogged him passionately.

“That will see me through work today.” Blaise grinned.

Harry shook his head. “Get going!” He said without heat. “Ti amo.”
“Ti amo, Prezioso!” Blaise called out as he left the kitchen for the living room and the fireplace.

Harry sighed and turned back to Calix, spooning more porridge into his open and waiting mouth.

“I love that man so much.” He told his children. “Your Daddy Blaise is very good to us.”

Harry left the kids in their highchairs as he went into the living room to grab the playpen, he dragged it into the kitchen and unwound it, stretched it out and hooked it onto the latches that Max and Nasta had stuck to the kitchen wall, making a safe place for his children to play in before he went to get the travel box of toys and put that into the segregated area too before putting his babies into the area one by one after cleaning off their faces and hands.

He made sure that they were all alright before he sorted out the mess left over from breakfast, cleaning off the bowls and spoons, drying them and putting them away, before tackling the high chair trays and the highchairs themselves when he realised that Regan had been messier than usual before he folded them up and put them away into the pantry just off from the kitchen before he boiled the kettle for Leolin’s breakfast. His little Faerie baby would be waking up soon for another feed.

While he was waiting for that he cleaned up the floor and then took out the washed jeans and moved them to the utility room where the tumble dryer was kept. He set that off before shoving in the next load of jeans, setting that up and off before he made up Leolin’s bottle and checked on the kids to make sure they were all alright still and playing nicely together.

It was now ten past nine and Harry checked the schedule that Draco had started writing up for him. He smiled as he picked up the piece of parchment that was for now being spelled stuck to the wall in the kitchen. Max had promised to get a cork board to pin it to.

Max wasn’t in work until midday, Nasta was due in work at half ten in the morning. Nasta could sleep for another half an hour if he wanted a shower and breakfast before work, but Max could sleep for another hour or two. Draco could get up whenever he wanted really, but he’d promised his Father that he’d go around in the afternoon for a visit.

Leolin made a soft whine in his throat and Harry smiled as he put the schedule back on the sticky patch of wall and tested the bottle against his forearm and cooled it to Leolin’s preferred temperature, he had it ready just as Leolin’s whine turned into a cry.

Harry scooped him up carefully and cradled him as he sat down in his vacated chair and fed his tiny little boy his breakfast.

The Faeries had been so impressed with Leolin and that he could talk and understand what they were saying and they promised that they’d tell Sindri and the rest of the court about Leolin’s achievements and development. Harry was so proud of him as he watched Leolin suckle down his milk. Harry couldn’t wait until Leolin tried some solid foods, but at the moment he was very happy with just milk and he had not even a hint of a tooth coming through his soft, pink gums.
“Have you done all this by yourself?” Nasta’s disapproving voice came from the doorway.

Harry looked up at him and sighed. “Someone has to do it, Nas.”

“Did Blaise get off to work alright?”

Harry nodded. “He had a coffee and some toast and then he had to go.”

“So he didn’t help you with the washing or the kids?”

“The washing, no, but he did make up the breakfasts for the kids.”

Nasta sighed. “What do you need me to do?”

“Just sit down. I’ll get you a cup of tea and something to eat now, just let me sort Leolin out first.”

Nasta did not like that at all it seemed as he walked to the kettle and boiled it himself, standing in front of it, leaning against the counter, facing Harry as if challenging him to put Leolin down and to wrestle him over the kettle.

“Do the kids need anything?” Nasta asked after a few minutes of watching Harry feed Leolin while he let the tea brew in the cups.

“No, they’ve been fed and cleaned up, it’s just changing them into their day clothes and changing any of them who need a nappy change, but they haven’t cried or given any indication of having a wet or soiled nappy, so if you want to check on Calix, just to make sure, I’d appreciate that.”

“You’re supposed to be revising.” Nasta told him as he walked over to the opposite side of the kitchen where the corner was penned off for the kids and he dragged Calix to him and checked on his nappy situation.

“I know, but I can’t leave the washing for any longer, Nas. Look at it all!”
“You’re not going to get all of that lot done today.”

“I know. It’ll take me two days to wash it all, maybe three to dry and iron it and then the pile can start growing again, but when Blaise doesn’t have a single shirt for work so he has to go out and buy some more and you and Max don’t even have a single pair of jeans left between you, it’s time to do something. I ran out of clean boxers the other day too, I have to do it.”

“What have you been wearing instead?” Nasta asked curiously.

Harry burped Leolin and gave Nasta a coy grin. “Why don’t you come over here and find out for yourself?”

Nasta did just that after assuring himself, and Harry, that Calix did not need a nappy change and Harry had put Leolin in his bassinet. Nasta pulled him into a hug and kissed him lingeringly as his hands groped at Harry’s bum. One hand rose and slipped down the back of Harry’s last pair of clean jeans and Nasta grinned wider and he chuckled deeply.

“Oh Harry, you naughty boy.” He cooed into his ear as he touched bare skin and stroked around the silky smooth cheeks, his fingers teasing the cleft, but Nasta stayed away from his entrance, it was too early in the morning for that.

“If you’re going to do anything, get the hell out of my kitchen, you’ve made enough of a mess of it already.” Max grumbled tiredly.

“I need to do the washing, Max, it will only be for a little while.” Harry said as evenly as he could, torn between being upset and angry with a natural lean towards the latter and a hormonal lean towards the former due to his lingering pregnancy emotions.

“I’m sorry, Harry. I didn’t mean to snap, I’m angry at myself, not you. I’m just upset that I can’t do more to help when I see all of this lot.” Max groaned throwing his arms out to encompass the washing piles that Harry had made all over the kitchen floor.

“It’s okay. I don’t mind doing it.”
“But you’re supposed to be revising, not doing the housework.”

Harry grinned and moved away from Nasta, who had removed his hand when Max had walked in on them.

Harry picked up his list and handed it to Max.

“I have been revising while doing the washing, is this right?”

He was a little nervous and he was fidgeting as Max looked it over while Nasta went and made a third cup of tea for Max.

“Did you copy this out of your book?” Max asked.

Harry shook his head. “No, I was running through the list in my head as I was sorting the washing and I wanted to know if I had it right so I wrote it down, I’ve checked it over several times, but I think it’s right, I mean… I could have missed something, but I’m sure I did it right.”

“It’s exactly right, even down to the quantities, well done, Harry. I’m so proud of you.”

Harry couldn’t have guessed how amazing hearing those words would be as he puffed up happily without his own consent, it was just an automatic reaction and he leapt at Max and cuddled him, taking his list back and looking it back over.

“I was so sure that I’d done something wrong and I was worried about the order of the sloth brain and the sopophorous bean juice, I wanted to change them over twice, but I left it as it was because the list in my head had them that way around and then I was worried about the quantity of valerian root I’d put down, I changed it once, but then I changed it back to how it was when it didn’t feel right.”

“No, that’s perfect, leave it just like that.” Max told him before dragging him into a hug and giving him a kiss.

One large hand went down the back of his jeans, making Harry jump as one thick finger prodded at the entrance to his body.
“So this is what Nasta was so intrigued with.” Max murmured. “Going commando are we?”

“I have been going commando for the last three days.” Harry said with a wink. “I ran out of clean underwear.”

“You have been walking around with no underwear on and you never told me?!?” Max demanded. “I would have spent the evenings with a hand down your jeans playing with you.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “Which is why I never told you. It’s your own fault that you never noticed, Blaise did.”

Max looked horrified. “So that’s why he’s been sitting you on his lap every night! That tight lipped traitor.”

Harry laughed. “We’ve been having a lot of fun together, last night in particular.”

“I knew that you two were doing something strange! That position you were in wasn’t natural! What was it?”

Harry grinned widely. “Let’s just say it was an exercise in self-control and that you, Nasta and Draco were too engrossed in that dull film.”

“Please…please tell me that you two weren’t having sex in that chair while I was watching that stupid film!”

Harry winked and licked his lips. “My jeans were pushed under my bum cheeks and Blaise’s trousers were open over his lap. Movement was difficult and keeping quiet was worse, but we were both very happy afterwards.”

“You bastards!” Max groaned as he smacked his head into the kitchen table.

Harry laughed loudly and checked on his washing, before checking on the kids and smiling as he
saw that Calix was asleep in the corner with Farren, who was actually sleeping for once, but Harry was sure it was only because Calix was using him as a pillow.

Tegan was asleep on a teddy, but Regan and Braiden were still awake and playing together. Harry smiled at them.

“Don’t you two want to get some sleep too?” He asked them softly.

They looked at him and Regan stood up on wobbly legs and walked to him, his arms up. Harry hefted him over the fence and snuggled him, smiling as Regan yawned, showing off his teeth. He grimaced when he caught sight of something that clued him into why Regan might not be sleeping this morning.

“Regan has a new tooth coming in.” He informed Max and Nasta even as he raised a hand to press it over Regan’s forehead to check if he was feverish. He wasn’t.

“Has he got a fever?” Nasta asked as Max stood and went to get his potions case down.

Harry shook his head. “No, he seems fine, but his gum is all inflamed around the emerging white dot and his left cheek is flushed.”

Max clapped his hands gently from where he was sat back in his chair and Harry handed Regan over to him, where he already had the little tube of infant teething gel ready. It was kept safely in his potions case out of sight and reach of little babies.

Harry sighed and drank his cup of tea; he wondered where the hell Draco was and why he wasn’t awake when it was coming up to ten in the morning.

“Was Draco okay when you woke up?”

“He was still asleep, why?” Max asked.

“I’m worried, he never sleeps this late, but then we have had a hard couple of months, it’s likely nothing.”

“He hasn’t been the same since that night when he did all of the night feeds by himself.” Nasta
said. “It’s why I didn’t want you doing all of them last night. What time were you up?”

Harry sighed. “Four. I got up when Leolin needed a nappy change and I brought the girls down with me. I started the washing off and now six hours later, I’ve done all the hand wash things and three loads of washing.”

Nasta shook his head. “I’ve got a week off coming up soon; I swear you won’t be lifting a damn finger during that one week. How is your stomach?”

Closing his eyes Harry knew that he couldn’t lie, but he also knew what was coming as he laid a hand over the caesarean scar.

“Hurting. Quite badly too. I vaulted both baby gates at eight this morning when me and Blaise heard a thump coming from the nursery. Braiden had climbed out of his cot and dropped to the floor, he was completely fine, but it scared both me and Blaise into rushing up to him. I wasn’t thinking of what I’d do to my belly, only what was happening to my babies.”

Max handed Regan to Nasta and went digging in his potions case again; Harry accepted and swallowed the familiar pain reliever under his mates’ watchful gazes down in one go.

“Thank you.” He said softly.

“You can’t take any more now until later tonight. So take it easy.” Max warned him.

Harry nodded, even though he knew that he wouldn’t be taking anything easy today. It was coming up to March, it being the last week of February and he had a lot going on in March, what with Ezrah’s visit, Henley’s visit, Kimberly’s ninety-second birthday which was on the tenth and Sanex’s forty-first which was on the eighteenth.

“Did Ezrah owl you back?” Max asked.

Harry nodded. “He’s coming on Wednesday the third of March for a couple of hours; he chose a day where Lathen isn’t working, so he’ll be coming too.”
“I got the feeling that he didn’t like us as much as Ezrah.” Nasta mumbled.

“I don’t think it was that. After what Dain and Kailen told us about how Ezrah is treated, I think he’s just overprotective and suspicious of everyone who goes near him. I mean how would you react if it was me who was being spat on in the street every time I dredged up the courage to leave the house? If it was me who was called horrible names and avoided like I was diseased and thrown out of shops just because my Father had done terrible things before I was even old enough to know what he was doing?”

Nasta sighed. “I’d probably be worse than Lathen.” He admitted softly.

Harry nodded. “So just calm yourself down, Lathen doesn’t mean anything by it, he just wants to protect the man who he loves so very much. We’d do no less if we were in their boat.”

Harry went back to the washing and Max and Nasta ate their breakfasts, forcing Harry to eat something too when he’d distractedly, foolishly, admitted that he hadn’t eaten anything yet as he sorted out the swap over of the washing. He couldn’t wait until it was all gone.

Another two hours and Nasta was gone, Max was preparing to go to work and there was still no sign of Draco.

“Are you sure you don’t want me to stay for a while longer?” Max asked.

Harry rolled his eyes. “Just get going before you’re late. Its midday already, Draco must have caught up on his sleep by now, I’ll go and give him a nudge in a minute and lure him out of bed with a cup of tea. You’ve helped me with lunch, you’ve fed the kids and made sure the kitchen is as spotless as it can be with all that washing on the floor and the kids are down for their nap, all eight of them are currently sleeping for once, I’ll be just fine.”

Max nodded. “I only have to go in for a few hours today; I’ll be back at three.”

Harry nodded his understanding and he kissed Max goodbye, ignoring the hand that slid down his jeans and groped at him. He was glad that he hadn’t told his mates he was going commando for the last few days, he’d have a bruised bum by now for sure.
Max was gone then and Harry took a deep, cleansing breath as he looked around and smiled at his spotless living room. The kids had only been brought in here to nap today, so they hadn’t had a chance to mess it up with their toys yet, but he was sure that by the time their dinnertime rolled around it would look like a bomb had hit it.

Harry checked on the washing situation, he’d done a few more loads, but he was still swarmed with dirty clothes everywhere.

Groaning he cleaned up the area that he had penned the kids in, removed the playpen and put it back in the living room folded up, collected all of the toys into the chest and put it back into the living room. That took him an hour to do and his pain potion was starting to wear off, he could feel the small twinges building back up to actual pain, but he ignored it. He was good at doing that.

He dragged the washing out of the tumble dryer and dumped it into a washing bucket before he got the wet washing from the washing machine and moved that to the tumble dryer, set that off and set another load of dirty washing off, he was finally on his last load of whites before he could start on the several piles of coloured clothes and then it was only the darks left.

He sat in the living room and folded the bucket of washing up before moving the bucket back to the utility room before he boiled the kettle, everything was done for now, he just had to wait for the washing to finish yet again, for the kids to wake up and he had to take the folded things upstairs to put it away.

While the kettle was boiling he did just that, taking the folded washing up the stairs and he put it all away, leaving the things for their bedroom for last as he meticulously put everything away before he went into the master bedroom to put away all of their clothes and the newborn clothes too and went to check on Draco. It was unusual that he had slept this late, especially when he hadn’t done any night feeds, but Nasta was right, the whole night doing all of them the other week had changed him and he was still suffering for it, so Harry didn’t blame him for catching a decent twelve, thirteen hour sleep where he could.

That all changed when he sat on the side of the bed and touched Draco’s arm to give him a gentle shake. Draco’s skin was burning. Panicked he put his hand over Draco’s forehead. He was even hotter there.

“Draco! Wake up!” Harry said loudly, shaking him vigorously.

Draco moaned weakly. “’Arry, don’t feel so well.”

Harry nodded jerkily. “I know, love. I’m going to go and get you a glass of water and something to help with the fever.”

“Don’t leave me.” Draco croaked out weakly.

“It’ll be just fine, Draco. I’m not leaving you; I’m just going to get you something to help.”
Harry rushed down the stairs and the first person he thought to floo call was Aneirin. He knew that Myron was in work, he knew that Richard was busy setting up the court case for him, Marianna was on a heat period, Molly Weasley would have been too overbearing and would insist on helping Draco too, which his mate would absolutely loath, but Aneirin was just home from a business trip, he was going to come and visit them tomorrow anyway.

Harry explained what had happened and Aneirin agreed to come over right away, Harry didn’t wait as he rushed to the kitchen and got a cool glass of water and used his wand to summon the potions case down from where Max had put it, digging around for a fever reducer. He was dismayed to find only the one vial. Max hadn’t had a spare day to replenish their personal potions stock.

“Harry?” Aneirin called out quietly.

“In the kitchen.” He called back.

“Are you okay? You sounded terrified.”

“I am, Draco’s burning up, I’ve never felt a fever so high before! I’ve got so much to do today and if I have to stay with Draco, then there’s no one to look after the kids. This is our only fever reducer, and I…I don’t think it’ll be enough, I think it’s too weak a dosage. I think Draco needs the hospital.”

“Don’t worry about the kids, I’ll sort them out. If you think that Draco needs the hospital then take him now, it could help him more than keeping him in bed and feeding him potions that aren’t going to help him.”

Harry nodded and he rushed up the stairs with the water and he helped Draco sip at it, but it became increasingly obvious that something was really, seriously wrong when Draco’s head lolled backwards; his body too weak to even hold himself upright to take a few sips of water.

Harry wasn’t taking any chances or risks with his mate and he ripped the duvet from Draco’s fever flushed body and quickly used a feather light charm so that he could actually pick Draco up. His stomach muscles still protested fiercely.

He rushed down the stairs, almost falling down them in his haste and he shared a panicked look with Aneirin, who checked on Draco and shook his head.

“Get him to the hospital, now.” Aneirin ordered.
“Can you call the others, Nasta, Max and Blaise, they should be with us. Max is due home in forty minutes anyway. Oh and Draco’s parents, call them too.” Harry said even as he fumbled the jar of floo powder on the mantel piece.

“I will as soon as you’re gone.” Aneirin promised calmly.

Harry nodded and then he was gone, lost to the sea of fireplaces and falling out gracelessly, holding Draco tightly and cradling him on his lap, despite Draco being bigger and heavier, it was very awkward and Draco was bulky, but he didn’t care as he forced himself back to his feet after his graceless floo exit.

“I need a Healer, now.” He said as he reached the welcome witch, glad that the hospital wasn’t that busy at quarter past two in the afternoon. “He’s dying.” He said melodramatically, but the welcome witch took note and put out an immediate call for a Healer.

It took a minute, maybe two, but it felt like an hour to Harry as he was ushered away quickly to a private room and he placed a moaning Draco down on the bed and tried to comfort him as a Healer waved his wand blurringly fast on the opposite side of him.

He felt Nasta calling to him, asking where he was so that he could follow, but Harry couldn’t call with the Healer right next to him, so he was anxious and bouncy as he watched the Healer work on an unresponsive Draco.

“I need you out…”

“I’m not leaving him!” Harry hissed.

“Just for a while, I can’t work with you in the way, I’m sorry, but you have to leave. There is a waiting room just next door, as soon as I know anything, you’ll be informed immediately.”

Harry nodded and kissed Draco’s too hot cheek gently before he went next door, at least this way he could call to the frantic Nasta.

He let out the call and felt it rumble back from his three mates. It took six minutes for them to arrive and Lucius and Narcissa were with them.

“What happened?” Three men demanded all at once and Harry burrowed into Max, the only mate who hadn’t started shouting at him the moment they’d seen him.
"I don’t know anything. Draco was sleeping longer than usual, we thought he was just catching up on his missed sleep, but I went up to call him at two O’clock and he was so hot, we only had the one fever reducer and it wouldn’t have been strong enough. I brought him straight here, no messing about. I called Aneirin, told him to call all of you and I got Draco here. The Healer said he’d come and let us know what was happening as soon as he could."

"You did the right thing." Nasta assured him.

"I knew it was strange that he was sleeping for so long, I didn’t…I never thought for a minute that he was sick."

"Perhaps you should have." Lucius sneered through gritted teeth. "Draco has never in his life slept past nine in the morning, not even during the holidays, you should have known that something was wrong, perhaps then my only son wouldn’t be in a hospital!"

"I understand that you are upset, but you will not speak to Harry like that." Max growled threateningly, his body language screaming aggressive. "We all love Draco here and none of us wanted this to happen, but it has. Harry did exactly the right thing the moment he found out that Draco was sick. We’ve all been tired lately, you can’t imagine the exhaustion of looking after eight children, two of them only five weeks old and waking up every three hours for food, it’s tiring and if we’re by some miracle given the chance to sleep a few extra hours, we take it. Draco is no different regardless of his childhood sleeping patterns, he’s a Father now, everything has changed and I will not stand here and listen as you blame this on us, we couldn’t have prevented this or known that it would happen, we aren’t Seers."

Harry huddled with his three mates as they waited desperately for news on Draco with two silent, pinched faced Malfoys. It was taking too long and Harry was starting to feel sick with worry, nerves and the anticipation of the wait.

It took hours and hours, the clock on the wall ticking by slowly, seemingly not moving at all as Harry stared at it unblinkingly. He couldn’t believe that he was back in the hospital just months after the catastrophe that was Leolin and Calix’s illnesses, only today he was facing the very real possibility of losing his beloved mate.

Five hours it took, five incredibly long, agonising, silent hours before someone came to see them. Harry felt his lungs constrict and his whole body went icy cold just from the look on the Healer’s face.

"I’m sorry. It’s not good news." The Healer told them and Harry fell backwards into Nasta’s arms, his knees collapsing on him. This couldn’t be happening to his family. Not again.
Chapter End Notes

A/N: I loved this ending, the perfect pay back in my eyes. Again we’re looking at a week before the next update, so I won’t be leaving you on this cliffhanger for long.

That’s it for this week, I will see you lovelies next week, I hope you’ve all enjoyed this chapter and the fruits of my evil plotting, this was a long time coming and I should have done it sooner, but it decided to come out later than I’d planned, but there we go, I got it done eventually, enjoy the wait for the next chapter,

StarLight Massacre. X
Love and Care

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Ninety-Three – Love and Care

“What do you mean you can’t find anything at all wrong with my son?!” Lucius demanded of the Healer, who was fending off questions left, right and centre.

“He is fevered, dangerously so, but we can’t find the cause, which is why we have taken so long in coming to inform you of his condition, we can’t find anything wrong with him, though something is definitely wrong, we just can’t find what it might be.”

Harry was up in Nasta’s arms, his knees having given out on him and Nasta was unwilling to let him stand back on his feet, not that Harry blamed him as his legs were quivering like leaves still, he didn’t think his knees would hold him up.

Knowing that something was wrong with Draco, yet hearing that the Healers didn’t know what it was, was killing something inside of him and all the thoughts and worry from those months of having Leolin in the hospital came rushing back like a lead weight.

Myron and Richard had been told and they were keeping Aneirin company with Alexander and
Kimberly. Molly had been informed and she’d popped in to check on the kids and she had taken one look at the washing all over the kitchen floor and had taken it upon herself to take care of it with Kimberley’s help, huffing all the while that men pushed things to the way side and couldn’t do laundry properly.

Harry was thankful that he wouldn’t have to go home to a house filled with dirty clothes, as all of his attention was now on Draco and the little niggle of worry in the back of his mind about Leolin, who had spent the night in their bedroom with them, in the same room as a sick Draco, maybe it was time to move Leolin to his own room, perhaps this was the last wakeup call that they needed. If they got sick, then because Leolin slept in their room, they were risking his very life by keeping him so close to them. They needed a bigger house and Leolin needed to be as isolated as possible to minimise the risk of him getting sick.

They stayed all night in the hospital, just waiting for the Healers to do more tests and find the cause of why Draco was so sick. Harry caught a nap on Max’s lap. He was snuggled in tightly, sleeping in the crook of Max’s arm like a little child, but he didn’t get much more than an hour before he was awake and pacing the waiting room tiredly.

“I wish they’d tell us something.” Harry said hoarsely. He’d been crying silently on and off all afternoon and for most of the night too.

“They don’t know anything to tell us.” Max told him from where he was sat with his head in his hands between his spread knees.

Harry nodded. “I know.” He said softly as his whole body quivered.

“Come here.” Nasta coaxed him gently.

Harry did as he was asked and he was pulled to sit on Nasta’s lap, snuggled in and Harry cuddled in and readily accepted the cwtch from Nasta. He fell asleep again quickly for another hour in the silent and excruciatingly tense waiting room, but he couldn’t stay asleep for any longer than an hour. He was too worried and not even breathing in Nasta’s calming pheromones had helped in calming him down. He was too stressed, too worried and the tension was like a thick, suffocating blanket. Waiting was the one thing that he didn’t want to be doing, but it was the only thing that he could do. The only thing that any of them could do. They had to wait for news…they had to wait for Draco.

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After another two full days where they only got to see Draco a handful of times in which their mate was lying listlessly in a bed, always fast asleep and the Healers still had no clue what was wrong.
Lucius Malfoy had started threatening legal action if they didn’t find out what was wrong with his son and heal him. Typical of him really, Harry had expected him to start doing so sooner, but the good news was that Draco’s dangerously high fever had finally broken and he was now sitting up and talking with them.

“Honestly, I can’t remember anything, I can’t even remember feeling sick before the day that you woke me up.” He insisted to them when they gently questioned him.

“A fever wouldn’t come on that quickly.” Max said with a thoughtful frown.

“Well obviously it did and you missed it!” Narcissa hissed as she clutched at Draco’s hand tightly.

“Mother.” Draco chastised her sternly. “I am telling you that I felt fine before I woke up that day. I went to bed feeling fine and healthy. I was fine, a bit tired, but fine. I didn’t even know that I was sick, how could they have known when I didn’t even know myself?”

Narcissa stuck her nose up, but Draco pulled his hand from hers and clutched at Blaise’s instead, giving her a serious look.

“Are you feeling okay now?” Harry asked tearfully. “Do you need a drink? Can I get you anything?”

Draco smiled. “I’m fine, love. I promise. I feel absolutely fine.”

“The Healers are happy with the progress that you’ve made and they’re going to release you today.” Nasta said walking back into the room after grilling the poor Healers.

“They don’t know what caused it yet!” Harry said.

“Do you not want me back home?”

“Of course I do! But how can they just release you when they don’t know what caused your fever? It could happen again!”
“We’ll keep a close eye on him.” Blaise said with a nod. “I got fired so between us both we can keep everything sorted.”

“You got fired? What did you do?” Draco asked interestedly.

The four of them shared a look and Blaise sighed. “Because I’m only an apprentice and a new one at that, my supervisor didn’t like that I took these last two days off from the grunt work that he had me doing or that I left work early when you were rushed into the hospital. He called me into work yesterday specially, just to ask me to choose, well, he shouted his ultimatum at me really, spraying me with spit in the process, that I could either be a family man or a businessman, that I couldn’t be both. I told him exactly where he could shove those thoughts, that I would always choose my family over anything else, and then I scooped up a handful of floo powder and came straight back home and I won’t be going back.”

“You got fired because I was stuck here? Blaise, you should have just gone in to work.” Draco groaned.

“Of course I wasn’t going to go to work while you were in the damn hospital with a fever so high that you weren’t even conscious and you couldn’t even remember your own name.” Blaise scoffed. “There is nowhere that I’d rather be than right here by your bedside while you recover.”

“Have any more of you lost your jobs over this?” Draco asked with a sigh.

“No.” Nasta said simply. “I’ll have some paperwork to catch up on, but they can’t afford to lose one of the only remaining Dragonologists they have at the Brecon Reserve. They know that even if I am fired, as long as it’s not for something serious like negligence towards a dragon or stealing and smuggling out the dragon eggs, then I’ll only be snapped up by another reserve within the week and they’d have to go through the gruelling process of trying to find another Dragonologist to replace me with quickly or they risk the dragons suffering.”

Max shrugged. “Highly qualified Potion’s Master here.” He reminded them. “They wouldn’t fire me if I blew up the offices on purpose. I carry that little firm on my shoulders, or haven’t you noticed that if something goes wrong or if there is a huge outbreak they run straight to me? They wouldn’t have dared suggest that I go in while my lover is in the hospital sick and they definitely would not have been foolish enough to shout out an ultimatum at me because they know exactly what the answer would be and I’d just go to a rival firm and they’d lose business. Hell, not to be arrogant or anything but they might even have to close down if I left and went to a rival firm, because nearly all of the contracts they have with little clinics and pharmacies around Britain are actually in my name, so they’d be coming with me to my new firm.”
“My job is secure too.” Harry piped up. “All eight children are ready and waiting for me when we get back home. Xerxes and Enrique are looking after them today.”

“Is that a good idea?” Draco asked with a frown.

They all laughed and Harry smiled. “Xerxes is very capable and Enrique is a big kid himself, he’s very much enjoying himself. Besides Alexander should be there by now.”

“I can’t wait to get out of here.”

“I think it’s too soon.” Narcissa said with a soft quiver in her lips and chin.

“I do too.” Harry agreed with an understanding look to the platinum blonde woman. “There is no way they should be sending you home when they don’t know what was wrong.”

“I’m fine, Harry. I swear.”

“But what if it happens again?” Harry demanded in frustration.

“Calm yourself.” Nasta soothed. “If the Healers are happy to release Draco, then we’ll keep an eye on him, but it means that he’s alright and he knows his own body, if he’s feeling better and the Healers say that he’s better, then he’s better, but you will not be doing a single thing and that job hunting you wanted to do? Out of the question.” Nasta said, turning to Draco sat up in the bed reclining on his pillows.

“You all worry too much, it was a fever. That’s all.” Draco insisted.

“We’re not taking any chances.” Max told him seriously.

It was a further two hours before Draco was officially released from the hospital and, as they’d said, they were taking no chances, Max went through the floo first, Nasta went through the floo with Draco afterwards, followed Blaise and then Harry, but without a mate to hold him up as
neither Blaise or Max had thought to go through the floo with him, Harry flew out and landed on his back, cracking his head against the fireguard and then the floor as he did so.

He groaned pathetically as he was swooped up from the floor, all the way up from it and when he first opened his eyes, he thought Myron was holding him.

“When did you get here, Myron? I thought you were in work.” He asked before he realised that he wasn’t looking at Myron, but Xerxes.

“Do we have to go back to the hospital now?” Draco groaned. “I just got home!”

Harry blinked and found himself looking at Max. He frowned and looked back over to Xerxes, then back at Max.

“I just took you from my Uncle, Harry.” Max explained slowly and carefully, patiently.

“Is he going to be okay?” Blaise asked.

Max poked and prodded around Harry’s head before using his thumb to lift his eyelids to check his eyeballs.

“Nuh, nuh, nuh. I’m fine.” He said as he wriggled, trying to get down.

“He’s fine.” Max said, even as he held Harry tighter so that his wriggling didn’t get him anywhere. “His pupils are both even and they’re dilating and contracting normally. We’ll just have to keep an eye on him too.”

“Why didn’t one of you take him through? You know that he can’t land after magical forms of travelling.” Nasta demanded.

“You know, I just didn’t think.” Max said with a sigh, pushing his fingers through his hair. “It’s always you who carries him through, so it never crossed my mind.”

“I didn’t either.” Blaise groaned. “I’m so sorry, Harry.”
“It’s okay. I’m fine.” Harry insisted. “Anyone could mistake Xerxes for Myron at a quick glance.”

Harry was sat on the settee next to a newly emerged Marianna, who was looking tired but happy after her recent heat period. She was snuggling with Braiden, who was fast asleep on her chest. Tea was passed around and Harry noticed that Lucius and Narcissa kept looking at Draco as if expecting him to drop dead at any moment, but they were a little warmer towards the rest of them now that Draco was finally out of the hospital. Harry felt the same as they had; they’d all been scared when hearing about Draco’s hospitalisation.

They may not have known what was wrong with Draco, but he was home for now and Harry counted that as a positive thing as Draco chuckled happily at a joke that Enrique had just told them. Everything seemed fine, the house was back in order, all the washing was done, the house was spotlessly clean and the kids were all clean and happy. It was like the last three days hadn’t happened, like Draco hadn’t been in the hospital with a dangerously high fever. It was a strange feeling and Harry didn’t like that Draco had been released from the hospital before the Healers knew what had caused his fever in the first place. It seemed wrong, but the Healers believed it to be just a fever that had taken a while to break, Harry wasn’t so easily convinced and he made a mental note to keep a very, very close eye on his big, blond mate.

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March came in a hail of heavy rain and Harry was now secure enough to stop checking Draco’s temperature twice a day, much to his mate’s relief. Leolin hadn’t shown even the slightest hint of any fever or illness, but Harry had moved him into his own room regardless. He had barely slept during the first night that they had moved him into the last remaining spare bedroom through the worry that he felt over his little boy being in a separate room and he had checked on him every hour or so, despite the baby monitor that was right next to his ear, but Leolin had been absolutely fine all night and he had been fine every night since.

Sighing over the slight bit of independence that he was allowing Leolin, Harry made sure that the living room was clean and well presented. It was Wednesday the third of March, the day that Ezrah was coming to visit them with Lathen and it was two weeks since Dain and Kailen had come to visit, so they were coming back around to visit them today as well. It would be an all Faerie reunion.

True to his word, Nasta finally had a week off and Harry had barely lifted a single finger since. Max was off too and Blaise no longer had a job, but he was using the small amount of money that he’d made to go further into his own business venture. Nasta had kept his promise and he had not allowed Draco to go job hunting, in fact Draco had barely been able to move a few feet before Nasta was hanging over him asking him what he wanted or needed and why he was up and walking.

Even as Harry cleaned up a few of the toys that had been thrown across the room, Draco got up from the settee and like a homing missile; Nasta appeared at the doorway a few seconds later.
“Do you have a charm on me or something?” Draco demanded.

“Where are you going?”

“I need the bathroom!” Draco snapped. “Leave me alone, I’m fine! The Healers have been back and they’ve said that I’m fine! It was a simple fever, Nas, I feel better than ever. Just give me some space.”

“Nasta.” Harry called out. “I can’t lift the table on my own; can you do it for me?”

Draco winked at Harry behind Nasta’s back as Nasta immediately came to pick up the coffee table and he moved it over to underneath the window to give them more space for their guests. Harry was still recovering from his self-caesarean almost two months ago so he couldn’t have moved the table on his own, but Draco knew exactly why Harry had chosen that moment to distract Nasta and he was very grateful it seemed.

“I am being a bit…overbearing, aren’t I?” Nasta sighed. Of course Nasta knew exactly what was going on, not a lot got past their top dominant.

“A little.” Harry answered honestly. “But I understand where you’re coming from. I want to swaddle him up, I want to swaddle up Leolin too, but I can’t. Draco is a grown man and he knows when he’s sick or not and he’s not. I have to let Leolin go in order for him to grow and gain independence. I don’t like it, but I still have to do it.”

“I thought that you’d never let Leolin leave our bedroom.” Nasta said with a smile.

“He’s coming up to fifteen months old now. I have to let him have a small amount of independence, even if it is just his own room. I’d never forgive myself if, after this, I kept him in our room and one of us got sick again and passed it onto Leolin. We got lucky with Draco, if one of us got ill and Leolin…if he died because of that, I would live with that heavy guilt until the day that I died. So it’s time I think, to give him his own room, but Nas, please. We need a bigger house. We have no spare rooms left now and Eva and Ave will need their own room soon enough…We won’t fit seven cots in the one room.”

“I know, love, a month or so more, then we can talk about it, I promise.”
“My court date is in a few months.” Harry said softly.

“That’ll be over and done with soon, Richard will take care of you and when you come home, we’ll look after you too. We won’t let anything happen to you. When do you have to see the mind Healer again?”

“Couple of weeks.” Harry muttered unhappily.

He’d had a few more visits with his mind Healer since the first time back in early September and he’d stopped having certain nightmares, but the stress of the upcoming court appearance was bringing out certain fears and Harry often found himself down in the kitchen at two in the morning shakily drinking a cup of tea while the cold sweat dried on his body.

Nasta had encouraged him to get into contact with his mind Healer about the new nightmares and Harry had given in and his next appointment had been moved forward a couple of weeks. He wasn’t looking forward to that appointment, he always felt picked apart after a visit to his mind Healer.

At exactly nine in the morning Dain and Kailen flooed over, with only Warren as a bodyguard, Auric was nowhere in sight and Harry was glad of that.

“How are you?” Harry asked. “Please sit down, the kids are just finishing up a nap, some of them are awake and Leolin is very stubbornly refusing to sleep.”

Kailen smiled at that. “Where is the little Unseelie?”

“Annoying his Daddy Blaise.” Harry said with a grin. “He soiled a nappy and five minutes after being changed into a clean one, he wetted it.”

“He’s just showing his individualism.” Nasta insisted.

“He’s doing it on purpose because he’s rebelling.” Harry said with a decisive nod. “Where’s Ezrah?”

Dain and Kailen shared a look and sighed almost together. Harry’s brow creased.

“He’ll be following shortly, but he had trouble propositioning the court with his reason to leave the city. Some did not like the idea of him coming to see a Faerie babe; they seemed to believe that he would…make off with Leolin.”

“What utter bollocks.” Harry snapped. “I swear I’m going to go and slap every vile fucker on that stupid court, starting with that fucking Alston.”

Warren chuckled. “I would laugh for the next decade if you did.”

“Let me guess. It was Alston, Zuzana, Donella and Siusan who didn’t want him to come?” Nasta bit out.

Dain nodded. “Kailen, Narilla and I immediately said that he should be allowed to leave as he wished, that he should not even have to proposition the court to visit friends, Eitri agreed with us and Sindri agreed as well, so it was ruled that Ezrah could come and visit, though I have a letter to you from Eitri. I believe that he wants to come and visit you as well. He is very lonely. It’s not right for a Fae a little over a century old to be so lonely.”

Harry took the letter and opened it, smiling at the slightly sharp letters. He didn’t know why but, as stupid as it sounded, he’d expected Eitri’s letters to be as soft and curly as his hair.

“He’s asking to come and visit as soon as it’s convenient to us.” Harry told Nasta. “I’d like to see him again.”

Nasta nodded. “We’ll find a day where we’re all off again so he can come around, for now, let’s get those kids in here to ruin all the cleaning we’ve done today.”

“You have removed your table.” Dain observed.

Harry nodded. “We thought it would give the kids more room to move around.”
The floo flared up again, making the minute warning sound that let them know that someone not tied into their wards was coming through and then Ezrah was there, smiling happily, but now that he looked, Harry could see the sadness in his eyes, the tension around his mouth and the lines on his forehead.

“Thank you so much for inviting us, even after Dain and Kailen told you my story. I’ve been giving messages of health for your little babe every day since I met him, twice a day when I heard that he was unwell.”

Harry smiled back at Ezrah as Lathen came through, still strong, still tall and he looked angry. Harry reasoned that it must have been the meeting with the court and what they must have said to and about Ezrah that had him so visibly angry.

“Where are your babes?” Ezrah asked curiously. “Are all of them well? You had six babes, yes?”

“I’ve got eight of them now.” Harry sighed. “I gave birth seven weeks ago to two new Dracken daughters. But they’re all fine, they’re just waking up from their midmorning naps, but a few of them are pestering one of my other mate’s, Max, in the kitchen. Would you like tea?”

“Tea would be lovely, thank you.” Ezrah replied with a sweet smile.

The formal ice was broken when Calix came rushing into the room on his hands and knees as if the hounds of hell were after him, little hands and knees and feet working as fast as they could to get him moving as quickly as possible.

Max walked in behind him with Regan on his arm and he grinned at the newcomers.

“Hi, I’m Max.” He greeted.

“They don’t care who you are.” Harry teased with a laugh. “They’re here for our angels.”

“We don’t have any.” Max teased back.

Harry laughed and bent to pick up Calix, who had crawled to his feet and had reared back on his knees, his arms up as he chanted ‘Mummy’ over and over.
“Is that one of your Dracken sons?” Ezrah asked. “Lathen says that they’re more advanced than most babies.”

“No, this is Calix, he’s a wizard, but he might seem advanced, but he’s actually a little behind his other siblings because he refuses to walk, the others are all up on their feet, but this little one has absolutely no interest. Here.”

Harry thrust Calix into Ezrah’s arms and watched in slight amusement as the Fae rushed to do everything that he thought he needed to, to support and hold Calix securely, his face a wash of panic.

“Please sit down.” Harry offered. “Max, tea please, my love.”

Max laughed and swooped Harry up into his arms and into a passionate kiss before setting him down and going back into the kitchen. “Anything for you, my sweet!”

“You two are so childish.” Draco sighed as he came back into the room.

Ezrah and Lathen stared at him and looked at one another with shock and surprise.

“He looks a lot like Eitri, doesn’t he?” Kailen said with a smile. “It took a while to get used to him too.”

Draco snorted and Nasta settled him back on the settee and sat next to him, making Draco groan.

“Muma.”

Harry turned and hefted up Regan, kissing him and he sat on the one chair and sat Regan with him.

“Toon.” Regan said, pulling on Harry’s sleeve.
“You want to watch cartoons? Come here then.”

Harry got back up and sat Regan on one of the little tiny chairs that was clustered around several other tiny chairs in various colours and turned on the TV, watched with fascination by the five Faeries as he put the creepy cartoons on a low volume for Regan.

As soon as Calix heard the jingle for the cartoons he screeched and wriggled right off of a panicked Ezrah’s lap, to the floor, where he crawled to sit next to his brother, clambering into his own tiny chair and he clapped his hands and turned to Harry and pointed at the TV.

Harry laughed at him and ruffled his hair before he went back to the room, where the Faeries were sat down and watching the cartoons with a sort of horrified fascination as Regan and Calix spoke to one another, spoke to the TV and wiggled their little bodies to the music.

Blaise walked in and the star of the show was finally in the room. Leolin was scowling heavily, looking like the epitome of the sinister baby who would stab out your eyes in your sleep as he all but glared at everyone.

“What’s that face for?” Harry chided with a smile and as soon as Leolin caught sight of him, he gave a gummy grin and reached one arm out for him.

“Ma.”

Harry took Leolin from Blaise and hugged him tightly, kissing him and tucking him into his arm.

“He speaks?” Lathen asked with amazement.

“He took some Dracken blood from Nasta and I.” Harry explained. “He’s a little more advanced, he’s sitting up a bit, he’s speaking and he understands certain things that are said to him.”

“Has he come on any more since we saw him half a moon turn ago?”

Harry pulled a face. “He improves daily.” Harry said. “But there’s not really anything that stands out as being any major new development that we can put into words.”

Harry handed Leolin over to Ezrah when a sleepy Braiden toddled into the room. He was so wonky
on his feet that Harry went to him, just in case he fell over.

“I can’t wait until I have babes.” Ezrah sighed wistfully as he cradled Leolin. “Thank you for inviting me over. I haven’t seen any babes in so long now.”

“It’s fine. I can’t believe that you thought you wouldn’t know what to do with one, you’re a natural.” Harry told him as Max came back in with a tray of tea.

“What did you do with my table?” He demanded. “Stop stealing my tables!”

“It was in the way!” Harry insisted. “Use the side table. There are five tables in this room, five!”

“If you had it your way there wouldn’t be any.” Max huffed.

“They clutter the place up, stop buying tables!”

“I like tables.”

Harry staved off the blush that that purposefully emphasised comment caused. He knew exactly why Max liked tables, or rather why he liked any and all flat surfaces.

It took a couple of minutes before Farren and Tegan were in the living room too, Tegan was cruising around the room, using people’s legs and the settees in place of the coffee table and Farren joined his brothers watching the cartoons on the TV. He only just managed to fit in one of the tiny chairs.

Eva and Ave were being passed around, one on Lathen, who looked seriously uncomfortable with her in his arms and the other on Dain, who was getting more comfortable with all the babies around.

“Will you be coming back to the city with Leolin at all?” Ezrah asked him.

Harry nodded. “Sindri would like to see him more, but we didn’t want to travel too often with him, it seemed like a needless risk to us, so we’ll go a few times a year to the city with him, the rest of the time the courts can come to visit us here if they wish, though Dain and Kailen are welcome whenever they like as they’re family.”
“Family?” Lathen asked with a frown.

Harry cocked his head. “Yes, they’re Nasta’s several times great-grandfathers, which makes them the same to Leolin. It’s where Nasta’s Faerie blood comes from and how we managed to have a Faerie babe in the first place.”

“What is your last name?” Lathen asked Nasta curiously.

“Delericey.” Nasta answered.

Lathen smiled then and Ezrah chuckled. “Definitely of Faerie blood, the Delericeys were well known Faeries.”

“Until Trefor and our children were all killed.” Dain said coldly.

“I…I meant no offence.” Ezrah replied in a small, meek voice, averting his gaze, hunching his shoulders and shifting immediately closer to Lathen for security and comfort.

“Enough of that.” Harry snapped. “You are all guests in my home, you’ll behave as such. Ezrah meant no offence and you shouldn’t have taken any. I suppose it’s well known in the city what happened? Obviously it’s not as well known that there are surviving Delericeys and I doubt any of it came out before Leolin was introduced to the courts just after his birth.”

“I didn’t…I wasn’t directing that statement at Ezrah.” Dain said insistently. “It was more directed at myself.”

“You can stop that too.” Harry sniffed. “You couldn’t have known what was going to happen; you had no idea that that filth was going to be at that funeral also.”

“I should have, we should have gone with him, we just didn’t want to sit and pay our respects to a woman who had sold the man that we loved to a piece of filth who hurt him so badly.”
“You had no way of knowing.” Harry said forcefully. “It is no one’s fault, just Jediah’s; he is the one who killed Trefor and your six children. It is on his head that the blame should rest. You’ve been needlessly carrying around this guilt for hundreds of years, it wasn’t your fault.”

“It’s hard not to feel guilt over something when others make you feel the weight of the guilt.” Ezrah said quietly. “I have been paying for my Father’s crimes for as long as I can remember. I don’t even know what he looked like or what he did, I only have what others have told me to go on and the court reports that I’ve read. Otherwise I wouldn’t even know. I was too young to understand, too young to remember, but still I feel the press of the guilt pushed onto me.”

“You shouldn’t feel guilty either.” Harry said as he folded his arms over his chest firmly.

“I know, Lathen tells me every morn and eve that I shouldn’t, but the situation in the city…they won’t let me forget what my Father did.”

“Why don’t you live outside of the city then?” Blaise asked.

Both Ezrah and Lathen reared back and looked at one another as if they had never thought of living outside of the city.

“It could make you happier.” Kailen told them kindly. “You wouldn’t have to deal with such prejudiced behaviour or the spitting and sneering.”

“The courts would never allow me to leave. They want me close so they can watch me, they are always watching because the other residents in the city worry that I’ll do something.” Ezrah said sadly, as if fearing to get his hopes up.

“Before today you were worried that the courts would never let you come out of the city to visit Harry, yet they allowed you, perhaps it would be better if we lived outside of the city.” Lathen said.

“But your job, your house.” Ezrah said.

“None of that is as important to me as your health and happiness.” Lathen insisted.
“You can still keep your job.” Dain told him. “You’d just have to travel to and from the city.”

“Would the courts really allow me out of the city?”

“They have no good reason to keep you inside the city.” Dain said firmly. “If they try, then Kailen and I will fight for you, Eitri will fight for you too and Narilla adores you.”

Ezrah seemed happier and he turned that blinding, beaming smile to Lathen.

“Can we, please? Do you mind?”

Lathen sighed and he pulled Ezrah into his arms and held him tight.

“I would do anything to keep you safe and happy, honestly it was only a matter of time before I lost my temper and I ended someone’s miserable life for the things they say and do to you, the only thing that stops me is the thought of you being alone, of having to deal with those beasts alone without me. It’ll be good for us both to get away.”

“I’ll find you a suitable place to live.” Warren offered. “I’ve done so for several others. Perhaps without the stresses of the city you might finally start your family.”

“Do you think?” Ezrah said excitedly.

Harry smiled at him and shared a look with his mates, because he knew they would do anything to make him happy, as he would do anything to make them happy and he still remembered how very happy he’d been to have Braiden, his very first baby. He felt so bad for Ezrah, because he wanted a baby so badly and he’d be such a good Mother, he just couldn’t get pregnant. He hoped that it was just the stress of the city and living with peoples hate and spite that was preventing his much wanted pregnancy and not anything medical.

Lathen loved and cared for Ezrah so much that Harry had to go and seek out his mates for a hug, grinning as he watched the couple with Leolin between them. They’d be such good parents, he knew it, they just needed the chance to prove it.

The morning passed quickly and easily, the babies moving around to play with their toys once the cartoons went off and they didn’t go back once the next cartoon came on, so Harry turned the TV off and let them play, sitting down with a groaning grunt, holding his belly, so that he could sit and build a tower with Braiden and Regan, taking the blocks they handed to him once it got too high
for them to reach the top, it was only still standing because of a light charm he’d put on it so that it wouldn’t wobble or fall.

That charm however didn’t stand up to a head diving Farren, who tripped over his own feet and went head long into the tower.

“Baba Fah, no! No!” Braiden cried out and he smacked Farren hard, which set the sniffling Farren to full out crying.

“No, Braiden.” Harry chastised sternly. “You do not hit.”

Braiden threw his head back and he screamed, throwing himself back on the floor and kicking his arms and legs, almost catching Regan twice, who was watching Braiden blankly.

Harry cradled Farren and combed his hair with his fingers soothingly as Nasta tackled Braiden’s tantrum, picking him up and pinning his body so that he wasn’t kicking out or hitting him and he removed him from the room.

“He’s having more and more tantrums the closer to two he gets.” Draco observed.

“They don’t call it the terrible twos for no good reason.” Max said. “They’ll all be at it soon, tantrums, rebellions, downright defiance and ‘no’ will become their favourite word. We’re in for a rough time.”

Harry sighed as he rocked Farren. “I’m not looking forward to that. Tegan started early with her particular dislike of Braiden, but that’s mostly stopped, I don’t want all of them acting like that.”

“Where’s Nasta?” Blaise asked.

“I suspect that he’s staying in the room with Braiden now that he’s climbing.”

“I’m going to go and start lunch.” Max said as he stood and checked on Harry and Farren, who was calming down now as he was rocked on Harry’s lap.

“I think that’s our cue to leave.” Dain said with a smile. “Thank you for inviting us for the morning and we hope to see you again soon.”
“As Dain said, thank you for letting us come and visit, your children are all adorable.” Ezrah told him and Harry hugged him.

“Thank you, I’m very proud of all of them and despite their tantrums and their antics, I love them fiercely.”

Their guests were gone then and Harry felt himself relaxing a little more. It’s not that he disliked any of the Faeries; he was just a little uncomfortable being himself around people who he’d only just met.

“Now we just have to get though Henley’s visit.” Blaise said.

“Oh I liked Henley, he was no trouble, he was my little crack addicted puppy.”

“He’s grown up since then, he has two babies.”

“Baby Harry.” Max snorted as he came in wiping his hands on a tea towel.

Harry rolled his eyes. “So what if he named his son after me? It’s sweet.”

“It’s creepy.” Blaise insisted. “The baby dom naming his first born son after the submissive that he couldn’t get? It’s a bit like unrequited love. It makes me wonder if his submissive knew why he wanted to name their son Harry and why she’d allow it if she did.”

“Don’t be so ridiculous, Henley knew we weren’t mates.”

“That doesn’t mean that he still didn’t want you to be his mate.”

Harry rolled his eyes. “I’m not listening to this rubbish.”

Harry took Farren out into the garden. It had been raining earlier that day, but it wasn’t raining at
the moment.

Harry walked around the rain speckled garden and let Farren touch and play with the flowers and leaves that were just starting to bud. From his laughs and giggles, Farren enjoyed it, despite getting a face and his hands full of water.

Harry stayed outside only for as long as it took for him to keep his emotions in check and afterwards he took Farren back inside, washed both of their hands and then sat him in his highchair with his brothers and sister as Max was dishing up dinner.

“Nasta says we have to apologise.” Blaise said. “So I’m sorry.”

Harry clenched his hands into fists and breathed in deeply to keep himself calm.

“If you have to be told to do it, then it doesn’t mean anything.” Harry hissed through gritted teeth. “Where is Leolin?”

“He’s in the living room still.” Nasta said even as he stared at Blaise.

Harry nodded and went into the living room to his little boy and he sat with him on his lap. He heard Nasta telling the others to leave him alone and to stay in the kitchen. Harry was sure that Nasta knew exactly why he had gotten upset and why he got so riled up over Henley naming his son after him. He was honoured, touched that Henley had named his baby son after him, Max, Draco and Blaise were spoiling that by chatting so much shit about why Henley had done it when he was sure it was only supposed to be a marked show of respect that showed how much Henley was grateful that he had helped him with his confidence back when he was a newly turned sixteen year old.

Harry didn’t want Henley’s self-esteem to be damaged or his confidence to be shattered if his mates said anything about his name choices for his son in front of him. He was sure that Henley would be humiliated if they did and he didn’t want that for him at all, he wanted them to shut their damn mouths.

“Such a mess, Leolin. What am I going to do with your Daddies, hm? I love them so much, but god do they get on my nerves sometimes. Poor Uncle Henley, he already had problems with self-esteem, confidence and even his sense of self, he was hiding who he really was behind a mask of what he thought others wanted to see, it wasn’t fair. I was horrified when he started speaking, when I realised that he was hiding his true self under this mask.” Harry sighed. “That was his Father’s fault too. I’ll never treat my babies like that, and I won’t let your Daddies treat you like that either.”

Leolin looked up at him with those gorgeous gold eyes and Harry smiled at him.
“You babies are very precious to me and you Leolin, are always going to be my little Faerie baby. I’m sure your Daddies feel the same way too.”

“Da.”

Harry’s breath stopped in his chest and he swallowed through the tightness in his throat. His first instinct was to yell out excitedly to his mates, but he remembered how badly that had gone the last time he’d done so when Leolin had said his first ever word, now he had a new word and Harry calmed himself, took a deep breath as he continued smiling at Leolin as he stood up and went into the kitchen and slipped Leolin straight into Nasta’s arms.

“What is it?” Nasta asked as he looked to Harry’s shocky, ghost pale face to Leolin, who was scowling up at him.

“He said Da.” Harry told them.

Nasta’s head snapped back to him in complete surprise. “He did?”

Harry nodded. “I was just talking to him, I…I said Daddies several times and he just came right out and said Da.”

“Da.” Leolin repeated as he looked from Harry to Nasta.

Nasta moved his arms to give Leolin a proper tight cwtch and he kissed his cheek, leaving his lips against the soft skin as his fingers played with his son’s hair.

“I can’t believe how well he’s coming on.” Draco said with a grin.

“I can’t believe he did this just an hour after Dain and Kailen left and we’d told them that he hadn’t developed enough to report anything new.” Harry said as he wrapped his arms around Nasta’s neck and kissed his stubbled cheek. “I love you.”
“You are the best thing to ever happen to me.” Nasta replied with a smile.

“As long as we’re being so loved up. I adore you and I agree with Nasta, you’re the best thing to ever happen to me.” Max told him, dragging Harry backwards into a passionate kiss filled with tongue.

“I think we can all agree that Harry is the best thing to happen to all of us.” Draco said as he hugged Harry. “But right now we have five hungry babies to finish feeding.”

Harry was so pleased, so happy that he forgot all about his worry over Henley and baby Harry and instead he focused his attention on his little Leolin, who, though they might not see it, was developing mentally and physically day by day in his own way. Harry couldn’t have been prouder and as soon as the kids were down for their afternoon nap, he rushed up to the attic to send out Hedwig, Esmeralda, Jasmine and Saracen to Dain and Kailen, Alexander and Kimberly, Mr and Mrs Weasley and Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy. Nasta had gone to visit his Father in person and Max was floo calling Myron and Richard.

He couldn’t believe that Leolin now had two words in his arsenal. It didn’t seem like much and other parents might laugh at him that his almost fifteen month old son couldn’t walk, couldn’t eat solids, couldn’t even sit up unaided and only spoke two words, but to him, Leolin had crested a new milestone, because Faerie babies his age couldn’t talk at all, they couldn’t sit up and couldn’t understand what was happening around them, some year old Faerie babies couldn’t even open their eyes all the way and instead they just slitted them open to peer up uncomprehendingly at what was above them. Not his baby Leolin, not his clever, special little Faerie baby who had almost certainly taken some of his and Nasta’s Dracken blood to be as advanced as he was. Harry was so very, very glad.

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Two days after Ezrah had come to visit them, Henley and his beautiful, if a bit dense, mate Anabel came to visit with their two children, Claudia and baby Harry. Amelle had popped over for a spur of the moment visit too with Eleonora and Beatrice. So the house was filled to bursting with eight adults and twelve babies.

“I can’t believe how many you have!” Henley said after introducing himself and his family at lightning speeds, hardly stopping for a breath.

Harry grinned widely, Henley hadn’t changed one single bit and he was so happy. He was less pleased that Anabel was staring at him with red cheeks and a very heavy dose of hero worship in her eyes. It made him very uncomfortable and clued him in a little more as to why Henley’s mate had allowed him to call their first son after him. He liked that idea less than Blaise’s suggestion
that Henley had an unrequited love interest with him.

Harry introduced everyone, including Amelle, who was doing her best to reign in her snobby side with the newly introduced, unfamiliar submissive. She was doing very well and Harry made sure to tell her so under his breath so as not to embarrass her by announcing it to the world. Anabel wasn’t even trying to reign in her instincts as she stuck her nose in the air and kept her gaze on Harry.

“So eight of them are yours?” Henley asked.

Harry nodded. “This gorgeous, seriously clever little girl is Amelle’s and this little Princess is Amelle’s too, the others are all mine.” Harry said as he ran his fingers through Eleonora’s gorgeously thick auburn hair and then indicated to Beatrice who was getting a huge cuddle from her Uncle Max.

“Eleonora is the oldest?” Henley asked.

“Yes, she’s almost two now, in four months, Braiden will be two in five months. I seriously don’t know where the time went, it’s like I’ve completely lost track of it.” He sighed.

“Claudia will be two in December.” Henley said, shaking his head. “It has seemed to have flown by, but then you had five more in the same December didn’t you?”

Harry nodded “Yes, the quintuplets were born at the very end of December, the thirty-first.”

“Then you had the two girls recently?”

Harry nodded again. “They were born in January. They’re seven weeks old.”

“They’re absolutely adorable.”

“So is this little guy.” Harry said as he looked at his namesake.

Henley had wrestled the little baby boy from his mate’s arms and passed Harry over to Harry. The little boy was five months old now, just a few weeks older than Amelle’s little Beatrice, and his
beautiful chocolate brown eyes matched his Father’s as well as the copper brown coloured hair. He was an almost carbon copy of Henley, but he had his Mother’s softer face.

Baby Harry giggled and reached for Harry’s hair, tugging at it as he drooled all over his neck.

“Sorry, he’s teething.” Henley apologised as he watched his son drool all over him.

“Henley, I have eight babies, trust me I know all about drool, spit up, snot, vomit and all other manner of things and noisome fluids. We’re all very used to it here.” Harry said kindly as he bounced baby Harry in his arms.

“Don’t overdo it.” Nasta warned him.

Harry rolled his eyes. “I’m fine, this little fella isn’t going to cause any harm to my muscles when I’ve been hefting Farren around all morning.”

“I know, I’m just saying, don’t overdo it.”

Harry sighed and nodded. It was easier just to agree sometimes than to argue about it.

“Tegan, play nice with Eleonora and Claudia!” Harry chastised as he saw his daughter stewing over the two new girls playing with the dolls and pushchair set that Marianna had bought for her for Christmas.

The two other girls were older than Tegan and they were bigger and better on their feet than Tegan was, because despite Claudia being only a few weeks older, she had been carried to term and Tegan had been one of quintuplets who had been born three months premature and putting Tegan next to Claudia, hell putting any of his quintuplets next to Claudia, that fact was very obvious as she was almost on a size with Eleonora, Braiden and Farren, which meant she almost dwarfed their Tegan, Regan and Calix, who all looked dainty next to her. It was no wonder that Tegan was hesitating in the face of these two new, larger ‘opponents’.

“Come here.” Blaise sighed as he picked Tegan up and sat her on his hip.

Harry watched as he sat down next to Claudia and Eleonora and held her on his lap. He watched as Tegan huddled into Blaise, all but cowering away from the bigger girls, until she got bolder,
reassured by the presence of her Daddy Blaise and she hit out at Claudia.

Blaise took hold of her hand before she could make contact but Anabel acted as if Tegan had beaten seven shades of shit out of her precious daughter as she leapt up and snatched Claudia away.

She even slapped Blaise across the face, which had Amelle diving for Eleonora to pick her out of the fight and Draco gripping a hold of Anabel and dragging her away from Blaise, his face twisted into unfathomable rage as he gripped Anabel’s wrist so tightly that Harry knew it would bruise, and badly. He was sure the only reason he hadn’t actually hit her was the fact that she had Claudia on her hip.

Nasta took control of the situation by biting the back of Draco’s neck and letting Henley take Anabel from Draco’s hold before he sat Draco on the settee and went to check on Blaise’s face, which was a bright red from the sudden slap.

“I seriously hate submissives.” Harry sighed.

“I’m so sorry.” Henley cried. “I had no idea she’d act like that, I swear.”

“It’s alright, Henley.” Harry assured. “I’ve dealt with this and worse before. Really we should have been expecting it.”

“She’s not normally like this.” He defended weakly.

“It’s because there are two other submissives here and children that aren’t hers.” Nasta explained patiently. “Most submissives see that as either a challenge or a fighting ground where they have to prove that they’re the best, that their mate is the best and their children are the best, it’s pathetic.”


Harry laughed. “I’ve felt those sorts of feelings, felt the urges and instincts, I just never paid them any mind and I pushed them all away.”

“I’m so glad you’ve never acted like that.” Max said as he hugged Harry tightly, giving him a big kiss.

Henley looked embarrassed and Harry sighed.
“Let’s all calm down and sit down. I made cookies.” Harry said. “Someone go and get my cookies and more tea, we need more tea.”

Max went into the kitchen for him and Harry eased himself down onto a seat; he couldn’t remain standing any longer. Blaise scooted along the floor to sit by his legs and Harry cradled his head on his lap and stroked his red cheek where Anabel had hit him.

“Damn women.” Blaise muttered. “I can definitely live without them, especially if I have you.”

Harry rolled his eyes. Max came back into the room and everyone took a biscuit, Farren naturally took a huge handful and before Harry could tell him only one at a time, Farren handed the biscuits out to his siblings.

Harry watched stunned as he passed out a cookie each to Braiden, Regan, Calix, Eleonora and Tegan. He popped one up into Leolin’s bassinet, gave one to baby Harry and little Beatrice and held one out to Claudia like a peace offering, even though it left him with no more cookies.

Claudia took the cookie and munched on it happily, but Farren seemed to realise then that he had none left and he turned to Harry with the saddest face that Harry had ever seen him make.

Harry laughed and he picked a cookie from the plate and he handed it to Farren with a kiss.

“I love you little boy.” He said softly as he ruffled his hair and sent him off with a biscuit.

“He’s a good boy, sharing like that.” Henley smiled.

“Claudia shares.” Anabel sniffed.

“Not like that, Ana and you know it.” Henley said. “If she had taken those biscuits she maybe would have given one to our Harry, but she would have sat in the corner and eaten the rest. Farren gave a cookie to our children and Amelle’s. Claudia wouldn’t have done that.”

“Henley, can you help me please?” Harry asked as he stood and moved to the door.

Henley immediately jumped up and followed him out into the kitchen. Harry turned and faced him as he came in.
“Henley, you do know that the worst thing that you can do is to tell your submissive that other submissive’s children are better than your own, don’t you?”

Henley looked a little startled. “What?”

“Anabel is already feeling out of her depth. She can’t help that she feels that her children are better than mine or Amelle’s, you turning around and saying that they aren’t is going to raise her hackles up further.”

“But…I was just saying the truth.”

“I know, but sometimes the truth isn’t always best said aloud, especially not when she’s already lost control once. It’s best not to say anything at all.”

“I just…I wanted you to know that I don’t care about things like that. I’m not going to turn on you just because I’m mated now.”

Harry smiled. “I know that. I know. Just ease down and praise your own babies too and stand by your submissive. She’s yours, Henley and yours alone, you won’t get another one of her, so don’t alienate her, but don’t you dare pick on any of my kids or Amelle’s for that matter, no pointing out faults or flaws, because that’ll have us jumping at your throat too.”

Henley bobbed his head. “Got it.”

Harry hugged him and turned to get a plate of cakes and handed it to Henley.

“You have to help me with something.” Harry shrugged as Henley looked at him with confusion and Henley laughed at that and they made their way back into the living room.

Harry was happy to see that it was still intact. He suspected that it was because Anabel was fighting with a struggling Claudia, trying to keep her on her lap when the little girl just wanted to be on the floor with the mass of new and exciting toys and new playmates.
“Ana.” Henley sighed. “You said that you wouldn’t do this today. Claudia is fine and she’s safe.”

Henley put the plate down and wrestled his daughter from his mate and put a happy Claudia on the floor. He sat next to Anabel and took her hands, whispering in her ear.

Harry averted his attention and cooed loudly over Eva and Ave to give them a bit of privacy. He was distracted by Beatrice, who was fed up of Max and pushed a tiny hand up into his face.

“Hey! I’m your Uncle!” Max declared. “You can’t show the hand to me, what happened to unconditional love?”

Amelle giggled. “She’s just hungry.”

“Oh…oh! Hell, well you aren’t getting any milk from my glorious pecs; you better go back to your Mother.”

Harry laughed with his mates and Max looked indignantly at them.

“What are you hyenas laughing at? I have pecs!”

“Maybe, under the store of fat.” Draco teased.

“He’s got a bigger bra size than most women.” Blaise pointed out.

“I’m not speaking to any of you for the rest of the day!” Max declared. “You’ll be sorry when you have nothing to eat for dinner!” He added when they cheered his declaration like immature children.

“Harry can cook.” Blaise pointed out.

“Harry can’t stay on his feet for longer than an hour.” Max reminded them with a sniff as he folded his arms over his massive chest.
“You might want to loosen your arms a bit more, I can see cleavage.”

Harry couldn’t stop the laugh that bubbled out and even Nasta had to turn his face away to hide his grin.

“I know when I’m not wanted!” Max huffed and he left the room to a storm of laughter.

“Is he going to be okay?” Anabel asked, her previous feelings and animosity forgotten in the face of her curiosity.

“Of course, he knows we’re only teasing, he’s probably gone to sulk a bit, then he’ll be back.” Draco told her.

“We can’t help teasing him a bit.” Harry said. “But he’ll be fine; we’ll make it up to him later.”

Things settled down for them then. Anabel was less hostile, Henley stopped trying so hard and Max did come back after half an hour and he sat on the floor and was happily swarmed by babies.

Harry was happy. He had his mates, his babies, he had friends old and new and he had new family, for the first time he truly realised that he had a proper, loving family and that did not include the Dursleys, whatever he may have felt for them at any point, those feelings were now well and truly demolished. They weren’t his family, he had been forced to live with them and rely on them for so long, but he had his own family now. He’d made his own family, he didn’t need them and he was alright with that. He was happy.

Harry kept up correspondence with Henley and with Amelle and Ezrah and Lathen as well and Dain and Kailen too. It was tiring speaking to so many people and the owls hardly ever got a break, which Hedwig was rebelling about, but there was little that Harry could do about it.

His court date was creeping ever closer and with it came the nerves and hidden fear of the unknown. He’d never had to do anything like this before and his only other court appearance, back in the summer between his fourth and his fifth year at Hogwarts wasn’t helping to settle his nerves as that had been a witch hunt, out to discredit him and get him into as much trouble as possible and expelled from Hogwarts to boot. It didn’t inspire much trust in people, but he trusted Richard, who had worked hard and tirelessly on his case and had built it up and up and up until he was sure that he could get the maximum sentence possible for sustained and prolonged child neglect and abuse from when he was just a baby until he was a sixteen year old and had gotten away from them for
good with the help of his beloved mates.

Of course that was driven out of his mind when he woke up suddenly in the middle of the night, lying in bed listening to the silent house, wondering what the hell had woken him up and laying a hand to his forehead to check himself for sweat, wondering if he’d had another nightmare that he just couldn’t remember.

He was fine as far as he could tell, just a little hot. In fact it was sweltering in the bed. It was usually hot in their bed because there were five of them sleeping very close together, but this was the uncomfortable, sticky heat that they usually only found in the middle of summer. It was the middle of March, it wasn’t hot enough outside to make Harry feel this hot, sticky and gross.

He rolled over and pushed himself to sit up, getting a groan from Blaise as he did so, Blaise was hot too, Harry could see the pink flush on his body.

Frowning he checked on his other mates and his heart about stopped when he saw that unnatural red flush was back on Draco’s skin that had gone that horrid, sickly pale grey colour again. A hand to Draco’s forehead and Harry knew that his mate had that fever again. He was too hot to touch.

“Nasta! Nasta, wake up!” Harry said loudly as he got to his knees and rolled Draco onto his back to help ease his laboured breathing.

Nasta jerked up and immediately took over. One minute he was fast asleep, the next he was just there, up, awake and alert as he took one look around to take everything in and to make sure that there was nothing there that shouldn’t have been before he stood up, scooped Draco into his arms and rushed for the floo, still half naked and only in a pair of pyjama bottoms.

Max and Blaise were also immediately awake and alert from his shout for Nasta and they rushed around the bedroom getting dressed, picking up clothes for Nasta and pyjamas for Draco and Harry swallowed as he realised that he was going to have to stay at home with the kids as it was the middle of the night.

“We’ll be back with news as soon as we have it, love.” Max said breathlessly as he jerked on his jeans and a tee shirt, Blaise doing the same and Harry nodded weakly.

“Just go, be with him and let me know the minute that you hear anything, anything at all, please.”

“We will.” Blaise promised before he pulled Harry’s head to his with a hand at the back of his neck and he kissed him soundly on the mouth.

“If he gets worse…let me be with him and tell him that I love him!” Harry called after them as they rushed down the stairs to the fireplace.
Harry sat back on the bed weakly and he felt the sweat damp sheets under the palm of his hands. Whatever those Healers said, Draco wasn’t right, something was very wrong and he wouldn’t accept that they didn’t know what was wrong with him. He would not give up until he had answers, until he knew what was wrong with his dominant mate. He would not fail Draco.

He stripped the bed and changed the sheets, duvet and pillows before going down into the kitchen to put them into the washing machine while he made tea for himself. He was never going to sleep now, he’d just have to find something to do, something to keep him occupied until he heard some news or until morning came and he could call someone to come and babysit so that he could go to the hospital.

This wasn’t right; Draco shouldn’t be like this, as Drackens they were supposed to be immune to all deadly, dangerous sicknesses and diseases. They shouldn’t have been able to get anything worse than an infection or a cold!

Harry didn’t like this fever, it was different to most fevers, it was hotter, it came on too quickly, its effects on Draco were quick enough to prevent him from letting them know beforehand and debilitating in the extreme, enough to inhibit him from speaking or moving. Draco hadn’t even been conscious when Nasta had rushed him to the hospital. This…illness, whatever it was, it was quick, virulent and destructive. They had to find out what it was, what caused it and how to treat it for good, otherwise Harry wasn’t sure what would happen to Draco and the thought of that had tears welling up in his eyes before he viciously staved them off, he wouldn’t let go of Draco… Draco was his and nothing, not even some unknown sickness, was going to take his mate away from him. He wouldn’t let it.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: I’m planning just one more update for this fic, for next week, before I go on holiday, when I get back I’ll be switching back to Damaged Bodies, so it might be a while before the next update for this fic comes about as I want Damaged Bodies done and finished by this winter so I can bring out my Bruce Banner/Harry Potter crossover fic. I’m also nearly done with my threesome Hobbit fic, so when I get a spare moment I want that posted up too, maybe in the New Year…I seriously have far too many new fics that I want to post and work on and I want to share them, but I don’t have the time to update them all regularly enough, so they’ll have to wait for now.

Anyway, I’ll see you lovelies with the next update, I’m writing furiously to get it ready in time for next week, fingers crossed that I can manage it,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Ninety-Four – Anniversaries

Just like the last time, Draco’s fever broke and he was sat up, talking, laughing and being normal just two days after being rushed to the hospital in the middle of the night.

He insisted that he felt perfectly fine and the Healers were completely baffled as to what had happened, what was causing the fever in the first place and what exactly the fever was if it was going to keep coming back. They’d never heard of it before and that had them all worried, though they tried not to show that around Draco, who, a full week after he had been admitted to the hospital, was being cautiously released again.

Of course Draco was complaining about how long he’d had to stay in the hospital when he was ‘fine’, but Harry wasn’t sure that the hospital should be releasing him again when, yet again, they didn’t know what was wrong with him.

The Healers insisted to Lucius Malfoy that Draco just had a fever, nothing worse than that, but they didn’t know why he was getting the fevers or what was causing them, which had Harry very scared.

Eva and Ave were now two months old and growing by the day, they were only ten minutes apart from one another in their schedules now and getting closer to being fully synchronised as the days passed.

Apart from that and Draco’s mystery illness, not much had happened, March had been a quiet
month, which Harry was thankful for as he could focus his all on Draco and on his Potions studying, which he was being all but forced to do.

He slid his gaze across to Draco, who was wrapped up on the settee, Nasta sat in the chair near him to ensure that he didn’t get up. Despite insisting that he was absolutely fine, Nasta wasn’t having any of it as he sat in the chair doing the paperwork that he had taken on for the Brecon Reserve instead of going in to do the physical work with the actual dragons. They all knew how much Nasta hated paperwork, but still he had put himself on paperwork duties just so he could stay home and ensure that Draco was alright and that he didn’t move.

Draco was stuck reading books all day every day, not that he minded, he just felt like he was being useless and wasting his time as Harry rushed about around him, chasing after children and doing the cleaning and the washing, but until they found out what was wrong with him, Nasta was not going to let him push himself even a little bit.

“Mama, eh bana essa nahba ga.” Calix said and Harry stared at him blankly.

“Are you speaking in a different language, baby? I can never understand a word you say.” Harry replied as he picked Calix up and tickled him to hear baby screeches and giggles.

“Baba ca, no.” Braiden frowned as he shook his head, little hands touching his ears.

“Calix is being a bit loud, isn’t he, Braiden?” Harry said as he cuddled Calix and set him on his hip. “Do you want tea, Draco?”

“I want to get up and get it myself.” Draco growled. “My legs are aching.”

“You aren’t getting up.” Nasta replied immediately, not even looking up from his paperwork.

“I feel fine!” Draco argued.

“You said that you felt fine the last time, I’m not taking that chance again. You stay where you are.”

“For how long?” Draco demanded. “The rest of my life? I feel absolutely fine!”
Harry sighed and went to get the tea. He felt for Draco, he couldn’t imagine how mindless and torturous it would be to be forced to stay wrapped up on the settee when he felt absolutely fine. He’d snap and go ballistic, he was sure and he would have done so sooner than now if it had been him, but then he was more restless than Draco was and he fidgeted terribly. He had to be doing something or he couldn’t sit still.

He rubbed his head and rubbed out the tension lines in his forehead. He was so worried for Draco that it was eating him up inside. He knew his mates felt the same way, they were all worried for a seemingly ‘fine’ Draco, but he had had this fever and been fine once before and then he’d gotten sick again…they didn’t know what to do anymore and Nasta was only doing what he thought was for the best, but the truth was, none of them knew what was wrong with him and they didn’t know what to do for the best. It was a horrible situation and until the Healers found out what was wrong with Draco and they could start treating him for whatever it was that was making him sick, then they were unlikely to relax again.

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However weeks passed slowly and Draco was fine and well and they eased off of him slightly, to where he wasn’t confined to the settee for hours on end. They kept him sat down at Kimberly’s ninety-second birthday, but eight days later they let him stand for a little while at Sanex’s forty-first birthday as Harry was teased mercilessly by Caesar, Sanex and Idris, who was staying in England for a while as he took an extended break from his work place, which ended with Harry hexing all three of them and leaving them stuck to a cluster of trees and denying all knowledge of where they were for an hour and a half until he decided to put them out of their misery as Sanex was supposed to be the birthday boy.

But Draco really did seem fine and he didn’t relapse at all as March slipped slowly and calmly into April. Dain and Kailen came around to visit, Ezrah came back a few times, Amelle came to visit with Eleonora and Beatrice, Remus brought Teddy over for a few playdates…everything was normal, but Harry was waiting for the other shoe to drop as they went to Caesar’s thirty-first birthday, which had been held at Myron’s huge, lavish home.

It was worse than walking on eggshells as they were waiting for their mate to fall ill, but he never did and with the court case starting next month, Harry found himself being stretched very thin on all fronts as he tried to do everything by himself but found that he just couldn’t, but still he tried his best to do so.

He took Eva and Ave, now three months old, for their check up with the health visitor, he made sure that the house was running smoothly, that no one forgot anything that they needed. He saw Nasta and Max off to work each morning, he wished Blaise good luck as he went out to sort out his business venture and he kept Draco relaxed and stress free, but it was taking its toll on him now and the fear and nerves of the upcoming court date had him feeling sick and left him unable to sleep.

He’d had his visit with his personal mind Healer, but that just made him feel worse as he felt ripped apart at the seams and he honestly believed that he was heading for a real breakdown soon; he just hoped that he wouldn’t have it in the actual court room.

His Braiden was now twenty months old and Harry could really see him becoming a little person now, the way he acted, the things he did, how he behaved. He was much better up on his feet, he
was interested in everything that everyone was doing, he was striving for more and more independence as he happily broke away from his siblings to do a wooden puzzle in the corner by himself and his words were becoming more and more understandable. Harry could really believe that he was almost two years old now and on his way to becoming a proper toddler. It was exhilarating.

His quintuplets were sixteen months old and the change in them as well was noticeable as they scribbled on blank paper with crayons or sat with Max for an hour as he encouraged them to point out his chin or nose or mouth and he watched as they all understood and did as Max asked them to do and little fingers were happily pushed into the body part that he’d named.

Leolin of course was still very much exempted from this as he was more on par with Eva and Ave than his actual sac siblings. He still only had a two word arsenal, but he was using those two words now to great effect, instead of just crying or whimpering over the baby monitor in the mornings, he clearly called for ‘Ma’ and ‘Da’ instead and that made Harry very happy. Still not sitting up properly on his own, Leolin was happiest on his back or belly, the former where he could reach up to the mobile they hung above him and stretch to reach the floating shapes or the latter where he could push himself, rocking from side to side as if he wanted to roll over, holding his head up off of the blanket to see what was happening around him…it brought a tear to Harry’s eye to watch him and Dain and Kailen were more than impressed with Leolin’s progress and strength as they got to watch him displaying his newfound talents when they visited.

Eva and Ave were developing too, now three months old; the twins were completely in tune to one another and woke up within minutes of each other for a feed, which they very much took advantage of during the night as they weren’t sleeping right the way through yet, so it made it easier on them all.

Eva had surprised them one morning by saying ‘Ma-ah’ and Ave had surprised them by rolling from her belly onto her back and then right over back onto her belly. Harry was overjoyed by this, but it made him a little sad to realise in such terms exactly how far behind Leolin actually was.

“It’ll be fine.” Nasta told him as Harry was caught yet again staring at Leolin struggling to get his skinny little arms under his body to push himself up.

“I know, it’s just…I feel a little bad for him. He wants to move so much, he’s trying so hard, yet Ave can move easily and has a blast when she rolls herself right over. I don’t want Leolin to be discouraged when he sees her doing it when he can’t.”

“I doubt he rationalises it that much in his mind, Cariad. He likely doesn’t even realise that Ave is younger than him. She’s just another obstacle to his mind.”

Harry nodded sadly, aware that Leolin’s mental development was unknown and that they had no idea how he saw his older brothers and sister or his younger sisters or even if he realised that they were older or younger than him or that they were anything to do with him at all. It was quite upsetting.
“It’s almost the nineteenth.” Nasta said softly.

Harry smiled and turned to Nasta with a knowing look. “If you want something, just ask.” Harry replied.

Nasta squared his shoulders and looked at him firmly. “Would you like to spend an evening with me?”

Harry’s smile morphed into a grin. “Mister Delericey, I’d love nothing more than to spend our anniversary together with you.”

Nasta swooped him up into a cwtch and kissed him until they either had to break apart or learn another way to breathe that didn’t include their noses or mouths.

Harry gasped and panted in Nasta’s arms and when he’d caught his breath, he looked up at Nasta with a grin.

“You know, I think if we tried hard enough we could conceive another baby on the nineteenth.” He said conversationally.

“There’s no harm in practising.” Nasta said with a grin of his own that was part smug smirk.

“None whatsoever.” Harry agreed. “So where are you taking me for this planned evening?”

“You’ll have to wait and find out. I wasn’t sure if you’d say yes, so I didn’t book anything in advance.”

“Of course I’d say yes. Did you honestly think that I wouldn’t say yes to spending time with you on our anniversary?”

“It’s not that…it’s more to do with everything else that’s going on.”

“Draco’s fine and the court case isn’t for another couple of weeks. I think I’ve revised more than
enough for my Potions exam and I could use the distraction…frankly I really need it. So yes, I want to celebrate our anniversary together, please. Make it good!” Harry shot back over his shoulder as he left Nasta in the living room to go into the downstairs bathroom. He didn’t need to use it; he just wanted to grin at himself in the mirror like a loon. Nasta could be the sweetest person in the world sometimes, but he could also be quite dense too. Harry loved him for it.

The nineteenth of April was the day in which Harry had chosen Nasta as his final mate, his grounding mate, two years ago now. The gorgeous, handsome, kind man had been his mate for two exact years today and Harry was sat opposite him in a downscale, homey feeling restaurant as he perused the menu happily, his one foot tangled around Nasta’s leg.

They were in smart jeans and shirts, so they were comfortable, but not out of place, this restaurant wasn’t a tuxedo and evening gown kind of place and Harry was happy about that. He didn’t feel like dressing up too much.

“Do you want wine?” Nasta asked.

Harry shook his head. “Not tonight. I want that Mango smoothie that caught my eye.” He announced as he flipped to the drinks menu and pointed it out.

Nasta nodded and gave him a kiss on his way to the bar to order their drinks in. Harry got the feeling that Nasta was happiest when Harry wasn’t drinking alcohol, so he could easily stick to fruit smoothies for tonight, for Nasta. He had three other mates who would order him wine if he asked for it and he really wasn’t that big of a wine drinker to begin with, so for tonight at least, with his top dominant who hated seeing him or the others ruining their health in such blatant ways, he’d skip the wine and the inevitable hangover tomorrow morning.

Nasta came back with a bright yellow concoction and Harry smiled and took a sip. It was gorgeous and he offered a taste to Nasta, who readily agreed with him that it was nice.

They ordered their food and sat talking and touching, on top of the table as well as under it as they held hands and twined their legs. Nasta laughed deeply when Harry’s foot slid up to his thigh.

“Save it for after dinner.” He whispered.

“Think of it as an appetiser.”

“I don’t need a sampler, I know exactly what I’m going to be eating afterwards and I have to say,
Harry flushed a bit at that, but he laughed happily and stroked his foot over Nasta’s thickly muscled thigh harder.

Their meals came and conversation was soft and slow as they ate and Harry liked this one on one time with Nasta…or really any of his mates, he wasn’t fussy which one, but he was glad that this day two years ago, that he chose this beautiful, wonderful man to be his and that said strong, amazing man had said yes.

He was feeding from Nasta, there was no other way to describe the way he was feverishly kissing and licking at his mate’s lips as he was carried into a lavish hotel room. Apparently Nasta had cleared it with Max, Draco and Blaise and all three had agreed that it would be best if they got a hotel for tonight instead of coming home and possibly waking up Eva and Ave.

“Won’t they feel left out?” Harry asked, his chest heaving as he tried to breathe around Nasta’s mouth and tongue.

“I’m sure Max will keep Blaise and Draco entertained. In fact he promised me that he would.”

Harry laughed breathlessly. “So we’re here having sex and Max is back at home terrorising our other two mates?”

“I suppose Max’s advances could be classed as terrorising, but I don’t think Draco or particularly Blaise will see it like that, you know how much Blaise likes having all the pleasure to himself.”

Harry grinned. It was why his first mate hadn’t fought Max or Nasta for the top dominant position, his first mate liked being fucked as much as he did fucking and being a relatively new dominant, he hadn’t realised that even if he was the top dominant then he could still submit during sex, as Nasta did on occasion. He’d thought that it would mean that he wouldn’t be able to do what he liked, so he hadn’t fought the hierarchy, he knew better now, but he still didn’t care enough to cause a fight, he just loved the pleasure of being sandwiched between two lovers. Harry did too, but in a different way to Blaise.

He grinned and latched his mouth onto Nasta’s neck, suckling and biting gently as large hands cupped his bum and squeezed.
“I love you.” He declared to Nasta as he moved his mouth up a stubbled chin to plush lips.

“Love you too.” Nasta panted as he turned and bounced Harry on the large, soft bed.

“These linens are going to be ruined tomorrow.” Harry said breathlessly.

“Don’t care.” Nasta replied shortly as he unbuttoned Harry’s shirt and popped the button on his jeans open quickly, stripping him bare and kissing every inch of revealed skin, licking and nibbling before latching onto a small, pink nipple and sucking.

Harry wriggled on the bed and wrapped his bare legs around Nasta’s waist. Nasta pulled back and forced Harry’s legs down as he sat up and all but ripped his open shirt off of his shoulders before getting out of his own jeans as fast as he could.

“I love watching you do that, it makes me throb.” Harry told him and Nasta groaned.

“That mouth of yours is going to have me cumming before I even get close to pleasuring you.” He sighed as he gripped himself tightly.

“Just looking at you pleases me.” Harry declared.

“I’m going to have to gag you.” Nasta said seriously.

“If that pleases you, go ahead.”

Nasta groaned harder and he left the bedroom to go into the bathroom.

“You better not gag me with soap! I will not enjoy that!” Harry shouted after him.

Nasta came back in with a clean, dry flannel and Harry cocked his head.
“How are you going to tie that around my head? It won’t reach.”

Nasta walked over as he rolled the flannel into a tube.

“Open.”

Harry opened his mouth and Nasta tugged the flannel between his teeth and wrapped it around his head. Harry was right and the ends didn’t meet enough to be tied together, but Nasta smirked and pulled out his wand and tapped the ends and Harry found that the flannel gag was fused together and he couldn’t get it out of his mouth. His body hummed with arousal and his erection throbbed and he whimpered behind the gag.

“Is that comfortable for you?” Nasta couldn’t help but ask. “Do I need to loosen it, or maybe rip it in half? It is a little thick.”

Harry couldn’t answer, so he just laid himself back on the bed and spread his arms and legs open in invitation. He got to watch as Nasta’s eyes darkened and his pupils dilated, his mouth opened as he breathed deeper and more raggedly.

Nasta climbed over him and nibbled around his chin and neck and Harry sucked in a breath through his nose as he wrapped himself around Nasta and arched into him.

His mate kissed and licked over his body and Harry couldn’t even tell Nasta that he loved what he was doing to his body as all that came out was a muffled grunt.

Harry was reduced to grunting and groaning, writhing on the bed as Nasta opened him up slowly with his fingers and a lot of lube from the several sachets that he’d kept in his wallet.

Harry was bucking and trying to push himself onto Nasta when his mate finally pulled his fingers back and opened a new sachet to cover his hard cock. Harry swallowed as much as he could around the flannel in his mouth and squeezed his eyes closed as Nasta pushed into him and then held still.

“Fuck…I love this moment. Where I’ve just pushed into you and your muscles randomly clench around me. It feels amazing. I love you.”

Harry grunted back his love and Nasta smirked at him.

“Seeing you in a gag is very arousing, it makes me want to tie you up to the headboard too to see what that looks like.”
Harry smiled as much as he could around his gag and he raised his arms above his head, crossing his wrists over and Nasta was all but drooling.

He turned and swiped his own shirt from the floor and tied it around Harry’s wrists and tied him to the headboard, all without slipping out of him and Harry moaned when Nasta pulled back slowly and eased back into his body. This is the part that he loved the most, though he had to say that he just loved sex, but this moment, where his mates first started moving, making sure that their glide was smooth inside his body, probing around, moving slowly so that he felt the movement of every single last inch, this was the part that he loved the most.

It never lasted long though and all too soon Nasta was picking up the pace and moving harder and faster, Harry never complained though, because this is the part where he felt overwhelming pleasure, where he forgot his own name under the onslaught of utter pleasure that his mates gave to him, the pleasure that they unselfishly strived to give him as he rocked, writhed and thrashed as his hands were tied to the headboard and his breathing and noises were restricted and muffled by the gag as Nasta moved harder and faster, rolling his hips into his body and his vision whited out as his orgasm exploded with the heat and ferocity of an enraged dragon.

Nasta collapsed on top of him and Harry held him with his jelly like legs, the only thing he could hold his mate with.

At least until Nasta propped himself up and tugged the shirt free from his wrists and used his wand to release the flannel they were using as a gag from his mouth.

“I don’t think we’ll be using that again.” Nasta commented gruffly as he threw it away.

“Why?” Harry replied hoarsely.

Nasta smirked at him. “I loved seeing you in it, don’t get me wrong. I just love being able to kiss you more.”

Harry smiled as Nasta bent down and sealed their mouths together, lips and tongues moving together in a passionate kiss that had Harry twitching tiredly. Nasta could be so sweet sometimes. He loved it.

Harry was sore, tired, but exceedingly happy the next morning, after several rounds of incredible sex, alone in a very nice hotel room. He snorted as he caught the look on Blaise’s face as he walked into the kitchen. Harry would guess that he and Blaise were both feeling fucking wonderful this morning.
“I see you’re walking funny.” Blaise greeted.

“I notice that you aren’t sitting properly.” Harry replied.

They both looked at one another for a heartbeat and then burst out laughing. Nasta shook his head at them and he greeted Blaise properly, with a lot of lips and tongue and Harry grinned as he watched them, feeling his spent cock twitch in his jeans. He was too tired to properly react though and he moved to the kettle to get tea. Nasta had most definitely sexed him out last night.

Draco came wincing into the kitchen and Harry grinned at him.

“You too?” He asked. “Damn Max was having a good time last night; maybe we should have come home, Nas.”

Nasta chuckled and kissed Draco as he had Blaise.

“Where are my babies?” Harry asked.

“Max is in the bathroom.” Draco replied easily.

Harry gave him a look and Nasta chuckled. “I suspect the kids are down for their morning nap already, it is nine O’clock, we woke up a little late.”

“Did they have their breakfasts?”

“Of course.” Blaise replied as he cradled his coffee between both hands like it was a child.

Harry smiled and eased himself down slowly and gingerly.

“What did you do to my boy?” Max demanded as he strode into the kitchen like a king and saw Harry moving delicately.
Harry didn’t even get to sit down fully before he found himself up in Max’s arms and being kissed.

“I missed you last night.”

Harry laughed. “Draco and Blaise didn’t keep you satisfied enough?”

“No, I could have done with one more gorgeous boy underneath me…or straddling my lap, riding me, I’m not that fussy.”

Harry laughed happily. “Your anniversary will come around again soon enough.”

Max snorted. “A whole year away!”

“Well…we do have an anniversary to celebrate together coming up, but then Draco’s birthday is before that in June and then my birthday is in July…I’m not sure about Draco, but I know exactly what I want to do for my nineteenth birthday.”

Max laughed and kissed him soundly before gently putting him back onto his chair.

“Everything was alright while I was gone?” Nasta asked Max, who had been the acting top dominant for Draco and Blaise while he and Harry had been away.

“Absolutely fine, I would have let out a call to you otherwise. Nothing more exciting than a soiled nappy all night and I had Draco and Blaise passed out by two in the morning.”

“Nasta and I made it until gone four.” Harry said with a grin, his eyes glinting.

“No wonder you’re back so late and why you can’t even sit down properly.”

Harry smiled widely, completely unfazed.
“I could do with a nap myself.” Harry said as he yawned, gratefully accepting the cup of tea Draco handed to him.

“Go and get your head down then.” Max encouraged. “We have nothing to do today, do we?”

Harry gave him a look. “Did you happen to forget that today is my baby godson’s first birthday? We have to go to Remus and Tonks’ for Teddy’s party this afternoon.”

“That’ll only be for a few hours though.” Nasta said.

Harry nodded. “I know, but I want to make sure the kids are alright and we have to travel with Leolin. How are you feeling, Draco?”

The big blond rolled his silver coloured eyes. “Fine, absolutely fine. I just had my brains fucked out, I really don’t think that fever will be coming back now. It was a phenomenon, an odd two fevers, that’s all; I’ve been fine for the last month now. I’m fine, so stop worrying.”

Harry nodded, but he’d keep an eye on Draco regardless while they were over Remus’ for Teddy’s birthday. He was not letting his guard down even a little bit when it came to the health of one of his mate’s.

Remus’ house was a gorgeous two storey cottage and the grounds outside were several feet of grass and beyond that was just miles of forest. It was picturesque and Harry could really see how Remus would be very happy here.

Unfortunately Harry, his mates and all eight of his babies were not going to fit in the little cottage, and that was without all of the other guests too, so Remus and Tonks had set up a series of picnic benches outside and thankfully it wasn’t raining as they’d laid out several blankets for the babies to play on. Leolin was in the pram that they’d brought with them, safely tucked in, but outside in the fresh air and he was more alert and happy outside than he had been inside and he made soft, sweet noises and kicked his legs and waved his arms happily.

Andromeda and her Husband Edward, Teddy’s namesake, were also there and Harry was happy enough to strike up a conversation with them and the Weasleys who were also invited over, including Ron, who stayed well away from Harry’s mates, who were giving him not so subtle glares that promised pain or death if he wandered away from the group that he was stood with or went anywhere near Harry or the babies.
“You will come to our wedding, won’t you, Harry?” Bill was asking and Harry turned his attention from surveying the grounds back to Bill and he smiled.

“Of course I will. I wouldn’t miss Fleur finally making an honest man of you.” Harry teased. “When are you going to have babies?”

Bill and Fleur shared a look and Harry’s grin slipped and he looked from one to the other. His grin came back tenfold as it kicked up to a hundred watts.

“No way! No fucking way! When? How long?” He asked.

“Shhh!” Bill shushed him quickly. “No one else knows yet, we found out yesterday.”

Harry grinned smugly at them. “I told you it was only a matter of time. How far along are you, Fleur, are you alright?”

Fleur nodded with a smile. “I’m about two months along. I ‘aven’t had any morning sickness yet.”

“Well, I suppose I’m happy enough to say congratulations to you first. When are you going to tell everyone else?”

“Fleur wants to keep it quiet for a little longer, you know how my Mum is, she’ll immediately take over and try to tell Fleur what to do. She means well, but we just want some peace, so I think we’ll announce it when it can no longer be hidden.”

“My lips are sealed shut, not even my lovers will hear it from me.” Harry promised with a wink.

“I ‘ope to have girls just like your beautiful little ones.” Fleur told him as she hugged a sleeping Ave.

Harry laughed. “You don’t, trust me on that one. They’re only quiet when they’re sleeping. They take too much from Max.”
“If I had a man like that I wouldn’t even care.” Ginny declared as she wrapped her arms around Harry’s neck and hugged him from behind.

“Trust me, Gin, when those two are screaming in your ear at one, four and six in the morning, you’ll change your mind.”

“The sex with a man like that would more than make up for it.”

Harry laughed, more at Bill’s horrified face than anything else.

“You want to get out there a bit more then.” Harry said.

“You said that Max had a brother.” Ginny said with a pout.

“A younger half-brother, Caesar, who is all but married and has two daughters. If you go after him, I’ll have to bury you alive, Amelle is a friend.”

Ginny sighed. “Does Nasta have any brothers?”

“One, an older brother, Sanex, who just turned forty-one. He has a girlfriend.”

“I guess I’m just going to have to go out and find one the old fashioned way.”

“Can we please get off of this topic, please.” Bill said with a raised hand.

Charlie wandered over, drawn by his older brother’s loud plea and he sat next to Harry.

“What’s going on?” He asked.
“We’re talking about Ginny’s sex life.” Harry told him and Charlie’s face blanched pale and his eyes all but bugged out of his head.

Harry and Ginny laughed.

“She wants a boyfriend like Max; do you have any friends you can push at your baby sister, Charlie?” Harry teased.

Charlie went from pale to green and he shoved Harry off of his seat and onto the floor with such a fierce expression on his face that Harry was almost scared that he’d crossed a line that he shouldn’t have. He knew Charlie too well though and he just laughed and picked himself back up.

“Are you alright? What happened?” Nasta asked as rushed over and he helped Harry off of the floor.

“Charlie shoved me off of my chair!” He complained indignantly.

Harry caught the snap of Nasta’s neck as he turned to glare at Charlie.

“You do know that he is recovering from giving birth in which he had to cut himself open to pull out our twin daughters, don’t you?” Nasta said coldly, threateningly.

“Oh shove off, Nas.” Harry laughed. “I’m fine. Charlie was just touching me up, I’m sure.”

Nasta growled under his breath and Charlie recoiled as Nasta released his dominant pheromones.

“I wasn’t!” Charlie insisted.

“He was.” Harry said as he grinned at Charlie, who was squirming uncomfortably.

“Who’s touching up my man?” Max demanded.
“He is.” Nasta growled, his eyes pinned to Charlie.

“You touch him again and I’ll break you over my knee.” Max said happily.

“Thank you, loves.” Harry smiled, giving them both a kiss and sending them off to wrangle up their older children, who were going berserk in the garden of Remus’ cottage.

“That’s not fair, calling in the lovers.” Charlie huffed.

Harry grinned. “If I have them to use, why not use them?”

“Because you’re going to get my arse kicked for me.”

“Then don’t push me off of a chair in a garden where they’re all watching.” Harry said smugly.

Ginny laughed and clapped Harry on the back, just as Braiden toddled over on quick legs, he wasn’t quite running, but it was close.

He patted at Harry’s knee and lifted his arms above his head and Harry groaned as he hefted his heavy boy onto his lap. He was a happy twenty-six pounds in weight and thirty inches tall. Farren had finally overtaken him, as they’d all known would happen eventually, their big boy was twenty-nine pounds and thirty-three inches tall and he was only going to get bigger from here on out.

Harry sat him on his lap and snuggled him tightly, kissing him to hear giggles.

“He is very cute.” Charlie insisted as he dug a callused, burnt finger under Braiden’s neck and wiggled it, making Braiden screech in joy.

“Here.” Harry dumped Braiden onto Charlie and watched him fumble around. If it was one Weasley who didn’t know how to handle kids, it was Charlie.

Bill laughed at his brother, who was holding Braiden out from his body, staring at the almost two year old boy with a pulled, pinched face.

“What do I do with him?” Charlie asked desperately.
“Go and play with him!” Harry encouraged. “Look at Max.”

The table looked to Max who was rolling around the grass with a joyous Regan in his arms being rolled with him.

“He’s such a good Father.” Ginny sighed.

Harry grinned. “I know. He’s not all good though, Gin, you know that right? There’s no such thing as a perfect man.”

“What’s wrong with him?” Ginny asked interestedly.

“He snores when he’s on his back.” Harry told her. “And don’t get me started on his morning breath and he’s more likely to throw a tantrum than Braiden is. He’s happy go lucky most of the time, but damn can he sulk.”

“What are the faults with the others?” Ginny asked. “Nasta seems pretty perfect to me, all rough and ready.”

“Nasta?” Harry laughed. “Mister I don’t want to see you drinking coffee, pop or alcohol and don’t even try to eat a greasy burger in front of him because he always looks like he might puke over the table. Oh and he counts how much chocolate we eat or how many sweets we have and if he deems us to have had enough he takes it off of us and hides it!”

“I’d have punched him in the face.” Ginny declared.

“I feel like it sometimes, but I love him, so I don’t want to hurt him over something so petty, but it is annoying when all I want is a good chocolate binge.”

“Blaise?”

“He sulks too.” Harry said with a grin. “He has a temper to rival mine as well, so when he gets
going, we can shout one another hoarse. We’re both stubborn and now that I think about it, Blaise and me…we’re actually quite alike in personality, only he has the tendency to start shouting at me in languages that I can’t understand so I never know if he’s insulting me or declaring undying love. I tend to go with the former and respond accordingly.”

“Draco?”

Harry snorted incredulously. “He’s self-explanatory, he’s a Malfoy. Pompous, arrogant, he always has to be right, he likes these god awful, ugly knickknacks that he insists on filling the house with and then he sulks and whines for hours when the kids break one, he won’t let me leave so much as a sock on the floor and god help you if you don’t use a coaster on the coffee table.”

“I bet they have just as many things to say about you too.” Bill pointed out with a grin.

Harry grinned right back. “I’m the worst of them!” He readily admitted. “I leave my wet towels all over the floor, I don’t use a coaster, I leave dirty cups on the counter instead of swilling them out or washing them, I put my freezing cold feet into the small of their backs in bed just as they’re falling asleep, I drop my dirty clothes all over the bedroom floor on my way to bed, I’m stubborn as hell and won’t give an inch, my temper can apparently blow off the roof according to Max and I hardly ever listen. I’m a bad, bad man.”

The table roared with laughter and Harry laughed with them. He knew his mates had faults, but he also knew that he had his faults too. No one was perfect and it was the fact that they could all see past those faults and small flaws to love the people that they really were underneath, bad habits and all, that made them a stronger family and despite all the fights, stubborn arguments, sulking, god awful knickknacks and the stolen chocolate, he loved his mates very dearly and he’d never give them up.

They annoyed him on occasion, sure, but he was also equally sure that he annoyed them too, so he was content to call it quits and carry on loving them just as much for the kind, wonderful men that they were, annoying, maddening little quirks and all.

The twenty-fourth of April…the day that Harry had killed Voldemort for good exactly three years ago now. It had started like a normal day; he got up, fed his babies their breakfasts, changed them into their day clothes and set them down to play, he cleaned up around them, did some laundry before sitting down with a cup of tea, paying a Knut to the post owl who delivered their morning newspaper.

That was when he had first realised that it was the third anniversary of the day that he had become
an actual murderer. The front page was dedicated to him as The Chosen One and he was gawping at all of the theories that others had come up with on how he had killed Voldemort that day, including the use of the killing curse, muggle weaponry, and even one theory that insisted he’d killed Voldemort with his bare hands wrapped around that pale throat. He felt sick and shocky.

“Harry!”

He startled and looked at his four cautious mates and he blinked, feeling the slide of hot tears down his cheeks. He swiped the tears away furiously, growling as he did so.

“What’s wrong?” Nasta asked softly.

Harry shook his head and threw the paper at him. Blaise took one look at the front page and came to sit next to him.

“Don’t listen to that shit.” He declared. “They have no clue.”

“I forgot that it was today.” Max admitted.

“So had I until I saw that!” Harry sniffed. “It’s bad enough that I am a murderer without it appearing on the front page every single year reminding everyone! What if the kids see it when they’re old enough to read and they start asking me questions about it? About how I killed another person at just fifteen years old!”

Nasta sat next to him and pulled him into a hug. He kissed Harry’s temple and rubbed those huge hands over his back.

“You shouldn’t worry about such things. The editors of these damn papers have been warned time and time again to leave you and our children alone…this is a step over the line, to actually be theorising about something like this!”

“My Father will just sue them again.” Draco said. “This time he won’t go easy on them.”

Harry sighed. “At this point I’m wondering if it’s worth it. They’re not going to listen and it seems
like a waste of time.”

“If you let it slide, then they’re going to take it as permission to do more.” Blaise told him.

“Let my Father do it.” Draco insisted. “He likes doing these sorts of things; it’s a hobby of his.”

“How did I know that your Father would like suing people as a hobby?” Harry said with a small smile.

Draco shrugged, but he was smiling too. “Just let him do it, he’s been in a foul mood since I was in that damn hospital, he could use something to vent his frustrations on.”

Harry sighed, but he nodded. “Not one theory in here is even close to the truth…it was love that killed Voldemort, love and my own magic…I didn’t kill him with my bare hands or use muggle weapons or the killing curse…it’s all wrong.”

“We know how it happened, love, we know and we accept you and what you did. You had to do it, Harry love, if you hadn’t, then he would still be here.” Max said softly. “Would you want him here, targeting you still, targeting us because we’re your mates, targeting our children?” Max shook his head. “It’s better that he’s gone for good.”

Harry nodded. “I know. I would have hated to pass that opportunity up…the guilt would have been too much, just thinking of how many people he could have killed before another chance like that came up and it happened just three months before my inheritance and I fell pregnant with Braiden soon after I met Blaise in October. I wouldn’t want him here now; it’s bad enough that there are still Death Eaters lurking around.”

“The Lestrange brothers still haven’t been caught.” Draco said quietly.

“Fenrir Greyback is still out there too.” Harry said.

“Greyback would have gone underground.”

“The Lestrange brothers however, they have nothing left to lose, the entire world is on alert for
Harry shivered. “If they’re going to attack, I’d rather they just did so and got it over with. The more they wait, the bigger the risk to the kids.”

“I’d rather they did nothing.” Nasta said with narrowed eyes. “I hope they’ve fallen into a ditch somewhere and had the decency to stay down there and just die.”

“The chances of that are slim. A man with revenge in his heart and nothing else, won’t stop until he’s had his pound of flesh and pint of blood.”

“I won’t let them.” Nasta swore.

Harry smiled and kissed Nasta’s stubbled chin.

“Now let’s stop this heavy talk, get rid of this ridiculous paper and get some tea down you.” Max declared as he took the paper and scrunched it up tight into one large fist.

“Extra honey!” Harry called after Max.

“Mama, baba Gan, no give.”

Harry looked to Braiden and then to Regan, who was holding a toy aeroplane away from Calix, who was frustrated as hell and just wanted his aeroplane back as he stretched up for it as much as he could before he stopped, sniffled twice and smacked Regan so hard in the face that the sound of it had Harry’s heart stopping.

“Dear Merlin, these kids will be the death of me.” Draco declared as he picked up a screaming Regan and cradled him to his chest as Blaise did the same with Calix.

“You’re a good boy telling us what was happening, Braiden.” Harry told him, petting his fluffy black hair gently.
Braiden nodded and he toddled off back to play with Farren, the toy aeroplane that Regan and Calix had been fighting over was lying on the carpet, completely forgotten.

Max came back in and he shook his head.

“I heard the commotion, what was it over this time?”

“That stupid aeroplane that Caesar got Calix for Christmas. Regan took it off him and wouldn’t give it back, so Calix hit him.”

“I hate that they’re trying to sort everything out with violence.”

“It’s the way that they sort everything at this age.” Nasta sighed. “They’re experimenting with what happens if they do, do it and if it’ll be the same every time they do it. I’m not looking forward to when they start biting, kicking and hair pulling either.”

“We’ve been there and done that with Tegan.” Max pointed out as he put the tray down and handed Harry a very sweet cup of tea, which he happily gulped down instead of sipping and savouring it.

“Tegan is just one baby, imagine them all doing it.” Nasta replied.

Max shivered in exaggerated horror. “Please, don’t frighten me like that, I’m getting older, my heart won’t be able to take it!”

Harry laughed happily and pulled Max into a kiss. “You’re not that old, don’t be silly. Save it for the Dracken meeting in two weeks when we have to unleash eight babies on those poor Counsel members.”

“Those poor, poor people.” Max sighed sadly, shaking his head.

Harry couldn’t keep back the grin and he got the feeling that Max was being silly just to make him smile. It was working and his heart swelled with love for these four men, who were trying their all to make him feel better on today of all days.
“How are we going to protect the kids in those halls?” Draco asked.

“We don’t have to.” Harry said. “They’re old enough now to stand up and walk, we’ll keep Leolin and Eva and Ave with us, but the other five can go into the crèche. They’ll have the time of their lives in there with all those ball pits and trampolines.”

His mates looked at him with surprise. He gave them a solid look.

“It’s going to be impossible to keep eight babies with us and I don’t see the point. They’ll be under armed guards, no one can hurt them or take them out of the crèche…I’m very happy to leave the older five there and keep the younger three with us.”

“I’m so proud of you.” Nasta declared.

Harry rolled his eyes. “You lot are insufferable.”

“We’re not that bad.” Max denied with a wide grin.

Harry just rolled his eyes again and chuckled. He loved them all, but they were insufferable sometimes. He couldn’t wait until the court case was over though. He wanted all of that, the Dursleys, Voldemort…he wanted it all behind him and gone. He wanted to live for the future, not for what was in his past and the sooner he didn’t have to think about any of that, the happier he’d be.

When May rolled around, Harry felt like a nervous wreck. He had gone in for his Potions exam after some last minute spurts of hard revision courtesy of Max. He didn’t think he’d done too badly on the practical; at least it had actually looked like The Draught of Living Death when he’d finished with it, but the theory paper could have gone a lot better in his honest opinion. He was now waiting on eggshells for the results of his exam to come back and he was begging for it to at least be a pass grade so that he wouldn’t have to take the exam again, because he knew that if he had anything less than an ‘A’ in this exam, then his mates would make him take it again, Max especially would be insistent on him resitting the exam as he’d taught Harry himself and it was a point of pride for him, so if Harry got anything less than a pass grade, then he was going to be either upset or embarrassed, maybe even both, and Harry didn’t want Max to be feeling that way just because he was completely rubbish at Potions and couldn’t be taught.
The yearly Dracken meeting had gone pretty much how Harry had expected it to. Nasta had been hit on, Draco had been hit on, Max had been physically wrestled away when he’d gone to get drinks at the bar to meet some flimsy little fifteen year old brat wearing next to nothing who had told Max that he should be honoured that she had liked the look of him and wanted him as her own and Harry had happily let his babies roam the crèche while he had kept his twin girls and little Leolin with him and with the family. Not much else had happened in the very few hours that they’d been there, they’d talked to family, with friends, Harry had spent twenty minutes talking to Elder Trintus and then they’d come home early to put the kids to bed and get an early night themselves.

Eva and Ave were now four months old and they had gone in for their second Dragon Pox vaccinations with the wonderful, experienced Healer Nasser. They’d been just as bad as their first vaccines, if not worse as they screamed themselves sick and refused to calm down as their bruised arms went purple. They clung to him, the both of them, and he’d spent the afternoon sat on the settee with two sniffling, grizzling girls on his lap who refused to let him go and when they’d calmed down and he tried to move them, they whined a soft, sleepy ‘Muma’ and started crying again as they woke up. This was as terrible as Harry had ever seen his children after a vaccination; he hated the thought that his girls needed yet another vaccination in just five more months. ‘It’s to keep them safe’, he repeated as a mantra as he spent the afternoon cuddling them close to his chest.

Harry’s court case was starting in just a week and he was getting worse and worse with his nerves. He couldn’t help it and he was seeing more and more of Richard the closer it came to the seventeenth of May.

It just kept playing over and over in his head and his mind drifted off over and over again until it sometimes took several tries for his mates to get his attention. Damn it, he just wanted to fast forward this part. This court case had been playing on his mind ever since it had all come out and now that the time had come for it to start; he just wanted it all over with.

“Come on, love. Eat something, please.” Max begged as Harry sat staring out of the window, his fork prodding his food, but not actually eating anything.

Harry startled and looked at his mates and he sighed. “Sorry. I’m a million miles away.”

Harry started eating his cold food with a grimace and he realised that his mates were already finished their own dinners. He’d done it again and he was worrying them needlessly because he couldn’t stop his mind from whirring.

“There is nothing to worry about.” Blaise told him.

“That’s easy for you to say! It’s not you who has to face the people who hurt and abused you for fifteen years!”
Harry sat back down gracelessly when he realised that he’d jumped to his feet in anger and bashed his head against the table top.

“I’m sorry, Blaise, I’m not angry with you. I’m just…I’m scared and I hate admitting that, but I am.”

“We know.” Nasta said softly, coming to hold him. “We love you and we will support you through this in any and every way that we can. Even if you need to shout at us to release some pent up anger and frustration. We may not be able to go to the court with you, but you will have Richard right beside you and we’ll be right here with you when you come home every afternoon.”

Harry nodded. “I know…I just keep thinking of worst case scenarios and I just…this court case is going to be the death of me.”

“It won’t, we won’t let it.” Draco told him.

“It’s just difficult.” Harry said softly.

“We will do everything that we can to make this less of a strain on you.” Nasta said firmly, his wonderful, needed pillar of strength.

“I love you. All four of you. I don’t know what I’d be doing if I never had you four with me. I’m so glad that I’m a Dracken, I’m so glad I have the four of you and I’m so glad that we have a family together.”

“Come on, I don’t think you’re going to eat any more of this.”

“I’m sorry, Max, it was nice. Thank you.”

Max sighed and took his almost untouched plate away. “It’s alright, love. I know you’re feeling stressed and out of it. Do you want tea and biscuits?”

Harry just nodded as Nasta carried him into the living room. Normally he would have insisted that he could walk there himself, but today he could use the attention and the comfort as he wrapped
himself around Nasta and snuggled in tightly.

Nasta sat on the settee and Harry stayed wrapped up on his lap, straddling his thighs and resting on his chest, his ear pressed over Nasta’s strongly beating heart. Blaise sat next to them and rested himself on Nasta’s shoulder, facing Harry and smiling at him as they held hands.

Draco went to his armchair and cracked open his book and everything was hushed and peaceful, the kids were all in bed, it was eight O’clock in the night and it was peaceful. Harry pushed all his thoughts away and he refused to think of anything else as he rested on Nasta and absorbed the peace. This would all be over soon. This stress would be gone, this fear would be gone and this worry would all just be gone. It would all work out in the end and then he would be fine and happy and free to live his life and expand and love his family. That’s all he wanted in life, it’s all he’d ever wanted.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: This will be my last update now for at least three weeks; I’m going away to Minehead now next week, I’m so excited for my first proper holiday in four years. It’s not very far away, not like when I went to Italy, but it doesn’t matter, I’m still excited. I’ve made sure not to leave you on a cliffhanger this time around, it’s mostly filler as I wrap up the Spring months and draw closer to the court case, which will be starting in the next chapter when I get around to writing it.

nicki valentine: This has popped up so many times, Marianna even had a heat period back in chapter twenty-six. Her Dracken runs on instinct alone, it doesn’t have rational thought, it doesn’t realise it’s barren, so it still puts her through heat periods because to her Dracken, she can still have babies even though she actually can’t. Barren or not she will still go through a heat period until the end of her natural fertile years are over.

That’s all for now, I’m so excited for my holiday! I’ll see you in a couple of weeks, I’ll try not to drive you all mad with a blow-by-blow account of everything I did, but more exciting than that, the court case starts in the next chapter, but please try and go a little easy on me, especially if you are an actual judge, lawyer, barrister, whatever, because I’ve never set foot in a court in my life and though I’ve done as much research as I can given the time limits, there are still bound to be things I get wrong, so you’ll just have to take it all with a pinch of salt and a bucket of patience.

I hope you’ve all enjoyed this chapter, I’ll see you lovelies soon,

StarLight Massacre. X
A/N: Dedicated to Syaza, one of the Facebook fans. Happy Birthday lovelie! I hope this chapter is a good enough present for you.

Last Time

Nasta sat on the settee and Harry stayed wrapped up on his lap, straddling his thighs and resting on his chest, his ear pressed over Nasta’s strongly beating heart. Blaise sat next to them and rested himself on Nasta’s shoulder, facing Harry and smiling at him as they held hands.

Draco went to his armchair and cracked open his book and everything was hushed and peaceful, the kids were all in bed, it was eight O’clock in the night and it was peaceful. Harry pushed all his thoughts away and he refused to think of anything else as he rested on Nasta and absorbed the peace. This would all be over soon. This stress would be gone, this fear would be gone and this worry would all just be gone. It would all work out in the end and then he would be fine and happy and free to live his life and expand and love his family. That’s all he wanted in life, it’s all he’d ever wanted.

Chapter Ninety-Five – Expertise

Things got infinitely worse for them all when four days before the start of the court case Draco came down with a third fever in just a handful of months.

It was Max who had found him this time, when he came back from feeding Eva and Ave their bottles at three in the morning. He had tucked the freshly changed and soundly sleeping little girls back into their cots and he’d slid into the bed carefully, so that he didn’t wake any of his mates up, but he’d just so happened to brush against something that felt like a red hot poker in the bed and he’d immediately turned on the bedside lamp and seen Draco, flushed and sweating, delirious with his fever as he convulsed around in the bed, but he was firmly unconscious again.

He had scooped him up and smacked Nasta on his way past, which had jolted him awake, becoming immediately alert, just in time to see Max leaving the bedroom with Draco in his arms.

He sighed heavily and with a sinking heart, he woke up Blaise and Harry.

“What’s ‘appening?” Harry slurred sleepily.
“Max has taken Draco to the hospital.” Nasta informed them.

He watched sadly as Harry and Blaise shot up and started moving around. It was only just gone three in the morning.

“Not again.” Blaise sighed. “How can they keep saying that nothing is wrong with him? Something is damn well wrong with him!”

“Do you think it’s a Dracken thing?” Harry asked softly. “Maybe that’s why the Healers can’t find anything, maybe we’d be better off getting him to a Dracken Healer.”

Nasta started at that and he pulled Harry into a kiss.

“You’re a genius! That has to be what it is. I’ll contact the Counsel Halls immediately and I need you to call Lucius and Narcissa, get Lucius to discharge Draco from the hospital and get him back here so that the Dracken Healer can examine him. Why didn’t I think of this before?”

“Because Drackens hardly ever get ill.” Blaise soothed him. “This is no one’s fault and we’ll sort it now.”

Nasta nodded, but he still felt the heavy weight of guilt. Draco had been ill for all this time; this was his third, dangerously high fever in just a few months. He felt the guilt like a white hot brand pushed between his shoulder blades.

“I…I’ll stay here then. Blaise, you get to the hospital and take clothes for Max.” Harry said softly, shakily. “Nas, you get that Healer here now, I’ll call Lucius afterwards and get him to discharge Draco, we need the Healer here first though, ready and waiting for Draco to arrive. I want this sorted, now.”

Nasta nodded at the logic of that and he helped Blaise get some of Max’s clothes together before he flooed through the network to the hospital to tell Max of their thoughts and what they were planning on doing.

Nasta immediately called the Counsel Halls as soon as Blaise was gone as Harry boiled the kettle to make some calming tea. He needed his head on his shoulders; he couldn’t help Draco at all if he was panicking worse than a headless chicken.
“The guards are calling one of the night Healers, she’ll be here soon.” Nasta said as he came out into kitchen.

Harry was rubbing the tears from his face. Nasta sighed and pulled Harry into his arms.

“It’ll be alright, everything will be fine. We’ll set up a clear space for the Healer to work in, we’ll find out what’s wrong with him. Do you want me to call Lucius and Narcissa?”

Harry shook his head. “No, I’ll do it now.”

Harry took a deep breath, took a gulp of tea and went into the living room just as a small, willowy woman flooed into the living room with a large leather case.

“I am Healer Anika Chapman. Where is the patient?” She asked briskly, all professionalism.

“He isn’t here just yet.” Harry told her.

Her eyebrows drew together in confusion.

“He’s at Saint Mungos hospital, we only just realised that his illness could be Dracken related after he’d been admitted. We’ll get him discharged here as soon as possible.” Harry elaborated.

“You told the guards that this isn’t the first fever like this that he’s had?”

“No.” Nasta replied smoothly as he came through the doorway. “This is the third and the Healers at Saint Mungos can’t find anything wrong with him.”

Harry left Nasta to explain what was happening with Draco to the Healer as he flooed over to Malfoy Manor, he thought that this would be better said in person rather than in a floo call.

A house elf in a crisp pillow case appeared a second after Harry arrived.

“Go and call Lucius and Narcissa, now.” Harry said, not giving the poor creature a chance to greet
him or tell him to go away.

“Master and Mistress were not wanting to be disturbed.”

“I’m telling you to get them here now or I’ll go and get them myself.” Harry said dangerously, his patience running thin as his voice rose uncontrollably. His beloved mate was back in the hospital for a third time and every minute that he was there, the worse he would get until that damn fever broke. This Dracken Healer could be the difference that Draco needed to finally find out what was wrong with him.

“What is going on here?” Lucius Malfoy’s sharp, silky voice cut right through Harry’s loud and angry argument with the house elf.

He was dressed in a pristine set of pyjamas which he was in the process of tying a floor length dressing gown over the top of.

“It’s Draco.” Harry said with a face that was crumpling with worry and sadness.

“He is fevered again?” Lucius bit out, his body immediately tautening with anger and worry.

Harry nodded. “We need you to discharge him from the hospital, we…”

“Why would I even consider such a thing?” Lucius demanded. “My son is sick; he is in the hospital, the best place he can be…”

“We think that the problem is Dracken related, so we called the Counsel Halls and the Dracken specialist Healer is at our house waiting for Draco. We just need him released from the hospital.” Harry cut in. He was so not in the mood for Lucius’ superior bullshit today.

“Why didn’t you think of this before?” Lucius demanded in a hiss.

“Do you not realise exactly how hard it is for a Dracken to get seriously sick?” Harry hissed back. “We can get colds, infections, little debilitating illnesses that make us need a bit of extra rest for a few days, but nothing like what Draco has. We’re hoping that the specialist knows what’s wrong
with him, because if she doesn’t, then that’s it…the Healers at Saint Mungos can’t even find anything wrong with him at all, this Healer is our last chance of helping Draco, so get to that damn hospital and get him discharged and get him to our house and to that damn Healer before he gets worse or before he actually dies!”

Harry turned on his heel and threw a handful of floo powder into the ornate fireplace and he called out his destination, ignoring the inevitable pain in his knees as he landed, actually pitching forward until he needed to use his hands to keep from face planting the floor, before he stood up and angrily strode across the living to his mate and he all but threw himself into Nasta’s arms, ignoring the Healer who was meticulously setting up her work space.

“Do I need to go and convince Lucius to do as we’ve asked?” Nasta asked, a dangerous growl working its way out of his throat.

Harry shook his head. “He’ll do it. He cares too much for Draco not to; I still don’t see why we can’t discharge him ourselves. Draco’s a grown man, he’s almost nineteen, we’re obviously his lovers, everyone knows it.”

Nasta sighed. “Unfortunately wizarding law is strange, unless he’s married, then he’ll still default to his parents when he’s unable to express his wishes himself. Unless his parents are dead, then he could default to us if he’s been living with us for more than ten years.”

“Stupid law.” Harry muttered.

Nasta nodded. “I know, love, but it is what it is. At this moment in time we need Lucius to discharge Draco for us.”

It took a further half an hour before Blaise flooed home and just behind them was Max all but cradling an unconscious Draco in his huge arms. Lucius and Narcissa flooed in after Max, but the Healer had already started, indicating that Max should put Draco down on the transfigured bed that they’d put in a cleared space in the living room for the Healer to work in.

It was tense, really, really tense as they sat on the settees, just watching and waiting, trying not to get in the way or interrupt the Healer, and Narcissa broke that hideous silence by politely asking for a cup of sweet tea. Max leapt up as if he’d been severely burnt and he rushed into the kitchen to get tea, Blaise on his heels to ‘help’ him.

Harry didn’t move, he didn’t think he could as his gaze was glued to Draco, who was being checked over by an experienced, knowledgeable hand. He just wanted to know what was wrong with his mate once and for all and if the Dracken Healer couldn’t find anything wrong with Draco, then that meant it was over, there was nothing else that they could do and they were then dealing
with something unknown, which meant that the longer it carried on without them finding a cause, the more all of them were being exposed to whatever it was that Draco had, the more their children were being exposed to whatever it was that Draco had.

Of course just because they were in the midst of a crisis, didn’t mean that they could stop or put everything on hold. Their little girls still woke up at six in the morning for their bottles, Leolin woke up at twenty past six for a nappy change and Braiden woke up, and woke up all of his brothers and his sister as well, at ten past seven.

They were forced to feed and dress their children as normal while the Healer conducted her tests and examinations on Draco and then they penned them all up in the playpen in the kitchen with their toys while taking it in turns to sit and watch them.

Harry was the one in the kitchen when his children dropped off to sleep for their midmorning nap and he sighed in relief as he set up the baby monitor, picked up Farren who refused to go to sleep, as per usual, and carried him into the living room to sit with his mates, who had Eva and Ave with them. Leolin was sleeping in a bassinet in the kitchen, the further away he was from sickness, the more chance he had of not picking anything up. Though they all knew that if Draco was seriously ill, then there was no place in this house that they could put Leolin to keep him safe.

“They all down?” Nasta asked, more for something to break the silence than anything else and Harry nodded as he put down the baby monitor on a side table.

“May I hold Farren, Harry?” Narcissa asked quietly.

Harry handed the big, heavy boy over to her and he sat himself down and pressed himself into Blaise and cuddled in.

“He’ll be fine.” Blaise whispered to him. “The Healer will find out what’s wrong and then we can help him get better, this will all be in the past soon enough.”

Harry gave him a small smile, Blaise was trying and Harry appreciated his effort, even though they were just pretty words as none of them knew what would happen in the future, none of them knew if Draco was going to be alright and they didn’t know that the Healer could help, if she even found anything wrong with Draco at all in the first place.

“May I ask a…personal question?” The Healer asked them, breaking the terrible silence that had fallen.

“Of course, Healer.” Nasta replied promptly. “Anything that could help Draco, just ask it.”
“Has Draco fathered any children?”

They all looked at one another.

“I…no.” Harry said with a frown. “Not yet.”

She nodded. “Did he by any chance take one of the suppressant potions for any reason?”

Harry felt his body blanch as he remembered what Draco had done to him under the effects of that evil potion, the potion that had almost ruined their mateship before it had even really begun.

“He…he took the most powerful one for several months.” Blaise said quietly. “He didn’t realise the damage that it could cause, but he went through a complete detox, it should all be out of his system!”

“It is.” The Healer said comfortingly. “But it’s left behind some lingering damage. Draco’s antibodies are attacking the damaged areas, which is causing him to break out into these seemingly random fevers.”

“Can you fix it?” Harry asked desperately.

Healer Anika Chapman nodded and then sighed. “I can stop his body from attacking the lingering damage and thus stop the fevers, but…I’m not going to be able to reverse the damage that has already been done by the suppressant potions. He was taking them for a very prolonged period of time, the damage is irreversible.”

“Where is this damage?” Nasta demanded.

The Healer looked at them with pitying, doleful eyes. “His reproductive organs.” She answered them respectfully, with a hushed voice, and the bottom dropped out from under Harry as he realised what he was being told and why the Healer had asked if Draco had fathered any children.
The damage had been done to his testicles and the damage couldn’t be reversed, his mate was sterile and likely had been since before they’d even mated. It was no wonder that his Dracken had readily rejected Draco in favour of Max. It made a lot more sense to him now, his Dracken had been able to sense that Draco wouldn’t be able to give him babies and thus it had rejected him and it had just so happened to coincide with the overly harsh punishment, which had acted as a cover to the real reason that his Dracken hadn’t wanted Draco as a mate and his Dracken had readily moved onto Max, the first Dracken that he’d seen after the rejection of Draco. His second mate was infertile and wouldn’t be able to ever give him children.

The Healer had administered several potions that Max had immediately set to researching and dissecting, talking shop with Healer Chapman and then he’d done the same with the pharmaceutical witch behind the desk at the clinic where they had gone to pick up Draco’s potions.

Lucius and Narcissa had demanded to know what was going on, so they’d sat down and they’d explained everything that had happened over two years ago now, from the potion that Draco had been taking and its effects, how Draco had actually found the potion and then brewed it himself in his bedroom, exactly why he was taking it, which had been his fear of himself and the fear of his parents reactions when they found out that he was not actually a Pureblooded wizard but an illegal, outlawed dragon creature and how they (Harry and Blaise) had helped him by putting him into Severus Snape’s care for a full body detox and training on how to control himself and his urges and instincts. The elder Malfoys had left their house with a lot to think about and a lot more understanding as to why Draco was currently sick, they hadn’t been back yet. Harry didn’t blame them; it had been a hell of a lot of information to take it and to find out that your son was this seriously ill because he’d been afraid to tell them that he’d had a creature inheritance must have hurt, but to also find out that their son was never going to make them official grandparents, that had to have hurt as well. Narcissa had looked devastated at the news.

It took a further three days of tests and Healer visits and they found out a lot of information in that short amount of time, some very welcomed, some less so, before Draco’s fever finally broke under the effects of the new potions that he was taking, which were preventing his body from attacking the damage done to the soft tissues of his testicles and thus making everything several times worse.

He was awake and sat up, looking a little groggy, but no worse than he usually did when he came out of a fever when Harry checked on him at six O’clock the next morning.

“Draco, you’re awake! Are you okay? How are you feeling?” Harry asked as he saw that Draco was actually sat up and awake.

“This is our living room, why aren’t I in the hospital?” He asked in a soft croak.

Harry hugged him and kissed him and he was just so glad that Draco was awake again.
“We got your Dad to discharge you. We realised that the problem might be Dracken related, which is why the Healers at Saint Mungos couldn’t find anything wrong with you when we all knew that there was something wrong.”

“What’s wrong with me?” Draco asked hoarsely.

“Sip some water first; it’ll help with your throat.”

Draco did as Harry had asked, sipping on the glass of water through a straw that Harry had picked up from the coffee table.

“Right, I’ve had some water, what’s wrong? Stop stalling now because you’re making me more anxious.”

“It…I’m sorry, Draco, it was the suppressant potions that you were taking.”

“But I stopped taking it, I went through the detox with Professor Snape, it shouldn’t still be in my system.”

“It’s not in your system, but love, remember what we found out? About it causing deposits in the soft tissues of your body?”

Draco nodded his understanding, but he looked slightly green and like he was going to pass out at any minute.

“Your body started attacking the damaged areas, trying to get rid of them but the damage is irreversible, the more your body tried to attack the damage, the more antibodies you created and it was this that was causing your fevers, but we’ve been giving you potions to help with that, to stop the fevers, so you shouldn’t have any more of them now.”

“Is the damage really permanent?” Draco asked quietly.
Harry licked his lips and swallowed. “It…it is, yes. It’s impossible to reverse the damage already done, but it isn’t going to get any worse now either.” Harry was forced to tell him.

“Where is the damage? Snape told me that my kidneys were heavily damaged by me taking that potion, is it my kidneys that are permanently damaged?”

“No, it’s not your kidneys, it’s…I’m so sorry, Draco; please know that I love you dearly.”

“You’re frightening me now, Harry. Where is the damage?”

“It started laying down deposits in your soft tissues, Draco, it…it affected your testicles first.”

Harry watched as Draco stilled, his face leeching of all colour, before he threw himself back onto his pillows as he finally worked out what was being said to him, too weakened by the shocking news to remaining sitting upright.

“That’s why I haven’t given you any children, isn’t it? I’m…I’m not able to, am I?”

“I love you, Draco, that’s not going to change because of this, but we don’t know yet if you’re able to or not. Your Father tried to get in all sorts of fertility specialists, but we said no, we wanted you to be awake first. The Dracken Healer thinks that with fertility potions you might be able to conceive children, but that wasn’t important to us, we just wanted to make sure that you knew that you were safe and loved.”

“And what the fuck is that going to do when I’m the last of my family name?” Draco roared at him.

Harry took a step back in fright from the sudden noise and a few moments later Nasta was there, his strong, bare chest against his back, holding him and wrapping him up tight, looking for intruders.

“What’s going on?” Blaise asked from further back, his voice strained with adrenaline.

“I think Harry has told Draco what’s been going on.” Max said with a sigh. “I’ll get us tea.”
“Tea is not going to help the situation!” Draco snapped. “I’m fucking sterile!”

“The Healer has done tests, Caru. You’re not completely sterile.” Nasta told him. “You’re on potions to keep the damage from getting any worse and it wasn’t extensive enough to completely render you sterile. One of your testicles is measuring much lower than your other though, the Healers don’t think that there’s anything they can do about that, but the potions should help boost the sperm count of your remaining testicle enough for you to get a child. So you’ll still be able to have children; you just need the help of fertility potions to boost your sperm count from your damaged testicles in order to do so.”

“So, I can have children?” Draco asked unsurely.

The four of them all nodded.

“Yes, I can start you on the fertility potions immediately if you want. I’ve got a full week’s worth ready, I wasn’t going to start tipping potions that you didn’t need down your throat though, despite your parents’ insistence.” Max said. “Harry could have a heat period at any moment though, it’s best to be prepared.”

“I better bloody not have a heat period soon.” Harry grumbled as Draco nodded.

“So, I’m going to be fine? The damage won’t get any worse, I can father children with the help of potions and these fevers will stop?”

“Yes.” Nasta replied as he went to Draco and hugged him. “If you keep taking your potions, everything will be fine, Draco.”

“If I’d taken any more of that potion…” Draco said.

“Don’t.” Max said firmly. “Don’t think about it, Draco. Fuck being sterile if you’d taken any more of that potion, you could have damn well died from it! I read the reports that Professor Snape had on your toxicology, that potion almost destroyed your kidneys before he forced you into detoxification, Draco. Be thankful that you’re actually still alive and that the damage you did to yourself was fairly minor compared to how long you were taking that potion, even after Harry’s pheromones rendered it completely useless you were still taking it. The damage you did to your kidneys was thankfully fully reversed with your detox and the damage to your testicles is again
minor compared to what it could have been…you might need the help of potions to conceive a child, but at least you still have both testicles, even though the one doesn’t work well enough for it to produce sperm, and you’re still alive. That potion can eat away at organs and soft tissues, once it started on your kidneys and laid down deposits in your testicles you could have died from the effects of what that potion can do.”

Draco was very pale, but he swallowed heavily and nodded.

“Just focus on the positive things.” Blaise encouraged. “You’re alive, these fevers are going to stop, we know now what was wrong and how to help you with it and to top it off, with these fertility potions you’re going to have an influx of children.”

“Don’t say that!” Harry moaned as he pressed a hand to his stomach which still ached on occasion when he was on his feet all day, bending and lifting. “You can all have one baby, just the one at any one time. I can’t take another multiple birth. It’s been four months and this is still hurting when I push myself.”

“I only want the one, just one.” Draco sighed. “I love our children, but I do want a child of my own, to pass my name to, even if that one is the only child I ever get to have given recent revelations, I don’t care.”

Harry sighed. “You will have a baby, Draco, of course you will. With these potions your sperm count is going to be so high, the others aren’t going to get a look in.”

“It’s not how many you have, but how fast they swim!” Max declared.

Harry snorted in laughter and turned to grin at his biggest mate. “You’re terrible.” He told him. “Where’s that tea you promised?”

Max pulled him into a hug and picked him up for a big kiss before going to sort out tea.

“Since we’re all awake we might as well get ready for today.”

“What’s today?” Draco asked.
Harry went green at the reminder and he stumbled to Nasta and clutched at him.

“You’ve been out of it for four days.” Blaise said. “Harry’s trial starts today.”

“That’s why you were up so early.” Draco accused.

Harry nodded, still clutching at Nasta’s waist, nuzzling his nose into that bare chest and inhaling the scent of clean skin. His hands played over Nasta’s back muscles and he smiled, laying soft kisses to that glorious chest.

“It’ll be alright.” Nasta told him. “You’ll be with Richard and he’s been working so hard on this case, he’ll get you through this and you’ll never be apart from him for any reason. We’ll be right here waiting for you when you get back.”

“I’m so sorry that you’ve had to worry about me when this case is so close.” Draco said.

“Don’t, Draco. Please don’t apologise for being sick, you couldn’t help it and really it stopped my mind from lingering too long on the court date as I looked after you. You’re more important to me than the Dursleys. Looking after you was more important to me than them.”

“You’ve been agonising over this court date since it was first announced that Richard had enough evidence to take them to court, nothing now is more important than this.” Draco told him.

“It’ll be over soon.” Harry said, trying to convince himself that it wouldn’t be that bad and that next week it could all be over for good.

“It will, just keep yourself calm, let Richard handle everything, answer politely and factually and you’ll be just fine. They’re guilty after all, no matter how hard they try to fight or lie, the truth will come out.” Nasta told him, kissing his head and clenching him tighter to his chest, those large hands wrapped around his back and stroking gently, in a way that comforted him instead of arousing him.

Harry nodded, feeling sick. He didn’t want to do this, but he knew that he had to; his therapist had said that it could help him with his recovery, which meant that the hideous nightmares would finally start to ease off his tortured mind. He still said that the best option was to have left it all alone and have it remain forgotten in the past. He wouldn’t be feeling this awful then if he had
done things that way.

“Just calm down. The first day isn’t going to be anything to worry about.” Max promised him as he brought in a tray of tea for them all. “Today will be the initial accusations, that’s all. My Dad will be the one speaking, you might have to confirm your name, but that’s all. I keep telling you, love, that this case will mostly be the lawyers and barristers fighting one another. You in contrast will have to do very little; you don’t even have to be there for most of it, just when you have to take the stand.”

Harry shook his head. “No. I want to be there for all of it, I feel like I need to do this for it all to be finally resolved. I’m just…I’m petrified of the whole thing for some reason.”

“Because it’s new, you’ve never had to do anything like this before.”

“I have. I told you I had that trial in my fifth year.”

Max snorted. “Yeah, that should never have happened either. A full fucking Wizengamot court for underaged magic of all things, those idiots are lucky that you never knew enough to counter sue them. This court case will be done professionally; it will be done right, which means it’ll be very different to the supposed court case when you were fifteen, love.”

Harry nodded his understanding, but he didn’t think he could talk and as Nasta escorted Draco to the kitchen, who insisted that he was perfectly fine to walk on his damn own, Harry followed them, subdued and quiet, taking his honey tea with him. This week was going to be torturous, but he prayed that it didn’t last any longer than a week, please, please don’t let it last any longer than that, he begged mentally as he took a seat at the kitchen table and sipped at his tea while Max, who had dashed off to get dressed at some point when Harry was preoccupied with his own thoughts, started making them breakfast.

Harry hadn’t been able to eat anything and his hand shook so much as he drank cup after cup of tea that he’d sloshed half of his last cup over his shirt and had had to run and change it quickly.

He was so nervous that he was even biting his tongue when he tried to talk, so he gave up and remained quiet, hoping against hope that he didn’t do that in the court room when he was required to speak.
“Please calm down, love.” Max all but begged, looking visibly upset at Harry’s obvious distress. “Do you need a drop of calming draught, just to help you relax and stay calm?”

Harry nodded, almost latching onto Max’s front at the offer of a potion to help him deal with his current level of stress. Max carried him to the kitchen and sat him on the counter as he got his potions case down.

“Because it’s not going to be in a liquid, it’s not going to be diluted, so you’ll only need a drop on your tongue.” Max explained as he uncorked the vial and gently held Harry’s chin. “Head back and poke that sexy tongue out at me, lover.”

Harry couldn’t help but smile at that, giggling a little as his tongue was stuck out at Max, who smiled softly at him before he tilted the vial with a steady hand and carefully let one controlled drop of potion fall onto Harry’s exposed tongue.

The effect was immediate as Harry screwed up his face and made disgusted noises, using a hand to scrape over his tongue, looking at Max with a sort of betrayal.

“Hey, don’t give me that look, all potions are disgusting, that’s why we dilute them in our favourite drinks, you’ll never find a potion that has to be drunk neat that tastes nice. They all taste like poison, here.”

Max handed him a glass of pumpkin juice and Harry gulped it all down happily to try and get the taste of the calming draught off of his tongue.

Max swiped him off of the counter and carried him back into the living room where their babies were slowly dropping off one by one for their midmorning nap; it was almost nine in the morning, the time when Richard was coming to get him so that they could be in the court for half past. His court case started at ten sharp. He felt sick.

“You’re going to be just fine.” Nasta assured him as he came to kiss him gently. Harry was sad that his top dominant had gotten dressed, but he still slipped his hands under the tee-shirt that Nasta was wearing to touch bare skin.

“I know, I don’t know why I’m so nervous.” Harry said weakly, even as his fingers roved over dips, curves and muscle contours.

“It’s normal to be afraid of the unknown.”
The floo flared suddenly and Richard stepped gracefully into their living room dressed to perfection in a designer suit. Harry was also wearing a smart, brand new designer suit with a soft grey tie that had been bought just for this occasion weeks ago. Draco insisted that it was important to look respectable in this sort of situation, but Harry felt so uncomfortable and out of place. He actually whimpered when Richard stepped over the fireguard.

“It’ll all be over soon.” Richard comforted him gently. “Just a few hours and then you’ll be back here with your mates.”

“Remember that we love you and that nothing is going to happen to you.” Max told him.

“Stay with Richard.” Nasta told him seriously. “We’ll be ready to pamper you when you come home.”

“Please, just relax and try not to worry so much.” Blaise said as he gave him a last hug, pulling him away from where he was playing with Nasta’s skin.

“You’re going to be fine.” Draco told him from where Nasta had confined him back to the transfigured bed that was still in the living room after he’d forced him to eat some bland, unsweetened porridge for breakfast.

Harry sucked in a deep breath and squared his shoulders. He smiled to his mates, even though he didn’t want to be smiling at this moment, in fact he felt so far away from wanting to smile that he had to bite his lip to keep from frowning unhappily. But he didn’t want his mates to be so worried about him when they were going to be stuck here, not knowing what was going on, so he smiled and kissed them all goodbye. His children were all down for naps now, so he didn’t kiss them goodbye, he didn’t want to disturb them, even if he could really do with a baby cuddle right about now.

He allowed himself to be held by Richard as they went into the fireplace and then he was swept away, back to Richard’s home, and then he was ushered into the huge kitchen where Myron was stood by the kitchen table, in his smart work robes, draining a mug of black coffee in large, quick gulps.

“Harry.” He greeted gruffly as he pulled him roughly into a tight hug, his mug still in his hand. “You’re going to be fine, I trust Richard with you and this nightmare will all be over soon.”

Harry nodded slowly, his tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. Myron chuckled and bent to kiss his forehead.
“Take care of him today, Richard.”

“What a thing to say!” Richard replied, outraged. “Of course I will, you know I will. This is Harry we’re talking about! Our baby son, Myron! You’re despicable, hurry up and go to work already.”

Myron gave a smirk and he chuckled before he went back to his coffee, tipping his head back, his strong throat working as he gulped it down quickly.

“I’m going.” He assured Richard as he deposited the empty mug into the sink. “Work hard and keep our boy safe and calm.”

Richard nodded as they shared a hug and a quick peck on the lips. Myron hugged Harry again and neatened his hair for him, running both, huge hands over his head to try and flatten his hair somewhat.

“It’s not going to work. Draco and Nasta have already tried.” Harry said with a weak smile.

“You’re going to be fine.” Myron told him. “I’ll smuggle you some of that sickly chocolate that you like when you get home. I’ll visit Honeydukes on my way home from work.”

That made Harry smile for the first time, a real smile and not a forced sort of grimace.

“There we go, I knew that would get a smile from you. I’ll come over later with it; it’s been a while since I’ve seen those new girls of ours. They’re four months old now, aren’t they? The time is passing by far too quickly for my liking.”

Harry’s soft smile widened at that. It had been a while since Myron and Richard had come over to see Eva and Ave, with Ashleigh in the hospital it was hard for them to get the time to come and see them because they were allowed to visit her as much as they pleased now, apparently she had made vast improvements and thus she could have visitors every other day. A luxury that Myron and Richard were taking advantage of, they missed her greatly, it was plain to see and Harry was so, so glad that she was improving, that she was taking in the advice and the help that was being given to her. He hoped that she was home by Christmas; he would love to share that with her and to, of course, thrust Eva and Ave onto the only Grandmother that they had yet to meet. They’d be nearly a year old by Christmas.
There was a lump in his throat when he was side along Apparated to a small alleyway behind a café by Richard. He stumbled and almost went to his knees after the landing, Richard sweeping him up and setting him back onto his feet once his knees felt solid enough to support his weight. He hated magical forms of travelling.

The two of them walked out onto the busy street and Richard looked at his watch before he led Harry into the café that they were stood outside of.

“Do you think Nasta would skin my arse if I offered you coffee?” He asked with a cheeky grin.

“Cappuccino?” Harry looked at Richard pleadingly. “Please?”

Richard grinned wider and he went to the counter, Harry a silent shadow under his arm, and he ordered two coffees to go, including Harry’s frothy cappuccino with extra sprinkled cocoa powder over the top.

They walked for five minutes until Harry saw the High Court building and all of his nerves flooded back.

‘Should have gotten a second drop of that foul calming draught’ He thought with a shaky sigh.

“Just stay with me, today will go smoothly. I always get what I want.” Richard told him in a calm, soothing voice.

Harry smiled weakly, but it was more of a grimace as he huddled closer to Richard than maybe he otherwise might have.

Harry licked his lips as he looked around the building, it was busy, bustling with lots of people and the building was made up of lots and lots of glass, everywhere he looked he could see the outside and he wondered if that was done purposefully as he relaxed a little bit. He didn’t feel closed in and he didn’t feel trapped in the building and he liked that, it helped him relax, it helped him feel better. He wondered if that was a Dracken thing or just a people thing.

“Keep your calm and reign in your temper, no matter what is said in this room and remember that no matter what happens, nothing is going to happen to you.”

Harry swallowed and he nodded understandingly as he followed Richard to a posh, luxurious corridor with gleaming marble floors and tasteful artwork on the walls. It felt more like a museum than a court. Richard sat him on a highly polished, wooden bench and they waited.
Lots of people came up and greeted Richard, laughing and joking like old friends as they spoke and congratulated one another on things that Harry didn’t understand. Some people just glared at him from afar…Harry assumed that the latter group of people were always on the opposite side to Richard when in the court room.

He knew from Max and Richard that there were always two sides…the prosecution and the defence. Harry was the plaintiff, or the accuser in layman’s terms, so Richard was the prosecution and the Dursleys were the party being accused, so they were the defendants and their lawyer would be the defence, as Harry had made the original claim of child abuse and neglect it was up to the Dursleys now to defend the claim and to try and prove it false and for Richard to make sure that the defence didn’t have the manoeuvrability to do so.

It was all complicated and foreign to him, he still didn’t fully understand what was going to happen, despite having all of it explained to him and despite all of the preparation work that Richard had done with him to explain how everything was going to work, it hadn’t calmed him down or made him understand any better.

Harry worked on automatic when he was led into the actual courtroom when an announcer read out Potter versus Dursley. The Dursleys were already inside the court room and Harry swallowed. He hadn’t seen them in two years. It seemed that prison life had not been good to them.

Harry stood on the far side of Richard, almost cowering as the severe, evil looking Judge came into the room and when he sat down, the rest of the court did. Harry almost missed his chair he was that nervous.

Everything was formal and there were a lot of people, it was a closed court, so there were no members of the public or members of the press present, but there were still a lot of people and as the court attendant carried on, lining out the charges against the defendants in precise, clinical tones, Harry felt like he was suffering from a nervous, mental breakdown.

How on Earth could anyone stand this sort of high pressure situation? How did Richard do this day in day out and still be the fun loving, slightly childish man that he was at the end of the day? He felt like he was losing his mind already and it hadn’t even been ten minutes yet.

Richard eased him to his feet and he was asked to confirm his name, age and current address. He did so with a thick tongue and a dry throat, but he got out all the relevant information without stumbling over his words or biting his tongue or his cheek. He sat back down feeling sheer relief that he hadn’t made a complete and utter fool out of himself not even fifteen minutes into the first day of the proceedings.

He found his gaze wandering to the people who he had once called family. Petunia looked like she’d aged ten years and as she had never appeared very youthful to begin with, that was saying something as he looked over her frail frame in the conservative, designer dress with a matching cardigan. She was thin, wrinkled and gaunt.

Vernon didn’t look any better either. He was half the man he’d been when Harry had last seen him and he had virtually no hair left and what he did have was grey and wispy around a large bald spot at the crown of his head.

He was wearing a designer suit that was wrapped around a much leaner body that was oddly misshapen, he had obviously lost the bulk of his body weight rapidly and his skin hadn’t caught up with the rapid change in body shape. He too was gaunt and wrinkled and he had saggy, black bags under his small and beady, piggy, blue eyes.
Dudley wasn’t there. Harry didn’t know why, but he’d ask Richard when the business was over for
the day as his Father-in-law was busy with whatever he was doing with the Dursley’s lawyer. He
tried to follow the thread of the conversation, but he didn’t really understand and he got lost with
the onslaught of ‘court speak’ that was just giving him a major headache.

Richard was laying out every single charge they were making against the Dursleys in
excruciatingly minute detail and the Dursleys lawyer was firing back counter claims, stupid little
things like property damage, scare tactics, mental distress, intimidation and criminal behaviour.

Harry’s hands clenched into fists as he heard what they were claiming that he’d done. He couldn’t
believe that they’d even try something like that in a court of law, that they could lie to a court of
law when they knew damn well that he’d done nothing of the sort!

Richard’s hand brushed his shoulder and Harry relaxed his tensed stance, letting go of the breath
he was holding and unclenching his hands. He’d been warned numerous times that any sort of
outburst from him could ruin the entire case and he wasn’t about to do that to Richard after the
amount of time and work he’d given to put this case together for him.

He swallowed down the rage he felt at the injustice of them trying to claim that he was a
delinquent criminal, he’d hoped that they wouldn’t, but he couldn’t say that he was overly
surprised that they had, they were going to be out to look after their own skins, where he was here
for justice.

Any and all sympathy he’d had for them or gained from seeing them in that court room, shells of
their former, horrible, selves vanished in that instant and he hardened himself. They’d abused him,
they had, and they’d neglected him and they had treated him like a slave, like a punching bag and
if they couldn’t be bothered with him, they had locked him away and ignored him, and he deserved
the justice owed to him for the things that they’d subjected him to when he was just a child.

It was all over in a couple of hours or so, much quicker than Harry would have thought and now it
would take a few days to a week before they had to come back to court, the Dursleys were to spend
that time in prison; apparently they’d been denied bail countless times before because they were
flight risks.

Harry wanted to actually cheer when he got out into the open air, he felt relaxed and his nerves
were just gone, like a click of the fingers, he felt freed and he happily let Richard take him back
into the little café to get him a treat for being ‘such a brilliant boy in court’ Harry didn’t even care
that Richard was teasing him with that shit eating grin of his, he was just glad that it was all over…
at least for the moment.

Richard bought him a large cappuccino and a giant blueberry muffin; he said that Nasta couldn’t
complain about it because it contained fruit. Harry was willing to bet that Nasta could tear the
choice of his treat to pieces and the ingredients inside it would not be redeemed just because it had
a few blueberries studded through it. But he also knew that anything that he wanted today, be it
coffee, a muffin or a binge on his favourite fudge chocolate, Nasta would allow him to have it,
because he wanted him happy and after the stress of today, of the last several days actually with
Draco’s mysterious illness being solved and the pressure of caring for a sick loved one, Nasta was
going to indulge his every whim.

Richard took him behind the alleyway again and they Apparated straight to the front garden of his
home, or rather Max’s home, but technicalities didn’t really matter anymore, as they’d all made it
their home now and they all saw it as theirs, for now at least. Max’s little blue car was in the
driveway, just off to the side of the house and Harry smiled as he saw it, remembering the time that
Max had pinned him to the bonnet after their shopping trip and they’d been caught in the act by the
whole family.

He opened the front door and immediately he was assaulted by the giggling cackles of his babies. It made him smile and the lingering tension in his neck and shoulders just melted away and he felt lighter than he had in months.

He went straight into the living room to take in his beautiful babies and his mates, who were a little on edge, he could tell, from their tensed muscles and clenched jaws. He just knew that it was because of his court date and that they were anxious to get news about him. As his dominants it went against all of their instincts to let him go off on his own, even if he was with Richard, to a place where they knew that he was going to be distressed and upset, when they couldn’t immediately comfort and protect him. They had to let him do it on his own and Harry just knew that they hated that.

But he was home now and very happy to be home and he just wanted those baby cuddles that he couldn’t have that morning. It was a laid back, lounging Farren who saw him first.

“Muma!”

“Mummy isn’t home yet, Farren.” Draco told their son automatically, with the air of someone who’d had to say the same thing several times today already.

“Actually, I am.” Harry said with a grin as he stepped forward and scooped Farren up with a grunt. His second born son was really quite heavy now.

“You lot need to be more observant! Harry and I could have been anyone coming into your house which has your children in it!” Richard scolded them.

Harry rolled his eyes and held his muffin away from Farren’s grabby hands.

“This is not for you; you’ll ruin your dinner!” Harry chastised gently.

“He needed a pick me up; I thought the poor boy was going to pass out in the courtroom.” Richard defended himself from accusations that never came.

“I wasn’t that bad.” Harry pouted.

“No, you did brilliantly. Now I’ll deal with the back and forthy bit, they’ll have us back in court to
actually start the trial now. You won’t be doing much again, you don’t even have to be there, but you will be called up to the stand at least once, I’ll question you on what happened in your opinion and then the defence will cross examine you. They’ll try to confuse you and muddle you up to get you to say things that you don’t mean or to ‘admit’ to things that are of no relevance that they can twist to their purpose. So keep a cool, calm head and think about what you want to say before you say it. It doesn’t look bad if you take a moment to think about what you want to say, even if the defence try and claim that it does, don’t worry about that and don’t listen to them, remember, they want you to slip up so that they can exploit you for the Dursley’s benefit and thus their own benefit.”

Harry nodded. He’d been through this before, about how the defence would try to turn things on him, how they’d try to twist everything that he said and get him to rush his answers without thinking about what he was actually saying. He wasn’t looking forward to it, but they weren’t going to confuse him, because he knew the truth of what had happened and he had the memories of what had happened, so he wasn’t confused over what had happened. But Draco had been teaching him to recognise the signs of a word trap, as he’d called it, and with the help of Richard and Myron, his mates and Aneirin and even Lucius, he knew how to reasonably avoid falling head first into these sorts of traps that would allow the defence to twist his words or meaning and turn the tables on him. He wouldn’t let them.

“Are you okay?” Blaise asked him softly.

Harry nodded as he snuggled with Farren, rocking him from side to side, still keeping the half-eaten muffin out of his reach.

“It wasn’t too bad. It was absolutely terrifying, but I had very little to do, so I didn’t have a lot of opportunity to make a complete fool out of myself.”

“You were alright seeing them?” Max asked him softly.

Harry grimaced. “Yes and no. I was alright, I felt nothing really, but seeing what these last two years in prison have done to them, I thought Siri…Sirius was how he was because he was in Azkaban, but now I’m not too sure, I think it might be all prisons. They were husks of their former selves, like Sirius was. It just makes me certain that I never, ever want to be imprisoned for any reason. I’d rather die.”

“Don’t say things like that.” Nasta growled as he launched himself up and took the few, huge strides he needed to reach Harry so that he could pull him into a tight hug.
“I would. To be turned into such a shell of myself, I wouldn’t want to live. So we’re just going to have to keep an eye on one another and make sure that there are no opportunities for any of us to end up like that, right?”

“Exactly right.” Draco nodded. He was still cuddled up, but the transfigured bed was gone and he was back on the one settee with a blanket around him. Nasta was still being very overprotective of him it seemed, despite them now knowing what was wrong with him and the fact that Draco was now on potions to make him better. He did have Leolin napping on his chest though, one large hand stroking rhythmically over his tiny back, fingertips going between the two miniscule wings that they had gotten so used to over the last year that they just knew exactly where they were in order to avoid them.

“Right, you’re in good hands. I’ll keep in contact. Myron wants to come over later, so I’ll likely come back over with him too.”

“Why does he want to come over?” Max asked a little suspiciously.

“What’s this? Your poor old Dads’ can’t come to visit their oldest son anymore? We miss you; you used to always be over at our place before these monsters came along and stole you away from our loving breasts!”

Harry laughed hard at Richard’s theatrics. He felt better already after that morning and he was glad that the mood had been lifted from the anxious tension that had been lingering in the room.

“Stop being a diva, why are you really coming over?”

“To see our new granddaughters of course, we had enough of seeing you over the years, those two new cuties are all the rage at the minute, of course it’s for them. They’re four months old and Myron and I have barely seen them. It’s been a busy couple of months and with your Moth… Ashleigh being allowed more visits, it has been a little difficult, but that’s no excuse and we’ll be over to see those babies when your Dad gets out of work later this afternoon.”

With that Richard was gone. He’d stumbled over saying ‘your Mother’ to Max because he, along with Caesar and his sisters had all ‘removed’ Ashleigh from their birth certificates, thus disowning her as their Mother. It had been the kick up the arse that Ashleigh had needed, losing not only access to her grandchildren, but also losing the children who she had birthed and raised, to get her to seek the help that she really, truly she needed.

What she, or Myron and Richard, didn’t know, was that the birth certificates that Max and his
siblings had erased her name from were very intricate, very well made forgeries and weren’t the real thing, thus their official certificates were untouched and remained the same.

They hadn’t wanted to tell Myron or Richard just in case they told Ashleigh and they still hadn’t mentioned that the certificates had been fake just in case Ashleigh discharged herself from the hospital too early and thus went back to her old ways. They would tell her, and their Fathers, when Ashleigh was willingly released from the hospital and was declared mentally stable after her ordeal where she’d lost her unborn baby son, Theodric.

“Are you feeling better?” Nasta asked him.

Harry nodded. “Fine. I could do with some tea though, all this coffee doesn’t agree with my stomach.”

“There’s something wrong with you.” Blaise told him while Nasta scowled.

“Just how much coffee have you had?”

“You promised that you wouldn’t start.” Max growled.

“I’m not starting anything; I asked him a simple question!” Nasta growled back.

“Stop it, this fighting is not what I want to hear right now. I’ve only just got back into the house after being mentally tortured in a court room for a couple of hours, fighting is the very last thing I want to hear thank you very much! I’ve had two cappuccinos from a café. One before entering the court, one after I left. The muffin is the only thing I’ve eaten today, so the very last thing I want to hear is you lot fighting, so if that is going to happen, you can go outside and fight and leave me in peace.”

The room fell silent on the adult front as Harry slipped to his knees and joined his babies on the floor, setting Farren on his lap as his boy still wasn’t a fan of playing with anything that wasn’t edible.

A cup of tea was offered to him a few minutes later like a peace offering and Harry smiled.

“Thank you, Nasta.” He said softly.
“Do you want lunch? I kept you some.” Max said.

“In a bit, let me have my tea first and get these kids down for their afternoon nap.”

“They should be dropping off anytime now.” Blaise said. “Like Draco.”

Harry looked over when Draco remained silent after that slur, only to realise that Draco actually had dropped off to sleep with Leolin.

“He’s been doing that all morning.” Max said with a smile as he moved to tuck Draco in more tightly. “It’s the potions, they’ll make him a bit sleepy and lethargic until he gets a little more used to them.”

Harry smiled at the picture that Draco made napping with Leolin before his attention was caught by Regan, who was handing him a spit soaked rag.

“Thank you, Regan.” He said clearly as he took the wet cloth and tried not to visibly grimace.

Just five minutes later and Tegan and Calix had drifted off to sleep, Harry had rocked Farren to sleep and Regan was wavering.

Harry put Farren down on a blanket and smoothed his dark brown hair from his face, kissing his chubby cheek before he went into the kitchen, where Max was busy heating up a plate of food for him.

“Here you go, my dearest love!” Max declared as he served Harry with a flourish.

He chuckled. “Thank you, Max. This looks gorgeous.”

“Like its wonderful, incredibly talented chef then.” Max winked.

Harry smiled before he dug in. He was suddenly starved and he knew that it was because the adrenaline rush caused by his fear and nervousness that morning had finally dropped away, meaning that his stomach wasn’t tied in knots anymore.
Harry got seconds and pudding down him and Max was very happy as he carried Harry back into the living room, telling the others that Harry had eaten enough for seven men. Nasta was very happy for that and Harry actually felt proud that his mates were happy and proud of him just because he had eaten something. It was completely ridiculous, but he couldn’t help but grin like a lunatic.

“Here you go, have a baby.” Blaise said as he dumped Eva…no, Ave onto his lap.

Harry brought her up to his nose and he inhaled deeply. Definitely his Ave.

“Hello Ave, sweetie. Have you been a good girl today? Your granddad Myron and granddad Richard are coming around to see you and your sister Eva later, that’ll be nice, won’t it? You’ll have to save some spit up for them.”

His mates sniggered at that and Harry grinned. All of them had been spit up on by Ave at some point, she was having a bit of a problem with reflux lately and it was usual for her to dribble a bit of her milk back out onto their shoulders.

Harry dived straight back into family life, now that he had nothing to stress over, nothing to worry about, he could just enjoy himself. Draco was going to be just fine; his fevers wouldn’t be coming back and the damage done to him was not going to get any worse, even if it would never get any better either, but his babies were all fine and well, the initial fear of the court had gone and everything was fine. He felt like he could sing.

He fed his babies their dinners with an energy that he hadn’t had for months now. It was like a great weight had been taken from him and had reinvigorated him. He felt like he could fly, in fact, that’s exactly what he wanted to do.

Myron and Richard flooed over after the kids had had their bath and were sat playing with their ‘quiet’ toys. Harry rushed to them and hugged them tightly; Richard laughed and hugged him tightly, swinging him around.

“How are you?” Myron asked him.

“I feel so much better. It’s like a weight has been lifted off of my back.”

“Max! I told you that you’d hurt your poor submissive if you laid on top of him! Stop damaging his fragile back!” Richard declared.

Max laughed before he hefted himself up and he and Myron did the whole, complete embrace and
kiss to the mouth that they always did and then Max turned to Richard with an evil glint as he dragged his shorter, more slender Dad into his arms and off of his feet, giving him a back breaking hug that made Harry wince.

“Here, I got this for you.” Myron handed Harry a very large bar of Honeydukes fudge chocolate that he’d taken from the inside pocket of his robes and Harry’s mouth automatically started waterering at the sight of it.

Harry took the bar, hugged Myron yet again, tore off the corner of the packaging and he snapped off a bite and popped it straight into his mouth. He could almost feel Nasta’s glare boring into his back.

“Harry, you haven’t had dinner yet.” Nasta told him calmly, but Harry could almost hear the strain in his voice.

“I know, but if I put this down, you’re going to hide it. I still haven’t found the one that Professor Dumbledore gave me for my birthday last year that you hid away.”

“I swear he makes a stash of all our sweets and chocolate and then when we’re sleeping he eats it all.” Draco grumbled. “I’m still missing eight ice mice from my last birthday that you took.”

“If I promise not to take it, will you at least wait until after dinner?”

“Yes, but you can’t go within three feet of it, or I’m going to do the whole hamster thing and stuff it all now because I actually want chocolate today and I don’t want it taken from me.”

“Fine.” Nasta replied shortly and he left the room.

Harry groaned. “Why is it such a struggle just to have chocolate? Why am I the one feeling guilty?”

“That’s Nasta’s innate power, the power to make you feel guilty when you shouldn’t.” Max said as he slung an arm around Harry and hugged him. “Don’t worry about it, just eat your dinner, get into your pyjamas and pig out on your chocolate.”
“Gwanda Ion.”

Harry turned to see Braiden stood by Myron’s knees, arms up beseeching, calling for Myron.

“Well, isn’t he a little talker?” Myron commented as he got down onto one knee and scooped Braiden up for a tight hug.

“His words have really come on in the last week, it seems like it happened overnight almost. He just started talking in little sentences and he recognises people and things and he knows where he put his toys and where everything is kept. It’s amazing.”

“Who is such a clever boy!” Richard cooed.

“Me!” Calix answered as he stopped playing with his ball to look at Richard.

All of them laughed.

“Aneirin taught him that.” Harry said. “He kept calling him good boy, and saying that he was such a clever boy and now when he hears those he’ll think that you’re talking about him.”

Richard snatched up Calix and cuddled him. “He obviously took your smarts, Harry. There’s no way that this little genius could be Max’s.”

“I’m your child!” Max declared incredulously.

“Nope, you’re Myron’s.” Richard said with a wink. “Those three clever girls we have, those are all mine. You and Caesar are definitely your Father’s boys.”

Myron gave a look to Richard and the man winced.

“I’m in trouble now, aren’t I?”
“Yes.” Myron told him plainly.

“I’d think it was the other way around.” Harry said thoughtfully. “Myron’s obviously the most intelligent out of you both, so wouldn’t that mean that the girls were Myron’s and Max and Caesar were yours? That makes much more sense to me.”

Richard was slack jawed, Myron, Draco and Blaise all laughed and Max let out an indignant ‘hey!’ while Harry chuckled, moving to check on Leolin.

“How is little Leolin?” Myron asked. “You said he learnt a new word? That’s very impressive.”

Harry nodded. “Yes, he’s saying ‘Da’ now as well. Dain and Kailen were so surprised that we invited them over so they could hear it for themselves.”

“Aneirin says that you’re all getting on much better with the Faeries, I’m glad.”

Harry grinned. “Yes. Everything is calmed down and everyone is interacting, it’s lovely. Here, take a seat. Max will get you tea.”

Max was used to this by now and he just snapped to attention and gave off a very authentic looking salute before turning on his heel and marching into the kitchen. Harry just shook his head.

“I swear he’s taking something.” Blaise sighed. “He’s not normal. It’s all those potion fumes he inhales at work.”

Harry laughed. “Leave him alone, he makes me smile. Now you wanted to see Eva and Ave, yes?”

Harry went to the bassinets and he pulled out Eva and took her over to Richard, transferring the baby over easily as he took Calix from him and dropped the boy to the floor before he went back to get Ave and handed her to Myron, taking Braiden from his arms and hefting the almost two year old up and onto his hip.

“They’ve gotten so big, are they...are they actually bigger than Leolin?” Richard asked.
“Eva is thirteen pounds and eight ounces at twenty-four inches and Ave is fourteen pounds three ounces at twenty-four and a half inches. They haven’t quite caught up to Leolin yet, but I think it’ll only take a month more before they do.”

“They’re beautiful, I particularly love their hair.” Myron said with a smirk. “How does Max feel about it?”

“He loves it, he think it looks lovely on the girls…he just doesn’t like it on himself.”

“I noticed he managed to get his hair cut.”

Harry nodded. “Yes. He finally found a spare moment to shear it all off. We have been quite busy lately with the girls.”

“They’re absolutely gorgeous, look at their little faces. Their eyes haven’t changed yet?”

“They have.” Harry said with a nod. “They got slightly darker, but I think that they’re going to keep their blue eyes.”

“Blue eyes and chestnut brown, curly hair…yep, you boys are going to have to get those sticks ready for when they’re teenagers.”

“Oh behave.” Harry scoffed. “I have every faith that my children are going to have the strong, intelligent minds to know what they want and that they’ll be strong enough to stop anything they don’t want from happening. They won’t need us hovering over them with sticks; they’ll be able to do it for themselves.”

“I love you so much.” Max declared as he wandered back in with a tray of tea to hear Harry’s passionate statement.

“You are very mature.” Myron said, even as he gazed lovingly at little Ave in his arms.
“No one will be touching my daughters.” Draco sniffed. “Not until they’re legal adults. That goes for our boys as well.” He added.

Blaise laughed and pulled Draco into a hug, sprouting something off in French. Draco looked affronted and shoved Blaise off, replying to him in French.

“Hey, non-French speakers over here, switch back into English.” Max told them.

“Blaise is agreeing with Draco about not letting anyone with ‘ill intentions’ near our children and he offered a chastity pact to be sealed with a hug.”

Harry looked at Nasta who had Regan cocked on his hip. He looked fine, nothing to suggest that he might be angry or feeling ganged up on.

“There will be no pact making!” Harry insisted. “If my children want to have crushes and dates, then they can, I’ll just have to trust that they’ll be sensible and make intelligent decisions, but I will not rule their lives for them. I will not become a tyrant to them and dictate what they can or cannot do with their lives or hell, even themselves and I won’t allow any of you to do it either. I won’t do it. I had a girlfriend once when I was fifteen…it was thanks to her that I started entertaining the idea that I might be gay. I did have a girlfriend, does that mean I was depraved and some sort of sexual deviant? Of course not, I kissed her several times and held hands on the way to Hogsmeade…that was it. So no, I won’t stop them from exploring themselves or their love lives, that’s their business, not ours.”

“This girlfriend, it was that Cho Chang you told us about, wasn’t it? The one who kept crying on you and the one who you tricked into crashing into the ground during that Quidditch match that we all watched and you almost gave the entire crowd heart attacks in.” Max said thoughtfully.

Harry nodded with a grimace. “I think she was trying to replace Cedric with me because she knew I liked her. As for the match, no one gets in my way during Quidditch, not girls who cried on me and not Blaise either.”

“I still don’t like hearing or remembering that you had a girlfriend.” Blaise said with a scowl. “I like the idea of my pure, submissive mate.”

“I was your pure submissive mate; just because I had a girlfriend doesn’t mean anything.” Harry shrugged. “We never even kissed with tongues, I did that with you first, that’s why I was so bad at
“You weren’t bad at it.” Blaise insisted.

“If you’re going to keep on this topic of conversation then we’re leaving.” Myron told them sternly.

“Speak for yourself; I’m enjoying all this juicy gossip.” Richard laughed.

“Okay, we’re drawing a line under it.” Harry said with a slight flush. “I don’t like speaking about those things.”

“You don’t like mentioning it in front of your mates.” Myron said with a smile.

Harry shifted uncomfortably. He nodded. “Yeah, I don’t like mentioning past girlfriends because I hate hearing about their past lovers, who were actual lovers I might add.” He said with a growl.

Nasta’s hand dropped to his hair and his nails scratched gently against the top of his scalp and Harry all but purred in delight. He turned and snuggled straight into Nasta as those short, straight nails moved down to the back of his head.

“Myron, we have to try that. I want to know if it works.” Richard said. “It looks good.”

Myron chuckled and kissed the side of Richard’s head, he whispered something that had Richard laughing joyously.

“I won’t have any of that talk over my baby girls!” Harry said sternly. “They’re awake and they’re listening to you!”

Myron and Richard shared a grin, but they sat back away from one another and went back to cradling the four month old girls.

“I can’t believe that you told those Faeries that they were Drackens before us! We’re their
biological grandfathers!” Richard pouted.

Harry rolled his eyes. “I told you, it just slipped out. I’d already told my mates the week before, but I hadn’t gotten around to telling anyone else.”

“You could have sent us a message.” Richard pouted.

“Oh yeah, I can just imagine that message going astray. To Myron and Richard Maddison, our new girls are Drackens! Come over and see them soon, all my love, Harry. That isn’t happening.” Harry deadpanned.

“I see your point.” Richard sighed. “But still, you could have flooed over to tell us.”

“How about this, our next Dracken child and I’ll tell you both first…after my mates, obviously.” Harry added quickly when Max opened his mouth to complain. “They’ll naturally be told first when I feel ready to divulge such information.”

“You actually announced it quite early this time around.” Blaise said.

Harry shrugged. “It felt right. I let Braiden slip, so I over compensated with the quintuplets, but with the girls, it felt right.”

“I can’t believe we have identical, Dracken daughters.” Max said as he looked to his two girls a bit gooey eyed.

“Just remain aware that they could be dominant and submissive, or even both dominant. Your Aunt Kyra thought that she was a submissive for all of her childhood and early teenaged years. It came as a nasty shock then when she was a dominant, so don’t put those sorts of expectations on them, because anything could happen.”

Harry nodded. “We’ve been having a few talks about that, about what age to break it to them, at least the ones we have now, because I’m sure when we have teenaged Drackens strutting around, the younger ones will know and understand at a much earlier age. But we’re planning it as best as we can.”
Myron nodded his approval. “Good. We planned Max’s talks too, giving him little bits of information so that he’d understand, yet not overwhelming him. We were forced to do it young because he liked playing rough and we were worried about Caesar and the girls, but he accepted it all with good grace.”

“He took after me in that way.” Richard grinned.

Harry smiled at that and when Regan came and wrapped himself around his leg, Harry hunched down and checked on him concernedly. It was then that he noticed the time.

“Oh hell, these kids should have been in bed half an hour ago!” He said as he picked up Regan, who was so tired that he was getting upset.

“Then that means I should be starting dinner for us.” Max said as he hefted up Farren and cradled his son, kissing his little face.

“I think that’s a subtle way of telling us to leave.” Richard said with a grin.

“It is, but feel free to come back again tomorrow if you have a spare moment. We aren’t doing anything for the next two days and then it’s Talia’s birthday. Which reminds me, Max, did you get the gift?”

“Of course, it just needs to be wrapped. It’s up in our bedroom.”

Harry nodded as Draco took Eva and Ave from Myron and Richard. They said goodbye to the two men and then they set about getting their overtired children into their cots and settled down. Tegan was already asleep, so was Eva, Ave and Leolin, but Braiden was grizzling, Farren didn’t want to go to sleep, Regan was too tired to sleep and Calix was throwing a screaming fit.

“We are never breaking their routine again.” Harry growled as he tried to settle Regan to sleep by rocking him slowly, his little boy sniffling and whining softly, getting quieter and quieter as he was rocked, shushed and had his back rubbed until he slipped off to sleep, the tears still wet on his face.

Harry put him down into his cot and he took Braiden from Max.
“Go and sort out dinner, love, otherwise we won’t be eating today. We’ll sort these out.”

“Are you sure?” Max asked. “I don’t like leaving you in the middle of a crisis like this.”

“I’m sure. I’ll get these kids to sleep in half an hour.” He swore.

An hour later and Harry was regretting his words as Calix had cried himself sick, the noisome fluid getting all over his sleepsuit and Harry’s shirt and Harry had to give his seventeen month old son a quick bath because the vomit had gotten all over Calix’s hands, his hair and it had gone down the neckline of his sleepsuit.

The warm water seemed to calm Calix more than his rocking or shushing had and Calix was yawning as Harry cuddled him dry in his arms while Draco passed over a clean sleepsuit, bodysuit and nappy.

Finally all of the kids were sleeping and Harry was able to go down and eat his dinner, stifling a yawn as he did so.

“I am really not looking forward to those terrible twos.” Harry sighed.

“None of us have anything to do now for two days, we don’t have to go out, we don’t need to do a food shop, do we, Max?” Nasta asked their biggest mate.

“No, I have all of our meals planned out for the next week, the kids have enough formula powder and we’re well stocked on nappies and wipes.”

“What about the fresh fruit?” Draco asked.

“I buy some of the berries and things in frozen punnets. I defrost them the day before I need them and then blend them into pastes for the baby food jars. Apples and oranges keep for a while, so the kids will have snacks, but if we need grapes or plums or other stone fruit, then I can easily pop to the supermarket for half an hour to get them some more.”

“I’m on top of the washing, I’ve done my Potions exam and I’m not due back in court for a few days to a week. We have nothing to do.” Harry grinned. “This little break is going to be very welcome; you and Max are still off work, yes?”
“You two won’t be looking for work in the next two days?” He asked Blaise and Draco.

“I’m not allowed to.” Draco huffed.

“I can stop for a couple of days.”

“This is going to be brilliant, I can’t wait! We all need this little break.”

“I second that.” Max said as he stretched, before he stood up and took the empty plates to the sink.

“Go sit down, I’ll do those.” Harry offered.

“You get out of my kitchen or I’ll lock you outside until I’m finished.” Max growled.

“It’s cold outside!” Harry frowned.

“All the more reason to back away, then.” Max said as he started cleaning the dirty dishes.

“Come on, mio Prezioso. Leave him to his dishes. Let’s go and see what we can do together on that rug that you love so much.”

“Don’t you have sex on that rug without me!” Max shouted out after them. “I mean it! You two have already had sex in that chair without me; you won’t have sex on that rug without me too!”

Harry and Blaise laughed as they fell onto the mentioned rug and started kissing.

“They are having sex on the rug without you.” Draco called out.
“Damn it!” Max cursed.

Harry couldn’t stop laughing. “Okay, stop now.” He said. “We’ll have sex tomorrow, but tonight I just want to cuddle, is that okay?”

“Of course.” Nasta said as he picked him up and settled him onto the settee. “Please don’t feel the need to suffer through anything sexual just because you think you have to, because you don’t.”

“Of course not.” Blaise agreed. “I want to have sex with my willing lover, not someone who’s pretending to enjoy it when they aren’t.”

Harry grinned. “I just feel tired and achy today and with all the stress, I don’t feel good.”

“This break has come too late, it seems.” Max said as he came in with a tray of tea, putting it on the coffee table and collapsing down on the settee.

“Maybe, but we do have eight children we have to look after. It’s not as simple as just taking a holiday from work, we can’t do that with our children and really speaking, I don’t want to do that to them.”

“Agreed.” Nasta said as he twisted himself so that he could recline on Max, who shifted his shoulder and sent Nasta sprawling over his lap where he grinned down at him and started grooming his hair with his fingers.

Nasta went from tensed and a little irritated to settled and relaxed as he shifted himself a little to make himself more comfortable on Max’s lap, putting his shoulders at a more comfortable angle against Max’s muscled thigh.

Harry grinned as he watched them, before he stood up from the other settee that he’d been sat on and he went to sit right on Nasta’s lap, wriggling around to get himself comfortable.

“You said that you didn’t want sex today, I suggest that you don’t wriggle around or you’ll be sleeping down here for a few hours while I ravish the others.” Nasta warned him.

Harry chuckled. “Okay, I’ll sit still. You just looked so comfy, I couldn’t help it.”
“Admit it, you just like sitting on people’s groins.” Blaise told him as he went to the sideboard and got out a case and a notebook. Harry groaned.

“If you’re going to be doing that then I’m getting out of the firing zone.” Harry said seriously. “You threw an inkpot at me the last time you got that shit out.”

“I told you, I didn’t mean to throw it at you.”

“You shouldn’t be throwing anything in a house with eight babies!” Harry huffed.

“We only had six the last time I got this out.” Blaise corrected as he took the ancient book out of its protective coverings.

“It’s no wonder they like throwing things, they’re copying you!” Harry huffed.

“How? I only get it out after they’ve gone to bed.”

“Your fault!” Harry insisted.

Blaise chuckled and Nasta reached up and yanked Harry to lie down on him, playing with his hair, even as Max reached a hand over to play with his and Nasta’s hair, scratching along his scalp. Harry immediately started purring.

“I love that noise.” Max chuckled.

“It’s right up there in the top five of noises Harry makes that we all love.” Draco laughed. “Right next to that little squeak when he’s caught off guard and the sweet mewling noise during sex.”

Harry laughed. “Do you all discuss this when I’m not around then?”

“We have in depth discussions over our favourite noises that you make, yes.” Draco said. “We
“Even discuss favourite positions.”

“That was only once.” Max said. “We get very bored when you’re in your nest and we miss you lots and lots, so we need to talk about these things to make it more bearable when you’re gone.”

Harry laughed harder and he felt Nasta rumbling in his chest underneath him.

“I’ll say if you start discussing the noises I make and the best positions you like me in.”

“Nasta, what does this word mean?” Blaise cut in.

Nasta groaned and he sat up, rolled Harry into the warm groove where he’d been lying and went to sit behind Blaise, peering over his shoulder as he petted that layered, fluffy hair, his mouth moving silently as he read whatever Blaise was stuck on.

“This is disgusting.” He declared suddenly several minutes later. “Why does your family want this book?”

Blaise shrugged. “They just do. My Grandfather Bastien would sell his organs for this book.”

“Tell him that if I can have his abdominal muscles, he can have it.” Harry said.

Draco snorted. “Don’t be ridiculous, your muscles will heal.”

“It is getting better.” Harry agreed with a smile. “I can bend down now without pain and I can walk without it aching, it’s if I push myself too much that I start feeling pain.”

“He might have to sell his organs for this book, or at least harvest them.” Nasta grimaced. “That word means, to my understanding, ripen. You have to wait for the liver to ripen, which I believe might mean mature, and then you need to cut it out with a silver blade, taking care not to cut through the hepatic artery.”

“What the hell sort of book is that?” Max asked.

Harry shrugged. “It was in my family vaults, there are hundreds of books in there. Blaise had mentioned that his family had been looking for it for generations, so I asked the goblins where to find it and they actually told me it was in my family vaults. I gave it to Blaise as a present for our first Christmas together.”

“Why would your family have such a book?” Draco asked interestedly.

“My family are related to the Blacks, I assume there are lots of books like that in my vault.” Harry reminded him. “Besides that book was ‘married’ into the family, it came into Potter possession when one of my ancestors married a Greek witch. It’s been in my bank vault, untouched for seven hundred years.”

“That still doesn’t explain why Blaise’s family want it.”

Blaise just smirked. “They’ve always wanted this book, my Grandfather is going to lose his head when he realises that I’ve found the book that his great-great grandfather spent his life looking for.”

“It’s an ugly book.” Nasta sneered at it as if it could see him. “I don’t like it being here, in the same house as our children.”

“It’s hardly the monster book of monsters.” Harry placated. “It’s not going to actually bite one of our kids like that book would if it got loose.”

“This book is black.” Nasta said.

“I know it is and I admit that, but I’m hardly going to start harvesting unsuspecting people to perform these rituals. I just want to translate it.”

Nasta nodded. “I understand that, which is why I’m helping you, but I don’t like that book, at all.”
“Duly noted.” Blaise said as he took a gulp of the tea he was keeping well away from the ancient book that was so dry, it creaked when it was moved or so much as picked up.

“Draco, can you help me tomorrow?” Harry asked.

“Sure, what do you need?”

“I want another family portrait done now that the girls are born and they’re a little older, I need to find some dresses for them, I want cute, adorable dresses, non-matching, that doesn’t look like they’re going to a wedding or something, they will need shoes that match their dresses and Tegan needs a dress too and you’re the best at digging out the cutest, most appropriate dresses at any store.”

Draco smirked. “I can definitely do that.”

“Good, I’ve got all the owl order catalogues, I just need to sit down and find something that I like and then I need all your opinions on the dresses and then I need to somehow find matching shoes.”

“Do you want the boys in mini tuxes again?” Max asked. “Because I really don’t think Braiden or Farren will fit into their old ones…in fact I know that they won’t.”

“I know I need to get them bigger sizes; I’ve already got them ordered.”

“This picture is going to take us several hours to get done and if Ave doesn’t spit up on her new dress, it’ll be a miracle.” Blaise said as he translated another line.

“I know. I know it’s going to be difficult, but I want it done. Every time we get a new family member, I want a new picture done and I want them all over the house.” Harry declared. “I want to frame some of our older photos too; I just need some time to go through them all.”

“Good luck finding that time.” Draco laughed.

Harry glared. “How would you feel if I asked your parents to have them overnight?” He asked. “That way we could all do it.”
Draco all but choked. “I wouldn’t trust my Father with all eight of them! He barely survived when we had him babysitting the last time and Eva and Ave were only newborns, they’re more mobile now and more demanding.”

“I know.” Harry said with an evil, shit eating grin.

“My granddad would do it.” Max said with a shrug.

“My Mother would kill for the chance.” Blaise offered.

“Hmm, it has been a while since Marianna has had them.” Harry said. “If Narcissa and Lucius can’t mind them, then Marianna can have them. I want to do those photos. We’ll naturally keep Leolin here.”

“Oh Harry, my beloved! A whole day with only one baby, I love you!” Max declared.

Harry laughed. “The last time we let someone babysit for us was Valentine’s Day, before that it was actually the heat period that we conceived Eva and Ave. I don’t like pushing our kids onto other people, but we do need a break now and then and the kids need to spend some time with their grandparents, so tomorrow, I want to sort out the photos and the dresses for Eva, Ave and Tegan.”

“I’ll talk to my Mother tomorrow morning, I’m sure she’ll be delighted, she’s been asking, almost begging really, when she can have them for an afternoon.”

“I’ll pack up their nappy bags then, Max, can you sort out snacks, bottles and things?” Harry asked.

“Of course, lover. Don’t forget to pack their dummies though.”

Harry nodded as he started packing a bottomless nappy bag with the exact number of nappies his babies used in one day, adding in several spares with a pack of wipes, he made sure their dummies were inside it, their favourite toys, blankies and spare clothes and anything else he could think of.

He was so excited for tomorrow, not because he was getting rid of his children, but because he’d been wanting to sort out these photos for months now. He wanted some of them framed and put up
along the walls of their house, others he wanted to send to family and he definitely wanted to do this current, up-to-date family portrait before he had another heat period and fell pregnant again. It didn’t help that he’d been feeling a pull towards cereals in the mornings. He was not ready for another heat period, but of course his Dracken didn’t really care, it just wanted to reproduce like it was programmed to do. He hoped at least that his first few were dry heats…he couldn’t handle another multiple birth right now.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I hope that you lovelies are happy with this chapter and the beginning of the court scenes. I’m immersed at the moment with my new fic, The Beguile and Devotion of a Black Heir, but I am still going to update my other fics, especially as Damaged Bodies, Growing Lives, Building Families is very close to being finished, I think I’ll update that one next and stay on The Black Heir for a while, just to secure it in as my new fic, but I will still be updating this fic, just not often, that’s just how it’ll be for a little while.

StarLight Massacre. X
Hormonal Break

Chapter Notes

A/N: Please be aware that there are triggers in this chapter that may upset some readers. Please read with caution.

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Ninety-Six – Hormonal Break

Blaise had been right, Marianna was absolutely delighted that they’d asked her to babysit and though Harry had wanted Lucius and Narcissa to have them, to get them a little more used to their non-biological grandchildren, especially now that it had emerged that Draco needed fertility potions to have any hope of conceiving one, he didn’t want to jeopardise his children’s time with all of their grandparents by only pushing them at the one set.

They’d settled the children and then left Marianna to watch over them, they all had tea at the kitchen table, Leolin had had a bad night’s sleep, so he was in his bassinet at the head of the table, catching up with his missed sleep and they’d spread hundreds upon hundreds of photos across the table surface and Harry was making several different piles. Photos he liked, photos his mates liked, photos they all liked, photos that were duplicates and ones that were ‘maybes’, but the photos were absolutely everywhere, a stack of baby books and family photo albums at the ready, while Draco sat near them, putting his input onto every photo shown to him, while he circled dresses that he liked from the catalogues that Harry had stacked up high for him to look through.

“What about this one, I really like it.” Max said in such a way that Harry immediately looked over.
He blushed to the roots of his hair as he saw the naked photo of himself.

“We are not framing that, give it to me!” He demanded.

“I think we should frame it.” Blaise said with a grin. “We could keep it on our bedroom wall.”

“When did you even take that photo?” He hissed.

“I took it.” Draco informed him, not even having the good grace to look up from the current catalogue that he was perusing. “Max and Blaise were teasing you and I got them to draw back away from you together, you never even noticed; you were too lost in your own pleasure.”

“I can see that, give the photo to me! Imagine if someone found it!”

“No, it’s going in the sex album.”

“What sex album?” Harry demanded.

“We have a photo album filled with sexy, naked pictures of ourselves.” Nasta explained calmly, as if it were completely normal to have a sex album, as he showed him another raunchy photo of Draco and Max together before handing it over to Max.

“Where is this album?” Harry demanded. “How come I didn’t know about it?”

“It’s heavily warded, no one but us will ever even find it.” Blaise assured him. “We were going to give it to you on your birthday as a present.”

“I want to see the photos that you have in there.”

“Later.” Max winked.
“No, now!”

“Later.” Nasta insisted. “We have to sort all this out and we only have a few hours to do so.”

“What do you think about this dress?” Draco asked, distracting Harry.

He looked at it and considered it. “For Tegan, yes?”

Draco smirked and nodded. “I knew you’d be on my wave length for this one. I’ll mark it as a maybe, just in case I find something better for her.”

Harry nodded and he sighed. Going back to the piles upon piles of pictures. He would find that ‘sex album’ and he swore that if there was anything in there that he didn’t like or was overly embarrassing; he was going to burn it. It would serve his mates right for taking pictures of him in such vulnerable positions and keeping them without telling him. Maybe he should get revenge on them for doing so. He grinned to himself, he liked that idea a lot.

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They had found three dresses that they all liked for their little girls, Draco had checked the sizes and then sent his Saracen out with the order, and they’d finished with the mound of photos and had had lunch by two O’clock in the afternoon. They didn’t have to pick the kids up until later that night, so while Max was washing the dishes from their late lunch and Nasta and Draco were cleaning up while they could, Harry slipped away up the stairs to change.

He dug out Ginny’s wonderful box of toys from where he kept it safe from his mates and he went digging through it. He found a lot of things that made him blush still, a lot of clothes that he didn’t even know how to put on and the few skirts…he didn’t feel like a skirt or the corset today. He passed over all the dresses and he frowned as he realised that most of the clothes in the box were women’s, or at least styled like women’s clothes as they had extra bits to support his male parts. Now he had nothing against women, or cross dressing on certain occasions, but he wanted something different today, something that wasn’t a dress or a skirt, and he kept on digging until he unearthed a pair of blue shorts that were more like micro pants than anything else, he was sure that there was more material in one of his socks than in these ‘shorts’ but they were going to serve his purpose as he found the matching top tagged to them…if the little coloured collar could be called a top.

He grinned as he dug out some white stockings and a pair of matt blue heels. For kicks he picked up the little tube of clear lip gloss.
“I’m taking a bath while we have some free time.” He yelled down to his mates.

“Alright!” Max yelled back. “Pamper yourself a little, you deserve the relaxation time.”

Harry smiled at that, then he grinned widely to himself. He was going to bathe, pamper himself, oil himself up and then slip into this little outfit. If his mates wanted sexy photos, he’d damn well give them something to photograph. They were going to regret giving him the time to set all of this up.

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“He’s been a really long time; maybe you should go up and make sure that he hasn’t fallen asleep in the bath again.” Blaise said worriedly.

“He’ll be fine, when is the last time that he got to take an hour long bath?” Max waved away.

“Probably a few months after the quintuplets were born, but certainly not after Eva and Ave.” Draco pointed out.

“Exactly, so leave him be, he needs some pamper time to himself.”

“I very much enjoyed it too.”

Harry grinned as his mates turned to face him and the four of them just stared at him and they continued to stare at him silently. It was this more than anything that made him feel loved and attractive, because he was still carrying a few ‘extra’ bits from Eva and Ave, including the caesarean scar, but his mates eyes were glued to him, even as he walked, slowly and surely, in the matching blue heels. He’d have liked to have strutted, but that was shifting into the realm of him breaking an ankle…very unsexy.

He sat down on the settee and made sure his legs were spread a little bit, just enough so that his thighs weren’t touching, but nothing too obvious or obscene.

“Stop staring at me!” He demanded a minute later.
“I’m sorry, Harry, but in that getup I really don’t know what else you expect me to do.” Nasta told him honestly.

Harry scoffed. “Isn’t it obvious that I want you to come and touch me?”

As if they’d been waiting for verbal permission, all four of his mates jumped him, snatching him from where he was sat and he found himself on Max’s lap, chest to chest with him as he straddled his biggest mate, his back arched, up on his knees and his bum pushed out, his body held tightly even as his head was grabbed and angled backwards so that Blaise could kiss him passionately.

“I did say that I wanted sex today.” He said breathlessly when they took a moment to breathe.

“I thought you’d forgotten, or that you meant later tonight when the kids were in bed.”

“No.” Harry said as he shook his head. “I meant I wanted you as many times as we could physically manage before we’d have to force ourselves apart to go and collect our kids.”

“I can manage that.” Max said gruffly as he snapped his hips up into Harry’s, proving exactly how hard he was in his jeans.

“Oh.” Harry sighed softly as he gripped at Max’s shoulders, fisting his shirt in his hands.

There were hands touching him all over, mouths licking over his skin, taking in the edible oil that he’d used, which was also from the box of toys. He’d oiled his entire body with the semi-solid butter and he’d stretched himself when he’d gotten out of the bath. He grinned into Max’s neck before he slipped his tongue out and slowly dragged it over Max’s neck, up to his earlobe, which he took into his mouth and sucked.

Max growled deeply and the pair of hands on his bum, feeling the edge of the tiny shorts where they met the skin of his upper thighs, squeezed tight.

Someone fingered around the tops of the gartered stockings and caressed his thigh where the lace tops met his skin. He shivered, which vibrated over Max’s groin. His biggest mate groaned and pushed Harry away and off of his body.

Harry found himself watching as Max almost tore his jeans off of himself, but that’s about all he saw as he was held fast around the waist and Blaise was suddenly at the front of his body, already mostly naked and the kiss he gave him had Harry closing his eyes on reflex.
He writhed on the lap that he was sitting on as his nipples were played with and rolled gently, a rough palm glided over his side and he moaned again. He was loving this edible oil and if the mouths that kept kissing and licking at him were any indication, then his mates liked the coconut flavour of it too.

Max was back and he manhandled everyone out of the way and took Harry back onto his naked lap, he hadn’t even just taken off his jeans, but everything so that he was completely naked and he was very unbothered by that fact too.

Harry was back in his lap, that hard, naked cock pressed right up against Harry’s, separated only by the thin piece of material that made up the tiny, tight shorts.

Harry was suddenly pitched forward when Max went backwards, having had Draco yank him down from behind by the shoulders so that Max was on his back and Harry was on top of him. It allowed his three other mates to touch and kiss him more freely.

Harry felt like he was going out of his mind as he was touched and kissed, random parts of his body were licked and then bitten, teeth scraping over his skin, leaving marks and love bites while hands squeezed him and nails scratched at him. Every touch built him up and up and he pushed against Max to give himself some space.

“I need…I need these shorts off.” He panted breathlessly, trying to get his brain to work. “I’m not going to last much longer; I don’t want to go in…I want to touch you all skin to skin.”

Blaise breathed into his ear, it was all in French and he had no hope of understanding what it was that was being said to him, but the little shorts were peeled down his slick legs…the collar, the stockings with their garters and the heels were left on.

Fingers prodded at his entrance and he heard Nasta’s deep chuckle.

“What’s funny?” Draco asked throatily.

“Harry stretched himself.” Nasta said simply, before suddenly a warm mouth was on him and a tongue was pushed into his body, eating the edible, coconut oil that he’d used to prepare himself with.

Harry sucked in a deep breath and pushed himself at Nasta, rubbing himself over Max as he did so, the both of them rumbled lowly in the backs of their throats as Harry gasped and repeated the movement.

Harry lay flat on Max and writhed as Nasta’s tongue didn’t let up, someone was kissing along his shoulder and he could feel someone’s hair at his side as they kissed Max underneath him.
“This oil tastes gorgeous.” Nasta declared as he pulled back to catch his breath. “Where did you get it?”

“Box…it was in the box of toys.” Harry whined as his head was pulled into a kiss by Max.

“He’s wearing lipstick too.” Max grinned as he smacked his sticky lips together.

“Gloss.” Harry corrected. “Clear stuff.”

“I like it.” Max growled possessively.

Harry was pulled off of Max and his biggest mate snarled furiously.

“Oh, shut up.” Nasta said easily. “Stay where you are.”

Harry’s head was pushed into Max’s groin and he chuckled at the very unsubtle gesture as Nasta got him up onto his knees and forced his back to arch until Harry could feel the stretch in his muscles and the pull in his spine. He didn’t care as he licked and kissed around Max’s cock and balls, listening to his mates all around him, their moaning, their grunts, their hard swallows. He loved each and every one of those noises from each and every one of his mates.

He found Draco and Blaise with his eyes as he licked and sucked on and around Max and he grinned, already knowing that the impatient bastards would be fucking now that Nasta had moved Harry into position. They were still only eighteen years old after all and they’d been lifelong friends, Draco knew that Blaise liked being fucked and Blaise wholly encouraged it.

Harry moved to the head of Max’s cock and licked over it, grinning when the big man all but whimpered and flexed his hips.

Nasta nudged at him and Harry spread his legs further and took the tip of Max fully into his mouth and when Nasta pushed into him, the vibrations from his moaning went straight to Max, who cursed and slipped a hand into Harry’s hair, gripping it tight, fisting it in his huge hand and Harry slipped his mouth all the way down onto him, better at this now than he once had been.

Max held him in place with that fist in his hair and Nasta pulled out of him slowly, Harry whimpered as he heard Blaise groan deep in his throat from somewhere to his left.

Nasta pushed back into him and Harry gurgled around Max’s cock, which had his biggest mate flexing his hips up to keep his cock in his throat. Harry alternated between pushing back on Nasta and bobbing his head over Max’s lap, sometimes going against that tight fist in his hair, which made his eyes water, but he still didn’t care as he felt his toes curling in pleasure.
He swallowed around Max and moaned as Nasta started a smooth rhythm that left him dribbling over Max and trying to suck and breathe as he moaned and hummed as he was stimulated and pleasured.

Max spasmed and Harry swallowed the cum in his mouth as his biggest mate yelled out his orgasm, just as Nasta hit Harry’s prostate and sent Harry spiralling into his own orgasm, which forced him to release Max and scream to the ceiling, the last drops of Max’s cum which he hadn’t had time to swallow slid over his bottom lip and down his chin in a single line. Nasta collapsed onto his back and he crushed Harry between himself and Max, not that Harry cared as he breathed hard and fast, licking his lips to clean them. He missed his chin.

He rested for a bit, feeling happy, loved and nerve tinglingly pleasured, at least until Nasta was pushed off of him, his oldest mate grunting as he hit the carpet and Harry grinned as he was swept up by Draco, who had worn Blaise out and was looking for round two.

Harry took over and sat himself over Draco and kissed him, they stayed still for a moment, each adjusting to the new sensation before Draco forced him onto his back and started fucking him, Harry refused to let go of his neck and instead he wrapped both arms around it and kept kissing at Draco, tugging his silky, blond hair out of place. He arched his hips and used his feet on the floor as leverage to fuck himself on Draco and he was panting heavily from the exertion within minutes.

His orgasm hit him quicker than it had before and he dragged Draco with him, his big blond mate biting hard into his neck to muffle his screaming, very high up his neck he added, Harry chuckled tiredly, he was not going to be able to hide that particular love bite come tomorrow.

Harry stayed wrapped around Draco and they kissed and chuckled together as Draco stayed inside him. Neither of them cared as they watched Max grip Nasta’s hips and thrust into him hard and remain inside him as he shouted out his second orgasm, or was that his third as Blaise had moved from where Draco had left him and he was curled up in a happy ball of sated bliss nearer the two older men.

“He looks so contented.” Harry giggled.

“Sometimes I think that he should have been a submissive, he likes being fucked too much.” Draco said as he snuggled into Harry more.

“There’s no such thing as being fucked too much.” Harry told him.

“Is that so?” Max asked him.

Harry startled and went to look behind him, only for Max to pull him away from Draco at the same time that Nasta did the same to Draco. Harry could almost see the evil smirk that Max was sure to have on his face.

Harry chuckled as he found himself being hugged tight as Max licked and sucked on his pleasure.
sensitised skin, it turned into a moan when Max caught his nipple in his mouth.

Harry found himself shoved up onto the settee and he was a little confused until Max touched his knees and slid his hands up the inside of his thighs, spreading his legs as far open as they could go, pinning them open with his massive forearms as his hands gripped at his hips. Max slid his mouth down Harry’s cock and took the entirety of it into his mouth as he sucked and licked at it and Harry screamed, bucking in Max’s hold, having his body held firmly in place by his bigger mate.

Max didn’t let up on the suction as his throat rippled around the head of his cock and Harry couldn’t catch his breath as he gripped at as much of Max’s hair as he could, pulling at it and clenching his fingers with every hard suck. He mindlessly tried to wrap his legs around Max, but he couldn’t move them, even with his thigh muscles straining and pushing against Max’s arms, they didn’t move as Max’s fingers stroked his sides and his hands massaged his hips.

“I love you!” Harry screamed out as he yanked on Max’s head, trying to control his orgasm, but in the end, he cummed hard into Max’s mouth and watched through glazed eyes as Max swallowed hard, twice before he pulled slowly off of his cock, sucking gently and licking him with little flicks with the tip of his tongue before he pulled Harry down into his lap and kissed him.

He turned around and lay down in the pile that Nasta, Blaise and Draco already made and the five of them cuddled together with aching muscles. Harry let out a soft giggle as he snuggled into Blaise’s naked, sweaty back.

The five of them fell asleep together in a big heap on the middle of their living room floor, Harry was still wearing the collar, the stockings and garters and one of the blue heels, the other had flown off during one of his orgasms when he’d flicked his foot a bit too sharply and suddenly.

Nasta woke up an hour later and he groaned tiredly. He extracted himself from the pile of bodies and he couldn’t help but laugh at the state of all five of them.

He pulled the only remaining bright blue high heel off of Harry’s foot. He was currently digging it into Max’s thigh, which couldn’t be comfortable for the big guy, especially not as it had left a vivid, red indent. Nasta grimaced, that might actually bruise later.

He quietly and carefully cleaned up the living room around his sleeping mates, folded all of their clothes and took his own to go and have a shower. He felt better than he had in a while though, relaxed and invigorated, like his body had been reset. This had been exactly what he needed to destress himself.

He washed himself quickly, dried and dressed himself and he went out into the kitchen, checking on his little son as he did so. Leolin was sleeping peacefully, as he knew that he would be. He hadn’t had a good night last night and he and his mates had been back and forth to his room all night to settle him back down, so it was inevitable that Leolin was going to sleep a lot today. It was just as well really, he thought wryly.
He boiled the kettle to make himself a cup of green tea and he took this moment to just breathe. He couldn’t remember the last time that the house had been this quiet, he took this moment to just relax and breathe as he listened to the absolute nothingness around him, it was completely silent. He smiled as he sat at the table and slipped his arm under Leolin and pulled him out of his bassinet and up to his chest.

He sipped at his tea as he traced every inch of his son’s face with his eyes. Leolin was coming on so wonderfully well that he couldn’t help but be proud of him and Harry, of course, who was such a nurturing parent that he had absolutely no worries about leaving Harry alone with his children.

Some of the submissives that he’d seen over the years had him shivering in remembered revulsion. He would never have been able to rest again and he would have definitely had to quit his job if the Mother to his children had been Miette Solange or Ameena Dewan. He wouldn’t have ever been able to entrust the submissives that he’d met in his past with his little Leolin. He thought that maybe that might have been the reason that he had rejected them without even speaking to some of them. Thinking about it just made him appreciate and love Harry all the more.

He kissed Leolin’s face and held him closer to his chest. It was so peaceful that he hardly recognised it as his own home and he absorbed that peace while he could. It would be fleeting and the next opportunity might be months away, so he took what he could get when he could get it.

It took another half an hour before the silence was broken and it was a soft noise from the baby in his arms that finally disturbed the peace. Nasta looked down at him and smiled as tiny hands reached up to rub at tired eyes. Leolin blinked open his sleepy gold eyes and Nasta smiled at him softly.

“Hello Leolin.” He greeted softly, quietly and he kept the smile up as Leolin traced every inch of his face with a critical eye, his adorable scowl already on his face.

It seemed that Leolin recognised him…at least a little, as he stopped scowling so hard and he slipped into a more neutral expression. Nasta stayed with Leolin, holding him and giving him eye contact, even when Leolin moved his gaze to elsewhere.

It’s not like he had anything else to do, there were no distractions, no other babies to give his attention to, everything was silent, so he could give this whole attention to Leolin, who seemed to be enjoying it as he kept looking back at him every so often and his mouth pulled into a smile every time he caught Nasta staring at him.

“I think you might be a little egotistical, grinning like that when you find someone looking at you.” Nasta teased Leolin. “Attention seeking, I think it’s called. I believe you get that from your Daddy Draco.”

“Da.” Leolin repeated quietly.

Leolin raised a hand to pat at his face, like he did to Harry and Nasta felt his heart soar, to even be
considered on the same level as Harry by Leolin was a huge honour. He felt a little weepy as Leolin stared hard at him, as if truly recognising him for the first time and he repeated another soft ‘Da’ to him and he brought Leolin slowly up to kiss him. He swore that he would make more time to spend one-on-one quality time with his son, even if he had to take him upstairs, into a quiet room and spend just fifteen minutes bonding with him, but this feeling of Leolin actually, truly knowing who he was, it was unfathomable, it was unmatched by almost anything else, he couldn’t help but crave more of it, he wanted Leolin’s attention and recognition.

“Are you okay?”

Nasta looked over at a sleepy Harry who was stumbling around, still wearing the stockings, garters and the little collar, and nothing else. He couldn’t help but look at Harry’s body appreciatively.

“Your Mummy definitely has a body to die for, Leolin.” Nasta told his son with a smile. “You came out of that body.”

“Alright, alright.” Harry laughed. “I really need a drink, then I’ll be hopping into the shower and getting dressed. My throat is killing me though, that was taking Max all the way into my throat. He’s just too big.”

Nasta chuckled and he couldn’t help but reach out a hand to caress Harry’s bare bum as he walked past him to the counter to get a glass of water.

“Oi, you’ve had more than enough of that for one day.” Harry told him before he gulped the water down before walking back to where Nasta was sat, getting ready to go and have a quick shower.

Nasta bent down and kissed one of Harry’s naked bum cheeks. “I can never get enough of this.” He declared. “I love you so much and I don’t say it nearly enough.”

“You don’t need to, I know that you love me, I can see it in your eyes.” Harry told him.

He took Leolin from Nasta and kissed his baby son all over his little face.

“Ma! Ma!” Leolin wriggled excitedly and Harry chuckled.
“Oh I love you, so much!” Harry declared as he nuzzled Leolin’s belly. “Here, go back to your Daddy, I need to go and have a shower.”

“Ma.”

“Yes baby, Mummy needs a shower, so you stay here with Daddy Nasta.”

“Da.”

“Yes!” Harry said with a smile and with a last kiss to Leolin and then Nasta, he went to the bathroom to clean his body.

Nasta shook his head and he stood with Leolin and he went to boil the kettle, if Harry was awake, then the others wouldn’t be far behind, Harry was not the quietest or the most graceful upon waking up, if he hadn’t kicked or stepped on at least one of the others then he’d be very surprised.

As if to prove him right, Blaise wandered into the kitchen, still half asleep. He was rubbing his ribs.

“Did Harry step on you?” He asked with a grin.

Blaise snorted. “No, he stepped on Draco, lost his balance and he sat on me. I am the smallest person next to Harry and Max is the biggest, yet he completely misses Max’s bulk and sits on me!”

Nasta chuckled and kissed Blaise’s forehead.

“Where is the klutz?” Blaise grumbled.

“In the shower.” Nasta said with a smile. “Sit yourself down; I’ll get you a coffee.”

“I think I’m still asleep, because I swear I just heard you say coffee.”

“I did, you look like you need it.”
“Ti amo.” Blaise declared gratefully and passionately.

Nasta chuckled. “I love you too, get some rest and wake yourself up a little.”

Draco came into the kitchen and he sighed. “That man is a hazard.”

“Are you hurt?”

“No, but that was not the way I would have chosen to be woken up after the way we’d fallen asleep.”

“One time he kneed my balls trying to get out of the bed.” Blaise grumbled. “We need to teach him more grace.”

“And how to be quieter when waking up.” Max groaned as he stumbled into the room. “He must have moaned loudly several times in my ear before he decided that he was actually awake and got himself up. Then of course he stood on our Draco and sat on our poor Blaise, he’s dangerous.”

Nasta couldn’t stop the laugh that came out of his mouth. He loved these four men so much that the thought of anything happening to them hurt his heart. He would always do everything that he could, as a man and as their top dominant, to protect them and keep them all safe. If he did less than that, then he didn’t deserve to have them in his life as his mates.

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Harry looked at the newly erected framed photos that now lined the walls of their home and he smiled. Pictures even from before Braiden was born now adorned the walls and it made him smile, but it also made him realise just how far he and his mates had come, how much he’d grown in the last two years under the love and attention of the four wonderful men who he’d chosen to share his life with.

He had all of his babies back under his roof and he’d given Marianna a selection of photos that she absolutely adored and which she assured them more than made up for her several hours of high activity that she was no longer used to.

Harry spooned a small portion of pasta into Calix’s mouth and watched him as he chewed and
swallowed. He opened his mouth wide and Harry put another little spoonful into his mouth.

“More.”

Harry turned and smiled as Max wasn’t moving fast enough for Farren, who had chewed and swallowed before Max could get anything more onto the spoon.


“I told you that it would be better to let him do it himself.” Harry said as he put the little spoon into Calix’s mouth and watched his little boy take the food into his mouth.

“He can’t keep the pasta on the spoon. Not even Braiden can.” Max said as he indicated to where their big boy was sat, waiting for Blaise to feed him.

Harry smiled. “I love the baby pasta, it’s so tiny.”


Harry chuckled. “That’s true.”

“We’ll have to give you a new baby so that you can start gushing over tiny fingers and toes again.” Blaise laughed.

“I think we have more than enough at the moment.” Harry said, though he averted his gaze and ducked his head.

The urge to eat cereals and other grains was growing…he believed that he was in at least his third or fourth week of his cycle. Another four or five weeks and he’d be having his heat period. He could be pregnant again when his little twins were only four months old. He didn’t know what would be worse, being pregnant again, or having a heat period every two months until he fell pregnant. The first trimester was fine, he usually had a bit of morning sickness or maybe some dizzy spells and he wouldn’t have any heat periods, but things got a little worse in his second trimester and then the third…no, he couldn’t do that again so soon, but he didn’t have a choice in
the matter, his body had already decided for him.

“Are you okay?” Nasta asked him. “You look a little out of it.”

Harry smiled. “Just thinking back to our wonderful afternoon together.” He lied, distracting his mates in the process.

Max snorted. “I still ache.”

“Are you actually complaining?” Blaise teased.

Max laughed loudly. “Never, but I do ache. I’m going to need a hot bath later.”

“I’d join you, but we’d likely end up more sore than we already are.” Harry laughed.

“You’ve had an hour long, pamper bath today!” Blaise told him.

Harry grinned. “I know, I can go straight to bed and know that I’m squeaky clean and well sated.”

“Mama.”

Harry turned to Braiden, who had the simple, basic tomato sauce that Max had made to cover the pasta smeared all over his face.

“This one on the other hand, could really use a pamper bath.”

“He’s even put it in his hair.” Blaise complained as he dropped Braiden’s empty bowl into the sink with Farren’s.

“Typical, it’s because he has so much hair. I told you, he needs it cut back neatly.” Draco lectured.
“We’ll get around to it eventually.” Max waved away.

“When it’s gone past his shoulders!” Draco complained.

“You do it then.” Harry said simply.

“You…you would let me do it?”

“Of course, you’re his Father too, just don’t do it too short!” Harry warned seriously. “I mean it, Draco, if I can see his scalp, it’s too short. Just cut it neatly to his ears, just so the shell of them is visible and then leave it.”

Draco nodded and he picked up Braiden and carried him to the bathroom.

“Was that such a good idea?” Blaise asked.

“He has to learn.” Harry replied easily. “More importantly, where is my tea?”

“It’s coming.” Nasta assured him as he messed around with five cups at the counter. “Get the kids into the living room.”

Harry nodded as he picked up Tegan and Calix and carried them into the front room. Calix went right down onto the floor, his squirmly little boy, but Tegan had her hands clenched into his shirt and didn’t want to go on the floor, despite his urging.

He sat down and settled Tegan over his chest, patting her nappy covered bum gently as he played with her ever growing hair. He yawned and settled himself further against the arm of the settee. He was so tired when it was only just five in the afternoon because of the amazing sex that he’d been engaged in only a few hours before; it had really worn him down.

“Wake up.”

Harry startled and blinked his eyes. He yawned widely and looked up at Nasta, who was smiling
above him. Tegan was fast asleep on his chest.

“That’s just mean.” Harry frowned.

“She needs to go to bed.”

“What time is it?” Harry asked in shock.

“It’s half six, you’ve been asleep for an hour or so.” Nasta smiled softly. “Your tea went cold.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to waste it.”

“That’s okay. I’ve sent Max to get you a fresh one, but this little girl needs to be changed and settled in her cot.”

Harry nodded as he eased himself up with Tegan and he kissed her sleeping face gently before Nasta eased her up and into his own arms as he carried her up to bed.

Harry rubbed his face and sat up with yet another yawn.

“You don’t normally nap.” Blaise told him with a smile.

“You sexually aggressive beasts wore me out.” Harry laughed. “I need a nap and a good sleep tonight… I hope Leolin settles.” He added worriedly.

“He went to sleep just lovely.” Max told him as he came in with a cup of tea for him. “Here, get this down you.”

“He’s getting attached to Nasta.” Draco told him. “All he had to do to go to sleep tonight was see Nasta’s face.”

Harry smiled. “I’m glad. He seems to be striving for more independence lately and if he switches his attachment to you guys as well instead of just me, then I’ll be happy. How was Braiden’s
“Nerve wracking, but it looks a lot better.” Draco assured him.

Harry looked the Blaise.

“It really does look better; I think Draco could become a hair dresser…if he would listen to what other people want instead of just doing what he pleases.”

“Did you at least keep his hair to his ears?” Harry asked. “I won’t have him with a shaved head.”

“Its four inches long around his head and two inches at the back.” Draco told him. “He looks good, sophisticated.”

“He’s not even two!” Harry laughed. “He doesn’t need to look sophisticated or snobby.”

Draco snorted. “Of course he does. I will not have a son who looks unkempt.”

Harry rolled his eyes and drank his tea.

“It’s a Pureblood thing.” Max told him. “Like submissive Drackens, they try to outdo one another, an unkempt, scruffy child reflects badly on the parents. Every little detail is scrutinised, their outfit, their hair, their face, if they have clean, smooth fingernails, clean socks and unblemished skin. It’s all a load of rubbish, but the hardcore Purebloods take it very seriously, so naturally Draco will and maybe even Blaise.”

“Aren’t your family Purebloods?” Harry asked.

Max nodded immediately. “And Nasta’s, every single Dracken can link their family back to a Pureblood line, because the Dracken blood is only in the Pureblood lines, Harry. In fact, all creature blood is in the Pureblood lines, magical creatures are very picky about blood, particularly the vampires, naturally. Only the purest will do.”
“Really? I never knew that…but then the Blacks are related to a lot of people.”

“All the Pureblood lines are intertwined.” Draco told him. “There are less than sixty Pureblood families worldwide and the Blacks have links to nearly all of them.”

“I thought it was only Britain that did the whole Pureblood thing.”

All three of his mates just looked at one another and then laughed. Harry rolled his eyes and drank another mouthful of tea.

“No, love. The Malfoy family is relatively new to Britain; my ancestors were originally from France.” Draco told him.

“The Zabinis are a very old Italian Pureblood line.” Blaise shrugged. “But my Mother is French too, the Lavelle line, my Mother’s maiden family, are old French Purebloods.”

“The Maddisons are originally Greek. Way, way, way back, I’m not even talking generations, but a couple of centuries. We came over to England and we stayed, I think we still have family back in Greece, probably all over the world, but they’re no longer recognised as blood related, our Drackens certainly wouldn’t see us as related.”

“I wonder what the Potters were.” Harry said thoughtfully. “I never really thought about it before.”

“They’re English through and through, at least as far back as the records go. They sprouted from the Peverell line, which is also English as far back as the records go.” Draco informed him.

“There are…twenty-eight Pureblood families in Britain?” Harry asked.

Draco shook his head. “Twenty-nine now because you were officially accepted back into the Pureblood fold after you ‘married’ four other Purebloods. Our children are all considered Pureblood too, well, except for Leolin, he’s classed as a Faerie, but then the Faeries reject all notions of blood purity.”

“I think I remember Parkinson saying something about that.”
“She told her parents, who took it upon themselves to verify the information and then they rounded up all the other Pureblood families and they had an in depth discussion about it. You’re officially welcomed back.”

Harry snorted. “It’s a political thing, I’m sure.” He said. “Because of the defeat of Voldemort, they want to be seen supporting me and not Voldemort now that he’s gone for good.”

Draco nodded in agreement. “It likely is, yes, but that’s besides the point, your family is a Pureblooded one and our children are Pureblooded.”

“Don’t the Purebloods have a get together like the Drackens?” Nasta asked, just appearing out of nowhere, but he’d obviously been following their conversation for a while.

“If you can call it that.” Draco scoffed. “Its afternoon tea with a heap of aggravation, politics, sneering, gloating, boasting and one upping everyone else there. Mother took me a few times when I was a child to show off how well groomed, eloquent and educated I was.”

Max snorted. “What happened?”

Harry laughed and Draco just sneered, raising a pale eyebrow. He didn’t dignify Max’s comment with a verbal response.

“Shouldn’t you be going to one of those?” Blaise asked.

Draco shrugged. “I’m invited every other month, I always decline, we’re always too busy and all five of us going and taking all eight kids, that would be a disaster.”

“So just go by yourself and take Braiden or Farren with you, they’re well behaved…or even Leolin, he won’t cause any sort of fuss. Then Regan doesn’t fuss either, it’s mostly just Tegan, because she likes talking and holding conversations and Calix because he just won’t keep still and wants to get into everything.”

“Eva and Ave are too loud.” Harry said with a smile. “I definitely recommend Braiden, he loves you and he likes going places.”
“I don’t like going to afternoon tea with those people.” Draco sniffed.

“It’s rude to ignore so many requests.” Harry said. “I’ll go, should I wear my brown jumper or the yellow one.”

“You said that you’d binned those!” Draco hissed in repulsion. “You promised me that you’d thrown them out!”

“I’m not throwing away perfectly good jumpers just because you have a too high a standard of clothing.”

“They’re four sizes too big for you, they’re full of holes, the brown one is fraying at the hem and they’re both hideous colours!”

“Alright, calm down, you’ll give yourself a stroke if you carry on.” Max said. “Instead of focusing on the bad points, focus on the good!”

“Good? What good?!” Draco almost exploded.

“The brown jumper is bigger than the yellow one and it shows off this absolutely delectable shoulder.” Max said as he pulled Harry’s shirt aside and he nibbled along the skin. Harry laughed and squirmed as Max’s mouth tickled him.

“Actually, if Harry pulls that jumper up to cover this shoulder, it’s so big at the neckline that the other shoulder pops out to say hello.” Max said as he moved to kiss and nibble along Harry’s other shoulder, making him laugh and squirm harder.

“The yellow jumper has more holes too; one particular hole that I like is on the front, it shows this pretty, pink nipple, doesn’t it?” Max asked Harry as his hand went up Harry’s shirt to play with his right nipple; abused from that afternoon and ringed with a set of teeth marks that he thought might have been Nasta’s. In fact, it probably was Nasta’s, his top dominant would always have his biting fetish.

“You’re just teasing me now.” Harry said with a smile as he tilted his head back to see Max’s face.
Max kissed him on the mouth, then did so again and then a third time. “Maybe just a little.” He answered with a smile filled with love as he pulled Harry back with him to sit on his lap.

Harry shuffled around, swinging his legs sideways so that he could cuddle in fully and he gripped Max’s shirt. It smelt of their fabric softener. He pressed his ear against that strong heartbeat, smiling as Max laughed under his head, his chest shaking with his laughs. He was asleep within minutes; he didn’t remember being carried to bed or being tucked in a few hours later.

Harry forced a smile as he slipped away to the table of drinks and light finger foods at one end of the huge, rented, function hall. Talia had invited a lot of people to her twenty-eighth birthday and she was having a grand time, Harry just wished that she hadn’t invited so many young, single men. Young, single men who seemed to think that he was a woman. When he’d gone to complain to his mates, Draco and Max had almost broken a rib each trying not to laugh and Harry had stormed away again.

He smoothed down his shirt, which met his jeans seamlessly; his dragonhide boots were masculine in design, what the hell made these inebriated men think that he was a woman?

He played with his hair and though it was a little long, he didn’t think the messy, odd tufts were at all girly and his face certainly wasn’t. He clenched his hands, those damn idiot strangers didn’t know what they were talking about, it had to have been the free flowing drink from the open bar.

He made his way to the bar now and hailed a bartender.

“What can I get you?” The man asked.

“Something…anything.” Harry said aggravatedly.

The man laughed. “That bad?” He asked sympathetically as he got a little shot glass and filled it with something before dumping it into a bigger glass of something else. “Here, this will help.”

Harry sipped at it and screwed up his face at the almost acidic burn. It hit his belly just right though and he smiled.

“Thanks for this. I need something to take my mind away from the idiots here.”
The bartender laughed. “I’m Paul.”

“Nice to meet you, my name’s Harry.”

The man pulled back a little, looking shocked. Harry groaned.

“Not you too!” Harry sighed. “Half the idiots here think I’m a woman, you can piss off too.”

Paul laughed. “It’s your eyes. They look feminine, you have very long, thick eyelashes and with how big and bright they are…I don’t think anyone else is looking anywhere other than your eyes, I know I never, so we just come to the conclusion that you’re a girl.”

“Well I’m not. I want another one of these!” Harry demanded as he drained the glass and pushed it back at Paul.

Paul laughed. “How about dinner, say tomorrow night?”

Harry laughed. “You are seriously barking up the wrong tree.”

“Come on, being with another guy is fun.” Paul insisted.

“I know that, I’m completely gay, but I have four lovers.”

Paul’s eyes widened. “Four of them?! Do they know about one another? You, you’ve really surprised me saying that.”

Harry laughed harder. “Of course they know about one another! We live together. We have eight children too.”

“How old are you?!” Paul demanded.
“Eighteen.” Harry smiled. “I’ll be nineteen in two months.”

“Wow, you really don’t look that old, to have eight children so young!”

Harry nodded. “I had one boy, then I had quintuplets, four boys and a girl and then I had twin girls in January.”

“Ah, so it was because of the set of five that threw you so high? Why did you have more after you already had six?”

“I’ve always wanted a big family; I don’t see the point of contraception, so I won’t use it. Thus I get pregnant often, not that I mind. I’ll probably have another baby some when soon.”

“Don’t you think that’s a bit much?” Paul told him.

Harry snorted. “I hardly care. I want what I want; I don’t care about other people or their opinions. I’m happy, my four lovers are happy, what else matters?”

“Well you certainly need four of them to help you out with eight children.” Paul laughed. “Do you want another drink?”

“I better not. I’m already feeling a little blurry and light headed. That is some strong stuff.”

“Go on, have one more. It’s a birthday party after all.”

Harry nodded. “I like Talia, she makes me laugh.”

“She’s a popular girl. She knows all sorts of people, including you.”

Harry nodded as he accepted his third, very strong drink. He said goodbye to Paul and wandered away, he never noticed the man nod to a group of other men, who nodded back and followed him.
He didn’t know where he was meandering to, only that everything was starting to blur much worse than it should have from only three drinks. He stumbled and almost fell, but someone held him under his arms and chuckled in his ear, holding him around the chest.

“Easy there, are you okay? Do you need a moment to wash your face? I think you had a bit too much to drink.”

The person was speaking too fast, he couldn’t understand and he just grunted, trying to understand what was being said to him. He found himself suddenly in a bathroom and he heard the door close and then lock. He panicked.

“Woah, come on, we just want a bit of fun. Paul thinks that you’ll be fun.”

Harry felt a Portkey jerk at his navel and he tried to think, but his brain was fuzzy…there was something else in those damn drinks that shouldn’t have been.

He fell flat on his face on the landing, he was dizzy, queasy, he didn’t know where he was or what was happening. The first thing he heard was a terrified woman screaming for help.

“What sort of woman did you bring?” A man grunted. “The other one is no fun.”

“A cute one, amazing eyes. Paul picked her.”

Another man snorted harshly. “That isn’t a woman, that’s a guy.”

“What?”

“No tits and a shirt done up to the collar. That makes two guys now, tell Paul to send some more bitches!”

“But Paul…”

“Likes it both ways.” A man further back answered. “Doesn’t matter to me like, a hole is a hole. Looks like we get two boys to play with, Kirk came back with another one a couple minutes before
you. At least this one is small and pretty, the other one looks older and he’s muscled and more handsome than pretty. You lot know I like the pretty boys better.”

A hand touched his boot, presumably to pull it off and Harry had a moment of clarity where everything fell into place and he kicked out with his other leg, smashing his boot into a man’s face, feeling the crunch of cartilage.

“You little fucking shit! I’ll kill you!”

Harry staggered to his feet and swallowed hard, he tried to follow where everything and everyone was, but he couldn’t and he inevitably got punched in the face. He hit the floor again like a stack of bricks.

Both boots got taken from him and his jeans. He screamed in wordless denial and he lashed out again, but he was held down and he heard men sniggering and laughing at his lumbering attempts to save himself. A woman in another room screamed again. He thought of his mates and then in another moment of clarity, he screamed again, hiding a distress call within it.

He felt three confused rumbles and he screamed at them harder as he fought to get his hands free. One call came to him much closer though…in the other room and he felt bile in his throat as he realised that one of his mates was in the same situation as he was. The other man who had been brought here was one of his own mates. One of his mates had been drugged and kidnapped too and might, even now, be being raped in the other room.

He was punched in the stomach and he roared in fury, wriggling his legs and bashing his knobbly knees into as much flesh as he could that was the man on top of him.

“Stop fighting so hard, you really do want this. I’ll even prepare you, so just lay still and then we’ll be done in a couple of hours, after we’ve all had a turn.”

Harry heard men sniggering again and he wanted to kill them all. Every single last fucking one of them. He flexed his fingers and his claws were just there, tearing through the hands that were pinning him to the floor.

The man started screaming as fast and as loudly as he could draw breath, cradling his ruined hands as Harry’s venom went to work…he’d be dead within minutes.

If he wasn’t quite so drunk, perhaps he might have realised how paramount his actions were, how dangerous for him and his family, but he didn’t as he leapt onto the man who had been on top of him, stabbing his claws in deep and tearing.

He stumbled to a door and barged it open and inside were more men and a passed out woman. He dodged the attempt that the tired, sated men made to grab him and stumbled through another door. Here he found even more men and a bloodied, partially naked Blaise. He screamed in absolute rage and he flew at the man on top of his mate and he went straight for his neck, biting into it hard with
his fangs.

He was grabbed from behind and hit in the face, a knee catching his chest as he hunched over in pain. He heard his first mate roaring in anger off to his right as Blaise tried to fight off the men holding him down, trying to reach him to help him.

Harry’s silk shirt was ripped and he snarled in fury, it had been a present from one of his mates, his blond mate. He screamed at the remaining three of his mates again, they snarled back at him, comforting him, they were on their way and they were angry.

“Right you little bastard, hiding fucking knives in your damn sleeves!” The new man on top of him shouted in his face, pinning him back to the floor as stars danced in his vision from the last punch to the head.

“Get the fuck off of me!” He screamed, letting out another distress call.

“Stop fucking screeching you little bitch!”

“Get off him or I’ll rip out your fucking throat!” His mate roared.

He was forced to watch, pinned down as he was, as his mate was beat upon and thrown back to the floor on wobbly legs that had lost their trousers. He’d been drugged too.

Another man came and held his arms down, this time he pinned his wrists, not his hands and Harry couldn’t break free. He screamed as loudly as he could, letting out his most distressed call yet as he realised that if his mates didn’t come here in the next few minutes then they’d never be able to have any more children. He screamed again and he felt a dozen comforting grumbles come back to him. The family were on their way to him, as fast as they could, he just hoped that they got here in time before anything happened to him or Blaise.

“No one can hear you, this place is warded! Stop making so much fucking noise you little slut!”

An arm went across his windpipe and just like that, his breathing was cut off as an immense pressure was pushed onto his neck. His legs kicked out, but they couldn’t reach the man who had spread his thighs and was sat between them hunched over him and he couldn’t get his hands free from the other man. A click had him bucking his body in rage; someone was taking photos of him like this.

His vision was going white and his body became heavy, lethargic as the lack of oxygen started affecting his body, he tried to breathe, but that arm pressed harder against his windpipe, almost crushing it. That was when the door flew off its hinges and the weight was just suddenly gone from
his body. He rolled into a ball and sucked in huge, gasping breaths. Someone touched his hair and he flinched away.

“It’s alright, sweet one. It’s Alexander.” A soothing, calming voice told him and Harry felt tears leak out of his eyes and suddenly he was sobbing his heart out.

His hair was stroked and his back was rubbed and Harry found himself vomiting. Alexander moved him away from the noisome fluid and sat him up, keeping up his soft words and comforting touches.

Nasta was there then, hunched in front of him, cupping his chin, checking him over and snarling at every injury that he could see and all of those that he could scent out.

“Let me get you home…”

“Blaise! How is Blaise?!” Harry demanded.

Nasta looked away behind him and Harry peeked around Nasta to see a bloodied Blaise, naked from the waist down, tearing the fuck out of what he assumed had once been a man.

“He’s alright, he wants to get revenge for you, not himself. That was the man that was pinning you down. I got the one who had you by the throat.” Nasta explained.

“The…the camera.” Harry said. “One of them had a camera, he was taking photos…I don’t, I don’t want anyone to have them.”

Harry heard Max roar at that and he stalked over to where Harry was looking, to a man dead against the wall. He started searching him for the camera. He looked magnificent in his full Dracken form. His shirt in tatters as his giant, bright blue wings stretched to their fullest, the tips fluttering, almost vibrating, angrily.

He found the camera and took out the roll of film. He then smashed the camera against the wooden floor and stomped on it.

“Get Harry and Blaise home. We’ll clean this up.” Myron said seriously, he was in full Dracken form too, his jet black wings out and hovering behind him like spectral shadows, his arms were covered with blood almost up to his elbows.
Nasta eased him into his arms and stood up; Harry clung to him, still a little dizzy and nauseous.

“Claire is waiting back at your home, to check them both over.”

Nasta growled deeply, roughly in his throat, even as he nodded his agreement. He took one last look around, held Harry tighter and then spun on the spot, Apparating them both back home.

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Harry didn’t remember much of what happened once he got back, only that their living room was filled with Max’s relatives, who had all been at the party. Nasta hovered over him like an overprotective bear and watched Claire’s every move like a hawk.

Harry drifted in and out of consciousness as it emerged that he’d been heavily drugged and likely would have been completely helpless if he hadn’t been a Dracken and that his neck and the left side of his face would likely heavily bruise. He was unconscious when his other three mates came back home with Alexander and Myron. Blaise was being carried, much to his ire, by a very, very angry, overprotective Max, but Harry was dimly aware of a conversation about those men not being invited to Talia’s party.

“Tender!” Harry choked out, his voice gratingly rough.

“Hey, calm down. It’s alright, you’re home now, you’re safe.” Nasta soothed patiently as he turned around to face him immediately and smoothed his hair out of his sweaty face with gentle hands.

Harry blinked at him. He was sat on the edge of the settee that Harry was laying on, protecting and shielding him from the rest of the room.

“Bartender.” Harry repeated. “He…he did this, invited his friends and slipped them in so they… they could steal girls. They wanted a girl, they thought I was a girl…told you those men weren’t right when they called me a girl.”

“You’ve been drugged, Harry, you aren’t making any sense.” Nasta told him kindly.
“No, he is.” Max said as he shoved his fingers through his hair. “He came to me and Draco, a group of men were heckling him because they thought that he was a woman, but we just laughed. I didn’t think it would be this serious, I just thought a few of Talia’s friends were a bit too drunk and had confused Harry for a woman.”

“Which bartender, Harry?” Myron asked him calmly.

“Paul…his name was Paul. He wanted…wanted dinner with me.” Harry said dreamily as he slipped back out of consciousness. He was dimly aware of Blaise groggily telling them that he’d also been served by the same bartender, a man named Paul, who’d hit on him and offered him a date.

When he next woke up it was morning, probably late morning at that or even noon if how bright it was, was any indication. He was in his bed, soft and warm in his cotton pyjamas, which were done up to the collar and the drawstring bottoms had been tied so tightly that there was no way they could even accidentally slip off his hips. He was snuggled up tight to Blaise.

He frowned into the pillow as memories of the previous day worked through his rapidly awakening brain. Talia’s birthday, giving her, her present that afternoon and then later in the night they had gone to her party. That was when his mind made the leap and he shot up.

“Woah, are you okay? Are you going to be sick?”

Harry looked at Max, who was sat happily in the rocking chair by the bedside. He was panting heavily and he put a hand to his head.

“I think I’m okay.” He croaked out. He moved a hand to touch his sore throat, but Max stopped him with a gentle hand.

“It is badly bruised, I’ve applied a bruise salve to it, so it’s best not to touch it.”

“Why does it always have to be me, Max?” He asked.

“You’re a little trouble magnet, that’s why.”

That made Harry smile tiredly as he eased his aching body back down into the bed.
“Did you get the kids back from Mrs Weasley?”

Max nodded. “She was horrified and upset when we told her what had happened to you and Blaise. We didn’t give her the exact details, only that you’d both been attacked at the party, she made you some chicken soup. It’s a good idea with how painful it’s going to be for you to swallow.”

“I want some.” Harry said. “My mouth feels like cotton wool.”

“That would be the drugs you were given. You’ve been sweating them out all night.”

“Potion?” Harry asked.

Max’s eyebrows lowered as he considered what he might be asking.

“Drugs in potion form?” Harry clarified. “I didn’t see tablets.”

“They were pills, Harry. It’s common for the bartender to keep you talking, so that you don’t look at your drink, or mostly to stop you noticing the fizzing tablets in the bottom of the glass.”

“I feel like a fool.”

“Don’t, none of this was ever your fault, or Blaise’s for that matter, you were both specially targeted by a group of men who had obviously done things like this before. But don’t worry they can’t hurt anyone anymore.”

“I killed two of them.” He said.

“Yes, you did and between us, we killed the other eleven and my Dad went to pay the bartender a little visit too. You’re safe now.”

“Should have stayed by you and the others.”
“Don’t be ridiculous. This sort of thing doesn’t happen every day and you certainly don’t need to stay by our sides all day every day just to feel safe, you shouldn’t have to. Nasta called your mind Healer though, he’s booked you in for an emergency appointment so that you can talk this through with him, between him and us, you’ll be fine.”

“Blaise?”

“He’s woken up, he’s just angry that he couldn’t do more to help you. He was very heavily drugged. I’m surprised that he was still conscious when we arrived. Of course we’ve told him that and explained that he was drugged too, but he feels like a failure as a dominant, so he’s going to need your adoring attentions for a while, but he’ll be just fine. You arrived just after him from what we can tell, no one managed to do anything of that sort to either of you.”

Harry nodded. “I still want that soup.”

Max smiled and kissed his forehead. “I’ll go and get you some, maybe some chilled juice as well, it’ll help your throat. You need some potions too, now that you’re awake.”

Harry nodded sluggishly.

“Don’t move too much, you’re still hurt and Nasta will have my balls on a plate.”

Harry smiled tiredly even as he closed his eyes and rested some more. His body felt too heavy. This attack reminded him of Theodore Nott and Astoria Greengrass, hell he hadn’t thought of that in a long while…he hoped that soon this would be the same and it would just be a distant memory that he never had to think about, he couldn’t believe that Blaise had been targeted and attacked too.

He turned to his sleeping mate and kissed his cheek, laying himself back down and shifting closer to Blaise and pressing against him gently.

Another event in his life that he didn’t want to think about and wasn’t ever reminded about. He couldn’t help thinking, as he drifted off to sleep, that this attack was somehow different. Nott’s attack had been personal; he’d known the motivation behind it, he’d known why Nott had attacked him. Somehow, just being a victim of a random attack that could have happened to anyone, where he’d been targeted for no real reason and with no motivation behind it, it just seemed worse.
He was treated with kid gloves for the next few days, his mates spoke softly and quietly around him, even Blaise who had been attacked with him, they didn’t let him do anything, he hadn’t even been able to move out of the bed for the first two days, where he’d been hand fed soup and helped to drink juice and tea and encouraged to rest and sleep, though he was appeased slightly that Blaise was subjected to the same treatment, but the others never spoke to Blaise like he would break, only him.

Draco, Max and Nasta hadn’t let him out of the bed and had even escorted him personally to the bathroom, remaining with him and blocking all his attempts to look at himself in the mirror before hurrying him back into bed. It was infuriating.

The pain potions worked a treat and the bruise salve meant that just three days later, on the twenty-third, no bruising remained on his face, body or neck. He hadn’t been able to see exactly how bad it had gotten, but he knew just from their faces and how long it had taken to heal with potions that it had been very bad.

He could now eat semi-solids, things like jellies, mashed up vegetables and yoghurts, he felt like one of the kids as he was served a mashed up meal and a small bowl of yoghurt that he’d only been allowed to eat himself by wrestling the spoon away from Blaise, who’d been too worried about hurting him further to actually put up a real fight for the spoon. Of course his mate was allowed to eat by himself and he was being treated as normal, though perhaps a little more gently, but still pretty much normal. Harry felt sympathy for Draco now, who’d been treated like this after his fevers, only Harry had helped him out a bit by taking Nasta’s attention away from the blond, Draco was not repaying the favour.

“Just don’t push yourself. Claire said to take it easy.” Blaise told him.

“I hardly think spooning baby food into my mouth counts as exerting myself.” Harry said dryly as he picked at his unappetising food. “Besides, you were drugged and attacked too, why aren’t you sat here next to me having baby food spooned into your mouth?!”

“I’m completely fine. I’m not even sore.” Blaise told him.

“I’m fine too!” Harry insisted.

It was hard to believe that less than a week ago he’d been sorting through photos of happy memories and dressing up in little shorts to entice his mates into sex. It was like a bad dream and he dropped his head into his hand. He was glad that those bastards were all dead, even Paul the bartender, because if they hadn’t been, he would be out there right now, hunting the fuckers down so that he could strip their flesh from their bones.
“I don’t want this.” Harry said as he pushed the tray away from himself. “I want meat, go hunting for me?” He asked Blaise.

“I…I don’t know, love, your throat…”

“Works perfectly fine now, thank you. I want something I can sink my teeth into; I want warm flesh and blood, please.”

Blaise nodded and he left the room. Harry took his untouched tray back into the kitchen where his babies were being fed what looked like exactly the same thing that he hadn’t wanted to eat and he picked up Leolin.

“Harry, maybe you should…”

“If you try telling me what to do for one more minute I am going to find something to hit you with.” He swore seriously. “I’ve had enough of the kid treatment; I want things to go back to normal.”

“Can they?” Max asked him. “Can things really go back to how they were now?”

“Yes, of course they can, you lot just need to let go and let me and the mind Healer sort everything out. You treat Blaise the same, so give me the same respect and consideration.”

“How is it going with him, he’s never called you in on consecutive days before.” Nasta said worriedly.

“Things are going fine, I’m working through the thoughts, feelings and emotions I had that night… not that I remember much of them thanks to that drug, but he wants to see me so often because we’re making good headway and he doesn’t want to ruin that. It’s Talia you need to be talking to, she feels awful about this even though it’s not her fault…the bartender came with the venue, it’s not her fault that that place was as big as she needed for her birthday and I know now that though I didn’t ruin her party, as I didn’t know Blaise and I were going to be attacked, neither did she. No one knew that was going to happen and really, if it hadn’t have been me and Blaise, it would have been someone else…like Alayla, Amelle or even Talia herself.”

Max snarled ferociously at that thought and at once, eight babies went still and silent. Max calmed
himself and blew out a huge breath.

“I know, I need to keep better control, but those pieces of slime really piss me off.”

“Language.” Harry chastised, in a complete imitation of Myron that made all three of them laugh.

“If you’re truly feeling better, then we’ll back off, but please don’t hide any pain or hurt that you’re feeling over this, we want to help you get better, with the mind Healer’s help.”

Harry nodded. “I know I’m going to be a bit messed up for a while. At least with certain things, but I don’t like this tiptoeing around me, the soft, lowered voices as if I’m some untameable, wild animal that’s going to lash out at any moment. It makes me feel worse. And no more baby food!” He added. “Claire said that my throat is fine, I can swallow normally, thank you.”

“Okay, no more mashed up food. Do you want something else instead?”

“I’ve already got it on order.” Harry said with a smile.

“You ordered take away?” Nasta asked.

“Eh, sort of. Blaise has gone hunting; I just want to tear something up with my teeth.”

“You sent out Blaise?” Nasta demanded.

“He’s fine, we’re both fine.” Harry stressed. “He wanted to hunt for me and he’s perfectly capable of bringing down a deer for us to eat. I need to rip up something.”

His two mates just looked at him. He rolled his eyes. “I am aware that this has links to the filth that attacked me and Blaise, I want to feel flesh under my teeth, hot blood and warm meat, but it has also been a while since any of you lazy bums have hunted for me.”

“Bum!”
Harry looked at Regan in shock and he groaned. “What are the chances of him not shouting that out the next time we take him shopping?”

“About twenty percent.” Max told him.

“Bum!” Regan repeated happily, and loudly.

“Make that zero.” Max amended.

Harry just shared a look with the two other men and all three of them burst out laughing.

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The kid treatment had only just stopped when he was told by a concerned Richard that their trial was starting back up the next day.

“I really don’t think that you need this right now, Harry.” Richard told him when Harry insisted that he was going to court.

“No, you’re wrong. I need to do it; I’ve always needed to do it. I was randomly, senselessly attacked, I know. But those people abused and neglected me throughout my childhood, I need to see them get what they deserve, I need to hear with my own ears what they’re saying about me, I need to hear what possible excuses they can come up with for how they treated me.”

“How’s it going with the mind Healer?”

“Good. We’ve been focusing more on the recent attack than my past issues, but he’s definitely helping to soothe me and calm me down over the whole thing, he’s suggested that I take self-defence classes, he says that it might help me relax more and feel more in control and able to protect myself.”

“Max is good with fighting; he had too many Uncles wrestling with him as a child.”
“Max has been a huge help with it.” Harry said with a smile towards his biggest mate. “He even lets me actually get a hit in now and then.”

Richard chuckled a bit before he sighed and ran a hand through his hair. “Are you sure you want to come to the court?”

Harry nodded adamantly. “Yes. I think it’ll do more harm to me than good if I stop going to the court. It’ll be too much like hiding away and like I’m not facing my past issues. I’ve come this far in my recovery, I can’t jeopardise it now.”

“Then I’ll be back for you tomorrow morning at half nine again. We’ll get you a little something at the café before we go in, but it will last a little longer this time, now that the trial is actually starting. We’ll have a break for lunch though and we should be done for the day in the afternoon.”

Harry nodded and took a shaky breath. He could do this. His mind Healer, Sebastian Vasey, was adamant that seeing through the court proceedings would help him to face the rest of his lingering issues and he would see this through. He could and he would face his issues and he would get better, from what the Dursleys had done to him, to what those monsters had done to him last week. He would not only get over this, but he would face it, heal it and put it behind him. As his mind Healer said, he was a strong, independent man and he could do anything that he put his mind to with the right help and support that he needed.

They said goodbye to Richard and Harry sighed, mentally preparing himself for seeing the Dursleys tomorrow. He was going to be just fine, after this attack and through this court case, because he had all the support that he needed from his lovers.

He looked at his four mates; elegant, regal Draco. Suave, handsome Blaise. Strong, entertaining Max and stern, dependable Nasta. His rocks, his support, his beloved mates. They would see him through this, he knew they would and he trusted them to support him, to hold him up when he needed them to. He would get through this; he knew he would, because he had the best support system in the world.

“Come on, dinner’s about ready.” Max coaxed him off of the settee, shimmying him into the kitchen.

Harry grinned at him and allowed himself to be hurried to the kitchen table.

“I made lamb today; I know it’s one of your favourite meats.” Max told him, nuzzling his face with his nose.
Harry laughed and sat himself down. Max was always making him laugh these days, since the attack. It relaxed all of his mates to see him laughing and they always broke him out of anything that looked remotely like pensive brooding. They didn’t let him think too hard about anything that had happened and for that, he was equal parts grateful and frustrated.

Nasta was in a good mood as well as he talked about their children and about the translations that Blaise had done from the hideous black book that Harry had given to him, Blaise had done a lot of translating in the past few days when he was stuck on bed rest with him.

Max spoke of potions, of the latest letter that Caesar had sent to him, regaling them with stories of what Eleonora and Beatrice were up to and the conversation was kept well away from the court case, the attack, Harry’s mind Healer and Harry found himself smiling as he cut up his food and ate happily. He got a surprise after dinner though, as Nasta had left the kitchen saying that he’d heard something over the baby monitor that none of them had heard.

He came back ten minutes later, as they were just getting ready to settle in the living room with the tea that Draco had made because he hadn’t wanted Blaise to get up and do it, he had naturally slipped Blaise a cup of coffee over tea in Nasta’s absence.

“Max, put a spell on those dishes. One night won’t hurt anyone. I’ve got a surprise.”

“I knew that you never heard anything over that monitor!” Harry accused. “You’re just being all sneaky.”

Nasta grinned as he pulled Harry into a hug and pulled him into the living room. Harry’s mouth dropped. The entire coffee table was covered with sweets and chocolate, including Draco’s missing Ice Mice and Peppermint Toads and Harry’s half eaten missing bar of fudge chocolate.

“You’re not well, Nasta!” Harry declared as he teasingly felt his mate’s temperature.

“I’m fine, but I’ve come to the realisation that I need to loosen up a little. So once a month we’ll be sitting down after the kids have gone to bed, we’ll watch as many films as we can stay awake for and we can have a binge on chocolate.”

“You’re my favourite person in the whole wide world.” Harry declared as he wrapped his arms around Nasta and snogged him.

“I thought I was!” Max pouted.
“Obviously I’m only telling Nasta that to get chocolate.” Harry stage whispered. “You’re still my favourite really.”

Max laughed deeply as he swiped Harry and carried him to the chocolate stash, where Harry immediately seized his ‘stolen’ fudge chocolate bar and bit into it. He moaned happily.

The others joined them and they all squashed themselves onto the same settee, Harry sat on Max with his legs thrown over Draco’s lap and Blaise sat on Nasta’s lap.

“What film do we watch first?” Blaise asked.

“There was one that Max wanted to watch the other day, but we never had the time, put that one on.” Harry declared as he bit off an absolutely huge chunk of chocolate, chewing on it and sucking slowly to get the maximum flavour.

If Nasta kept this new routine up, then Harry could definitely see him being an incredibly happy man in the coming months. He wasn’t completely fooled. It wasn’t a coincidence that this ‘idea’ had struck Nasta on the same day that Richard had come to tell him about the court case resuming just a week after he and Blaise had been viciously attacked, no.

Nasta had done this on purpose just to keep him happy and contented and he was glad that his mate had thought to do this for him, because it did make him happy. He just hoped that when the court case was over and done with and the attack and the Dursleys were just nightmares of his past, that Nasta still kept up this…sort of mini date night, even if it was only once a month, because if Nasta was doing this just until the end of the court case, then Harry would be very unhappy when he had this quality time, shared and spent with his mates, taken away from him. He didn’t want that, especially not when his heat period was coming ever closer.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: It’s bonfire night tonight, which means lots of fireworks. My poor Jethro is terrified of fireworks, so he’s having lots of cwtches and treats today, but there’s not much else I can do for him, my poor little boy.

I hope you’ve enjoyed this chapter, a little bit of smut, some fluff and an added touch of angst. Next chapter we have the continuation of the court case, so lots of Richard and a bit of Myron…I do like Myron.

Anyway, I hope you’ve all enjoyed this chapter, I’ll see you all soon. I believe Lycanthrope Factory is going to be updated next on the schedule, until then,
StarLight Massacre. X
Justice Beginnings

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Ninety-Seven – Justice Beginnings

Harry was on a high the next morning, walking around with Eva slung over his shoulder, his baby daughter still not dressed as she gurgled wetly as he rushed into this room and that one, taking her with him.

He believed that he was still on a hyperactive run from all the chocolate that he’d eaten last night, but proving Nasta wrong, he did not have a belly ache from it and he’d even managed breakfast today, he just couldn’t sit still.

“You’ll make that baby sick.” Draco warned him even as he made tea for everyone at the counter.

Harry laughed as he patted Eva’s nappy clad bum under her nightdress.

“She’s fine; she’s a robust, hardy little girl.” He boasted as he once again left the kitchen for the living room after picking up a cup of tea…he knew that Max had put a calming draught in there because he’d heard Nasta beg him to calm him down somehow. He didn’t mind.
“Do you want to change?” Blaise asked him, holding out Ave. “I need to get Eva bathed and dressed.”

Harry nodded as he put his cup down and switched babies, handing over Eva and putting his other beautiful little girl over his shoulder and picking up his tea again.

“Sit down with Ave.” Nasta told him. “She spit up this morning, I don’t think her belly will take you walking her around in circles.”

Harry did as he was told and he almost felt the calming draught in the tea taking effect as he sighed, his body calming from the buzzing hyper activity of minutes before.

“That’s some potent potion.” He chuckled as he snuggled with Ave and nuzzled her little ear. She burbled at him.

“Ah ma.”

Harry grinned at his little girl and kissed her cheek gently as she stared at him.

“You seem better this week that you were the last time.” Max told him.

Harry shrugged. “As horrible as it is, that attack really helped me. There is only one time in my life that I have ever been more afraid than I was in that shitty warehouse and that was when I had that shit fit nightmare at Myron’s house. Being that scared, thinking that I was about to be violated and the thought that I might never be able to have children again…it’s made me realise that this court case is nothing. Why should I be so afraid? Nothing can happen to me, no one can hurt me. It’s just memories and memories shouldn’t be able to hurt me, because they’ve already happened. I’ve lived through that before, why should I be afraid of it now when I know that I can’t be hurt?”

Nasta came and kissed him and Harry smiled.

“I’m so happy that you’ve come to this conclusion.” His top dominant told him as he kissed Harry again while his fingers played with Ave’s curly hair. “Your memories can’t hurt you if you don’t let them and not a single one of us would let you go anywhere if we thought that you’d be hurt.”
Harry nodded. “Looking back, I can’t believe that I was so scared of something that can’t even hurt me.”

Blaise smiled at him. “It’s alright to be afraid of the unknown.” He parroted. He’d said something similar the first time that Harry had had to go to court.

“I know what to expect now, it wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be. I should be alright today, but it’s going to be longer and I’m going to miss you all.”

“We’ll be right here waiting for you, and I think you’ve spent more than enough time with the kids to tide them over until you get back.”

“I can never spend enough time with them.” Harry declared passionately.

Nasta chuckled and kissed him again. “Go and get yourself ready, Richard will be here in half an hour and you haven’t even showered yet.”

Harry nodded as he passed over a very happy Ave to her adoring Daddy and he went to go and shower and dress himself. He took in several deep breaths. He could do this, he was going to be just fine and nothing was going to happen to him. He couldn’t be hurt by them anymore.

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He and Richard kept to the same routine as they had before. Richard collected him from home and took him back to his place, they had a small pep talk and a run through of the basic time schedule they were going to be keeping and then they said goodbye to Myron, who hugged him tightly before going to work himself and from there, he was Apparated to the alley behind the café where they both got cups of coffee to go and then they made their way to the court room.

“You’re going to see a lot of photos today, Harry.”

“The ones from the house showing the cupboard and my bedroom?” Harry asked.
Richard nodded. “Some others as well if we can get around to it, but I want you to be prepared to see them.”

“The ones of my body?”

Richard nodded and Harry steeled himself. He could do this, he’d seen those pictures before, he’d lived through the events of those pictures. He could do this. He would do this. He was entirely determined that those people would not get away with what they’d done to him, with what they’d put him through throughout the years. He hadn’t wanted to do this at first, he’d been dead set against it, but now that the proceedings had started, he wanted to see it through to the end. He wanted justice for himself, for the scared, unloved little boy that he’d been, living in a cupboard, starving, isolated, in broken glasses and second hand clothes. He wanted the Dursleys to face up to what they’d done to him and face the consequences, the punishment, for those actions.

They were called into the court room and Harry sat in his chair beside Richard. He didn’t look at the Dursleys and they didn’t look at him. He swallowed and touched Richard’s hand under the table. The man took hold of his hand and squeezed comforting.

“You’re going to be fine.” Richard told him softly. “Completely fine. Just think of all the treats you’ll get after this, chocolate, sweets, hugs and kisses when you want them…lots of sex.”

Harry ducked his head and giggled as softly as he could so that no one would hear him and think that he was being inappropriate.

“That’s better. You just stay there and let me sort this out. It’ll be over soon.”

The session was called to order and Richard slipped on his court persona as everyone greeted one another curtly, a man that Harry barely recognised but would have been afraid of if he didn’t know the fun loving goof behind the mask. He could definitely understand why no one wanted to be on the opposite side to Richard in the court room as he kicked everything off with a stern face and a sharp tone of voice.

Harry tried to follow the court speak again, especially as Vernon was on the stand, being asked all manner of questions, some of them completely inane sounding to him, but he trusted Richard and he let him ask all sorts of questions that Vernon answered curtly. Harry still got lost around some of the strange words as their meaning flew completely over his head though. He couldn’t help the clenching of his hands when Richard directed the jury’s attention to the screen though, where he indicated a reel of numbered photographs to be shown.

“This is a lovely home, Mister Dursley. Very clean, very neat and pristine. A four bedroome home I believe?’”
“That’s right.” Vernon grumbled.

“This home shows how very wealthy you and your family were, there were five televisions, each with their own DVD player, there were three computers and two games consoles. You had a brand new car sitting in the drive way. It is a very nice house indeed. So tell me, Mister Dursley, if you were wealthy enough to afford all of these lovely things and your lovely house, which has four bedrooms, why was my client, your own Nephew, forced to sleep in the cupboard under the stairs?” He asked with a hard, biting edge to his words.

“He was never forced to stay in that cupboard.” Vernon growled and Harry bit the inside of his cheek to prevent himself from saying anything as he silently fumed.

“Oh?” Richard let out a short, sarcastic chuckle. “Forgive me; you are trying to say that a young boy willingly locked himself in a cupboard?”

“The boy liked it in that cupboard. We were hard pressed to get him to come out most days.”

Richard hummed thoughtfully and indicated that the next photo should be shown. It was a photo of his dirty little nest, made up of ratty blankets and his own clothes, which were Dudley’s hand-me-downs.

“You are trying to get this court to believe that a perfectly normal little boy wanted to spend all of his time in this tiny cupboard?”

“He wasn’t normal, he’s never been normal.” Vernon growled.

“Alright, Mister Dursley, let’s say that I believe that Harry wasn’t a completely normal little boy, why then didn’t you ever get him help?” Richard asked. “A little boy who was orphaned very young in violent circumstances who would rather spend his time curled up in a tiny cupboard, surely that set alarm bells off in your mind? Why not get him to a doctor?”

“He wouldn’t go!” Vernon insisted.

“So you’re saying that a four, five year old child was too much of a handful for you to take him to
a medical centre to be assessed by professionals who could have helped him?"

“He was violent, even at that age.”

“You are trying to tell this court that a man of twenty-six years couldn’t handle a four year old little boy?” Richard asked sceptically.

Vernon said nothing and Harry hunched in on himself a little, squeezing his shoulders into his body. He wasn’t a violent person, he never had been, and he hated that the Dursleys were painting him as this violent, problem child that was mentally abnormal.

“I can see that you aren’t going to answer that question.” Richard said sharply. “So if Harry wouldn’t go to see a doctor himself, why didn’t you ever have a doctor call around to your home to assess him? You must have been worried and doctors will make a house visit if asked.”

Vernon again remained silent and Harry had to force himself not to glare at the hateful man.

“Mister Dursley, I asked you a question.” Richard rebuked sternly, as if Vernon was being particularly difficult or slow minded. “Why didn’t you ever have a doctor come and assess Harry in the home if you were so worried about him spending all of his time in a cupboard? Actually, while we’re on this topic, why does Harry not have any medical records after his parents’ death in nineteen-eighty-one?”

“He wouldn’t go to the doctor.” Vernon repeated.

“So you admit that you never had Harry vaccinated or ever seen to by a doctor? He has no dental records either, can I assume that you never took Harry to the dentist either? Oh, excuse me; you’re going to say that he wouldn’t go there either, aren’t you?”

“He wouldn’t.” Vernon said through gritted teeth.

“There is no need to get angry, Mister Dursley. I am merely asking you to answer the questions. Would you say that you have often had problems with controlling your anger?”
“No. I am a family man!” Vernon insisted.

“A family man, yes. I can see that with the way that you left your Nephew in a cupboard and never took him to the doctor or to the dentist. I don’t believe that a man in his mid-twenties would be outmatched by a mere toddler. I think that you not only made Harry sleep in that cupboard, but you locked him in there when it was convenient for you.”

“We never locked him in that cupboard!”

“I don’t believe you.” Richard said simply. “You hated that a new baby had been thrust onto you after Harry’s parents were killed and you hated him for intruding on your perfect life. You hid him away in that cupboard and you treated him worse than an animal.”

“That’s a lie!” Vernon raged.

“Then please, tell me what happened usually, on a day to day basis?”

“I don’t understand the question.”

“Okay, let me rephrase my question in a way that you might understand. What did you do every day, what was the routine that you kept?”

“I’d wake up every morning, shower, have breakfast and then I’d go to work for eight O’clock on weekdays.”

“So your Wife was the one who spent all day at home with Harry, your Nephew?”

“Yes.”

“So by your own admission, you left a violent four year old that you yourself couldn’t handle or control, alone with your Wife and son while you went out to work each day?”

Harry watched as Vernon realised his slip up and he coloured rapidly.
“Do not play me for a fool, Mister Dursley. You weren’t worried about Harry doing anything to your Wife because he wasn’t a violent boy at all, was he? You locked him in a cupboard and he was terrified of you, so it was perfectly alright for you to go to work each day, knowing that if Harry wasn’t locked up in a cupboard, then he was so afraid of you that he wouldn’t dare do anything to earn a punishment.”

“Objection! My client worked hard to provide food and a roof over his family’s heads, he needed to work in order to provide for them.”

“I was merely questioning why, if Harry was such a violent child that Mister Dursley couldn’t even handle him, to the extent that he couldn’t even get a four year old to see a doctor when he needed one, why would he then go out each day, leaving his Wife and son in the same house with said violent child? It is a perfectly feasible question.”

“Answer the question, Mister Dursley.” The severe looking Judge said curtly.

“I needed to work, if we left the boy alone to do as he pleased, then his outbursts were few and far between.”

“You let a toddler do as he pleased around a dangerous home?” Richard asked in over exaggerated surprise.

“Our home was not dangerous, we had our own son to care for, he was only a few months older than Harry.”

“All houses are dangerous, Mister Dursley, especially to little four year olds who are left to do as they please with no supervision.”

Harry watched Vernon colour up further and it was hard to keep his tongue in check. He wanted so badly to deny the accusations being thrown around about him, but he couldn’t risk ruining his only chance at justice. He needed to trust Richard and he needed to trust the Judge and the Jury.

He sneaked a peek at the jurors and folded his hands together nervously. The twelve people were all random, a mix of genders and ages, from all races and ethnicities and they were all listening and watching the proceedings intently.
“If we take your version as the truth, Mister Dursley and Harry was violent and unmanageable to the point where he wouldn’t go to the doctor or the dentist, how were you then able to get him to go to school?”

“The boy liked school.” Vernon grumbled.

“So Harry, our violent and unmanageable little boy is now five years old, he’s in school, was he still the same? Did his violent outbursts increase or worsen?”

“They worsened as he got older, he became more aggressive, more unruly.”

“Yet all of his teachers, through every single year that he attended his infants and primary schools, have all said that Harry was a sweet, but shy little boy, who was always polite and kind to the other children. You see, your story here, Mister Dursley, does not add up to the eight teachers that taught Harry through his primary education.”

“He was good at pretending and manipulating other people.”

“A toddler was able to ‘pretend and manipulate’ qualified teachers to such an extent that he was a completely different boy when he was in school to when he was at home? Perhaps you think that your Nephew has a dissociative identity disorder, Mister Dursley.”

“It wouldn’t surprise me, there’s definitely something wrong with that boy!”

Harry’s body stiffened and he had to bite hard on his tongue to keep it from moving. He breathed deeply and evenly to calm himself down as his sheathed wings vibrated hard against his spine.

“I would like to point out to this court that though my client is in therapy for the abuses that he suffered as a child at the hands of the Dursleys, he has passed a full psychological examination and was found to be perfectly sane and free of all mental disorders, just in case the Dursley family were going to try to falsely claim him as such.”

“Mister Potter, can you state the name of the psychologist who administered the evaluation of yourself for the record of the court.” The Judge told him brusquely.
Harry looked to Richard, who gave a small, encouraging nod and Harry stood up shyly with everyone’s eyes currently on him.

“Sebastian Vasey, your Honour.” Harry said clearly.

“Thank you, Mister Potter.” The Judge said just as curtly as before and Harry sat back down and squeezed his shoulders in tight to try and hide himself.

The court was silent for a moment, before Richard straightened the papers in front of him and drew the attention of the court back to himself and to the questioning.

“Now, we have ruled out any sort of psychological illnesses, are you still insisting that Harry behaved like another person once he was at home? That he would go from a quiet, sweet, but clever little boy into an uncontrollable, aggressive and violent boy who refused to come out of a cupboard? No one here believes you, Mister Dursley, just admit that you locked Harry in that cupboard to keep him out of the way of your perceived perfect family and we can move on.”

“We never locked him in that cupboard!” Vernon said angrily.

“Okay, I can see that this is not getting us anywhere, so we’ll move on for now. Tell me about Harry’s teenaged years.”

“He was a violent, aggressive, delinquent! We had even seriously considered sending him to St Brutus’ Secure Centre for Incurably Criminal Boys.” Vernon imparted with all the mannerisms of a man who thought that such information would turn the tides in his favour.

“Yes, Harry told me that you had threatened to do as such throughout his teenaged years. Such a thing alarmed me, so I contacted the school in question directly to schedule a meeting. I was granted such and I took an impartial representative of this court with me to the meeting to record all that was said and on the day of that scheduled meeting, between myself and the Governor of the centre, he informed me that you had never once contacted them, Mister Dursley. But not only that, after given a detailed biography about Harry, including the results of his psychological evaluation and his completely non-existent criminal record, they would never have considered taking him into their facility in the first place as he didn’t need to be there! You threatened Harry with the belief that he would be sent to a place that was for violent, hardened criminal boys who were repeat juvenile offenders who needed that facility to rehabilitate and teach them, and perhaps even worse than that, you convinced him that he deserved to be there! Harry doesn’t even have a criminal record, Mister Dursley, he has been evaluated as completely clinically sane, why would he need to go to such an institute? He is not a criminal and he has nothing that needs curing, except perhaps
your family’s hideous mistreatment of him.”

“That boy terrorised us!” Vernon raged. “He intimidated us and frightened us!”

Richard made a point of looking at Vernon and then to Harry.

“Come here for a moment, Harry.”

Harry stood up and keeping himself hunched in because of all the eyes on him, he made his way around the table to Richard. Two, soothing, comforting hands were placed on each of his shoulders and he relaxed a little.

“Are you talking about this boy here?” Richard asked incredulously. “This tiny, skinny, wraith like boy intimidated and terrorised you when he is half your size, less than half your weight and was found to be very malnourished and starved. A boy who was away at a boarding school for ten months of the year and has been said to be kind and sweet by everyone who has ever met him, except for your family?”

Richard made a point of showing exactly how small and slender Harry was by standing directly behind him, showing the court their height difference and how soft and lithe Harry was compared to Richard’s lightly muscled body.

“Thank you, Harry. You can sit back down now.” Richard told him kindly, rubbing his shoulder for a moment in a comforting gesture.

Harry sat back down and breathed deeply and calmly, watching Richard as he looked at the huge, thick folder in front of him. He had so much evidence against the Dursleys that it was going to take a month to get through it all.

“You cannot possibly expect me to believe that a boy who you kept starved and locked in a cupboard intimidated and terrorised you when he is half your size.” Richard said sharply.

“He did!”
“Then why did you never call the police?” Richard asked lightly. “We have already established that Harry has no criminal record at all, why didn’t you ever call the police, Mister Dursley?”

Vernon remained silent again, yet Harry was learning as he observed that silence could be as incriminating as words. By failing to answer such questions, Vernon was digging himself, and his family, into a deeper hole.

“Perhaps you misheard me.” Richard said after the silence stretched onwards and a member of the jury muffled a cough. “Why, Mister Dursley, if your nephew Harry was so intimidating and frightening, who in your own words was an aggressive, violent delinquent, did you never phone the police to have such behaviour logged for a moment such as this?”

Harry watched silently as Vernon went puce in the face, but though his moustache twitched, he didn’t say anything.

“Your Honour, if I might suggest that we break for lunch a little early while Mister Dursley finds his tongue?” Richard said acidly.

The Judge nodded and agreed and Richard packed up all his papers and folders into his briefcase and hurried him out of the courtroom. He didn’t speak again until they reached the little café where they had bought coffee earlier that morning.

“That man is very frustrating.”

Harry couldn’t help laughing. He knew all about that, after all.

“Order what you want, Harry. We’ve got enough time to get a bite to eat.”

“Is the case going well?” Harry asked uncertainly.

“It might be very frustrating, but it’s definitely going in our favour at the moment.” Richard said. “Silence is definitely not golden in a court room. Not answering a question can be as bad as an admission of guilt. So yes, while it is frustrating, it’s also good for us because while he refuses to answer, the Judge and Jury are coming to their own conclusions and they’re going to be reading the silence as an admission of guilt.”
Harry nodded and breathed out a sigh.

“How are you feeling?” Richard asked him.

Harry shrugged. “I don’t know. Better than my first trip to the court, but it’s still… I don’t know, weird I guess, to have all of these bad memories of my life laid out in front of all these people. I don’t like it.”

“You’re doing wonderfully well.” Richard told him kindly as he stood up, patted him on the shoulder and got his order and went to the counter to get their early lunch.

Harry put his elbows on the table and rested his head in his hands. He wondered what his mates were doing right about now with their children. He missed them so much. It would be about time to give Eva and Ave a bottle and Max would be making the kids lunches. He would give absolutely anything to be back at home with them right now.

Richard set a glass of lemonade down for him and eased himself into the chair opposite him. Harry lifted his head and thanked him quietly as he took a sip.

“Thinking about the kids?”

Harry nodded with a smile. “They’re all coming on so well. I miss them. You know that Ave is going to be standing up for the first time any day now? I could miss that while I’m here, she could have already done it and I don’t know about it.”

“I am sorry that you might miss it, but this does need to be sorted and we’re ready for court now. It’s been pushed to the side and put off for too long already. I want you to have the justice that you deserve. It’s not right for them to live in their luxurious four bedroomed house like the snobs that they pretend to be after what they did to you, Harry. You were a child, it’s not right and I will not let them get away with it.”

“I hate all the lies they’re telling.” Harry said sadly. “Painting me to be some criminal who hurt and frightened them. That’s not me and the thought that even one person believes them, that they believe that I’m that sort of person, I hate it.”

Richard patted his hand. “Harry, sweetheart, if one person in that court believes the rubbish that
that man is spewing from his mouth, I’ll eat this table. I doubt that even his lawyer believes him, he’s just representing him for the money.”

The waitress brought over their plates of food and Harry felt a little better and he ate his simple, yet delicious tomato and basil pasta as he thought about everything that he’d been told. Once they were done eating, Richard checked his watch before he ordered them a cake and a coffee each.

“Only a few more hours to survive now, Harry. I doubt very much that it’ll go past three in the afternoon. You’ll be home in time to catch play time with your kids before they have their dinner and are put to bed. Did I get their routine right?”

Harry chuckled as he picked apart his iced bun. “Yeah, but the older five have a bath after their dinner and an hour of down time with their quiet toys before they have a story and then bed.”

“Is Braiden reading yet?” Richard asked with a wink.

Harry laughed. “No, but Tegan thinks that she can. It’s adorable.”

“You boys are doing so well.”

Harry smiled and finished off his bun and coffee before he stood up and stretched. Richard did the same, left a note on the table as a tip for their waitress and then he left, carrying his briefcase and leading Harry back to the court house.

“We’ll carry on much the same as we did before hand, so not a lot for you to do, but then I suppose that’s preferable to you, isn’t it?”

Harry nodded. “I just don’t want to make a fool of myself.”

“You won’t. You’re going to be just fine.”

They made it to the court building easily enough and they reclaimed their seats in the court and Richard set up all his folders and notes again and Harry watched him as he talked happily to some of the people milling around that he obviously knew, leaving Harry to settle himself and mentally
They passed quickly and very much exactly as that morning had gone. Richard asked questions, Vernon either called Harry a liar, a criminal or a violent delinquent or he remained silent when Richard poked holes in his declarations. He also remained silent when Richard slipped in odd, seemingly out of place repeated questions about Vernon keeping him locked in the cupboard or asking him why he never took him to the doctor or dentist, trying to get Vernon to slip up and admit to his guilt. Vernon was getting incredibly wound up and angry, but also increasingly more silent as Richard carried on, obviously afraid that he was going to say something to incriminate himself or his family. He obviously thought that silence was his best policy, Harry knew different, the truth was eventually going to come out and these unanswered questions were going to come back to bite him.

“I need an answer, Mister Dursley.” Richard said sternly. “These clothes are not fit for a little boy to be wearing. They are ill-fitting, dirty, ripped and full of holes. Why did you never give Harry his own clothes that did fit him properly and weren’t full of holes and tears? Clothes that would actually be able to protect him from the wind and rain? Harry’s teachers even told me that Harry never had any sort of coat or jacket, not even in the winter when it was snowing.”

Vernon used his favoured tactic of remaining silent and Richard sighed heavily so that everyone in the room could hear him.

“Can I assume then that this was yet another tactic to humiliate and subdue your already beaten down nephew?” He asked. “Coupled, of course, with you not spending so much as a penny on him?”

Vernon’s face, already red from Richard’s intrusive and unrelenting questioning and insinuations that he was an abusive monster, went almost purple. It must have been killing him on the inside to keep silent. He was not a man used to holding his tongue after all.

“We’ll go with that view then.” Richard said as he made a show of writing something down on the A4 notepad in front of him. “So, if you used ragged clothing as a way to humiliate Harry, if you allowed him to leave your home and wander around in these clothes, then why didn’t anyone notice? Why didn’t anyone call social services? You had neighbours, they must have said something to you or to your Wife over the state of his clothing? What did you tell them?”

Vernon stayed quiet again and Richard’s jaw clenched in frustration.

“Harry had a second hand school uniform also, while not in such disrepair as his ‘everyday’ clothes, they were still shabby, ill-fitting and getting increasingly threadbare as the years passed as it seems that they were never replaced once in all his primary school years. I’ve already stated that
the teachers all saw him without a coat, they must have had concerns, Mister Dursley and as Harry’s guardians they would have brought those concerns to you. What did you tell them?” Richard all but demanded.

Vernon infuriatingly stayed quiet. He hadn’t answered a single question in ten minutes now. Even Harry was getting frustrated and he was just sitting down and watching everything, he had no idea how Richard was holding himself back from leaping over the table and throttling Vernon to make him answer the questions, but it seemed that the Judge had finally had enough as well.

“We will leave the case here for today.” He said irritably, the permanent scowl on his face had deepened to something fiercer and more terrifying. “I would suggest that you instruct your client to answer the questions that he’s being asked, Mister Chorley.” He said, addressing the Dursleys’ lawyer. “Court is dismissed for the day, to be reconvened here tomorrow at nine in the morning. Perhaps an overnight break will help you remember to answer the questions asked of you, Mister Dursley.”

Harry bit his lip to keep from grinning as Vernon looked like he’d explode. He waited while Richard packed up his papers again and they left. This time for home. It was about two in the afternoon and he was very happy that he wouldn’t be missing much of his children’s routine. They’d just be waking up from their afternoon naps.

Richard Apparated him to his front garden again and Harry held on a bit longer than he usually would have.

“Thank you. For everything.”

“Are you going to hug me and thank me every time we come back from court? Myron might get jealous when I snatch you up and run away with you.”

Harry laughed and rubbed at his eyes. “Myron would kill you.”

“Harry, I’m planning on it.” Richard said with a naughty wink.

Harry grinned widely as he opened the front door and walked into his home, he stopped dead at the sight that greeted him. A naked Calix screeched happily from where he was sat in the hallway, a wooden spoon in his hand that he bashed excitedly on the wooden floor when he saw Harry walk in.

Harry just sighed and shook his head as he bent down and picked up his seventeen month old son.
Obviously his mates couldn’t keep track of all of them at the same time and Calix, the usual suspect, had slipped away from his watchers, had stripped himself bare, had somehow managed to get a wooden spoon from the kitchen and get himself into the hallway with it without anyone even noticing. He wondered if it would be a good idea to wire every inch of the house up with monitor cameras.

“Mama, spoo.”

“Have you got a spoon?” Harry asked with a smile. “I bet you’ve been making lots of noise and having a lot of fun with that, haven’t you.”

“Is that you, Harry?”

“Yes. Why is Calix naked in the hallway playing with a wooden spoon?”

“What?”

Blaise came out of the living room and he just stared. He looked behind him into the living room and then looked back.

“Nasta!” He called out.

Nasta came down quickly from upstairs, a bit panicked until he saw them and he smiled when he saw Harry. He came to kiss him, resting a hand on his back comfortably. Then he saw a naked Calix in Harry’s arms. It was hard to miss him when he bashed the top of Nasta’s head with the spoon in his hand.

“Spoo!” He called out with a grin.

“Why is he not wearing anything and where did he get a spoon?” Nasta asked even as he rubbed the top of his head.

“I have no idea. I can’t even find his clothes or his nappy.” Blaise replied, scratching his head in confusion.
Harry rolled his eyes and he went looking for Calix’s clothes before he had an accident.

“Get him a clean nappy.” He said as he handed Calix over to Nasta.

He went into the kitchen to see Max surgically wiping down his counters and cupboards. Calix’s clothes and nappy were in a strewn pile on the other side of the island.

“Hi Max.” Harry greeted happily.

“Harry, you’re earlier than I thought you’d be. Are you alright?”

“Completely fine, but would you mind explaining this?” Harry asked as he bent down and picked up the clothes and the nappy.

Max blinked and he came around the island.

“I have no clue. I couldn’t tell you how they got there. Calix was wearing that tee shirt though.”

Harry nodded. “Yep. He was naked in the hallway bashing around one of your wooden spoons when I came home.”

Max turned and opened a cupboard, pulling out a drawer, obviously looking for his wooden spoon.

“That sneaky little monster. He must have taken it after I’d washed it and before I’d put it away.”

“How the hell could he have crawled in here, stripped off all his clothes and his nappy, taken a wooden spoon, gone back into the hallway and started bashing it about without any of you noticing?”

“I love this part.” Richard said as he stood in the doorway grinning.
Harry huffed and he relaxed his shoulders. He breathed out a sigh and just let it go. He went into the living room and handed Nasta the little jeans and tee shirt, he took the spoon and handed it to Max, who had followed him.

“You might want to wash it again. It looks like he’s had it in his mouth.” Harry said when he saw the tiny teeth marks in the spoon.

“You little monkey.” Max said as he hunched down and dug his fingers into Calix’s belly.

Calix screeched and wriggled around, turning onto his belly to get away from Max’s fingers, even as Nasta tried to get him dressed.

“No, Dada.” Calix insisted with a giggle.

“Come on you, we need to get you dressed again. And here I thought that it was only Regan who didn’t like having his clothes on.” Nasta sighed.

Harry laughed happily and watched as Nasta wrestled a giggling Calix back into his clothes.

“Muma!”

Harry turned to smile at Farren who was in Draco’s arms. Harry took a reaching, grasping Farren and kissed Draco lovingly.

“He actually went down for a nap? Who’s such a good boy?!” Harry turned to coo at Farren, who held Harry tight around the neck and refused to come out to look at him, which was unusual.

“He’s been grouchy all day, he even left some of his lunch.”

That concerned Harry as he turned to Farren, who just held him tighter and kept his head burrowed in Harry’s neck.

Harry sat down on the settee and he was even more concerned when Farren whined and stood up, a
foot on either side of Harry’s hips, and kept his arms clamped around his neck, a wet face buried into the side of his neck.

“Farren, baby, are you okay?” Harry asked as he tried to get a look at him.

Nasta picked Farren up from behind and pulled him away and that’s when Farren started full out crying, rapidly working himself up to hysterical. Harry stood up quickly and he checked on Farren, checking how he looked, checking his temperature.

“I can’t see anything wrong with him.” He said. “Do you think we should get a Healer for him?” He asked.

“I think he just missed you.” Max said as he used his wand to check Farren over. “He seems fine as far as I can tell. There’s no temperature, no signs of injury or infection, he hasn’t hurt himself today, no bumped head…nothing.”

Harry took Farren back from Nasta and those arms wrapped tight around his neck again and Farren snuffled his face back into his collar. Harry cuddled him tightly and sat back on the settee and kicked his shoes off.

“So how was it?” Draco asked as Farren calmed down with Harry’s hand rubbing soothing circles on his back.

“He did wonderfully. Honestly, this case is going to be a long one, but it’s going in our favour and it’ll stay that way.” Richard said in a pleased tone of voice. “Harry was getting upset though, so you boys look after him and show him some love.”

With that bombshell, Richard said goodbye to them and flooed out of their home after catching Ave, Tegan, Leolin and Calix for a kiss.

“What did he mean?” Blaise asked. “What upset you?”

Harry sighed. “I knew they were going to do it, but hearing them paint me as a vicious, violent delinquent with mental problems was upsetting. They actually said that I was the one hitting and hurting them and that I intimidated them and that they were afraid of me! I just didn’t like it.”
“They won’t get away with lying in court.” Max assured him.

“The truth will come out and then you will have the justice that you deserve and that you need to move on and you can put it all behind you.” Nasta said soothingly. “When are you going back?”

Harry sighed. “Tomorrow. Nine in the morning. Vernon wasn’t being cooperative, he barely answered any questions at all and the ones that he did answer were all lies about me. That’s why we’re back early, I think even the Judge got fed up in the end.”

“That’s a very bad sign.” Max said. “For them I mean!” He clarified when Draco glared at him. “My Dad always said that silence is golden everywhere except in a courtroom and the bedroom.”

That startled a laugh from Harry. It was exactly something that Richard would say, though he couldn’t imagine Myron being very impressed with Richard for saying such a thing to their young children. It made him laugh harder.

“Have you had anything to eat?” Max asked.

Harry nodded. “I had pasta and a cake for lunch. I could do with tea and biscuits though.” He said with a wide eyed pleading look.

Max grinned, bent over and kissed him. “You don’t even need that look to get me to do anything you want.” He said huskily. “You just have to ask.”

“I know, I just like seeing your reaction when I do make that face.” Harry said with a wink.

Max laughed and Harry could sense that Nasta was rolling his eyes next to him. Harry looked at him and smiled.

“I saw that.” He said.

“Saw what?” Nasta asked.
“You rolling your eyes at me.”

“Impossible.” Nasta answered as he pulled Harry into his side.

“It’s my sixth sense. Some people can see dead people, others claim they’re psychic or that they’re seers. I know when you’re rolling your eyes at me.”

“Seems to me like you got the short end of the stick.” Blaise teased.

Harry shifted Farren, only for him to whine and clutch at him closer. He sighed.

“How bad has he been?”

“All of them have been calling out for you all day, but Farren wouldn’t let anyone else touch him and when we picked him up, he lashed out at us and started pushing us away. He had a tantrum at lunch and he refused to eat anymore of his food, so we took him upstairs for an early nap. He screamed for ten minutes, but he tried himself out and when we took the others up after they’d finished eating to put them in bed, he was fast asleep.” Draco told him.

Harry nodded as he carried on rubbing soothing patterns onto Farren’s back, even as he watched Calix zoom around the floor on his hands and knees, thankfully with his clothes and nappy still on this time.

“Where are Braiden and Regan?” He asked.

“Still napping. Leolin’s in the kitchen bassinet and Eva’s in that one by there, they’re still sleeping as well.”

Harry nodded as he watched Tegan stand up with her favourite penguin in hand and she pushed a book up onto the settee and hauled herself up after it. She sat down in the corner, penguin tucked meticulously into her side as she readjusted it several times before she was happy with its position and then she opened the book and started babbling aloud, reading the book to her penguin, whose eyes were facing the pictures of the book. Harry grinned as he watched her.
“She is so adorable.” He sighed lovingly.

“She hit Regan earlier.” Max said as he came back into the room.

“Really?” Harry asked in surprise.

Max nodded. “He tried to take one of the books off of her, so she swung it at him. It caught his thigh.”

“Bruised?” Harry asked and then nodded when Max did. “Alright, we can deal with that.”

Harry took a sip of tea and he bit into a biscuit. He used said biscuit to try and coax Farren out from his neck. It didn’t work as it always had before.

Harry tickled him instead and he kept at it when he heard Farren’s little giggles and huffs of air into his neck. Eventually, after twenty minutes of having Farren latched around his neck, his little son pecked out and Harry grinned at him, darting in to peck a kiss to his little drooly mouth. Farren laughed at that and he turned to face Harry, who was very happy to repeat the process.

Farren eventually sat on Harry’s lap, facing him of course, and was happy to play with him. Harry was very happy to see his lively boy back as he played with Farren, feeding him little broken pieces of biscuit.

Braiden and Regan woke up near enough within a minute of one another, Eva was brought out of the bassinet to wriggle around the floor and Leolin was handed to him when Farren was comfortable enough to wriggle himself onto the floor to play with Braiden and Calix.

“I didn’t like seeing him like that.” He told his lovers as he watched Farren laugh hysterically with Braiden as they built a tower only to repeatedly knock it over.

“This court case won’t last forever.” Nasta reminded him as he petting Leolin’s black hair softly.

“I know, but if he’s this distressed over me leaving for the day and if I have to go to court everyday now, then he’s going to be distressed all day, every day.” Harry said miserably.

“It won’t be every day.” Max said soothingly. “It’ll be four days a week, no weekends and it won’t
be all day either. Like today it’ll be a couple of broken hours. We’ll get through this, Harry. We will. It’s going to be fine.”

Harry nodded even as he bit his lip nervously.

“Come here.” Blaise said as he moved to sit next to him. He pulled him into a hug and Harry smiled as he cuddled in with Leolin. “Everything is going to work out, you’ll see, Prezioso.”

Harry twisted onto his back and put his head in Blaise’s lap and his feet in Nasta’s as he cuddled Leolin on his chest. His little Faerie baby scowled at the movement but when he caught Harry’s green eyes, his golden ones lit up and he grinned gummily at him.

“Ma.” He chanted over and over until Harry kissed those tiny lips with a smile.

“I love you too, Leolin. You’re my special little boy and you are doing so fantastically well. Mummy and your Daddies are all very proud of you.

“Ma da.” He repeated and Harry nodded as he softly patted his nappy clad bottom.

“I’m going to go start their dinners.” Max said as he finished his tea and hefted his huge body out of his seat. “Maybe now that you’re here Farren will eat all of his food.”

“I hope so. It’s strange to hear that he hasn’t eaten everything in front of him.” Harry answered.

“Not as strange as knowing that you’ve eaten and I haven’t made it for you.” Max said.

“Your pasta is better.” Harry said with a smile. “You’ve ruined me for any other food. Even restaurant food isn’t as nice as yours.”

Draco and Blaise both scoffed and heckled at him.

“You suck up.” Blaise accused with a grin.
“I’m not sucking up, it’s true!” Harry said. “I really like Max’s cooking.”

“I love you.” Max said as he bent over him to give him a long, passionate kiss with lots of tongue. It only stopped when Max jumped and moved away carefully, Leolin’s hand was fisted tight in his hair, tugging hard.

Harry carefully lifted a hand to worm between Leolin’s tiny fingers. He freed Max’s hair and Max sighed in relief.

“Thanks, love.”

“Go while you still can.” Harry laughed.

Max grinned and patted Leolin’s back before he left for the kitchen happily, humming under his breath.

Harry laughed before he turned back to Leolin and cuddled him in tightly.

“When are Dain and Kailen coming back to see him?” He asked and he felt Nasta stiffen under him.

“I haven’t asked them.”

Harry sighed and dug the heel of his foot into Nasta’s leg.

“They’ve explained, Nasta. Not even you can hold such a thing against them. We’re all doing so well and the kids are coming to know them better too.”

Nasta said nothing and Harry sat up and snuggled back into his side. He kissed under his chin, feeling the scratch of his stubble against his skin which made him smile.

“They’re trying. They’re trying so hard, you need to try a little too. Please?”
Nasta grunted and Harry took what he could get. He passed Leolin over to Nasta and stood up and stretched before he settled himself back on the floor. He joined in a game with his children and he smiled as Ave crawled over his knee and Tegan put her book down to toddle over to him to play as well.

It was loud, boisterous and Harry loved it as he laughed and played long with his beautiful, wonderful children. He’d missed them so much while he was at the court and he was upset that he’d have to do it all again tomorrow.

He really couldn’t wait for this all to be over and he could just hole himself up with his children and stay with them for as long as they needed him. He felt a lot more confident that the court case was going to go in his favour, Vernon hadn’t instilled any sense of fear in him with his continued silence on such important and telling questions. He just hoped that when it was his turn that he could answer all of the questions asked of him without making a complete fool out of himself. He knew that the trick was to take a moment to think his answer through first, to breathe and not let his mouth take over in a nervous, panicked ramble. He’d been practicing with Draco and he was feeling better about taking the stand, but it would not be an experience that he’d ever want to repeat.

Max called them to say that the kids’ dinners were ready and Harry stood up and clapped his hands.

“Come on babies, into the kitchen!” He called and he moved off, waiting to see if his kids followed him.

Braiden stood up and hurried to his side, as did Tegan. Calix crawled ahead of him and went right into the kitchen to meet Max and Farren stood himself up and toddled over.

Regan just stared at him however and Eva and Ave played with one another on the floor.

Draco scooped up Regan and Blaise took Eva and Ave and Harry moved off into the kitchen, where Max had already gotten Calix into his highchair and was waiting for the others.

“Baby exercise! No more being carried for you!” Max teased them as he hefted them up into their seats.

Farren and Braiden had now progressed to being in booster seats at the table, which gave them much more room to move and they liked it much better. Tegan and Regan hadn’t liked it at all and Calix had kept trying to slip himself out by standing up, which he could do more easily in a booster seat than in a highchair, so for safety, they’d kept him in his highchair for now.

Harry sat opposite Farren and Braiden and when Max put their little plates down, Farren looked at him with wide eyes and Harry picked up the little fork and filled it with food to offer to Farren,
who grinned and ate happily, even as his older brother fed himself, a little awkwardly and clumsily, but nonetheless he could feed himself and he was improving all the time. Harry smiled as he watched all of his family in one room. He wanted this damn court case done and over with. He wanted more days like this.

Harry continued feeding Farren, but his attention was caught by Max, who was at the counter and he was peeling vegetables and chopping them up.

“Why are you starting dinner so soon?” He asked as he watched Farren eating his food.

“I’m doing a roast today. A nice family dinner. I know they’re one of your favourites.” Max answered.

Harry grinned at that, because it was true. He’d said something similar a long time ago. It made him happy to know that Max had remembered such a random piece of information.

“What meat?” He asked as his belly rumbled.

Max shot him a grin over his shoulder. “Beef. Nice and rare and tender, just how you like it.”

“He wouldn’t even give me a bit.” Blaise pouted. “He drove us all crazy slow cooking it all day and then he wouldn’t even let me try the tiniest piece!”

Harry laughed and even Nasta managed a smile as he fed Leolin a bottle at the counter adjacent to Max. He really loved days like these. He was going to make the absolute most of it before tomorrow, when he’d be back in court. His family deserved that much at least.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: It’s been a while, I know. I’ve been busy with my new fic, The Beguile and Devotion of a Black Heir. It has been going really well and I have it up to 6 chapters,
so I decided to stop writing that one to get this chapter out for you all. Next up will be a chapter for Damaged Bodies and then back to Black Heir, so I have a full schedule in these next coming days, but I turn 25 in two days! So I’ll be taking that day off to myself, I want to catch up with my knitting projects and filling my belly with chocolate and cake and probably a take away and a film fest! I’m going to enjoy myself!

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Ninety-Eight – Virulence

Harry’s much needed sleep had been completely disturbed by an unsettled Eva. She had been rudely woken up by her twin sister and she had not gone back to sleep, so at five in the morning Harry found himself downstairs, lounging on the settee in a half doze with his four month old daughter crawling all over him. She was grabbing and tugging on everything, particularly the drawstrings of his pyjama bottoms, which she found very interesting and had her utterly captivated.

She really hadn’t settled at all after her three in the morning feed and an hour and a half later, Harry had had enough and he’d gotten up, picked up a grizzling Eva and carried her down to lay with her on the settee, hoping that perhaps she’d settle down if she was in the living room. He’d been wrong, she wasn’t even settling down here as she was playing with everything that she could find, crawling over him and screeching when it got too quiet.

He sighed and kept his arm around her at all times so she didn’t fall or tumble from the settee and he closed his eyes for a minute. He didn’t get more than five minutes rest, he was just drifting off into another light doze, and then Eva started crawling all over him again and a dribbly mouth was lowered to his chin and started sucking.

Harry groaned and unlatched Eva and tucked her back into his side and tried to keep her still. She was moving before he’d even settled his body back down to try and get some more sleep.

“Allright, I’m up.” He sighed as he sat up to Eva’s excited screeches and giggles. “I suppose it doesn’t matter to you that I’m in court today, does it, missy?”

He got up and went into the kitchen to make himself a coffee. He needed the extra boost to wake himself up. He was nervous enough as it was about the coming court proceedings without piling on lack of sleep as well, but unfortunately he was a Mother to eight very young babies, sometimes it
couldn’t be helped.

“What time were you up?” Blaise asked as he came in with a whining Ave flung over his shoulder.

“Don’t ask.” Harry grumbled as he gulped down the coffee.

When Blaise realised what he was drinking he sighed and took Eva from him.

“What have you done to your Mummy?” He asked her and she giggled and reached out for a lock of hair that had been twisted and flattened where Blaise had been sleeping on it. “Have you had any sleep?”

“A bit.” Harry answered around a yawn.

“Go back up now, I’ll stay down here with these two.” Blaise said as he put them both down into their bassinets to make up two bottles of milk for them.

“Thanks for the offer, Blaise. But I don’t think I could sleep now anyway. I tried to get my head down on the settee, but Eva wasn’t having any of it. So I’m just wide awake.”

Blaise sighed as he shook up the first bottle for Ave before he pulled their youngest child back into his arms from her bassinet and offered her the cooled milk.

“You can’t go to court when you’re exhausted, Prezioso.”

“I’m going to have to, Blaise. I said all along that my children will always come first, even before this court case. It’s bad enough that Farren misses me so much when I’m gone without ignoring them all when I’m at home too.”

“You should have given Max a kick. He was on baby duty last night.”

Harry smiled. “He did grumble a bit and it seemed like he was getting up, but after getting up twice to check on her and finding out that she didn’t actually want or need anything he just stayed asleep
afterwards. After about an hour and a half of her continuous grizzling and gurgling, I’d had enough and I brought her down here because she was starting to disturb Nasta and he has work today. The last thing I need is to spend the day worrying in court because Nasta went to work with those damn dragons while half asleep.”

“So you’d rather go to court half asleep yourself?”

Harry smiled and nodded. “At least I can’t be bitten in half or burnt to a cinder while in court.”

Blaise rolled those indigo eyes at him, but said no more as Harry swallowed the last few gulps of hot coffee and shook up the bottle for Eva, who was still whinging and fussing in her bassinet.

He picked her up and snuggled her into his chest, before laying her into the crook of his arm and he fed her as Blaise burped Ave and settled her down before making two new cups of coffee.

“Nasta will kill me if I drink that.” Harry said with a wide grin.

Blaise winked. “Do you care?”

Harry laughed. “No, I could do with a spanking, it might wake me up.”

Blaise smothered a loud laugh. “You’d be better off going to Draco then.”

“He’d just complain through the whole thing this early in the morning.” Harry said. “It wouldn’t be as fun.”

Blaise just shook his head and drank his unsweetened, black cup of coffee in several gulps. He’d try to drink as many as possible before Nasta woke up and then try (and fail) to convince him that he’d only had the one.

He had drained his first cup in just five large swallows before he made up his second cup.

Harry picked up his own second cup of coffee and sipped at it, slumping down in his chair and he tried determinedly to convince his brain that it was a good idea to wake up and stay awake.

“Let’s go into the living room, Bello.” Blaise said as he picked up Eva and carried her and his new
cup of coffee into the living room. Harry picked up Ave and followed him, settling the girls onto the floor and collapsing onto the settee to snuggle with Blaise and his coffee.

They watched in contented silence as the girls crawled slowly around the floor, playing with some of the soft, stuffed toys that Blaise had scattered about for them. They babbled to one another and screeched and giggled and Harry smiled softly as he watched them. They were much more active now that the floor space wasn’t taken over by their five older, more mobile, siblings.

“I love mornings like this.” He admitted.

“Even with the lack of sleep?” Blaise asked with a smirk.

Harry nodded. “Yes, even with the lack of sleep.”

“Let’s make it even better then. I’ll go see if any of the others are up.”

“Didn’t you bring down the baby monitors?” Harry asked curiously.

“I wasn’t planning on staying up. Then I smelt coffee and I had to have one.” Blaise winked. “Besides, Calix and Leolin never cry when they wake up. They just lie there in their cots until someone comes to get them.”

Harry stayed on the settee as Blaise went to collect any awake babies and to get the baby monitors from their bedside table.

He came down with his arms full to bursting. Harry laughed and he stood to pluck an unhappy, wriggling Calix from Blaise’s arms and his mate happily put Regan and Farren on the floor.

“Damn kids will be the death of me.” Blaise groaned as he massaged his back before collapsing back onto the settee. He pulled Harry back to perch on his lap.

Harry kissed him and settled in with Calix, who may have been awake, but he wasn’t fully awake just yet as Harry cradled him in his arms between his and Blaise’s chests. He was curled into a sleepy ball and was very happy to be cuddled between them.

They stayed cuddled together for over twenty minutes as Calix rested his ear against Harry’s chest.
and he yawned with his tiny, pouted mouth, rubbing at his jet black eyes with tiny fists and just resting as he woke up very slowly between them.

“This one is definitely one of the cuter ones.” Blaise said with a laugh as he watched Calix as his eyes and nose crinkled up with another adorable yawn.

Harry hummed sleepily.

“He looks just like you, like this.” Blaise carried on. “All sleepy and curled up like this. It’s obvious that he’s copied you with that behaviour.”

Harry smiled and lifted a hand to pull Blaise’s head down to his lips for a passionate kiss.

“Hey, hey, hey! Where’s mine?”

Harry broke apart from Blaise and grinned at Max, who was far, far too awake and alert for Harry’s liking.

“Come here.” Harry answered.

Max bent to kiss him, but Blaise grabbed his head and snogged Max first. Harry burst out laughing and was even more amused when he heard little babies joining in.

Max broke apart slowly from Blaise before he turned to him and Harry closed his eyes as Max’s lips touched his in a slow, very passionate kiss.

Harry was breathing heavily when they finally broke apart.

“What was that rule we made? Don’t start something if you aren’t going to finish it!” Harry panted.

“Oh, love. I’d take you upstairs right now, kick Nasta and Draco out of the bed and utterly ruin you, but unfortunately these little kids need their breakfasts.”

Harry groaned and let his head loll back over Blaise’s arm. Calix giggled and clapped his little hands together.
“Are both of my boys awake?” Max exclaimed in false shock as he took hold of Calix’s tiny hands and wiggled him, making his whole body shake. He made a noise and Max wiggled him harder and Calix stopped his noise to take a breath and he burst out laughing and just like that, he was wide awake as he lifted his arms up to Max and clenched his little hands.

“Dada ma, up,”

Max picked Calix up and kissed him before he slung his son over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes and tickled him.

“What are you two doing up anyway? I was on the night shift.”

“I got up with Eva.” Harry said.

“She was a damn pain all night. She didn’t want to sleep at all after her bottle, she kept pulling on my hair and screeching.” Max complained. “I finally got her to sleep at three and then Ave woke her back up again! I think she fell asleep again after that because I didn’t hear her again.”

“No.” Blaise answered. “Harry brought her down here and he’s been down here since.”

Max sighed. “Harry, you’re in court today. She would have fallen asleep eventually.”

“It was an hour and half after you’d fed her. I couldn’t take it anymore, so I brought her down. I thought that maybe she’d settle down here, but she never.”

“I’ll get you a Pepper-up potion. It’ll help keep you more alert at least. Better than that coffee.” Max nodded to the cups on the coffee table and winked. “I won’t tell Nasta, but each of you owes me a favour.”

“Why do I get the feeling that those favours are sexual in nature?” Blaise asked.

“Because we know him too well.” Harry said with a laugh. “Max’s favours are always, always,
“I’d rather tell Nasta myself.” Blaise laughed.

“Tell me what?” Nasta’s gruff voice came from just beyond the door. Nasta walked into the living room, gloriously bare chested, with Leolin in his arms.

“Harry’s been awake since three in the morning,” Blaise said quickly.

Max burst out laughing and Nasta looked from one to the other in sleepy confusion. His gaze landed on Harry.

“Why have you been awake since three? I thought you were better now with the anxiety of court.”

“I am. Eva wouldn’t settle, so I brought her down to see if she’d settle down here.”

“Did she?” Nasta asked.

Harry shook his head. “No.”

“You were on the night feeds.” Nasta turned to Max.

“I fed her at three, she fell asleep, but when I fed Ave she didn’t fall asleep right away, so she woke Eva back up, fell asleep herself, but then Eva was awake and wouldn’t settle and she wouldn’t sleep. My plan was to just leave her to fall asleep on her own.”

“I left her for an hour and a half before I brought her down. She wasn’t settling and she was starting to get louder. She was starting to disturb you and I didn’t want you to wake up when you’re in work today.” Harry insisted.

“How is she now?”
“She’s still not settling.” Harry answered as he looked to Eva wriggling around on her belly. “She’s been awake all night and she’s still wriggling around.”

“She’ll be Draco’s problem today.” Max said with a grin.

“You watch, I’ll go off to court and leave her with Draco and she’ll sleep all bloody day.” Harry said with a smile as he watched Eva crawl over to Farren and flump onto his legs.

Farren laughed and touched her hair gently. He’d been getting much better lately with ‘gentle hands’ as they practiced with teddies, getting him to stroke them instead of just slapping at them or hitting. Harry watched him with a soft smile and he felt so proud of him as Farren petted Eva like one of the teddies and Eva burbled as she lounged in his lap.

“She isn’t tired at all.” Max said with a shake of his head.

Calix wriggled in his arms and his little legs kicked out, trying to get down so Max dropped him to his feet and then down onto his bum. Calix set off immediately to the pile of toys and he started ‘talking’ to Regan.

“You’ve got a few hours, why don’t you go and sleep now?” Nasta said as he came to sit next to him. Leolin was scowling sleepily in his arms.

“I don’t think I’d be able to sleep at the moment, Nas and if I did, having a few hours’ sleep will likely make me feel worse in the long run. It’s only for a few hours and then I’ll be back home.”

Nasta sighed and bent forward to kiss Harry’s forehead. This tilted Leolin and he caught sight of Harry and his scowl immediately morphed into a grin.

“Ma!” He called out demandingly, a tiny little hand raising to reach out to him.

Harry, who had opened his mouth to ask Max to put the kettle on, let the breath out with a sigh and he grinned.

“Good morning, Leolin.” Harry said.
“Bore da, Leolin.” Nasta repeated, as he did every morning.

“Bo da.” Regan copied from the floor and the four of them just looked at him.

“Did he just…?” Blaise asked softly.

“Yeah. Your language lessons really work, Nasta.” Harry said with a proud grin.

“Of course, babies learn through repetition.” Nasta told him as he handed Leolin over to Harry and went to kiss and cuddle with his firstborn son.

Harry watched as Nasta started murmuring to Regan in Welsh and he turned his attention back to Leolin in his arms.

“Hello, Leolin.” He said with a wide smile, watching as Leolin’s mouth stretched wide to copy him.

“Ma! Ma!”

“Oh, I know, you’re excited to see me.” Harry cooed to him as he nuzzled that little face.

Leolin burbled softly and gripped tight at Harry’s hair, but he didn’t mind as he allowed his Faerie baby to tug and pull on his hair.

“Do you need a hand?” Blaise asked.

“No, just leave him.” Harry said as he kissed at Leolin’s face, making him giggle.

A cry came through the baby monitor and Blaise groaned, standing up to go and collect Tegan from her wooden prison.
Harry sat back up when Leolin yawned and his tiny hands slipped through Harry’s hair. He tucked his boy against his chest and watched his family, well…most of it, squirm around the floor. He couldn’t believe that Eva was still awake and active, he felt like he could sleep for a week.

Blaise came back into the room with their two missing babies, Tegan and Braiden, both of whom were snuggled into Blaise’s neck.

“Draco is dead to the world. He is not moving.” Blaise said with a grin.

“Is he sick?” Harry asked immediately, sitting up in worry.

“No.” Blaise shook his head. “I made sure to check thoroughly. He’s just being lazy and there’s nothing up there to disturb him now.”

“I’ll wake him up when I go into work, you and Nas will be gone before me.” Max said as he came back into the living room and hefted up Farren. “Their breakfasts are ready and Leolin’s bottle is cooling.”

Harry nodded as he stood up and went into the kitchen. He took control of Leolin’s feed, sitting down at the table and watching the chaos as two grown men tried to wrangle five babies into eating smooth porridge with banana pieces. Blaise had stayed in the living room to watch over Eva and Ave.

Harry shook his head slowly before he gave his attention back to Leolin, who was staring at him as he sucked on his bottle.

“Hello, love. How are you this morning?” He asked quietly as his Faerie baby suckled his milk. “I’m alright today, a little tired because your little sister, Eva, kept me awake for half the night. She didn’t understand that it was sleep time and not play time, but I’ve got to go to court today, so I won’t see much of you or your brothers and sisters, but I will be back later on and I’ll give you some more cuddles then.”

Leolin sucked steadily and Harry smiled at him as he watched, looking up now and then just to watch his mates as they fed his older children their porridge.

“Pracorn.” Braiden told them, looking at the three of them. “Mama, want pracorn.”

“The hell is a pracorn?” Max asked with furrowed eyebrows.
Harry shook his head. He hated this language barrier between him and his children. Sometimes he could pick out words, other times he could work out what they meant, but every so often they would say something that completely stumped him.

“Let me ask Blaise.” Harry said as he took a happily fed Leolin back into the living room.

He winded his Faerie baby, a practiced hand avoiding the tiny, fragile wings before he sat him down on his special beanbag chair.

“Blaise, Braiden’s asking for pracorns, does that make any sense to you?”

Blaise scrunched up his face. He shook his head and Harry sighed.

“That means absolutely nothing to me.” He admitted. “Pracorns?”

Harry nodded and watched as Eva and Ave shuffled around the living room floor.

“Could he mean popcorn?” Blaise suggested. “But then, who would have given him popcorn?”

“He might have just heard us talking about it. Hold on, let me check.”

Harry went back out into the kitchen and he saw that Braiden was still asking for pracorns.

“Braiden, sweetie, do you want popcorn?” He asked clearly.

Braiden pouted at him. He shook his head, sending his black hair flying. “No, Mummy, pracorns.”

Harry sighed. “Blaise suggested that he might have heard us mentioning popcorn, he’s out of ideas.”
“I can’t even think what pracorns are.” Max sighed. “I’ve been running through everything that I’ve given them and nothing is similar.”

“Maybe it’s not something that you’ve given to them.” Nasta suggested. “Get his book out.”

Max blinked and then he went to his counter and pulled open one of the drawers, getting out one of the five books that they kept to track what they’d tried the babies on. He already had two blank books ready for Eva and Ave when they tried something other than formula milk.

Max groaned and thunked his head against the cupboard door.

“The last entry, Draco took Braiden to his parents’ house and tried him on prawns. He loved them so much that Narcissa gave him a small bowl to himself and he scoffed them. He want’s prawns!”

“Is that what you want?” Harry cooed to Braiden. “You want prawns?”

Braiden clapped his hands and grinned. “Want pracorns!”

“Well, I guess I know what I’m doing for lunch.” Max said with a grin.

“Do we even have prawns here?” Harry asked.

“No, I’ll go out and get some before I have to go to work.” Max told him.

“You’re only in as an overseer today, aren’t you?” Harry asked him.

“Yeah, two in the afternoon until six.” Max grimaced. “Damn newbies. They’re never as good as they think they are and they always, always, mess something up. I need to be sharp and catch their mistakes before they make them.”

“Be careful.” Harry told him seriously and Max smiled, coming to pull him into a hug.
“You know that I will be. I’ve been doing this job for far too long. I can almost predict what mistakes they’ll make just from looking at them.”

“Pracorns!” Braiden demanded from his booster seat, hitting the table with his hands, and the three of them looked at him.

“Surely he can’t still be hungry.” Harry fretted.

“Hold on.”

Max went to the counter and ripped a small bunch of grapes off of the larger bunch. He washed them, dried them and then pulled out all of the stalks and cut them in half, digging out any seeds in the supposedly seedless grapes as he did so.

He gave a handful to each baby and Farren immediately dug in and after staring at the grape halves for a moment, so did Braiden. Calix was the only one who didn’t touch his grapes as he tried to escape the confines of his highchair, tugging on the straps over his shoulders and around his waist.

“Alright, alright. Come here.” Max sighed as he unclipped Calix and picked him up. “You want to go off on your travels again, don’t you?”

Max had to put Calix down when he all but wriggled out of his shirt to reach the floor. As soon as he was down, Calix was off, racing on his hands and knees towards the passageway.

“He has so much energy. I was thinking of taking them to a farm or a zoo, one of the little local ones, just so they can run around for a few hours.” Nasta said as he watched Calix bang against the front door with his hand.

“The next time that we’re all off, then.” Harry nodded his agreement.

Draco came down the stairs and Calix screeched in happiness at seeing him. Draco swung him up and kissed his mouth before murmuring to him.

“Is he trying to make his escape again?”
Harry grinned. “Yeah. He didn’t want his after breakfast grapes.”

Draco chuckled sleepily and sat down at the table and held Calix on his lap, nuzzling his brown hair and resting his sharp chin on the top of his little head.

“Daddy, pracorns.” Braiden insisted as he looked at Draco.

“It’s prawns, Braiden.” Draco corrected. “You can’t have prawns for breakfast.”

“He’s having them for lunch.” Max said as he put a cup of tea in front of Draco and kissed his forehead.

“My Mother gave me prawn sandwiches and Braiden kept picking them out and eating them.”

“It’s about time that we tried them on seafood.” Harry said as he cleaned up Regan’s hands.

“You need to start getting ready.” Nasta told him.

Harry groaned. “I know.”

Checking on his babies one last time, he went upstairs for a shower and he got dressed in his smart suit. He checked on himself in the mirror as he tried to comb his hair into some semblance of order. Once he deemed himself as presentable as he could get, he went back down the stairs, where Max had a cup of tea, a plate of toast and a pepper up potion waiting for him.

“Just remember that it’s only for a few hours.” Max told him as he pulled him forward to kiss his forehead softly.

Harry nodded as he nibbled on his toast, just watching as his mates got themselves ready for their own day. Nasta had already changed into his dragonhide work clothes that offered more protection against burns, though not by much, and he was eating his own toast standing up as he looked over their schedule.
“What time are you looking to be back, Blaise?” He asked.

“Early afternoon.” Blaise answered. “I want to be home before Harry is and to give Draco a little break.”

“So you’ll be back around the same time that Max leaves for work?”

Blaise nodded. “I’m aiming to be, but I could run over a little.”

“I don’t know when I’ll be back.” Harry said. “It seems to differ every day.”

“You don’t worry.” Nasta told him. “We know that your court days are going to be a little unpredictable and we’re prepared for it.”

Harry smiled as he drank his tea before he downed the Pepper-up potion. He trailed his hand over Blaise’s back as he walked past him, leaving the kitchen for the living room, where Draco was watching seven babies at play, Leolin was just watching, a teddy tucked into his arms and he was frowning at all of his siblings as they screeched, giggled and played.

At a year and a half old, he was still so very tiny. It was no lie when they observed that Eva and Ave, their four month old girls, were almost bigger and heavier than he was. It seemed preposterous, inconceivable, that Leolin, who was the size of a four month old baby, was still solely on milk and slept for most of the time, was actually seventeen months old and rapidly closing in on his second birthday.

His little Faerie baby still didn’t have any teeth, wasn’t speaking outside of his two word vocabulary, which was apparently an unheard of achievement according to Dain and Kailen, and he was not at all mobile past gripping objects that were handed to him or occasionally reaching up a hand to touch someone’s face.

His severe illness last September, which had lasted until the end of November, had not helped his development at all. Those eleven weeks in the hospital, on the brink of death, had set Leolin back months in his development, but arguably, Harry was just glad that he was alive.

Of course Draco was sat on the floor, brushing hair as he clamped a very unhappy Ave onto his lap to try and tug a comb through the gorgeous, chestnut curls that she and her twin shared.

“Having trouble?” He inquired with a grin.

Draco huffed and let Ave go, their daughter made a very quick escape, which only made Harry
“Those two are impossible.” Draco complained. “I’ve never known any baby to fight against having their hair combed as much as those two.”

“Take it as a sign that they’ll be tomboys and leave them be.” Harry suggested. The glare he got for that remark made his grin widen further.

He kissed all of his babies and got a cuddle from Regan before he called out his goodbyes and he flooed over to Myron and Richard’s home by himself. He was confident enough to walk from the receiving room to the kitchen, where he found Myron and Richard locked in a passionate embrace, snogging. Myron’s large hand was slipping dangerously low on Richard’s back while the other one was cradling the entire of the back of Richard’s skull.

He wolf whistled and then laughed when they broke apart to look at him.

“You’re early.” Myron said with a hint of resignation that Harry had caught him in such a compromising position.

“I annoyed Draco by implying that Eva and Ave were tomboys, so I made a hasty getaway.” Harry grinned.

Richard matched his grin and came to hug him tight, kissing the top of his head.

“You’re not angry that I came over, are you?” He asked, knowing that the answer was no and would always be no.

“Of course not.” Myron said as he took Harry from Richard and held him tightly, pressing his own lips to Harry’s forehead. “You’re always welcome here, always.”

“Alayla slept over her Granddad’s last night. So we’ve just been having a bit of fun with the house to ourselves.” Richard said with an exaggerated wink.

“And suddenly I’m afraid to sit down or touch anything.” Harry joked with a suspicious look to the kitchen table.
Richard’s laugh filled the kitchen as Myron scowled.

“I have no idea what you do in your own kitchen, but in this house no such thing has occurred!” Myron told him.

“That he knows about.” Richard added in a stage whisper and another wink.

That made Harry laugh again as Myron just looked at his Husband, trying to figure out if he was joking or not.

“You had better be joking.” He added when he couldn’t determine if Richard was or wasn’t.

Richard just smiled innocently. If such a devilish look could be considered innocent.

“I mean it!” Myron insisted sternly.

“You sound so much like Max.” Harry said with a smile. “Or would that be he sounds just like you?” He added thoughtfully. “The idea of anyone doing anything like that in his kitchen fills him with horror and dread.”

“So it should. It isn’t sanitary.” Myron insisted.

“He’s no fun at all.” Richard sighed wistfully. “It seems like my baby boy isn’t as much fun either.”

“Oh no, Max is very fun…just not in the kitchen.” Harry said with a grin.

“Enough of this topic.” Myron demanded. “How are my grandchildren?”

“Good…really good in fact. Braiden’s crying for prawns for breakfast, Calix wouldn’t eat his grapes and Eva had me up at three in the morning because she wouldn’t sleep and I stayed with her
“downstairs all night.”

“And that’s considered really good?” Richard asked with raised eyebrows.

“Yes, because I’m not the one at home for the next several hours.” Harry said with a wide grin.

Myron just sighed heavily, as if put upon and he didn’t know what to do with either of them, but Richard laughed happily.

“You’ve started taking after me!” He said proudly as he pulled Harry back into his arms for a hug.

“Merlin help us all.” Myron complained as he picked up his coffee mug and took a swig.

“You love him and you know it!” Richard challenged him.

Myron smiled softly then, those black eyes glittering with love and affection.

“Of course I do, however that doesn’t mean that I have to put up with any behavioural issues from any of you.”

“What are we, dogs?” Richard demanded.

The look on Myron’s face then was utterly sinful, and Harry, and too late Richard, realised that Myron had baited Richard into saying just that, leading him expertly into his word trap.

“I don’t wish to know about our children’s sex lives, but you were definitely on your hands and knees last night, dear.”

Harry had to clutch at his ribs and crouch down on his knees because he was laughing so hard at Richard’s stunned look.
“Be good now while I’m in work or I’ll have to collar you out in the garden.” Was Myron’s parting shot as he sent Richard a smirk over his shoulder as he left for work.

That got Richard moving. “No! You come back here right now!” Richard shouted through the house, storming after his Husband.

Harry had to crawl to a chair and sit in it before he started rolling on the floor in a bid to release all of his laughter.

“I can’t believe him!” Richard said as he came back into the kitchen as Harry was wiping his damp eyes, obviously having failed in his attempt to catch up to Myron before he flooed out of the house.

“That was hilarious.” Harry said as he finished wiping his face of tear tracks and calmed his breathing, letting out a soft, almost girlish giggle that he couldn’t entirely suppress.

Richard shook his head and smiled himself. He drained his own cup of coffee and then put his and Myron’s mugs into the sink.

“Come on, son.” Richard pulled him up and into a hug and then, with the tight squeezing sensation of Apparation, they found themselves behind their usual café and a short walk from the court.

As to their usual routine, they went into the café and ordered coffees to go and then they made their way to the court.

“You said that you’d been up at three?” Richard prompted.

“Yeah, with Eva. She had her three O’clock feed and went to sleep, but Ave woke her back up again and after that she just didn’t settle again. Max got up twice to check on her, but after that he just left her and stayed asleep. I was lying awake just listening to her wriggling around, I couldn’t sleep and after a while it just got frustrating, it was more annoying to lie in bed listening to her grizzling and burbling, so I took her downstairs hoping that she’d settle down there, only she never. So really I have been awake since three.”

“I’ll try and keep today as brief as possible then.” Richard told him gently.
“Max gave me a pepper-up before I left and the coffee is helping a little. I want to do this. I will do this.” He said determinedly.

Richard smiled at him proudly and he placed a hand on his shoulder as they made it to the courtroom and Harry sat back down in the seat that was his and he drank some more of his coffee. He refused to look to his right, to the Dursleys who were talking in hushed voices with their lawyer.

“Right, are you feeling okay?” Richard asked him.

Harry nodded with a smile. “I’m okay. A little anxious to just get it all over and done with, but other than that, I just wish it would start.”

“It won’t be long.” Richard said with a glance to his watch. “A couple more minutes. Just remember that I’m here for you and you alone, and I won’t let anything happen to you. Not ever.”

Harry smiled at him. “I know. Thank you for being here and for taking my case.”

“Of course I did, love. You’re my son and after hearing and seeing everything that you’ve been through...there’s no way that I would have let those beasts get away with what they’ve done to you. One way or another they’ll be punished.”

Harry understood the meaning behind that as his mind floated back to what Myron had once told him. If the Dursleys, by some miracle, were found not guilty, then he’d go after them himself and he’d kill them so that they wouldn’t get away with what they’d done to him.

The Dursleys had better pray that they got sent to prison and that they went down for long enough to appease Richard and Myron, because if they didn’t, then they would be meeting a very angry, adult Dracken and Myron was not a small Dracken at that. He was the tallest person that Harry knew outside of Hagrid, who was actually a half giant, and he had the shoulders to go with it. Anyone would choose prison over going up against a murderously angry Myron, even the Dursleys, as dull and self-serving as they were.

The next couple of hours of his life were painful and frustrating as he had to sit through another session of Vernon Dursley’s complete and utter lies about him. His hands were clenched under the table and he was sure that he was glaring holes into the table top as he was forced to sit silently and listen to the filth that was being spewed about him.
He didn’t know why he’d thought that he’d be tired in the court room, the anger that he felt ate away all of his previous feelings of exhaustion and kept him breathing hard and clenching his fists and jaw tight.

“So, let me test my understanding here, Mister Dursley.” Richard said in such a sceptical tone that Harry’s lips twitched. “You believe that your nephew, Harry, was being made even more dangerous than you already perceived him, by his boarding school?”

“He was a danger to everyone near him.” Vernon raged, going decidedly red in the face and panting like a wounded rhinoceros.

“So you put bars on his window and locks on his door so that he was essentially a prisoner in his tiny room?”

“I had to take measures to protect my family!” Vernon blustered, trying to argue a valid reason for why he’d put bars and locks on an eleven, twelve year old’s bedroom.

“From a short, skinny twelve year old boy?” Richard asked in such a way as to imply that Vernon was deranged. “This picture, Mister Dursley, clearly shows the room that you kept Harry in.”

Harry looked to the screen that was showing his neat and orderly bedroom for the court. The tiny, bare bed, the battered wardrobe and dresser, the scrubbed clean carpet and all of Dudley’s old, broken toys littered around.

“It looks pretty normal, besides the bed that is obviously too small for a boy of Harry’s age and height at the time.”

Harry hid his smile. He knew what was going to happen next as Vernon puffed himself up and declared about the price of taking in a boy that wasn’t his own and providing as much as he could for him.

“Oh yes, I can readily see your sacrifice when I compare this bare, little room to the rest of your house. Though, after seeing the cupboard that you locked him in, we decided that we needed a closer look at things in his bedroom, so we asked the investigating police to rip up the carpet when we smelt cleaning fluid in Harry’s little room.”
Harry watched with vicious satisfaction as Vernon went pale.

“You see, the thing about cleaning fluid is, it cleans up the surface stain a real treat so nothing can be seen at first glance, but blood and other things leak through carpets to stain the floorboards underneath and cleaning fluid doesn’t get down that far as it’s always absorbed by the carpet fibres.”

The next picture that came onto the large TV made several people in the room gasp. The picture showed the rust brown spots on the bare wooden floorboards with the yellow numbered plaques beside them. There were twenty-two of the rust brown stains and seeing the picture blown up on a big screen made it seem all the worse to Harry as he stared at the blooded floor, particularly the very large stain in the one corner.

“These blood stains have all been dated by independent forensic specialists, you should all have had a copy of their report. These patches range from nineteen-ninety to nineteen-ninety-six. When Harry was between the ages of ten and sixteen, which is the age that he left the Dursley residence for good.”

“He was clumsy.” Vernon growled. “Always hurting himself! Tell them, boy!”

Richard’s face went ice cold while Harry’s heart missed a beat as everyone turned to look at him. Richard moved to stand in front of him.

“You will not intimidate my client in this court!” Richard hissed angrily. “My client is a man in therapy for what you have done to him. He is the little child that you hurt and abused throughout his life and I will not allow you to intimidate him or pressure him to lie in this court by shouting at him and frightening him.”

There was silence for a moment afterwards and Richard broke it by moving back to his briefcase and his papers and he smartened them up by snapping the edge of the pages against the table.

“Did you know, Mister Dursley, that threatening or intimidating someone in court carries a maximum five year prison sentence?” Richard asked calmly. “My client is not on the stand, you are. Now, answer the question without frightening my client. Where did all this blood come from?”

“He was clumsy.” Vernon answered, looking everywhere but at Harry or Richard.
“He was clumsy. So your nephew, Harry, would…what? Give me an example.” Richard insisted.

Vernon blustered for a minute or two before he stumbled out a very unconvincing lie about him tripping over and landing on things, like a garden rake. Harry clenched his hand into a tight fist, Vernon remembered the rake incident then and the man damn well knew that he hadn’t tripped over and fallen on it.

He had obviously not covered this with his lawyer, having not expected the photos of the bare floorboards covered in blood stains, this had rattled him and that was good for them if Richard could take advantage of this situation.

“He’d fall down the stairs or he’d jam his fingers in the doors!” Vernon added.

“And you think that we believe that a fall down the stairs or jamming his finger in a door or a drawer would make all of those bloodstains? We even found urine stains on those floorboards, where you’d locked him up for so long that Harry had wet himself.”

“He was a freak!” Vernon exploded. “He was dangerous and abnormal! He was likely wetting himself and cutting himself in his room of his own volition!”

“Oh, so Harry wetting himself had nothing to do with the several locks on his door preventing him from leaving his room to get to the bathroom?” Richard demanded.

Harry couldn’t look up as he was sure that his face was burning with embarrassment. He wanted the floor to open up and swallow him whole. He knew that it was going to be brought up, everything that had ever been said or had happened to him was going to be brought up in this court case, but that didn’t mean that he liked hearing about it or that he wanted a room full of people to know about it.

He didn’t relish being called a freak again either. He hadn’t even heard that word in a year or more and having it suddenly flung at him again, like a barbed weapon, had made him automatically flinch. It was as if he’d never been away from them, as if the last three years hadn’t even happened and he’d never been away from them as his shoulders tried to hunch in to protect himself.

He forced his back straight and jutted his chin up. He would not be afraid. He would not cower away from them any longer. They couldn’t hit or hurt him at all here, not only would it destroy their own court case, but Richard would never let them. He fully trusted that Richard would protect him, because he trusted Richard implicitly.

When Vernon devolved into screaming and blustering until he was purple in the face and Richard couldn’t even get a word in edge ways, let alone ask a question, the court was suspended for an hour long lunch.
Harry stood up and allowed Richard to escort him out and back to the café and he was smiling grimly in satisfaction. Harry guessed that to mean that despite the fact that he hadn’t been able to ask many questions, things were going really well.

Harry ordered chicken and vegetable wraps for his lunch, along with a glass of cloudy apple juice and he sat quietly as Richard tore into his own lunch while making marks and notations on his court papers.

“Things are looking much better.” Richard finally said, leaning back from his notes with satisfaction. “I knew that once I wound that man up then he’d explode and show the court that volatile nature that you told me about and now that the court has seen it, they can’t unsee it.”

Harry smiled then as he realised that it had all been a game play by Richard to prove that Vernon was a bad tempered man who didn’t take criticism well. Harry replayed the last three hours and he realised that Vernon had shown his true colours. Or rather just the one, purple. He’d shouted and raged and at the end, just before the lunch break, he’d been shouting so loudly that Richard hadn’t even been able to talk. It looked bad for the Dursleys.

“We’ve proven today that Dursley is an irrational man and one that’s easily driven to anger.” Richard said happily as he made a last notation with a flourish. “This case is in the bag.”

Harry was happy to hear that and he ate the cake that Richard had ordered for him along with another cup of coffee.

“How much is Nasta going to kill me if I get you another coffee to go?” Richard asked thoughtfully, as if considering his options.

Harry grinned. “While I’m in court? He won’t even scowl at you. I get anything I want at the moment, he even let me stuff myself full of chocolate the other day and he said that it’s going to become a new monthly ritual and he won’t say anything. He even joined in!”


“Yeah, he was only eating dark chocolate, but still, he didn’t say a word about me or Max, Draco and Blaise eating anything that we wanted. We spent the whole evening sharing treats and watching two films.”

“I’m glad that you’re having a little fun to balance this stressful time. Are you due a week long
It took Harry longer than he cared to admit to understand that Richard was talking about his heat period and he finally made an ‘O’ of understanding.

“Yeah, I think a holiday is on its way. Maybe a month to go.”

Richard’s eyes widened. “Really?” He asked.

Harry nodded. “I’m three or so weeks in.” He replied quietly.

“So, some when in late June or early July?”

“Early July.” Harry nodded.

Richard nodded. “I don’t think this case will last that long, but if it does, I’ll ask for a two week break which will usually be granted because you are the victim in all of this, Harry. You can have your holiday and be back without missing court. Do your lovers know?”

Harry shook his head. “They haven’t noticed yet. I don’t think they expect it to have been so soon.”

“Have you dismantled your nest from the twins, then?”

“I didn’t need to. As soon as my magic left the hole, it collapsed. I went out there to see it several weeks ago now to see what I could salvage when Max told me that it had caved in.”

Richard chuckled. “Let’s hope it’s not another set of quintuplets.”

Harry groaned. “It better not be.” He complained. “I want a nice, easy singleton, like Braiden.”

“That’s right, he’s your only singleton, isn’t he?” Richard grinned.
Harry huffed. “It’s because of those quintuplets! If I’d only had a singleton, I’d only have four babies right now, not eight, but I couldn’t ever wish them away now that I have them.”

“It seems like you’ve had more than three pregnancies because Farren’s so big, Calix is so tiny and Leolin is our special boy. It’s because they’re all so different and in different stages of development that makes it seem like you’ve had more than you actually have.”

Harry nodded. “It is strange when you think that Farren and Leolin are exactly the same age, that they were conceived and born at the same time. Farren is more than four times the size and weight of Leolin.”

“He’s a big bruiser like our Max was.” Richard said with a chuckle. “Absolutely gorgeous mind you, you’re going to have some trouble keeping girls and guys away from him, like Myron and I did keeping them away from our Maxie. Like hell were we going to let some harpy dig her claws into our baby.”

Harry scowled as he remembered Rebecca Silvermoss, who had tried her hardest to get Max to agree to mate to her. She’d even gone so far as to try to snatch Braiden from him, declaring that Braiden should be her baby. He still didn’t know what Myron had said to her, but whatever it had been, he’d frightened her enough to keep her away from him and his babies, though she had tried to go after Max again. He was more than capable of looking after himself though and he’d done just that.

“Right, come on you. We’ll get another coffee to go and we’ll make our way back.”

“Cappuccino?” Harry asked with a smile.

Richard grinned and ruffled his hair. “You’re too cute. Yes, you can have a cappuccino, extra chocolate sprinkles.”

They made their way back to the court, Harry happily sipping on his cappuccino. He sat down in his seat and once again he ignored the Dursleys sat at the table beside him. At least Vernon seemed to have calmed down, his face was red and not purple any more.

At dead on one O’clock the court reconvened and Richard became serious again, taking a moment to set out his papers once more.
“Are you suitably calm now, Mister Dursley?” He asked first and foremost. Reminding the court that they had stopped because Vernon had lost his temper during questioning.

“I believe that we got as far as you using the cat flap, seen in the pictures of the bedroom door leading into Harry’s room, to feed him small amounts of food.” Richard reminded.

“He put that in himself for his damn owl!” Vernon replied, his moustache bristling with the effort it took him to control himself.

“The owl that you locked up the moment that he came home from school?” Richard queried immediately after Vernon had stopped speaking. “The same owl that you viciously threatened to kill in front of Harry, a mere boy of twelve?”

“That is a lie!” Vernon raged.

“Which part?” Richard asked curiously. “That you locked the owl up or that you threatened to kill her in front of your nephew?”

“Both!”

“Oh? But her cage had a large padlock on it.”

“That was not my doing!”

“Then you’re actually trying to suggest that Harry padlocked his own owl into her cage?” Richard asked sceptically.

“I wouldn’t be at all surprised.” Vernon all but snarled.

“Harry is an animal lover, he still has his owl and she is in optimum health. Harry welcomes the decision of the court if they wish to have her looked over by an independent veterinarian.” Richard said confidently. “Harry has never mistreated his owl and he resents the insinuation that he was the one to lock her up during the summer months.”
Richard let that sink in for a moment before he walked the length of the table and then back again. He picked up another stack of papers and flipped to the page that he wanted.

“Tell me about your hatred of all animals, Mister Dursley.”

“I do not hate animals!” Vernon growled, his face going a brighter red. “My sister breeds bulldogs! She always brought her favourite dog with her when she visited!”

“Oh? So it was just Harry’s owl that you hated?”

“I didn’t hate or hurt his blasted owl!”

“How did your Wife feel about Harry’s owl?” Richard asked out of the blue.

Vernon blustered and mumbled before he finally answered, which in on itself was very telling. Vernon had never been a good liar, he was much more used to saying whatever vile thought or opinion came to his mind.

“She never had a problem with the owl!”

“She didn’t? Then perhaps your son? One of you had a problem with Harry having an owl because that padlock was placed on the owl’s cage and Harry was not allowed the key. In fact, I know it was your Wife who hated animals, because Harry has told me so. She didn’t even like your sister’s dog, did she? Harry has informed me that she would flinch if the dog so much as barked. But you, Mister Dursley, you really had a problem with Harry’s owl, didn’t you? Was it because an owl is not a nice, normal, pet for a young boy to have?” Richard asked, hitting the nail on the head in Harry’s opinion.

“I never had a problem with that damn owl!”

“We have a quote from your neighbour, who heard you yelling late at night in the summer of nineteen-ninety-five. ‘No more effing owls!’ is what he heard you screaming, Mister Dursley, would you care to explain this yelled comment? Especially when your neighbour was under the impression that you and your Wife did not permit animals into your house and that you had no pets,
not even an owl.”

Harry could see Vernon grinding his teeth and he wondered how he was going to answer without making himself seem like an irrational, insane fool by mentioning magic.

“Are we going back to not answering questions, Mister Dursley?” Richard asked curiously. “Can I assume that you resented Harry having such a unique pet as an owl and thus you locked her up to stop the neighbours from seeing her?”

Vernon’s whole head bypassed purple this time and went puce and he was clenching his teeth so tightly that Harry reckoned that he could hear his jaw cracking.

Richard refused to allow the subject to be changed and he stayed on the mistreatment of Hedwig for the next hour and a half, threatening Vernon and Petunia with the added charge of animal cruelty on top of child negligence, cruelty and abuse.

It was gone three O’clock when the Judge, Mister Justice Brais, called an end to the proceedings and Richard packed up his papers and snapped his briefcase closed. He stayed and spoke to several people, laughing and looking completely at ease, but Harry could see the tension around his mouth. He was playing at being this calm, confident, happy man because it showed the people around him that he was at ease and confident with how things were progressing.

Richard took five minutes to do this before he came and placed a hand on his shoulder and escorted him out of the room just before the Dursleys were taken back to their cells.

“You’ve done so well.” Richard praised him.

Harry nodded. “I just want to get home now.”

“I can imagine.” Richard nodded. “At least you don’t have to go back for the rest of the week now. Next Monday and Tuesday though we’ll finish off your evidence and then we’re off again on the Wednesday. Then the Thursday and Friday will see Mrs Dursley on the stand. Of course that’s only if everything progresses smoothly and no one digs their heels in, otherwise this could take longer.”

Harry nodded and he breathed a little easier. He was glad that Draco’s birthday, coming up next week, was on a Saturday, so that his court appearances wouldn’t interfere with his birthday.

“Will…will the Monday and Tuesday sessions focus on the pictures of my body?” Harry asked quietly.
Richard’s hand touched his shoulder and squeezed. “Yes, love. I’m sorry, but the court needs to see them, the Judge and Jury need to see what those beasts did to you.”

“I know.” Harry nodded. “I just want to be prepared for when they come up. I’m glad that my mates won’t be there to see them. I’m not sure if I could trust them to control themselves.”

“Once those monsters are safely behind bars, then if you’re up to it, you can share the photos with them. I know what you mean about the worry about them controlling themselves. I couldn’t show them to Myron, even though he asked. I didn’t trust him not to go and hunt down the Dursleys.”

Harry smiled thinly as they made it behind the café and Richard held him tightly before Apparating back to the driveway of Max’s house.

“Well, here we are again. I’ve got to get back, Myron’s home early today because we’re going to visit Ashleigh.”

“Is she alright?”

“She’s alright. She’s doing so much better and she’s making so much progress. She’s more like the woman who we both mated to again. We’re all much happier.”

Harry smiled then. “I’m glad. Thank you for helping me so much in court.”

“Don’t mention it, you’re our baby boy now. We’d do anything for you, love.”

Harry hugged him and Richard saw him into the house and stayed just long enough to see the front door close before he Apparated away to his home, the home that Myron had bought just a year before he had mated to him and Ashleigh. It was so much like home now that he barely thought about it being Myron’s. It was their home, where they’d raised their five children. He loved it here.

“Is Harry alright?” Myron asked as Richard walked into the kitchen, already taking off his tie.
“He’s alright.” Richard said with a smile. “I saw him home safe. I could kill that lying Dursley though. I want to ram my claws through his fucking belly and slice up his rancid insides. The gutless prick.”

“More lies today about our Harry, then?” Myron growled.

Richard snorted. “Yeah, saying that Hogwarts had made Harry more dangerous and tried to justify locking Harry up and barring his windows as protecting himself and his vile family. He even said that Harry had abused Hedwig himself! That boy treats that owl like one of his fucking kids!”

“There is no justification for locking him up so often that has to urinate in a corner!” Myron growled. “Those beasts treated him like a wild animal and I won’t have it, Richard! I won’t.”

“No one will.” Richard reminded him sternly. “I’m going to nail the lids to their coffins myself, legally, Myron! Trust in me. I can do this, I am doing this. With the way that things are progressing in that court room, they’re going down for a long time, Myron.”

“They had better be.” Myron grumbled. “I won’t have my Harry hurting because of them.”

Richard smiled and slipped his arms around Myron’s neck. He kissed his chin.

“I love you, you know. You’re sexy when you’re being all protective and fatherly to our babies.”

Myron bent his head and kissed him properly, one hand dipping low down his back.

“I love you too. I feel so protective over Harry at the moment, he’s going through such a horrible time. I want to wrap him up and smother him.”

“I don’t think our Maxie would be too happy with you if you did.” Richard teased.

Myron snorted and slapped Richard’s arse. “Go and get changed. Ashleigh will fret if we’re late. She wants to hear about the case and she wants more information on Alayla’s new boyfriend. She doesn’t like him either.”
“Only because everything she knows about him has come from you and you don’t like him either.”

Myron scoffed and crossed his large arms over his thick middle. “He’s not good enough for our baby girl.”

“Admit it, you don’t like him because he drives a motorbike and works as a photographer.”

“It’s not a real job!” Myron hissed. “He takes deplorable photos and then sells them on the internet! It’s an unreliable source of income and our Laya deserves much better!”

“Let her make up her own mind.” Richard encouraged.

“No.” Myron groused. “I will not let that filth linger around, threatening her life with that contraption that he drives far too fast!”

Richard chuckled and he went to drop off his briefcase and court papers and get himself changed. He couldn’t wait to see Ashleigh again and tell her how everyone was. He hadn’t lied to Harry, she really was getting much better lately. He was hopeful that soon she’d be able to leave the centre for a couple of hours, just so that she could come home for a bit, but he wouldn’t push her if she didn’t feel ready. He just wanted her to get better. He wanted his mate, his Wife, back to how she used to be, back when she laughed fully, flinging her gorgeous sheet of blonde hair over her shoulders. Back when her blue eyes sparkled with joy and she would dance to the Wizarding Wireless Network with a baby cocked on her hip.

He hoped that she could become that woman again, smiling, laughing, joking, dancing with her grandchildren, but most of all, he hoped that she could be happy again. He just wanted her to be happy again.

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Harry closed the front door and kicked off his shoes, almost breaking his neck when he stood on a hard plastic ball as he pitched forward, clinging desperately to the banister to keep his feet.

“Fuck!” He cursed loudly.
“Harry?”

“Who else would it be?” He huffed. “Who left this plastic ball out here? I almost smashed my face into the banister.”

“Did one escape?” Max asked as he crawled into the passageway on his hands and knees, a screeching Braiden on his back.

Harry just stared at him for a moment before he laughed loudly.

“Come on, climb on, I’ll take you to the settee.” Max said as he shuffle crawled on his hands and knees to him and head butted his hip to get Harry to sit on him.

Harry laughed deep in his belly as he sat on Max’s back behind Braiden, wrapped his son up and squeezing his knees to keep his seat on Max as he turned full circle and crawled back into the living room.

“What are you doing home anyway?” Harry asked him. “I thought you finished at six today?”

“I was supposed to. One of the newbies almost killed themselves and blew up half the clinic, so I got to come home early.”

“Are you okay?”

“I’m absolutely fine, my sweet, gentle submissive. Containment wards are wonderful. I saved myself and most of the other newbies, but a few of them got singed and the idiot who made the mistake had to be shopped to St Mungos. It means that I got to come home three hours early and I’ve been playing all afternoon.”

“I can see that. Where’s Draco?”

Max remained quiet and Harry slipped off his back, pulling Braiden with him.
“Max, where is Draco?”

“At the hospital with Blaise.” Max sighed, sitting back and looking up at him.

“He didn’t have another fever did he? Max, those potions were supposed to make him better! They were supposed to stop the damage from getting worse.” Harry said frantically.

“The potions are working and he’s fine for the most part. He got scalded.”

Harry deflated a little. “Scalded?”

“Yeah, a hot teapot on the coffee table.”

Harry’s gorge rose as he realised what was being alluded to. He looked around, his eyes taking in all the babies and automatically counting them. There were two missing.

“Where are Eva and Ave?” He asked in a whisper. “Where are my baby girls?”

Max sighed. “At the hospital, love. I came home to find Narcissa here, she told me what had happened. I went to the hospital to catch up to Blaise and Draco and got the story from them. I didn’t call you or Nasta because both the girls are fine and will be back in an hour or so.”

“What happened?” Harry hissed.

“It happened when all the kids were down for their afternoon nap. Eva and Ave didn’t want to nap, so they were playing on the floor. Ave stood up with the help of the table. Draco wasn’t expecting it as she is only four months old. He rushed to grab the teapot, but Ave knocked it off onto Eva. Draco got scalded the worst, they took Ave just to be sure, but she was unhurt.”

“And my Eva?” Harry demanded.

“She’s wrapped up with burn salve, but the doctors are keeping an eye on her for the moment, just in case she goes into shock or has any complications. But at least she’s sleeping now.”
Harry felt like he couldn’t breathe and he clutched Braiden to his chest.

“Please tell me that she’s going to be okay.” Harry choked out.

“She’s going to be fine, like I said, Draco was hurt the worst. We’re going to have to start calling Eva and Ave, A and E though.” Max laughed. “For Accident and Emergency.”

“That’s not funny.” Harry told him.

“It is a little funny.”

Harry nibbled on his lip when he felt it quivering.

“Oh, love. I didn’t mean to upset you, I swear. Come here.”

Max pulled him down into his lap and wrapped those solid, warm arms around him tight and Harry burrowed in.

“Eva is going to be just fine, she’s my daughter too and I was seriously worried when Narcissa told me. I ran right off to the hospital, but I promise you that she’s fine. It doesn’t seemed to have bothered her at all and Ave is fine, she’s just fussing to come home.”

“Should we…should we call Nasta?” Harry asked from the cocoon of Max’s arms. “He’s our top dominant and I sort of want him here.”

“If you need him here then I’ll floo call the reserve and see where he is.”

Max put him on the settee and then did as he said he would and floo called the dragon reserve.

“Mama, baby took milk!” Braiden told him and Harry smiled and nodded to him.
“He helped Blaise feed Leolin his bottle. He loved doing it apparently.” Max told him. “They’ve sent a junior handler out to look for Nasta.”

“Baby ‘eoin was on leg, Mummy!” Braiden continued, pointing to his own leg.

“You are talking so well, you are so cute I could eat you.” Max cooed at him as he went out of the living room and into the kitchen.

“Did you have your baby brother on your leg and feed him his bottle, Braiden?”

“Yes, Mummy. Baby dranked his milk!”

“Did you have your prawns too?”

Braiden screeched excitedly and clapped his hands. “Pracorns! Pracorns!”

“Damn that boy likes his seafood!” Max laughed as he passed him a cup of honey tea.

“What did the reserve say?” Harry asked after taking a deep drink.

“I told you, they’ve sent someone out to find Nas, but it might take a while, he’s with his girl, Caronwyn.”

“Is she okay?”

“Yeah, she gouged one of the males who tried mounting her, so Nasta is calming her down so that she doesn’t go on a rampage while the other handlers contain the injured male, who’s thrashing around and incinerating everything that goes near him. So pretty much a normal day’s work for Nas.”

Harry smiled and he couldn’t help but feel grateful that Nasta was with Caronwyn, his most
favourite dragon, rather than with the male that she’d injured. He would have worried much more if he’d been with the rampaging injured male.

“Mummy, baby is awake.”

Harry looked over to see Leolin rubbing at sleepy golden eyes.

“Good boy, Braiden, you go and play now.”

Braiden grinned and ran over to a beach ball, clutching his arms as far around it as he could before throwing it. It barely moved several inches, but Braiden screeched as if he’d thrown it a mile as he ran to the ball, picked it up and threw it again.

Harry plucked Leolin up from his beanbag, just as the floo flared and Blaise came through with Ave.

“Is she okay?” He asked before Blaise had even gotten his bearings back.

“She’s alright, Bello. Ave didn’t even get a single blister, despite being the one to knock the teapot all over Draco and Eva.”

Harry took her into his free arm and kissed her curly head.

“Ma na.” Ave cooed at him.

“Ma!” Leolin demanded from the other side, striking a hand out to hit at his face.

“No, Leolin! You don’t hit.” Max told him sternly as he took Leolin from Harry and cuddled him on his own lap while Blaise cradled Harry’s cheek in his hand.

“It’s okay.” Harry told him. “He barely hit me. I guess he wanted my full attention. I didn’t mean to pay more attention to Ave, sweetie.” He told Leolin, who reached out both hands and pressed them to both of Harry’s cheeks.
“Ma.” He sniffled.

Harry swapped Ave for Leolin and he snuggled his Faerie baby in his arms as Draco flooed in with Eva.

“Are you both okay?” Max asked before Harry could.

“Eva’s going to be fine. Healer Almus said that the one dose of burn salve will be enough to completely heal her.”

“Really?” Max asked. “Damn that tea must have barely touched her for her to only need one dose.”

“It barely touched her skin.” Draco sighed. “Her clothes and bodysuit absorbed most of the tea and she only had a little red patch of skin on her back. Healer Almus said it’s more a reaction to the heat than a blister. She’s going to be fine before tomorrow.”

“What about you?” Harry asked.

Draco grimaced and moved Eva to show a heavily bandaged arm.

“I saw Ave standing up and I went to move the teapot, but she knocked it before I could get there and when it tipped, I caught most of it on my arm.”

“Do you have a prescription or did they send you home with a salve?” Max asked.

Draco sighed and pulled a jar of orange paste out of his pocket. Max took it and read the instructions and the dosage.

“It needs to stay in the fridge. I’ll put it in my potion’s storage cold cupboard, this isn’t going in my fridge.” He said. “You come to me when you need another dose.”

Draco rolled his eyes and nodded before he collapsed onto the settee and cradled a sleeping Eva on his chest.
“You should take some blood from Nasta too.”

“Oh, he doesn’t know does he? The last thing I need is to be tucked up on the settee and unable to move under his hawk like watch again.” Draco complained.

“We sent a message to the reserve, he’ll be back as soon as they find him.” Max told him.

“That reserve is massive, hopefully they won’t find him.” Draco groaned.

“I’m sorry, I needed him. He’s our top dominant, I wanted him here.” Harry said and he bit his lip.

“That’s normal after the day that you’ve had.” Blaise told him, sitting next to him and kissing him.

“Ma.” Leolin interrupted.

Harry smiled at him and sat him on his lap more securely, getting his Faerie baby upright and looking at him. Harry had sat him facing him and he held tightly onto Leolin’s arms.

Leolin giggled and Harry wiggled him slightly, which made Leolin giggle more.

“Ma! Ma!” He chanted with a gummy grin.

“Who’s my big boy?!” Harry praised with a wide grin. “This boy is adorable.”

“He sure is, just don’t let him hit you.” Max said as he went to put Draco’s salve into his storage.

“Leolin, do you want to try banana mush?” Harry asked. “Are you ready for something more than milk?!”

“Do you think he is? It’s so strange to see all of the others eating near enough normal food and he’s still just on milk.” Blaise said thoughtfully.
“I’m not sure. We’re really winging it with Leolin.” Harry sighed. “He still doesn’t even have a peek of a tooth and I’m afraid of giving him solid foods and making him sick or something.”

Max came back into the room with more tea, he set the tray down on the coffee table and he sat down on the floor with a groan and pulled Calix onto his lap.

“Dada Ma!” Calix giggled.

Max kissed Calix loudly and blew a raspberry on him, much to the enjoyment of their son, before he rolled Calix over his leg and their son screeched in sheer joy before he crawled back around and lifted his arms up. Max rolled Calix over his leg again and Calix screeched and laughed so happily that Harry couldn’t help but smile as he watched them.

Calix rushed around to Max’s lap again and Max rolled him over his leg, again and again and again, over and over and over and Calix never got tired of it and Harry couldn’t stop watching as he snuggled with Leolin and sipped his tea.

The floo flared and a frantic Nasta landed on the rug and he looked at them all with wide eyes. Max whistled at him, bare chested, muddy and sweaty with a trickle of blood running down his one arm.

“You had better not have called me home from that disaster for no reason.” He growled. “Caronwyn is very agitated. I got your message that I was needed at home as soon as possible.”

“I’m sorry, Nas. I…I wanted you here.” Harry said quietly.

“Was it the case, are you okay?” Nasta asked, his frown clearing as he came to sit next to him, holding him tight.

Harry shook his head. “Draco and Eva were injured this afternoon.”

Nasta’s head swung to the two of them, Eva sleeping on Draco’s chest and Draco’s bandaged arm wrapped around her little back.

“What happened?” Nasta demanded as he went to sniff at Draco and Eva.
"I got scalded and so did Eva." Draco told him.

"Scalded by what?" Nasta asked as he declared Draco suitably cared for and picked up the sleeping Eva to lick at her flushed cheek to check for fever or something that someone might have missed.

"Tea." Draco said. "Ave stood up for the first time today, but she was really wobbly and unstable and she knocked the teapot flying. I had already started moving to catch it, but my arm got scalded and so did Eva’s back, seeing as she was underneath Ave when it happened." Draco explained.

"Has she been given anything?" Nasta asked.

"Burn salve, but the affected area is so small and barely there, so Healer Almus said she only really needed the one dose."

"And you?" Nasta asked seriously.

Draco sighed. "Max has the salve that I need to apply and I should be fine in a few days if I take blood."

Nasta nodded and then suddenly his fangs were just there and he bit into his own arm before offering it to Draco, who held Nasta’s arm still and sucked gently at the offered wound while the rest of them just watched.

"Do you feel better?" Nasta asked when Draco pulled back.

Their blond mate nodded with a sigh. "Yeah, that feels much better. Thank you."

"Don’t thank me for taking care of you." Nasta told him as he pulled Draco forward to kiss his pale pink lips. "Harry, how was your day in court?"

"Frustrating, upsetting, anger inducing, take your pick." Harry sighed. "He tried to say that I had been abusing Hedwig!"
“What?” Max demanded. “How did Hedwig even come into it?”

“He used to lock her up so that I couldn’t let her out to hunt and fly so that the neighbours wouldn’t see her and think that I was even more abnormal than they already believed I was. Richard’s trying to add animal abuse to their sentence too.”

“And he tried to say that you locked her up yourself? Like he said that you locked yourself in a cupboard of your own volition?” Max demanded.

Harry nodded miserably.

“No one is going to believe him.” Draco said angrily. “You love Hedwig!”

Harry nodded. “That’s what Richard said.” He told them. “But I don’t like hearing it, I don’t like the thought of anyone thinking that I could hurt Hedwig, or anyone else. I was just a kid.”

“Exactly.” Nasta told him as he sat back next to him and pulled him to rest against his bare shoulder, brushing a thumb over Leolin’s scowling face. “You were a child, Harry and they hurt and abused you. The court will be able to see that, they are people trained in finding the truth and they’ll be good at it. Half cobbled together lies are not going to fool them. You’re going to be fine and no one is going to believe that you hurt them, or Hedwig.”

Harry smiled thinly and turned his head into Nasta’s neck, ignoring that he was covered in soot, sweat, blood, mud and what smelt like dragon dung. He had wanted Nasta here and now that he did have him here, he wanted to cuddle with him.

“What are you doing home anyway, Max? Weren’t you in until six today?” Nasta asked, looking at the clock which read a quarter past five. “Did you get called in when Draco and Eva went to the hospital?”

“No, Draco and Blaise went right to the hospital with the twins after a quick call to Narcissa to babysit. I came home and got the story from her, went to check on them at the hospital before I came back to take over the childcare once I was assured that they were alright and in competent hands.”
“Why did you come back early?” Nasta asked. “Are you alright?”

Max sighed. “I’m fine. I told you that I hated those newbies though. One of them wasn’t paying attention and decided to blow up half the clinic. I threw up a heavy containment ward, but still several of them needed medical help and the one who blew up his cauldron needed the hospital. So I got to come home after only an hour and a half of work.”

“But you’re unhurt?”

“Completely fine.” Max smiled. “I’ve been playing with our wonderful children all afternoon.”

Nasta sighed. “When are you back in court, Harry?”

Harry smiled happily then. “I’m off for the next four days. I go back on Monday.”

Max cheered and lurched from his place sat on the floor to hug him, nuzzling his face into Harry’s body, moving up to bury his nose in his neck before leaning back to maul his mouth.

“That looks frankly indecent.” Draco sneered.

“No one asked you!” Max pulled back to tell him. Harry was breathing hard and almost panting from his kiss and he laughed happily, copied by several babies.

Leolin, however, did not like Max being so close to his Mum and he smacked Max while he was distracted.

“Leolin!” Harry said shocked, moving his son away from Max.

Max shook his head. “That’s twice today that he’s lashed out.”

“Really?” Nasta asked as he took Leolin from Harry’s lap and settled him on his own.
“Yeah, he hit Harry earlier when he was paying more attention to Ave. She’d just come home from
the hospital so Harry was checking her over and Leolin didn’t like that Harry wasn’t paying any
attention to him. So he lashed out.”

Nasta frowned. “I’ll go for a shower and take him with me and I’ll spend five minutes with him in
the bedroom. He might need some undisrupted contact to settle himself.”

Harry nodded and Nasta went upstairs with Leolin to grab a quick shower and a five minute cuddle.

Taking in a deep breath, Harry finished off his tea and slipped down onto the floor and he grabbed
the nearest body to him, Regan, and dragged him onto his lap and tickled him.

“Tickle tickle.” Regan screeched with a wiggle. “Mummy, tickle!”

“Are you being tickled?” Harry asked him. “Are you?

Regan screeched again and giggled, rolling to his knees and standing up, wrapping his arms around
Harry’s neck and hugging him.

“Aww, do you love your Mummy, Regan?” Max asked.

“Yes.” Regan answered as he hugged Harry tightly.

“Why don’t you give Mummy a kiss?” Blaise asked him.

Regan pulled back and kissed Harry’s mouth and Harry hugged his little boy tightly.

“I love you, Regan.” He said.

“Love, Mummy.” Regan said back before he was gone, toddling off to Braiden and joining in his
game of playing with their, rather large, collection of chunky cars.

Harry smiled as he watched him. His wonderful children, they were getting so big now at
seventeen months old, they were so smart and joyful. He could see them as the children that they would grow to be. Especially his twenty-one month old Braiden. He was just two months away from being a whole two years old and Harry really couldn’t believe that his little boy, his first ever child, was almost two years old already.

“Were my Dads’ alright?” Max asked him as he stretched his legs out in front of him with a groan as he accepted Tegan onto his lap with one of her books and she started reading to him, her favourite penguin not far behind.

“They were fine, they’ve gone to see Ashleigh and according to Richard, she’s doing much better lately. I won’t tell you the horrors they told me about enjoying a free house together this morning.”

Max made a face. “Ah, no, please don’t. Keep that to yourself.”

“Myron said something about collaring Richard on his hands and knees…”

“STOP!” Max demanded as his face screwed up. “No, just no, Harry. I’m sorry I asked.”

Harry laughed happily and went to see what Farren was up to as Calix played with his Dad Blaise by peeking his head out from under the coffee table and then ‘hiding’ by ducking his head back under it, laughing at Blaise’s, very fake and exaggerated, surprise every time he stuck his head out.

He was going to enjoy the next four days, where he didn’t have to go to court and as Farren included him in his game of block building, Harry hoped that being at home all day for the next four days reassured his children, especially Farren, that though he might leave them for a few hours, he would always come home for them, because nothing, nothing in this world, would ever keep him away from his children. Nothing. Not ever.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: The court scenes are coming along well, or at least they are in my opinion. As I said in the last chapter, I am not a lawyer, a law student or anything of the sort. I did research and that is the extent of my knowledge of what happens in court cases. I did say that there would be mistakes, so please, just accept that and take them on the chin
and realise that I was never going to get it a hundred percent correct to the letter of the law. I can’t help that, but I’m trying my best.

Thank you all for your continued support, lovelies. I would like to take this time to point those of you who haven’t added me on Facebook, towards the Wikia page if you wanted more information on the Dracken universe. You can find it here:

http://riseofthedrackens.wikia.com/wiki/Home

For those of you NOT following the Scaled Bits, the only part of this Wikia you don’t want to look at is the list of grandchildren from the Scaled Bits, otherwise this Wikia is up to date with the main fic, not the Scaled Bits.
I think this is it from me, I’m working on a new Dracken fic to add to my Dracken universe, but other than that, it’s Rise of the Drackens, Lycanthrope Factory and The Black Heir on my list, oh and finishing off Damaged Bodies, but until then, I hope you’ve enjoyed this chapter,

StarLight Massacre. X
Temper Tantrums

Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter is for every single one of you. Today we celebrate four amazing years of dedicated writing on my part and dedicated reading and reviewing on your part, lovelies. It has been four years to the day since I started this fic and over those four years, we’ve had a LOT of mishaps and obstacles to get over, but we have persevered together to overcome it all. I am truly honoured to have shared this experience with you all, lovelies, whether you’re new readers or old who have been with me from day one, thank you for always trusting in me and thank you for always sticking by me, no matter what. Thank you.

Warning: This chapter contains scenes of a bloody, gory and distressing nature that may upset some readers. Please, please proceed with caution and navigate carefully through the scenes if you are easily upset or have certain triggers.

Last Time

Harry laughed happily and went to see what Farren was up to as Calix played with his Dad Blaise by peeking his head out from under the coffee table and then ‘hiding’ by ducking his head back under it, laughing at Blaise’s, very fake and exaggerated, surprise every time he stuck his head out.

He was going to enjoy the next four days, where he didn’t have to go to court and as Farren included him in his game of block building, Harry hoped that being at home all day for the next four days reassured his children, especially Farren, that though he might leave them for a few hours, he would always come home for them, because nothing, nothing in this world, would ever keep him away from his children. Nothing. Not ever.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter Ninety-Nine – Temper Tantrums

It felt nice to have a lie in for once, Harry thought lazily as he rolled around in the large bed that was abandoned except for him, luxuriating in having it all to himself for a change. He settled back down and he let out a deep, disgruntled sigh as the warmth of the bed became slightly stifling now that he was awake. It was almost June and the sun was streaming through the edges of the curtains warming everything up. He was too hot and he was sweating under the heavy duvet, likely the reason that he’d woken up in the first place.

He knew that it was gone breakfast just from the feel of the house. It was too quiet and there was no one rushing around anywhere, no screeches or giggles from small children and no shouted questions to mates in other rooms. It was completely silent, peaceful. If he had to guess, he’d say
that it was midmorning and the kids were all down for their naps.

With a groan he sat up and pushed the heavy duvet away from his body and swiped his sweat soaked hair back, away from his face. He slid from the bed and he padded barefoot to the bathroom to relieve himself, brush his teeth and have a quick shower, but not the usual dart it, get wet and get back out routine he usually kept to with so many babies clamouring for his attention that he had to look after.

He cleaned himself up, taking the time to thoroughly clean himself and luxuriate as much as he could in the shower, he did prefer baths, but showers were still very nice when he’d been as sweaty and grimy as he’d been when he’d woken up. He dressed himself in whatever came to hand first from his drawer in their shared dresser, after a quick spell to dry himself off of course, before he went down the stairs, peeked into the empty kitchen, before going into the living room. He found Draco stretched out across the settee, sat up reading his book in the living room, but no one else.

“What is everyone?” He asked with a grin. “I feel like I’m in the wrong house.”

Draco startled in surprise and looked up from his novel.

“Well the kids are down for their nap, Max was recalled to sort out the aspiring potions apprentices, minus the one who actually caused the accident yesterday, and Nasta went to work an hour early to check on his Caronwyn.”

“Blaise?” Harry asked as he went to lie down on the settee, resting his upper body in Draco’s lap and keeping eye contact with him.

Draco pushed his hand, attached to his newly bandaged arm, through Harry’s hair to get it out of his eyes and Harry moved and stole a morning kiss from his blond mate.

“Blaise went to talk to the goblins at Gringotts.”

“Was he okay?”

“Nervous, but he’s excited too. He really wants this to work.”

“He’s damn good at it!” Harry said passionately. “He should be able to set up his own business in this. It’s not like he has any competition!”
Draco smiled and bent forward to kiss him, before wrapping his good arm around his back and pulling his upper body down to rest against him. He went back to his book and Harry yawned and rested on his mate, letting himself rest some more while allowing his brain to wake up slowly.

When he wanted his first cup of tea for the morning, he pushed up and kissed Draco again before he wiggled away from his body and stood up to stretch. He went into the kitchen and boiled the kettle while he got down two mugs and a bowl so that he could have some cereal. Nasta would kill him if he didn’t at least try to eat breakfast and he really wanted cereal, it made him sigh. He really was in the fifth week of his cycle, just four more weeks and he’d have a heat period. He really needed to tell his mates about that soon.

He made tea for himself and Draco, scoffed his cereal and washed up his bowl, before taking the tea into the room, handing one cup off to Draco, who thanked him gratefully.

“Were the kids okay?” Harry asked, smiling apologetically as Draco put down his book yet again. He rarely had the time to read it, so Harry was loath to interrupt him, he just couldn’t help it when it came to his babies.

“They were fine. They’ll all be awake soon.” Draco told him. “They all ate their breakfasts and even Farren went down for his nap. Blaise was on the night shift and he said that there were no problems and that he only had to get up at three to feed Eva and Ave and the once for Leolin at four. He checked on the other kids too and they were all fine. Tegan was wet, so she had a change, but Calix was bone dry.”

“So no rashes?” Harry asked.

Draco shook his head. “He still wants to crawl around naked though.”

Harry chuckled. “If he wants to crawl around naked in his own home, let him.”

Draco hummed, but he didn’t answer and he cheekily stuck his legs into Harry’s lap. Harry just laughed and started massaging his calves, knees, ankles and feet as he sat quietly on the settee and lost himself in his thoughts with his cup of tea, leaving Draco to his book as they enjoyed the comfortable silence that they both knew wouldn’t last for much longer.

He knew that Draco had a problem with the kids being naked, he believed that it was inappropriate and that they’d be hurt easier if they didn’t have a protective layer of clothing on. The accident with Eva had only solidified his belief, because if Eva had been naked yesterday, her burns would have been a thousand times worse than the small patch of reddened skin that she had gotten. But Harry firmly believed that they couldn’t live in fear of accidents that could happen. He recognised and understood that they couldn’t protect the kids from every single little accident or injury that
might happen and he also knew that he couldn’t wrap his children up in cotton wool and stand on guard over them for the rest of their lives. They needed to learn and to grow, to come into their own persons and a part of that was taking an injury or two. It was as Nasta said, what was childhood without a few grazed knees?

Draco needed to learn that the kids would get hurt, it was inevitable. Of course none of them would ever wish their children to be hurt and Harry shuddered at the nightmarish thought of having to deal with his first broken bone or serious injury to his little babies, but he also knew that there was nothing that he could do to prevent it. If it was going to happen, and it would sooner or later, then it was going to happen and he just needed to prepare to act when it did happen. Swaddling his children was going to achieve nothing but them despising him or even making a situation or injury a million times worse as his children would have never had to deal with such a thing before and they would panic and could easily injure themselves even worse. No, he needed to be prepared to act, his mates needed to be prepared to act and his sweet little sons and daughters would get bumped heads, grazed knees and knocked elbows. As much as he hated, absolutely hated, the thought of his babies being hurt, he knew that it was going to happen one day. It really was completely inevitable.

They stayed there in the silence, Harry thinking about anything and everything as Draco read, still having his feet and legs massaged by an almost mindless Harry. It was as Harry was thinking of maybe broaching the topic of his approaching heat period when a soft rustling came over the baby monitor that was sat on the coffee table and a baby made a small grunt.

“Mummy?” The sleepy, tinny voice came over the monitor and Harry smiled, stopping his massages and patting Draco’s legs to move them as he stood up and went to fetch his wakening children.

He found Regan blinking hazel-gold eyes at him, his face creased from his nap, but he was sat up in his cot, or at least he was until the door opened and Harry walked in, then he pulled himself up and he lifted his arms up.

“Mummy, up.”

“Good morning, Regan. Did you have a good nap?” He asked softly.

Regan nodded his head as he fist at his sleepy eyes.

“Do you want teddy?” Harry asked as he picked up the teddy that Regan used as his comfort toy after his traumatic fall down the stairs months before.

Regan nodded his head again and reached out a hand for the teddy and Harry checked on the other
napping children before taking Regan back out into the living room, being extra careful on the stairs.

“Is it only Regan?” Draco asked.

Harry nodded. “At the moment, yes. Farren seems to be deeply asleep, was he alright during the night?”

“He was fine. He’s just catching up on all the missed naps over the last few days. We had to take him into the bedroom and show him that you were still in bed for him to go to sleep.”

“I didn’t hear a thing.” He frowned.

“Nasta put a silencing bubble around you so that Farren wouldn’t disturb your much needed lie in.”

Harry sat back down and cradled his seventeen month old son in his arms, holding the teddy too as Regan was very attached to it.

Draco put his book down and shifted so that he could see Regan. Harry smiled at them both as they started talking to one another and Regan seemed to come out of his sleepy shell without any other baby in the room with him, especially his fraternal twin, Tegan, who definitely liked taking control of everything and everyone around her.

Harry handed Regan over to sit on Draco’s lap as he had an idea and he bent down into the pile of toys by the side of the settee that he was sat on and lifted out what he wanted.

“Regan, what colour is this?” Harry asked as he held up a blue shape.

“Bue.” Regan told him and Harry clapped his hands as Draco praised their son.

“What colour is this one?” Harry asked as he held up a yellow block.

“Ellow.” Regan said clapping his hands as Harry did.

“Well done, Regan.” Draco told him, kissing the back of his head, nosing into his jet black hair.
“Do you know this colour?” Harry asked him, holding up a red car.

“Red.” Regan told him and Harry grinned, bending forward to kiss Regan’s forehead.

“This one?” He asked holding up a green car this time.

“Geen.”

“Primary and secondary colours, he’s coming on so well.” Draco smirked proudly as he listened to Regan.

“I don’t think he’ll know purple or orange.” Harry frowned. “We haven’t done those colours as much.”

He reached down and picked up one of the shapes from Braiden’s old shape sorter and held it out.

“Regan, what’s this?” Harry asked, holding up an orange shape.

“Ronge.”

Harry and Draco shared a look and Harry grinned. “That was close enough for me.”

Harry found something purple, a scrap of fabric that looked to have come from one of Tegan’s dolls, and he showed it to Regan.

“What’s this one?”

“Bue!” Regan screeched and clapped his hands.
“No. No, Regan. This one is purple.”

“Bue.” Regan insisted.

“No, this one is blue.” Harry told him, picking up the blue shape again and putting it next to the purple fabric so that Regan could compare them. “This one is purple.”

“Purpa.” Regan frowned as he reached out for the scrap of fabric and stared at it. “Purpa.” He repeated as he petted the fabric.

“Close enough.” Draco chuckled as he pulled Regan further back onto his lap.

Regan was having none of it, however, and he shifted himself forward and then climbed down to the floor and he started playing, only every time he picked up a toy, he’d say the colour that it was and look to them for praise, which they readily, and enthusiastically, gave to him.

It was only five or six minutes later when a snuffle came over the baby monitor and a soft and sleepy, slightly confused exclamation of ‘Ma’ was heard.

“I think our Faerie baby is calling for you.” Draco told him.

“He’s going to want a bottle, can you boil the kettle for me please?”

“Of course.” Draco answered as he stood up and stretched his back and shoulders as Harry left the living room to go and collect Leolin from his cot, in his own separate nursery.

Harry opened the nursery door, to the room that was directly opposite their bedroom. He walked to the cot and he smiled down at the sleepy scrunched up face of his Faerie baby, lying flat on his back and unable to move.

“Ma! Ma!” Leolin chanted happily and his little arms lifted themselves slowly as if they were actually leaden weights, but still he lifted them for a hug.

Harry lifted him up and cradled him close to his neck, feeling teeny, tiny hands clenched into his
Skin, tiny nails biting in, but he didn’t mind.

He hugged Leolin tightly and he picked up the fleecy blanket from the cot before he carried Leolin down to the living room. There was a bottle made up and ready on the coffee table and Draco was trying to pull a brush through Regan’s hair while he was distracted with his toys.

Harry sat down on the edge of the settee and he turned Leolin gently down into the crook of his arm, being very careful with his tiny wings.

He checked the milk against his inside forearm, mostly out of habit instead of any distrust that Draco hadn’t cooled it properly, before he rubbed the teat over Leolin’s cheek and he watched as his baby son turned his head to wrap his lips around the teat, taking as much of the bulb into his mouth as he could before he started suckling.

Harry watched him, completely entranced, as Leolin stared at him with his gold eyes as he drank. Harry drew in a deep breath and he let it out again happily as he watched his son feeding.

He was disturbed by a cry over the baby monitor, but it was Draco who hefted himself up to go and get the awakened babies, leaving Harry to finish feeding Leolin while keeping an eye on Regan, who was playing very happily now that his Daddy Draco had stopped dragging a brush through his hair.

Harry looked up when Draco came back in, herding their remaining children. He had to smile as he saw Braiden up on his feet and walking, clutching onto Draco’s leg.

“I carried him down the stairs.” Draco assured him as he set Calix and Tegan on the floor. “But he wanted to go down as soon as we’d passed the stairs.”

“Where’s Farren?” Harry asked when he realised that one was missing.

“He’s actually still asleep.”

Harry frowned. “Is he okay?”

“There’s no sign of fever and I couldn’t scent anything out. I think the last few days have just taken it out of him and he’s just catching up with some needed sleep.”

“Okay, but I’ll check on him in….”

“Mama!” Calix interrupted loudly and enthusiastically, crawling to his legs and sitting back on his knees to reach up to him. “Mama! Mama!”
Leolin did not like the disruption and he turned a glare onto his older brother, even as he continued feeding, though at a much slower rate than he’d been suckling at before.

“Good morning, Calix.” He greeted with a smile. “Did you have a good nap?”

“Mama, pick up!” Calix beseeched him.

“In a minute, Calix.” Harry said gently. “Your brother needs his milk, first.”

Calix pouted and when that didn’t work, his lower lip started trembling.

“Draco, he’s going to start crying.” Harry warned as Calix’s eyes grew damp with unshed tears.

Draco looked over and took four large strides before swooping Calix from where he’d slumped onto the floor. A belly tickle and an upside down trip over Daddy Draco’s broad, muscular shoulder and Calix was giggling in happiness and clapping his hands together and Harry was able to resettle Leolin and re-establish eye contact to get their bonding moment back while Leolin fed, going back to larger mouthfuls and a faster pace of suckling.

With all the other babies though, playing, screeching, giggling and playing, Leolin got distracted much more easily and he was frowning at all of the noise and he soon abandoned his bottle and refused to drink any more. Harry sighed after Leolin turned his head away from the bottle teat once again and he gave it up, putting the bottle on the coffee table and hefting Leolin over his shoulder to wind him.

“How much?” Draco asked him.

“Three and a quarter ounces.” Harry shook his head. “Ave drank more than that last night.”

Draco looked worried too. “He’s seventeen months old. I know he’s a Faerie, but can we realistically expect that he’s going to be completely fine drinking just three ounces of milk several times a day? It just doesn’t seem enough! It’s like us living off of a bowl of soup a day!”

“Nasta said its fine.” Harry replied. “I know that none of us were expecting Leolin and I know that
Nasta, or Aneirin, have never had to care for a Faerie baby before, but I trust them to know what they’re doing. Dain and Kailen said that he’s eating fine too and they were alive two hundred years before the Ministry of Magic was founded! I trust that between the four of them, that they have the right information to care for Leolin because the only alternative is that we’re caring for him wrong and we could be doing him irreparable harm and I can’t believe that.”

“Any sign of a tooth?” Draco asked hopefully.

Harry carefully pushed back Leolin’s lips and checked his pink gums for any dot of white that would signify an emerging tooth or even just a red area of inflamed gum which would be a clue to him teething, but there was nothing and all rooting around in Leolin’s mouth did was make him scowl heavily.

“No, nothing.” He said as he shook his head. He sighed. “Nasta did say from about eighteen months was the normal average.”

“Next month then.” Draco said with a nod. “At this rate, Eva and Ave will be teething before him too.”

Harry grimaced and put Leolin down on the settee, propping him up against the arm of the settee and a stack of cushions.

“Do you want tea? I’m going to make one while I log Leolin’s feed down in his book.” Harry asked.

“Sure. I’m going to try and get their hair into some semblance of order.” Draco sighed heavily as he looked around at the mass of bed heads.

Harry grinned. “Good luck with that.”

Harry went into the kitchen and started boiling the kettle before he opened the counter drawer and found Leolin’s book and he flipped it open. He noted that Leolin had taken an ounce at four in the morning before he’d gone back down to sleep for four hours, that he’d taken just half an ounce at eight in the morning before going back down to sleep and then Harry filled in his information. That Leolin had woken up at ten past ten in the morning and he’d taken three and a quarter ounces.

He bit his lip and nibbled on it. Draco was right, it just didn’t seem enough when Leolin’s log book was compared to Eva or Ave’s, but he pushed it out of his mind, his girls were Drackens and Leolin
was a Faerie. There was no fair comparison between them.

He made a cup of unsweetened white tea for Draco and his favoured honey tea for himself before heading back into the living room to hand Draco his cup. He was wrestling a brush through Braiden’s hair and it made Harry smile as Braiden wriggled and squirmed away from him, batting at Draco’s hands and the brush and being very vocal about his dislike of the brush.

“This could be their punishment when they’re older. Misbehave and suffer five minutes of Daddy Draco brushing hair.” Harry laughed.

“You’re not funny.” Draco huffed.

“I am. I’m hilarious.” Harry said with a grin as he sat back down next to Leolin, who was surprised that he was sat completely upright. “Draco, look at his face!” Harry chuckled.

Draco shifted away from Braiden to look at Leolin’s surprised, yet very pleased face.

“Where’s that camcorder?” He asked. “Where did Max leave it?”

“I don’t know.” Harry frowned. “Is it in the sideboard?”

Draco went to the wall cabinet and went through the drawers and he made a sound of triumph and he pulled out the camcorder. He set it up overly cautiously, still not that used to using Muggle technology, but he now knew how to turn the TV on and how to flick it through the cartoon channels for the kids and how to get onto the Muggle news channels. He was learning and Harry was very proud of him.

“There!” He said happily. Harry had to smile at him.

“So, this is our Leolin at seventeen months old, and sitting completely upright for the first time.” Harry narrated to the camera with a smile.

He turned back to Leolin and smiled at him, getting a grin back. “Ma! Ma!” He cried happily.
Harry took his tiny hands and he bounced on the settee, making Leolin move. He made a soft, fearful noise, but Harry stroked his thumbs over Leolin’s tiny hands and smiled to reassure him. He bounced again and Leolin, still looking unsure, watched him.

As Harry bounced more, Leolin got used to it and he let out a huffy sounding giggle.

“Try and get him to bounce with you.” Draco told him.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea.” Harry said. “It’s one thing for me to bounce, but another thing to get him to do it. He isn’t that steady.”

“Hold him under the armpits.” Draco encouraged. “That way if he does go to fall, you can catch him.”

Harry nodded and he slipped his hands from Leolin’s and up under his armpits. He barely moved Leolin as he made him bounce on the settee. Leolin actually squeaked and it made Draco laugh and Harry smile.

“That’s a new noise.” Draco said.

“He’s never been bounced before.” Harry said with a smile.

“He enjoys it, do it again.”

Harry laughed and this time he bounced with Leolin, who let out more of his huffy giggles.

“You’re growing stronger every day!” Harry praised his tiny son. “You’re growing and developing and as soon as you start teething, we’ll try you on some mushed up fruit puree.”

“I can’t wait until he’s on something, anything, other than formula milk.” Draco said.

Harry nodded his agreement. “I know what you mean. It’ll be such a milestone for him.”
The floo flared green and Harry smiled as Blaise stepped out gracefully, well aware of how many steps he could take upon landing to avoid colliding with the fire guard.

“Daddy Bway! Daddy Bway!”

Blaise’s face broke into a huge, gorgeous smile as he stepped over the fire guard and swept the clamouring babies into a hug with his long arms.

“I missed you all too.” He said softly before he realised that one was missing. “Where is Farren?”

“Still down for his nap. I’m going to go and check on him now.” Harry said.

Blaise came over and sat next to him, nuzzling into his neck and kissing his face. Harry chuckled and turned his body to put his legs over Blaise’s lap and he pulled his mate down into an impassioned kiss.

“Hey! That’s enough in front of the camera, we aren’t making dirty recordings!” Draco complained as he turned the camcorder away and switched it off.

Harry burst out laughing and Blaise joined him, followed by several babies who copied them.

“Speak for yourself.” Blaise said with a cocky smirk. “Harry and I are much more open minded, aren’t we, Bello?”

Harry couldn’t stop laughing, but he nodded regardless. He calmed himself and took in a deep, gasping breath.

“Hello, Leolin.” Blaise greeted as he saw Leolin behind Harry. “He looks so strange sitting up like a proper baby. I’m more used to seeing him from above as he’s usually always on his back.”

“I know, but he’s doing so well. He’s propped up firmly and he isn’t flopping over. His core muscles are getting so much stronger.” Harry pinched Leolin’s cheek so gently it was more like he was resting his finger and thumb on his cheek, but Leolin giggled regardless.
“What are they having for lunch?” Draco asked as he put the camcorder down on a side table.

“Max left their lunch menu on the corkboard.” Blaise told him.

“How was the meeting at Gringotts?” Harry asked him.

“Frustrating and productive in equal measure.” Blaise replied with a sigh.

“How was the meeting at Gringotts?” Harry asked him.

“Frustrating and productive in equal measure.” Blaise replied with a sigh.

“Does that mean that they agreed with your proposal?” Draco asked interestedly.

“I really think I won them around.” Blaise said with a smug grin. “Trying to get gold for an investment off of a goblin is difficult, trying to wrangle the start-up money for a new business venture is near impossible, but I really think I managed it.”

“Well done, Blaise.” Harry said, hugging him and giving him a solid kiss. “I’m so proud of you.”

“Nothing is set in stone yet!” Blaise tried to protest.

“I don’t care, you’ve done so well and you’ve done exactly as you wanted to and you’re not going to give up on this venture. Even if you have to start out from this very room and selling on word of mouth alone. You’re damn good at what you do and as soon as you get started, your business is going to grow and then all of us together can set you up in a permanent residence. If the goblins don’t see this as the amazing venture that it is, then we can set it all up for you and prove how wrong they are.” Harry said sincerely.

“Merlin, you make it sound so simple.” Blaise laughed.

“It is simple.” Harry told him, pulling him into a kiss. “Now, I’m going to start lunch for these little toe rags, but first, I’ll go and check on Farren. Keep an eye on Leolin and make sure that he doesn’t fall forward and when Eva and Ave wake up, put them in the playpen for a bit, they need time alone to wake up without the older kids being rough and boisterous around them.”
Harry did as he had said he would and he climbed the stairs and he went into the second nursery that housed his five oldest children. Farren was still asleep in his red cot, blanket over his chunky legs and his arms wrapped around a stuffed giraffe.

Harry rested his folded hands on the side of the cot and he smiled as he watched Farren sleeping. He sighed as he soaked in the peace before he stood up again and reached into the cot to stroke Farren’s dark brown hair out of his face.

“Farren, love. Do you want to wake up?” He called out gently.

Farren made a small, soft noise and he shifted and Harry had to smile widely at him as he woke up slowly from his extra-long nap.

“Muma.”

“I’m here, Farren.” He said gently.

Farren blinked open his greeny-blue, teal coloured eyes and shifted around some more in his cot and Harry just watched him as he woke up slowly, in his own time, and got his bearings back.

“Muma, up.”

Harry smiled wider and he picked up his hefty boy and cuddled him into his neck. He was glad that he was off for four days now. It would help him to reconnect with his children and it would go a long way to reassuring them that even if he left for a couple of hours, he would always come back for them.

He carried Farren from the nursery and down into the kitchen. He checked the corkboard and found Max’s baby menu and he couldn’t help but smile as his always fun-loving, childish mate had drawn little pictures of food around the edge of the menu. He chuckled and shook his head. He was missing Max and Nasta, he hadn’t seen them at all today and though he knew that they had more than likely kissed him before they’d left, he’d been asleep for it and had no memory of their kisses. He just really wanted to hug them and give them each a kiss.

He kept Farren with him, cocked on his hip as he got all the ingredients out and started preparing them, putting Farren’s bottom on the counter when he needed to use both of his hands, but keeping his son snuggled against his chest.

Farren soon woke up properly and he was very curious about where he was and what was going on. Harry let him handle the food, especially the onion, which Farren tried to get into his mouth and couldn’t.
Harry prepared the food, keeping the one knife that he was using well away from tiny little fingers, all the while Farren was picking everything up and even taking bites out of things, as he found out when he picked up the red pepper and found tiny teeth marks in it.

“Did you eat my pepper?” Harry asked in a high, questioning voice.

Farren looked up at him and shook his head and Harry had to laugh.

“We must have mice, then.” He joked as he pulled Farren into a hug and went back to cooking lunch.

He was almost done when Blaise brought Leolin out for his own lunch.

“Watch him with that knife.” Was Blaise’s first comment.

“Must we keep the knives away from him?” Harry asked, a hard edge to his voice. “I thought I’d teach him how to use one early.”

“There’s no need to be so passive aggressive, Harry, I was just saying.” Blaise muttered.

“I am their Mother!” Harry told him. “Don’t you think I know not to let them near the damn knives?”

Blaise sighed and held up his one hand in surrender. He boiled the kettle and Harry went back to wrestling an unused carrot from Farren’s mouth as his son chomped on it with his teeth.

Harry didn’t know why he was being so crabby, but then, thinking about it, it was likely a combination of missing Max and Nasta and his looming heat period. A month more and he’d be thrown into a heat period and he would potentially end up pregnant. His hormones were surging in preparation and he was experiencing some mood swings, particularly being quicker to anger. His coming heat was weighing very heavily on his mind now the closer it got and it didn’t help that the court case might not be over at that time. How was he supposed to handle that stress and frustration while in the early stages of pregnancy? How did anyone expect him to deal with all of that?

He sighed as he dished up several plates of food and he shifted Farren to his booster seat and took his little plastic plate of food over too, so he wouldn’t fuss while he wrangled up the rest of the babies.
“Draco, lunch is up.” Harry told him as he quickly picked up Calix and Regan and made his way back to the kitchen, just in case Farren choked.

“You made food for us too?” Draco asked.

“Yep, it’s lunchtime for us too.”

“Technically it’s breakfast for you.” Draco told him.

“It’s not. I had a bowl of cereal while I was making the tea.” Harry told him with a grin.

“That could only be considered brunch.” Draco sniffed.

Harry chuckled as he settled Regan into a booster seat to see how he handled it and clipped Calix into his highchair.

Blaise finished feeding Leolin and settled him into the bassinet for another nap while he wrote in the baby log book. Draco carried in Tegan and Ave while Braiden was walking behind him, his arms outstretched for balance. He looked so happy being up on his feet and walking that Harry had to smile at him.

Harry clapped his hands and swept Braiden up, kissing him and praising him before settling him into his own booster seat. He went back into the living room for Eva and settled her into her highchair too. She and Ave were eating a smooth paste that had just been heated up, at four months old, they weren’t eating proper solids yet, but they were having their first tastes. Today they were being spooned a pale orange goo that was nothing but blended sweet potatoes, pumpkin, broccoli and carrots made lovingly by Max a few days before.

Harry tried to feed the both of them together, but it was difficult when Calix was doing his best to paint with his pasta Bolognese. He flinched again as a tiny little cube of carrot and red pepper and a lot of sauce splattered up his arm.

Blaise wrestled the spoon from Calix and then started feeding him normally, so Calix’s food didn’t end up as an artwork instead of actually in his mouth.

Lunch was always messy and each child looked like they’d bathed in their food instead of eating it once they were done and they started ‘talking’ to one another, content to stay where they were for a moment, leaving Harry, Draco and Blaise to eat their own lunches.

Harry finished first, having scoffed his lunch as quickly as he could, and he just smiled at the state of his babies before he gave them a bowl of berries and a small spoonful of natural yoghurt each for dessert before he went back to his twin girls.
He cleaned off Eva and Ave as best as he could before peeling off their clothes and taking them to the downstairs bathroom to bathe them both quickly. He dressed them in clean leggings and different coloured smock tops before he carried them to the living room, leaving Blaise and Draco to wrestle with the five older, messier, kids. He went and got a sleeping Leolin from the kitchen and put him into the living room bassinet before getting onto the floor and playing with his two girls.

“Mama.” Eva cooed at him from where he’d put her, propped up against a stack of cushions. He had Ave propped up against his own body.

Harry dug out a soft toy that his girls both loved. Thankfully they both had one as their Uncle Caesar and Aunt Amelle had sent one each over to them from America.

They were butterflies, though apparently they were supposed to be fireflies, but every part of the stuffed creature was made in a different colour with a different fabric, from felt, to soft, fluffy fleece, faux fur and even a fabric that was crinkly. The girls just loved touching and gumming on their butterfly slash fireflies and it helped that it had things attached to it, from a little mirror, to a cord that had a plastic teether on it and little rings that Ave in particular liked twisting her fingers around. It also squeaked when it was squeezed, which was Eva’s favourite part of the soft toy as she bashed it around and giggled at the squeak, squeak, squeak that it made.

Harry joined in with their play and clapped his hands at everything and anything they did, from making the toy squeak, to putting the teether into the little pocket on the wing of the butterfly and taking it back out again and squeezing the one wing that made the crinkly noise.

The floo flared and Harry automatically moved his arm to shield Eva as he shifted in front of her and Ave, but he jumped up with a happy, excited exclamation when Max stepped through. He’d tackled his mate into a large bear hug before he’d even fully regained his bearings, the fireguard between them, and Max laughed deeply, happily, as he squeezed Harry back tightly, automatically shifting his head down to aim for a kiss.

Harry craned his head back and kissed Max passionately for long minutes, trying to convey how much he’d missed him and how much he’d wanted to see him, hold him and kiss him over the course of the day.

They broke apart, Harry panting and Max laughing breathlessly.

“I missed you too, love.” Max told him huskily.

“I didn’t like waking up to find you, Blaise and Nasta not here. I like my morning kisses and cuddles.” Harry said with a grin.

Max swung him up and kissed him again. When they broke apart this time, Harry was sitting on Max’s lap on the settee, their girls at Max’s feet with their butterfly/firefly things.
“It’s too quiet, where are the rest of them hiding?” Max asked. “Have they had their lunches or do you want me to go and…”

“Sit back down.” Harry ordered as Max went to stand up while still talking. “We’ve all had our lunches, Eva and Ave loved their orange goo that you made for them and I gave them their bath and changed their messy clothes and currently, Draco and Blaise are giving the older kids a bath… giving them Bolognese sauce to play with was definitely going to be a messy experience.”

Max laughed and relaxed back on the settee and pulled Harry to crush him against his chest, kissing his forehead and then his face, before catching his lips.

They broke apart when one of their girls, Ave, started giggling. They both looked down at her, to see her and Eva holding hands and rocking back and forth, their soft toys abandoned to either side.

“They are so adorable. Where’s that camera?”

“It’s over there somewhere, Draco had it on Leolin earlier.”

“Was he being cute too?” Max asked as he shifted Harry to the side and hefted himself up to get the camera.

“He was.” Harry said with a smile. “You can see after you’ve recorded a bit of the girls.”

Max saluted him and aimed the camera at the girls, who were still holding hands and rocking back and forth, giggling.

“They have tremendous skills to be doing this at four months. I know they’re almost five months old now, but still.” Max chuckled.

“Is it because they’re Drackens?” Harry asked.

Max nodded. “That definitely helps. They’re stronger than human babies, so they’re able to do things like this.” He said, waving his hand at the two girls playing. “Ave’s already trying to get up on her feet, I wouldn’t be surprised if they were walking at eight months.”
“But Braiden wasn’t really walking until he was much older and Farren still isn’t really walking and they’re both Drackens too.”

“That’s because Braiden was more interested in learning to speak than getting up on his feet and Farren’s a happy chunk. These two girls just want to be motoring around and it helps that they can see their older brothers and sister up on their feet, because they’ll try their best to copy them. I think that’s how Ave got up onto her feet in the first place, even if she did tip a teapot over Eva and Draco in the process.”

“I hope you realise that you just called Farren a chunk on camera and he’s going to see those tapes one day, when he’s older.”

“Bollocks.” Max cursed.

Harry laughed and he had to laugh harder when Max turned the camera to face himself and started talking into it.

“Farren, I’m sorry baby, I didn’t mean it, okay? You’re a gorgeous little chunk and I love you. Stop laughing, Harry!”

Harry couldn’t stop though and he hunched over, holding his middle.

“What’s the matt…oh. I should have guessed that you were home from the noise.” Draco said as he put down a bathed and clean Braiden and Calix. They were both just wearing nappies.

Even as they watched, Calix sat down and tugged at the ties of his nappy, pulling them off and he started off crawling again, leaving his nappy behind.

“Please tell me you got that?” Harry asked with a giggle that he couldn’t entirely suppress.

Max nodded with a chuckle. “Yeah, I got our little boy stripping on camera.”
“Don’t say it like that.” Draco demanded furiously.

Draco picked up Calix and tried to cover him back with his nappy, but Calix squirmed and cried out.

“He doesn’t want it on, Draco. Just let him go and let his skin breathe.” Harry told him.

“I don’t want him naked on camera.” Draco insisted.

“He’s our child, Draco. What do you think we’re going to do with these tapes, sell them?” Max demanded as he put the camera down. “Merlin, you need to learn how to just calm the fuck down and have some fun once in a while. Try taking the stick out, that might help.”

“If you’re going to start fighting, get the hell out of this house.” Harry demanded, ice cold and furious. “Our babies are in this room!” He added as he hauled Calix into his own arms and putting himself between Max and Draco and Braiden, Eva and Ave.

“It’s not going to come to that, is it, Draco?” Max asked, putting emphasis on Draco’s name that made the blond’s jaw and fists clench.

“Get out in the garden and cool off, now!” Harry ordered.

“You are not the dominant in this relationship!” Draco exploded. “I tell you what to do, not the other way around!”

Harry tried to control himself, but he was hurt by that comment and unbelievably pissed off by it.

“Get out.” He hissed. “I don’t even care where you go, just leave, now.”

Draco snarled at him and his silvery-blue wings popped out and Harry stooped down to put Calix behind him and brought out his own white, multi-coloured scaled wings. He launched for the bassinet to try and get the sleeping Leolin out of the way, but Draco shoved him before he could grab his baby.
Max intercepted Draco and threw him back and away from Harry and the babies. Harry just gaped as Draco went through the door and out into the hallway, taking part of the wall with him.

“What the fuck is going on down there?” Blaise roared from up the stairs.

Harry gasped and hunched over his babies as Draco flew back at Max, debris from the wall flying with him as Draco knocked through the now damaged wall. Harry felt wood and bricks hitting his back and he flinched, smelling blood.

He was desperate to reach Leolin, but it was when the bassinet was knocked off its stand that he became frantic and panicked as he watched his tiny Faerie baby roll out of the bassinet and onto the floor where his two dominants were fighting. He scrambled on his hands and knees to where Leolin lay in a crumpled heap, crying, and he saw stars when a fist connected with the top of his head and then a knee jawed him into biting through his tongue and lip. He cradled his son to his chest, managing to get away when Max threw Draco into the bookcase.

He couldn’t pick up all five of his babies and he couldn’t leave two of them in the room unprotected as Draco and Max fought behind him, one of them going through the coffee table this time, splinters of wood stabbing into his body, making him clutch at his babies tighter. One of them cried out in pain and then started crying hysterically and Blaise flew into the room and he took a moment to look around in utter shock at what was happening and he immediately went to try and split Max and Draco up.

Harry took the small lifeline to shift himself and the babies into the furthest corner of the room and he pressed himself against them, shielding them, wrapping his wings around the sides of them as he listened to the snarls and screeches behind him as his two injured babies cried.

A crack and a meaty thud and Harry couldn’t stop himself from looking over his shoulder to see Blaise spread eagle on the floor and Max launching a new, ferocious looking attack at Draco, whose knuckles were bloodied and swollen.

Harry screamed long and loud, calling to any and all family members for immediate help. The first to respond to him was Nasta, Harry felt his responding call reverberate deep in his belly and he felt so reassured. His top dominant was coming back to him. He’d put a stop to this.

Something smashed on the wall over his head and he screamed again in fear, calling out again to all family members as he heard something heavy tip over. Too many calls to count reverberated back to him. He’d put a stop to this.

He flinched and curled around his babies tighter for fear of something happening to them, but as he did so, a horrible pain flared in his leg and he whimpered. He called out for help a third time. He just needed his babies to be safe, he could hear his three other babies crying for him from up the stairs and he couldn’t move to reach them. He couldn’t leave his other five unprotected to reach the three left upstairs.

Someone pressed against his back and curled around him and the babies and he heard shouting and more growls than there should have been as he tried to shush his hysterically crying Braiden. Leolin had gone quiet.

He peeked out and caught sight of dark green wings with slightly paler green scales. Alexander. He
risked peeking out into the room and found Myron—no, Xerxes wrestling with Max and the twins, Nico and Cepheus, wrestling with Draco. It was comforting to know that even though he’d almost killed Cepheus, he still came when he let out a distress call.

Alexander’s face was like carved stone and when he turned his head slightly when Richard, dressed in a jumper and jeans, arrived just a heartbeat before Myron, who was in a smart suit and tie overlaid with an expensive robe, Alexander’s eyes glinted like stone. Richard jumped right into trying to restrain Max alongside the struggling Xerxes, Myron took a moment to remove his robe and tie first, before he joined his brother and his mate in restraining Max, doing better than the both of them as he gripped Max around the chest and flattened him to the floor with his own, considerable, body weight, pinning him down and restraining his arms while Xerxes grappled with his kicking, thrashing legs. Richard went to sit by his head, trying to talk him down as Nasta finally arrived home. He froze to the spot, looking at Alexander shielding him and the children against a wall in the corner of the room, to Max still snarling and Draco still fighting with the twins and the living room in ruins.

“What happened?” He asked in a soft, quiet voice that thrummed with his anger and authority.

All activity stopped and Harry huddled down into himself to prevent his dominant from seeing him. He’d never known Nasta to be so angry before, he could feel that anger, he could practically taste it in the air.

“I asked a question!” He exploded, his voice echoing off of the broken walls of the living room.

Harry huddled down further, shifting his aching, hurting body behind Alexander, who was holding him and protecting him still.

“We heard Harry’s call and responded accordingly. Max and Draco were already fighting when we arrived and Harry was here, curled up against the wall protecting the children. We don’t know why the fight started or how.” Alexander answered.

Nasta nodded before he spotted Blaise, knocked out on the floor and partially covered in debris and he strode to him, kneeling down and checking his pulse before shifting broken bits of wood and brick off of him and hauling him into his lap.

Standing up, Nasta deposited the unconscious Blaise carefully onto the one settee that was still standing, even if it had been knocked out of place.

“I will not ask again.” He snarled gratingly, directed at his mates this time. “What happened?!”
Max bucked under Myron and growled back at Nasta, still in his feral state and Draco went to launch himself at Max, sensing an easy target as he was already pinned down. Nasta caught him around the waist with one arm and used his other hand to grip that blond hair, forcing Draco’s neck to his teeth, sinking them in over the jugular vein.

Nasta threw the blond to the floor in a heap.

“What happened?!” He shouted furiously, his voice echoing off of the broken walls, looking completely deranged with his mouth smeared with Draco’s freshly spilt blood.

“It’s Harry’s fault!” Draco shouted at him.

Harry felt rage build within him so quickly that he didn’t even think.

“How dare you try and blame this on me!” He screamed, ripping himself from Alexander’s hold and moving to confront Draco. “I was trying to protect our babies!”

He took two angry steps forward before his left leg folded on him and he hit the floor. He was almost sick with shock as he saw the state of his left leg. There was a large, sharp splinter of wood stuck right through his lower leg and he could see the bone.

“Get out!” He screamed at Draco. “You get the fuck out and don’t come back! How dare you do all of this and then try and blame it on me! It was all you! Why do you always have to pick a fight? Look at what you’ve done!”

Harry swept an arm to encompass the whole room before he pointedly turned his back on Draco and crawled back to his babies to check them over now that the fighting had been stopped. He was hyperventilating and close to tears because of his anger. The pain of his injuries hadn’t hit him just yet, he was still thrumming with adrenaline and he was in shock.

He saw red however when he found the open, profusely bleeding gash on his baby Braiden’s leg. He screamed in fury, enough to rattle the windows, and he got his feet under him and he launched himself at Draco, getting in two good swipes before Draco hit him back. Feeling the stabbing sensation of claws digging into his belly, Harry hit the floor and then Nasta was there, throwing Draco through the front window.

Unable to contain the fury of Max, who was enraged by being forced to helplessly watch as his submissive was gutted in front of him, Myron was thrown off of him and Max followed Draco through the window to restart their fight on the front lawn.

Harry tasted iron on his tongue and he gagged, spitting out a mouthful of blood onto the already
ruined carpet.

“Shit, you really need a Healer.”

Harry looked up at Xerxes, who looked so much like Myron and he tried to speak, only to spray out more blood.

“Myron, go and get Julius and Claire.” Xerxes ordered his youngest brother. “Nico, floo call Saint Mungos, Harry’s Healer is called Almus, if I remember correctly.”

“Maximilian Almus.” Alexander confirmed as he used his own shirt to put pressure on the gash on the sobbing Braiden’s leg.

“Ceph, we need boiled water and towels.” Xerxes carried on.

“Baiden.” Harry spluttered, trying to reach out for his crying son.

“He’ll be fine, just stop trying to move and stop talking.” Xerxes ordered. “Myron, go and break those boys up, quickly. The last thing we need here is a fatality.” He added when Myron appeared back in the living room with his shocked brother, Julius, and his sister-in-law, Claire, who gaped at the sight before her before brushing it off and getting to business. “Julius, get upstairs and look after the three up there, take those three babies with you and send Aneirin back down to help outside.” Xerxes carried on.

Julius nodded and picked up the two girls and the still naked Calix and took them up the stairs, leaving Alexander with the crying Braiden and a shocked, scared looking Leolin, whose golden eyes were as wide as saucers with fear. The little Faerie was as stiff as a board and he was completely silent and still, like a statue, as his tiny chest rose and fell rapidly as he hyperventilated.

Aneirin didn’t even bother coming down the stairs, he jumped out of the window and flew to where Max and Nasta were trying to beat Draco into submission and Myron and Richard were trying to stop them and calm them down. They were too far gone into their feral mind sets to even recognise anyone around them, which was only adding fuel to the volatile fire.

Healer Almus arrived next and he froze on the spot as he took in the damage, to Harry dribbling blood from his mouth and the bleeding baby. Claire had taken one look at Harry’s wound and she’d sent Nicodemus straight to the Counsel Halls to get the senior Healer, Alfred Grant.

Healer Almus went to Braiden and removed the shirt to see the gash underneath as the sounds of growls, snarls and roars from outside trailed off into an eerie silence.
Harry gagged on more blood and Xerxes wiped it away from his chin without comment with his own sleeve as Claire did her all to stem the blood from Harry’s belly wound with a damp towel that Cepheus had rushed to give her.

“Someone put out a floo call to Jasper Cole.” Healer Almus told them as he caught sight of Leolin. “This baby is in shock.”

“Leelin.” Harry choked out, spraying more blood everywhere.

“Stop speaking.” Xerxes told him sternly, shifting him on his lap and wiping his mouth again.

Another Healer arrived and Harry peered blearily up at the ancient looking man, with his fluffy white hair and his withered skin. Harry had never actually seen a Dracken so old, but the Healer still moved as well as a man half his apparent age as he bent down quickly to take over from Claire, barking out orders to her. His knees hadn’t even clicked all that much and his hands were very steady as they prodded around his open belly.

Nasta was back and he looked no worse for wear, but Harry could almost see the visible haze of anger around him as he dropped down in front of him and raised a hand to stroke his cheek so gently. It was at complete odds to the way that he looked, but it went a long way to reassuring him that Nasta wasn’t angry with him.

“Are you his dominant?” The elderly Dracken asked, his pale green eyes narrowing on Nasta.

“I am.” Nasta replied strongly, glaring at the Healer before turning soft eyes back onto Harry.

“I would suggest giving him your blood. It’s not going to completely fix him at this stage, but it’ll help with his back, head and facial injuries. I want him fit enough to travel to the Healing Halls.”

Nasta used his already bloody fangs to tear into his blooded arm and he held it out to Harry. Harry tentatively latched on and sucked. It took moments for the tightness in his face to relax as his bashed up face was healed. It barely made a difference to his belly wound or his ruined leg, but it did help a little.

“You, take this young man to the Healing Halls.” The Healer directed at Xerxes.

Nasta looked over and Harry saw his eyes flash dangerously in anger. He got up and went right to where the two babies were, with Healer Almus and Healer Cole.

“What happened to the two babies?” Healer Cole demanded.

“I tried to protect them and I couldn’t.” Harry sobbed. “I couldn’t cover all of them and Braiden got hit with bits from the coffee table and Draco knocked Leolin’s bassinet off its stand before I could get to him. I couldn’t protect them.” He sobbed, feeling useless and worthless.

“You need to get to the Healing Halls. Maddison, get him there now.” The elderly Healer demanded again, standing up with more clicking of knees before giving Xerxes several kicks to get him moving.

“My babies!” Harry called out in protest.

“They have enough family members to look after them, you are going to die if you aren’t treated. Your stomach and intestines are hanging out of the gaping wound in your belly and you’re losing too much blood.”

The Healer didn’t even try to sugar coat anything and Harry tried to look down, only to have his head pinned back by Xerxes and he felt the sickening sensation of Apparation. He vomited so hard upon landing that he blacked out.

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Nasta was pissed. He had never been so absolutely angry before in his life and as he surveyed the damage done to his home, he felt a flare of rage build up within him again.

Two of his sons were injured, Leolin had been rushed to the hospital by Healer Cole, Claire going with them to keep a familial eye on him as well as to offer a helping hand. Xerxes had rushed Harry off to the Dracken Healing Halls with Healer Grant and he was in a really bad way and Blaise still hadn’t regained consciousness. Healer Almus was worried about a bad concussion and possible brain damage as not even a strong revival spell was stirring him.
“He needs to go to the hospital too.” Healer Almus told him sternly. “He’s not waking up, he needs to have a fully body check, particularly his head. This is not a good sign.”

Nasta felt sick as he looked to the huge, blossoming bruise on the top of Blaise’s forehead. It was going purple and it was bleeding underneath the skin where blood vessels had burst from the force that he was hit with. Harry’s insides were hanging out and Blaise might be brain damaged and he wasn’t waking up.

He closed his eyes and tried to keep himself calm.

“Take him to the hospital, contact me if you need any relevant paperwork signed, his Mother is indisposed.”

“We really need his Mother to do the paperwork, you aren’t married, so it’s a muddied area…”

“She’s on a heat period and doesn’t even know that her son might die!” Nasta hissed, glaring at the Healer. “You will accept me as his guardian and allow me to make all of the decisions regarding his care or I will kill you and eat your remains to dispose of your body. I will not have my subordinate mate die because of you and your stonewalling. It’s a ridiculous fucking law and everyone knows it! You will not stand in my way of looking after him…I will not let you stand in my way.”

No one said a thing, they just stood there, staring at him in a new light, but he didn’t care. He meant what he’d said. He would not lose Blaise because of stupid hospital regulations that failed to recognise their mateship and thus needed Blaise’s parents to sign everything. It had been the same with Draco when he had been sick and unconscious in the hospital too and he would not put up with it. Not now, not in this dire situation.

Blaise’s Mother was a Dracken and on a heat period to boot and Maximiliano was dead. He would not allow Blaise to die just because his parents were unavailable to sign the necessary hospital forms for him. He’d take matters into his own hands if he was forced to, but he would not let his family crumble in this way. He would not allow Blaise to die because of mere hospital regulations.

He sent his Father with Blaise and he went to see Braiden, who had dried tear tracks on his face and dried blood on his leg still, where a piece of wood had gashed it. He picked his son up from Alexander’s arms and he sat on the settee that Blaise had just been taken from.

He calmly took a wet wipe out of the changing bag, it had been kicked halfway across the room during the fight from its usual place under a side table and it was liberally covered with plaster dust from the ruined walls. He carefully and gently cleaned off the blood from Braiden’s healed leg, being extra gentle and comforting his son with soft, soothing words and encouragement. There wasn’t a scar or even a mark to speak of on him, but Nasta’s memory could clearly bring up the sight of the bleeding gash that had opened up Braiden’s leg. He didn’t blame Harry one bit for launching himself back at Draco after seeing it, the one person that his submissive saw as the reason for Braiden’s injury. That in itself was very telling. Harry’s submissive blamed the fight
solely on Draco.

“Daddy.” Braiden sniffled, holding his chubby little arms out for a hug and Nasta’s anger surged, making him go light headed as a ringing noise filled his head, even as he pulled Braiden to his chest, holding him close.

Little arms hugged around his neck, little hands curling into his hair, even as Braiden dribbled over his neck, either from his mouth or nose, Nasta didn’t care as he held the hurt little boy in his arms.

Max strode back in, his bare chest displaying his wounds of battle as he wiped at the bleeding cuts with a towel.

“Is Blaise okay?” He asked gruffly.

“Blaise is at the hospital. He hasn’t regained consciousness, not even with a revival spell and Healer Almus is worried about brain damage. Harry’s insides are on the outside and Leolin’s in the hospital.”

Max’s face went bloodless and his legs went like jelly as he collapsed down to the floor, right where he was standing.

“What happened?” Nasta asked with an edge to his voice. “Draco said it was Harry’s fault, but Harry said it was all Draco.”

“I’ve been wondering about that myself.” Myron said as he folded his arms over his chest.

“It was Draco and probably me as well, with likely a touch of Harry.” Max answered. “I was recording the girls on the floor and Draco brought in Braiden and Calix. They were both in just their nappies as they’d just been bathed. Calix took his straight off, he didn’t want it on and Draco took offence to me recording Calix while naked. I felt like I was being accused of something, especially after the start of our mateship and being accused of paedophilia while with Harry. Draco tried to dress him again, but he didn’t want his nappy on and Harry told him to leave Calix alone and things got a bit heated and Harry told us to go out in the garden if we were going to fight.”

“What happened to that idea?” Nasta demanded.
“You know that you do not fight around your submissive or your children.” Myron growled.

“I’ll deal with this!” Nasta hissed at him aggressively.

“Draco started, that’s what happened.” Max interrupted before his Father and his top dominant could start on one another and yet another fight broke out. “He told Harry that he was only a submissive and to know his place. That he had to do as he was told and not give the orders. Harry was visibly hurt, but then he just clenched his jaw, got a murderous look on his face and he demanded that Draco left. Draco brought the hostility up by snarling and bringing out his wings. Harry put Calix down and behind him and brought his own wings out to protect the kids and he tried lurching forward to get Leolin from his bassinet, but Draco launched at him too, forcing Harry to move back and I intercepted Draco and threw him away bodily. I don’t remember much of what happened afterwards, my Dracken took over.”

“One of you knocked Leolin’s bassinet over before Harry could get him out and he landed in a heap on the floor and Harry almost had his head kicked in trying to get him to safety. Someone went through the coffee table and the fragments of that are what gashed Braiden and a splinter of the table went right through Harry’s lower leg.”

“This wasn’t meant to happen.” Max sobbed. “Harry and I were getting on just fine until Draco got involved. Why does everything with Draco have to be a fight?”

“Harry said something similar.” Nasta sighed. “I think it’s past time that Draco went for those anger management classes. If this ever happens again, I’ll kill those who were involved. Our children were injured today, Blaise and Harry might die from what happened here today. How can that not be a wakeup call?”

“What do you want to do about the house?” Alexander asked as he cradled a tearful Tegan in his arms.

Nasta looked around sadly, at the ruined furniture, the destroyed walls and the smashed photo frames and he shook his head.

“The foundations need to be checked before we even think of repairing it and with Harry, Blaise and Leolin in the hospital, I don’t even want to think about it. The build of the new house is finished. I was waiting until the end of the court case to move in, because I didn’t want Harry to be stressed by the move as well as the court case.”
“I think he’ll be more stressed with the repair of this place and having to come back here with the memories of the fight and the injuries.” Max said. “Let’s just pack up some things for us and the kids and move in, we can move Harry and Blaise back in when they’re released from the hospital.”

No one mentioned, though all of them were fully aware of, the underlying ‘if’ that followed that statement. None of them wanted to be the one that said it aloud, even though all of them were thinking of it…seeing Harry with his insides hanging out of his belly and Blaise not even responding to revival spells, there was a big chance that one of them, perhaps even both of them, were not going to be coming home.

Nasta buried his face in his baby boy’s hair and he inhaled deeply. When he’d heard the distress call from Harry, he’d dropped everything and he’d run to the Apparation point at the Dragon Reserve. Hearing two additional distress calls, he had never run so fast in all his life and when he’d arrived back to find his home in the state it had been, when he’d seen his mates fighting and his submissive and children cowering in a corner…he’d lost it. His anger was so paramount that he couldn’t even breathe properly. He still couldn’t get a handle on his anger, even now he was struggling and it was pounding inside of him, trying to find a way out, trying to find a release.

He inhaled deeply again and controlled himself. He’d already had his outburst, now he needed to control himself. He needed to face Draco again and he needed to keep his head or he’d end up killing his subordinate for what had happened here today.

“I’ll go and pack up the kids’ stuff.” Max said as he stroked the back of Braiden’s head before getting up and swiping his bloodied towel back over his bleeding chest and arms.

“Come here first.” Nasta ordered, he bit back into his own arm and held it out.

“I deserve these…”

“Drink my blood, immediately. I am holding onto my anger by a thread, do not push me.” Nasta growled dangerously.

Max responded to the growl and submissively cocked his head back, exposing his throat for a handful of heartbeats before he followed the issued order and sealed his mouth around the four puncture holes in Nasta’s forearm and sucked.

His smaller wounds closed up after the first swallow of blood and after several more mouthfuls, his larger, deeper cuts had all closed up, leaving him in perfect condition once again. He licked Nasta’s arm and thanked him softly and then he left to go and pack up their children’s nursery.

All of the toys and things in the living room would have to be disposed of and they needed a new bassinet for Leolin after…after the one downstairs had been broken. He felt sick as he thought of his little Leolin being knocked flying. He lost the battle with his stomach and he rushed to the
bathroom to vomit.

He didn’t even try and stop the tears from falling as he sobbed. He should have tried to control the situation better, he should have grabbed Draco and dragged him out of the house before things had gone that far...hindsight truly was a curse as he thought of a hundred different ways that he could and should have controlled the situation better as acting top dominant.

He pulled himself together as best as he could and he went into his bedroom and got out several suitcases and, using magic, he packed as much into them as he could, which considering they were magically expanded, was more than enough room. He left the full suitcases on the landing and took the others into his babies’ nursery to pack up all their things ready to move into their new house.

This was supposed to be a happy occasion. Nasta had started the plans for this house just months after mating to Harry. He had found out about it all by accident, after he’d come home early one afternoon to find Nasta in talks with an estate agent about buying a massive plot of land just outside a quaint little neighbourhood and Nasta had let him in on the plans and had even allowed him to adjust any designs of the house that he wanted. Of course he’d gone and given himself a much bigger kitchen and made the utility room separate and he definitely made doubly sure that Harry had a lot more room in each of the planned rooms.

The official build had been started a month after the design had been finalised and they’d gotten the planning permission that they needed and Max had been so excited, but Nasta had made him swear not to tell any of the others. It was going to be a massive, joyous surprise.

The house had finally been finished at the start of the year, just after the girls had been born and he and Nasta had gone to survey it and check it over. It was absolutely perfect and he couldn’t wait to get into his new, massive, kitchen and start cooking for his growing family.

He and Nasta had decorated and furnished the house themselves and they’d set everything up ready for them to just pick up and leave, all they needed were their clothes, the kids toys and all of their homey, sentimental possessions. It was going to be the best surprise to Harry ever. Only now they were moving in because this house had been ruined thanks to Draco. It took the magic of it away.

Max hated Draco, and himself, for ruining this surprise for Harry. Harry who had been begging for a bigger house for almost a year now. It had taken all of their persuasion skills to keep Harry from looking for a house on his own, and to keep their own mouths shut about the house that was being built especially for him and their growing family that backed onto a small forest and was situated on the edge of a beautiful, friendly neighbourhood.

The more Harry asked for a bigger house, almost begging on occasion, the more they felt terrible about keeping the house from him. Perhaps if they’d told him about it before now, regardless of the stress of the court case, they wouldn’t have had to have ruined their own surprise. But now Draco had ruined it for them. Almost two years they’d kept this secret, all throughout the designing and the planning and then the actual build and the final viewing, through the papering and carpeting, the furnishing and the final clean-up. The house was perfect and ready for them to move in, but they had decided to wait until after the court case to minimise the stress on Harry and now Draco had ruined two years of planning because of one stupid fight over Calix crawling around their own home naked.

He piled the rest of the suitcases on top of the other ones and levitated all of them down the stairs and he put them down gently by the fireplace, ready to be transported to the new house.
“All of our clothes are packed up.” Max told Nasta subserviently. The last thing anyone needed right now was a clash between dominants because Nasta, as the top dominant, thought that he wasn’t showing enough respect.

Nasta nodded. “I packed up some of the things that could be salvaged from this room. Especially the photos, the food in the kitchen needs to be moved too.”

Max nodded. “I’ll go and do that.”

Nasta watched Max go and fisted at his own hair. He had the feeling that he was going to be grey through stress very soon. Braiden had fallen asleep and he’d given him over to Richard to hold as he packed up what he could save. He was just thankful that the wards that Blaise had put on the incredibly rare and delicate book were strong enough to have saved it from being damaged in the fight. Blaise would have been completely devastated if the book had been in any way damaged.

“You never mentioned that you had a new house, though I knew that you boys were planning to move.” Alexander said as he calmed down the sniffling Tegan, who had been brought down from upstairs with Farren and Regan.

“It was going to be my gift to the mateship.” He answered softly. “I had it planned out and I bought the land. Max found out early on, when he came home early to find me finalising the deal with the estate agent over the land that I was buying. So it became a joint project. It would be our gift to our much younger mates. He looked over my initial design and altered and improved it and then we got the planning permission that we needed and then the building started. It was finally finished earlier this year, in early February. We were waiting until after the court case to tell the others, it was going to be a surprise for Harry after the stress and bad memories of the court case.”

“I’m sure he’ll love it.” Richard said. “He’s been begging for a bigger house since Braiden’s first birthday and now he’s almost two and you have twins on top of that now too. I did say to Myron that you boys were beginning to look more and more like sardines in an ever shrinking tin.”

Nasta couldn’t bring himself to smile. He just put the bags he’d packed on top of the suitcases that Max had prepared and he tried to figure out how he was going to get all his children to the new house safely. Dain and Kailen were going to be livid when they found out that Leolin was in the hospital due to a fight between his Dracken parents. The court were going to be right on his back and he’d have to deal with them too. Damn Draco to hell for putting them in this position.

“Nas? Do you want me to start taking everything over?” Max asked him quietly, submissively. It wasn’t Max, not his Max, and he hated it. He cursed Draco for that too.
He pulled Max into a kiss and held him tightly.

“It wasn’t your fault.” He told Max strongly. “You only entered the fight to protect Harry, as you were supposed to.”

“I should have handled it better. I’m thirty-two and I was acting top dominant in your place! I should have just grabbed Draco and dragged him outside before Harry and the kids were ever put into such a position of danger.”

“Hindsight and such.” Nasta said with a humourless smile. “I understand, you did what you could at the time. We need to pull it together for the kids. The new house was baby proofed, wasn’t it?”

Max nodded. “I covered all the sockets and put the cupboard and door locks on myself. The baby gates need to go up, though.”

“We’ll get the kids to the house first, then we’ll take it in turns to get the stuff and move it.”

“If you need any help, boys, all you need to do is ask for it.” Alexander offered as he cradled a now sleeping Tegan.

“Help would be appreciated, thank you.” Nasta replied. It would stop him from blowing up or hiding himself away. Not to mention that it gave everyone something to do other than agonising over what had happened this afternoon.

“Where are we going to first?” Richard asked. “We didn’t even know that you had this massive project going on, let alone where exactly that it is.”

Nasta took a hold of Richard and Myron’s arms, after Richard had given a sleeping Braiden to Max, and Apparated them to the driveway of the house and he finally broke a smile at the looks on their faces.

“This…this is incredible!” Myron said astonished, looking up at the three storey, absolutely beautiful house.
“It’s four storeys if you include the attic space, five if you include the basement too.” Nasta told them as he led them into the house, tapping the lock with his wand to open the door in lieu of his key, which was in an envelope back at the old house along with the deeds and all the relevant paperwork.

“You had this built?” Richard asked.

“From the very foundations. It was just a huge grassy plain when I bought it, overgrown and derelict. No one wanted it because of the half a mile area of forest that surrounded the field of grass on all three sides, but for me, for us, it would be perfect. The council here were thinking of making it a picnic area as no one was interested in buying it, but it’s too far from the actual neighbourhood and they already have a children’s play park, so the plans fell through as it would have likely been rarely used. They were overjoyed when I told them that I planned to build a house, without cutting down any of the forest and thus ruining the natural landscaping. They gave me planning permission almost immediately. I made sure to have runes and wards layered through the entire foundations and around the property line. It’s as strong, as private and as safe as I can make it.”

“This is amazing. It’s huge!” Myron said as he looked at the hardwood flooring in the hallway.

The front door led straight into a massive, wide corridor and he could see that it led all the way down to the open kitchen at the back of the house.

“I can see what Maxie meant.” Richard laughed. “Does that kitchen take up the entire back of the house?”

Nasta smiled a bit. “Almost. The family room is on the left and there are two empty rooms that are going to be studies on the right from where we’re standing. There’s an empty room to this side of the house, a small room that’ll be a home gym and a storage closet and this room is a massive downstairs bathroom and the beyond that is the living room.” Nasta told them, pointing right and then left to the doors set to either side of the corridor they were standing in.

“Right, where do you want the kids? We can stay with them while you get what you need to.”

“The family room isn’t connected to the floo, only the living room next door to it is, so while Harry, Blaise and Leolin are in the hospital, I want to stay close to the floo connection.”
Nasta walked down the corridor to where it branched off into two more long corridors on either side. The corridors were actually set in a cross shape in, near enough, the middle of the ground floor, leading to more rooms on either side of the house.

“‘The stairs to the upper levels and down to the basement are down that way.’” Nasta told them, pointing down to the right corridor. “As well as the small gym that Max wanted.”

They went down the left corridor and passed another door. “This is just another entrance to the bathroom and this is the living room.”

They came out into a massive sitting room with an empty fireplace and plenty of windows, there were three settees and a gorgeous rug, but other than a coffee table and an empty bookcase, it was quite bare.

“It’s not lived in yet and it’s hardly homely, but eight babies and Harry will soon sort that out.” Nasta said as he took out his wand and ignited the fire.

“Where does that door lead?” Richard asked, pointing to the closed double doors on the right.

“That door leads into the larger family room. I did worry that it was too big, but Max loves the space. Then I think he’s just happy that the kitchen is the biggest room in the house. Though he did want to make the master bedroom bigger, but I beat him down on that. Harry likes the bedroom to be smaller and cosier, more intimate.”

“I like how Harry thinks.” Richard laughed. “Now, let’s get those babies here. You can make the rounds at the hospital then.” He added more seriously.

The three of them Apparated back to the living room of the old house and nothing much had changed. Max was cuddling a naked Calix and Farren to keep them both off of the debris strewn floor and the twins, Nico and Ceph, had their arms full too.

“Take those two to the new house, Max.” Nasta asked before taking Eva and Ave into his own arms and Apparating after Max.

He landed directly in the new living room and put the two girls down onto the floor. Max had done the same to Farren and Calix and the naked Calix screeched in excitement and he was off exploring...
the new space excitedly.

Myron arrived holding Regan and Alexander’s arm. The older man still had a sleeping Tegan, and now also a sleeping Braiden, cuddled into his chest.

“This room is beautiful.” Alexander complimented. “Harry will love it.”

Nasta nodded and he felt his chest tighten. He furiously pushed away thoughts that Harry and Blaise might never see this house. That they might never get to bring their Leolin here.

They watched Calix for a while as he crawled around everywhere, pulling his naked self up to look into everything before he sat knocking on the door that led into the family room.

“Well, he’s much happier. They can actually move around now and have their own space to play in without getting in each other’s way.” Max said as he took a suitcase from his Uncle Nicodemus, who had been Apparated there by Richard along with Cepheus.

“This is definitely a massive step up from the old house. It’s so much bigger.”

“I’m going to go to the hospital and check on Blaise and Leolin. Then I’ll go and see Harry at the Counsel Halls and I’ll be back.” Nasta said, unable to wait any longer. “Max, the kids need their dinner, it’s getting late. If you don’t feel up to cooking, just give them jars, but we can’t break their routine when they’re in a new house, the routine needs to stay the same to help comfort them.”

Max nodded his understanding as he watched Nasta leave through the floo. He still couldn’t believe that this had happened. It hadn’t quite sunk in yet as it all seemed too surreal. He just wanted to go back to that morning and redo the entire day all over again. He wanted to fix this and do things completely differently to prevent all of this from ever happening. It really should never have happened.

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Aneirin sat next to the nearly comatose nineteen year old and he sighed heavily with anguish. He looked to the serious bruise taking over Blaise’s face and head, which had had to be shaved with a spell. Draco had not only punched the front top of Blaise’s head, he’d also punched him in the side of the head, right on one of the fault lines of his skull. That was the reason that Blaise wasn’t waking up.
“How is he?”

Aneirin shot up, nearly on complete automatic as he heard Nasta’s voice, and he pulled his son into a tight hug.

“How are you?” Aneirin asked.

Nasta just shook his head. “Leolin seems to be alright. The preliminary tests are all coming back good and there’s no damage done to his head, neck or back. The Healers were worried about spinal injuries, but those worries were unfounded. He’s alright, he’s just in shock. Healer Cole is keeping him in for observation and more tests, just in case, but everything’s looking alright for him. I told them to do anything and everything that they could to help him and keep him safe. How is Blaise?”

“I’m so sorry, Nasta.”

Aneirin watched as Nasta’s face went as pale as chalk.

“What’s wrong?” He asked breathlessly.

“It seems that Draco hit him on a fault line of the skull, right between the two plates at the top side of his head. As you can see, the Healers had to shave his head in order to do a close scan without his hair in the way of their wands and he’s already been force fed several potions.”

“They never asked me to sign anything.”

“I signed it.” Aneirin assured him. “You frightened Healer Almus into compliance, so he let me sign the needed paperwork to get it done and Blaise treated as soon as possible. Blaise had swelling to his brain and a slow bleed too, the Healers need to work quickly. It was a hell of a punch, Nassa, right to the side of the skull and to the top front of his head. He might still be brain damaged and he might have amnesia as well.”

Nasta put his head into his hands and sobbed. “I can’t… I can’t believe this.”

“How’s Harry?”
“In a bad way. He blacked out after being Apparated to the halls and he hasn’t regained consciousness either. There are three of them working on him right now and I couldn’t stay for long.”

Aneirin comforted his son as best as he could, but there wasn’t much that he could do or say.

“At least Leolin is alright.” He settled for saying and Nasta nodded and sucked in a deep breath and pulled himself together visibly.

“I need to go and tell Max.”

“How is Max?”

“He’s being really subservient and submissive.”

“He’s trying to make things less stressful for you by staying out of your way.” Aneirin told him shrewdly. “Just be fair to him and don’t take your anger or frustration out on him without just cause and he’ll start poking out of his shell again soon enough. He’s wary of you at the moment because of the situation, he’s expecting your anger and a punishment, so he’s trying to lessen it by behaving himself and rolling over for you.”

Nasta nodded and dried his eyes, sniffing hard. He cleared his throat and went to Blaise and he kissed his slack lips. He hated that all he could think about as he kissed Blaise was that he’d been drinking too much coffee again as his lips were really dry and chapped. He hated more that it was the most normal thought he’d had since that morning.

“I’ll stay here and watch over him, you just do what you need to.”

Nasta nodded and handed over a small slip of parchment. “Our new floo address. The old house is ruined, physically and in our memories. We’ve got the kids at the new house and it’s where we’ll be waiting.”

Aneirin nodded and read the slip of paper. “I’ll give it to Healer Almus and to Healer Odell, who’s in charge of Blaise, when I next see them, so they know where to find you if it’s needed.”
Nasta nodded and left again, going back to check on Leolin before going back to Harry and then finally back to the new house and to Max.

Aneirin sat down and looked back to the battered nineteen year old lying in the bed and he sighed. Blaise was too young for this sort of horror, unfortunately it was a typical situation for Drackens. This sort of occurrence was commonplace and it was devastating for those left behind when they came back from their feral mind set and they finally realised what they’d done in its entirety. Draco was going to be distraught when the weight of the situation finally settled on him. Aneirin just hoped that he was apologetic as well for all that he’d done today, because if he wasn’t, then he might not ever be forgiven.

He looked back at Blaise lying straight and floppy in the bed, his head shaved and his face severely bruised. He had to wonder that even if Draco was genuinely apologetic, would any of the others ever forgive him for this.

Max found himself lost in thought as he rolled the vegetable and fish mixture he’d cooked up into small balls. He’d mashed up sweet potato and mixed it up with a bit of cooked onion, sweetcorn, peas, grated carrot, flaked white fish and vegetable stock soaked risotto rice and he was in the process of rolling the mixture into small balls before egg washing them and rolling them in breadcrumbs.

The familiar act of cooking was working to settle him down, but the joy he had been dreaming about for nearly two years, of finally cooking in his brand new kitchen, was absent. He was worried, upset, stressed and he felt sick and miserable. His heart was pounding with worry for Leolin, their fragile, delicate little Faerie baby. For Harry, his sweet, strong Harry whose guts had only been held in by his Uncle Xerxes’ hand. For Blaise, who had bravely jumped in between him and Draco and was only trying to split them up. He didn’t deserve what was happening to him, none of them did.

“Max!”

He jerked and almost put his hand through the porcelain bowl. He cursed and turned to see his Dads’ behind him, looking concerned.

“What is it?”

“You’ve been spaced out for nearly ten minutes.” His Dad, Richard, told him worriedly.
Max sighed and wiped his forehead with his shoulder and he went back to making little balls with his mixture.

“What did you want?” He asked gruffly, his throat emotion clogged.

“Are you sure you want to cook?” His Dad, Myron, asked.

“I’m sure.” He answered tersely. “Has Nasta come back yet?”

“No, I’m sure you would be the first person that he seeks out when he does come home.”

They fell into silence as Max finished coating the last ball in breadcrumbs and he got a clean frying pan out of the cupboard and splashed a little bit of oil into it.

“This kitchen is amazing, Max. It’s huge.” Richard said to break the awful silence that had descended. “It’s beautiful too, the entire house is.”

“We wanted it to be big and beautiful for Harry.” Max said in a rather fragile voice.

Myron strode forward and turned his slightly shorter son into a tight hug, pressing a kiss to his worry wrinkled forehead.

“I’m not going to lie to you and tell you that everything is going to be fine, because it’s not going to be.”

“Myron!” Richard snapped.

“No. You and I both know that this is a delicate situation sitting on the edge of a knife blade.” Myron replied sternly. “Harry and Blaise are in a very bad way. Leolin was knocked from his bassinet and was in a heap on the floor and that’s before we get to the situation with Draco.”

“Don’t mention his name.” Max snarled.
“You’ve just proven my point exactly, Max. I cannot lie to you and say that things are going to be fine when you can’t even bear to hear your subordinate mate’s name. Things have changed now, they’re different and none of you can go back to how you were before.”

Max took a moment to absorb that before bursting into tears, which startled both Myron and Richard, who rushed to comfort him.

“You’ll get through this, love.” Richard told him, rubbing his son’s back.

“How?” Max sobbed. “How can I get through this when everything has fallen apart?”

“I’ll get you through it.”

Max looked up as a new set of hands pulled him into a tight hug and he all but fell onto the shorter Nasta and inhaled the comforting scent that surrounded him.

“How are they?” He asked, all but begging for news.

“Leolin is going to be fine. Healer Cole says that he’s no worse for wear and though he’s staying in overnight, it’s only a precaution as he is in shock. He’ll be home tomorrow morning.”

“Oh, thank Merlin! Miracles do happen.” Max clutched harder at Nasta and tried to absorb some of his amazing strength. He didn’t understand how Nasta was so put together when he felt like he was falling apart at the seams. “What about Harry and Blaise?”

“Sit down, Max.” Nasta told him.

“No. No.” Max shook his head in denial. “No, tell me that they’re both alright!”

“Just…sit down. Please.” Nasta coaxed him as he pulled him to their new kitchen table and got him sitting down.
“Harry blacked out as soon as he arrived at the Healing Halls.” Nasta started gently. “He’s in a bad way, but he’s being well looked after. He has three Dracken Healers around him and two trainees and Claire playing runners for anything that the Healers need. I’ll go back after the kids are in bed and check up on what’s happening, but I was told just now, in the last five minutes, that they expect Harry to make a full recovery after a lot of rest to recuperate. His abdominal muscles have been all but destroyed, so sitting up and even moving is going to be impossible for him for some time, so we need to prepare for that.”

Max’s head hit the table and felt his eyes welling up, even as he breathed a sigh of relief. He didn’t care if he had to carry Harry around for the rest of his life, just so long as he was going to survive.

“It’s Blaise, Max.” Nasta told him, cutting his relief short. “The blow to his head was with such a force that it caused his brain to swell inside his skull. He has a slow bleed into his brain too, Draco hit him where two plates of his skull meet together, right on the fault line. There is a high chance that he has amnesia, brain damage, or that he just won’t wake up at all.”

“He was….he was only trying to break us up.” Max said weakly. “He was trying to get between us to split up the fight. He wasn’t even a part of it.”

“I’m going to go back and see what’s happening a bit later.” Nasta said, taking Max’s hands and squeezing them. “I’m going to get us through this, Max. Just keep yourself calm and keep the kids happy. They know something is wrong and they’re already calling for Harry, just…just feed them, keep to their routine and then get them into bed and then we can do what we need to.”

“I need Firewhiskey.” Max warbled.

Nasta nodded. “I have a bottle. It was going to be for the first night that we moved in, a house warming present for all of us to share. When I bought it, I was imagining all five of us sharing it together, laughing and joking, our kids in bed as we tried to sort the packed boxes out to get our new house into some semblance of order as we started a new chapter in our lives. I never thought that we’d be drinking it in this house, our son and two mates in the hospital and one mate gone.”

“So that’s it, Draco’s gone?” Myron asked.

Nasta sighed heavily. “That’s got to be up to Harry, we are his mates first and foremost and if he feels that he can move past this, then the rest of us can work on it too, but it’s Blaise that I’m most concerned about. Draco almost killed him and he still might have yet. I don’t think Harry would forgive him if anything more serious had happened to Leolin and I can’t see him forgiving Draco if Blaise dies as a result of this. But on top of that, if Blaise can’t get over what happened to him, I
can’t see Harry siding with Draco over Blaise. So it depends on what happens now and how Blaise and Harry feel once they’re out of the hospital and back home.”

Max swallowed painfully and he nodded his understanding. He stood back up and put the food balls into the now searing hot frying pan and he browned them off.

“Get the kids in here. They need their dinners.” He said with a lump in his throat.

Max put five of the fried balls into each plastic bowl and put them on the table as Myron and Richard set up the brand new high chairs and booster seats.

Max went back to the boxes of food that he’d packed up and brought from the old house and he dug around in them to find what he wanted. He finally dug out a pot of natural yoghurt, a lemon and vanilla essence, finding the small bottle right at the bottom of the box that had come from his top cupboard.

He got out another bowl as his babies dug into the new food that they were trying. Of course Calix thought his food was a projectile and he was using his Great-granddad Alexander as a target.

Braiden was very morose however and he was just squashing his rice balls up in his hand, watching as it oozed out between his fingers. Nasta sat next to him and cleaned off his hand before he sat and encouraged Braiden to eat, cooing at their son to get him to try his food, smiling and being so happy that Max wanted to shake him and demand how he was keeping it together, how he could be so normal in this situation.

Getting out a baking tray, he lined it with baking parchment and using a teaspoon, he made drops of the yoghurt mixture onto the parchment and once he’d filled it, he shoved it into the empty freezer in the absolutely massive double doored fridge freezer that he’d picked out for his kitchen himself.

He stood and he washed everything up, keeping his back to the happy kitchen, to his happy, giggling babies who didn’t know that their parents’ mateship had all but fallen apart in the space of an hour.

Hearing Nasta laughing was the last straw and he made a quick escape down the corridor and into the huge downstairs bathroom. He slumped to the tiled floor and he cried. Huge wracking sobs that shook his entire body as he tried to breathe, but thinking of Harry and Blaise had his misery overflowing again and he almost choked on his own tears.

Someone sat next to him and pulled him bodily into a hug and he inhaled Nasta’s scent. He turned into Nasta and crushed him in his arms, sobbing hysterically.

Nasta murmured to him continuously in Welsh until he was more calm and Max swallowed heavily and huffed through his sobs, trying to breathe as normally as he could to regain control of himself.

“I was…I was only…only trying to…to protect them!” He sobbed into Nasta’s neck.
“I know, Cariad. I know.” Nasta soothed him. “You did as you were supposed to, to protect our Harry.”

“I want this to be a nightmare. I want to wake up now.”

Nasta closed his eyes and hugged Max tighter to himself.

“Me too, Max. Me too.” He murmured as he stroked Max’s hair and planted a kiss on his temple, holding his mate crushingly tight. “I love you and we will get through this, one way or another and do you know why?”

Max shook his head miserably.

“Because we have children to think of.” Nasta told him sternly. “We have eight little babies to look after, Caru. We cannot abandon them just because we’re upset.”

Max swallowed heavily and his arms clenched around Nasta, his muscles bulging, even as he buried his face in Nasta’s neck. Neither of them cared that he was wiping his eyes on Nasta’s shoulder.

“We can break down later, Max.” Nasta promised. “We can sit in front of the fire, restlessly and fearfully waiting for a fire call to come through as we share a bottle of Firewhiskey and bawl our eyes out with our misery, but for now, we need to pull it together. I need you to pull yourself together, because our children need us to. We have to look after them and we can’t make them any more unsettled than they already are.”

Max sniffed hard and he sat up, wiping the last of the tears from his gritty, red raw eyes. He pulled up his best smile, dipped at the edges, dimmed at his eyes and wet from his tears, but it was the best that he could manage.

“Then let’s get back to those kids. They need something for dessert.”

“What about that yoghurt stuff you made up?”
Max shook his head. “Those are snacks for tomorrow. They need some apple slices or half a nectarine for today.”

Nasta stood up and held out both hands to Max, who took them and allowed himself to be pulled to his feet. He walked to the sink and washed his face, using his shirt to dry himself as they didn’t have any towels out yet. He took a deep breath and turned back to Nasta.

“I’m not sure how long I can keep this up.” He admitted.

“That’s okay, Max. Stay strong for as long as you can, we just need to wait a few more hours and then they’ll all be in bed and we can do what we need to. But if you can’t keep it up for a moment longer, then don’t…I’ll be strong enough for us both if needs be.”

Max pulled Nasta into a final hug. He was so grateful to Nasta for being here, for being so strong when he himself felt like a complete wreck. His love and appreciation for Nasta had just jumped up tenfold.

“I love you.” He said with a passion that was completely unbridled. “I’m so glad that you’re here.”

Nasta kissed him and they left the bathroom, back into the kitchen where their children were just finishing off their dinners. The next several hours were going to be incredibly trying for them both. They just needed to get through the next two, to see their babies safely into their cots and then they could focus on just getting through the night. They would drink Firewhiskey while waiting for a devastating floo call from a Healer, they would sit and support one another, even if he had to have Max resting on him all fucking night, he didn’t care. He would get them both through this trying time and whatever the outcome, he would always support and protect his family.

Aneirin was shocked out of his deep thoughts by a siren sounding by his head and with wide eyes he looked beside him to see that Blaise’s chest had stopped moving. Blaise had stopped breathing.

Before he could really react, the room was bustling with people and he was shimmied out of the room by an orderly in her pale yellow robes as the room was flooded with Healers in lime green and nurses in pale blue. He swallowed heavily and he closed his eyes, sending out a heartfelt prayer for Blaise, a plea that he was going to be alright.

He walked down the corridor and, like he was in a daydream, he went into the office of the head
Healer on Blaise’s ward and he flooed to the new house, the one that he hadn’t seen before. It was late, the kids were all in bed and Nasta looked to be getting ready to leave. Aneirin ignored the open bottle of Firewhiskey on the coffee table. Some situations called for a bolstering drink and this was definitely one of them.

“You’re supposed to be with Blaise.” Nasta accused him. Aneirin could see the panic in his son’s eyes. The recognition of what it meant that he was here and it terrified his son. There was nothing that he could do and no way to soften the almighty blow that he was about to administer. It would hit both Max and Nasta like a hammer, right to the rib cage over their hearts. He hated to be the one to deliver it, but they needed to know.

“I’m so sorry, Nas. I was pushed out of the room, the Healers needed the space.” He said gently.

“What’s happened?” Max asked him so quietly and weakly that Aneirin barely recognised him.

“I’m sorry, Blaise has flat lined. He just stopped breathing.”

There was silence. The awful kind of silence where it was so sudden and shocking, that it left the ears ringing and feet frozen to the spot. No one wanted to move, clinging to the hope that if none of them moved, if none of them acknowledged the words that had been spoken, then it would mean that they weren’t real…that they weren’t true.

“He’s dead?” Max asked in a whisper, finally breaking the stunning silence.

“When I left, yes, he was. I came to tell you immediately. I thought that you’d like to be with him.”

Nasta took Max’s hand and pulled him, almost dragged him as Max refused to move his feet properly, to the fireplace and they flooed away together. Aneirin took a deep, steadying breath and sat with Myron, Richard, Alexander and the recently arrived Caesar.

“Is it…?” Richard trailed off a little unsurely.

“It’s not looking good.” Aneirin said with a sigh and a twinge of pain in his heart as he thought of his son-in-law, Blaise.
“He just stopped breathing?” Myron prompted.

Aneirin nodded. “Out of the blue. The Healer had just been by to check on him, reported no change and then ten minutes later the sirens started going off and Blaise had flat lined.”

“Has the swelling in his brain gone down at least?”

Aneirin nodded. “Yes. The potions worked to lessen the swelling and the senior neurological Healer was able to stop the bleed. Things had been looking good until this point. The boys are going to be devastated.”

“Did Nasta tell you that Leolin is going to be fine?”

Aneirin nodded. “Yes, at least that’s one weight off of their minds. How is Braiden? Nasta said that he was doing alright.”

“He was a bit fussy over dinner and very clingy when Max tried to put him to bed, but he eventually went down and he hasn’t woken up again. Or at least, he hasn’t yet.”

“Where is Draco?” Caesar asked.

“I escorted him to his parents.” Aneirin told him emotionlessly. “He was half dazed and the boys had done a number on him too, but I explained the situation to Lucius and Narcissa and they understood enough. They definitely weren’t pleased to have their son returned to them in such a state though.”

“I don’t think I would be either.” Myron said. “I’d understand, but that doesn’t mean I’d want to see my son beaten half to death.”

Aneirin nodded. “It’s difficult to understand what has actually happened here. I knew they were a volatile bunch, five men living together in one small, four bedroomed house, how could they not be? But this situation has gone beyond anything I would have expected from any of them.”

“What did happen? I don’t really understand what triggered them.” Caesar said with a frown. “Max
doesn’t lose control like that for no good reason. He’s always exerted control over himself and his Dracken, ever since we were kids. I just don’t understand how he lost it so bad with Harry and the kids in the room.”

“Draco went to attack Harry, Max leapt in front of him and intercepted him and the fight went from there.”

“Draco tried to attack *Harry*?!”

“Draco’s the one who gutted Harry.” Myron said in a bass growl. “He did it right in front of us, while we all watched.”

“I don’t understand what was going through his head.” Richard croaked out, the scar tissue on his throat tightening with his rising emotion.

Myron’s arm shot out and curled around Richard’s shoulders, pulling him closer as the other hand rose to massage the front of Richard’s neck, easing away the tightness and making the scar tissue suppler to help Richard breathe easier. He pressed a kiss to Richard’s temple and pulled his mate and Husband even closer, silently urging him to rest against his body.

“The boy has anger issues.” Alexander growled. “To attack Harry in such a way, he could have killed him if his claws had perforated Harry’s intestines or stomach! He may have already killed Blaise and to do all of that in a room full of babies….I don’t know what that boy was thinking.”

“Things could have been so much worse.” Aneirin said, thinking of Leolin and Braiden. “How are Calix and the two girls?”

“The girls are restless and Calix is acting out more than normal. He hit out at me when I tried to put him to bed.” Myron sighed unhappily.

“He kicked me in the ribs when I was dressing him for bed.” Richard added.

“It’s hardly surprising.” Aneirin said thoughtfully. “Not only did they have the upheaval of today, but they’re in a new environment too.”
“They’re going to be unsettled for a while.” Alexander nodded his agreement.

“They’re coming up to two years old as well.” Caesar added. “Nora has been acting out lately too. She scribbled over the wall with her crayons, put her blocks in the fish tank and painted Beatrice’s head with tomato sauce.”

“She takes after your Father.” Myron snorted.

“I’ll have you know that I was a perfectly well behaved child!” Richard huffed.

“And I was born with three feet.” Myron answered.

“Why didn’t you ever tell me that?” Cesar demanded, his face the picture of seriousness.

Richard started laughing and Aneirin couldn’t prevent the chuckle of amusement that had built inside him. Myron just sighed heavily, as if he was fighting a losing battle.

Looking at Alexander, Richard and Caesar laughing at Myron’s expense, Aneirin could well believe that Myron was well outnumbered.

A shrill cry came over the baby monitor that was sat on the solid wooden coffee table between them all on the settees.

“Mummy!” A little voice called out before screaming again. “Mummy, pick up!”

Aneirin expelled all of the air in his lungs as he watched Myron immediately move to go and collect the distressed child, who had to have been Braiden. He had been expecting this, it would have been too good to be true if they didn’t have a bit of trouble with the kids after the day that they’d had and as another, shriller cry came over the baby monitor signifying that Braiden had woken up at least one of his other siblings with his screaming, all Aneirin could think was ‘It has begun.’ The hard night from hell was about to start and they’d all need to pull together and support one another to make it through. Draco had been told to stay the hell away, Harry was in a bad way, Blaise was currently dead and was being furiously worked on by a room full of Healers, Max and Nasta were emotionally battered and drained and now the children were going to start too.

Aneirin couldn’t really blame them as Myron brought a tear stained Braiden into the room with a thrashing Calix being held securely on his other shoulder. The trauma of the fight and Braiden being injured and in pain too, he was surprised that Braiden had even gone down to sleep at all.

He mentally prepared himself to stay awake all night. His son needed him, his grandchildren
needed him and like all the others in this room with him, he needed to be a pillar of support for Max and Nasta when they eventually came home and he needed to be a soothing presence for his grandchildren, who needed all the comfort that they could get at this moment in time and as another cry came over the baby monitor, it was he who stood up to go and collect the unsettled child. It was going to be a very long, devastating night for them all.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Happy fourth anniversary, lovelies. It’s still hard for me to come to terms with the fact that I’ve been writing this fic for exactly four years today. It’s been a long, heartfelt ride and it’ll only become more so as there are at least another 100 or so chapters to come! I know this chapter is very emotional and heart breaking, but please continue to trust me as you have done over the last four years. I’ve never steered you lovelies wrong before and I don’t plan on starting now. I’ll get us all through this, I’m like Nasta, just trust me, I always know what I’m doing, for good or for worse, I’ll get you through to the other side.

Thank you to all of you for reading and for sticking by me, I really appreciate it. Our massive milestone marker of chapter 100 will be out very soon, as I don’t want to leave you hanging, especially with this ending, so I’m aiming for about 2 weeks, maybe 3, but no more than that. I’ll see you all very soon,

StarLight Massacre. X
Adaption

Chapter Notes

A/N: Happy early birthday, Rebecca, lovelie! This one’s for you.

Last Time

The hard night from hell was about to start and they’d all need to pull together and support one another to make it through. Draco had been told to stay the hell away, Harry was in a bad way, Blaise was currently dead and was being furiously worked on by a room full of Healers, Max and Nasta were emotionally battered and drained and now the children were going to start too.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred – Adaption

Xerxes was hunched forward in a comfortable, if a bit stiff, armchair that was right beside Harry’s hospital bed, elbows on his knees. He was staring at his clasped hands between his spread legs. Being here, in the Dracken Healing Halls, was a very different experience for him, where all he had to do was sit here and think endlessly about anything and everything, most particularly about tiny Harry, who was younger than all six of his grandchildren. His twenty-seven year old Yasmina, his twenty-five year old Raina and his youngest grandchild, twenty year old Suria, by his oldest son, John. The twenty-six year old Madeline by his only daughter, Hannah and Clora and his only grandson, Corbin, were the twin, twenty-three year old children of his youngest son, Joel.

He remembered hearing Harry’s distress call, the immediate internal panic that it had caused him and the overwhelming urge to protect him. He had dropped everything that he’d been doing and when Harry had called a second time, he’d rumbled to him through the bond created between them by Max, assuring Harry as much as he could that he was on his way. That he was coming to help and protect him.
When he’d arrived in that disaster zone, smelling the blood, hearing babies crying and seeing Blaise flat out on the floor…but he’d frozen for a moment. His twin brothers had arrived very soon after him, and his Father was there too, immediately taking stock of everything and he’d moved straight over to Harry, hunching down behind him and bringing his own wings out to curl around Harry’s own, bleeding, white wings.

He had leapt into action then, grappling with Max as best as he could, which was very difficult as Max was bigger, heavier, bulkier and younger than he was. He was thankful when Richard and Myron had arrived to come and help him and he happily let Myron take over grappling with Max, though he did automatically pin down Max’s legs when he snarled and tried to kick out after Myron had gotten him on the floor and pinned down his hands.

The destruction of just one fight was shocking and all at once devastating. One dead, one seriously injured in the hospital, two babies injured and the others traumatised. Not to mention one house destroyed. Xerxes watched his hands clench together tighter and he flexed his fingers, even as his jaw muscles bulged because of how tightly he was gritting his teeth. How had it come to this?

He was so deep in his thoughts, therefore, that he jolted in surprise when a small hand touched his arm and he quickly looked to the side of himself, to the large, soft bed and into the heavy lidded, glassy green eyes of Harry, whom he had been watching over all night.

Harry’s dominant mate, Nasta, had been by every couple of hours to check on him, all through yesterday afternoon and all through the night too, ever since Harry had been admitted to the Healing Halls, and the last couple of times he’d come, Max had been with him too. He could tell that his emotional nephew had been crying, and crying hard, just from looking at his pale, drawn face and his sore looking, red rimmed eyes. Their subordinate mate, Blaise, had died last night. Harry didn’t know that yet. He was in no fit state to either hear such news, or to retain it.

Harry was being kept heavily drugged by potions while the senior Dracken Healers, Alfred Grant and Jackson Moore, tried to fix him up as best as they could. Even now Harry’s leg was going to feel leaden, heavy and cumbersome, as if it was completely asleep, as it had been badly broken and the thick piece of wood had pierced right through the muscle. He would be unable to stand on it for at least another week and even then he would only be able to put his weight upon it for a few moments at a time. Given another week he would be able to walk a little more normally, but he’d need to take baby steps or the leg would give way underneath him. His stomach injury on the other hand was going to stop him from sitting up for a long while. It had been healed, but not perfectly, and the pain and soreness was going to remain for a while longer as Harry’s organs shifted back into their rightful place and the muscles healed from the trauma of being ripped open. At least when Harry gave birth the muscles were shifted out of the way by the swollen sac. Submissives were sore and pained enough by giving birth without ripping open their muscles too, he couldn’t imagine how much pain Harry had been in when he’d received the serious injury. It was bad enough currently if the way he was grimacing and pulling faces was any indication and he was on the strongest pain potion that could be given to him and at the highest dosage that his slight weight allowed him to take.

“How are you feeling?” Xerxes asked him softly.

“Don’t ‘member ‘at happened.” Harry croaked out, trying to sit himself up, before finding that he was unable to. He then tried to move himself, but he found that it was too painful and he stopped.
“You’re at the Dracken Healing Halls, Harry. You were very badly hurt.”

“Don’t ‘member, Myan.”

“I’m Xerxes.” He told Harry gently, with a smile.

Harry peered at him owlishly, he nodded after several moments of staring at his face. “Not Myan.”

“Just stay still, you won’t be able to move for a while.”

“I’m sore.” Harry told him, looking up at him from the big bed with such wide, pathetic eyes.

Xerxes smiled at him and laid a hand on the top of his head, stroking the thick, black hair comfortably.

“It’ll be alright. The Healers will be back to see you soon.” Xerxes assured him, petting his hair some more. It was very soft and fluffy…he’d expected it to be more coarse because of how messy it always was, but it was almost completely weightless despite how thick it was.

Harry drifted in and out while they waited, sometimes he was lucid, other times he was so out of it that he started talking about eating mud and giving birth to centaurs while trying to dig the ‘snakes’ out from under his skin with his nails, snakes that Xerxes assumed were Harry’s visible veins.

It was quite amusing and he would laugh for a moment or two, but then Xerxes would remember why Harry was so drugged up that he was talking this way and he would remember why this tiny, slip of a boy was here and he would sober up and go back to being morose as Harry babbled about being mated and eaten by Acromantula and living underground like a worm.

“Where are my babies, Xerxes?”

Xerxes looked to the bed to find Harry awake once again, but it seemed that he was more lucid this time around.
“They’re safe, at home.” He said calmly.

He didn’t need to lie about that either. Nasta had been by earlier and he’d told him that Leolin had been given a clean bill of health and that he’d been released early that morning by Healer Cole with a dire warning that they had been incredibly lucky this time around and that the next time could prove fatal to Leolin. His warning was clear…that there was never to be a next time.

“I want my babies.”

“Soon, Harry. I promise. You just need to be cleared to leave.” Xerxes explained to him yet again.

He didn’t think Harry had been in a state of mind capable of taking in his explanation the first time around. The fact that Harry didn’t actually remember him explaining this before only proved that he hadn’t been entirely lucid or in his right state of mind at that time.

“I miss them.”

“I know you do, I’m sure they’re missing you too, but you need to be cleared by the Healers.”

Harry nodded and then grimaced when it pulled on something. Xerxes felt for the boy, if merely nodding hurt him, then he was in no fit state to be doing anything.

One of the Healers entered Harry’s room and smiled at seeing him awake. Xerxes had been telling them that Harry kept waking up, as he’d told Nasta that morning, but he’d been out of it every time that they’d made their rounds to check on him and the healed wounds.

“Hello, Harry. It’s nice to see you finally awake. I’m Healer Jackson Moore.”

“Hi.” Harry croaked.

“Here, take a sip or two of water.” The Healer instructed, picking up the cup that Xerxes had been offering to Harry on a regular basis throughout the night and the subsequent morning.

Harry slurped and coughed into the water, but he managed to get a bit of it down his throat, though
most of it did go over his front and the sheet covering him.

“I want my mates.” Harry said.

Xerxes shared a quick look with the Healer. “Max is watching the babies at your home, but Nasta has been around to see you twice today already. I’m sure he’ll be back soon.”

“If I can’t have my babies, I want at least one of my mates.” Harry compromised stubbornly.

Xerxes sighed. “I’ll go and see what the situation is.”

He stood up and left Harry in the capable hands of Jackson Moore and he came out of Harry’s room and into a corridor filled with similar doors. He knew that some of them were patient rooms, like Harry’s, but others were the offices of the Healers, observation rooms, birthing rooms and one room was a surgery room, as rarely used as it was, it was still sometimes needed and it was there, just in case.

He made his way down the corridor and into the reception slash waiting area and nodded to the young receptionist who sometimes had absolutely nothing to do all day. It was rare that a Dracken needed a Healer at all, least of all a specific Dracken Healer. He’d never had need for one in all of his seventy years, all of his injuries had been healed by regular medi-personnel or Healers at Saint Mungos. Harry was the first one in a while who he’d actually known to need a Dracken specific Healer, except for the debacle with Draco and the damage he’d done to himself by taking the suppressant potion…he knew all about that and he wasn’t surprised that the boy had flown off the handle after how much of that potion he’d taken. He didn’t care what anyone said about detoxification and being weaned off of it, those potions were dangerous and they were heavily regulated for a reason. Merlin only knew how the boy had gotten his hands on the recipe for it in the first place!

He went through the floo, using the lone fireplace in the waiting room, to the new address that Nasta had given to him yesterday afternoon, when Harry had first been brought to the Healing Halls.

The floor no longer looked like a sea of wriggling babies as he landed. He remembered arriving at the old house and struggling to find a place to put his feet that wasn’t tiny fingers or brittle ankles, but in this, much, much larger house, there was at least three feet of space between each baby and there was still plenty of room to walk around in without the fear of stepping on one of them with his large feet. It helped him to relax.

“How is Harry?” His nephew, Maximilius, asked in a strained tone.
Xerxes could see the sheer terror behind his dark blue eyes at the possible reason for his sudden, and unannounced visit, when he was supposed to be with Harry for another few hours and he felt so sorry for Maxie. No mateship ever deserved to go through something like this.

He smiled to ease down their stress and fear. “He’s demanding to be released. He just wants his children. Though I’m here to collect whichever one of you is free…Harry’s compromise is that if he can’t have his babies, then he want’s one of his mates with him. He’s being very stubborn and uncooperative.”

“I’ll go.” Nasta said immediately. “He needs to know what happened and I don’t want you to have to go through that, Max.”

Max, who had opened his mouth, perhaps to argue, closed it again and he swallowed hard. He nodded miserably.

“He doesn’t remember what’s happened. He’s been too drugged up. He talks bollocks half the time that he’s actually awake. This morning he’s talked about having sex with Acromantula and then being eaten after he’s been mated, he’s also mentioned giving birth to centaur babies and then said something about becoming a worm and living in the mud. He’s definitely a strange one.”

Max cracked a weak smile and collapsed back on the settee with a sigh, but at least he had actually smiled, even if it was a small one.

“Is he alright apart from that, Zerry?”

Xerxes glared at his baby brother. “I told you to stop calling me that forty years ago.”

His shit of a baby brother just smirked at him, those jet black eyes, completely identical to his own, danced with amusement.

“Harry’s fine other than the fact that he can’t move an inch without it hurting and the fact that he doesn’t remember why he’s there. The Healers say it’s the fault of the potions that he’s being given for the pain, they knock him for six.” Xerxes had turned away from Myron to address Nasta and Max.

Nasta nodded and then he flooed out of the house. Xerxes collapsed into a convenient seat and
smothered a yawn.

“Do you want me to take over the rest of your shift?” Myron asked.

“You look as tired as I feel.” Xerxes answered with narrowed eyes.

“I’m twenty years younger than you.”

“You look ten years older than me at the moment.”

“I wouldn’t go that far.” Myron’s mate and Husband, Richard, piped up.

“You just sit and look pretty, Richard.” Xerxes teased.

Myron growled lowly at him, one massive fist clenching. If it was one thing that his brother hated, it was anyone, absolutely anyone, either looking and lusting over his mates or putting either one of them down or disrespecting them.

A sharp smack to both of their heads and the tension was cleared away immediately.

“We’ve had enough fights and enough devastation to last a lifetime without you two starting, do I make myself clear?” Their Father told them, staring hard at each of them in turn and they both hunched down and rounded their shoulders, as if they were still small boys who’d been caught sneaking away biscuits and sweets before their dinners.

Without waiting for an answer, Alexander strode around the settee and picked up a clamouring Tegan, who had rushed to get to her feet the moment she’d heard Alexander’s voice and had toddled to him, arms up in the air so that he didn’t have a hope in hell of misunderstanding what she wanted.

“Hello, sweet girl.” He cooed to her, giving her puckered mouth a kiss when she searched for one.

“Gadad.” Tegan babbled. “He nano batha.”
“I’m sorry sweetheart, I’m just not as good as your Mother at deciphering your words.” Alexander had to say after Tegan stared at him, obviously expecting an answer.

“Mammy.” Tegan said and then looked around, peering at every face around her before realising that Harry wasn’t there.

Her face pulled into a frown and she pointed at Max. “Daddy Mass.” She pointed at the fireplace next. “Daddy Nasa.” She looked around again and shook her head. “No mammy.”

Max held his arms out and Alexander handed her over, letting Father and Daughter have a moment as Max tried to explain to the seventeen month old where Harry was. Alexander was completely amazed that she actually seemed to understand, then he’d been very impressed that she knew that Nasta had gone through the floo.

He sighed and tried to be a pillar of strength for his family, but the pressure was immense after the events of yesterday afternoon and last night. He was tired…old and tired. He felt every single one of his (almost) ninety-four years and they weighed heavy on him. This devastation had aged him, had aged them all, of that he had no doubt.

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Harry was so happy to see his mate walk into the room that he was lying in that he actually trilled in delight, which made Nasta smile in the way that Harry loved. He tried to sit up and couldn’t and he tried to raise an arm and he couldn’t.

“Stay still, Caru.” Nasta soothed him, nodding to Healer Moore as he left the room silently, closing the door behind himself.

“I missed you. They wouldn’t let me have my babies. I can’t move to get to them.”

“The babies are all at home, Harry.”

Harry nodded and then grimaced as it pulled on something.

“Lay still.” Nasta said again as he came and sat by Harry’s bedside, pulling the chair right up until his knees were flush with the bed. He picked up Harry’s tiny hand and squeezed it between both of
his own, just touching his mate and staring into those open green eyes. He reminded himself yet again that Harry was going to be just fine. He just couldn’t help worrying, not after what had happened last night with Blaise. He needed to touch Harry, to talk to him and hear him, see him breathing. He needed Harry to be at home, where he could look after him himself without having to leave him for hours on end in a hospital.

“I just want to come home.” Harry told him, frowning at him. “Me and my babies want to come home.”

Nasta’s stomach did a neat flip when he heard that and he swallowed, Harry wasn’t actually his Harry at the moment. He was still caught in a potion induced delusion.

“Our babies are already at home, Harry. All of them.”

Harry frowned harder and then looked around Nasta and then back at him.

“My babies are by there.” Harry told him. “They’re sleeping at the moment.”

Nasta couldn’t prevent himself from looking to where Harry was directing his gaze, despite knowing that there was nothing or no one in the room with them.

“Nothing is there, Harry. You’re hallucinating.”

“Everyone says that.” Harry said bitingly. “They are my babies and I will not have anyone hurting them!”

Nasta nodded dutifully and Harry’s scowl turned into a smile. It pained him to see Harry like this. Dosed up so heavily on the strongest of pain potions, and still feeling some degree of discomfort if the way he kept grimacing was any indication, that he was hallucinating. He had become so scared in the early hours of the morning that he hadn’t even been able to bare having him or Max touching him. He’d been afraid of them, his own dominant mates! It had shattered something within him to see Harry in such a way, sobbing and screaming, not recognising any of them as he curled up to try and get away from them, crunching his recently healed, but still agonising, stomach muscles as he did so. He’d only calmed down after he’d passed out.

“Where are the Faeries?” Harry asked him.
Nasta frowned. “I’d imagine that they were in the Faerie City, Harry. I informed Dain and Kailen of what has happened, but I neglected to mention that we’d moved house.”

“The Faeries are funny. They have dragonfly wings.”

Nasta should have known that Harry wasn’t thinking clearly and he could have answered that the Faeries were in space for all the notice that Harry took of what he’d said.

“How do they fly with dragonfly wings?” Harry asked, pouting his lips in thought. “Aren’t they too heavy for their tiny little wings? Maybe they can’t fly at all! They just want people to think that they can.”

Harry nodded as if everything that he’d just said had made perfect sense and Nasta’s smile was thin and shaky. He clenched his fist and firmed himself. On a subconscious level Harry needed him, he needed to know that his mates were here for him, to support him and look after him, but seeing Harry like this was devastating and watching him flinch and grimace with the pain that he was in, his face pale and sweaty, was steadily grating on him and his Dracken, who was getting angrier.

“Do you think the Faeries eat rainbows?” Harry asked him in a way that was reminiscent of an innocent, curious child.

Nasta’s chin wobbled with the urge to cry. “I’m sure they do, Harry.” He said as strongly as he could manage. Harry didn’t notice either way.

“I like rainbows.” Harry’s eyes widened and he looked at himself. “Maybe I’m a Faerie! Am I a Faerie?” He asked.

“No, Harry. You’re a Dracken.”

“I’m a dragon!” Harry said excitedly. “Are you a dragon too?”

Nasta nodded and he had to stop himself from clenching his hand around Harry’s. He needed more Firewhiskey. The bottle he’d shared around last night in the fire lit living room was not enough to deal with this. How was he expected to deal with this? He felt sick and on the edge of tears. He just
wanted to clutch Harry to his chest and cry, but he couldn’t. Not only would it hurt Harry to move him while he was healing, but he needed to be strong. He needed to hold it together to support his family. He’d never hated being the top dominant of his mateship more than in this moment.

He wanted to breakdown, he wanted to cry and rage and sob his heart out. He wanted to breakdown and curl up with a bottle of Firewhiskey and emerge on the other side and find that it had all been a dream, or that someone else had dealt with it all for him, but he couldn’t. He was the top dominant and he had to stay strong for all of them. For Max especially, whose grief over Blaise’s death and his all-encompassing guilt over how he had acted instead of how he should have acted during the fight was completely draining him.

Max had had a spectacular breakdown last night after being forced back home from the hospital three hours after finding out about Blaise’s death. Nasta remembered every agonising minute of Max hanging around his neck, all out bawling onto his shoulder, begging him to fix everything while he’d just stood there, murmuring false promises that he knew that he couldn’t realistically keep.

Max had cried so hard and for so long that he’d vomited bile all over him, having had nothing to eat for over twenty-four hours. Nasta had ignored it as he’d shushed Max and tried to calm him down. Max had eventually cried himself into a restless, nightmare filled sleep and he woke up every forty or so minutes, searching for him, needing soothing and comfort, meaning that he himself couldn’t go to sleep because he needed to stay awake to sooth Max when he woke up from yet another nightmare and that was without factoring in the children too, all of whom were restless and had woken up often throughout the night, needing his attention and comfort.

He was exhausted himself and when the sky had started lightening through the massive bay window in the living room, he’d roused himself, getting up from where he was sat by a dozing Max’s head, and he’d gone to sort out breakfast for the kids, pulling up a mask of smiles and happiness when he really just wanted to shut himself away and mourn for everything that he’d been through, everything that he was still going through and everything that he’d lost in such a tiny amount of time. Twenty minutes. Just twenty minutes and from that came this wrecked devastation. From twenty minutes had come ruin.

He’d given those staying at the new house with him rooms to sleep in, even as he and Max had stayed in the living room, waiting, waiting, waiting. Nasta had half expected to get a floo call to tell them that Harry had died in his potion induced haze, or that Leolin had taken a turn for the worst or that they’d found something wrong with their baby that they’d initially overlooked in their preliminary examinations.

He had his Leolin back home now, as of eight O’clock that very morning, he was being cradled and cuddled and soothed by numerous, willing family members who were babysitting for them. Leolin had fed once, with his eyes closed as if he still thought that he was in the hospital, and this theory was supported by the one and only time that Leolin had woken up fully just an hour ago, as he had looked around himself, at all the faces around him, and then he had screamed, properly screamed, for Harry. Harry who was away in the Dracken Healing Halls and couldn’t sooth their hysterical Faerie baby, Harry who couldn’t even support his own body and wouldn’t be able to pick up or hold their children for a long while yet. Leolin had cried himself back into an exhausted sleep.

“Nasta?”
Nasta turned to Harry and those hazy, glassy eyes were clear for once.

“Harry! How are you feeling?” He asked, feeling like he was actually talking to Harry for the first time in days.

“Hurt. I ache, Nas. I can’t move either.”

“You were very hurt, Harry. Do you remember?”

Harry nodded minimally and still his face pinched and went a shade paler, making him look an unhealthy, sickly grey.

“Where’s Max?” He asked, peering around the room, frowning as if he remembered that he’d seen things, but not why he’d seen them.

“You’ve been hallucinating.” Nasta told him and Harry’s expression cleared and he sighed heavily.

“I feel like I need to apologise for that.” Harry said ruefully.

Nasta smiled and he bent forward to kiss him. He had felt wrong kissing Harry when he wasn’t in his right mind and talking bollocks, so he hadn’t done it. Kissing Harry now felt like a heavy weight had been lifted off of his chest.

“I love you.” He declared seriously, passionately.

“I love you too, but where is Max?” He repeated.

“He’s at home, love.”

“Is he okay? I wanted to see him.”
“He’s alright.” Nasta lied through his teeth. Max was far, far from alright.

Harry nodded. “My babies? Is Leolin okay?”

“Leolin is completely fine and he’s back home getting some much needed attention from his adoring grandparents, Aunts and Uncles.” Nasta didn’t think he needed to mention that even though Leolin was getting all the attention and love that he could ever wish for, he was screaming for Harry throughout it.

Harry smiled then. Tiredly. Very, very tiredly as he sort of sagged into his pillow.

“How’s Braiden, is his leg better?”

“All better, I promise. There isn’t even a tiny mark on him. It was healed right up.” Nasta told him. Again he didn’t think he needed to mention that Braiden was silent. That he hadn’t said a single word since he’d been injured or that he wasn’t eating properly. Nor did he mention Calix’s tantrums or how he was acting up and lashing out. They were all very unsettled and unhappy at the moment, they’d all been traumatised by what had happened, even Regan, Farren and Tegan, who hadn’t actually been in the living room at the time, but he didn’t want Harry to worry, so he said nothing. He could shoulder the burden of that too. The one thing that he felt that he couldn’t lie about was Blaise and he could see that that was what Harry was working up to, though he hadn’t once asked after Draco, not even when he was delusional on his pain potions.

“How’s Blaise?” Harry asked quietly, proving Nasta right and he took in a deep breath, mentally preparing to tell Harry everything that had happened while he’d been out of it.

“He was hit very hard in the head, twice. He had swelling of the brain and a slow bleed. He died last night, Harry, at ten O’clo…” Nasta started and before he’d even finished the first sentence Harry’s eyes had widened and he had started struggling, trying to force his damaged muscles into making his body sit up. He ended up with a face full of sweat and a green tinge to his cheeks from the pain of him struggling to move.

“No!” Harry screamed, interrupting him.

“Calm down, Harry, please. Let me explain!” Nasta insisted as he climbed onto the bed and tried to hold Harry as he screamed and cried.
“Blaise!” Harry screamed, his hands raising to fist into Nasta’s shirt as Harry forced himself to move them, needing the comfort more than he cared about the pain of moving parts of his body. The grief and emotional pain far outweighed the physical as he screamed and screamed, trying to wind his body closer, tighter, around Nasta’s.

Nasta couldn’t calm Harry back down and his mate vomited hard, just like Max had done last night, and Nasta tried to ignore that Harry had thrown up on his chest and in his lap as he tried to talk to Harry, to calm him down.

Harry started hyperventilating and panicking and Nasta was shocked to realise that Harry was having a panic attack in his arms. The ward on Harry went off and in less than five seconds, three of the several Dracken Healers were in the room with them.

“Calm down, Harry!” Nasta pleaded, trying to tell him more of what had happened, but Harry either couldn’t hear him through his panic, or he wasn’t willing to listen as his panic attack continued as he choked in sharp gasps and panted like an overheated dog.

Nasta was forced to cradle his mate, trying to get Harry’s face into his neck, but Harry was struggling to breathe and all at once, he collapsed down and went floppy in his arms.

The Healers were there then, helping him, and with a swish of a wand, Harry’s sick was vanished and the Healers were talking to one another calmly and Nasta felt pushed out and banished to the side lines. He didn’t know what to do any more. Perhaps it had been a bad idea to try and explain what had happened to Blaise to Harry, he’d just decided that Harry had deserved to know exactly what had happened throughout yesterday.

He put his face in his hands and he rubbed at his eyes, pushing his fingers in hard as he tried to ignore the headache that he had and the gritty feeling he felt from lack of sleep. Maybe if he’d grabbed an hour or two he would have handled this situation better, or at the very least he would have been able to explain it all better. He should have started by telling Harry that Blaise was fine, but that he had had swelling of the brain and a slow bleed that a senior Healer had been able to control and eventually correct. He was too tired and now he felt absolutely awful for what he’d just put Harry through needlessly. Hindsight really was a fucking curse.

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Aneirin was back in Saint Mungos with Blaise. He was bone tired, but he didn’t care as he touched the hand of the almost comatose Blaise, his fingers finding the pulse in his wrist, just to reassure himself that the boy was still alive after the heart wrenching, gut churning fear last night when Blaise had officially died for six and a half minutes.

He’d never seen Max or Nasta so scared looking, nor so relieved when they’d arrived back at home, three hours after they’d gone to the hospital, to tell them that the Healers had been able to revive Blaise after a very tense and fear filled six minutes. Blaise had still not regained consciousness.
Aneirin looked to the drawn face of one of the boys that he’d come to love as his own, through his son, Nasta, and his heart clenched again at seeing Blaise like this. It wasn’t right.

A choked, gagging, gasping noise had Aneirin snapping his head back to Blaise’s face, to see glassy indigo eyes opened and darting around in fear.

“Blaise.” Aneirin said softly, slowly, even as the ward on Blaise sent a jolt to Healer Almus. “Blaise, it’s alright, just stay calm. You need to stay calm.”

“Where my?” Blaise asked, his throat so dry that he croaked, his eyes fluttering, almost rolling back into his head.

“You’re at the hospital, Blaise.” Aneirin told him, just before the door opened and Healer Almus came striding in.

Blaise’s eyes showed no recognition of Healer Almus and Aneirin’s heart skipped in fear. Did Blaise not recognise him either? Had Blaise’s memory really been that affected that he couldn’t remember the specialist pregnancy Healer that Harry had been seeing since he was pregnant with the quintuplets?

“Do you remember your full name?” Healer Almus asked, obviously coming to the same conclusion that Aneirin had, even as he lighted the tip of his wand and peered into Blaise’s eyes, checking the reaction of his pupils to the light.

“Blaise Mariano Zabini.” Blaise croaked.

“How old are you, Blaise?”

“Nine…nineteen?” Blaise said, but Aneirin swallowed. That answer had come out more of a question and had had a lilt of uncertainty to it.

“Are you asking me or telling me?” Healer Almus asked shrewdly.

“I don’t know. I don’t know what day it is.”
“When is your birthday?”

“October the twelfth.” Blaise said with no hesitation. “Nineteen-seventy-nine.” He added.

“It’s currently May, nineteen-ninety-nine.”

Blaise nodded, as if he’d suspected just that.

“Do you remember who you live with?”

Blaise’s face pulled into a frown and he just stared at them both, going from one to the other.

“Are you being serious?” He croaked.

“Deadly.” Healer Almus insisted.

“I live with four other men.” He said as if they were stupid. “Harry, Max, Draco and Nasta. Your son.” He added to Aneirin. “You should remember that.”

Aneirin chuckled, mostly in sheer relief.

“Do you remember how many children, if any, that you have?” Healer Almus asked, not relenting even the smallest bit.

Blaise blinked, his glassy eyes getting clearer now the longer he was awake and interacting with others.

“You should know, you’ve been inspecting them since they were born. I have one biological son, but seven other children too.”

“Can you tell me the date?”
Here Blaise looked a little uncertain again, which was hardly surprising as he had missed a full day being completely unconscious.

“Perhaps I should rephrase that for you. Can you tell me the date of the last day that you remember?”

Blaise frowned and looked thoughtful. “May the twenty-sixth. Harry was in court and Draco got scalded. I brought him here with our twin daughters to be healed. I don’t remember anything after that. Is he okay? Is he here too? What about the girls?”

Aneirin closed his eyes and breathed in and then out to calm himself.

“It’s the afternoon of May the twenty-eighth today, Blaise. You’ve missed a couple of days.”

“Oh, have I been here the whole time?” Blaise asked.

“Not exactly. You were admitted into the hospital yesterday, on May the twenty-seventh.”

Blaise frowned and he lifted his hand to touch at the hideous bruise at the front of his head, as if there was a sensory memory that he remembered, even if he couldn’t remember what had caused it. His eyes widened, not because he touched the bruise, but because he realised that his head had been shaved and his hand rubbed over the entire of his head and he looked devastated, not because he was in the hospital or because he couldn’t remember the last two days, but because he no longer had any of his hair.

“What happened to my hair?” He demanded shrilly, his voice breaking as his throat was too dry to get the words out at any sort of higher volume.

“Here.” Healer Almus waved his wand over a Styrofoam cup and it filled with small chips of ice. “Take a few of these into your mouth, let them melt and suck on them. It’ll really help your throat, Blaise.”

“Where did my hair go?” Blaise demanded stubbornly, accepting the cup, but not putting anything in his mouth.
“It was charmed off.” Healer Almus said simply.

“Why?!“ Blaise hissed.

“Take some ice chips, perhaps it would be best if your mates were here?”

Blaise tried to sit up straighter then, at the mention of his mates, and he nodded.

“Take some ice chips first.” Healer Almus compromised and Blaise tipped a few little balls of ice into his mouth immediately, his arm shaking from the effort it took to lift the cup to his mouth.

Aneirin took the hint and he stood, bending forward to kiss Blaise’s brow. He got the strangest, most horrified look that he could have imagined, but he didn’t care. He loved Blaise as his own and he wanted to show it as he did to Nasta. It was just a shame that it had taken such a devastating tragedy for him to grow the balls to realise it.

“I’ll go and get who I can. It’s like a mad house over there.” He said before he left, leaving Healer Maximilian Almus to do whatever tests he needed to do.

The neurological Healer needed to be called too, just to check on Blaise and to assess whether Blaise’s lost couple of days was just because he was a bit disorientated after waking up or whether it was something a little more sinister. Aneirin didn’t frankly care, he was just infinitely glad that Blaise was now awake.

He flooed over to the new house yet again and as soon as he landed, he saw Max’s wide eyed, devastated face and he heard Nasta, his beautiful, youngest son, inhale sharply, painfully. Nasta had come home after his visit to Harry earlier that day to tell them that he’d been the trigger of a massive panic attack that had caused Harry to pass out. Aneirin felt for all of them, his boys really were having no luck lately.

“It’s okay. Everything’s okay.” He assured them quickly as he stepped over the fireguard and raised his hands as if he could take away the fear, the utter terror, that all of them were exhibiting with just a few gestures.

“Blaise isn’t…he hasn’t…” Max stuttered.
“He’s awake. He’s awake and he’s okay.”

There was a loud, collective sigh of relief and several of them sagged into the settee.

“Is he really okay?” Nasta asked. He looked completely exhausted and Aneirin knew that he’d been awake all day yesterday, all night and all of today too. His son needed some sleep or he was going to run himself into the ground. He couldn’t help anyone if he was too exhausted to think straight, as he’d already proven with his mishandling of Harry.

“He’s alright, very angry and devastated to find out that he’s now bald.”

That got him several laughs. Myron Maddison was not one of them as he studied him and his body language.

“I sense a but.” He interrupted gruffly.

“There is a but.” Aneirin sighed tiredly. “Blaise doesn’t remember any of the past two days. His last memory is of taking Draco and the twins to the hospital. He doesn’t remember anything after that point, not even coming home from the hospital that day. He believes that he never left the hospital, that he arrived with Draco and the twins and that he woke up there today. He’s asking after Draco and demanding to know if he’s okay.”

Nasta let out a shaky breath and Aneirin felt awful for him. Harry had been so devastated to find out about Blaise that he had had a massive panic attack and he had blacked out again in grief. Nasta had been the one to break that news to Harry and he’d been the one who’d had to sit with him and hold him as he screamed, cried himself sick and then eventually passed out through lack of oxygen. Now he had to go and tell the same to Blaise, about the fight that had landed him in the hospital, what had happened to him, what had happened to Harry and to Leolin and to Braiden too.

“I’ll go and see him.” Nasta said.

“I need to see him awake.” Max said quietly.

Nasta nodded. “I understand. I do, Max, but he needs to know what’s happened and why he’s in the
hospital. I don’t want you to go through that. How about you go and tell Harry that Blaise is awake? Maybe he’ll actually listen to you and you can explain what happened properly.”

Max looked torn.

“Harry deserves to know.” Nasta tried and Max sighed heavily, nodding. “I fucked up trying to tell him, he deserves to know what actually happened.”

“Okay. But I want to see Blaise while he’s still awake.”

Nasta nodded. “That’s fair. I’ll explain it to Blaise and see how he reacts, only if the Healers believe that it’s a good idea, of course. If they don’t think it is, then I’ll come and get you and we can swap places. Harry is going to want to see Blaise too.”

“It’ll be a bit difficult for him when he can’t even move his head from left to right.” Max said with a tired, weak smile.

“Are all the kids down for their naps?” Aneirin asked.

Max nodded. “Yeah, Braiden still isn’t eating like he used to and Farren screamed half the morning away for Harry. They’re really unsettled at the moment.”

“This is a trying time for you all.” Alexander said comfortingly. “Just go and see to Harry and see to Blaise. They both need their mates around them. We’ll look after the kids and you can resettle them once everyone is out of the hospital, but until then, none of us are going anywhere.”

Nasta nodded and he went through the floo first, arriving at the hospital, in the office of the head neurological Healer, Aneas Narkissos Odell. He made his way from the office, down the ward corridor and then into Blaise’s room and the all-encompassing relief he felt at seeing Blaise sitting slightly upright and awake almost knocked him off of his feet. He ignored Healer Odell checking results on a piece of parchment.

“Blaise.” He called out, his voice barely a whisper, as if this were all a dream and that if he spoke too loudly it would shatter, and he’d be in this room and Blaise would be comatose again.
Blaise looked up at him and he smiled tiredly.

“Hey, Nas. The Healer says I’ve been here for over twenty-four hours.”

Nasta nodded as he went and pulled Blaise into a tight hug. He kissed Blaise’s forehead and then he couldn’t stop himself from peppering his face with little butterfly kisses as he rested his own face against Blaise’s.

“I love you. So very much.”

“I’m okay.” Blaise assured him. “First your Dad and now you. What the hell happened to me? Why did I just collapse?”

Nasta looked at the Healer, who inclined his head ever so slightly.

“You didn’t just collapse, Blaise.” Nasta told him as he sat on the bed and swung his legs up.

“I’ll give you both some privacy.” Healer Odell told them. “I’ll be just down the hall in my office.”

Nasta pulled Blaise to rest against him and he kissed him again as Healer Odell left them, shutting the door quietly and firmly behind himself.

“If I didn’t collapse then what actually happened to me?” Blaise asked confusedly.

“It was a fight, Blaise. A very bad one and you weren’t the only one who was hurt.”


Nasta held Blaise more securely against his chest. “Harry was very badly hurt. He’s in the Dracken Healing Halls.”
“He needed the Healing Halls?” Blaise asked, trying to get up.

“Blaise, just calm yourself down, this was all very early yesterday afternoon. Harry is fine and awake and Max has gone to see him.”

“So…so he’s okay?”

“He’s okay.” Nasta assured.

“So me and Harry were the only ones who were hurt?”

Nasta grimaced. “Well…you, Harry, Braiden and Leolin.”

Nasta had to clamp his arms around Blaise to keep him in the bed.

“You never said that the kids were hurt too!” Blaise exclaimed as he fought his hold, trying his hardest to get up.

“Leolin was the only one admitted to hospital and it was only as a precaution because he was in shock, he was released this morning. Braiden was healed up at the house without needing to be admitted to the hospital.”

“They’re both okay too?” Blaise asked, peering up at him and Nasta kissed him again.

“Yes, love. It was just you that we were so worried about.”

“Why? I was only knocked out, wasn’t I?”

Nasta sighed and made himself comfortable, bringing Blaise down with him. “Not exactly, Caru.”

“What do you mean?”
“You were hit very hard in the head…twice. Your brain started to swell in your skull and you had a slow bleed too.”

Blaise gaped at him. “What?!"

“It’s why your head has been completely shaved, Blaise. You’re in the neurological ward of Saint Mungos…the Healers had to control the bleed in your brain and reduce the swelling quickly. It’s why you can’t remember what happened over the last couple of days.”

“I…I’m brain damaged?!” He demanded in a sort of shocked horror.

“So far, it doesn’t look like it, Blaise.” Nasta said reassuringly. “You just can’t remember yesterday or the day before. You’re only awake now because you’re a Dracken and I gave you my blood.”

Blaise looked completely shell shocked and Nasta felt Blaise’s hand tighten its grip on him. He tightened his own hold on his mate in answer and he tilted his head slightly away from Blaise, allowing him to turn his own head to bury his nose into Nasta’s neck, so that he could inhale the calming, soothing scent that he was emitting through his pheromones.

“There’s something else too, Blaise.”

“What more could there be?” Blaise demanded.

“There’s no easy way to say this, but you did die, Blaise.” Nasta said gently. “Only for…”

“I died?! Properly died?!” Blaise all but screeched, his voice breaking as it was unused to speaking so shrilly, especially recently.

“For six minutes and thirty-eight seconds. I felt it, deep in my heart, but I didn’t recognise it. I’ve never felt anything so painful before, I thought at the time that it was just an accumulation of everything that was happening. Then my Dad came and told me that you’d officially died and that the Healers were trying to resuscitate you. I knew then that what I was actually feeling was your death through my top dominancy bond. Thankfully Harry was unconscious at the time, so he didn’t
feel any of the all-encompassing pain that I felt in my heart.”

“I could have been brain dead!” Blaise hissed.

“You’re not.” Nasta told him. “You’re awake, you’re moving, you’re talking. You might not remember the last couple of days, but you remember everything else. You’re going to be fine.”

“Where is my Mother? She wasn’t here when I woke up.”

“She’s on a heat period, Caru. Remember?” Nasta told him softly.

“So she’d be here if she wasn’t?”

Nasta chuckled. “Blaise, my beautiful mate, I doubt we could have gotten her to leave long enough to eat and sleep if she’d known. She wouldn’t have left your bedside and she’d have threatened anyone who would have tried to make her leave.”

“And you and Max and Draco have been going between me and Harry?”

“And Leolin until this morning. He was only in overnight, but we were allowed to go and give him a short visit every couple of hours.” He answered, controlling the urge to bare his teeth and growl at Draco’s name.

“But he’s completely fine?”

“Absolutely fine.” Nasta nodded. “He’s been asleep all morning, but he has taken a bit of milk. He didn’t fully wake up for it, he sort of suckled with his eyes closed, but he had enough.”

Nasta stayed in the bed, holding Blaise and rubbing his fingertips into Blaise’s skull. It felt strange to do this when Blaise had next to no hair and he looked like a shaved cat, the very short bristles that he did have, felt strange on his fingers, but it calmed and relaxed his mate. It didn’t take long for Blaise to fall asleep and it wasn’t too long after that that the Healer came back to see them.
“Is he going to be okay?” Nasta asked as soon as he saw Healer Odell.

“He’s going to be a bit confused for a time.” The man said carefully. “Especially around the circumstances of what landed him in the hospital, but he should make a full recovery as soon as he’s been up and about. If he’s exhibiting any serious problems or symptoms, however, such as a ringing sound or noise in the ears, blacking out, forgetting where he is, or any sign of blood, particularly from the ears, I want you to bring him straight back here. No hesitating or dithering, straight here.”

Nasta nodded his understanding.

“When can he be released?”

“As early as tomorrow morning, but expect it to be more in the range of Sunday or Monday. I want to keep a very close eye on him.” Healer Odell told him sternly, his incredibly pale blue eyes boring into him. Honestly his eyes were like two chips of ice with only the tiniest hint of blue to them. It made Nasta wonder if in certain lighting the Healer’s eyes appeared completely white.

“I understand.” He answered. “I do want Blaise home, but I want him looked after and healthy too.”

The Healer nodded and then started waving his wand over Blaise, performing more tests and recording his progress on a chart.

“His brain activity has leapt up and has started to smoothen out since he has woken up. This is a very good sign. You’ll find that when his brain activity tapers off onto normal levels and settles down, he’ll be able to remember perfectly well. But until then, expect him to be unsettled and slightly confused for as long as several weeks.”

Nasta nodded his understanding and he went back to stroking Blaise’s skin.

“I’ll leave you be for now, but I will be back soon. I need to run some tests when he’s awake, so I’ll need you to leave for those, just in case you give him any answers that could inflect on Blaise’s own. In order to fully help him, I need to know just how bad the damage done is and how much his memory has been affected.”
“I understand. May I come back after the tests?”

“Absolutely, I wouldn’t dare stand in the way of lovers.” Healer Odell answered before leaving the room. Nasta had to smile.

Nasta stayed where he was for three hours, in which an Orderly had been around twice to check if there was anything that he needed, as well as to check on Blaise and Healer Odell had been around once more to check on Blaise’s progress.

He moved slightly to try and relieve the ache in his back, not to mention the urge in his bladder, but it was all it took for Blaise’s indigo eyes to blink open and his hands to clutch deep and tight to him.

“Don’t leave me.” He begged, like a frightened child, and immediately Nasta let out a soothing rumble from deep in his chest to reassure his mate that all was well and that he was still here, on guard over him.

“I’m not going anywhere.” He said strongly and seriously. “I’m still here.”

“I don’t want to be alone.” Blaise insisted in a small voice.

“You’re never going to be alone, Blaise. I’m here for you. I love you.”

A knock on the door and Nasta growled. A high whine came back and immediately, Nasta knew that it was Max.

“Come in, Max.” He called out gruffly.

Max slipped into the room and shut the door and he carefully made his way over.

“You’re supposed to be with Harry.” Blaise told him. “Is Draco with Harry?”

Max darted a look to Nasta, begging him to say something, anything to fix this. They both knew that Draco was being kept at Malfoy Manor, that it was Sandor who was standing guard over Harry
at the moment.

“We wouldn’t leave Harry unprotected, don’t worry so much.” Nasta said calmly and soothingly.

Blaise nodded and he didn’t even think to question why neither of them had so much as mentioned Draco. He naturally assumed that it was Draco who was with Harry and he took a breath and rested back onto Nasta’s chest.

“Max is going to take my place for a moment, Blaise. I need the bathroom. I will be back.” He swore in a no nonsense tone.

Blaise nodded and as Nasta shifted and rolled away, Max took his place and wrapped a massive, heavy arm around Blaise and held him lovingly, bending down to kiss him.

“I missed you so much.”

“Nasta said it was only a day.” Blaise answered tiredly.

“It was. But I still missed you. At least we could have a conversation with Harry, well, sort of. We couldn’t with you because you were unconscious.”

“Wasn’t Harry unconscious too?”

Max shook his head. “No, the Healers had to put him to sleep while they were working on him, but he was awake afterwards, he’s just been very heavily drugged. Sometimes I think it might have been easier if he was unconscious, I asked him how he was feeling and he babbled something about how I should replace my eyeballs with oranges. From there he decided that he was hungry and he started demanding that I hand over my eyes, or in his words my ‘oranges’, for him to eat.”

Blaise laughed and it shook Max’s chest and made him smile. Seeing Harry in such a state was terrifying. That he was so delusional and hallucinating because of the exceedingly strong pain potions that he was being given was frightening to witness, but seeing Blaise so happy soothed over his worry. He would likely be laughing at the things that Harry was saying in a couple of weeks’ time, when he had them both home and he’d stopped trying to smother them with tender love and care. For now though, he was upset with and scared of the things that Harry was saying and seeing and his heart was aching at seeing Blaise with a shaved head and so very tired. It was
strange that he was being so cuddly and clingy, it wasn’t like him and it upset something within him to see Blaise this way.

Nasta came back a long while later and he had a bottle of ice cold water, an apple and two muffins. Nasta had been here for hours, Max knew that he’d not only gone to the bathroom and to get a drink and something to eat, but he’d gone for a short jog around the corridors too, to stretch his legs and to clear his head.

Nasta didn’t try to move him or tell him to get out of the way and Max was thankful for that. Nasta sat in the chair next to the bed instead and put his hand on Blaise’s, where he was holding onto Max’s shirt.

Nasta ate his muffins, feeding small morsels to Max as Blaise slipped back off to sleep. After finishing the small amount of food, Nasta stood back up and moved his chair around to the other side of the bed and he rested his hand on Blaise’s back instead.

“Everything’s going to be alright.” He said aloud, reassuring himself as much as he was trying to reassure Max.

“Draco’s not….”

“I know that.” Nasta interrupted. “But Harry and Blaise are going to be fine. That’s all I care about at the moment. We can deal with Draco later.”

“I’ll deal with him alright.” Max growled.

“We’ve had enough fighting.” Nasta told him.

“More than enough.” Max agreed with a sigh, relaxing his body back down and letting go of all the anger, the deep seated rage, that he felt towards Draco. He didn’t need to deal with it. Nasta would deal with it, he trusted Nasta to deal with it.

“How was Harry?”

“Scary.” Max answered before telling Nasta the story about his eyes and the oranges. “I hate seeing him like that. I hate seeing the both of them like this.”

“It won’t be for much longer. The Healers want to lower Harry’s dosage later tonight and Blaise is
going to be released in the next few days.”

“Is he okay to be released?”

“They want to do some more tests first, but he should be okay, just unsettled for a few weeks while his brain recovers from the trauma and he regains his memories. He is still a Dracken though and I got my blood into him pretty fast after he was knocked out.”

“I’m so relieved that everyone’s come out okay.” Max made a strange, half aborted sob and Nasta moved his hand to clutch at Max’s, around Blaise’s shoulders.

“I’m going to go and see Draco tomorrow afternoon, after the kids have had their lunches. He needs to be properly punished and he will be going to these anger management classes. If Harry and Blaise forgive him, I don’t want this to ever happen again. I’m still trying to get over how he tried to attack Harry to begin with.”

Max shook his head. “I was expecting him to come after me, not Harry. I wasn’t prepared for it. Harry was only trying to reach Leolin.”

“As Harry’s dominant mates, there is no way in hell that we should be trying to attack him. Draco is going for those anger management classes.”

Max nodded his agreement. “Do you…”

“What?” Nasta prompted after Max fell silent for several long moments.

“It’s a stupid question.” Max admitted ruefully.

“It’s only us here, Max and you know that I won’t laugh at anything you say and I won’t judge you for it either. Just ask.”

“I was just thinking out loud.” Max said quietly.
“I can’t help if you don’t actually ask the question.” Nasta told him after another pregnant pause.

“I already know the answer.”

“Will you please just get this off of your chest, it’s obviously bothering you.” Nasta said sternly.

Max sighed. “I was just going to ask if you thought that maybe we might be able to heal after this…if everything could be forgiven and we could move on. But I know that’s just a fantasist’s dream.” Max said bitterly. “There’s no way that we can get over something like this and even if we could, there’s no guarantee that Blaise or Harry will, they were severely injured and they could have both died…hell Blaise did die from this.” He said emotionally.

“Only time will tell. You know that Harry’s going to be wound up over Braiden and Leolin, that’s why he attacked Draco a second time, after he saw the state of Braiden’s leg. Blaise is already concerned about Harry, then he doesn’t really know what’s happened. He knows now that he was attacked, that Harry, Leolin and Braiden were hurt too, but he still doesn’t know that it was Draco who started the fight and Draco who technically killed him for six and a half minutes.”

“Please…please don’t say it.” Max begged, clutching Blaise tighter and placing two fingers over his neck to check for his strong, steady pulse.

Nasta looked at him softly in understanding and he nodded.

“If Blaise can get over it and Harry can move on, then there is every chance that we can move on too, with a lot of work, and as I said, Draco will have to go to those anger management classes. It’ll be a condition that he has to complete before he even returns to our house. I won’t have him there otherwise.”

Max nodded. “I agree with you. We just have to see if Harry and Blaise agree.”

Nasta smiled as he continued to stroke Blaise’s back, watching as Max cuddled with him and eventually slipped off to sleep along with Blaise. Nasta stayed and watched over them both for a while, guarding them and rumbling back to Max when he subconsciously sought out any danger that might be lurking around in the unfamiliar environment.

Nasta sat and he thought long and hard about what had happened and how he felt about it. He felt sure that he could get over the fight, but only if Draco went to a specialist to help him control his terrible temper. It was another thing to be seen if Harry and Blaise could both get over what had
happened. Nasta hoped that they could, he wanted his family to stay together after all, but ultimately the decision was completely up to Harry as their submissive. Only he had the power to cast any of them out of the mateship, he may already have cast Draco out after what had happened without even realising it, he hadn’t mentioned Draco once since the fight had happened, but only time would tell. They would see what was going to happen now in the coming days.

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Nasta steeled himself as he flooed directly into Malfoy Manor. He usually would have announced his visit, or even Apparated over to knock on the door, but no. Not in this situation. Draco was his mate and he would not be blocked or allow the elder Malfoys to stand in his way of dealing out the needed punishment.

He scented out Draco before anyone could track him down and he sent the poor house elf who tried to get him to wait in the Malfoy’s receiving room running. He would rather not be doing this, but as the top dominant of his mateship, again it fell onto his shoulders to deal out punishments where it was needed.

He went into Draco’s bedroom, not knowing what to expect and not knowing how he would react. He knew that if Draco had been doing anything at all normal, like reading or doing his favoured hobbies, then he’d have completely lost it and torn his throat out right then and there.

Draco was not doing anything normal. His bedroom was a total disaster, the bed was in a splintered mess, the mirrors were in broken shards and every piece of furniture was destroyed. Draco himself was curled up in a ball in the middle of his bedroom floor, his back to the door, his hair was unwashed and a complete mess, he was wearing pyjamas in the middle of the day, pyjamas that looked like he’d slept in them for the past two days, and he smelt like he hadn’t bathed since he’d left the house after the fight two days ago…he was still scabbed and bloody from where he’d been beaten and hurt. He hadn’t healed them or allowed anyone else to heal them.

Nasta shut the bedroom door and he warded it strongly to keep out anyone and everyone.

“Go away, Mother. I don’t want to eat.” Draco croaked without looking at him.

“I’m not your Mother.” Nasta said, making his voice deeper and more authoritative.

Draco picked himself up on his arms and turned his upper body to look at him as if he didn’t quite believe that he was there. His face was puffy and swollen and the skin around his eyes was almost purple from crying. His top and bottom lip were swollen and scabbed over, the bottom one worse than the top.

Nasta clenched his jaw and he firmed himself as Draco stumbled to his feet and rushed at him, throwing his arms around his chest and hugging him bone crushingly tight. He forced himself not to react, ignoring Draco’s babbled questions of how everyone was. Nasta had given him no news at all in the last few days and he knew that Max hadn’t come here. Max hadn’t even wanted to see
“You know why I’m here.” He said, cutting across Draco’s questions, gripping his forearms and pushing him backwards a step, separating himself from Draco.

Draco looked devastated at the separation more than the coming punishment and Nasta had to harden his heart. This needed to be done. Draco needed a formal punishment, he needed to understand why he was being punished and then Nasta would sit down with him and lay out the terms. If Draco couldn’t accept those terms, then he was done. He would leave the Malfoy house and he would never come back to it, he would never tell Draco where their new house was, he would remove him from the wards and he’d put up an owl block. If Draco couldn’t accept his terms, then he would not be allowed to even try to come back. It was that simple.

“Get on your knees.” Nasta ordered, not using the full weight of his top dominancy bond, but putting enough inflection on it so that Draco knew that he was not playing around and that this was not open for discussion. He didn’t use the full weight of the order because he fully believed that Draco needed to do this willingly…that he had to do it willingly or he would never get the message, so he controlled himself and the urge to just order Draco to do what he wanted.

Draco didn’t argue, he just got on his knees and tipped his head back and to the one side, perfectly displaying his throat and the carotid artery and jugular vein. Nasta hunched down on his haunches, he didn’t go onto his knees, the act would be too submissive for what he wanted to achieve here. He purposefully dug his claws into Draco’s head, being rough through his hair and ripping at the knots his fingers found without caring. He’d never seen Draco so dishevelled or unkempt. He didn’t like it.

He tipped Draco’s head further back and he sunk his teeth into the side of his neck slowly, making everything more painful. He bit down deep and hard, keeping his jaw clenched and holding his teeth in Draco’s flesh causing as much pain as he possibly could. He was incredibly angry and every inch of him wanted to tear the lump of flesh between his teeth out of Draco’s neck, tear out both the carotid artery and the jugular vein, letting Draco bleed to death at his feet, but he controlled the urge.

He stayed there for long minutes, listening to Draco trying to stifle small noises of pain, holding him still as he wriggled from knee to knee with the agony that he was in, and still he kept his teeth in Draco’s neck. He couldn’t bring himself to let go, to unlatch his jaw. He wanted Draco to feel just a modicum of the horrendous pain that he and Max had been feeling over the last few days, through Braiden’s sullenness and silence, through Calix’s restless tantrums, through Harry’s delusions and hallucinations, through Blaise’s death…his jaw clenched a fraction tighter and Draco whimpered, his hands coming up to clutch at Nasta’s upper arms for more support.

Nasta realised then that if he didn’t let go right now then he ran the real risk of killing Draco here and now, in his own bedroom. It took considerable effort on his part as he forced his jaw to release Draco’s neck, holding the blond’s head incredibly still as he slipped all four of his fangs out so that Draco didn’t cause himself additional harm by trying to pull away too soon.
Draco collapsed to the carpet and he sobbed like a small child. Nasta watched him, forcing himself not to react when all he wanted to do was sweep Draco into his arms and comfort him. It didn’t take much to knock those thoughts out of his head, all he needed to do was pull up the memories of Harry at his worst, of the moment that he’d seen Blaise’s lifeless, dead body for the first time as the Healers tried desperately to revive him and all thoughts of comforting Draco vanished.

“On your knees.” Nasta growled commandingly, enunciating every single word with a hard edge.

Draco was very unsteady, his neck a red ruin, his blood soaked into the dirty pyjama top that he was wearing, but he still climbed shakily to his knees, huddling down so as not to attract his ire. It was far too late for that…two days too late. Draco already had his sole focus and the full weight of his anger.

“You know why I’m here.” He stated.

“I started the fight.” Draco said quietly.

“Yes, you did. There was fault on all sides from my understanding. Max took exception to you insinuating that he was acting like a paedophile with his own son, so he lashed out verbally. Harry was angry and fearful for his children, so he lashed out angrily and ordered you both into the garden, an order that you should have followed! Anyone would have expected him to act in such a way in order to protect his children, but you…you are the one who turned things hostile and physical. You attacked Harry, our submissive mate! What were you THINKING?!” Nasta shouted the last word into Draco’s face.

“I wasn’t thinking, I was just angry.”

“Did I ask you to make excuses?” Nasta demanded in a growl. “I don’t care if you were so fucking angry that you couldn’t see straight, he is our submissive! You are mated to him, you are only alive to PROTECT him! At any and all costs, even if it means your own life.” Nasta hissed furiously. “Like the rest of us would in a heartbeat. He shouldn’t need protecting from his own dominants!”

“He launched at me first!” Draco said and Nasta’s fist flashed out less than a second later to punch Draco in the face, bursting his scabbed over bottom lip.

“He was trying to get Leolin out of his bassinet!” Nasta yelled at the top of his voice. “He was trying to protect our son from you!”
The room was silent. Nasta was panting, his chest heaving with his intense anger as he let those words sink in. Sinking in they were too, he could see Draco’s shocked face, he could see him replaying the start of that fight over and over in his mind and he saw it when he finally, finally, realised that Harry had been diving forwards, and slightly to the right side, to where they always placed the bassinet. He saw the exact moment that Draco realised that Harry had been launching forward to try and shield their son and not to attack him.

He had to root himself to the spot to prevent himself from hitting Draco again as the blond fell forward and started crying as he finally realised that the fight had been his fault.

“How…how is Harry?”

Nasta considered not answering just to be cruel, but that wasn’t what he was here for, he reminded himself, calming down and taking several deep breaths.

“You’re not going to ask about Leolin?” He demanded viciously.

Draco’s face showed his confusion and Nasta had to seriously work not to smack it off.

“Harry failed in his attempt to get to Leolin because you attacked him. Leolin was knocked flying from his bassinet and he landed in a heap on the floor under yours and Max’s feet.”

Draco’s pale face went grey and Nasta took satisfaction in letting that sink in for a long moment.

“Leolin was admitted to the hospital and I’ve been going to see him every two hours, Max too. He’s very fortunately completely fine, otherwise you would already be dead for harming my son. He was in shock as his brain couldn’t process what had happened to him as it all happened too quickly for him to understand. He was hurt, but thankfully only a few minor bruises and bumps. He had no broken bones, no serious knocks, his head, neck and spine are undamaged and he is back home as of yesterday morning.”

Draco huddled over, putting his face to the carpet and he sobbed in relief. Nasta didn’t let him relish that relief for longer than a heartbeat.

“You completely gutted Harry.” He said. “Part of his intestines and part of his stomach were hanging out of the rip that you put in his belly.”
Draco snapped upright and stared at him, as if hoping that he’d say that he was joking.

“I’m not lying. Harry is at the Dracken Healing Halls still, with several senior, specialist Dracken Healers working to heal him, to recover from the damage that you did to him. Max and I are giving him doses of our blood daily to try and help.”

“Is he going to be okay?” Draco croaked.

“Harry is very fortunately going to make a full recovery given enough time to fully recuperate. He and Blaise are both coming home tomorrow.”

“What happened to Blaise?”

Nasta set his jaw and clenched his hands, trying to remember that Draco had been fully feral when he’d hit Blaise, that it was usual for feral Drackens to not remember exactly what they’d done. It didn’t really help his anger, but it helped enough that he was able to prevent himself from beating Draco to a pulp as he remembered the pain and the loss in his heart when Blaise had died.

“You hit him in the head, twice. His brain started to swell and he had a slow bleed, both of which were carefully attended to and healed by a senior neurological Healer at Saint Mungos.”

Draco looked relieved. “So he’s okay too?”

“Not exactly. He died the day before yesterday, on the twenty-seventh.” Nasta told him, enunciating each word so that Draco couldn’t miss a single one of them. “He died for an excruciatingly long six and a half minutes and he had to be resuscitated by Healers. I have never felt such pain before, I have never been so devastated nor so scared as I was in that hospital corridor, knowing that one of my mates was dead on the other side of the wall, watching through a window as Healers tried to revive him. You did that to him. You killed him.”

“I didn’t. I didn’t know…I didn’t mean to.”

“I accept that you didn’t mean to kill him, but you still did!” Nasta said in a hard tone. “It doesn’t matter if you didn’t mean to do it or if you didn’t expect him to die from what you did, he still
died, Draco!”

“I’m sorr…”

“What good is an apology?!” Nasta demanded furiously, exploding with his overwhelming anger. “What good are mere words when you gutted our submissive, killed another subordinate and injured two babies?!”

“T…two babies?” Draco asked in a wavering voice.

“Braiden was also injured in the fight. Imagine that, you could have killed Father and son and ended the Zabini line in the space of one afternoon. Thankfully Braiden’s injury was relatively minor and he was healed without needing to go to the hospital.”

Draco swallowed and he was still crying, sagging on his knees by his feet.

“Can I see…?”

“Absolutely not.” Nasta cut off immediately. “How could you even think that I’d allow you near any of them after what you did to them? Why do you think I ordered you not to go near them? I’m not taking that sort of risk with their lives. Leolin screams every time that he’s awake. Braiden isn’t eating and has yet to say anything since he was injured and if you think that the others were unscathed just because they weren’t physically hurt, allow me to alleviate you of your delusions.” He said bitingly. “Calix is acting up and lashing out at anyone who comes near him, Farren is having nightmares, Eva and Ave wake up several times a night for reassurance and comfort, Tegan wanders around every room looking for Harry and Regan has separation anxiety, we can’t even put him on his booster seat so that he can eat, he has to be on someone’s lap and he has to be spoon fed. You have mentally scarred every single child that we have! Harry is delusional and hallucinating because the pain potions that he needs, because of what you did to him, are so strong they alter his sense of reality and Blaise has amnesia. Why would I even consider allowing you to go anywhere near them ever again?”

“Please.” Draco sobbed. “Please don’t cut me off.”

“Why?” Nasta demanded furiously. “Why shouldn’t I? You killed Blaise for however long, almost killed Harry and could have killed our children! Why would I bring you back into my family, my home, and give you the opportunity to do this again?”
“I won’t! I swear that I won’t!” Draco sobbed, crying openly and wrapping his arms around his chest as if to hold himself together.

“I can’t take your word for it and I can’t take the risk.” Nasta said simply, dispassionately.

“Please! I’ll do anything. I love them! I love you all, please!” Draco cried.

He made a strange keening noise in his throat before he heaved and like Max and like Harry before him, he brought up bile and stomach acid and as it went over Nasta’s one shin and both shoes, he couldn’t help thinking that, thanks to Max and Harry, this was the third time in less than twenty-four hours that he’d been vomited on by a mate. The things he put up with for all of them.

He hunched back down onto his haunches and seized Draco’s shoulders when he flinched away, obviously expecting a reprimand for vomiting on him, or maybe another punch. Nasta did neither.

“You will go to anger management classes. This is non-negotiable, it is not up for debate. You will go to these classes or I will never let you back into our lives again. If that means that I have to kill you to prevent it, then so be it. You will have no contact with anyone other than myself while you go through these classes and if you don’t complete them, that’s it. There is no second chance here, Draco. You get yourself help to control your temper, you complete these classes no matter what. I don’t care if you hate the classes, hate the people there or the instructors. If you do not go and you do not take in what they’re teaching you, then that’s it, you’ll lose all of us for good.”

“I will, I’ll do it!” Draco said, latching onto the lifeline that he was being presented with, with both hands. “Just please don’t keep me away from my family.”

“When the time comes that you complete these courses, then we can start negotiating terms for you to come back into our lives, but be warned, if Harry does not want you back, then there is nothing that anyone can do. If Blaise can’t accept you back, Harry will not take your side over his, do you understand me? The severity of what you have done has far reaching consequences, Draco and you have no one to blame but yourself.”

Nasta stood up again and he left Draco where he was, dirty, unkempt, purple eyed, bleeding, crying and now dribbling bile too. He stopped at the door and he turned back to Draco.

“Remember, you need to complete your anger management course before you have any hope in hell of coming back to us. Get yourself sorted.” He snarled before taking down the wards and
leaving Draco’s bedroom, shoving himself past the elder Malfoys as he did so.

Narcissa went straight into her son’s bedroom, but Lucius caught his arm and swung him around, ice cold grey eyes boring into him.

“What did you do to my son?”

Nasta snatched his arm away and glared back.

“What has he told you?” Nasta growled.

“Nothing, he won’t even speak to us. Your Father all but threw him at us, his face a blooded pulp, bruises and bleeding cuts all over his body and all Aneirin told us was that there had been a fight and then he left again. Draco won’t eat, he hasn’t been sleeping, he won’t bathe or even change his clothes from the pyjamas that his Mother charmed onto him.”

“Am I right in thinking that you assume that the fight was against Draco and that he was an innocent victim in all of this?” Nasta hissed.

“His face and body was a blooded mess, what else am I supposed to think?!” Lucius demanded.

“Your son started everything. He attacked Harry in our small living room that held five of our children. Max attacked Draco for attacking Harry,” Nasta summarised bitingly. “Draco injured Braiden and Leolin, gutted Harry and he then killed Blaise. Forgive me for feeling angry about it!” He snapped sarcastically before turning to leave again.

“Blaise is dead?” Lucius demanded in shock.

“Not any more, thankfully the Healers were able to revive him or Draco would be dead in that room. The massive blow to the head, however, which caused an internal bleed and swelling to the brain, not to mention the lack of oxygen when he officially died, has had its consequences. Blaise is amnesic, at the moment he can’t remember the last few days, I am hoping that this is as far as his memory loss goes, but the Healers are still testing him and they may uncover more damage.”

“Harry is delusional and hallucinating, but this is due to the incredibly strong pain potions that he’s on. His insides are back where they belong, but his muscles are traumatised by the damage done to him and Harry can’t move by himself. He won’t even be able to hold our children when he comes home tomorrow.” Nasta said, calming down as it seemed that Lucius Malfoy was actually listening to him. “Braiden was healed at the house after his leg was split open by flying debris, but he hasn’t spoken a word since and he’s not eating. Leolin came home from the hospital yesterday morning and he’s physically alright, but he’s only woken up fully a handful of times and every time that he does he screams himself back to sleep. Calix is lashing out, Farren has nightmares, the twins are not sleeping through the night anymore, Regan is regressing back to babyhood and Tegan is completely lost.”

Lucius swallowed and looked back to the open door that led into his son’s bedroom. “Is this it?” He asked. “Has Draco been banished?”

Nasta clenched his jaw. “For now he has been, perhaps indefinitely if Harry or Blaise don’t want him back after what he did to them and the children, but I’ve told him that he has to go to through anger management courses before I’ll even consider letting him back. Even if Harry and Blaise could get over what he did and they want him to come back, I won’t allow it, I won’t even consider allowing him back, if he hasn’t completed these courses. This can never happen again. I will not take the risk with my family.”

“And you’re sure that he started the fight?” Lucius asked.

“There is partial blame on Max for verbally reacting to Draco’s anger. He took exception to being likened to a paedophile for filming his own son, but Harry was just trying to protect the children. It was Draco who brought the hostility up and it was Draco who started the physical fight that led to the children being injured and traumatised, he was the one who delivered the massive blow to Blaise’s head and he is the one who gutted Harry. The blame of this rests on Draco and he knows it.”

Lucius was still and quiet for several moments before he nodded his head curtly. “Narcissa and I will be around to come and see the children tomorrow, as well as Harry if you’ll allow us to, you said that he was home tomorrow?”

Nasta nodded curtly. “If you wait until the afternoon, Blaise is also coming home tomorrow.”

“I will speak to you more on this tomorrow. Rest assured that I will make sure that Draco goes for
these courses. I would never have imagined that he’d hurt the children, nor harm his own lovers so grievously.”

Nasta nodded and his shoulders dropped. He had been expecting a fight or an uphill struggle to get the very overprotective elder Malfoys to accept that Draco had been the one to blame for the fight, but it seemed that they’d come on a lot more than he’d previously believed.

“That would be a big help, thank you.” He said sincerely.

“Then I shall see you tomorrow.” Lucius told him, turning to go to see Draco.

“We’ve moved house.” Nasta told him. “The old house is in ruins and I’m not entirely sure that it’s still structurally safe, so I refused to allow my children to remain there. The house was going to be a gift to the mateship once Harry had finished the stress of the court case. We’ve had to move in early.”

Lucius reached into the pocket of his robes and he brought out a small pad of paper and he summoned a self-inking quill from his office.

Nasta wrote down the new address and he tore off the piece of paper.

“Draco is not to know of this address until I say that he can.” He said sternly. “Am I understood?”

Lucius nodded once, curtly and Nasta let go of the piece of paper and he handed over the pad and the quill.

“Thank you for your cooperation. I’ll see you tomorrow afternoon.”

Nasta left, feeling even more drained and tired. He wanted a shower, he really needed a shave and he wanted some sleep, but he knew that he’d probably not get either with the way the kids were at the moment. Every time they tried to put Calix down into his cot, he screamed and kicked out at them. Farren was having nightmares and he woke up crying throughout the night, the twins woke up crying several times a night and that was without adding in Leolin, who was about to spend his second night at home since he’d been hospitalised. Nasta hoped that it went better than last night, Leolin had cried himself into an exhausted sleep after screaming half the night away for Harry.

Nasta made a few stops before he flooed back to the house and when he arrived home, he walked straight into a war zone. As soon as he stood over the fire guard, Tegan threw a chunky, plastic
aeroplane at him, glaring and red cheeked. Leolin was screaming, Regan was hanging around his brother’s neck as Sanex bent down to pick up a crying Farren. Calix was kicking Myron’s stomach and yanking on his hair as the older man tried to stop him. Braiden was nowhere to be seen and the twin girls were all over each other.

“What in the hell happened?” He demanded as he picked Tegan up and put her in the playpen for a time out for throwing things at him before he extracted Ave from Eva and carried her over to the other end of the room where he took Farren from his brother.

“It’s been like a one sided battle since we tried to get them down for their afternoon naps. None of them went down and since he woke up, Leolin hasn’t stopped screaming.” Max said as he came back into the room pulling a clean shirt over his head. “Ave spit up over me.” He said as if he felt the need to explain himself.

“Where is Braiden?” He asked as he cradled Farren, stopping his crying and listening to him sniffing and snuffling as he calmed down.

“In that cupboard.” Max told him, pointing to the currently empty sideboard. “He pitches a fit every time we try to pull him out.”

Nasta sighed and he started swaying with Farren, turning him down into his arms and rubbing in circles on his back. Farren fought every moment of sleep, but eventually Nasta got him sleeping and he walked up the stairs to the first floor, where the master bedroom and the nurseries were located.

The five brand new matching cots, all with different bedding, were set up around all four walls with a changing table taking the sixth spot. He dropped Farren into the cot with the yellow blankets depicted with cute, fluffy sheep.

He went back down to dig Braiden out of the cupboard. It wasn’t healthy for him to hide himself away in a cupboard and that was without thinking about the repercussions it was going to have on Harry mentally if he saw his own son sleeping in a cupboard.

He slipped Braiden out carefully without waking him up and he carried him up to his own cot, slipping him in and tucking him in gently.

Max had taken the two younger girls to bed, they were still sleeping in their bedroom at night, and he’d taken Regan from Sanex to try and get him to bed. It wasn’t getting Regan to sleep that was the problem, he slipped off to sleep easily and without fuss, it was putting him down in his cot. He would wake up as soon as he was taken from the chest of the person that he was resting against and he would clutch at their hair, their shirt, their fingers, anything that he could grab and keep a hold of, and if they somehow managed to extract themselves from him, he’d start crying and they’d have to pick him up again and then they’d be right back to where they’d started from.

Nasta picked Tegan up this time and he sighed in utter exhaustion. He just wanted a shower and
some decent sleep. This was the third day that he’d gone without sleep now.

Calix was still fighting and lashing out, Leolin was still screaming and was refusing the bottle that Richard was trying to feed him and as Tegan smacked him in the face, Nasta realised that getting these three to sleep was going to be much, much harder than the previous five.

An hour later and he’d gotten Tegan and Calix to sleep and he was trying to calm Leolin down by stripping him down to his nappy and giving him skin to skin contact, stroking his tiny back with his fingertips. At least he’d stopped screaming.

“Ma?” He called out tiredly.

Nasta shushed him gently and kept rubbing. At least he’d managed to get his bloodstained shirt off, even if he’d never gotten his shower or the shave that he desperately needed. He really was starting to look like a tramp now.

“Ma!” Leolin called out demandingly. “Ma! Ma! Ma!”

“Hush, Leolin.” Nasta said as softly as he could, which was still quite gruff as he was bone tired now. It had been three days and he hadn’t slept once and if this continued on with Leolin then he’d have no sleep tonight either.

It was just a shame that giving him a picture of Harry didn’t work as it had when Harry had nested with their twin girls, it seemed that he had developed just enough in four months to realise that the moving picture of Harry was not actually his Mother and that Harry still wasn’t there. It had silenced him for a few minutes though, as his little brain worked furiously to work out what he was seeing and he had come to the right conclusion that the picture waving at him was not actually his Mother and now if he was handed a photo of Harry he dropped it immediately and he started screaming all over again.

“Ma!” Leolin screeched, all four little limbs flailing.

Nasta grimaced when tiny little toenails dug into his belly and scored downwards, but he ignored it and shushed Leolin again, stroking his back as the tiny little boy squalled like a newborn.

“Pass him here.” Max took his own shirt off and took Leolin from him, sitting down and cradling him to his own chest.
Leolin settled down long enough for them to sigh in relief, then his tiny hands touched Max’s chest and he craned his head back to look up. Gold eyes met bright, sapphire blue, a heartbeat passed and then Leolin started all over again.

“Ma! Ma!” He cried hysterically.

Nasta dropped his head into his hands and he scrubbed vigorously. He stood up and he went light-headed immediately. A moment later he collapsed to his knees and then he fell sideways, into a heap on the floor.

“Nasta!” Max gasped out, shocked and panicked.

Myron got to him first and he rolled him over and checked him over. He shook his head.

“He’s passed out. He didn’t sleep at all last night or the night before and I haven’t seen him eating. He’s exhausted.”

“Will he be okay?”

“He’ll be fine, he just needs some rest. I’ll go put him up in your bedroom.” Myron said, hefting Nasta into his arms and carrying him out of the living room.

Max sunk back down with the screaming Leolin and he felt the burning in his eyes start again. It was all he’d been doing over the last few days and he was feeling gritty, tired and grumpy.

“You need to go to the hospital in half an hour to relieve Ollie from guarding Blaise. Are you still alright to do that?” Richard asked him.

Max nodded. “Yeah. I got some sleep earlier. I’ll be okay. Just keep Nasta asleep. He needs it.”

“We can’t keep him asleep, but we can keep it quiet and hope that he stays asleep.” Alexander sighed.
“I feel awful that I was the one who kept him awake the night before last, he could have gotten some sleep then.” Max said quietly, trying his hardest to ignore Leolin screaming in his ear, even as he stroked and drew patterns on his back.

“You were having nightmares, he chose to stay awake with you as your mate. It isn’t your fault. He could have left you to deal with it on your own, but he chose not to because he loves you. He’s sleeping now and you shouldn’t feel guilty.” Myron told him coming back into the living room. “Now give me that baby and go and take a shower. You smell worse than you did when we took you to that petting zoo and you slipped into the urine soaked straw.”

Max sniffed himself and then looked back to his Father. “I don’t smell that bad!” He insisted.

“You’re offensive to everyone’s sense of smell. You stink, now go and bathe or poor Blaise will be sending you back home so that he can breathe properly.”

Max scoffed as his Father took Leolin from him and then sat back between Richard and Alexander. Max pulled himself to his feet and grumbled.

“What was that? What have I told you about mumbling? If you have something to say, say it!” Myron chastised him.

“I said I’d rather sleep than shower.”

“I can see that! Now go and wash your armpits at least! No wonder Leolin is crying so hard being so close to yours and Nasta’s pits.”

“We raised you to be cleaner than this.” Richard added with a teasing grin.

“Fine, I’ll wash them with a flannel. I haven’t got time for a full shower, I want to see Blaise.” Max grumbled.

“Make sure you throw the flannel you use into the bin afterwards.” His Grandfather joined in. “Otherwise it’ll walk itself into a dark corner and start growing toxic mould.”
Max crossed his arms over his chest and he stomped to the downstairs bathroom to wash himself down in the sink. He didn’t care how badly he stank, he just wanted Harry and Blaise home. He wanted all of this anger and strife to go away. He wanted the peace and the love to come back into their family.

First things first though, he needed to go and sit with Blaise, even if he was sleeping. He needed to be close to his mate, his mate who had actually died. He couldn’t even bear the thought of it. He couldn’t wait for this time tomorrow, when Harry and Blaise would both be back home and he could watch them both together without having to pick between one or the other. If it was one thing that he absolutely hated about having Blaise in the hospital and Harry at the Healing Halls, without stating the obvious, it was that he had to pick between them. He really couldn’t wait until tomorrow.

Harry came into consciousness suddenly and with his heart beating in his throat and he peeled his eyelids apart. Grunting, he wriggled around and blinked into the bright whiteness of the light.

“Harry, are you okay? You’re not going to be sick again, are you?”

“Uh?” Harry grunted, turning towards the noise, but not seeing anything. He might have been on his belly, his entire body felt like it had been steamrolled when he tried to get onto his side.

Something loomed into his line of vision and he startled, flailing his arms and kicking out with his legs, which caused him excruciating, agonising pain.

“Hey, hey. Calm down. It’s Cassander, Harry.”

“Uh?” He grunted again.

“Cassander.” The indeterminate shadow answered.

“Where…?”

“You’re at the Dracken Healing Halls, remember?”
Harry thought he was frowning, but when he ducked his head, his hand got wet. He was dribbling. Someone wiped his mouth for him and he tried to roll away, only for his stomach to lurch painfully as the sensation of falling encompassed his mind.

“I see what you mean, Cass!” Someone grunted as they caught him just before he hit the floor. The person groaned and stood up, placing him gently back into the bed.

“Thank fuck you’re here too, Al.”

“At least he hasn’t been sick, yet.”

“The Healers said the new potion would make him drowsy and sick, but I’m just glad that he’s no longer talking about eating legs. Though I do wish that I’d been here for the talk about the graphic sex with centaurs and Acromantula. Apparently Max almost splintered the spine of one of the apprentices for getting hard from what Harry was babbling yesterday.”

“You damn well would have wanted to listen to that! But no, this potion is weaker than the other one, he’s no longer hallucinating to that extent anymore.”

Harry was confused. “Where the two?” He babbled.

“We’re right here.”

“Two.”

“Yes, there are two of us. Cassander and Alaric.”

“Want ‘Asta.”

“It’s the middle of the night, Harry. Nasta is sleeping for the first time in three days…he all but collapsed.”
“Max?”

“Max is sleeping at the hospital with Blaise.”

Harry started crying and, scared, Cassander and Alaric shared a panicked look, right before Harry gave out a distress call.

“No, hush, Harry. It’s okay! Everything’s fine and you’re safe.”

Harry just cried harder and the two men had no idea what was going on. They were still trying to calm Harry down when Nasta burst into the room looking half crazed, his wings spread and his fangs bared.

He rushed to Harry and scooped him up, sitting on the side of the bed and cradling Harry in his arms, curling over him in an effort to protect all of him.

“What happened?” He demanded in a bass, gruff growl.

“We honestly don’t know. He was a little confused when he woke up, as he was the last time, but he wasn’t sick this time, so we thought that he was going to be fine. But he just seemed really, really confused and he just started crying.”

“I didn’t want the Skrewts to eat me.” Harry sobbed into the bare skin of Nasta’s neck.

Nasta deflated all at once and he shushed Harry and started rocking him.

“I thought he was over the hallucinations?” Alaric questioned.

“A side effect of the new potion he’s on is vivid nightmares.” Nasta said gruffly.

“He only started crying after we told him that you and Max were sleeping.”

“He was looking around a lot though, Cass.” Alaric said worriedly. “And he would have wanted
“He jumped when he first woke up too, when I came into his line of vision.” Cassander said in realisation.

“Why are you the only one to arrive?” Alaric asked.

“Draco is on lockdown, I ordered him not to come near Harry or Blaise when I went to punish him yesterday afternoon. I was visiting Max and Blaise when Harry’s call came, I told Max to stay with Blaise.”

“You were supposed to be sleeping.”

Nasta just shook his head, still rocking Harry.

“Are you not sleeping?”

“Not at the moment.”

“You collapsed though, Richard told me.”

“I barely slept for an hour and a half.” Nasta told the older men. “I just want my family back home, where I can keep an eye on them both at the same time without having to floo from one place to another. I want them both together where I can look after them both.”

“Harry’s being released in the morning, how about Blaise?”

“He’s being released in the afternoon. They’re both being released within hours of one another. I’m just going to be grateful to get them both home. I’m going to make up a bed for them using two settees and a lot of blankets and pillows.”

“You know we’re all going to be on hand to help you too.” Alaric promised. “We’re not going to leave you boys alone to deal with all of this by yourselves.”
Nasta nodded. “Thank you for all your help. I don’t know how I would have coped if I didn’t have you all to help. I wouldn’t have been able to leave the kids on their own and I wouldn’t have been able to leave either Harry or Blaise unguarded for a moment either.”

“We’re always going to help you boys, we do love you all, not just our Max.” Alaric insisted.

“Where are my centaur babies?” Harry asked seriously, interrupting them and looking up at Nasta curiously. “They were here yesterday, but today they’re gone.”

Nasta held back his tears as his eyes pricked uncomfortably and he pushed Harry’s head back into his neck.

“You were hallucinating, Caru.” He explained gently. “You have Dracken babies, not centaur babies.”

Nasta felt Harry’s mouth working against the skin on his neck and he smiled tiredly, caressing the soft, fluffy hair and inhaling Harry’s scent deeply. He smelt like the lime body wash that he was currently using. Nasta buried his nose in deeper and he inhaled deeper, thankful that Harry didn’t smell like disinfectant or hospitals in general. He still smelt like his beautiful Harry. It was comforting.

“I’m sure I had centaur babies, I remember giving birth to centaur babies. I remember being mated by centaurs.”

Nasta chuckled. “Max isn’t that big, Harry and he’s not that much of a stallion either.”

Harry frowned. He looked around and then he looked again. “Where is my Max?”

“He’s with Blaise, remember?”

Harry frowned harder, his forehead wrinkling. “Are they okay?”
“They’re both fine.” Nasta told him, holding Harry tighter. “Everyone is fine.”

“Can I come home?” Harry asked, looking up at him with wide, hopeful green eyes.

Nasta’s heart broke a little as he cradled Harry, who found it difficult, and painful, to move his own body, and would for some time to come too.

“Not just yet, Cariad. Tomorrow, at around mid-morning. You and Blaise are both coming home.”

“With my centaur babies? Are they coming too?” Harry asked and Nasta felt his heart breaking further. Like Max, he couldn’t stand seeing Harry or Blaise this way.

“You don’t have centaur babies, Harry.”

“I do!” Harry insisted, his eyes welling up with tears and Nasta hugged him tight.

“Okay…okay, they can come too.” He relented. Harry wouldn’t be on these strong potions for much longer. He would stop talking about having sex with others and having babies by them then.

Harry’s entire face lit up and he latched onto him. “I love you, dragon.”

Cassander aborted a snort of laughter when Nasta swung around to glare furiously at him.

“I love you too, Harry.” He said as he cuddled his mate.

“Is he calm now?”

Nasta looked up to the massive hulk of the trainee Healer on duty tonight. His name was Georgio Alessandri and he was easily as big as Max and Myron in both height and broadness, but he was younger than them both. He was mated to the older sister of Harry’s friend, Henley.
“Grawp! You’ve come to visit me again!”

Nasta had no idea why Harry called Georgio, Grawp, and Harry wouldn’t elaborate, he just pointed confusedly at Georgio and insisted firmly that his name was Grawp.

“Hello again, Harry.” Georgio greeted as he moved from where he’d been standing just inside the room and he came to check Harry over, taking the change of name completely in his stride, not letting Harry or the things that he was saying faze him. Nasta liked that about him.

“What are you doing outside of the forest, Grawp? You’ll be caught!” Harry insisted.

Georgio prodded around Harry’s stomach and he didn’t answer as he concentrated on carefully playing his fingers over the place on his belly where Harry was injured.

“Ow. Grawpy, no!” Harry frowned.

“I think you need another potion.”

“Can’t he go on the lower dosage ones?” Nasta asked desperately.

Georgio shook his head as he held Harry’s one leg in his huge, spade like hand and lightly squeezed his calf muscles with the other. Harry gasped in pain and kicked out in reflex and turned more into Nasta’s body “No. The belly wound was very serious and it’ll be hideously painful for him if he isn’t kept on regular potions. The leg muscle is still tight and tender too. It’ll have him screaming in agony if we lower the dosage too soon and I assure you, that’ll be much worse to bear than seeing him like this.”

Nasta nodded as he realised that it definitely would be worse and he held Harry impossibly closer to his chest, kissing his cheek.

“Harry, can you drink this for me?” Georgio asked him. “I made it strawberry flavoured for you.”

Once again, for the eighth or ninth time, Harry fell for the trick and he turned around interestedly, opening his mouth for Healer Alessandri to tip the potion into his mouth. He swallowed it
automatically and then gagged and spluttered.

“That wasn’t strawberry, Grawp!” Harry cried out.

“I know. I’m sorry. I just needed you to take the potion.” Healer Alessandri said sadly.

“Bad, Grawp.” Harry chastised him before turning to cuddle back into Nasta.

“This should send him back to sleep.” Georgio insisted. “He was due a potion when he woke up. He is healing though, at least he can wriggle a little and roll around now. He couldn’t do that not even a handful of hours ago. I’m still sure that he’ll be released tomorrow. Healer Grant is going to sign him off in the morning and we’ll do some final checks, get him a week’s supply of potions to send home with him and we can finally release him at around ten or eleven tomorrow morning.”

“Thank you.” Nasta said heartfeltly. “I just want him home now.”

“Once he falls asleep, you can put him back down.” Georgio said before leaving the room.

“Bye, Grawp.” Harry called out softly.

Harry nuzzled into his neck and his hands slipped under his shirt and played with his skin.

“You need to take your shirt off.” Harry told him.

“Why?” Nasta asked him. “Do you want skin to skin contact? Would it make you feel better?”

“I like you better with no clothes.” Harry told him and this time Cassander couldn’t abort the laugh that burst free.

“You can leave now.” Nasta told them in a growl. “I can watch him from here.”
“Aw, but I want to see you with no clothes on. I bet your body’s all tight and muscled from working on that reserve for ten hours a day.” Cassander eyed him up and down and Nasta snarled at him outright.

“Come on, Cass. Let’s leave them be, preferably before you get your head torn off.” Alaric said quickly, all but dragging his older brother out of the hospital room.

Nasta settled on the bed and he pulled his shirt off, letting Harry snuggle into his skin.

“I like your skin. I want to peel it off and make it into a pillow so I can always have it to touch.”

Nasta would have been less scared of that comment if Harry didn’t have razor sharp claws that he could bring out at will.

“You don’t have to peel it off to make it into a pillow, you can just use me as a pillow instead.”

“Oh.” Harry said before nodding against his chest. “I like that idea more. Your heartbeat’s nice and that’s under your skin.”

Thankfully Nasta didn’t need to hold himself strong for much longer as the potion finally made Harry drowsy enough to put him to sleep. Nasta couldn’t wait until Harry was on the lower dosage potions. He’d thought that this potion would be better than the one that Harry had been on just yesterday, and it was really, at least with this potion Harry only talked nightmarish bollocks directly after he’d taken the potion instead of every moment that he was awake, but he was now suffering with nightmares that were terrifying him and if Nasta had to choose between being scared of the things that Harry was saying or Harry being petrified of the things that he was seeing in his dreams, he’d take the former every single time. Unfortunately it wasn’t him who made that sort of decision, it was the Healers and all he could do was hold Harry and try to assure him that the nightmares that he was having were not real.

“I love you, Harry.” He said before kissing his head.

He settled himself back against the pillows and as he held Harry close, he couldn’t entirely prevent himself from closing his eyes…just for a moment or two. It wouldn’t hurt to catch a small nap with Harry and he was truly exhausted and drained. A small nap wouldn’t end the world, all he needed was a small rest just to recover a small amount of energy because he knew that he couldn’t carry on as he’d been doing. He’d collapsed earlier and he couldn’t afford for that to happen when he had...
babies to care for and two mates in separate places to stand guard over. He just needed to close his
eyes for a small while, that’s all.

Nasta had slept for three hours with Harry before his submissive had screamed in his ear as he
woke up, terrified, from another nightmare. He’d calmed Harry down, with the help of the Healers,
and Harry had gone back off to sleep easily enough.

Enrique had been there when he’d woken up, but he had decided against waking him up as he
believed that Nasta needed his sleep. Once Harry was fast asleep again, Nasta had let Enrique take
over and he’d made the decision to go home. He’d had a bit of sleep now, so he wasn’t feeling as
bad as he’d been earlier, but he had a lot he needed to get ready for later in the day, when Harry
and Blaise would be coming home.

Only when he arrived back home it was to the hysterical screaming of his baby, Leolin. Myron
looked to be at the end of his tether and Richard was sat beside him like a lost sheep, a bottle in one
hand, a dummy in the other and a lap full of toys.

“Pass him here.” Nasta demanded as he stepped over the fireguard and held his arms out for
Leolin. “Has he slept at all?” He asked.

“He cried himself to sleep and he stayed asleep for two hours. He woke up, sucked three quarters
of an ounce of milk before he realised that we weren’t Harry and then he started screaming anew.”
Myron told him.

“Get yourselves to bed.” Nasta told them. “I’ve had a couple of hours, I’m alright.”

“Are you sure?” Richard asked, completely exhausted.

Nasta nodded. “Go on. I’ll calm him down and I’ve got several things to do and then I want to go
and check on Blaise and Max if I can manage it.”

“Are they okay?”

“I expect that they’re both sleeping. I left them in bed together.” Nasta said as he hefted his Faerie
son over his shoulder and cradled the back of his skull gently, rubbing his fingers through Leolin’s
jet black hair.
Myron stood up and stretched and Richard put the bottle and the specially shaped dummy on the coffee table and he shifted the pile of toys away and he accepted Myron’s hands to help him up.

“Night.” Nasta called out as he paced around the living room with Leolin screaming in his ear.

“If you need us, call us.” Myron said sternly and he waited until Nasta had nodded his understanding before he took Richard’s hand and they left for the guest room that they’d been staying in for the last few days…what little they’d actually seen of it that was.

Nasta slowed his pace and he started humming softly. It took over ten minutes before Leolin’s cries started tapering off and he stopped flailing. He grizzled and he whined, but eventually, he had to give in and Nasta was so relieved as he bent to put Leolin into his bassinet…for all of a minute at least. As soon as Leolin’s back hit the bassinet mattress, he was awake and he screamed.

Nasta had him back up against his shoulder and was shushing him again, even as his shoulders sagged in exhaustion and he started up his humming again.

Half an hour later saw him collapsed on the settee with a sleeping Leolin and he rolled his son onto a cushion next to him and he held his hands over him, his face screwed up as he fervently hoped that Leolin stayed asleep. He did. He eased himself up slowly, oh so slowly. He breathed a massive sigh of relief as Leolin, on his belly spread over the cushion, stayed asleep.

He moved quickly to the kitchen and made himself a cup of tea, and if he splashed some Firewhiskey into it, who the hell could blame him? He drank the cup of tea down in several large swallows before he looked at the empty cup and then the bottle of Firewhiskey before he decided that a small swig from the bottle wouldn’t hurt. He just didn’t care anymore, he wanted this awful ordeal to be over. He wanted to drink himself into oblivion and wake up and find that none of this had happened and that everything was back to how it was supposed to be.

He didn’t do anything of the sort when he reminded himself harshly that he had eight babies to guard over, one of whom was in the other room, and he needed to be ready to run to Harry or Blaise if they called for him. He took a long, deep drink from the bottle, the alcohol burning his tongue and his throat, all the way down into his belly before he made himself another cup of tea and he went into the living room to set everything up ready for later that day, when he’d finally have his Harry and his Blaise back home.

Something relaxed in his chest as he repeated that again in his head. He would have them both home later today. He took a deep breath and he started to move all of the toys and baby things into the bigger family room next door. The kids would be in this room tomorrow, leaving the smaller room for Harry and Blaise to rest in, while still having access to the floo, just in case either of them needed a Healer quickly.

He pushed the one settee against the wall, moving it out of the way, before he pushed the second one to face the third settee, the one that Leolin was still sleeping on, and after making obsessively sure that none of Leolin’s limbs or appendages were going to be caught between the two settees’ he pushed them flush together.
He left the room, going up the stairs to the master bedroom and he stripped the bed of the duvet and its pillows. He peeked in on Eva and Ave in their bassinets by the side of the bed, but they were still sleeping for now. He had the baby monitors downstairs so he’d hear them if they woke. It was Farren who was going to be the problem now, because if he had another nightmare, then he’d wake up all three of his brothers and his sister and it would be hell to get them all back to sleep. He prayed that Farren slept through the night, he was too exhausted to get all five of them back to sleep when he already had to feed Eva and Ave and get them back to sleep and he had to deal with Leolin, who would wake up for a feed at about four in the morning and then he’d start up his screaming for Harry again and that wouldn’t stop until the tiny boy was so exhausted that he drifted off to sleep which bordered on passing out.

He put the pillows on the settee opposite Leolin and he folded the huge, king sized duvet up as much as he could and put that on the settee too, far away from Leolin.

He moved the bassinet into the other room and he made sure that the family room was safe and that nothing was left lying around. He made sure to lock all the cupboard doors so that Braiden couldn’t hide in them. If he tried to get in them tomorrow or pitched a fit because they were locked, he’d have to see what he could possibly do to help him, even if he had to ask Healer Almus about it.

The last thing he did was shut the two double doors and lock them. He warded them with a heavy silencer. He did not want Harry and Blaise to be disturbed tomorrow and he didn’t want them getting up. He wouldn’t dream of keeping the babies from them, but they’d only see them one at a time so he could monitor how much they were doing.

Harry could seriously injure his recently healed muscles if he tried to pick up one of the children. He couldn’t allow that to happen and it would be easier if he took away the temptation for Harry to reach down for a crying, clamouring child. If he only allowed one child in at a time and he had that baby in his own arms at all times, there would be no chance for Harry to injure himself further. Maybe knowing that Harry was back in the house would be enough to help soothe his children. If it wasn’t then he’d just have to carry on dealing with their tears and tantrums as best as he could. He wouldn’t allow anything or anyone to impact on Harry or Blaise’s recovery, even if it meant separating his babies into a different room altogether.

He went back into the kitchen and he boiled the kettle, eyeing the bottle of Firewhiskey consideringly. He ignored the urge to drink while he made up two bottles, but once he was done, he gave in to his desire and he took another deep drink, relishing the burn that went all the way down his throat and into his belly. He sighed out contently and he shook both of the baby bottles vigorously and left them to rest, ready for when Eva and Ave woke up.

He rubbed his head and he got down a bowl and he poured out some cereal. He needed something to eat, even though he really didn’t feel like eating anything, or the Firewhiskey would go right to his head and he’d put his babies at risk via his negligence.

He forced spoonful after spoonful of his favourite muesli down, not even tasting it as he just chewed and swallowed repeatedly until it was gone. It was one of the most unpleasant of experiences that he’d ever forced himself through, but several minutes later, he felt better. More awake, less woolly headed, more energetic and more alert. When was the last time that he’d actually eaten anything? He couldn’t remember.

He was able to sort out Eva and Ave when they woke for their feed and he didn’t feel quite as exhausted, and he felt much more able to deal with their crying as they fought sleep for as long as they could. He eventually got them down and sleeping again but he only got to relax for several
moments before he heard a shrill cry from the next room. Farren had had another nightmare.

Nasta hurried into the next room, only to close his eyes and curse as he saw Calix’s head pop up through the bars of his cot and he heard Braiden grunt before he rolled over onto his belly and pushed himself up to look around as Farren continued to cry. Braiden stood up in his cot and he started crying too.

“Come on.” Nasta sighed as he picked Farren up and held him close, even as Farren wrapped his arms tight around his neck and curled his legs up. “It was just a bad dream, Baban.” He said soothingly. “It’s alright, nothing’s going to harm you here. Not with me here with you.”

Nasta had to close his eyes and sigh when he saw Braiden climbing over the bars of his cot. His oldest son came toddling to him, arms outstretched and in floods of tears.

Of course all the noise woke Regan and then after another minute or two of all of them crying, Tegan popped her head up too.

“Of course all of you are awake.” Nasta sighed.

“Daddy! Daddy, pick up!” Calix cried from his cot and, realising that he couldn’t get one of them down to sleep while all four of the others were screaming, he let Calix out of his cot too as he continued to soothe Farren, who was refusing to be moved from where he’d buried his face into his neck.

“Daddy, we go down?” Braiden asked, clutching onto his leg and pointing a little finger at the door.

“No, we’re not going downstairs, Braiden.” Nasta told him as he tried to cling onto Farren as he rescued Regan from where he was trying, and failing, to get out of his cot. He’d been a minute or two away from falling flat on his back on the floor.

“Want go down!” Braiden stomped a foot and Nasta breathed in deeply, trying to mentally prepare himself for this coming battle. He was not prepared for this, at all. Not physically or mentally or emotionally.

“No.” He said sternly.

Braiden screamed and dropped to the floor, kicking his legs and flailing his arms and Nasta closed...
his eyes and counted to three. Tegan, who had been self-soothing and had lain back down to go back to sleep, popped her head back up, frowning and fistng at her sleepy eyes as she was woken up yet again.

Nasta picked her up, left the nursery and he took her into the nursery that he and Max had set up for Eva and Ave, ready for them to use in a few months’ time.

He popped Tegan into the one cot and shushed her, easing her down whilst stroking her gorgeously thick, black hair, Farren still clutched to his front, but at least he was quiet now, even if he was still snuffling.

The quiet was just what Tegan needed and not more than five minutes later she was asleep again with her favourite penguin tucked up by her face. Hindsight was hitting him with a hard, cruel lesson. He should have put Tegan and Braiden in this nursery to begin with. They were the two most likely to stay asleep all night.

He couldn’t put Farren down without him whining, but he couldn’t take him back into that nursery because it would only wind him up again. He did the only thing that he believed that he could do. He went down the hallway, opened a door and he walked into a guest room that had been set up and chosen by Richard and Myron because it was the closest to the nurseries.

Myron was already moving to sit up before he’d even gotten halfway across the room. He let out a warning growl, still mostly asleep, before sitting fully upright, one arm moving to shield the still sleeping Richard, who was stirring.

“It’s Nasta.” He identified himself, waiting for Myron’s human mind to take over from the Dracken.

“What’s happened?” Myron asked, moving to get up.

“Nothing, everything’s alright, I just need…all five of the kids are awake, I got Tegan sleeping in a separate room, Farren’s calming down, but if I take him back into the other room, he’s going to be wound up again.”

“You want him to sleep with us?”

“If that’s alright.” Nasta nodded.

Myron settled himself back down and held his arms out. Nasta passed over the snuffling Farren and he said his goodnights again, going back to tackle Braiden, Calix and Regan. As he turned to close the door, he smiled tiredly as he saw Farren settling down between his two Grandfathers’, a little hand holding onto Myron’s fingers as if worried that he would vanish if he let go. That was two kids sorted, now all he needed was to sort out the other three and hope that Leolin was still
He opened the nursery door to find the three babies sat where he’d left them, looking at one another as if wondering why their crying wasn’t bringing their Daddy running.

When Braiden saw him, he threw himself backwards and started screaming again. Nasta picked him up and placed him back into his cot, ignoring his tantrum as best as he could while he cradled the clingy Regan to his neck.

Calix was circling around his feet, tugging on the jeans that Nasta was still wearing four days later and he had to close his eyes and think, think of something, anything, that could help him to settle these three down.

It took him an hour just to stop them from screaming and in that time, Braiden had cried himself sick, Regan had fallen asleep twice in his arms and had either been woken back up by Calix or Braiden, or he’d woken up when Nasta had tried to put him into his cot.

“Just go to sleep.” He muttered under his breath and he looked at his watch to find that it was just past four in the morning. Leolin would be waking up now, any when in the next half an hour for his feed, if he wasn’t already awake that was.

He started humming and pacing with Regan, before starting to sing. He was probably the world’s worst singer and he was hopelessly tone deaf, but if it would get these kids to sleep, he’d warble his way through every lullaby that he knew thrice over.

After yet another shaky, pitch breaking rendition of Hushabye Mountain, he had Regan sleeping and Calix drifting, but Braiden was all but glaring at him from where he was back in his cot. Every time he climbed out, Nasta had picked him up and put him back in, sometimes even before his little feet had touched the carpet.

He carefully eased Regan back down into the cot and breathed out a massive sigh of relief when he stayed asleep, either because he had been very gentle and Regan hadn’t realised that he’d been put down or because he was so tired now that he just needed to stay asleep.

Nasta turned and picked up the sagging Calix and turned him down into his arms, rubbing at his back as he started a third recital of Twinkle Twinkle Little Star and another, countless, circuit of the room. Braiden tried his luck once more while his back was turned, but Nasta had swept him up before he’d even made it over the top bar of the cot and had plonked him back down on his bum.

Calix gave in at half four and Nasta was able to put him down and tuck him back in before turning his sole attention onto Braiden, who at least was laying down having given up trying to get out of his cot after his many failed attempts.

Nasta stood over him and stroked his hair and back until those indigo eyes, the eyes that completely tore at his heart because of their likeness to Blaise’s, closed and they stayed closed. He tucked Braiden in, checked on Regan and Calix before he left their nursery, went to peek in on Tegan, who was still fast asleep, before checking on Eva and Ave, who were also still asleep. He didn’t bother checking in on Farren, he knew that if there was any hint of a problem then Myron would deal with it. He trusted Myron to deal with it.

Instead he went down the stairs to the raucous wailing of Leolin and he knew then that Leolin had
been awake and crying for a while. He really couldn’t handle this on his own anymore. He wanted to tag out and just go to bed and sleep.

Leolin was exactly where he’d been left, in exactly the same position, not that Nasta had expected any differently seeing as Leolin couldn’t even roll himself onto his side yet.

“Come here, Baban.” He said softly and Leolin stopped crying so furiously to listen. “It’s alright, I’ve got you.”

“Ma!” Leolin cried in something that Nasta almost wanted to call delight.

He felt terrible when he picked Leolin up and those bright gold eyes caught sight of him and the smile turned into the most ferocious scowl that Nasta had ever seen Leolin make before. He did feel completely unappreciated as a Father when his own son looked at him in such a way. He felt even worse when Leolin sagged in his arms and started crying anew. Nasta, now with a splitting headache, a combination of the Firewhiskey that he’d knocked back and half the night with babies screaming in his ear, didn’t even try to stop Leolin from crying, he just carried him through the corridors to the kitchen to boil the kettle to make him up a bottle. He resisted the urge to take a swig of Firewhiskey from the bottle. He had his son in his arms and he knew that he’d already had more than enough for one night.

He cooled the milk before plugging up Leolin’s mouth with the teat. The blessed silence was like heaven to his ears and to his pounding head. He fed Leolin and held his tiny hand between his fingers and he rubbed and stroked, reassuring Leolin that he wasn’t alone, even if he wasn’t the parent that Leolin wanted right now.

He walked back into the living room and he shifted himself into the little nest made by the two settees being pushed flush together and he stretched out on them, glad that they were both five seaters as he would be able to lie down without being too uncomfortable, which meant that Blaise would be able to lie on it comfortably and Harry definitely would be able to.

He burped Leolin and savoured the few sleepy moments after he’d just finished a bottle where he was completely full and drowsy. Then inevitably Leolin called out for Harry.

“Ma.” Leolin called out sleepily. “Ma.”

“Shhh, Leolin.” Nasta said softly.

“Ma!” Leolin cried out more demandingly.

Nasta lay down and he rested Leolin on his chest. He pulled a pillow under his head and yanked
the duvet over his legs and hips, stopping at Leolin’s waist. He rubbed and petted gently at Leolin’s back, thankful that Leolin was calming down quicker on a full belly and with an ear against his heartbeat.

“It’s alright, Caru.” He said gently. “I love you, your Mum will be back in just a few hours and he’s going to want to cuddle you all day. You just need to sleep for a little longer.” He said under his breath, in an almost whisper. “It won’t be long now.”

“Ma.” Leolin said defiantly, but with a definite waver of sleepiness thrown in now.

“I know, it’s hard on you. You don’t really know what’s going on or how to handle all these sudden changes. How can anyone expect you, or your brothers and sisters, to deal with these changes when we, the adults, are struggling with it all too?”

“Da.” Leolin said quietly, little hands clenching and releasing, clenching and releasing, into the skin of Nasta’s neck.

“I’m here for you, Baban.” Nasta assured him softly, nosing into his hair and kissing Leolin’s head. “I love you so much. This will never happen to you again. None of us ever wanted to see you hurt or sick and in the last several months you’ve been both.”

Leolin remained quiet as he listened to Nasta speaking and his fingers stopped clenching and just rested against him as Nasta breathed deeply and slowly, which seemed to be working miracles for Leolin. It was only then that he remembered that if Leolin was being overly fussy that Harry would lie down with him, place him on his chest with his ear over his heart and talk him to sleep, letting Leolin feel and hear him breathing deeply. He could have screamed at himself for not remembering that before now.

He relaxed and kept his breathing slow and steady, taking in deep breaths that lifted Leolin on his chest, held it for a moment, before releasing, lowering Leolin back down. The soothing motion, his voice, soft and light as he spoke to Leolin, the regulation of his breathing and his steady heartbeat seemed to be too much for Leolin, who gave into sleep without too much of a struggle this time. Nasta could have cheered, but he settled for throwing his head back and breathing out in utter relief.

He readjusted himself and he closed his eyes, turning his head on the pillow, but not his body, before he finally slipped off to sleep himself. The baby monitors, three of them, were on the settee next to his head, Farren was well cared for, Leolin was in his arms, Harry was being guarded by Enrique and Max was sleeping soundly for once. Nasta would keep an ear out for his distress call, just in case he had another nightmare, but he wasn’t expecting it tonight.

Everything was fine for the moment, he could sleep in peace without worrying. He had a lot to do later today, he needed this sleep in order to help him to be prepared for what was to come. In just a
few hours’ time, Harry would be home and it was going to be hard enough to control the kids, even harder to keep Harry lying down and away from all of them or reacting to their cries and demands for his attention. He needed to get at least another few hours’ sleep or he wasn’t going to have the strength or the mental capacity to deal with what was to come, and with Leolin now sleeping on his chest, he finally allowed himself to drift off. It had been a rough three days, they would never be the same again thanks to what had happened, during the fight and during the aftermath of it, but maybe, given some time and a lot of work, they could eventually heal from it.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Well I’ve finally reached the massive milestone of one hundred chapters. With a fic that was only supposed to be thirty chapters. Funny how the muses work sometimes! This is also the longest chapter of The Rise of the Drackens to date too! Oh, I’ve been nominated for four fanfiction awards, two of the nominations are for this fic! Please vote for me, it’ll be a wonderful present for the hundredth chapter!

http://fanaticfanficawards.blogspot.co.uk/p/voting_30.html

I’m so happy to be nominated! And that Rise of the Drackens and Blue Moon have been nominated. Oh, speaking of Blue Moon, I’m finally writing the catch up future chapter that you lovelies reading that fic wanted. It’s going really well!

I think this is all of it, I hope you lovelies have enjoyed it, we reached our hundred milestone and it almost killed me to get this chapter, at this length, to you lovelies so soon! I’m exhausted! But damn was it worth it! I hope you lovelies enjoy it, that you review and vote for me please! I’ll be back as soon as I can with chapter one hundred-one, but first, I think I need to focus on The Black Heir for a bit and see what I can do with that first, but I’ll be back soon,

StarLight Massacre. X
Settling Down

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Everything was fine for the moment, he could sleep in peace without worrying. He had a lot to do later today, he needed this sleep in order to help him to be prepared for what was to come. In just a few hours’ time, Harry would be home and it was going to be hard enough to control the kids, even harder to keep Harry lying down and away from all of them or reacting to their cries and demands for his attention. He needed to get at least another few hours’ sleep or he wasn’t going to have the strength or the mental capacity to deal with what was to come, and with Leolin now sleeping on his chest, he finally allowed himself to drift off. It had been a rough three days, they would never be the same again thanks to what had happened, during the fight and during the aftermath of it, but maybe, given some time and a lot of work, they could eventually heal from it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-One – Settling Down

Harry had barely woken up, in pain as per usual, when Nasta had come into his private room, all smiles and joyful delight, ready to finally take him back home. Harry wanted to hit him for being so cheerful when he was in so much fucking pain.

It was almost unbearable before he had gulped down a pain potion, but he hated the way that the potions made him feel, not to mention the awful, horrific things that they made him see and believe. He didn’t remember all of what he’d seen or said during his stay at the Healing Halls, but he remembered enough to know that he didn’t like it, so he had refused to take one of the potions this morning, knowing as he did that he’d be going home to see his children today. He couldn’t subject them to the sight of their Mother all drugged up and delusional, he just couldn’t.

“How are you ready to come home?” Nasta asked him, bending forward to kiss his forehead. “I’ve got your prescription, the Healers have signed you off, you’re all set. Do you feel strong enough to go by Apparation, or would you prefer the floo?”

“Either.” Harry grunted curtly. “Just get me home already.”

Nasta’s smile dimmed a bit and Harry felt like a complete bastard for that, he took a calming breath and closed his eyes to reel his rampant negative emotions back in. He made a bit more of a visible
effort, wrapping his arms around Nasta’s neck as his oldest mate picked him up gently and pecking at his lips, even if the slight movement made him feel like he was going to be sick all over Nasta’s front. Again.

Nasta scooped him up and held him close, keeping him as straight as possible due to his very tender, healing stomach muscles and Harry was at least grateful for that. If he’d curled up at that moment he really would have been very, violently sick.

“Bye, Harry. Hopefully I won’t be seeing you again soon.” The ancient, head Dracken Healer, Alfred Grant, said to him, patting his knee when Nasta carried him past.

“Thank you for looking after me.”

“I was more than happy to. Now remember, you’re not to move at all while you’re at home for at least another day or two, otherwise you’ll find yourself right back here.” The Healer warned.

Harry nodded miserably and he held on tight to Nasta as they said their final farewells and went through the floo.

Harry was in agony just from the short journey through the floo network and he was grateful when Nasta put him gently and carefully down on a settee that smelt like his oldest mate and covered him over with the huge, tent like duvet from their bed. The familiar scent of his mates was soothing and calming and it made him feel instantly better.

He didn’t notice that he wasn’t at their home right away, to be fair he was in some pain and he was trying to prevent himself from vomiting after the trip through the floo, but it was the smell of the place that clued him in first, once he took his nose from the duvet that was, as it just didn’t smell like home. He opened his eyes to see a very unfamiliar ceiling. He looked around as much as he could without moving before looking back to the smiling Nasta, who had been watching him closely.

“Where are we?” He asked, very confused.

Nasta’s smile grew as he sat on the arm of the settee by his head.

“This is our home, Cariad.”

“I’m not that drugged up that I’m imagining a new house. Where are we?”
“This is our home, love. Our new one. Max and I planned it, had it built and furnished and it was going to be a gift once your court case was over with.”

Harry’s eyes widened. “That’s why you stopped me from looking for a house for us and kept telling me to wait a bit longer!”

Nasta grinned and he nodded. “Yes. I couldn’t have you buying a house when I knew that this one was being custom made from the very foundations, just for us and our family.”

“I want to see it! All of it!” Harry demanded excitedly.

“You’re in no fit state to see anything.” Nasta told him sternly.

“But…you can’t tell me that I’m in a new house and then not let me explore it, Nas!” Harry cried out in dismay.

“You’re in too much pain and I just want you to rest for a bit. How about I carry you through to the kitchen and give you a bit of a tour later on?”

Harry bit his lip, but it was the sharp twinge in his belly that ultimately made up his mind. He grudgingly nodded.

“Alright, but how many rooms are there? How big is it? Does it have enough space for us and the kids?”

“And the many, many more that we’re going to have later. We’re not going to need to move ever again. This house is more than big enough for us to set up a permanent home. We can stay here for the rest of our lives.”

Harry grinned in excitement and Nasta felt the pressure ease off of his shoulders. Seeing Harry so happy and excited helped to calm him down.

“This is the ground floor that we’re on, there are nine main rooms on this floor and a couple of small storage rooms.”
“Nine?!” Harry asked, his eyes bulging with disbelief.

Nasta chuckled. “Yeah. You were always so unhappy with the lack of space, so I made sure that you would have plenty in this new house of ours.”

“Oh, Nasta, thank you!” Harry cried out in such sincere gratitude that it almost had Nasta bursting into tears, even as Harry lifted his arms for a hug.

Nasta hugged him, but tucked his arms back under the duvet as he did so.

“Don’t move.” He said sternly. “If you want something, you ask for it.”

“You need a shave.” Harry told him. “You could have baby dragons nesting in that beard and not know it. Maybe I should get Max to floo call the reserve to see if they’re missing any hatchlings, just in case.”

Nasta grimaced and tugged his fingers through the long hairs on his cheeks, chin and neck. He hadn’t found the time to shower in the last four days, let alone the time it would require to hack off the impromptu beard that he’d grown.

“I’ll grab a shower now, but only if you promise not to move an inch.”

Harry hummed noncommittally.

“I mean it, Harry.”

Harry sighed heavily. “I want my babies. I can’t stand lying here when I know that they have to be here somewhere too.”

“If I go and get Leolin for you to cuddle with, do you promise not to so much as wiggle while I go and get rid of the beard that you don’t like?”
Harry nodded furiously. “Yes. I promise. I just want to see all of my babies.”

“Leolin first and then the others when I come back, okay?” Nasta said sternly.

Harry nodded again. “Yes.”

“Stay right where you are.” Nasta warned as he left the room and took the long way around to the family room via the kitchen. He didn’t want Harry knowing that the double doors were just behind his head and led into the room with all eight of the children inside.

He believed that the best policy here would be to keep all the temptation away from his submissive mate, not dangle it right under his nose. Harry was a curious sort, which is why Nasta had laid him down with the doors behind his head so that he couldn’t see them and wind himself up with his thoughts of what might be behind them, because he knew that it would eventually get the better of his mate and he’d get up and he’d look because he wouldn’t be able to help himself. Then, as soon as Harry realised that his babies were right next door, he’d never be able to get Harry to lie down and rest again. No. Harry could not see those doors and he could not know that their children were right behind his head.

He came back into the smaller living room with the sniffling Leolin, who’d been screaming his head off for poor Caesar and Amelle, who’d brought the almost two year old Eleonora and the seven month old Beatrice around for a play date with their baby cousins.

He’d managed to calm him down by sweeping Leolin up and hefting him over his shoulder, which had surprised his tiny son into silence as his underdeveloped brain tried to process what had happened. He’d carried him down the corridor and into the living room before Leolin had time to gather his bearings and start screaming again. The last thing he needed was for Harry to see and hear Leolin having a screaming fit and work out that all of their children were in the same boat and behaving in the same way. He was going to have enough of a struggle keeping Harry lying down as it was, it would be absolutely impossible if Harry thought that their children were in any way upset or distressed.

“Leolin, look who’s here for you.” Nasta cooed and before Leolin could cry or so much as sniffle, he’d turned the tiny boy around in his hands and presented him to Harry.

Gold eyes stared at bright, emerald green and Nasta got to see first-hand the gummy smile that broke out over Leolin’s face as he finally recognised who he was looking at several seconds later.

“Ma! Ma! Ma! Ma! Ma!” He chanted over and over, reaching out as best as he could for Harry, who shifted and went to sit up automatically to reach for his clamouring baby when Nasta quickly knelt on the little nest bed that he’d made and pushed him back down.
“You promised that you wouldn’t move.” Nasta told him sternly.

He put Leolin on Harry’s chest before either of them could throw a fit and he watched as Leolin hefted himself up as much as he could to stare at Harry’s face, one tiny hand reached out to pat at Harry’s cheek, as if Leolin couldn’t quite believe that he was there as Harry’s hands held their son around the chest, helping to prop him up.

“I missed you, Leolin.” Harry said softly, smiling at the little Faerie baby on his chest.

“I’m going to go for that shower and a shave, you don’t move.”

“I’ll make sure that he doesn’t.”

Nasta nodded gratefully to his Father, who was stood just inside the door.

“It’s nice to see you again, Harry.”

“It feels so good to be home. Even though I’m not entirely sure where home is or what it looks like yet, but they say home is where the heart is and my heart will always be with my children and my mates.”

Nasta teared up a little at that and he went back to Harry and bent over his head to kiss him. He got a smack from Leolin for his trouble.

“He’s definitely lashing out more.” Aneirin said with a frown. “It’s like he’s possessive of you, Harry.”

Harry sighed. “There’s not much we can do at the moment, but we’ll see about breaking the habit now that I’m home. I don’t like him lashing out at anyone, especially not at his Fathers.”

Harry hefted Leolin further up his chest and cuddled him down, kissing his head and nuzzling his hair. Nasta kissed him again.
“Will you go and shave? It feels like I’m being attacked and molested by a brillo pad.”

Aneirin laughed and Nasta couldn’t quite stop the chuckle that came out. He’d missed Harry so much and he felt just so much better, so much more relieved to have Harry home. He left Harry with Leolin and with his Father and he went to have the shower and shave that he’d desperately needed for the last four days.

Harry took the next ten minutes to cuddle and reconnect with his baby, who looked up at him every other minute to make sure that he was still there, and if his eyes were closed when he looked, Leolin would slap his cheek or dig his teeny little nails into his neck, cheek or chin.

“I’m awake, sweetie.” He’d say to him every time. “I’m just resting.”

He’d start up the rubbing of Leolin’s back again, or he’d stroke his hair, or gently massage a little thigh to ease his Faerie son back down and closer to sleep.

“I’m surprised that Dain and Kailen aren’t here.” Harry said sleepily to Aneirin as he cuddled his yawning son.

“Nasta didn’t tell them where the new house was. He was under enough stress as it was, he didn’t want to add to it needlessly.” Aneirin told him.

“Oh.” Harry nodded. “Understandable. But they do need to be told, they must be going out of their minds with worry. Leolin is sort of their million times great grandson.”

“Give it a few days, Harry. For you and Blaise to recover.” Aneirin insisted. “You are in no state to welcome them after what’s just happened. You’ve only just been released from the hospital.”

“Can you send them a letter then, please? Just to let them know that Leolin is actually alright.”

Aneirin nodded at that idea and he agreed to do just that when Nasta finished in the bathroom.

“Has he really been very bad?” Harry asked, trying to move so that he could see Aneirin’s face better.
“Don’t move, Harry.” Aneirin told him sternly. Like Father like son.

Harry lay back down and settled his body, moving his massage on Leolin’s legs up and over his hips and to his sides.

“Nasta has been stressed and restless over the last few days. He did actually collapse. He hasn’t been taking care of himself, but thankfully he ate a proper breakfast this morning and he’s having a shower for the first time in four days. He slept for longer last night too. Myron found him right where you are now, with Leolin sleeping on his chest. He woke up himself when Leolin wanted his breakfast at twenty to nine this morning.”

Harry smiled and nodded. “I’m glad that he’s better now. How has Max been?”

“More of the same.” Aneirin told him sadly. “They’ve both been stressed and upset. We’re all just infinitely glad that you’re home.”

Harry grinned. “Me too. Even though I’m not sure where exactly home is any more, as long as my mates and babies are here, I’m sure I’ll adapt to it.”

“It’s much bigger than you’re used to. Though after going to school in a castle, it shouldn’t be too hard to adjust to and you did want a bigger house.”

Harry smiled. “I did. Max’s house was just too small and I have a heat period coming up soon.”

“What?”

Harry grimaced and he looked up at Nasta, who was towelling his black hair, a look of surprise on his face.

“Um, yeah, I might have forgotten to mention that.”

“When?” Nasta asked him desperately.
“I’m not too sure on the exact date, but…well, less than a month.”

“Less than a month?!” Nasta asked in shock. “How much less?”

“First week of July.” Harry said uncomfortably.

“Why didn’t you say anything?!?” Nasta asked.

“I just…I didn’t want to worry anyone.” Harry said softly. “What with the court case and everything. I was going to mention it closer to the actual heat period, but then all of this happened.”

Nasta sighed and came to kiss him, his face baby smooth for all of two minutes and Harry made sure to touch and stroke his cheeks and chin, even rubbing himself against Nasta’s face to show his appreciation of the clean, smooth shave.

“I love your face like this.” Harry said with a smile. “All smooth and soft and you smell nice too.”

Nasta chuckled and Harry liked hearing it, he liked seeing the stress all but drain from Nasta’s face as he smiled and laughed. It made him feel better as a mate, better as a person, that he could lift the burden from Nasta’s shoulders, even a little bit.

“I just love your face.” Nasta told him, kissing his face all over and touching him.

Harry chuckled and tried to stay still as he was lavished with love.

“I love you.” Harry said softly as he cradled Leolin closer to his chest. His little Faerie baby had dropped off into an exhausted sleep while Nasta was still in the bathroom.

“I love you too. Please get better soon.”

“I will. You know I will. I’ll keep up with all the nasty, vile potions that the Healers are forcing me
to take and I’ll stay lying here for as long as I can stand it.”

“You’ll be up and about before dinner then?” A voice called out to him.

Harry grinned and he went to sit up excitedly, but Nasta anticipated his movement and held down his shoulders.

“Max!” Harry cried out and instead of sitting up, he moved an arm to silently demand a hug. “You’re supposed to be with Blaise!”

“The Healers are just giving him a final check over, I wasn’t allowed to stay in the room while they were performing the tests, so I decided to come home to see you while I waited. I’d only be pacing in the hospital corridor otherwise.” Max said as he moved further into the room and hugged him as tightly as he dared with Leolin on his chest. “I’ve missed you.”

“I missed you too.” Harry said almost tearfully. “It’s good to be back! Especially as I don’t know where I am. I’ve heard about what you two have been up to, you sneaky people!”

Max laughed. A huge, massive, loud, booming burst of laughter that clenched Harry’s gut in pleasurable ways and made him grin in happiness, just because Max was happy.

“We’ll show you around later.” Nasta insisted. He was smiling too, he was happy that Max was so happy as well.

“What are the nine rooms?” Harry asked excitedly. “What could you possibly have put on the ground floor? I assume there are no bedrooms down here? How high is the house?”

“Slow down.” Max laughed, bending over to kiss him soundly. “It’s three storeys, though technically five.”

Harry’s eyes widened almost comically as he heard that. “How is it five storeys…five, seriously?”

“There are three main storeys and a basement and attic.” Nasta told him, enjoying his shock and surprise.
“I want to see it all!”

“And you will, just not now.” Nasta said sternly.

Harry frowned up at him. “But I want to know what’s here! I don’t even know the layout of the house!”

“You will soon enough. But for now, you, and Blaise when he gets here, are not going to move and you’re going to recover and get better first.”

“Healer Grant said I only had to rest for another day.” Harry complained.

“No. He said that you had to stay lying down for a day or two or you’d be back in the Healing Halls, you need to rest for the next week or two.” Nasta told him, very unimpressed with his attempt to push himself before he was fully healed.

“You’ve been home for all of an hour, love. Let’s try not to send you straight back to the Healing Halls, okay?” Max said placatingly as he nuzzled Harry’s face and neck with his mouth and nose.

Harry sighed and nodded, before wincing as his excitement over being home, in a new house at that, with his mates and children gave way before his pain.

“When was the last time that you had a potion?” Max asked with a frown.

“He refused to take one this morning.” Nasta told him disapprovingly.

“I wanted to be awake and aware to see my babies.” Harry said stubbornly. “You promised to get the rest of them after you got out of the shower.”

“You can see them one at a time.” Nasta warned him. “Let me take Leolin now that he’s asleep.”
Harry reluctantly gave up Leolin to Nasta and he allowed Max to shift him further up the arm of the settee so that he wasn’t completely flat on his back, yet he wasn’t scrunching up his stomach muscles either. He could see more like this and he grinned around at the absolutely enormous room that he was in, or at least what he could see of it as he couldn’t turn to look at what was behind him. Turning to either side, even minimally, was utter agony and near impossible for his newly healed muscles to cope with.

“I really like this room!” He declared. “It’s so big! I can’t wait to roll around the floor with the kids.”

“There will be no rolling around the floor for you anytime soon.” Nasta told him seriously as he came back into the room sans Leolin.

“The other family room is twice the size of this and the kitchen is bigger again.” Max told him with a grin.

Harry grinned back excitedly. “You couldn’t resist giving yourself a massive kitchen, could you?”

“Definitely not! It’s glorious, Harry. I can’t wait to show you.”

“I can’t believe you two, doing this and keeping it from me for all this time too!”

“Well it was Nasta who started the whole thing.” Max told him, nudging Nasta with his elbow. “I was supposed to be in the dark too, but I caught him out when I came back early from work and caught him with the estate agent. I’ve been involved since then. But honestly, he couldn’t have chosen a better location for our family house! Secluded, but not isolated. It’s stunning and offers us a lot of privacy, everything we need is a short walk away and there is a nursery and attached school here for the kids when they’re older. It’s perfect.”

“I love it already.” Harry declared passionately.

“The best thing is, it was built especially for us.” Max told him, bending down to rub their noses together. “Right from the foundations, every room was carefully measured and if we have fifty children, we can house them all.”

Harry’s grin widened and he giggled almost deliriously. “I’m so happy. I can’t wait to explore
“Almost all the upper floor rooms are bedrooms.” Nasta told him. “But there is a bathroom on every floor, a study each for us, just so that we can have our own space if we want it, and the biggest play room that you’ve ever seen.”

“You’re just making me more and more excited!” Harry said as he tried to sit up, only to have Max’s hand push and hold him back down.

“Stay still.” His biggest mate commanded.

“Can I have another baby?” Harry asked.

“Of course, which one do you want?”

“Don’t make me choose. I can’t pick any one of them over another, I’ve missed them all. Just grab who comes to hand first.” Harry said seriously. “I want to see every single one of them before I take another potion and slip back into those delusions and nightmares.”

Nasta nodded and he left again, going back around the long way to the other living room to pick up another screaming, unhappy child. Harry looked back at Max and pulled his biggest mate down to kiss him again.

“I’ve missed you too, you know.” He said with a smile and Max smiled back, his arms supporting his weight on the settee as he hunched over him and kissed him properly, bending himself almost in half so that Harry didn’t have to move a muscle to get the kisses that he wanted. He did lift his arms to wrap around Max’s neck though, playing with the longish curls that were just forming at the base of his neck.

“I love your curly hair.”

“Don’t.” Max groaned. “I’ve been so worried about you and Blaise and so busy going between you both and looking after the kids that I haven’t even thought of cutting it.”
“I bet your Dads’ are happy.” Harry said with a grin.

Max snorted. “I can’t understand why they like seeing me with all of this curly hair.”

“It’s cute.” Harry told him.

“I’m not meant to be cute! I’m your mate, I’m supposed to be big, strong and sexy.”

“Oh you’re definitely that. That goes without saying.” Harry said with a massive grin.

“Knock it off.” Nasta warned them as he carried a sniffling Farren into the room.

“Farren!” Harry called out happily.

Farren’s head twisted to look at him and Harry had the pleasure of watching his son’s face light up with joy as his teal eyes almost bulged out of his little head.

“Mummy!” Farren called out as he struggled furiously against Nasta until he had to put Farren down on his feet or risk dropping him after a particularly hard kick to the gut.

Harry lost sight of Farren, but he could hear the patter of his little feet on the floor and he smiled when Max bent down and hefted Farren up onto the settee. The next moment, Harry had a tearful little boy snuffling into his neck. It broke his heart.

“This can never happen again.” Harry said as he wrapped both arms around Farren and stroked his beautiful brown hair.

“I’ve taken care of it.” Nasta swore seriously. “It will never happen again, I promise you.”

Harry nodded silently and he went back to his little son, who clung to him so tightly that Harry feared that if he had just a little more strength then he could have easily strangled him.

He tried to adjust Farren, but his son wailed into his ear and his little legs kicked repeatedly,
making Harry gasp in pain as his belly clenched hard with the movement. Max picked Farren up and plucked him from Harry’s grasp as Nasta placed a calming hand on Harry’s middle and urged him to lie still so that he didn’t do more damage by rolling around with the pain.

Max struggled to hold Farren, who had turned in his arms, throwing himself backwards in order to see Harry again, reaching out for him and all but screaming his misery.

“Pass him back.” Harry ordered, holding his arms out while Nasta kept a hand on his belly.

“He’s just going to hurt you again, Har…” Max tried, but Harry cut him off and shook his head.

“No. He’s just going to be worse until he’s settled down. Give him back.”

Max looked torn and ultimately, he looked to Nasta to tell him what to do. Nasta looked at Harry’s stubborn, determined face, before looking to the kicking and screaming Farren and he wasn’t sure it was a good idea to lay the furious Farren back on an injured Harry.

“Give him to me before he cries himself sick.” Harry said sternly. “If you don’t give him to me, I’m going to get up and go to him.”

That made up Nasta’s mind and he sighed heavily, wearily, before nodding to Max, who clamped down Farren’s kicking legs and laid him back at Harry’s side, holding his ankles in one hand to control the kicking until his son had calmed down enough to stop kicking his own Mother in his desperation to get impossibly closer to him.

Harry started humming gently and stroking Farren’s hair. It took long minutes for Farren to stop wriggling and lashing out, enough for Max to let go of his ankles, and he huffed and snuffled as he listened to the song that his Mother was humming, snuggling in tight, but calming down.

“Because of how big you are, Farren, I think that sometimes we all forget that you’re only seventeen months old.” Harry murmured softly.

“Muma.” Farren sniffled.

“I know. But it’s going to be fine now, baby.” Harry insisted. “Who’s watching the others?” He directed at Max and Nasta.
“Caesar and Amelle brought Nora and Bea for a visit to help out.” Max told him.

“Myron and Richard are also still here and Alexander keeps coming around with food that Kimberly has made for everyone.” Nasta added. “Aunt Nerys was here this morning to help get everything ready for you and Blaise coming home and my Dad is still here too.”

Harry nodded as he held his son to his chest, nuzzling his nose into Farren’s hair.

“I’ve got you, love.” He whispered quietly, never ceasing his stroking of Farren’s back as he finally calmed down and lay still, enjoying the tight hold of his Mother as he fought sleep at every moment to stay awake.

Eventually though, Farren did slip off to sleep and Nasta was able to gently take him and put him in his cot upstairs for some much needed rest.

“Do you want something to drink? Something to eat maybe?” Nasta asked him as he sat on the arm of the settee by Harry’s head so that he could look down at his mate and caress that nest of jet back hair, made worse because Harry was constantly laying down and rubbing it on the pillows as he turned his head in every which way to look around.

“Tea would be wonderful, Nas. Next baby too, the sooner I go through them all and have a hold, the sooner I can take that nasty potion that’s due.” He added when it looked like Nasta would argue.

Nasta blew out a breath and he looked to the floo. Max had gone back to the hospital to see if Blaise was ready to be discharged. He nodded.

“Okay, the girls will be needing a feed soon, they should fall asleep in your arms afterwards.” Nasta conceded with a sigh. He wanted Harry to stay where he was and he wanted him to take his pain potions, but Harry was going to refuse to do both until he’d seen and held all eight of their children.

He went into the kitchen and boiled the kettle, setting out several mugs and two bottles. It had become a mindless task to make tea and coffee for everyone, a rare moment of peace for whoever did the job from the hysterical screaming of eight children who had been hurt and traumatised from the fight a few days ago and wanted nothing more than their Mother’s reassuring presence back, especially as they were in a new house and a new environment. They were feeling very out of sorts.
Nasta rested his head against the cabinet door and took a moment to breathe. It was almost midday and already he was bone deep exhausted and he wanted nothing more than to crawl into bed and sleep. These last several days had been incredibly trying, on everything that he was, his patience, his strength, his love, his endurance, his determination to hold everything together for his family, his perseverance as he carried on looking after everyone, he just didn’t know how much longer he could take the stress and pressure bearing down on his shoulders. It was too much, even Max was looking to him to tell him what to do. How was he supposed to take a few minutes to himself and let Max take over for a bit when his second in the family hierarchy, the one who he was supposed to be able to depend on for a small break if things got too much, was second guessing himself and looking to him to direct him like a puppeteer? Who was he supposed to turn to now?

“Nasta. Come here, Caru.”

Strong arms wrapped around his shoulders and turned him, pulling him into a tight hug and Nasta held back just as tightly, if not more so, as he buried his face into his Father’s shoulder and took a moment to revert back into a child again, when a hug from his Dad made everything better again.

Such childish delusions didn’t work in this situation, not when it was his own family in turmoil, but just pretending made him feel marginally better.

“Stop beating yourself up, Nasta.” Aneirin told him sternly. “You can’t do everything by yourself.”

“It feels like I’ve been abandoned and left to do everything by myself. Draco isn’t here, Blaise is injured and still in the hospital and I can’t rely on Max. I’m on my own and I can’t stand it. Why did this happen?”

“Because Draco lost his temper.” Aneirin told him calmly. “Draco incited a fight and Max responded. Blaise was collateral damage and Harry was in the wrong place at the wrong time. You are not alone, Nasta. You have family around you who are here to help, please, let us help you.”

“I feel like a failure.”

“You’re not a failure, Nasta. Far from it.” Aneirin told him, a hand rising to tug through the black hair at the nape of Nasta’s neck. “You’ve done so well, you’ve held everything together so well. Could you see anyone else doing as you have? Can you see anyone who has the strength to punish the dominant responsible for this without killing them? The dominant who can go between two mates in the hospital and look after eight babies at home? Don’t sell yourself short, Nassa, Caru. You don’t deserve to beat on yourself for how you’ve acted. You’ve done brilliantly.”
“You…you were able to carry on after Mum passed.” Nasta hiccupped.

Aneirin chuckled wryly. “You were a tiny, wrinkled newborn. You have no memory or inkling as to what I was like after your Mother died. I relied heavily on your Aunt Nerys and Uncle Idris, as well as your Grandparents and Great-Grandfathers. I allowed them to rally around me and support me. I still took care of you and your brother and sister, but I was definitely not functioning half as well as you are and you have twice as many babies as I did.”

“You’d just lost a mate, your only mate.” Nasta defended.

“And you could have lost two.” Aneirin said sternly. “Three if you’d taken revenge for their deaths out on Draco. It’s not a competition, Nasta. You haven’t failed at anything, nor have you failed anyone. You’ve been wonderful and I’m proud of you for that, but please, let us help you. Tell me what you’re thinking.”

“I just….I can’t carry on like this. I can’t hold it together and…and staying this strong for this long without a break…I need a break.”

“So take one.” Aneirin told him simply. “Go upstairs, lie on your bed, or even in a guest bed, and stay there until you feel better.”

“I can’t…with Harry home and Max getting Blaise, I just can’t. Harry’s not going to stay still and he won’t take his pain potions until he’s seen all of the kids, Blaise isn’t going to stay still and Max can’t cope on his own, he keeps asking me what to do or looking at me for permission and…”

“Take a breath, Nasta.” Aneirin ordered. “I will watch over Harry until Max and Blaise get back and then Max is going to have to step up. It’s his place to step up. Blaise and Harry are his mates too, you are his mate and he has a responsibility to them and to you and his children.” He said sternly. “Go upstairs and lie down, now.”

Nasta bit his lip indecisively and got fingers snapping in his face as a consequence, focusing him back on his Father.

“That was not an option choice, Nasta, Caru. It was an order. Now go before I force you up there and restrain you to a bed.”
Nasta swallowed and he took one step and then another one. It got harder to keep walking when he passed the living room where Harry was lying, but he kept walking. He climbed the stairs and he kept waking until he was in a guest room. It was unfamiliar to him, but that’s what he wanted, it’s what he needed at the moment, unfamiliarity. He slid under the duvet and he rested his head against the pillow. His thoughts were whirring at a hundred miles per hour and he promised himself that he’d stay here, like this, for ten minutes only, then he’d go back to his duty as the top dominant of his family unit.

Or at least, that was his plan. It took just four minutes for him to be dozing and another couple of minutes before he was fast asleep. He would not wake up again for another couple of hours and that had definitely not been a part of his plan.

“Where has Nasta gone?” Harry asked as soon as Aneirin came into the room that he’d been stuck in since he’d arrived.

“He’s gone for a lie down.” Aneirin said calmly.

“Is he alright?” Harry asked in blatant concern, moving to get up, only to be pushed back down by a firm hand.

“He’s fine, Harry. He just needs a lie down. He’s been on the go since all of this happened.”

Harry nodded. “As long as he’s alright.”

“He’s going to be fine. Now what’s this about you not taking your pain potions?”

“You need to take them.” Myron said sternly as he walked in through the door to back Aneirin up, holding the identical twin girls, one in each arm.

“I will, as soon as I’ve seen all of my children.”

“We can see that you’re in agony, Harry. Why do you do this to yourself?” Aneirin asked.
Harry sighed. “As I told Max and Nasta, I want to see my babies before I take it. They do horrible things to me, those potions, and I want to actually see my babies first. I don’t want to be hallucinating or talking about those sorts of things when I’m trying to have five minutes with my baby. They don’t need to see me like that and they definitely do not need to hear what I start saying under the influence of those potions.”

Aneirin sighed. “Well that does make a bit of sense at least, but as soon as you’ve seen all of the children, you will be taking that potion and getting some more rest. You were very badly hurt, almost fatally so.”

Harry nodded and held his arms out for his baby girls. Myron gently eased one baby onto Harry’s left side and then placed the other at his right side and Harry grinned at the sleepy little worms that wriggled against him.

“Have they been alright? They were in the room with me on that day.”

“They’ve been fine, Harry. They’re only four months old, they’re very resilient.” Myron assured him, pressing a kiss to his forehead before standing back up to his full height of six foot ten.

Harry cuddled with his two girls and played with their curly, chestnut brown hair with a smile. It was so much like Max’s at the moment.

He was in quite a bit of pain by now, almost wrestling with Farren hadn’t helped, but he was serious when he said that he would see all eight of his children before he started seeing those hellish things again. Hellish things completely caused by the pain potions that he was being forced to take.

Ave fell asleep before Eva did and Aneirin took her from him after a last kiss to her chubby, rosy cheek and Harry turned slightly to cuddle better with his Eva. She gave in only a few minutes after her sister and Harry handed her to Myron, who took her to her bassinet so that she could have her afternoon nap while Aneirin brought in Tegan, who was already yawning.

“Mummy! Oh, naga be home mama.”

“I know, sweetheart. I’m home now and I’m not leaving.” He assured her as she burrowed into him and pressed a kiss to his mouth.

Harry grinned and kissed her face as she pulled away and she giggled happily, sliding her hands into his hair and playing with it.
“Well she can’t make it look any worse.” Myron grunted as he hovered over them, ready, just in case Tegan put a knee or a foot to his healing abdomen or Harry thought about sitting up.

He needn’t have worried about the latter, Harry didn’t think he’d be able to even attempt to sit up anymore, his stomach was protesting heavily and the dull throbbing pain was growing to a sharp ache. It was becoming a struggle to keep saying no to the pain potion when he knew that it was in a case, just behind his head on a side table. But he firmed himself, he would see all of his children before terrifying himself and his babies with his horrific delusions.

Tegan fell asleep, her arms wrapped around Harry’s neck and her face resting against Harry’s head. It was a struggle to extract her from Harry without waking her, but between them, Harry, Myron and Aneirin got her free and carried her carefully to go and have a nap.

Myron went and got Regan, who was already asleep, so Harry had a quick cuddle and a kiss, inhaling his scent deeply, before he let Myron take him to his cot and then his baby Calix was there, crawling all over him and digging a knee into his belly and grinding it down as he moved and that almost made Harry scream as his eyes rolled back into his head and a wave of bile swept up his throat to coat the back of his tongue unpleasantly.

Myron hefted Calix back up and let Harry have a moment to recover from the pain.

“Are you okay?” Aneirin asked.

“Mummy! Mummy, cuddle me!” Calix demanded.

“I’m okay. Hand him back.” Harry insisted breathlessly as he shifted up the tiniest bit.

“Don’t move.” Myron told him sternly.

“I wasn’t moving, I was shifting.”

“Oh? Silly me, I thought shifting was movement.” Myron said with a sarcastic tone that was reminiscent of the late Professor Snape.

Harry scowled at him and held his arms out for Calix.
“Will you stop moving!” Myron growled as he laid Calix back over him.

“Let me have my son and I will!” Harry hissed, mostly from a mix of pain and frustration, but he cuddled Calix anyway, holding him still so that the seventeen month old didn’t injure him further.

“Mummy, I build blocks.”

“Were you playing with your blocks? Who’s a good boy?” Harry cooed, trying to keep his face and voice free from the unbearable agony that he was feeling.

Calix giggled and snuggled into him as Harry hummed lightly and stroked his hair and back.

“I missed you all so much.” He said, holding Calix just a fraction tighter and pressing a kiss to his forehead.

“That they missed you too goes without needing to be said.” Aneirin chuckled, standing with Harry’s cup of tea in his hands. “Nasta said you liked honey in your tea, but I wasn’t sure how much you liked.”

“Just a blob.” Harry said as he cuddled the drifting Calix into his one side and accepted the cup of tea with his free arm. He took a sip and he had to struggle with himself to prevent a grimace of distaste appearing. “It’s fine.” He insisted.

It was definitely not like he usually had it, but it was drinkable and he was a little parched, so he’d suffer with it for now. Max would be back soon and he’d make his tea exactly how he liked it. Harry had just started his cuddle with Braiden, after Aneirin had taken the sleeping Calix to go for his nap, when the floo flared and Max stepped out carrying a very disgruntled looking Blaise.

“This isn’t even necessary! It was my head that was hit, not my damn legs, Max. I can walk, the Healer said that I was fine to walk!” Blaise complained.

“I’m not taking any chances with you, love.”
“Welcome to our existence for the next week or two.” Harry called out in greeting as Max took long strides to reach the two settees pushed together to make the little nest.

“You cannot be serious!” Blaise hissed angrily. “I’m not ill, I’m not injured. I’m fine!”

“You are not fine!” Max argued as he placed Blaise gently onto the settee nest.

“Daddy!” Braiden called out from Harry’s arms.

Blaise’s face softened as he looked at his mirror image and he moved himself over to lie next to Harry, letting Braiden snuggle between them.

“Where are the other kids?” Max asked.

“They’re all asleep.” Myron told his son. “Harry lulled them all into a nap.”

“Wonderful, I might actually be able to sort some things out.”

“What do you need to do?” Harry asked, looking up from Braiden’s conversation with him and Blaise.

“I need to move some more things over from the old house.”

Blaise’s head snapped up then and he took a very long, good look around.

“I thought something was off about this place! It’s not our house!”

“It is.” Max said with a tired smile. “Nasta set it all up and had it built for the mateship, it was going to be a gift to the mateship once Harry was out of the court, but the fight moved along his plans a bit. The old house was ruined. It’s technically structurally unsafe now, we couldn’t stay there.”
Blaise went to stand up to explore, but Max’s eyes widened and he rushed around and held Blaise down.

“Will you get off?! There’s nothing wrong with me! You were there when the Healer said as much!”

“I don’t… just please, rest for today at least. You’ve only just been released from the hospital!”

“Max is right, Blaise. You don’t want to push yourself too hard and end up back in the hospital.” Aneirin chimed in.

“Plus I need someone to keep me company, I’m not even allowed to sit up for another two days.” Harry said with a grin.

Blaise blew out a deep breath and he grunted. “Fine, but only for today. Tomorrow I’m getting up and exploring this house and going back to normal.”

Max nodded immediately, probably already thinking up ways that he could keep Blaise lying down tomorrow too, but for now, he joined them in their little nest bed, watching their legs as he sat at the opposite end of the settees, by their feet.

“We’ll give you a bit of space.” Aneirin said as he and Myron left the three of them alone with the very chatty Braiden, who was telling them all about the adventure that his teddy had gone on that morning.

When Max noticed that he was grimacing every half minute though, that was when Harry was flung into a battle over taking the potion or not taking it, especially as Max was begging him and holding out the vial of wonderfully numbing pain potion just inches from him, but Braiden was still there and he was still awake.

“Please, Harry.” Max begged, almost on the verge of tears. “I don’t want to see you in so much pain, please.”

“I’ve said, I don’t want to take it while Braiden is here.” Harry hissed, trying desperately to hold out, though he was almost licking his lips as he stared at the familiar dullish red coloured potion. He wanted it so badly, the pain had escalated to sharp, shooting, stabbing pains all throughout his
chest and abdomen and he’d started breathing in sharp gasps as the pain made him breathless. He really wanted the potion, but the things that he saw and spoke about was nothing he ever wanted his son to see or hear. He never wanted his children to see him in such a state.

Max’s arm lowered and he and Blaise helped him to settle Braiden down, but his oldest son still wasn’t any closer to taking an afternoon nap and Harry was finding it difficult to concentrate and harder to keep from writhing in agony. His gorge kept rising, like he was going to vomit and his vision kept blurring with white starbursts as the pain finally reached a new level and became blinding.

“Please, just take the potion.” Max begged him as Blaise was sat up rocking Braiden, who was almost asleep, but not quite.

Harry nodded. He couldn’t hold out any longer, this pain was too much to bear any longer and Max breathed out a sigh of relief, slipping his arm under Harry’s head and lifting him up, putting the vial to his lips before Harry even had a chance to change his mind.

Harry swallowed the vile potion down in four large swallows that had him spitting and groaning in disgust.

“Where’s Draco anyway?” Blaise asked suddenly as Braiden curled a little hand into his pyjama top, slowly being lulled into sleep.

“Yeah, he should be here.” Harry agreed. “I wanted to shout at him, but he hasn’t been here. Are you hiding him in the dungeon? Does this house have a dungeon?”

Harry went from lucid to not so lucid in the space of one sentence and when his pain melted away, he hefted himself into a sitting position.

“Harry! Lay down!” Max said in panic.

“S’okay, I can’t feel nothing.” Harry slurred.

“That’s not the point.” Max forced Harry back down again and he blinked, suddenly looking up at the ceiling.
“I fell over!” Harry declared before he giggled. “I’m dizzy.” He said with a frown, squinting up at the ceiling.

“I see what you meant.” Blaise said sadly as he watched his submissive mate.

“I’m going to take Braiden up to his cot, can you keep Harry laying down until I get back?” Max asked. “Or should I call Myron or Aneirin?”

“No, I’m fine, you were there when the Healer said that I was fine, Max. I can look after Harry.”

“I was there when the Healer said not to push yourself.” Max snarked as he took the sleeping Braiden from Blaise’s arms and hurried out of the room and up to the first floor, where the nurseries were kept.

He took a quick, quiet peek in on Nasta while he was at it and found him sleeping like a rock in the bed. He wasn’t even moving in his sleep, but Max heard a quiet growl when Nasta detected his scent in the room. He rumbled back soothingly and Nasta relaxed back in the bed and Max closed the door quietly, not willing to disturb his beloved mate from his desperately needed sleep.

He went back down to the living room and peeked in on Blaise and Harry. Harry was telling Blaise about his centaur lovers. It was a favourite delusion of Harry’s. Max swallowed. He couldn’t listen to that again. He went into the kitchen with the excuse of making tea for everyone, and a coffee for Blaise as a sort of unspoken bribe to keep him resting in the settee nest, for today and tonight at least.

He took the beverages back to the living room and handed Blaise his coffee and helped Harry to sip at his tea without him sitting up, which he tried to do several times, each time claiming that he was fine and that he couldn’t feel anything. At least he was no longer in any pain, Max could count that as a plus at least.

“Coffee? You are trying to butter me up.”

“There are several sexual responses that I’d like to give to that statement, but at the moment, I’m really not feeling all that sexy.” Max answered with a small pained smile as he watched Harry dribble out a mouthful of warm tea while trying to swallow. He used one of the baby’s spit rags to dab the drooled tea away.

“He really is bad, isn’t he? I got a first-hand look at his ‘fantasies’ and I didn’t like it. I’m fucking jealous of an imagined centaur.”
Max chuckled. “I was too when I first heard him talking, the novelty wears off quickly. I almost killed one of the assistant Healers because he actually got hard from listening to Harry’s babbling while he was supposed to be caring for him.”

“I would have too!” Blaise insisted, furious at the assistant for putting his mates through even more unneeded stress. “What a fucking creep.”

“That’s what I said to Nasta when I told him that I’d attacked one of the trainees. I didn’t want anyone who could get sexually aroused while seeing Harry in so much pain and having such delusions while he was drugged up anywhere near him!”

Max panted after he’d finished his furious rant and he tugged a hand through his hair, grimacing at the slight curls at the ends of his hair. He calmed himself down and reminded himself that he’d dealt with that trainee and he now had his submissive back in his home, surrounded by family and with himself right there to protect him. He had both of his mates home now and he could protect them both at the same time without going between them and without leaving his children either.

Max bent forward and kissed Blaise. “I’ve missed you so much. You and Harry, and Nasta too if I’m honest.”

“Where’s Nasta gone to? I was expecting him to be here, hovering over me and Harry. He hasn’t collapsed again has he?”

“No. He is sleeping though. He really needs a decent eight hours.”

“Someone slipped him a sleeping potion? Damn he’s going to be pissed when he wakes up.”

“No, no. No one’s slipped him anything, he went up on his own. I think he was only expecting a short, several minute break, but he must have fallen asleep. It’s a good thing too, he was looking worse for wear the longer that he forced himself to stay awake.”

“Where are my babies?” Harry asked, moving to sit up.

“Harry, stay lying down, love.” Max coaxed as he splayed a hand over Harry’s chest and pressed
down just enough to keep Harry on his back.

“But my babies are lost in the woods and they’re crying for me! I need to go and get them!”

“Do you think the obsession with babies is because he knows that Braiden and Leolin got hurt?”

Max nodded. “We think so, but we can’t actually be sure if it’s that or just his Dracken side trying to fixate on the babies because of the submissive’s nature and the drugs adding in the delusions of them being lost or hurt somewhere.”

Blaise nodded and he looked sadly to Harry, his beautiful mate, and he sighed.

“You never did answer me about Draco. Where is he?”

Max growled and clenched a large hand into a fist.

“You didn’t kill him, did you?” Blaise asked uncertainly.

“No. He’s at his parent’s house.” Max said. “Enough talk about him.”

“He is still our mate, Max.” Blaise said.

“I know that.” Max snapped. “I’m too angry at the moment. I don’t want to even think of him while seeing you and Harry like this knowing that he was the cause!”

“There is nothing wrong with me!” Blaise insisted.

“Why aren’t you angry with him too?”

Blaise swiped a hand over his almost bald head with a glare. “Do you actually need reminding that I can’t remember anything that’s happened? How am I supposed to feel anything, especially anger,
over something that I can’t remember?”

“I want Grawp.” Harry said, interrupting Max and Blaise’s glaring match.


“It’s what Harry called one of the Healers at the Halls, Healer Alessandri. He’s mated to Henley’s older sister, Clara.” Max answered, glad for the topic change. “Grawp isn’t here, Harry.”

“Grawp always gives me strawberry potions.” Harry told them.

“You’ve already had your strawberries today.”

“Have not!” Harry denied furiously.

“You have, that’s why you aren’t in any pain.” Max tried to explain.

He needed Nasta here to deal with this, he didn’t know what to say and as Harry went red in the face, like he was going to explode in rage, he actually considered going to wake him up. He just didn’t know what to say or do in this sort of situation.

“Bello, calm down, it’s alright. We’re here with you.” Blaise soothed, handing Max his empty mug and lying down with Harry. “Do you want to sleep with me?”

Harry nodded shyly with a slight blush to his cheeks, as if this was the very first time that he was seeing Blaise and he couldn’t believe that someone so handsome wanted to lay down with him of all people. He curled tentatively into Blaise’s body, touching in short brushes and pats, as if he didn’t know if he was allowed to touch him. Blaise laid Harry back out straight and then curled himself into Harry to keep his submissive lying flat, so he didn’t bunch up his abdominals while under the influence of the pain potions and accidentally cause more damage to his healing muscles. He made sure to get as much skin on skin contact as possible, holding and touching Harry intimately and Harry’s pink cheeks went fully red and he smiled happily and he giggled like a shy little girl who’d been kissed by a good looking bloke, but very soon he was yawning and he fell asleep very quickly under the influence of the potion, allowing Blaise to sit back up and stretch.
“Thank you for that, I had no idea how to handle him.”

“It’ll be fine, Max. He won’t be on these potions forever and he only needs to stay like this for a day or two more, right? It’ll pass so quickly.”

“He’ll have nightmares now too.” Max said sadly. “He’ll wake up screaming, maybe with a distress call.”

“I felt them in the hospital. If you hadn’t been with me then I would have torn out of that room to get to him.”

“It’s not real, none of the things he sees are real, but he’ll fully believe that they are.”

“His mind Healer isn’t going to be happy.”

“Nasta’s already floo called him and gave him the details. He’ll know what to expect when Harry visits him next.”

Blaise nodded. “Am I allowed to use the bathroom by myself, or do you want to come and hold my dick for me while I piss?” He asked as a joke.

Max actually looked torn. “Nasta didn’t say how to handle this, I think he planned to be here so one of us could stay with Harry too, but he is sleeping, it’s just in case he wakes up or starts thrashing with the nightmares, he could hurt himself.”

“Oh for fucks sake.” Blaise rolled his eyes and crawled out of the settee nest and walked to the door before realising that this was a new house and he didn’t know where he was going. “Which way is the bathroom?”

“Just let me go and get Myron to watch Harry so I can go with you and I’ll show you.”

“Never mind, I’ll find it myself.” Blaise insisted as he walked out and followed the corridor.
He went up the stairs before Max could chase him down and he went searching. The house was absolutely huge and every room he came to was carpeted, curtained and wallpapered, but completely empty.

“Come on, there has to be a bathroom here somewhere! Who makes and designs a house with no fucking bathroom?” He asked himself.

He opened the next door angrily, before his heart stopped as he peeked into a room with five cots around the walls. Five very occupied cots.

He took a few deep breaths and peeked in at the five sleeping babies, who all had blankets or stuffed toys clutched in their arms, except for Tegan, whose penguin was clutched tightly in one hand, and Braiden, who wasn’t holding anything.

He walked back out of the room and closed the door quietly. He was getting closer, if he’d found the baby nursery, then the bathroom had to be close. Besides he’d opened nearly every other door up on this floor and he knew that there had to be a bathroom on this floor. If there wasn’t and he had to go up another floor, he’d smack Nasta and Max himself for their poor house design.

He opened the next door quietly and he found the master bedroom, Nasta was not in the bed. In fact the bed looked like it wasn’t slept in at all, despite not having a duvet or any pillows. The two bassinets however, were occupied by the tiny four month old twins, Eva and Ave. He went and gave them both a kiss before heading off to find another room to search for a bathroom. He was going to be here all day searching at this rate and he cursed Max for being so stupid and not telling him where the bathroom was…wanted to accompany him for a piss his arse.

Max was in a dilemma. He really wanted to go after Blaise, but he couldn’t leave Harry, nor call out for fear of waking him. He cursed himself for not bringing his wand with him so he could get through the double doors into the other family room.

He was getting really antsy when the floo flared and his Dad came in, still in his work suit.

“Dad! Can you stay here with Harry, I need to go and find Blaise!”

“Whoa, whoa, calm down, care bear.” Richard encouraged, slightly startled by his wild eyed, panicked son. “What’s happened? Where is Blaise?”

“He went to the bathroom!”
“So?”

“On his own!” Max elaborated.

“Oh no! Let me call the Aurors, we can organise a search party!” Richard rolled his eyes. “He’s gone to the bathroom, Max. Not to Mars. Leave him be for a few minutes.”

“I didn’t tell him where the bathroom was!”

“That was horrible of you.” Richard snorted. “Is he lost? I’ll go see if he needs directions. You stay here and leave him be.”

Richard dumped his briefcase, kicked off his shoes and went to find Blaise, who was lost somewhere on the upper floors.

He ran into him almost as soon as he stepped off the stairs on the first floor. Blaise was backing carefully out of a guest room as if a sleeping lion was nestled within it.

“Are you okay?” He asked, making the young man jump out of his skin.

“Yeah, yeah I’m looking for the bathroom.”

“That’s a guest room.” Richard told him unhelpfully.

“I know that now. Nasta’s sleeping in there.”

That was news to Richard, but it did explain why Blaise had creped out of the room as he had at least.

“Come on, the bathroom is over here.” Richard pointed a few doors down and Blaise all but ran to it. He chuckled and turned, going back down the stairs. Blaise didn’t need an audience while he was doing his business.
He went to go and find his own mate and happily fell into Myron’s lap, throwing his arms around that thick, strong neck and kissing him.

“Are you alright?” Myron asked him gruffly.

“Perfectly fine. I just missed you is all. Max hounded me as soon as I flooed through. Blaise went walk about on his own and Max couldn’t leave Harry.”

“Why did Blaise go walking around?” Aneirin asked as he bounced Caesar’s oldest daughter, Eleonora, on his knee.

“He needed the bathroom.” Richard said simply. “I got the impression that Blaise all but ran out of the room after Max said that he wanted to accompany him to the toilet. Poor bas….boy.” Richard grimaced as Myron slapped his thigh, reminding him to change his swearword to something else in the face of their two little Granddaughters, even if baby Beatrice was sleeping in her Mother’s arms. “You didn’t need to hit so hard.” He complained.

“You should watch your mouth.”

“You like my filthy mouth when….mmmm!”

Richard was cut off midsentence when Myron’s hand clamped around his mouth tight and hard.

“No talk of that when there are others around, my love, especially our Grandchildren.” Myron said sternly before releasing Richard’s mouth.

“When are the Malfoy’s arriving?” Caesar asked, grinning as he watched his Dads’.

“Later in the afternoon, I’d imagine. Nasta wanted Harry and Blaise to be settled in first.” Aneirin answered him, chuckling at Eleonora, even though he technically wasn’t anything to do with her.

It showed, at the very least, exactly how far Amelle had come in controlling herself and her Dracken side. She was allowing him to hold her daughter, play with her, and she wasn’t even bothered by it anymore and she actually seemed happier in herself, which could only be a good
thing.

Sudden screaming from next door had Richard, Myron, Aneirin and Caesar running as fast as they were able towards the sound as a distress call wormed it’s way into the second scream.

Max was already cuddling Harry, soothing him as they got in the room. Blaise clattered in soon after and then a disorientated Nasta stumbled into the room a few moments later. He didn’t even stop before he crawled into the settee nest and helped Max sooth Harry through whatever horror he was seeing this time.

“It’s alright, Harry.” Max said softly. “It’s not real. It’s not real.”

Aneirin went to Blaise and helped support him, wrapping an arm around him for comfort. It was the nineteen year old’s first time seeing and hearing first-hand what Harry’s nightmares were like and he was wide eyed and shocked as he watched Harry thrashing and writhing in Max and Nasta’s grip, not recognising them and cringing in fear as he was touched and held down as he was caught in the aftermath of his nightmare.

It took just four minutes for Harry to calm down and realise where he was and who was around him and when he did, he buried his face in Max’s neck as he clung to his dominant mates for comfort, but they were the longest four minutes any of them could remember. They all heard Harry sobbing and hiccupping as Max and Nasta tried to calm him down and sooth him through whatever horrors he’d seen this time.

“Are you feeling better?” Max asked Harry gently when he finally went quiet.

A soft nod against his chest was his answer.

“Do you want a cup of tea?” He tried.

Another nod against his chest had him moving and propping Harry fully on Nasta before sliding out of the nest and going to the kitchen.

“Where is Blaise?” Nasta asked. “He should have been home by now.”

Aneirin steered Blaise from behind Myron’s back and let Nasta see him.

“You shouldn’t be standing up. Come here.”
Blaise sighed, but aware that Harry was the higher priority here, he walked to Nasta and allowed his primary dominant to settle him back on the nest bed. Harry cuddled into Blaise and sniffled, holding him tight. Nasta hovered over both of them, like a huge, breathing shield.

Max came back in with tea and a cup of coffee for Blaise, bribing him yet again to stay still. Nasta said nothing as he allowed Max to hand out the cups and he took his own green tea. He had no idea that there was a splash of calming draught in it and he didn’t realise that the potion was the reason that his muscles relaxed ever so slowly the longer that he sipped at it.

“Caesar, Amelle is worried about you.” Max said softly.

Caesar nodded and slipped out of the room and back to his mate and daughters to let them know that everything was being handled and that he was alright.

“How are you feeling, Blaise?” Nasta asked, nuzzling the side of his head and inhaling his scent deeply.

“Fine. The Healer said I was going to be alright to walk around as normal, but I might get a bit confused from time to time until I’m fully healed…it really doesn’t help that I’m in a house that I’ve never seen before. I’m going to need a tour and a couple of days to memorise where everything is, but after Hogwarts, this house is going to be a breeze. At least none of the staircases move…unless you let Max plan those.”

Harry giggled softly from where he was sandwiched between Blaise and Nasta and it brought a soft, happy smile to Nasta’s face as he laid down fully to rub noses with Harry, who grinned at him.

“How are you feeling?” Nasta asked Harry.
“Confused.” He answered honestly. “I’m still trying to separate what was just a nightmare and what were parts of actual memories. It’s getting more and more difficult to remember things that have happened or what’s being tainted with nightmares that haven’t ever happened.”

Nasta’s face crumpled in distress and he slipped an arm around Harry to hold him.

“You won’t be on these potions for much longer.” Nasta tried to comfort him.

“None of the kids are awake.” Aneirin reported as he came back into the room. “They’re all getting some much needed rest.”

Nasta nodded and sat himself up, moving Harry to lay completely straight, but with his body between his own splayed legs, Harry’s head pillowed on his lower abdomen. He started stroking Harry’s messy hair and massaging his scalp.

“Who’s Grawp?” Blaise asked curiously.

Harry narrowed his eyes on him.

“How do you know about Grawp? No one’s supposed to know about him.”

“Max said that he was your Healer.”

Harry startled at that. “No, Grawp is a giant.”

“A real giant?” Richard asked. “Or one that you thought you’ve seen while on potions?”

“No, he’s real. He lived in the Forbidden Forest for a time in my fifth year, he’s Hagrid’s half-brother, they shared the same giantess Mother.”

“Are you…are you actually being serious?!” Myron demanded. “You were exposed to a real giant?!”
“Grawp wasn’t that bad.” Harry insisted. “I was mostly just educating him for Hagrid after Umbridge got him kicked out of the school.”

“Edu…educating him?” Nasta asked faintly.

Harry bobbed his head gently, mindful of his healing muscles.

“Grawp really liked Hermione.”

“Your school years are sounding very concerning.” Myron said. “What else have you left out about your time as a boy?”

“Much more, but I don’t want to just dump it on all of you in one go. It’s much safer for me if I reveal it a little bit at a time. I have good memories of my school years, but really, they were all quite bad and very dangerous. I had a bad time at school and a worse childhood. I never felt safe.”

“But, you feel safe now, with us?” Nasta asked almost desperately, afraid of the answer, but needing to know.

Harry hesitated and that just about killed Nasta on the inside as he pulled Harry into a crushing hug.

“I love you.” He declared passionately. “We all love you and we would die to protect you.”

“Yet it was almost me who died to protect our children.” Harry said quietly. “They should never have been at risk in the first place, they’re our babies.”

“Agreed.” Nasta said quickly. “But we love you, Harry. Please feel safe with us.”

“I can’t. I almost died, Nasta. I saw my guts on the outside of my body, I saw Xerxes’ hand holding them in place. It’s hard to forget something like that when you still feel the pain of it, when you can still see it. I need time.”
Nasta nodded and he sniffed hard, holding back his tears as he held Harry to him. If Harry never got over this attack, if he never felt safe with them again, then he would never forgive Draco and he would kill him for making Harry feel so unsafe that he no longer trusted them. Such a thing was devastating to him and it made his Dracken rage inside of him.

He was the top dominant of their family unit, he should be implicitly trusted and relied on. The thought that his own submissive didn’t trust him, that he didn’t feel completely safe while he was right there next to him, holding him, it made him feel physically sick and he had to swallow hard to prevent himself from vomiting sour tasting bile.

He let out a shaky breath and kissed Harry’s head and cuddled him tightly.

“Whatever time you need.” He heard himself promise. “I love you and I will do anything and everything for you. You only need to say the word.”

Not even he himself knew exactly what he was promising, but it felt right and he meant every word. If Harry clicked his fingers, he’d jump. There was no end to the things that he’d do for Harry, his own submissive, and he would die before he allowed this to happen again.

He pulled Blaise into his side as he kissed his subordinate mate’s forehead. He needed them both close to him at the moment. He needed to settle himself down, his Dracken side down. Harry was right though, it was hard to forget what had happened when Harry wasn’t allowed to move and was in so much pain and Blaise’s head was still shaved and he only had the bare minimum of spiky fuzz. The physical, visible reminders wouldn’t allow him to forget.

“Max, come here.” Nasta ordered and Max immediately climbed onto the nest bed and snuggled into his other side, throwing a huge arm over all three of them as he kissed Nasta’s neck.

“I love you. I love you all.” Max declared passionately.

Harry’s answer was a soft snore and the three of them shared a small, quiet laugh.

“When does he need another dose?” Blaise asked.

“Not for a while. They’re strong potions. He’s had the delusions, he’s had the nightmares, now it’s plain sailing until he needs another dose in several hours after the one he’s taken has worn off.”

“Dad, can you check on Leolin?” Nasta asked softly.
Max laughed. “They left to give us some privacy when you went all flowers and poetry on us.”

“Oh.” Nasta frowned and tried to look around and he couldn’t see much. “No wonder Harry is so annoyed and frustrated being stuck down here.”

“Be more patient with him.” Blaise told him. “He knows that he can’t get up, but he’s bored and he wants his children after what has happened. The last time he saw them was in the aftermath of the fight, he hasn’t seen them since as he’s been stuck in the Healing Halls and on the last day that he saw them they were all scared and crying, two of them were injured and he needed to see them again to make sure that they were all still here and alright. He should be better now.”

“Getting through those kids was hell on him.” Max sighed. “Calix almost sent him back to the Dracken Healing Halls by crawling all over him.”

“They should be calmer now that Harry’s home.” Nasta said, half hoping that he was right and that they did calm down now. He couldn’t handle anything close to the last couple of days. He just needed peace and calm now. They all did after what they’d been suffering through for the last couple of days. They deserved some peace and Nasta would damn well make sure that they got it, even if he had to force them all to be calm and force the peace, he’d do it.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I only just finished this chapter in time for the update this week. Thankfully the next chapter of Tainted Blood is already done, so I’ve survived posting a chapter a week for the entire of September, I just need to sort out October now and I’ll be all done with my two month madness. Good thing too, I’m exhausted and stressed already!

Thank you all for reading and reviewing, lovelies. I hope you’ve enjoyed this chapter. It was a little shorter than I would have liked, I needed to cut two planned scenes from the end to make sure I got it ready in time for this scheduled update, but those scenes will be in the next chapter now.

StarLight Massacre. X
At Ease

Chapter Notes

Last Time

“Be more patient with him.” Blaise told him. “He knows that he can’t get up, but he’s bored and he wants his children after what has happened. The last time he saw them was in the aftermath of the fight, he hasn’t seen them since as he’s been stuck in the Healing Halls and on the last day that he saw them they were all scared and crying, two of them were injured and he needed to see them again to make sure that they were all still here and alright. He should be better now.”

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Two – At Ease

Harry groaned as he woke up slowly. He was lying on someone, he could feel his body move gently, up and then down slightly as the person that he was lying on breathed deeply and evenly. Opening his gluey eyes revealed that he was on his back between someone’s legs with his back and head resting on their body. Big arms that were wrapped securely around his waist prevented him from rolling or moving much, as he found out when he tried to move himself to the side and those arms tightened around him immediately, reflexively, and kept him still and clamped to the person’s front.

“What are you awake?” A sleepy voice asked him.

“What?” Harry questioned, moving his hand to rub his eyes.

“Hold on, let me get you down so that you can see me.”
Harry was moved so carefully and gently that he had to smile as he was laid down in the warm groove that Nasta had created and he had his very handsome mate leaning over him, checking him visually for pain.

“Are you okay?”

Harry nodded minimally to prevent any aforementioned pain. “How long have I been sleeping? It looks like it’s still day time, unless I slept all night through.”

“No, it’s still day time, you’ve only been asleep for forty minutes or so.”

“Did I wake you up?” Harry asked softly.

Nasta chuckled. “It’s a good thing that you did, I wasn’t supposed to be asleep in the first place, but I didn’t want to move you, so I took a nap myself.”

Harry chuckled. “Where is everyone else?”

“No idea. But I think that it’s about time that you saw the new kitchen. Do you want a cup of tea?”

Harry nodded eagerly. “I’d love one. Can I sit up for a little bit? Just until I’ve had a drink and gone to the bathroom? I can’t do either lying on my back.”

“Do you need the bathroom now? It’s right outside this room, the first door on the right.”

Harry shook his head. “Tea first, please.”

Nasta eased him into his arms and stood up. Harry wrapped his arms around Nasta’s neck and he tried to keep himself as still and as straight as possible. It was awkward, but Harry was just glad to be looking at things from an, almost, upright position as he was carried through one hallway and then taken down another hallway that was at a right angle to the first, and then into the big, bright, sparkly kitchen that was filled with people sitting around the incredibly large kitchen table, including his two missing mates, Myron and Aneirin.
“Harry!” Max cried out happily as he saw him.

Harry grinned as he caught sight of the full, brand new kitchen and he whistled, there were so many windows on the one outside wall that the sun almost blinded him. There were other windows, false, magically charmed windows that were also streaming in false sunlight.

“Damn, Max, you did good with this.” He said. “I take it you picked out all the appliances and the design? I really want to bake a house warming cake.”

“No baking for you until you’re better.” Max told him, coming to kiss his lips. “You need a drink.”

“No baking for you until you’re better.” Max told him, coming to kiss his lips. “You need a drink.”

“Do I have chapped lips?” Harry frowned.

Max nodded to his question and he went to boil the kettle for him. Harry noted that it was also brand new and it seemed to boil in half the time of their previous kettle too. Nasta sat down slowly so that he wouldn’t jar Harry’s healing body and once he was down he held Harry on his lap, like one of their children, but Harry didn’t care as he snuggled in and greeted everyone around him. He happily took his cup of tea when Max handed it to him.

“You have a bit more colour to you at least.” Myron told him, accepting a mug of coffee from his son as Nasta quickly grabbed Harry’s cup of tea, helping him to sip at it when Harry’s shaky hands threatened to throw it over the both of them.

“Sorry. I’m sorry.” Harry insisted, utterly mortified, as he dribbled his tea over Nasta’s arm.

Nasta kissed the side of his head and ignored the tea on his arm as he held the cup steady for him to sip at. It was Max who cleaned up Nasta’s arm, and Harry’s chin, with a clean tea towel.

“It doesn’t matter, Caru.” Nasta told him softly. “Just drink what you want, when you want it.”

“I’m dribbling on you!” Harry said embarrassedly.
Nasta chuckled and kissed him again. “You’re under the effects of a very strong pain potion and there is a bit of a lag between your brain and your muscles. We know this and we don’t care.”

Harry blew out a breath and he tried to drink again, making absolutely sure that he’d swallowed what was in his mouth this time before moving his mouth away from the cup.

“I hate this.” He growled.

“I know.” Nasta said sadly.

“Where are my children?” Harry asked.

“Leolin woke up for a bottle while you were asleep, but he was much calmer and quieter. He didn’t open his eyes as he ate and he went right back to sleep. The girls are in the living room with Molly and the others have yet to wake up.” Aneirin told him.

Harry sighed and he nodded. “Did you send off that letter after?”

Aneirin nodded. “I did.”

“What letter?” Nasta asked, looking between Harry and his Dad.

Harry looked at him. “The one to Dain and Kailen, letting them know that Leolin is at least still alive and well after his trip to the hospital.”

Nasta nodded and he didn’t argue. He didn’t even grimace or pull a face this time and Harry didn’t make a fuss or draw any attention to it. It was progress in Harry’s book and progress was sorely needed when it came to his stubborn mate and the Faeries. Nasta accepted Dain and Kailen’s story and their reasoning behind their total separated absence, but it was going to take him some time to get over the news that he was actually blood related to them when he, and his whole family, had believed that they were related to someone else, Jediah Constas. Though from what Harry had learnt about the man from Dain and Kailen, how abusive and vile he’d been, to Trefor and to Trefor’s children, the children that he’d believed were his own and had raised as his own, Harry was glad that Nasta wasn’t related to him, and on the same page, he was so very glad that Trefor Delericey had found Dain and Kailen to love him and to give him his beautiful children, though the tragedy that had followed when they were grown was unthinkable. Jediah Constas had been a real
piece of work and Harry truly was glad that the man he loved, the man he had mated to, had not a single drop of that man’s blood in his veins.

Harry went back to his cup of tea, still being held by Nasta, but he gave up trying to drink anything after he almost choked when he’d inhaled the tea instead of swallowing it and he had to be carefully winded like their babies in order to breathe again.

“This…just get the tea away from me before I injure someone or myself.” He grumbled. “Can’t even fucking drink properly.”

No one chastised him for his language and Nasta nuzzled him and bit at his neck with his lips pulled over his teeth, so that it tickled him more than it hurt and Harry chuckled, which made Nasta do it again.

“Stop it, it tickles.” Harry giggled.

“The Malfoys will be here soon.” Myron reminded them, which was news to Harry and he perked up a little.

“Today?” Harry asked. “Is that where Draco is?”

“Yes.” Nasta answered blandly, trying not to inflect upon any one emotion.

“Good. I wanted to yell at him.” Harry nodded.

“He’s not coming back, Harry.” Max said as calmly as he could manage, knowing that getting angry and shouting at Harry would definitely not be a good thing to do. His hand was clenched into a fist under the table in order to control himself.

“Why not? Does he…does he not want to come back, doesn’t he care about us? About what he did to us?” Harry asked quietly, feeling inexplicably sad about that.

“It’s not that.” Nasta assured him quickly, unable to take Harry’s hurt, devastated expression over something that wasn’t true. “He wants to see you and the kids, but I won’t let him. I thought…”
“Why not? They’re his kids too!” Harry questioned, trying to keep his temper as his eyebrows lowered in confusion and the beginnings of anger.

“Technically they’re not his.” Max cut in fiercely.

“Since when did we start caring about such technicalities?” Harry demanded, his anger being stoked further.

“Stop.” Nasta ordered harshly. “The last thing any of us need right now is more fighting!” He growled. “Draco is not coming back, Harry. I’ve ordered him to stay away until such a time that he can control himself. I made a promise to you, remember? This will never happen again. You made me promise that and I’m making sure of it!”

“He can’t do it on his own.” Blaise said calmly, drinking yet another mug of coffee. Nasta wasn’t commenting on that either and it was very unusual, so not normal and it made Harry feel skewed. He felt off axis, as if things weren’t normal and he needed normal more than anything else right now. He just wanted everything to be normal and it wasn’t.

“I’ve told him to take anger management classes. Lucius agreed to the terms when I went to speak to him and he found the very best therapists with the highest success rates. Draco is going for his first class tomorrow and he is seeing no less than three different therapists. He is not coming back here, near my mates and my children, while he can lose control enough to almost kill you!” Nasta growled.

“What if he can’t do the classes?” Harry said worriedly.

“Then he’s never coming back.” Nasta said simply.

“You can’t do that!” Harry exploded. “That’s my choice to make not yours. He is my dominant mate, not yours and…”

“You are my submissive!” Nasta shouted, his voice echoing in the large kitchen. “I am the top dominant of this family and I say who goes near you or not and Draco is not going near any of you until he’s proven to me that he can control himself! He almost killed you, Harry and he did kill Blaise!”
“Still alive.” Blaise put in snidely, still staring into the depths of his coffee cup as if it would give him the answers that he was looking for.

“But you weren’t alive, we watched you die!” Max said desperately. “Do you have any idea what that did to us, Blaise? We…we had to watch you die, we had to watch as the Healers worked non-stop to revive you. You were dead for over six minutes and they were the longest six and a half minutes that I’ve ever lived through. Do you not understand how much that hurt us? How upset and devastated we were to receive the news that you’d actually died, no matter if it was temporary? We had to stand there and see you dead, Blaise.”

“I don’t remember any of it.” Blaise sighed.

“Because you were suffering with serious head trauma, because you’d actually, literally died!” Max insisted. “He killed you!”

“I don’t remember much of anything either.” Harry said with a frown.

“You’re on very strong pain killers, Harry. You’re just not sure what’s what at the moment.” Nasta told him patiently, striving for calm after his loud outburst. That too wasn’t normal, Nasta was the calmest, the least likely to shout and hearing him shouting so loudly, so angrily, drove into Harry harder that everything around him was just completely abnormal at the moment. He didn’t like it in the least.

Harry nodded. “I do really want to shout at Draco though, I need to get my own thoughts and feelings off of my chest so that I can feel better. Can I go and see him?” He tried to compromise.

“Absolutely not.” Max growled. “You’re not going anywhere near him.”

Harry sighed and tugged at his hair. “This isn’t ever going to be resolved if we don’t even try to fix it, Max.”

“Very wise words.” Myron told him approvingly.

Max clenched his teeth and his hands and he tried to breathe past his anger. “I can’t even look at him at the moment, I don’t want to.”
“You don’t have to. Let me.” Harry insisted.

“No.” Nasta said firmly.

“I have my own anger to work through!” Harry turned to tell him, trying to remain as calm as he could. “If I can’t work through this anger in my own way, then it’s going to fester. Keeping me from Draco is going to do more harm than good in the long run, Nasta! What do you think he’s going to do to me? He’s not going to take one look at me and just attack!”

“I’ve said no.” Nasta growled, a hint of his Dracken peeking through.

Harry’s eyes narrowed and his anger ramped up to fury. He bit his tongue, but a torrent of words wanted to fall out still, he wanted to use his words, to fling them around like sharp weapons with an outburst of abuse aimed at his two oldest mates, but he stopped himself...just.

He clenched his teeth and breathed deeply, letting those words flow through his mind, but not out of his mouth. Shouting wouldn’t help the situation at all and it would likely only make him dizzy or cause him pain. Instead he remained silently fuming, planning what to do next as it was very unlikely that he was going to get his way by talking things through with his two oldest mates, he had to act instead. At the moment he hadn’t been ordered to stay away from Draco and he could still leave of his own volition and he was going to do just that, as soon as he was able to.

The tensed, strained atmosphere that was left in the kitchen was broken by grunting over the baby monitor that was in front of Max.

“Mama?” A small, tinny voice called out over the monitor and Harry automatically went to stand up, but Nasta held him firm around the hips and kept him still as Max stood and went to get the awakened baby himself.

Harry instead remained sitting in Nasta’s lap and he planned his little escape jaunt and he planned it for tomorrow morning. No one would expect him to be up and moving so soon, especially not travelling through the floo. It was going to be painful, but he didn’t frankly care. He just needed to get rid of Nasta and Max first, maybe even Blaise too, though his first mate seemed to be more accepting of seeing Draco, it was just his two older mates who were being the problem and he had to remove them as the obstacles that they were first, before he could do anything.

Max walked in with Regan and as soon as his son saw him, he reached out with both hands, grasping for him, he’d been asleep when Harry had cuddled with his children earlier, so his little boy hadn’t known that he was home. Max sat Regan on the table in front of him and Harry leant forward to hug him.
“Mama, no go way.”

“I’m not going anywhere, Regan.” Harry insisted softly as he cupped his son’s face in both hands and bent forward to kiss his little mouth when he smacked his lips, wanting a kiss.

Harry rubbed Regan’s back gently, tickling his fingers over the back of his son’s onesie, smiling at Regan’s giggles.

“I’ve missed all of you.” He said softly, hugging Regan tightly, kissing all over his cheeks, listening to his son giggling happily.

“Come on, let’s get you a bit more comfortable. You’ve been sat up too straight for too long.” Nasta said gently as he stood up.

Harry was taken into the very large family room, still in Nasta’s arms, and he gasped at how large it was.

“This is…it’s the size of a Quidditch pitch!” He said in amazement.

Max laughed. “Not quite.” He said as he cuddled up to him, still sat sideways in Nasta’s lap, but on a settee this time. He was reclined backwards slightly, to take the pressure off of his abdomen.

Blaise walked in unaided, but Aneirin was sort of hovering just behind him protectively. Regan was placed on the floor by Max, but their son was content to sit at Nasta’s feet and play with Harry’s bare toes. It made Harry feel so sad that his son was that uncomfortable moving away from him, that he couldn’t go to the neat pile of toys just a few feet away to play.

“How are you, Mrs Weasley?” Harry asked with a tired smile from Nasta’s lap.

“Harry, dear. I was so worried when I heard what had happened.” Molly said as she supervised Eva and Ave playing on the floor. “Are you alright?”
“I’m alright.” He insisted. “If Voldemort couldn’t kill me, no one else will be able to.”

He ignored the slight flinches around him at Voldemort’s name, and the growling of his mates at the mention of the monster who had tried numerous times to kill him dating back to his babyhood.

He yawned widely and sunk back onto Nasta more securely and he snuggled in, tucking his arms between their chests and just resting. Nasta and Max approved of his actions if the two, different sized hands stroking him was an indication, Nasta’s hand on his back and Max’s on his face and head.

“If you need to sleep, Caru, just sleep.” Nasta told him. “You need the rest.”

Harry nodded, but he didn’t sleep. He just needed to stay still for a little while as his body rested. The tightness in his belly was not something that he was used to. It was a different pain altogether from what he had come to consider as normal from his experiences in giving birth. He wasn’t used to not being able to move his own body, he’d thought that this would have been like giving birth, just without the baby…but it was completely different.

When he gave birth, he didn’t cut through any muscles for a start, his insides didn’t spill out to dangle on the outside of his body for another. He sighed and rubbed his head over Nasta’s chest until he found his heartbeat and he rested his ear over that strong, soothing beat. It was nice and even, Nasta was relaxed and calm, as always, and that went a long way to ease him down, to reassure him that not everything was out of the ordinary.

“Are you okay?” Nasta asked him quietly.

Harry nodded. “I wanted to hear your heartbeat.”

“Do you want skin to skin contact?”

Harry considered that for a moment before he nodded. He did want skin to skin contact, he wanted it a lot.

“Max, can you help me please?” Nasta asked.

“Course.” Max answered as Nasta sat forward and eased Harry away from his body as Max pulled up Nasta’s shirt and helped him to slip his arms out one at a time while Nasta juggled Harry’s body with his other.
Nasta sat back against the settee and Harry laid his head back on his chest, his ear to that strong heartbeat and his hands and face touching warm, bare skin. He smiled and closed his eyes, everything was much better when he could touch any of his mates’ skin.

He didn’t mean to fall asleep, but he must have dozed off at some point as a scream had him jerking awake and flailing around in shock and then almost landing on the floor as he yelled out in agony and he tried to move his body away from the pain, which only caused more pain.

He writhed in Nasta’s arms as his mate tried desperately to get him to stay still, but the pain was too much for Harry to handle, it made him almost mindless as he was caught in the pain, and he wriggled and writhed and it made the pain so much worse, but he just couldn’t stay still.

Max grabbed his legs with one arm and held his hips down and as still as he could with the other and between the strength of Max and Nasta, they were able to hold him still as he cried helplessly through the waves of burning agony. He couldn’t help himself, he cried like a baby from the pain that he was in and once he was still and Nasta had picked him up into his arms again, he buried his face into Nasta’s neck and he cried messily, wrapping his arms around Nasta and holding on tight.

“Here, Harry. Pain potion.” Max said shortly, sounding like he was near tears himself.

Nasta helped Harry to drink the potion down and he held him through all the grimaces of distaste, the spluttering and the heaving at the taste of the vile potion as Harry had to sip it as he was huffing and hiccupping from his crying too much to knock it back in one as he usual would have.

“Are…are you alright, darling?”

Harry looked up at the voice of Narcissa Malfoy and he nodded minimally, silently, his face still wet from his tears and dribble.

“Who screamed?” He asked in a voice as rough as sandpaper.

“Leolin.” Nasta sighed. “He’s alright, he was having a feed and if we’d known that he was going to look around instead of feeding with his eyes closed as usual then we would have fed him in the kitchen, but he just caught sight of you and he immediately wanted your attention and he kicked off when he was refused. Myron’s taken him for some air.”

Harry nodded once, but he moved his head too much and he gasped from the pain that it had caused him and then he stayed as still as he possibly could while the pain potion did its job. Nasta stroked his hair repeatedly while holding him close to his bare chest to try and help comfort him.
“I was just saying that Draco is going for his first anger management class tomorrow.” Lucius Malfoy told him. Tegan was ‘reading’ a book on his lap, babbling to herself as she turned the pages. She had Lucius’ bulky Malfoy crest ring clutched in one hand and it made Harry smile as Lucius had obviously taken it off for her to hold and play with.

“How is he?” Harry asked concernedly.

“He’s regretful, of course.” Narcissa told him. “He’s missing you and the children terribly too. He keeps wondering aloud what you might be doing or he’ll turn around and say that Braiden would be having his bath at that time or Leolin would be due a feed.”

It was obvious that Max or Nasta, maybe both, had already warned the two elder Malfoys not to say anything that would obviously upset him. He realised then that Draco must be in a bad way, much worse than what everyone around him was letting on, and it made him more determined to go and see him tomorrow morning. He needed to get all of his anger and pain out at what Draco had done to him, to Blaise and to their children and Draco needed to know that he still cared. That he was still loved and cared for, despite everything that had happened, or he wouldn’t be able to get through the classes at all. He needed to know that he still had something to fight for or he wouldn’t apply himself one hundred percent to the classes. After all, why would he even try when he had already lost what he was supposedly working towards?

“I miss him too.” Harry said, a little slurred as the powerful pain potion started working. “Can’t let this happen again, though.” He said softly, almost to himself.

“We completely understand. This definitely cannot be allowed to happen ever again.” Narcissa agreed immediately. “We’ve already told Draco as such and he is going to these classes, we’re not even forcing him, he wishes to go to them and more than that, he is very enthusiastic about going. He doesn’t want this to happen again either.”

Harry was completely gone by this point thanks to the potion and he blinked languidly and sluggishly. He peered around with glassy, bleary eyes and he hummed confusedly, seeing things that only he could see.

“Where are my babies?” He asked, looking right past Calix, Regan, Ave, Eva and Tegan, who were all in the room with him and he instead looked around for something which clearly wasn’t there.
“Please, don’t do this again, Harry.” Max pleaded with him, near tears.

“I want my centaur babies. Where have you put them, what have you done with them?” He cried out, looking around with increasing alarm and panic.

“You don’t have any centaur babies, Harry.” Nasta said sadly.

“I do! What have you done with them?! I want them back!” He insisted, fighting against Nasta’s hold on him. “I want them back right now!”

“Is that the effect of the potion?” Lucius asked worriedly, very alarmed at the rapid change in Harry’s behaviour and the decline of his mental faculties.

Max nodded. “It is ridiculously strong. I actually protested him being given it at first, because of how very powerful it is, but the alternative was another potion not being strong enough for the level of pain that Harry was experiencing and thus making it a waste to give him the potion in the first place. Then Harry would have still been in pain and unable to take any more potions and that was unacceptable. He’s on milder potions now for managing his day-to-day pain, but we have a handful of the powerful potions still, just in case he has an episode like he did earlier, where he experiences very strong pain.”

“He’s going to be like this for a few hours now.” Nasta said as he held a struggling Harry against his chest and stopped him from going to hunt for his missing centaur babies. Just because Harry could no longer feel the pain that he was in, did not mean that he wasn’t causing any damage by moving around as he was.

“Because he’s not in any pain, in fact he can’t actually feel anything at the moment, he doesn’t think that he’s hurt.” Max said, almost reading Nasta’s mind. “So he actually does more damage by wriggling and moving around as he is because he can’t feel a thing, his body is completely cut off from his pain receptors, and he thinks that he’s completely fine when underneath the numbing effect of the potion, his body is screaming with pain.” Max explained sadly.

Harry stayed in his painless bubble, upsetting his mates, ignoring his babies as he tried to search for his centaur babies and he was talking rubbish for most of the afternoon, including recounting a very steamy, passionate encounter with ‘his centaur’ in his nest. It was almost a relief to all those present when, after a few hours of this behaviour, he eventually went quiet, only mumbling unintelligible words now and then, before he fell asleep on Nasta’s chest again. He was then carefully placed back into the little nest of a bed made up on the settee in the other, much quieter room, and he was left to just rest and sleep while those remaining tried to push what he’d said from
their minds, trying futilely to block it from their memories.

When Harry next woke up several hours later, it was pitch dark in the room and he was not alone in his little settee nest, Blaise was wrapped around him, fast asleep and lightly snuffling, but the overprotective Mothers’, Nasta and Max, were nowhere in sight.

He tested his body a bit and then, when no agonising pain ripped through him, he sat himself up slowly and carefully. He got up and tentatively put one foot in front of the other and he made his way to the door in the darkness. He opened it as quietly as he could manage and he carefully padded down the corridor, to the first door on the right, where Nasta had pointed out the bathroom to him.

The room behind the door couldn’t even be called a bathroom. It was huge and included a full sized bath that would have fit him and two other mates comfortably, as well as a large shower, that could have again fit himself and two other mates with elbow room. The room had beautifully carved counters along the one corner of the room, a beautiful, smooth sink sunken into the top of the one counter closest to the toilet. All of them were latched and couldn’t be opened by any wandering toddlers. Well, he had to go digging through the cupboards and drawers as his curiosity got the better of him and he found mostly baby cleaning things, baby shampoo, baby bubble bath, bath toys and so on, but in one cupboard, the one under the sink, he found clean flannels, shaving foam, a massive pack of disposable razors (which made him grin) and spare boxes of soap and toilet paper.

He used the toilet and washed his hands as his eyes took in every inch of his new home. He came out of the bathroom and headed further down the corridor and he then turned left to go down another corridor to the massive kitchen. Max really had done well with the kitchen, it was beautiful and there were even false windows that had been charmed to reflect the weather outside, as there was only the one exterior wall.

He boiled the kettle and snatched a mug from the mug tree next to it. They were all brand new and they were three different colours, white, pale grey and pale blue. They matched the same colours as the soft, pale and very open and spacious kitchen.

He made himself tea, trying not to overdo it, but he felt no pain as he was still being covered by the pain potion that he’d taken earlier. He really did hate that potion, but he couldn’t deny that its effects were outstanding. He almost felt completely normal, completely himself again.

He went back to the living room, padding quietly past Blaise and he sat himself back in the nest next to his mate and he sipped at his tea quietly, trying not to move too much, but he really was not feeling much of anything.

“Are you alright, Prezioso?”

Harry turned, almost choking on his sip of tea at the voice in the dark and he coughed a little before answering. “Fine, I just woke up and I needed a drink. You should go back to sleep.”
Blaise did the opposite and he sat himself up and mirrored him, resting their bodies beside one another.

“Are Nasta and Max in bed?” Harry asked, wondering why they’d been left alone.

“I convinced them to leave you to me so that they could focus on the kids. It took an hour of arguing before they agreed that we’d be fine down here on our own for the night. Nasta did cut off the floo access to anyone who wasn’t immediate family though, just in case.” Blaise rolled his eyes to show just how ridiculous he thought that idea was.

Harry chuckled as he drained his tea and he put the empty cup down on the side table and he turned on the lamp that he found there too, just so that they weren’t straining their eyes so much in the dark, as Drackens did have a good level of night vision, before he turned to cuddle into Blaise.

“Can I have skin contact, please?” He asked quietly, a little unsurely.

“Of course you can, Bello. I’d never deny you anything that you wanted…within reason of course.”

Blaise immediately stripped himself off and he helped Harry take off his pyjama top too and they laid together, bare skin against bare skin. Blaise drew patterns on Harry’s back with his fingers and Harry sighed, rubbing his thumb across Blaise’s skin, dipping his thumb into his belly button and smiling as he encountered the slight patch of hairs that Blaise had on his lower belly.

He turned his head and craned it back and he puckered his lips up at Blaise, who chuckled and obliged him by kissing him. Then they kissed again…then again. Their soothing touches became harder, stroking instead of teasing, their kisses became something more as one of them, neither would remember who, added their tongue to their kisses. It had been so long since they’d last had contact of this kind, and with Max and Nasta being so very overprotective, it was likely that neither of them would get contact of this kind in the near future while their two older mates were being so paranoid and overprotective.

They probably should have controlled themselves, they probably should have reeled themselves in, but neither of them did and very soon Blaise was over Harry, kissing him deeply and passionately while his one hand was inside his pyjama bottoms, stroking Harry to full hardness.

Blaise pulled back with a curse and Harry realised that he’d been trying to kick off his own pyjama bottoms, but they’d gotten caught around his knees. Blaise yanked them off of his lower legs and threw them over the side of the settee before turning to pull off Harry’s bottoms too. Then they were both naked, neither of them thinking straight or about any consequences as Blaise moved back over him, sliding his body along Harry’s, as he lined up their mouths for another kiss as his
hands touched as much skin as he could.

Harry moaned softly and rolled his hips gently up into Blaise. “That feels so good.”

“Are you in any pain?”

“I just said it feels good, pain doesn’t feel good.” Harry groaned. “Or at least it doesn’t to me… not too much of it anyway. I like being spanked and a bit of hair pulling or biting, anything else is a no.”

Blaise chuckled and he moved down to his neck and he kissed the soft skin twice, then he bit him lightly. Harry moaned and he arched himself up into Blaise.

“I don’t have any lube.” Blaise complained. “Nasta has both of our wands safe upstairs. I think he was worried that we’d start duelling down here without him to watch over us or something.”

Harry chuckled at the absurdity of that, shaking his head at Nasta’s overprotectiveness, before he gave Blaise a very sexy, naughty look and he took Blaise’s hand and he sucked two fingers into his mouth, licking them and putting as much saliva onto them as he could manage. He kept eye contact with Blaise as he did so, watching as those indigo eyes darkened and Blaise groaned deeply.

Blaise pulled his fingers free and replaced them with his tongue. The saliva coated fingers played around the entrance to Harry’s body and one slid into him slowly and gently.

Harry moaned into the kiss and he thrust his tongue back into Blaise’s mouth, holding his mate’s head still by holding onto the back of Blaise’s head. It was disconcerting to touch Blaise’s head and not feel his silky, layered hair, only short, stubbly bristles, but Harry ignored it as he held Blaise’s head and kissed him furiously.

“Oh! Ooh” He moaned as one of those long, elegant fingers found the little nub inside his body and Blaise teased it mercilessly.

“Keep your body as straight as you can, Bello.”

Harry nodded and he knew why, him yelling out in pain really would be a mood killer…and it would probably bring Max and Nasta running and then he and Blaise would never get any peace again as those two men would hover over them, especially if they were caught in such a compromising position.
Blaise kissed down his chin and then down to his neck, he nibbled and bit before he carried on down to his collar bone, he licked and kissed at it before going down even further to flick his tongue over his left nipple. Harry gasped and then moaned happily.

Blaise continued to tease him with his fingers inside his body and his mouth on his nipple, switching over to pay the other one attention too as he prepared him for something that they probably shouldn’t have been doing. Max and Nasta would kill them both and then likely separate them like naughty children, but Harry didn’t frankly care as he pushed Blaise away from him.

“Now.” He said, his chest heaving with the sensations he was feeling. “Now, please.”

“I’ve only used two fingers.” Blaise told him.

“I know. I’m ready, Blaise. Listen to me, please.”

Blaise smiled. “I always do.”

Blaise slipped back and he spat quietly into his own hand, moving it down to touch himself. He made a soft noise before he rolled his hips forward. He lay down and kissed him, hard, burning with passion as he lifted one hand to push it through Harry’s hair to anchor his head where he wanted it as he twisted his own head to kiss him deeply.

He used his other hand to guide himself to the entrance to Harry’s body. He kissed harder and pushed himself into him in one slow, smooth, long thrust and Harry moaned into the kiss. Blaise held still within him and focused purely on kissing and touching him, lightly pressing Harry’s nipple between his finger and thumb before he let go of it and rubbed his thumb over the hardened nub.

“Better?” Blaise asked, pulling back to look at his face.

Harry’s eyes were half lidded, his mouth slightly open and he nodded. “Yes. Yes, please, Blaise. Please, my love. I need this. I need this so much.”

Blaise nodded and he pulled back slowly, carefully. He waited, with just the head of himself inside Harry’s body, for a short moment before he pushed back in slowly and gently.

“Ti amo tanto.” Blaise whispered, nuzzling his cheek.
“Ti amo, Blaise.” Harry said back raggedly as he tried to hold onto the pleasure of the slow, sweet thrusts that Blaise was making him feel.

Blaise kissed him harder and he pushed back into him with a bit more pace, pulling out a little quicker and pushing back in without pause. Harry groaned and rolled his hips minimally up into Blaise to try and make those sensations last for longer.


“I can’t help it.” Harry complained with a moan. “It feels so good.”

“No pain?”

“None. Are you in pain?”

“Fuck no.” Blaise chuckled, which made them both moan. “You feel so amazing. Ti amo.”

“Please move.”

Blaise did as Harry had asked him and he moved quicker. He by no means moved as roughly as he could, nor did he go as fast or as hard as he usually would have. Instead he kept things smooth and slightly shallow. It was more gentle than they were used to and it felt so intimate, so loving and Harry sighed softly, happily at the sensations that were building up so slowly within him.

“I love you so, so much.” Harry said as he wrapped his arms around Blaise’s neck and tried not to move his legs or his hips as Blaise did all of the work in pleasing them both.

Blaise grunted and he lowered his head to kiss him, hard and passionately, with a lot of forceful tongue. Harry rather thought that he was transferring all of the energy that he wanted to be using in his thrusts into the kiss. Harry kissed back just as passionately, shoving his tongue into Blaise’s mouth like he wanted to be doing with his hips.

The sensations grew slowly, oh so slowly, each slow thrust pushing him closer and closer to orgasm and the slow build up was so deliciously painful that his gut was squirming pleasantly.
Blaise’s breathing was becoming ragged and he started panting, their kisses became quick and furious clashes of tongues and lips as the both of them rapidly became breathless and overwrought with pleasure.

Harry made a soft noise, then another and then the sounds came continuously as his pleasure spiked and he grunted, covering his mouth with his hand to prevent the scream that wanted to come out as he orgasmed hard, spilling himself over Blaise and his own belly.

He was sweaty and sated, panting hard to try and catch his breath as Blaise forced himself with a steel will to keep to the slow, shallow thrusts as Harry’s body clenched around him, massaging him as he pushed in and pulled out gently.

Blaise grunted and threw his head back as he orgasmed and he juddered on top of Harry for a moment before he sighed and laid himself carefully back onto Harry, snuggling for a moment. Once they’d both caught their breath, Blaise rolled to the side and he groaned.

“Maybe that was a bad idea after all. My head is pounding.” He said with a chuckle.

“I’m alright.” Harry said with a grin. “Until later today at least. Do you regret it?”

Blaise scoffed and shook his head gingerly. “Never.” He insisted firmly. “I’ve never regret making love to you, you are everything to me, Prezioso.”

Blaise cuddled up to Harry, rolling over to spoon against the side of him, head on Harry’s chest as Harry had to lay straight. Harry lifted a hand and he rubbed his fingers over Blaise’s stubbly head, stroking his thumb over his temple to try and ease away the pounding headache that had been caused by Blaise’s strong orgasm.

They fell back to sleep, naked, still covered in cum, snuggled up to one another, Blaise wrapped around Harry the way that Harry was usually wrapped around his mates. He couldn’t wait until he was completely healed and this horrible nightmare was behind them…completely behind all five of them. He was not giving up on Draco, he was not going to lose one of his mates over this, regardless of what had happened. He was going to give Draco the chance to go to these classes and sort himself out, but first, he was going to wake up early, floo over to the Malfoy house and he was going to get his anger and frustration off of his chest before it could fester and become a problem in the future.

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Harry felt no shame in sneaking into the Malfoy house. It was early morning, so if they weren’t already up, then they would be soon. He had decided against getting dressed, he wanted to do what he needed to and then get back as quickly as possible and getting dressed would have been a painful waste of time. He had instead just slipped back into his pyjamas and forced on his old,
battered trainers and he’d come as he was, tousled sex hair and all.

Harry ignored the little house elf that had popped immediately into the room after his arrival and had tried to stop him from going any further into the house. He knew where he was going, he could follow the way to Draco’s bedroom as he could smell it.

“Young master needs to wait in the receiv…”

“Go away, please.” Harry said firmly as the little elf hurried by his side. “Draco is my mate and I’ll see him when I want to without an appointment, thank you.”

Harry followed the scent of Draco through the house and he pushed open a door on the far side of the first floor. Draco was in his bed sleeping, his face was still bruised and his bottom lip was scabbed over. His eyes looked purple from a mix of lack of sleep and too much crying. It broke Harry’s heart.

He shut the door quietly and he warded it tight, tapping into his Dracken side to manage it without his wand, to prevent anyone from coming in and disturbing them. He sat on the edge of the bed and he sighed. He stroked the silky, baby fine, blond hair that he had missed and he sighed heavier.

Why had this happened? How had it come to this? It should never have come to this, it should never have happened.

Everything had changed and they were never going to forget this incident, but he did hope…he wanted for it all to be forgiven. He wanted to go back to having his four mates and his babies around him. He was due a heat period soon, it was going to be hell on him if just one of his mates were missing, he knew that from the heat that he’d experienced when he was bonding to Draco, when he hadn’t known that Max needed to be there too.

Harry had expected to feel incredibly angry when he saw Draco again for the first time, but he didn’t. He felt pained knowing that this man had hurt him, had hurt Blaise and their children and their family, but the anger that he’d been feeling since the incident was gone. He felt tired. Tired and inexpressibly sad. Maybe he shouldn’t have come here today after all, not just because his fucked up leg was slowing him down and aching fiercely, but because he still didn’t know what to think or feel over everything that had happened and he didn’t know if he could control his own emotions. He didn’t know how to feel, so therefore he had no idea how he was going to act.

Draco sighed and his silver-blue eyes fluttered open as his Dracken sensed that something was wrong around him. Harry had a moment of looking into his eyes, wondering if he wanted to smile at him or smash his fist down into those perfect teeth, before Draco’s eyes closed again.

Harry knew what Draco was thinking though and he needed to speak to him before Max and Nasta came hunting for him. They’d know immediately where he’d come after their talk yesterday if they woke up and found him missing.

“You’re not dreaming, Draco.” He said softly.
Those eyes snapped open and Draco reached a hand out to touch him. Harry took that hand into his own and squeezed it gently.

Draco sat bolt upright and pulled him into a huge, crushing hug and he started sobbing onto his shoulder.

“Nasta said that I wasn’t allowed to see you or the kids.” Draco whimpered.

“Nasta doesn’t know that I’m here, but I had to see you. I had to tell you that I still love you.” Harry said, feeling like he was a hundred years old.

“How can you after what I did?” Draco asked him seriously.

“I didn’t fall in love with you overnight, Draco, and I won’t fall out of love with you overnight either. It’ll take time and I know that if I’d followed Nasta and Max’s wishes and not come here, if I’d let the anger and rage fester, then I could have easily fallen out of love with you, maybe I’d have even come to hate and resent you for what you did, given enough time away from you. That’s why I’m here. I don’t want that to happen. I fought for you once, to be my mate. I chose you more than I chose any of the others, because I had to fight to keep you. Now you need to do the same. You need to fight for me, Draco. You need to fight for me, for Max and Blaise and Nasta, for our beautiful children and all the ones that will come later in our lives. You need to fight for us, for your family, or you’re going to lose us.”

“I will do whatever it takes.” Draco swore to him seriously. “I love you. I love you so much, all of you and the kids too, of course. I can’t believe I did something so awful to you all.”

“You need help.” Harry said even more seriously.

Draco nodded. “I don’t know what you’ve been told, but I’m taking anger management classes, all with different therapists. My first one is actually later today.”

Harry pulled his legs up and he lay down in Draco’s bed, mostly because he couldn’t stay sat up for a moment longer. Draco looked really worried at his behaviour.

“Are you alright?”
“No, Draco I’m not alright. I’m not going to lie to you, you seriously hurt me and it was almost fatal.” Harry said, not sugar coating anything. “I’m having trouble sitting up for any length of time because it starts putting too much pressure on my core muscles and there is a very real danger of my gut opening up again. My leg was also very badly injured, so I can’t really walk at all. It took ages just to get here and the floo was absolute agony.”

Draco’s hand hovered over him and finally touched his face, cupping his cheek.

“I’m so sorry.”

“So you’ve said. There is nothing more that you can say now, Draco. You need to show it. You need to show us that you’re willing to change. You need to show that you’re sorry. You can’t keep holding onto this anger and maybe it was the suppressant potion that you were taking that first set you on edge and made you so aggressive, but you are no longer on that potion, Draco. It’s no longer in your system, you were properly detoxed and it is no longer in your system.” He stressed for emphasis. “The deposit it laid down is not an excuse. You need to get rid of this anger, of all this aggression, Draco, before it tears us all apart, before you do actually end up permanently killing one or more of us.”

Draco lay down next to him and wound an arm around him, holding him tight and pressing every inch of Harry against himself as if he was memorising the feel of his body, being careful of his aforementioned leg and belly.

“I didn’t see it as you.” He said softly. “When I dug my claws into you, I wasn’t seeing you. I swear it.”

Harry nodded. “That may be so, but it was me. I can’t have a dominant who attacks me, Draco, not for any reason. I can’t have a dominant who hurts my children.” He said with a bite of a growl to his voice.

“I will get better. I’ll learn how to control myself. I will.” Draco swore determinedly. “I love you. I’m just scared that I’ve already ruined it. Nasta was so angry and Max and Blaise haven’t even come to see me.”

“Blaise is still injured too.” Harry defended easily. “He’s having a bit of trouble with his memory. He keeps getting names mixed up and he doesn’t remember the fight at all, so he doesn’t really know what happened and thus he has no emotions linked to the event.”
“So he doesn’t hate me?” Draco asked with a hint of hope.

Harry shook his head. “He still loves you, we all do, Draco. As I said, none of us are going to fall out of love with you overnight, we still love you, you’re still our mate. But we’re also very angry, Max in particular. He’s scared and hurt and he’s angry, so all together he’s not willing to forgive you just yet. He needs some time to calm down first. He’s feeling guilty, because he was right there when the fight started. He thinks that he should have done more to protect me, to protect Blaise and the kids and it’s eating him up inside and he’s channelling that into rage so that he doesn’t completely breakdown. It just so happens that you’re a very convenient target for that rage after what you did.”

“I don’t know how to fix this.” Draco said tearfully.

“Just get better.” Harry said firmly. “Show us, prove to us, that you want to get rid of your anger and the aggressive behaviour. Show us that you love us enough to work hard for us, because we still love you and regardless of what’s happened, we can get over this. We can.”

“How? What I did was unforgivable and I hurt Braiden and Leolin too! How can you even stand to look at me?”

“Enough.” Harry said sternly. “This woe is me attitude is not going to get you through these classes, Draco. I forgave Max when he was so angry with me that he couldn’t stay in the same house as me, his own home! I almost killed Cepheus, remember? I almost killed a member of Max’s family and he forgave me for that! And I forgave him when his leaving left me alone with the kids and then Leolin and Calix were so very sick…I thought they were going to die, Draco. I thought that my two babies were going to die and Max wasn’t even there. I forgave him for that, we all did despite how angry we were with him at the time. It doesn’t last, Draco, but you have to work hard for us, like Max did. You can’t just give up on us because things get difficult, we still love you and we will forgive you in time.”

“I will work hard for you, I swear it.”

Harry smiled. “I love you, but I think I need to get back before Max and Nasta find me missing and panic.”

Draco nodded and he sat up, helping Harry sit up too, but Harry let out a pained gasp at the small movement regardless. Draco looked so upset just from that, but Harry ignored it. Draco’s upset or apologies were not what he needed right now. He needed his mate to be better, so this would never happen again.
Draco helped him down the corridor and carried him down the stairs so that Harry didn’t have to endure the agony of it. They met the elder Malfoys waiting for them in the receiving room.

“You should not be here.” Lucius told him firmly. “You haven’t yet recovered.”

Harry nodded. “I know. But I needed to be here, just to lend a bit of extra support.”

“Shall I assume that Nasta and Maximilius do not know that you’re here?” Lucius asked him shrewdly.

Harry snorted. “As if they would have let me come if they did know. That’s why I came so early, before they woke up. Blaise and me stayed in our settee nest last night.” Harry smiled, but fought off the blush at the memory of just what he and Blaise had done in that settee nest. Perhaps that was why he was so sore today and not actually because he was pushing himself too hard. Max and Nasta would never have had sex with him in his condition, but Blaise had taken him at his word and had listened to him. Blaise had always listened to him and done what he wanted. Always.

“You need to get back.” Draco told him, but Harry could tell from the tone of his voice that he didn’t want to let him go. “I don’t know when I’ll be seeing you again.” He said sadly, confirming Harry’s suspicions.

“I know. Nasta will order me not to see you again when I get back, if he finds out that I’ve been here that is and I have no intentions of letting him know about this little visit, but that’s why it was so important for me to see you today, before the idea occurred to him to order me not to come to see you. It won’t be forever, Draco, not if you work hard.”

“I will, I promise.” Draco sighed and he held Harry closer for a moment before carefully setting him on his feet.

Harry kissed him gently on the lips and shooed him away to get ready for his classes. He gave a meaningful glance to Lucius and Narcissa and then he went back through the floo to the new house. The house that Draco didn’t know about yet.

Everything was silent and quiet when he arrived back home and Harry relaxed fractionally. Blaise was still fast asleep and Harry contemplated joining him again, but he needed to be absolutely sure that his little jaunt over to see Draco had not been noticed. He kicked his shoes off and he padded out into the hallway with bare feet and he took the left turn to the kitchen. It was in darkness. Relaxing further, he turned back around and he headed down a new corridor, one that he hadn’t been down yet, and he found the stairs, climbing them carefully and slowly.
He cursed under his breath as he saw how many doors were up here and he tried to remember what Blaise had been saying yesterday, when he’d went on the hunt for a bathroom on the first floor. He was sure that Blaise had said the first door off of the landing was a guest bedroom and then opposite each other, to either side of the corridor, were nurseries, and the biggest room, next door to the nursery on the right side was the master bedroom.

Harry eased open the door to the master bedroom, thankful that it was brand new and didn’t make even a whisper of sound, as he peeked in on Max and Nasta, who were both still asleep, and he smiled to see them all cuddled up and cosy together in the bed, wrapped around one another in a tangle of interwound limbs.

The room was absolutely massive, the bed a monstrosity with a thick, solid wooden headboard that had to have been custom made. The carpet squished under his bare toes and it made him smile as it tickled. He couldn’t really see colours, it was too dark in the room with the only light coming in through the open doorway from the hallway, but he thought that it might have been red. Blaise and Draco would not like that, he thought happily.

He padded on soft feet, made easier by the very thick, plush carpet, to the large bed and he took his wand carefully from the bedside table, where it lay in a bundle with Blaise, Nasta and Max’s wands, and he was thankful that Nasta and Max had chosen to sleep more on the opposite side of the bed as he quietly whispered the incantation for a scent remover, sweeping his body with his wand to remove Draco’s scent from his clothes and body, before he quietly replaced it, his eyes always on Max and Nasta in the bed.

Once he was done with his practical business, he turned his back to the bed, and to the sleeping Max and Nasta, and he padded quietly over to the twin bassinets at the bedside which held his twin daughters, Eva and little Ave. They could fit several bassinets side by side easily in the space between their bed and the far wall and for some unexplainable reason it made him well up with happiness. It made him and his Dracken happy to know that their mates had been so thoughtful as to make so much room for their newborns, even if they didn’t need quite so much room or ever use all of it, it made him force back a happy trill to know that they had been thinking of their growing family when building their home regardless.

He kissed both Eva and Ave softly before he just stood there and smiled at them. He touched their little hands, tucked them in more firmly and smoothed their curls from their sleeping faces.

“Why are you up here?” A soft voice demanded from behind him.

Harry startled, his heart turning over with fright, and he peered back over to the bed, to Nasta, who’d cracked an eye open at the disturbance in the air caused by his presence. Nasta pushed himself up on his arm, taking in Harry’s pyjamas and bare feet with apparent approval. Harry knew then that it was the right decision to keep his pyjamas on to go and visit Draco.

“I woke up suddenly and thought that it might be one of the kids.” He lied convincingly. “I was just coming to check on them, but I don’t know my way around up here. I found four empty rooms, one looked to be a guest bedroom, but I must have missed the nursery, unless it’s the door down the bottom of the corridor, but I never reached that far as I found the master bedroom before the nursery, so I came to check on my baby girls first.”
Nasta groaned and he laid himself back down before he extracted himself carefully from Max’s body without waking the bigger man and he stretched out before he sat back up and then got himself up and out of the bed. He came to kiss him and held him loosely around the waist.

“You shouldn’t have struggled up the stairs, Harry. How is your leg?”

“Aching.” He replied truthfully. “But my babies always come first, Nas. You know that.”

Nasta sighed and he herded him to the other side of the room when Harry went to make his way out into the corridor. Harry was confused when Nasta opened a door, of what he had assumed was a bathroom or a wardrobe, only to be pleasantly surprised when he walked in to find himself in a nursery, right next door to the master bedroom, connected to it by the door. It was again a very large room, but there were five cots around the walls, a changing table too, and Harry could see all the occupants of the cots from the door, he loved that he was able to do that.

Only Calix was awake, sitting in his cot quietly, holding his toes and rocking back and forth with a grin. He giggled when he saw them and he hefted himself up with the bars of his cot and he reached out for them.

“Mummy.” He called out. “Pick up.”

“This is why I woke up!” Harry declared as he reached down into the cot.

Nasta however picked Calix up before Harry could and placed him on his hip. Harry sighed and shook his head, but he still smiled. Nasta picked him up too, carefully and gently, and carried him and Calix out of the nursery, through another door that led onto the hallway, before carrying them down the stairs.

“Blaise is still asleep.” Harry told Nasta, who veered off into the kitchen instead and through to the larger family room.

Harry got placed on one of three large, five seater settees and a squirming Calix got placed on the floor. He hauled himself up to his feet and he toddled right over to the toy box and he started digging. Harry smiled adoringly at him.

“Did you grab the baby monitors?” He asked distractedly.
“I need the bathroom, so I’ll grab them on my way back down. Just don’t move.”

“Not moving.” Harry replied. “Unless Calix needs me, then no promises.”

Nasta looked like he’d argue with him, but he just sighed and nodded.

“I’ll be back soon.”

“I love you.” Harry said quietly.

Nasta’s entire stance softened and he smiled. “I love you too, Harry. So very much.”

His oldest mate came back over to him and he cupped his face in his hands, fingers pressing gently across his jaw and into his cheeks before he bent and kissed him.

He pulled back, but Harry slipped his fingers into Nasta’s black hair and tugged him back down and into a more passionate kiss that left them both breathless and chuckling.

“Kisses!”

Calix’s shriek broke them apart as he hurried over to them on little legs and their son lifted his arms right up over his head.

“Want kisses too, Mummy!”

“You are so adorable, I can’t stand it!” Harry cooed as Nasta swept their son up and kissed him.

Nasta presented Calix to him and Harry kissed him soundly on the mouth, Calix making a smacking noise as he did so.

Harry chuckled in joy at Calix’s antics as Nasta placed him back on the floor and Harry watched
him toddle off yet again, back towards his toys.

“When do you think we should start toilet training them?” He asked. “They’re old enough to start trying I think.”

“Braiden definitely is. I was going to bring it up when we were more settled, but he’s almost two. It’s about time that we introduced him to that potty that we bought for him.”

“I’m so excited to try him on it.” Harry said with a grin. “He’s been hiding while he’s going in his nappy recently. If that’s not a sign that he’s ready to try then I don’t know what is.”

“Speaking of potties. I’ll be right back.” Nasta said with a small grin before leaving the family room.

Harry sighed and he relaxed back, letting his muscles unclench and lose all tension. Nasta was none the wiser about his visit to Draco and he hoped to keep it that way.

He settled on the settee, trying to ignore the ache that was getting fiercer in both his leg and his abdomen. He breathed through it and he watched Calix. He had no idea if it had been his jaunt to Malfoy Manor or the sex that he’d had with Blaise, but his leg and stomach were killing him. He’d over done it and now his body was punishing him for it.

“You’re in pain.”

Harry tipped his head back on the settee to see Nasta looking at him, two baby monitors in hand.

“Yeah. I think I need a potion, not one of the strong ones, but one of the other ones.” Harry said, grimacing.

Nasta came around the settee and put the monitors down on the coffee table, reaching out to cup his cheeks. Harry got a kiss and then Nasta went back into the kitchen, through the top door. Harry noticed that there was a set of double doors to the left side of him and he wondered where they went.

Nasta came back with a pain potion and a cup of tea, sitting by the side of him and uncorking the slim vial.
“Where does that door go?” Harry asked as Nasta was sorting out his potion for him.

Nasta looked over to the double doors and his face scrunched up. He got that look on his face where he didn’t want Harry to know something.

“It goes into the smaller living room, doesn’t it?” He asked as he realised that the other room would be beside this one, but he already knew the answer. “Why didn’t you say yesterday, I could have seen the kids and…and that was why you didn’t tell me. You didn’t want me seeing them, did you?” He demanded.

“Drink your potion.”

Harry narrowed his eyes. He allowed Nasta to tip the contents of the vial down his throat and he swallowed hard, getting it all down in one go. It made his eyes water and he stuck his tongue out in absolute disgust.

Nasta smiled gently at him and he held the cup of tea out for him to sip at to remove the taste from his mouth.

“It’s so disgusting.” He complained as he wiped his eyes dry.

Nasta cupped his cheeks and used his thumbs to catch the tears that Harry had missed. He kissed him again and pulled him in to rest against him quietly as Calix played on the floor. At least it was quiet until a shrill cry came over one of the baby monitors.

“I got it.” Nasta said, making to stand up, but they heard Max grunting over the monitor and lumbering out of bed instead.

“I guess Max has it.” Harry chuckled before he lay back on Nasta’s chest.

“A good thing too, I’m very comfortable right where I am.” Nasta smiled as he drank his own morning cup of green tea.

Harry smiled and relaxed himself as the potion got to work, erasing his pain and melting the tension from his muscles.
“Better?” Nasta asked him once he felt Harry relax fully.

He nodded carefully and then sighed when there was no pain. “Yeah, that’s better now.”

“You should know better than to take on the stairs by yourself.” Nasta lectured him.

“I know, I know. I can’t always help it though, if I think that my babies need me, then that’s it, nothing else matters to me. I’d struggle up those stairs for my babies if both of my legs were severed at the groin and I had to crawl up them with just my arms.”

Nasta tried to remain calm as he heard that and he nodded. He had to try and understand things from Harry’s point of view. He was a submissive Dracken, of course his children were going to come first for him, just like Harry came first for him because he was a dominant. It wasn’t Harry’s fault, it was just his inherent instincts and no matter how hard he tried, he could never change them, it was a fundamental characteristic of a submissive Dracken and like it or not, he had to accept it.

“Here you are. I saw that Blaise was still asleep and I panicked a bit when I realised he was alone.” Max sighed as he hefted in the twin girls.

“Are they okay?” Harry asked, trying to peer at the two girls from against Nasta’s chest.

“One woke up the other, as usual.” Max groaned. “But other than that, they’re fine. Ave needed a nappy change.” He explained when Harry looked at the girls critically. “She’s all clean and fresh.” He smiled, trying to lighten the mood.

Harry smiled back and held his arms out for her, before looking to Nasta, as if seeking permission and that hurt Nasta’s heart too. It had been what he’d wanted…or so he had thought. But now that it had actually happened, it was all wrong. It felt wrong for Harry to ask his permission for something, for anything. Harry was his mate, his lover, not his child. Harry didn’t need his permission to do anything, he refused to be such a controlling, domineering mate.

He refused to answer the non-verbal look that Harry had given him and Max, possibly feeling the tension in the air, laid Ave in Harry’s outstretched arms. When Nasta didn’t say anything, Harry smiled widely and he pulled her into his chest, cooing over her and tickling her tummy. It was normal for him to be like this, it was normal to see Harry with a baby in his arms. Perhaps that was what they needed now…normal.
Nasta put his hand on Harry’s knee and he squeezed gently. “I’m going to go and check on Leolin.” He said as he stood up.

“Nasta.” Harry called out softly. “Thank you.”

Nasta had to close his eyes and breathe deeply through the pain of having his submissive thank him for letting him hold his own child with no fuss. They really did need normal in their lives and routines again if this is what they’d sunk to.

He left the room without saying a word and he went to check on his remaining children, particularly on Leolin, who were all fast asleep still.

He went back down to the ground floor and he didn’t know what to do for the best, he didn’t know what would make things better, but he knew that they couldn’t carry on like this.

He made everyone a cup of tea, squeezing a good glob of honey into Harry’s cup and he stirred it vigorously for a minute before heading back into the family room and handing out the tea to each person.

“We’re going to need to have a sit down and we need to talk this through.” He said softly, almost randomly as he broke through Harry and Max’s conversation about getting new sleepsuits for the rapidly growing girls, but his mind was working furiously as he tried to figure out how to put his family to rights again.

“What is there to talk about?” Max asked, almost too calmly. Nasta could see the flash of anger in those blue eyes and he sighed. This would be so much easier if he didn’t have Max fighting against him too. He needed to get Max to see things from an outlook perspective, he needed to get Max on board with him. Things would be so much easier if he and Max were working together on the same page. If all of them, every single one of them, were all on the same page and were working together, then things could actually get done and things would be sorted much quicker and much easier. They might actually be able to become a family again if they all worked towards the same goals together, as they supported one another towards those goals. They needed to be strong now, to pull together and work hard to salvage this situation.

“Don’t make this any more difficult than it has to be.” Nasta said softly, keeping his temper so that he didn’t ignite another fight. “You know that we need to talk about how to proceed from here.”

“Calmly and with no shouting.” Harry said. “I’ve had enough of fighting, I’ve had enough anger and shouting.”
“We’ll do it calmly.” Nasta nodded. “Like the adults that we are.”

They heard a low moan from the room next door in the strained silence created by the heavy topic. It was followed closely by a second, louder moan.

“Is that Blaise?” Harry asked worriedly. “He was a little dizzy last night and his head was hurting.”

“Why didn’t you say sooner?” Max demanded as he ran to the double doors and flung them open into the other room, going to attend immediately to Blaise.

“Did I…did I do something wrong?” Harry asked in a quiet, unsure voice that wavered with upset. “Was I supposed to call you, or a Healer, if Blaise was a bit dizzy? He said that he was okay.”

Nasta controlled himself and he touched Harry’s cheek. “No, my love. Blaise has been signed off by a Healer, he likely only has a bit of a headache.”

Nasta kissed Harry’s mouth and smiled at him, even though his Dracken wanted to run over to Blaise and sniff every inch of him. Harry needed him too, especially after Max’s unthinking, hurtful outburst.

“Oh, get off, Max.” They heard Blaise complaining. “I have a headache, nothing else.”

“Why are you naked?” Max asked him.

“Why are you dressed?” Blaise answered back lecherously, as quick as a snap.

Harry chuckled softly and even Max, as fretful as he was, saw the funny side of things as he helped Blaise sit up.

“You have…Blaise, what is that?” Max’s good humour had slipped away as quickly as it had come and his voice was like thunder.

“You know what it is, don’t even try to pretend that you don’t. That’s going to hurt like hell to get
off now that it’s dry.” Blaise sighed and too late, Harry remembered that Blaise still had their fluids from last night on his body. They had never cleaned up afterwards.

“Are you talking about what I think you are?” Nasta asked far too softly as he stood to see for himself. His eyes flashed as he saw the patch of dried cum on Blaise’s belly. “Did you do this yourself or did you have help?” He asked as he turned to stare at Harry.

Harry sighed. “Alright, so we fucked last night, big deal!”

Harry could almost see Max inflating with anger.

“It is a big fucking deal!” He roared. “You’re both injured!”

His shouts startled Calix, who flinched and looked up worriedly and that made Harry angry as it obviously caused Calix to remember bad memories as he huddled up to make himself appear smaller. Harry saw red.

“Stop shouting, now.” He demanded quietly, furiously angry, but his children came first and he refused to raise his voice.

“I can’t even…what were you thinking?!” Max shouted again.

“I’m warning you!” Harry glared as he stood up and went to Calix, cooing gently to him, trilling gently to reassure him.

Max shoved a hand through his hair as he realised why Harry wanted him to stop shouting, his heart breaking as he caught sight of Calix’s terrified, worried face, but he was so angry, so afraid, that he wanted to shout and rage until Harry and Blaise understood what they’d done and why it was such a bad idea.

“Max, go out to the tree line, have a good shout and scream, and then come back.” Nasta offered and Max nodded tightly, going to do just that.

Harry kissed Calix and distracted him with his toys again, before he stood and put Ave down in the
bassinet next to her sister.

“We had sex because we both felt fi…”

“You are not fine.” Nasta said tightly. “You are both very far from fine.”

“I didn’t allow him to move.” Blaise shrugged.

Nasta inhaled audibly and he breathed out again, very forcibly. “His insides were on the floor, Blaise. That sort of damage does not heal overnight. There are internal injuries that could have been aggravated by you being inside him.”

“We understand why you’re worried.” Harry said calmly. “We did let things get a little out of hand, we never intentionally set out to have sex. It just happened when we both woke up in the early hours, but we were very careful and it was soft, gentle love-making, Nas. It certainly wasn’t a hard, rough fuck.”

“Can I sniff you?” Nasta asked, his arms shaking with the pressure of holding his Dracken side back from doing just that. He didn’t know how he would react if Harry refused to allow him to do as such.

Harry nodded though, well aware that Nasta was trying. He hadn’t rushed at him and just sniffed him without asking as he usually would have done and Harry rewarded that by agreeing to subject himself to Nasta’s Dracken side.

Nasta held him so gently that Harry relaxed and allowed Nasta to sniff every inch of his skin, particularly down by his belly and lower abdomen, for a full ten minutes as his dominant was very thorough in his inspection.

“Are you in any pain?” Nasta asked him as he finally finished.

Harry shook his head. “I feel fine today, Nas, honestly. I’ve taken my potion and it was enough. I’m glad that Blaise listened to me, I feel so happy to know that he will take me at my word and not refuse me things out of hand or because he thinks that he knows better. Blaise has always loved and respected me enough to believe me when I say that I’m fine or that I’m ready, he doesn’t question it and I love him so much for that. I know my own body, I know my own limitations and I know myself better than anyone else.”
“You truly love and respect Blaise more than anyone else?” Max’s quiet voice asked from the doorway to the kitchen.

Harry looked over his shoulder and he sighed at the hurt look that Max was trying to hide.

“Blaise loves and respects me back. He respects me and my opinions so much that when I tell him something that I perceive as important, he doesn’t question it and he doesn’t try to make me feel stupid for my own thoughts. Instead he listens to me intently, without judgement, even if he doesn’t give the same idea or thought the same amount of importance as I do or even if he thinks it’s stupid or ridiculous, he understands that I find it important and he is willing to listen to what I have to say just because I think it’s important. Blaise has always respected me in such a way and it’s hard not to love someone like that.”

“That doesn’t really answer the question.” Max pointed out.

Harry sighed. “I love all of you…all four of you!”

“But do you love Blaise more?” Max asked persistently.

Harry shoved his own hand through his hair and he dissected how he felt. “No, I don’t think so. I love you all equally, just in different ways as you’re all separate people who each bring your own unique qualities to our mateship. I chose you all for different reasons and thus I love you all for different reasons. But the thought of losing any one of you is like a punch to the gut…or like losing a limb. But because Blaise respects me more than any of the rest of you…I think I seek him out more for his opinions on things more or if I want to say something without being laughed at or I want someone to listen to me without scoffing or telling me that I’m wrong for thinking a certain way. It’s the same if I have a thought that I want to share without being judged or seen as stupid, I’ll go to Blaise, because I know that he respects me enough to understand that I have my own thoughts, feelings and opinions and he doesn’t try to make me think that I’m wrong or stupid or childish just for thinking differently or seeing things differently.”

“Is that truly how we make you feel?” Nasta asked, feeling like he’d had a hole punched through his heart.

“Not all the time.” Harry said at the same time that Blaise said a simple ‘Yes.’
“You do it to me too.” Blaise said to elaborate when Max and Nasta looked at him. “You think that because I’m subordinate that I need controlling or telling what to do when I don’t. Harry and I are young, yes, but we are not your children. We are fully capable of making decisions or opinions by ourselves, we don’t need to be told what to do and yes, we had sex together, but Harry told me that he felt fine and I felt fine. I trusted him and he trusted me and we had a good time and we reconnected our bond after the disaster of the last week. We’re both unharmed and I actually feel more relaxed than I did yesterday *because* I’ve resettled my bond with him.”

“I feel better too.” Harry said with a smile. “I don’t love anyone more than someone else, but you don’t exactly make it easy when you ignore my thoughts or opinions or you disregard my feelings as if they mean absolutely nothing to you. Like *I* mean absolutely nothing to you.”

“Of course that isn’t true.” Max replied, slightly strangled by the sadness that he felt as he listened to Harry and Blaise speak as if he and Nasta were uncaring, controlling monsters. “We love you, of course your thoughts and feelings mean everything to us.”

“But just yesterday you disregarded my feelings and you overrode my opinions with your own just because you thought that you knew better than I did. You treated me like I was just a stupid child who couldn’t make decisions for myself about my own thoughts and feelings, about my own wellbeing.”

“When?” Max asked, aghast.

“When he wanted to go and see Draco.” Blaise replied simply as Harry hesitated.

Harry sighed heavily. “It’s true. I told you both that I needed to see him, to speak to him, in order to work through my own anger and grief and you just brushed that off as if it was nothing, as if my emotions and the way that *I* need to work through them are inconsequential to you and your own thoughts and feelings. You thought nothing of the pain that it would cause me to carry around that anger because I wasn’t given the chance to get rid of it. You thought nothing of my mental wellbeing at being stopped from seeing my own mate when I needed to, you just believed that you knew what was best for me and that was that, my thoughts and opinions were shut down and ignored as if I were a child who didn’t know any better. You didn’t care that you were hurting me by denying me the chance to offload my anger and grief over the attack, because that’s not how either of you deal with anger or grief, so you don’t understand or respect me enough to take my word for it that that is how I need to deal with such things. You didn’t even give me the courtesy of explaining to you that that was what I needed, you just automatically shut me down and stopped me from speaking my thoughts. As long as you were doing what you thought was right for me, that was it, neither of you cared about what was actually right for me as long as you were both happy with what was happening. Neither of you respected me enough to put your own thoughts or feelings aside in favour of my own, neither of you so much as thought that, just maybe, I might know what I need better than the both of you do.”
Max and Nasta shared a saddened look of utter guilt and Nasta sighed, reaching out to Harry and pulling him into a cwtch, kissing his forehead.

“I’m so very sorry.” He said genuinely and it brought tears to Harry’s eyes.

Max swallowed and brushed at his own damp eyes. “I am too. I’m just so angry and I feel so guilty for not throwing him outside sooner. I keep thinking that if only I’d grabbed him and thrown him out of the house that you and Blaise and the kids would have been spared from this fear and pain and I can’t stop thinking about all of the things that I should have done and didn’t.”

“You’re taking your guilt out on Draco.” Blaise said simply. “It isn’t fair. You’re angry with him, I get it, but cutting him out of our lives isn’t your anger speaking, it’s your guilt and your inability to face it, to face Draco. So you’re trying to convince us, me and Harry, that cutting him out is for the best. You’re trying to force us into your way of thinking because you don’t like, or rather you can’t face, the fact that we don’t think the same way as you do. We don’t want to cut Draco out of our lives for something like this. You forgave Harry for almost killing your Uncle, we forgave you for running out on us when we all thought that Leolin was going to die, I was forgiven for running out on Harry and the kids when the stress of school and a growing family became too much for me, why can’t Draco be forgiven also? The anger will fade given time, your guilt will not and it will drive a wedge between all of us and it is that that we can’t allow to happen.”

“We can’t let that happen, Max.” Harry reiterated softly. “I’m not sure if it’s different for you three, but for me the thought of losing one of my mates is driving me crazy. I remember when I was mating to you and Draco for the first time, the heat where you needed to be there and you weren’t…it was agony, Max. Not having you there was so confusing, it felt wrong, like a part of me was missing. I knew that I needed something else to get my first child, but I didn’t know what it was and it was maddening. I can’t go through that for every single heat from now on for the rest of our lives, it was so distressing and you were missing for perhaps half an hour, how can I survive six to ten days of that? I’d be completely mentally unstable afterwards, it would drive me insane. You just don’t understand how wrong it felt not to have one of my mates there with me and that’s the reality that I’m facing if you try, and succeed, in cutting me off from Draco.”

“It’s not like that for us.” Blaise told him. “I felt like everything was fine on that heat, but when Max joined us, I just moved out of the way. I didn’t feel any pain or wrongness at all on that heat, it seemed fine, normal to me. It was the same as the first heat with just me and you, but I also didn’t feel threatened or any need to protect you when Max arrived like I would if someone else walked in on us.”

Harry shook his head. “I can’t go through that pain again and I’d hope that you wouldn’t want to
put me through that sort of agony, that distress, heat after heat.”

“Harry, of course not. Of course we won’t!” Nasta insisted and Max nodded. “I had no idea that it hurt for submissives to have a mate missing from their heat periods.”

Max picked Harry up off of his feet and hugged him gently, supporting him, and he kissed him on the mouth.

“I’ll work on the guilt I feel.” Max said as he hugged Harry and held him gently, touching him and kissing his face and head repeatedly. “For you I’ll do anything and I’m sorry that we’re all in this position. I should have acted…”

Harry pressed his fingers to Max’s mouth to stop him talking.

“Blaming yourself is not working on your guilt, Max, it’s heightening it.” Harry said seriously. “You have nothing to feel guilty over, none of us knew that this was going to happen, how could we? If we’d known about this happening, then we would have stopped it entirely. It’s easy now to say that I should have done this or that, because of hindsight, but you didn’t know back then what you do now. Please stop blaming yourself.”

“I should have…”

“We all should have done things differently, Max.” Harry insisted again, much more firmly. “Maybe I shouldn’t have challenged him, maybe I shouldn’t have shouted at him, maybe I should have rolled over and showed him my neck like a good little submissive should have, but I have never been that sort of person and I refuse to change when I’ve done nothing wrong. I am entitled to have an opinion, I am entitled to have my own thoughts and emotions and I am not some sort of obedient pet to be smacked around and brought to heel. We all make mistakes, Max, but feeling guilty over them is not going to help us get over them. I need you to get over this, I need you to let go of the guilt that you shouldn’t even be feeling. I love you and I still love Draco, and truly, you do to.”

Max nodded slowly. “I do. Of course I do, but I can’t stop seeing you blood splattered and my Uncle holding your guts in your body with just his hand and a tea towel. I can’t stop having nightmares, ones where you die from your injuries, nightmares of when Blaise died, in my dreams he never…he’s not revived and I keep thinking that I’ll never see those beautiful purple eyes again and I’ve lost you both and I’m all alone and I don’t want… I can’t handle…”
Max’s voice cracked and Harry wrapped his arms around him tightly, squeezing his biggest mate as Blaise and Nasta pulled in closer to lend their support.

“We’re right here, Ciccio.” Blaise said softly. “We’re both alive and breathing. We’re fine.”

Max nodded. “I know. Thank fuckin’ Merlin that you’re both alright, I just can’t stop my mind from travelling to those dark places. I don’t want to think of you both dead, of course I don’t, I just can’t help it.”

Harry stroked Max’s hair, with its slight curls coming through because it hadn’t been cut in so long.

“If holding us and touching us will help…” Harry tailed off his offer suggestively.

“It does help, it really does. I didn’t have a single nightmare last night, so I am getting better and moving on now that you’re both home. It’s just taking some time.”

“We just need to relax and ease up now.” Harry agreed. “That’s why me and Blaise had sex. It’s normal for us to have those feelings for each other, it’s normal for us to act on them and right now I really need normal when everything else is so abnormal that I’m feeling unsettled. I’m in a new house where I don’t even know where everything is, I haven’t even been on every floor yet, let alone in every room, it doesn’t feel like home to me yet, I don’t even know where we are. With everything else going on, feeling settled here and at peace is going to help ease the tension.”

Nasta nodded. “Come on, I’ll show you around. In every fucking drawer and cupboard if you want to look.”

“I’ll start on breakfast.” Max said. “We all need normal and normal for me and the kids at this time is getting them their banana porridge.”

Harry smiled and he touched Max as he was put back on the floor. He turned to Nasta and he smiled.

“Show me my home, Nas. So we can settle in properly.”
Nasta held him around the back, just to support him, and he pulled Blaise in to the other side of himself too. They started off their tour and Harry actually got to see the front door to their home, or rather their two front doors. They were made entirely of frosted glass and the light that streamed through them was dazzling.

“It’s reinforced, its unbreakable glass.” Nasta explained.

“The smaller living room is down that way, so is the bathroom, so…what’s that way?” Harry asked, peering down the opposite corridor. “I saw three doors when I went upstairs.”

“One is large and empty for now, the other, smaller room Max wants as a small home gym.” Nasta explained with a smile as he led them down the corridor. “That door goes down to the basement.”

Harry looked at the door that was beside the stairs that went up to the first floor and he nodded. “Okay, is that the size of the foundations of the house or…”

“No, it’s smaller than the foundations, but it is still rather large.” Nasta told them. “It’s walled off into three rooms, two smaller rooms and one large, massive space. One of the small rooms is Max’s study, the other is a well ventilated room for his potions lab. The other space will likely be for storage.”

Harry made to step up the stairs, but he was picked up under his armpits from behind and carried up the stairs and he smiled, letting out a small chuckle.

He was put down on the top landing and he made his way automatically to the nursery and he looked in on his children. They were all still asleep, which was unusual, but Tegan was frowning in her sleep, obviously waking up slowly.

“Come on, we have several minutes before they wake up.” Nasta said as he led the both of them out of the room and he carried on the tour. “That’s the master bedroom, there are two nurseries on this floor, one right next door to the master bedroom and one opposite. The bathroom is two doors down and the rest of the rooms on this floor are guest rooms or unused except for the huge room at the very back. It goes from one side of the house to the other and that is the room that Max and I designated as the children’s playroom.”

Harry opened the door and his jaw dropped. “Holy shit!” He declared as he looked at the massive room. It was on par with the humongous kitchen, but it was not as wide as the kitchen was, but it was longer, taking up the space where downstairs was part of the larger family room and the other rooms off of the kitchen…two empty rooms that would become studies and a storage closet if he
remembered rightly.

Part of the room was segregated off, less than half of the room, but still a huge space. One half of this segregated section was tiled, the other half was padded with what looked like thick foam.

“This will be a wet area for painting, playdough, that sort of thing.” Nasta told them with a smile. “The padded area will be a soft play crèche for the younger babies. Once we finish setting it up, of course.”

“I love it.” Harry said with a smile.

“All of the rooms on the upper floor are going to be bedrooms for our babies, but there is also another bathroom up there and six bedrooms are en suite.”

“Are there enough rooms?” Harry asked critically.

Blaise smiled from the other side of Nasta and Harry had to smile with him.

“There definitely are. There isn’t enough space for a room each I wouldn’t imagine, but some of the bedrooms are large enough to fit four beds. We will have enough room for our children.” Nasta assured him as they went back out into the hallway and then back to the stairs, they made it up to the third floor and Harry looked around, going off to open doors and peer into rooms.

All the rooms were empty, but clean and carpeted. Everything was brand new and it smelt new and it made Harry happy to think that maybe this would be one of his children’s rooms.

“This one has an en suite, and so do five others up on this floor.”

Harry opened the next door to see a perfectly functional bathroom and he grinned as it was almost a carbon copy of the one on the first floor, but it was a little smaller.

“Are the bathrooms all the same?” Blaise asked. “The one on the floor below is the same.”
“They are the same, all the en suites too. I thought the kids could decorate their own when they have the en suites, a simple spell and all the carpets and wallpaper, the tiles, can be changed to any colour they want, or we could even repaper if they want.”

Harry smiled and he looked around. This bathroom wasn’t used, and likely wouldn’t be used often for another several years, but there was still toilet paper, there were still towels and soap, but not much else. Not just yet. In several years though, this bathroom would be a daily mess, he could almost guarantee it.

They went up to the attic, Harry being carried up, which was the same size as the house and completely floorboarded too. A small section was walled off and Nasta said that he had wanted his personal study to be high up, where he could look out of the skylights and see nothing but the sky and the tops of trees while he did his paperwork for the dragon reserve. Harry wandered around the absolutely massive, empty space and he chuckled.

“What has made you laugh?” Nasta asked curiously as he kept close beside him.

“Nothing.” Harry said softly. “I was just thinking of how big a house we have, you can really see it looking at this space, and I was thinking, perhaps you had made this space so big because you were going to smuggle dragons home and raise them up here like Hagrid did with Norberta, especially as your study is up here too.”

Blaise chuckled then and Nasta shook his head with a smile. “It’s illegal to smuggle them, Caru. I’d end up with a large, very serious fine and a trip to Azkaban for my troubles if I’m caught and if I’m not, I’ll be facing the possibility of having the dragon burn the house down around us. I would never risk you like that. Not you, not Max, Blaise or Draco and not our children. As much as I love dragons, I love you all more.”

Harry smiled at him and he sighed. “I think we need to head back down. The kids will be waking up and Max can’t leave the kitchen because he has Calix, Ave and Eva down there with him.”

Harry was carried down by Nasta, who was making sure that Blaise was alright going down the rather steep steps to the attic. They got down to the nursery floor and Nasta put him down, letting Harry pad into the nursery and immediately coo at the awakening babies.

Tegan was sat up, her little penguin in hand, and she was ‘chatting’ to Regan, who was sat up also. Braiden was just waking up, his eyes still blinking the last remnants of sleep away as he rolled over and hefted himself upright and Leolin was awake and staring up at the mobile above his head. His gold eyes tracing every image and bold colour floating above his head with a critical frown.

Harry veered straight to his Faerie baby and when he poked his head over the cot, Leolin’s eyes flicked to him and after a few moments, his little brain recognised him and he grinned widely, showing off his gummy, pink mouth and tongue.
“Ma!” He lifted his arms with some serious effort and Harry picked him up and kissed him.

“Is he too heavy? Are you alright?” Nasta asked as he had Farren and Regan as Blaise picked up Tegan and Braiden.

“He’s okay. I’m not feeling too bad.” He said with a smile. “Leolin is small and light enough.”

Nasta was beside him every step of the way and Harry could see that it was killing him to watch as he inched down the stairs one at a time, taking it very slowly as he clutched his baby to his chest. When it got too much for him, not even a quarter way down the stairs, he cursed.

“Are you okay? Hold on, stay there and I’ll come back for you.” Nasta said.

Harry shook his head. “No, what am I even thinking? I’m a fucking Dracken.” He declared and he slowly brought out his wings halfway, as they wouldn’t fully fit in the stairwell. He fluttered them furiously and he hovered all the way down the stairs, to the raucous amusement of Blaise.

Nasta shook his head, but he was smiling widely.

“Why the hell didn’t I think of that before?” Harry demanded. “I can fly! Stairs are no match for me with wings!”

“What’s happened?” Max asked as they came into the hallway leading to the kitchen. He was poking his head out of the room curiously, wondering what the noise was.

“Harry’s realised he can do the stairs by himself.” Blaise said with a grin as he put Tegan and Braiden down on their booster seats and strapped them in securely.

“You’re too injured to walk down the stairs!” Max said aghast. “Why didn’t you call me?” He directed at Nasta.

“I flew down.” Harry said with a proud grin. “I’m a Dracken and I have wings and it didn’t even
pull at a single stomach muscle.”

Max smiled softly and slipped his hand around the back of his head and pulled him into a kiss. “I love you.” He declared.

Harry smiled. “If you love me so much, you’ll get me a nice cup of tea.” He said cheekily.

The smile that lit up Max’s face and eyes made Harry feel so much better for having put the smile there and he slid himself carefully into a seat amidst his babies, opposite Farren and Braiden, the latter was peering around, sitting quietly, the former was banging his little plastic spoon noisily on the table, making enough noise for all of his other brothers and sisters.

“I’m working as fast as I can.” Max laughed, bending over Farren and kissing him, getting a little giggle.

Max went back to the oven, and the saucepan of porridge that he was warming on the hob. He had a chopping board filled with partially mashed bananas ready to add to it once it was dished up.

Harry kept Leolin with him, sitting him on the table so that he wasn’t doing more harm to himself and Leolin was just staring at him.

“You are being very creepy, my love.” He said with a smile as he bent forward, slowly, to kiss that tiny mouth.

“Ma.” Leolin replied.

“Here, Caru.” Nasta said, kissing the side of his head as he placed a prepared, cooled bottle on the table. “Max made it up while we were on the tour.”

“Oh, what’s this?” Harry cooed in over exaggeration. “Is this your breakfast? Come here, my sweetness.”

Harry tipped Leolin down into his arms, making sure his son could still see his face when Leolin let out a very unhappy cry at having his line of sight broken, before presenting him with the bottle teat. He smiled as his Faerie baby wrapped his lips around the bulb of the teat and sucked and swallowed slowly, never once breaking eye contact with him, and Harry made sure to stare into
those golden eyes so that Leolin knew that he was here and not going anywhere. Leolin always ate more when Harry was the one to feed him and he ate the most when Harry retained eye contact with him while feeding him.

Max served Farren his banana porridge and Harry saw, in his peripheral vision, Farren tucking in happily with his little spoon. Next to him, Braiden was doing the same. Regan was still spoon fed, but Tegan was just managing to manoeuvre the spoon to her own mouth, she was very messy in doing so however, and Calix could not be trusted with his own spoon. He took more interest in flinging the food everywhere rather than eating it, so Nasta was feeding him while Blaise supervised Farren and Braiden and Max fed Regan while keeping an eye on Tegan.

This is what Harry needed. Normal. Something that they always did and with Leolin in his arms, feeding, a cup of his favoured honey tea by his hand and his mates feeding his babies around him, the only thing that was out of place was Blaise’s shaved head and the lingering pain in his belly and lower left leg.

He could try to convince himself that Draco was just upstairs, was in the bathroom showering or maybe even having a lie in, but it didn’t work for long. Draco had never stepped foot in this house, it was devoid of his scent and on some base level, he could sense that, he could smell it and it was abnormal.

Leolin finished suckling and Harry put the unfinished bottle down and he hefted his tiny boy over his shoulder and rubbed at his lower back firmly, waiting until he heard the, rather loud, burp. Harry pulled him back and looked at his son bemusedly.

“Did you hear that? That burp would have rivalled Caesar.” He chuckled.

“I wouldn’t go that far.” Max grinned. “Caesar’s a complete pig, but it was certainly louder than he usually produces.”

“Who’s such a good boy!” Harry cooed, rubbing his nose against Leolin’s tiny button of a nose.

Leolin giggled and babbled wordless noises for a moment before he reached forward and dug teeny nails into Harry’s cheeks and bent forward to kiss him. He couldn’t pucker his lips, so he just mouthed at Harry’s lips as he did with his bottles and it made Harry laugh as he cuddled Leolin to his chest.

“Do you want to sit back in the family room?”

Harry nodded. “Please. More tea too.”
“Did you want breakfast?” Max asked him.

“Can I have a bit of toast, please?”

“You can have anything you want, my love.” Max declared happily.

“In that case you will serve it to me naked, slavered in butter.”

“The toast or Max?” Blaise quipped.

Harry giggled. “Max, obviously.”

“I don’t think licking up that much butter would be good for your health.” Nasta insisted.

Harry’s pupils widened with lust and his grin could only be described as salacious. He let out a dirty chuckle and looked at Max as if picturing him naked and dripping in melted butter.

“Stop it.” Max said lowly, but he was smiling. “Go in the room, I’ll bring you your toast and tea.”

“Nas, a little help please, gorgeous.” Harry insisted, holding an arm out as he tried to stand up using the table and found that he couldn’t get himself up off of the chair.

Nasta smiled softly and bent right down and scooped both him and Leolin up into his arms. He stood with a small grunt that made Harry chuckle, before carrying them next door, into the family room. Harry was settled down comfortably on the large settee with Leolin in his lap and he breathed deeply.

“This new house is home, now.” He said with a smile, looking down at Leolin when he made a soft noise to gain his attention, regaining eye contact with the golden eyes of his Faerie son. “I love it. We can settle down here. We can have as many children as we want. This is home. Not to say that our old home wasn’t home too, it will always hold a special place in my heart, but…”

“But it’s been tainted now.” Max said sadly as he brought in Harry’s toast and tea.
Harry nodded sadly. “I gave birth to all eight of our babies in that house. It will always, always be special to me. But I am glad that we aren’t living there now. It was much too small.”

“I’m having it fixed up.” Max said with a smile. “We can keep it as a holiday home, or to show the kids where they were born, but I definitely understand never living there again. I don’t want to live there either, not after…not after that.”

Harry sighed and nodded. “Here’s to happier memories here in our new home, because I’m warning you now, I am not moving again! This is our forever home.”

“To our forever home, then.” Blaise said, clinking his mug of coffee off of Harry’s tea cup before he sat down next to him.

Harry chuckled and took a sip of his tea.

“To our forever home.” Nasta echoed softly.

Max bent over the back of the settee and he kissed Harry’s head, then Blaise’s. “To our forever home.” He agreed.

Harry sat back and he rested some more. He had a Healer visit in a few days, just to see how he was healing up, and to check his potion dosage too, though Max had that well in hand. He nibbled on his toast, not able to eat much because of his healing stomach, but he did his best and he drank his tea and then he just rested. He smiled at his children, who had all been brought in one by one as soon as they’d finished eating, as they played on the floor around his feet. They had so much space it seemed that they were all deserted on their own personal desert islands.

He looked down at Leolin and he smiled at the little Faerie, which reminded him that he needed to host the Faeries soon, Dain and Kailen would be furious with them for putting Leolin in harm’s way, but Harry just hoped that they were more relieved that it had only been a bit of shock and not anything more serious, though Harry knew exactly how lucky they had been to escape with just shock and not a broken neck.

He sighed tiredly and hefted Leolin more firmly, more securely, to his chest. He kissed his son before he took a drink of tea. The Faeries wouldn’t be happy, he knew that, but the sooner that he got their angry visit over with, the sooner he could go back to normal and put all of the fight in the past. He would be having a heat period soon, in a month now, and he needed to be ready for that. He needed Draco back for that as he refused to have another heat period without a mate after the one and only time that it had happened. He never wanted to feel that burning pain or confusion
again, it had been truly frightening and he refused to do it, so Max and Nasta would just have to get
over their anger and guilt and Draco would have to do well at his anger management classes,
because anything else would hurt him and if it was one thing that he knew by now, it was that his
mates would never purposefully want to hurt him. Even Draco had admitted to not ‘seeing’ him
when he attacked. Harry didn’t know if that was what had coined the term ‘blind fury’ but he fully
believed Draco when he insisted that when he had gutted him, that he hadn’t been truly seeing him.
To believe anything else would be to believe that his own dominant mate had attacked him, had
tried to kill him, and that idea was so wrong that even his Dracken denied such thoughts.

He looked around him, at his new home, at his mates and his children, and he breathed deeply and
he let go of everything. They could get over this now, because he refused to allow anyone to stand
in his way, not even his own mates. They would get over this, because he refused to accept that
anything else would happen. They would be completely fine, as they always were, because he
would ensure it with absolutely everything that he was and if his mates cared a damn for him or his
happiness, then they would do exactly the same too.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: I am tentatively moving forward with this fic after a small break from it in which
I tried to distance myself from all the stress and bad feelings I’ve come to associate
with it. I believe that this has worked for the moment.
Today is our fifth anniversary, so happy fifth birthday, Rise of the Drackens! I thought
that this was the perfect day to come back on and hopefully none of you will be
insensitive to the fact that I did take a small break to work on some other fics, it was
my choice and there’s nothing that you can do about it.

I hope that you’ve all enjoyed this chapter, lovelies. Oh! Before I forget. I posted up
the floor plans for the house on my Facebook page, under Star Mass, but I’ve also put
it up on the Wikia page too, for those of you who can’t, or just don’t want to add me
on Facebook:

http://riseofthedrackens.wikia.com/wiki/House_Layout

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter One Hundred-Three - Visitation

Harry’s leg continued to give him no end of trouble as he tried to carry on as normally as he could, but he rapidly came to realise that he just couldn’t, not yet. It was very upsetting and even distressing for him when all he wanted to do was to go back to his normal routine with his children, who were all back in their own normal routines, thanks on the most part to Myron, Richard, Aneirin, Alexander and Kimberly, who had given them no end of help and support.

The days were passing very slowly and as Harry struggled through the endless hours, trying to rest his stomach muscles while his leg throbbed even if he was sat down, he couldn’t help but wish that he would heal up completely already. He’d had a few Healers come to visit him, while he was much more lucid and able to hold an actual conversation with them about how he was truly feeling and what he was struggling with, and he was now on much milder potions, ones that didn’t completely numb his whole body so that he couldn’t feel a thing. The downside to this was, of course, that he could now feel his healing stomach muscles and his sore left leg at all times. Every single little ache and pain, twinge or pinch and though the new potions took away the sharp, stabbing pains that he felt, the constant grinding pain of walking on his leg, or the dull throb of his stomach muscles if he bent down or picked up his children was wearing on him and running down his overall mood.

Harry sighed heavily, pushing those upsetting thoughts away from his mind as he perched on the edge of the wooden bench, supervising his five oldest children as they ran riot in the garden.

He loved the garden. The kitchen led straight out onto a wooden deck that was like another room on itself. There was a massive table at one end surrounded by chairs and there was a set of stairs leading down onto the lawn, alternately there was also a metal slide going down to the lawn too. There was a smaller slide on the grass, along with a baby swing set, a see-saw, a climbing frame, a little wooden play ‘castle’ and a little sand pit. It was in this area that his children were running around, while he was sat on a small wooden bench just to the side of them, smiling and watching them play and screech as they rolled around in the green grass with an assortment of multi-
Kimberly was inside the house with Eva and Ave, watching over them, and Leolin, who had been out on the grass with his brothers and sister, had wanted a feed, so Max had taken him inside. Nasta had vanished into the treeline some three hours before and he hadn’t come back yet, but he had said that he’d be some time, so Harry wasn’t worried, Nasta needed his own time to calm down too and sort out his thoughts and feelings.

Blaise, who had been struggling with his memory and headaches for the last few days, had gone for a lie down after he’d developed a bad headache that sent shooting pains through his skull. He still did not remember anything of the fight or what had happened to him still, which he insisted was a blessing. Blaise didn’t want to remember what had happened.

“How are they doing?” Myron asked, coming to sit beside him and pulling him in to a hug.

Harry shifted over, trying not to move any muscles in his left leg or his stomach, and he rested on Myron’s soft bulk.

“They’re really enjoying themselves.” Harry said with a smile. “Tegan was the bravest, my little warrior. She went down the slide first. Calix had a look, he even climbed the steps too, but he climbed back down.” Harry laughed.

“Tegan is most definitely the most independent of the five of them.” Myron nodded as he looked proudly at Tegan, who was up on her feet, babbling to Regan and trying to heft him up. Regan who was trying to stand up, bless him, just couldn’t keep his balance and he toppled back over onto his nappy covered bum.

Farren wasn’t even trying to stand up or move, he was sat in the grass, quite happily, and he was just watching his brothers and sister around him. Calix was absolutely everywhere, crawling as fast as he could and imbedding the grass stains deeply into the knees of his little trousers.

Braiden was the one that Harry was watching the most though, as he was firmly on his feet, running as fast as he could, falling to his knees sometimes, but picking himself up again without a murmur of complaint. He was ‘kicking’ a football around and screeching in such utter delight that it brought a smile to Harry’s face.

Max brought Leolin back out, because he was crying and demanding ‘Ma’ over and over to a stressed looking Max.

“Pass him here.” Harry sighed as Max stepped down the several steps to the lawn and approached the bench that Harry was sat on.
Harry took Leolin onto his lap and all he had to do to stop the tears was coo at him. Leolin recognised his voice after a moment or two and he stopped crying to look up at him. He sniffled as gold eyes caught green.

“Ma.” He warbled, reaching out his tiny hands to grip at Harry’s neck with his little nails, almost clawing at him.

Harry pulled him in close to his body, to lessen the pressure of being gripped at by those nails and he hissed.

“Tonight.” He said seriously. “Tonight, after his bath, we cut his damn nails!”

Max chuckled and he helped to remove the little fingers from his neck and he rubbed the tiny hands with his thumbs.

Harry watched as Leolin yawned and his eyes immediately fell to half-mast. Harry kissed him and that sent Leolin into full sleep mode as his eyes closed and he shuffled his little body, getting comfortable in Harry’s arms, before he started drifting off.

Harry looked back up at his five toddlers, Tegan having another go on the slide, Regan was playing with Farren, Calix was crawling under the slide, squeezing his body through the gap and Braiden was staring up at the climbing frame curiously as he held on tightly to the bottom bar. Even as he watched him Braiden took his first step up it and he sucked in a deep breath.

“Max, go and stand by him in case he falls.” He said quietly, not wanting to startle Braiden and cause him to actually fall, nor wake up Leolin in his arms.

Max looked at him, then to where he was looking. “Oh shit.” He cursed and he went to support Braiden, who had climbed another two rungs of the climbing frame by the time that Max got to him.

Max didn’t stop Braiden or his progress, but he did hover over him, his hands ready to snatch the, not quite two year old, boy from the air if he slipped or fell.

The climbing frame wasn’t even that high, it was four metal bars high, that came just over Max’s waist in height, and Harry watched, his heart in his throat, but also welling up with pride, as Braiden reached the top, looked around him, looked at Max, before he swung himself over the top and climbed down the other side, one slow, careful step at a time.

He reached the grass without needing any help and he laughed, before he ran off to the slide and it was like he was on a sugar rush as he ran straight to the slide and climbed the steps with clumsy
feet and he slid down it and he hardly waited until he’d hit the grass before he was up and going down the slide again, laughing.

“That was so frightening, but I’m so proud of him.” Harry voiced his feelings as he grinned. “He’s getting so much stronger, so much bigger.”

Max came to him and kissed him hard. “I love you.”

“I love you too.” Harry declared. “I can’t believe that he’ll be two in two months.”

“These last years with you have been amazing, Harry.”

“Not always.” Harry said sadly.

Max sighed. “No, not always, but there has always been love.”

Harry smiled and he nodded. “Yes. You wouldn’t be here if there was no love.”

“Nas…Nasta and I have been talking a lot.”

“I had noticed. Blaise is very paranoid you know. He thinks that you’re talking about him and he doesn’t like it.”

“It’s not about Blaise, but…well, Draco’s been doing really well in his classes and, taking in what you said to us that morning a week ago, Nasta believes that it’ll be a good idea to reward him, as such, for his progress with a short visit to you and Blaise.”

Harry paid close attention to Max’s words, and his body language. He wasn’t happy with the idea, Harry could tell. He had stressed that it was Nasta’s idea, that Nasta had been the one behind everything and from the grimace on his face that he was trying to hide, Harry knew that Max did not share the same thoughts as Nasta, but he was trying. He really had been trying for the last week to overcome his feelings of guilt, but it was not going to be easy, and it would not come quickly.

Harry raised a hand and touched Max’s face, leading him into a soft kiss with his hand.
“Thank you for trying.” He acknowledged gently, smiling. Max needed positive reinforcement too and Harry saw just how much it meant to his biggest mate to have his attempts recognised when he saw a small flash of emotion before Max guarded his expressions.

“I’m…I’m going to go and start on lunch.” Max said as he stood up, taking a sleeping Leolin back into the house with him.

“He’ll come around.” Myron insisted, throwing his arm back around Harry and hugging him. “He always was an emotionally ruled boy. He was prone to fits because he couldn’t handle his own anger or grief, but when he was happy, he was the happiest boy you could ever think to meet.”

“I went to see Draco.” Harry admitted softly. “The day after I got home.”

“I had suspected as much. You were so angry when you were refused to see him. I saw the effort it took you to hold your tongue, to hold your words back. The next day that anger was gone, washed away and I knew then that you had found a way to go and see him, or at the very least that you’d spoken to him.”

Harry nodded, feeling a mite happier now that he’d told his ‘secret’ to someone. “I had to see him. I had to let him know what he was risking if he didn’t go to, or failed, these classes. I had to remind him of how I had fought so hard to even keep him as a mate in the first place after my Dracken had dismissed him. I told him that it was now his turn to fight for me, to fight for his family.”

“Then it is no wonder that he is doing remarkably well with these private lessons.” Myron said approvingly.

Harry smiled, unexplainably proud that Draco was doing really well. It would take longer than a week, naturally, but he was trying so hard and that meant the world to him. His older mates had taken notice too, if they were thinking of letting Draco have contact with him and Blaise again.

“Let’s get these kids back inside. Their lunches will be ready soon, Max always does something quick for lunch.” Harry said as he stood carefully, with help from Myron’s supportive hands, and he went to round up his kids.

“Mammy, up.” Tegan demanded and Harry endured the pain of bending down onto his good knee, holding her tight, and then forcing himself to stand back up, wobbling only slightly.
“Braiden.” He called out, holding his hand towards his oldest child, indicating for him to take it, which he hurried over to do so.

Harry took a deep breath and started climbing the several steps to the decking, looking to Braiden too as he held his hand and watched proudly as his little boy conquered the steps easily, putting both of his little feet on the same step before tackling the next one.

Every step was agony, but he endured it. It was almost time for him to take another potion and then he could have half an hour, maybe an hour, of being completely pain free before the aches started to creep back in.

When they reached the decking, Braiden slipped his hand free and he clapped happily at his own achievement before he toddled of into the kitchen. Harry followed him with a smile as he carried Tegan.

“Are you okay?” Max asked, from where he was cooking, his dark green apron tied around his waist.

“I’ll be better as soon as I take that potion.” He said, shaking his head. “But at least I’m upright and somewhat mobile.” He chuckled as he put Tegan down on her booster seat and strapped her in before ‘encouraging’ Braiden to climb up into his own so that he didn’t have to bend down and lift him. “Who’s a good boy?” He cooed as Braiden sat himself in his booster seat. “Did you climb all the way up here by yourself, you’re getting so big!”

“Yeah.” Braiden answered, giggling happily at the praise as he allowed Harry to strap him in.

Harry scooted them both closer to the table, so that they could reach and he sighed happily.

“Is there anything that you need help with?” He asked, even though he really just wanted to sit down.

“Sit down before you fall down, my love.” Max insisted, seeing right through him.

Harry chuckled and he did just that, sitting himself next to Braiden as Myron came in through the back door and easily bent down and hefted up Farren, sitting him in his booster seat before doing the same to Regan and Calix. Harry envied his ease of movement, when he himself couldn’t even sit down or stand up by himself without careful consideration and a snail’s pace.
Footsteps behind him had him turning his head, only to receive a kiss to the mouth from Blaise.

“How is your head?” He asked softly.

“Better.” Blaise smiled, sitting next to him. “I’m still having trouble with memory though, I forgot where I was again.”

“Healer Odell said that that could happen when we asked him about it.” Harry nodded easily. “It’s because the house is new.”

“Daddy!” Braiden called out, reaching out for Blaise.

“Hello Farren…Calix…” Blaise frowned, even as his hand held Braiden’s. “I’ve drawn a blank.” He said sadly.

“Braiden.” Harry reminded him gently.

“Braiden.” Blaise repeated and he smiled for their son, but this was now becoming a regular occurrence. Blaise muddled up all of the names of those around him and he went through several names before he found the right one, or, as he had just shown, he drew a complete blank entirely.

Harry ignored Max’s pained, upset expression and he instead smiled at Blaise and reassured him that everything was fine. The neurological Healer, Healer Odell, had insisted that this was normal, that it was the sign of a healing mind after the type of injury that Blaise had received and he insisted that it was a good sign. A bad sign, he had told them, was actually losing information instead of just muddling it up. If Blaise ever showed signs of forgetting a day, forgetting who any of them were or who he was, then they were to immediately rush him to the hospital. Blaise did forget sometimes where he was, especially if he fell asleep somewhere and he was moved into a different room. They had stopped doing that as soon as they realised exactly how distressing to Blaise it was and they realised that they were not helping his recovery at all, but rather the opposite.

Farren started banging his spoon against the table and Blaise winced, his long, slim fingers going to his temple.

“Farren, sweetness, don’t do that, please.” Harry said calmly.
Farren frowned at him, looked at his spoon and then he started banging it again.

"Farren." Harry said more sternly. "I’ve said no."

Harry’s resolve was tested when Farren’s bottom lip trembled, ever so slightly, but he remained firm, even when Farren dropped his spoon and started crying.

Harry stood up using the table and he unstrapped Farren and took him next door, to the family room, so that Blaise wouldn’t get another headache.

He fell down onto the settee with Farren in his lap and he held his second son as he had a tantrum on his lap. He remained quiet all through Farren’s screaming fit, and once he was all cried out, Harry hugged him close and murmured reassurances to him, kissing him and wiping his eyes dry.

Once calm, Harry took him back into the kitchen, ignoring the pain in his own body, as he got Farren strapped back in.

“Perhaps we could put the cutlery down just before their plates so that they don’t come to see them as toys to play with while they’re waiting?” He suggested mildly as Max plated up the kids lunch.

Max nodded. “I think that’ll be a good idea. How are you feeling?”

“Worse than I did ten minutes ago.” He replied truthfully.

“Just sit and rest.” Max said worriedly as he put down a couple of plates of food for the kids.

Harry watched as his children ate their lunches, Farren a little more subdued in his enthusiasm than usual, but they were all eating and Harry sighed, accepting the cup of tea handed to him gratefully. He was given a small sandwich, as was Blaise, who had also been given a mug of his most favourite coffee.

Harry ate, not because he wanted to, but because he knew that the potion he had to take couldn’t be taken on an empty stomach and his desire for pain relief far outweighed his reluctance to eat anything.

“Are you still having trouble eating?” Max asked fretfully.

“I know you’re a feeder, Max, but calm yourself.” Harry insisted as he poked at his nibbled
sandwich. “As you are very fond of pointing out, my guts were trailing along the floor a week ago. I am having a bit of difficulty managing a lot of food in one go. Soups and stews are fine, but anything solid, like this, take a bit more time to eat.” Harry said prodding viciously at the small sandwich.

“You need to eat roughly half to take your potion.” Max said, biting his lip.

“Don’t remind me.” Harry said unhappily as he took another small bite before putting the sandwich back down, waiting for his healing belly to accept the small morsel before he took another one.

If he ate too much in one go, the pain was unimaginable as he got terrible stomach cramps that wouldn’t go away and more often than not, his stomach rejected what he’d eaten and it came straight back up…that always made his belly feel even worse. So he had learnt to take small bites and to wait between each bite to make absolutely sure that his stomach would accept the food before he took another one.

It took him almost half an hour to eat half a tiny sandwich and he happily knocked back the potion in one go. He drained his tea to take away the taste, but he had no appetite to finish the remaining portion of sandwich. He pushed the plate away just as Nasta walked in through the back door.

“Nasta!” He called out happily, holding his arms out for a hug, which made his oldest mate smile happily as he veered to him and embraced him tightly.

“Are you well?” Nasta asked him gently.

Harry nodded. “I’ve just had my potion, so I’ll be fine for the next half hour, hopefully an hour though.”

Nasta kissed his cheek and turned to Blaise, hugging him and kissing his cheek too before he went to Max and did the same.

“Did you finish up your soul searching?” Max asked.

Nasta snorted in amusement, but he nodded. “Yes, I did.”

Nasta went and kissed every one of their children, even the messy Calix, before he sat on Blaise’s
other side and kicked off his trainers.

Harry stood up and tested himself, bending, not quite in half, but he did bend at the waist…there wasn’t a hint of pain.

“Oh that’s so much better.” He groaned.

“Don’t push yourself.” Nasta warned him as he accepted a cup of green tea from Max.

“I won’t.” He promised as he made his escape and he went to the smaller living room, where Kimberly was sitting with his twin daughters.

“Harry, how are you feeling?” She asked him with a smile.

“For the moment, great.” He replied with a smile of his own. “How are my girls?”

“Just fine.” Kimberly told him, indicating the one twin, Ave, who was asleep on the settee beside her, and then to Eva, in her arms, who was just drifting off. “They’re getting so big now.”

Harry nodded. “I know. I can’t believe that I’ll be having another heat period soon. I could have another baby by the New Year.”

“It’s best not to dwell on such things, sweetie.” Kimberly told him kindly. “I remember getting half way through my children, I had twelve of them, my twins Sandor and Alaric had just been born on top of the quadruplets, and I had more on the way, thankfully just Philip, and I remember hoping for a break, I begrudged that my children were coming so fast and I remember willing it all to slow down…then…then it did slow down, then it stopped and I was so devastated. I felt awful for having wished for no more children and it hurt my heart. Then along came our little boy, Myron.”

Harry aborted a laugh at hearing Myron described as a little boy, as Myron was not little in the slightest, but he covered himself and remembered that Myron was Kimberly and Alexander’s youngest son. He would be their little boy for as long as they lived. He would feel the same about his own children when they were grown too, he was sure of it.

He sighed and looked at Eva and Ave, just four months old and he smiled gently at them.
“I would never want to stop having children, but…at the same time I can’t help but wish my heat cycle was every year or two.”

Kimberly shared an understanding look with him and Harry had never felt so grateful to have another submissive, an older submissive, to talk to about these things. His mates, as dominants, just didn’t understand, Myron, Richard and Aneirin didn’t understand, but Kimberly, Kimberly understood that he wasn’t complaining about his children, that he wasn’t complaining about having more, she understood that he was just a little apprehensive, that he wanted his children to come a little further apart than they currently were.

“I knew a lucky bitch who had a heat cycle every five years. I could have clawed her eyes out after the first decade.”

Harry was startled into laughing, hard. He wiped his eyes free from the tears and checked to make sure that his girls hadn’t woken up at the noise.

“The only problem was, every five years she had quadruplets or quintuplets. She had septuplets one year and I remember thinking that it served her right for having a breeding cycle that was five years apart.”

Harry chuckled and shook his head. “Was it normal to have heat cycles so far apart?”

“Back then, yes, it was more common. Mine was every eight months, but I look to submissives today, having cycles that are only a few months apart, like yourself, and I wince with sympathy for you. It’s to do with the declining numbers of Drackens, I’m sure. We’re having more human children and less Dracken children, so our numbers are still falling, not climbing and the Drackens in us sense that and they are trying to do what they can to rectify it.”

“I don’t see it myself. I have eight children and four of them are Drackens, that’s half. Then there’s Leolin, so over half of my children have creature blood. Only three of them, Regan, Calix and Tegan, are human and Regan and Tegan are Faerie blood carriers.”

“Then perhaps it is your generation that will solve the crisis.” Kimberly pointed out. “Perhaps our species has evolved enough now to finally rectify our declining numbers. If so you may not have that many children, but a higher percentage of them will be Drackens.”

Harry smiled and touched his little Dracken girl in Kimberly’s lap.
“I’m not sure how I feel about having ‘less’ children, but as long as everyone is happy, I’ll be happy.”

“There you are.” Max said as he poked his head into the room. “Marianna will be around soon, so don’t get startled.”

Harry nodded, remembering the panic and the fear that he’d felt, screaming out a loud distress call, when Marianna had torn through the front door looking for Blaise three days ago now.

He had been so frightened that he’d almost torn his stomach open again moving around, trying to protect himself. Thankfully all of the kids had been upstairs in bed so he hadn’t made things worse by collecting them all up in his arms and shielding them. He’d just tried to crawl up the stairs to block the path of the ‘threat’ by putting himself in the way and the agony of that had been blinding.

He’d had to take one of his incredibly strong potions to control the pain and he’d been out of it for the rest of the night. He’d been filled in though on how Marianna had ‘felt’ that her child needed her as soon as her heat period had finished. She hadn’t even taken a moment to bathe, or to clothe herself before flying to them, following her scent link to her son. She had torn through their new house, naked and pissed, looking for Blaise and she had been aggressive and hostile to everyone in her way. Especially as Harry’s distress call had brought all dominant members of the family running, thinking that perhaps another fight had broken out.

Nasta had thrown her out and barred her entrance to their home in his anger at her for what she’d done to Harry, frightening him and sending him into such movements that he’d almost put himself back in the Dracken Healing Halls. Today, she was calmer, she was going to be bathed and dressed and she wouldn’t act like an enraged submissive protecting her child with the body and fighting instinct of the dominant that she was. Harry was grateful for that, he thought to himself, as he laid a hand over his belly, feeling a phantom pain of what had been an agonising level of activity.

“Hey, do you need a potion, are you okay?” Max asked, coming to him after seeing him grimace and seeing his hand over his belly.

“No. I’ve taken my potion already, Max.” Harry insisted, shaking his head. “I was just remembering Marianna’s first visit. That really hurt.”

“I could have killed her myself for that.” Max said seriously, sitting next to him and pulling him into a hug.

“I’ll just leave you boys be.” Kimberly said with a gentle, genial smile as she placed Eva next to Ave, tucked them in and then kissed Harry and Max on the forehead. “You boys be kind and good to one another.”
“We will.” Harry agreed.

“Of course, Nana.” Max smiled.

Kimberly chuckled softly before she went through the floo, leaving them alone for a bit while she went and caught up with her mate and husband, Alexander.

Harry turned and grinned at Max, leaning in for a proper kiss. Max pulled him, gently and carefully, onto his lap and manoeuvred him into the perfect position that would put as little pressure on his belly as possible. It came almost as second nature to his mates now to sit him like this if they wanted a cuddle because Harry could sit like this all day, supported upright and with little pressure on his belly or his healing leg.

Max peppered his face with sweet butterfly kisses that made Harry laugh. Max nuzzled at his face and neck and he even snuffled into his hair and it made Harry laugh harder as he looped his arms around Max’s neck and stroked his fingers through the soft hair at the nape of Max’s neck. It was still curly as Max still hadn’t cut it…the curls were getting more defined and his biggest mate was now looking more like a creepy, roided up twelve year old cherub with his curly brown hair. Max was right, he really did look better with short hair, but Harry would never say as such as he twirled his fingers around the curls while they were there. Perhaps it was because he had only known Max with short hair, but he looked wrong with longer, curly hair and though he had looked sweet and utterly adorable as a child with those curls, they didn’t fit the man that he’d become. He couldn’t wait to see their own children with those same curls, though.

Max nipped over his neck and Harry sighed softly, feeling a stirring of arousal and he buried his own face into Max’s strong neck and kissed and licked at the tanned skin.

“I meant to relax you, not stir you up.”

“It’s too late for that now, my love. You have to deal with what you’ve created.” Harry purred.

“Absolutely not.” Nasta’s stern voice came from the doorway and Harry groaned. “It’s too dangerous, especially after Marianna’s last visit. Come here.”

Nasta picked Harry up gently and he ignored Harry’s obvious arousal pressing into his belly, he carried him through to the family room next door via the open double doors.

“Max, get those girls up to the bedroom.” He ordered and Max grumbled, his own arousal was visible in his jeans as he stood up. He tried to adjust himself to make it seem less obscene, but the
outline of him was still bulging out his jeans.

Harry laughed as he watched Max adjust himself again, squeezing the length of his bulge and trying to hide himself and failing again as he still showed just as obviously. He grunted, threw his head back in disbelief, and then gave it up as impossible and he was forced to leave it, turning and picking up their two daughters instead to take them up to the master bedroom so that they could sleep in peace without any disturbances.

Harry was gently lowered to the settee and he smiled as he lay back and put his head in Blaise’s lap. Blaise who immediately sunk his long, slender fingers into his messy hair and tugged gently, caressing his scalp and making him groan.

“That’s not going to make my erection go away.” He declared with a smirk.

“That’s enough.” Myron growled.

Harry’s eyes snapped open and he turned to look at Myron on the other settee.

“Damn, I didn’t realise you were here.” He said with an unrepentant grin. “Where’s Richard? He would have appreciated my oversharing.”

Myron smirked at the mention of his mate and he shook his head in exasperation.

“He’ll be here soon. He’s visiting Ashleigh.”

“How is she doing?” Harry asked sincerely.

“Very well. We should have done this decades ago and that fault lies solely with me as I ignored the signs of her pain and distress when I should have forced her to go to therapy. She’s more like the woman that I mated to again. The change is unbelievable.” Myron said happily, overjoyed that Harry was genuinely interested in his submissive mate, even after their slip up.

“I’m so glad that she’s doing so well.” Harry said with a smile.
Myron beamed like a fool, just like Max did when Harry did something that made him proud and happy, and it brought an answering smile from Harry. Myron had been looking old and tired lately, he was too stressed, too much bad was happening around him, he had little to no control of everything that was happening and he felt useless as he couldn’t help, but that simple smile took a decade off of his lined face and his shoulders rose a little, unburdened a little of the massive weight pressing down on them.

Harry felt awful for adding to that burden…as it did seem to be him and his mateship that was causing the majority of the problems, from his fight with Ashleigh and his insistence that she was not allowed near him or his children, the almost fatal fight that had destroyed their home and quite possibly their mateship too. Everything seemed to go wrong around him, swinging from one extreme to the next. He supposed it was only natural that they would clash from time to time, there were five of them…five full grown adult Drackens who all had their own thoughts, feelings, opinions and ways of dealing with different things, but this…surely this wasn’t normal, even with five of them. This anger, this aggression was tearing them apart, and it truly would be fatal if they didn’t sort it out.

Marianna poked her head through the door and she smiled a little sheepishly.

“May I come in?” She asked huskily.

“Of course.” Nasta invited graciously.

Marianna immediately sat next to Blaise and pulled him into a crushing hug while she sniffed at him, as she had done on her first visit, though she’d been less gentle and a lot more feral the last time.

“Hello, Marianna.” Max greeted as he came into the family room. His, rather large, problem had been dealt with and Harry sent him a naughty grin from Blaise’s lap as he vividly imagined all of the ways that Max could have dealt with such a problem by himself, his imaginings getting more and more detailed and lewd as his mind provided graphic images of Max ‘dealing with’ his problem in increasingly pornographic ways.

“Stop it.” Nasta told him seriously. “I can see what you’re doing.”

“What’s he doing now?” Myron sighed wearily.

“I’m trying to sit up.” Harry lied. “I’ll stop now.” He said with a saucy wink at Max.
“You had better.” Myron warned him. “You are in no fit state to be moving around like you are.”

“I’m getting much better.” Harry said happily. “It’s just my leg really that’s stopping me from walking around.”

“How are you feeling today, darling?” Marianna asked.

It took Harry several moments to realise that Marianna was speaking to him and not to Blaise.

“I’m actually alright today.” He said with a smile. “We had some outside time with the kids, Leolin was overjoyed to touch the grass, then they had lunch and I had a very lovely, hilarious talk with Kimberly as she told me how she wanted to gouge out the eyes of a submissive who she only identified to me as ‘lucky bitch’ who had a five year breeding cycle.”

“Harry!” Myron chastised.

“What? It was your Mother who said it! I was just quoting her, if you want to have a go at anyone, it should be her!” Harry pouted.

Max chuckled and he came to kiss him. His blue eyes were dark and wide and he was still aroused. Harry wondered then if he hadn’t dealt with himself, but had just…tied himself down. That made his breath catch in his throat and his imagination went haywire.

Max sat by his feet and pulled them onto his lap and he used both of his hands to massage Harry’s feet and, carefully, his calves. Harry moaned happily as the tight muscles of his healing leg were carefully, very gently, massaged to aid the healing.

“Thank you. You’re a god.” He said with a happy smile and his eyes closed. “You’re both gods.” He amended as Blaise went back to caressing his scalp and running his fingers through his hair.

Leolin took that moment to wake up and Harry heard him snuffling in upset as Harry’s face wasn’t immediately in his line of sight.

“Ma! Ma!” Leolin sobbed and then he screeched and Blaise cursed and moved a hand to his head.
Harry got up, ignoring his own pain, and he hurried to the bassinet, elbowing Nasta out of the way with a pointy, bony elbow, and he picked up Leolin and cradled him tightly, in a position where Leolin could easily see his face.

He looked at the pile of sleeping children that Nasta and Myron had settled down after their lunches and none of them woke up, even though Calix snuffled himself and Tegan stirred before settling back down.

“What’s the matter?” Harry said softly, soothingly.

His voice broke through Leolin’s little crying fit and he stopped for a moment, cracking open wet, gold eyes. Harry knew that if Leolin had seen anyone other than him in his line of sight at that moment, that crying fit would have worked up to a complete meltdown, but it was his green eyes that Leolin saw first and he sniffled and snuffled, but he settled down.

“Are you alright, my sweet child?” Marianna asked Blaise, holding him as he cradled his head in his hands.

“I’ll be fine, Mother. It’s just a headache.” Blaise complained.

“I can’t believe Draco has done such a thing. It’s a good thing that you won’t tell me where you’re keeping him.”

“Enough of that.” Harry insisted sharply. “Draco is still our mate and I will not stand to hear him threatened.”

“But it is fine that he killed my child, is it? That he almost killed you and your children?” Marianna snarled. “He should already be dead for what he has done, if you boys weren’t so soft and had actually done as was warranted then I wouldn’t have need to step in and…”

“How dare you!” Harry hissed. “How dare you try and interfere with my mateship! It is not your place to decide what happens with my mateship!”

“Harry is right.” Myron said sternly. “It’s not your place to step in and deal with anything. They have decided to move past what has happened. They are going to forgive Draco and…”

“Yes.” He said simply. “I love him and he is trying. He is in anger management classes and he is doing much better now…”

“I don’t care what classes he’s taking! I won’t have him near my son!”

“That isn’t your decision to make.” Nasta said with narrowed eyes. “It is Blaise’s decision and his alone. He’s a grown man and he can decide for himself if he wants to forgive Draco or not.”

Marianna looked to her son, still massaging his temples slowly.

“He isn’t in the right mind to…”

“Do not insult his intelligence or his own thoughts and feelings.” Harry snapped. “He knows what he wants and he doesn’t need you, or anyone else for that matter, trying to tell him what he wants or what he should be doing or feeling. Nasta’s right, he’s a grown man who is capable of thinking and doing things for himself.”

Blaise smiled at him, giving him a relieved, grateful look that had Harry straightening his back, ready to take that weight to support his mate if it was needed. He would defend all of his mates to the back teeth if they needed him to.

“Harry is right, Mother. I am perfectly able to make my own decisions and I am happy to allow Draco the chance to prove that he is able to overcome this. If I had been in his place I would have at least wanted to know that my mates were willing to give me a chance to prove that I was willing to be better for them. Draco deserves to have that same chance.”

“He killed you, Blaise!”

“So people keep telling me but I don’t care!” Blaise roared, getting angry himself now. “It was an accident. He did not set out to kill any of us! If I had seen the punch coming and ducked out of the way in time then it might have been me who had killed him in that fight and I might be the one disgraced and vilified and it could be Narcissa threatening to kill me. Draco deserves the same respect and chances that we all do. Why should he be the only one not given the same chance as
“Calm down or your head will start throbbing again.” Max soothed, shifting over, closer to Blaise so that he could sit next to him and he started running those large, thick fingers over his stubbly head, moving the skin of his scalp in a soothing way that rose goosebumps on Blaise’s arms and neck.

Harry hushed Leolin and rocked him, looking into those golden eyes and a small hand rose and gripped at his cheek, those teeny nails biting in.

“Oh, fuck!” Harry cursed, his eyes watering. “We are cutting his fucking nails!” He insisted for the seventh time that day.

Nasta chuckled. “Pass him here, I’ll bite them down now. Find the file though or his nails will be twice as bad and they’ll break the skin, his own and ours.”

Blaise was far too content to snuggle up to Max’s bulk and Max was far too busy massaging Blaise’s head. Nasta now had a squirming Leolin, already nibbling the teeny, tiny fingernails.

Harry went to find the baby grooming box, but he realised quickly that this was a new home and he had no clue where the grooming box was kept.

He went back into the family room. “Where is the grooming box? I don’t even know where to start looking.” He asked.

“Oh, sorry, love. It’s in the downstairs bathroom, in the cupboard.” Max told him as he looked up from Blaise, but he never stopped his head massage.

Harry nodded and he went to the bathroom and went digging in all the cupboards until he found their grooming box, buried right at the back behind baby shampoo and bubble bath. He took it back into the family room and placed it down, opening it and finding the tiny baby nail file. He handed it over to Nasta and he picked up Leolin’s other hand, got eye contact with his son so that he would settle more and he started biting the nails on Leolin’s other hand.

Leolin giggled and wriggled on Nasta’s lap as he was groomed. Harry left Nasta to file down the shortened nails while he picked up a soft bristled brush and he gently brushed Leolin’s thickening, black hair, which made Leolin giggle more as he watched Harry’s face as he brushed his hair.

“You are getting more and more adorable as the weeks pass.” Harry told him. “Yes you are.”
“He’s certainly getting a little more mobile.” Nasta smiled as he splayed his hand on Leolin’s little belly to keep him still while he filed down and smoothed his ragged nails.

Harry finished brushing his hair and he instead started pulling faces at Leolin, stroking his, still rather thin, cheeks and that gummy mouth opened and he laughed the hardest that he had ever laughed in his little life. It made Harry laugh with him.

“He’s laughing so well.” Marianna said, trying to change the subject after the little dispute.

“He’s come on so well.” Harry said, pulling more faces at Leolin. “I almost can’t recognise him from his newborn self.”

Nasta finished filing down his nails and Harry picked Leolin up. The first thing that his little Faerie baby did was clench his fingers back into Harry’s cheeks.

“Is that better?” Nasta asked with a smirk.

“Not really, but it doesn’t feel like he’s gouging my skin with a razor blade anymore.” Harry laughed as he shuffled himself on his arse and spread his legs comfortably, making room for his injured left leg.

Harry placed Leolin down on his own bum and he carefully, slowly took his hands away. Leolin sat there for a heartbeat, and then two, before he slowly tilted to the side and then rapidly lost his balance and tipped completely over.

Harry caught him and soothed him gently, letting Leolin see that he was safe, kissing his face and running a hand over his back before Harry sat Leolin back down and then used his own legs to support Leolin upright.

“He’s not ready to sit unaided yet. He still hasn’t got his balance.” Harry sighed as he wrapped his hands around his son and let him play with his fingers.

Draco was not mentioned again while Marianna visited with Blaise, who endured her overprotective smothering in silence.

It was awkward, but Harry ignored it all as he focused on Leolin, spending some quality time with
him as, with the rowdier, more active kids, they usually took all the attention and Leolin was usually left with his mobile to entertain him. He always got so enraptured with it that sometimes, when they picked him up, it took him a moment or two to realise that he’d actually been picked up and moved away from it.

Marianna was still thrumming with anger, but Blaise, still snuggling with Max, wouldn’t allow her to change his mind or to ruin his peaceful time with his family.

Marianna however wanted to rant, she wanted to tear into Draco for what he’d done and she was only getting angrier the longer they remained calm and happy. In her opinion they should have risen up and killed Draco for what he’d done to her son, and Harry would have felt exactly the same if it was his child who’d been involved, but like this was up to him and his mates to sort out, so it would fall to his own child to sort out such an issue for themselves too. It wouldn’t be his place to step in and interfere in such a way with his children’s mateships. As such he understood Marianna’s anger and worry, but he would not allow it to influence him or his decisions. Draco would be given the chance to make this right first, before he was completely cut off from them.

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They’d said goodbye to Marianna after the kids had all had their dinner and had been through their bath times, and not a moment too soon either as not several minutes later, Lucius escorted Draco through the floo.

It was the fifth of June…Draco’s nineteenth birthday. According to Lucius, who had floo called Nasta to finalise the plans and to make sure that it was all still going ahead, Draco had refused to celebrate at all. Draco hadn’t been told that he was coming to see them today and his face when he saw them said it all really as he aborted an automatic move to come to them and bit hard into his bottom lip.

Harry stood first and he went to Draco, hugging him tight and nuzzling his face into Draco’s robes.

“Happy birthday.” He said softly.

Draco held him tightly to himself and Harry felt two spots of water drop onto his head…tears. Draco was crying.

Harry broke away from the hug, separating them a bit, and he cupped Draco’s face in his hands and pulled him down for a kiss.

“Are you okay?” Blaise asked from above him. Harry tipped his head back and saw that Blaise was stood just behind him.

Draco just nodded, unable to speak as he reached out for Blaise, but he didn’t touch him, allowing
Blaise to make up his own mind and that made Blaise smile as he went to Draco, who was just slightly taller, and he hugged him tightly.

“I’ve missed you. The house just isn’t the same without your patented brand of specialised wit.” Blaise told him with a smile.

“I’m not sure if I’m offended or not.” Draco said with a weak smile.

“Let’s show you around.” Nasta said calmly, blandly. He was exercising a steel control over himself, but he and Max had been preparing for this for a few days and thus they were behaving, as was Draco, who was the only one who hadn’t known about this little visit.

Draco looked around then and a frown marred his face a little.

“The old house was ruined.” Harry said softly. “It was structurally dangerous and the kids couldn’t stay there. Did you know that Nasta planned and had this house built especially for us?” He said excitedly, giving Nasta a loving look.

“No, I had no idea.”

“Only Max and I knew, it was going to be a surprise to our mateship after Harry finished with the court case.”

“How...how is that going?” Draco asked him.

Harry shook his head. “I haven’t been back yet. Richard has been carrying on without me for now. It wasn’t what I wanted, but there’s little that I can do about it. Apparently, now that I’m not there, they’ve gotten more confidence and they’re ripping me apart and apparently my not being there is very ‘telling’ towards my lies and guilt.”

“I’m sorry, this isn’t going to ruin the case, is it?” Draco asked unsurely.

Harry shook his head. “No, of course not. Richard is very able to handle them and he is handling them very well. He’s calling them all sorts because they’re picking on me due to my ‘accident’ and
he is assuring them that I’ll be back soon enough, when I’m a bit stronger.”

“Are you well enough to go back?” Draco asked worriedly.

Harry smiled and nodded. “Yes. I’m getting better by the day now. I’m taking some blood daily too, in the night just before I go to sleep. That’s helping to take away all the little aches and pains. I can stand up now, as you can see, and though eating is still a little difficult at the moment, I’m getting better.”

Draco just held him, not saying anything, as truly there was nothing that he could say, but he held tight and strongly. Harry smiled into that tight hold. They were going to be just fine. To believe anything else was to give up all hope and he refused to do as such.

“Come on.” Nasta encouraged. “We’ll show you the ground floor first, then we can sit down and talk.”

“This is the living room.” Harry said with a smile, taking Draco’s hand and pulling him to the door.

Blaise chuckled as he mirrored Harry and took Draco’s other hand. “That’s a bathroom.” Blaise pointed to their right.

“It can’t be called a bathroom though.” Harry insisted as Nasta and Max followed close behind with Lucius, who was here just in case things kicked off again, though what he could do as a human was very limited with brawling Drackens. Though perhaps he could talk down the situation before it actually got to a physical fight. Lucius, with his sharp, silver tongue, was incredibly good at doing that.

“What would you call it?” Draco asked him.

“A bath suite.” Harry said with a smile. “Or perhaps a bath mansion.”

Max chuckled behind him and Harry gave him a smile over his shoulder, giving him another saucy wink. He’d been teasing Max all day and his biggest mate was getting more and more sexually frustrated. He’d need a release sooner rather than later. Harry bit his lip as he thought of Max and Nasta christening their new bed in their new master bedroom without him, Blaise and Draco. It was
a bittersweet fantasy, because Max and Nasta having sex was unbelievably arousing, but on the other hand, them christening the new bed without all five of them there seemed very wrong.

Blaise opened the bathroom door and Draco’s mouth dropped.

“I agree with Harry.” He said. “That’s more of a bath suite than a bathroom.”

“You see!” Harry cawed out. “I was right!”

“You’re always right.” Blaise told him with a smile.

“Thank you.” Harry smiled. “I also agree that I’m always right.”

That made Max laugh again and he felt a large hand grope his bum. He shifted himself back a little, putting his bum more into Max’s hand and he heard his mate groan under his breath.

“That room is empty for the moment.” Nasta pointed out as they carried on, sending Max and Harry a warning look. Harry just grinned back. “The room next to it, right down the bottom by the stairs, is going to be a small home gym when Max moves his equipment from the old house to this one and the room opposite that one is a storage closet.”

Harry tugged Draco down to the left. “Come and see the kitchen, Draco! It’s magnificent.”

Draco actually gasped at the size of the kitchen.

“This is…its huge!” He said in wonder.

“It’s brilliant, isn’t it?” Harry grinned. “Come and see the family room too.” Harry said excitedly, pulling him to the left without giving him much time to look at anything else.

“What’s that way?” Draco asked. “And through those two doors.”

“That’s the utility room, that one’s the pantry.” Max said, pointing to each room off of the kitchen,
and Harry could have snogged him for trying.

“Through there are two empty rooms that will be studies.” Nasta added as Harry tugged Draco in the opposite direction, into the family room, where their children were playing under the supervision of Myron, Richard and Aneirin, who were here just in case.

“Daddy Day!” Tegan exclaimed happily, excitedly, as she hefted herself up to her feet and ran to him on unsteady legs.

Draco was in tears as he crouched down to hug Tegan close to his chest, his face buried in her hair as he run his fingers through the lengths of it.

Their moment was ruined by four other kids clamouring around them as even Farren got to his feet to come and greet Draco, who wrapped his long arms around all five of them and squeezed them close as they all chatted and jostled each other, each trying to tell their Daddy Draco their own little stories.

“We’ve all missed you.” Harry said softly.

“Sit on the settee.” Nasta encouraged and Draco moved, to much displeasure from the kids, who followed him, chattering and shrieking around his legs.

Draco sat down and lifted the kids up one by one, though Braiden climbed up easily himself, not content to wait to be lifted up, and Draco ended up having two kids on one side of him and three on the other. Not happy at all with this arrangement, Tegan clambered over her brothers and sat proudly on his lap.

Draco laughed and bent to kiss her, letting the kids talk to him and chatting back to them. He had very evidently missed them a great deal too and watching him be with them for the first time in almost ten days was painful and very emotional to witness. It seemed much longer than that, but a lot had happened in such a very short space of time.

Harry went to check on Leolin, but after the two and a half ounces of milk that he’d drank for his dinner, he was down and out for the count.

Harry picked him up and cradled him gently, kissing his cheek. The other kids soon migrated back to the floor after they’d finished telling their Daddy Draco their stories, even Tegan though she was the last to leave Draco, and they started playing with their quiet toys before their bedtime. Harry was then able to pass Leolin over to Draco for a cuddle.

“Is he alright?” Draco asked, obviously referring to his recent trip to the hospital.
“He’s absolutely fine. We have to deal with the Faeries tomorrow though.”

Draco snapped his head up. “I forgot that they would get involved. They…they can’t take him from us, can they?” He looked over to Nasta as his arms wrapped more firmly around Leolin’s tiny body.

“They can damn well try.” Max snarled. “I’ll throw every single one of them out of this house in pieces, one by one, piece by piece if I have to.”

“It won’t come to that.” Nasta insisted gently, calming everything back down. “It’ll just be Dain and Kailen and Eitri as an impartial court representative.”

“I did like Eitri.” Harry said softly. “He was kind and he was fair to us. He’ll be the same again, won’t he?” Harry asked uncertainly.

“He will.” Nasta nodded. “They’re all going to be angry initially, but once they see that Leolin is fine and unharmed and that we’ve taken steps to make sure that this will never happen again, they should settle down. We won’t allow them to take Leolin from us. He is our son and they can’t take him if we don’t let them.”

Harry nodded firmly. He agreed with that at least, his Dracken too, no one was going to take his son away from him.

“I think we have seen enough fighting, enough violence.” Blaise said. “I don’t think I could survive another incident.”

“It won’t happen.” Max said strongly standing up and striding to Blaise and hugging him tightly. “Never, ever again, my love.”

Blaise sighed and he clung to Max and Harry truly saw then how much this had taken out of Blaise. He was trying to be strong, but he was just as affected as the rest of them.

“If…it helps, I’ve made good progress.” Draco said quietly. “My therapist has gone right back to my, rather spoilt, childhood. I’m not used to sharing things and sometimes…sometimes that can
lead to angry outbursts. I’ve never been...challenged in such a way before, so I don’t know how to react normally. I’ve never had siblings or cousins or anything to interact with as a child. My things were mine, everyone’s attention was always on me and that was ingrained deeply from my childhood onwards. I expected others to pay me attention and to always focus on me. I’m being taught to change that mind set now and it is difficult, but it is also working. I’m seeing things from a new perspective, I’m actually thinking from your point of view now instead of just my own.”

“We’re very proud of you.” Harry said, snuggling up tighter to Draco, who was still cradling Leolin.

“We are.” Nasta said, adding weight to Harry’s words. “Carry on as you have been and we’ll allow you to move back in with us. You will be closely monitored, however.” He warned, as Max bristled slightly at that declaration.

Hearing that, Max settled down approvingly, but Harry was ecstatic that his older mates were seriously considering allowing Draco back and not just brushing him off and keeping him at arm’s length.

“I felt that surely you’d never allow me back ever again.” Draco said softly, slightly choked.

“We love you.” Blaise said. “We want you to be better because we want you back. Nothing has changed in that respect, Draco.”

Harry felt Draco’s breathing hitch and he sat up and kissed him on the mouth.

“You will get better.” Harry told him sternly. “You will fight for us and you will not ever give up on us, your family. We love you and you will get to come back once you’re better. You just need to work towards it and then we all need to work together to sort this once and for all.”

“I will.” Draco said. “I’m determined to do this.”

“Then we will fully support you.” Nasta insisted. “But one more incident like this, Draco and I will not let you live again.”

Harry’s heart iced over and tears prickled at his eyes. He turned to Draco and held onto him.
“Please never do this again. I don’t think I’d survive if I lost one of my mates.” He said sadly.

Draco freed up one arm and he put it around Harry’s shoulders, pulling him in tightly. “I’m getting help and things are going well.” He insisted gruffly. “It won’t happen again.”

“Good.” Harry replied.

“Ma.”

Just one sleepy little word and everything eased down. Harry looked down into Leolin’s little, sleep wrinkled face and he smiled gently.

“You should be sleeping.” Harry told him with a soft smile.

“Ma!” Leolin replied more demandingly and Harry sighed.

He had to pick his little boy up and snuggle him into his neck and he smiled softly as he felt a tiny mouth nuzzle into him.

“Here.” Max was trying very, very hard as he handed over a sleeping Eva and Ave to Draco.

“Thank you. How are they?” Draco asked as he cradled a baby in each arm.

“Good, they’ve been good.” Max said. “They’re still trying to get up on their feet, but then that’s baby Drackens for you. They’re not talking very well, but their movements are phenomenal. My big, strong, baby bodybuilders!”

“Did you…did you just call my sweet, baby girls bodybuilders?!” Harry demanded.

“They obviously get it from Max’s side of the family.” Blaise quipped.
“Myron is definitely a bodybuilder.” Richard said with a grin. “Our Maxie was a baby bodybuilder too.”

“My daughters are not bodybuilders!” Harry hissed as he cradled Leolin against his shoulder.

“They might be.” Draco said tentatively. “Weren’t you the one always saying that they can be whatever they want to be? What if they want to be bodybuilders?”

Harry just looked at Draco silently, before he smiled and moved to kiss him hard.

“I’m so proud of you! You’re right, they can be whatever they want to be, but they aren’t bodybuilders at the moment and I will not have them called as such.” Harry said. “As punishment, Max…”

“Why am I being punished?” Max pouted.

“Because I said so…and I want tea. So your punishment is to go and make us tea!”

Max huffed, but Harry could see that he was happy and his eyes were smiling.

“Can we have takeaway tonight?” He asked.

“They’re not very healthy, Harry.” Nasta worried.

“They use fresh ingredients and it’s not anything that they wouldn’t cook at home anyway.” Harry insisted.

“What do you want, pizza, Indian, Chinese?” Max asked.

“Indian.” Harry grinned.
“I’ve always wanted to try Indian cuisine.” Blaise said interestedly.

Nasta wavered and he looked unsure as both of his recovering mates wanted the same thing.

“Max makes a mean curry.” Richard insisted. “Better than any takeaway place!”

“I do, but if my Harry wants a takeaway, then he gets a takeaway. My two lovers get what they want.” He said kissing Harry’s head and then Blaise’s.

“I thought neither of you liked spicy food.” Draco cut in worriedly.

“There are milder curries.” Max told him calmly. “Ones that use yoghurt or coconut to temper the gorgeous spices so they’re still full of flavour, but not so much heat. So boys, how are we for curry for dinner? Nas, you must have had a thousand curries on your numerous visits to India.”

“I do like curries. There was one that I did really like, a local specialty from Mumbai.” Nasta smiled. “Do you remember, Dad?”

“Was that the very hot one that you and Sanex forced me to try and had me gulping a pint of milk every other bite?” Aneirin asked with a fond smile.

“Yeah, I think for those two weeks that was the only curry that I ate.” Nasta laughed.

“I like the coconut ones.” Harry said.

“I’ll find the local takeaway, it’ll be alright as a treat, Nas.” Max insisted. “We have something to celebrate, after all.”

“No meat for me.” Harry called out.

That stopped Max short and he looked at him curiously.
“Are you…do you feel like you want to stay away from meat?” Blaise asked him.

Harry pulled a face. “I forgot that I hadn’t told you that I was having a heat period.”

“What!” Max said in shock. “When?”

“Yeah, in three weeks.” Harry told them.

“Three…three weeks!” Max echoed weakly.

“Yeah, so gear up for it, we might be getting more babies soon.”

Harry patted Leolin’s back as he looked out over to his five others, who were being incredibly good as they played with their quiet toys and each other.

“I…I…I can’t even believe it.” Max stammered. “Why are you always so calm?! How can you be calm now, after hearing that?!”

Harry thought for a moment that Max was talking to him and he looked over to his biggest mate to see him looking instead to Nasta.

“I already knew. Harry told me last week.” Nasta replied easily.

“And you didn’t think to tell me?!?” Max demanded.

“We were a lot more highly strung last week. I didn’t want to put any more pressures on any of us. We still have time to prepare.”

“How will it be handled?” Draco asked worriedly.
“Harry’s coming heat is part of the reason why I set up this meeting and allowed this visit to come about so soon after you’ve started your therapy,” Nasta said. “We owe it to Harry to make his heat period as comfortable and as painless as possible.”

“It’s painful to have a heat period without all of my mates there with me.” Harry said quietly.

“It is?” Aneirin asked and Harry became painfully aware that Aneirin had been incredibly young when he’d lost his own mate and that, as Lowri’s only mate, Aneirin had more than likely stayed with his mate from a few days before her heat period was due. Lowri wouldn’t have ever suffered with having one mate with her and one missing as she’d only had the one dominant.

Harry nodded. “When I had that fu…muck up with Draco and Max, for the first part of the first day of that heat period, it was painful because Max wasn’t there with me. It felt wrong, I was confused and distressed and the burning of the heat was unbearable until Max finally arrived. I have no doubts that it’ll be exactly the same if any of my mates are excluded. So we’re making sure that they’re all going to be there with me.”

“I had no idea.” Aneirin said.

“I was at work when Ashleigh went onto her heat period once.” Richard said. “It was an unavoidable case and I thought that she’d be fine with just Myron for a bit longer, so though my Dracken was going ballistic, I held on for half an hour to finish up the case and get back home before letting my Dracken out. She made me swear to never leave her like that ever again. Do you remember, My?”

“I remember. That’s when we learnt that it was physically painful and mentally unsettling for a submissive to be on a heat without all of their mates.” Myron nodded his head.

“So we need to be ready and at the least not tearing chunks out of one another for Harry’s heat period in three weeks’ time.” Nasta sighed. “So we’re trying, we’re all calm and we’re trying.”

“I appreciate it very much.” Harry said with a smile. “But Max, I wanted that tea ten minutes ago, I haven’t forgotten your punishment!”

Max laughed then. His big, booming laugh that tightened things low in Harry’s gut and brought an uncontrollable smile to his face.

Five babies stopped what they were doing and looked over at their Daddy Max before they
laughed, giggled and shrieked themselves and that made Harry laugh too.

“Ma ma.” Leolin burbled into his neck.

“Are you still awake?” Harry cooed in a funny voice that made Leolin scowl. “Oh you do not like me changing my voice, do you?” He said normally and Leolin’s scowl melted back into neutral. “Go back to sleep, Leolin.”

“Ma.”

“I know. I’m still here.” Harry assured softly, rubbing his back through his sleepsuit.

A baby shrieked and he looked over quickly to find that Calix had found that he could whack Farren with a soft teddy.

“Braiden, no!” Blaise chastised. “Don’t hit Calix! No, I mean…Calix don’t hit Reg…Te.”

“Farren.” Nasta said helpfully as he hefted Farren away from the teddy that Calix was whacking him with and he handed him to Richard to snuggle. “Calix was hitting Farren.”

Blaise’s fist clenched and he nodded. “My mind went blank.”

“You got the link that it was Calix.” Harry pointed out. “That’s progress.” Harry praised him.

Blaise rubbed at his head, sneering as his hand encountered only less than half an inch of stubble. “How am I supposed to be a productive member of society if I can’t even remember the names of my own children?”

“You’ll get better, Cara.” Nasta insisted gently. “It’ll be for a few weeks, but until then, don’t strain yourself, it’ll only make things worse.”

Blaise sighed, his shoulders sagging. “That’s more difficult to practice than it is to just say, Nasta.”
“I know, Cariad. I know. But you will get over this.”

Nasta hugged Blaise tight and Max walked in with a tray of tea.

“I’ve ordered dinner. It’ll be about an hour.” He said before realising the sombre mood of the room. “What happened?”

“Calix was whacking Farren with a teddy bear.” Harry replied helpfully.

Max groaned and picked up Calix. “You are such a little trouble maker!” He insisted as Calix giggled. “It’s not funny! You’re going to be so much trouble, you’re like a little Caesar.”

“Oh, hark at him, Myron!” Richard laughed. “You’d think he never got into trouble for a single day of his life!”

“I didn’t!” Max insisted, adopting an offended tone and a hurt look. “It was always Caesar! Him and his harebrained schemes always got us into trouble.”

“Then maybe you shouldn’t have joined in and encouraged him.”

“I was being a responsible older brother and going along with him to make sure that he didn’t get hurt!” Max insisted, sticking his nose into the air and sniffing haughtily.

Harry burst out laughing and Max shot him a mock hurt look that had Harry laughing until tears streamed down his face.

“You’re my submissive mate!” Max cried out. “You’re supposed to be on my side and defend me from such attacks on my honour and integrity!”

Harry, who had been calming down, was thrown into another fit of hysterics and he started laughing so hard that his face turned red. He waved at Nasta and pointed at his chest and then his top dominant was there, a smile on his own face, as he helped Harry to breathe by rubbing his
“Please, Max. Do try not to kill our submissive with laughter.” Nasta mock chastised.

“I don’t even see what was so funny!” Max huffed.

“Probably that Harry knows that you have no honour or integrity.” Richard pointed out and Harry let out several soft giggles.

“How dare you!” Max threw his nose back into the air. “I’ll have you know that I’m the most honourable man of the utmost integrity in this whole damn country!”

Harry about collapsed at hearing that, wiping his streaming eyes and trying to control his breathing. He lost the battle when his children looked over to see him laughing so hard and they joined in.

“I’m going to wet myself.” He managed to get out between bursts of hysterical laughter.

“Good!” Max declared. “It’s no less than you deserve!”

Harry shook his head and he handed Leolin to Nasta before standing and he wobbled his way down the corridor and to the bathroom, trying to squeeze his legs closed so that he didn’t wet himself. He heard Max’s ‘outraged’ shouts all the way to the bathroom.

He took a minute to calm down once he’d emptied his bladder and he washed his hands and face and he took a moment to regain his breath. Of course it would have been Max who would have reduced him to a hysterical mess.

He shook his head and then grinned to himself as he thought of payback. He stole into the smaller living room and grabbed the pot of floo powder off of the mantelpiece and he threw a pinch into the flames. He carefully got down onto his knees, watching his injured left leg, and he called out for The Burrow before sticking his head through the flames.

“Oh, Harry dear, are you alright, do you need me to come through?” Mrs Weasley fretted as she turned from where she was making the Weasleys dinner.

“No, no, it’s okay, Mrs Weasley. Everything’s fine.” He insisted. “I just wanted a chat with Ginny.
“Is she around?”

“Of course, dear. One moment.”

Mrs Weasley left the kitchen and Harry heard her yelling through the house for Ginny.

“Harry wants to talk to you!” Harry heard her calling out and then there was loud clattering as if a horse were running over a rickety, wooden bridge. It made him chuckle.

“Harry! Are you okay?” Ginny asked him. “Mum told me everything!”

“It’s alright, Gin, I just have a favour to ask of you.” He said with a wink. “Only you can do this for me.”

Ginny looked around herself a moment then turned back to him. “More toys?” She whispered.

Harry nodded. “Preferably clothes. We’ve moved house and I’m pretty sure that Max would have burnt the other stuff too.”

“I have just the thing.” Ginny told him. “I was looking for new stuff for your birthday next month. I’ll give you something early, but aren’t you too injured?”

Harry shook his head. “No, Gin. I’m up and walking now. I just need to take it easy for another couple of days, but my mates won’t give me what I need unless I force them to. Hence why I need a couple of items.”

Ginny’s smile almost split her face and she cackled. “I have just the thing in mind, do you want it now, or should I send it with Pigwidgeon?”

“Can Pig handle it?”

“Yes, it’ll be rather light.”
Harry nodded. “With Pig then, I can’t take it now, we have company over and the Faeries will be by tomorrow, so it’ll have time to get here.” Harry chuckled. “Thanks, Ginny. You’re the best.”

“Of course I am, now go, quickly before they find you and blow your cover.”

Harry was still laughing as he pulled his head free of the flames. He stood up, brushed the soot from his head and hair thoroughly before he headed back to the family room via the kitchen.

“Are you okay?” Nasta asked.

“No accidents?” Max tacked on.

Harry grinned manically. “No. I just needed a moment to relearn how to breathe. I will pay you back for that though.” He said, thinking of all the things that Ginny could possibly send him.

“Yeah, yeah.” Max scoffed with a wink.

Harry grinned wider. Max wouldn’t know what hit him when Harry dressed up for him. He couldn’t wait to see what Ginny would send him this time.

“Right, let’s get these kids to bed.” Harry instructed. “By the time we get them all in bed it’ll be their bedtime. They’ve all had their teeth brushed, haven’t they?”

“Yep, they’re all in fresh nappies too.” Max told him as he hefted up Farren from Richard’s lap along with Calix.

“What story do they need tonight?” Nasta asked as he passed Leolin back to him carefully.

“Tickly Tiger.” Harry told them. “Let Tegan hold the book though.”

Max and Nasta nodded as they took the five oldest kids, Max with two, Nasta with three, up to their
nursery for a bedtime story.

“I’ll take the girls up.” Aneirin said with a smile, taking the sleeping Eva and Ave from Draco and following Max and Nasta.

Harry sat back on the settee and snuggled up to Draco with Leolin, letting Draco take their Faerie son as he took several deep gulps of his honeyed tea. Everyone else had already finished theirs.

Blaise was sat on Draco’s other side and he too rested himself on the blond, absorbing his presence while they actually had it.

“Are you both truly okay?” Draco asked them both as he kissed Blaise’s shaved head and then turned to the other side to kiss Harry’s brow.

“We’re going to be fine.” Blaise told him. “It’s you who needs to get better now.”

“It has only been a week, but I am making progress already. I always knew that I was spoilt, I just never knew what that would mean when I finally had a family of my own. I just never realised that I had no idea how to compromise or how to really get by when everything wasn’t always about me. I bluffed my way through two years, and it was difficult, but I managed. Then finding out that I nearly made myself infertile through my own stupidity, well, I found it a lot more difficult to manage my stress and anger levels after that and every little thing just grew until I finally exploded over something relatively minor.”

“But it won’t happen again, will it?” Harry asked.

Draco turned more towards him, cupped his face and kissed him. “No, it won’t. I’m being taught ways to control my anger, ways to use it productively and how to recognise when I’m getting to the limit of my anger and patience so that I can separate myself from the situation and go to cool off. I’m learning and I’ll go to these classes every single day if I have to, to get you all back. I do love you all, so very much, and I’m willing to do absolutely anything to prove it to you.”

Blaise moved and kissed Draco’s cheek while Harry kissed his forehead and they both lavished their love upon Draco while they had him. Their bigger, blond mate had no idea what to do or which way to turn as he was sandwiched between them and they were kissing all over his face and neck. It was Blaise who claimed his mouth first and snogged him while Harry sucked a bruise onto his pale neck to mark him.
“We are still here.” Myron grunted.

“Don’t interrupt them, I’m enjoying the show!” Richard complained. Lucius said nothing, but he was paler than usual.

“Why don’t you all go into the kitchen and give us a minute.” Harry complained. Blaise didn’t release Draco’s mouth from their kiss, so neither of them said anything.

“Leolin is between you.” Lucius said.

“He sleeps beside our bed, he’s seen and heard much worse. This is nothing new to him.” Harry pointed out, much to Richard’s amusement.

“Pass him here.” Myron stood up and he took Leolin from Harry’s arms before herding Richard into the kitchen. Lucius didn’t need to be told, he had been the first one through the door. “Nothing more than kissing.” Myron told them sternly before he shut the door on them.

“Fuck, I thought they’d never leave.” Harry growled as he moved to swing his good leg over Draco’s lap and he sat on him, keeping his healing left leg straight, gripping that perfect blond hair and snogging his blond mate himself.

Harry felt an arm wrap around his waist, he felt Blaise by his side, he could hear moans and small groans and then Blaise forced his own tongue into their kiss and suddenly they were having a three way French kiss.

He didn’t care how much time has passed, but Harry found himself with his own love bites, a hand under his shirt playing with one of his nipples and he was unbearably hard. They did not stop their snogging for longer than it took to gasp in some much needed air, or when one of them broke off to suck at a neck, leaving bruises and marks all over each other.

“Oi! Knock it off.” Max growled from above them and they split apart like naughty boys and they all looked up at him standing over the back of the settee. “That’s better.”

He grabbed their heads one by one and snogged them himself, all of them, even Draco, before standing back and licking his lips.
“Damn, you three taste good.” He said deeply.

“You taste like curry.” Harry grinned.

“I taste tested the takeaway, just in case.” Max winked. “Nasta has sent everyone away so that we can eat in peace, but if you’d rather stay in here and maul one another.”

“We would.” Blaise answered, moving back to kiss Draco.

Max laughed and he hefted Blaise up and over the back of the settee, setting him down on his feet before picking up Harry and keeping him in his arms.

“Kitchen, now. You can snog after you’ve eaten.”

Harry groaned theatrically and it made Blaise laugh as he waltzed into the kitchen with Nasta.

“The pale curries are for you three, the red ones are mine and Nasta’s, seeing as your little sensitive taste buds can’t handle real curries.”

“I like a different sort of heat.” Harry winked as he was set down in front of a plate with a smooth sauce that had no diced meat in it like the others.

“So I noticed!” Max laughed. “They were kissing so heavily, Nas they didn’t even hear the door opening.”

“I can imagine.” Nasta smiled softly as he ate his own food.

“You started without us!” Harry complained as he grabbed his fork to catch up. He had a significantly smaller plate than everyone else, but that was fine as he couldn’t handle eating a lot, yet he hated leaving anything on his plate. His mates knew that, so they’d given him less to eat on his plate to begin with for him. If he could eat more then there would be more for him, but if he couldn’t eat more, then he would have cleared his plate and that was fine.
“We would have all started together if you’d come when you were called and didn’t become so absorbed with snogging that you were deaf to our voices.” Nasta winked.

Harry chuckled and he took the first bite and he smiled as he watched Blaise and Draco eat their own food. There were an assortment of side dishes between the five of them and Harry tried bits and pieces of everything, but not too much as he had to keep stopping now and then to wait for his belly to accept what he’d already eaten before carrying on. It was annoying when all he wanted to do was gorge himself on everything in front of him and enjoy being in the company of his four dominant mates for the first time in almost two weeks.

It was peaceful, normal. It was just the five of them in the kitchen, eating dinner, all the kids were asleep in their cots. It was normal and Harry actually felt relaxed and calm for the first time in weeks. This is what he’d truly needed and he would not forget just how hard Max was trying, he would not forget the unhesitant kiss that he had given to Draco, nor how relaxed and joy filled he’d made the evening with his jokes and laughter. Harry would pay him back for that because it had been everything that he’d needed today and he was incredibly grateful.

Harry barely managed to finish his plate and even then it had been a massive struggle, but his belly was distended and he groaned as he pushed away from the table.

“I’m not going to be moving for days.” He complained.

“Good!” Max laughed. “Maybe now you can stay where you are and heal up a bit.”

Harry stuck his tongue out, but he couldn’t do much more. He instead sat back and groaned happily.

“Any pain?” Nasta asked him seriously.

“A little.” Harry said and Max stood up and went to his potion’s case, which was near enough in the same place that he’d had it at the old house, up in the highest cabinet in the kitchen. “That’s just cruel to keep it up there away from me.” Harry pouted.

“It just means that you have to ask for things when you need them.” Max smiled as he got out one of Harry’s mild potions and placed it by his hand. “Let me get you a cup of tea before you take it.” He insisted as he put the case back and turned to the kettle.

Harry sat up a little straighter and he got the potion ready to go down as quickly and as easily as possible while Max got his cup of honey tea ready.
“Draco, you’re the closest, stick honey on the shopping list for me.” Max said as he looked at the almost empty bottle. “I don’t want Harry or Blaise moving.”

Draco stood up and he went to the massive, double doored fridge, where there was an A4 piece of paper stuck to the front with a fridge magnet. He picked up the pen that had a magnetised strip attached to it so that it could also live on the fridge door, and he wrote down honey before coming back to the table.

Harry knocked back the potion and then gulped a quarter of the tea down before he stopped to take a gasping breath.

“Fuck that’s gross.” He complained.

“Blaise, do you still have a headache?” Nasta asked after supervising Harry taking his potion.

Blaise shook his head. “It trailed off into nothing.” He said simply.

Harry sighed happily and he stood himself up.

“Where are you going?” Nasta asked him.

“To the smaller living room so I can sit down in comfort and relax.” He said with a smile.

“Come on then.” Max said as he walked over to him, bent down and picked Harry up by the back of his knees, before sitting him on his hip and he used his other hand to grab his cup of tea.

Harry chuckled, but he allowed himself to be carried into the living room and to the little settee nest. Max placed him down gently and Harry wriggled around and settled down with a yawn. Blaise crawled in next to him and he wrapped Harry up in his arms.

“You’re not staying down here alone, again!” Max told them.

“You’re just jealous that you weren’t invited.”
“What happened?” Draco asked.

“They had sex together when we left them down here alone almost a week ago, when the both of them were still very injured.”

Draco shook his head but Harry grinned unrepentantly.

“I’m going to sort the dishes.” Max grumbled.

“Already taken care of.” Nasta said. “I put a charm on the dishes and threw everything else in the bin.”

Nasta climbed into the nest bed and he lay down and pushed his arm under Blaise and Harry’s heads.

“Get in here, the both of you.” Nasta ordered. “Settle down and let us resettle our bond while we can.”

Max didn’t need to be told twice as he climbed into the settee nest, but Draco hesitated.

“Get in here, now!” Harry ordered.

“Don’t upset him.” Max warned seriously.

Draco climbed in then and he laid himself down on Nasta’s side, not Max’s, somehow sensing that Max was the one who had the biggest problem with him, after all, they had been the ones mostly fighting that day.

Harry was very happy and he started mumbling and chatting about anything and everything, his new home, his day outside in the garden, the kids, how much he’d liked the takeaway treat. He was so happy that he rambled about everything that he could think of and he barely gave his mates time to answer or say anything.
Max eventually ended up laughing. “Slow down and take a breath, Harry, my love.”

“I can’t, I’m so happy.” Harry said with a grin.

Max kissed him. “I’m glad that you’re so happy, but stop talking our ears off and let us get a word in once in a while.”

Harry huffed and he snuggled himself between his mates, inhaling deeply and regularly so that he could smell Draco’s scent around him. He smiled to himself, letting his mates’ voices wash over him, as now that he’d stopped talking, they could start.

He was happy, relaxed and everything felt right. He could ignore everything that had happened, he could ignore his injuries and little aches and pains, because right in this moment, everything felt so completely right.

“Harry, what do you think?” Max asked. “Harry?”

Nasta laughed as he looked at his quiet submissive and saw the closed eyes, the slack mouth and the soft, even breaths. “He’s asleep.”

“That’s just fucking charming. He talks our ears off and then when we start talking, he falls asleep!” Max complained without heat, smiling softly.

“He did eat a lot.” Blaise said. “That usually makes him mellow and sleepy.”

“Let me get him up to bed, those girls won’t be waking up until much later and he could use the uninterrupted sleep.”

Nasta removed himself from the nest and he picked Harry up carefully and he carried him lovingly up to the master bedroom.

Harry mumbled as he was placed onto the bed and Nasta shushed him gently. “Just rest, Caru.” He said softly. “You need to sleep now.”

“Nas? Bed is cold.” Harry complained, his eyes still closed.
Nasta got out his wand and a quick spell heated up the sheets and blankets for Harry and his submissive smiled, still partially asleep.

“Is everything okay now?” Harry asked.

“Everything’s going to be fine, Harry. Just go to sleep and rest.” Nasta insisted.

“Draco.”

“Draco is still downstairs, he’ll be going back to his parents soon, but he will be back.”

“Hmm…good.” Harry mumbled, rubbing his one ear across the pillow and pulling the duvet up to his chin.

Nasta smiled at him and tucked him in more firmly and he kissed Harry’s cheek, watching as Harry pulled a face in his almost asleep state and he couldn’t help but smile wider at him. He watched Harry drift back off to proper sleep before he left the bedroom and he went back down to the living room. He had made the right decision in his mind. Harry had needed to see Draco, to see them making an effort and now Harry could rest and recover properly. Hopefully Blaise could too, he hadn’t shown any discomfort or adverse reaction to Draco being here either, just the opposite in fact as he walked back into the living room and he saw Blaise snuggled up with Draco, Max holding the both of them in his arms, Blaise sandwiched happily in the middle.

He smiled and his shoulders relaxed and he breathed in deeply. Their mateship wasn’t entirely destroyed and with a lot of work, from all of them not just Draco, this could be forgiven and they could move on from it.

Nasta climbed back into the nest and he pressed himself up against Draco’s back, linking his arms around Draco and Blaise to grip at Max.

“Is Harry okay?”

“He was mumbling about the bed sheets.” Nasta smiled as he wriggled himself around and shoved his hips forward into Draco’s. “He’ll be fine, just destress and reaffirm our bond.”

“It feels wrong not to have Harry here.” Blaise said.
“He couldn’t cuddle like this anyway. Not yet.” Max grumbled as he shifted the arm under Blaise and Draco’s heads…the arm that he was losing the feeling in as his mates cut off the blood to his hand. He didn’t care.

“We could have been gentler.” Blaise insisted.

Max clenched the arm that was tucked over the two younger men and they both gasped and rubbed their ribs.

“But I like clutching you tight to me.” Max insisted with a smile.

Nasta chuckled too and he moved his hand until he felt the edge of Max’s shirt and his hand easily slipped under to touch bare skin. He smiled and he closed his eyes. He wasn’t going to sleep, it was only eight O’clock, but lying here in the quiet, it was the perfect way to re-establish their bond to one another, more so since Harry wasn’t there which is why he’d taken him up to bed in the first place.

It was one thing to bond around their submissive, an entirely different thing to bond with one another without Harry there. It was just them together, four dominants and no submissive. It was more intimate, more meaningful that they were doing this together without Harry and that was what he’d wanted because they needed to be able to do this without their submissive holding them together. They needed more, much more, than just Harry in common with one another or their relationship would never work as they’d be relying completely on Harry to hold them together and that wasn’t fair on their youngest member.

Nasta opened his eyes and he smiled at Max as he caught those blue eyes looking at him over Blaise and Draco’s heads.

“We’re going to be just fine.” He told Max quietly, tightening his one arm around Draco’s waist and stroking Max’s skin with the other.

Max looked at him for a few moments and then he nodded, before he smiled too. They really were going to be just fine. They just needed to survive the visit from the Faeries tomorrow. How Nasta wished they had never revealed to him what they had. He had been happier not knowing that the man he had thought was his ancestor was an abusive murderer and that Trefor Delericey had had an affair, and several children, with two Valkyries. He was glad that Trefor had found an escape from his abusive, pig of a Husband, he just wasn’t sure on what to make of having relatives who were over five hundred years old and had known that they were related and hadn’t done anything about it. It felt like…like they were ashamed of him and his family, like they didn’t want to get to know them because they were Drackens and not Faeries and to him at least, it still felt like the only reason they had come back into their lives was because of Leolin.
He couldn’t help but wonder, if Leolin had not been born a Faerie, would Dain and Kailen have ever come into their lives and told them the truth of what had happened to Trefor and his children? He got the feeling that the answer to that was a resounding no, they would never have bothered with them if it wasn’t for Leolin and that was very painful to digest. He sighed and pushed it from his mind. He did know about the truth of his ancestors and Leolin was a Faerie, there was nothing they could do about it now. They just had to accept it and move on, just like they had to do with Draco and the fight.

It wasn’t going to be easy, but then nothing worth doing was easy, but he was certain that they’d manage it as long as they stuck together. Their love would hold them together and his strength of will would stop him from immediately lynching the Faeries on sight tomorrow.

As for how the rest of the visit progressed, well that would be entirely up to the visiting Faeries and how they behaved tomorrow, but at the first sign of trouble or the first mention of taking Leolin away from them, that would be it, the final straw. He would kick them out of his home, bar them from ever coming back and deny them the chance of seeing Leolin grow. He was often told by others that he had the tolerance and patience of a saint, but truly now, that tolerance, his patience was wearing severely thin.

He had had more than enough of others interfering with his mateship and enough was enough, he would not take it any longer. He was the top dominant for his mateship and he would pull them all back into order and keep them there while blocking any attempts by any outsiders to interfere, whether that was the Faeries, Marianna or anyone else. It was his job to sort out this mess and he would sort it, in his own way and to hell if anyone didn’t agree with him or his methods and Merlin help anyone who tried to interfere, because now, after today, it would not be accepted or tolerated. He was done and things would be handled his way from now on, and those who disagreed with him could damn well leave them all alone. It was no one else’s business but their own, they were all grown men and Harry was right, they could make up their own minds about what to do and they had made up their minds. It wasn’t for anyone else to try and change them now.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Not much to say, only happy birthday, Draco! We are moving along quickly and I have part of chapter 104 written too, but there are several fics to update between now and chapter 104, which gives me some time to actually get it written. Lycanthrope Factory is now finished, I just need to update the last chapter and then finish it off with an epilogue. The Dragons’ Rebirth needs its epilogue too and then both of those will be completely finished. I’ve got a chapter for Tainted Blood, two for Pride of the Lions and Dracken Memoirs is coming on well too, still a way to go before an update for that one though. The start of the sequel to Blue Moon is also coming on really well and I’m so happy to be back visiting with Fenrir/Harry and the pack.

Anyway, I hope you’ve all enjoyed this chapter, lovelies! Until the next one,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Four – Faerie Friction

Harry was feeling great the very next morning and he was sat down on the floor, Leolin in his lap and a massive pad of paper on the extended coffee table in front of him, several boxes of crayons around him as he encouraged his kids to scribble and scrawl over the paper. Even Leolin, who was fascinated by the bright, bold colours and the thick, chunky crayons that were easy to grip and hold, was joining in and it made Harry’s heart burst to see him enjoying himself as he made doodles with his brothers and sister.

Nasta had gone to the Faerie city to escort the Faeries who were coming to visit them to their new home, so that they didn’t have to go to the old, ruined house and see exactly what Leolin had been caught up in. Not to mention the old house had been blocked off to everyone bar family since the fight.

“Ma!” Leolin cooed, turning to pat at him before looking back at his white page with the brightly coloured lines all over it.

“I can see your wonderful picture, Leolin. You’re brilliant, my sweet one.”

Harry heard the hushed hiss of the floo from next door and he held Leolin tighter, making sure that
his Faerie baby’s back was to his front to support him.

Max looked up and he breathed deeply, making sure that he was in the prime position to protect Harry, Leolin, Blaise and their other children from the Faeries if it was needed.

There was one more Faerie than they’d been expecting…Dain and Kailen were first through the door after Nasta, their stances were angry and they immediately scanned around the room, but Harry’s back was to them and he was hiding Leolin with his own body, even as he looked at their guests from over his own shoulder. Eitri, the golden Fae who looked so much like Draco, wandered through the door next, relaxed and neutral, his peaceful face giving away nothing, and behind him came Warren, the Faerie guard.

“Where is Leolin?!” Dain snarled, his body tensed and bunched up with a barely concealed fury.

“Hello to you too.” Harry sneered back over his shoulder. “Sit down and greet us like normal people or you’ll be leaving as quickly as you’ve come! Don’t forget that you are only here, in our home, at our invitation, and that that invitation can be revoked at a moment’s notice!”

Eitri snorted in amusement. “Good morning, Harry Potter. Thank you for welcoming us into your very lovely home.”

“Welcome, please call me Harry.”

“Splendid. Please call me Eitri. May I?”

He indicated to a free space at the coffee table, opposite Harry and next to Braiden, who was scribbling with all the concentration he could muster.

“Feel free.” Harry insisted.

Eitri walked around to the free space and he sat at the table and it was only sitting opposite Harry that he saw Leolin for the first time, sat upright and drawing just like his brothers and sister.

“This is never Leolin.” He exclaimed in shock. “The same babe that you brought to see the court? He shouldn’t be this…he’s seventeen moon turns, isn’t he?”
“That’s right. He’ll be eighteen months in a few weeks.” Harry said with a smile as he kissed Leolin’s black hair.

“Ma!”

“I know sweet one, I can see.” Harry cooed back.

Dain and Kailen moved with Warren shadowing them so that they could see Leolin for themselves and they all but gaped.

“Are you holding him upright or is…is he…” Warren asked, completely stumped.

Harry moved backwards a little and Leolin was sat up on his own, unsupported for a moment before Harry moved back and slipped a hand over his lap as he wobbled a little.

“He can stay upright for only a moment.” Harry said proudly. “After that he’ll list off to the side and fall, but he can support his upper body on his forearms when he’s on his tummy and he loves his crayons.”

“He’s…I can’t believe it! He’s only seventeen moon turns.”

Leolin caught sight of Nasta and held his crayon out to him. “Da!” He declared before putting the crayon back to paper and drawing more squiggles.

Nasta bent down and kissed Leolin’s black hair.

“He’s better than fine.” Eitri declared. “May I?” He asked, holding his arms out.

Harry pulled a face.

“Only for a moment.” Eitri insisted and Harry sighed.
“He won’t like it.” Harry warned as he passed Leolin over gently. Those gold eyes narrowed as his underdeveloped brain registered movement and Leolin looked up at the person holding him and gold eyes caught gold eyes and the scowl that took over Leolin’s face was his worst ever and he hit Eitri with the crayon in his hand repeatedly.

“Ma! Ma! Ma!” He called out, wriggling until he could see Harry and then he reached out to him. “Ma! Ma!” He carried on, kicking with his legs at Eitri until, with a laugh, the Fae had to hand Leolin back.

“A true little Unseelie.” He complimented with a happy smile.

“He is very attached to Harry.” Nasta said as he sat behind Harry and framed his body with his own as Harry got Leolin settled back onto his lap.

“Ma.” Leolin cooed as he looked up to make sure that the eyes he was looking at were green.

“I’ve got you, sweetness.” Harry murmured as he tapped the paper to get Leolin’s attention back onto it.

Leolin dropped the crayon in his hand and picked up the bright blue one and he drew more scribbles onto the page.

“Mummy, look!” Braiden called out, thrusting his picture at him.

“That’s lovely, Braiden. Well done!” Harry praised heavily.

“May I see?” Eitri asked from Braiden’s side.

Braiden looked at him and then frowned. “Daddy Dayco?” He asked, as if knowing that it wasn’t his Father, but not knowing who else it could be.

“This is Eitri, Braiden.”
Max snorted with suppressed laughter, but Eitri took it all in his stride as he smiled and took the paper that was handed to him. It was a mess of lines, swirls, squiggles and blocks of colour, but he smiled as he handed the page back.

“That is wonderful work.” He praised easily. “You are very talented.”

Braiden squealed happily and he stood up, clambering onto Eitri’s lap before seizing his perfectly golden, curly hair and giving him a wet, dribbly kiss. Harry wondered if Braiden still thought that Eitri was Draco as he delivered this show of affection or if their oldest son truly was that affectionate towards strangers.

Eitri laughed then, happily, naturally, and the three Valkyries sat behind him looked at him as if they’d never seen him before as Eitri trailed off to a high, girlish giggle as Braiden rubbed noses with him.

“Is this little one seventeen moon turns old too?” He asked, those gold eyes sparkling like the true precious metal.

“No, that’s our Braiden, our oldest. He’s twenty-two months old. His second birthday is the beginning of August.”

“He is remarkable, truly remarkable.” Eitri praised genuinely as he listened to Braiden talk to him like a real, miniaturised person. “He is speaking! Truly speaking to me.”

“He wants an answer from you too.” Harry told him as Braiden looked at Eitri expectantly.

“I…oh.” Eitri said, looking a little blank as he looked at the tiny boy, who he hadn’t expected to be speaking, much less requiring an answer.

Harry laughed. “Go back to your drawings, Braiden.”

“Okay.” He said as he turned and picked up more crayons.
Leolin screeched and stabbed his crayon down onto the page and scored it down the paper, creating a nice big, bold line. He looked at it, utterly fascinated with the stark colour against the white paper. He giggled and then repeated the process, stabbing and scoring the paper with his blue crayon, before dropping it and picking up the red one.

A cry from one of the bassinets startled their guests, but Max turned and picked up one of his identical daughters.

“That’s never one of the ones that were newly born?” Kailen asked. “She’s so big!”

Max smirked. “Yeah, they’re Drackens so they get bigger quicker and these ones, at just four and a half months old, are already mobile.”

“Truly?” Eitri asked, his eyes glimmering with happiness.

The baby in Max’s arms, who had settled down as soon as she was picked up, wriggled and squirmed like a snake.

Max rolled his eyes and then put the baby girl, Ave, onto the floor. She cooed and then got her arms under her and she pushed up with her maximum effort. She commando crawled across the floor, kicking her feet, digging them into the carpet to propel herself forward, but she mostly crawled with her elbows until she reached her favourite toy. She grabbed it and then rolled onto her back so that she could play with it, gumming and gnawing on the hard plastic.

“She is amazing.” Eitri complimented genuinely. “To see such a tiny baby, only four moons old, moving so…so…she’s brilliant.”

Harry puffed up automatically with pride and he couldn’t stop grinning. Eva soon woke up and she wanted to join her sister on the floor and they moved around like babies twice their age as Eva immediately crawled to the three Faeries on the settee and flumped onto their feet.

“Oh, oh! She’s fallen! Dain, is she alright?” Kailen fretted as Dain automatically surged forward to pick Eva up and his frantic eyes visibly checked her over.

“That wouldn’t have harmed her at all.” Blaise insisted calmly as he sipped at his coffee on an adjacent settee.

“So…so she’s fine?” Kailen asked as he took the little girl from his lover and cradled her softly,
gently, as if she were the most delicate, precious thing in the world.

“She’s fine.” Harry smiled.

Leolin threw his crayon away and turned in Harry’s arms. “Ma.” He declared.

“What’s the matter, love?” He asked.

Leolin forced himself upright and he lifted his arms as if they were weighted down. Harry hugged him and wrapped his arms around his youngest son’s back, being careful of his little wings.

Leolin kissed him, he still couldn’t pucker his lips, so he mouthed wetly across Harry’s lips. Harry helped him out by puckering his mouth and kissing him repeatedly and then blowing raspberries on him. Leolin let out the amazing, huffy giggle that Harry adored hearing from him.

“Is he…laughing?” Eitri asked, stunned.

Harry looked at the Faeries with his own grin. “Yeah. He laughs when he’s really happy or amused.”

Harry blew another raspberry on Leolin to be followed by another round of huffy giggles that had Harry laughing too, just from the shared joy of hearing Leolin giggling.

Calix crawled over and he hefted himself up using Harry as a support. Harry held a hand out to help him and then Calix popped his head over to look at his baby brother.

“Leo kiss.” Calix cooed, bending to kiss his brother.

Leolin remained neutral. No huffy giggles, but he wasn’t glaring as usual and that was progress in Harry’s books.

“How are his wings?” Eitri asked him.

Harry smiled. “Much better now that they’re covered over.”
Harry sat Leolin on the floor and he pulled off his little shirt and his little bottoms too before laying him down and unpopping his bodysuit and tugging that off gently, leaving Leolin in just a nappy and Harry shifted him away from the table and he placed him on the carpet on his belly.

Leolin squirmed on his belly and he looked around. Harry looked to the little wings on Leolin’s back and Eitri aborted a move to touch those tiny wings.

“They are beautiful.” Eitri said. “No Faerie has ever had such a colouring. Our wings are usually brown, green or yellow. I can’t fathom where such a colouring came from.”

Harry grinned and he pulled out his own wings, being careful not to knock into Nasta. “From me, and Nasta too.” He said happily as he looked to Leolin’s tiny white and gold wings.

“I see. He will be highly coveted for those colours. You’ll need to keep a very close eye on him.”

Harry nodded as he tucked his own wings back in and he looked to Leolin, who was frowning as he laid on his belly, his head turned to the side.

Harry chuckled at him and he slipped his hands around Leolin’s hips and pulled his bottom into the air. Leolin giggled as he flattened himself out again and Harry repeated his actions and pulled Leolin’s hips back into the air just to hear him giggle.

“Mummy.”

Harry turned to see Calix beside him still and Harry swept him up and kissed him, to much stronger baby giggles.

“Are you okay, Calix?” He asked.

“Want bicket.”

“You want a biscuit?” Harry corrected.

“Yuh.” Calix replied, looking at him expectantly.
“I got it, it’s about time they had their snacks.” Max said.

Of course Farren, having understood what was going on, stood up and he ran out after Max, causing the rest of them to chuckle.

“He…he just ran! I saw him running!” Eitri said, utterly amazed.

“They can all stand up and when they want to, they can run.” Harry explained. “The obvious exception being Ave, Eva and Leolin, of course. Calix does prefer crawling still, and Regan won’t stay on his feet for long, but other than that, they are all very mobile.”

Farren preceded Max into the room, biscuit already in hand and a beaker in his other and Max came back in behind him with a grin on his face and a tray of biscuits, beakers and tea cups. He was using his good set of china, gifted to him as a joke by Caesar that Max actually loved. It was bone white with silver accents and embellishments, the matching pattern was meticulously inlaid with real silver and Max only brought it out when they had company around to entertain.

He left the Faeries to make their tea how they wished, using the matching sugar bowl and milk jug, as he handed out beakers of juice to their five oldest with a biscuit each.

“Ma.”

Harry turned back to Leolin, who was still on his belly, but even as he reached for his Faerie son, to sit him back up on his lap, Leolin used all his strength to push up his upper body, lifting his head so that he could see around him.

Harry grinned proudly as the four Faeries gawped at him like they’d never seen anything like him before in their lives.

Harry placed a hand under Leolin’s chest, to catch him when he would inevitably fall, but he allowed Leolin to remain holding himself up, strengthening himself, until he couldn’t any more.

It took about a minute before Leolin fell and Harry caught him and swooped him up to kiss him and praise him.

“Baba in, eh cana abba.” Tegan babbled.

“That’s right, Tegan. Baby Leolin held himself up for longer than he ever has before!”
Tegan clapped her hands together and Harry grinned at her. He was sure that she understood everything that they were saying, she just didn’t say words as they understood them. She had her own language almost. He was starting to notice it more and more as her brothers started saying recognisable words, but despite having an arsenal of words that only she understood, Tegan also knew a dozen more words than her brothers did and she used them as if she were having a proper conversation with them. Which again was more than her brothers did, as though they were saying recognisable words, they could only string two or three words together in a sentence where Tegan would use five or six of her own words and though they couldn’t really understand her, Tegan knew what she was saying and she was, in her mind, having a proper conversation with them.

Leolin was exhausted from his tummy time and when he yawned and drifted off to sleep in his favourite position, against Harry’s chest with lots and lots of eye contact, Harry handed him over to Kailen to have a cuddle.

He was under the effects of one of his milder potions, so he wasn’t aching just yet, but as he looked at the clock, he knew that it wouldn’t be long before the grinding ache came back and he’d have to live with it for the next couple of hours, until lunchtime, and then he’d be able to take another potion to relieve the pain.

Harry stayed where he was, even as his babies got bored of their colouring and crawled off, looking for their toys to play with. He did collect up all their scribble pictures though.

“You’re not going to keep those, are you?” Max grinned.

“They’re proof of their development!” Harry said seriously as he took a pencil and wrote a name and a date on the back of the pictures. “Of course I’m keeping them. I’m putting them in their own little boxes.”

“Is that what those things are?” Blaise asked.

Harry nodded. “Yes, and these pictures are going straight into each box.” He said proudly.

Nasta kissed the side of his head and Harry smiled.

“I love you.” Harry said easily.

“Love you too, Cariad.” Nasta replied, before he got distracted by their children, who were toddling around beside and behind him.
“Is he truly okay?” Kailen asked as he cradled Leolin, refusing to give him up to Dain.

“He’s absolutely fine and we have taken rather extreme measures to ensure that it does not happen again.” Harry said seriously.

“I notice that one of your lovers is missing. Where is Draco?”

“At his parents’ home.” Harry said mildly, giving nothing away and not willing to air his dirty laundry in front of the Faeries.

“What happened? You were very vague in your letter.” Dain asked.

“What happened is in the past.” Harry said firmly. “We can’t change what happened, no matter how much we all want to. It is already going to take years to get over this and it will never be forgotten without anyone else getting involved. It is our business and our business alone and we have dealt with it.”

“Leolin was injured…!” Dain started but Harry cut him off with a loud, aggravated growl.

“He was not injured!” He hissed. “There was not even a scratch on him. He went to the hospital as a precaution, because we were worried, not because he was injured. You can see him for yourself, he is fine, he is happy, he is growing well and he’s developing so fast that even you are surprised by how well he’s coming on! I will not have it said that he was injured when he wasn’t.”

Nasta nuzzled into the back of his head and kissed him.

“Harry’s right. Leolin wasn’t injured, his overnight trip to the hospital was a mere precaution on our parts to make absolutely sure that he was alright as we’ll take no chances with his health. It was an accident. No one, absolutely no one, set out to purposefully harm or injure him in any way and I am sorry to say that accidents do happen.”

“We more than understand.” Eitri said diplomatically. “It was a mere coincidence that led to us losing eleven babes in our very secure city. Such a thing was thought to be impossible, yet it has happened. It was a devastating accident, but an accident nonetheless. I suppose that we are all so…upset over this incident because Leolin is one of just three babes we have left to our knowledge and he is still the youngest. We want for him to be safe and happy and for him to reach
adulthood. The entire city is sending up prayers of health for him and the other two remaining babes.”

“So…” Max began, bringing the attention to himself with Regan climbing his back and Farren sat happily between his legs. “You’re saying that because there are only three Faerie babies left to keep an eye on, that you now have more time to bother us about Leolin?”

Everything was silent for a moment and then Harry laughed and there was suddenly no tension to speak of. Harry could always count on Max to rid the room of any stress or tension. Harry loved him for that.

The Faeries blushed a little and Harry sent a covet wink to Max, who kissed the air in return.

“We just like knowing that he is well and thriving and he is.” Kailen said as he lowered his face to Leolin and pressed a soft kiss to his forehead. “We were so scared when we got the letter that said that he was in the hospital. We thought that…that…”

Kailen trailed off and Harry knew exactly what he’d thought. Leolin being in the hospital had already brought back memories of the first time he’d been admitted. When their little boy had almost died. The two Faeries, who were Leolin’s several times great-grandfathers, had obviously been thinking the worst and Harry understood that.

“He’s going to be fine.” Harry said soothingly. “He went to the hospital as a precaution, you can see for yourselves that there is nothing wrong with him.”

Kailen nodded happily as he gazed at Leolin’s peacefully sleeping face. Dain finally managed to get a cuddle when Kailen was distracted by Tegan clambering up the settee with one of her books and Kailen allowed Dain to take Leolin so that he could quickly hover over Tegan. It made Harry smile before he rested back against Nasta.

“How are you feeling?” He whispered softly. “Are you in pain?”

“A bit.” Harry said easily. “But it’s manageable.”

“Are you sure?” Nasta asked seriously.
Harry just nodded as he smiled at all eight of his children as they played, or slept in Leolin’s case, all around him. He was just so happy and so grateful that they’d all come through that horrifying event with no lasting damage done. It could never, would never happen again. He would die first…though he’d come awfully close to dying this time around and his children had been hurt and terrified. He shook his head. It shouldn’t take him almost dying for them all to realise that what had happened was unacceptable. Thankfully it seemed that his mates had all worked it out on their own while he and Blaise had been hospitalised. They knew that this couldn’t happen again, that they couldn’t risk their children in such a pointless, blatant way. In the end, what had they achieved? Heartache, pain, loss, guilt and what for? Nothing. Absolutely nothing. It had been a pointless fight about nothing and it had led to this…never again.

He would do his all to make it so that they could let this fight go, so that they could remain together as a family, as he’d always wanted, but he’d be damned if this ever happened again. Not to his precious children.

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Stretched out on the living room floor with napping children tucked into every part of his body, Harry was able to just relax, even if the Faeries were still hanging around because they weren’t ready to leave just yet.

He didn’t mind. Dain and Kailen were okay, he supposed, but Eitri was hilarious and Harry was truly enjoying his company. Even now his head was pillowed on Eitri’s lower leg and the Faerie didn’t complain at all, instead he was fussing over Tegan, tucked into Harry’s neck, the top of her head touching Eitri’s knee.

“Is he asleep, Eitri?” Harry heard Nasta ask.

A slim hand touched his face, but Harry was content to just lie there.

“I cannot tell.” Eitri answered.

“Harry, love?” Nasta called him softly.

Harry just hummed happily.

“Oh, you are awake.” Nasta said happily. “It’s time for your potion, do you want to be extracted, or would you rather wait a little longer.”
“I’m happy here.” He insisted. “At least for a little while longer.”

“Are you sure?”

Harry just hummed again and he smiled when Eitri’s soft hand slipped into his hair and petted him for a bit before he turned back to Tegan, whom he’d taken a particular liking to after she’d plonked herself in his lap with one of her books and had ‘read’ a story to him. She, like Braiden, had also confused him for Draco for a little while, before realising that Eitri was not her Father, but she liked Eitri all the same. He was someone new for her to read to.

“Harry?” Eitri asked softly, seeing if he was awake but if he wasn’t, he didn’t want to wake him up.

Harry hummed again in question.

“Are you truly going to have more babes very soon?” He asked, as if the possibility was so farfetched that he couldn’t believe it.

Harry hummed again in agreement. “I have a heat period during the first week of July.” He said quietly. “I could get pregnant from that, but if not, it’ll be another two months before I have another heat period. That’ll carry on until I do actually fall pregnant. A heat period every two months.”

“I…could you have another set of five?”

“I bloody well hope not.” Max answered for him and Harry chuckled.

“I could do, yes, but as Max said, I bloody hope not. I believe, when we talked it over, that we wanted nothing more than twins this time.”

“We’d stretch to triplets.” Nasta teased.

“No, my love, I would stretch to hold the triplets.” He joked to a round of genuine laughter.
“We love every single child that you stretch with, that you birth for us.” Blaise insisted from where he was sat on the one settee still.

He was being bribed with coffee and his favourite biscotti and chocolate frogs to keep him sat down and still on that settee. He knew exactly what Max and Nasta were doing now, he’d cottoned on incredibly quickly, and he was playing them at their own game as he made to stand up yet again and, as he’d known that he would, Max leapt up and asked him if he wanted another coffee and more biscotti.

Blaise would sit down again and Max would bring in his coffee and biscuits, a handful of chocolate frogs on the side and it would keep Blaise occupied for at least half an hour while he ate and drank his treats.

It wouldn’t last for much longer and Harry assumed that Blaise knew this too, as Harry could almost see Nasta twitching to take the treats away, he could feel him stressing over how many coffees Blaise had had today, which had to have been in the double digits by now, and paired with the almost full box of chocolate frogs and pack of biscotti that he’d eaten with all those coffees, this would likely be the last time that Blaise got away with his little game. Harry had no idea how he hadn’t needed the bathroom yet with all of those coffees, Blaise must have had a bladder of steel.

Harry grinned as not half an hour later Blaise stood up and he stretched.

“No more coffee today.” Nasta said immediately as Max went to automatically offer it.

“I don’t want anything more.” Blaise said. “I need the bathroom.”

With that he walked out easily and without strain, but then it wasn’t his body that was broken, just his memory and despite that little hiccup, Blaise was perfectly fine to get up and behave as normal. If only their other dominants could understand that beyond their primary response of panic and worry for their injured mates.

Harry did doze off then and he woke when Farren did, as his little boy rolled onto him and pinched his skin between his hand and the carpet. He hissed through his teeth and Nasta was immediately there, gently picking up Farren and handing him over to Max before sorting him out.

“Did he touch your wound, are you okay?”

“No, he didn’t touch the wound, thank god. He caught my skin between his hand and the floor and it pinched.” Harry said drowsily.
“You’ve gone an hour over your time for the potion. How is your pain level?” Max asked him.

“It’s actually not bad.” Harry said consideringly. “I can feel it more now than I could before, but it’s not overwhelming or blinding.”

Max beamed at him proudly and his grin was infectious, Harry couldn’t stop himself from smiling back, even though he was a bit sleepy still.

“It’s a good sign that you can go over your dosage time without feeling too much pain, but I don’t want to push you, so we’ll wake you up with this lovely cup of tea, get you a bit of a late lunch and then you can take the potion before the pain becomes too bad.”

Harry nodded and he carefully sat himself up with Nasta’s help, avoiding all of the still sleeping babies. He was picked up and sat on the settee next to a napping Blaise with a cup of honey tea for him to sip on.

“Did the Faeries leave?” Harry asked, rubbing his eyes.

“Yes, love. They had a prescheduled meeting for one in the afternoon, they left a bit after you finally fell asleep, then Blaise went to sleep too in the quiet. It gave me and Max some more time to get to the old house and move stuff over, though one of us was always here, in this house.” He assured quickly, as if Harry would tear him a new one for leaving him, Blaise and the babies sleeping on their own... actually, thinking on it, he probably wasn’t that far from the truth. The thought of being left alone with only the one, injured, dominant while he, also injured, and his babies slept, it made his belly flip over and his Dracken growled inside him.

“Good call.” He said instead with a small smile.

Nasta pulled him into a hug and kissed him on the mouth. “Neither of us felt comfortable leaving you both. We know that you’re both capable of protecting yourselves, but…”

“But neither of us are at full health or full strength.” Harry pointed out as he drank more tea. “We both know it and we needed the extra, awake and alert, support of you and Max. Thank you.”
Nasta kissed him again before taking his drained mug from him and ushering him into the kitchen, where Max was putting a bowl of soup on the table for him, Farren clamouring around his knees, begging for a biscuit.

“Where’s my gorgeous boy?” Harry cooed.

“Right here.” Max said with a very serious face. “How can you not see me? I’m right in front of you!”

Harry scoffed and rolled his eyes, but he smiled too.

“Muma, bisky.”

“You want another biscuit?” Harry cooed and Farren nodded his head at him, coming to pester about his knees instead. “How many has he had today?” Harry asked Max and Nasta.

“Two.” Max answered immediately.

“Three hours until their dinners. One more won’t ruin his appetite.” He insisted as he went to the cupboard, Farren following him, clamouring to be picked up, but Harry couldn’t quite manage to pick up his biggest, heaviest baby, not just yet.

He took the rusks out of the cupboard and opened the box, Farren getting more and more excited as he realised that he was getting a biscuit after all. Harry handed him the rusk and Farren immediately jammed it in his mouth, gnawing on it with his teeth, biting hard.


“Muma, ta.”

Harry shook his head, but he smiled and bent slightly, as much as he was able, to kiss Farren. Idris had taught the kids to say ‘ta’ instead of thank you. Nasta had told him that it was common in Wales to say ‘ta’ in place of thank you. Harry thought it was adorable.
He sat down to eat his own lunch, a simple bowl of soup, and he was only eating that because he needed to eat something to line his stomach so that he could take his potion.

He was surprised that the pain he felt was not much worse. It was actually rather manageable today and he was doing well, but Max was right, he did not want to push himself. Tomorrow would be another day and if today was just a fluke, then he would pay double for not taking his potions when tomorrow the pain would likely hit him like a two ton weight.

He ate the soup, all of it, and he was so proud of himself that he went in search of praise and love like a toddler himself. A small, simple bowl of soup it may have been, but it was still the very first thing that he’d been able to finish since the incident.

“Well done, love.” Max said happily as he took his empty bowl from him and replaced it with his potion.

“We’re very proud of you.” Nasta told him, knowing exactly what he wanted to hear. “We love you, Harry.”

He grinned like a fool, at least until he swallowed down his potion and gagged on it. Both his mates rushed to ease him through it, lest he ruin his, very recent, accomplishment by throwing up the potion and the food he’d eaten.

One hand rubbed his belly, another his back and he had a hand on his shoulder and another on his neck, two men whispering soothingly to him, calming him down as his gorge kept rising and threatening to undo absolutely every little milestone that he’d made thus far.

Thankfully he managed to calm himself down, with the help of his two dominants, and he kept his stomach where it was meant to be. He felt wrung out and drained afterwards though and he was tucked up on the settee, opposite Blaise, and he was encouraged to rest.

“That could have gone better.” He rasped.

“Shush, you’re doing just fine.” Max told him, placing a cup of tea down on the table and holding out a glass of cool water.

Harry took small sips of water, letting it soothe his throat and stomach. He sighed happily.

“Better?” Max asked with a small, worried frown.

“Better.” Harry agreed.
Max kissed his mouth before putting the water on the table and offering the tea instead.

“Just stay still for me, love.”

Harry nodded and he curled himself back into the settee with his cup of tea and he rested, testing his belly with small sips of tea before he was able to drink it more normally when it didn’t aggravate anything or cause the urge to vomit to rise again. He was getting better, both he and Blaise were recovering and getting better and they were making progress with Max and Draco. It helped that they still loved each other very deeply. This incident had damaged their trust, but it had not ruined their love, not completely, not yet and if Harry had his way, then not ever. This would not ruin them, he wouldn’t allow it.

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When his heat drew closer, his Healers were there twice a day to assess him and his recovery, making sure that he wouldn’t do more damage with his heat. It could be held off for a few days, but he would feel like he was caught in an open fire…he remembered the last time that he’d had his heat held back by potions, when he’d almost lost Braiden and he had needed to have his heat held off to stabilise his unborn baby, and he refused to go through that again.

So he had little choice but to sit down and rest as much as was possible. He could browbeat his mates into letting him up and wander around, into letting him hold and play with his children. The Healers on the other hand would not be cowed or moved by his pleading and he couldn’t use sex or allure to move them either. Trying to get up when Healer Alfred Grant was there…Harry shook his head, he had a better chance of being voted the public face of the Drackens of Britain.

“Stop moving.” Jackson Moore ordered.

Harry stared at the man, horrified. “I was just shifting my weight!” He complained.

“Don’t.” The Healer told him sternly as he checked more readings from whatever diagnostic spells he’d already cast.

Harry huffed and he sat perfectly still…for all of a minute.

“Harry, stay still.” Healer Moore looked up to tell him.
“I’m uncomfortable.” He admitted.

The Healer’s eyes narrowed, trying to discern if he was lying or not, but he wasn’t. Jackson stood up and helped Harry to move, lying him down and putting him in the most comfortable position.

“Is that better?” He asked and Harry nodded. “Good, now don’t move.”

Harry couldn’t wait until the Healer left, but Nasta had started taking direction from them and with him, Max followed. He was back to being stuck on a settee and having anything and everything done for him, though he absolutely refused to allow anyone to help him go to the bathroom. That is where he had drawn the line and he would not have it crossed. Not even the strict Healers had been able to curb him of that as he point blank refused them all.

He fell asleep. It seemed all he was doing lately was bloody sleeping, but apparently this was a good thing as blood and sleep helped him to heal much quicker. It didn’t help that it was incredibly boring lying down and not being able to move. He’d tried to watch TV too, but daytime TV was so fucking boring that it often put him to sleep much quicker.

When he woke up again only an hour had passed, but Healer Moore was gone, that was something at least.

“Nasta?” He called out uncertainly. “Max? Blaise?”

“Right here, love.” Max answered, bending over the settee to smile at him. “You look stunning all sleepy and tousled.”

Harry smiled tiredly. “I can’t believe I’ve woken up even more tired than when I went to sleep. It’s not fair.”

“You’re healing, gorgeous. We want you back to full sex strength as soon as possible.” Max winked.

Harry burst out laughing and it tugged on some still sore muscles in his belly. “Oh ow.” He complained, but he was still laughing.

“See! We can’t ravish you like you deserve in this condition!”
That made Harry giggle more, before he rubbed his face and lifted his arms up.

“Tea?” Max guessed.

“Tea.” Harry agreed with a small nod.

Max picked him up, straining no more than if he’d picked up a teacup yorkie, and Max carried him to the kitchen where Blaise was slumped on the table holding his head with Nasta sat beside him looking worried.

“Stop fussing.” Blaise said, his voice very gravelly and rough.


“You’re supposed to be watching Har…oh.” Nasta sighed, seeing him in Max’s arms. “Are you okay, Harry?”

“Yes. Blaise, are you okay, love?” He asked.

“I’ve got a bad headache, it made me sick, which made the headache even worse.” Blaise told him.

Max placed him next to Blaise and Harry snuggled in, kissing Blaise’s cheek before using his slim fingers to massage his mate’s temples exactly how he knew Blaise liked. His first mate groaned happily.

“I tried that and made it worse.” Nasta said.

“Harry’s fingers are smaller and he naturally has a lighter touch.” Blaise explained.

“So…you’re saying I have the magic touch?” Harry said with a grin.
Max laughed, muffling himself in respect for Blaise’s headache. He put two cups of tea on the table and tempted Blaise’s head up with a coffee. Nasta gave him a hard look, but Max ignored him. It seemed his oldest dominants were at odds with one another…again.

Harry had had enough of them being at each other’s throats over such stupid things. Such things never mattered. What truly mattered was love and family. The bond they had with one another, with their child…ren.

“Where are the kids and who is watching them?” Harry asked.

“In the smaller living room with Aneirin, they’re all playing happily.” Max told him. “You have time for a cup of tea and then you can have a second in the room with them. I’m going to get dinner on now that you’re awake.”

“Have they all…”

“They’ve all eaten very happily, nothing new today, and Leolin has taken his bottle, though he left rather a bit, so once he’s seen you, I’ll see if he wants a bit more.” Max explained, nodding to the little bottle on the counter.

“I can get him to eat more.”

“The Healers said not to lift any of them, not even Leolin.” Nasta said softly.

Harry curbed the automatic desire to shout, scream and rage about the very thought of not holding or feeding his own children, but out of love and respect for Blaise he didn’t. Instead he thought of a solution, something they could do to help Leolin to actually eat, but didn’t upset his mates over his recovery and he had an epiphany.

“What if you or Max sat behind me and held Leolin, so that he can see me feeding him and believes it’s me who’s holding him?” He asked almost in a whisper, half expecting to be automatically shot down on principle.

It was quiet for a moment, as Harry remained massaging Blaise’s temples.
“I think that might work.” Nasta said after several silent minutes. “It might just trick Leolin if he hasn’t developed enough to realise the difference between your arm and someone else’s, especially as he’ll be against your chest and looking at your face and eyes. He always looks at your eyes, he loves the colour of them.”

“We all love the colour of them.” Max corrected as he kissed Harry’s temple as he walked past, going to the fridge.

“What’s for dinner?” Harry asked.

“Something light.” Max insisted. “Poached salmon, steamed new potatoes and green veg. I’m making a lemon and parsley sauce for it too. You’ll only have a little portion.” Max assured him as he caught sight of Harry’s face. “Farren’ll have eaten more than you today, I promise.”

“You know the absolute worst thing about all this is?” He declared several minutes later, when he’d finished Blaise’s head massage.

“You can’t play or pick up the kids?” His first mate said.

“No, what?” Nasta asked him.

“I can’t stuff my face like usual.” He lamented. “I can’t have biscuits, I can’t have cakes, I can’t eat my chocolate. I can barely stomach normal food, let alone all my yummy treats. At least I can still have honey tea, otherwise I would have hit the roof.”

His mates laughed and shook their heads at him, but he felt better for having made them laugh. It’s what was needed now, in the last leg of their recovery…laughter, and plenty of it.

Harry finished his tea and Max made him another one and carried him through to the littler living room, to find Aneirin on the floor, babies all around him playing. Harry laughed and it immediately drew every single person’s attention to him.

“Mummy!”
“Muma!”

“Ma!”

Of course Leolin was the most demanding in his calls, but the other children were mobile, so they could come to him whereas Leolin couldn’t. When Harry had to hug and kiss every child before him, Leolin got very jealous and he started to cry furiously, when Harry finally got to him and picked him up, he got a hard smack to the face for his trouble.

“Ow!” Harry hissed as Leolin caught his eye.

Max had the baby straight off of him and hefted him over a shoulder, ushering Harry to sit down.

“That might even bruise!” Max declared with a growl that he couldn’t entirely help.

“Bloody Faeries.” Harry chuckled. “That’s what I get for picking him up when I’m not allowed to.”

“Damn right.” Max tried, then frowned at himself and shook his head. “No, I can’t even make light of it…it’s too close to what happened, anything that hurts you, even minorly, I can’t stand. Just… just sit down and let me hold you for a moment.”

Harry did as was asked and he allowed Max to hold him, blocking out Leolin’s cries and screams of anger and frustration as Max pinned him gently in place over his shoulder.

“Let me see him, don’t punish him when he’s too young to understand, Max.” Harry said gently and Max nodded, took a deep breath, before he turned Leolin down in his arms and shifted himself behind Harry, pulling him to rest against his chest and laying a kiss on top of his head, even as his arm held Leolin to Harry’s chest.

Leolin’s brain registered movement and he stopped crying. He slitted open his gold eyes, his eyelashes clumping together with his tears. He saw who was above him and his eyes fully opened. When gold met green he grinned and lifted both hands up to him.
“Ma!” He exclaimed.

“Yes, love. You hurt me so Daddy Max took you away.” Harry told him sternly. “That was naughty and you mustn’t do it again!”

Leolin blinked at him, registering his different tone of voice, and he lowered his arms. He stopped grinning and he just looked at him, before looking down at his own hands.

“I think he truly understands what you just said!” Aneirin said in amazement.

Harry, a little disturbed by this, nuzzled Leolin’s face.

“I love you still.” He said with a smile and once he’d registered that he’d been forgiven, Leolin grinned too.

Max nudged him with the bottle of warmed milk and Harry took it, remembering why they were doing this. He offered the milk to Leolin and encouraged him to drink it, all the while telling his little Faerie how much he loved him.

Leolin fell asleep on the bottle and Harry took it out of his gummy mouth gently and handed it back to Max before he tried to snuggle his son as much as he could when he wasn’t actually holding him.

“Come here, I have an idea.” Max said as he slipped out from behind him with Leolin.

Harry was pushed and dragged until he was lying down and then Leolin was laid over his chest and Harry grinned so widely, so happily, that Max smiled and kissed him.

“Have your cuddle, but then he’s going into his cot. He needs to get used to it.”

Harry nodded his understanding. It had been his idea after all, to put Leolin in his cot, though the entire thing was warded to prevent his tiny son from slipping down the side, between the mattress and the cot bars.
It had been his idea to put the little potty in the middle of the room too. He looked at it and he smiled to see it surrounded by toys and teddies. It was so that his children could get used to it without it being demonised or seen as a horror when the time came to teach his babies how to use it. Braiden would be the first, because he was getting shy about people changing him and he had started to hide when he was filling a nappy, behind chairs, under tables, behind curtains, in the toy box… it was time to get him potty trained.

Harry fell asleep himself, only for ten minutes, but when he woke back up, Leolin was gone and the kids were all gone too. He looked at the time just to make sure that several hours hadn’t passed. They hadn’t.

“They’ve been taken upstairs for their bedtime story.” Aneirin told him, seeing him awake and coming to clue him in.

Harry nodded and waved his arms in the air, one of his non-verbal signs that he wanted to sit up. He’d gotten much better at it now that he was coming to the very end of his recovery and he’d been told that if he did everything that he was supposed to then it would be two weeks at the very most before he was back on his feet and able to bend and lift…it would be some weeks more after this before he was fully back to normal though.

Aneirin chuckled and lifted him up gently and snuggled him into the corner of the settee, resting him back against the arm of it. Harry yawned and rubbed his eyes.

“I was only asleep for ten minutes, how can I be so groggy?” He complained, even when he knew it was the fault of his potions.

“Do you want some tea? Max is in the kitchen.”

“Pumpkin juice, please?” Harry asked. “My throat is really dry.” Again this was the fault of his potions.

“Of course, let me get it for you, love.”

Harry had to wait just two minutes for Aneirin to come back with a tall glass of pumpkin juice and Harry gulped it down in hard swallows, he was that thirsty.

“Do you want another glass?” Aneirin asked him with a smile.
Harry nodded. “Please. I’d get it myself, but I’d probably have my head served to me on a platter.”

“I don’t mind.” Aneirin assured him. “We just want you to be better now.”

“I want that too.” Harry insisted. “It’s just…it’s hard not to automatically pick up my children…when I can’t even hold or hug them. I don’t like it.”

“It won’t be for much longer.” Aneirin insisted. “A month or two and you’ll be back to running around and wrestling and whatever else you do that I have no wish to know of.”

It took Harry a moment to realise what was being alluded to and then he laughed.

“Yes, that is off the cards since Blaise and I got into trouble. Do you know that since then we haven’t been left alone with one another? You’d think that we were sex crazed nymphos or something that rut with one another as soon as their backs are turned.”

Aneirin laughed then too.

“The thing is they’re not entirely wrong.” Harry said with a grin. “As long as I’m in the mood and Blaise is too, of course. It’s usually the beauty of having four mates, if you want sex, there are four of them to ask. If one doesn’t want sex, the chances are that one of the others will. But like this, with Draco at his parents and Max and Nasta treating us with kid gloves, I only have Blaise to turn to. If he doesn’t want sex…I have no one else to turn to.”

“When do I ever not want sex?” Came Blaise’s voice and Harry grinned as his mate came around the side of the settee and into his line of vision.

“It can happen.” Harry replied.

“Not often.” Blaise snorted.

Blaise sat next to him on the settee and pulled him into a tight hug.
“I’ll get you that pumpkin juice, Blaise do you want one too?”

Blaise nodded. “Please. I could use a drink.”

When Aneirin was gone, Blaise turned back to him. “So, when have I ever refused you sex, Bello?“

“There have been a few times that you’ve said no.” Harry reminded him.

“Hmm, I suppose I’ll have to make up for this. I cannot have you going around saying that I do not completely satisfy you.”

Harry laughed and wrapped his arms around Blaise tight.

“As soon as we’re both better.” Harry insisted. “I can’t do anything until my heat period in two weeks. If I compromise any part of my recovery now then it could mean that the heat period is painful and damaging, I can’t risk it. I’ve had enough of this slow, steady recovery, enough of being treated like an invalid. I can’t stand it.”

“I know.” Blaise told him gently. “I feel the same and I wasn’t even sliced open as you were.”

“How is your head now?”

“Much better. The headaches are the worst, yet…if I could change one thing it would be the lapses of memory. I have always prided myself on my intelligence, on my grades and on my memory. I hate saying something when I know that I mean to say something else, when I know what I’m trying to say, but it won’t come out properly or I can’t form the thought into words in my head. It’s so frustrating.”

“Healer Odell is happy with your progress, even if you aren’t.” Harry told him. “We love you and we will always support you through anything and everything. We’re mates, we’re bonded closer together than any marriage. Us four, me, Max, Draco and Nasta, we will always be with you, Blaise. We will always hear one another’s distress calls, I will always call to the four of you on a heat period, we are always going to be a family. This little bump of ours will not change that, we’re all going to recover, given some time, and we’ll all get over it because I said so!”
That last made Blaise go from serious faced, to laughing. “I suppose it helps that I don’t remember anything.” He said once he’d calmed down. “I don’t remember that day, I don’t remember the fight or what happened, to me or to you. I’m angry at Draco for what I’ve heard he’s done, because I can see the aftermath of it.” Blaise said hovering his hand over where Harry’s wound was. “But…but any true emotions linked to the event are not first hand. It would have been much more…much stronger if I’d have remembered, I know that. Whatever emotions I felt that day, throughout the fight, are lost to me and I hope that I never remember. What use are those thoughts and emotions to me now?” He asked.

Harry snuggled in closer and he nuzzled his lips over the fading bruise on Blaise’s head, which was still slightly bumped from the powerful blow it had taken. It was healing, slowly, but it was still healing, as he himself was.

“Are you two okay?” Max asked, bringing in two glasses of pumpkin juice.

“We’re okay. Where did Aneirin go?”

“He was paged so he had to go.” Max said. “So I get to go back to looking after my two beautiful mates.”

Harry grinned at him and took his glass of juice and gulped it down again.

“Aneirin said that you’d done that the first time, are you okay?” Max asked worriedly.

“Just thirsty.” Harry replied. “Those potions taste so disgusting that I don’t really like drinking anything now. So I’m drinking less.”

Max’s eyes widened as he realised the truth of that and he came to hunch in front of him.

“I’m okay.” Harry insisted quickly. “I just hate those vile potions.”

“I never noticed that you were drinking less. As a trained Potions Master I knew that this is sometimes a side effect of prolonged periods of taking potions and I didn’t even notice it in one of the people closest to me. I should have seen it.”
“It’s fine.” Harry insisted.

“I’m going to keep a closer eye on you now that I know.”

“I don’t actually think that’s possible.” Harry said.

Blaise laughed, but Max remained silent and serious.

“I’m not going to take any chances with your health.” He said. “I need to watch your fluid intake now.”

“Why, what’s happened?” Nasta asked as he came into the room.

“Harry’s been drinking less because of the potions.”

Nasta came and kissed his forehead. “We’ll keep an eye on it, but Max, I think dinner’s burning and if I try to help then you know that I’ll only make it worse.”

Max cursed and he leapt up, hurrying into the kitchen.

“I think dinner was ready five minutes ago. Come on.” Nasta smiled, picking Harry up and assisting Blaise.

They were ushered through the hallway, carried in Harry’s case, and they were settled at the table while Max plated up the food, thankfully none of it had burnt or been overcooked, and he served them. He gave Harry a third full glass of pumpkin juice and this time Harry sipped it and savoured it as he ate.

As he was promised, he had the smallest piece of salmon, the smallest amount of potatoes and the smallest serving of peas, broccoli and green beans, but still he struggled to eat everything on his plate. He hated that too…that he couldn’t eat as he wanted to, or even what he wanted to, as he’d said earlier, he couldn’t afford to fill himself with empty calories, such as cakes, chocolate or other sweet treats, he had to fill up on normal, nutritious food as it was all he could eat at the moment. He sighed and played with the few little morsels left on his plate. He couldn’t eat any more or he’d be sick and lose everything that he’d already eaten, but he didn’t want to leave such a small, paltry amount on his plate.
“Give this to me.” Max said, taking his plate from him. “You don’t want it anymore and I don’t want you to torture yourself looking at it.”

“I want to eat that last little bit, you know I hate wasting food, but I’m going to be sick if I do eat it.” He sighed.

Max put the plate down and he used his fingers to eat the last few bits on the plate and Harry was so shocked that he just watched him in silence until he was done and the plate was clean…then he laughed.

“There we go, no more wasting food and you haven’t stuffed yourself to the point of being sick.” Max said with a wide, smug grin at having helped Harry out of his predicament.

“Thank you.” Harry said genuinely.

“No problem my beautiful, little lover.” Max said happily. “Do you want tea or a quiet sit down?”

“I need a quiet sit down for now, please. Just leave me here, I feel like if I’m going to be sick if I move too much.”

Max sighed heavily and he brought down his potions’ case. Harry heard the tinkling and clinking of numerous vials being nudged around as Max’s large hands looked for a specific potion and when it was put down, Harry saw from the neat little label on the front that it was a stomach settler.

Max helped him to drink it down and though it made him gag, it made him feel so much better as it got to work and it got rid of the bubbling feeling in his belly that was making him feel so sick, as if merely moving was going to have him bringing up his dinner.

Max moved him then to the smaller living room with Nasta and Blaise. They were snuggled up in the settee nest and Max placed him down gently and Harry crawled over to snuggle up with his mates. Max joined them only a moment later and they all cuddled up together, Blaise was already dozing, partly asleep, Harry was not too far behind as he was dosed up on potions. It was nice, but not normal and he needed normal more than anything, especially with his heat period just two weeks away.
Draco had had a small slip up with his anger management classes. It was only a small blip, but it still hit Harry hard. He had known that it was never going to be plain sailing, that none of this was going to be easy, but when he saw how hard Blaise was trying to recover, when he saw the stress and strain on Max and Nasta as they tried to do everything that needed to be done while still holding down high demanding jobs, when he knew exactly how hard he was pushing himself to recover, he shook his head in disappointment. It still felt like a blow to the gut…of which he now knew felt incredibly painful.

Draco had gotten up and walked out of one of his classes because he’d gotten so angry that he’d lost all reason it seemed. With his heat period just days away, the blow came more powerful than if it had happened a few weeks ago right at the beginning. Likely because he’d been so happy, so excited for this heat period, hoping that it could mend them all and bring them closer together, now that hope seemed as distant as the moon. Nasta was furious with Draco and Max snarled if his name was mentioned. What was worse was that Blaise was now angry at Draco, because he could remember this incident, he knew how much Draco needed these classes and Draco had just upped and left one.

He was angry himself, but he needed things to be better, so much so that he was trying to calm everyone down and get them to see that a small slip didn’t mean much.

“You’re deluding yourself, Harry.” Max snapped. “If he doesn’t love us enough to do these classes then he doesn’t deserve a family!”

“He walked out of one class!” Harry shouted back. “He walked out of one class and he sent an owl to apologise and insist that he’ll be there the next time! We knew it wasn’t going to be easy for any of us, but he’s had one slip up! You’ll see when he comes tomorrow, you’ll see that he’s better!”

“He’s not coming tomorrow.” Nasta told him.

That knocked the wind from his sails and he blinked, before panic seized his heart and he felt like he couldn’t breathe.

“What...you can’t do that! You know he looks forward to seeing us twice a week, you can’t tell him that he can’t come!”

“I’m not rewarding his lack of progress.” Nasta said sternly. “He walked out of a class, he doesn’t get to see us.”

“You can’t punish him like this, it’s cruel!” Harry raged, his breathing coming faster, his heart hammering in his throat.
“I’m not going to reward him for walking out of a class.” Nasta growled. “He knew the deal, if he went to all his classes and actually learnt from them, then he could come and see us, he’s up and walked out of one, Harry. The deal is broken.”

“My heat period is in a few days.” Harry whimpered.

“Which makes his timing all the worse.” Max declared. “If he can’t man up and go to these classes and stick with them, I’ll never forgive.”

“Please.” Harry begged.

“No.” Nasta said and Harry’s heart rate picked up until he could feel the blood rushing through his ears.

He let out a soft pleading noise.

“No.” Max echoed Nasta.

All his muscles contracted all at once and though his heart was hammering, he couldn’t breathe, his mouth was open, but he couldn’t draw in any breath at all. He made another soft sound, this one of confusion, before his vision blurred, and then blacked out as he fainted, hitting his head on the solid wooden coffee table before his startled mates could even try to catch him.

Harry woke up to soft voices and gentle, experienced hands checking him over. He was used to this and he knew that his mates had called to the Dracken Halls for a specialist Healer.

“Harry, can you hear me?” Came the soft, patient voice of Georgio Alessandri. It felt like he was seeing more of the man than his mate, Clara, was.

“Grawp.” Harry smiled, his eyes still closed.

“You see what you’ve done!” Came Blaise’s angry voice little above a whisper. “You’ve made him knock himself stupid! I can’t believe that you both let this happen!”
Harry blinked open his eyes and he hissed as the bright sunlight seared his eyeballs, even as he immediately screwed them closed tight to try and block out the pain.

“Hmm, I suppose that answers the question of whether or not you’re sensitive to light. How is sound for you? Am I speaking too loudly?”

Harry shook his head slowly and carefully.

“How about now?” And Georgio sounded like he’d yelled right in his ear and Harry flinched away, staring at him in utter betrayal. “I’ll take that look as a yes.” He said, back in his soft, quiet voice, noting it down on the clipboard resting on one of those huge, tree trunk thighs.

“What happened?” Harry whispered himself.

“You had a panic attack, Harry.” Georgio explained. “You fainted from lack of oxygen and you’ve hit your head on the table.”

Harry slitted open his eyes for a third time, trying to see past the glare of light and it took a bit of time, but his eyes finally adjusted and Georgio sighed.

“His pupils are different sizes. He has a concussion.” He explained as he wrote something else on his clipboard.

“I feel sick.” Harry said.

“Another sign of serious concussion.” Georgio directed at his mates angrily as he put the clipboard down and rolled him onto his side, conjuring a bucket to put under him. Not a moment later Harry was retching into it. “He has a heat period in a few days.” The Healer said in a furious whisper. “How could you have been so stupid as to deny him access to one of his mates when he’s so close to a heat period?! You’re lucky he just panicked and passed out and didn’t just outright kill you!”

Harry breathed deeply once he’d finished vomiting and he let out a broken sob from the pain in his head and the rawness of his throat.
“There we go, Harry. It’s alright.” Georgio soothed calmly and gently and it actually made him feel better. Wanting more of this nice, calm comfort, he held his arms out to Georgio and the huge dominant pulled him into a soothing hug. Harry clung to him like a limpet, or like a small child who was trying to hide from the monsters under the bed.

Georgio stood up, holding him closer. “Under article nineteen of the Submissive Protection Act, I, a Healer of the Counsel Halls, am hereby stripping you of the care of this submissive in question, Harry James Potter.”

“You can’t do that!” Max burst out, his face stark white.

“Until such a time that you can prove that you can actually care for him and not abuse him, it is my right to remove him from your care if I feel it is necessary. Good day.”

The floo trip made Harry moan, but he soon found himself changed into light pyjamas and tucked up in a soft bed.

“What has happened? It didn’t seem so serious when Mister Delericey called.” Alfred Grant asked Georgio, having followed him from the fireplace in the Healing Hall reception area.

The big man gave him a grave look as he settled Harry down, petting his hair and stroking his face until he drifted off into sleep.

“Why have his mates not come with him?” Aelia Robins, a young trainee Healer, asked cautiously.

“I have stripped them of the care of this submissive, under the Submissive Protection Act.” Georgio explained heavily.

“They’ve had a few downhill slides, but surely this is extreme, Georgio.” Jackson Moore declared.

“They caused him to have a panic attack, their own submissive.” Georgio sighed, scrubbing a hand through his hair. “I just…how many incidents have this one mateship had in just a little over a month? I can’t see him suffer anymore.”
“I’ll send the guards to collect his children.” Alfred Grant sighed.

“I’ll set up the nursery.” Aelia said, turning around to set up six cots and two bassinets in the closed off room that led from the one they were currently in. Georgio had placed Harry in one of the biggest rooms that were always reserved for Submissives with children.

“I suppose I had better go and tell Elder Vipond that he has a guest.” Jackson said, turning and following Alfred Grant out of the room.

“I’m sorry for this, Harry.” Georgio said softly to the sleeping boy. “But you’ve been hurt so often and I just can’t see you hurt again. I’m hoping that this is the kick they need, but if it’s not, then you’ll be better off without such abusive dominants. You’re such a sweet boy, but if you stay with them then I’m so scared that you’re going to end up dead. They need to learn that just because you’re a male, that doesn’t mean that you aren’t still a submissive. They can’t treat you like you’re another dominant because you’re not. Just…just rest now, we’ll get your babies to you soon, the Elders are being informed, everything will work out. I promise.”

Georgio watched Harry sleep, until a group of pinch faced Elders came hurrying into the room.

“What has happened?” The Head Elder, Anthanaric Vipond, asked.

“I have removed this submissive from the care of his dominants until such a time that they learn to look after him properly.”

“Harry, oh sweet one.” Elder Quintalus Trintus gasped. “What has happened, Georgio?”

“They caused him to have a panic attack and he hit his head on the table. I just…I can’t keep seeing him hurt. Something in their mateship is seriously wrong or twisted if they can keep doing this to one another. I would die before I caused my submissive to have a panic attack, I would cut off my own hands before I hurt her…what is wrong with these dominants that allows them to hurt Harry and keep hurting him over and over?”

“They will all go for assessment and we will find the problem.” Elder Vipond said sternly. “Henry, you are likely the best man to get that sorted out…I will inform Myron Maddison myself of his son’s behaviours. Aneirin Delericey and Marianna Lychorinda too. None of them will be happy.”
A group of a dozen guards came in, carrying softly sleeping children, and they were immediately placed into the cots or bassinets. None of them had been awoken.

“How did the dominants take the removal?”

“Badly, as always, but they did not impede us in any way, they knew it was coming and they gave us a bag of things for the children.” One guard, the group leader, answered. “The youngest one begged us not to take them, pleaded for us to bring Harry back. He was held securely by his own dominant. They are all shaken and bone pale. I think this has hit them hard.”

“As I wanted it to.” Georgio nodded. “They can’t keep hurting him or there will be a fatality the next time. It was already too close with his stomach wound, but the way he clung to me when I gave him a kind word, the way he clutched at me as if I were the only raft in the ocean, he didn’t feel safe with them and I don’t blame him.”

“You did the right thing, Georgio. We cannot leave any submissives in an ‘at risk’ home. Those dominants will not get him back until they all pass their assessments.” Anthanaric insisted.

“I’ll go and sort that out then, the sooner the better with the boy’s heat period approaching.” Henry Kirrian said, his face furious and grave. He sent the tiny boy in the bed one last protective look before he turned and stormed out.

“I’ll go and inform the families of what has transpired. With some luck they will be able to cow their children into realising how serious this is before the assessment takes place. If they all pass, then Harry will be back with them soon, if that is what he wishes, of course.”

Georgio was left with Harry and eight very young babies, all under two years old. He sighed and he did feel terrible for removing Harry from his home and from his mates, the children from their home and Fathers, but this couldn’t continue. They couldn’t continue to have a report in about Harry getting injured every week or so and continue to do nothing about it.

Those dominants needed to learn how to look after their submissive properly, or very soon there was going to be a death within their mateship, and, looking to Harry in the bed and the eight babies sleeping peacefully with their Mother, if it was any one in this room, Georgio knew that he would never have forgiven himself if he hadn’t done this and had left Harry and his children in that house and one of them had been killed. This was the best solution…the only solution in his mind, even if it was as temporary as a few days separation.

They all needed to know that this was unacceptable and that they couldn’t treat Harry in such a
manner or he would be removed from them and it would be a permanent removal now if they had to invoke the Submissive Protection Act for a second time concerning their mateship. None of them wanted to see that come about to any mateship in this sort of situation, but that didn’t mean that they wouldn’t do it if they felt that it was needed for Harry’s, or his children’s, protection. This could not keep happening, not while he was the one who had to mop Harry up and keep healing his injuries afterwards. It was disgusting sometimes, seeing the damage that dominant Drackens could and did do to their own submissives and their children. He wouldn’t see the same happen to Harry, he was going to nip this in the bud, here and now, before it ever reached that point. Hopefully, after all of this, those dominants would never raise a hand to Harry ever again and they would never cause him such distress as to give him a full blown panic attack either. He had done the right thing, this situation could not be allowed to continue and now, it wouldn’t continue, he had prevented that and everything was going to turn out just fine, of that he truly believed.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: I just can’t seem to be able to prevent myself from torturing these poor boys. On the last leg of their journey now, though. Harry’s heat period is in the next chapter and that’ll help get them all back on track.

Don’t worry about this little assessment, Georgio was doing it more to prove a point than through any real fear of Max or Nasta being abusive. That Harry felt safer with him, in his arms, as opposed to his own dominants, that is what made up his mind. He’s come to care for Harry a great deal through looking after him, then his mate’s baby brother is one of Harry’s friends too, but he just couldn’t see Harry being hurt anymore, this concussion was the last straw for him after Harry was almost gutted. He never wants to see such an injury on Harry ever again, so he’s nipping it here and now, for good.

Anyway, let me know what you lovelies think, I’ll be back soon with another chapter, but another Scaled Bits chapter first, though before that Lycanthrope Factory, see you then, lovelies,

StarLight Massacre. X
A/N: For Jenny, one of the Facebookers. Happy birthday, lovelie! I hope you enjoy your gift.

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Myron Maddison was not often left speechless, his mate and Husband, Richard, certainly wasn’t used to not having something to say, but truly, what could they say here, in this situation, when they’d just been told that their son was under investigation by the Elders for cruelty and mistreatment of his submissive mate.

“Surely you’re mistaken.” Richard said desperately, his voice strained and wobbly because of his emotions playing havoc with his scar tissue. “Max would never harm Harry! Never!”

“Harry has been injured yet again.” The Head of the Dracken Counsel himself, ancient Anthanaric Vipond, said seriously. “He is once again in the Healing Halls and we cannot allow this to keep happening, you know that. Harry, the poor boy, has a very bad concussion following a panic attack that was the direct result of his dominant mates’ actions. One of our Healers rightly invoked the Submissive Protection Act and thus Harry and the children were removed from that environment.”

“I can’t… I can’t even believe it, so soon after that belly wound.” Richard said softly. “They know what Harry has already been through!”
“We had hoped that you could explain to your Maximilius exactly how serious this is, before the assessment is conducted, so that he has a better chance of passing it. None of us at the Halls want to see a mateship pulled apart if there is an option of reconciliation.”

Myron clenched his fist and he sucked in a huge breath. “You know that I will take him to hand.” He said gravely.

“See that you do, Myron. Another instance like this and Harry could be permanently removed or your son could be executed.”

Myron heard Richard suck in a sharp breath and he offered his hand to support him.

“We will deal with this.” Myron said firmly.

“I must go and inform Aneirin and Marianna. Though as I’m told that her Blaise was not directly involved in either instances of Harry being harmed, then I shouldn’t imagine him being separated from his submissive or children for long.”

Myron saw Elder Vipond to the floo on automatic and after the goodbyes, he turned to Richard with a face of thunder.

“I’ll kill him.” He swore. “I’ll kill that boy myself, Richard!”

“Get in line.” Richard growled. “Working on Harry’s case, going through the court case with him and now on his behalf, hearing those people speak of him as they are, like he’s some sort of mentally subnormal delinquent. You haven’t had to sit there and listen to these people, you haven’t seen the pictures that I have, Myron. You haven’t seen the injuries they gave to that poor boy, the pictures of his scars and injuries, the st…state of his living conditions.” Richard broke off of a sob. “Our own son is abusing an already abused boy. I can’t…what did we do wrong? First Ashleigh, now Max…did we fail at everything?”

Myron strode forward and pulled Richard into his arms, soothing his mate and stroking his back as Richard covered his mouth and nose with a hand and cried into his chest, Richard’s other hand was wrapped around him, holding him desperately.

Myron clutched his mate to his body tightly and offered him silent, calm comfort as Richard cried
out the emotions that he was feeling, stroking his hair as he did so and all the while his heart was breaking.

“I need to see him.” Richard said once he’d calmed down.

“I don’t think either of us are in a state to confront Max at the moment, my love.” Myron rumbled. “Give it an hour.”

“No him.” Richard snapped. “Harry.”

Myron paused for a moment and then he nodded. “Yes, let’s go and make sure that he and the children are alright.”

Richard pushed away from him, wiped his sleeve over his face, before he hurried to the fireplace and took a pinch of floo powder. Myron followed him through and they met a very red faced Aneirin, who was pacing the waiting room.

“What’s the word?”

“They’re just finishing off a very broad diagnostic spell, I think they’re looking for more signs of mistreatment.” Aneirin said angrily. “When I get my hands on Nasta…” He trailed off.

It was a very tense, emotional wait for the Healers to finish up and then they were allowed to see Harry, who was tucked up to his chin, very pale and small looking in the big double bed.

Aneirin picked up one tiny hand and closed his eyes and Richard touched the tufts of hair at the front of Harry’s head.

“Where are the children?” Myron asked.

“Through here, they’re sleeping too.” Healer Moore told him, pointing to a door beside him. They had been denied unsupervised access to Harry, as they were not biologically related to him.

Myron went through the door, being quiet so that he didn’t wake them, into the dim room beyond.
There were three night lights, one on each wall, so that the cots could be easily seen.

Myron critically checked on each of his grandchildren and, naturally, Tegan woke up, sensing that someone new was near her, or perhaps because this was not her own cot, was not her mattress and she didn’t have her little penguin with her.

“Ganda.” She said as she rubbed her eyes before peering up at him with those big, hazel-gold eyes.

“Shh, sweetheart.” He said softly. “Go back to sleep.”

“Pengy.” She said, looking around…she was awake because her penguin wasn’t with her.

“Let’s go and find it, I’m sure it would have been brought with you.”

He picked her up and she snuggled into his shoulder sleepily, her tiny fingers playing with the hair at the nape of his neck as she sung to herself softly. She was very tired, but she needed her penguin to sleep.

“Aneirin.” He called out softly. “Is Tegan’s penguin in that bag?” He asked, nodding to the familiar nappy bag that had been placed beside Harry’s bed.

Aneirin, turning and seeing Tegan on his shoulder, hunched down and looked through the bag. He stood up with the toy in his hands.

“Here you go, sweetheart.” Aneirin said as he tucked the penguin under Tegan’s chin, making sure that her hand had wrapped around it.

“Ta, ganda.” She replied and Aneirin smiled softly at her, bending forward to kiss her soft, sleep creased cheek.

“Are they all alright?” Richard asked, still touching the sleeping Harry.

“Perfectly fine. They’re all asleep, but Tegan wanted her penguin.” He answered as he carried her back into the nursery.
He pulled Tegan from his shoulder and held her flat between both of his hands and he laid her gently into her cot, making sure her penguin was tucked up tight to her chin so that she could feel and smell it and he tucked the light blanket over her hips.

“Go to sleep now, sweetheart.” He said softly.

“Ganda.” She said softly, her eyes dropping to half-mast.

“Everything’s going to be fine.” He insisted to her as she dropped off to sleep slowly, yawning with her tiny mouth and chewing on air as she wriggled around. “Just go to sleep now baby girl.”

He murmured to her softly, gently, as she drifted off, until he was sure that she was sleeping. He checked on the other children once more, made sure that Leolin was still perfectly on his back, before he went back to his mate and to Harry.

“How is he?”

“Badly concussed.” Aneirin answered. “But nothing else showed up on any of the diagnostic scans.”

“He’ll be fine?”

“Just fine.” Healer Moore answered. “We cannot keep doing this, however. Harry cannot keep being hurt in such a way. Accidents do happen, we understand this, but that belly wound was not an accident, this concussion was not an accident. It needs to be sorted.”

Myron sucked in a huge breath. “I am calm enough to deal with them now.”

“I’m going to kill him.” Richard swore as he petted Harry’s hair still.

“Perhaps you should stay here.” Myron offered. The look that his mate gave him could have buried him six feet under if he were any lesser man.
“I’m not staying here while that boy has done this to our son, Myron!”

Myron nodded. “Come on then. Let us go and tell him exactly what he’s done wrong.”

Aneirin fell in beside them and Myron took a huge breath before he flooed over to the boys’ new house...the one that was supposed to mark a new start and a line in the sand, where the past stayed in the past. Instead they had dragged the past and all the pain and hurt with them to this new house and it had been tainted already, in just a few weeks of them starting to live here.

Richard flooed in behind him, and Aneirin behind Richard, but they didn’t need to go searching, they found Max immediately, he was curled up in a ball on the living room floor, crying.

“Get up.” Myron ordered him furiously.

“They’ve taken…”

“We know.” Myron interrupted. “And they were right to take him from you! What is even going through your head?”

“It was a misun…”

“If you say one more word I’m going to punch you in the head.” Richard growled. “How can you possibly misunderstand a panic attack that ended with a concussion? How do you miss the signs of it happening? He was in so much distress, he was panicking so much that he passed out in front of you! Why didn’t you stop and calm him down?!?”

Max didn’t answer and Myron’s fists clenched tight.

“You never distress your own submissive to such an extent. There is no excuse for what you’ve done. I have never been more ashamed of you, Maximilius.”

Max’s head dropped as he looked to the floor and his shoulders shook as he started crying again.
“There’s no use crying over it.” Myron told him dispassionately. “Your submissive mate is once again lying, unresponsive in a hospital bed. Did you boys not learn from his stomach wound? The one that he’s still not fully recovered from? How can you even attempt to justify harming him again?”

“It was an acci…”

“It was not an accident!” Richard cut in harshly. “An accident would have been him tripping over the rug and hitting his head. No! You and Nasta distressed him so much between you that he was panicking so hard that he couldn’t breathe and he blacked out! Do you even remember what that boy has already been through? Do you remember that I am representing him in a court of law for one of the most disgusting and serious cases of child abuse that I’ve ever had to deal with in my entire professional career? You disgust me!”

Max started crying in earnest then, great, wracking sobs that tested the both of them, but Myron took Richard’s hand and squeezed it. This was for Harry, their youngest son, who didn’t deserve to be treated in such a way. They needed to get these boys to see that what they’d done was not an accident, that it was not a one off or anything else that they tried to claim. It had been a direct result of their behaviour and it was absolutely not acceptable. It would not be tolerated and it would stop, here, today.

“Stop crying and stand up!” Myron demanded over the noise from next door, as Aneirin took Nasta to hand.

Max ignored him, so he strode forward and dragged his oldest son to his feet.

“You have hospitalised your own submissive.” He hissed. “That blame is on you and Nasta. You need to do better than this if you have any hope of keeping him! He will be taken from you permanently, Max. Is that what you want? To have your mate taken from you, to leave your family with the shame of your actions as you’re executed, leaving Harry widowed and his children Fatherless?”

“Of course I don’t want that!” Max cried out.

“Where is Blaise?” Richard interrupted harshly.

“He had nothing to do with this, he was sleeping up…”
“Did I say that he had anything to do with this? Where is he?” Richard demanded.

“In the kitchen.” Max said miserably.

Richard left the room and he left Max to Myron as he went to see how the injured man was doing. If any of those boys needed support at the moment, it would be Blaise. He found Blaise slumped on the table, crying silently into his arms.

“Blaise.” Richard sat beside him and pulled him into his arms.

“I didn’t even know.” He cried. “I was sleep…sleeping and I still can’t see them.”

“It seems unfair, but it’s a security measure to ensure that the submissive is fully protected at all times.” Richard explained. “You have done nothing wrong, so you should be back with him quickly, as soon as your assessment has been completed.”

“I just… I trusted Max and Nasta to look after him while I slept off a headache, I didn’t even know what was happening.”

“You’re still recovering, Blaise.” Richard told him. “You needed the rest and you should have absolutely been able to trust that Max and Nasta would look after Harry and the kids while you did so. The fault lies with them, not with you.”

“Then why do I feel so guilty?” Blaise demanded.

“Because you are focusing too much on what could have happened if you’d been awake and present at the time. Put it behind you, there is no use in thinking of such things, Blaise. It didn’t happen that way and you have no idea if it would have helped or not. Think to the future now, on when you get Harry back.”

“What if we don’t?”
“Of course you will.” Richard said kindly. “You’ve done nothing wrong and no one truly believes that any of you are hurting him purposefully. This is just the Counsel making a point. This cannot keep happening, but on both occasions, you were not involved, Blaise. They can’t penalise you for something that you haven’t done.”

“Have you seen Harry? Is he okay?”

“He’s unconscious, but the Healers have done all the relevant tests and he’s going to be alright, Blaise.”

“Thank Merlin.” The young man breathed out in relief.

“Where is my son?! If you’ve harmed him again too…” Came the very loud, explosive shout from Marianna Lychorinda in the other room.

“Madre.” Blaise called out, a moment later Marianna was in the kitchen and speaking rapid, angry French to her son.

Richard left them to it, as he couldn’t understand them, and instead he went into the family room to check that Aneirin was laying into Nasta. He wasn’t anymore, but he had done, he could already tell that from the browbeaten look on Nasta’s face.

“How is Blaise?” Aneirin asked him.

“He’s feeling guilty. He believes that if he hadn’t taken the rest that he needed to recover, then he could have stopped Harry from panicking and passing out.”

Nasta looked away, his already buckled shoulders slumping further. Aneirin had well and truly laid into him and he hadn’t needed to resort to shouting in order to do so.

Max came in seeking comfort and Richard swallowed as his son went right to Nasta and held the other man like the kids held their teddies. That had once been him in Nasta’s place, comforting his son and soothing him, telling him that everything was going to be alright.

He took a breath as Nasta wrapped his arms tight around Max and murmured to him softly, their faces nuzzling together.
“Where is your Father?” Richard asked, less harshly now that they’d gotten the both of them to understand the seriousness of what they’d done and what the consequences of what they’d done could be if they carried on.

“He’s…he’s gone to tell granddad.” Max said in a defeated tone.

Richard sighed. Alexander Maddison had advocated the protection of submissives and he had strived for it his entire life, pushing forward laws and outlining the need for there to be more safety during all meetings of Drackens, including the yearly meeting in May. He had written proposals, debated with the Counsel about the need for his laws to be passed, he had campaigned tirelessly, exhausting himself until he had achieved what he’d set out to, adding measures to protect both submissives and dominants during mate meetings, setting up the Dracken guards, where mated dominants would volunteer to protect unmated submissives and ultimately he’d set up the Submissive Protection Act, which was now a very fundamental part of their society…Alexander Maddison had meticulously written and campaigned hard for the inclusion of his Submissive Protection Act to become law and it had become so with overwhelming support in nineteen-fifty, the very same act that Harry had been removed under, from the care of his very own grandson.

Myron had reformed the Submissive Protection Act that his Father had passed into law in nineteen-eighty-seven to make it even harder for dominants to abuse their submissives, and again, his own son had been found in breach of this act, this very important, fundamental law of their society. If Max was found guilty and Harry was removed from his care indefinitely, it would make a complete mockery of all the safeguards that the Maddison family had made over the decades, it would undermine Alexander’s life’s work in supporting submissive protection.

“Where are you?” Alexander’s furious voice cut through the almost silent house.

Max swallowed and steeled himself. “In here, granddad.” He called out.

Alexander wrenched open the double doors and strode into the family room. He was starkly pale, but with two high spots of colour on his cheeks. His dark grey eyes looked almost as black as Myron’s in his anger.

“You tell me, right now, that Myron is mistaken.” He hissed, as furious as Richard had ever seen him before in his life. “Tell me that Harry was not removed from this house, from your care, under the very same protection act that I campaigned my entire life to have written into law!”

“It’s true.” Max said, and Richard had to hand it to him, at least he was owning up to what he’d done. He wasn’t sure if he were facing Alexander Maddison at the moment, while that furious gaze was directed at him, that he’d even be able to speak.
“If I was any sort of violent man…” Alexander hissed, trailing off and that he’d even threatened it was enough to shock Richard.

“I’m sorry, grand…”

“My entire life I’ve spent trying to make this society safer for submissive Drackens.” Alexander cut in. “My entire life’s work has been about protecting those who weren’t able to do so for themselves, those who were open to perfectly legal abuse and mistreatment by those who were meant to love them the most, and my own grandson is mistreating his submissive mate! How could you, Maximilius? How could you find it within yourself to harm that poor boy?”

“It wasn’t purposeful.” Max insisted.

“That does not make it better or alright for you to do.” Alexander snapped. “That you didn’t even realise that you were abusing him makes it worse! That you can treat him so appallingly and not realise that its mistreatment makes me feel sick!”

“You will be going for therapy.” Myron said sternly, from his Father’s shoulder. “All of you. It’s a requirement of your assessments anyway, but you will be having private therapy too. This will never, never, happen again. Am I clear?”

Max and Nasta just nodded. They’d been talking about seeking therapy after Harry had been removed from their care. This couldn’t carry on, they knew it. Nasta had known that Max needed help dealing with his guilt from the fight, now he knew that he should have gotten straight on that and gotten Max settled much sooner. Blaise would need therapy to help him get over the shock of finding out that he’d died, that one of his own mates had actually killed him. Now he knew without a doubt that all of them, even himself, needed therapy after the fight that had started all of this.

“We were talking about seeking therapy before,” Max said softly. “Before today even, but now, it needs to be done. I can’t…I need them back. I love him so much, I just can’t believe this has happened.”

“Well it has and once again poor Blaise is being dragged along for the ride, tarred with the same brush as you both.” Alexander said.

“Where is Harry going to stay?” Nasta asked.
“He’s staying with me.” Alexander said. “You will not see him. I will not allow it and I will not break the laws that I wrote just to make an exception for you. He will be staying under my care and you will not see him until you have fully passed your assessments.”

Max and Nasta nodded. “Can we request that Blaise goes for his assessment first? He doesn’t deserve to be apart from Harry and the kids when he hasn’t done anything wrong.”

“I will put forward my thoughts on the matter.” Alexander said. “But the Counsel can do as they wish under these circumstances, Harry is now under their care and their protection, they will decide what to do next.”

Max swallowed and Nasta held him tighter, taking comfort for himself from giving comfort to Max.

“I need to go and set the bedroom up for Harry. I’ll send Oliver and Keanu over to pick up what the little ones need, do not hinder them. Pack what Harry will need for a few days too, clothes, underwear, toiletries and such.”

Alexander said no more, he turned, still pale with fury, and he left.

“I have nothing more to say to you.” Myron said, turning and striding off himself.

Richard sighed and he shook his head. “You boys have a lot of making up to do. What you’ve done is unacceptable and none of us would have ever expected it from you. I would suggest calling your friends and explaining to them what has happened before they hear from others that you’ve had your submissive mate and your children removed from your care for allegations of abuse. This will get out to the public sooner rather than later and it would be better if you got your side of events across first.”

Richard left himself, with nothing more to say. He was so angry with Max for this, but he needed to turn his attentions to his own mate, to Myron, who was going to be smarting from this.

He flooed back to their home and he found Myron pacing in tight, angry circles, his teeth gritted, his fists clenched and a vein throbbing at his left temple.

“We need to tell Ashleigh.” Richard said softly.
Myron didn’t break his stride. “Not just yet. Tomorrow. We’ll go and visit her tomorrow. I’m far too angry at the moment and I don’t want her to think, for even a moment, that she is to blame for that anger. It could set back her progress.”

Richard nodded and he stood, watching Myron as he tried to work out his anger. His top dominant stopped, shook his head and he moved then. Richard followed him, with a leaden heart, to their small home gym. Myron was very angry if he felt the need to work out his anger by punishing his own body.

He sat on one of the weight benches and watched his mate as Myron tugged off his outer robes, all but tore the tie from his throat and undid his shirt while simultaneously kicking off his shoes.

He was still a glorious sight to behold and Richard felt a tingle of arousal as Myron, naked from the waist up, bent down and sorted out the weights on the bar in angry movements. Richard wetted his lips as he saw Myron adding some serious amount of weight to the bar.

His mate started out slowly, taking the bar to his hips, to his chest, then up and over his head, before taking the bar back to his chest, back to his hips and to the floor. He repeated this slowly, carefully, before he found his rhythm and he started taking the bar up faster, pushing the weight above his head and holding before taking it back down, quicker and quicker, the sweat sluicing down his neck and chest and Richard knew that it would also be flowing down his back too.

Myron started slowing down and Richard knew that he was warming down and then, with a final lift, Myron brought the bar down to his chest, down to his hips and then down to the floor and he stood back up without it, stretching his warm muscles, becoming lithe and flexible and Richard couldn’t help himself as he stood and approached his mate and Husband, reaching up to link his arms around his neck, pressing the full length of his body against Myron’s.

“Really, Richard?” Myron grumbled. “After all that has happened today?”

“You know that watching you always arouses me, My. Seeing you all sweaty and warm, your big muscles bulging…I need you.” He whispered into Myron’s ear. “Don’t leave me wanting.”

“I never do.” Myron growled, placing those huge hands on either side of his ribcage, near his armpits, and picking him up. Richard automatically wrapped his legs around Myron’s hips, grinning happily at getting his own way.

“No, this could be what we need, my love.” Richard said.

Myron hummed consideringly. “Perhaps it is, I’ve always felt better after I’ve taken care of you.”
“So take care of me then.” Richard grinned.

He was surprised when he was tipped backwards and his back hit the bench that he’d been sat on.

“Here?” He asked with a frown.

“Why not here?” Myron smirked.

“And you call me the kinky one.”

Myron snorted. “You are the kinky one, Richard.”

“You love that I’m kinky, Myron, don’t even try to deny it.”

“I wasn’t going to.” Myron said before diving down, on top of Richard, and kissing him hard. “I love that you can keep up with me.”

Richard made himself look affronted. “What was that old man?” He demanded. “I need to keep up with you? Oh no, you need to work to keep up with me, that’s why we have this home gym in the first place.”

Myron laughed then and bent down to kiss Richard again, before pulling back and smiling down at his lover. He took his time unbuckling Richard’s trousers and pulling them down his legs, leaving his mate bare from the waist down.

“Don’t take yours off, just open them.” Richard said, his breath coming faster.

Myron groaned and he did as he’d been asked, just opening his belt, popping his button and pulling down his fly. He pulled himself free and gave himself a solid couple of strokes as he looked down at Richard, who was grinning at him like the little shit that he was.

He kissed Richard, pulling back only when they needed air, to pant heavily over his mouth before pressing their mouths back together. He didn’t give Richard even a moment to recover as he
repeatedly kissed him, taking all the air from Richard’s lungs. He loved doing that to his mate.

He had to make do with conjured lube, thankful that he could do that spell non-verbally. Practice really did make perfect.

He played with the entrance to Richard’s body, wetting him with the lube, smirking to himself as he listened to Richard. His mate had always been a very verbal person, if ever Richard wasn’t vocal, he knew that something was wrong or had upset him, nothing good ever came from Richard silently brooding.

“Fuck! Merlin! Stop doing that!” Richard cursed. Myron gave him a sharp slap for his language…it only made Richard moan loudly. “You can do that again, though.”

Myron snorted and smiled down at one of the loves of his life…if only Ashleigh were here with them, but hopefully, very soon, she would be here with them and then he could go back to wrangling in the both of them. He’d never before thought that he would miss chasing after the two of them as they ran around naked, teasing him and tag teaming him until he’d finally catch them both, fling the both of them over each shoulder and run up the stairs with them to the bedroom.

He used to grumble about chasing them all over the house and the garden, about the little games that they played with him whenever he said aloud his desire for sex and they’d immediately make him work for it as he’d be chasing them for an hour just to get them to the bedroom…their record was three hours and seventeen minutes.

Now that Ashleigh was gone, in a live-in rehab centre, he missed their ridiculous games and he almost wished that Richard had run off with a cheeky comment about catching him first, but he understood why he would only play that game with Ashleigh here too. His two mates fed from one another, giggling and cheering the other on as they wound him up and tested him to his limit. He loved them all the more for it.

“Myron, please!” His mate begged.

He smirked down at the flushed form of Richard, almost trapped in his own button down shirt as he had wriggled and writhed around so much on the, rather slim, weight bench.

“What do you want, Richard?” He said with a grin.

“You know what I want you teasing bastard!” Richard groaned.

The sharp slap made his mate gasp and then moan.
“Fucking evil, slimy…”

Myron slapped him again, knowing well by now what Richard liked and wanted. Richard moaned loudly.

“Please.” He begged again, desperately.

The scar tissue on his throat distorted the plea and Myron eased off slightly, visually checking Richard’s breathing while he caressed his mate’s body.

“I’m okay.” Richard insisted with a smile. “It tightened for a moment and then loosened again.”

Myron nodded, trusting Richard’s word, before he went back to kissing down Richard’s belly.

“Please tell me you’re going to give me an amazing blow job.” Richard said. Myron could hear the grin in his voice.

“Ashleigh is always the best at it.” Myron said.

“Yeah, but you can take me all the way and she can’t…I want you to swallow me.”

“You’re getting bossy now.”

“So?” Richard laughed. “Get your mouth on me.”

Myron held back a laugh and instead he controlled it into a smirk as he did as he had been ordered to do. He took a deep breath and he took Richard all the way down his throat, swallowing around him and holding back his automatic reflex to gag and remove the obstruction in his throat.

He pulled back slowly, controlling the urge to empty his throat quickly and gasp in air. He took a moment’s pause to inhale deeply once more before he slid his mouth back over Richard and once again held him in his throat.

He got his rhythm and once established, he moved his hands to play with the entrance to Richard’s body, using the non-verbal spell to coat his fingers once again in lube. He’d have preferred a bottle
of the stuff, but it was upstairs. The conjured lube never lasted as long and it wasn’t as good in his opinion, but it would work in a pinch.

He pulled off of Richard slowly and he caught his breath back as he finished opening Richard up, listening happily to his groans and mutterings of pleasure. One hand reached down and wound into his hair, tugging hard, but Myron ignored it.

“Myron.” Richard whined at him. “Myron, now. Fuck me now.”

Myron gave Richard another slap for his language and the muscles around his fingers clenched hard for a moment in response as Richard moaned loudly.

Standing up, Myron removed his fingers slowly, one at a time and Richard made a soft sound of anticipation. He almost considered getting up and walking out of the room, just to see Richard’s face and hear his shouts, but he made the mistake of looking down at that beautiful, flushed body, into those wide, glassy chocolate eyes and he couldn’t find the strength to walk away from him.

Resting the slightest of his weight on Richard’s hips, he straddled the bench, and Richard’s body and found his balance before shifting back and hooking Richard’s thighs over his elbows.

“Oh!” Richard moaned in anticipation, relaxing his body so that he had an easier time of positioning his subordinate mate where he wanted him.

“My love. Give me a moment to line up with you.”

“I would have an easier time of it if you stayed still!” Myron told him, clamping Richard’s thighs to his own shoulders with his arms in an effort to keep him from wriggling about.

He finally managed to push himself into Richard and he took a moment to savour the large exhale of air that was forced out of Richard’s body. His mate curled up his body and locked his arms around his neck, holding on tight and panting into his ear. Myron loved it when Richard or Ashleigh did that and they both knew it.

He stayed, settled within Richard’s body for long minutes, letting his mate relearn how to breathe, letting him calm himself back down as his handsome Husband panted into his ear, moaning at every slight shift and whimpering his name, then he started slowly easing himself back out of that
tight, hot clench of muscles and it caught his own breath as Richard groaned louder.

“Faster, My. More.” Richard urged him, trying to control him by pulling him with his arms and legs…not that he could, but that never stopped Richard from trying.

“Are you trying to tell me what to do, my love?” He asked with a grin.

“Yes!” Richard cried out.

Myron chuckled. “You want me to go faster? Harder?” He questioned.

“Yes, damn it! Stop your fucking teasing.”

Myron didn’t slap him for swearing this time, instead he surged forward in a hard, almost brutal thrust and threw back Richard’s head and had his blunt nails digging into his shoulders.

“Yes! Like that.” Richard said.

Myron bent his head and he kept up the brutal pace, slamming his hips forward into Richard’s body and listening to the scream of pleasure it garnered him. He loved it when Richard was in this sort of mood, not that he didn’t also love slowly teasing his mates to pieces over three or four hours, he did, it was just that he really loved it fast and rough, particularly if he was in a bad mood. Richard loved it the best when he was angry or wound up too. He had often wound him up on purpose, just to get rough sex, though all he truly had to do was just ask, as he’d done today.

“Myron, come on, I need…”

Myron answered with a harder thrust and Richard’s voice cut out on a loud moan. It was a good thing they didn’t have neighbours…or any children to overhear them. Not any more, not that that stopped any of them from teasing their children.

Myron’s breathing stuttered and the warm coil in his gut tightened and he pushed harder and faster into Richard, losing a bit of his technique as his orgasm built inside him.
“Myron!” Richard screamed out as he orgasmed and Myron let himself go with Richard, thankful that his mate and Husband had not tried to hold back as he usually did. If it was one thing that he absolutely hated, it was getting his pleasure before Richard or Ashleigh. They knew that too and they often tried to outlast him, using little tricks to try and get him over the edge first. He never indulged that game of theirs if he could help it. He hated it.

Myron grunted and he stopped all movement, lying on Richard and hugging him tightly. He turned his head so that he could kiss Richard and hold him as they both came down from their high.

“Are you okay?” Myron asked him.

“Much better.” Richard said with a dopey smile.

Myron chuckled and he pulled out of Richard slowly and carefully, uncoupling them as he lifted himself up from the bench.

“Let’s get you cleaned up, my love.” Myron said as he picked Richard up and carried him out of their home gym and up the stairs to their Master bedroom.

“I love you.”

“I love you, Richard.” Myron answered, placing his mate and Husband down on the bed gently before going into the en suite bathroom to clean himself off before taking a damp cloth back into the bedroom to clean off Richard.

“Will everything be okay, Myron?” Richard asked him.

Myron sighed. “I’ll make it so, Richard. I can’t even speak to Max at the moment, but we’ll make this right. I’ll personally make those boys go to therapy if needed. I will not allow this to ever happen again.”

“When I think of Harry in that hospital bed, knowing that Max put him there…it makes me feel sick, Myron.”
“You and me both.” Myron insisted. “We’ll take a few days to calm down, see Harry and the kids alright, and then we’ll take Max to hand. We all know that those boys will pass their assessments, it’s just ensuring that they don’t brush this incident off because they have passed. There will be punishment, to ensure that they receive the lesson that they need to learn from this, so that it never happens again.”

Richard nodded. “Come and lie with me for a bit. I just need…I need a cuddle for a bit. Then we need to go and see Ashleigh.”

Myron sighed and he nodded, climbing naked onto the bed and wrapping Richard up in his big arms.

“Just rest for a bit, Richard. Everything will be alright. We’ll make it so. Those boys will not get away with this and Harry will never again be harmed by their actions.”

Richard nodded in his arms and cuddled in tight to him. Myron just held him and stroked his hair as Richard drifted off to sleep in his arms. Richard was always tired after a bit of rough sex.

Myron slipped his mate from his arms and covered him over, getting out of the bed and dressing himself in clean clothes. He needed to sort out this entire mess, thankful that his Father had offered to take in Harry and the children, as he knew that he couldn’t stay impartial, not while he was still so angry with those boys for doing this in the first place.

He sighed as he made himself a mug of coffee. He sat down to his paperwork, but he found it did not provide an adequate distraction from his thoughts. He found himself so angry that he could barely think past what had happened, of what his own son had done to a boy who he saw as his son.

He found it inconceivable that Max had just stood and watched as Harry distressed himself so much that he had had a panic attack and had passed out. He just…he tried to imagine it with Ashleigh in Harry’s place, but he couldn’t. He couldn’t even imagine it with Richard, his subordinate dominant mate.

He understood that they had been through a terrible time lately, that the fight that had almost resulted in two fatalities had unsettled them all, but it was no excuse really. There was never any excuse for harming a submissive, whether your own or not, but it was just worse that they had led to the injury of their own submissive mate, it was why Harry had been rightly taken from their care. It all boiled down to Harry and he didn’t deserve to be treated in this manner. He didn’t deserve to keep being injured in such a way, it just wasn’t right and he needed to make those boys see that. No…he would make those boys see that. This would never happen again. He would make sure of it.
Harry woke up groggy and not entirely sure of where he was or what had happened. He recognised the familiar ceiling of the Dracken Healing Halls and he cursed, wondering if he’d pulled his stomach too much when he was so close to being cleared as fit and healthy.

“Harry, sweetness, stay still.”

Harry frowned up at Elder Trintus, wondering why he was there, of all people. He wondered where his mates were.

“Nasta?” He called out, hoping that his top dominant would be there for him.

“Your mates aren’t here, sweet one. You’ve been removed from their care for your own protection.”

“What?” Harry demanded, sitting up too quickly and causing a sharp pain in his gut. It made his head spin and he groaned.

Alfred Grant came running, sprinting incredibly well for a man of three hundred and four years old, as the ward placed on Harry went haywire with his increased heart rate, and he breathed easier at seeing Harry awake and sat up.

“How are you feeling?” He asked.

“I’d feel better if you told me that what I’ve just heard is some sort of joke!” He ground out.

“I’m sorry, sweet one, it’s not a joke.” Elder Trintus said in what Harry assumed was supposed to be a soothing way. It made him feel angry and more than a bit sick. “We take submissive health and wellbeing very seriously, and I’m sorry, but this is the best option. We cannot leave you to suffer with abusive dominants.”

“They’re not abusive!” Harry yelled out.

“They caused you to have a panic attack which led to you getting a concussion.” Healer Grant told him sternly. “What would you call that?”
“An accident! They didn’t know I was going to have a panic attack, I didn’t even know!”

“That is beside the point, they are your dominant mates. They should have realised what was happening and calmed you down, not pushed you harder.” The Healer said.

Harry made a harsh noise of frustration and he tugged on his own hair. “What are you people even doing to me? Why do you do this to me?” He demanded. “What have I ever done to deserve this? I want to be with my mates! I want to be in my own home!” He growled.

Elder Trintus looked shocked at his behaviour, but the Healer looked like he’d been expecting it. Alfred Grant shushed him and soothed him gently. Harry realised that the dominant was releasing his calming pheromones and it reminded him of his own mates and he clenched his hands tight.

He swung himself out of the bed and he forced himself to run. He knew he had to get to the floo with enough time to actually throw the powder into the grate and say his address. He felt such an overwhelming need to be with his mates that the emotion almost choked him.

“Harry!” He heard Healer Grant calling after him, but Harry kept running, down the Healing corridor, right past a startled young woman at the reception desk and he spilled out into the main foyer of the Dracken Halls.

A massive, muscled arm wrapped around his chest and lifted him up off of his feet, holding him gently and shushing him as he started crying, struggling fruitlessly to reach his mates. A distress call slipped from his throat and he was juggled in those arms gently until he was facing a big chest and was held securely and safely.

“Shh, Harry.” Georgio’s voice broke through his distressed cries.

Harry shifted and wrapped himself around Georgio and he snuffled his wet face into the Healer’s neck. Georgio didn’t care as he stroked the back of his head gently, keeping up a stream of soothing noises and murmuring.

“I want my mates.” He cried.

“You can’t see them just yet, but soon, I promise.” Georgio said. “You’ve had a nasty knock to the head, you shouldn’t be running around like this.”
Harry was placed back on the hospital bed.

“I need them.” Harry insisted.

“I know, just let us explain.” Georgio tried.

“My babies!” Harry sobbed. “I can’t be without them, please.”

“You’re not without them, they’re next door being fussed over by our trainee Healer who should be learning medicine, but we can’t pull her away from them.” Healer Grant put in quickly.

Harry was up and gone again before anyone could think to stop him. He burst into the room and he sighed out heavily upon seeing his sweet babies. His heart wrenched in his chest…he’d almost gone back home and left them here. He’d almost left his eight babies here alone, without him. He choked back a sob and instead he dragged up a smile for them instead as they all turned to look at him.

“Mama!” Calix cried out happily, crawling to him on fast hands and knees.

Harry cried out joyously and he sunk to his knees, embracing his baby. It seemed so wrong to see them in such a sterile room. It brought back memories of the hospital and seeing Leolin on the verge of death and that was it, he needed his little Faerie baby.

He hefted up Calix, tiptoed through his other clamouring babies and peered into the three bassinets, his twin girls were in two of them, and Leolin was in the third, all of them sleeping. Harry picked him up too and he held them both tightly, inhaling their soft, sweet scents and he sat down on the floor in relief. They might be in a hospital room, but neither of them were sick.

“You shouldn’t be moving so much.” The trainee Healer told him.

“Leave us alone.” Harry replied back, still holding his two youngest boys and accepting the prods, pinches and pulls of his others as they screeched around him happily as they all dived in for a kiss that he readily gave to them all.
“Be careful, Harry.” Healer Grant told him. “You don’t want to be admitted because of that stomach wound again, take it a little easier. At the moment you’re only here for the concussion that you have.”

Harry blew out a breath. “I want to see my mates.” He repeated.

“Out of the question.”

“Stop trying to tell me what I want!” Harry hissed, easily defaulting back to anger. “Why does everyone insist on telling me what I want or telling me what’s best for me? I know what I want, I know what’s best for me better than anyone else! Stop telling me what to do!”

“There’s the little spitfire I know and love.”

Harry actually smiled as Elder Kirrian came into the room.

“You’re being released into the care of your Grandfather, Alexander Maddison. He is under strict orders not to allow you to see your mates, so don’t ask him or beg him, it will only make you both feel worse.”

“I want to see them.”

“You can’t just yet. Not until after they’ve been assessed.”

“How long will that take? I have a heat period in a few days!”

“If the assessment is not complete by the time you go onto your heat, you will be placed back into your home and then taken again as soon as it’s over while the assessment continues. I know those boys well, they’ll pass the assessment with no problem.”

“Then why is it happening if you already know that they’ll pass it?!”

“Because you were removed from their care, boy.” Elder Kirrian told him kindly. “It was supposed
to have happened when you got that belly wound, but they were given the benefit of the doubt because you had a mate in the hospital and an injured baby and another in the hospital and the mate responsible was removed from your vicinity. This incident cannot be overlooked, not when you might be at risk. It’s an automatic response to your injuries, even if we know that they’re not abusive to you, this procedure needs to be carried out fully and to the letter.”

Harry blew out a massive breath.

“Can I not even have supervised contact with them?” He asked desperately.

Elder Kirrian shook his head. “No, as they caused you to have a panic attack that directly resulted in you being hurt yet again, it’s not possible until after the assessment has been completed. It’s for the safety of the submissives involved, in this case you, as your dominants might misuse their hold over you to get you to lie and that would potentially cause us to release you back into an abusive home. We can’t allow any submissive to be placed into such a position, where they don’t want to be in their own home, with their own dominants, yet they’ve been forced to say that they do. It would be a most horrific mistake on our parts to allow such a thing to ever happen again. You can see your mates now as soon as they’re cleared, however. They’re assessed one at a time. We’ve started with your first mate, Blaise, as soon as he’s been cleared, you can see him.”

Harry breathed and he closed his eyes, recognising the need for the complete separation but still not liking it, yet knowing that nothing he did or said would change anything. “How long does an assessment take?” He said as a way of a compromise.

“It could be several hours to a couple of days, depending on how cooperative the dominants’ are with us. We started with Blaise as he was the only one of your mates who was not involved in either instance of you being harmed. He was also the calmest of your mates, he wasn’t shouting over us and demanding you and the rugrats be given back once the Elders went to explain what was to happen next. He alone was quiet. I’m not sure how much of that is his head injury, but we decided to start with him as he seemed the most cooperative at the time.”

“Blaise has always thought of me first.” Harry smiled as he looked to his children around him. “He always puts what I need or want first. He’s always done it.”

“Then it should be a very straight forward assessment and you should be seeing him at some point tomorrow.”

Harry breathed out a sigh of relief. He knew that all of his mates would pass this assessment, no matter what it was or entailed. They loved him and the kids too much.
“What happens if they fail?” He couldn’t help asking. “Not that they will, but hypothetically, what would happen then.”

“They would be assessed again and if they failed that one too, then they’d be evaluated by the Healers, if nothing physically or mentally wrong is found with them, then they’ll be executed to free their submissive from their sadistic cruelty.”

Harry gaped. “None of my mates are cruel!” He hissed.

“Then you, or they, have nothing to fear.” Elder Kirrian said simply. “No one believes that they’re abusive or cruel, Harry, the Healers are just concerned for your high level of injuries within a very short amount of time. It is their job to be concerned for their patients, Harry boy. They were worried for you, so they removed you from the environment that you were in. I’m conducting the assessments myself, I’ll do it as quickly as possible and you’ll be all together again before your heat period hits you.”

Harry smiled then. “Thank you.”

Elder Kirrian smiled back and he sighed. “You just play with these kids and keep them happy. You have absolutely nothing else to do, so spend some time with them. Aelia will help you, as you’re not supposed to be lifting or bending. So you just stay here and play with them and let her sort out everything else.”

Harry looked at the unknown woman and he narrowed his eyes on her.

“I’m a Healer.” She told him softly. “Well, a trainee Healer, but I’m not going to ruin my dreams of working here in these Halls by running off with one of your children, I promise.”

“Aelia is mated, Harry. She has enough of her own brood without adding in any of yours.” Elder Kirrian added helpfully and it made Harry laugh.

“I’ve only got five!” She insisted. “He has more than I do and he’s six years younger.”

Harry grinned. “It’s because I had five at once. If they’d been one baby instead of five I’d only
have four babies.”

“I bet that would be strange.”

Harry looked at his quintuplets and tried to imagine four of them missing and he flinched.

“Very strange. I’m used to having them all around. I might wish that perhaps they’d only been one, but they’re five, so I’ve adjusted to it. It’s impossible now to think of them as anything else. I’d die before they became anything else now.”

“You’ve already proved that.” Aelia said, nodding to his belly.

Harry grimaced and nodded. “Despite the pain and the potions, if needed I would suffer through this again if it was in defence of my children.”

Elder Kirrian sighed and patted him. “Well, let me go and see to Blaise’s assessment. If I’m quick enough you can have him back for tonight.”

Harry smiled. “I’d really like that. I want all of them near me, even Draco, but if I could have just one, please let me have that. Also be careful with Blaise, he’s still very confused and he gets muddled and frustrated when he can’t say what he actually means. Just be patient with him and let him speak.”

“Do you offer him words?”

Harry nodded. “Yes, but if it’s not the one that he’s looking for then he gets doubly frustrated as it takes him off the track his mind was on and puts him on something different. He especially muddles up names, so please don’t be offended or draw any attention to it if he calls you by something else. He knows who you are, he just comes out with something different and it embarrasses him as it wasn’t what he meant to say. He’s always prided himself on his intelligence and his memory and having both taken from him, even temporarily, it’s driving him mad.”

Elder Kirrian nodded. “Thank you for telling me. I might be a hard arse, but I’m not going to be cruel or unjust to an injured man.”
“Thank you.”

“Rest and recover a bit, Harry. I’ll be back later, hopefully with Blaise in tow.”

Harry sighed and he set himself to just resting and playing gentle games with his children. He still couldn’t fully believe that this had happened to him, to their family. That he’d been actually, physically removed from his mates and his own home just because he’d passed out. He sighed again, much heavier and he smiled as Leolin woke up slowly between his knees, where Harry had put him when the Healers had reminded him that he wasn’t supposed to be holding them.

Sleepy gold eyes opened and Leolin blinked languidly, then they locked onto green and Leolin grinned slowly, still sleepy and drowsy, and Harry smiled adoringly at him.

“I love you, Leolin.” Harry told him softly.

“Ma.”

“I’m here, love.” He insisted and he breathed deeply, calming himself right down. Regan climbed up his back and popped his head over his shoulder and Harry turned to kiss him with a smile, letting his son just cling to him and babble in his ear.

He was nervous about this so called assessment, because of the threat of execution to his mates, but in the logical part of his mind, he knew, truly knew, that there was absolutely no risk to his mates. They were not cruel men, they were not abusing him or the kids, they loved him and he loved them. He would be reunited with them again, after they passed all of their assessments, he knew deep in his heart that they’d all pass and he’d see them all again soon.

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Nasta was climbing the walls with his injured submissive away from him. He was as taut as a drawn bowstring and he was ready to release after the day that he’d had.

He’d endured the removal of Harry, the removal of his children and he’d endured the berating that he’d gotten from his family, from Max’s family, from Blaise’s family, for allowing this to happen. What was worse was that Draco had been the last to know about what was happening and he had berated them too, yelling at them for getting Harry and the kids taken away from them, from where he’d known that they’d been safe to somewhere unknown, without the protection of his dominants. It made them feel about an inch big and absolutely awful for what had happened. It had been over Draco that they’d been fighting in the first place.
Alexander, Myron, Richard, Aneirin and Marianna had browbeaten him and Max, not so much Blaise, who had been up in the bedroom napping when all of this had taken place, for causing Harry to have a panic attack. Harry’s Dracken had been to the very forefront of his mind with his approaching heat, and he’d truly believed that they’d meant to take Draco away from him forever, so with that thought in mind, he had panicked, tried to get them to change their minds, and when he hadn’t been able to do so, he’d had an all-out panic attack which had caused him to faint. Nasta felt terrible for that too. That his submissive would have been so afraid and so distressed that he’d had a panic attack severe enough to cause him to faint right in front of him.

The house was empty. The big house that he’d had specially built was only inhabiting three men at the moment. It was too big, too empty and it was too quiet to. He could hear the clock ticking, the fridge whirring, the kettle clicking after it had just boiled as Blaise had another coffee that he wasn’t supposed to be drinking.

A house of this size, on three storeys with an attic and a basement and with twenty odd bedrooms, it was not meant for three mere men. It had been built with five men in mind, of a large family to come. He couldn’t keep living here if he never got Harry or his children back.

“We will get them back.” Max came to him and hugged his shoulders.

For a moment he thought that he might have spoken aloud, but then he realised that they were all thinking, dreading, the same outcome. It was playing heavily upon all of their minds.

“Have we become so overbearing, so intolerant and cruel that we would allow Harry to become so distressed, by our own actions, that he could panic and pass out right in front of us?” Nasta asked. “Am I that vile a top dominant?”

“No! No, Nasta.” Max told him, sitting beside him and pulling him into a strong hug. “We were just worried and angry. We just didn’t listen.”

“We should have.” Nasta forced out from his tight throat. “He told us just a few weeks ago that we never listened and we swore to change. We haven’t changed at all, Max. We brushed it under the rug again. We need to change and not just say that we will. Words mean nothing if actions don’t back them up.”

Max nodded in agreement. “He was getting more wound up, more desperate. We needed to have stopped there and seen to him, but we were angry ourselves and we didn’t pay close enough attention until it was too late. Anyone could have made the same mistake, Nas.”

“It wasn’t anyone else though, Max! It was us, our mateship, our Harry! How could we have been so blind and inattentive to him? Of course he would have panicked, his heat period is hitting him in
“This last month has been the absolute worst.” Max sighed.

“If we don’t get him back…” Nasta trailed off.

“We will.”

“What if he doesn’t want to come back?” Nasta worried.

“Of course he will! Nasta, what are you saying?” Max demanded. “Harry loves us. This is his home. You know he wouldn’t have wanted to have been taken in the first place, of course he’ll want to come home.”

“I don’t know anything at the moment.”

“Snap out of it and pull yourself together, we won’t get him back like this…wallowing in self-pity and misery. Harry’s counting on us!”

Nasta swallowed and closed his eyes. “I let them take him and the kids.”

“What else could you have done?” Max demanded. “Fought off the Counsel? We would have been automatically executed for obstruction of the full enforcement of the Submissive Protection Act. We would have broken the law, Nasta, and for what?”

“For Harry!” Nasta growled.

“For Harry who will be back with us soon enough!” Max growled back. “We’re no use to him dead!”

“What if he doesn’t see it like that?”
“How else can he see it?”

“That we allowed someone to remove him from his home while he was unconscious.”

Max sighed heavily, wearily. He’d never had to hold Nasta’s hand like this through anything before, it was draining. He had no idea how Nasta had done it for all of them numerous times over the last two years. He was gaining a new insight into the burdens that a top dominant took on, and it gave him a new level of respect for Nasta and the innate strength that he had. Perhaps it was that, and not his ‘cooking skills’ as they’d originally thought that had made his Dracken bow out of the top dominancy in favour of Nasta two and a half years ago.

“I love you, Nasta.” Max said strongly. “But use your brain, please. Harry loves us, of course he’s going to want to come home to us and settle the kids back into their home. I bet you he’s shouting and screaming the Dracken Halls down right now demanding to be brought back home. I wouldn’t be surprised if he tried to call for us too.”

Nasta smiled slightly and he chuckled, which made Max feel all sorts of accomplished and relieved. It buoyed his heart and it took a heavy weight from his shoulders…maybe he could do this, maybe he could have Nasta lean on him a little bit, maybe he could temporarily take over the top dominant role for a short while without everything falling apart.

“I’m telling you, we’ll get him back, even if it’s just because the Elders and Healers can’t take another minute of his whiny bitching. They’ll be begging us to take him back after a few days. He was injured, drugged up and mostly unconscious the last time that he was there, he’s going to be awake, alert and fucking angry when he wakes up there this time. He’ll give them so much hell and he’s so stubborn and unmoving when he wants something that he’ll be back here before his heat period, you’ll see.”

“I hope so, Max.” Nasta said softly. “I miss him so much.”

“We all do and he’ll be missing us too.”

Nasta swallowed then and he took in a deep breath. “You know this means that we have to work things out with Draco, don’t you?”

Max grimaced, but he nodded. “Yes. Harry wants us all together, no matter what. So we have to get over ourselves and actually speak to Draco like he’s a person and not a monster or an obstacle. I’m
still not sure that I can do it.”

“You can, for Harry.” Nasta said gently. “He needs us now. You’re right, we need to pull ourselves together to get him back. I’d do anything to have him back, this house is almost like an abandoned haunted house from some cheesy horror film without him and the kids here to liven it up.”

“More likely because you two are skulking around like murdered spectres.” Blaise insisted, walking through the room and sitting on a settee, yet another cup of coffee in his hands.

“How many is that now?” Nasta asked sternly.

Blaise shrugged. “I don’t keep count, that’s your job.”

Nasta made the decision to stop this, here and now. Harry had wanted normal and things hadn’t been normal, even when they’d actively tried to make everything normal, it had still been very abnormal. It stopped now. He would get Harry and the kids back, Draco would go to these anger management meetings and he would come back to them too. He needed to stop his personal pity party and sort out his mateship, because he would be forever shamed if the Counsel had to step in and do it for him. They’d already done more than enough damage by taking Harry and invoking the Submissive Protection Act, that was a brand of shame all by itself that would never go away now, but if they had to resolve the problems in his own mateship for him, all confidence and trust would be lost.

He stood up and he took the mug from Blaise’s hands, he went into the kitchen and he poured it into the sink. He took Blaise’s pot of coffee and he stormed upstairs with it, hiding it in an unused bedroom. Blaise had had more than enough coffee for one day. He’d had enough since he’d come home from the hospital to cover the rest of the year! If things were to get back to normal, he would behave as normally as he could and that included not treating Blaise like he was terminally ill and not cutting off Draco like a dead limb. He was a person, a very beloved person to their mateship, not a piece of driftwood.

“Max, we need the rest of the things from the old house over here, sort that for me. Try and move those bloody owls too, I know they like your attic, but they need to be brought over to the new house, only Hedwig is being cooperative, but she won’t leave Saracen for longer than a night. Blaise, the downstairs bathroom is an absolute mess, go and clean that.” He almost ordered.

“Maybe Blaise should…” Max started worriedly, but Nasta held up a hand, stopping Max in midsentence.
“Blaise is fine and he’s capable of cleaning a bathroom, go to the old house, Max. Salvage what you can, leave the rest. We’ll dispose of it later and then we’ll get the house fixed up and made structurally safe again too.”

Blaise actually grinned at him as he hurried off to clean a bathroom. He’d been missing the normalcy of his life too. They all needed it back, all of them. Nasta breathed in deeply and exhaled loudly, suppressing his urge to hurry after Blaise and wrap him in a blanket and cradle him on a settee. Those instincts would not help them and would not bring Harry back, just the opposite. True normalcy was needed now, not the pretending at being normal they’d been striving for before.

Harry screeched when Elder Kirrian led Blaise into his room and he leapt up, run to Blaise and jumped into his arms.

Blaise laughed happily and pulled him into a searing kiss as Harry held onto him like he was a raft in the sea.

“It’s so good to see you. How are you, are you okay? How is everyone else?” He asked rapidly.

“I’m fine and it is amazing to see you and hold you again.” Blaise answered. “Everyone is calm and holding together well, though your distress calls drove us mental at first. Nasta’s gone back to his usual self…you know, taking away my coffee after my first mug, hiding all the sweets and chocolates, it’s actually good to see him being normal again. Myron isn’t speaking to any of us though, that’s why you’re going to Alexander and not to him.”

“We didn’t think it would be the right environment for you.” Elder Kirrian agreed. “I have to leave, I’m assessing Nasta next.”

“Is Max still being stressy?” Harry asked worriedly.

“He’s the worst one, so to give him time to calm down, I’m doing him last.” The Elder said. “I’m hoping that by giving you more mates, so that he knows you’re better protected and with those whom you love, that he won’t be quite so high strung and temperamental.”

“Thank you.” Harry said seriously as he clung to Blaise like a limpet.
Blaise nuzzled his neck and licked him, making him giggle.

“I missed you so much, Blaise. Ti amo.”

“Ti amo, Bello.” Blaise replied.

Harry grinned. “Come and see the kids.”

He led Blaise to the bassinets by the side of his bed and he let him peer in at the twin girls. Blaise touched them and he sighed happily.

“I’ve missed them all.” He said. “Where are the others?”

“Next door, come and see.”

Harry led him into the room next door and to the swarming kids, who were being fussed over by Joanne, the receptionist for the Healing Halls who was supposed to have finished her shift an hour ago and still hadn't left.

“Daddy!” Tegan called out, hefting herself up and toddling towards them.

Blaise smiled so happily as he went to his knees to receive her, giving her a big hug and a kiss.

“I missed you baby girl.” He murmured to her right before he was swamped with the others.

“Daddy Blay!” Braiden called out and Blaise embraced his only biological child tightly, laying a kiss to his chubby, rosy cheek.

“Where’s…?” Blaise trailed off, obviously wanting to finish, but drawing a blank over the name.

“Leolin?” Harry supplied, their Faerie baby being the only one who Blaise hadn’t seen yet. “He’s
okay, he’s right by here.”

Harry picked him up, out of the bassinet in the room and handed him over, their little boy scowling, to Blaise.

“I love the faces he pulls.” Blaise smiled.

Harry looked around him, seeing they were alone in the room, he snuggled up to Blaise.

“What sort of things were you asked?” He questioned worriedly. “Was it bad, invasive? Do you think the others will pass?”

“No, *Innamorato*, it wasn’t bad. It was all very basic questions with a psychiatrist present.”

“What? Why a psychiatrist?” He asked.

“To make sure that we aren’t lying or sociopaths hiding behind a normal façade.” He smiled. “The whole point of the assessment is to see if we are a risk to submissives or children, they don’t take anyone at face value, they need to dig deeper, so a psychiatrist is always present at all assessments. Some of them are fucking sadists, but others aren’t so bad. Elder Kirrian made sure that we had the best, an old friend of his.”

Harry hugged him and watched as their children, who had dumped a load of toys into Blaise’s lap, went off about their playing again.

“Do you think Max, Nasta and Draco will pass the assessment?”

“I did, *Prezioso*. There’s no reason why they can’t pass either. I’m the one with a messed up mind.”

“You’re not.” Harry said hotly, kissing his head gently. “I love you and you passed because you deserved to. You’ve always put me first, you’ve always made sure that what I want or need is first. The others, not so much.” Harry admitted bitterly. “That’s why I’m so worried.”
Blaise kissed him hard and it took Harry’s breath away.

“The others will pass because they’re not abusive or cruel, Bello.”

Harry swallowed and he nodded. He took strength from Blaise and he calmed himself, if Blaise wasn’t worried and was adamant that the others would pass too, having gone through that assessment personally, then Harry would relax himself and take Blaise at his word. If Blaise said that the others would pass, then Harry would wholeheartedly believe him.

“I’ve missed you all.” He said softly.

“We’ve missed you too…that mansion is more like a mausoleum without you or the kids there. It’s so quiet that you can hear the house creaking, you can hear the clocks ticking, and everything has an odd echo to it. It’s horrible there, honestly I was glad to be the first up for the assessment just so I could get away.”

Harry snuggled into him tighter. “If that’s the case then perhaps Nasta should have been left until last. Max doesn’t do well with silence.”

“He doesn’t have to stay at home, he can go to see his brother or sisters. He could go to Myron if he was talking to us. We’re told the time of when our assessments will be held and I had two hours to prepare myself before I had to come here.”

“You were here?” Harry asked.

Blaise nodded. “We have to floo to these Halls to be assessed, Harry. All assessments are performed in the Counsel Halls. It was awful knowing that you were here, but having to go off to a different part of the Halls, but it reminded me, just before I went in, that I was doing it for you and the kids. That really helped me through the assessment.”

Harry sighed. “I’d just finished packing these kids up when you arrived. Alexander is coming in twenty minutes to pick us up. He’s bringing some others to help.”

Blaise nodded and just held him, the both of them watching the kids playing around them. The
next disturbance came when Alexander arrived, pale faced and looking stressed.

“Harry, how are you?” He asked, coming to clutch at him. “When I’d heard that you’d been removed for your own safety, oh I could have killed those boys myself.”

“It was an accident, Alexander.” Harry said as he hugged the man back just as tightly.

“It wasn’t an accident and I don’t care if it wasn’t done purposefully, you were still hurt. Are you okay?”

Harry nodded against his chest. “Yes. I’m okay.”

“Come on, I’ve set up one of the big en suite bedrooms for you, there’s a room next door that I had the boys help me clear out earlier and I’ve put the travel cots in there, I’ve sent Nico to get the three bassinets.”

“Oh no, Leolin’s in a cot now.” Harry said proudly.

“How would he take a travel cot?”

“It would probably be safer than a normal cot because he can’t suffocate.”

“I’ll send the boys’ straight back to get his mobile and put the bassinet back and pop up an extra travel cot.”

Harry gathered up what he needed and he offloaded it off to Blaise before picking up Leolin.
“Come here, love.” He said softly. “Let’s get you to great-grandad Alexander’s.”

Oliver, Enrique and Keanu were outside the door and when Alexander led him out, they went in to pick up the remaining four kids. Alexander himself had the twin girls and that left Blaise with Braiden.

Harry flooed over with Alexander and immediately he had Leolin taken from him by an adoring Kimberly.

“Oh, sweet dove, come here.” She cooed. “Does he need a feed, Harry dear?”

“He’s due one soon.” Harry nodded.

“How about the girls?”

“They’ll need a change before a feed, but they’re due another bottle each in about forty minutes.”

“In that case you sit down, dearest. You need to rest.”

Harry was ushered to the large, dragonhide settee and he sat down with a groan. It was such a comfortable seat and it was so deep and soft and relaxing. His kids were let free on the floor and Kimberly had brought out the toy chest that was kept here for the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren to play with when they visited.

“Shae will be here tomorrow.” Kimberly told him, as she brought in a large tea tray and handed Harry a cup of honey tea. Farren peeked up interestedly and he toddled to the table and he took a biscuit when he saw the saucer on the tray.

“Ahh, Farren.” Harry chastised. “You ask if you want something.”

“Muma, bisky?” He held the biscuit out as if questioning if he could have it.

Harry went into the nappy bag and took out the rusks.
“We’ll swap, okay, love? I don’t want you having those small sugary biscuits, this one will fill you up better.”

Farren hurried over and he handed over the bourbon and Harry gave him the rusk with a smile.

“Ta.” Farren said as he was handed the biscuit and he hurried away.

Harry smiled at him adoringly.

“He is such a sweetie.” Kimberly sighed with a smile, sitting down with her own cup of tea.

Alexander had taken the box of rusks from him and he’d handed one to each of the older four before slotting the box away again. They all sat and just watched the kids playing, it was very relaxing and peaceful.

“How are your heads, boys?”

Harry frowned as he realised that that question applied to them both now.

“Mine’s fine.” Blaise insisted, sipping his coffee with relish, knowing that for today, he could drink as much of it as he wanted as Nasta wasn’t there to stop him and neither Alexander nor Kimberly saw anything wrong with coffee.

“I’m okay too.” Harry said softly. “I’ve taken the headache reliever for today and that was the only thing still bothering me.”

“Will you need any for tomorrow?” Alexander asked him seriously.

“I have some off of the Healers, just in case.” Harry admitted. “I packed them in the nappy bag.”

Alexander sat forward and he rooted in the bag until he found the paper bag filled with half a dozen small vials of potion.
“I’ll put these away, next to the kettle so you know where they are when you need them, okay?”

Harry nodded his understanding before he turned to Blaise and cuddled into him. Blaise’s hand immediately went into his hair and started stroking and petting and Harry hummed lightly and he started purring. He heard Blaise chuckle under his breath and it made him smile, even as his eyes closed in contentment. He didn’t mean to fall asleep, but he woke up several hours later in the early morning to Eva or Ave’s incessant crying.

He stumbled up, pushed a cursing Blaise back into the bed and he scooped up his twin daughters, who by now were both awake and wanting their bottles.

He carried them down the stairs and into the kitchen, flicking on the lights and setting the kettle to boiling. He was half blind in the strong light, as Alexander didn’t have a dim lamp in the corner like they did in their kitchen, and he went to put one of the girls in the kitchen bassinet at the end of the table, but his Dracken screeched and he clutched them tighter to his chest automatically, suddenly completely alert and awake. There was no bassinet to receive his baby girl…she would have hit the floor had he dropped her.

He breathed heavily and peered around for the bassinet, but there wasn’t one, instead he put one of his girls down in an empty washing basket to feed her sister before swapping them over and feeding the other girl.

He switched everything off, hefted up the other happily fed girl and he carried them back up the stairs to the bedroom that he’d been shown to yesterday when he’d first arrived, Alexander making absolutely sure that he knew where he was located and where everything else was. The room had a beautiful en suite and had once belonged to one of Alexander’s daughters.

Harry laid the two girls back into their bassinets, checked their nappies before heading next door, into the room that had been turned into a nursery for his older children’s use. He checked on all six of them, checked their nappies and he made sure that Leolin was still happy to sleep in his big cot that made him look like a tiny newborn in the vast amount of space.

They were all fine and there were no issues, so Harry was able to crawl back into his bed happily and he sighed, snuggling into Blaise in the big bed that should have had three more people in it… he would never have thought about it before, but he found it difficult to sleep now, when he wasn’t surrounded and pressed in on all sides, being held and protected through the night as he slept. He made do, but it was ages before he finally managed to slip back off to sleep again. He just wasn’t used to having so much space to wriggle around in while he was sleeping and he wasn’t used to how cold it was with three of his mates missing from the bed. He did not like it.

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Nasta joined them at midday the next day and he immediately knew that Blaise had had twelve coffees before lunch in anticipation of Nasta arriving and he was not impressed.

He took the mug from Blaise’s hands and tipped it away before handing him a bottle of water.
“Hydrate yourself, Blaise.” He ordered, watching as Blaise dutifully sipped from the water bottle.

“Nasta!” Harry called out, coming into the room from the bathroom and he threw himself at his top dominant.

Nasta caught him and swept him up into a nice, tight hug that took Harry’s breath away…in a very good way.

“I missed you.” He told his mate.

“I missed you too, Harry. I’m so sorry.”

“It’s okay. I’m just glad that you’re here now. How’s Max?”

“He’s okay, he’s doing much better. He’s been cooking up a feast though and stocking the fridge. It keeps him busy and stops his mind from wandering too much.”

“I can’t wait to get home.” Harry sighed.

“Soon, Caru.” Nasta told him. “Very soon we’ll have you back there, but this will never go away…it will forever be documented that you were removed from our care for your own safety, as we were deemed a risk to you.”

“I hate that.” Harry sniffled.

“It’ll be okay, because this will never happen again.” Nasta swore. “I’ve had enough of all of this. More than enough. It ends now.”

“I’m glad to hear you say so.” Alexander insisted. “Having your own submissive removed from your care for his own safety? What are you boys even thinking? A few more instances like this and Harry and the kids will be permanently removed from you as a best case scenario. The worst case scenario will end with the four of you being executed!”
“We know.” Blaise said softly. “It won’t happen. I’ve agreed to go to therapy.”

“You have?” Harry frowned with lowered eyebrows.

Blaise nodded. “Yes, it was a condition of my assessment. They wouldn’t sign me off until I’d agreed to go.”

“I have too.” Nasta agreed. “I’d do anything for you Harry, to put this right.”

“I don’t think therapy will help any of you. None of you are crazy.”

Nasta chuckled. “It’s not for that, Cariad. Therapy isn’t just for crazy people, it’s for people who need help and support, like Draco. We say anger management classes, but he is truly in therapy for his issues. We will be in therapy for a few weeks to be fully signed off, in that time an Elder will be popping by several times daily to check on you.”

Harry’s cheeks pinked and then reddened in anger. His fist clenched and he drew in a ragged breath, forcing it out harshly.

“That they even dare.” He hissed unhappily. “I won’t have them there!” He growled.

“Harry, Prezioso, they need to make sure that you’re alright.”

“I’m fine! I’ll be perfectly fine with you all!” He snarled as he started pacing.

“We all know that, it’s just procedure.” Nasta said soothingly.

“They will not be there for my heat!” He said adamantly.

Nasta snarled at the very thought and he snatched Harry from his pacing and held him tightly. “No, no they will not be there for our heat period. I will make sure.” He insisted, laying a kiss to his
The rest of that day, sat in Nasta’s lap for the most part, was near bliss to Harry after two days of being forcibly removed from his mates. He was still missing Draco like mad, but he knew the reason for that separation, it was the missing Max who hit him harder and he’d already walked into the kitchen twice to speak to Max, expecting him to be there, which only made the absence hit him harder.

It took almost three days for Max to floo to his Grandfather’s house to join them and he arrived very late at night, almost nine O’clock, and he looked haggard and he was unshaved.

“What took you so long?” Harry cried out as soon as he saw him, even as he wrapped him up in a tight hug and lifted his arms to be picked up for a better cuddle.

Max smiled softly and hefted him up, squeezing him gently and rubbing his face against Harry’s.

“They left me until last, they did Draco first.”

“Draco’s assessment took two days?” Harry said worriedly.

“He had to work it around his anger management classes.” Max soothed him gently. “The Counsel were incredibly unfair to him because he was taking anger management classes, but Elder Kirrian said that he actually kept his cool rather well. He didn’t get angry, or at least not visibly, and he didn’t shout…in fact he reverted to cold silence most of the time, not deigning to give their questions a response, and where silence wouldn’t work, he used that biting, sarcastic tongue of his to make them think that they were idiots for even questioning him.” Max laughed. “His classes are going really well, it seems, but because the Elders were so gung ho on his anger management classes, and the wounds that he inflicted on you and Blaise, his assessment took twice as long.”

“Why is he not here? Did he not pass?” Harry asked breathlessly, his Dracken throwing a panic fit inside of his head. “Have they executed him? Have they taken him away from me? I’ll kill them!”

Nasta was there then, dragging him into a tight grip and putting his head in the crook of his neck, forcing him to breathe in his calming pheromones.

“Draco has not been executed.” He said firmly and in such a no nonsense way that Harry and his Dracken automatically listened to him and believed him. “Draco is still staying with his parents, you will see him tomorrow.”
“I can see him?” Harry asked, picking up on that one thing and he drew back to smile happily at Nasta, who smiled back and surged forward to give him a surprise kiss.

“You can see him tomorrow. We’ve all passed our assessments, Harry. You could start your heat tomorrow, so we are going to the house, Draco will join us there, but the kids will stay here with Alexander. He has already agreed to watch them for us while you are on your heat period.”

“Thank you.” Harry turned to say.

“It’s no problem, dearest.” Kimberly insisted. “We’re happy to help you boys in any way that we can.”

With three of his mates with him, Harry was much more secure and visibly happier, as he caught Max up with what he’d missed, talking about mundane things such as the cookies he’d made earlier that day to keep his mind off of things, how Farren had clung to his legs, knowing that food was around.

Harry presented Max with one of his cookies and his mate moaned over it exaggeratedly, quietly though, as his grandparents were in the room too. It made Harry laugh and snuggle into Max, having missed his childish, fun loving mate over the last month. He was glad that Nasta seemed to be more like himself and that Max was back to being normal too. It settled him in ways that he hadn’t even realised had been disrupted, now everything truly felt like they were getting back to normal.

That night, wrapped up in Max’s arms, Blaise right beside him and Nasta, on the other side of Blaise, with his hand on his hip, touching him, he was so secure and his Dracken was basking in happiness with the scent of three of his four mates around him, that he drifted straight off to sleep easily, feeling very loved and very protected in the warm embrace of his dominant mates.

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The next morning Harry had had a very lengthy, and wet, goodbye with his children, as he cried and they dribbled on him, and he was now back home and sorting everything out for his heat period, moving things that might turn out to be dangerous and generally just whittling down the hours.

He actually tackled Draco when he flooed through and his blond mate laughed and hefted him up and kissed him.
“You’re feeling better.” Draco said with a soft smile.

“Much better! But best of all, I’ve been signed off by the Healers, so no one can say anything about me doing shit anymore! I’m a bit stiff and sore still, but that’s mostly because of disused muscles.”

“Just, take it easy, okay, love?” Max all but begged him.

“Nope. I’m all healed, my scar is fading, I’m absolutely fine.” Harry insisted stubbornly. “I’m still taking your blood to make you feel better, but it’s not doing anything because I don’t actually need it. It’s more for your peace of mind than anything else.”

“I just…a few days ago you were still laid up and needing to take things slow, it’s too sudden a transition. It’s worrying us to see you charging around like this, please, just calm down, at least until after your heat, you need to save up your strength and energy.”

“Spoil sport.” Harry teased. “At least Draco’s here now.” He said as he dragged his blond mate to the settee and sat down for the first time in several hours, snuggling into his very well missed mate.

Max actually looked relieved. “I’ll get you some tea.” He said.

“Yes, a wonderful idea.” Harry agreed. “I need to keep up my strength after all.”

Max laughed and shook his head as he went to the kitchen. At least Harry was sat down for the moment, he consoled himself with that.

“How have you been?” Harry asked Draco.

“Very busy, but I’ve missed you and the kids so much.” He said. “I’m so sorry that I had a mini melt down and walked out of one of my classes. I was just so tired and I was completely drained. I needed to see you and I just couldn’t take it anymore. The next thing I heard was that you’d been removed from the house with the kids for your own safety and that I had to complete an assessment to even go near you again.”
“It’s all over now, we need to move on.” He sighed. “I can’t keep thinking back to this one point in our lives. If we can just get through this heat period, it’ll all be fine. I’m healed, Blaise is improving, you’re getting the help and support that you need and most importantly the kids are all fine and safe.”

“Will your heat hit today?” Draco asked.

“Today, some when in the night or early tomorrow at the latest.” Harry nodded.

“Thank you for letting me be here.”

“Draco, love, I wouldn’t dream of having an orgy without you.” Harry insisted, loudly. He heard Max’s roar of laughter from the kitchen.

“Who’s having an orgy?” Blaise called out. “Am I invited?”

“Of course!” Harry called back. “All of you are. It wouldn’t be an orgy with just me, Draco and Max, it would only be a threesome. It would only be a foursome with you added too Blaise, so I need all of you to make an orgy.”

“I can’t wait for our orgy!” Blaise called out and Harry laughed while Draco, who was underneath him, chuckled.

“The Healers have signed you off for your heat at least.” Max said as he carried in a tray of tea, handing Harry a cup and Draco another, before taking the third for himself and sitting next to Harry happily, with a slight groan of pleasure.

“Is Myron speaking to you yet?” Harry asked.

Max snorted. “He’ll come around once Granddad tells him what happened and how it was quickly and easily resolved. He’s just being stubborn to make a point that it shouldn’t have happened, as if we didn’t already know that!”

“Are you three alright?” Nasta poked his head into the living room to ask.
“Don’t fuss, dear.” Harry told him. “We’re fine, finish off that monster load of paperwork you have saved up before my heat hits, you’ll only regret leaving it.”

“I’m just stretching my legs and I thought I’d check on you all.”

“You came down from your dragon lair just to check on us?” Max asked with a grin.

Harry snorted. “He sweeps in from his dragon cave.”

Nasta rolled his eyes as Harry and Max giggled like children. They had started calling his study, up in the attic, his lair or his cave. He let them have their fun.

“I actually came down for tea.” He insisted. “Hello, Draco.” He greeted as he spotted the blond head. He came and kissed Draco softly, letting his Dracken side grow calm with his scent around them. It was taking a lot of work, but he was settling himself down rather well, and so was Max. He went to get his tea, heading through the double doors into the family room and then into the kitchen. This was going to be their turning point, he could feel it.

Harry sucked in a deep breath and he sighed happily, snuggling more into Draco while he had him there. His heat could hit him at any moment now, he was afraid that when he woke up, usually about a day after his dominants, that Draco would be back at his parents’ manor in Wiltshire and he wouldn’t have another chance to see, hold or speak to him.

“How far have you gotten in your book?” Harry asked him.

“I haven’t touched it.” Draco said. “I’ve been concentrating on my classes.”

Harry frowned. “Have you done anything for yourself?” He asked.

“No, of course not. All that’s important to me is working towards getting back my family.”

“Draco.” Harry groaned. “You need to do things for yourself too! It’s no wonder you got frustrated
and blew up at your teacher if all you’re doing twenty-four seven is working on your anger management. You need to take some time for yourself too, so that you can relax and unwind.”

Harry got up and he went to the shelf and he picked up one of the books that Draco had already read. It had been salvaged from the old house.

“I’ve read this one.” Draco told him.

“I know that. I haven’t read it, read it to me.”

Harry handed the book over and he tucked himself up under Draco’s arm, snuggling on his chest so that he could see the words, but he let Draco’s eloquent voice wash over him as his mate scoffed, sighed heavily at reading a book that he had only recently finished, before he started reading to him.

They passed two hours like this and though Harry didn’t care for the book or the story, he did care for Draco bonding with him in such a calm, peaceful way. Max had left them in peace to go and sort out dinner, Nasta was still up in his dragon lair and Blaise was napping off a headache that had developed in the late afternoon. It was all very calm and peaceful, until a hot flush prickled at Harry’s skin and made him catch his breath.

“Oh.” He said, sitting up and disturbing Draco midsentence.

“What? What is it?” He asked worriedly. Max was just there, at the first sound of Draco’s worried tone.

“What happened?” He asked, putting a tray of tea down on the coffee table. He’d been coming to refresh them when he’d heard Draco’s question.

Harry breathed deeply and he turned to them with wide eyes and flushed cheeks.

“Your heat has hit you.” Max said, understanding immediately.

Harry just tugged off his clothes, Draco helping him with his trousers and boxers.
“Nasta! Blaise!” Max yelled out as loudly as he could, even as he undressed himself in preparation.

Harry breathed faster and he moaned as a soft, cool hand caressed up his one side. He heard a crash on the stairs as Nasta hurtled towards where he believed the danger was, but before he could get there, Harry’s heat smashed into him and he released his pheromones, just a moment later Max and Draco were as feral as he was and they were each touching his body and then Max was inside of him and he sighed happily, purring to encourage his mate.

More hands touched him, but one set was missing and he let out a very loud screech, calling his missing mate to him. He heard the answering call and he trilled again, happy that his mate was on his way, but urging him to move faster.

His biggest mate, inside of him, moved to lay him over the soft settee and with his hands freed up, he instead grabbed his thighs to push harder and that made him purr harder, encouraging his mate to keep going as more hands touched him, as he heard and scented his mates all around him.

He whined as soon as his biggest mate pulled out of him, he whined continuously until he was filled by another mate and then he started purring again, enjoying his heat period, enjoying the thought of having another baby, enjoying his mates as they touched him, as they were attentive to him and to his needs. Three of them had gone off to the side with one another though, but that was alright, he only needed the one to keep him happy at any one time, if he thought that he wasn’t getting enough attention then he would call them back to him.

His top dominant finished inside of him and he pulled out, not content with this, he whined as soon as his mate was free of his body. His top dominant moved away and another mate came to see to his needs and a sigh was pulled from his lips as his mates took care of him.

He knew then, after that mate had finished with him and he felt the edges of tiredness, like he needed a rest, that he was only going to be more drained from here on out, even as another mate filled him. He gave a small twitch of interest, but he otherwise laid still, cooing softly instead of trilling, letting his mate know that he was alright and to carry on. He had gotten tired a lot easier than usual and he wasn’t used to such on his heat, but it had become a little more normal recently, he remembered from his human memories.

He didn’t know how long it was before he finally passed out with his four mates around him, snuggling in as they all took a small rest with him themselves. They’d moved a dozen times though and they were now in a soft bed and he appreciated that as he fell into a light doze, not truly sleeping, but not truly awake either as he tried to regain some energy and strength. Before he’d barely had a minute to himself, before he’d barely closed eyes, another amorous mate rolled onto him and pushed into his body and he whined, partly in chastisement for his interrupted rest, but mostly in encouragement as he trilled at his mates to give him more children. A call that they took fully to heart. They wanted more children too and they more than took up his call as they all woke up from their short rests with his call and they petted or touched him. He was moved forward, sat up and pressed over to the mate inside of him, even as another mate pushed in alongside.

He screeched at the stretch, but he trilled in happy encouragement, urging his mates on, urging them to give him a baby. He was almost too tired to respond once those two mates released him from their grasp, but immediately afterwards, another mate pulled him into their body and then pushed into him. He let out a frustrated whine, but he didn’t impede his mate from giving him what he ultimately wanted…their seed to get another child for their mateship.

They all lost track of time and none of them knew when the heat slipped away from them, all they
knew was that one moment they were caught up in the heat, furiously fucking to ensure pregnancy, the next they were all in a state of deep sleep that bordered on unconsciousness. They all woke up in their own time, the top dominant was always the first one to wake, as his instincts would allow him to do no less. The others would wake up shortly afterwards, anything from five minutes to a few hours later, but their submissive stayed asleep, deeply unconscious as he recovered from his heat period on top of his recovery from his very nearly fatal injury the month before. They left him to sleep, though they were worried as he stayed in his deep sleep without once stirring. It was a worry, because of his previous injuries, but they tried to remain calm and they weren’t so foolish as to try and wake him up themselves, but the longer it took, the more worried they became. It was almost a relief when Healer Jackson Moore knocked on their front door, in lieu of flooing into their home. He had done the same at the end of six days, but no one had answered and they knew then that Harry was having a fertile heat that would last for ten days.

He gently peeked in on Harry when he was urged to by four very worried dominants, (after Nasta had gone in to make sure that Harry was covered over and decent) but he assured them that he was fine and that it was normal after such a long heat after such injuries. He gave them a very strong painkiller for Harry to take once he did wake up, naturally, he stressed to them sternly, but other than that, he was very happy to report that Harry was fine and well and that he just needed some rest.

Nasta, once he was fully recovered and not as sore as he’d been when he woke up the day before, went to get his children back from Alexander, and he reported that everyone was fine, that Harry was still sleeping and that he would for a while longer according to the Healers, and then it was a waiting game. There was nothing that they could do, they could only wait for Harry to wake up on his own, no matter how long it took for their Submissive to recover from his fertile heat period.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: We’re actually on a roll with this fic at the moment, lovelies. I have a couple more chapters in the works to be updated, so I’ll be staying with this fic for the month of September it seems. That’ll make a nice change.

Once again, thank you so much for all of your support and opinions, lovelies! Until next week,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

Nasta, once he was fully recovered and not as sore as he’d been when he woke up the day before, went to get his children back from Alexander, and he reported that everyone was fine, that Harry was still sleeping and that he would for a while longer according to the Healers, and then it was a waiting game. There was nothing that they could do, they could only wait for Harry to wake up on his own, no matter how long it took for their Submissive to recover from his fertile heat period.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Six – Coming Together

Harry woke up slowly, in stages, and the first thing that he noticed was that he was terribly sore. In fact he was in a soft sort of agony.

He didn’t wait, he didn’t even try to get out of the bed by himself, he just trilled a call to his mates, asking them where they were and letting them know that he was awake and that he needed some help, that he needed them. His top dominant was the first to reach him a few moments later and Nasta looked very worried.

“Harry, are you okay?” He asked quietly.

“So sore.” He whispered. “Hurts.”

“Shh, just lay still, Max is getting you a pain potion.”

“So bad.” He sobbed as he reached out for Nasta, seeking comfort.

“Shh, Caru. I’ve got you.” Nasta told him, sitting on the bed and letting Harry clutch around his waist, face in his lap. It tore at his heart when Harry started crying.
“I can’t…can’t hold…”

“Can’t hold what, Har…you need the bathroom.” Nasta answered himself as he realised what Harry was talking about. “Don’t hold that back, you’ll cause yourself more pain. We can always strip the bed and get you into the bath afterwards, Harry.”

“Humiliating.” Harry cried.

“No it’s not. We love you and we’ll sort you out. Blaise wet the bed when he woke up too. You won’t be the only one. You were both severely injured and are only recently recovered, this heat period has knocked you both off course and you need a pain potion before you can be moved. Just let go, Harry.”

Harry cried, but ultimately his body made up his mind for him as he started weeing without conscious control. He buried his head further into Nasta’s lap in shame and he cried.

“It’s alright. Do you feel slightly better for that now?” Nasta asked him and Harry could only nod. His full bladder had been adding to the pain and discomfort. He did feel better, he was just highly embarrassed now too, on top of the pain he was feeling.

Max came hurrying into the bedroom with a cup of tea and a pain potion and he stopped dead, his face crumpled with worry as he heard his crying, before he took those last steps to him, kneeling by the side of the bed and stroking his head with gentle fingertips.

“Are you in much pain?” He asked softly, a hint of tears in his own voice.

Harry let out a strangled sob when he tried to talk, so he just nodded in place of words.

“Here, take this, it’ll wipe away everything.”

“Strong one?” Harry questioned, biting his lip and picking up his head enough to spy the familiar dullish red potion.

“The Healers visited and gave me one single dose, for right after you woke up. It’s only the one,
love and it’ll take it all away.”

As much as he really disliked the potion and what it did to him, Harry reached out a shaking hand for it. Max reached over the bed and as Nasta pulled him more upright so that he could drink it, Max carefully trickled it into his mouth a sip at a time.

Harry gagged on it and choked, shaking his head at the bitter taste, but he swallowed regardless and he screwed his face up against the lingering aftertaste. Max offered the tea to him and Harry allowed that to be trickled carefully into his mouth too, swallowing great gulps of it to rid his mouth of the taste of the pain potion.

“There we go, just rest.” Max told him.

“Can’t.” Harry wriggled. “I’m lying in my own urine. I’m wet and uncomfortable.”

“Give the potion a minute to work and we’ll get you straight into the bath.”

“I’ll sort that now.” Max insisted as he stood and went to their en suite. Harry heard him fiddling about, opening cupboards, before the water ran and Max came back in and went searching for a pair of his pyjamas in the dressers.

“Damn it, where are the pyjamas?” He cursed.

“In the other dresser, Max.” Nasta said calmly.

Max opened the other dresser and cried out in triumph as he pulled out a pair of pale blue pyjamas and took them into the bathroom.

“You forgot boxers.” Nasta told him and Harry giggled as Max cursed again, much louder and expletively this time, and he came back into the bedroom and dug in the closer dresser and plucked out a pair of Harry’s boxer-briefs.

“There’s the missing buggers.” He exclaimed before going back into the bathroom. Harry chuckled at his biggest mate.
“How are you feeling?” Nasta asked him seriously.

“How tired.” Harry replied honestly. “I feel like I’ve had no sleep whatsoever. How long have I been out for?”

“Four days.” Nasta told him hesitantly.

“How long?!” Harry replied aghast. “The kids! They’ll be beside themselves that we’ve been gone for so long!”

“They’re all here.” Nasta assured him. “We were just waiting on you. Going four days over is unusual, but given the circumstances, it’s not unreasonable.”

“Who’s watching them?” Harry asked. “Blaise isn’t well!”

“Blaise is fine and well able to handle them.” Nasta insisted. “But Draco is with him and so is Myron, Richard, Alexander and Marianna.”

“Has Marianna hurt Draco?” Harry demanded furiously, worriedly, trying to get up. Nasta hurriedly held him down and smoothed his hair and face.

“Blaise gave her a right earful when she started on him and now he is wrapped around him and he was only just waking up when we left him.”

“Did I wake him with my call?” Harry fretted, biting his lip.

“Enough of that, you were in pain and you couldn’t move. I’m glad that you trusted us enough to call out for us. If Blaise is still tired, he can easily go back to sleep.”

“Myron and Richard are speaking to us again, then?” Harry asked.

“It was never you that they weren’t speaking to, but yes, they’ve seen fit to forgive us, but they’re going to keep a closer eye on us and how we treat you.”
“You treat me fine!” Harry growled.

“Fine won’t cut it.” Max said, coming in from the en suite. “You need to be our highest priority, always.”

“The kids always come first.” Harry said sternly.

“For you, love, but you know that dominant Drackens are different to submissives, you know that you’ll always be the most important to us.”

“The thought makes me feel physically sick.” Harry told them.

Nasta sighed. “Let’s get you into the bath.” He said as he rolled off of the bed and picked him up carefully and oh so gently.

“Let me bathe him.” Max almost begged. “You’ve had a fifteen minute cuddle with him, I want some time too.”

Nasta chuckled and slid him over gently to Max, who carried him into the en suite and got down on his knees, trying his hardest not to jar Harry’s body as he did so.

“Ready, love?”

“Yes, just get me clean.” He begged.

Max carefully eased him into the warm, medicated water and Harry sighed.

“I put some relaxant salts in here for you.” Max smiled at him.

“The ones you make yourself?” Harry asked, cracking open an eye to see his mate.
“Of course the lovely citrus ones that I make myself, only the best will do for your luscious body.”

Harry laughed at that and he half-heartedly flicked some water at his mate. “It’s the grapefruit one, my favourite.”

Max bent forward and nuzzled his face. “Mostly grapefruit, a bit of lemon for antibacterial purposes, a hint of orange and just a touch of lime so that you can smell all fresh and tantalising.”

Harry laughed again, but he yawned too and slipped lower in the bath. Max caught him and then held him, just in case he slipped under the water or fell asleep and drowned himself.

Harry came to, having actually dozed off for a moment in the warm water, to find Max washing his body with a flannel. He hummed.

“That’s nice.” He insisted and Max chuckled.

“We’ve got to make sure you’re all clean and fresh.”

“I can usually hold myself better.” He insisted.

“We know, but it can’t be helped when you’re as injured as you were.”

“Did I have a fertile heat?” He asked consideringly.

“Yes, love. You had ten days on heat and then four to recover.”

“I’ve been away from my babies for fourteen days.” He said, his face crumpling.

“It couldn’t be helped.” Nasta said from the bedroom before he appeared at the bathroom door. “Are you feeling better now? The kids are about to wake up from their naps.”
Harry nodded as he heard that and Nasta handed Max the fluffy towel and Max hefted him out of the bath with one arm while wrapping him in the towel with the other. He was rubbed and pet dry like the kids, but he didn’t mind so much at the moment while he felt so tired and as weak as a kitten.

He let himself be dressed, his two mates squabbling silently above him as they realised that he wasn’t going to fight them or insist that he dressed himself, instead he allowed himself to be dressed like a ragdoll, Max getting his boxers and trousers and Nasta buttoning up his shirt and towelling off his hair more.

“I want my centaur babies.” Harry said, looking up at them suddenly with wide, glassy eyes.

Max and Nasta shared a look above him and Nasta let out a controlled breath.

“Where are they?” Harry asked. “Have you hurt them?”

“Remember the Healers said that it’s his subconscious worries and fears coming forward.” Nasta hissed to Max before he turned to Harry. “No one has hurt your centaur babies, they’re being very well looked after.”

Harry smiled then. “I’m so happy. Are they okay?”

“Perfectly fine.” Max said, clenching his fists tight, but having been told that Harry’s mind was thinking of the centaur babies as his only children, that Harry thinking them as being hurt was his mind jumping back to the fight and to when the kids had been injured, he was a lot more understanding of Harry’s fantasies. Telling him that the centaur babies were safe and happy was going to do wonders for him.

“They’re not hurt?”

“Not at all, love. They’re perfectly happy and having lots of fun.”

Harry smiled, in a slow, goofy way as his body tried to catch up to the commands that his brain was signalling.

“Good, I want you to like them.” Harry said.
“We love them.” Nasta said passionately.

Harry smiled and closed his eyes. “I only ever wanted you to love all of them.”

“We do, every single one of them.” Max insisted.

“Love you.” Harry said softly.

“We love you too.” Max and Nasta said as Harry drifted off into one of the most relaxed sleeps he’d ever had.

He hadn’t once tried to get up and go searching for his babies, and all because they finally understood that the potion had warped Harry’s mind into thinking that his own children were centaurs, it was why he always looked right past their actual children to look for his centaur babies. That they had reassured Harry immediately that the centaur babies were fine, happy and well looked after, that they loved all of them, it had settled him down immensely and he hadn’t felt the need to get up and go looking for them to assure himself that they were alright. They were making progress and things were looking up. They left Harry to sleep off the potion in the aftermath of his heat period…at least he was finally awake and they could stop worrying that he was in a coma or something.

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“Are you awake?” A soft voice asked him.

Harry blinked open eyes that he couldn’t remember closing and he hummed confusedly. He peered around himself to see that he was tucked up in bed and Blaise was beside him.

“What happened?”

“You fell asleep as you were being dressed, so Max and Nasta tucked you up and left you to sleep.”
“What time is it?”

“Late…or early if you think of it.” Blaise laughed. “It’s about twenty past seven in the morning.”

It took a few moments for that to filter through and his eyes snapped open. “The kids!” He cried out. “I was going to see them, I let them down.”

“Of course you didn’t, Bello. They didn’t even know that you were awake and now that you’re more recovered you can actually do a little more than just watch them from the settee like I was doing when I first woke up.”

Harry smiled. “Are we the last ones up?”

“Of course, we’re recovering.” Blaise told him with a grin. “Though Draco has only just gotten up, I woke up while he was showering about fifteen minutes ago.”

“I’m glad he’s still here. I was worried that he would be gone when I woke up.”

“I worried about that too, but I think Max and especially Nasta, knew about our fears and strove to prove them wrong. The three of them seemed to be getting on better when I woke up, so maybe they had a heart to heart while we were both sleeping still, I don’t know.”

“I hope so, I hate that we’re split up and that this issue is just continuing, that it’s not being resolved.”

Blaise nodded his agreement. “I know, Innamorato. I feel the same and I think that now, finally, Max and Nasta are taking notice of that.”

Harry smiled. “I hope so.”

Blaise groaned and sat himself up and he held his hands out to him. “Let’s go and see our babies. They should be done with their messy breakfasts and they should have been cleaned up and they’ll be happily playing by now.”
Harry took those hands and he was pulled slowly upright. He still grunted and took an extra moment to breathe, before he stood up fully, and he didn’t care as he went down the stairs in his pyjamas. He was planning on staying in them all day anyway, he didn’t have anywhere to go.

“Harry! Are you okay?” Draco asked, spotting him first and coming to see to him, and to Blaise too when he noticed the other man behind him. “How are you both?”

“Okay.” Harry said.

“Hungry.” Blaise answered.

“That’s what I like to hear from my men.” Max said, coming into the kitchen having heard Draco talking to them. “How do toasted bacon sandwiches sound?”

“Like heaven.” Harry replied, perking up and watching as Max happily started cooking for them.

Harry was given the first sandwich, filled with bacon and brown sauce, but Blaise was given two right off. When Harry demolished his bacon sandwich in just several bites, Max happily made him another two and watched him proudly as he ate, getting butter and brown sauce over his cheeks, but he didn’t care. He hadn’t tasted anything so wonderful in all his life. Blaise managed another one and a half, but Harry easily snatched his remaining half and he ate that too.

“Are you both done now?” Max asked. “Do you want tea?”

They both nodded that they were full and that yes they wanted tea, but Blaise gave Max a sidelong glance, cocking his head in a silent askance and Max just smirked as he dug out a pot of coffee.

Nasta had hidden Blaise’s coffee before his heat period, while he’d been taken prisoner at the Dracken Halls, he’d been told, but since then Max had done a shop and had bought a new one, which he was hiding in the baby cupboard. Nasta almost certainly knew about it however. Not much got past that man.

Harry chuckled and he stood up and took careful, small steps into the living room. There he found Nasta watching over their children.

“Mummy!”
Harry lowered himself to the floor and he accepted hugs, kisses, babbles and half a soggy biscuit. He kissed each child, listened to them and held them, putting the bit of rusk onto the side table behind him.

When they’d had their fill of him and they had assured themselves that he was really there, he stood up with the help of the coffee table and he sat himself next to Nasta, snuggling in and letting that muscular arm wrap around his back to pull him in impossibly closer.

Nasta bent to kiss his head and he stroked his back.

“How are you feeling?”

“Much better. Where are the girls and our Leolin?”

“The girls are sleeping in their bassinets and Leolin is napping in his bouncer.”

Harry looked around the room and he spied the two bassinets and then the bouncer by Nasta’s feet, on the other side to him. He smiled, now very secure and assured that all of his children were safe.

Max came in carrying his cup of tea and he handed it to him, watching him drink a bit with a soppy, proud smile.

“What?” Harry asked him curiously, wondering why that look was being aimed at him.

“It’s just…it’s nice to see you handling solid food again. To see you eating normally.”

“How much did you eat?” Nasta asked him in a way that told Harry that the answer was important, for whatever reason, to his top dominant.

“Three and a half bacon sandwiches.” Harry said, feeling rather shy that his mates thought that it was worth celebrating as they shared a proud, happy look over his head.

“The same as Blaise.” Max told Nasta.

Something in Nasta relaxed insurmountably and Harry found himself with a more comfortable
cushion and he happily snuggled in further, taking care not to spill his tea on Nasta’s lap.

“It seems that the potion did its job, as well as those salts, Max.” Nasta said.

Max nodded. “Thank Merlin. Maybe things can finally start getting back to normal now.”

“Truly normal?” Harry asked hopefully.

“Yes, truly normal.” Nasta insisted. “You and Blaise will still need support, but you’re both coming on fantastically well and Draco still needs to go to therapy and we’ll of course support him through that too. But we are all working towards normal now, especially as you may well be pregnant.”

Harry hadn’t thought of that and his hand automatically went to his belly. He petted it gently.

“I suppose it’s a good thing that I’m back to eating normally, at least so far. If I am pregnant then I need to eat to give the baby everything it needs.”

“I’m just so happy to see you eating something more than a small bowl of soup.” Max said happily.

“You will be just the one baby.” Harry told his belly. “You will not be any sort of multiple.”

“Do you think that you are pregnant?” Nasta asked seriously.

“It’s impossible to tell, you know that, but it doesn’t hurt to plead our case early.” Harry laughed.

Max laughed with him and swooped forward to give him a big kiss. It made Harry smile.

He accepted all the toys that his children came to give him, smiling as Tegan’s little penguin made it into his lap, he took special care with it as he knew that she wouldn’t do anything without it beside her or in her sight. She even bathed with it, after a handy spell from Daddy Max that made it completely waterproof for half an hour. Harry had gone out and bought a second penguin. It was exactly the same, but it was brand new and still wrapped up in the bedroom. It was just in case Tegan lost her penguin or it fell apart and he could hand her the new penguin to prevent a
meltdown.

When his lap was buried with toys, his babies were happy to stay playing with what they had left on the floor, which was still quite a large amount.

“How many toys do they have?” He asked. “I don’t remember half of these toys.”

“Really?” Blaise asked hopefully. “I don’t either, I thought I was having another issue with my memory.”

“No, half of these toys are definitely new.” Harry insisted firmly.

“Thank Merlin.” Blaise sighed, completely, utterly relieved as he fell back against the seat of the settee.

“I’m so sorry, Blaise. If I’d thought that… I should have thought more for you, I’m sorry.” Nasta said. “Max and I spoilt the kids a bit with some new toys to try and make the transition into this house easier.”

“Some new toys?” Harry laughed. “You’ve bought out half the toy stores in Britain.”

“It’s not that bad, some family members brought them toys too.” Max said. “They’re happy with them and it’s a distraction for them as some of their old favourites were ruined or destroyed in the fight.”

Harry nodded. “It’s okay, but it’s a good thing that we have such a large house now.” He giggled. “Or half of these toys wouldn’t fit.”

“It’s easier when we open the double doors and the toys and kids are spread through both rooms.”

“Oh, I bet they love that.” He said. “Especially our little explorer, Calix.”

“Hold on.” Max went to the doors and he opened them, hooking the doors open and out of the way before making sure that the fireguard was in place and he took the lone mug from the other coffee
Max stepped over him and laughed, shaking his head. “If that boy isn’t some sort of explorer when he’s grown up…” He trailed off with a smile.

The kids happily went from one room to another, spreading out as they played. Harry stayed cuddled up with Nasta and his mates moved around the room, playing or chasing babies and then Leolin woke up and they only knew about it because he immediately started crying.

Five babies stopped and looked at him curiously, but he set off a chain reaction and suddenly Regan and Calix were both crying too.

“Oh, not again.” Max sighed as he came in from the kitchen and scooped up the two boys as Draco picked up Leolin.

“To me, Draco.” Harry insisted.

His voice filtered through to Leolin, who stopped crying so hard to listen, huffing.

“Come here, Leolin.” He said calmly.

“Ma! Ma!” Leolin called out, even as Draco handed him over and Harry turned his baby around so that gold could meet green. “Ma!”

Leolin tipped himself forward and mouthed along his chin and mouth, trying to kiss him and Harry hugged him tightly and kissed him back.

Between Draco and Max, Regan and Calix calmed down too and soon they were back on the floor and playing again.

“Has that happened before?” Harry asked, thinking to Max’s comment.

“A couple of times since we woke up off of your heat period and Alexander said it had happened a few times at his home too.” Nasta told him, pulling him in tighter and raising his other hand to touch the back of Leolin’s head.
“Oh, sweet baby, it’s okay.” Harry cooed.

“Ma.” Leolin answered, his eyes tracking all over his face, staring into his eyes and darting to his mouth when he spoke.

“Bo da.” Braiden came over to say to Leolin and Nasta smiled so proudly at their oldest.

“Bore da, Braiden. Good morning.” Nasta repeated, as he did every morning.

Braiden grinned widely, showing off all his teeth. “Bo, Daddy.”


“Bo da, Mummy.”

“Bore da, Braiden.” Harry said back, his words a little off and not as perfect as Nasta’s, which was no surprise. “Good morning.”

“He’s been doing it all week. He was saying it to Alexander and Kimberly and they had no clue what he was saying until my Dad popped in to visit one morning and Braiden came to greet him. He’s so proud too.” Nasta told him proudly, as Braiden went to say bore da to Blaise, who swept him up and kissed all over his face and told him ‘Bonjour, Braiden. Good Morning.’

“Bo jor.” Braiden repeated and Blaise grinned.

“He got Braiden’s name right.” Harry whispered to Nasta, who looked at him, already smiling having noticed as well. He nodded his head.

“He’s been getting better since we woke up off of your heat.” Nasta whispered back.

“Who says sex isn’t good medicine.” Harry giggled.
“I certainly don’t.” Max said as he hung over the back of the chair behind them, kissing him and then Nasta.

“He’ll be trilingual soon.” Draco said approvingly.

“Quadrilingual.” Blaise said. “I’m teaching them Italian and French and Nasta is teaching them Welsh. All of our babies will be at least quadrilingual.”

“It’ll give them such an edge.” Draco said with a proud, approving smile.

“I have a dozen other languages to teach them, but four for now is fine. I’ll start on some others when they’re a bit older, maybe around four. But I am teaching them all the sounds of several other languages, so that they learn those early.” Nasta said as he stared at Leolin.

“They’ll be so smart.” Harry smiled.

“Just wait until they start shouting at us in languages that we can’t understand.” Max laughed. “It’s only me and you who don’t understand French. It’s only me, you and Draco who don’t understand Italian and then none of us understand any other language that Nasta has up his sleeve. I barely grasp English.”

Harry chuckled, but he smiled regardless. “I don’t care, it’ll give them such a leg up and they’ll be so smart and it’ll open so many doors for them. Compared to that, not understanding their foreign babbling will be worth it.”

“I could always be your interpreter.” Nasta said happily. “But don’t forget, Harry, that it’s you who has one of the rarest languages in the world in your arsenal.”

Harry snorted. “Some good that’ll do our babies.”

He sat forward and turned to Regan, called up a picture of a snake in his mind, and he started hissing and spluttering at him. Regan laughed and clapped his hands, as if Harry were just blowing raspberries on him and not speaking to him.
“You see!” Harry said with a chuckle, reverting back to English. “I have a dead language that is of absolutely no use to anyone for any reason.”

“Oh, I don’t know, I like it.” Max told him with a hint of aroused growl to his voice.

“Oh, you would!” Harry complained. “You’ve had more than enough in the last two weeks to last you a while.”

“Never.” Max declared passionately, nuzzling the back of his head.

Harry chuckled, but he couldn’t deny that it made him feel amazing to know that his mates couldn’t get enough of him. It made him feel sexy when he wasn’t at his best and was feeling frumpy to say the least, sat here in his old pyjamas where they were wearing their tight jeans and tee-shirts that showed the hard, muscled contours of their glorious bodies.

“I’m a bit sore still, it’ll have to wait until tomorrow.” Harry said instead.

“It’ll wait until you’ve been cleared by a Healer.” Nasta told him. “We wouldn’t let them do their check-up tests while you were asleep. We didn’t think you’d appreciate it. We did let Healer Moore look at you, because we were worried that you were in a coma or something, but we were with him the entire time and Max knew which spells he was using, so we knew he wasn’t doing more than we’d asked him to do.”

“No. I wouldn’t have appreciated having those needless tests performed while I was near unconscious, thank you.” Harry said.

Harry sighed and he held Leolin on his chest and he watched his five other babies play and interact on the floor, at least until Ave woke up, they heard her grunting and squirming, and Max straightened up from where he was stood leaning against the settee behind him and Nasta and he went to go and pick her up.

“They should be in the travel cot.” Harry said. “Not the bassinets. They’re mobile now, if they rolled over they could tip it from the stand.”
“They’re warded, love.” Max insisted and he proved it by pushing the empty bassinet and it didn’t so much as wobble. “They’re only in the bassinets down here as they’re more out of the way than the travel cots and we can watch them at all times in case they sit or stand up.”

Harry nodded approvingly. “Have you noticed any changes?”

“They’re more stable while crawling and climbing.” Nasta said immediately. “Ave especially can pick herself up and hold herself off of the floor for several moments before she sinks back down.”

Harry smiled. “They’re so good at moving.”

“Just not so good at speaking.” Blaise said. “They’re the opposite to Braiden. They’re focusing more on moving than talking, where he was the opposite.”

Harry nodded. “They’ll even out once they start getting a bit older.”

“I love them all.” Draco said as he looked at them all.

“We might have a new one to love soon, too.” Harry said. “Even if I’m not pregnant this time, another two months and I could be. It was a fertile heat.”

“We know, just take it easy so that you can recover.” Max said as he placed Ave down and picked up Eva out of her bassinet. She was still asleep, so he kissed her and took her over to the settee and sat down with her in his arms. She looked absolutely tiny, like a little doll, in his huge, bulky arms.

Harry kept an eye on Ave as she slowly squirmed around the floor, but her big brother Braiden had her well in hand as he hovered over her every movement, bending down to touch her gently every time that she stopped and he crouched down on his haunches to speak to her.

Draco did pick her up and turn her around when she went to go through the double doors into the living room however. Their almost nineteen month old Calix racing around the other room was fine, but their newly mobile six month old daughter was another matter.

Harry settled himself on Nasta with Leolin sat in his lap. He’d gotten Blaise to pass him Leolin’s favourite blue ring rattle and it was keeping their Faerie baby mesmerised as he turned it over and over in his tiny hands, listening to the beads hit the plastic with rapt fascination.

He was feeling a little better now that he’d taken that potion and slept a lot, the three toasted bacon
sandwiches had really made him feel like he was more normal. He wasn’t feeling any pain, he wasn’t uncomfortable or at all awkward today. He just felt normal, like himself. It was one of the greatest feelings in the world after all the pain that he’d suffered through when he couldn’t even sit up and had to remain on his back at all times. To be completely pain free, even if some of his muscles were still a bit sore, which was usual anyway right off a heat period, was absolutely amazing. He was incredibly happy that they were finally getting over what had happened and they were recovering nicely, very soon it would all be behind them and they would never need to bring it up ever again.

With his own nineteenth birthday approaching and Braiden’s second, Harry was very busy with sending out invitations, buying presents for Braiden and planning two parties, Braiden’s and his own. He was alone with the kids today…or rather his mates weren’t here today, he instead had a very protective Myron hovering around him.

His mates were having individual therapy and group therapy together, today was a group session, so he was being looked after by Myron, who had taken a day off of work so that he could hover around him. Richard would have been there too, except it was a very important day in his court case and he didn’t want to halt the court proceedings any further. Now that he was feeling better, he was going to be back in court soon. He could stand up for an hour at a time now, he could sit down and stand up unaided, he was eating properly, even if he wasn’t quite handling his added treats, he was eating three good meals a day and he could maybe stretch to a dessert after dinner or a few biscuits with his tea, but he was improving and now that his scar was finally fading and his muscles were healing and repairing, he was getting stronger.

“Do you think a bouncy castle for Braiden’s second birthday is a bit much?” Harry asked Myron considerably. “It’s only a small one, but the quintuplets will want a go too, maybe it’s a bit much for them.”

Myron smirked at him. “You think a bouncy castle is a bit much when your Calix is trying to climb the curtains?”

Harry looked around and he hurried to Calix, who was yanking on the curtains, his feet dangling half an inch from the floor.

“Not again, Calix!” He groaned. “We do not climb the curtains, the sideboard or the bookshelf!” Harry reminded him.

“Mama, no!” Calix cried as he was removed from the curtains.
“God, they’ve all gotten so active now they’re nineteen months old!” He said as he put Calix back on the carpet, only for his son to crawl like lightning back to the curtains.

Harry got there first and he hoisted the curtains up and he put them on the windowsill. Calix stared at them for several moments, realised that he couldn’t reach them, and he started crying. He threw himself backwards and he started rolling on the floor, kicking his legs and thrashing his arms. Harry sighed.

“It seems the terrible twos are upon you a little early.” Myron chuckled.

“Well and truly.” Harry said, shaking his head. “He’ll calm down soon.”

Harry sat back down and he picked up his tea, trying to ignore his son screaming and shouting over by the window, but as Harry had said, Calix did eventually calm down and stop his tantrum and he crawled over to him, sniffing. He reared back on his knees, lifting his arms up with a soft ‘mama’ seeking out comfort.

Harry picked him up and snuggled him into his chest, hugging him tightly, wiping his eyes and nose and giving him a big kiss.

“I love you, Calix.” He said firmly.

“Love you, Mummy.” Calix snuffled against his chest.

“We’re not allowed to climb the curtains. It’s dangerous.” He said just as firmly.

“No.” Calix said, rubbing his eyes.

Harry kissed that little mouth and he sat back, cuddling Calix to him until his little boy calmed and soothed himself. Harry knew that all had been forgiven when Calix squirmed away from his chest, gave him a kiss and then wriggled down to the floor. He crawled off to the toys and Harry breathed in deeply and sat back.

“You handled that incredibly well.” Myron complimented.
Harry smiled. “I can’t pander to their tantrums. I saw how much better it worked when I was injured and physically couldn’t pander to them. It was much better and the tantrum was over quicker when they were left to their tantrums and then had the comfort and reassurance afterwards. When they’re older I hope to be able to head them off before a tantrum occurs.”

“I have also noticed the potty floating around, is it being used?”

“It is, as a toy at the moment.” Harry laughed. “That was my idea, so that it’s not demonised as a massive change when we try and force them to use it. There are three of them floating around, a blue one, a yellow one and a white one. Braiden is ready to start, most definitely, so once he’s a little more comfortable with the potty in the room, we’ll start teaching him to use it.”

“How did he ever get old enough to start being toilet trained?” Myron shook his head. “It seems only a few weeks ago that you laid him in my arms and told me to welcome my new grandson.”

“Then I handed you four new grandsons and a granddaughter just four months later.” Harry chuckled. “Then a year after that our two new little girls and now I may yet hand you another grandchild.”

“You still haven’t found out?” Myron asked.

“Not just yet. The Healers are coming tomorrow to see me. I’ll ask for a pregnancy check then. I might keep it to myself until after Braiden’s birthday if I am pregnant. I have so much to do and I’ll never get it all done if those four start hovering around me. They’re going to be a million times worse than normal and I know what you’re going to say, about the injury and the recovery and not pushing myself too hard, but there’s no need to keep me bedbound like a prisoner. I can still do things for myself even if it’s not as much as I could manage before.”

Myron nodded his understanding and he was then suitably distracted as Tegan climbed up beside him with her penguin and a book. She monopolised his lap, put his hands where she wanted them on her tiny waist and cracked open the book to start reading to him, pointing out the pictures and babbling, turning to look at her ‘ganda’ to see if he understood. He didn’t, none of them did, but they all pretended that they did and that they were following her stories with rapt attention regardless.

This gave Harry the opportunity that he needed to get a few more things sorted out. He was not making his own birthday cake, or Braiden’s for that matter, as Max insisted that he had that well in
hand, but that didn’t mean that he couldn’t bake a few fairy cakes for now.

Farren had followed him into the kitchen, as was usual now when someone left to go into the kitchen and Harry pulled up a chair and he got Farren to help him make the little cakes. It was only really getting Farren to bash the mixture with a wooden spoon and making sure that he didn’t put any cake mixture in his mouth, but his son enjoyed it.

Harry distracted him by giving Farren the, almost clean, wooden spoon to suck and bite while he put the tiny cakes in the oven and then he cleaned up everything, taking the wooden spoon from Farren and dropping it into the sink lastly.

“Come on you, they won’t be ready for another eight minutes, just don’t tell Daddy Nasta.”

“Shh.” Farren said, holding a little finger over his lips and Harry nodded, even as he stifled a laugh.

“There you are, where did you go?” Myron asked him. Tegan was laying in the crook of his arm, she wasn’t asleep, but she was staring at her penguin, petting it, kissing it and talking to it.

“I was baking some little cakes for after their lunches.” Harry smiled as he looked at his playing children.

“Nasta wouldn’t approve.” Myron smirked.

“Nasta doesn’t approve of anything fun or tasty.” Harry waved away.

Myron snorted in laughter and shook his head. “Do you need me to do anything for you?”

“No, Max already did as much prep as he possibly could, all I have to do is actually cook it. They’re all back in their routines, so because of his therapy, he misses the kids lunches. We can’t put their lunchtime back, because it’ll affect their nap times too and break their routine, but likewise he can’t be here for them, so I get to do something for a change. He seriously takes over in the kitchen.”

Myron laughed. “He’s always been the same, ever since he was a teenager. He used to kick his Mother out of her own kitchen, especially if we were having guests over, and he’d do everything himself, he wouldn’t even hear of having help. There was a time when I seriously thought that he’d be a chef and have his own restaurant to rival the best. Though I suppose that being a Potions Master and carrying an entire company on his shoulders is close enough.”
Harry chuckled. “I told him that he could go freelance to get some more free time, but he’s happy where he is and he likes his colleagues.”

“More like he can boss them around and get away with murder.” Myron snorted.

“Nothing new there then.” Harry chuckled. “But it’s good that he can cook too. Draco and Blaise don’t know how to as they’re spoilt prats and I think Nasta would kill us via severe food poisoning if he tried. For such a worldly, cultured man who’s been everywhere and tasted everything, he absolutely sucks at cooking.”

“Are they better behaved now?”

Harry smiled softly. He nodded. “Yes. If I say something now, I actually feel like they listen to what I’m saying. They’re not just brushing me off anymore and thinking that they know what’s best. I’m not sure if it’ll last, but at the moment it’s lovely to have control of myself and my own actions. I’m hoping that with the therapy, that it’ll continue, but for now, I’m not counting my chickens.”

“If they look like they’re slipping or they do actually slip, you give me a call, Harry.” He said seriously. “I’ll put those boys back on the right track and remind them of the consequences if they slip back down that route.”

Harry nodded with a smile. “I will. I’m not going to let them slip backwards after all of this, when they’re finally listening to me like an equal person and not like a child. I only want to move forward from now on.”

Myron smiled at him, but the alarm on the oven interrupted them and Harry stood up and made his way back to the kitchen. It took just a few minutes for Farren to toddle into the kitchen after him.

“Muma. Muma!” He said excitedly.

“Stand back, Farren.” Harry said seriously and he had to smile as Farren did as he was told, standing back by the kitchen table, but he was almost bouncing in anticipation.
He took the little fairy cakes from the oven, put the baking tin well out of reach before he closed the oven door and switched off the gas.

He smiled at the dozen little cakes and he put five of them away immediately, for him and his mates later.

“I have one?” Farren asked as he watched Harry putting the cakes away and Harry was so surprised that he almost dropped the tin.

His eyes welled up and he hunched down to clutch his growing boy to his chest as Farren produced his first ever little sentence that he had actually understood. Sniffling and wiping his damp eyes, he reached up to one of the little cakes and he tore it in half.

“We’ll share it okay, baby?” He said as he handed Farren half.

“Ta.” Farren said as the morsel of cake was handed over and Farren chewed on the cake happily.

Harry ate his little bite of cake and he led Farren back into the living room, still rubbing his wet eyes.

“Are you okay? What happened?” Myron asked, shifting Tegan to the seat and standing to tower over him, picking him up and sniffing him over for illness or injury.

“I’m…I’m just being emotional.” Harry insisted. “Farren said his first ever proper sentence.”

Myron slumped, but he chuckled too. “Good boy, Farren.”

Harry handed Myron the last spare cake and it was almost dwarfed in his huge hand.

“I see what you mean about giving them little cakes.” He laughed.

“There was one left over. I kept five for me and the guys, five for these after their dinners and there were two left, Farren and I shared one for baking them and granddad Myron gets the other.”
“Richard will be so jealous.” Myron said with an evil grin.

Harry laughed. “I need to get their lunches on. Where are the girls?”

“Regan put one in the doll’s pram and he’s pushing her around and the other one is right by there, in that pile of teddies. I can still see a couple of curls. Oh, there she is.” Myron said as the pile of teddies exploded as the little girl within raised her arms, creating an avalanche of soft toys.

Harry laughed. “Just make sure that Regan doesn’t tip Eva out of that pram, it’s not meant for real babies.”

“I have had children before, Harry.” Myron teased him. “Juda used to put Alayla in her doll’s clothes all the time and use her as a living doll in place of her actual doll.”

“Of course you have had children…I am mated to your funniest, most amazing, most gorgeous child after all.”

Myron scoffed and ruffled his hair, but he surprised Harry by bending to kiss his forehead too. Harry grinned, liking the feeling of love that came from such an action. Myron pulled him into a hug.

“You’re so easy to read sometimes. We love you, Harry. It’s been two years and we see you as our youngest son and at the moment, we’re on your side, even over Max. You’re our son too and we don’t ever want to see you hurt.”

Harry grinned and he wrapped his arms around Myron’s thick waist and held him tightly.

“Thank you.”

“Anytime, Harry. Remember, if you need help getting any of these boys in line, you come right to me.”

Harry chuckled darkly. “I think I have that well in hand now that I’m getting better and I’m able to move more normally.”
He didn’t mention the package that had arrived with Pigwidgeon the other day. He’d keep his own mates in line now that he could actually move around by himself…and now that Ginny’s little gift had arrived too. He’d had a good root through it already and some of the things in there were enough to make even him blush. He needed to get a hold of the magazine that Ginny owl ordered from, or maybe he could even get Muggle catalogues to order some Muggle things…the clothes weren’t going to be much different after all, even if the toys had a magical twist to them.

“I’m not even going to ask because I don’t want to know, but I’ve seen that look on Richard’s face numerous times…it never leads to anything good. The one time he covered his naked body in honey and ran around the garden. He got covered in so many ants and wasps.” Myron laughed. “I was laughing so much that I couldn’t even help him. I actually got a stitch in my side from laughing so hard and Ashleigh couldn’t breathe properly. I’m glad all the kids were in school that day.”

Harry laughed himself, trying to imagine running around the garden wearing nothing but honey splotches.

“Nasta would do his nut at that…I can hear him now. ‘Harry! What are you doing? Honey doesn’t offer any UV protection!’”

Myron was surprised into a burst of raucous laughter, of which several babies turned and joined in. Harry giggled before he shook his head.

“I’m not sure streaking around in just sun cream would have the same effect though, I can’t imagine that it’s edible. Speaking of edible things though, I need to get their lunches on.”

Harry darted in to give one last quick squeeze to Myron before he went into the kitchen and he went to the fridge to get out all of the little pots that Max had already prepped. He’d diced all the vegetables, he’d marinated the little slices of chicken breast and he’d left instructions on how to cook the little rice bags that he’d made up. Harry shook his head. All he had to do was grill the chicken and steam the rice and vegetables.

He almost had a heart attack when he turned around and saw Farren, stood by the table, watching him silently.

“Farren, love, Mummy’s heart can’t take you creeping around, okay? What’s the matter?”
Farren pointed to the clock and Harry laughed.

“You know its lunchtime? Of course you do. It won’t be long. Do you want to go and play or do you want to stay here?”

“Stay, Muma.” Farren said as he turned around and he climbed the chair to sit on his little booster seat.

Harry was so proud of him and he was so happy as he carried on making his children their lunches, setting out their own little plastic plates on the counter ready.

“Do you want a drink, Farren?” He asked.

“Juicy.”

Harry smiled as he went to the fridge and got out the jug of diluted apple juice. He poured a beaker half full for Farren and placed it down. He watched with bittersweet joy as Farren picked up the beaker and drank perfectly from it. Where had his sweet little baby gone? He was growing up so fast. It gave him a pang of broodiness. His little twin girls were only six months, yet already he wanted the feel of newborns in his arms again. If he was pregnant from this heat period, his girls would be a year old by the time that he gave birth, if he carried to term that was, and Braiden and the quintuplets would all be two years old.

He sighed as he carried on making the little lunches while keeping an eye and an ear on Farren at the table, who was kicking his legs, sometimes taking a drink of his juice, but was otherwise waiting patiently, as good as gold, for his lunch to be ready.

“Myron, lunch is up!” He called out as he put the tiny plate in front of Farren with his fork and spoon. His little boy dug right in happily.

Harry had all the plates on the table by the time that Myron herded the kids into the kitchen and Braiden, much like Farren had, climbed up into his little booster seat by himself and had started on his little lunch. He’d put their colour coded beakers of apple juice by their plates too, and Tegan took a moment to drink some first, before she started on her chicken, rice and vegetables, her penguin sat in her lap…she would prod chicken or vegetables at its beak every now then.

Harry handed Myron a much larger plate and he sat down to eat his own lunch. It was exactly the same as what the kids were eating, only his chicken breast wasn’t ready sliced and he had more rice and vegetables. Myron finished first and he made the rounds of the kids, helping them eat their
food, wiping off their faces, wiping off Calix’s hands…he’d only recently progressed to eating his food and not throwing it, but he preferred to use his hands in place of his utensils. Harry didn’t mind, it was progress in his book and he was content to leave Calix to eat with his hands as long as he did actually eat his food and didn’t throw it at people.

Harry finished his own lunch and he took his and Myron’s plates to the sink and he boiled the kettle for them both, setting out two mugs and grabbing a pack of biscuits. He could only handle a few biscuits, but he was determined to enjoy a few of them with his tea. He set up three bottles and he carefully scooped in the measured formula powder into each bottle, setting them up ready for when Leolin and the girls would want their lunches.

“Farren wants more.” Myron said with a hint of pride as he looked at his beautiful, growing grandson.

Harry looked over his shoulder to see the cleared plate and he smiled happily. He picked up one of the little cakes, peeled off the paper case and he handed it to Farren to dribble and chew on.

He handed out the little cakes one by one as the kids finished their lunches and he left them to relish their treats as he handed Myron a mug of coffee and they shared some biscuits between them, waiting for the kids to finish their desserts.

Harry heard the floo sound and he looked consideringly at the time.

“It’s too early for the guys to be home.” He said with a frown.

Myron immediately stood up and went storming into the smaller living room, the only room in their home that was connected to the floo.

Myron came back a minute later, escorting Healer Alessandri.

“Hi, Georgio. Isn’t my appointment for tomorrow?”

“The Elders have a crisis at the Halls with another mateship, so I’ve been sent to check on you.”

Harry sighed. “It’s not necessary to check on me three times a day!” He insisted.

“Regardless, we’re going to.” Georgio said firmly.
Harry huffed, but he stood up and drained the last inch of his tea.

“"Myron, can you watch them for me please? They should go down for their naps now that they’ve eaten and Leolin will want a bottle in the next ten minutes.”"
“It won’t be for long, they’ll be signed off soon, especially if they’re in private therapy. It shows that they accept that there is a problem and that they’re willing to do something about it.”

Harry nodded and he sighed unhappily.

“So, do you have any odd marks or bruising? I’m content to take your word for this and not scan you with spells or strip you off and look for myself.”

Harry scoffed, but recognising the lesser of two evils, he shook his head.

“No. No cuts, no marks, no bruising. I haven’t had any accidents and they would never hit me, only Leolin does that.”

“Your youngest son? The Faerie.”

Harry nodded. “He’s getting jealous of anyone else taking my attention from him, so when I so much as look at anyone else, he hits me.”

“How long has that been going on?” Georgio asked.

“A few months, why?”

“Did it happen before the fight you had, or after it?”

“Before.” Harry said with a frown.

“Then it’s a Faerie thing?”

Harry nodded. “Yes. Dain and Kailen said that it’s normal Faerie behaviour. They get frustrated and confused because they want things but can’t articulate those wants or needs into words or actions, so they start to lash out more and then there’s the bond between Faeries and their Mothers.
He feels connected to me, I am his safe place, his everything and there’s no breaking that bond. So when I hand him over to someone else, he panics and tries to get back to me. When I fuss over the others, he gets jealous that I have a special bond with someone other than him and he lashes out. It’ll lessen as he gets older and he starts to actually understand what is happening around him and who these other people are.”

“Does he only recognise you?” Georgio asked interestedly.

“He recognises those who have been constantly around him, but he doesn’t understand them or why they’re here. He doesn’t have a thought process as developed as his siblings…Eva and Ave are probably thinking better than he is at the moment. All he has is the connection that he has to me because I carried him within my body, that is where the bond starts. As he gets older, he’ll start making more bonds, to his Fathers’ and to his brothers and sisters, to his grandparents and other family members and then to friends and such. But at the moment he is only developed enough to have a bond with me and he panics if that bond is threatened by the introduction of others, because he is entirely dependent on me for everything and he doesn’t want to share me for fear of being left out.”

“That is so…strange.” Georgio said. “Not in an offensive way, of course, I’ve just never heard of such a thing before. He is like a selective newborn. One who, instead of bonding to all people around them for their safety and needs, bonds to just the one, you.”

Harry nodded. “He is always more comfortable with me, but he is learning and growing.”

“Back to your assessment, Leolin has not hit you recently and you have no marks upon you?”

Harry shook his head. “No.”

“Have there been any arguments?”

“Only small things.” Harry answered truthfully.

“Such as what?” Georgio asked, a small bite to his words.

“Max left his socks on the bedroom floor again and Draco hates it. He said, as he picked them up for Max, what is the point of a clothes hamper if we don’t use it. Then Blaise tried his luck with
half a dozen mugs of coffee and Nasta was not impressed. It’s all very normal and usual, we’re not going to stop arguing, Georgio, and it’s ridiculous to think otherwise. There are five of us, we’re all different people, of course we’re going to argue and snipe at one another on occasion. It’s normal.” He stressed.

Georgio nodded. “I agree.” He said as he wrote something down. “I had an argument with Clara over the placement of the cushions just this morning, I like four per settee, in a line across the back, but Clara sits with three of them to herself in a little mound. I do understand everyday arguments and they don’t count. Have they forced you to do anything that you haven’t wanted to do?”

“With their dominancy bond? No, I can count on one hand the amount of times that they’ve used that and that’s between all five of them over two and a half years. I was forced to stop shopping for Braiden’s birthday though when I didn’t want to, but I was getting tired.”

Georgio nodded and he noted something down.

“A delicate matter, Harry. Have they forced you to have sex when you haven’t wanted it?”

Harry scoffed. “Are you kidding? I’ve been down on my knees, begging for sex and they refuse me! Does that count?”

Georgio actually laughed. “No, that doesn’t count.”

“Is that everything now?”

“How is your wound?” Georgio asked in answer.

“Healing. I barely feel it anymore. If I push myself then it pulls a little and I know to stop. But I’m eating more normally, I can sleep easily and I can stand up by myself now and I have no problems walking. I haven’t tried running yet.”

“I wouldn’t recommend it just yet. Wait a little while longer.” Georgio said with a smile.

“Am I cleared for a sex life yet?” Harry asked with no hint of embarrassment. He no longer cared,
especially not with a Healer. Georgio had already seen him at his absolute worst.

“How are you feeling after your heat period? Is there any soreness still?”

Harry shook his head. “No.”

“Have you tried to stimulate yourself?”

That did make him blush and he laughed his embarrassment off a little. “Yeah I have. I felt fine, more than fine actually.”

“It didn’t pull anything or cause pain?”

Harry shook his head. “No, nothing like that, but I was gentle.”

“Then I should imagine that you were fine for slow and gentle, Harry, but try not to go all out for a while longer.”

Harry nodded with a grin, much happier now. Being cleared for sex was going to make Max’s day. They were standing firmly behind him being signed off by a Healer, and Harry did understand that, despite teasing them and begging, he understood. But now he had been told by a Healer that he could have sex, albeit slow and gentle sex...perhaps that would be a good thing in disguise too, it could help them regain their soft, loving bond.

“Is there anything else that you wanted now? Or are you alright.”

“I’m okay, thank you…oh! No, I wanted a pregnancy check, please. They’re going insane not knowing if I’m pregnant or not.” He laughed.

Georgio smiled and he pulled his wand from his lime green Healer’s over robe. He performed a rather complicated move with his wand and he considered the information his scan had given him. Harry knew the answer when Georgio smiled at him softly.
“Congratulations, Harry. You’re pregnant.”

Harry’s smile took over his face and both hands went to his flat belly.

“We’ll monitor you carefully through this pregnancy, to make sure that it doesn’t rip your newly healed muscles, but as you’re healing well, you should be alright to carry the baby to term with no problems. Of course if you have multiples, then problems could arise from that, even if it is only twins. I would seriously insist upon a selective reduction in that case, Harry, but we’ll know more at your first scan. Do you want me to book you in for that now?”

Harry nodded numbly. He hadn’t thought that having multiples might rip out his healing muscles. He looked down to his belly again. ‘Please be just the one baby, please.’ He begged silently.

“It’ll be alright, we’ll look after you and support you through everything, Harry.” Georgio promised him.

Harry smiled. “I refused a selective reduction when I had my quintuplets…I look at them now and I can’t even imagine not having birthed half of them. I know I’ll feel the same now, if I have to terminate however many babies. I couldn’t do it, Georgio.”

“This is a bit different, Harry. You could die if the babies tear up your insides.”

Harry nodded. “I know, I understand, but that would be preferable to killing off half my children.”

Georgio smiled sadly. “Your submissive instincts are talking now. Death is not preferable when you have four mates and eight children to already look after. They all need you still.”

Harry bit his lip.

“Don’t worry so much about it, we’ll cross that bridge when we get to your scan.” Georgio told him kindly.

Harry nodded. “Okay.”
“I believe that was everything, Healer Moore will be by tomorrow to see you, but later tonight, it’ll be Elder Kirrian. He’ll likely just pop in to say hello and then leave again.”

Harry sighed and he nodded. “Okay. Thank you, Georgio.”

The giant of a man left him to it and he saw himself out, through the floo and Harry sat quiet for a couple of minutes before he stood up and he went the long way around to the bigger family room.

“Is everything okay?” Myron asked immediately. He was sat feeding Leolin, who was trying to reject his bottle, but Myron was holding him and the bottle firmly.

“Yes, fine. I hate these stupid little visits.” He huffed, sitting down and taking Leolin and the bottle from Myron and settling his youngest son down to feed him.

“Did you find out?” Myron asked with a small cluing look to his belly.

“I did and yes, I’m pregnant.” Harry said softly. “There was more talk of a selective reduction if I have multiples. I didn’t like that, but as Georgio assured me, we might not even have to cross that bridge, I might be pregnant with just the one baby.”

“You know that we’re all going to look after you.” Myron said with a smile. “We’re not going to let anything like this happen ever again.”

“It’ll never happen again.” Harry agreed strongly. “We’re going to ensure that. But, please keep the news to yourself for a bit.”

“After Braiden’s birthday?” Myron said knowingly.

Harry nodded. “Yes. I will take it easy, especially knowing that this is going to be a high risk, dangerous pregnancy, but they’re going to drive me insane if I have to put up with them through the parties too.”
“Alright, but I will be coming around more often, just to make sure that you are taking it easy.”

Harry chuckled and he nodded. “After what happened, it won’t be so out of the blue for you to come around to check on us all more.”

“I would have done it anyway after what happened, but now that you’re going to give us another grandchild, I can’t take the risk that those boys aren’t completely settled. Not just yet. You are my priority now, until such a time that I’m convinced that they can look after you as you deserve.”

Harry smiled, taking the bottle from Leolin’s mouth and putting him up on his shoulder and rubbing his back firmly, avoiding his tiny white and gold wings.

He smiled around at the kids on the floor. Braiden and Farren were still playing, Calix was cruising around still, but the others were all napping. Very soon the other three would drop off too and Harry hoped that by that time that his mates would be back.

Leolin drifted off in his arms and Harry placed him down on the settee and covered him over with a blanket before he snatched up Calix and pulled several faces at him. Calix giggled happily.

“Mummy, no.” He giggled.

Harry pulled several more faces and Calix giggled harder. Harry smiled down at him and he started pacing the room, Calix liked movement. If you stopped, then he’d pitch a fit, but if you paced around, he would lie quiet and eventually it would lull him to sleep.

Harry placed Calix on the floor, tucking him up to Tegan, who was pillowed on Regan, her penguin between them both. Braiden had slipped off too, but Farren was just sat, playing quietly. He still didn’t like taking naps and as he never got cranky or grizzly from missing one, Harry was content to leave him be.

“What time are the boys due back?” Myron asked him as it approached two in the afternoon.

“I was actually expecting them back by now, but we were warned that sometimes the appointments could run a little over, especially if they make a good bit of progress during a session. They could be back any minute though.”

“Do you want another cuppa?”
Harry smiled. “Please.”

“I’ll let you do your own honey, Merlin knows that I can never get it right. I see you pulling faces behind your cup.”

Harry laughed. “You’ll never learn if you don’t practice!” He teased.

Harry sat playing quietly with a very happy Farren. He heard the floo sound and he grinned. Not a minute later he heard Max’s voice in the kitchen. Blaise wandered in and Harry scrutinised him critically. He seemed happy enough, he wasn’t jumping for joy, but neither was he angry or upset.

Harry held his arms out and then Blaise smiled as he came to hug him and give him a big kiss.

“Are you alright, Bello?” He asked seriously.

“Yes. Everything’s been fine here.” He said with a smile. “Are you okay?”

Blaise smiled at him and stroked his hair back from his face. “Everything’s fine.”

“There’s my gorgeous lover.”

Harry chuckled. “Hi, Max.”

Max came to give him a big, smacking kiss and it made Harry laugh. Max offered him the tea and then Harry grinned himself. Max had taken over making his tea and the amount of honey was perfect, as always.

“I love you.” Harry declared as he savoured the taste of his tea on his tongue.

“You’ve been busy today, I saw your cakes. Are you alright?” He asked as Nasta came into the living room with Draco.

“Fine. Farren helped me make them and they all had one after their lunches. Those left out there
“I saw that there was no icing.” Nasta smiled.

“No, I don’t think adding so much sugar to their diets so young will do them any favours. They get just plain cakes for now. They loved them too.”

“Is there anything that needs to be done?” Nasta asked him, even as Draco pulled Harry into a kiss.

Harry broke apart from the kiss and he gave a breathless laugh. “No, everything’s done and sorted. The kids have just gone down for their naps, Farren doesn’t want to nap, do you baby? No, and everything else is fine.”

“Did they all eat their lunches?”

“Of course they did.” Harry smiled. “Calix didn’t throw anything either. Overall, chicken, rice and veg goes down really well.”

“Did you like it too?” Max asked.

Harry grinned. “Yes. I liked it.”

“Did you have any problems cooking it?”

Harry gave Max a deadpan look. “No, Max. You practically cooked it for me. All I had to do was steam everything and grill the chicken. I was well able to manage that.”

“Good.” Max smiled at him before sitting behind him and wrapping his arms around him, chin resting on his shoulder as he babbled to Farren as Harry drank his tea.

“I’m going to head off. I’ll be on call if ever you need me.” Myron said.
“Thank you for taking a day off work to keep me company.” Harry said.

“Thank you for the cakes.” Myron laughed. “That more than makes up for it.”

“Don’t tease Richard about it too much.” Harry laughed.

Myron winked and left them to it. Harry let his mates settle down a bit and then he started giving them worried glances.

“Everything was fine.” Nasta told him the moment he caught Harry’s look.

Max tugged his head back by his hair gently to see his little frown. He kissed it away.

“We just sat and talked in a group with a Mind Healer, that’s all. It actually went really well. We were more worried about you.”

“Me, why?” Harry said. “I was here with Myron.”

“No, he took my word for everything and then he left.” Harry said with a smile. “It wasn’t so bad, not like that Elder Messana. I’m sure he’s trying to get me taken from you all again. I’m glad that you were here to stop him from stripping me off and checking my body for marks.”

“There’s no need for it and I won’t have it.” Nasta growled protectively. “If they won’t take your word for it, then they have magical scans, never strip off for them, Harry.”
“Trust me, I won’t.” Harry said seriously. “I told Elder Messana as much. That’s how you knew about it, remember? I started shouting and yelling and you all came running.”

“Of course we did, you were screaming so loudly that I jumped into a table.” Blaise laughed.

Harry smiled and snuggled back into Max’s bulk. His biggest mate just wriggled and held him tighter, squeezing tighter with his massive arms.

“You’re so good at cuddling.” Harry complimented. “Come here baby, you need to get in on this too.”

Harry dragged his big boy between his legs and added him to the cuddle. Farren giggled and stood up, wrapping his arms around Harry’s neck. Max wrapped his arms around both of them, kissed them both and then he stayed smiling, holding them both.

“How have they been?”

“Great. Calix had a tantrum because I refused to allow him to climb the curtains.”

“So that’s why they were on the windowsill!” Draco chuckled as he eyed them up. “I was wondering.”

“Ave is going to start walking any day!” He said excitedly. “Six months old and she’s going to walk soon! Eva is slower on her feet, but still, she’s getting around so well…to think that just last month they were still commando crawling.”

“Still saying nothing, though?”

Harry nodded. “Just Muma and a few odd sounds.”

“Muma.” Farren repeated, turning to look at him.
Harry smiled and kissed him. “I love you, Farren.” He said clearly and Farren grinned at him, understanding his words and their meaning.

Harry rested back against Max and he sighed. “When’s your next assessment?”

“We made good progress, so our next session is next week, on the Wednesday.”

Harry nodded. “The kids are going to Amelle and Caesar on the Wednesday.”

“Oh that’s right, their play date.” Blaise nodded. “You’ll have a free day all to yourself, Harry.”

Harry frowned. “That sounds like hell, actually.” He said.

“You’ll have Eva, Ave and Leolin with you.”

“I won’t have Leolin. He’s going to Dain and Kailen. Remember, we agreed to allow them a couple of hours with him. We planned it for this Wednesday so that we would have an afternoon together.”

“Oh, that’s right! Just you and our little girls then.” Max laughed.

“At least I can catch up with the washing.” Harry sighed. “When are your individual sessions?”

“Tomorrow with the Dracken Counsel.” Max said. “Two O’clock, so I’ll be here for their lunches.”

“I’m up first, nine in the morning.” Draco sighed.

“I’m last.” Blaise nodded. “At five.”

“When’s your next session?” Nasta asked him.
Harry frowned. “In two days. I’m going well, but I wish they’d let me use Healer Vasey. I’ve made so much headway with him that I’m not all that open to having another Mind Healer near me. I’m probably not being as cooperative as I could be, but then I’ve never been all that open about sharing my thoughts with just anyone. Healer Vasey isn’t happy about it either, he thinks that distracting me with a different style of therapy, like this new Mind Healer, when they won’t be continuing my treatment further, is actually going to set me back.”

“It’s because Healer Vasey isn’t on the Counsel’s payroll.” Max said, a small sneer tugging at his lips. “They don’t trust his word as they can’t force an oath on him.”

“Healer Vasey actually offered to take the oath and they still refused.” Harry said. “For whatever reason, they don’t want me with my regular Mind Healer, the one that I’ve spent months working up to trusting fully with my mental health. It’s making me less cooperative. It doesn’t help that the prick they’ve assigned to me is trying to word trap me into incriminating you all. I know word traps now from Richard for the court case.”

“He’s still doing that?” Nasta growled.

“Oh yeah.” Harry told them. “Not that he’ll get very far. As soon as I recognise a word trap things devolve into insults and then silence. I’ve told Elder Kirrian and I know he’s had words…probably more than words if I know him at all, so hopefully this next session won’t be as bad.”

“I hate the thought that this is putting you back in your actual therapy.” Nasta said.

“It’s okay.” Harry said. “I don’t class what the Counsel are doing as therapy anyway, as I said, he’s not even trying to help me, he’s just trying to force me into saying things that I don’t mean. It’s like he can’t help but try to split up other people’s mateships for some sort of sadistic pleasure…I don’t know who his Submissive is, but I feel so fucking sorry for her.”

Harry bent forward and he kissed Farren, who giggled and twisted away from him, moving to play with the big bucket of wooden blocks now that he didn’t have any younger siblings to either prevent him from playing with them, or ruin his attempts to creatively build towers by knocking them over before he was done.

Harry smiled and he sat and he played with Farren, handing him blocks and subtly straightening Farren’s creations when his boy turned to dig out more blocks from the bucket.

His mates were quiet, for whatever reasons, Nasta was definitely stuck in thought, he had that brooding look on his face that he always got when he sunk into his own thoughts, but from the
others it was a little more unusual. He had the thought then that perhaps their own therapy sessions were actually going as badly as his own and they hadn’t told him because they didn’t want to worry him.

He frowned himself, then he smiled as he thought of something to cheer them up.

“Georgio told me something else today too.” He said, breaking them all out of their thoughts, their brooding and respective silence as they all looked to him as he spoke.

“What did he tell you?” Max asked, almost in excited anticipation.

“Are you alright?” Draco asked him.

Of course, they all expected him to drop a baby bombshell on them. They’d been trying to hint to him to get a pregnancy check since he’d had a fertile heat, but they had, as yet, not asked him outright. He grinned mentally and he let out a small chuckle. He was going to keep that little bit of baby news to himself for a little while longer.

“I’ve been signed off to restart our sex life.” He said happily.

He almost saw all their bodies relax as one, as they let out the breaths they’d been holding, and then Max whooped quietly, aware of the napping babies, and he surged forward to cuddle him.

“Yes! I can’t wait to lavish you with sex! I’ve been waiting to fuck you properly for what feels like forever.”

Harry laughed. “You’ll have to wait to fuck me properly. I’ve been cleared for sex, but the slow, careful, gentle kind. It’ll be another couple of weeks before I’m healed enough for anything more… _vigorous_.

“I don’t care, I’ll take what I can get.” Max declared, pulling Harry back onto his lap and sucking his neck.

Harry was shocked to feel that Max was actually hard. “Where did that come from?” He laughed.
“What? I’m very happy to hear that I can have sex with you.”

“You…that actually made you hard? Just me saying that we can have sex?” Harry grinned.

“Well, yeah. I always get hard when any of you say that we can have sex. Have you seriously never noticed that in two years of being in a relationship with me?”

“I knew you got hard when we would tease you or wind you up, I never knew that just saying it made you spring to life.”

“It’s probably because things haven’t been normal and we haven’t been able to have a normal sex life.” Nasta reasoned.

“Are all of you hard?” Harry asked.

“Semi.” Blaise winked.

That made Harry laugh and he had to wipe away tears of joy as he realised that his mates had wanted sex as much as he had over the last few months, but their love and care for him had always stopped them despite their own physical needs and demands. It made him feel wonderful to know that it hadn’t been through any lack of desire that they had always told him no and he turned quickly to straddle Max’s lap.

“I think tonight we should re-establish our bond.” He insisted, in a low, sultry voice. “Nice and gently…and very, very slowly.” He purred the last and Max let out a long, low moan. “But first, who wants more tea?” He asked brightly as he stood up and swayed to the kitchen.

He heard Max groan louder, this time in aggravation, and he giggled happily. This truly felt like they were back to normal…teasing his mates had always been a part of their relationship, a part that he loved very much. They were getting there, they just had a few more hurdles to clear first, but he couldn’t wait until they reached their end goal. It was going to feel amazing when this was all over and done with at last.
A/N: I still have another chapter stored up and ready for next week, but chapter 108 is going very well too now that I’ve hit 10,000 words with it, so in another week, that one could be ready for update too, so as per our last update, I’m definitely sticking to this fic over September for at least another week, perhaps two, then we’ll be in October, so it’s definitely RotD month.

That’s all for this week, lovelies! I’ll be back with chapter 107 next week, but until then, lovelies I hope you’ve enjoyed this chapter,

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter One Hundred-Seven – Exploration

Harry’s assessment had started like near torture. A break had had to be called as the therapist hadn’t been able to get a word from him since he’d accused Harry of trying to cover for his abusive dominants. He’d gotten so aggravated and frustrated with his lack of cooperation that he had needed to walk away, so he had called a break.

Harry had been told to stay sat on a bench just outside the door until the Healer got back, but he’d gone off to the Healing Halls to find Georgio instead.

“Harry!” Jo stood up so fast that her seat went clattering to the floor. “Are you okay?”

She hurried around the desk and pulled him into her arms, sniffing him over.

“I’m okay. Who’s here?”

“It’s Healer Grant and Healer Alessandri on duty this afternoon, neither are currently busy. We have no patients.”

“I need to see Georgio.”

“Alright, he’s just through in the break room, you know where that is by now.”
Harry nodded and he left Joanne’s arms to go down the sterilised corridor and he knocked gently on the break room door.

“Come in.” The strong, ancient voice of Healer Alfred Grant made Harry smile as he was asked to enter.

Healer Alfred Grant and Georgio leapt to their feet when they saw him come in and Georgio hurried to him.

“They’ve harmed you again?!” Georgio demanded as his huge hands touched him gently, already searching for injuries.

“What? Oh…no! No!” Harry said. “I’m here for that therapy thing. Healer shit stick threw me out, so I decided to come and see you.”

“Healer Kinnick?” Georgio asked questioningly.

Harry nodded. “Yeah, what’s his fucking problem?”

“Whatever will make you happy, he wants the opposite.” Georgio said furiously. “Why did Elder Kirrian pair you with him?”

“He didn’t. I came in today and was supposed to be seeing Healer Camberly, who I thought was bad enough, only to be told that Healer Camberly wasn’t well and wasn’t here. So instead Elder Messana had paired me up with Healer Kinnick. I never want to see that man again.”

Harry burrowed into Georgio and the huge Healer held him tightly, making him feel like no one would ever hurt him ever again.

“Get Elder Vipond here.” Georgio growled. “I want Healer Vasey put on the Counsel payroll and brought here for Harry’s own good. He already knows that you’re a Dracken?”
Harry nodded. “He’s a specialist for magical creatures or family members of magical creatures, he has Dracken blood in his family. We were going to use Nasta’s Faerie blood, and Leolin’s traumatic birth, if the public ever found out I was going there to see him, but they never have.”

“I will ensure that he is the one dealing with these matters, Harry.” Georgio promised him, petting his hair and holding him close. “There is no need for anyone to harm you in such a way, its needless! I’ve always hated that little fucker and the way he treats the submissives in his care, all because he lost his own submissive a year ago.”

“What has happened?” An angry Anthanaric Vipond asked, still brushing soot from his robes, at seeing Harry clutched in Georgio’s arms.

“Surely you haven’t been harmed again, dear one.” Elder Trintus gasped.

Harry shook his head. “No. I never want to see that psychiatrist again!”

“Healer Camberly is perfectly adequate.” Elder Kirrian said confusedly. “What seems to be the problem, Harry?”

“He wasn’t being seen by Healer Camberly.” Georgio explained. “Elder Messana put him with Healer Kinnick.”

“Oh, fucking no.” Elder Kirrian cursed and it made Harry chuckle. “Has he not been fired yet?”

“He has lost his mate, it would be a huge disservice for us to fire him too. His job is all he has left.”

“He is abusing the submissives under his care! He doesn’t do it to the dominants, so only give him dominant patients!” Elder Kirrian hissed. “Harry is the twenty-third submissive patient he has driven from the room, he is causing them more pain, Anthanaric! It is unacceptable!”

“I agree with Elder Kirrian. Harry has been distressed and he has come running to me for protection.” Georgio growled, which Harry thought was taking things a bit far, but if it meant he never had to see Healer Kinnick ever again, he'd roll with it. “This is adversely affecting Harry’s mental health and with his past events, I am going to have to insist that we pull in Healer Sebastian Vasey, Harry’s already established mind Healer.”
“He is known to us, but he is not on the Counsel payroll.”

“So put him on the payroll! Even if it’s just part time or even temporary! Harry needs his established, trusted mind Healer and I am going to have to insist upon it.” Georgio said firmly.

Anthanaric looked at the upturned face of the tiny submissive being dwarfed by Georgio’s bulk and he sighed. Those green eyes had a look of stone in them that promised trouble and a severe lack of cooperation if he did anything other than agree completely. He found himself nodding.

“Yes, we’re going to have to bring him in.” He said. “Henry, perhaps you could contact him for me. Harry, sweetness, I think you’d best go home. We’ll set up another appointment for you and then we’ll call you back, okay?”

“Okay. Thank you, Georgio.”

Georgio sighed and kissed his head. “Get back to your mates, kiddo. I’ll see you again soon.”

Harry nodded and he gave a last squeeze to Georgio’s trim waist and he hurried to the waiting room, where Jo was once again sat.

“Everything sorted?” She asked.

“Oh yeah, Georgio is totally badass.” Harry chuckled. “I knew I could count on him for anything.”

“Helps that he’s gorgeous too. It’s a shame that we’re both mated and so is he.”

Harry laughed and winked at her. “I have more than enough mates, all of them are gorgeous too. I don’t need any more. Though it would be handy having my own personal Healer at home.”

Jo laughed but shook her head at him. “Go on, get.” She chided him.
Harry picked up a pinch of floo powder and threw it into the flames.

“Bye, Jo!” He said, giving her a last wave before calling out his address carefully, remembering to take a big breath before he stepped into the emerald flames.

He was getting better with his landings, so he didn’t smash his face against the fireguard when he landed, but he did still go to his knees.

He was just clambering over the guard when Nasta poked his head in. His frown morphed into a scowl.

“Are you okay? You’ve barely been gone half an hour.”

“Yep, I’m peachy.” Harry said. “The Elders have agreed to bring in Healer Vasey for me after I was abused by the psychiatrist and I had to run to Georgio for protection.”

“What?!?” Nasta growled, his hands clenching tight, even as he picked Harry up and held him, sniffing him all over.

“I’m not hurt, just upset. Apparently he abuses every submissive given to him.”

“Why were you given to him then?!” Nasta growled.

“I was supposed to be with Healer Camberly.”

“Yes, as we all are.” Nasta agreed.

“Mysteriously, he wasn’t in today. I got given to Healer Kinnick instead, who apparently lost his own submissive mate, so he wants every other submissive to suffer as punishment or something. He didn’t even try to help me, Nas! I went to find Georgio, who made the Elders see that I need Healer Vasey, they’re going to make me another appointment when they hire Healer Vasey for me.”

Nasta sighed and held him tight. “Let’s get you some tea.” He said, even as he carried him through
the right angle corridor and into the kitchen.

“Who was it, Nassa?” Sanex’s voice came from the larger family room.

“Me!” Harry called out happily. “It’s good to see you again, Sanex.”

“It’s been way too long, but I’ve been spending a lot of time with Crista.”

“How is she? Have you brought her with you?”

“No, not today. I wasn’t sure how you’d react to…well, you know.”

“No, I’m fine with women, as long as they don’t try and get into my pants, of course.” Harry said.

Nasta snorted and he couldn’t contain a small chuckle.

“What?” Harry asked loudly. “What’s so funny, Nasta? Are you saying that I’m undesirable to women you complete and utter arse?”

Harry heard several more people laugh and he grinned, knowing that more people had come to visit.

“No! I’m not saying that. You’re stunning.” Nasta assured him as he made Harry’s tea and then carried him and the cup into the family room.

“Crista’s a werewolf, Harry.” Sanex said.

“So?”

“I told you he wouldn’t care.” Nasta snorted.
“She’s in work today anyway, but I wasn’t sure about the invite to Harry’s and Braiden’s birthdays.”

“Of course she can come! I’m sure werewolves like cake as much as everyone else.” Harry said, before pulling a thoughtful face. “Or maybe that’s just Remus. Anyway, Remus is coming to both parties, of course Crista can come too.”

“You don’t mind her being around the kids?”

“Are you worried about her being around the kids?” Harry asked back.

“No.” Sanex shook his head.

“Then I’m not bothered either. Richard, how are you?” Harry asked, moving over to him when Nasta set him down.

“I’m very unhappy with you.”

Harry’s face fell dramatically. “Why?” He asked worriedly.

Myron pulled him onto his lap and cuddled him.

“He’s had a rough day, Richard. Don’t say such things!” Myron chastised.

“How can you give Myron cake and not me?!” Richard whined.

Harry’s body relaxed and the tension drained out of him with a relieved sigh. He cuddled into Myron’s bulk and happily accepted the arm around him.

“Myron was here with me at the time.” Harry said.
“He doesn’t need cake, I do!” Richard pouted.

“You’re home earlier than expected.” Myron noticed, changing the subject with ease.

“Yeah, I was just telling Nasta about the abusive psychiatrist I got lumbered with.”

“I beg your pardon.” Richard said, his voice like ice, going from childish to deadly serious, and furious on his behalf, in a single moment.

“Who was it?” Myron demanded.

“Healer Kinnick. He was a real piece of work and when he wasn’t insinuating that I was a lying brat, he was trying to force me to confess that my dominants weren’t up to the task of looking after me.”

“How did you handle him?” Richard asked with narrowed eyes.

“I refused to answer anything he asked, not even when he tried to tell me that my silence was incriminating my dominants, and he got so wound up and frustrated that he called a break. I was supposed to stay just outside the room, I went to find Georgio instead. He called Vipond and a long story cut short, I now get Healer Vasey.”

“Good.” Myron grunted. “I’m already in the mood to break a few necks after work, his would have been added to the list if you’d been forced to carry on seeing him.”

“Well luckily for him that Georgio was in my corner then.” Harry chuckled. “How have the kids been?” He asked.

“They’re all up in their cots.” Nasta assured him. “They had their lunch easily enough and they went down nice and calmly.”

“Even Farren?” Harry asked surprised.
Nasta nodded with a grin. “Even Farren. So it’s been nice and calm and I actually managed to get a bit more of that paperwork done.”

“Do you have much left?”

“No, just the new bunch that arrived the other day is left now.”

“When are you going to pop back into the Reserve?”

“Once all the therapy is done and out of the way.” Nasta nodded.

“You can pop in for an hour or so. Maverick said that Caronwyn was missing you like mad.”

“I might tomorrow. When Max is here.” Nasta said. “If you don’t mind.”

“No, I don’t.” Harry told him. “I’m fine on my own though, I can manage my own children for an hour or two while you’re all out.”

Nasta pulled a face.

“You don’t think so?” Harry demanded, turning on Myron’s lap to face him, an icy quality to his voice.

“Of course I know that you can look after our own children, Harry. You just shouldn’t have to while you’re still not one hundred percent and there are four of us to help you.” Nasta insisted.

Harry narrowed his eyes and he stared at Nasta, trying to discern if he was lying to cover his tracks or if he meant it.

“I’m telling you the truth. I know that you can look after them, I just fully believe that none of us, not just you, should have to be left alone with them when there are four of us. It’s only Max and I
who have jobs. As soon as we’re all done with these therapy sessions, we can start getting
ourselves back into a routine too.”

Harry nodded and he rested back against Myron, who shifted him more comfortably on his lap and
wrapped him back up.

“Is Caesar still having your oldest five on Wednesday?” Sanex asked.

Harry grinned and nodded. “Yeah, they’re going for a play date with Nora and Bea.”

Richard laughed. “I can’t wait to see that boy’s face afterwards. He thinks he’s hard done by with
those two girls of his.”

“Nora and Bea are as good as gold too.” Harry laughed. “Wait until he gets a hold of Calix who
climbs everything, Braiden who looks in every cupboard and drawer, Farren who puts everything
within reach into his mouth and Tegan who will try to monopolise everyone’s attention. They want
to call in the reinforcements now.”

“Is only Regan good then?” Sanex asked.

Harry bobbed his head from side to side in consideration. “When he wants to be, he is usually
better behaved when there are strangers around him. He tends to be quieter in strange places and
around strange people. So I don’t expect him to give Caesar and Amelle too much trouble…the
others though, they’re going to give them the run around.”

“So you’ll be here with the girls and Leolin?”

Harry looked to Nasta, who nodded.

“No, Nasta and I have been talking with the others and we think that we’ve come to a point where
we can trust Dain and Kailen to have Leolin for an afternoon, on a trial basis. We’re going to ask if
they want to have him for a few hours on Wednesday.”

“Who are you giving the girls to?” Sanex laughed.
“No one, they’re staying with us.” Harry grinned.

“Let me know how the Faeries get on with Leolin.” Richard said.

“They should be alright. I’m going to start sleeping with a blanket now, so that Leolin can have my scent with him. We’re hoping that it’ll keep him a little calmer.”

“That’s a good idea.” Myron nodded as he bumped his knee up and shifted Harry again.

“Am I too heavy for you?” Harry asked concernedly.

Richard actually laughed and Myron looked offended.

“No, you’re a wisp of nothing.” Myron said.

“He…he bench presses five times your weight at home.” Richard giggled, wiping his eyes. “I can’t believe it…too heavy.” He laughed again.

“Oh, fuck you all, I’m going for a bath.” Harry huffed. Myron still managed to swat his bum as he stood up for his language.

He went into the bathroom and he smiled at his reflection in the mirror. He chuckled and run the water in the massive bath that could fit three grown men and he added a glob of lime scented bubble bath. It was running low.

He stripped off and climbed in while the water was still running and he sighed happily. He would only have a small while before the kids woke up from their naps and he wanted to have a small moment to himself, to get clean from the scent of the Dracken Halls and to relax and unwind from the torment of his disastrous therapy session. At least he knew now that the next time he was called in he was going to be dealing with his very well trusted mind Healer, Sebastian Vasey. That was something at least and he already knew the man, he already knew that he could trust him and talk to him about anything. He could trust Healer Vasey to look after him and make everything better and that was what he really needed right now, not some fraud trying to ruin his mateship on purpose because his own submissive had died.
On Wednesday, Harry was in their big house all on his own and he hated it. He had tried to prove a point, that he was well enough, that he was recovered enough, to be alone on his own with his children, even if he did only have Eva and Ave with him at the moment. But he hadn’t expected how very much he would hate being on his own in this big, huge house. His two girls were quiet, or at least things were much quieter than he was used to, as they played together on the floor with unlimited access to whatever toy they wanted without competition from their bigger, older siblings, and he had nothing to do, he was missing his mates and he was missing his older children.

Wandering from room to room, exploring everything that he hadn’t already done so, took him less than half an hour on his own with no distractions. He’d done all the washing, he’d stripped the cots down to wash the babies bedding, he’d changed out all the bins, polished and vacuumed the main living areas and now he was just sitting around, waiting for something to do.

He’d had more than enough and pulling on his trainers, he got the pram from under the stairs, set it up, made sure the locks were in place before he laid his two beautiful daughters inside and covered them with a light blanket…not that that lasted long as they kicked it off not five minutes later.

He packed a nappy bag, shoved that in the basket underneath the pram, made sure that he had his wallet and his house keys, presented to him by a very proud Nasta when he’d been well enough to actually understand what he was being given and why, and he stepped foot outside his front door for the first time. He pushed the pram down the rather large front pathway and he turned to look at the front of his house, smiling at it.

He turned right at their large gateway and he walked down the pavement, exploring the neighbourhood. He was so insanely curious as he looked each way and picked out landmarks for himself so that he would know his way back.

He was stopped not ten minutes later by their nearest neighbour, who was still rather a way away from them, who turned out to be a man, who indicated the big house in the distance.

“So you’re one of the people living in that house. We had wondered if it had been built just to sell it on, though it’s wonderful to see that scrubland finally cleared away and put to good use. It was such an eyesore in this beautiful neighbourhood.”

Harry smiled at the man and nodded. “Yes, I live there with my family.”

“Your parents?”

Harry tried not to let that comment affect him, but he shook his head. “No, my lovers and I and our children.”
These babies are yours!?” The man asked in shock. “You don’t look old enough!”

“I’m almost nineteen.” Harry said seriously.

“Never!” The man said. “You don’t look old enough to be out of school yet!”

“I graduated a year ago.” Harry told him.

“Well, either I’m just getting old or you kids are looking younger and younger!” The man laughed. “Are you taking a walk around the neighbourhood? There’s a park just down the road. This place is a very quiet, relaxed area, but you head straight down the road, about twenty-five minutes, half an hour away is a supermarket if ever you need anything.”

“Thank you very much.” Harry smiled.

“No problem, if ever you need anything, just come knocking on the door. People these days think asking for a cup of sugar or a pint of milk from the neighbours is rude or overrated, I still hold the belief that neighbours are there to help if you need anything. I can’t imagine that cutting all that grass and forestry is going to be an easy job, so if you need a hand, I’m always happy to help.”

Harry was genuinely touched. “Thank you.” He said sincerely. “Likewise, if ever you need anything, anything at all, just knock.”

Harry and his new neighbour shared a knowing look, that they were kindred spirits of a dying breed, and Harry carried on his way down the road with the pram. Perhaps this wasn’t going to be such a bad place to live after all. Perhaps he wouldn’t have to be afraid of coming out on his own and just taking a walk.

“Oh hi!” A bubbly woman in her twenties bounded over to greet him five minutes later. “You must be the new neighbours! Though I say new, you’ve been moved in for a while now, haven’t you?”

Harry smiled. “That’s right.”

“You look far too young to have your own home, such a massive house too, and to be a Daddy!”
She carried on. “But those two little girls are so gorgeous, you must be so proud. I’m Louise.”

Harry laughed. “I am proud, I’m Harry. These are my youngest, Eva and Ave. We have eight children. Five boys and three girls.”

The woman’s face fell. “Eight?! ” She cried. “How old are you?”

“I’m nineteen in a week.” He answered.

“I…but, how old were you when you had your first?”

“Seventeen.”

“You had eight babies in two years? How many women did you knock up?!”

Harry’s eyes narrowed and Louise seemed to realise that she had stepped over a boundary.

“Oh, I didn’t mean that to come out as rude as it did, I’m sorry.”

“I didn’t knock up anyone.” Harry told her. “My partners and I used surrogates. We got the one boy, then the one surrogate went and had quintuplets and then we had our two girls here.”

“Partners?” Louise said with a questioning lilt.

“Yes, me and my four male partners live together with our eight children.”

Louise’s eyes went so round and Harry knew then that he’d given her enough gossip to chew on and to share around for the next month.

“It was nice to meet you.” Harry said, dismissing himself as he pushed the pram on. He really would never get over how rude or nosy some people could be. It reminded him of the Dursleys,
and that reminded him of the court case. So much for a nice walk around his new neighbourhood. It had started off well enough, then one person had spoilt it.

He came to a small children’s park and he smiled, thinking of bringing his older children here soon, maybe once they were a little older. Braiden was going to be just two in three weeks after all.

He walked on and found the supermarket that was a twenty minute walk from their house. He popped in and picked up another box of rusks and some treats for himself and his mates. After scouring the selection of chocolate he realised that no, Muggles did not do his favourite chocolate fudge, or at least they didn’t here, and he sighed. He’d have to beg his mates to get some for him from Honeydukes.

He paid for his things, let several people coo over his girls, including the cashier, before he started back on his travels. He could still see the supermarket when he first spotted Draco. He stood out like a sore thumb because his platinum white hair caught the sun making his whole head look like a silver homing beacon and he just looked so lost out here with all the Muggle things around him.

“Draco!” He yelled out and waved when his mate turned towards his, very unusual name being shouted out in this Muggle neighbourhood.

Draco came pelting towards him and held him tightly, kissing him and exclaiming his relief.

“I take it you’re all back from your therapy.” Harry smiled.

“Thank Merlin you’re safe.”

“Of course I am. I’m fine.”

“We tried not to panic when we found you missing, but when no one had seen you, then we panicked. Max noticed that your trainers were missing and Blaise went right to the stairs and found the pram missing, so we guessed that you’d come outside, but we didn’t know which direction you’d gone in.”

Harry chuckled, but he turned back and started pushing the pram, going the full circuit around the neighbourhood. He started talking to his girls again, who were both sat up after getting bored of being lying down, their little bubble of privacy having been disturbed by all the people talking over them, making it impossible for them to take their afternoon nap. So now they were sat up and they were looking around themselves at everything.
“And here we have a silver car.” He said, pointing it out to them, waiting until their blue eyes locked onto the silver car. “We have to go past it to get back home, but it’s okay, because Daddy Draco is here with us now.”

The two identical girls, with their chestnut curls, got a lot of attention, especially now that they were sat up and people could see them easier. He heard people gushing and cooing as he and Draco made their way slowly home and it made him grin and puff up a bit in pride.

“There’s Max.” Draco cut into his commentary to his two girls and Harry looked up to see Max pounding the pavement as he run full tilt down a side street.

“Maxie!” Harry called out and his mate almost fell over his own feet to change direction back towards him.

Harry found himself clutched tight to that broad, sweaty chest as kisses were rained down on his face.

“Are you okay?”

“Perfectly fine.” Harry smiled. “Shall we carry on our walk or do you want to run off to hunt down Nasta and Blaise, as I assume they’re out trawling the streets for me too.” He said with a giggle.

“We were worried. We tried waiting for you, but we only lasted out half an hour.” Max explained as he caught back his breath.

“At least you managed half an hour, that’s progress!” Harry said happily. “Especially when you all think that I’m pregnant.”

“You might be and as you won’t have the test…”

“I told you, I’ll take it when I’m ready.” He cut in.

“I know! But I’m so excited. I want to know if I’m going to be a Daddy again.” Max answered and Harry smiled, patted his cheek and then took back the pram and started walking.
It took a further ten minutes to get back home after that, Harry keeping to his mundane commentary for his two girls who looked at him questioningly if he stopped speaking for too long, and as soon as he was in his own home, Harry let out a small, calm little trill to Nasta and Blaise, letting them know where he was and that he was completely fine and safe.

Draco took a yawning Eva and a sleepy Ave from the pram and he went to put them on the living room floor so that they could play with the toys around them without the distraction of their older siblings. They would be taking their nap soon, Harry would put money on it as they had missed their nap earlier when they’d been disturbed by all the people cooing over them.

Harry picked up the nappy bag and his shopping bag and he let Max fold down the pram.

“Oh, what have you been buying, naughty?” Max asked with a wink.

Harry chuckled. “More rusks for the kids and a couple of treats.” Harry winked back and just like that, he had Max’s curious attention.

“What sort of treats?” He asked.

“Nice ones.”

“Harry!” He whined. “Tell me.”

Harry laughed. “Just a few sweets and things, seeing as none of us have been to Honeydukes in a while and I haven’t had my favourite treat for ages…hint hint, Max.”

Max laughed loudly and picked him up, kissing his mouth.

“I’ll get you your chocolate, love. I’m in work tomorrow, I’ll pick some up afterwards.”

Harry grinned and hugged Max tightly. “Thank you, I love you.”

“Love you too, gorgeous.”
Harry was placed down on his feet and he went to make tea and put away his goodies. He’d just finished putting away the rusks when the front door opened and Nasta came into the house. Harry grinned at him from the kitchen, down the corridor to the front door.

“Are you okay?” Nasta asked him.

“Perfectly fine, dear. How are you?”

“A lot better now that I know that you’re safe.”

“I went for a walk around the neighbourhood, I did pop into the supermarket though to pick up a few things. The kids needed more rusks. I’m sure Farren has found a way to get the box from the cupboard, either that or someone is feeding him and not noting it down in his book.”

Nasta came to hug him, squeezing him tight and giving him a big kiss. Blaise opened the front door and he hurried in and he came right to him and Nasta, squeezing himself into their hug.

“Hi, Blaise.”

“Are you okay, Prezioso?”

“Yes, love. Me and our girls are perfectly fine. We had a lovely walk.”

“Thank Merlin.” Blaise sighed and he bent forward to kiss him again. “I need a coffee. Not a word about it, Nas.”

“Not saying a word.” Nasta smiled. “But…”

Harry was shocked into laughing as Nasta spanked Blaise once before going into the family room.

“Did he just…” Blaise said in amazement, before he turned and went following Nasta. “You are not getting away with that.”
Harry heard Nasta laughing and it brought the biggest smile to his face.

“Hey hey! What happened?” Max asked.

“He spanked me!” Blaise complained.

“Oh, like this?” Harry heard a loud slap and he laughed harder as he went into the living room to see Blaise’s scandalised face.

“Stop hitting me!” Blaise complained.

Max grabbed him and tugged him down into his lap and snuggled him, making eating noises as he gnawed on Blaise’s neck, making the other man laugh and squirm.

“What are you doing?” Blaise giggled. “Stop it, Nas…” Blaise stopped and he stared at Max. They could all see him forcing himself to say the word that was in his mind.

“I love you, Draco.” Max said, rubbing noses with Blaise.

“Max. Your name is Max.” Blaise said very deliberately a moment later.

Max looked exaggeratedly surprised as he brushed his hand over Blaise’s bristly head, which was starting to grow back his hair, though still nowhere near his normal length.

“This hair is black! You’re not Draco! You’re my gorgeous Blaise! Come here, gorgeous!”

Max started his nibbling and licking and sucking again, moving to Blaise’s lips to snog him hard. Harry giggled and he shook his head before going back into the kitchen and finally getting around to getting them all tea, and a coffee for Blaise…well, Nasta had agreed that it was alright after all and Blaise had already been spanked in punishment, he had to have his coffee now.

He handed out the mugs and it was nice to be able to put the plate of biscuits down without any opportunistic kids snatching one, namely Farren or Braiden. Max and Blaise were still kissing and
“Blaise, coffee!” Harry said, waving the mug under his nose with a grin.

Blaise broke away from Max and reached out for the coffee happily.

“Am…is the coffee more beloved than I am?” Max demanded.

“Can you stand coffee flavour kisses?” Blaise asked.

“Of course. I’ve kissed Harry when he tastes of vomit. Nothing stops me from kissing those I love.”

“Then you are both equally loved.”

“I don’t know whether to be offended that I’m on the same level as coffee or just grateful that it doesn’t rank higher than I do.” Max laughed.

“Don’t poke a sleeping dragon.” Draco said as he sipped at his white tea.

“You’re right.” Max declared before swooping in to snog Blaise again, coffee flavoured or not.

Harry watched them happily for a little while, drinking his own honeyed tea before he slid a little closer to Draco, who didn’t notice as he was engrossed with Max and Blaise’s little show. Draco didn’t notice him until Harry slipped himself into the blond’s lap, wrapping his arms around that pale neck and kissing his chin.

Draco grinned at him and lowered his head to snog him too.

“The hell am I being the only one left out.” Harry heard Nasta declare and a moment later his top dominant was on his knees by the side of him, touching him and Draco, nudging his way into their kiss and Harry moaned happily, squirming in Draco’s lap.
“Bedroom.” Harry declared.

“I like the way you think.” Max said as he stood, Blaise in his arms, the younger’s jeans mysteriously open.

“The girls.” Draco said, looking to where he’d put them down…they were both napping.

“I’ll bring the baby monitor with us.” Nasta insisted. “Get Harry upstairs while I put them in the travel cot.”

Draco didn’t need to be told twice as he stood and followed Max up the stairs to their Master suite, where Blaise had already been put down and was half divested of his clothes. His bottom half.

Draco put Harry down next to Blaise and they turned to one another, kissing and rolling up into the other to get closer. Max chuckled deeply and darkly as he watched them.

The bed bounced and Harry turned to see that Max had picked up Draco and had placed him on the bed too. Those dark blue eyes looked down at all three of them with what could only be love and a gleam of possessive lust.

“Do you like all three of us lying on a bed before you?” Harry purred.

Those blue eyes closed. “Yes.” Max moaned lingeringly, closing his eyes.

“It would be better if we weren’t wearing anything, Max.” Harry said teasingly, knowing exactly what to say to rile up his lovers.

Those eyes opened, looking darker than when they had closed a moment before, and Max reached out to tug the clothes from their bodies, lovingly and lingeringly caressing their bodies as he did so. His gaze staring at them all as their differently toned skins were revealed to him, Blaise the darkest of them, Draco the palest and Harry somewhere in the middle, flushed a delicate shade of pink in the heat of his arousal.

“You’re all stunning like this.” Max told them, looking at them all in turn, his voice had dropped deeper still, a hint of a growl turning it gravelly. “So beautiful.”
Nasta chuckled from behind Max and he approached the bed. “You are too.” Their top dominant insisted, reaching around to unzip Max and push his jeans to the floor, making sure to take his boxers with them.

Harry watched Nasta’s hands slowly caress Max’s strongly muscled legs, stroking the tanned skin, playing with hairs and running his fingers along the crease of his groin, but purposefully avoiding everything else.

“I think you should get onto the bed too, so that I can see all of my mates at once.” Nasta said in a whisper that they all heard regardless.

Harry expected Max to argue, but he didn’t. He tugged off his shirt, threw it away and he laid himself down next to Draco and he joined the three of them, staring up at Nasta, who was breathing heavily as he looked at the four of them.

“All four of my subordinate mates.” He purred, doing as Max had done and he touched them all in turn.

Harry wriggled between Blaise and Draco and Nasta’s gaze was drawn back to him.

“Shh, my little submissive.” Nasta said, using both hands to caress both sides of his body. “You’ll be taken care of.”

“Please.” Harry begged, wriggling harder under Nasta’s delicate touch.

Nasta smirked then, knowing that it had been his touch that had caused the increase in arousal and he was very proud of being the cause of it.

Nasta picked him up then, holding him close and kissing him. He turned Harry around and laid him on top of Blaise.

“Blaise, our submissive needs some attention, see to that for me.”

Blaise didn’t wait to be told twice, he rolled over, put Harry underneath him and he shifted himself down between Harry’s legs. Every muscle in Harry’s body tensed when the first lick of that tongue caught his skin and he moaned happily, spreading his legs as far as he could to give Blaise better access to his body.
“Now, for you two.” Nasta said and Harry slitted his eyes open to see them as Nasta turned his attention to Max and Draco. “Draco, why don’t you prepare Max for me, while I see to Blaise?”

Draco grinned and turned to Max, who put his hands behind his head and wriggled around to get comfortable as Draco started kissing his glorious chest, moving slowly down to his belly.

Blaise moaned between Harry’s legs and Harry tore his gaze away from Max and Draco to look down at Blaise. He could just see Nasta’s head beyond Blaise’s body. He knew what was happening around him and it brought his breath faster.

“Blaise, stop neglecting Harry.” Nasta drew back to tell him firmly.

A moment later Blaise’s tongue was back and licking at him. Harry moaned and wriggled, immediately Blaise’s hands clamped down on his thighs, preventing him from moving his lower body.

The bed bounced and Harry turned back to Max and Draco, to see that Max had had enough of being teased and he now had Draco face down on the bed. Harry couldn’t see what was happening, but as Draco was moaning deeply and Max was kneeling up on the bed, Harry could easily guess that Max’s hands were rather busy.

Blaise drew back his attention by sucking on him and when Harry looked back down at him, those purple eyes were looking at him. Blaise had wanted his attention back on himself.

Harry swallowed and his one hand, clutched into what small amount of hair that Blaise had, clenched tighter still and pulled in mindless pleasure.

Draco let out a small breathy sigh and Harry looked back to him again, to find that he was on his back now and they were wasting no time at all, Max was pressing into him slowly and carefully. Harry whined and panted harder, watching them, even as Blaise slid a finger into him.

Harry gasped and he arched his hips, but he didn’t turn his gaze away from Max and Draco. Draco who had relaxed and was now rolling his hips up and Max who had found a nice, steady rhythm and was slowly working his way up to all out fucking. Harry was still on a rough and ready ban, so he had to be subjected to slow and steady torture still.

Harry watched, all the while being prepared and opened by Blaise and Nasta, as Max fucked Draco fast and hard, making their blond mate curse and claw at Max’s back, digging his feet into the mattress, or into Max’s lower back, throwing his head back in his pleasure, until, with a sharp yell, he reached his happy orgasm.

Harry sighed as Draco reached his orgasm and he smiled as Draco dragged Max with him, their biggest mate arching his back while pushing forward his hips to get as deeply into Draco as he could before dropping down onto him and holding him tight as they both calmed and got their breaths back.
“That was a real show.” Blaise laughed deeply.

“Yet you three have barely moved! Get on with giving us two a show now!” Max said deeply and he rolled onto his side and held Draco to him, combing his fingers through the baby fine, blond hair.

“He’s right, Blaise. I think Harry’s had enough now.” Nasta said. “You definitely have.”

Nasta done something then that caused Blaise’s head to fall back and made him grunt.

“I can’t take any more prep.” Blaise complained.

“Move a bit, let me check that Harry’s nice and relaxed and all loose and ready.”

“I am!” Harry insisted.

“I’ll be the judge of that.”

Two fingers pressed their way into his body and Harry moaned as they slid easily into him.

“No resistance, no visible sign of any pain…what do you think, Blaise?”

“He’s ready.” Blaise cried out. “I’m ready, we’re both ready!”

Nasta’s chuckle was pure evil and Harry would have shouted at him, except that at that moment Nasta surged forward and Blaise’s breath caught, his eyes widened before they fell closed and his head shot back to rest on Nasta’s shoulder. It took a moment for Blaise to relearn how to breathe and when he did, he moaned continuously.

Harry whined, almost like he would on a heat period when he thought that he wasn’t getting any attention, but unlike on his heat period, he was ignored as Nasta set a gruelling, sharp, random pace that went from slow to blisteringly quick and then back to an almost stop, alternating between quick and hard to slow and smooth.

It had Blaise moaning, unable to do anything else as he was helpless to Nasta’s whims. Harry,
stuck underneath Blaise and Nasta, could do nothing but watch them, even as his hand found his cock and stroked it, squeezing just tight enough that he knew he could cum from it if he tried.

Blaise’s orgasm came so suddenly that Harry could see in his eyes that he hadn’t expected it. Blaise screamed and he cummed all over Harry’s chest and belly, his breath stuttering and making odd, grunting noises as he did so. He went boneless in Nasta’s arms, floppy and Nasta held him up, keeping his weight from Harry’s body and Nasta chuckled darkly, waiting a small while for them both to calm down before he moved Blaise gently and put him to the side, with Max and Draco who were still watching lecherously.

Nasta tutted as he looked Harry over. “What has this world come to when you have to masturbate yourself when you have four perfectly capable mates?” He asked Harry, clamping his hand and removing it from himself.

Harry’s hands were pinned above his head and it brought his breath faster, to the point where he was almost hyperventilating in anticipation.

“Oh, you have been wound up.” Nasta grinned down at him. “But don’t worry, Harry. It’s your turn now.”

Harry part moaned, part whined softly, his bottom lip trembling as he rolled his hips up, attempting to get Nasta to notice that part of him.

“It’s alright, Harry. I can see it.” Nasta assured him as he ducked his head down to slide his mouth over his cock. Harry grunted and rolled his hips up more urgently, Nasta just swallowed around him and moved back off of him.

“Please.” Harry begged. “Please.”

Nasta repeated his actions, going down on him slowly, swallowing him once or twice, then slowly pulling back off of him, sucking at his tip, or sometimes flicking his tongue into his slit, before going back down on him.

“No.” Harry cried. “Please. It’s too much. It’s too much!” He sobbed.

Nasta came off of him then, moving up to lay beside him, smoothing his hair and nuzzling his face.
“It’s alright, my love. Are you hurt? Are you in any pain?”

Harry shook his head, but he grasped at Nasta, tugging and pulling on him mindlessly, with no thought to what he was doing or why.

“Please. Finish it.” He begged.

Nasta rolled on top of him and Harry’s breath hitched, waiting, waiting, then Nasta pressed into him, so slowly, so carefully, but Harry was so wound up that he was hyper sensitised and he wriggled and moaned.

Nasta, who’d gotten all of his roughness out with Blaise and his first orgasm, was much more controlled now and he was able to go slowly without the desperation of seeking his own orgasm. He could slide into him and force himself to stay still, against Harry’s clenching, and he could focus purely on him.

Harry stared up at Nasta, willing him to go fast, but knowing that he wouldn’t. He wasn’t cleared for rough sex yet.

Nasta went slowly, but he was so smooth with his thrusts that Harry felt every single inch of Nasta glide into him and it brought his breathing faster, his pleasure just a little higher and he clutched at his mate desperately, clinging to him, sinking his nails into his neck as he moaned continuously, his breath catching with every other thrust that caught him just right and when his orgasm hit him, it was with such a force that he couldn’t even make a noise, he just threw his head back and screamed silently, unable to breathe, unable to do anything except ride out his pleasure until it was over.

He collapsed back to the bed and panted hard, trying to regain his breath as Nasta pulled out of him and started roughly stroking himself, thrusting his hips harder into his hand than he had dared into Harry’s body, until with his own grunt of pleasure, he spilled all over Harry’s groin and thighs.

“Fuck, that cumshot was worthy of a porno, Nas.” Max chuckled.

“You would know.” Nasta smiled at him, squeezing out the last of his orgasm before letting go of himself and taking in several huge, deep breaths. “Well I feel better.”

“I’m sleepy.” Harry said before yawning widely.

“Take a nap, Caru.” Nasta told him.
“But the girls.”

“We’ve got the girls. You stay here and nap with Draco.”

Harry looked over at the lack of complaint to see that Max had actually stroked Draco to sleep. Blaise’s laughing purple eyes caught his and his first mate winked.

“I’m going for a shower.” He said, sitting up. With a lingering caress to Harry’s thigh, Blaise left the bed for the en suite bathroom.

Harry wriggled up to the pillows and he yawned again, letting his eyes drop. Max carefully moved Draco up beside him and Nasta snatched his wand and cleaned them both up.

“That’ll do for now.” He said as he covered them both over with the duvet. “Get a bit of rest. If you’re not up we’ll call you when Caesar and Amelle come back with the kids or when Dain and Kailen bring back Leolin, whoever gets here first.”

“You mean when Caesar crawls back, begging us to never let him agree to having the play date at his house every again?” Max chuckled.

Nasta chuckled too. “Yeah. Come on, let’s go downstairs and leave these two in peace.”

Max scoffed. “Are you kidding? There’s a gorgeous, willing body in that fucking shower. I’m joining him.”

Nasta laughed then, before muffling himself. “Go on then. I’ll check on the girls and get some tea brewing. Black or white?”

“Black.” Max answered over his shoulder as he opened the door to the en suite and walked in, closing it behind him.

Harry chuckled sleepily and Nasta turned back to him. He pushed the hair from his forehead and
kissed it. “Get a bit of rest, Cariad. You need to recover your strength.”

Harry giggled. “Might be I wear a skirt to dinner.” He said.

“You’ve had enough sex for one day, don’t you think?” Nasta asked him.

Harry hummed in agreement. “Maybe tomorrow then.” He said, closing his eyes and curling into Draco.

He heard Nasta chuckle. “Tomorrow is a new day.” He heard Nasta say before the bed shifted as his oldest mate stood up.

Harry smiled into Draco’s skin and he shifted again, getting comfortable. Tomorrow was a new day, anything could happen tomorrow…especially if he wore a skirt.

Dain Talarin was so insanely protective of the tiny babe in his arms as he looked down into beautiful gold eyes while they walked through the City. Leolin was only quiet, he was sure, because of the silencing device that Harry had popped into his mouth before they had left. Kailen didn’t like it at all, insisting that it could choke their precious little grandson, but Dain reminded him that Harry was Leolin’s Mother. In this situation, Harry always knew best.

Harry had given them a blanket also, that Leolin was holding to his nose. Harry had slept with this little blanket for two days preceding their trip with Leolin. It had his scent all over it and it was keeping Leolin very calm and docile.

They were stopped by everyone they came across, whether they be guards, shopkeepers, Faes, Valkyries, Seelies or Unseelies. Everyone was curious about Leolin, the Faerie born of two male Drackens who was not cloistered away like a dirty secret. The little Faerie who was growing, learning, thriving…all with his Dracken family, outside of the safety of the City.

“He’s so adorable.” One Fae gushed.

“Very strong too.” A guard who had wandered over to them added.
“That’s because he took some Dracken blood from his parents.” Dain insisted.

He was not ashamed of what Trefor’s line had become and he would not act as if it were some sort of dirty secret that was distasteful or sordid. He had loved his little Nesta as his own babe, he was happy that he had found love, even if it was with the human son of Dracken blood.

Only two of Nesta’s five children had been Drackens, and only one of those, Dai, had gone on to have children, just the two children, which was very unusual for Drackens, but Dai’s mate, Poppy, had died during childbirth to their daughter, Drysi and Dai had never sought out another mate. The babe had not lived either, leaving Dai with just his son, Hywel. The other Dracken, a submissive girl named Saffir, had been killed by a dominant Dracken at her own mate meeting, before she could get her own dominant, or her own child.

Hywel had been a Dracken also, he had mated to Eirian, who had given him three children, two boys and a girl, Aneirin, Idris and Nerys. Only Aneirin, his firstborn son, had been a Dracken. As he understood Eirian had fallen sick shortly after Nerys had been born, when the girl was just ten years old. Eirian had never recovered from this sickness and she had passed away thirty years after contracting her illness having never given Hywel another child.

Then Aneirin had grown and gotten himself a mate, and again tragedy had struck the Delericey family. It truly was as if their entire line was cursed by the gods as their Aneirin had lost his mate, Lowri, to childhood. She had given their Aneirin three babes also, Angharad, Sanex and Nasta. Angharad had been killed young while doing her job, yet another endless tragedy to strike their family, and their Nasta was the only Dracken born, Nasta who had mated to Harry.

Dain, as awful as it was to admit, kept expecting to hear that Harry had died, either in childbirth or by some other means. It seemed to be the way for their family line…the lovers of Delericeys had all died, ever since their innocent, gentle Trefor had been murdered in cold blood with all of their children. Of course when he’d been informed of the fight and that Harry and Blaise had been fatally injured, he had expected then that they would both die, so as to carry on the Delericey curse, but they had both miraculously pulled through.

Harry had had eight children already, but only three of them were Nasta’s, which stuck to the past Delericeys, but where in the past one had always been a Dracken, this time, with Nasta and Harry, one of their babes was a Faerie.

Dain smiled down at Leolin, his gold eyes wide and inquisitive, which was again unusual for a babe of his young age, and he remained silent as half of his tiny, beautiful face was taken up with the silencing device in his tiny mouth.

“How can you be sure?” The Fae asked, pulling a face before quickly aborting the movement.

“How Leolin is the son of two Drackens, are you so foolish as to believe that he has not taken some of their blood when he is of their blood?” Kailen sniped.

Dain smirked. Kailen was usually a lot more agreeable, as per his Seelie nature, but when he was angered, he always took it out on those who insulted his family, even in subtle ways as the Fae had
“Leolin is much stronger and more resilient than any Faerie babe we’ve yet seen.” Dain said. “He has already survived being born at four moon turns gestations, he has survived having to grow in the skin on his wings and he has survived a ravaging sickness of the lungs when he was just nine moon turns old. He is an incredibly strong babe and it is not so farfetched to believe that it is because his parents gave him some extra protection with their blood. Anything that keeps this little babe safer and more protected is to be wholeheartedly welcomed.”

“Absolutely.” The young guard nodded, looking down into those wide gold eyes, getting a scowl around the silencing device for his trouble. “A true little Unseelie.”

“He is. The blanket is keeping him docile, usually when he is taken from his Mother the fight he puts up would put half the guards to shame.” Kailen said proudly.

“Are you taking him to Sindri?”

“Yes, Harry gave us permission to bring him to the City for a visit and he said that while we were here, we were to let Sindri have a hold of him.”

“I won’t keep you then, I am supposed to be relieving Diomedes. He’s going to kill me for being so late.”

Dain cradled Leolin gently to his chest as they wound their way through the City, Kailen hovering protectively at his side, as they made their way to the centre of the City, to the Courts, to show their little grandson off to Sindri, who hadn’t seen a babe since the funeral of Niobe. The last time he’d seen a live babe was when he’d been handed the infant Leolin by Harry when he was just six moon turns old, over thirteen moon turns ago now.

They were stopped several more times, the only person who did not insult Leolin, them or their family in anyway was when an excited Ezrah elbowed his way to the front of a crowd to see Leolin. He truly was peeking out of his shell now, ever since he’d met Harry, he would never have behaved in such a way just a few moon turns ago, but since he’d been spending quite a bit of time with Harry recently, he was most certainly becoming more outgoing and less scared of those around him. Even as he watched, a Valkyrie went to spit on Ezrah, only for the young Fae to duck behind another Fae to prevent as such. Lathen came storming up behind his lover and he glared at the Valkyrie responsible for trying to disrespect his beloved in such a vile, public way.

“Oh, Leolin.” Ezrah cooed gently. “It seems like forever since I last saw him.”
“Here, Ezrah.” Dain smiled.

Ezrah almost squealed as Dain handed Leolin over to be fussed over, but immediately there was an outcry from those others present.

“Don’t give the poor babe to that creature!” One Valkyrie hissed furiously.

“He’s going to harm the babe like Ezile did!”

“He’ll sell the babe!”

“He’ll infect the babe with his evil taint!”

Dain saw Ezrah pulling back into himself, after so recent an improvement and boost to his confidence, because of all the vile things being said about him. Because of the accusations that he would harm Leolin like his Father Ezile had hurt other Faerie babes, which did actually include Ezrah too.

Ezrah clutched Leolin tight to himself, as if he would never handle another babe again, before handing him back and curling into a furious Lathen.

“Ezrah would no sooner harm Leolin that I would.” Dain cut across all those shouting and spitting at Ezrah. Dain even saw someone kick him and that was it for Lathen, who heard Ezrah’s involuntary cry of pain and pulled him up into the protection of his arms, putting his lover over his shoulder, and he shielded him with his own body.

“Anyone touches him again and I’ll hack your fucking head off.” He insisted so seriously that Dain knew that he would do it, as his hand hovered near the short sword that he was wearing at his hip.

Dain shared a look with Kailen and they knew then that they had to get these two out of the Faerie City and living elsewhere much sooner than they had been expecting. Dain made a mental note to prod Warren into finding them somewhere suitable as quickly as he could manage.

“You would threaten decent citizens over that monster?” One Valkyrie said, challenging Lathen,
his hand near his own short sword. “I always thought that you were decent, Buren, until you lost your mind and bonded to that vile creature! He’s got bad blood and I for one am not surprised that the gods have not blessed such a monster with his own babes lest he sell them too!”

“You will not speak of him in such a manner!” Lathen growled.

“I’ll speak of that creature how I please! He is not even fit to wipe my muddy boots on!” The other Valkyrie roared and, as Dain had known would happen, Leolin became frightened and he started crying.

It stopped everyone in their tracks as they all turned to the devastating picture of such a young babe crying in fright, his gold eyes spilling tears.

“Perhaps now you are happy with yourself, Tallis?” Dain demanded from the Valkyrie as he held the crying Leolin tight to his chest, his other hand had caught the silencing device quickly as Leolin’s mouth relinquished its hold on it, lest it hit the ground and become unusable. They had been given a spare one, just in case, but they had been warned that the one Leolin currently had was his favourite. “Leolin is my grandson, he has been given into my care by his Mother and Father for the afternoon and I will decide who goes near him or who sees him or holds him. Harry and Nasta trust their babe with Ezrah, they are good friends and it is not for you to decide otherwise. Leolin is not your babe, he is no relation of yours and you do not get to decide who sees him or holds him.”

“He is a Seneca, he…”

“He is a Buren!” Lathen cut in strongly. “He is my lover, my bonded and he has my name! I will not stand to see him so mistreated when he is innocent!”

“He is not innocent!” One Fae screeched.

“He is!” Lathen snapped. “He was nine years old when his depraved Father was tried and executed, younger when that vile man committed his crimes! Do none of you remember that Ezile tried to sell his own son too, when he was just a few moon turns old and had no inkling as to what was going on?! Ezrah is an innocent in all of this and he had no control over that man’s actions!”

“Guilty by association!” One called out.
“It’s the bad blood!” Another cried.

“He should have been killed with his vile Father to end that cursed line!”

“Put an end to the cursed Seneca blood! Kill him!”

Dain heard the small, petrified noise that Ezrah emitted and he saw Lathen react to that noise immediately.

“You dare touch him and you’ll be missing your head!” Lathen threatened seriously.

“All of you, disperse, get away from here now.” Kailen ordered. “How dare you threaten murder! How dare you call for the blood of the innocent like a pack of wild, savage animals! Get away, now.”

“Lathen, come with us. We’ll hand you and Ezrah to Warren.” Dain whispered.

“I told you to get away!” Kailen said again as people lingered. “I am a member of the Court, you’ll do as I tell you or you’ll spend the time until the next moon in the cells!”

That moved everyone off a little quicker, but some just slipped into shops, watching them, glaring through the windows and gossiping to others about what had just happened.

“Is Leolin okay?” Ezrah asked softly. He was in tears.

“He’s fine.” Dain insisted as he prodded the silencing device back into Leolin’s mouth and rubbed the blanket gently over his nose so that he could smell his Mother. Dain laid him down in his arms and tucked the blanket around him, so that he was surrounded by Harry’s scent. The tears dried up almost instantly, leaving his lashes to clump together as he drifted off into an exhausted sleep because of his crying fit.

Dain started walking and he noticed that Lathen was carrying Ezrah, his hand on the spot that had been kicked. He sighed. A week was not complete unless Ezrah had been harmed or blooded in some way. Dain heard the reports, read out by a Court attendant, that Lathen filled out diligently,
without fail, reporting every instance of injury or disruption, and by whom it had been conducted by, for his bonded Ezrah, who brushed off his own injuries and refused to fill in the reports himself.

Since Ezrah had been befriended by Lathen, they had been receiving these reports weekly and despite all the punishments, the time in the cells and even large fines, they had not once stopped and it seemed now that they had even progressed to talk of cold blooded murder of an innocent young Fae. Ezrah and Lathen needed to get out of the Faerie City for their own good because very soon this tension was going to culminate in Ezrah’s murder or Lathen was going to snap and he was going to make good on his promise to behead someone who harmed Ezrah and then he would be the murderer and then he would be executed for that murder, leaving Ezrah alone once again. Something needed to be done, and quickly.

“Ah, and there is our little Faerie of the hour.” Warren greeted with a grin as he stepped forward, looking at Leolin adoringly. He chuckled. “Sleeping, of course.”

“Ezrah was attacked right in front of us, Warren.” Dain said immediately. “The citizens are no longer cowed by the presence of members of the Court and they threatened his murder in front of us. I want you to find them somewhere suitable to live as soon as you possibly can.”

Warren’s handsome face went stern and cold. He turned to face Lathen and Ezrah, his body tensed with unreleased energy. “I was going to come and visit you both after my shift was over today. I’ve found a few residences that I believe are suitable for your needs and I wanted to come and see if you liked any of them.”

“You found somewhere for us to live?” Ezrah asked excitedly, brushing the wetness from his gold eyes. “Truly?”

Warren nodded. “Yes. All that remains now is to see if you like the area and then to get you moved in.”

“I have the funds ready for the purchase.” Lathen insisted. “That will not be a problem as long as they are within the budget we set up.”

“They are, of course.” Warren nodded.

“I shall leave you to it.” Dain nodded. “Sindri expects us, he doesn’t yet know that we have Leolin.”
“Alston is in a foul mood.” Warren warned.

“That is nothing new.” Kailen scoffed.

Dain smiled at Kailen’s cattiness, as Trefor would have described it. He could still hear the light, sweet voice, tilted in shocked surprise at such words spoken in his presence as he berated Kailen for his cattiness towards others. By the gods and all the deities, he missed Trefor more and more as the centuries passed.

Walking into the Courtroom, Dain approached Sindri, who looked up at them and then smiled in utter delight as he spotted the babe in his arms.

“This is such a surprise! How is sweet Leolin?” He asked, forcing his ancient frame to stand.

“He is doing so well.” Dain complimented.

“The dragons just handed you the babe?” Alston asked, peering at the sleeping Leolin. “By all the laws, you could keep him. They have willingly given him over to your care, the laws are…”

“Outdated and ridiculous.” Kailen jumped in. “We have been given some time to spend with our grandson and we are trusted well enough by Harry and by Nasta to look after him. They have trusted us to take him out for the afternoon, do you not appreciate the significance of that? No, we will look after him for the afternoon and then take him back home, to his rightful parents, Alston. He is just here to visit for a few hours.”

“He looks so big compared to when I last saw him, may I?” Sindri asked, extending his arms out.

Dain laid the sleeping Leolin into those ancient, age spotted arms and he made sure that the blanket was still tucked under his nose, so that he could scent Harry in his sleep.

“What is that in his mouth?” Narilla asked curiously.

“It is a silencing device that calms babes when they suck on it.” Dain explained. “All of Harry’s babes have them in various different colours. They call them dummies.”
“What a ridiculous concept!” Donella screeched. “Those dragons will do that poor babe irreparable harm.”

“Yet Leolin is nineteen moon turns old and he’s thriving.” Dain sneered. “Leolin has had this device since he was born and he’s fine. He will cry if you take it out of his mouth.”

“How does he eat?” Donella demanded.

“Are you truly so out of touch with the world outside of the City?” Eitri sighed. “It is a small object and it is used to soothe babies. He won’t keep it in all the time, just when he’s discomforted or distressed. When it is time for him to feed, it is pulled out and replaced with the bottle teat.”

“How does he breathe?” Alston asked.

“He does have a nose.” Eitri pointed out.

Alston went red and Eitri smiled so sweetly, as if butter wouldn’t melt in his mouth, but they all knew the hard, cold steel that lay underneath that smiling exterior. Eitri looked dainty and soft, but underneath his beautiful, delicate appearance, he was not someone to cross, he was not someone that you would want to trifle with. People who messed with Eitri Cassair were often found dead on the side of a road the next morn with not a single clue to link them back to Eitri or an excuse good enough to absolve him from blame.

“You little…” Alston started furiously, but Sindri cut in authoritatively.

“Not in front of the babe.” Sindri chastised them as he cradled Leolin gently. “He is sleeping peacefully and I wish to keep it that way.”

“I am surprised that he is taking being away from his Mother so well.” Narilla smiled.

“Harry slept with the blanket for two nights, it is covered with his natural scent so Leolin believes that Harry is here and thus he is calmer.”
“What a wonderful idea.” Narilla complimented as she stroked Leolin’s black hair.

“What was the injury he suffered?” Suisan asked.

“He didn’t suffer one.” Kailen insisted. “He was taken to the hospital as a precaution only, because Harry and Nasta were worried, not because he was actually injured. He was released without question, with not a mark upon him.”

“That is wonderful news.” Narilla sighed happily.

“I did say that Leolin was brilliant.” Eitri said. “He was sat up and he was colouring in paper when I went to visit.”

“Oh, Eitri, while I remember. Harry says that he wishes for your company again. He says that you can go now whenever you wish to. He has also invited you to celebrate the day of his birth on the thirty-first and to Braiden’s day of birth on the fourteenth of August.”

“He has?” Eitri asked excitedly.

Kailen nodded. “He has invited you personally, the owl should still be on the way to you, but he asked us to invite you ourselves too, while we had the chance to see you ourselves.”

“Tell him that I would love to come and visit him again.” Eitri said eagerly. “Is next week going to be acceptable, before his day of birth?”

“I will ask when I take Leolin back.” Dain said and Eitri smiled then, a true smile, and it lit up his bright gold eyes. He looked so lovely when he was smiling, it was amazing and he looked less lonely, less stressed when he smiled so genuinely.

“I shouldn’t imagine that he’d say no.” Kailen insisted, wanting to keep that smile on Eitri’s beautiful face. “He did ask us to invite you after all.”

Eitri was so happy that it was visible as he sat at the Court table, between Suisan and Narilla. Dain was so happy to see him like this, he was almost a different person, now he just needed to help
poor, young Ezrah as well. Hopefully, as soon as they were out of the Faerie City, then he would become a different person too, a more confident, happy person who need never fear being hurt, abused or spat on ever again, or threatened to be killed or fear being murdered on the street or in his own home. It wasn’t right for anyone to live in such a way and he would do his all to see him to safety and to happiness, especially now that his life had been very publicly threatened. To do any differently was to condemn the young Fae to his death and such a thing was utterly unacceptable. Ezrah needed to be housed outside of the City as soon as possible, not just for his happiness now, but for his very life.

Caesar and Amelle weren’t quite begging to never have their kids ever again, but Harry could sense that they were glad to be giving them back.

“How do you even juggle eight of them?” Caesar demanded.

“You just get used to it.” Max shrugged as he threw Regan into the air before catching him, kissing him, then throwing him back into the air.

“Watch the ceiling!” Harry fussed.

“I’m not going to throw him into the ceiling, Harry.” Max assured him calmly.

“I know, just…watch the ceiling.” Harry reiterated.

“When they’re your own you have to learn to juggle all of them.” Nasta told the couple. “It helps that there’s twice as many of us as there is you.”

“So how was your completely baby free day?”

“It wasn’t baby free.” Max said. “Draco was still here.”

“I will have you know that I am the least childish one in our mateship!” Draco said in that wonderfully scathing tone that he did really well.
Harry chuckled. “We still had Eva and Ave, only Leolin went to Dain and Kailen, we didn’t want to overwhelm them when it’s been centuries since they last looked after a baby.”

“You didn’t take the opportunity to hand the girls over to someone else?” Caesar said in shock. “Well, I find myself disappointed.”

“They slept for most of the afternoon.” Max told his brother with a salacious wink.

Caesar stopped and then he laughed. “Oh, Merlin. I knew you would never have given up an opportunity for sex. Who started it?”

“I’m pretty sure Nasta started it.” Harry smiled.

“I did?” Nasta rose one black eyebrow in question.

“I’m sure you did, love. Was it not you who started spanking Blaise first?”

“Okay okay, we don’t need to hear the nitty, gritty details.” Caesar laughed.

“Speak for yourself.” Amelle giggled.

Harry, who was cuddled up on the settee with baby Beatrice, chuckled and looked around himself at the swarm of babies on the floor. The recently turned two year old Eleonora was running the show and Harry smiled to see her up on her feet, babbling to her cousins.

“Are you getting excited now that your heat periods are back?” Amelle asked him, sitting next to him and speaking quietly as the guys argued over who had started what. Nasta was blaming Max for first tugging Blaise into his lap.

“Between me and you, Amelle, not even Caesar?” Harry asked.
“I swear.” Amelle said, holding up her right hand, her little finger stuck out, hooked.

Harry did the same, hooked his finger around hers, and they squeezed each other’s little fingers.

“I’m already pregnant.” He told her with a wink. “I found out a week ago and now I’m enjoying my last little taste of freedom. I’m going to tell them after Braiden’s birthday.”

“You’ve told me first!” She squealed and giggled.

“Well, Myron knows too. He was here watching over us when the Healer came, but yeah, you’re the first person I’ve told.” He laughed. “No one else is to know.” He said seriously. “I want a bit of freedom to myself.”

“Absolutely, I more than understand.” Amelle said with a smile. “Ooo, I can’t wait now. You’ll be due in February.”

Harry nodded. “I know. I tend to always go early though, especially as I’ve been carrying multiples. When you think about it, only Braiden was a singleton and that’s only because a Dracken’s first ever child is always a singleton, except, of course, in the case of identicals. Thank fuck that Braiden wasn’t an identical twin.” Harry laughed.

“What are you two giggling about?” Blaise asked.

“Sending up prayers that Braiden was a singleton and not an identical multiple.” Harry laughed. “Do you know he’s our only singleton baby and you gave him to me?”

Blaise grinned. “I love you and I love him.” Blaise said, bending forward to kiss him. “I’m glad I’ve given you our only singleton…at least for now.”

“I hope that if I am pregnant then it’s with only the one baby.” Harry smiled.

“For you, I hope so too, Bello. I love you and I don’t want you to be harmed or put under any undue stress. It might be best if the next few heat periods did not lead to pregnancy, but if they do, then we’ll deal with it. But for your recovery, it would be best that you’re not pregnant for another
couple of months, but if you are, I hope for just the one baby.”

Harry smiled and kissed Blaise. “I hope so too.”

“Amelle. It’s time we got back, honey. Nora’s getting tired.” Caesar said as he held the yawning girl. “Her nap was disturbed this morning by Amelle’s brother, Silas.” He said for their benefit. “He wanted to see Harry Potter’s children.” He rolled his eyes to show what he thought of that.

“Thank you again for taking them for a couple of hours, we really appreciate it.” Harry said happily as he handed baby Bea back to her Mother.

“We did enjoy it.” Amelle said with a smile.

“Yeah, it was like having our own little crèche.” Caesar laughed. “You can have Nora and Bea next time.”

“Absolutely.” Harry said. “We’d love to have them. We can start our own baby share. Henley’s bringing Claudia and baby Harry around for my nineteenth now, and again for Braiden’s second. We’re ordering a bouncy castle for them, only a little one, but we thought the kids might like them. Shae’s bringing her kids around too and they’re a little older, so they’ll definitely enjoy it.”

“Did you decide on that inflatable slide too?” Max asked.

“I’ve told you Max, it has a weight limit on it. You're too big.” Harry grinned.

“Aww.” Max frowned and he made a show of looking incredibly upset.

“I’m sure we can reinforce it with magic.” Nasta said with a chuckle.

“Really?” Max grinned before he fist pumped. “Yes!”

“You overgrown child.” Draco teased.
“You’re going down it at least once!” Max said. “Even if I have to throw you down it.”

Draco smirked. “I’m going to take that out of your hands. I’ll go down with one of the kids.”

Max scowled then and turned to Harry.

“You’re not throwing me anywhere.” He said sternly.

“Ah, you can’t hide behind your injury anymore, the Healers have cleared you.”

“I don’t think they had throwing me down an inflatable slide in mind when they cleared me.” Harry giggled.

“No one is throwing anyone anywhere.” Nasta said firmly.

“Killjoy.” Max pouted.

Harry chuckled and he picked up his own little girl, Tegan, and sat her on his lap. She made a soft noise and turned to look at him. Harry kissed her and she laughed.

“Right, we’re making our escape. We’ll see you soon, okay?” Caesar said.


Harry cooed to her, fussing over his little girl as first Caesar, and then Amelle, took a pinch of floo powder and left. He always loved it when they did something so cute, even if it wasn’t new.

“Right, I better get these kids into the bath before it gets too late.” Blaise said after Caesar and Amelle had flooed out of their home.
“I’ll help you with the bathing.” Draco told Blaise as he picked up Farren and Braiden.

“I’ll get our dinner on when they’re having their quiet time.” Max said.

“Here you go.” Harry handed Tegan over to Blaise and he made himself comfortable on the settee.

“Are you going to wait for Leolin?”

“Yes, they should be bringing him through at any moment. He needs his bath too.”

He had tried to play it cool, but he was so anxious and so worried. He needed to see his little Faerie baby. He needed to know that he was alright. He’d taken a massive leap of faith, letting Dain and Kailen have him by themselves, even just for five hours.

When the floo flared not ten minutes later he was almost bouncing with anticipation. When Kailen stepped through with Leolin in his arms, Harry took his baby straight from him and he cooed over him, kissing his face and holding him tightly even as Kailen stepped over the fireguard.

“Oh Leolin, baby, I missed you so much!” He declared. “How was he? Was he okay? Did he get very upset?”

Kailen smiled at him, bent and kissed his head. A first that shocked Harry into stillness for a moment. “He was wonderful all day.” Kailen said as Dain flooed through behind him.

“Really?” Harry asked in surprise.

“Yes, his blanket and dummy worked wonders. Sindri was very happy to see him again.”

“I thought I heard voices.” Max said as he came to hug Harry, giving Leolin a kiss. “How was he?”

“He was wonderful.” Dain insisted. “He was the heart of the City today.”

“I’m so happy he’s okay.” Harry said as he sat down and cradled his baby to his chest, just looking
“Eitri wishes to know if next week is an acceptable time for him to come to visit.” Dain said politely.

Harry looked up. “Yeah, Tuesday is a good day, none of us have any therapy sessions on Tuesday and if it’s good for him, he can come midmorning again. Will it interrupt Court business?”

“No, barring an emergency or a pandemic, Tuesday will be a free day for the Court.”

Harry smiled. “Tuesday it is then. Did you ask about my birthday too?”

“He would be delighted to come and celebrate your day of birth. Braiden’s too.”

Harry grinned. “Ezrah and Lathen have already agreed to come, you’ve agreed to come. You’ll all be okay with so many Drackens around?”

“We are perfectly able to mix company.” Dain nodded.

Harry grinned. “It’s going to be great. The kids will steal the limelight of course, but I don’t mind.”

“You’ll still have lots of cake and sweets and presents.” Max consoled him with a smile.

“That’s almost the best part.” Harry grinned.

“Almost the best part?” Max questioned.

Harry gave him a look and a wink. “Almost.”

Max laughed. “Oh, I love you so much.”
“I believe that is our cue to leave.”

“Won’t you stay for tea?” Harry asked.

“No, we need to go and see Warren.”

Harry nodded his understanding. “Thank you very much for looking after Leolin for the afternoon.”

“No, Harry. Thank you for allowing us to look after him. We cannot express how much this level of trust has meant to us.”

Harry smiled. “I’ll see you on Thursday?”

“For your day of birth celebrations, yes.”

“Say hello to Warren for us.” Harry said and he sighed as the two Faeries flooed out of the living room.

Harry sat quiet for a moment and then he stood and he carried the sleeping Leolin into the kitchen to set him up a bottle just in case he wanted some milk.

He pulled the blanket gently from Leolin’s body and he handed it to Max, who had followed him, for him to put in the washing machine.

Leolin wriggled once the blanket was gone and Harry was ready, smiling down at him, when Leolin whined and started building up to crying, his dummy falling from his slackened lips.

“Welcome home, Leolin.” Harry said calmly.

Those gold eyes opened and peered up at him. “Ma.” He said sleepily, rubbing his eyes and then reaching up to Harry’s chin.
“I love you.” Harry told him. “Do you want some milk?”

“Ma. Ma.” Leolin said softly, waking up slowly.

“Have you missed me?” Harry cooed as Max made up the bottle for him.

Max bent over Harry’s shoulder and he smiled down at Leolin too. “Hey baby.”

“Da.” Leolin declared, stretching his hand as far as he could to touch Max’s chin.

“I think he’s missed us.” Harry told Max with a sniff. “It’s the longest he’s been away from us since he was in the hospital.”

“I know, love. I don’t think he’ll remember that though.” Max said, kissing the side of Harry’s head and handing the bottle to him.

Harry prodded the bottle into Leolin’s mouth and he waited for Leolin to realise what it was, to see if he was hungry or not. Leolin started suckling and Harry relaxed. He smiled and he stood happily, holding Leolin to his chest as his son ate his evening meal.

“I was wondering if he was back yet. Is everything alright?” Nasta asked.

“He’s wonderful. The blanket worked a treat. Dain and Kailen said that he was calm all afternoon because of it.”

“That’s good. Now we know that that trick works, maybe we can take him off on our own for a small while at a time.”

Harry nodded as he watched the milk level critically. It was going down very slowly, but Leolin was still eating.

“Is his bath ready?” Harry asked.
“Yes. All the others are in their pyjamas and they’re with Draco and Blaise having their quiet time.” Nasta told him with a smile.

“The girls?”

“Already in bed. I just finished narrating their story. Eva tried to take the book from me and I allowed her to hold it, before I realised that she only wanted it to smack Ave with it. I wouldn’t let her have it again after that and she got angry.”

“We’re going to have to move them into those cots soon, they’re getting a bit big for the bassinets now, even with the ward to prevent them from wobbling or toppling, they’re going to be sitting up and climbing…a fall from those bassinet stands could really hurt them.”

“So, I’ll set the new cots up in our bedroom tomorrow.” Max smiled, pulling Harry into a hug and kissing Nasta before moving to the fridge and starting the preparation for their dinner.

“How did they get so big as to be moved into their own cots?” Harry frowned.

Nasta chuckled. “We’ll have another newborn soon.” He insisted, laying his hand on his belly gently and for a moment, Harry thought that Nasta knew. “There could be a baby in here already, but if not, another month and a half and you’ll have another heat period and that’ll be another opportunity for a new baby.”

Harry looked up from Leolin’s face and he smiled. “I’ll take the test soon.” He insisted. “Just let me get these birthdays out of the way first.”

“Braiden’s birthday isn’t for another three weeks.” Max complained. “You could be five or six weeks pregnant by then.”

“If I am pregnant, then I’m between two and three weeks.” Harry said. “You can wait another couple to know for sure. I certainly can.”

“I know it seems like we’re pushing, we don’t want to make it seem like that’s all we care about.” Nasta insisted. “We would like to know if we’re getting a new baby, but the sooner we know,
Harry, the sooner we can prepare for your pregnancy. It’s going to be a very delicate pregnancy, you know that, we just want to be as prepared as possible.”

Harry nodded. “I know. I understand that this pregnancy will need more care, but again, I will get the test done, just give me until after Braiden’s birthday.”

Nasta sighed and he nodded, bending to give him a kiss. “Okay, but the day after Braiden’s birthday we’re going to the hospital for the test, deal?”

“Deal.” Harry nodded. “I’ll make the appointment myself.”

“Don’t forget.” Nasta warned him.

“I’m not going to forget my own appointment.” Harry smiled.

Leolin let go of the bulb of the bottle and turned his head, removing the teat from his mouth. Harry handed the bottle to Nasta and he placed Leolin on his shoulder and he gently rubbed his back, avoiding the miniscule white and gold wings out of habit.

Leolin brought up his wind and Harry smiled at him, kissing him gently before handing him over to Nasta to bathe him. He sighed and sat at the kitchen table so that he could stay with Max while he cooked.

“Are you feeling okay?” His biggest mate asked him.

Harry hummed. “Yes. I just…it’s insane that we’ve been together for two and a half years now. In just three months it’ll be three years for me and Blaise. It seems…it’s incredible that it’s been so long, that we’ve shared three years of our life together. I just can’t imagine anything different now. I can’t imagine a life where I wasn’t a Dracken, where I’d never met and mated to the four of you, where I had no children. Yet, this time three years ago, I had no clue that in just a week I’d be waking up to find scales all over my body and a huge pair of mucus and blood covered wings hanging from my back.”

“I ask you all the time, but are you happy? Do you regret it?” Max asked softly.

Harry laughed. “Never.” He said strongly. “I’m still happy and still in love. We’ve had our ups and
downs…these last two months have probably been the worst in three years, but we’re getting better and I’m more certain now that we can actually overcome what happened to us.”

Max came to hold him close to that massive, muscled chest and Harry snuggled in happily.

“I’m glad that out of everything, that our love wasn’t ruined.” Max said softly.

Harry pulled back from the embrace and he reached up to tug Max down so that he could kiss him.

“It was seriously tested, but I think we’ve pulled through, with a lot of help from family and professionals.” Harry said. “Let’s not test ourselves or our love in such a drastic way ever again, okay?”

“Done deal, gorgeous.”

Harry smiled and he let Max go back to cooking and he slipped back into his own thoughts. He was truly happy still. He would never condone Draco’s actions, as he’d never condoned Blaise’s decision to leave him with a near newborn Braiden while he was pregnant, he’d forgiven them all for their neglect during that time too. He hadn’t condoned Max’s behaviour during his grief at the death of his great-grandmother Evelyn, but he had still forgiven him. He could forgive this too.

Blaise was recovering well and the instances where he was losing his memory or mixing up names was decreasing. His own scars were fading and the anger was lessening its hold on his heart. They might have needed professional help this time around, but they had sought help and it was working.

Every partnership needed work, whether it was just roommates, a business partnership, marriage or a mateship, they needed commitment and compromise to make them work and true, he would admit that most partnerships didn’t lead to the almost death of two members, but it was still the same principle. It took work and he was not just going to give up and let his mateship fall apart if there was something, anything, that he could do to prevent it. Not while he did still love all four of his mates and not while he felt that they still had something to fight for. He loved them all still, so very much, and love was always worth fighting for. Always.

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Chapter End Notes
A/N: A bit later than usual this week, I forgot what day it was and started the final read through late! But I managed to get it done with a few minutes to spare. Fingers are still crossed for an update next week too, but at the moment it’s touch and go with the, as yet, unfinished chapter 108.

That’s it for this week, I’ll hopefully be seeing you next week, but our roll has finally trickled out I believe, in favour of Spartacus crossovers. I’ve finally got around to starting that series, on the first one at the moment, though I haven’t seen the prequel yet either…so yeah, Spartacus/HP crossovers to come!

Thank you all for reading, lovelies and I hope that you all enjoyed this chapter and the visit to the Faeries! Plus some bonding with Eva and Ave, who do tend to get lost in the wash of older siblings, so I thought they needed a bit of screen time to themselves. I’ll hopefully be seeing you all next week with chapter 108, but if not, that will be coming soon, it’s not that far off being completed, but a single week might be a bit too much of an ask.

StarLight Massacre. X
Every partnership needed work, whether it was just roommates, a business partnership, marriage or a mateship, they needed commitment and compromise to make them work and true, he would admit that most partnerships didn’t lead to the almost death of two members, but it was still the same principle. It took work and he was not just going to give up and let his mateship fall apart if there was something, anything, that he could do to prevent it. Not while he did still love all four of his mates and not while he felt that they still had something to fight for. He loved them all still, so very much, and love was always worth fighting for. Always.

The morning of Harry’s nineteenth birthday got off to a bad start. At just ten past five in the morning all five of them were jolted awake by hysterical crying.

Harry sat up, scrambling about in his panicked fear, but it was Draco, who was closest to the side of the bed where their twin girls were sleeping in their cots, who reached them first.

“Shit.” He cursed, all signs of sleep vanished under his sudden alertness. “She must have been standing up.”

Draco hurried her into their en suite bathroom, but not before Harry caught a dark stain and he panicked more, knowing now that she was injured, even if they weren’t under attack.

“Was that blood?” He demanded, forcing his body out of the tangle of limbs. “Is she bleeding?”

He went straight into the bathroom to find Draco holding a damp flannel to their daughter’s face. The sink was full of blood.
“What is it?” Harry asked.

“Her mouth or nose, I couldn’t tell.” Draco said as he peeled back the damp cloth and had a look. “It’s her mouth, she must have hit it against the bar of the cot.”

“Let me see.” Harry said.

“Just calm down and let me sort her out first.” Draco insisted. “Nasta!”

“I’m here.” Nasta said from right behind them. “What do you need?”

“A bit of space.” Draco said and Harry glared at his blond mate, but he turned and walked out of the bathroom himself.

“Here, Harry.” Max distracted him with the other twin, who was perfectly fine and safe, but she had been woken up by her sister’s crying. His biggest mate handed the baby over and then he went into the bathroom, as their first aider of the family it was the best place for him to be.

Blaise was stripping the other cot of its blooded sheets. There truly wasn’t a lot of it, only a few spots, but Harry still swallowed and cuddled his daughter closer, he sniffed her gently and he knew that he was holding his Eva…Ave had been the one to hit her face on the bar of her cot.

“You’re doing so well.” Nasta praised him. “I know you want to see and hold our baby girl. I know that this is tearing you apart on the inside, but she needs to be seen to, not fussed over. I’m so proud of you.”

As stupid as it sounded, Nasta’s obvious pride that he was controlling himself and not hovering over Ave was actually making him feel better and Harry turned to snuggle into Nasta’s naked body.

“Do what you need to.” Nasta insisted firmly and Harry took that as the permission that it was to bite into the flesh at Nasta’s pectoral.
If his arms weren’t full, then he would have clutched at Nasta’s skin with his nails instead, but it made him feel better to hold something, even if it was with his teeth. He didn’t bite hard enough to draw blood, or to even really hurt Nasta, but it made him feel better, it helped him to ground himself.

“That’s it, Caru. Do what you need to. We love you, our baby girl will be fine.”

“Ave.” Harry let go to tell them, before biting down on a different part of Nasta.

“It’s Ave?” Nasta asked. Harry nodded minimally so that he didn’t hurt Nasta.

“She’s fine. She’s stopped bleeding.” Max said as he came out of the bathroom with Ave in his arms.

Harry let go of Nasta and went to take his other baby girl from Max, who handed her over happily. He took one look at her and he started crying over her and he sat back on the bed and held both his girls to his chest, still crying silently, but he couldn’t help it.

Nasta came to soothe him and Harry did eventually calm himself down, especially as both Eva and Ave were calm, one was playing with her own hair, the other was curled up against his chest.

“I suppose going back to bed is out of the question.” Blaise groaned.

“It’s only half five, Blaise. If you get back in now, you can sleep for another two hours, or even for four if you want to wake up at nine.”

Blaise nodded and he crawled back into the bed and under the duvet. Harry smiled at him and he snuggled the two girls on his chest, using just his one arm to hold them in place. He used his free hand to smooth over Blaise’s head.

“Feels nice.” Blaise muttered softly, his eyes closed, a nice smile on his mouth.

“Do you want me to put the girls back to bed?” Max asked.
Harry staved off his automatic denial and he instead took a nice, calming deep breath, looked at his two girls and then he nodded.

“Yes, they’re still tired. Later, we’re padding the bars on the cots.”

“I supposed your birthday breakfast in bed is out of the question.” Max sighed. “This is the second year in a row now! Am I ever going to get to give you breakfast in bed on your birthday?”

“There’s always next year.” Harry laughed as Nasta took the two girls from him and he was able to snuggle back down in the bed with Blaise.

Max bent over the bed and he kissed them both, him and Blaise. Then he stood back up, a thoughtful frown on his face.

“You know what?” Max declared as he lifted the duvet and climbed back in with them. “I’m going to go back to sleep for a bit too.”

Draco slid back into the bed and he grinned. “I suppose I’ll join you.”

Nasta laughed and he shook his head. “I’m too awake at the moment.” He said, even as he climbed back into the bed. “But I suppose I could just lie here and look at you all.”

“That’s fucking creepy.” Max declared.

“Max is right ‘I like watching you while you sleep’ sounds too much like the tag line for a horror film.” Harry giggled.

Nasta shifted his body hard into the rest of them, making them bump one another and Harry giggled again.

“How does it feel to be nineteen?” Draco asked him.

“No bloody different to yesterday.” Harry yawned. “No…actually I’m more tired today than I was
yesterday.” He laughed.

“Come here, you.” Max said as he tugged him in tighter to himself.

Harry rolled over and laid himself in Max’s arms, snuggling in.

“Now this is the best way to start a birthday.”

“Naked cwtching?” Nasta grinned.

“Naked cwtching.” Harry agreed with a smile as he rubbed his naked body against Max’s naked body.

“This is going to evolve into something more than just cwtching if you keep rubbing up against me like that.” Max growled playfully.

Harry laughed softly and stayed still. Blaise was breathing softly behind him and Harry knew that he was already asleep. Draco on the other side of him was still and Harry assumed that he was asleep too. He yawned again and he closed his eyes. He was determined to get a couple more hours sleep so that he could actually enjoy his birthday without getting tired later on. He wanted to keep enough energy to enjoy his privacy with his mates when all their guests were gone and their children were happily tucked up in bed. He smiled to himself, tucked up to Max’s body, he was going to damn well enjoy himself today, but first, he needed to sleep for a little longer, it was far too early to be awake.

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Harry finally made his way down the stairs at twenty past eight in the morning. Blaise and Max were still sleeping, but Nasta and Draco had both been missing from the bed. He found them both in the family room, watching over their excited kids.

Harry happily slipped onto the settee and snuggled into Draco, worming his way under his arm and pillowing his head on the blond’s chest.

“Are you okay?” Nasta asked worriedly.
“Perfectly fine. I’m just a bit sleepy still. I’m not quite fully awake yet.” Harry said through a yawn. “How’s Ave?”

“None the worse for wear.” Nasta told him. “Nothing’s bleeding and she’s crawling around and trying to stand up as normal.”

Harry sighed and relaxed back, bonelessly flopping over Draco, who snorted with laughter before repositioning him and then holding him gently.

“Do you want tea?”

Harry hummed. “Yes please.”

“Are Blaise or Max awake?”

Harry snorted himself. “No.” He declared. “They’re completely out of it. Max was still snoring when I got up.”

“On his back?” Draco smiled.

Harry nodded. “Blaise and I must have tag teamed him. He was pinned down on both sides.”

“Bo da, Mummy.” Braiden interrupted.

Harry turned to smile at him, reaching forward to cup his cheeks and he kissed him soundly on the mouth.


“Bo jor.” Braiden said next and Harry chuckled.
“Bonjour, Braiden. Good morning.”

“He’s gotten so good at that.” Draco complimented.

“He’s our smart little almost two year old.” Harry smiled.

“Two weeks.” Draco sighed. “Just two weeks and he’ll be two.”

“Then four months later we have five of them turning two.” Harry chuckled.

“Then a month after that, we’ll have our two terrors turning a year old.” Draco laughed.

“And maybe a new baby being born too.”

Draco kissed him at hearing that and his hand splayed over his belly. Harry kissed him back, winding his hands into that baby fine, platinum hair and it was only Nasta clearing his throat some minutes later that broke them apart. Harry panted breathlessly and he giggled.

“Now that was a birthday kiss.”

Nasta lifted a black eyebrow and he smirked. He put one hand behind Harry’s head, cupping the back of his neck and he all but plundered his mouth with that glorious tongue of his and he left Harry breathless and his head swimming.

“I need to have a birthday more often.” He laughed, a little gruffly.

Regan interrupted them this time, standing up and clambering onto the settee and plonking himself on Harry’s lap. Harry’s arms wrapped around him and snuggled him in close. He lifted a hand to play with the fluffy, jet black hair.

“Are you okay, Regan?” He asked.
Regan just nodded and he slumped to rest on Harry’s chest. Alarm bells rang and Harry automatically lifted a hand to press against his forehead.

“Is he warm?” Nasta asked him.

“No.” Harry said, shaking his head. He sat forward and he peered into Regan’s beautiful hazel-gold eyes. “He’s normal temperature, his eyes are normal, he’s alert.”

“Maybe he just wants a cuddle.” Draco insisted.

Harry nodded, but he looked closer at Regan. “Regan, are you feeling poorly?” He asked.

Regan shook his head.

“Something isn’t right, Nasta.” Harry said. “He’s not a loud boy, but he’s never this quiet either.”

“Pass him here.”

Harry handed Regan up to Nasta and their third son started struggling, reaching out for him, kicking his legs.

“Hold on, kid.” Nasta said as he held Regan tight and sniffed him. He sniffed all over his body, but he passed Regan back to Harry with a shake of his head. “Nothing. He smells completely healthy. Maybe he’d just a bit tired still, we’ll see after his nap.”

Harry nodded and he snuggled Regan tightly on his lap again. They didn’t need to wait for lunchtime, or for naptime, as Regan fell asleep on Harry’s lap not fifteen minutes later.

“He must have had a bad night too.” Draco sighed as he brushed a lock of black hair from Regan’s sleeping face.
“I’m going to go and put him in the other room.” Harry said.

“Don’t go in the smaller living room.” Nasta warned him. “Your birthday things are in there.”

“Really?” Harry asked, brightening up and looking at the closed double doors.

“No, Harry. You can wait for Blaise and Max to wake up.” Nasta told him with a grin.

“Aww.” He pouted, but he couldn’t stop grinning.

“Do you want to put him upstairs?” Draco asked.

Harry shook his head. “No, if he goes upstairs then there’s no telling how long he’ll sleep for and that’ll demolish his routine. It’s not that loud, I’ll keep him here with me.”

Harry cradled Regan close, looking at his sleeping face with a smile.

“Where’s Leolin?” He asked.

“In his gym.” Draco said. “Utterly transfixed by that glitter ball attachment.”

Harry craned his head and neck, moving until he could just about see Leolin in the little baby gym.

“Everyone’s okay and happy then?”

“Of course.” Draco said firmly.

“Do you want something to eat, Harry?” Nasta asked.
Harry, who had woken up feeling slightly queasy, shook his head. “No, I’m too excited to eat!” He played off with a grin. “I want more tea though, please, my gorgeous sugar daddy.”

“What did you just call me?” Nasta demanded while Draco laughed.

Harry laughed himself, trying to stay still for Regan’s benefit. Nasta placed his hands on the back of the settee and he bent down to kiss him.

“Never call me that again, it makes me sound so old.” He complained. “Not to mention perverted.”

“What’s he called you?” Blaise asked, stumbling into the family room, rubbing his eyes.

“A sugar daddy.”

Blaise stopped and then stared. “Does that mean something different in the Muggle world, because Harry, that in the wizarding world means that you’re sleeping with him for money.”

“It’s the same in the Muggle world.” Harry giggled.

“Oh, what money is he giving you?” Blaise asked. “I’ve slept with you too, where’s mine?” He demanded of Nasta.

Harry laughed happily as Nasta turned on Blaise and swept him up into his arms and gave him a passionate kiss.

“He pays with love and care.” Harry grinned.

“And phenomenal sex.” Blaise added cheekily.

“Exactly!” Harry laughed.
“You’re both terrible.” Nasta complained as he set Blaise down on the settee.

“We know.” Harry grinned. “Where’s my tea, sexy?”

Nasta snorted, shook his head and he went out into the kitchen to get them drinks.

“Happy birthday, Prezioso.” Blaise greeted him before giving him a gentle kiss.

“I’m not allowed to go into the other room until Max is up.” He pouted.

Blaise laughed and kissed him again before looking down at Regan. “Is he okay?” He asked, kissing a plump cheek.

“He’s alright as far as we can tell. I think he’s just tired.”

“He smells healthy.” Nasta agreed as he came back with a tray of tea, like Max usually did. He handed Harry his honey tea and gave Blaise a coffee.

“Oh, this is what all my wet dreams are about.” Blaise groaned as he took the mug from Nasta and inhaled the scent of coffee deeply before taking a sip and groaning.

Harry laughed happily. “All my wet dreams are about being waited on hand a foot, by my four gorgeous, naked mates who each have a different treat.”

“Oh, what treat do I hold for you?” Nasta asked him curiously.

“Draco holds my honey tea, Max has my fudge chocolate because he’s the one who always buys it for me, Blaise holds out chocolate cake, because that’s my favourite cake ever and you offer me treacle tart, because I would literally sell my body for payment in treacle tart.”

“You’d better not.” A sleepy Max growled from behind him, just catching his last comment.
Harry laughed. “But I love treacle tart. Hey, you know, Max, you’re a bit of a tart, why don’t you wear some treacle for me so I can eat you?”

“I don’t know whether to be turned on or offended that I’m being called a slut. Either way it’s too early and I’m not fully awake…and it’s your birthday too, so I’ll let it slide this once.”

Harry giggled, he was so happy and he looked up at Nasta pleadingly.

“Presents now?” He asked. “You said when Max was awake.”

“You were waiting for me? You should have come up and given me a kick!” He insisted, bending down and kissing him.

“No, I’m able to wait…a bit.” He said with a grin.

“Let Blaise and Max have their breakfasts first.”

“We’ll be having guests soon.” Draco frowned.

“No, they’ve owled their gifts to Harry and they’ll be here in the afternoon.” Nasta countered.

“There are more gifts in there?” Harry asked.

“Wait for Max and Blaise to have something to eat.”

“Just toast for me.” Blaise smiled. “I won’t keep him waiting long.”

“I’ve got it. I want tea anyway.” Max said as he stood back up.

“I’ve got it, sit down.” Nasta insisted.
“It’s Harry’s birthday, not mine.” Max chuckled.

“You’ve just woken up and I can handle toast.”

“Are you sure?” Blaise teased. “It’s not too much for you, is it? I don’t like my toast incinerated.”

“You’re not funny.” Nasta chuckled.

Harry chuckled too and he snuggled further into Draco with Regan and he sighed.

“Are you sure you don’t want anything, Harry?” Nasta asked.

“Maybe just a bit of toast.” He relented. “I’m so excited my stomach is doing flips.”

“You need to eat.” Max chastised him as Nasta went into the kitchen to get them something to eat. “No getting excited before your big present tonight.”

Harry laughed. “I can’t help it, this is my second birthday with you all and my third since I became a Dracken. I’m happy and excited.”

“Get a bit of barbequed toast down you and then we can have presents.” Max told him.

“I heard that!” Nasta called from the kitchen and that made Harry laugh harder.

When Nasta presented them with a plate of toast each, none of them said anything about the slightly charred edges, though there was a lot of covert glances at one another and suppressed smiles. Harry ate his toast happily, Regan still sleeping against his chest and he drained the rest of his tea. He was the last to finish, as usual.

“Presents now?” He asked with a grin.
Nasta chuckled. “Come on then.”

Harry was helped to his feet and helped to the next room, his mates following. Calix made sure that he was the first one through the double doors after Draco opened them.

Harry gasped as he saw the massive pile of presents.

“All for you, love.” Max assured him with a grin, falling onto the one free settee, the other one was covered in presents, with just the smallest space left for him to sit.

Harry sat in the small gap and he shook his head. “I can’t believe I have so much stuff!” He said. “Who’s it all from?”

“Everyone you know.” Nasta chuckled. “You even have a gift from the Dracken Healers. I told you that they truly liked you.”

“Seriously?” He cried.

“Yeah, this one.” Max said as he handed over a small wrapped gift. The tag did indeed say that it was from the Healer team at the Dracken Counsel Halls.

Harry opened it as best as he could with Regan still sleeping against his chest and he laughed as he unwrapped a dragon teddy. Someone had taken the time to wrap it up in bandages.

“They’re not funny.” He said, but he giggled regardless.

“Mama!” Calix, who was by his feet, reached out for the teddy. Harry handed it over and watched as Calix turned it over in his hands and then toddled off with it.

“At least that’s one use for it.” Harry laughed.
“Open your cards.” Blaise insisted as he handed over a wad of envelopes.

Harry opened the multitude of different coloured envelopes and noted who they were from. Myron, Richard and Ashleigh. Julinda, Talia and Alayla. Caesar, Amelle, Eleonora and Beatrice. Hagrid. Henley, Anabel, Claudia and baby Harry. Sanex and Crista. Aneirin. Alexander and Kimberly. Marianna and Josiah. Arsenio. Hermione. Seamus. Dean. Neville. Luna. Professor Dumbledore. A million of them were from Max’s Aunts and Uncles, Cepheus had made a rude comment about how much he could fit in his mouth, seriously he was never going to let that incident go. There was a card from the Weasleys, one from someone called Sixten, who was also a Dracken and apparently Nasta’s best friend who worked on a Dragon Reserve in Sweden, and then one from Lucius and Narcissa and another from Remus, Tonks and baby Teddy. Then there were the cards from his mates, one each, each declaring undying love, which made him laugh and then another very large card, from his babies. It was signed with their handprints, which was becoming more of a tradition now since Harry had done it first for Draco’s eighteenth birthday.

“Do we even have the space for all of these?” He giggled happily as he looked at them all.

“Of course.” Nasta insisted as he took them from him and placed them up on the cupboards and sideboards and then all over the windowsill.

Harry looked at them all and he smiled.

“Presents now.” Max said excitedly.

“I don’t know where to even start.” He laughed.

“Mummy.”

Harry looked over the side of the settee to Braiden and he hefted his almost two year old up and sat him down on his knees, being careful of the sleeping Regan.

“You’ll be doing this soon.” He smiled. “Two weeks and you’ll be two years old!”

Braiden clapped his hands and Harry laughed. He picked up the first present nearest to him, he
read the tag and saw that it was from Mr and Mrs Weasley.

He opened it up, very awkwardly around the two babies he had on his lap, and he grinned at the home baked fudge and mini treacle tarts. He ate one of the tarts right off.

“She must think that you don’t feed me.” He giggled. Max looked faintly offended and that made Harry properly laugh. He laughed even harder when he saw that all of his mates had taken offence to the thought that others believed that they weren’t providing adequately for him.

He put the box down and swore to keep an eye on it…and the rest of his horde. He would be very disappointed in his friends if they didn’t give him half a sweetshop and he would have to protect it from Nasta.

He was correct in his knowledge of his friends. Neville had given him the biggest box of chocolate frogs he’d ever seen, Seamus and Dean had both given him a collection of specialist sweets, including Pepper Imps, Sugared Butterfly Wings and Treacle fudge…Harry popped a piece of the latter straight into his mouth and chewed happily.

Hermione had knitted him what he assumed was supposed to be a vest, but it had ended up looking more like something that Ginny would have sent him, as he put it on with Blaise’s help and found it rather lopsided on his shoulders and a bit too long, making it seem like he was wearing a knitted dress instead. She’d also given him a Defence book, so he wasn’t too upset with his vest.

He was surprised, and touched, to have received yet another pair of socks from Dobby. One was red with gold lions on it, the other gold with red dragons. Harry immediately pulled off his socks and slipped the new ones on, throwing his old pair onto the floor for Draco to tut over and pick up. It made him grin.

“Do you want me to take Regan?” Blaise asked. “You can’t do this quickly with him on you.”

Harry held his son closer, then realised that he was being unreasonable, Regan smelt fine, he was just tired, so he gave Regan a kiss and handed him over gently to Blaise.

Nasta smiled at him in that happy, proud way and Harry ducked his head in embarrassment. He chuckled a bit and then seized the next present.

It took him forever to unwrap everything, but at least his children were enjoying it, as they had migrated into the smaller living room to play in the sea of wrapping paper. That was making Harry so happy, to see them shrieking and giggling as they tore colourful paper or batted it about.

The first present he picked up from one of his mates was a huge, heavy box…it was from Max.

“I’m scared to open it.” Harry confessed with a giggle, as Max immediately came to help him so he didn’t pull any of his healing muscles.
“You’ll like it.” Max promised with a grin.

Harry giggled again. “Will I like it or will you?”

“You.” Max insisted as Harry tore the paper from the box and draped it around a laughing Farren.

Harry opened the box and then he just stared. A moment later the biggest grin took over his face and he threw himself at Max.

“Thank you. Thank you!” He declared, kissing Max all over his face.

Max laughed. “I knew you’d like it.”

“What the hell has he gotten you?” Draco asked.

“Yeah, I want that treatment when you open my gift.” Blaise laughed.

Harry turned and he opened the box to show his mates that inside had to have been a few hundred chocolate bars…his favourite fudge chocolate bars.

“There has to be three hundred chocolate bars in that box!” Draco said in shock.

“Three hundred and sixty-five.” Max declared happily. “One for every single day until his next birthday.”

Harry made a happy noise and turned to snuggle back into his mate.

“I made sure they were single chocolate bars, as to appease our gorgeous top dominant, but I doubt you mind much.”
“Not at all.” Harry insisted as he plunged his hand into the box and just felt them all.

“If you want I can tip them onto the bed so you can sleep with them all.” Max joked as he watched him.

Harry laughed and turned to kiss Max again. He went back to his remaining presents, unwrapping clothes, books, Quidditch gear, more broom wax, the newest joke items from Fred and George and then he picked up Blaise’s gift and he sent a grin to his first mate and unwrapped it.

It was another box, but this one turned out to be a pamper box.

“How’s it go?” He said with a grin as he unearthed the jar, it was slightly darker than the usual honey he used. It was also set and not runny.

“Specialist imported honey.” Blaise told him.

Harry opened the jar and smeared a bit on his finger and popped it into his mouth.

“Mmmm.” He said. “I’m going to have to ration this, it’s gorgeous.”

“Better than your usual honey?” Blaise asked.

Harry nodded. “This is going to be special occasion honey.”

“So you’ll put it away until Christmas?” Max chuckled.

Harry shook his head. “It’s my birthday today. All tea made today will be with this. Then Braiden’s birthday is in two weeks, honey for that day too.”

His mates laughed at him as Harry continued looking through the box, finding oils and aromatherapy candles.

“This is spa stuff.” Harry grinned.
“Remember I kept going out in the evenings for twelve weeks?” Blaise said with a grin.

“Yeah, you were going job hunting.”

“No I wasn’t. I was going to evening classes.” Blaise said with a grin. “To learn something that can benefit all of you.”

“You took massage classes, didn’t you?” Harry gasped.

“Well, I didn’t think it was fair that only you know how to give a good massage and you get a shitty one from us back. So I’m now qualified to give proper massages.”

Harry screeched and leapt up to hug Blaise. “Can I have one later?” He asked.

“You can have one whenever you want, Bello. You only need to ask now.”

“That’s so sneaky!” Harry told him. “Telling us you’re going job hunting and going to evening classes! We believed you!”

“Do you like your gift?”

“Do I…? Of course I do!” He giggled. “I get first dibs on your glorious hands, though.” He insisted.

“Of course, it was for your birthday after all. I just hope that I…that I haven’t forgotten anything with the…you know.”

“I’m sure you’ll be fine.” Harry insisted, giving Blaise a kiss. “Just start slowly and let your hands remember everything that you were taught.”

Harry moved back to his now slightly bigger space and he opened more presents, noting what was
off of who, and then he unearthed Draco’s gift. He grinned as he opened it and found another pamper box, but full of the gorgeous citrus scented body washes and bubble baths that he loved.

Harry laughed as he saw them, picking out lime, orange, lemon, grapefruit and even pineapple scented body washes, soaps and bubble baths.

“You’re going to be so edible after using those.” Max grinned.

Harry stood up and he kissed Draco and gave him a hug. “Thank you, my lime body wash is running low.”

“I love you smelling of limes.” Nasta declared.

“That’s why it’s running low. You’re the only one who voiced a preference, so I wear lime more than any of the others.”

“I like you smelling of oranges.” Blaise said immediately.

“Lemon or lime.” Draco smirked.

“Grapefruit.” Max winked.

Harry laughed and shook his head. “I wonder if I mixed them then I’d smell like fruit cocktail.”

“I stopped listening at cock.” Max laughed.

“Mummy.” Harry looked to Calix and hefted him up, kissing him and placing him in the middle of all the colourful paper.

Calix giggled and kicked his legs and flapped his arms, sending the paper everywhere. Harry chuckled and he went to finish off the last of his gifts.

When he’d unwrapped the last one, he looked around for any others that he might have missed, moving the mass of paper out of the way and then he sat with a frown when he didn’t find any.
“What’s the matter?” Max asked.

“Surely you got enough?” Blaise asked him.

“I did. I got more than enough.” Harry said distractedly. “It’s just…”

“Just what? What’s wrong?” Draco asked him. “Was there something that you wanted and didn’t get? You only have to say, Harry and it’s yours.”

Harry looked up at Nasta. He didn’t want to sound ungrateful, but Nasta was the only one of his mates who hadn’t given him a gift, but he didn’t want to be presumptuous and ask for it. Thankfully Nasta himself put him out of his misery.

“My gift couldn’t be wrapped.” Nasta told him softly.

“Oh, that’s why he looks like he’s been crushed!” Max sighed. “You never gave him a present, how could you?!” Max teased. “That’s so cruel of you.”

“As if I would ever not take a chance to spoil you.” Nasta chuckled as he reached into his back pocket and handed over a small envelope.

“Thank you.” Harry said with a shy smile. He opened the envelope and pulled out five tickets. It was only when he read the top ticket that he stood up excitedly. “Is this…?”

“Tickets to visit the England Quidditch team at their stadium and to have a flying experience with them.” Nasta smiled. “They usually won’t do it unless it’s for a special request. As soon as they heard that it was for you however, with your Hogwarts reputation preceding you, they agreed immediately.”

“Nasta, thank you!” Harry stood and hugged him, pulling his head down for a kiss.

“Yeah, Nas, thanks for one upping us all.” Max teased.
“No one has one upped anyone!” Harry hissed. “I love all of my gifts, even the socks off of Dobby. They’re all wonderful and thoughtful in their own way. I love my body pampering kit, I love my chocolate and I love that Blaise went for lessons just to give me a proper massage! I love all of my gifts and I won’t have anyone saying anything about any of them.”

“I was only joking.” Max insisted as he pulled Harry back onto his lap and kissed him.

“Me too!” Tegan demanded from the floor.

Max reached down and hefted her up one armed and he kissed her with a big, smacking sound. She giggled and Harry did the same and snuggled her in close.

“Let me sort out this rubbish.” Draco said. Harry chuckled, he’d wondered when Draco would snap over the rubbish all over the floor.

“I don’t want any of my presents going missing.” Harry directed at Nasta.

“As long as you pace yourself with the edible ones and don’t binge, I don’t care that you have so much.” Nasta insisted. “But for today, you can have as much as you want.” He relented with a smile.

Harry cheered and reached for Max’s box of chocolate. “Max, my love, I need tea.”

“Coming up, gorgeous.”

“Don’t forget this.” Harry said, digging in Blaise’s box and finding the jar of imported honey. “I want to see what it tastes like in tea.”

“Whatever you want today, dear.”

Harry snorted as he tore the wrapper from his chocolate and took a big bite. He moaned happily and fell back against the seat.
“I love this chocolate. It’s my favourite ever.”

“So we’ve noticed.” Nasta chuckled.

“Mummy, bisky.” Farren came over to remind him that it was gone eleven in the morning and that he wanted a snack.

“Do you want some apple too?” Harry asked.

“Gapes!” Farren corrected.

“Oh hell, do we have grapes?” Harry asked, moving to get up.

“I’ve got it.” Nasta said. “Farren, come with me to the kitchen.” He said clearly as he walked off and Farren hurried after him.

Harry smiled after him before he hefted up Braiden as he toddled past and kissed him repeatedly, much to shrieks and giggles.

“Who’s my big boy?!” Harry cooed.

Braiden laughed and pushed at his head. “Mummy, no.”

“Yes, baby.” Harry said as he rolled Braiden over onto his belly and tickled him.

A small whine had him looking over to Regan, who was wriggling and fist ing his eyes. He blinked them open and looked up at Draco.

“Daddy.” He said sleepily.
Draco kissed Regan and slowly sat him up in his lap.

“Are you okay, Regan?” Draco asked him.

“Yuh.” He said as he yawned and then rested back a moment.

“Egan.” Braiden called out happily.

Regan looked over and he giggled as he saw his big brother. “Bay.”

Harry allowed Braiden to climb down from his lap with no help and he went back to his chocolate as Braiden went to sit up with Draco and Regan.

Blaise shifted to his settee and he sat next to him now that there was room and he snuggled in. Harry shifted so that Blaise had more room on his chest and he wrapped an arm around Blaise and kissed his head and he settled in.

“This is nice.” He said. “Only…Max!” He called out. “Where’s my tea?”

“Right here, your highness, please don’t take my head.” Max said as he placed the cup down on the coffee table and got onto his knees, his forehead touching the edge of the settee as he bent down in supplication, his hands raised in a wordless plea.

“It depends which one I fancy.” Harry replied. “There’s a certain head that I do want.”

Max looked faintly shocked as he looked up at him, then he threw his head back and laughed hard.

“Harry!” Draco chastised him. “No smut before the afternoon, it’s too early.”

Harry gave a rather dirty chuckle and Max laughed again before bending over him and kissing him.

“I love you so much.” Max declared.
“Did we have grapes?” He asked.

“Well I’ve got two plums if you want…”

Harry cut the rest of Max’s sentence off with a loud, boisterous round of laughter that left him breathless with tears in his eyes.

“What is it? What happened?” Nasta asked.

“They’re being filthy.”

Harry heard Nasta sigh and he wiped his eyes and looked over the back of the settee at Nasta.

“Did we have grapes for Farren?”

“Yes, I cut them in half too, don’t worry.”

Nasta put a bowl of grape halves onto the coffee table and Regan shifted from Draco’s lap, down to the floor and he toddled to the bowl, grabbing a handful and chewing on them one by one.

Harry smiled and sat up, moving Blaise with a lingering kiss. He went into the larger family room and he checked on his twin girls and Leolin.

Leolin was still in his gym, but he’d fallen asleep. Harry left him where he was. The twin girls were awake and grizzling. Harry picked them both up and he took them into the smaller living room.

“Where’s Leolin?” Draco asked.

“Baba Eoin!” Braiden called out, turning to look into the other room.

He toddled off to the baby gym and peered at his brother. Harry waited to see if Braiden would report correctly about Leolin as he came hurrying back.
“Baba Eoin sleeping, Daddy.” He said to Draco.

“Merlin, I love this kid so much.” Max declared, going to his knees and pulling Braiden into a hug and kissing him. “You’re a good boy, Braiden.”

Braiden giggled and broke away, going to play with a bunch of plastic cars. Harry put the two girls onto the floor and he watched them all happily.

Calix was motoring around the floor, Braiden playing, Regan eating grape halves, Farren was sitting out of the way with a biscuit and Tegan was talking to her penguin, three dummies lined up in front of her, she kept pointing to one of them before talking more to her penguin before pointing to another. Harry got the impression that she was narrating a story for the penguin about the three dummies, it was adorable.

He took a deep breath and went to crack open one of his new Defence books. He drank his tea, snuck another couple of Mrs Weasley’s treacle tarts and he occasionally looked up at his children. Nasta had been roped into playing cars with Braiden and Regan, Draco was brushing Farren’s hair and Blaise didn’t take his eyes from the twin girls.

“Does anyone want lunch? I’m doing the kids broccoli and cheese pasta today.” Max called out from behind him.

“Yes!” Harry said, peeking up from his book.

Max laughed. “Okay, birthday boy. You can have some too.”

Harry went back to his book, at least until the floo flared and Caesar came through with Eleonora.

“Hey, Harry. Happy birthday!” He greeted.

“Hi, Caesar. How are you and Nora?”

“Great. This little missy is too.”
Amelle came through with Beatrice and Harry stood to greet her.

“Are we too early?” She fretted.

“Of course not. Thank you so much for my card and gift.”

“Max said that you wanted to spend the morning to yourselves.”

Harry nodded. “Not that it did much good. Ave bumped her chin into the bar of her cot at five in the morning. So we spent the time we were supposed to be together catching up on sleep.”

Caesar laughed then. “So your morning sex was ruined?”


“She’s fine.” Harry said looking around his feet and then going to snatch Ave from the floor. “See?”

Amelle took Ave and handed him baby Bea and Harry cooed over her.

“I thought I heard your droning voice!” Max came in, wooden spoon in hand, dark green apron on over his tee-shirt and shorts, addressing Caesar.

“We are too early!” Amelle said.

“Of course you’re not. I’m just feeding the kids lunch.” Max waved away. “Has Nora eaten?”

“Yeah, but she won’t say no to more.” Caesar chuckled. “What are you making?”

“Only a bit of pasta, there’s plenty there for her.”
“Daddy, put me down.” Eleonora interrupted Caesar as he went to open his mouth. He laughed instead.

“That’s me told.” He said instead, placing Nora on the floor. “You want a hand, Max?”

“Nah, you can keep me company though.” Max said as he headed back to the kitchen.

Caesar followed him and Eleonora immediately went to Farren and sat by him.

“Hi baby.” She greeted him. “Can I play?”

“Muma.” Farren said, seeking him out.

“This is Eleonora, Farren. Your cousin. It’s okay to play.”

Farren nodded and he handed Nora a wooden block. Harry smiled at them and went to the sideboard, getting out his camera. He snapped several photos of them, then of Amelle.

“Oh don’t, I look awful.” She said.

“You look gorgeous.” Harry insisted. “Pose a bit for me.”

Amelle laughed, but did as he’d told her to do. She pulled some rather stupid poses and they both laughed.

“Promise me you’ll destroy the ones that look awful.”

“I promise, but I doubt there will be any.” He said. “Smile, Draco.”
Draco pulled his patented smirk out of thin air and Harry took his photo.

“That wasn’t a smile.” He scoffed. He turned the camera on himself and he pulled the worst face he could think of as he took the picture. He laughed happily afterwards.

“That wasn’t a smile either.” Draco told him.

Harry just grinned, walked over to sit himself on Blaise and he put their heads together and took a photo.

“You’ve probably cut half our heads off somewhere.” Blaise told him.

“Give it here.” Amelle chuckled. She took the camera from him and Harry adjusted baby Bea and he smiled happily. “Say cheese.”

“Why?” Blaise said at the same time that Harry happily said cheese.

“Why cheese?” Draco asked.

“It’s a word that shows off the teeth and because you’re saying a word, it’s more natural than forcing a smile.” Harry told them.

“Oh.”

Harry chuckled and he kissed Blaise before putting Beatrice onto the floor. She crawled off towards the doll house in the corner.

“There are no small parts, are there?” Amelle asked worriedly.

“Nothing smaller than a golf ball.” Harry nodded. “It’s all hard plastic too. Nothing that can be pushed up noses or into ears and nothing small enough, or detachable, so it can’t be swallowed.”
“I should have…I lost my Dracken for a bit then. Sorry.”

“It’s fine. No offence taken. If you needed to be sure, you needed to be sure.” Harry told her kindly.

Amelle smiled at him and Harry smiled back.

“Harry, lunch is up.” Max called from the kitchen.

“Farren, go to the kitchen, love. It’s lunchtime.” Harry told him and his little boy stood up quickly and he ran to the kitchen.

Harry laughed and rounded up the others.

“Braiden. Go to the kitchen, love.” Harry told his oldest child.

Between them, they got all the kids to the kitchen and Harry sat down with his own small plate of pasta.

“I’m surprised you’re still hungry with that mass of candy I saw in the living room.” Caesar said.

“I’m still not used to handling too much food, my stomach stretches painfully if I eat too much, so I save most of the room for normal meals, but I’ve been getting so much better.” He said with a smile. “All those sweets in there will be eaten…even if it does take me to my next birthday to manage it.” He laughed.

He ate his pasta happily, watching his babies as they tried to use forks and spoons to eat their pasta and broccoli. Calix grew bored of using his spoon and not getting any food, so he threw the spoon to the floor and picked up a piece of pasta with his fingers and jammed it into his mouth.

“I saw that coming.” Max said as he picked up the plastic spoon and dropped it into the sink with the saucepan, cheese grater and other bits that he’d used to make lunch. He hadn’t washed up yet because he was busy taking platters from the fridge or from the back of the counter and taking them outside with Nasta’s help.
“He’s still not used to utensils?” Caesar asked.

“No, he really likes using his hands.”

“He likes making a mess.” Harry chuckled before popping more pasta into his mouth.

“Hello?” Someone called out from the living room.

Harry leapt up mid chew and ran to the living room to hug Richard, swallowing hard and barrelling into his Father-in-law.

Richard laughed and pulled him from his feet.

“Myron, help! I’m being attacked by a nineteen year old softie!”

Myron, who was stood just behind his mate, snorted. “You look fine to me.”

“You’re a horrid mate!” Richard declared.

A moment later Myron’s massive arms wrapped around them both and squeezed. Harry laughed, Richard complained and Myron shut him up with a kiss.

“Oh, gross!” Max cried. “Stop slobbering over the top of my poor mate! He doesn’t want you snogging over his head.”

Harry was extracted from Myron and Richard by Max and he had his eyes covered by a large hand and he laughed harder.

“Happy birthday, Harry.” Myron told him. Harry pulled Max’s hand away from his eyes and he grinned.
“Thank you. Thank you for my card and gift!”

“Think nothing of it, love.” Richard told him. “Where are the rugrats?”

“In the kitchen, eating their lunches, like this one should be.” Max answered, carrying Harry back through the corridors to the kitchen, putting him down in front of his plate.

“Baby boy!” Richard cried out, grappling Caesar into a headlock.

“Don’t snap his neck, Richard.” Myron complained before giving up as Caesar gave back as good as he could get and they started wrestling. “How are you today, Amelle?” He turned and asked instead.

Amelle giggled at her mate and Father-in-law for a moment. “Fine thank you, and yourself?”

“I’d feel better if I didn’t have to deal with this.” He indicated to Richard and Caesar. “How are the girls?”

“Nora’s having a second lunch and Beatrice is in the family room with Eva and Ave, enjoying the run of the place for once.”

“Draco’s watching them.” Harry said, just in case anyone thought that they’d left the three youngest babies on their own.”

“I assumed as such when I didn’t see him.” Myron smiled at him, ruffling his hair. “Who do I have to beg for a cup of coffee?”

“Nasta.” Harry said immediately.

“Not today.” Nasta said as he helped Regan eat as their boy was getting frustrated having the pasta continually falling from his fork.

“I got it.” Max insisted. “Harry, do you want more tea?”
“Yes! Don’t forget my special honey!”

“You have special honey now?” Richard asked as he stood and hefted Caesar up from the floor.

“Blaise got it for me for my birthday. Man-something.”

“Manuka.” Nasta said. “Imported all the way from New Zealand just for Harry to enjoy in his tea.”

“It’s gorgeous too!” Harry declared as he finished his lunch and pushed his empty plate away.

“Just don’t let any of the kids get near any honey.” Myron warned.

“We’re always well aware of such things.” Nasta said easily. “It’s kept in the cupboards and it’s never left out.”

“What?” Harry asked with a frown.

Several people turned to look at him and he felt like he was missing something.

“Babies can’t have honey, Harry.” Nasta told him.

“Well, of course not. It’s pure sugar.” He said.

“No, Harry. Honey can sometimes be contaminated with certain spores that are toxic to babies. That’s why they put a warning on the back to never give honey to babies under twelve months old.” Nasta told him.

Harry blinked. “I thought that that warning was because it was just all sugar.” He said, feeling hollow. “Are you saying that that’s not the case?”
“No.” Myron said. “The spores in contaminated honey can germinate in a baby’s gut and release powerful toxins that can cause a variety of problems and eventually lead to full body paralysis. These spores have no effect on adults or babies over a year old. The condition is called infant botulism and it is very rare, but honey is a source of the spore and thus should never be given to an infant under twelve months of age.”

Harry felt like he couldn’t breathe. “Get rid of it.” He said, his heart pounding and his body feeling cold. “All of it, get rid of it, now.”

“Harry, you don’t have to get rid of your honey or any honey related products.” Nasta sat beside him and explained gently. “Babies under a year old are not going to feed themselves honey, they rely on us for everything. Even if they could get one of the jars, there’s no way that they could open it.”

Nasta held him close and held his head by the crook of his neck, releasing his calming pheromones to ease Harry back down and out of his feral Dracken mind-set that only saw a threat to his babies and not the logic behind them not being able to get the jars, or open them. It had been almost two years and Harry had been drinking honey tea before any of them had even met him. Not once had there been an incident with their children even getting close to any honey related products and none of them would have fed them anything with honey in it. Harry might not have known the true reason behind not giving babies under a year old honey, but the warnings on the jar labels was enough to stop most people from giving honey to their infants.

“Nasta is right.” Myron said. “We kept honey around the kids too, and not once did any of them get infant botulism. As I said it is a very rare illness, Harry. There’s no need to fret or to throw away any honey that you have. As long as you don’t force a spoonful of honey into their mouths, they’re going to be just fine.”

Harry nodded, much calmer now that he had been reassured. He just didn’t much like the fact that he had had a potential danger to his babies in the house for all this time and he hadn’t known. He wouldn’t have fed his babies honey, but if any of them had picked up his cup and drank a mouthful of his tea…he would be aware of that now in the future. He would not leave his tea at all unattended with his young girls crawling around and getting into things now that they were finding their feet so early.

Now suitably calm Harry stood up and stretched. He picked up Calix, who was finished eating, and he put him on the floor. His little explorer immediately took off towards the open back door.

“Of course he would want to go outside.” Harry chuckled, trying to get himself back into his happy, joyous mood of that morning, before he’d found out that his love of honey could have caused paralysis to his children if they’d ingested it. “Not until after your nap.” He told his son, picking him back up and carrying him into the family room.
He put Calix down and sat himself behind Draco, who was sat on the floor, playing with Eva while keeping an eye on Ave and Bea. Harry bent forward and kissed his cheek before sitting back with a groan.

“How’s Leolin?”

“He’s still asleep. He must be having a mini growth spurt. He’s been sleeping a lot more lately.”

Harry nodded. He’d noticed the same. “Nasta thinks he might be preparing to get his first tooth.”

“Oh, yes, that should be coming up soon.”

“Yes, eighteen months is average.” Harry nodded. “He’s nineteen now, so it could be any day. I’ve been checking, but he doesn’t look like he’s getting anything through. His gums are still pink, no red spots or peeks of white. I’ll keep checking though.”

“Tea’s up, lovers.” Max said with a grin, coming into the family room with a tray with two cups and three bottles. “Do those girls need a bottle? I think they do!” He cooed to them.

Harry chuckled and he picked up his tea and he moaned around the first sip.

“Good?” Max smiled at him.

“So good.” He said happily. “Thank you.”

“Ah!” Ave declared from his legs and Harry put his cup down and picked her up with a groan, settling her on his lap.

“What’s the matter, trouble?” He asked with a smile. “Do you want your bottle?”

Harry took the bottle handed to him by Draco and he prodded it into her mouth. Ave took the bottle
from him and she fed herself and Harry picked up his tea again and he drank as Ave suckled her milk.

Max was feeding Eva and Draco was lost in thought for a moment, so Harry kept an eye on Beatrice, though the nine month old was very happy to crawl around exploring the new room.

Ave slipped from his lap and Harry supported her, lest she fall on the bottle in her mouth and reopen her wound, and she toddled around, drinking from her bottle and Harry sat back and sighed.

“They’re growing so big now.” He said softly.

Immediately Max and Draco moved to comfort him.

“It’s alright, we’ll have a new baby soon.” Max soothed him.

“If you haven’t caught with this heat period there’s always the next one.” Draco told him gently, lacing their hands together.

Harry nodded. “I know, I just…they’re so big, they can feed themselves now, they’re up on their feet. I just can’t believe that they’re coming up to seven months now and they’re coming on so well! Most seven month olds are not this forward or this mobile.”

“It’ll be okay, love.” Max assured him, bending down and kissing him, Eva still in his arms.

“At least we have Leolin. He’s not going to be up on his feet any time soon.” Draco told him.

Harry nodded and he stood and he went to the baby gym, kneeling down and stroking Leolin’s cheek. He was still thin, but he no longer looked skeletal. His time in the hospital was slowly being erased.

At the touch, Leolin’s eyes moved under his eyelids and he wriggled.

“Leolin.” Harry called out gently. “Wake up, love.”

“Ma.” He replied sleepily, his eyes still closed.
Harry smiled and he waited patiently for Leolin to wake himself up.

“I’ve got a nice warm bottle waiting for you.” Harry coaxed.

Leolin’s arms lifted towards him and Harry’s face slipped into an adoring smile as he gently and carefully picked Leolin up from his baby gym, supporting his head and neck on reflex and he snuggled his tiny Faerie in close.

Harry stood and carried his Faerie baby back to the settee and he took the bottle handed to him by Max. He prodded it at Leolin’s mouth gently, waiting for his brain to catch up with what was going on as his lips parted and Harry could put the teat into his mouth, allowing him to feed.

“There you are, Harry. Ezrah and Lathen have arrived.” Nasta said.

“Hi Ezrah, hi Lathen!” Harry greeted happily.

“It is hard to believe you are only just nineteen years of age.” Ezrah laughed as he came to greet him, then he caught sight of what he was doing. “Oh, little Leolin.”

“Yeah, come here, Ezrah, sit by me.”

Ezrah did as he’d been told and Harry easily transferred Leolin over to him, keeping the bottle in his mouth until Ezrah had hold of it. Still the young Fae flapped.

“Oh, you’re letting me feed him? I’ve never fed a babe before, Harry!” He said fretfully.

“And you’d never held a babe before when I let you hold mine and you were absolutely fine. You can hardly do it wrong, Ezrah.” Harry said with a smile. “Leolin does all of the work, you just have to hold the bottle and keep the milk level over the bulb.”

Ezrah nodded with a look of pure concentration on his face and Harry smiled, standing up and moving to the kitchen, Lathen gently touched his arm and bent down to him.

“Thank you.” He said softly into his ear.
Harry smiled at him. “Think of it as a bit of practice for when you have your own.” Harry whispered back with a wink before he waltzed into the kitchen.

“There he is, hello sweetheart. Happy birthday.” Kimberly greeted him, coming to cup his chin and kiss his cheek.

Harry chuckled and hugged her tight. “Thank you.”

“How are the other little ones?”

“Eva and Ave have just finished a bottle, Leolin is having his and Beatrice is rubbing her face all over the back door.” He laughed.

Caesar laughed, but Amelle just rolled her eyes and went to get her daughter, who she insisted took after her Father too much.

“Are the others down for their nap?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, I caught Calix trying to go out the back door again and took him up to his cot, whether they sleep or not is another matter, but a bit of quiet time will do them some good, but we have quite a few guests now, so it’s time to move this party outside.”

Nasta slid open the door onto the back porch and Caesar was the first out and he went straight down the slide.

“I’ve wanted to do that since I first saw it!” He cried out happily from the lawn.

Harry laughed, but he heard Myron groaning and that made him laugh more.

His mates had set up a huge sheet on the grass for the kids with some spare toys, it was close to the little play area they had for the kids near the bottom of the porch, right where Caesar had gone down the slide.

The massive porch, which was like an extra room as it was covered over, was bigger at either end,
circular, like a castle tower, so that it could fit two huge round tables that could sit twenty people each. Max had had them custom made and Nasta had ordered the porch to be built around the two tables at either end.

“I’ll never get over the size of this house.” Richard chuckled. “This porch is amazing!”

Harry smiled and he went down to the warded tables that were set up on the grass, careful and slow with the several steps. He used his wand to remove the covers from them to reveal the party food and drinks that Max and Nasta had set up while Harry had been eating with the kids.

Draco carried the two girls out and placed them on the sheet. Ezrah followed with Leolin, but he looked worriedly to the sun and he covered Leolin as much as he could. Harry helped out by popping up the three large patio umbrellas and moving them until the sheet was cast completely in shade.

“Is he okay to go on the floor?” Ezrah asked worriedly.

“Sure.” Harry said as he took his beautiful scowly boy from Ezrah and kissed him.

He put Leolin on his belly, close to the edge of the blanket so that he could feel the soft grass. His Faerie son immediately rested his hands on the grass and rubbed his face on the sheet.

“He loves grass.” Harry smiled. “Sit down with him if you want to, Ezrah.” Harry said with a smile. “If not, he’ll be just fine on his own. He’s not going anywhere.”

Harry went to greet Aneirin with a big hug and an excited noise and he chuckled as he was pulled off of his feet. Nasta had told him that his Father might not be able to come today, because of work commitments, so Harry was extra excited to see him.

“How are you?” Aneirin asked.

“Wonderful!” Harry said. “Thank you for my card and present!”

“It was nothing.” Aneirin told him. “Have those boys been treating you right?”
Harry nodded. “Yes. I’ve been so spoilt.” He giggled. “I thought you were working today?”

“I wouldn’t miss your birthday. I moved some things around.” Aneirin told him.

“The kids are down for a nap at the moment, but the younger ones are being very stubborn and Leolin’s only just woken up.”

“Where is my little grandson?” Aneirin smiled as he went and hefted Leolin up, kissing his little mouth before replacing him back, half on the grass, when he made an angry, frustrated noise and scowled. “That’s me told.” Aneirin laughed.

“He loves the grass. Just don’t give him flowers, he gets the pollen all over his face and he tries to lick it off!” Harry said with a grin.

“Harry!”

Harry turned at the sound of his name and he made an excited noise and went to hug Henley, who had gotten much taller since Harry had last seen him. He was picked up and swung around yet again and he laughed.

“Henley! How are you?! You’ve gotten taller!” Harry said in a rush.

“Happy birthday! I’m great and yeah, I have gotten taller, five inches since I last saw you.”

“I can see that! Where’s Anabel, Claudia and baby Harry?”

“Harry dirtied a nappy, so Blaise directed Ana to the changing station you’ve set up.”

Harry nodded and he pulled Henley over to the drinks table and he got himself a red drink. It turned out to be strawberry flavoured.

“None of these are alcoholic are they?” Henley asked, even as he took a blue drink and sipped it.
“Knowing my mates, no.” Harry smiled. “We’re waiting on baby news.” He added as he placed a hand on his flat belly.

Henley’s eyes widened. “Congratulations!” He said. “How many heat periods have you had, or is that rude of me to ask?”

Harry laughed. “My first one since the girls. It was fertile straight off.”

Henley laughed. “Of course it was, this is you we’re talking about now! I bet you’re pregnant.”

“I’ll owl you.” Harry winked.

Anabel came to stand by her mate and she greeted him with those wide eyes filled with hero worship.

“Hi Anabel.” He greeted politely. “Did you sort baby Harry out okay?”

“Yes, thank you. I wasn’t sure if you’d have his size nappy.”

“We’re fully stocked.” Harry said. “There’s going to be a lot of kids running around, so we made sure to stock a pack of every sized nappy there is.” He laughed.

Henley took his daughter from his mate and he introduced them softly. Claudia hid her face shyly.

“You’re not shy.” Henley teased her gently, working a finger into her belly.

“Claudia, do you want to go in the play area?”

The little girl peeked out at him, then to where he was pointing. She nodded her head.
“Go on then.” Harry encouraged.

She giggled and Henley placed her down and she was gone. She was just a few weeks older than his quintuplets, but she had been a singleton and as such, she was much more developed and forward as she darted past a shocked, terrified group of Faeries and climbed the little castle and happily went down the slide.

A sleepy Braiden toddled out onto the decking holding Max’s hand, who was almost bent double and led him to the slide and sat him on it.

“Max! He’s tired!” Harry said warningly.

Max, who’d looked up as soon as Harry had shouted his name, nodded and he spoke to Braiden and then he hurried down the porch steps and then held his arms out. Braiden shuffled forward and went down the big slide and Max caught him, picking him up and kissing him.

Harry shook his head and got another drink, a green one this time, which turned out to be apple flavoured.

“He didn’t go down for very long.” Blaise came over to tell him.

Harry nodded. “There are too many people here, he knows that something’s going on. Calix will be up next.”

Harry watched as Braiden saw Eleonora on the play area and all remnants of sleep were gone as he too darted past shocked Faeries and went to clamber over the equipment.

Harry had to smile at their shocked, concerned faces as they watched Braiden manoeuvre himself up the steps, over the short, wobbly bridge and then down the much smaller slide. He laughed happily, clapped his hands and then got up off his bum and went back around.

Harry made his way to the Faeries, who looked about ready to panic.

“Thank you for coming.” He said genuinely.

“Thank you for inviting us to the day of your birth.” Eitri insisted with a smile. “It is hard to believe that you are just nineteen, a mere baby to us, yet you already have your own babes, rather a few of them too.”
Harry grinned. “I’m not going to stop at just eight either.” He chuckled.

“Eight babes at nineteen. The gods truly bless you and your partners.”

Harry looked behind him, at all four of his mates, and he sighed happily. “I’m the luckiest person in the world.” He insisted.

“I think you have that the wrong way around. They are the lucky ones, to have you.” Kailen told him.

Harry chuckled. “I don’t see it that way, I’m a nightmare and I know I am.”

“You have that right.” Ginny said as she materialised at his shoulder. “Happy birthday.”

“Ginny! Thank you for coming.”

“As if I would be anywhere else on your nineteenth.” She told him.

“Ginny’s right.” One of the twins came to tell him with a wide grin. “Where else would we be?”

“We had to come and see our favourite pickled toad for his birthday.” The other twin insisted.

Harry groaned. “You’re never going to let that go are you?”

“Never.” They said together.

“Ginny, how could you give them so much material to work with?!?” He faux sobbed on her.

“I was eleven!” She defended. “And honestly your eyes are as green as fresh pickled toads.”
“Couldn’t you think of something a little more…I don’t know, flattering to compare me to?! Like summer grass, or I don’t know, emeralds or something, anything?”

“It’s better than the gibbon with two black eyes.” Fred pointed out.

Harry groaned louder, thinking of the portrait that Dobby had given him for Christmas one year.

“Am I really so hideous that my only options are a battered gibbon or a pickled toad?” He demanded.

The twins both nodded gravely. “I’m afraid so.” George told him.

Ginny all but cackled, but Eitri was incensed.

“He is one of the most beautiful boys I have yet seen!” He told them angrily. “How dare you say such things about him, in front of him!”

“Whatever you say, mini Draco.” Ginny smirked and went off towards the drinks table.

Eitri went red with anger and Harry laid a gentle hand on his arm.

“They’re just teasing.” Harry said with a smile. “They don’t mean it.”

“Of course not, we’d never actually hurt our adorable little Harry.” Fred snorted.

Harry rolled his eyes.

“Is this some sort of Dracken etiquette?” Warren asked. “Are such blatant insults a form of…affection?”

“It’s a human thing.” George nodded seriously, but Harry could see that he was fighting back
“Why would you even engage in such a thing?” Eitri demanded, his gold eyes flashing dangerously.

“It’s not meant to be spiteful.” Harry insisted. “If it was said maliciously, then that is something else entirely, but you can’t laugh at others unless you can laugh at yourself, and I can.” He said with a smile. “It is just teasing, Eitri.”

“I do not understand.” The golden Fae said seriously. “Why would you insult others or accept such people insulting you?”

“Because it’s done affectionately, Eitri.” Harry explained patiently, aware that they lived in vastly different cultures and that despite the fact that Eitri barely looked older than Harry himself, he was in fact a hundred and nine years old. “They aren’t saying it to be cruel and I know they’re just teasing me. Like when I call Draco a ferret.”

“Why do you call him as such?” Dain asked.

Harry chuckled with Fred and George.

“Draco!” He called out across the garden and his blond mate looked up and came right over when Harry beckoned to him.

“What is it, are you alright?” He asked.

Harry nodded. “Yes, but they want to know why I lovingly call you a ferret.”

Draco groaned and slung his arm around Harry’s neck, pulling him into a kiss.

“Did you have to mention that?” He complained.

Harry chuckled. “When we were fourteen Draco was transfigured into this really cute, fluffy ferret.”
He looked adorable! Ever since he’s been called ferret. Some people use it as a demeaning, spiteful curse, but I use it affectionately. Do you hate me calling you as such, Draco? Do you feel demeaned or belittled?”

“No.” Draco replied. “I still call you scar head and you’re a lovable idiot sometimes.”

Harry laughed before looking back to the Faeries. “You see? It’s just affectionate and it makes us stronger to such things when they are aimed at us maliciously. It takes the sting from the words to hear them affectionately and it makes our skins thicker to malicious attacks, I still love Draco, even if he is a ferret.”

Draco snorted. “I still love you too, even if you are insufferable and entirely reckless with no penchant for your own safety.”

They shared a soft kiss and Harry snuggled into his arms.

“Ergh, get a room.” Fred told them with an over exaggeratedly pinched face.

Harry turned further towards Draco and flicked out his tongue, aiming for a deeper kiss, but Draco pulled away with a chuckle.

“Max! Draco won’t snog me on my own birthday! Come and show him how it’s done!”

Max bounded over with all the enthusiasm of a kid at Christmas as he snatched up Harry and all but plundered his mouth in a kiss that left Harry breathless and shaky.

“Wow, you should kiss me like that more often!” Harry giggled.

“Any time you want, love. Draco, how could you refuse this gorgeous face a snog?”

“You know that I hold no love for such blatant displays.” Draco said. “That sort of thing should be for when we are in private.”
“Snob.” Max accused him with a grin.

Draco huffed and walked away. Harry smiled up at Max happily, much calmer now since the horrifying revelation with the honey.

“Mummy.”

Harry was already looking down automatically when Braiden wrapped his arms around his leg. He immediately hunched down, held Braiden’s hands and looked into those wide purple eyes.

“What is it, love? Are you alright?”

Braiden nodded then turned and pointed at the big slide. “Slide?” He questioned.

Max laughed. “I knew they’d love that slide. Come on.”

Max took Braiden’s hand and walked him up to the top and then sat their oldest son on the top. Braiden didn’t wait this time, but thankfully Blaise was near the bottom to catch him before he shot off the end. Not that Braiden much cared as he laughed hysterically and then hurried up the steps on his own, which freaked the Faeries out again, to meet Max at the top so that he could go down the big slide again.

Of course as soon as Eleonora saw what was happening the kids had to take it in turns as she immediately wanted to go down the big slide too. Thankfully it took the both of them a while to traverse the porch steps, so it gave the other plenty of time to go down the slide without waiting.

The garden was filling up and Harry could barely keep track of who he had greeted or who he hadn’t. He did find Alexander and he excitedly hugged him tight.

“I saw Kimberly earlier, but you weren’t with her.”

Alexander laughed and shot his mate and Wife, over by the drinks table, a loving look.

“I had a few things to take care of and Kimberly was not willing to wait, not even fifteen minutes for me to finish what I was doing. She had to come over right away to see you and the kids.”
Harry chuckled and held on tight, greeting Xerxes and Julius from Alexander’s arms.

“Have you got any baby news to share?” Xerxes asked him.

Harry shook his head. “I’m refusing to even think of doing the test until after Braiden’s birthday in two weeks. I’ve shown no signs though, so we’re going with a cautious no, not pregnant for the moment, but we can’t be sure until I do the test.”

“Why are you refusing?” Julius asked curiously.

“Because he wants a bit of bloody peace, Jule.” Xerxes explained. “As soon as those boys find out that he’s pregnant the kid gloves come out and he would never have been able to have a bit of fun on his birthday or set up Braiden’s birthday.”

Harry narrowed his eyes on Xerxes, who winked. He knew. He actually knew.

“Did Myron tell you?” Harry asked.

“No, I can tell that you are.” Xerxes told him with a smirk.

“You are pregnant?” Julius said.

“Shhh!” Harry hissed. “Not so loud!” He insisted as he looked around for all four of his mates. Thankfully not one of them were close by.

“Myron knows that you are?” Alexander asked him.

“He was here when the Healer visited. Only he and Amelle know.”

“Amelle knows, but not your own mates?” Julius asked, his eyebrows going off into his hairline.
“The last I checked, Amelle wasn’t going to ban me from moving, getting up, lifting my own children or force me to eat my body weight in food at every meal. I will tell them after Braiden’s birthday, until then I want some peace to be in control of my own body.”


“So please just keep this to yourselves for two more weeks. That’s all I’m asking for, two weeks. Nasta’s already had me book an appointment for the day after Braiden’s birthday. I just need to be free to do what I want to do for a little while.”

“Well I’m not going to say anything. I knew as soon as I looked at you that you were pregnant.”

“How?!” Harry demanded, wondering if he was giving off ‘don’t fuck with the pregnant submissive’ vibes.

“You look a little queasy.” Xerxes said simply. “I’d hazard a guess that you had a little bout of sickness this morning.”

Harry sighed. “No, I did feel really sick though.” He said, casting another glance around at his surroundings to look for his four mates. They were still well out of earshot. “The morning sickness is coming, I just hope I can hold the secret until after Braiden’s birthday.”

“How did you pass it off this morning? Surely those idiots noticed.”

“I played it off as excitement for my birthday. They have no clue.”

“Maybe in two weeks I’ll have a little talk with them.” Alexander said. “You shouldn’t have to lie or feel like you have to keep your condition a secret just to get some peace. I can very well understand the need to protect you and the baby, Dracken pregnancies are rather delicate, but there is no need to stop you from doing any of your normal activities.”

“They just worry.” Harry tried to defend.
“Just worrying is normal.” Xerxes said. “Making you feel like you have to keep your news a secret just to be left alone for a little longer is not. I agree with you, Dad, they need a talking to.”

Harry sighed. “Just wait…”

“Until after Braiden’s birthday. We know.”

“Thank you.” He said genuinely.

“There you are!” Max declared loudly, striding over. “Stop hogging the birthday boy.”

Max wrapped his arms around Harry’s shoulders and bent down to kiss the top of his head.

“The rest of the kids are awake, they refused to sleep for long and I’m sure Farren hasn’t even been asleep, he was just sat all quiet in his cot.”

Harry sighed. That was typical for Farren, he was so contented and laid back that he didn’t move enough to tire himself out for a nap.

Harry went to go and find his children and, unsurprisingly, most of them were wreaking havoc on the little playground, including Farren.

Eva and Ave had been put on the little sheet with Leolin and Beatrice. Not that either of them were staying put. They were both off on their own little adventures, and getting incredibly frustrated when they found themselves back on the sheet.

“Everyone!” He called out and waited until their attention was on him. “The girls want to move around, they don’t like being still, so if you could please just leave them to wander around, but obviously check by your feet before moving! Thanks.” He said and then hefted up one girl off of the sheet and set her free and then did the same for her sister. They couldn’t get to their feet out here, not easily at least, because they needed something to help them stand, which was usually a settee or a coffee table. But they were very happy to crawl around the grass.

The garden was full of kids running around, though there were still several women off to the side who refused to put their children down and were casting suspicious glances at everything and everyone, especially Hermione and the Weasleys and at Remus and Tonks, who had set Teddy free
on the playground.

Harry was very clearly enjoying himself and he made sure that his mates saw him eating from the finger goodies that they had laid out. Max even caught him sneaking a taste of his massive birthday cake, he had threatened to spank him…Harry’s reply had been to steal another of the iced decorations from the cake and to eat it obviously and slowly in front of Max so that he couldn’t miss him doing so. Max had promised to spank him before bed. So now Harry had something else to look forward to later.

After an hour or so, Harry was called forward to blow out his candles and he did so with Leolin on his hip. Leolin who wouldn’t let Harry blow out his candles because every time Harry took in a breath and pouted out his lips to blow on the candles, Leolin thought that Harry wanted a kiss and would mouth at Harry’s lips. Harry tried again, only for Leolin to do the same.

“Leolin, I’m trying to blow out my candles! Not kiss you.” Harry laughed, even as he cupped the back of Leolin’s head and kissed all over his face.

While Leolin was laughing in that amazing, huffy way of his, Harry took the distraction to quickly blow out the nineteen candles to the applause of his guests. He went back to kissing Leolin and making him laugh, to the delight of their Faerie guests.

Harry handed Leolin over to Ezrah, who smiled so happily that Leolin looked at him curiously and started touching his mouth, utterly fascinated by the shape of it.

Harry left Leolin in Ezrah’s capable hands, even if the Fae didn’t believe in himself, Harry believed in him, as he accepted the large slice of cake from Blaise and happily took a huge bite.

The little children all had slim slices of cake too, even Farren, who didn’t have a plate and had the piece of cake straight in his hands, was tucking in happily, getting the cake and icing everywhere, buttercream smeared everywhere. It made Harry grin, he couldn’t believe that he’d have to do all of this again in just two weeks though.

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Harry was more excited for Braiden’s second birthday than he’d been for his own. But then he lived for his children and he was awake at six O’clock in the morning, down in his huge, glorious kitchen, getting everything ready for Braiden’s big day.

He’d already started making several batches of fairy cakes and biscuits, with half the amount of sugar so that the babies could actually eat them, and he was so happy and excited as he set out the iced cakes that were for the adults away from those that weren’t iced, those were for the tidal wave of babies that would be coming. There were more cakes that weren’t iced than those that were to compensate for this vast outnumbering of child to adult ratio.

“It’s too early.” Max bemoaned as he wandered into the kitchen just before seven.
Harry grinned at him. “It’s our baby’s second birthday!” He said excitedly. “He’s two years old today.”

“Not until eighteen minutes past midday he’s not.” Max said grumpily.

Harry scoffed. “Details! Today is his birthday regardless of what time he was born, though I’m incredibly happy with you that you remembered the exact time that he was born.” Harry said, moving over to give Max a big kiss, setting a cup of tea in front of him.

“I could hardly forget, he was our first and you were screaming fit to wake the dead. It terrified me at the time and we were all clock watching. We knew exactly when he was born.”

Harry smiled and kissed Max again. “It still makes me happy to know that you remember exactly when he was born.”

“How much baking have you done?” Max demanded suddenly when he took a sip of tea and looked around at the counters full of baked goods. “How long have you been up?!”

“Only an hour.” Harry insisted truthfully. “I love this huge oven! You know I can get two batches of cakes and three trays of biscuits inside it together!” He said happily. “It’s amazing!”

Harry went to kiss Max a third time then, stroking a hand through his hair. “Thank you for picking out this oven and the huge fridge freezer too! I love them.”

Max laughed. “If it gets me that sort of treatment, I’m glad I chose the largest appliances that I could find and then enlarged them a little more with magic, all to provide for our very large, and growing family.”

“I can bake so much in that oven.” Harry said, very pleased.

After two weeks of recovering a little more after the activity of his nineteenth birthday, he was happy to just sit on the floor and play with whichever baby came to hand. At first it had been all of them, but slowly over the two weeks, they’d gotten their confidence back and they were assured that he wasn’t going anywhere and they were happy to go off and play by themselves. An added
bonus in the last week was that they no longer cried if he left the room, either to the kitchen or to the bathroom.

Everyone was settling down and Harry was feeling more secure too. He wasn’t quite ready to tell his mates that though, maybe later, once the kids were all in bed, when he was going to tell them that he was in fact pregnant.

He smiled to himself. The sickness had trailed off to nothing, he would sometimes wake up feeling like he was going to be sick, but it never came to anything and a nice cup of tea and a sit down in the morning eased it right off, though he knew that it was only a matter of time before it hit him full force and he wouldn’t be able to hide it, but he’d made it to Braiden’s birthday. It wouldn’t matter if they found out now, because he was planning on telling them anyway, as long as he got these cakes and biscuits baked and got the presents and the lunchtime party sorted. He could tell them then, when the kids had, hopefully, gone down for an afternoon nap after playing for half the day on the massive inflatable slide and bouncy castle that had been set up yesterday afternoon.

He was six weeks pregnant and it was usual for him to just be starting his morning sickness regime. Just two, three more weeks then he’d be done with the first trimester of pregnancy and he’d be in the second. He was due in mid-February.

“You look a bit spacey, are you alright?” Max asked.

Harry smiled automatically. “I’m great. I’m just thinking. My little boy is two already. In just four months we’ll have six two year olds running around and literally weeks after that, our little girls turn one.”

“Come here.” Max said softly.

Harry went to Max and he was pulled onto Max’s lap and kissed softly.

“It’ll be alright.” Max told him. “They’re growing up, but they still depend on us for everything. We’ve only just started potty training Braiden and Tegan. They’re a long way off doing anything on their own. We have time with them.”

Harry nodded with a smile. “I know, I’m just being stupid.”

“How? Are you alright?” Blaise asked, peering blearily at him through almost closed eyes.

“Yeah, I just can’t believe that our little baby is two today, that’s all.”
Blaise smile at him and detoured to kiss him before going to the kettle. “How long ago did this boil?” He asked.

“Not two minutes.” Harry said. “I made tea for me and Max.”

Blaise nodded happily and made himself a mug of coffee before coming over to sit with them.

“You’ve been busy.”

“Not as busy as the amount of baking would belie. That new oven fits massive amounts.” Harry said happily. “I can make up triple batches of everything and it’ll all go in the oven together. I’ve done a triple batch of sponge fairy cakes, a triple batch of chocolate fairy cakes and two triple batches of vanilla biscuits. I’m not done just yet though. With the amount of people coming I need to do some more, but I’ll eat breakfast first.”

“You haven’t eaten yet?” Max asked him.

Harry shook his head. “I’ve just had several cups of tea. I was so excited and so busy making treats that I just haven’t eaten yet.”

“That’s my cue to start my husbandly duty.”

“I thought your husbandly duty was to keep us all sexed up?” Blaise quipped.

“I can very easily do both.” Max grinned, winking at them both and Harry laughed while Blaise snorted.

Max did them crepes, because they were one of Harry’s favourites, and he happily served him and Blaise with little side bowls of slice and diced fruit, an assortment of jams and even freshly whipped cream.

“I love you so much for this.” Harry said as he took three crepes straight off and started filling
them with jam before rolling them up with different fruit fillings.

“I missed breakfast in bed for your birthday, then you were so excited that you only wanted toast. Today I can spoil you with crepes.” Max said, eating his own breakfast as he watched happily, and a little proudly, as he and Blaise ate the food he’d made for them.

Blaise kept to his usual favourites of strawberries with freshly whipped cream, but Harry was always more adventurous and he made such strange combinations, trying everything to see if he would like something more than his old favourites.

Nasta came down with Leolin and Farren and their little boy was frantic to reach the table when he realised that there was food on it. Nasta chuckled sleepily and placed Farren down on a chair and Harry handed him the bowl of sliced bananas and Farren immediately tucked into them.

“I wonder if he’ll like crepes.” Harry said consideringly as he pulled another one towards himself, filled it with strawberries and bananas, rolled it up and then sliced it into bite sized pieces.

He put them in front of Farren and smiled as Farren looked at them consideringly before trying them. His whole face lit up and he started chewing them with relish. Harry laughed.

“Oh, I love him.” Harry declared as he supervised Farren eating his crepes as Max went to make some more for Nasta as Blaise made up more strawberry and banana crepes for Farren.

“Ma!” Leolin called out desperately, without seeing him this time, which was unusual, and Nasta handed him over, giving them both a kiss first.

Harry tucked Leolin into his arms and he automatically checked his little mouth for signs of erupting teeth. Leolin was twenty months old now and still had no sign of any teeth…only he did.

“Nasta! Nasta! He has a tooth! He has a tooth!” He said excitedly.

Nasta was suddenly back over his shoulder, peering at the tiny speck of white that had erupted from Leolin’s red gum. One large hand cupped Leolin’s cheek as Harry cuddled his little boy and kissed him.

“We’ve been waiting months for this and finally it’s happened! Oh, I’m so happy!”
Harry almost gave his little secret away when he burst into happy tears, clutching Leolin tightly, but his mates just smiled at him and soothed him and told him that Leolin was growing up well. They didn’t realise that his tears were mostly hormone induced…Harry wanted to keep it that way, at least for several more hours.

“Of all days for him to get a tooth.” Max chuckled. “I always knew he’d be a sucker for attention, but to try and upstage his big brother on his birthday.”

“This…this shouldn’t affect Braiden’s birthday, should it?” Harry asked worriedly.

“He can’t have any of the gels or potions that we used for the older babies.” Nasta reminded him. “He’s going to be on frozen wash cloths and teethers only and he’s not going to be happy about it.”

Harry swallowed and looked at his little boy already wriggling in his arms, who had been calling out for him before even seeing him. Nasta was right, today was not going to be a good day for their little Leolin.

Harry was stressed and unhappy as he stayed in the smaller living room with a hysterically screaming Leolin. At least he was the first to greet their guests when they arrived.

Braiden had had his breakfast, after greeting them in three different languages as had become his habit, before he’d opened his presents. Leolin’s pain that accompanied his erupting tooth had held off until then. Harry had been able to feed him his bottle, though Leolin had gnawed on it rather aggressively, which was completely new for their little Faerie, then the bottle had been swapped out for his dummy, which had been dipped in a small amount of water and then frozen solid with a simple charm. Leolin gnawed on this too, so they knew what was coming, but they had been able to watch Braiden open his presents, laughing and clapping all through it, as they praised him for being such a good boy, for being able to open his presents, even if he did need a little help. They had then encouraged him to use his potty, to very exaggerated pleasure and not so exaggerated pride.

The kids were now outside, playing on the bouncy castle and it was a repeat of his first birthday with the trampoline as Braiden jumped and bounced around and refused to get off for his lunch. Nasta had video recorded Max crawling onto the bouncy castle to drag a defiant Braiden off.

Harry was leaving all of that wrangling to the others as he tried to just keep Leolin safe as he thrashed and screamed, gurgling in the back of his throat in pain as the shock of getting his first tooth registered in his brain.
“Oh, what happened, sweet one?” Alexander asked him worriedly.

“He cut his first tooth today.” Harry said worriedly, his face rather pale and drawn with stress.
“He’s been like this for hours now.”

Alexander touched the top of Leolin’s head. “I suppose as a Faerie he can’t have any potions or such?”

Harry shook his head. “No. We’re waiting for either Aneirin or Dain or someone to come through. I refuse to believe that the Faeries, who are so overprotective of their babies, would leave them like this! They have to have some trick or something to calm them down, I just want Leolin to eat something! He’s missed two feeds now, he won’t even take the bottle anymore and he hasn’t stopped crying since just after breakfast. He’s going to make himself sick if this carries on.”

“If there is anything that I can do, sweet one.”

Harry smiled. “There’s not. Go on out to the back, the kids have had their lunches and they’ve been set free on the garden again. Nasta’s doing his nut because of the sun, the kids are all refusing to have their naps and Braiden didn’t even want his lunch, Max had to grapple him from the bouncy castle. I’m not sure who has it the worst at the moment, but they have seven babies outside, at least I only have the one.”

“Let me know as soon as the Faeries arrive, if they need anything, I can get it.” Alexander promised and Harry smiled and nodded.

Leolin wailed again and Harry curled his son’s body in tight to his own. He didn’t even try shushing him, it didn’t work, instead he hummed lightly and soothingly. Leolin paid no mind to him and carried on screaming.

Thankfully only several minutes later Ezrah flooed in. As soon as the young Fae realised what was going on, he fell to his knees by Harry’s feet, his hands hovering over Leolin’s little body, his face a picture of abject misery.

“What has happened?” Ezrah asked, his voice breaking in upset.

Lathen flooed through and he blinked at the immediate absence of his lover, before spotting him,
then Leolin’s screams filtered through and he strode to stand behind Ezrah and he peered at Leolin critically, taking in the bright red cheeks, the fisted hands and the tears.

In quick succession Harry was surrounded by Faeries all asking what had happened. One, who seemed to be a guard, demanded what he’d done to Leolin and how dare he harm a Faerie babe.

“He’s teething you fool.” Eitri snarled at the guard, who seemed to have come with him. Harry remembered Dain saying that Eitri never went anywhere without a guard, but that guard was usually Warren, who was also there. Harry didn’t understand why there was someone there who hadn’t been invited.

“Do you have any chamomilla?” Dain asked him seriously.

“I don’t even know what that is!” Harry replied, stressed and now angry that he’d been accused by someone who was uninvited of purposefully hurting Leolin.

“I’ll go and fetch some.” Kailen said calmly.

Harry was aware that he had several sets of eyes on him and he hummed self-consciously, as Leolin’s cries picked up a more desperate note when he stopped. Harry reasoned that it was because Leolin was crying so hard that he couldn’t see through his tears, so the only way that he knew that Harry was still there, and not someone else, was to hear him.

“It’ll be alright.” Ezrah soothed him. “We use chamomilla to soothe teething babes. It works wonders.”

“What would you know of such things, monster?”

Harry’s hand clenched. He passed Leolin over to Ezrah and the guard gasped as if Harry had thrown his son into a wall or out of the window.

“Take Leolin next door for me, Ezrah.” He said gently. “If you could hum to him, he’ll never know that it’s not me over the noise that he’s making.”

Ezrah did as told, going to the larger family room and Harry rounded on the guard.
“Who is he?!?” He demanded. “Why have you brought him to my son’s birthday?!”

“We did not want to.” Dain insisted. “We were outvoted at the Court. It was Alston’s doing, this is his personal piece of scum.” He paused for a moment and then cleared his throat. “I apologise, I meant to say that he is a guard, he is Alston’s guard.”

“I will be telling him exactly how you handed a mere babe over to that vile beast too!” The guard insisted, as if he’d won some great battle.

“How dare you say as such about Ezrah, I will hack your…” Lathen started, his hand obviously grappling for a sword that he wasn’t wearing.

“Lathen.” Harry cut in sternly. “I will deal with this. Ezrah is your lover, but this is my home.” He said.

The guard snorted at him as Harry was at least a foot and a half shorter than he was. He was obviously seeing Harry as he would a soft, sweet Fae. He didn’t understand that Harry was a submissive Dracken and that not only was he different from a Fae, but he was very dangerous and aggressive, especially with Leolin’s hysterical cries coming from the room next door.

“You will get the fuck out of my house.” Harry said clearly and calmly. “I will do with my own child as I see fit and I love Ezrah as a dear friend and I will not have anyone saying anything against him in front of me! Get out.”

“I am here on the order of the Court, as such…”

“I don’t give a fuck who has ordered you to be here, if I see you again I’m going to tear your face off with my teeth!”

The guard scoffed. “That babe shouldn’t be anywhere near such barbaric, savage beasts. The only thing that you and your lovers are fit for is execution. As soon as I tell Alston, we will have that poor, suffering babe from you…”

Harry’s immediate rage was too much for him to handle and he did not even think of his pregnancy
as he threw his full weight behind a punch at the man’s face. It connected with a bone jarring pain all down Harry’s arm, but the Faerie went flying, as if Harry had smacked him in the head with a baseball bat. He had seen Harry as such a lack of a threat that he hadn’t even been expecting an attack and he had not been on his guard or even tensed up as Harry approached him. That was his third biggest mistake, after threatening to take his already upset Faerie son, and then threatening his beloved mates with execution.

Harry did not leave it there, however, with the one punch, no. He was too angry, his Dracken was furious, so he tackled the stumbling Faerie, throwing more punches at his head and face. There was shouting, someone tried to gently pull him off of the Faerie, but as soon as Harry had his feet he furiously pulled away from the person, who turned out to be Warren, and he kicked at the guard instead, throwing his full force behind the kicks aimed at ribs and limbs before he fell back on him and started punching again.

“Harry, stop!” Nasta’s voice, filled with his top dominancy order, stopped Harry dead.

He was breathing heavily, but he felt a savage vindication to see the Faerie’s pulped face.

“Get him out of my home!” He snarled at his top dominant, who realised that for Harry to act in such a manner then it was a serious matter and it needed to be dealt with. Nasta just nodded his head and dragged the Faerie bodily from their home via the front door. Draco followed behind him, removing the bloodstains.

“I apologise that you had to witness that.” He said, the bite of a growl still in his voice as his Dracken fought to take control, his chest still rising and falling rapidly as he breathed deeply.

Eitri laughed, a joyous, real laugh and he shook his head. “Do not apologise for such, that was one of the greatest things that I have yet witnessed. You did well.”

Harry smiled a little shyly as he slipped back away from his rage and his Dracken settled back with the Faerie removed from his house.

“I don’t normally act like that.” He insisted. “He was just another level of shit bag and he had to go!”

“As I said, we did not want him to come, but it was Alston’s doing.”

“Maybe I should pay him a visit too.” Harry growled. “How did he manage to even get a majority
“Sindri has not been well.” Dain said worriedly. “He has had to abstain from court business and it is a worrying time for us all. Without Sindri to cast a vote, all votes were tied and it was the decision of the acting Head of the court, Donella.”

“The spiteful bitch?” Harry asked and Eitri laughed.

“The very same.”

“If…if Sindri has to permanently abstain from the court.” Harry started hesitantly. “Will Donella take over from him?”

“No, that will go to a public vote.” Dain told him. “The citizens of the Faerie city will vote in the next Head of the Court and with all new regimes, it will be a bloody business.”

“Bloody?” Harry questioned, rather alarmed.

“The new Head will remove anyone they dislike or disagree with from power in order to bring in their own friends or family members.” Eitri told him. “Sindri has been the most stable Head of the Court that we have ever had. He does things fairly and justly, but a new Head could mean that we, the current members of the court are exiled at best, but more likely to be executed on grounds of treason.”

“You would have nothing to worry about.” Warren told Eitri.

The golden headed Fae glared at Warren. “If you are about to suggest that being taken from my hard earned position of power and married off like some trophy is better than execution, just because I am a Fae…”

“Is that what would happen?” Harry demanded. “Is it only through Sindri that Faes are allowed on the Court?”

Dain nodded. “He faced so much harassment and resistance at the idea that a civil war almost
broke out, but Sindri got his way and Faes were allowed to sit on the Court for the first time. It was
ground breaking for equality between the Faeries. If a new Head comes in then they could rescind
that law, and all others that Sindri has put into place to protect all Faeries.”

“I will not lose my freedom.” Eitri said firmly. “I will not go back to being sold off for gold as if I
am a comb or a book! I am a person and as I live, we will not go backwards in our society.”

“If the law is repealed…”

“Then I will rebel.” Eitri said seriously. “I will not stand idly by and meekly accept any changes
made that takes us backwards. I will fight and I will cause my own civil war.”

“You’d be executed.” Warren said, a strange, pained look on his face.

“Then so be it. I will become a martyr for my cause.” Eitri said firmly. “It is not the same for you,
being born a treasured Valkyrie.” Eitri snapped, rounding on Warren. “Have you any idea the
hardships that I and all other Faes face? The disgrace and humiliation that we are put through? The
things that are required of us by law?! That is under Sindri’s leadership too! I am trying to move us
forward, to take the laws further, to remove them from our customs and traditions, not take us back
to the good old days where a Fae could be stripped for inspection prior to bonding! Where a Fae
could not speak out in public nor disagree with their bonded. Or perhaps you want to go back to
those times, where this conversation wouldn’t be happening because I would not be able to argue
or disagree with any Valkyrie, where I would be cloistered away in the home of my highest bidder
and expected to do all asked of me. Is that what you want?”

“No!” Warren growled fiercely. “I am stood beside you in all things, Eitri! I am helping you to
repeal all of the laws oppressing Faes. I have worked tirelessly beside you for the same goal! I have
always hated the way that Faes were treated, even when I was a mere babe of twenty, under the
Headship of Caracellus. I saw my Mother being treated like a slave, my young, just budded Fae
cousins sold off to Valkyries near the end of their lives. My Father and brother acted as if nothing
was even wrong with it, but it never settled right with me, Eitri. Never! I would not ever want to go
back to those times, I am relieved that we have come so far, but I know that we need to go even
further. I do not want a change of Court, I do not want to go back to how things were.”

Eitri smiled then. “Good. I am pleased that if needed I can trust you at my back, because I mean it,
Warren. With the gods and the deities witnessing my words, I will never allow myself to be used in
such a way, even if I have to die a martyr for my beliefs.”

Harry was stunned silent at what he’d heard, he couldn’t think of a single thing to say and it
seemed that he wasn’t the only one, so he was thankful when Nasta came back into the room and hugged him tight, pulling Harry’s face to the crook of his neck and Harry inhaled those wonderful, calming pheromones deeply and happily.

“I assume he was saying something along the lines of us being unfit parents and removing Leolin from our care?” Nasta asked him.

Harry nodded. “He was saying shit about Ezrah too and I won’t have it.”

“I gave him an extra kick as I dropped him off at the gates to the Faerie City.” Nasta told him.

“I love you so much.” Harry declared and Nasta smiled at him and bent to kiss him.

“Kailen has given the chamomilla to Leolin, he fell straight off to sleep.” Nasta told him. “Blaise put him up in his cot, so how about you come outside and enjoy our son’s birthday with us?”

Harry nodded happily and he was led outside and to the bouncy castle and slide. The Faeries looked even more astonished at the inflatable monstrosities than Draco had been when the people that they’d hired them from had put them up yesterday evening.

“Have any of the kids been down the slide yet?” He asked.

“Not yet, Max hasn’t given them a chance.” Sanex quipped, his beautiful girlfriend Crista hovering near him.

It was no wonder that she was so timid and unsure of herself with so many submissive Drackens clutching their children and snarling at her like she was a wild beast. Harry wondered why he’d even invited them, much less why they’d even come, especially after his own birthday. It was cruel to the children to bring them to a children’s party with cakes and treats and a massive, inflatable slide and bouncy castle, not to mention the ball pit that Max had enlarged and filled with a million and a half plastic balls, and not let them play and run around…there was no other way to describe it, it was just downright cruel and Harry shook his head sadly. He would never treat his children in such a way.

Calix was in the giant ball pit by himself, all but swimming as he shrieked and kicked about, rolling onto his belly and then over to his back, kicking and thrashing before rolling back to his belly and Harry laughed to see him.
It was swelteringly hot and Harry was only in shorts and a tee-shirt, but still he was too hot. He went to the drinks table and grabbed the jug of iced juice. Nasta had gotten him earlier with a bottle of sun cream and the babies were plastered in the stuff, Farren was even rocking a hat and sunglasses, mostly because he was the only baby sat still and he hadn’t cared enough to take them off. He looked adorable.

Max was indeed throwing people down the inflatable slide, as he’d promised that he would, his latest victim was his own Dad. Richard slid down the slide, laughing and shouting, threatening to kill Max when he caught him. Max’s reply was that Richard was too old to catch him.

“I don’t even understand what I am seeing.” Ezrah said as he watched in a sort of horrified, awed curiosity.

Harry smiled at him. “Come on, Ezrah, let’s go have some fun.” Harry insisted and he took the Fae’s hand and ran over to the slide.

Ezrah was very hesitant, but Harry was insistent and he pulled Ezrah up the inflatable stairs.

“This is very high, Harry, are you sure that it’s safe?” Ezrah asked, his young face pale and worried.

“Come on, Harry!” Max shouted at him. “You’re holding up the line.”

“Just because you want to hog it!” Harry shouted back. “Wait your turn!”

“Well get your cute behind down here already!”

Harry laughed. “Together then?” He offered.

Ezrah nodded and Harry sat down, his legs dangling down the slide.

“Come on, it’s fun, I promise.”

Ezrah nodded again, seemingly beyond words at this point, as he slowly sat next to Harry and they
held hands. Ezrah clutched at Harry’s hand as if he were the only thing anchoring him to the ground and Harry smiled reassuringly at him.


They pushed forward and Harry shrieked in laughter as he slid down the thirty foot slide with Ezrah, who just shrieked in what seemed to be utter terror. At least until they reached the bottom safely and Ezrah seemed to process what had just happened. He was shaking and pale still, but he started laughing, light and airily, and Lathen, who had looked about as terrified as Ezrah had, grinned to hear him.

Harry hefted Ezrah off of the end of the slide and they shoved past Max to go up again.

“Oi! It was my turn!” Max told them angrily.

Harry stuck his tongue out at him and blew a raspberry.

“Oh, that is it you are so getting it when I get my hands on you!”

“If you can get your hands on me!” Harry echoed Max’s words to Richard, which made Richard himself laugh.

“You tell him, Harry!” Richard cheered.

Harry and Ezrah managed to slide twice more before Max managed to grab Harry and pull him off of the slide and into a deep kiss. Max put him on the floor and then charged up the stairs while Harry was still dazed and stupid.

“That was cheating!” Harry called out, but he laughed anyway and went to grab a drink and one of his own biscuits.

He mingled a bit, kissed each of his mates, checked in on his babies and then he was determined to win back the slide from Max. He pulled Ezrah and a befuddled Eitri with him and he snuck up on Max, a simple charm had his foot stuck to the floor and as Harry darted past him with the two Faes, Max went to grab him, but found his feet stuck to the floor and he fell over, giving Harry a chance to get up the slide before Max found his feet again.
“I’m the cheater?” Max yelled out. “What do you call this?”

“Payback, my dear!” Harry answered from the top of the thirty foot slide.

“It is high up here.” Eitri said as he looked around with a smile. “It looks fun. Is it as fun as it looks, Ezrah?”

Ezrah actually looked rather intimidated to be spoken to by the other Fae, a member of the court no less, but Harry supposed that that was natural when you were much more used to being hit and spat on by other Faeries.

“It was terrifying the first time.” Ezrah said seriously. “But it is a lot of fun. I have never experienced anything like it ever before.”

“Will you just sit down and slide!” Max yelled. “Stop holding a conversation at the top!”

Harry chuckled. “Come on, let’s see how many times we can push in front of him this time.”

Eitri enjoyed the slide too and he was very quick to get up and dart to the stairs, cutting Max off while Harry and Ezrah laughed and darted past too.

“I swear to Merlin you three are the worst hoggers ever!”

“Why is he calling us pigs?” Eitri asked.

“He’s not. Someone who hogs something is someone who excessively controls something and won’t let anyone else have it. If I took all of the blankets in the bed, then I’d be hogging the blankets. We won’t let anyone on the slide, so we’re hogging it.”

“Oh, I believe that I understand.” Eitri smiled.
They went down again, but Max was waiting and he managed to grab Eitri and the poor golden Fae ended up backwards in the empty ball pit. He came up laughing but Max had already gotten up the slide.

“Are you okay, Eitri?” Harry asked with a grin.

“I have not been manhandled in such a way since I was a very young boy. About the age that you are now.” He said. “I was not expecting as such, otherwise I would have been ready for it.”

Harry offered his hand and pulled Eitri out of the mass of plastic balls and the three of them giggled together and they started planning their next assault on the slide.

Harry greeted more guests, directed them to Braiden if they wanted to see him or give him a gift and he, Eitri and Ezrah took a drink and nibble some snacks as they held what was reminiscent to a full on war meeting.

Calix came hurrying over to them and he tugged on Harry’s shorts and pointed at the slide and Harry grinned as he realised that they now had the most perfect excuse.

“Do you want to slide with us, Calix?” He asked.

Calix nodded. “Yes, Mummy.”

“Come on then, baby. Eitri, Ezrah, let’s go and get that slide back.”

“He is so young, will he be alright on that slide?” Ezrah asked worriedly.

“It’s meant for kids, Ezrah, he’ll be just fine. In fact, he’ll love it.” Harry grinned.

He got Calix’s hand and led the two Faes back over to the slide.

“Max, Calix wants a go on the slide, get down.” Harry ordered.

Max whined and complained, but he did as asked and Harry and the Faeries got control back of the slide as Harry got one of Calix’s hands and Eitri got the other as they led him up the stairs.
“Are you ready, Calix?” Harry asked as he settled his fearless boy between his legs at the top.

As Calix was up here everyone’s attention was upon them, as he was the first child who had shown an interest in it. Not that they cared, Harry was used to being recorded now and he didn’t think the Faeries even knew what the camcorder was or what it was for, much less what it did.

“Yeah!” Calix exclaimed, trying to push forward before Harry was ready.

“Hold on! Hold on!” Harry laughed, tugging him backwards and back between his legs. “You little daredevil. On three.”

The four of them slid together and Calix screamed happily. They reached the bottom and Calix clapped his hands excitedly and he recovered before all of them and he was gone, clambering back up the stairs.

He barely waited to sit down before he threw himself over the top. He slid down, screaming all the way and he landed between Harry and Ezrah, none of them had even had time to get up from the tangle of limbs they’d found themselves in before Calix was back down with them and Harry was so proud of his fearless boy, who got up and charged the stairs to get up again.

“I think Calix is hogging the slide now.” Eitri said with a laugh.

“Yeah, we’ve lost this one now.” Harry laughed as he slid off the bottom of the slide to the floor and went to check on his other babies.

“It’s good to see you having fun.” Nasta told him and Harry smiled.

“We’ve had a trying few months, but I feel better.” Harry said with a wide grin. “My muscles are almost healed now, and they’ve been healing well. My limp has gone, Blaise’s little slips are becoming less and less as we approach autumn and everything’s going well. Braiden is now two, Leolin’s cut his first tooth and Calix has a death wish, what could be better?” He giggled.

Nasta smiled at him softly and kissed him gently.
“Go and get a drink, your lovely lips are dry.” Nasta told him and Harry laughed, swatted Nasta’s bum and did as asked, going to get more juice.

He played with Regan for several minutes, hefted Tegan into the ball pit when she pointed to it and then found his birthday boy bouncing his heart out on the bouncy castle with several other children. He didn’t mind sharing at all, as long as no one tried to make him stop.

Harry didn’t try to make him stop, he joined him and they bounced together and Braiden was so happy with Harry bouncing with him that he hugged Harry around the knees and grinned up at him with all of his tiny little teeth on display.

Harry held Braiden and threw them both backwards, landing on his bum and bouncing back up to his feet and Braiden laughed.

“Again, Mummy! Do that again!”

Harry laughed and did as he’d been told, making sure that no little kids were behind him first. He was able to pull Braiden from the bouncy castle and get a drink for him and Braiden was happy to drink and eat a little cake, because he’d needed them. Though seeing him running around with a little plastic cup in his hands was adorable.

Harry sighed and he rested for a small while, migrating over to Myron and wrapping one arm around his back to lean on him. Myron immediately accommodated him and took some of Harry’s weight onto himself.

“How is the baby?”

“Wonderful.” Harry answered. “I’m not in any pain, nothing in my lower back or stomach hurts, and I’m having fun and releasing stress. They would not have allowed me to do any of this if they knew. I’m already going to have a fight on my hands later when I tell them and they realise that I knew and that I did all of this today while I knew.”
He sighed heavily. He was not looking forward to that part of dropping the baby news, but he was going to back his own corner. He was doing nothing wrong and jumping around or going down an inflatable slide was not going to do him, or the baby, any harm.

“Seeing you so happy and carefree after all that has happened to you is a great weight off of my shoulders.” Myron told him seriously. “You have been put through so much, by your mates as well as others, to see you smiling and having fun is a relief.”

“I agree.” Alexander told him, coming to stand by them and giving Harry a gentle touch. “Though I heard about your fight, are you alright?”

“Me and baby are completely fine.” Harry insisted. “That Faerie deserved it.”

“What is this about now?” Myron asked.

“Sindri is sick, so the Court is now even, eight Faeries, four on our side, four against us and one of the ones against us gets to decide split votes. She forced an unknown guard to come here today and I was so not having any of that shit.”

“Language!” Myron chastised him. “There are young children around.”

Harry rolled his eyes, but nodded dutifully.

“Anyway, as you know I was in the smaller room with Leolin and when the Faeries flooed in he started by asking how I had harmed Leolin and why he was crying. He obviously has no children of his own and knows absolutely nothing about babies otherwise he would have recognised the signs of teething. So that really pissed me off. Then he started going on about how me and the guys were Dragon scum only fit for execution and that got my Dracken up, then he said he was going to get Leolin from us and I lost it.” He said simply. “I regret nothing.”

Myron snorted and Alexander grinned. “Of course you don’t.” The former said in a long suffering tone of voice.

Draco came out with a screaming Leolin and Harry left the comfort of Myron and hurried to them,
taking his miserable son and cradling him. Draco handed him a frozen cloth and Harry used it to press and massage the gums around the erupting tooth and it actually calmed Leolin down, to the point where he was whining and grizzling more than out right screaming.

“Come on, my love.” Harry said gently, going to a sun lounger and reclining on it to cast them both in the shade of the umbrella, holding Leolin to his chest. “You’re alright.”

“Ma.” Leolin snuffled.

“I’m here.” Harry said soothingly, his finger gently rubbing Leolin’s gums and carefully circling the emerging tooth. As Leolin tried to gum on his finger, Harry assumed that it felt really good to his tiny Faerie son.

Nasta came jogging over from the house with a bottle in hand and Harry understood his reasoning. Leolin had missed enough feeds today as it was, it would be best to feed him now, while he was relatively pain free, lest that pain build again and stopped him from feeding again.

“Here you go, baby. Daddy Nasta has some nice milk for you, here, go over to Daddy Nasta.” Harry encouraged.

“Da.” Leolin sniffled as he was handed over and he didn’t pitch a fit at losing contact with Harry. Instead a tiny hand reached up to touch Nasta’s rough, stubbly chin and he opened his mouth for the bottle teat. He was very hungry.

Again he gnawed on the teat aggressively, but Harry left the frozen cloth with Nasta and he forced himself to walk away. It was difficult, especially as he knew that Leolin was upset and in pain, but it was getting easier the more that he did it. His son needed to spend some time with his Fathers, and they needed to spend time with him. Instead he forced a smile and went back to his birthday boy, who was, of course, back on the bouncy castle and showed no hint of tiredness as he jumped and rolled around.

“I’m so proud of you.” Max’s voice breathed in his ear. “Come and slide with me.”

Harry smiled and he took Max’s hand and ran with his biggest mate to the slide, pitching Sanex off of the stairs with a laugh and reaching the top.

Emulating how Harry had held Calix, Harry sat between Max’s legs with his mate’s arms holding him around the chest and Max shoved them over the end, his heavy bulk giving them some serious
speed. Harry laughed and shouted out happily, holding on to Max’s knees.

They reached the bottom in a tangle, as they’d shifted sideways during their descent, and Max snogged him there and then. Harry wrapped his arms around Max’s neck and held on.

“Stop ruining the slide for all of us!” Caesar called out. “Nora want’s to have a go, but she’s not going down with you two humping at the bottom!”

Harry broke away from Max to laugh, he gave a grin to Caesar who was holding Nora back from the stairs, even though she seemed desperate to get up them.

Max helped Harry move from the bottom of the slide and Caesar released Nora, who charged up the steps, much like Calix had. Then they were cousins, sort of…they shared a common Grandmother in Ashleigh, but they had different Grandfathers.

Though speaking of Calix, he came rushing back over, dragging poor Regan with him, an angry Tegan following, chattering angrily like a hive of bees, presumably at having her twin taken from her by Calix. Blaise intercepted her and gave the two boys a chance to get away and to play together. Regan was already too passive and quiet as it was.

“Daddy, no!” Tegan demanded.

“Leave your brothers be.” Blaise told her, taking her over to the snack table and giving her a cucumber stick to distract her.

Calix dragged Regan to the stairs and pulled his brother up as Nora went down, Caesar catching her to appease Amelle, who looked a little worried at the height of the slide, but at least she was giving Nora a chance to play, unlike some others at the party with their screaming, red faced children. It was truly cruel and Harry wanted to tell them all to just leave, before they spoiled Braiden’s birthday, they obviously hadn’t wanted to come in the first place.

Harry watched with pride as Calix and Regan slid down together, holding hands. They giggled at the bottom and then they went back up, catching up to Nora at the top. Then the three of them slid down holding hands and Harry cooed happily to the three of them.

At about three in the afternoon, the party started wrapping up. Over half of the kids, those that had been allowed to play that was, were now sound asleep, having tuckered themselves out. Only Braiden and Farren were still awake out of Harry’s kids, Farren was now wandering around now that it was quieter and Braiden was still on the bouncy castle. He had gone down the slide a few times, after Calix had pulled him over to it excitedly, wanting to share his enjoyment with his brothers and sister, but the bouncy castle was his favourite.

Harry was getting tired too and after Leolin’s meltdown that morning, just after Braiden had finished opening his presents, he was ready for bed himself, but he still had to have the fight with his mates, who were gearing up for another heat period in just three weeks, not knowing that Harry
was already six weeks pregnant. They had looked for signs of his pregnancy and they’d found none, so in their minds he wasn’t pregnant yet and he’d have a heat period in three weeks. They’d think as such until Harry dropped the baby bomb later that day, as soon as their guests were gone.

It did not take long for them to be alone in their house again. The most difficult had been to get Braiden in off of the bouncy castle, but in the end, a bit of tone deaf singing on Harry’s part and some rocking had their exhausted boy drifting off and he went down with his brothers and sisters for a nap.

Max brought in a tray of tea and some of Harry’s surviving biscuits and they all just sat in silence for several minutes, enjoying the quiet house and the peace for a while. It wouldn’t last for very long, about as long as it took for the kids to wake up off of their naps.

“So…that was a great day.” Max said with a smile.

“It was.” Harry agreed with a grin. “I can’t remember the last time we had so much fun! Oh wait, I can! When we went to Guadeloupe together. I had so much fun back then too, though there was a lot more sex.”

“We can fix that if you want.” Max told him with a saucy wink.

Harry laughed and sat back with his tea, this was actually the perfect lead up to his baby news.

“I loved that holiday. It reminded me a lot of today. Only instead of inflatable slides we were scuba diving and building sand castles.”

“We’ll go on holiday again soon.” Nasta told him, and that really hadn’t been what he’d been angling for, but he’d take it too.

He laughed as he realised that he was going to have to spell it out, there was no way that he could hint at them and have them guess, they firmly believed now that he wasn’t pregnant as he’d showed no signs, so they weren’t going to get it until he straight up told them.

“It’ll have to wait until after the baby is born.” He said before taking another calm sip of tea.

“Of course.” Draco said. “We’ll wait for the next heat period and see if you fall pregnant from that, and then when the baby, or babies, are born, we can see about another holiday.”
Harry snorted. He had himself some very dense mates, but he loved them and there really was no way for them to know. He snorted again, half laughing.

“What’s so funny? I thought that you wanted another holiday?” Max asked him.

“Oh I do. I just…I’m trying to tell you all that I’m six weeks pregnant and you just aren’t getting it.” He laughed.

That stopped the four of them short.

“Are you sure?” Blaise asked.

“Are you actually asking me if I’m sure that I’m six weeks pregnant?” Harry chuckled. “Of course I’m sure. Georgio confirmed it.”

“How long have you known?” Nasta asked him.

“Over a month.” Harry said.

“Why didn’t you tell us?” Draco asked seriously.

“Because I knew that you’d all try to smother me while I was recovering and that wasn’t what I wanted or needed.” He said just as seriously. “I wanted to enjoy my own birthday, I wanted to have fun today and that’s exactly what I did.”

“That’s why you’re telling us now.” Nasta said. “Because Braiden’s birthday is all but over.”

Harry nodded. “Yes. I’ve had my fun, it was time now to tell you. I don’t know how many babies I’m having, but I’m not actually showing yet. So I still have my fingers crossed for just the one.”

“You’re not showing? Can I see?” Max asked excitedly.
“I just said, there’s nothing to see!” Harry said, but he was taking Max’s excitement and the lack of anger all around, as a very good thing, so he was already leaning back and lifting his tee-shirt, showing off the flat, but scarred belly.

Max got on his knees and he laid his lips to Harry’s skin, touching and kissing.

“I can’t believe we have a little baby in here.” He said. “Hello baby, I’m your Daddy Max, one of four Daddies you’ll have once you’re born.”

That actually brought tears to Harry’s eyes and he burst out crying, reaching out for Max and holding onto him tightly. Max made a surprised noise, but held him back tightly, murmuring to him and soothing him as Harry cried and held on tight.

“I didn’t mean to make you cry, love.” Max insisted. “What’s wrong?”

Harry had just accepted it as a fact that he’d have a fight on his hands once he told his mates about the baby and he hadn’t realised just how much he’d been dreading, and fearing, it. After all, the last proper argument that they’d had he’d ended up with his intestines on the floor, the rest of his insides being held in by Xerxes’ large hand as their house was destroyed around him and his tiny children were injured and put in danger.

He had been fearing telling his mates and it was only now, in this moment, that he actually even realised it. He clutched at Max desperately, tightly, almost strangling him in his desperate need to touch his mates as he cried uncontrollably.

“Hey, hey. It’s alright.” He heard Max say as large hands rubbed his back to help calm him down. “We’re not angry, we understand.”

“We do.” Nasta said and Harry actually heard a knee click as Nasta eased down next to them on the floor. It made him giggle wetly. “Of course, hearing me in pain would cheer you up.” He teased.

“You’re getting old now, Nas.” Blaise said with a chuckle.

Harry brushed his eyes clear and he looked around at his four mates with a smile.
“I was so worried that…that…”

“That we were going to shout and scream at you?” Nasta finished and Harry just nodded.

“I was really scared and I didn’t know that I was.”

“Because the last time we argued you almost died.” Blaise finished and Harry nodded again.

“Oh, Harry.” Nasta sighed, playing with his hair. “We’ve been making so much progress with our therapy, of course we weren’t going to start screaming, not without hearing your reasons first.”

“I just knew that…that you’d force me to sit down and stay still when there’s no need this early on in the pregnancy.” He sniffed. “I wanted to have some fun and today, on the slide and the bouncy castle, it was the most fun I’ve had in a while outside of sex.”

“Well if you feel like that then we’ve obviously lost the fun in our mateship somewhere along the way.” Max told him. “We’ll have to work on that and I think from today onwards, we’ll strive to make you laugh as you did today, every day. Seeing you on that slide, screeching and screaming with laughter, you looked beautiful and so happy. We need to make you laugh like that every day.”

Two fresh tears fell down his cheeks and Harry brushed them away with a smile. “Even though I’m pregnant?”

“Especially because you’re pregnant, because you need some relief and some fun.” Max told him seriously, tensing his arms and rocking Harry on his lap. It made Harry chuckle. He wiped his face again before snuggling in tight to all of his lovers.

“I love you all. I hope you always know that.”

“Do you feel safe?” Nasta asked him.

“Yes.” Harry replied after only the smallest of pauses. “I feel safe with all of you now, I feel settled
and much happier. Just, try to keep the smothering to a minimum, please. I don’t like it and it’s unneeded.”

“Gotcha.” Max said with a grin. “Now come on, we need to get you and baby some tea. If you drink enough, we’ll get a nice sweet baby.”

Harry giggled, wiping his face clean on his tee-shirt. “I don’t think it works like that.” He said.

“Yes, so far it’s only my baby who is at all sweet.” Blaise said proudly. “So it stands to reason that only if this baby is mine will it be sweet.”

“I have yet to have a child, how do you know that I won’t have a sweet…?” Draco started but Max cut him off with a loud laugh.

“Your baby will come out sneering.” Blaise told Draco seriously.

Draco huffed and rolled his eyes, he stood up, but bent back down to kiss him before going into the kitchen to get some more tea for the five of them.

Harry refused to let Max go. Instead he clung on and Max chuckled at him, lifting him up and sitting back on the settee with Harry snuggled on his lap. Blaise came to rest against them and Max threw an arm around him and Harry laced their fingers together. He sighed happily and he settled. Today had been amazing, he’d had so much fun and he’d been proven wrong. He had been fretting for nothing.

He did feel bad that he’d assumed that his mates would overreact to his baby news, but then they had shown him that they would in the past. He was so happy to be wrong for once and he was glad that their therapy was going so well that they didn’t immediately act with anger when finding out something like this when he’d deliberately kept it from them.

Leolin interrupted them when he started crying and Harry forced himself to remain sitting as Nasta went to get him. Kailen had given them little sachets of powder that Nasta had told him was ground chamomile. It was a herbal remedy for teething babies that the Faeries used in place of medicines, that Faeries couldn’t actually take while so young. It was working a treat with Leolin, who was now back to feeding and was happy as long as he had his gums massaged by a frozen cloth every half an hour or so, but his freezable gel teethers were now his favourite thing and as long as he had one, or three, of them near him for him to chew and gnaw on, he was contented and his first tooth coming through didn’t bother him as much.

Nasta came back with Leolin already feeding from a bottle, they could see their tiny son biting hard on the teat and pulling on it as he fed. Nasta had one of the gel teethers in his hand with a frozen cloth. As soon as Leolin was done feeding, he would have his gums massaged and then he’d be left with his teethers.
Harry let out a sigh, he was a lot more settled now that they knew exactly how to help Leolin and how to look after him as he started teething. His very first tooth. Harry couldn’t have been happier or prouder. Leolin was coming on so well and he was developing in ways that they couldn’t see. Harry was convinced that Leolin was understanding more and more as he aged, even if he wasn’t saying anything more than his usual ‘Ma’ and ‘Da’, he was doing more, he was getting more mobile as he reached out for more things, testing and trying them. He would pull on grass to rip it up, he turned objects over in his hands, he would stare so intently at things that you could almost see his mind working out how they worked or what they were for. Now he was physically developing once more, he had grown a little longer, he’d put on more weight and now he had his very first tooth. Nasta had been right after all, Leolin had been sleeping so much over the last few weeks because his body had been gearing up for this…a growth spurt and a tooth. Harry was so proud of his tiny little son and he couldn’t help but hold his arms out for him when Nasta had finished feeding him.

Nasta smiled at him and kissed him as he transferred Leolin over to his arms.

“Ma.” Leolin declared looking up at him.

“It’s taking him less and less time to recognise who we are.” Max said happily. “It used to take him a minute before he’d realise who was holding him. He does it almost immediately now.”

Harry nodded, so happy and so very proud. “I know. He is developing and learning and I love him so much for it. I can’t believe he cut a tooth on his big brother’s birthday!” He chuckled.

“He has terrible timing.” Max agreed with a grin.

“I don’t believe that he has any control over it.” Draco pointed out.

“Well, he could at least try.” Max teased and Harry chuckled, cuddling his baby, even as he used his finger to massage Leolin’s gums and the one inflamed area surrounding the emerging tooth with the frozen cloth.

“Maybe this means that we can try him on something other than milk.” He said hesitantly, unsure if getting a tooth was a sign that Faerie babies were ready to be weaned…after all, they had no idea when the second tooth would come through.

“I’ll buy some natural yoghurt and blitz up some strawberries and see if he can handle having anything in his mouth. If he pushes it back out, then he’s probably not ready.” Max said. “But there’s no reason why we can’t try every week or so. Just because he’s not ready one week,
doesn’t mean that he won’t be ready the next, but we can’t push him.”

“I remember.” Blaise said, perking up. “I remember that with the other kids. If they reject it immediately, we don’t push them.”

“That’s right.” Max said proudly. “If they look unsure, we try them again, but if they immediately look uncomfortable or upset or push the food out of their mouths, we don’t push them.”

Blaise smiled happily and he sunk back into Max’s body and Max kissed him gently. Harry finished massaging Leolin’s gums and gave him one of the teethers.

He sat back against Max and cradled Leolin on his lap, who was rolling the teether in his hands, who would then lift it to his mouth and chomp on it several times and then he’d bring it back down and turn it back over in his hands.

Harry watched him for several minutes, sipping on his tea. When the teether started going soft, losing its coolness, Harry asked Draco if he could please get another one from the freezer, putting the thawing teether back into the freezer.

The kids started waking back up again and the house once again became loud and active. Calix tripped over a stray truck, Braiden wanted to go back on the bouncy castle, so Max pulled out the dreaded trampoline for him to bounce on instead and Regan tried to climb up the sideboard, repeatedly, and when they kept stopping him from doing that, he tried to climb the bookcase, then he tried to climb over the back of the settee.

“Regan, you’re going to hurt yourself you little monkey.” Draco chastised as he plucked Regan off of the settee and placed him back on his feet. Regan laughed as if it were a huge game…perhaps to him it was.

“I think going down that huge slide has given him some much needed confidence.” Harry said happily as he watched Regan take off again, back towards the bookcase.

“No, you little monster.” Max said as he intercepted him, hefted him up and then threw Regan high into the air. Their little boy yelled out in happiness and giggled as Max caught him.

“Agen! Agen, Daddy!”

“Again?” Max cooed. “Up you go then!”
Max threw Regan several times, to much screeches and giggles, but it gained the attention of the other kids, who all wanted to be thrown in the air too.

Harry laughed at his biggest mate as he tried to throw and catch one baby at a time while four others clamoured for his attention at his legs.

“Will someone help me before I’m swarmed!” He laughed.

“Sorry, I’m six weeks pregnant.” Harry said immediately and Blaise laughed, cottoning on.

“I’m still recovering from a serious head injury.” Blaise insisted.

“Draco! Nasta! Help me.” Max pleaded with a laugh as Braiden grabbed his tee shirt and pulled.

Nasta snorted, but he took pity on Max and distracted Farren and Braiden with one of Braiden’s birthday presents, a massive, chunky garage for their plastic cars and trucks. All Nasta had to do was pick up a car and put it on the ramp, watching as it rolled down, and that was it for Farren and Braiden as they ran back to the garage to play.

Tegan was distracted by her penguin, which Nasta picked up from where she’d left it, and he put it in the toy box. Tegan shouted out a loud ‘No, Daddy Nassa!’ and stormed over to take the penguin back out of the box, petting it and stroking down its fuzzy fur.

Nasta then distracted Calix and Regan and that left Max free to fall onto the settee.

“Merlin, I’m getting old!” He groaned.

Nasta snorted as he walked past, but Max pulled him back into his lap and kissed him. It made Nasta properly laugh, then he grunted as Max tipped him backwards and snogged him.

Nasta laughed again once his mouth was free and Max joined him.

“I knew you were my favourite for a reason!” Max declared. “Coming to my rescue and then letting me love on you.”

“I’ll let you love on me whenever you want.” Nasta said. “I think I’ve topped entirely too much over the last few weeks, I haven’t bottomed once, we should fix that.”
“Yes.” Max’s voice cracked and he cleared his throat before trying again. “Yes, we should.” He agreed.

Nasta smirked and slid from Max’s lap. “Unfortunately it will have to wait for these little ones to go to bed.”

“You’re getting as big a tease as Harry!” Max complained.

“If you want to go upstairs for an hour, I’ll watch the kids.” Harry said with a smile.

“You’d do that, why?” Max asked.

“Because I’m tired after today and I’m not really in the mood, I just want to sit here and relax a little. So if you want to go upstairs, it’s absolutely fine with me.”

Max leapt up, grabbed Nasta’s hand and pulled him up the stairs to their bedroom. Harry laughed, especially when Blaise hurried after them.

“Do you not want to go too? I truly don’t mind.” Harry said to Draco.

Draco smiled at him and he moved from the other settee to sit beside him, throwing an arm around him.

“Like you, I’m not really in the mood. I had the night shifts last night and I’m tired. After all the excitement today, I just want some rest and relaxation. So I’m much happier staying here and having you to myself for an hour or so. It’s been a while since we’ve had some time just to ourselves, I’m going to make the most of it.”

Harry smiled at Draco and rested against him, smiling as they watched their eight children playing and wriggling around on the floor, the room only noisy because of how many children there were, while their three other mates enjoyed themselves and released some stress and tension upstairs.

Draco’s hand played along his belly and rested on it often, just feeling, even though there was nothing to feel there yet. He did it anyway and it made Harry smile, even as he knew that Max was
in his element, taking both Nasta and Blaise upstairs in their bed. He grinned. He couldn’t wait to hear the delicious, gritty details, but for now, he was just very happy to be sat down, relaxing with some honey tea and some more of his remaining birthday sweets, that he happily shared with Draco, who’d gotten out his latest novel to read, even if he did look up to check on the kids with every turn of the page.

After the day that he’d had it was sheer bliss to just rest on Draco and sit still for a while and truly, not even sex beat this calm, happy relaxation for him, which is why he’d chosen it when given the two options. He regretted nothing, he’d chosen perfectly for his current mood, he could always get sex later if he felt like it. He chuckled to himself and turned his head into Draco’s chest, he was perfectly happy right where he was.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Happy birthday to me! I’m now twenty-fucking-seven. Where the hell does the time go? Anyway, here is our chapter full of birthdays to celebrate my own! So much happening in this chapter and a little bit of foreshadowing for future drama. Gotta love a bit of good drama.

I think this was all for now, lovelies! I’m going to enjoy the rest of my birthday now, until our next update,

StarLight Massacre. X
Fruit Fun

Chapter Notes

Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Nine – Fruit Fun

Harry was back in court again after Braiden’s birthday. Richard had at least given him an extra day afterwards to relax, but ultimately he couldn’t afford to wait any longer and on Monday the sixteenth of August he was dressed up in a suit and a tie, which it was far too warm for, and he was back under Richard’s care.

It was his own fault that he was here really, he had wanted to be fully involved in these court proceedings when he could have let Richard handle it, though due to extenuating circumstances he had had to stop going for a while, mainly because he’d been in the Healing Halls and unable to think straight, but that was all behind him now and he once again wanted to be involved with the court case, a stinking hot August day or not.

Everyone in the family now knew that he was pregnant too and he knew that several people had actually threatened Richard with bodily harm if anything at all happened to him while he was in the courtroom, sitting across from ‘those monsters’ and surrounded by people. Harry felt offended by this, as if they somehow thought that maybe Richard wouldn’t throw down his own life for him if it came to it when Harry knew, and disagreed with it, one hundred percent that Richard would give up his own life to protect him and the baby.
“You’re frowning again.” Richard told him.

“This decaf tastes like soil.” Harry grumbled.

Richard laughed, loud and happily. He wheezed a little and Harry looked at him worriedly, but Richard calmed himself, took several deep breaths, and regained control of himself.

“What happens if you have one of those attacks?” Harry asked worriedly.

Richard smiled gently at him. “I have the potion I need in my pocket, Harry. Stop fretting. I’ve been living with this condition for two decades now, you don’t need to worry about me, it’s you we need to fret and fuss over.”

“Not really. I’m okay and the sentencing will be soon, won’t it?”

“It will, not long now and all of this will be over.” Richard said soothingly, putting his arm around Harry’s back and leading him on the familiar trek to the courthouse.

The massive glass structure came into view as they rounded the last corner and Harry took in an extra deep breath, his hand placed over his fluttering stomach. He was thankful that he still wasn’t getting any morning sickness…not yet.

“How did they all react to the photos?” He asked quietly.

“As you could well imagine, they did not go down very well with the Judge and jury.” Richard told him. “I explained that you couldn’t be there for the viewing of the photos as the photographic reminders of what those people did to you would complicate your therapy. Healer Vasey was more than happy to sign on such a thing when I went to explain the problem to him.”

Harry nodded. “They are terrible photos, but I lived through it. The photos don’t bother me half as much as the memories.”

“I know, sweetheart.” Richard said sadly, holding him tighter. “Just remember that they are getting what’s coming to them for what they did to you. They are not escaping justice and with your
therapy, you’ll be better in no time while they rot in a jail cell for the rest of their miserable, cruel lives.”

Harry blew out a breath and he nodded. “I’m doing really well with Healer Vasey. He was worried about the effect the fight would have on me after my childhood, but I spent most of it in Dracken form, so I don’t really associate what happened with my human brain, if that makes any sense at all. It has bled over into my everyday life, of course. I went through that little while of not trusting them, of not being able to leave my babies, but that’s behind us now. I’m better now.”

Richard pulled him in tighter for a moment and smiled down at him. “I know what you mean about the Dracken and human mind being separated. I barely remember my injury because I was in Dracken form. Everything just seems blurry and detached when you go feral.”

Harry nodded his understanding.

“It was mostly just pain and fear, seeing Myron hovering over me with his hands and arms covered in my blood, but the details of what happened, it’s all just a blur to me. I remember that my Dracken and I were following our top dominant, we knew our pregnant mate was in trouble, in danger, and that made us angry, we were scared for her. We found her and we were fighting and killing those who were hurting her and holding her captive, those who had killed our baby...after that, nothing. I slipped into such a feral state that it was all just blood and killing to protect our submissive. The next I knew I was on the floor, trying to breathe through a ruined throat, Myron frantic above me as he force fed me his blood, from where he tore a chunk from his own arm in his own panic to get his blood into me as quickly as he could.”

“It sounds awful, I’m sorry you went through something like that. Myron and Ashleigh too, of course, especially Ashleigh, but you too because of your injury. You were only doing what your instincts told you to do and you could have died from it.”

Richard smiled down at him again as they reached the courthouse and slipped inside.

“We all do what we can for our loved ones, Harry. It’s just who we are.”

Harry nodded his understanding. In Richard’s mind, he had only been doing what he was supposed to do for his beloved submissive. It would have been the same for him if he’d taken an injury to protect his children. Even if others didn’t think so, it would be worth it to Harry to put his body on the line, his very life on the line if needed, to protect his children.
"I understand exactly." He said softly.

"I wouldn’t doubt it, not with how very protective you are, of your kids and of those errant lovers of yours." Richard teased. "I mean, how many fights have you gotten into with complete strangers now just because they had threatened or insulted your lovers?"

Harry snorted. “A few, the most recent was two days ago on Braiden’s birthday, actually. That filthy Faerie guard who threatened to have my mates executed and my baby torn from my arms.”

Richard snorted. “I remember.” He said with a teasing grin.

Harry was directed to sit on the polished wooden bench and he did so, trying to ease away his nerves. He did so by thinking of his new baby. He smiled and splayed his hands over his flat belly and gently rubbed at it, trying to will his love and devotion into his baby, so that the baby, or even babies, would always know, right from the beginning, that he loved them with all that he was.

“You’re not feeling sick?” Richard asked him quietly.

“No.” Harry said. “I’m just trying to convey my love.”

Richard grinned at him and laid a hand on his head. “Carry on then.”

“Is it bad that I’m craving a big, greasy burger?” He said.

“It’s nine in the morning.” Richard said with a grin.

“I know. Nasta wouldn’t let me eat it anyway. ‘Think of your health, Harry.’, ‘What about the baby, Harry.’ He’s such a fucking killjoy.” He sulked. “I might punish him by eating a whole watermelon.”

“How will that punish him?” Richard asked in confusion.

“If I eat it all then he can’t have any.” Harry said stubbornly. “He can’t stop me from eating all of
it either, 'because of the baby'.” He added in a bad impression of Nasta’s voice.

Richard had to laugh. He loved his boys so much, Harry especially. Some of the things he came out with...he just had to laugh at him.

“If you want a whole watermelon, you eat a whole watermelon, baby.” Richard told him. “Do you have one at home?”

Harry shook his head. “I’m going to have to send Max out shopping.”

“We can go to the store once we’re done here.” Richard told him. “That way you can buy all the fruit that Nasta loves and punish him by eating it in front of him and not giving him any.”

Harry’s face lit up. “Yes! That would drive him insane!”

“If you need me and Myron to take the kids for the afternoon, all you need to do is ask.” Richard winked at him.

Harry’s grin widened. “Blaise and Draco are going to take all of them to visit Narcissa, Lucius, Marianna and Josiah for group afternoon tea at Malfoy Manor. It’s going to be just me and Nasta until about three O’clock when Max comes home from work.”

“Oh, now you are going to have fun.” Richard chuckled. “We’ll be finished by two O’clock, that gives you an hour or so to wind up Nasta after we go shopping. Is that enough time for you?”

Harry grinned. “Who says we have to stop just because Max comes home?”

“That’s my baby boy you’re talking about.” Richard said with a wink. “He wouldn’t do anything of that sort!”

Harry giggled at the thought of dirty, perverted Max being chaste and abstinent. “We have four babies together.” Harry pointed out.
“No, I’m not listening.” Richard said, making a point of turning his back to Harry, smiling as he heard the laughter behind him.

“You’re in a good mood, Seppen.” Someone called out, walking down the corridor.

“Why shouldn’t I be?” Richard answered curtly.

“You’re in court today, I would have thought you’d be a little more... *serious*.”

“I have no need to be when I’m so confident of a conviction.” Richard said easily.

“You cocky narcissist.” The other man sneered.

“I don’t think that word means what you think it does.” Richard replied with an easy smirk. “Then, that’s nothing new for you, is it?”

The other man bared his teeth and Richard easily blocked Harry from view with a shoulder.

“This is a courthouse, not a zoo.” Richard replied mildly. “Take your animalistic behaviour elsewhere. Or better yet, learn to control yourself, you might actually win a single case if you did.”

“You better watch yourself, Seppen. One of these days you’ll take the wrong case, or piss off the wrong people.”

Richard made a disinterested noise in the back of his throat. “Not all of us worry more for our own necks and hides over the rightful justice for the victim. So if that was all you had to say, kindly carry on walking.”

The angry man stormed off and Harry released a breath that he hadn’t known that he’d been holding.

“Who was that man?” He asked Richard. “Why doesn’t he like you?”
Richard turned and smiled at him. “He doesn’t like my conduct outside of the courtroom. He thinks I’m too childish, yet I win ninety percent of my cases and it drives him crazy. He’s usually opposite me in the courtroom and every case we’ve had together, he’s always lost and he hates it. He’s just a bitter little man who likes using big words to make himself sound more intelligent than he actually is. He always tries to show me up in a courtroom, trying to get others to see how ‘childish and unsuitable’ I am to be a barrister. I always show him up in return, especially when he uses his big, fancy words in the wrong context. That always makes me laugh. Well, that and the fact that he comes across as more bestial than me when I am literally part beast.” Richard chuckled.

Harry smiled back, but he frowned again a moment later. “Was he threatening you?”

Richard scoffed. “Probably. It’s a dog eat dog kind of career. I don’t feel threatened by the teacup Chihuahua though, Harry, so I wouldn’t pay any mind to that conversation. I meant what I said, I care more for the justice of the victim than I do about my own neck. I have Myron to cover my neck for me and you need to remember, all of these people are not only humans, but they’re Muggles too, sweetie.” Richard winked at him. “They aren’t going to take on me and win. I’d chew them up and spit out the remains and that’s before I bring out fangs and claws.”

Harry smiled then, having been reassured with the knowledge that he was in a Muggle courthouse, and that everyone around them were Muggles. Of course they could still cause damage, or even death, to a wizard or to a Dracken, but the chances of that happening while Richard had wings, claws, fangs and a wand at his disposal was drastically lowered.

“Potter versus Dursley.” A court attendant called out.

Harry took a huge breath and he took comfort from Richard’s hand on his shoulder, walking him into the courtroom. Richard would look after him.

As before, the Dursleys were already sat at the one table. Harry and Richard sat at the other table, Harry taking the seat furthest from the Dursleys and Richard placing his case on the table and opening it, taking out a stack of papers and snapping them against the table top, neatening them up before laying them down and removing his case from view.

Harry took a nervous sip of his decaf coffee, trying not to fidget, trying not to look as nervous as he felt and trying not to look around him, especially not at the Dursleys.

He stood with the rest of the courtroom when the stern, severe looking Judge Justice Brais entered and Harry sat when the Judge did. The room was called to order and Harry just sat and tried to ignore his pounding heart. It was ridiculous, nothing was going to happen to him, he knew that. He wasn’t going to be hurt, but that didn’t calm his heart and it didn’t stop his nerves. He remembered that he’d been through much worse, this courtroom was nothing, this case was nothing. He was going to survive this and he was going to get his justice on the family who had hurt and neglected
him his entire life.

“I would like to remind the court that in our last session we covered the extensive physical torture that the plaintiff, Harry James Potter, endured at the hands of the defendants, the Dursley family that was documented in a series of photographs that was taken by a since deceased neighbour and then later by Mister Potter himself.” A court attendant read out.

There were mutterings and grumblings throughout the courtroom as the photographs were mentioned. Harry felt eyes boring into him from all directions and he sunk down in his seat. Richard touched his back gently in silent support. He would be alright. He was going to be just fine. Today was going to be a few hours of back and forth arguing, like all the other times, everything would be fine.

“Today we will call Mrs Petunia Dursley to the stand to answer the allegations of causing some of the injuries to Mister Potter’s body.” The attendant carried on.

Petunia moved slowly, like a hunched woman going to her own execution. She had already faced Richard in the courtroom before, she clearly did not want to do so again.

Richard touched Harry’s shoulder and bent to whisper in his ear. “I’ll be bringing up some of the pictures for reference, Harry. Will you be okay with that?”

Harry nodded, a little jerkily, but he took a deep breath and straightened himself up. He had nothing to hide, he was not the guilty party, he had not injured himself after all. He was here for justice and he was going to get it. Petunia had hit and hurt him and caused some of the injuries in those photos, she needed to answer from them, as well as Vernon needed to answer for the injuries that he had caused to him too.

Richard’s face changed suddenly, one moment open and caring, kind and loving, the man that Harry knew and adored. The next it was closed off and stern, a perfectly crafted mask that would hide all of his facial expressions and would allow him to keep control of himself. A man that Harry did not know.

“Mrs Dursley.” He started, his voice once again taking on that hard, mocking tone. “You were very uncooperative the last time that you were on the stand, I hope that you’ve had a chance to set your story straight in your mind.”

Petunia said nothing, but her blue eyes took a quick dart to her husband and their lawyer, Mister Chorley.
“I would like to start with pictures eighteen and nineteen.” Richard called out and a court attendant flitted through the photos and brought up the picture labelled as eighteen on a screen that the whole court could see. Picture nineteen was placed on the projector next to it and they appeared side by side.

Harry peeked up at the pictures and he saw that the first showed a wonky, bloody bandage that certainly hadn’t been tied properly or by any sort of professional. Picture nineteen was the corresponding picture, where the bandage that he had tied on himself was removed, showing the deep cut underneath.

“You should remember these photos, Mrs Dursley. Harry has told me all about how he received them, how you hustled him into the bathroom afterwards and threw a roll of bandage at him for him to clean himself up. A boy of nine.” Richard said, his voice icy and chilling.

“I don’t know how he got that injury.” Petunia said, her voice hesitant and unconvincing to Harry’s ears.

“Well, let me remind you.” Richard said coolly, walking back to the table and picking up the top piece of paper, turning back to Petunia. “You had told Harry to make breakfast for your family, all the while knowing that he hadn’t eaten in two days and would be very hungry, and while your husband snapped at Harry to hurry up, Harry took a misstep in his terror. He fell from the footstool that he used to reach the counters and cupboards and he caught himself on the corner of the counter as he fell, which left a long cut in his side, over his ribs. You, very frustrated with Harry’s fall and his subsequent injury, pulled him from the floor by his upper arm, marched him to the bathroom upstairs, threw him inside and told him to clean himself up, before you shut the door and presumably went and finished cooking breakfast for the family. A job that you, or your husband, should have been doing yourselves in the first place, and not making a nine year old boy do as such. And no, we have established that cooking is not an acceptable chore for a nine year old child.” Richard put in venomously. “I would not have allowed my nine year old to cook a full meal, unsupervised. I very much doubt any parent or guardian would.”

“Objection, that is all conjecture and presumption!” The Dursley’s lawyer spat. “My children knew how to cook at a young age, my wife used to cook with them and they enjoyed it!”

“We are not talking about standing a child on a chair and having them ‘help out’ by letting them crack a few eggs into a bowl.” Richard said chillingly. “My children also stood on chairs and ‘helped out’ by stirring sauces and learning how to peel vegetables, but they were supervised at all times, as I’m sure that your wife supervised your children also. Harry was not supervised. He was not just stirring or cracking eggs, he was cooking full meals over an open gas flame often with hot fat and sharp knives. Two dozen of the photos shown to this court over our last three sessions were
injuries related to Harry being unsupervised in the kitchen. He’s been burnt, he’s had hot grease leave scars on his hands and arms, he’s cut his fingers and hands with knives that he was never supervised with when using. This is not the same as teaching a child to cook and watching every move they make!”

No one said a word and Richard took a deep breath and then pointedly turned back to Petunia.

“You saw Harry fall hard while cooking for your family. You dragged him from the kitchen as he was bleeding, and you threw him into the bathroom to sort himself out. You knew that he had that injury.” Richard said, jabbing his finger to the screen and the two photos. “You knew that Harry would not be able to wrap his own chest and still you left him there to bleed and patch himself up, but worst still, you made him clean up the bathroom once he was finished. You forced him to clean up his own blood from the bathroom floor while he was injured and in pain.”

Petunia was white, she was breathing heavier than usual, but she was also silent. She seemed to have adopted her husband’s tactic of remaining silent through her questioning.

“You have nothing to say? No, I don’t suppose that you do. What can you say to explain this?” Richard said, waving his hand at the screen. “There is no excuse, nothing that you can say to explain away the blatant child abuse that you not only watched unfold before you, but actively enabled by forcing Harry to cook unsupervised, and then made worse once he was injured from your abusive negligence. Harry is your nephew, your own sister’s son, and you watched as he was injured and you threw him into the bathroom and left him to deal with his injury himself, a nine year old boy.”

Petunia was shaking, as if she were a frail autumn leaf in a gusty breeze, but she still said nothing. Harry wondered if she was angry, or if she was merely scared. He took a bit of savage pleasure in thinking that it was the latter, after all of the pain and fear she had instilled in him over the years, it was about time that she got her due. The both of them deserved it. He looked over to Vernon and then back to Petunia. He had been hurt and abused by those two people for almost his whole life. He hadn’t deserved what had happened to him in his life. He hadn’t deserved to be targeted by Voldemort. He hadn’t deserved to be orphaned as a baby, his own parents sacrificing their own lives willingly and unhesitantly for him. He hadn’t deserved what had happened to him in his life. He hadn’t deserved to be targeted by Healer Vasey, and his mates and their families, his family now, were helping him to see that. He hadn’t deserved it and now he was getting justice for all that had been done to him by these people.

He had been a child, a baby when he’d come to them, unable to defend himself, unable to understand, probably missing his parents as he wouldn’t have had any concept of the finality of death at such a young age. He felt tears well up in his eyes, even as he balled up his hands into tight fists to prevent such a thing happening, as it finally sunk in fully. He had NOT deserved such treatment, not merely for being born, not for having magic, not because his parents had died to protect him, not just because he was unwanted. He had been a child, and he knew now, no child should have been treated the way that he had been. The thought of his own children having the
same life that he had had, going through the same things, experiencing the same abuse and neglect. One hot tear fell down his cheek and he wiped it away angrily.

Petunia was his aunt. His Mother’s sister. He knew that had the situation been reversed, and Vernon and Petunia had died and Dudley had been orphaned and come to live with him and his parents, he would have had a brother. Dudley would have been raised with love and affection, with discipline and structure. He wouldn’t have been treated any differently to himself. He wouldn’t have been singled out, not because he was a Muggle, not because he was an orphan. They would have been treated exactly the same, given the same punishments and the same rewards. Another tear fell and he again wiped it away.

Richard was talking again. Petunia actually said something back, but Harry didn’t hear it over the volume of his own thoughts.

If Caesar and Amelle were killed, he and his mates would take in Eleonora and Beatrice in a heartbeat. Harry wouldn’t even hesitate to accept them as his own daughters. He wouldn’t even think to treat them any differently and Nora was older than he was when he’d been left with the Dursleys and this sort of treatment had started. That made his breath catch in his throat. His quintuplets were older than he had been when he’d been orphaned and sent to the Dursleys.

The thought came unbidden, of Regan suffering as he had, of Calix being poked and pinched and kicked and no one doing anything to stop it, of Tegan being denied a hug, of Farren calling for ‘muma’ and being ignored or snapped at and he swallowed hard.

A gentle hand on his shoulder made him jump and flinch.

“Harry, it’s Richard.” A soft voice whispered to him. “Are you okay? Do you need a break?”

Harry nodded jerkily.

“I would like to call a small recess of the court.” Richard said, standing up straight and looking behind him.

“Granted, we will take an early lunch and proceedings will continue at noon.” The Judge agreed and Richard quickly put all his papers back into his case and helped Harry to his feet, escorting him out and to a small, empty room down the hall.

“What is it, are you okay?” Richard asked as soon as the door was closed, coming to him and holding him tightly to his chest. “Are you in pain? Was it too soon?”

Harry clutched at Richard’s suit jacket and he cried, hard and messily. Richard said nothing more, he just held him and stroked his hair, making soft, soothing noises until Harry eventually calmed down and quietened.
Richard pulled back and kissed his forehead, swiping his thumbs under his eyes. “What was it?” He asked softly. “The pictures were too much?”

Harry shook his head and swallowed. “I lived through those photos, I know what they show, what every injury felt like, when it was caused and why. No…I just…it was when you said that she was my Mother’s sister. She was supposed to love me. Why didn’t she love me?”

Richard couldn’t answer that question. The only person who could wasn’t saying anything, she was staying silent, denying Harry a chance of closure or at the least an explanation, but those people wanted to save their own skin, thus they were denying the charges against them and upsetting Harry even more.

“Do you want to go home, sweetie?” Richard asked him seriously. “You don’t have to be here and if you want to go home, I will take you right now. You can go and sex up Nasta with all that lovely fruit.”

Harry laughed and rubbed at his damp eyes. He shook his head. “I just…I know that if it had been the other way around then my parents wouldn’t have treated Dudley any differently, we would have been raised as brothers. If anything happened to Amelle or Caesar, I would never even think about treating Nora or Bea as anything other than my daughters. I just don’t understand what was so wrong with me.”

Richard pulled him back into a tight hug, before he cupped his face and forced eye contact. “There is nothing wrong with you, Harry, and there never has been. Those monsters out there, the ones going to prison for what they did to you, they are the ones who have something wrong with them to be able to treat a beautiful, wonderful little boy like you the way they did and I hate them for what they’ve done to you, for making you think that there is anything at all wrong with you.”

“My children are older than I was when I went to them in that house.” Harry said softly. “Braiden, Farren, Calix, Tegan, Leolin, Regan. They’re all older than I was when I was orphaned, Richard. When I think of them going through anything similar…” Harry trailed off into sniffling and Richard held him tighter.

“They will never experience what you did, Harry. You and your mates are not monsters. You have your problems, every relationship does, but you love your children. You love those babies so much, Harry and your mates love them too and they adore you to pieces. People don’t act like those monsters out there, that’s why they’re going to prison, baby. The fault lies with them, always with them, not you.”
Harry clung to Richard and just tried not to think.

“It’s going to be so difficult for anyone to understand what you went through, Harry.” Richard said gently. “But we try, we’re here to love you, to support you. We might not ever understand completely, but we all know that what those beasts did to you was not your fault, it was abuse, my love, and they’re going to prison for it.”

Harry nodded. He knew that too. He saw it sometimes, when he would mention something that he’d been through and his mates would get those blank, uncomprehending looks, the furious anger and the promises to hold him close and never let him go. They could never understand what he’d been through, the things he’d experienced, but it was wonderful to know that they cared, that they loved him and would protect him and hold him. He adored them, and he knew that they adored him, regardless of anything else, or what they would go through, such as their fights and arguments, they still loved one another dearly.

“Now, do you want to go home?” Richard asked him seriously.

Harry shook his head. “No. I want to carry on.” He said.

“Are you sure?”

Harry nodded seriously. “Yes, I’m sure. I want to finish this case. I want to finish up here today, and then I want to go home and tease Nasta with fruit.”

Richard smiled at him and bent to kiss his forehead. “Come on then, love. Let’s get back in there and hammer a few more nails into their coffins.”

Harry smiled and he sighed, standing up and letting Richard lead him back into the courtroom, as their called recess would be over in several minutes anyway. He pushed the thoughts of what Nasta’s possible reactions to him eating fruit would be and he instead focused back on the court case, he would be fine for the remainder of this case now. Everything would be fine.
“What are figs?” Harry asked as he picked up the small package with a frown. “I don’t think Nasta eats these.”

Richard scoffed as he bent over the handlebar of the trolley. “That boy eats avocado and aubergine, of course he eats figs. Shove them in.”

Harry put the little package down in the trolley, along with all the other fruits he’d put in, including his one whole watermelon, a mango and a punnet each of peaches and nectarines. Richard was insisting that any fruit that ‘dripped’ would be his best bet. Harry assumed he’d done this before, so he was willing to trust his judgement…if Richard had any judgement left that was.

Harry smiled to himself. He felt drained after his ordeal in court, but he was excited to rile up Nasta with fruit.

“Right, I think you have enough now. If you don’t want him to have any, then you need to buy just the amount you can eat or he’s going to take from what you don’t eat. You craving anything?”

Harry grinned. “I’m not far enough gone to be craving.”

“Okay then, let’s get this bought and paid for and get you home to your lovers.” Richard said happily. “You don’t need chocolate or ice cream?”

“They don’t sell my fudge chocolate here, but thankfully Max bought me a massive box for my birthday, a bar for every day of the year. Though if I eat all of them before my next birthday, he assures me that he’ll buy me more.”

“Good. I’m glad he’s looking after you properly.” Richard said with a grin.

“He is. They all are.” Harry insisted with his own goofy smile. “I’ve never felt so loved and so cared for.”

Richard smiled at him and touched his head. He happily paid for all of the fruit, ignoring Harry’s complaints.

“If I can’t buy food for my son, who can I buy it for?” Richard demanded, handing over the notes to the cashier to pay for the fruit. “Now come on, let’s get you home.”
Harry smiled as Richard wrapped the plastic bags around his wrist and his other arm around Harry, they walked for a short while and then they ducked into an alley. They Apparated to the house and Harry immediately relaxed tensed muscles. He was home.

He pulled out his keys and he unlocked the front door and he walked into silence. Utter silence. It was wrong and unusual, but he knew that only Nasta was here at the moment.

“It’s odd being in this huge house with silence.” Richard said, his voice hushed. “I bet Nasta is making the most of it while he can.”

Harry nodded. “He had a bit of paperwork to sort out, then he was going to just kick back and enjoy the peace.”

“Now you’re going to be naughty with fruit and rile him up.” Richard teased in a whisper with a grin.

Harry grinned back. “Yep.”

Richard chuckled as they made it to the kitchen and he set the bag of fruit on the kitchen table. “Let’s wash all of these off before preparing any of them.” He warned firmly.

Harry helped prepare some of the fruit, slicing them up and removing the stones inside the peaches and nectarines. The huge, flat one inside the mango that Richard had prepared had surprised him as he hadn’t expected it and he watched as Richard took a dessert spoon to it, scooping out the yellow fruit from its green peel and then slicing it. The figs just had the tops cut off of them and then they were quartered, the watermelon was hacked into wedges by Richard with Max’s largest knife and then they were done and Richard left him with the big plate of juicy, dripping fruit.

Harry followed his footsteps to the front door and he flinched a little at the suddenness of the front door slamming closed. Richard had done that on purpose so that Nasta would hear from wherever he was hiding in the house. Probably up in his attic office. Harry got to work putting all the knives in the sink and then taking his plate to the table to eat his fruit, knowing that Nasta would be here quickly.

“Harry? Is that you?” Nasta called out from within the depths of the house.

“Yes!” Harry called out loudly. “I’m home earlier than I thought I’d be. Richard just dropped me off, the wind must have taken the door.” Which was a lie as there was no wind to speak of in the
dry heat of August.

Harry sat down with the platter of the fruits quickly, hiding the remainder back in the carrier bag and in the depths of the fridge…only Max knew what everything was and where it was in this kitchen so it was unlikely that Nasta would find it.

He sat at the kitchen table, knowing that for this he would need to let the juice dribble all over his arms and chin, and he started laying out the fruit on the plate, before realising that it would be better if he didn’t have his smart suit on. He quickly took off his tie and his smart shirt so that he wouldn’t ruin them as he heard Nasta on the stairs. He slipped off his belt, shoes and his formal trousers and left himself in just his boxer shorts, sitting at the kitchen table, pineapple juice already dripping from his chin just when Nasta walked in.

Harry didn’t look up right away, he had to play this as cool as he could.

“Court was awful.” He complained as he licked juice from his fingers and gave his mate a smile of greeting. “It was so hot in that stupid suit. I don’t know why I can’t just wear shorts and tee-shirt. Sure Draco and Blaise will have a shit fit, but I am pregnant, I need my comfort.”

“Are you…are you hungry? Did you not have lunch with Richard?” Nasta asked, stumbling over his tongue.

Harry shook his head and sucked at his thumb, which was covered in peach juice. “No, we didn’t have time. I’m starved and I…I don’t know, I just wanted all this fruit. Must be the baby’s idea.” He said with a shrug, biting into the mango and trying not to recoil at the strange taste of it. He’d never eaten a mango before, but the juice went from his chin all down his neck. Richard had been right, it was fucking juicy.

The figs were new too, but they weren’t juicy, likely to throw Nasta off the train of thought that he was doing this on purpose when in truth, he actually was doing it on purpose.

“I’m glad to see you eating something healthy.” Nasta said quietly, his voice low and lusty.

Harry picked up a big wedge of watermelon and bit into it, gnawing on it, the red juice running down his arms and off his elbows. He would give anything at that moment to know legilimency, to see what Nasta was thinking.

“I’m not that bad with food, Nas. Honest.” He said, before licking the trail of juice from his skin. “I just…it’s hard for me to try new things, you know? But I’m trying, I mean, look at this, I’ve never eaten mango before, these little figs are really nice too. Odd, but nice, though Richard said they’re not vegetarian. How is a fruit not for vegetarians?”
“They…all edible figs are fertilised by absorbing a female fig wasp. The wasp is in the centre of every fig.”

Harry stopped in mid chew and gave a long, serious look to his oldest mate.

“Are you shitting me?” He demanded once he’d swallowed his mouthful.

“No. There’s nothing of the wasp left, Harry.” Nasta said, seemingly realising that Harry was getting either upset or angry. “You aren’t going to eat a fig and find a dead wasp inside, or any part of the wasp, but that is how edible figs are fertilised. You can’t have figs without fig wasps.”

Harry looked back to his plate and he picked up the halved fig, almost studying the red insides, but he saw nothing, there was a small hole in the centre, near the bottom, but there was nothing inside it. He popped the half into his mouth and chewed it.

“They taste nice.” He said with a small smile.

“You don’t know what you’re doing to me, just watching you sit there eating all that fruit. No sweets, no chocolate in sight.”

Harry shrugged. “Maybe this baby is yours.” He joked with a grin. “The baby wants to start early with all the healthy foods. Oh no, this means I’m going to be a health nut like you for this pregnancy!”

Nasta smiled and that got him moving, he came to stand behind Harry, wrapping his arms around his naked shoulders. Harry tipped his head back and puckered his lips. Nasta dropped a kiss on him and his smile widened.

“You taste of watermelon.” He said, an edge of breathlessness to his voice.

Harry nodded and he offered a wedge of watermelon up to Nasta, then snatched it away from his mate’s mouth and jammed it into his own around a grin.
“Cheeky.” Nasta told him, nuzzling into his hair.

Harry gnawed on the watermelon and then picked up another quarter of peach, letting the juice run down his chest. It tickled, but it hardened his nipple as the drop rolled very close to it. Nasta noticed... Harry felt him shiver as he was pressed up against his back.

Hands moved from his shoulders to his arms, sliding down slowly, barely touching, but raising all the hairs on him arms and on the back of his neck.

“Nasta, let me and the baby eat.” He complained, but it was half-hearted at best, even as he picked up a quarter of nectarine. It was very juicy and drops rolled down his neck and then down his chest from the very first bite

Nasta just hummed and nibbled along his neck instead. Harry moaned softly and he tilted his head to give Nasta more access, even as he picked up the last, wet slice of mango and sucked on it.

“I love watching you eat healthily.” Nasta told him, watching the yellow slice vanish in between Harry’s lips. “It’s such a turn on.”

“Eating fruit turns you on? No wonder you get through so much in a day.” Harry giggled.

Nasta snorted. “No, seeing you eating fruit, being healthy and taking care of yourself, that turns me on.”

Harry pushed the empty plate away from himself and tipped his head back to look up at Nasta. He smiled and puckered his lips again. Nasta kissed him, then kissed him again.


Harry turned in his chair and knelt up. Nasta picked him up easily and sat him on the kitchen table. Harry grinned.

“Max will kill us if we do anything on this table. In this room.” Harry complained, but his heart wasn’t really in any complaint that he made.
“I don’t care.” Nasta said softly, mouthing around his wet face and then his neck.

Harry giggled and he wrapped his arms and legs around Nasta and pulled him down to his mouth. Harry laid back, he pulled Nasta over the top of him and snogged him. Nasta immediately reciprocated, pressing into his body hard and nuzzling at his mouth.

“I love you, how are you feeling?”

“Wonderful.” Harry said.

“Even after your day at court?”

“Nas, I’ll tell you about court after, just give me some of your stunning body first, please. I need some love!” Harry complained.

Nasta chuckled and in one quick, smooth movement, Nasta grabbed the waistband of his boxers and yanked them down. In another quick move, before Harry could even follow him or figure out what he was doing, Nasta had moved up and swallowed Harry’s cock into his mouth.

Harry moaned deeply, one hand sinking into Nasta’s thick, black hair and he tugged on it happily with his sticky fingers, his hips rolling gently to move himself in and out of Nasta’s hot, tight mouth.

The house was silent around them, the only sounds were coming from themselves, so Harry was able to hear the sucking and the wet slurping, almost the same noises he’d made while eating the fruits. No wonder it turned Nasta on so much, it likely reminded him of the noises made during sex.

Nasta’s mouth popped off of him with one final, hard suck and Harry made a harsh, frustrated noise, his fingers tightening in all that hair in his hand. Nasta just chuckled and moved his head regardless. Harry tried to pull him back up, until he realised where Nasta was moving to. Once that glorious tongue flicked out over his hole Harry moaned happily and he immediately let go of Nasta’s hair. It was a brilliant decision, the best decision ever, as Nasta’s large hands gripped his thighs and he all but buried his mouth against Harry’s hole to reward him.

“Nassa!” Harry moaned, being forced to use a nickname as his brain shorted out with the pleasure.

Nasta started murmuring in Welsh and Harry groaned in frustration. He loved hearing the foreign words, but not being able to understand what Nasta was saying was just so annoying.
“Open your legs for me.” Nasta said, his words suddenly English again, as if he’d only just realised that he had been murmuring in Welsh and Harry couldn’t understand him.

Harry unclenched his legs and slowly eased them apart, showing off everything he had to Nasta. He moaned as a finger teased and pressed against him, testing him.

“Aaccio lube.”

Harry blinked and looked up to see Nasta with his wand out, a moment later a familiar bottle was in his other hand and he placed his wand on the kitchen table and focused all of himself on the lube. The pop of the cap opening made Harry quiver in anticipation.

Nasta didn’t keep him waiting long, instead he bent to kiss him, distracting him as those cold fingers pressed against his hole again, easing themselves into his body, made much easier now with the slick glide of the lube.

Nasta was careful, he was gentle, and Harry was wound up and teased beyond his limits and he wriggled and pleaded with Nasta desperately.

At last, at long last, Nasta pulled back slightly and Harry watched him through half-lidded eyes, panting happily as Nasta dropped his shorts to the floor and then moved back over him.

A soft, gentle nudge, a small bit of pressure, and then Nasta slid into him easily and Harry threw his head back, arching his back and he sucked in a deep breath which was let out on a deep moan.

“I love it when you do that, Cariad.” Nasta told him breathlessly. Harry didn’t know if he meant the moan, arching himself back, or clenching around Nasta inside his body. Perhaps it was all three, but Harry didn’t care as his toes curled and he had to wrap himself around Nasta to get closer.

Harry puckered his lips again and Nasta dived on him for a kiss, their tongues playing with one another as Harry’s hands found Nasta’s hair again and Nasta found his rhythm in Harry’s body. Harry’s breathing picked up, he became restless and his legs tensed around Nasta’s waist. He moaned and tugged on Nasta’s hair again.

He started panting harder as his pleasure spiked higher. His breath caught with the next thrust and he threw his head back with a small scream as he reached his orgasm.

“In my fucking kitchen!” Max’s voice yelled at them from the door. “We eat on that fucking table.”
“If it helps…” Nasta panted, sending a smirk up at Max. “I ate him out before I bent him over it.”

“No, that doesn’t help! I’m going to have to bleach this entire kitchen before I start dinner.” Max complained.

“If it helps…” Harry said, tilting his head back and looking upside down at Max, who didn’t look at all as angry as he sounded. “I feel much better after my day in court.”

Max sighed and shook his head. He came over to them and he bent to kiss Harry and then he yanked Nasta into a kiss. Nasta whose hips were still moving hard and quick.

“Aren’t you done yet? I need to clean up after you two.”

“One moment.” Nasta panted breathlessly, his hips moving faster, his rhythm getting erratic and then he stopped suddenly, his cock rammed hard into Harry’s body and with a pleasured grunt, he orgasmed and flooded Harry’s body.

Nasta laid down on him gently, and he rested for a moment. Then he pushed himself back up, kissed Harry and nuzzled him and he slid out of him gently. Harry was picked up and cradled in strong, sweaty arms and Max shooed them both out of the kitchen and into the family room.

Harry heard Max getting out the bucket and the bleach and he laughed softly, safe in Nasta’s arms.

“Put your damn clothes back on too. Those kids will be back soon and I don’t want an earful from Draco or Blaise when I wasn’t even involved.”

“It’s too hot for clothes.” Harry complained, snuggling further into Nasta’s damp arms.

“You know I adore you both, but seriously, you’ve riled me right up now.” Max said, coming in to dump their clothes in a heap on the floor.

Harry was worried that Max meant that he was actually angry, until he caught sight of the considerable bulge in Max’s work trousers.
“Oh! You’re turned on too.” Harry said with a smile. “I thought you meant that you were angry with us.” He admitted in a small voice. Nasta’s arms tightened around him comfortingly.

“No, I’m not angry, I’m so hard I’m in fucking agony.” Max said, squeezing himself through his trousers. “You two looked stunning together on that table. You always do, seriously I don’t care that you fucked in the kitchen, or on the kitchen table, only that I wasn’t invited.”

“Nasta jumped me because I was eating fruit.” Harry said.

“Now that I can actually believe.” Max grinned at them.

“He looked gorgeous, Max.” Nasta said, shifting Harry, the both of them still naked, into a more comfortable position. “He was sat in his boxers just eating watermelon, pineapple, peaches, nectarines, mangoes and figs and I just had to have him.”

“Did you not have lunch today, Harry?” Max asked worriedly.

Harry shook his head and Max looked even more worried.

“I… I started crying in the courtroom and an early lunch had to be called. Richard and I spent the time that we usually got lunch talking in a small room about why my emotions got away from me and why I was so upset. It was quite simply because…well I realised that our babies, Braiden and the quintuplets, they’re older than I was when I was sent to them. They’re older than when my torment started and…the very thought of them going through what I went through, or anything even close to it, I couldn’t handle it and I broke down.”

Nasta held him tightly and lovingly, Max hunched in front of him and held his hands lightly and comfortingly.

“They never will, Harry.” Max told him. “They will never know those sorts of horrors. We won’t allow it.”

Harry smiled at that and he raised a hand to cup Max’s face.
“Thank you. I never want them to be put in such a position. I don’t want them to be hurt or unloved. I don’t want them to be shut up in cupboards or starved.” He said, sniffing and wiping his face when an errant tear tickled his cheek.

His two mates kissed him, Max on his forehead, Nasta on his neck, but best of all, they just held him and Harry absorbed their comfort like a dry sponge.

“Thank you.” He said again after ten minutes of being held in silence.

“We love you so much. We would do anything for you, to help you through this.” Nasta told him.

Harry nodded. He knew this, of course he did. He rested back in Nasta’s arms, pulling Max’s hand with him so that he held it in his own comfortingly.

“I just don’t like thinking of these sorts of things.” Harry admitted. “They’re painful and they mess me up and I can’t stop crying and I don’t want to be miserable, I don’t want to cry every day. I want to be normal.”

“You are normal.” Nasta told him firmly. “What those people did to you is no reflection on you, Harry. They were the monsters and we are here to support you and get you through this, if that means having sex on Max’s kitchen table, that’s what we’ll do.”

Harry snorted at that.

“You could have waited until I got home.” Max bitched with a pout.

Harry bent forward and kissed him.

“I’m going for a shower now, Max, won’t you join me?” He purred softly.

Max’s blue eyes lit up happily. “Absolutely, my gorgeous man. Let us not dawdle.”

Max took him from Nasta’s arms and stood up with him, hurrying him through the house.
“Nasta!” Harry called out. “You are invited too, of course. If you want to join us!”

Harry heard Nasta laugh, full throated and deep. “I’ll be right with you.” Nasta called out.

Harry grinned to himself and he wrapped his arms tight around Max’s neck. He adored all of his mates. They always knew what to say and how to make him feel better.

An hour later Harry was very pleasantly sore and lying on the family room floor with his babies swarming around him. Draco and Blaise had had a good afternoon showing off their eight babies, even if it was just for family.

Harry was enjoying himself, well, tricking Nasta into sex with fruit and then having some wonderfully rejuvenating sex in the shower with Nasta and Max would do that to a person, but being with his babies, that was where he would always want to be.

He paid attention to all of them, even tiny Eva and Ave, distracted Leolin and laidback Farren. He played little games with them all and he spoke to them all, telling them little stories and encouraging them to speak to him. Braiden was the best to have a conversation with, at two years old now he was gaining a better understanding of the things they said and the things that he wanted to say. He was coming on into a wonderful little conversationalist.

Tegan was still their most chatty baby though, however the things she said were still in her own little language. Harry adored listening to her as she ‘read’ one of her books aloud to her penguin, a line of dummies, or to one of her Daddy’s. She never read to him, she would always push the book into his lap and snuggle into his side, wanting him to read to her.

“You’re sure they already ate?” Max fretted.

“Yes, Max.” Draco sighed. “I fed them at my parents’ house.”

“But…they had enough, right?”

“They had their dinners and their desserts. They’re fine, Max. It was one meal. Well two, but you were in work for lunch, but they’re going to be fine. Take an evening off.”
Harry tried not to smile as Max hounded Draco and Blaise for the food their babies ate that day. He had been looking forward to doing dinner for the kids once they were back, as his own little way to take care of them. He’d had his feathers in a ruffle ever since he’d found out that the Malfoy’s had taken care of the kids dinner.

“No, you still need to be fed at least.” Max said, almost sighing in relief at that.

“I fancy a takeaway.” Harry said from the floor.

“Not on your life!” Max growled at him.

Harry couldn’t help bursting into laughter and several babies turned to look at him and then joined in, which just made Harry laugh more.

“I’ve had my fruit quota of the day.” Harry said once he’d calmed down a little. “I could use some heavy and greasy in my diet.”

“No.” Max said stubbornly. “I’ve only made breakfast today! I missed lunch, I’ve missed the kids’ dinner, I am not giving up on making dinner for us too.”

Harry laughed again and he rolled onto his back. “Make us a curry then.” Harry insisted, looking up at Max.

“Fine. I can do that.” Max said happily. “Not too hot, I remember.” He added, though no one had actually said anything. “I’ll go and prep that now.”

“I think you just made his night.” Blaise told him once Max had left the larger family room for the attached kitchen.

“Two mates down, two to go.” Harry laughed to himself as he rolled back onto his belly.

“It’s your night we should be making, you’re the one who needs cheering up.” Blaise insisted. “How about another massage before bed?”
Harry picked his head up at hearing that and he sent a grin to Blaise. “Really?” He asked excitedly.

“Of course, Bello.”

“He just wants an excuse to touch you.”

“Since when have any of you needed an excuse?” Harry asked. “You all have an open invitation.” He added a moment later with an over exaggerated wink.

Blaise laughed, Draco smiled and Nasta, who Harry had lost track of, knelt over his back and nuzzled his face into Harry’s neck.

“Why, hello there.” Harry purred.

“I think Blaise should teach us all how to touch you properly tonight.” Nasta insisted. “So that you can be pampered and looked after properly. That way, we can all touch you together.”

Harry groaned at the very thought of having all four of his mates massaging different parts of his body at once. It sounded heavenly.

“I can give you all a crash course.” Blaise grinned. “Harry deserves some attention from his adoring mates.”

“I’ve already had some decent attention today.” Harry grinned.

“There’s no upper limit on how much you deserve.” Draco told him, Harry was touched by that comment and he smiled happily. He really did have the best mates in the world.

“Let’s get these kids into the bath and into bed, then we can sit back and relax.” Nasta said softly. “We can eat early, then relax together for a small while, then we can retire to bed for a very early night.”
Harry grinned. “I like that idea.”

“Right then, you sit and relax.” Blaise told him. “Think about later tonight, when all of our hands will be on you, touching you, relaxing you. We’ll sort these kids out.”

“I laid out their pyjamas ready.” Harry said a little distractedly. “It’s too hot for bodysuits or vests, just put them in nappies and their pyjamas and then we can check their temperature before we go to bed.”

“You always think of everything.” Nasta praised and Harry puffed up happily without conscious thought. He felt so much better and he happily sat on the settee when told to and he allowed his three mates to grab a handful of babies each and go to bathe them, leaving him to watch over the rest.

“Dinner’s on, gorgeous.” Max told him, coming to sit beside him for a few minutes with a happy sigh as he took the weight from his feet. One large arm immediately came around him and Harry snuggled into Max’s bulk. A kiss was pressed to his head and then Max sighed happily, looking out at the babies on the floor.

“I need to put away those toys and get out the quiet ones.” Harry said.

“Give it another minute.” Max insisted, holding him tighter.

Harry hummed happily and he sighed, relaxing further into Max.

“I love you.” Harry said suddenly.

Max startled a little at the out of the blue comment, but he laughed.

“I love you too, Harry.” Max answered. “So very much.”

Harry smiled happily, feeling so relaxed and so loved, especially after the day he’d had in court. He needed this, and he loved that his mates knew that he needed this.
He did eventually force himself to get up to put away the loud, engaging toys, leaving only the quiet, calming ones. He had only managed to move after Max had had to get up to go to the kitchen so that dinner didn’t burn.

Not long after that Nasta came back down with a sleepy Farren and Harry took his big, heavy boy into his arms and sitting back down, he gave him a cuddle. Farren was asleep before Blaise and Draco came in with Regan and Calix.

“Can you take him up, please?” Harry said with an adoring smile, giving Farren a gentle kiss.

“I got him. Draco, bring up those little girls, they should hopefully be asleep soon.” Blaise said.

Harry passed Farren gently over to Blaise and he sat on the floor this time, encouraging soft, quiet play and shushing his children if they started shrieking or shouting, with a gentle reminder that it was quiet time.

An hour later and all the babies were bathed and in their pyjamas and they were just getting ready to go up to bed as Harry finished a fourth story for Tegan and Braiden. Leolin was already fast asleep, as was Ave. Regan had dropped off in the last five minutes and Blaise had taken him up to his cot, but Eva was not even slowing down.

“I think she’s going to spoil our evening plans.” Harry said as he watched her try to pull herself to her feet with the curtains.

Draco ran to snatch her up before she pulled them down on top of her head. He took her to the settee and he held her in her in his arms, he actually started humming gently and Harry shared a smile with Nasta and he ducked his head away before he started laughing. For Draco to hum to their baby daughter…he really wanted this night of relaxation.

“Haven’t you got those kids in bed yet?” Max complained. “Dinner’s up in ten.”

“Your daughter won’t go to sleep.” Draco bitched as he rocked her.

“Maybe because you’re glaring down at her.” Max bitched right back.

“Please don’t.” Harry begged. “I can’t…not so soon after being in court.”
Nasta stood up as tall as he could, and though not as tall as Max, he was still very intimidating at six foot six. He glared at Max and Draco and he wrapped his arms around Harry and held him tightly, comfortingly, turning him away from Max and Draco so that he couldn’t see them.

“It’s alright, Harry. They’re just arguing like children, it won’t come to anything.” Nasta soothed him, rubbing his back.

“I don’t want any fighting.” Harry said.

“I know, they should know better too, but it’s just a small disagreement and it won’t come to anything. It won’t spoil our night, or the plans we have for later.”

“What happened?” Blaise asked, looking at them all and the strange silence in the room. He came immediately to Harry and touched him. “Are you alright, Prezioso?” He asked.

Harry nodded and he turned to hug Blaise tightly.

“What happened?” Blaise asked the others again, a harder edge to his voice this time.

“A small disagreement, Blaise.” Nasta said. “We’re all alright.”

Blaise disregarded Nasta and he rested his head against Harry’s and nuzzled into his face.

“Are you okay, Innamorato?” He asked him softly. “Do you want to go upstairs for a little while?”

Harry’s heart almost burst from the onslaught of love that he felt for Blaise and he turned and wrapped him in a hug. He did shake his head though.

“No. I’m okay.” He insisted. “It normally wouldn’t have bothered me and I’d have ignored the sniping, but…being in court, listening to the lies, seeing the photos of what those people did to me. It was too much.”

“Photos?” Max asked, his voice a deadly whisper. “What photos, Harry?”
“Do you have physical evidence of what they did to you?” Nasta asked him his voice very careful.

“That would explain why their sentence has been pushed up so high.” Max said, understanding dawning on his face. “I knew you had damning evidence on them, you had to have it because of the sentence they are facing. You don’t get thirty to thirty-five years without some incredibly convincing evidence, but why did you never tell us about these photos, Harry? What do they show?”

Harry shook his head. He swallowed hard. He hadn’t wanted them to know, because they would want to see, and he’d never wanted them to see what had been done to him, how scarred he’d been before his inheritance. They had never seen him uncovered before his inheritance, Max and Nasta hadn’t even known him until after he’d come into his Dracken inheritance, though like the rest of the community they’d known of Harry Potter, the Boy-Who-Lived, but not ‘just Harry’, the boy behind the name and the legends.

“I can’t. I…I never wanted you to know. I don’t want you to see them.” He said.

“Harry, we’re your mates.” Nasta said softly. “We love you. We want to help you. Holding things like this back, to yourself, it’s going to hurt you more and we don’t want that for you.”

“You’ll only get angry!” Harry cried out. “I don’t want any more anger.”

“I could dose all of us with a strong calming draught. There will be no anger, Harry.” Max said gently. “I can promise that as a certainty.”

Harry shook his head. “Your Dad dosed himself with calming draught and he was still angry. He almost lost it in the restaurant, in public. It won’t work.”

“I can brew the strongest calming draught, Harry. It will work, I promise. We want to share in all aspects of your life, not just the good times, but the bad too. We love you, we adore you, and we want to help you shoulder this burden.”

Harry shot a panicked look to Blaise, who drew himself up tall.
“This isn’t the right time.” He said placatingly. “Max, dinner will burn if we leave it much longer. Draco, Eva needs to go in her cot, even if she does stay awake for a little while longer. We promised Harry a relaxing, pampering evening so that he can calm down and unwind tonight after his stressful day in court and I will not let anyone ruin those plans, even if they do get downgraded to just me and Harry. I will massage every single part of his body by myself if needed, but this talk can wait a few days. Until then we stick to the plans we made this afternoon.”

Everyone was silent for a moment, then Nasta settled his shoulders. “You heard Blaise. Draco, take Eva up to her cot and see if she’ll settle, otherwise just leave her to self-sooth, we can check on her after we’ve eaten. Max, you’ve made a lot of effort to make dinner tonight, don’t let it burn and go to waste.”

The other two looked at Nasta for another moment, then they both moved, Max going to the kitchen, Draco standing and carrying Eva out to the corridor and up to her cot. Harry relaxed and turned further into Blaise. Big arms wrapped around him, kissing his head.

“There will be no more talk of it, Harry. At least not tonight.” Blaise told him. “Tonight is for you now, we will pamper and relax you. We will massage every inch of your skin, every part of your body…every part of it.” Blaise whispered that last right into his ear, and Harry shivered, a spike of lust cutting through everything else.

“Enough of that without me.” Max chastised, in a play at being more normal. “Dinner’s on the table now. It’s not burnt, because I’m just that good a cook, but it was close. Now just don’t let it go cold.”

Harry smiled in acknowledgement of Max’s attempts to put him at ease and he gave a light touch, right across Max’s groin as he went past him into the kitchen.

“That was uncalled for!” Max pouted. “Don’t tease me like that.”

Harry smiled at him and moved to sit in ‘his’ unofficial seat at the table. Before he sat down, Max had rushed him and given his bum a swat.

“Hey!” Harry cried out in surprise.

“That’s what you get for being a tease.” Max told him, before bending down to wrap him up in a hug and giving him a wet, smacking kiss. “You’re lucky I love you so much or I’d turn you over
my knee and give you a proper spanking.”

“Promise?” Harry laughed.

“You’re a terrible flirt, Harry. It’ll get you into trouble one of these days.” Max teased him. “Now sit and eat. It’s a huge turn on for me to see you all eating my food.”

“A bit like seeing me eating fruit is a turn on for Nasta.” Harry chuckled.

“It really is.” Nasta purred softly, looking at him with half-lidded hazel-gold eyes.

Harry’s mouth was suddenly dry. He licked his lips and he gave Nasta a look back.

“Fuck.” Blaise cursed. “At this rate we won’t get through dinner.”

“Calm yourselves down, lovers.” Max said. “I need to get my turn on by seeing you eating. You can’t deny me that after I’ve cooked now.”

Harry grinned, but he ducked his head towards his plate. He picked up his fork and speared a chunk of chicken and popped it in his mouth. He moaned happily.

“This is stunning, Maxie.” He praised, stabbing more chicken, loading some rice onto his fork and putting all of it into his mouth.

Max’s smile was a million kilowatts as he watched Harry eating like a ravenous beast.

“You started without me?” Draco complained.

“You took too long.” Blaise told him with a grin, eating his own food.

Draco huffed, but he took the seat on Harry’s other side, opposite Nasta, and he started eating
himself.

Harry was still a little tense, a little wary, but he was happy to eat his food, he was happy to join in 
the light conversation, mostly about their children and everything they’d done today, so Draco and 
Blaise dominated the conversation. They all shared a laugh when Draco regaled them with a story 
of how Calix had climbed a sideboard and thrown everything out of the one drawer before he’d 
been caught and stopped, shouting out several angry ‘no’s’ as he was put back on the floor.

Max washed up all their plates and utensils with a simple wave of his wand, before he turned to 
Harry with a predatory grin.

“Calm your tits.” Blaise chastised. “A bit of tele first with tea, so we can relax all together, and 
then we can get in the mood.”

“But I’m in the mood now!” Max whined.

“You’re always in the mood.” Draco smirked.

Max blinked. “Well that’s true at least.” He laughed. “Alright, tea and some TV, then eight hands 
pampering Harry upstairs.”

Harry’s stomach clenched in a very pleasurable way and he had to take some deep breaths to calm 
himself back down. He really couldn’t wait for his bit of pampering, more than pampering if his 
naughty imaginings became reality.

“I don’t think I can wait.” Harry complained.

“Come on, Harry. Let’s sneak away upstairs and start without the others.” Max immediately 
jumped on board.

Nasta intercepted Max and scooped Harry up into his arms first. He childishly stuck his tongue out 
at Max and Harry laughed.

“Get the tea, Max, Caru.” Nasta said with a wink. “We’ll be watching TV in the living room.”

“You’re such a killjoy.” Max groaned, tromping to the kettle and filling it up at the tap. Harry
heard it boiling as Nasta carried him through the passageways and into the smaller living room.

Instead of placing him down on the settee, Nasta sat down with Harry in his lap, Blaise followed them and he sat right beside Nasta, almost on top of him, and he snuggled in.

“Come here.” Nasta smiled. He moved Harry over to the one side of his body and he pulled Blaise onto the other side, so they were both cradled in his lap, on a leg each with an arm wrapped around them tightly.

Blaise rested his head on the side of Nasta’s face, Harry, being a little shorter, tucked his head into Nasta’s neck. They rested quietly, at least until Draco came in from upstairs.

“Eva dropped off to sleep. Of course her blankets were everywhere and she’d thrown her pillow out onto the floor.” He chuckled.

Draco sat next to Nasta, and he turned slightly to rest against Blaise’s back. Blaise shifted to face forwards, so that he could touch Draco as well as Harry while he sat on Nasta’s lap. Harry smiled, he was happy to be here, right at this moment. It was made better when Max carried in a tray of cups and joined them. Or tried to.

“You’ve left me no room!” He whined. “Move over.”

Nasta laughed, but he did move over as much as he could to give Max enough room to squash in next to Draco.

“You know what?” Max grumbled. “I’m going shopping, I’m getting us the biggest fucking settee I can find! One that actually fits all of us on it so we aren’t reduced to this! Why didn’t we think of such a thing before, Nas?”

“We did, the larger settees are in the larger room, we decided that this room would look cramped with larger chairs.” Nasta pointed out.

“Screw it.” Max scoffed. “I don’t care if they make this room look like a shoebox, we’re getting bigger settees for this room.”
“Why don’t you just enlarge this one?” Harry asked.

Max blinked as if he hadn’t even thought of it. He bent forward, cupped Harry’s face and kissed him.

“You’re a genius! Why didn’t I think of that?!”

“Because you aren’t a genius, allegedly.” Blaise answered, quick as a snap.

“Shut up.” Max faux growled with a playful glare. He whipped out his wand once more and he carefully enlarged the settee, just enough for all five of them to sit on comfortably. Nasta covered Harry, a bit paranoid really, as magic could adversely affect an unborn baby if used in large amounts. Though Harry’s reserve for magic was rather larger than average, thus he mostly absorbed such little uses of magic into his own body and the baby was never in any danger.

“There we go.” Max said happily, collapsing down heavily onto the settee and reaching for his cup of tea.

Harry only noticed then that the TV was actually on when he reached for his own cup of tea.

“How’s the baby?” Draco asked curiously.

Harry smiled and laid his free hand over his belly. “Fine as far as I can tell. You know I’m not showing, I can’t feel anything yet and I don’t have any morning sickness yet. It’s all too soon.” He said, though he still patted his belly gently.

“We love this little tadpole so much already.” Max said, reaching over all the others to touch Harry’s hand over his belly.

That made Harry’s smile widen. He looked down at Max’s hand over his own on his belly. He liked hearing that he wasn’t the only one who loved their baby, he knew that sometimes it took until a pregnant person was showing before the fathers took any interest, and sometimes not even then, sometimes it took until the baby was actually born, and was a physical thing, not just a concept in their partner’s body for that love and care to come through.

Harry loved his mates so much, he loved his unborn baby with everything that he was, he didn’t
care if he wasn’t showing any signs or symptoms of his pregnancy, he had a baby, perhaps more than one, growing inside his own body right at this very moment, and he was overjoyed that his mates loved their baby as much as he did at this early stage of his pregnancy.

The five of them sat quietly, talking softly now and then, as they watched some sort of documentary on lions that Blaise had put on.

“I hope you aren’t going to breed me like that.” He said as he watched the lion pin down the lioness and mount her.

“No, we last longer.” Blaise quipped.

Harry laughed. “I should hope so.” He answered as the lion climbed off after just a few seconds.

Max laughed. “Baby, let me show you how long I can last.” He winked.

Harry grinned. “Come on then, I’m done with my tea and I’m fed up of watching lions mating. The thought of their dicks being barbed makes me feel queasy, so take me upstairs before it puts me off sex.”

“I got you.” Blaise said, picking him up and walking quickly with him to the stairs, leaving a cursing Max and a laughing Nasta behind. Draco was dogging their heels, a smirk on his face.

“Are you going to warm me up with a massage?” Harry asked, his voice breathy and lusty.

“You know I am.” Blaise said back, giving him a smirk too.

“Walk faster.” Harry urged, it made both Blaise and Draco laugh.

They made it to the first floor, and then to their master suite just down the hall. Blaise laid Harry gently on the bed and Harry rolled over and crawled to the head of the bed.

“Draco, light some candles. Harry, where did you put the box that I gave you for your birthday?”
“Under the bed, right by the box of toys.” Harry told him.

“We’re going to have to find a better place to put this stuff once the kids start getting older. I don’t want to come home one day and find one of the kids using our vibrators for swords or pretend wands.” Draco said.

Harry laughed. “We can hide them in the wardrobe when they’re all a little older, now stop stalling and pamper me!”

“Have you not started pampering him yet?” Max complained, coming into the bedroom. “Poor Harry!”

“Come and look after me, Max.” Harry pouted.

“Of course, my love.”

Max got onto the bed with him and laid down beside him, pulling him into a kiss.

“I love you so much.” Max told him.

“I love you too.” Harry replied.

“Love you both.” Blaise replied from under the bed, it was so large that he’d had to crawl under it to get at the boxes stored underneath.

Max chuckled. “I love you, Blaise. I love you too, Draco.”

“I love you all.” Draco declared from where he was lighting candles with his wand and placing them away from the curtains, away from anything flammable.

Blaise popped up from under the bed with a box in his hands and he opened it with a grin. He got out a small wooden bowl and several large bottles of expensive looking oil.
“What do you fancy, Harry? Lavender, rose, cedarwood, jojoba, lemon, bergamot or eucalyptus?”

“Lemon.” Harry said immediately, mostly because he didn’t really know what the others were or what they smelt like.

Blaise took out the one bottle from the line up he’d made and then reached into the box for a huge litre bottle of oil. Harry caught ‘almond’ on the front before Max pulled him into another kiss.

“What’s that one for?” Draco asked. “Harry wanted the lemon oil.”

“You can’t use essential oils directly on the skin.” Blaise said distractedly as he tipped the almond oil into the wooden bowl. “Almond oil is one of the best base oils to use for massages.”

Harry turned to watch as Blaise twisted off the cap to the lemon oil and then carefully squeezed it out drop by careful drop. Max took his attention again by kissing his neck and Harry’s eyes fluttered closed in pleasure.

“What are you adding now?” Draco asked curiously.

“Eucalyptus. It pairs well with lemon and it has benefits for the skin and for healing.” Blaise answered. “I’m using a smaller amount than the lemon, so the scent won’t overpower it, but Harry will still get the benefits.”

“You really learnt a lot, didn’t you?” Max asked, breaking their kiss and looking over Harry’s head at Blaise.

“Of course. It was for all of you, my dearly beloved mates, though I admit that it was mostly for Harry, because he deserves a proper massage after all the ones he’s given to us over these last two and a half years, but it can be enjoyed by all of those people I love most. I went to every class, performed every demonstration, learned everything I could, right down to the oils to use and the right atmosphere to instil, from the right temperature of the room and the oils, to the scented candles and how much light to use.”

“This is going to be the best” Harry declared.
“Where do you want us?” Nasta asked, closing the bedroom door and walking to put the collection of baby monitors on the bedside table.

“Well, if you’d like to get Harry naked and make him nice and comfortable while I finish this…” Blaise trailed off.

Nasta laughed, but he did as he’d been told. He went to the bed, where he and Max both started slowly undressing Harry, taking the time to lingeringly caress his revealed skin. Naturally they both paid a lot of attention to his belly and the area just above his groin, as that was where their new baby was resting and growing.

Blaise took control when Harry was naked and moaning under the hands of Max, Nasta and Draco, who had finished his job of lighting a million candles and had come to join them. Blaise shifted them away and he got Harry onto his belly and tucked a small pillow under his head.

“Are you comfortable?” He asked softly.

Harry hummed gently. “Yes.”

“Listen up you lot.” Blaise snapped at the other three. “Be gentle, touch with a firm, but not tight grip, like this.”

Blaise touched with just his fingertips, letting Harry know where he was touching, then his hands laid flat over his back, and then the massage started. Every single muscle in Harry’s body was on alert, every bit of skin hypersensitive, waiting for a touch, but as Blaise worked, warming up and stretching each muscle with his hands, one by one, Harry’s muscles loosened and then relaxed. It was utter bliss.

Nasta, ever the quick learner, picked up on Blaise’s movements first and he started on one of Harry’s legs. Max, ever enthusiastic, especially when it came to touching bare skin, started on his other leg very soon after.

Draco took another several moments to watch and learn before he moved up by Harry’s head and he started touching both of Harry’s arms and his shoulders. Everyone stayed clear of his neck and spine, even Blaise wasn’t that confident, but Harry trusted their judgement.

It was quiet in the room, no one spoke, the only noises came from Harry moaning and groaning as a tight muscle was loosened or a knot was worked out. He started purring gently, continuously. That drew a few chuckles from his mates, but he couldn’t help but squirm as every part of his body was touched and stroked. He was so happy, he felt so relaxed and calm, that he started nodding off and waking up only when someone shifted and made the bed dip.
“I’m going to fall to sleep in a moment.” He said drowsily.

“Oh, then I think it’s time to heat things up.” Blaise answered. “Roll over, Bello.”

Harry did as he was told and he rolled over, proudly exposing himself to his mates without care. He smiled as their eyes were glued to him. It took them a moment to recover, for one of them to speak, and when the silence was broken, it was by a tortured moan from Max.

“Fuck.” Max cursed a moment later, still staring at him.


Max dropped to his belly, pulled open Harry’s legs and he popped one of Harry’s balls into his mouth and sucked gently on it.

Harry moaned desperately and he spread his legs wider, hoping for more attention. He was not disappointed when Blaise’s oiled hand stroked over his hard cock.

He lost track of where everyone was, whose hands were whose, but he felt all of the spine tingling, gut clenching, toe curling pleasure and that was worth not knowing which one of his mates were where.

Things progressed far too slowly in his opinion, he wanted a cock in his arse right now, he didn’t care whose, he wasn’t fussy, he just needed it right now.

“Please.” He whined, wriggling as much as he could and yanking on someone’s hair. It was baby fine, it was likely Draco’s.

He was ignored as a mouth slid over his cock and someone else’s tongue licked over his hole. He gasped and moaned, he reached out and grabbed another fistful of hair, this one was black, and he yanked on it.

“Ow! Fucking hell, Harry, ease up.” Blaise complained.

“More!” He demanded.
“Alright, alright.” Blaise laughed. “Just let go.”

Harry let go, his back arching as that glorious tongue pushed into him. He moaned lingeringly and reached out, grappling with the air to find something to grab hold of. He regretted letting go of Blaise’s hair.

“Ease up, Nas, before Harry grabs anything else.” Max chuckled.

The mouth and tongue moved away from him and Harry whined unhappily. He opened his eyes to glare at his mates.

“Do something!” He hissed through gritted teeth.

It was Draco who moved first and muscled his way into position before anyone else and with a quick adjustment and a little shuffle forward, Draco slid carefully and gently into Harry.

Harry let out his breath with a soft, happy sigh and he lifted his arms to wrap them around Draco’s neck, holding on as they just both sort of laid still, joined together.

Then Nasta moved, he grabbed Blaise and pulled him over to the clearer side of the bed, lying him down and kissing him.

Max looked at both pairs for a moment, just watching as Draco started shifting and moving inside of Harry and Nasta started preparing Blaise with quick, still oily fingers, and that glorious tongue. It was almost as if Max were trying to decide which group to join.

Harry heard Draco groan and he opened eyes he hadn’t remembered closing to see that Max had chosen ‘their’ group, and he was now preparing Draco, who in his pleasure and distraction, had stopped moving within Harry.

“Surely you can multitask.” Harry complained. “Keep moving, Draco!”

Draco started thrusting minimally, but it was enough for Harry, who squirmed happily, breathing quicker and deeper than usual as his pleasure spiked.

“Won’t be long, love.” Max said. “As soon as I have Draco prepped and ready, I’ll ram him into you.”
Both Harry and Draco groaned at that and Draco pushed back onto Max while Harry wrapped his legs around Draco’s back and thrust himself onto his mate. He kept doing this, as it seemed the only way he was going to get the pleasure he wanted, as Draco was too busy moaning and pushing back onto Max’s fingers to pay much attention to Harry clenching around his cock.

Max finally deemed Draco ready and he moved quickly, removing his fingers and moving up and over the both of them. His hand reached out and he dipped it into the wooden bowl of oil that had been left on the bedsheets. He wrapped his hand around his own cock and groaned, low and deep, stroking for a moment before he turned his attention back to Draco.

“Brace, my love.” Max whispered into Draco’s ear, though Harry, wrapped around Draco’s body with his head up by Draco’s, was close enough to hear also and he started breathing heavier in anticipation.

Draco groaned happily and he was pushed forward by Max, into a very anxious Harry, who had been waiting for them both. Harry gasped and then moaned happily, rolling his hips and thrusting himself onto Draco, who was being pleasured from both ends and was caught between Harry and Max.

Then Max took over, as he’d promised that he would, and his hard, powerful thrusts started throwing Draco into Harry, who could no longer focus enough to move himself. He just laid back and allowed Draco and Max to do what they wanted, moaning and enjoying himself throughout, even as his hands and nails scrabbled and scratched at Draco’s shoulders and back, and over Max’s shoulders and arms too.

Blaise yelled from beside them and Harry tipped his head to that side to see Blaise locked in a limb thrashing orgasm, Nasta was hip rolling, holding Blaise’s hips still with his hands and Harry moaned, breathing quicker, and the sight of Nasta and Blaise joined together, of Blaise’s utter pleasure, it threw Harry into his own orgasm and it was so sudden that he couldn’t even scream.

Draco grunted into Harry’s ear as his submissive mate clenching around him, all but pulling his orgasm from him as Max’s teeth set into his neck. He was going to have a terrible bruise there tomorrow, but right at the moment he didn’t care as he released into Harry, who had gone still underneath him, his thin chest heaving with his quick panting.

Max all but roared as he released into a groaning Draco, who was flat out on Harry’s chest, unable to move, and quite frankly not willing to move either. He was very happy to remain where he was, or at least he was until Max’s bulk fell onto his back, pressing him tighter into Harry, who grunted in surprise and a little pain. Draco’s silver eyes widened as he remembered the baby and he immediately propped himself up on his arms, forcing Max’s considerable dead weight up with his back.

“Crawl out, love.” Draco told Harry, who squirmed and rolled out from under him, lying between him and Blaise.
Draco collapsed back down to the mattress, Max still on his back, his cock still inside Draco’s body. Draco groaned and he spasmed under Max.

“Sorry, Draco. Give me a moment.” Max said, his voice hoarse.

“Come here, love.” The beautiful voice of Nasta interrupted, and he thankfully moved Max carefully, laying him down between Draco and Harry, who was clutching Blaise like a teddy bear.

Draco yawned, but he reached out one hand for Nasta.

“What is it? Are you okay?” Nasta asked him quietly. “Do you need a drink?”

“Wanted a kiss.” Draco mumbled.

Nasta let out a pent up breath and then he chuckled, before bending down and giving Draco a soft kiss, both of their dry lips sticking to one another for an extra moment that made their kiss extra special.

“I’ll clean you up now, let me sort out Harry first, he’s covered in cum.”

“No less than he deserves.” Draco muttered. “He’s a filthy boy.”

“You’re one to talk.” Harry’s hoarse complaint sounded from the other side of Max.

Draco chuckled and then yawned. He stretched until several joints clicked and then he snuggled into ‘his’ pillow and yawned again. He was feeling relaxed and very satisfied. He was drowsy and just feeling like he was going to drop off to sleep when Nasta started abusing him with a damp cloth.

Draco groaned and swatted at Nasta. “Stop it.” He whined.

Nasta chuckled from above him and he continued to clean him up quickly and efficiently. Draco sighed when Nasta finished and left him alone. He could hear Blaise and Harry murmuring softly
on the other side of Max’s body, but he was too tired to invest any amount of energy in their conversation. Instead he closed his eyes and allowed himself to fully drift on the edge of drowsiness.

He felt Nasta slip back into the bed, heard him talking to Harry and Blaise, but again they kept their conversation considerately quiet and he was able to block them out easily enough.

Max rolled over in front of him and suddenly he had large arms wrapped around him and the deep, even breaths of a sleeping Max in his ear. Draco managed a small smile before he rested his head on Max’s chest. Everything in the bedroom was silent, just soft, even breathing, the rustling of bodies over the sheets. They’d long since done away with the duvet…it was far too hot with five of them in the same bed in August.

Draco heard Harry wriggling and then Blaise’s sharp chastisement came a bit louder as he whined at Harry to keep still, then Nasta shushing them both and that was the last he remembered hearing as he cuddled further into Max and finally let himself drop off to sleep. Tonight had been one of the best evenings he could remember having in a long time with his mates, all four of them, and he was very happy to have spent it as they had, with a dinner cooked by a loving Max, relaxing in front of the TV with a last cup of tea, and then everything that had come after, from the massage all four of them had given to a very deserving Harry, to the mind blowing sex, even if he did still feel a little overheated because of the still, humid heat. He wondered who was on night duty tonight, getting up to feed the twins, and Leolin too if he woke up for a feed, he didn’t really care as he just knew that it wasn’t him, he could stay in bed until the morning, he might even treat himself to a small lie in, that would be wonderful too.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Today is our sixth year anniversary and I was desperate to finish this chapter. Those of you who follow me on Facebook know that I was expecting to get just a small chapter out, just something to post for our anniversary, and I set the bar at 7,000 words. Nine days I’ve been working on this chapter, just nine days and thankfully I managed to get it to where it is here and now, and I’m so pleased that we got a decent chapter! If I can’t get a good chapter out for our anniversary, then when can I?

That said, and this chapter now posted for the sixth anniversary, I’m going to stay with this fic for several months. I’m going to be all about the Dracken universe. I still want to get Broken Wings finished and posted this summer, and I want to finish Dracken Memoirs in the autumn, December at the latest if I can. But other than that, I will hopefully be staying with this fic, and only this fic, for the next couple of months to give it some decent attention and some much needed bulking up.

I believe that this is all for now, lovelies. Thank you so much for staying with me these last six years and supporting me through all the ups and downs! I hope to put out
a dozen chapters for this fic and I want to move the timeline on now, past the fight and hopefully to the birth of Harry’s new baby. Fingers crossed!

StarLight Massacre. X
Maddison Madness

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Draco heard Harry wriggling and then Blaise’s sharp chastisement came a bit louder as he whined at Harry to keep still, then Nasta shushing them both and that was the last he remembered hearing as he cuddled further into Max and finally let himself drop off to sleep. Tonight had been one of the best evenings he could remember having in a long time with his mates, all four of them, and he was very happy to have spent it as they had, with a dinner cooked by a loving Max, relaxing in front of the TV with a last cup of tea, and then everything that had come after, from the massage all four of them had given to a very deserving Harry, to the mind blowing sex, even if he did still feel a little overheated because of the still, humid heat. He wondered who was on night duty tonight, getting up to feed the twins, and Leolin too if he woke up for a feed, he didn’t really care as he just knew that it wasn’t him, he could stay in bed until the morning, he might even treat himself to a small lie in, that would be wonderful too.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Ten – Maddison Madness

Harry was so very glad to reach a break in the courtroom drama. Things had not improved in the slightest over the last few days. Richard had pressed for a long weekend to be granted and it had been, which meant that today, Friday the twentieth of August, was a free day, which was wonderful, as it was Alexander’s ninety-fourth birthday today and Harry would much rather attend the Maddison get-together than go back to court for a fifth day in a row and listen to more lies about him. Though he’d found that that wasn’t even the worst part of court anymore, it was the frustration more than anything that got to him, the silences, the lack of answers to questions that he’d asked himself over the years. He just wanted answers, and the frustration of not getting those answers, as the Dursleys tried to save every inch of skin on their own necks as they could, was actually getting to him more now than all the lies they were trying to get others to believe about him.

Harry had been up at daybreak, which in August was five in the bloody morning, and he’d been busy getting the kids organised, making sure the half dozen nappy bags were packed, one for Braiden and Farren, who were on larger nappies, one for Tegan, Regan and Calix, who were near the same size as one another and took the same nappies. Leolin of course had his own bag to himself, it was full of frozen teethers and chamomilla powder from Kailen, just in case he cut another tooth today, though his one single tooth was still sore on occasion as it hadn’t actually broken through completely yet, like everything with the Faeries it seemed, the tooth was erupting slowly. The fourth bag belonged to Eva and Ave, the fifth bag was filled with changes of clothes, sun hats and sun glasses and the last bag was filled with food. Snacks, little pots of fruit, a box of biscuits, several pre-made bottles with labels as to whose bottle it was and little food jars for the girls, just in case.
He’d taken all of the baby monitors with him when he’d gotten up and he had Eva, Ave and Leolin down with him at the moment. It was a rare opportunity to spend some quality time with his youngest children as the older kids were just so loud and boisterous and they were everywhere at once and they completely took the attention without meaning to. So he was very happy to spend this time playing with and encouraging his seven month old baby girls and his twenty month old Faerie baby, who was near enough on the same level as the twin girls, though the girls were getting a lot more mobile in recent weeks and Leolin still wasn’t.

He was currently cuddling Leolin in his arms, his Faerie baby had a teething toy in his hands, a chunky plastic set of colourful keys that Harry was sure had once belonged to Braiden what seemed like a lifetime ago now, back in his personal rooms at Hogwarts as his first child started teething. Instead of chewing on the keys however, Leolin kept shaking the ring, listening to the clacking sound it made and giggling in that soft, huffy way of his that Harry loved.

Eva was on her belly, exploring underneath the coffee table and Ave was up on her feet, cruising the furniture, her big blue eyes looking everywhere. She truly was their most active, mobile baby to date. She had been crawling the earliest, and now she was their youngest baby to walk. She was a Dracken baby born of Dracken parents, she had the biggest advantage possible, and she was using that huge advantage to force herself to her feet and walk. It was amazing to watch her cruise around.

“Ma.”

Harry looked back down at Leolin in his arms and he smiled widely at him.

“Are you alright, my love?” He asked softly and slowly, giving Leolin’s brain a chance to recognise that Harry was speaking to him.

“Ma.” Leolin replied. “Ma ma.”

Harry’s smile widened and he puckered his lips, waited for Leolin to recognise what he was doing and then that wet, dribbly mouth opened and Leolin mouthed at Harry’s lips happily. Harry kissed him over and over, exaggerating the kissing, smacking sounds to hear Leolin giggle, even as his Faerie baby mouthed at his mouth and chin some more. Harry got covered in drool, but again, he just couldn’t care, this was what wet wipes were for.

After their little session together, Harry placed Leolin in his little baby gym, where Leolin was effectively distracted, and utterly transfixed, by a dangling mirror ball that reflected the light. Harry watched him reach his hands up and grapple with the ball, pulling at it, hitting it, then going back to just staring at it. Draco was right, something about that ball completely fascinated Leolin, and whatever it was, it had Leolin entranced.

He went to drag Eva out from under the coffee table and he started a game with her, rolling her over his leg, as he used to do with Farren what seemed a million years ago. She giggled and shrieked happily and Harry smiled at her, baby laughter was completely infectious after all.
Shuffling and soft grunts over the baby monitor fifteen minutes later had Harry making sure that nothing was immediately dangerous to his children before going up the stairs to collect his other children. Of course it was Calix who was awake first. He slept the least out of all his children, because he was always so worried that he was going to miss out on something.

“Come on, monster.” Harry whispered, picking Calix up out of his cot.

“Mummy, down stair.” Calix told him.

“Yes, Callie, love, we’re going downstairs now.” Harry insisted as he first took the time to check on his other babies, all in their own cots every few feet around the entire wall. None of them were awake yet.

He left the nursery and he padded down the corridor to the stairs. Calix burbled happily as they went down to the family room and as soon as they entered, he struggled to be put down. Harry placed him on his feet, on the floor, with a small laugh and he watched as Calix went to the toy box and started throwing everything out of it. Of course the toy he wanted was right at the bottom.

Harry sat on the floor this time and though he kept an eye on Leolin, he spent most of his time with Eva and Ave, encouraging them to talk and walk, playing with them and then lightly wrestling with Calix on the rug. Then more grunting and talking came over the monitor and Harry had to smile as he heard Tegan and Regan calling out to one another and then they started a conversation with one another from their cots.

He went back up the stairs to collect them and he found them as he’d expected, sat in their cots, facing one another, just chatting. Regan stood when Harry walked in and he called out to him. Farren was also awake and Harry had a struggle on his hands to get the three of them downstairs, especially as Farren was his biggest, heaviest son. In the end he got Farren walking down the stairs, watching him like a hawk with his heart in his throat as Farren held onto the bannister as directed and went down one step at a time, very slowly. He was only twenty months old after all, Harry would have preferred to carry him, but his arms were full of a squirming Regan, and Tegan, who was chatting at a mile a minute in her own little language while prodding her finger insistently into Harry’s ear.

He only breathed easier when they reached the bottom of the stairs and Harry opened the gate and let Farren step down onto the flat, solid ground. He took a deep breath and let it out again. He shut the gate behind him and he walked with Farren into the kitchen and then into the family room, much happier to have his baby safely back on the floor once more.

“Bisky?” Farren asked sleepily.

“Not just yet, baby.” Harry said. “You need to have your breakfast first.”
“Bisky now?”

“No, Farren.” Harry said a bit more firmly.

“Want bisky.”

“No, Farren. You have just woken up and you need to have your breakfast first.” Harry said sternly.

Farren looked at him for a moment, then his eyes closed and he started crying. Harry closed his own eyes, but he ignored Farren as he put down Tegan and Regan. His nice, quiet morning was now well and truly broken, as he swept the room for Calix, only to find him halfway up the bookshelf.

He plucked Calix from the bookshelf and placed him back on the floor, only to get a smack for his efforts. He was not having that.

He crouched down, so that he was on eyelevel with Calix and he made his face as firm and as serious as he could.

“You do not hit other people, Calix.” He said.

Calix went to hit him again and Harry caught his wrist lightly and pulled it back down.

“No.” He said even more firmly. “You do not hit people.” He stressed.

Calix sniffled, then huffed, and then he joined Farren in having a crying fit. Calix took it further by throwing himself to the floor and lashing out with all of his limbs. He wasn’t near anything that could hurt him, so Harry left him to it as he picked up Ave and kept her out of the way.

Leolin didn’t even notice his brothers having tantrums, he was still grappling for the little mirror ball, reaching out for it, managing to bat it about, before he’d go back to staring at it for a while as the light caught and reflected off of the different discs, and then he would reach back out for it. His muscles were strengthening by the day now. Perhaps soon he might even be able to support his own body upright for a small while, instead of needing someone to hold him up. It would be wonderful to see Leolin sat upright by himself for more than a few seconds.
“What in the world is going on down here?” Nasta asked sleepily as he carried Braiden into the room from the smaller living room and saw Calix rolling around the floor and Farren just sat crying.

“I was going to ask the same thing, what happened?” An equally sleepy Max asked, poking his head into the room from the kitchen, a mug in his hand testament to the fact that he had come down first, ahead of Nasta.

“Farren wanted a biscuit and I said he couldn’t have one until after his breakfast and Calix was climbing the bookshelf and when I took him off he hit me, so I told him off for it.”

The gazes of both his mates hardened as he said that he’d been hit. All of his mates hated anything, and anyone, who hurt him, but after being in court all week, and all four of his mates working so hard to relax him after his time in court, and now knowing about the existence of those photos too, even if they didn’t know the content of them, of which he knew they were all speculating about between one another, anything that hurt him angered them.

“Did he hurt you?” Nasta asked.

“No. He smacked my leg and as I crouched down to tell him off, he went to hit me again, but I caught his hand and told him off again. He started crying and having a fit then.”

Nasta nodded and he placed a squirming Braiden on the floor and he came to kiss Harry, holding him for a moment. Harry heard him inhale deeply and he rolled his eyes, though he said nothing about it, it was fine as long as it was only the once.

“Bo da, Mummy.” Braiden told him.

Harry grinned and he squirmed from Nasta’s arms and he hunched down, taking Braiden’s hands.

“Bore da, Braiden. Good morning.”

“Bo jor, Mummy.”
“Bonjour, Braiden. Good morning.”

“Ciao, Mummy.”

Harry blinked at the added word. “Ciao, Braiden. Good morning.”

Braiden ran off, ignoring his still crying brothers, and he went to the mass of toys that Calix had already put on the floor and he picked up several cars.

“That one’s new.” Harry said. “Who taught him that?”

“Blaise did.” Nasta said with a smile. “It’s Italian. It actually means hello, but as he’s only two, he’s making really good progress. I’m very proud.”

Harry smiled at Braiden and then he turned to Calix and then to Farren. Farren was calming down now.

“Farren, come on, come here.” He encouraged and his big boy stood up and ran to him.

Harry wrapped his arms around Farren tightly and kissed him.

“I love you, Farren.” Harry said clearly, bending and kissing his son again. “I love you so much.”

“Muma.” Farren sniffled, holding onto him.

Calix, not wanting to be left out, came running over to hug him too.

“Love, Mummy.” Calix declared.

“I love you too, Calix. I love you both.” He said.
“Now, are the morning dramas over?” Max asked, sounding more alert and awake.

Harry nodded, holding his sons closer.

“Do you want some tea? Have you had any this morning?” Max asked. “Actually, how long have you been awake?”

Harry chuckled. “I would like some tea. I’ve had quite a bit already as I was up at five. I’ve packed all of the nappy bags, one has spare clothes, as we planned, and one has snacks and food jars.”

“So we’re going to get to go a little earlier than we planned?” Max asked.

Harry nodded with a smile. They were going to spend near enough a whole day at Alexander’s home. It was going to be the first full Maddison get-together that they had attended since their big bust up and he and Blaise had been so severely injured. Draco was naturally very apprehensive about it, but Harry would not accept any cruelty to his mate. Not from Max’s aunts and uncles, nor his cousins. If anything was said or done to Draco, then they would be leaving right away.

“Caesar spent the night there, he needed to because of the time differences, so we’ll be seeing him and Amelle as soon as we arrive.”

Harry smiled happily at that. He was overdue for a good chat with Amelle.

“Okay, who want’s what for breakfast?” Max asked.

“Omelette?” Harry asked unsurely.

“Oh, my love, don’t sound so timid and frightened. If you want an omelette for breakfast you turn around and you say ‘Max, get your gorgeous arse in that kitchen and make me a mouth-watering, fluffy omelette for breakfast’, you got it?”

Harry chuckled. “Okay. I don’t know why, but I just want eggs for breakfast. It’s unusual, this is
about the time that smells start affecting me and morning sickness starts.”

“We’ll take it as a good sign and fill you with fluffy omelettes while we can.” Max insisted. “Nasta, what do you fancy?”

“If Harry is fine with eggs then an omelette sounds perfect.”

“I’ll make dippy eggs and toast for the kids.” Max said almost to himself.

“Do the kids breakfast first, as they’re all awake and Farren is hungry. It’ll give Blaise and Draco a chance to wake up by themselves.”

Max nodded and he went right into the kitchen to start breakfast. Harry cuddled with Calix and Farren some more, but ultimately the draw of toys was too much for Calix and he went to join Regan. Harry cuddled Farren tightly, as his big boy was more content to stay sat with him on the floor. Harry didn’t mind.

“Okay, breakfast is up, but I’ll need some help with spooning out eggs once they’ve finished dipping.” Max said.

Harry nodded and he stood, taking Farren to his feet.

“Breakfast is ready, Farren.” He said. “Go into the kitchen.”

Farren grinned, showing off all his little teeth and he was gone, making Harry smile. Braiden toddled past and Tegan followed. It was a struggle to get Calix to leave the toys, but they fought this battle at every meal time, so Harry left Calix to Nasta and he instead went into the kitchen, where a cup of tea was waiting for him, a baby on either side in booster seats, so that Harry could supervise and assist them if they needed it. The smell of the eggs and buttery toast only made his belly grumble, he didn’t feel at all queasy.

He watched happily, proudly, as his babies all dipped slim pieces of toast into their eggs. It made him feel all mushy inside, he couldn’t really help it.

He drank his tea and watched as Max looked after the babies on the other side of the table, helping Regan to dip his toast, then helping Farren to scoop out his egg whites.
“Morning, lovers.” Blaise greeted, then yawned. He was already showered and dressed. His small growth of hair was still damp.

“How are you, Blaise?” Max asked him.

“Fine. Draco was stirring as I got dressed. He shouldn’t be much longer.”

Max nodded. “Are you okay with omelettes for breakfast?”

“Sure, just fill it with cheese and bacon and I’ll be happy.” Blaise said, even as he boiled the kettle to make himself his morning coffee.

“Cheese and bacon for you. Harry, what do you want, gorgeous?”

“Cheese and red onion, please.” Harry said with a happy smile.

“Got it. Hey, Nas? What do you want in your omelette?”

“Peppers and mushrooms, please, Max.” Nasta called out from the family room, where he was keeping an eye on Eva and Ave, and little Leolin in his baby gym. He had all but wrestled Calix into his booster seat and strapped him in and then he’d left him to Max.

It never failed to amaze Harry just how diverse he and his mates were, even when they were eating the same thing they all had vastly different tastes and preferences. It made him smile. He was smiling a lot this morning.

Draco came into the kitchen and though he seemed awake and alert, he was in just a pair of boxer shorts. He hadn’t had a shower yet, he hadn’t even bothered getting dressed. He’d just pulled on his boxers for some coverage.

“Are you okay?” Max asked. “You’re not feeling sick?”

“No.” Draco replied. “I woke up and I was far too hot. It’s stinking up in our bedroom.”
“Ah, so you’ve come to cool off a little in the kitchen first.” Harry nodded his understanding.

“Yes. It seems like the best idea.” Draco said, sitting beside Blaise and taking his cup of coffee and taking a gulp.

Thus ensued a small grappling match for Blaise’s cup of coffee that ended with a snogging session. Harry watched interestingly as his two mates kissed and held one another, Draco holding the mug out of Blaise’s reach and Blaise trying to reach for it.

“It seems the heat has turned you into insatiable beasts.” Max laughed.

“Daddy, no.” Regan frowned at the two of them.

Blaise and Draco separated, the both of them breathing a little harder, but they both grinned at one another and then turned to Regan.

“What is it, love?” Blaise asked him.

“No do that ‘gen.” Regan said from his booster seat opposite them.

Harry laughed in surprise.

“We love one another, Regan. We’re going to kiss and hug.” Draco explained.

“No.”

Max shook his head, bent down and kissed Regan’s cheek.

“Leave him for now, he’ll get used to it. I won’t have my own children dictating my actions towards those I love.” Max said, ruffling Regan’s hair and then helping him to scoop out the last bits of his egg and spoon feeding him.
“What time are we going to your grandfather’s house, Max?” Draco asked.

“You’ll have enough time for a shower.” Max said with a grin.

“So we’re going early?”

Max nodded. “It’s been a while since Caesar and I have had a good catch up.”

“Amelle and I are due a chat too.” Harry said with a smile.

Max hefted Regan down from the table and he ran off towards the family room, Calix followed after as soon as Max hefted him down. Farren and Braiden had half a banana each cut into slices. Tegan wanted an orange and Max peeled that for her, slicing out the centres where there were a few small seeds still. After that was done he started cracking eggs and slicing up vegetables, grating cheese and frying bacon.

“Do you want any help?” Harry asked.

“No.” Max replied easily. “Just make sure you and Draco grab your showers, I want to leave soon after breakfast.”

Harry nodded. “Blaise, can you make up three bottles please and get the tea on? I can rush through a shower now.”

“Of course, Prezioso.” Blaise said, draining the last of his rescued coffee and going to do as asked.

Harry left the kitchen and went to their master suite for a very quick wash down where he mostly just got everything wet, washed his hair and then rubbed himself down with grapefruit scented shower gel. He was in and out within fifteen minutes. A quick drying spell and he padded naked to the bedroom and picked out something light and cool to wear, it was already edging on too hot and it was barely twenty to eight in the morning.

He hurried back to the kitchen, just as Max was placing down a plate of two omelettes at his seat.
“Right on time, lover.” Max grinned at him.

Harry smiled back and slipped onto his seat, picked up his fork and he tucked in. Draco was almost done eating and he would be in the shower next. Blaise, already showered and dressed, took his time with his breakfast and his second mug of coffee. He had handed off the three bottles to Nasta, who was presumably feeding all three babies their bottles.

Nasta was watching all of the babies at the moment, so Harry stuffed his food as quickly as he could without the risk of choking, drained his juice, picked up an apple from the bowl and took that and his cup of tea into the living room so that Nasta could eat his own breakfast and then jump in the shower afterwards.

“My glorious love!” Harry cried out, nudging Nasta and slipping into his lap while simultaneously taking a huge bite of the crunchy red apple.

Nasta smiled at him and held him close, taking his tea from him and then bending them both forward to put it on the coffee table. Harry was cuddled on Nasta’s lap and he offered his apple to Nasta and this time he let Nasta take a bite before he brought it back to his own mouth to take another bite.

“You really are eating healthily with this pregnancy.”

“Perhaps you’re finally rubbing off on me.” Harry said, then he realised the innuendo and he grinned. “In more ways than one. Then you’re a better influence when you reward me for eating this…” He said holding out the apple again. “…with earth shattering pleasure.”

Nasta laughed. “I love you, Cariad.”

“Nasta, breakfast is on the table, love.” Max called out from the kitchen.

“Go on.” Harry smiled. “I’ll eat this, drink my tea and then wrangle these babies into their clothes.”

“I’ll send Blaise in to help you.” Nasta said, shifting him to the side and then kissing him.

“Blaise is more a hindrance than a help, he’ll coo and squeal over tiny toes for half an hour before
“He gets the first sock on.” Harry grinned. “That head injury wasn’t all bad, I can’t believe he forgot how tiny baby toes are.”

“Blaise? You’re just as bad.” Nasta chuckled.

Harry didn’t deny it, he just grinned wider. He was left alone with his babies, though he could hear his mates in the kitchen, talking to one another, over baby shrieks and giggles from his babies in the room with him. Braiden came running in from the kitchen first, then a few minutes later Tegan came in.

With a groan Harry took the clothes he’d already laid out ready and he started dressing his children for the day…or at least half the day, as they would assuredly get dirty at Alexander’s party.

He started with Eva and Ave, as his youngest babies, they were the easiest to dress, after Leolin that was, but Leolin was contented in his gym at the moment. He still had milk on his chin from his breakfast, it made Harry smile.

He grappled with Regan to get him dressed, endured shouts of ‘no’ as he got Braiden dressed, which it seemed was becoming Braiden’s favourite word of late. He got Tegan into a summer dress, but she refused to wear the matching headband and kept yanking it off whenever Harry managed to get it on her, so he gave up.

He took a break and groaned for several minutes about his plight and then he had an easier time dressing Farren and then Leolin. Then came the worst perpetrator. Calix.

Harry got him undressed perfectly fine, Calix even helped him by pulling his own arms out of his pyjamas, but it was trying to get his clothes back on that was the problem and their little evil child went streaking into the kitchen to avoid Harry redressing him. Harry heard his mates’ surprised laughter a moment later.

Blaise walked into the family room with a naked Calix over his shoulder.

“Do you need an extra set of hands, Bello?”

“Yes.” Harry replied. “Pin him down so I can actually get him dressed. We already have to put him in button dungarees so he doesn’t strip off.”

“I still can’t believe he figured out those clip dungarees.” Blaise giggled.

Harry gave Blaise a smile for the giggling, but he said nothing about it. Instead he turned his attention to getting a nappy on Calix and then getting him into the tee-shirt and short, cotton dungarees.

Calix squirmed and cried out unhappily, but between them, they got him into his clothes and even
managed to get him into socks and slip on dappers.

Calix looked at the new shoes on his feet and instead of crying like usual, he giggled and wriggled his feet.

“Oh, do you actually like those?” Harry cooed, looking at the pale blue shoes with the little whales on the front of them. “Max! You were right, Calix likes his new shoes!”

“Told you!” Max called back after a small pause, in which he presumably swallowed what was in his mouth. “Put cute little animals on things and kids will want it.”

“Maybe we should start buying those animal print nappies then!” Harry replied. “He might keep them on if there was a lion on the front.” He laughed.

Draco came into the family room and Harry had to bite his lip to keep from laughing. Draco had a brush in one hand and a comb poking out of his pocket.

“I think I need some more tea.” Harry said quickly and he abandoned ship, all but feeling the glare boring into his back given to him by Blaise.

He made it to the kitchen and he boiled the kettle, collecting up mugs and lining them up in preparation. Max and Nasta were just finishing up their breakfasts when Harry settled down two cups of tea for them, white for Max, green for Nasta. He took a cup of white tea in for Draco and a cup of coffee for Blaise.

Draco had his legs wrapped around an angry Braiden, who was fighting to get away from the brush that Draco was pulling carefully through his hair.

Harry noticed that Calix’s hair was a little smoother and Tegan’s tangles were gone, so it seemed that Draco was on his third child. He’d roped Blaise into combing hair too…Blaise had chosen Eva, Ave and Leolin, the three babies that couldn’t fight back or get away from him.

Harry snorted and he went to get the big pram from under the stairs to set it up ready and that was when he encountered a problem. After spending the week in court, he couldn’t get himself to bend underneath into the storage space to get the pram. He didn’t want to go into the cupboard.

“Nasta?” He called out uncertainly, a little upset, mostly with himself, but at the situation too.

Nasta came hurrying from the kitchen at his call and he immediately wrapped his arms around him tightly.
“What is it? Are you alright, Harry?” He asked, then he noticed the open door that Harry was still holding and he put two and two together. “Why don’t you go and get the nappy bags. I don’t want you manhandling the pram anyway, it is much too heavy for you while pregnant.”

Harry bit his lip, but he didn’t argue, there was no way he could walk through that door and grab the folded up pram. He shivered, turned his head away and he went silently into the smaller living room, where he’d left the half dozen packed nappy bags.

Nasta came in a minute later pushing the assembled pram. He left it in the middle of the room and came to hold him again.

“I know that you’re not alright, but do you need anything?” Nasta asked him.

“Just…just hold me.” Harry said, throwing his arms around Nasta’s chest and squeezing him tight.

Nasta did as asked, holding him and pressing a kiss to his face.

“If you’re not up to this party, you know that Alexander won’t hold it against you.”

Harry shook his head. “No. It’s okay, I’ll be fine. I just…I think it was too soon, we were only talking about the cupboard yesterday and then trying to walk into it, I just couldn’t. It’s not even the same cupboard! It’s stupid, I’ve done it hundreds of times before and it’s a much bigger room than the one I was forced into on Privet Drive, I just…it was too soon after yesterday.”

“That’s alright, my love. Let me go…no, actually, let me call Max to bring you your tea and we can take a moment to ourselves.”

Harry nodded mutely.

“Max?!” Nasta called out. “Can you get Harry’s tea and bring it here, please.”

“Sure thing.” Max called back.
A minute or so later Max found them cuddling on the settee. He had Harry’s cup of tea in his one hand. He sunk next to them on the settee and he laid his large hand over Harry’s back.

“What happened?” He asked gently.

Harry shook his head. “I just…I couldn’t go into the cupboard to get the pram.” He said. “It was too soon after yesterday.”

Max’s hand cradled his head and a gentle kiss was placed to the crown.

“It’s alright, love. If it was too soon, then it was too soon. We’ll look after you, always.” Max told him.

Harry smiled and just allowed himself to rest between Max and Nasta.

“What happened?” Draco asked, coming to find them.

“Nothing, Harry just needed a moment to himself after trying to go under the stairs.”

Draco’s face hardened, then he brought himself back under control and his facial muscles relaxed again. He hunched in front of Harry and offered himself up for comfort. Harry turned in Max and Nasta’s arms and he hugged Draco tight.

“I am okay.” He said softly. “It was just a little wobble. It was really just because I was in court yesterday and the cupboard was brought up, that’s the only reason it affected me at all.”

“Are you going to be okay?”

Harry smiled and he nodded. He proved it by standing up and going to slip the straps of the nappy bags over the bar handle of the pram, to keep them safe. He had to put two of them actually in the pram to keep it from toppling over without a baby inside it.

“Right then, a moment of comfort and now back to business. Let’s get those kids wrangled up and
let’s get gone.” Max said.

“Don’t forget your Granddad’s card and present.” Draco warned.

“I won’t forget them.” Max said with an eye roll.

Harry chuckled and he went about gathering up his children into the smaller living room, so he could keep a closer eye on them, taking a break between children to grab a few quick gulps of tea. Regan had his comfort teddy in his arms, Leolin was toting around the little mirror ball, as he’d screamed when Nasta had taken him away from his baby gym and out of sight of the ball, and Tegan had her closest companion, her penguin, clutched tightly in one hand.

“Are we all ready?” Nasta asked them.

They all looked about and did some last checks and then they nodded one by one.

“Right then, Max, go through with two kids and wait for Harry, hand them off and then come back for the pram, please. Blaise, are you alright with Leolin and Calix?”

“Yes.” Blaise said, holding the two boys tightly, Calix was squirming and wriggling like a snake, but Blaise had his arm through the back of the dungaree straps and had him clamped to his front tightly, holding a chubby thigh.

“Draco, you have Tegan and Regan?”

“Got them.” Draco smiled.

“Harry, I know you want to carry the girls, but please, let us handle this. In your condition floo travel is dangerous enough, you need your hands free in case you face plant the floor.”

Harry sighed, but he nodded. He was getting better with age, and practice, but he would get worse the heavier pregnant he got and his balance was affected by the growing baby, or babies. He understood the need for his hands to be free to catch himself if he did stumble or fall.
Max went through first with Braiden and Farren and Harry followed him. He took Braiden and Farren’s hands and then Max went back through the floo to collect the pram while Harry walked Farren and Braiden through Alexander’s home and out into the garden.

“Harry, sweetheart.” Kimberly greeted him happily, having seen him first. “Oh, Braiden, Farren, look how you’re both growing!” She cooed, getting down on her knees to kiss them both.

“You saw them six days ago.” Harry laughed.

“I know, but they’re so adorable, and they grow by the day, they truly do.”

Blaise came out with Calix and Leolin and with a relieved grunt Blaise happily set Calix free on the garden. He immediately started running towards Myron screaming ‘Gan da’ at him. Harry watched as Myron turned to the noise, smiled the widest grin that Harry had ever seen from him, before he went to his one knee to accept Calix’s tiny body to his own in a big bear hug.

Out of all of Myron’s grandchildren, despite Calix being tiny, he resembled Myron the most. They had the same chestnut coloured hair and the same jet black eyes. Harry had to smile as Calix puckered his mouth at Myron, who happily kissed Calix and then dragged Richard into his side so that Calix could see them both.

Alexander made his way over to greet them, though Draco arrived with Tegan and Regan before he could even say anything.

“You didn’t have any problems I hope?” He asked smiling, touching Braiden’s hair gently.

Harry let go of his hand and hugged Alexander, Braiden was gone a moment later…he ran up to everyone and started greeting them in Welsh, French and Italian, to much cooing, praise and lavish attention.

“I am sorry, these kids are looking to be taking your limelight.” Harry laughed.

Alexander scoffed. “I’ve had ninety-four birthdays, Harry, sweetness. Letting these little treasures of mine have fun is much more important to me now.”

“Gwanda, eh no enta baba.” Tegan said from Draco’s arms, holding her own arms out to Alexander, her penguin clasped in one hand still.
“Come here, Princess.” Alexander cooed, taking her from Draco and giving her a big, squeezy hug.

Harry went to save Myron when Calix clambered up his body to his shoulder and started yanking on his hair.

“Calix!” Harry said in his best authoritative voice. “You do not do that to other people.”

“He’s okay…” Myron started, but Harry gave him a small headshake.

“He’s not, he’s taken to hitting other people. He hit me and when I told him off for it, he went to hit me again. We’re putting a stop to it now. There will be no hitting, no pinching, no kicking, no biting and no hair pulling. He’s older now, he understands and he will be punished if he carries on.” Harry insisted as he pulled Calix from Myron and put him back on the floor. “I’m pregnant now, we can’t accept any of that sort of behaviour, he’s almost two, its time.”

“How is the new clutch?” Richard asked.

Harry smiled and laid his hand over his flat belly. “If I hadn’t had it confirmed, I’d never have known I was pregnant. There’s no aches, no sickness, I had two omelettes for breakfast and nothing. Not even a feeling of nausea. I’m completely fine.”

“Good, that’s good.” Myron said, bending and giving his forehead a kiss. Calix had moved on to terrorising Alayla.

Harry sighed. “He is definitely getting naughty as he gets older.”

“I’ve got him.” Max said as he darted in to kiss his cheek, then dived off to rescue his youngest sister from having her hair ripped out by a very boisterous Calix.

“Is he really getting that bad?”

Harry considered the question seriously. “I don’t think he’s being bad, he’s just naughty. He’s
climbing everything and if you dare take him down for his own safety, he’ll hit you. He knows that hitting is wrong now, he understands the word no and what it means, he knows that he shouldn’t be climbing or hitting, yet he pushes his boundaries, like all toddlers do. So I think instead of just being bad, he’s just a normal handful, but he’s old enough now for his boundaries to mean punishment if they’re broken.”

“We will do whatever you feel is right as their parents.” Richard said. “After all, we’re just grandparents.”

“There’s no ‘just’ about it.” Harry denied hotly. “You’re as much invested in their lives as we are as their parents. We do want you on board with our parenting style, but there’s no ‘just’ about being a grandparent.”

“Do we still have the same rules?” Myron asked with a smile.

Harry snorted, but he nodded. “No climbing, no hitting at all, which includes hair pulling, throwing things and biting, no more than four biscuits a day, no sweets or refined sugar. The worst to keep track of is their bedtime routine as there are so many of them.”

“Dinner at four, bath time is between half past four till five, then an hour of quiet play and in bed at six.” Ricard recited happily.

Harry nodded with a smile. “Though bath time differs, usually by as much as twenty minutes over, but we always try to do the most active kids first, to calm them down a little and then to give them more quiet time to settle them down. Leolin should always be near the end, because he doesn’t usually need quiet time, just a five minute cuddle.”

Farren came toddling over to them and he gripped at Harry’s shorts.

“Muma.” He called out.

Harry hunched down to the floor this time to hug him, he could not bend and lift Farren while he was pregnant. He hated it, but he had to make do.

“Are you okay?” He asked clearly. Farren nodded into his chest.
“Want Muma.” Farren explained.

Harry smiled and pulled back to kiss Farren. “I love you very much.” He declared.

Farren puckered his mouth and Harry kissed him on the mouth this time before he stood back up.

“Do you remember Granddad Myron and Granddad Richard?” He asked encouragingly.

“Gwanddad.” Farren said clearly and Harry gasped.

“He’s never said it like that before!”

“Who’s a good boy?!” Richard encouraged happily, bending and picking up Farren how Harry wanted to. Soon, he consoled himself, soon enough he would be healed from what Draco had done to him and he would give birth in February. Earlier if he didn’t carry to term.

“Me, Gwanddad.” Farren replied.

“Yes, you!” Richard said back.

Harry chuckled and he waved and wandered off. He found Blaise and he peeked in on Leolin.

“He’s been stirring, do you want him?” Blaise asked. “I’m going to go see how many coffees I can drink before Nasta notices.” He grinned.

Harry chuckled. “He’ll count exactly how many you have and he’ll punish you for it when we get home.”

“Harry, *Bello*, I’m counting on it.” Blaise gave him a wink and Harry laughed, watching him walk away.
“Ma.” A small, sleepy voice called out and Harry gave his attention to the just awakened Leolin, whose sleepy gold eyes slitted open to peer up at him. He had cried himself to sleep when Nasta had taken him from his baby gym.

“Hello, sweetheart.” Harry said with a soft voice. “Did you sleep well?”

“Ma.” Leolin said, lifting a heavy hand to rub at his little eyes.

“Let’s find you some shade.” Harry said worriedly, peering up at the burning sun, there wasn’t even any clouds to block the sun for a moment’s reprieve.

Harry went to a group of chairs set under a large umbrella. The cooling effect of the shade was almost instantaneous and Harry sighed happily, tucking his feet up and crossing his legs and sitting Leolin in the gap facing outwards, so that he could rest against his chest, tip his head back and look at him if he needed to, but he was also looking out at others, being more involved and social. A lot of people came over to say hello to him, and to Harry too, because he was looking around at them all and seemed more involved than usual.

“It’s amazing to see him like this.” Xerxes said, coming to sit beside him, easing himself into a chair with a small groan of pleasure.

Harry smiled and nodded, looking down on Leolin proudly. “I know. He’s come so far from the tiny, shrivelled newborn he used to be.”

“It was strange seeing him like that for months after his birth.” Xerxes admitted. Harry wasn’t offended, he’d thought the same and he’d constantly worried that Leolin wasn’t developing enough, that he wasn’t eating enough. Though being a Faerie, he was always going to seem strange compared to his Dracken siblings, and even to his Dracken born human siblings, for though Leolin had also been born to Dracken parents, he was a different species altogether, and the Dracken genes did not like competition with other creature blood.

“I’m just glad that we can see the improvements he’s making now.” Harry said. “Before, we sort of knew that he was developing, but we couldn’t really see it in any tangible way, now though, we can see him taking strides to progress. He’s sitting up, he can still only say two words, but he’s getting quicker at spotting who is who and saying them quicker, he has a tooth now too! Oh, and he’s holding himself up with his hands more if he’s put on his belly, he can hold up his own head and he is getting stronger at lifting and holding up his arms too.”
“He really is coming on strongly.” Xerxes smiled, touching Leolin’s jet black hair with gentle fingers.

Harry smiled at the praise given to Leolin. He bent and kissed his head and watched him watching the other guests. He was staring, glaring almost, at the people milling around.

“How have you been?” Xerxes asked quietly.

Harry smiled, a little sadly, a little wistfully. “I still wish that it hadn’t happened, of course, but I think we’re getting better each day and I’m thankful for that. We need the calm normalcy back after what happened and we’re getting it. With the therapy and all the help we’re getting, we’re more settled. Of course we’re all still worried about Blaise’s head injury, but he hasn’t had any slips in a while and Healer Odell is very pleased with his progress. I’m being fussed over too, but that’s mostly because of the pregnancy now.”

“How is that progressing? They all know now?”

Harry nodded. “As stated I told them all on the evening of Braiden’s birthday. I had to spell it out for them too, they had no clue.” He laughed. “But they all know and the pregnancy is very calm at the moment. If I didn’t know that I was pregnant, I never would have guessed.”

“After what you’ve been through I, for one, am glad that you’re having a calm, easy pregnancy, at least thus far.”

Harry smiled. “It is a much needed break, but the guys still won’t take any chances.”

“Good. You are their submissive mate, the one they all love most, they shouldn’t take any chances with your precious life.”

Harry scoffed. “We might be magical creatures, Xerxes, but we have human rationality too. None of us love one person above any other, we love one another equally. True if we were attacked I would run to my children and they would fight to get me to safety, but in human form, with human emotions and thoughts, we are all equal. Even if they do let me get away with murder.”
Xerxes snorted. “That’s putting it mildly, those boys do let you have the run of things more often than not.”

Harry frowned as he thought of that. “Am I that bad?” He asked a little insecurely. “Am I actually a horror?”

“No. No!” Xerxes said placatingly. “I’m just saying they put you on a pedestal, as all dominant mates do, and sometimes, well, sometimes it means that they let you get away with considerably more than you should.”

Harry’s frown deepened. “I don’t see it.” He said after a pause. “They do insist that I don’t do certain things…”

“You’re not going to see it.” Xerxes cut in gently. “We’re not talking about them stopping you from doing things that they think will harm you, that’s just their instincts stepping in, and yes, Nasta stopping you all from eating sweets and drinking coffee counts under this as he sees it as a danger to your health.”

Harry looked down, but all he could think about now was when he had manipulated his mates into taking him on holiday when he was pregnant with the quintuplets. They really hadn’t wanted to go, they hadn’t wanted him to go anywhere, but he had used his ‘submissive wiles’ to manipulate them into taking a family holiday. He had shamelessly used the Dursleys abuse of him to all but force them into taking him on a holiday they hadn’t wanted to go on. He swallowed painfully.

“Excuse me.” He said in a strangled, choked voice.

“Harry, no. I never meant to upset you!” Xerxes said, shocked by his reaction as Harry stood and hurried away.

He held Leolin tightly and he hurried to a small little alcove in Alexander’s garden created by several rose bushes. He crawled into the centre of them all and he just sat with his knees to his chin, Leolin cradled to his chest.

Had it been wrong of him to manipulate his mates in such a way? Should he have ignored Marianna’s advice to manipulate his way around his mates to get them to take him on holiday? He bit his lip and tried to excuse his own behaviour, but there was no excuse for what he’d done. He’d never thought of it in such a way before and now he felt terrible.
“Harry?!” Nasta’s voice called out. “Love, where are you?”

“Got him?” Draco’s voice asked.

“No, I can scent him, but I can’t find him.” Nasta sighed. “Harry?!”

“I’ll look over here.” Draco said.

Harry rubbed his eyes. “Nasta?”

“Harry?! Where on earth are you?” Nasta asked. “Xerxes told us that he’d upset you on accident, come out and we can have a cwtch to make you feel better.”

Harry crawled out from under the rose bushes, almost at Nasta’s feet, and saw the surprise, and a little amusement, on Nasta’s face. It made him chuckle a bit and rub his eyes with his free hand.

Nasta stooped and picked him up and gave him a big hug.

“Is it pregnancy hormones?” Nasta asked him.

Harry shook his head. “No. I just…I never realised before that you treat me like I’m beyond reproach.”

Nasta frowned. “We don’t.” He said immediately.

“I…” Harry frowned and he looked at the floor. “I manipulated you.”

“What?” Nasta said. “When?”

Harry swallowed. “When I wanted to go on holiday. Though back then I did really think we were just going to Marianna’s house, I didn’t know she’d booked the trip to Guadeloupe. But I guilted and manipulated you into taking me when you didn’t want to.”
Nasta snorted and sat down against a tree with him and Leolin in his lap.

“Harry, I am your top dominant. I was a thirty-seven year old man at the time. Did you really think that I didn’t know what you were doing? Especially when you were so terrible at it. I knew what you were doing, Caru, almost from the first moment that you started.”

Harry looked at him. “But, why didn’t you call me on it? Why did you let us go on that holiday if you knew I was manipulating you?”

“Because what you said was true, Harry. You weren’t lying to me to get your own way, everything you said was true. You’d never had a holiday before, you’d never experienced that. Despite knowing what you were doing, I still sat and thought about it seriously for long hours, weighing up pros and cons, but in the end I realised that you needed the escape and I decided that we would have a holiday together, pregnancy or not. You needed it and despite how obvious you were about trying to get your own way, I didn’t care. Looking back on the long days we spent in Guadeloupe, seeing how happy you were, how relaxed, how excited, I can honestly say that they are some of my best memories. It was the right choice to go on that holiday. You deserved it.”

“But…but…”

Nasta cut him off with a kiss, expertly dodging Leolin’s furious slap as he dared to kiss his ‘Ma’.

“There are no buts, Harry. You deserved your first proper holiday, we all needed it, and it was the right choice. We had so much fun, we were happy, and truly, I don’t think we’ve ever had that much sex in one week outside of a heat period.” Nasta laughed.

Harry managed a wet little chuckle.

“So you don’t need to get upset over that or feel bad about it. True, it wasn’t the greatest feeling in the world to know that one of those you love is manipulating you, and it wasn’t right, but I understand why you did it, Harry and I don’t hold it against you. That’s why I never brought it up or called you out on it. I understood. I do hope that now we’re older, more settled with one another, that you know now that you can discuss things with us and bring up a suggestion without trying to manipulate us.”

Harry thought about that. He thought of all the strides his mates had made, particularly Max and
Nasta, in listening to him without automatically shooting him down.

“I think I do now. Since that awful day.” He said. “It shouldn’t have taken that attack to get you and Max to listen to me, to Blaise too, we’re not children and we shouldn’t be treated like children. But I think we have grown more together over the last two years, with you and Max listening more and not just overriding the rest of us because you think that you know better, I think we can have more level-headed discussions now. I feel that I can trust you to listen to me, so I guess…I guess I don’t feel like I need to resort to manipulating you to get you to listen to me or do what I want.”

“That’s good, really good.” Nasta said with a smile.

“I am sorry that I did it, Nas. I love you.”

“I love you too, Cariad. You shouldn’t have done it and I won’t condone it, but as I said, I understand. Though more to the point you shouldn’t have had to resort to such drastic measures just to get us to listen to you. We were a little hard headed back then.”

Harry smiled and he snuggled into Nasta, his top dominant holding him tight with one arm, the other was stroking Leolin’s hair.

“Are you okay now? No more being upset? You’ve sent all the Maddisons mad.” Nasta chuckled.

Harry nodded. “I feel better now. Just…can you hold me for a little longer?”

Nasta kissed his head, getting an angry screech from Leolin, but he did as asked and held Harry tight.

“You are getting very bossy.” Nasta told Leolin. “I will kiss your Mother whenever I please.”

Harry laughed softly and used his free arm to mop up his face.

“Nasta, we still can’t find…oh.” Blaise came storming over to where Nasta had been last and he caught sight of them on the grass cuddling. “Are you alright, Bello?”
Harry nodded. “I am now that Nasta has given me a cwtch.”

Blaise sunk down beside him and cuddled up to his back, his chin propping out over Harry’s shoulder. Harry had to grab Leolin’s hand to stop him from hitting his Father in the face.

Blaise nuzzled him and Harry nuzzled back.

“I’m glad that you’re alright. I could have killed Xerxes when he said that he’d upset you.” Blaise said.

“It’s okay. He didn’t really upset me, I upset myself after I thought too hard about something he’d said.”

“What did he say?” Blaise asked.

“That as your submissive I’m beyond reproach. That I can do no wrong.”

“Well that’s bullshit.” Blaise said. “We’ve had to punish you in the past, we’ve had fights and stupid arguments. You’re far from beyond reproach, Harry. You’re not flawless, no one is, but still, to me, you’re perfect.”

Harry smiled and tipped his head to kiss Blaise more firmly.

“I agree with Blaise, Harry.” Nasta said. “None of us are beyond reproach. We all do things wrong, we all argue and maybe sometimes we get on each other’s nerves, but that’s just normal, that’s us, and I wouldn’t change any of that. We do not put you beyond reproach, I mean, we all nag at you and I suppose we do chastise you on occasion, none of us are perfect, but we’re good, both together and apart.”

Feeling much better, Harry nodded. Xerxes was wrong, or at least not completely right. His mates might let him get away with certain things, but he was far from getting away with murder. The worst he’d done, as he’d admitted to, was manipulating his mates, particularly Nasta, into taking him on holiday, but now he’d found out that Nasta had known all along and didn’t hold it against him.
“Come on, *Prezioso.*” Blaise said with a smile. “Alexander will want to see you now, all the Maddisons went crazy when Xerxes admitted to upsetting you.”

Harry nodded and he went to stand up, but Nasta held him tighter and stood up with Harry in his arms. He was then placed on his feet with Nasta’s arm around his shoulders and Blaise’s around his waist. He smiled from between them.

“Harry! Are you alright?” Draco called out as soon as he spotted him between Nasta and Blaise.

Harry nodded with a smile. “I’m alright. I’m fine.” He insisted.

Draco came to cup his face, looking into his face, into his eyes, to see if he was telling the truth.

“You are definitely alright?”

Harry nodded. “Yes.”

Draco kissed him and Harry smiled at him. Leolin broke the moment by slapping an open palm into Draco’s face.

“Leolin!” Harry chastised sternly. “You do not hit your Fathers.”

“Ma.” Leolin sniffled.

“I know, but you can’t hit people for kissing me, love.” Harry said.

Leolin started crying and Harry sighed, but dutifully cradled Leolin close and soothed him.

“Where’s Max?”

“He went hunting through the house for you.” Draco said. “He knows all the best hiding spots
from when he was a kid.”

Harry snorted and he hugged Draco and then moved to Alexander. He was wrapped up in strong arms and held tightly.

“I’m sorry I ruined your birthday.” He said softly.

Alexander scoffed. “It’s not ruined, and if there aren’t several more incidents and altercations then it’ll have been a very drab party indeed.”

Harry smiled and he snuggled in, taking in the fatherly comfort of Alexander.

“Someone go and get a pot of tea.” Alexander ordered, before he led Harry over to the table and chairs he’d been sat in before and he and Leolin were settled down in the shade.

“Thank you.” He said softly as he cradled Leolin closer. Leolin who was much happier now to have no competition around so that he could monopolise Harry’s attention. He’d already stopped crying.

“Are you feeling better?”

Harry nodded. “Yes, now I do. I am sorry I had an episode here. Today is about you.”

“Was it your hormones?” Alexander asked, laying a gentle hand on Harry’s belly.

Harry shook his head. “No. I just got upset.” He said. “Nasta calmed me down though, as it turns out, Nasta already knew what I’d done and why I got upset over it, he knew years ago and I didn’t know that he knew.”

Alexander nodded. “You’ve all said it before, and I can see it too, but nothing gets past your boy, Nasta. He’s always on the ball. Look at him now.”

Harry looked over to where Nasta was. He was talking to Max and Draco, obviously explaining
what had been going on, but Nasta’s eyes were flicking everywhere as he spoke. He would look at Max and Draco, but his eyes would then flick to, and track, their children, who were running all over the place. Even as he was speaking, holding a conversation, he was watching their babies running around the garden, and he had no doubts that those hazel-gold eyes would flick to him also.

He smiled and looked back at Alexander. “He’s a good top dominant and…I know he’s your grandson, but I don’t think we could say the same for Max. He’s just…he’s not level-headed enough. He’s quite hot-headed, like I am, and I already know that if I had been a dominant, then I wouldn’t make a good top dominant. I’d be awful at it, I’d probably put my family in danger. I have such a hot temper, I’m a hard-headed fool at times.” Harry sighed heavily. “Maybe I just make a bad Dracken full stop, because I wasn’t raised as one.”

Leolin dribbled down Harry’s neck and Harry shifted him and patted his bum, almost absently taking a soft cloth from his pocket and wiping Leolin’s face.

“You don’t make a bad Dracken, Harry. You’re actually one of the best submissives I’ve ever met, my beautiful mate of course comes top of that list.” Alexander winked at him and Harry laughed. “But you shouldn’t put so much pressure on yourself to be perfect, Harry. You should just be yourself, no one is perfect and truly, I think ultimate perfection is unobtainable. It doesn’t exist purely because one person’s perception of perfect is not the same as another’s. Everyone is different, sweet one, everyone has their own thoughts and their own perceptions, thus true perfection isn’t real, so just be yourself and be your own version of perfect, and those who love you will come to you.”

Harry smiled at that. “Thank you.”

Alexander clapped his knee and then turned his gaze. “It’s about time that tea got here, what were you doing, hand picking the leaves?” He joked as Alexus set the tray down.

Alexander’s third oldest son scoffed. “No, Dad, I was being tactful and letting you and Harry talk for a bit before I brought this over.” Alexus took two of the cups on the tray and he went to give the one to his Mother.

“How is Alexus now?” Harry asked softly.

Alexander pulled a face. “He’s getting better, stronger. He’s had contact with that weasel, Sean, and I think that helped to turn the heartbreak he was feeling into anger. Lexi’s fears were founded in truth it seems, Sean left him for a younger man and he tried to spout out all this nonsense about
them growing apart, becoming sedentary and too comfortable with one another, that there was no excitement or passion in their relationship anymore and that this new, young boy brought all those tingly feelings back. The stupid weasel doesn’t realise that being that comfortable with someone is worth so much more than all the butterflies and uncertainty of a new relationship. Sean will come to regret his decision, when his new relationship gets as stagnant and as boring as the one that he complained that he had with Alexus. What will he do then? Leave his new boy for someone else? Keep jumping from person to person, from new relationship to new relationship to seek the fluttery butterflies he says he’s missed? What a terrible, lonely way to spend a life.”

“I feel so bad for Alexus.” Harry said.

“Don’t feel bad for him, Harry. If this is how Sean really feels then Lexi has had a lucky escape in my opinion. He, of course, won’t feel the same way, not yet. He’s still too cut up about it, though now that he’s starting to feel anger about the situation, it’ll start getting easier to move on. I’m sure Lexi will find someone else one day, someone better than Sean. It’s such a shame, I’m usually a good judge of character and I did like Sean before all of this. I never would have thought him capable of such an ill-judged, callous action such as this.” Alexander sighed heavily. “I suppose that no one can truly know what others will do, or what they’re thinking. I’m no legilimens, after all, nor would I intentionally deprive another of their privacy in such a way, even if I were a legilimens.”

Harry nodded. “I was appalling at the mind arts, I couldn’t even learn Occlumency to protect my own mind from Voldemort.”

“I am sorry that that happened to you.” Alexander said gently.

“It seems a lifetime ago now.” Harry admitted, looking out at his mates and his children, at the new family members that he’d gained in all of the Maddisons.

“I suppose it does now.” Alexander agreed. “You have been through a lot since that time in your life. It was actually before your Dracken inheritance, wasn’t it?”

Harry nodded and he patted Leolin’s bum more firmly as his Faerie baby fusssed. “It was, I was only fifteen. It was a few months before I had my Dracken inheritance and then all of this came about and it was almost like I had no rest, no time to think in between the two instances. I never really had a chance to come to terms with what I did, nor with the loss of my Godfather, Sirius.”

“I am sorry for the poor timing, sweetness.” Alexander sighed. “I’ve always insisted that sixteen was just too young for such life altering decisions, unfortunately it is very difficult to hold a
meeting back for any significant amount of time. We just have to support the submissives as they
do go through their meetings, and of course monitor them throughout their lives for signs of
depression or even just general unhappiness. We need to act quickly, before the Dracken side of
them takes matters into its own hands.”

“Max and Nasta have told me scare stories about submissives turning on their mates and even their
own children.” Harry nodded. He couldn’t even imagine such a terrible thing. He held Leolin a bit
closer. His Faerie baby was still awake, but he was getting tired, he was silent, but he was
mouthing at Harry’s neck, dribbling on him.

“It takes a lot for a submissive to turn against their own children, as you could well imagine. That
said it does happen if the submissive in question is unsettled or feels deeply unhappy with their life
or mateship.”

Harry looked out over the garden at all the Maddisons. He could see the hulking form of Myron
over everyone else, he spotted Shae in between moving people, her dozen children were running
around, some of them were around his own children’s age, thus they were all playing together,
everyone in the garden keeping an eye on all of the children running around. It made Harry smile.
Not so much the submissives who were excluding themselves or were being difficult or hostile. He
didn’t even want to think of those women though, he could never behave in such a way and he was
never going to.

“Harry, how are you?” Max came over to ask him, having obviously finished his own conversation
with Nasta. He took the sun lounger next to him.

“You don’t need to sound so cautious, I’m fine.” He smiled.

“I’m glad.” Max said, leaning in to kiss him.

It took several seconds before Leolin’s sleepy brain caught up and he started crying.

“Hey, what’s this?” Max asked. “Do you not like being out of your home environment? Why does
he always turn on us when he’s in a new place?”

Harry sighed. “Kailen said that it was because I was his safe place, he sees me as utterly safe in his
developing mind, thus when he’s in a place that he doesn’t know, he clings to me and lashes out at
everyone who approaches. Dain said that when he’s older, I’ll be able to encourage him and
“reassure him that those around him are safe too.”

Max nodded, remembering that conversation with the Faeries. He gently touched Leolin’s back, as he would have at home and Leolin squirmed. It took long, silent minutes before Leolin calmed and recognised what was happening.

“Da.” He said quietly.

Max bent forward, his hand still flat on Leolin’s back, careful of his little wings, and Max kissed their baby son’s soft cheek.

“I love you, baby.” Max said.

“Da.” Leolin repeated.

“Hold on, I think he’ll let you have him for a moment. I need the bathroom.”

Harry gently took Leolin from his shoulder and Max looked so pleased as he held his hands out to receive Leolin. Harry stayed afterwards, just to make sure that Leolin settled in Max’s arms. He was grinning widely, of course, this was a step forward for Leolin, a small hint of progress, and it made Harry insanely happy as he gave Max’s knee a touch and he stood to go to the bathroom.

“Mummy!” Braiden called out as Harry walked past, his oldest son came careening towards him from behind a group of people.

“Hello, sweetheart. Are you okay?” Harry asked.

Braiden nodded.

“Do you need a drink or something to eat?”

“No, Mummy. I go with you.”
“I’m going to potty, Braiden.” Harry said gently.

“I come too.” Braiden insisted.

Sighing, Harry took Braiden’s hand and he took him into the house with him. Perhaps this would help Braiden’s own potty training, if he saw Harry using the toilet too. Though of course this wouldn’t be the first time that Braiden, or any of his other children, had followed him into the bathroom. He’d even had to bathe with them on occasion, when he’d given into their cries instead of fighting with them and turning their desires into a battle.

They made it to the bathroom and Harry chose to sit on the toilet to wee, like Braiden would do on his potty. He made it a bright, fun experience by being overenthusiastic, even though Braiden seemed to be more interested in digging in Alexander and Kimberly’s bathroom cupboards.

He flushed and then he washed his hands, pulling over Braiden to wash his hands too, making that as fun as he could, all to encourage Braiden to see the bathroom as a fun place. He still wasn’t overly fussed on having a bath, though that had gotten better since he’d started using the ‘big’ bath instead of the baby bath.

He escorted a happy Braiden back outside and watched his two year old happily run off towards Richard, calling out for ‘Ganda Itch.’ Caesar, who was stood nearby, laughed at Braiden’s name for his Father. It made Harry smile even as he went to check on his twin girls napping in their pram.

“Hey, Harry.”

Harry was smiling before he turned around. “Hi, Amelle. How are you?”

“Tired. Beatrice was unsettled last night and Nora had us up before dawn.”

“Ah, I was wondering why Caesar was so quiet today.” He snorted. “I hope it’s nothing serious.”

“It’s not. I think it was because she wasn’t in her own room back at home. We just couldn’t get her to settle, of course she’s fast asleep now.”

“Of course.” Harry grinned.
“How are your tiny girls?”

“How are your tiny girls?” He said, looking back at his entwined daughters. “We have to watch them though, they’re standing up now. The last thing I want is for one of them to fall from the height of the pram.” He shuddered visibly at the very thought.

“Bring them over here.” Amelle said, pointing to a group of picnic benches. Her own pram was parked beside one table and Harry could see baby Beatrice sleeping inside.

Harry flipped off the brake and moved the pram as gently as he could over to the bench and he sat with a groan.

“Are you alright?” Amelle asked.

Harry nodded. “I am. You know I can barely tell that I’m pregnant? I’m not showing any signs and really, if a Healer I explicitly trust hadn’t confirmed it, I never would have guessed myself. No wonder my mates didn’t see shit until I’d spelt it out for them.”

Amelle laughed and Harry turned on automatic as little hands grabbed at his tee shirt. He swept up Regan and he sat his son on his lap. Harry rocked him on automatic, his arms around Regan’s little waist comfortingly and securely as Regan’s comfort teddy came with him. He’d been completely attached to it since he had fallen down the stairs when he was just seven months old.

“Are you alright, baby?” He asked, before pressing a kiss to Regan’s head.

“Yeah.” Regan answered, snuggling in.

“He’s very cuddly.”

“Boys usually are, or at least that’s what I’ve found. My boys are absolutely more likely to have a cuddle with me than my girls. Tegan actively pushes you away if you pick her up and try to cuddle her, its worse if you disrupt something that she was doing. Eva and Ave are going the same way. They fight and squirm if they’re picked up and if you still don’t put them back down, they start screeching and wailing.”
“Nora and Bea are the same.” Amelle said. “I can only get in a cuddle when they’re tired, either when they’ve just woken up, or when they’re going to sleep.”

Harry nodded as he looked out at Tegan and Nora, the latter a little taller than her younger cousin, but that no longer put Tegan off or made her feel insecure.

“I suppose that girls are just a little more independent.” Harry mused.

Amelle nodded her agreement, but she was looking consideringly at him and Regan. Perhaps she was finally putting the pain of her lost son to rest, perhaps she was thinking of a son of her own once more, perhaps she and Caesar could enjoy her next heat and pregnancy, instead of suffering through those early months of not knowing if she was having a girl or an unwanted boy.

“Do you want to hold him? He doesn’t mind who cuddles him.” Harry said, even as he stood up and passed Regan over to Amelle without waiting for an answer. Harry kissed Regan’s forehead and watched him sleepily snuggle into Amelle, his comfort bear to his chin.

“Is he okay?” Amelle asked.

Harry nodded. “He’s fine, just tired. He’s usually the first to go down for a nap, especially if he’s been running around outside like today.”

Harry stood and he went to get two drinks from the covered table over by the house. There was food as well and Harry was not surprised to find Farren and Calix over here, each with a sausage roll in their little hands. He smiled at them and handed them both a small finger sandwich each.

“Ta, Mummy.” Farren said happily.

“Ta!” Calix echoed.

He waited until they’d finished eating and he handed them a beaker of weak juice each and then he went back to Amelle, putting a drink in front of her. Regan’s eyes were half closed now. He would be asleep within several minutes.

It was noisy in the garden, as only a gathering of half a hundred people could cause, but still Harry heard Max and Caesar’s laughter above the din. He shared a look with Amelle and they both
snorted in laughter.

“They revert back to children when they’re together.” Amelle insisted. Harry nodded his agreement.

“They’re terrible together.” He added. “I couldn’t imagine the frustration they caused together as kids. Poor Myron.”

Both he and Amelle snorted in laughter, giggling together.

“You look happy.” Draco said, placing an arm around Harry’s shoulders and bending to kiss him.

“We are.” Harry said with a bright smile.

“How is the baby?”

Harry sighed, getting fed up with the question, and the constant inquiries about how he was.

“You know I can’t feel anything, Draco.” He said pointedly. “I’m not sick, I’m not showing, the baby won’t be moving for months yet.”

Draco sighed himself. “I know, I’m just excited.”

Harry huffed and blew out a breath. “Be excited in several months’ time when this baby, or babies, are actually born. It’s premature to ask after them right now. I’m seven weeks pregnant, there’s not much that I can see or feel yet. The biggest indicator would be morning sickness, and I haven’t got any of that yet, thank Merlin!”

Draco nuzzled his face and gave him another kiss. It made Harry squirm and laugh.

“Do you want me to get either of you anything while I’m here? I can see you have juice, but do either of you want tea?”
Harry nodded. “I do. Amelle?”

“If you don’t mind.” She said softly.

“I’ll be back soon.” Draco told them, giving Harry another kiss and then leaving again. Harry wondered if Draco’s desire to go in the house, away from most of the people milling in the garden, was actually something to do with his fear of reprisal. He watched his blond mate closely, he noticed that some guests were giving Draco dirty looks.

“Is everything alright between you both now?” Amelle asked, as if reading his mind.

Harry nodded. “Yes. All of us are getting better now with the therapy, it has definitely helped us all get back on track.”

She nodded. “The additional therapy is helping me too. I’m not so afraid to have my own son anymore.”

Harry smiled at her. “You’ve come on so well, Amelle. Truly we both have.”

She nodded her agreement. “It has been hard won, but I think I am right in saying that we have won our battles, mine against my past, and yours with your mateship.”

Harry nodded. Then he grinned as Alexander came over to them.

“Hello, sweet ones.” He greeted, kissing Amelle’s head and then Harry’s. “How are you both feeling? Have you both eaten something?”

“I jammed several sandwiches into my mouth.” Harry grinned. Alexander laughed.

“I’ve eaten as well.” Amelle nodded with a soft smile.
“Draco has gone to get us both some tea too.” Harry added. “We’re being very well taken care of.”

“Good, you two deserve some pampering, and as Caesar is insistently behaving like a young boy again with his brother, I was worried for you being left out, Amelle.”

“No, Harry and his mates have kept me entertained and looked after.”

“Eleonora has fallen asleep in Kimberly’s arms, is this alright?” Alexander asked her.

Amelle nodded immediately. “Of course. She was up very early this morning, the different time zones still affect her and her routine, so I was expecting her to go down sooner. It was all the excitement and all of the people though, she can’t resist pushing herself when something is happening.”

“Calix is the same.” Harry nodded. “He’s usually the last to fall asleep and the first to wake up, all because he fears he’ll miss something, though Farren still consistently goes without any sort of nap during the day.”

“He is one of the more boisterous children.” Alexander said, looking over his shoulder, presumably at Calix…Harry couldn’t see past several bodies that blocked the way.

“Is he behaving? We’ve started implementing discipline for bad behaviour. At the moment it’s a firm no and why such behaviour is not acceptable, when they’re two, like Braiden, they’ll have two minute time outs.”

“No, he’s not being bad, sweet one, just loud and highly active. He’s everywhere at once.”

Harry snorted. “That’s our Calix. Though if they’re in a new place with new people, then they’re most definitely inquisitive, all of them.”

Draco came over with three cups and Harry patted the bench beside him. Draco sat down happily, seemingly much more secure next to Harry in the garden.

“Where’s Nasta?” Harry asked. Nasta had promised to watch over Draco today to stop anyone
saying or doing anything to their blond mate.

“Over by the sun loungers, babbling gibberish to Leolin in Welsh. Max handed him over when Caesar begged him to go and play like they’re both five.” Draco answered before taking a sip of white tea.

Alexander laughed. “That’s definitely our Maxie.” He said with a wink to Harry.

Harry shook his head and sighed. “I’d blame Caesar, but he’s like it at home too, though he’s never as bad as he is when he’s with Caesar.”

“Caesar is the same.” Amelle nodded. “Bad at home, especially with the girls, but when he’s with Max…” She trailed off, shaking her head.

“Well, I for one am glad that you both saw past their childishness and chose them as mates to become members of the family.” Alexander said, touching both of their hands.

“Even if the family is utterly mad.” Harry giggled.

“I prefer to think that we’re just fun, and not boring.” Alexander winked, and then he left again, making the rounds of all his family members, to people Harry had never met who he knew from Max were Alexander’s older brothers and sisters who sometimes came to visit him. He’d met some of them over the last few years, but he definitely saw some new faces too.

Harry went to his tea, blowing gently on the top of it and then taking a sip. He had never been happier than when all four of his mates had finally learnt to make his honey tea just how he liked it. He smiled behind the cup.

He heard Leolin’s cries before Nasta found him and handed their Faerie baby to him.

“Leolin.” He cooed gently, not competing with the cries, but still letting Leolin know that he was there.

“We were fine, but he must have started missing you.” Nasta smiled.
“He’s getting better at staying away from me for longer.” Harry said, even as Nasta sat right beside him and pulled him up against his chest, resting his bristly chin on Harry’s shoulder and up against his neck.

Leolin had trailed off his crying and he was looking up at them both, his wet eyelashes clumping together in damp spikes.

“Ma.” He sniffled.

“I’m here, love. You know that your Daddies would never hurt you. You’re safe here, with us.”

“Perhaps not with all these other kids.” Draco added protectively, laying a hand on Leolin’s head from Harry’s other side.

“They’re not allowed near him.” Harry insisted. “If any of them approach, we move him or pass him off, you know that.”

“Those of us who have met you before, and him, know just how delicate he is and we know not to take it to heart if Leolin is moved away.” Amelle said gently. “Besides, who cares about offending anyone when the alternative is any sort of risk to our children?”

“Exactly.” Harry said with a chuckle, cradling Leolin in his arms and trying to ignore Nasta trying to use his own body to cast their Faerie baby in shade.

Ave was the distraction there, when she squirmed and cried out from the pram next to the table. Nasta was forced to turn and pick her up, his hand reaching into one of the half dozen nappy bags attached to, and slipped under, the pram. He found one of the bottles for the girls and he tested it against his arm. It must have still been warm from the thermal pouch, as Nasta deemed it fine and he began to feed Ave without the need for a warming charm.

Harry turned back to Leolin, who was looking up at him. He smiled and Leolin smiled back, a big, gummy grin with half a lone tooth to be seen. Harry’s smile widened at the adorable sight.

Nasta kissed him out of the blue and the scratchy stubble made him chuckle. Nasta had only shaved just before they’d left for Alexander’s.

Harry freed up one hand by pressing Leolin close to his heart, and he rubbed his palm over that spiky stubble.
“I know. I’ll shave again when we get home.”

“Leave it.” Harry purred into his ear. Nasta looked at him with shocked eyes.

“You never want me to leave it. You prefer us all clean-shaven… I prefer to be clean-shaven.”

Harry snorted. “If that were true then you’d wax and have done with it.”

“I tried that before. It was the single most agonising moment of my entire life.” Nasta admitted with a reflexive wince at the memory. “Never again.”

Harry laughed and nuzzled back into Nasta’s cheek. “Just leave it for today. I know that it sometimes makes you sore to shave three times a day.”

“Usually only if I nick myself.” Nasta insisted. “I found a balm that works really well for me.”

Harry nodded. “Take a day off. It’ll be cute to see you with a mini beard.” He laughed.

Nasta snorted, but he nodded. “Okay. I’ll leave it until tomorrow morning, but no one can complain about it.”

“I would imagine that it gets harder to shave it when it’s longer.” Amelle said.

Nasta nodded. “It tugs more when it’s longer. As long as I use shave foam though, it doesn’t make much of a difference, it just takes a little longer. If I left it for a week, however, that’s another matter entirely.”

“He goes from sexy, sophisticated Dragonologist to wild, feral crazy man when he stops grooming himself.” Harry giggled. “It only takes a week for the change to be implemented too.”

“You’re not funny.” Nasta told him, but there was a big grin on his face as he said it.
“Yes I am. Of course I am. The only one funnier is Max.” Harry insisted.

“What about me?” Draco asked.

“You? You have no sense of humour to speak of.” Harry teased.

Draco scoffed, but nudged him gently. Harry kissed him to show that he was only teasing.

“Gather around!” Oliver called out. “The birthday boy wants to blow out the candles! The rest of us just want cake. Everyone grab a kid to keep them still for a minute.”

Harry watched as his babies, and Shae’s, were picked up by those nearest and they all gathered around the huge cake. It honestly looked like a wedding cake it was that big. It must have costed a fortune too.

“I just wanted to say that I couldn’t ask for a better family, for better children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and not forgetting our newest generation, my lone great-great grandchild, Jasmine.” Alexander said, indicating to Xerxes’ oldest granddaughter, Yasmina, who was holding a pink, lacy bundle.

“You’re getting old!” Someone called out from the thick, dense crowd.

“Shut up, Nicodemus.” Alexander threw back with a smile.

“It was Cepheus!” The apparently aggrieved Nicodemus shouted out.

“Was not!”

“I know it was one of you!” Alexander cut in.

Harry laughed with several others. He truly did love being in this family, though not just the Maddisons, but also the Delericeys, the Zabinis and the Malfoys, though the latter could be more accepting and understanding and both former families still had members that he hadn’t met yet.
Maybe he should prod his mates a little over that, after all, they had prodded him back when they were newly mated to see the Dursleys, though if he ever found out that any of his mates had been abused as he was then he would have to be locked up before he went on a murderous rampage.

An arm slipped around his waist and he smiled, leaning his body weight onto Draco as they both watched Alexander blow out the mass of candles...the Maddison patriarch had counted every single one of them and plucked out six candles and threw them in the direction of the twins.

“I’m not one hundred just yet!” He had insisted, before taking a breath and blowing out all ninety-four candles in one go. “Now who’s for cake?” He asked, waving his wand and perfectly slicing up the huge cake.

Harry nudged Nasta, stood beside him, and his mate sighed, but smiled, nodding his head and he went to get three paper plates of cake for them. Harry grinned when Nasta was eating his own piece of cake...it was almost as much of a turn on seeing him eating cake as Harry assumed it was for Nasta to watch him eating fruit. They really were an odd bunch, but sometimes odd was good.

He spied his children, sat on the floor with their own little plates, the smallest sliver of cake in front of them that it made Harry laugh and point them out.

“That won’t keep Farren happy.” Draco mused.

“He can have a drink and then some more sandwiches if he’s still hungry.” Harry insisted. “One piece of cake is enough.”

Harry turned back, and he was surprised by a kiss from Nasta. It made him pause to take an extra breath, then he laughed.

“Well, I love you too.” He teased.


Harry sighed happily and rested against Nasta, Leolin still tucked into his one arm. Ave was still tucked into Nasta’s other arm, though not for long it seemed, as she squirmed from his hold and toddled off over the grass, wobbling and needing to put her hands to the floor to steady herself often, but she was off over the grass, being watched indulgently by those in the garden, as she went exploring and making no qualms about gripping onto people’s legs when she lost a little stability. She was always helped back to her feet and set back on her own little way.
“I still can’t believe how well she walks.” Harry said softly.

“She’s getting so strong and she’s growing so quickly. Eva too.” Nasta said happily.

“Very soon we’ll have another little one to look after.” Draco added.

“Just think of all the sleepless nights, two hourly feedings and nappy changes, and eight toddlers on top of that. Who knows, maybe I have twins or triplets.” He said patting his belly gently.

Both his mates groaned. “Why did you have to put it that way?” Draco said.

“Anything could happen.” He said with a shit eating grin. He bent to kiss Leolin’s head. “Though I am fervently praying for nothing over triplets. Three babies on top of eight toddlers is going to be a handful.”

“Both hands full you mean.” Draco sighed.

“All ten hands full.” Harry chuckled. “They already outnumber us. If we have twins, they’ll outnumber us two to one, any more than that, then we’re doomed.”

“We’ll handle it.” Nasta said softly. “We might only have ten hands, but we have unlimited hands with the amount of family members we have, and true, the Maddisons are all mad, but they’re definitely always there when you need them.”

Harry grinned widely as he watched Julius hop onto Max’s back and order him to run down Caesar…Max actually did as asked and he started running around the garden with his Uncle on his back, chasing his brother, who was far too busy laughing to run too far, or too fast.

“They are all mad, but I like it.” Harry said as he looked back at Nasta with a smile. “I never did well with boring and mundane. I think that’s why I chose all four of you. I like…this.” He insisted, waving his hand at the garden and the crazy Maddison family that he loved. “I love them.”

“And we love you.” Draco told him, kissing him.
Harry smiled widely and he looked out at everyone in the garden. He cuddled Leolin and enjoyed the family time together.

“I have never, ever, felt so loved before.” He said softly. “I love this…I love all of you. It’s a good time in my life.”

Harry was hugged and held tightly and he found himself cradled between Nasta’s legs as Draco insisted on going to get them all more tea. He blew out a soft breath and he relaxed, allowing all the love, and madness, to seep into him, as he laughed when several Maddisons set up a sort of ‘war’ together, with one person on the back of another and charging at one another. Max had dumped his Uncle Julius and had teamed up with the smaller, lighter Caesar. Harry cheered for them both and urged them on as they started winning all the ‘battles’ going on. They only lost when Richard wheedled Myron into playing and with Myron in the game, everyone else was flattened. Harry couldn’t remember laughing so much, or so hard, in a very long time. It felt amazing.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: This took me a little longer to get out than I had planned, I’ve been rather unsettled in real life these last several days and I haven’t been able to do anything. I do have a good start on chapter 111, but as a result of this unsettled period the next chapter might take a little longer to get out. Just bear with me through this, please lovelies.

I believe that this was everything, lovelies, I hope that you’ve enjoyed this chapter,

StarLight Massacre. X
Poolside Relaxation

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry was hugged and held tightly and he found himself cradled between Nasta’s legs as Draco insisted on going to get them all more tea. He blew out a soft breath and he relaxed, allowing all the love, and madness, to seep into him, as he laughed when several Maddisons set up a sort of ‘war’ together, with one person on the back of another and charging at one another. Max had dumped his Uncle Julius and had teamed up with the smaller, lighter Caesar. Harry cheered for them both and urged them on as they started winning all the ‘battles’ going on. They only lost when Richard wheedled Myron into playing and with Myron in the game, everyone else was flattened. Harry couldn’t remember laughing so much, or so hard, in a very long time. It felt amazing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Eleven – Poolside Relaxation

The summer was cooling off, finally. It had been raining for the last few days and Harry was able to sleep easier, which was a blessing really, as he was getting as cranky as the kids with the continuous lack of decent sleep each night. Not even cooling charms kept him completely comfortable and he was grateful for the small reprieve that the rain brought, even if it did confine them, and the kids, to the house for the most part, though Max had taken Braiden and Farren with him to the supermarket over an hour and a half ago, just to get them out of the house for a bit.

“You look a little pale, Harry. Are you alright?” Blaise asked him.

Harry nodded, though he was a little uncertain. He wasn’t feeling his best, and though he put it down to the lack of sleep the previous week, he was leaning more towards it being the start of a late burst of morning sickness.

“You’re going to be sick, aren’t you?” Blaise persisted.

“Maybe.” Harry admitted.
“We were expecting this, come on.” Blaise said, helping him to his feet.

“Where are you two going?” Draco asked suspiciously from the other side of the room, which got Nasta’s attention from where he was playing a game with Tegan on the floor.

“Bathroom, Harry’s going to be sick.” Blaise answered. “Get some tea on, Draco. Harry will need something sweet to drink afterwards.”

Blaise supported him to the bathroom and Harry was settled onto the tile floor in front of the toilet, he had a strange feeling in his stomach, his mouth was full of saliva and his throat was burning unpleasantly with bile, but still nothing actually came up.

A knock on the door and Nasta entered. “Are you okay?” He asked gently.

“It doesn’t want to come up, it’s so strange.” Harry moaned, even as Blaise stroked his hair.

“Do you want to move to get some tea and then see what happens? Or do you think it’ll be safer to stay where you are?”

Harry thought about that seriously, but ultimately his body made up his mind for him when he shifted to stand up on his dead feeling knees and his stomach cramped.

Harry dived for the toilet as everything he’d eaten that day came rushing back up…it felt like everything he’d eaten for the entire month came rushing back up, and he sobbed between cramps, barely able to get a breath, feeling like he was suffocating and he let out a distressed whine. Immediately four rumbles came back, even Max, far off in the supermarket. Two mates on either side of him soothed him and supported him through the sickness, though perhaps purging would have been a better, more accurate phrase to describe it.

After a while he started going longer between cramping and vomiting and he was able to catch his breath and calm down, the panic easing away now that he could breathe properly.

“There we go.” Nasta soothed gently. “Keep breathing, Caru.”

“I’m better.” He croaked out. “I think it’s all gone.”
“Let’s get your mouth swilled out.” Blaise said, helping him to stand. Harry cupped his hands under the running cold water and he took some into his mouth, swilling and then rinsing until the bitter, acrid taste had gone as Nasta flushed the toilet for him.

He was shivering, trembling almost, with cold and shock. He was escorted on either side to the kitchen where there was a cup of tea waiting for him and some bland, sweet biscuits. He needed the sugar now to combat the shock.

“Thank you, Draco.” He shouted out in a croak, into the other room, as he was helped into a chair and he sipped delicately at the tea, not drinking too much, lest his sore stomach start cramping again.

He nibbled on a biscuit and he just relished being able to breathe again. It had probably been far too much to hope for that the morning sickness would have been completely absent, but he still hoped that he didn’t have much in the way of sickness.

Harry wiggled himself out of his tee-shirt and he took several moments to just breathe. He was feeling too hot and stifled. He laid his head on the cool table top and he closed his eyes, breathing slowly and deeply to regain control of himself.

“Can someone pull my socks off, please?” He asked, feeling enclosed and not a little bit trapped.

Blaise immediately bent down to peel off his socks for him. Harry flexed his toes and he giggled a little as Blaise gave both feet a quick squeeze and then a little rub down.

“Better?” Blaise asked him.

Harry nodded minimally and then chose to hum his agreement instead. He rested against the table top for long minutes and then he eased himself back up.

“How are you feeling now?” Nasta asked him.

“Better.” He said, sipping on more tea. “I think it’s over, now it’s just recovering a little more.”

Nasta nodded and rubbed his back for him. “Do you want to go lay down upstairs or in the other room?”
Harry shook his head. “There shouldn’t be any need. Though this little one really did stir up a thunder storm in my belly! I hope that doesn’t happen again.”

“If it does, leave my balls out of it, please.” Blaise begged him with a grin.

It took Harry a moment to realise what was being alluded to, then the memory of waking up and accidentally kneeing Blaise in the balls came back to him and he laughed.

“Okay, I’ll try!” He insisted. “No promises though. That goes for all of you too.”

“Harry?!” A forced calm voice called out, though they could all detect the hint of panic underneath as the front door was kicked closed. “Nasta?!”

“Everything’s alright, Max. It was a bout of morning sickness.” Nasta said, just as Max walked through the door, Braiden in one arm, Farren in the other.

“Oh, thank god. You have no idea how worried I was. I was just paying for the shopping when your call came through. You have no idea how much I wanted to drop everything and leave.”

“Well I’m glad you didn’t.” Harry said pointedly, looking at the two boys.

“I wasn’t panicked enough to leave them.” Max shook his head. “I would have picked them up and come back, leaving the shopping.”

“How dare you, I’m almost out of coffee!” Blaise faux complained.

Harry giggled. “I wanted grapefruit too. Did you get me grapefruit?”

“I got you grapefruits.” Max nodded with a smile.

“Good.” Harry smiled. “I wanted grapefruit for breakfast.”
“You have a couple now to try.” Max said, coming to give him a kiss on the cheek. He then went to dump Braiden and Farren in the family room before going back out to the car to grab the shopping, much happier, and calmer, than when he’d arrived now that he was assured that nothing untoward had happened and his family were all still safe.

“Are you still okay to go to the scan later?” Draco asked him gently from the doorway into the family room.

Harry nodded. “I should be fine. Remind me to drink that water though.”

“That’s the worst part, isn’t it?”

“The water and not being able to piss it out? Yeah.” Harry laughed.

“I’m so excited.” Max said, much happier now that he knew the little whimper of a distress call had been nothing serious, even as he carried in a million shopping bags in both hands and settled them all on the floor.

“You knew what we were talking about.” Harry chuckled.

“Of course. There’s only one thing where you need to drink a lot of water and hold your bladder for at least an hour.”

“Over an hour. My appointment time always runs over.” Harry groused.

“We know. But just think, love. We’ll know by the afternoon exactly how many babies we’re getting.”

Harry smiled at that. “I am excited for that, and worried. It’s just so uncomfortable.”

“We know, we’ll be there for you.”
“Max, is Talia sure that she wants them all?” Harry fretted.

“She’s sure, she’s excited, Harry.” Max said. “Leolin’s going to Ezrah and Lathen, and you just know that Alayla will be here too, to be all over them.”

Harry nodded and he looked at the list that he’d made. He didn’t want to sound like a distrustful dick, but Talia and Alayla had never had the babies before, especially not seven of them, so he’d written out the schedule and a list of things that the kids weren’t allowed to do and how to act if they did do things they weren’t allowed to do. Max had said that it was okay, that anything that helped him to feel more relaxed was going to be fine. Harry hoped so, he was just worried about being away with all four of his mates and leaving seven babies with Talia and Alayla. He sighed and sucked it up, they were good enough to agree to look after the kids when they really needed a babysitter on rather short notice. It would be fine, they’d be an hour, maybe an hour and a half tops.

“Of all days for your morning sickness to come through, though.” Draco told him.

Harry snorted a laugh. “You should know how much trouble I get in by now, love. We should have actually expected this.”

“Are you feeling better?” Nasta asked him.

Harry nodded. “Yes. I think it’s over now.”

Nasta kissed the side of his head and stroked his hair. It made Harry smile.

“Do you want something to eat now? Or is your belly still delicate?” Nasta asked.

Harry frowned. “I want grapefruit.”

“Give me a minute.” Max said from where he was packing things away, crossing them off the list he had in his hands. He would tick it in the supermarket, then cross it off when he got home and put it away. It was a habit he had picked up from his Mother, Ashleigh, when she had gotten him and his siblings to help with the shopping as young kids. “I haven’t come across them yet.”
Harry nodded, just watching Max pack everything away. All of them would always offer to help him, but he would wave them away and insist that he’d rather do it himself to make sure everything was there and so he knew where it had all been put away. They still always asked if he wanted help, mostly out of courtesy now as they knew he would always refuse, but Harry felt that that was only polite. He’d hate for Max to feel like he was being taken for granted after all.

“There they are.” Max cried out triumphantly, digging in a new bag and plucking out an armful of grapefruits. “Catch, Nas.”

Harry laughed as Max threw one of the grapefruits to Nasta, who caught it easily and rolled his eyes at Max’s antics. Nasta took the fruit to the counter and started preparing it like an orange for Harry to eat, slicing it into segments.

Harry took the bright red pieces that were offered to him on a plate and he ate the sour segments happily.

“Do you like them?” Nasta asked, watching him with a smile.

“Yes and no.” Harry said. “I want them, this was definitely what I wanted, but it’s so sour. Like eating a lemon. Do we have lemons?” He asked a moment later.

“Yes, why?” Max asked.

“I want a lemon.”

“To eat? I was going to make lemonade for us all, I should have enough for that, but you actually want to eat one?” Max asked.

“Don’t judge my food cravings.” Harry pouted.

Max grinned and came to kiss him. “Never, my love. Just make sure you brush your teeth really well with all this citrus fruit. The last thing you need now when your morning sickness has started is a dose of Skele-gro because you have a cavity.”

Harry grumbled but he nodded. He hated Skele-gro so much and he was adamant that he would never have to take another dose of it ever again in his life. Though the dose for a tooth had nothing
on the one he’d needed to take to regrow all the bones in his arm.

“You wanted lemons when you were pregnant with the girls.” Max pointed out.

“I did.” He said, grimacing as he remembered some of his more powerful mood swings when he’d wanted lemon in his tea.

“Do you want it in your tea again?” Max asked him, as he went to the fruit bowl and picked up the plumpest, brightest lemon that he could find.

“No. I want to eat it.” Harry said softly.

“Oh, baby, your face will be a picture.” Max laughed, even as he tossed the lemon to Nasta, who dutifully stood and started preparing it, cutting it into wedges for Harry to eat. Harry started salivating just watching him, even as he ate the grapefruit already on his plate.

“Draco, Blaise? Are you two in need of refreshment?” Max called into the room where the younger two had gone when Harry had declared that he was fine and unlikely to be sick again. They were now watching the boisterous babies. Braiden had found his trampoline in the storage cupboard down by their home gym, and he was refusing to share with his siblings, and he was refusing to come off of it.

“We would like some tasty beverages.” Blaise called back. Harry almost choked on his laughter and he needed Nasta to thump his back to ease his airway.

“Stop trying to kill Harry with laughter.” Max called back. “Can I get your tasty beverage order though?”

Harry laughed again and Nasta chuckled, even as he sat beside him to help him if it was needed.

“I want coffee, if Nasta is agreeable. Draco wants water. Oh and Tegan wants juice.” Blaise called out. “And now apparently all of them want juice. It’s going to be a large order, Max!”

Max was laughing to himself, even as he pulled down half a dozen plastic beakers and started
pouring in juice from the jug they kept on the counter. It was easier and quicker this way, to just fill the jug instead of making up five individual beakers of fruit squash.

“Can Blaise have coffee?” Max asked as the kettle boiled and he made tea for himself and for Harry.

“Yes.” Nasta said as he watched Harry eating lemon wedges without even a grimace.

“You want a smoothie?” Max asked.

“Please.”

“That kale, broccoli and apple shit you’re drinking, or the orange, bell pepper and carrot gunk you made up this morning?”

Nasta smirked and looked at Max. “The kale and apple one.” He said, purely because he knew the greyish-green drink made Max queasy.

“How you can drink that sludge is beyond me, Nas.” Max said, going to the fridge and taking out the covered jug of said sludge.

Nasta watched as Max poured the thick smoothie into a glass and handed it over quickly. He was more worried about it making Harry sick, but he was too involved with his citrus fruit at the moment. At least the smell of his citrus fruit should be overpowering enough to cover the smell of the drink. It unfortunately wasn’t and mid-chew Harry looked up at him, his nostrils flaring a little as he sniffed. Nasta prepared to move away, when Harry took his glass from him and drained it. Nasta couldn’t have been more surprised in that moment as he sat still in shock. He would have been prepared for any number of reactions, he would have been less surprised if Max had declared that he was going to grow his hair out to his lower back. If Blaise had declared he was going to give up drinking coffee or Draco declared his love of greased pig herding.

“Are you okay?” Max asked Harry in a sort of soft, disgusted horror, almost as if he were expecting Harry to keel over from the drink.

“I’m fine.” Harry declared. “Sorry I took your drink, Nas. It smelt good. Max, I want one too, please.”
A little green in the face, Max nodded and he poured a second glass of the smoothie for Harry and then topped up Nasta’s glass. Nasta could almost see him praying for this new craving to be a short one, but if Harry’s past cravings were anything to go by, then this new phase was here until the baby was born in another five months.

Nasta watched happily as Harry finished the rest of his citrus fruit and sipped on his smoothie as Max made a quick getaway with a tray to take the drinks into the family room. Nasta wouldn’t be surprised if he didn’t come back out for a while.

Nasta, on the other hand, couldn’t leave Harry alone as he nuzzled up to him and threw an arm about his waist to snuggle him into a tight cwtch. Harry just gave him a smile before going back to the fruit, accepting his affections and coddling without a word. Nasta loved moments like this, of course it was made all the more special by the fact that Harry had drank one of his fruit and vegetable smoothies. They weren’t as healthy as eating the actual whole fruits and vegetables, but it was progress and Harry seemed to be enjoying the new healthy diet that the baby had put him on. Nasta couldn’t wait to see him, her, or them later that afternoon. Their first glimpse at their newest clutch who were due in February of the new millennium.

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Harry was still worried about his children, even as he sat in an uncomfortable plastic seat at St Mungos, his bladder fit to burst from the bottle of water he’d been forced to drink before this scan. It was air conditioned in the hospital at least, the icy breeze of a cooling charm coming from the very walls would wash over him every few seconds and it was utterly blissful.

Draco had dropped Leolin off with Ezrah and Lathen, purely because Dain and Kailen had serious business with the court with Sindri being so unwell. The state of things in the Faerie city were declining rapidly if Harry was reading the situation correctly, which didn’t bode well for Leolin’s future there. He was glad that Ezrah and Lathen had gotten out when they had, because there was now no guarantee that Ezrah wouldn’t have been publically executed, unofficially or otherwise, with the state of the place currently if he’d still be in the city. Leolin was at their new, modest home with them, as Harry (and his mates) absolutely refused to have Leolin taken to the city with it in such turmoil. As again, with the state that it was currently in, there were no guarantees that they’d ever see him again or the actual risk that someone would just try to take him. Not that Dain or Kailen would have allowed it, but they were just two Valkyries, and they would be exiled or even executed for going against the will of the court, and with the both of them gone and two new Faeries on the court, then the chances of Leolin remaining in the care of a family of Drackens, their biological son or not, was very slim. Slimmer if Eitri was removed from the court along with Narilla, both for being opposition Faes, especially with Donella as the acting head of the court in Sindri’s place. Harry knew that if Donella was given the chance, then she would absolutely see Dain, Kailen, Eitri and Narilla off of the court as soon as possible and she would try her all to get Leolin from them. It was all very unsettled and unsettling. Harry wanted to keep Leolin closer than ever because of it.

“You look like you’re going to your death, love.” Max told him. “Breathe deeper and calm down. I know you want to take a leak, I know that you're worried, but it’ll all be over soon.”
“Why do they even have appointment times?” Harry hissed as he crossed his legs together more firmly.

All four of his mates soothed him and touched him, but ultimately Harry was called by an orderly twenty minutes over his appointment time and he was finally able to get into a bed, with just his tee-shirt removed. Thankfully his appointment was with Healer Almus, or he might have actually kicked off about how uncomfortable he was and how long he’d had to wait in this state.

“Good afternoon, how are we all today?” Healer Almus asked happily as he came into the room.

“I need a leak!” Harry complained.

The Healer chuckled and nodded. “Okay, a quick scan. I understand that you’re pregnant again, how is that holding up with your injury?”

“Alright so far.” Harry said. “The Dracken Healers said it might be a problem if I’m carrying higher multiples, so this scan is very important.” Harry said nervously.

“Okay, well I’m going to do a magical scan today, I don’t want to dig a transducer into your stomach, so I’m going to monitor you through a scan with a wand.”

“I’ve had one before, with Braiden.” Harry said.

Healer Almus nodded. “It’s in your notes. It’s normal procedure to perform a magical scan on a first pregnancy, but we find normal ultrasound works just as well most of the time and it doesn’t drain our magic when we might need it for an emergency. You’d have needed an internal ultrasound if you were a Muggle.”

“If I were a Muggle I wouldn’t be pregnant.” Harry pointed out.

Healer Almus laughed. “Touché, Harry. Right, let’s get started, you lot stand this side so I have room to move around you all.” He said to his mates. “First things first, let’s give you a general check up and see how you’re doing.”
It was easier to ignore his bladder under his excitement of seeing his new clutch, and the lingering worry that he might need to have a selective reduction surgery if he was having anything over twins. He would press to keep all three if he was having triplets, but if he was having quadruplets, or another set of quintuplets, then there would be no fighting the selective reduction. Anything more than triplets would be a serious threat to his own life, and if he got too big too soon, then his babies might not even be viable before his guts ripped open and killed them all.

Draco’s hand on his calmed him down as his blond mate recognised his mental torture and took his hand and held it as small washes of magic flitted over him.

“Your recovery is going really well, Harry. You’re eight weeks pregnant and baby seems to be doing well. Let’s see how many we’re dealing with this time, shall we?” Healer Almus asked softly as he laid his wand horizontally over Harry’s belly. As it was still flat, it was much more secure and didn’t try to roll off as it had when he’d had his first scan of Braiden.

Healer Almus said a short phrase in Latin and suddenly the 3D picture of his insides were visible to them all, though only Healer Almus was moving as he looked at the 3D image from all angles. The wand felt like a thin, heated rod on his belly, making him itch to knock it off, but it wasn’t the slightest bit painful, just uncomfortable and strange.

Harry could barely see anything, or make anything out, but there was one thing that he could make out and his heart jumped in elation.

“That’s just the one baby, isn’t it?” He asked excitedly, unable to stop himself from getting his hopes up.

“Yes, I can see that clearly enough.” Healer Almus said happily, taking down notations. “You’re having a single baby, Harry. No surgery or extra precautions for you.”

Harry could have cried in relief as he sent a blinding smile to his mates. “Just the one baby!” He said, as if they couldn’t hear Healer Almus themselves.

Max kissed him, Draco squeezed his hand, Nasta stroked his hair and Blaise, the furthest away from his head, touched his belly, just above the wand.

“You still need to be careful, Harry. This isn’t an excuse to start getting complacent or reckless. You still need to take care of yourself, but just the one baby is the best news we could have expected. Both you and baby have a high chance of survival of this pregnancy and the subsequent birth, barring any unforeseen complications, of course. Baby seems to be doing very well.”
Harry couldn’t tear his eyes away from the image of just the one baby. His first singleton since Braiden. It was a relief, a huge weight from his shoulders, to know that he was having just the one baby. He wouldn’t be put at additional risk, he wouldn’t need any sort of surgery to reduce the number of embryos he was carrying. This was the best case scenario. He wasn’t completely cursed after all, it seemed.

“Let me get a Doppler on you, Harry, so we can check baby’s heartbeat.” Healer Almus said, more for courtesy as no one was paying him the slightest bit of attention as the baby shifted within the 3D image. Harry felt nothing, even as he watched the baby move.

The rushing sound of blood passing through the umbilical cord sounded in the room and Healer Almus made more notes. He moved the Doppler around and then the whooshing sound that Harry had come to associate with his unborn babies’ heartbeat came through clear.

“One hundred and sixty-eight beats per minute. That’s a little fast for this early gestation, but it’s nothing to be concerned about. Try and rest a little more, Harry.” Healer Almus said, making another notation. “I’ll put a note in your file to check up on that at your next scan and we’ll keep an eye on you, but it’s nothing to worry about just yet.”

“But everything is fine, right?” Harry asked, after a worried look to his mates.

“Yes, baby is perfectly fine for the moment, Harry. Don’t worry and try to destress a little more.”

“Will strenuous exercise affect the baby?” Draco asked.

“No, whatever sexual activities you want to do, you can happily do them.” Healer Almus said matter-of-factly. “That won’t affect the baby, but stress will. I assume it was the stress of finding out how many babies you were carrying and the loom of the maybe procedure of the selective reduction?”

Harry nodded. “I have been worrying about that a lot, especially as the scan date came closer. There’s the court case too, that’s really stressful for me as well.”

“That could be why baby’s heart rate is slightly above average. We’ll monitor it now, but you have just one baby, Harry. You’re going to be fine and the threat to you and your baby has decreased significantly, especially with how well you’ve recovered from your injury. You can let go of all
that stress now and then it should stop affecting baby.”

Harry nodded seriously and he blew out a breath. He knew that stress could affect the baby, but to actually encounter it was very worrying. He clutched at Draco’s hand more tightly and he felt an answering squeeze.

“Is that all he needs? Some rest and less stress?” Nasta asked seriously.

“Yes, those are my orders as a Healer. A bit more calm from now on and less stress.”

“This doesn’t mean bed rest, though, does it?” Harry added quickly, for clarification.

“No. There’s absolutely no need for you to stop being active. In fact I encourage it as much as you can manage. I want you to go for nice, short walks, maybe some playtime with the kids, and with your mates.” Healer Almus chuckled. “But nothing too vigorous, so you’ll have to wait to start wrestling and bungee jumping again.”

Harry laughed at that and he nodded, sitting up and placing his hands on his belly. It felt even more real to him now and he smiled.

“Here are some photos for you all.” Healer Almus said. “I’ll book you in now for another scan in a few weeks, so we can check baby’s heartbeat again and maybe for a gender too, if you want to know it, of course, but for now everything is looking good.”

“Just take it easy and have some more fun.” Harry reiterated.

“Exactly. I’ll see you in a few weeks.”

Harry was much happier as Blaise helped him to get dressed again as Max flicked through all the scan photos, a wide smile on his face. Of course he was ‘winning’ on the baby front, with four of the babies being biologically his, only just beating Nasta, who had three biological babies. Not that they made it into a competition, they were all just very proud and it likely had a dash of male pride in there too, or something. Harry didn’t care, he was beating all of them, as he had eight babies… no. No, he had nine babies now. That made him grin happily as he placed his hand back over his belly, nine babies. He would always beat the rest of his mates, as he was the only one of them to carry all their babies. Nine of them.
Harry was escorted out, almost with an honour guard around him as his mates walked on all sides of him. He was so excited that he forgot to be worried about Talia and Alayla left at home with seven of his children, or at least he had until they reached the line for the floo banks of the hospital.

“I hope they’re all okay.” He said softly.

“No stressing, Harry.” Max said. “They’ll be fine, the kids will be running the girls ragged and keeping them on their toes. This will be good for them and they are the kids’ Aunty’s, they need some time with them too.”

Harry nodded. “I know. You can invite them to dinner if you want. In fact, let’s have a dinner party. Invite everyone who can come on such short notice and we’ll announce our new single baby officially.” Harry said happily. “If I need to destress then a nice, easy late summer party could be good. Nas, see if Idris and Nerys can come too!”

Nasta laughed at his enthusiasm. “Alright, Caru. Everyone should be okay for a few hours of family time. It’ll be nice to tell everyone together.”

“The only exception will be Caesar and Amelle, they might be able to come for a little while, but they’ve only just gone home, the time differences really hit the girls hard.” Max said.

“That’s okay, there’s no pressure, it’s just a dinner party.” Harry said, getting excited. “Blaise, are you okay with this? I know you don’t like too much company. Do you need to destress?”

Blaise wrapped his arms around him and kissed the back of his head. “I’ll be fine, Bello. It’s just family and I can always snatch a baby and declare they need a nappy change if I need a moment.”

Harry smiled and kissed Blaise. They reached the collection of several floo banks and Max went through first, then Harry went and he was caught on the other side by Max, who swung him around gently and pulled him up into a kiss.

Harry laughed and he nibbled at Max’s lips before diving in for a proper kiss.

“Stop molesting my brother.” Alayla teased as she came to see who had come through the floo.

“Laya! Don’t tell him to stop. You’re cock blocking me, sis.”
“Good.” Alayla laughed.

“Has everything been alright?” Harry asked as Blaise came through the floo.

“Everything’s been fine, as you said Calix didn’t stay down for his nap and shortly after you’d left he was back up and Farren didn’t drop off for his at all, so he had both me and Talia all over him, but the others were as good as gold. The twins are too cute, they kept pointing out pictures in the books and me and Talia would tell them what it was and they’d stare at us as we repeated the word and then they’d point to something else, it was so cute!”

“Right, I need to take a bathroom break a minute.” Harry said with a sense of urgency. “I’ll come catch up with everything then.”

Harry scurried off and he heard his mates laughing at him, but he no longer cared. His bladder situation had gone over an emergency and was now in the classification of utterly dire.

Once he was empty and he had washed up, he felt so much better and it was almost a relief now to be able to stand without the fear of every step forcing his bladder to empty without conscious control. He made his way into the kitchen and then into the family room, where his babies were happily greeting their Daddies. It made him smile as he went and greeted them all one by one before sitting down happily.

“So, what’s this about a dinner party?” Talia asked, her jet black eyes glittering happily at the thought.

“We thought it would be nice to have the family around for a get together. Only an hour or two, so we can share the news we got today.”

“I’ll go tell the family.” Alayla said. “I’m so excited.”

Harry smiled and watched her rush off, Talia following more sedately.

“I’ll go and see what my family are doing.” Nasta said. “Max, are you staying?”
“Yes, I’m going to get our gorgeous mate a cup of tea and then start a feast.”

“Nothing too much, it’s too hot for that.” Harry complained.

“As you wish, Master.”

“Don’t call me that, it sounds awful.” Harry frowned.

Max laughed. “Whatever you want.”

Nasta, Blaise and Draco all left to go and invite their family members to the little dinner party and Harry sighed happily as he sunk down to the floor to play with his happy babies. He felt silly now for ever having worried in the first place, but he couldn’t really help it. Since his scan he felt so much more relaxed and calmer. Knowing that he didn’t have to have a selective reduction, or even think of such a procedure, was a massive, crushing weight from his shoulders.

“Here you go, love.” Max said, bending and passing him a cup of tea.

“Thank you, Max. I love you.”

“I love you too, beautiful. Rest up and drink up. I think a simple chicken salad with pasta and cheese for dinner will do, you okay with that?”

Harry nodded. “Sounds fantastic, Max.”

“Of course it does, I’m cooking it.” Max winked and Harry laughed him out of the door and back into the kitchen.

Harry played with his children, making sure that they were well and that they kept hydrated in the heat. It was cooler today with the rain, as it had been for the last few days, but it was still hot.

Blaise was the first person back, with Marianna and Josiah. Harry wanted to abandon ship then and there. Josiah wasn’t a bad man, he was just so boring that Harry had no desire to get to know the man and as a result, two and a half years on and they were still virtual strangers.
Thankfully Draco arrived less than a minute later with both Narcissa and Lucius, when Harry was just about finishing his own greetings. The two women greeted one another happily enough and Lucius, ever the diplomat and stickler for formalities, struck up a conversation with Josiah, taking the heat right from Harry, who was able to sidle away.

Very shortly after that the house was filling up and Harry laughed as Aneirin showed up with Nasta, Idris at his shoulder.

“‘There’s the little cutie, hello again, Harry.’ Idris greeted as he hugged him tight.

“Hi, Idris. How are you? Thank you for coming.”

“Think nothing of it, baban.” Idris said easily. “I promised I’d come and spend some more time with family and that’s what I intend to do. How are the munchkins?”

“Fine, they’re all fine. They’re all here except Leolin. He’s taking some Faerie time with Ezrah and Lathen.”

“Oh, you let Ezrah and Lathen look after him?” Aneirin asked interestedly.

Harry nodded. “I trust them both and poor Ezrah really needs the confidence boost with little babies, he’ll never be able to get his own if he carries on stressing so much.”

“At least Lathen is more level headed.” Aneirin chuckled. “I did like young Ezrah when I saw him, mind.”

“Yeah, only young Ezrah is twenty years older than you are.” Harry pointed out with a laugh.

Aneirin snorted. “He doesn’t look like it.”

“Well you don’t look sixty either. You’re really good for your age.”

“Nasta! Your mate is hitting on your Father!” Idris called out, loudly.
“He knows.” Harry played off with a grin. “I do it all the time.”

“He really does.” Nasta chuckled as he came up behind Harry and bent to kiss his cheek.

“I really missed you.” Idris told Nasta as they hugged tight. “Being in Korea isn’t the same when I haven’t got you jabbering away at my waist as a little translator.”

“I miss you too, Uncle. You and Nerys should take more breaks from work and come home more often. You know where I’ll be now.” Nasta said, indicating the house.

“I never thought you’d be a homebody.”

Nasta snorted. “I’m a Dracken, Idris. Of course I was always going to be a homebody. I got all my travelling and adventures out of the way early. I love my family too much to even explain adequately. I wouldn’t want to be anywhere else.”

“Except perhaps in bed.” Harry whispered to Nasta, after first pulling him down into a kiss by the sleeve of his tee-shirt.

Nasta laughed and then kissed him again. “There is always that.”

“Mummy.”

Harry looked down automatically to Calix and he smiled without thinking about it as he hunched down on his haunches to pick up Calix when his son raised his arms to him.

“This is Granddad Aneirin and Idris.” Harry pointed them out as he straightened back up.

“Ganda.” Calix said, reaching out immediately for Aneirin.

Aneirin gave him a big hug and Harry shook his head. There had been no point in picking up Calix in the first place. Well, almost none, of course he would always try to pick up his children if he could, even if it was for less than ten seconds.
“Harry, are you alright?” Richard came to ask him, worming his way between Aneirin and Idris. “Only Laya said that you wanted us all here.”

Harry nodded. “Yes. I had my first scan today.” He said.

“Is it good news?” Richard asked immediately.

Harry nodded again. “The best.”

“You’re going to be okay and the new clutch is okay?”

Harry grinned. “Yes.”

Richard let out a soft cheer and hugged him tight.

“That’s wonderful, Harry.” Aneirin said. “Definitely worth a dinner party.”

“We just though it better to announce it to all of you at the same time, instead of chasing up who had been officially told or not.” Nasta said. “This was Harry’s idea of doing things.”

“Though the official announcement won’t come until dinner, but I just wanted you to know its good news, not bad, and I’m going to be just fine.”

“Good.” Richard declared, pulling him forward and bending to press a kiss to his head. “I saw that you put Max to good use. He’s better off in the kitchen.”

“Nah, he makes a wonderful hostess too.” Harry snickered. “Especially when he can use his finest china tea set.”

“Behave.” Nasta chastised him.
“I always behave.” Harry grinned. Nasta flicked his nose and wandered away, over to his Aunt who had gone to see the twin girls.

Richard threw an arm around him and tugged him over to Myron, who had been attacked by Tegan and Regan as soon as they saw him.

“Harry. Are you well?” He asked, bouncing Tegan into the same arm as Regan and pulling him into a tight, loving hug. Alexander popped up a moment later and pulled Harry into his own arms.

“I’m fine. It’s good news. All good news.” Harry said. “We just wanted to share it officially without anyone being left out.”

“Oh, thank Merlin.” Alexander cursed. “When Talia came to ask if I was free for an hour or two for dinner here I got a bad feeling in my gut.”

“No, it’s good news.” Harry smiled.

“So the new clutch isn’t anything over twins?”

“Ah, you have to wait for dinner!” Harry said stubbornly. “Max should be done soon, he’s only doing a chicken salad.”

“I’m just glad I don’t have to cook, or subject myself to Myron’s cooking.” Richard laughed. “We were both too hot and feeling too lazy to make anything. This way, I get a good meal and there are no dishes!”

Myron scoffed and gave his husband a look. “We’re here to share in their good news, Richard.”

“Of course we are. It’s just a bonus that we’re getting fed too.” Richard laughed.

“Nice to know that you still appreciate my cooking.” Max said as he wandered over. “It’s only a simple pasta salad, but it’s too hot for anything else.”
“Plus you might have had plans and we didn’t want to ruin anything just for our news.” Harry said with a smile.

“Your news is important to us.” Alexander insisted. “I can’t wait to hear the good news.”

“Two minutes. I can’t wait until after dinner, so I’m going to tell before we start eating.” Harry said excitedly.

“Get going then, it’s all ready and on the table waiting.” Max said with a grin.

“You shit.” Harry complained. “You didn’t tell on purpose!”

Max laughed and darted away.

“Farren, Braiden, in the kitchen, loves, dinner’s ready.” Max called out clearly. “The rest of you feel free to follow on.” He laughed as he escorted his two sons into the kitchen to help them onto their booster seats. Though Braiden was very capable of climbing into the chair himself.

It took several minutes to get everyone sat at the table, around the kids, who were all in their own seats for their dinners, an adult in between them all.

“Now, I wanted to have this sort of dinner party to share our news.” Harry said once the huge kitchen table, that they only ever really used the tip of, was filled to bursting with family members. “I don’t think I can even wait to tell you, so feel free to take a leaf out of the kids’ book and start eating…” He said with a giggle as he indicated the mess that the babies were already in with their half pasta, half salad dinner. “…but I just wanted to let you all know that I had my first scan today and it’s all good news.”

Everyone cheered. Idris, Sanex and Richard were the loudest and Harry couldn’t help the grin that spread over his face.

“I know. We haven’t had a lot of good news, or good luck, lately, but with the stress of a pregnancy after everything that happened recently, particularly high multiples like these little angels…” He said ruffling Calix’s hair. “…and the very real risk of the death of myself and all the
babies I was carrying without a selective reduction, we haven’t really had enough reasons to celebrate this pregnancy, but today we found out that we’re having just the one baby...”

There were more raucous cheers for that and it made Harry giggle.

“...which means! Which means, that there’s no threat to me, no risk to the baby and no need for any selective reduction surgery!” Harry called out to more cheers. “The baby is fine and healthy. We don’t know the gender yet, it was too soon, but there was a slightly increased heart rate, Healer Almus thinks that it’s because I was stressed over the pregnancy, but that’s all gone now. That one scan has taken everything away now and we can just be happy to know that we’re having just one more baby.”

“Nine is enough!” Sanex called out.

“At least for now.” Harry chuckled. “But this is why we called you here, to share in our good news...our brilliant news, and we have scan pictures too.”

At that, Max passed out the scan photos he’d placed by the side of his plate and Harry sat back down, between Calix and the end of the table, where Eva and Ave were sat in highchairs chewing on some scattered sweetcorn and tiny pieces of diced cucumber.

He started eating his own chicken, pasta salad and he watched happily as pictures of his new baby, their ninth child, was passed around everyone. It was a wonderful feeling, to know that this baby was the only one, and that all the scary risks that had been spoken of were now nothing but words and wisps of an idea that would never need to be thought of again. He was having just the one baby. It was the best news he’d ever heard.

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Things settled down as September approached, though Harry’s small, cooler reprieve ended with the rain. It got hotter again very quickly, overnight in fact, and Harry had had enough. He snapped at his mates that he’d be back in an hour and he’d taken Tegan with him as he stormed his way to the supermarket that was a twenty minute walk away. He’d bought an inflatable swimming pool. Two of them.

“It is hot out, isn’t it?” The cashier laughed as she scanned both pools.

Harry nodded as he counted out the notes from his wallet ready to pay. “Way too hot and the kids
are restless too. I was worried you would have sold out of pools by now. I just wasn’t expecting this second heatwave, I thought it was all over now that it’s almost autumn.”

“No, we got a delivery last night. Those ones are new though” The cashier said, pointing at the one he’d gotten for the kids as she put the several large bags of ice cubes through. “We’re well stocked on ice cubes too.” She laughed.

Harry nodded. “I’m just so hot, I can’t even function properly. I just need something to cool me down. All these ice cubes are going in the pool.”

The cashier was surprised into laughing loudly. Harry had picked up a few more things and he packed them all into the carrier bags, thankful that he’d had the forethought to charm them before he’d come to the supermarket as he hefted them all onto the trolley with no problem.

“Tegan, come back here, sweetheart.” He called out as his daughter’s curiosity got the better of her and she wandered away on quick little feet. She ignored him. “Tegan! Sorry, I’ll be right back.” He insisted as he hurried after her and snatched her up. He carried her back to the trolley and he shook his head. “She’s so curious about everything.”

“How old is she?” The cashier asked.

“She’s twenty months old now, she’ll be two in December.”

“A Christmas baby?”

“Almost, the thirty-first.”

“Your wife must have been so uncomfortable during Christmas.”

“You have no idea.” Harry said with a secret huff of laughter as he handed over the several notes. “Have a nice day.” He said to the poor girl being forced to work on such a hot day as he accepted the change and his receipt. He took Tegan’s hand in one of his own and he pushed the trolley with the other.
He got them outside with no problems, other than Tegan trying to wander off or head towards other people. Harry wrapped the huge, bulky bags around his wrist and he lifted them out of the trolley and he started walking back towards home.

He spoke all the way home to Tegan, who trotted beside him happily, a sun hat covering her head and little pink sunglasses over her eyes as she looked at the new environment. Overall though he was glad to reach home and the coolness of the shaded inside that was charmed cool.

“There you are, are you alright?” Max asked him.

Harry nodded. “I will be in half an hour or so, are the kids still out back?”

“Daddy, juice.” Tegan interrupted.

“Yep, they’re all still outside.” Max answered him as he hefted up Tegan and went to get her a drink.

Harry went right out the back and he set down his shopping bags.

“Ooo, what goodies did you get?” Blaise asked.

“Two bloody swimming pools!” Harry said with a grin, swiping his hand over his sweaty forehead.

“You did? Really?” Max asked, the look of pure joy on his face making Harry laugh as he wandered out back with Tegan drinking from a beaker.

“You can buy a swimming pool in a box?” Draco asked.

Harry was shocked to realise that this would be a Muggle thing that Draco, and maybe Blaise, didn’t know about.

“Oh yes, watch this.” Harry said as he tugged the massive, adventure pool from its box and a quick spell later had it inflated, including the little bouncy castle area, the reason he’d bought this one as he knew that Braiden would love it.
Max had run to get the garden hose and he started filling the pool happily. The look on Draco’s face was of pure amazement and Harry was even more excited now.

“This adventure one is for the kids, obviously. This big, deep one is for us! It even has seats.”

“Seats?” Draco asked as he and Blaise took the huge pool from its box and another simple spell had that pool inflated too, showing off the corner seats.

“It only has four of them, but I figured I’m small enough to occupy a lap.” He giggled and winked.

Max laughed and everyone seemed so much happier and more energetic as Max moved the hose from the baby pool to the adult pool. He left it in the latter and checked the former.

“Uh, Harry, I don’t want to burst your bubble, but we’re only potty training Braiden. The nappies.” Blaise said, looking so apologetic that Harry laughed.

He went back to the shopping bags and he pulled out the packages of swimmer nappies. He tossed one to Blaise.

“Get these babies into the swimming nappies and then unleash them on the pool.” Harry said as he took the other pack and wrestled Calix into one before Nasta wrestled him to get more sun cream onto him, as all he was wearing now was a nappy.

Braiden was the first one into the large pool and Harry smiled as he clambered in over the side and went right to the wet bouncy area. Calix was second on and he went right to the small slide, Draco helping him to climb the little hand and foot holds.

Harry sighed happily as he watched them. This was a good idea.

“Why did you buy a dozen bags of ice cubes?” Max asked as he went looking through the other shopping bags.

“For the pool, Max. I want to be cold.” Harry said as he took one bag, tore it open and dumped the cubes into the adult pool.
Harry pulled off all his clothes and left just his boxers on before he clambered into the pool and sunk into the icy water. Max dumped another bag of ice in with him and Harry groaned happily.

“This is the best.” He declared as he rolled in the water just filling up the bottom of the pool, rolling in ice.

“These kids are going mental.” Blaise chuckled as he watched them sliding, paddling and bouncing.

“Good, let them get soaking wet and tired out. Then we can soak in our pool all night.” Harry laughed. “It might be good for a bit of…bouncing of our own and Healer Almus did say he encouraged it.”

Max’s smile lit up the garden and Blaise’s laugh was infectious and soon all of them were laughing.

“Alright, that’s our night made. Let’s tire these little monsters out first though.” Nasta chuckled from where he was kneeling on the grass beside the end of the slide, catching babies, mostly Calix, as they slid down it and into the pool, splashing Nasta every time. At least that was his way of staying cool in the awful heat.

Of course Leolin was safely tucked in his baby gym in the shade, but even Eva and Ave paddled about in the few inches of water in the paddling pool area.

“Let me go grab the camera.” Blaise said as he hurried back into the house to find a camera, any camera. They had several of them inside.

Harry didn’t even notice Blaise come back out as he swam from one seat to the other in the ridiculously large pool. He’d bought the biggest, deepest pool that he could find for him and his mates. The cold hose water and the hundreds of ice cubes made him feel utterly relieved as he turned onto his back and just floated on the surface like he was in the bath.

“You look so pleased with yourself.” Blaise said, right before he snapped a photo.
“I am pleased with myself. This was a great idea!”

“I wish you’d told us where you were going, I could have run you in the car.” Max insisted.

“It’s a million degrees, there was no way I was getting in a car in this heat!” Harry denied. “Do you want me part boiled and then roasted?”

That made Max laugh uproariously. “You’re not a potato.” He said with a wink.

“I feel like one floating in all this water.” Harry giggled.

“You’re so daft, I love it.” Max told him, taking a leaf from his book and stripping down to his boxers and sliding in with him. “Oh, Merlin that’s cold.” He sighed in relief as the icy water cooled him down.

“Told ya.” Harry grinned.

Max pulled him into a kiss as Harry paddled past before he rested in the one seat of the pool, throwing his head and shoulders over the inflatable side.

They naturally switched around every now and then so that he and Max were on baby watching duty and Nasta and Draco could have a dip in the pool, Blaise was doing his own thing, with the camera, snapping photos, then coming to help with the kids and then going to dip in the pool himself, but Harry was very happy with his idea of getting these pools. He’d even bought little freeze pops. Of course they weren’t ready straight off of the supermarket shelf, but a simple freezing charm and they were and the kids enjoyed those as the icy treats turned their tongues orange, blue, red and yellow.

It was a good afternoon, a really good afternoon and their kids were really tired as they were carefully dried off and then fed a late dinner. They’d already had what amounted to a bath already, so Harry was content to just separate them off into pairs and read them a story in their pyjamas. He got Regan and Calix, Max took Farren and Tegan, Draco had Leolin, Blaise had their twin girls and Nasta had Braiden. They were all in separate bedrooms, reading and calming the kids down and as both the boys dropped off to sleep on him, Harry moved them to their cots one by one.

He smiled and waited for his mates to do the same, tucking himself into the soft, padded rocking chair in the corner of the room. He didn’t mean to fall asleep, but he stirred when someone picked him up. He groaned and clutched tight at the body holding him. Draco chuckled just above him.

“Come on sleepy, let’s get you to bed.”
“No. It’s too soon. Take me downstairs.” Harry whined. “I need a drink.”

Draco sighed, but did as he was told and changed direction from the master suite to the stairs.

“Did he wake up?” Nasta asked.

“Yes.” Harry mumbled. “I wanna drink.”

Nasta chuckled softly. “Take him into the living room, I’ll get us all a drink and we can relax a little. Max is already asleep though.”

“You’ll never get him upstairs.” Harry said, eyes still closed and head tucked into Draco’s neck.

“He’s already upstairs. He fell asleep reading to Tegan and Farren and I went looking for him when he was the only one missing. All three of them were asleep together.”

“Did you get a picture?” Harry asked more seriously, managing to gather the energy to lift his head.

Nasta nodded. “Of course I did. I wasn’t passing that opportunity up. But I got Blaise to get the kids into their cots and then I carried Max to bed myself. Thankfully he was only across the hall. I’m strong, I wrestle with juvenile dragons for a career, but he is heavy and bulky too. A couple of feet more and I might not have made it.”

Harry chuckled and he was carried into the smaller living room, where Blaise was already resting with a drink of his own.

“You woke him up.” Blaise accused Draco.

“He needed a drink.” Draco defended as he sat with Harry curled in his lap.
“Is Max still out of it?” Blaise asked.

“He’s down for the night.” Nasta answered.

“At least breakfast should be early tomorrow.” Harry joked.

There were snorts and chuckles and Harry smiled before he sat up a bit more and stretched. He took the glass from Nasta and took a few sips of the cold pumpkin juice, which woke him up a little more.

“There were snorts and chuckles and Harry smiled before he sat up a bit more and stretched. He took the glass from Nasta and took a few sips of the cold pumpkin juice, which woke him up a little more.

“Why is it still so hot?” He complained as he rested the cold glass against his bare chest.

“The heat that has been trapped on all the surfaces during the day is rising now that the air is cooler. It makes it feel hotter and more humid.” Professor Nasta told them as he slouched back on the settee.

Harry groaned and rolled the glass to the other side of his chest to cool it down.

“I feel like I can’t breathe.” He complained. “Like there’s no air.”

A moment later a gust of icy air washed over him and Draco and they both moaned happily. Nasta chuckled at them both, his wand out as he cast a cooling charm on the room.

“I love magic.” Harry declared, basking in the chill air that now surrounded him.

“I just don’t even want to do anything. It’s too hot and too draining to do anything.” Blaise complained.

Harry hummed his agreement. “I know. I just want to lay about and do nothing. It’s not productive, but who gives a fuck in this heat?”

“It’s not like we have anything else to do. Max vanished the water from the pools ready to fill them up fresh tomorrow. The dishes are being washed by themselves with another spell, everything is
clean and tidy, what more do we need to do? The kids are all in bed and as long as none of them wake up, we can just sit here and do nothing if we please.” Nasta said.

“Good, I don’t want to move.” Draco groaned.

“Me either.” Harry agreed. “Let’s just stay in this wonderfully cold room for a few hours and then get to bed ourselves. It’s going to be difficult enough to sleep tonight with cooling charms, we could use the early night.”

“You and baby especially. You were very active today.” Blaise told him.

Harry laughed as he remembered splashing his mates, playing with his children, and climbing the inflatable slide and going down it with Ave. Today had been a good day, or at least the afternoon had been a good one. They needed more days like this and more reminders of the love and happiness of their large family. Harry was already scheming with the three other mates in this room for Max’s thirty-third birthday in a few weeks. They’d already ordered the biggest inflatable obstacle course that they could find. It was going to be Max versus everyone else, particularly Caesar. It was going to be hilarious and fun. Harry couldn’t wait.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: I’m still rather unwell, lovelies, so this chapter is a shortish one. I’m still off work and not at my best, so I apologise for any mistakes that might have been in this chapter. Real life is really kicking me down at the minute, but hopefully another week and everything will be back to normal and I can beat this condition once and for all. Fingers crossed.

Anyway, this seems to be all, I’m really not concentrating well at the moment, but I’m sorry if I missed anything, until next time, lovelies, and hopefully when I’m well again and not too dizzy to stay sat up for more than an hour at a time, I can do a little more in the way of moving this fic along and getting our new ninth baby born. I can’t wait for that.
Oh, and happy twentieth anniversary to Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone! I was a little seven year old reading this book with my Mam twenty years ago now, we’d each read a page each, one chapter a night, and then years later I found out that when I went to bed that first night she stole the book and read it all the way through without me. No wonder she was never as surprised as me when all the good bits popped up.

StarLight Massacre. X
A/N: For Steve, one of the Facebookers, happy birthday, lovelie. I hope you enjoy the chapter.

Last Time

Harry laughed as he remembered splashing his mates, playing with his children, and climbing the inflatable slide and going down it with Ave. Today had been a good day, or at least the afternoon had been a good one. They needed more days like this and more reminders of the love and happiness of their large family. Harry was already scheming with the three other mates in this room for Max’s thirty-third birthday in a few weeks. They’d already ordered the biggest inflatable obstacle course that they could find. It was going to be Max versus everyone else, particularly Caesar. It was going to be hilarious and fun. Harry couldn’t wait.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Twelve – Cross-Examination

There was only one thing, in Harry’s humble opinion, that was worse than being stuck in an early September heat wave while pregnant, and that was being stuffed into a formal suit and stuck in a stuffy court room too.

He was on the stand as well, defending himself from the questions and allegations of the Dursleys’ lawyer, Mister Chorley. He wanted to go back a week, when he was lounging around in his garden, dipping in a swimming pool when he got too hot, playing with his babies, laughing with his mates.

“Mister Potter, is it true that you would scream as loudly as you could at night to deliberately wake your relatives?” The lawyer asked him.

Harry took a moment to take a breath. “No.” He answered simply. “I suffered from vivid nightmares which did leave me screaming. It was never deliberate and I never knew that I was doing it until…until I was woken up by Vernon dragging me from the bed.”

“So you deliberately sabotaged their sleep so that they would be constantly exhausted?”
“No, there was nothing deliberate about it.” Harry said, trying to keep his own temper. He had never been more grateful that Richard had told Max to slip him a few drops of calming draught with breakfast.

“But you did wake them up and disturb their sleep on a nightly basis?”

Harry took another moment to breathe deeply and he thought quickly about a way to get the truth out in this word trap of a muddle without the truth getting lost in misleading answers. Draco had told him to never agree with the opposition lawyer, to think about the question and the answer first and in this situation, he couldn’t just agree with the man as it would look bad on him, not the Dursleys, or at least that was the theory behind the action.

“Because of the nightmares I suffered with, yes.” He answered calmly, manoeuvring himself out of the trap nicely.

“Do you have any evidence that you had any nightmares at all? Or is it just on your say so?” The man asked in a drawling tone that perfectly conveyed disbelief and scepticism, but Harry could see his eyes, he could see the frustration behind them.

“Objection, my client is in therapy and the reports of such have been clearly displayed to this court. It is clearly stated in the reports, that this court has seen, that Harry has needed sleep therapy for nightmares as signed off by a trusted, well known therapist.” Richard burst out, less angry and more firm and stern. He was more like a smaller version of Myron and that made Harry smile, to know that Richard was obviously emulating his stubborn husband and mate while in the courtroom.

Everything was quiet for a moment and then Mister Chorley cleared his throat.

“My clients were sleep deprived and on edge. Mister Potter kept them awake all night, screaming.”

“He was psychologically injured and was suffering from nightmares that kept him awake also.” Richard defended. “He was just as exhausted, if not more so, and he was a frightened boy! He needed therapy at that time that wasn’t given to him or even sought after. He was a fourteen year old so traumatised from his situation that he was having screaming nightmares night after night and nothing was done about it, no help was given to him, no help was sought after and my client was left to suffer through on his own.”
“The entire household was suffering from the actions of Mister Potter.” Mister Chorley said evenly.

Harry remained calm as much as he could, once again thankful for the calming draught. He had made a promise to himself that he would answer all the questions posed to him if he could, and not devolve into the incriminating silences as the Dursleys had done, and he would try to remain calm, helped along by the calming draught.

“You were a very disturbed child, weren’t you, Mister Potter?” The lawyer said with a considering look to him, as if he could see the delinquency on his skin. “We have a statement from a Mister and Missus Mason.”

Harry inhaled deeply at hearing that. How could he explain that that had all been Dobby’s fault without saying anything about magic or making himself seem like a lying psychopath?

“They say that they met you once, you would have been twelve, Mister Potter, do you remember?”

“Yes, it was actually my twelfth birthday and I was told to stay in my bedroom and not come down for dinner.” Harry said firmly. He saw immediately that his addition had knocked the lawyer off his stride, if only for a moment.

“I…Mister Mason said that you had thrown an extravagant dessert, that your Aunt had spent all afternoon making, to the floor, smashing the dish and sending the dessert all over the floor, walls and counters. You were introduced as very disturbed and easily upset by strangers.”

“Of course that was what they said.” Harry replied. “They lied to everyone about me, saying I went to a school for criminals and that I was a disturbed delinquent and I wasn’t. What actually happened was I was so hungry that I went looking for food, I tried to be quiet so as not to disturb their dinner party, so that I wasn’t caught and punished for taking food that I wasn’t allowed to have, and I tried to take something small from the fruit bowl behind the pudding and I accidentally knocked it off with my elbow. I was only trying to get an apple because I hadn’t eaten all day or the day before.”

“That is a lie!” Vernon burst out, his face the familiar shade of puce that Harry remembered, and hated, from his childhood. He flinched automatically, unable to stop it, even as his heart jumped in his chest. He could almost feel the colour draining from his face…this was not good for the baby at all.
“Silence in the court.” The Judge demanded harshly. “Mister Potter, are you alright to carry on?”

Harry looked at the Judge, but he had to quickly break eye contact from those stern eyes. He nodded mutely and looked back at his hands.

“Missus Mason then said that an owl swooped into the house and dropped a letter on her head. Would this have been the pet owl of yours that you had perhaps set upon your relatives dinner guests to ruin their evening?”

Harry swallowed and shook his head. “It…it was a friend’s owl.” He stuttered.

“Are you being untruthful? Because it sounds like you are, Mister Potter.”

Harry shook his head, but he was. It had been a Ministry owl telling him that he’d received a formal warning from the Improper Use of Magic office for his use of a hover charm in the presence of Muggles. He couldn’t actually say as such though, not in a Muggle courtroom.

“My…my owl is…she’s a snowy owl. That one would have been a…a barn owl. The Masons can…can confirm the colour.” Harry warbled his way through, his heart pounding in his chest. His hand touched his belly gently as he worried about his baby, who was already affected by his stressing.

“May I suggest a break for lunch?” Richard put in calmly. “My client clearly needs a moment after being terrified out of his wits by Mister Dursley’s outburst.”

“Yes, this is agreeable.” The Judge agreed. “We will convene back here in one hour.”

Harry stood and hurried to Richard, who had already packed away his papers and without any further words, he put an arm around his shoulders and led him straight out of the courtroom, out of the building and into the sweltering air.

“Are you okay?” Richard asked him seriously.
Harry nodded. “Yes, I just…I…”

“It’s okay, take a moment, let’s go grab some lunch and a cold drink and you can gather yourself there. You’re going to be fine. I’d never let anyone hurt you.”

Harry nodded. He knew that. He more than knew that, but it didn’t stop him from reverting back to his childhood, when he was confronted with Vernon’s purple or puce coloured face shoved into his own, maybe pulling on his hair or throwing him into his cupboard, shouting at him, telling him that he couldn’t have anything to eat for a week.

“Come on, sweetness. Do you want a vegetable wrap? Tomato pasta? Or maybe a nice big burger with fries and onion rings?”

That brought a small smile out. “A burger, please.”

“Beef or chicken, precious?”

That made Harry smile more. “Beef, please.”

“Lemonade too?”

Harry nodded. They reached a free table in the café and Richard helped him take his suit jacket off and sat him down.

“Okay, you settle yourself for a moment and I’ll be right back, I’m just over here though and nothing will hurt you.”

Harry sighed and looked down at his hands. He hadn’t wanted to become non-verbal, he knew from watching the Dursleys that it was worse, but he had been unable to get the words out and when he had, he’d stuttered, something that Richard and Draco had told him to try not to do. He’d agreed to be cross-examined when it hadn’t strictly been necessary. Richard had had enough evidence to convict the Dursleys without him even having to be there. But he’d wanted to be there. He’d wanted to testify and he’d agreed to subject himself to cross-examination, all because it would help get the Dursleys a longer sentence.

It was brutal, however. He didn’t want to be called a liar, he didn’t want to be shouted at in the
middle of a sentence. He didn’t want to look over at the Dursleys as he recounted all of the horrible ways that they’d hurt him as a child and young teenager. It didn’t feel right having to defend all of the ‘acts of delinquency’ that the Dursleys were accusing him of when they knew full well that he wasn’t the cause, or at least not directly involved. Of course they knew nothing about Dobby, the house-elf had vanished before they’d seen him, so of course it had looked like he’d smashed the dessert on purpose, but he hadn’t and they knew that the barn owl had been from the Ministry of Magic, not his own owl personally, they knew that Hedwig was a snowy owl and that she hadn’t been involved. He just didn’t understand why they were lying to try and discredit him when they knew that they were the ones in the wrong for treating him, a mere child, in the way that they had.

They hadn’t even tried to defend half of the things that they’d done to him over the years, they’d just resorted to silence and refusing to answer the questions directed at them and that was just worse somehow, as if they were robbing him of a part of his healing. Why had they hated him so much? Why had they hated magic so much? Was it truly because they were jealous, or was it something else? Perhaps something rooted in the past that he was just caught up in, or were they truly so petty and small minded that anything different, that anything out of the ordinary, had to be squashed down, hidden or even culled. He didn’t know, and if the Dursleys carried on with their silences and on the same vein of not answering any questions directed at them, then he was never going to know, especially not now that Richard’s time questioning them was over. It looked like he’d never get the peace and the closure that he deserved from all of this…he just wanted to know why.

Richard came back and he settled an iced glass of lemonade in front of him with a small, gentle touch to his shoulder.

“Thank you.”

“You’ve done so well, Harry. So very well.”

“I lost my thread of conversation, you said not to do that.”

“You had that ugly mug shouting at you, that’s not the same thing, Harry. He really frightened you, I saw it, that’s why I called an early lunch, to get you out of there and to remind you that I’d shred his hide if he so much as wobbled his way out of his chair to try and hurt you. You’re no longer a child hidden behind closed doors, Harry. You’re in a courtroom full of people who are going to sentence those monsters to thirty years in prison, they can’t hurt you, they can’t try to hit you, you’re safe.”

“Sometimes the fear takes over. I know they can’t get me, you would stop them, others would step in, there are policemen in that room who would stop them, but sometimes…sometimes the fear just won’t listen.”

“I understand, sweetness.” Richard said in a way that made Harry automatically believe him. “I
will always try to petition the court for a break, even if it’s just five minutes for you to calm down, to take a breath and for you to beat the fear back and realise that there is nothing to fear in that courtroom, not anymore. You are not alone in that room, though I’m sure on the stand it feels like it.”

Harry nodded his agreement and sipped at his lemonade.

“Just remember that I’m here for you, no one is going to hurt you, you’ve done so well and I’m incredibly proud of you, Harry. You’ve done great. You make sure those boys pamper you tonight. You and baby.”

Harry chuckled at that and he saw the happy triumph in Richard, who had been angling for a laugh. He smiled.

“They have been pampering me a lot lately. We’re having a lot of fun with the new swimming pools that we bought, the kids adore them, though we’ve had a few tantrums over the slide and who gets what bath toy in the pool, but they’ve all be sharing really well, though Braiden monopolises the bouncy castle area.”

“I can imagine that Max tried to get in on that too?” Richard asked with a grin.

“You know he did, because it’s exactly what you would have done.” Harry laughed. “Don’t tell him, but we’ve ordered the biggest inflatable obstacle course that we could find for his birthday. It’s going to be him versus everyone else. It’s going to be hilarious. Draco was worried about rain, but I said that rain would just make the competition more interesting and we ordered it anyway.”

Richard’s eyes lit up. “I can’t wait for that, you know I’ll be all over that like its Myron spread naked on a bed for me.”

Harry snorted into his glass of lemonade.

“I can’t imagine Myron spread naked for you, the other way around maybe.”

“Hey! That’s so stereotypical of you, Harry, just because he’s big and bulky doesn’t mean he always tops. I’m sure you’ve had some fun with four boys around you.”
Harry grinned. “Of course. Last night for instance, but I don’t know. Myron’s so serious and uptight.”

“Only until you get him on his back.” Richard winked.

Harry laughed again.

“I don’t think I should be telling you that though, with you being our baby boy and all.”

“That’s okay. I’ve never really had a Father or anything, so I’ve never had any of those inappropriate feelings concerning any of that. It’s just, I’ve been so screwed up that things like that, that should be inappropriate, just aren’t.”

Richard sighed and reached over to squeeze his hand. “We understand and we still love you, you’re just too adorable.”

Harry smiled, though they were interrupted by a café waiter, who brought over their two plates, piled high with a thick beef burger in a seeded bun, fries, salad, onion rings and a side of relish.

“The salad is so Nasta can’t whine at you.” Richard laughed.

Harry chuckled and he dug into the meal happily, feeling much happier and a lot more secure. The thought that after this he would have to go back to that courtroom and face more accusations and lies almost made him choke, but he calmed himself and forced himself to chew and swallow. He would be fine, he could do this.

Eitri Cassair was only one hundred and nine years old and already he was orphaned, had been left in the care of a terrible Uncle who had tried to abuse him and then sell him like an object, and he was now completely alone in a world that he couldn’t trust.

He was worried, really, really worried, as he came from Sindri’s room in the healing home. He had had to be moved there from his own home just a few moons ago and things were not looking good.
It was not Sindri’s fault that he was sick, he was six hundred and ninety years old, he was just a mere decade from being seven centuries old, and for his generation, of which very few lived past six hundred, that was a very rare thing. But still, Eitri selfishly wanted Sindri to wake up and get up and put things back to rights. The entire City had devolved into mass chaos and he was almost too afraid to do anything anymore. He had been groped blatantly in the street by passers-by, he’d had a Valkyrie try to kick down his front door, and another had tried to carry him off in full view of two City guards, who had just watched as he’d struggled to get himself free, only managing as such when he’d gotten a good piece of flesh between his teeth and bitten down as hard as he could through clothing. He had tasted blood, but he hadn’t stayed still long enough to find out about the severity of the injury, he’d immediately fled back to his home.

Things in the City were going back a few hundred years to when such things were normal and were to be expected, and it had Eitri scared. He wanted to carry on living here, he’d lived in this City for all of his life, and all of his memories were here, the memories of his parents and his Father’s twin brother, the Uncle he had loved as a second Father. He was living in the same house, all of their belongings and personal effects were still in all of the rooms. He didn’t want to give it up, he shouldn’t have to, and he absolutely refused to abandon the younger Faes who had no means of escape if this is what the City was returning to.

But if things truly were going back to how they’d been just a few short centuries before he’d been born, then he would have only one option, and that was to rise up and start a rebellion for the protection of himself, and all other Faes living in the City, or who would be born into it in the future.

He knew the likelihood of success was small, he knew that he would be murdered or even officially executed if things got very bad, but that was the way things were. He would turn himself into a martyr for his beliefs if needed. He would not become some Valkyrie’s plaything, to be paraded around and shown off to all of his bonded’s friends and family like some pretty, little bauble, unable to remove himself from their presence, not permitted to speak up or protest what was happening to him.

He’d already suffered the grievous indignity and humiliation of a virginity test when he was only thirty, when his vile Uncle Culan had demanded it of him when he had become his guardian. He refused to go through such testing again. He should have the only right to do with his own body as he pleased, he shouldn’t be forced to give up the right to decide what happened to his own body for the wishes of others, he should not be forced to deny his own sexual needs because the older generation believed that being a virgin was more valuable and thus worth more, so they could sell their Fae relatives for more, and though he was still a virgin himself, it was not because he placed any value on it at all. It was because he did not trust anyone to come that close to him, to see him that vulnerable and unprotected. He no longer had any sort of hymen, he had made sure to break that himself decades ago, with his own fingers, to stop anyone trying to claim that ‘prize’ from him, such was his fear of other people. It shouldn’t have been needed, he should have been able to say no and have his wishes respected, but there were always vile people within every community, including his own Mother’s brother. Who could he trust if he hadn’t even been able to trust his own blood not to treat him like an object to be sold off to the highest bidder?

“Eitri, are you well?” Warren asked gently. “Has anyone within this building tried to harm you?”

“No, Warren, I am well.” Eitri said distractedly. “It is Sindri, he has not improved overnight.”
Warren looked pale and exhausted too, Eitri reasoned that most people were within this nightmare of Sindri’s declining health.

“Do you want to go home, Eitri?”

He shook his head, ignoring his bouncing golden curls that shone with the high sun. “I wish to go to the house of worship, Warren. I need to send up a message of health for Sindri. Perhaps the gods will listen this time.”

Warren nodded and with a hand on the hilt of his sword, his eyes darting all around and taking in every face they passed, he escorted Eitri out of the healing home and on the walk to the house of worship. It meant walking past the guard barracks and Warren’s jaw clenched, his fist tightened on the pommel of the sword that he was carrying, and a vein ticked in his forehead as some of the off-duty guards, his brothers in arms, shouted out sexual comments and lewd remarks to Eitri, who didn’t even turn his head and made no notice that he could even hear the comments being shouted at him.

“Say that again and I’ll cut your head off!” Warren raged at a particularly vile comment. “Show some restraint and have more respect for a member of the Court!”

“Leave them, Warren.” Eitri said calmly. “There is no reasoning with animals. We truly are in dire straits if things are getting this bad within the City. Order needs to be restored, but Donella is being led by her bonded. He is ruling the Court in her place, using her only as a convenient mouthpiece to set up his disgusting fantasy of the City back to how it was a few hundred years ago and she can’t even see it, even as his words pour from her mouth condemning all Faes, including herself. She has already become his puppet, his plaything, and I refuse to become the same for anyone.”

Warren looked even more stressed then, but Eitri had no time to fret over Warren or his feelings. He needed to focus everything on Sindri and the state of the Court, not just for himself, but for all the Faes who were being threatened and abused. He’d never forgive himself if he let anything distract him from his purpose and a Fae got injured or harmed as a result. He would not lose his objective in this serious matter. To him, this was a matter of life or death, because he could not live with the devolvement of Fae rights, and if he rebelled to change such laws then it would likely mean his death. He was unwilling to compromise, they would not slip backwards in regards to Fae rights, it would not become legal to grope and molest unbonded Faes again, mere children being targeted in the streets. It would not become legal to share a bonded Fae with friends or family members again, and he refused to allow it to become legal once more that a Fae had no rights, no voice, and was legally required to submit to any and all Valkyrie wishes, even those of complete strangers. They would not go back to their past, they would not ever become that ever again. Eitri refused to allow it, he would die for it if necessary.
He steeled his resolve as they reached the house of worship. He took his shoes off before he entered and he stepped into the atrium. He placed his shoes in one of the lock boxes and took the strip of cloth from inside the box and checked it for any damage or tampering. He hiked his trousers up to his knees and then tied the cloth around his own eyes and he stepped forward, into the house of worship proper. He felt Warren beside him and he took half a step closer to him, just in case.

He still jumped when an attendant took his hand and led him slowly to a free grotto. He felt his feet touch the small pool of water and he stepped into it, ignoring the coldness of the icy, clear water that lapped at his ankles.

He reached out and touched the soft petals of the beautiful miniature garden that was grown in these sacred halls. He felt rose, lily, orchid and delphinium under his fingers and he breathed in their mixed scent deeply and the pressure in his chest just eased away, as easily as the wind carried dust. He felt at peace here, and he let that peace wash over him before he thought about Sindri being well again, he thought about his resolve and his need for strength to fight back the creeping darkness. He asked that it never came about, that Sindri recovered from this illness and everything went back to peace and calm, where he wasn’t attacked in the streets, where Faes were not again used for sport or mere fun, just an object to improve the lives or pleasures of the bigger, stronger Valkyries.

He had not been alive back in those days, he was only young, he was only one hundred and nine years old, he had not been subjected to this sort of legal treatment before and it was only getting worse. Of course he had been groped and abused before, but it had not been legal and he had been within his rights to kill those attackers to defend himself. If they went backwards, not forwards, then the opposite would be true. It would be perfectly legal for the Valkyries to touch and grope at him, to do whatever they wanted with him, and he would be executed as a murderer if he killed to defend himself and his honour. He could not live in such a world, he refused to do so, yet he refused to give up or abandon the other Faes to such a fate, those both already born and those who had yet to be born.

He felt a spike of heat coming from the ancient, sacred elder tree in the centre of the little grotto that he was standing in and he smiled. The gods agreed with him. He took a deep, cleansing breath and he thought back his confirmation that he’d heard and understood them. The gods did not wish for the Faerie race of this City to devolve back into such chaos. He would fight with his very life if he needed to, so that he could prevent as such from happening. He felt a longer, warmer spike of heat wash over him and he touched the raised flowers surrounding the tree and he smiled. A small wave of water washed over his feet, wetting the bottom of his shins…there was no wind in the house of worship, nothing in the pool of water with him to create such a wave, and he had not moved himself. He took it as another sign from the gods that he was on the right path, on the path that they wanted of him. He took it as a sign that if he carried on fighting, that all would be well. Though he did hope that Sindri got better too and was able to sort out this mess. The pool didn’t move, the sacred elder tree didn’t heat up, the flowers didn’t stir in his hands. He swallowed hard. The next coming moon turns were going to be difficult and painful. He prayed that he had enough strength to see it through to the end, and that even if he did have to die for his ends to be met, that he did accomplish what he set out to do first, or even as a result of his death. He did not want to leave this world with such unfinished business. He didn’t want to die in vain.

He stood back from the pool, removing his feet from the water and he waited, several moments later an attendant came to take his hand again, leading him out of the house of worship and back into the atrium, where he pulled off his blindfold immediately, blinking and squinting through the harsh, bright light to try and force his vision back to normal.
Warren was already waiting for him, and he relaxed a little as he opened the lock box and took out his shoes, replacing the soft piece of cloth into the box and turning to sit on one of the provided benches so that he could dry his feet and put on his shoes.

Neither of them spoke as Eitri did this, it was considered taboo to ask after the messages given in the house of worship, though the information could be volunteered up easily enough. Eitri did not feel the need to share his messages, nor the replies that he had received from the sacred elder trees, with anyone.

He stood, made sure his trousers were back to rights, and Warren immediately fell into step beside him as he stepped forward.

“Where to now?” Warren asked lightly.

“Home, Warren. I’ve had enough of being outside for one day. I need to plan my next move, just in case Donella and her bonded try to pass any more restrictive laws for Faes. How does she not see that what she is doing will also affect her?”

“It won’t, Eitri.” Warren told him. “Most of the new law reforms she is trying to pass only affect non-bonded Faes.”

Eitri made an aggravated noise in the back of his throat. “Only for now.” He snapped. “As soon as those reforms pass into law, Talfryn will have her under lock and key and he will take the head of the Court for himself. You know my words to be true, Warren. Perhaps it is only unbonded Fae like myself for now, but as soon as Donella has done as her bonded wants of her, he will strike and take power for himself and she will realise too late what she has done. It needs to stop now, before it gets so far.”

Warren nodded. “I agree with you, Eitri, you know that I do. Whatever you need, just ask.”

Eitri felt a small flutter in his belly at that, as he always did when Warren declared such things to him, but he ignored it, thankful that his manor home was just at the end of the street to the house of worship.

His home was situated in one of the most affluent, sought after areas of the City, right next to the huge floral gardens that took up a large area of the northwest side of the City. He loved being able to look out of certain windows and see the trees, the flowers, the plants of the gardens right next door.

“Would you come in a moment, Warren?” He asked as they reached his door.
“Has anyone else tried to break in?” Warren demanded, a look of utter fury on his face.

“Not since that one Valkyrie, but I will not feel safe until I have searched all rooms of my home and know for sure that no one has broken in while I’ve been out.”

Warren nodded, a look of furious determination upon his face as he gripped his sword tighter. Eitri adored that Warren took his fears seriously, that he saw unwanted Valkyries in his home as something to cause concern still. He did not want to live to see the day where such a thing was considered normal and to be expected. That he could just come home and there was a stranger in his home waiting to abuse him.

Eitri only breathed easier when all rooms of his home were checked and cleared. He offered Warren some tea and sat opposite him as they both drank.

“What are you plans, Eitri, won’t you tell me?” Warren asked. “I don’t want to see you get hurt, if I know, maybe I can help you, and help protect you from harm too.”

“These are dark and troubling days, Warren. What can we even do to protect the Faes? I could petition to become the head of the Court myself, but I am too anti-social, the people barely know me so why would they cast their vote for me? I know it already, I would not be well received. I am something pretty to look at, and I know many still believe me too young and incapable of sitting on the Court. They will not want me at the head of it. I am too young, too pretty, too controversial and out-spoken about changes that need to be made, yet I’m not social enough for them to know me as a person, and of course, I’m a Fae, one of only a handful that Sindri ever picked to sit the Court and many people still believe it a mistake to have allowed Faes on the Court in the first place, they have no love for me, no reason to vote for me. Our only choice is to convince Kailen to stand, he is the most respected, the more social as a Seelie, and he is well liked by the citizens.”

“He will not do it.” Warren said, knowing his old friend well. “He refused to stand at the last election as well. He does not want the position.”

“He needs to, Warren. We can’t let things carry on in this way and we can’t have anyone else taking the head of the Court. Perhaps if Amarion were to stand, we could have a chance, but he has already told me that he wants to focus his attentions at home, on the Valkyrie son who is not yet grown and a newly pregnant bonded. I tried to use that as leverage, saying that he might have a Fae next, but he just said that he would protect them from such things and left it at that. No one can see how this is going to destroy everything, Warren. No one can see that no one is going to be safe, I should knock some sense into Amarion, who would look after his bonded and children if he were killed? What then? But no one will listen.”
“There must be someone else, Eitri. Azarius or Drennon perhaps?”

“Azarius has been acting suspicious lately.” Eitri shook his head. “I think he’s secretly enjoying this uncertainty and almost panic. Drennon is a possibility, but I do not trust him, Warren. I cannot trust that if I put my faith in him and put my vote behind him that he will not stab us all in the back as the power goes to his head.”

Warren sighed. “Then it has to be Kailen. We have to speak to him, Eitri. We have to make him see that he has to do this for the good of the City. He cannot refuse, not if we bring Leolin into things.”

“What does Leolin have to do with things?” Eitri demanded sharply. “He is just a sweet babe who doesn’t even live in the City and as an Unseelie, he is more likely to be a Valkyrie regardless.”

“Dain and Kailen would do anything to protect him and there is no reason he could not be an Unseelie Fae, look at his Mother, we have been told that male submissive Drackens are very rare, as are Unseelie Faes, but if Leolin’s Mother could become a submissive Dracken, why can’t Leolin be an Unseelie Fae?” Warren said. “Dain and Kailen are still tentative with Nasta and his family, and though Harry is more accepting of them I can guarantee that if anything were to threaten his son, he would turn on them within the beat of a heart. I cannot believe that Harry, the boy I have come to know, would enjoy any of the details that we could tell him about the state of the City currently. He already knows that something is wrong, he is very intuitive, and he’s already showing a divide as he refused to allow Leolin to come here. We could use Leolin as leverage to get Kailen to stand, Eitri. It is not the most honourable way, but if it helps Kailen to realise what he is going to be risking, his own great-grandson…it has to be worth it.”

Eitri considered that and he smiled happily. “This could work if we executed it correctly, Warren. Thank you!”

Warren smiled, happy to have made Eitri even slightly less stressed and worried, but he also felt bad for needing to blackmail one of his oldest, most loved friends into doing something that he clearly didn’t want to do.

He sighed and lamented that this was even needed at all. That their civilisation was so degenerate that just one person’s illness could send them back in the past by three centuries. He worried for Eitri, he worried for the new babes born, for the fate of their City as they went back to what he considered the dark days of the Faerie civilisation, the time that others would call ‘the good old days’.

He hoped that they could talk to Kailen and get him agree to stand without needing to resort to blackmailing him with his own family members, but if it was needed, he hoped that all involved forgave him, but this mess needed to be sorted out and soon. The Faes didn’t deserve to live in fear and they were not objects to be played with and forced to do what the Valkyries around them wanted them to do. They were living people and they deserved all the respect given to others for
that alone. They shouldn’t have any restrictions or conditions placed upon them just because of the denomination they were born as. Warren, as a Valkyrie himself, could see this, he just didn’t understand how anyone else could see a Fae and see someone to be used and hurt and then discarded as if they were nothing.

It was very upsetting and distressing for him, he could not even imagine how the Faes felt at the moment, knowing that in several moon turns they could be going back to that way of life, that they could be hurt, abused or silenced on the merest whim of the Valkyries around them and Warren was not sure that enough Valkyries thought like he did to ensure the safety of all the Faes in the City.

Too many Valkyries were over three hundred, too many of them remembered and had lived through this before, back when the Faes were subject to the will of their Valkyrie family members, or their Valkyrie bonded. Warren knew that not all of them wanted to go back to that time, himself included, despite being Valkyries and having all of the ‘power’ so to say, over the Faes, but Warren had never wanted to control another person so wholly and completely. He had never wanted to make himself seem as more by crushing another person underfoot. In fact he believed that doing as such made him seem lesser, and he had always treated Faes as people, the same as he treated other Valkyries.

He saw it as normal, as natural to do so, he saw all people as equal and he absolutely refused to believe that any one person was more or lesser based on their gender or their denomination. Such a thought made him feel sick, to know that people actually believed such things, but it was only through education and progression that such thoughts and beliefs could be changed. Not by going backwards and devolving into what they used to be centuries before. There were just not enough young Faeries, either Fae or Valkyrie, to stand up against the older generations who were more numerous and who had lived through this period of darkness before. Those over three hundred outnumbered those who were under three hundred by a considerable amount, they were too long lived a species for it to be otherwise and with the lack of births, and even less babies born reaching adulthood from a combination of illnesses, epidemics like the dragon pox outbreak just several moon turns ago, and even from the occasional Drow attacks, the numbers of the young Faeries had taken massive blows.

Warren sighed and looked at the furiously writing Eitri, who was putting all of his thoughts and plans to parchment. He was happy to have given Eitri something to work with, a bit of hope, some light in the coming darkness, but that it was at the expense of his friend made everything a little more sour, less palatable. He hated that they would have to force Kailen to stand as the head of the Court in order to protect the Faes of their City, but there was no one else that they could explicitly trust to carry on Sindri’s painstaking, life’s work of equalising the Faes and the Valkyries. Warren hoped that Dain and Kailen forgave him, and he hoped that Harry, Nasta and their family forgave him and Eitri for using Leolin as a leverage tool for blackmail. He sighed, how he wished that none of this was needed, how he wished that the Faerie race had come along more than to immediately go back to past traditions and practices at the first sign of Sindri’s death. It truly said a lot about their species as a whole, and none of it was good.

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Harry kept his cool and his calm in the face of all the things being said and thrown at him, and despite the awful, invasive questions, he answered all of them, sometimes with just a small pause
for a breath first, but he always answered and there were no more comments from Vernon, who had clearly been told by his lawyer how disastrous his outburst had looked for his defence.

The lawyer, Mister Chorley, had moved on from the pudding incident to when he had ‘attacked’ his cousin Dudley when they were fifteen. Harry assumed this was meant to be the ‘anti-Harry’ Dementor incident.

“Dudley was sick on the way home.” Harry said simply. “I don’t understand how you believe I made him sick when I myself was not sick, or how that would have been my fault even if I had been sick. I came across him as we were both heading the same way and I helped him home.”

“Yes, you helped the boy that you have accused of terrorising you. Why would you do that if it were true, Mister Potter?”

“Objection, this incident shows the caring character of my client and does not prove him to be a liar.” Richard interjected smoothly.

“Dudley was sick. He’d even vomited on his own leather jacket. I just helped him home and tried to explain what had happened…that Dudley had been sick, but they didn’t listen. They were adamant that I had made him that way, but how could I have possibly made him ill?” Harry asked. “They…they threatened to throw me out of the house for that.”

“For context, you were only fifteen at this time, weren’t you? A minor.” Richard asked him gently.

Harry nodded. “Yes, that incident was on August the second, I had turned fifteen two days before.”

Mister Chorley looked very uncomfortable with Richard’s smooth interference. Then Richard’s interjection was not good at all for his clients. It made them look like the monsters they truly were.

Harry remained calm, he made sure to keep his words clear and precise, as Draco had instructed, and he tried not to fall into any word traps or into muddling sentences. If he took a few moments to himself, nothing was said about it. He believed himself to be doing better than the Dursleys had, with their silences or their outbursts, but he truly didn’t know. He didn’t look at the Jury often, though he tried not to look at them at all because they made him nervous, but he couldn’t tell anything from their faces. For members of the public, they were surprisingly good at keeping their thoughts and reactions to themselves.

“Are you not going to answer my question, Mister Potter?” The lawyer snapped.
Harry thought that this was rather rich, seeing as he had obviously coached his clients to remain quiet through most of Richard’s cross-examination.

“I was going to before you rushed me.” Harry answered. He took another moment’s pause to take another breath. “I did not leave the house that night, I left four days later to go to a friend’s house for the rest of the summer.”

“So you were not, in effect, thrown from the house?”

“Because Petunia stepped in and refused to allow him to do it, she said it would look bad if the neighbours saw me. I was locked in my bedroom from that night until I was picked up four days later, on the sixth.”

“Just for clarification, you were not allowed out of your room, and in an emergency, you could not have gotten yourself out of that room, could you?” Richard cut in smoothly.

“No, the padlocks were bolted from the outside, I couldn’t have gotten out.” Harry said softly. “I had to be let out and that was only once a day, to use the bathroom…if they remembered.”

Mister Chorley looked angry at Richard’s questions and Harry remembered the man who had threatened Richard before, when they’d been out in the corridor. It seemed that Richard was rather unpopular with his opposition, and it made Harry worry for the man. He calmed himself and he remembered what Richard had told him about being a Dracken against human Muggles. Richard would be able to take them all, he wasn’t just a mild mannered lawyer with a stern voice. He was a Dracken, he had claws, fangs and wings. He could attack and defend himself, or get away if he needed to. Harry sighed and he cast a quick glance at the watch on his wrist. Court would be concluded soon, it wouldn’t usually go over two in the afternoon and that was approaching quickly.

He wanted to go home, he wanted to cuddle with his babies and have a long Nasta cwtch with all of his mates. He’d had enough of this day, enough of the stress and he was starting to feel sick. This entire court case needed to be over sooner rather than later, before he had an episode of morning sickness, or he started showing his new baby. Thankfully it was just his cross-examination left, then the Jury would deliberate and very soon, Harry hoped that this would be over and he would be free, that he would get his justice and the Dursleys would be in prison, where they belonged.

Thankfully he was correct on the one front and very soon the court was called to a close for the day and Harry was able to leave the stand and go to Richard, as he packed up his work case and then escorted him from the courtroom.

“You did so well, baby.” Richard praised him. “Let’s go and get you home and take some of this stress from you, you were so brave and so strong. I can’t wait to tell those boys of yours, and
Myron, just how well you did today on that stand.”

Harry almost puffed himself up in pride at that. Something he usually only did when his babies were praised.

Richard chuckled and hugged him tight.

“Come on, sweetie, let’s get you home.” Richard smiled and led him out and to the alleyway they used as an Apparation point.

It was a relief to Harry to see home again and he took in a deep breath, letting out all the stress and the panic he had felt in the courtroom. He felt better immediately, just by being home.

He got out his key and let himself in and he was immediately greeted by Max’s stern words of ‘No, Braiden, do not play in the bin.’

Harry shared a look with Richard and he shook his head.

“Braiden, I said get out of that bin!” Max said.

Harry walked into the kitchen to see Max up to his elbows in soapy water in the sink and Braiden was indeed playing with the bin. Even as Harry watched Braiden pulled it over, sending rubbish all over the floor.

“Need a hand?” Harry chuckled.

“It’s not funny. I told him several times to leave that bin alone and now look!” Max said.

“I’ve got it.” Harry said as he went and fished Braiden out of the rubbish. He took the two year old straight to the clean corner of the room and sat him on the floor. “Your Daddy Max told you not to play with the bin, you didn’t listen, Braiden, so now you stay here in time out until I come to get you.”

“Mummy, want hug!” Braiden told him.

“No, you sit in time out.” Harry told him, standing up and moving away. Braiden immediately
followed him. “No, you stay in time out.” Harry insisted, moving Braiden back into the corner and getting up again. Braiden started crying, but he didn’t move.

“I’ve got him from here, thank you, love.” Max said, wiping his hands on a tea towel as Richard finished putting the bin back to rights with a spell.

“I’m going to get changed. Remember, we said that it had to be two minutes of quiet, it doesn’t count as a time out if he’s crying.”

Max kissed him and then took over Braiden’s time out, though he asked if Richard wanted some tea and a chat first and Harry went to get changed into something cooler.

Blaise was in bed when he went stomping into the bedroom and Harry immediately stopped and quietened down. He cursed Max for not telling him that Blaise was in bed.

Harry eased the drawer out and picked up boxers, shorts and a tee-shirt before he tiptoed into the bathroom to get changed. He wasn’t in court tomorrow, so his suit went straight into the laundry bin and he immediately felt the relief of the cool air.

He automatically checked his belly for any bumps, but nine and a half weeks pregnant and he still wasn’t showing. He patted his belly and smiled. Soon, but not just yet.

He left the bathroom and he tiptoed back past Blaise and he shut the bedroom door after himself. He was going to kick Max for not telling him that Blaise was sleeping. He really hoped his mate was alright, it was worrying to know that Blaise was still recovering, as he himself was, but Harry calmed himself, it was likely just another of Blaise’s headaches and he’d gone to bed with a headache reliever.

“Why didn’t you say that Blaise was in bed?” Harry asked Max when he reached the kitchen. He had Braiden on his lap and Richard was sipping his tea, those brown eyes lit up at the hint of a normal family spat.

“Mummy!” Braiden called out as soon as he walked into the room and Max held their son out to him.

Harry put Braiden on his hip, holding him close, but he looked to Max for an answer, Max who actually, physically face palmed himself.

“I was so busy running around that I forgot he was even up there.” Max groaned. “Sorry, Harry. Is he okay?”
“He’s still asleep. Thankfully I noticed him immediately, before I started tearing open drawers. Did he have another headache?”

“Yeah, Calix smashed one of those toy aeroplanes into the back on his head when he was playing with Eva on the floor. The headache came on soon after. Calix did have a time out for that. I know you said not until they were two, but that was a little more than just pushing boundaries, he knew exactly what he was doing and that it would hurt.”

Harry was already nodding his agreement. “Calix is getting so naughty lately. Do you think he’s not getting enough attention?”

“I’m sure this is just normal toddler behaviour.” Max assured him. “We spend quality time with all of them, love. He’s just boundary pushing, like Braiden.”

“Mummy, I want potty.” Braiden told him. Harry was so excited that he almost fell over the chair in his haste to stand up and get Braiden to one of the three potties floating around their house.

He hurried into the family room and he mostly ignored the greetings and screeches from his other babies as he found the white potty in amongst the toys on the floor. He pulled the teddy off of it, placed Braiden down and pulled down his little shorts for him.

Braiden did the rest as an excited Harry watched. Max and Richard had come in with him, Nasta and Draco had looked over and then stood as soon as they realised what was happening and Harry wanted to burst out crying in pride as he heard the soft, little tinkle of Braiden using the potty.

“He’s doing it!” He said tearfully.

“Bay doing potty.” Regan said, looking at Braiden and then to Tegan.

“That’s right, Regan.” Nasta said. “Braiden’s using the potty like a big boy.”

Braiden stood up and Harry smothered him in kisses. He was all but bursting with pride.

“Well done, Braiden.” Harry said, sniffing hard.
Max chuckled behind him and Harry felt a hand rake through his hair. He turned a beaming smile up to Max before looking back to Braiden, who was pulling his own shorts up.

“Let’s go get your hands washed, Baban.” Nasta said proudly, as he took Braiden’s hand and the full potty in his other and he led Braiden to the bathroom.

Harry sniffed again and he wiped at his damp eyes. He was just so proud. Even Draco looked teary at this new milestone.

“He asked after the potty himself.” Harry said, a smile on his mouth.

Max hugged him and Harry pulled him down by the collar of his tee-shirt to kiss him.

“You boys do know that just because he did it once, doesn’t mean it’s all plain sailing from now on, don’t you?” Richard pipped up.

“Thank you, Mister optimistic.” Max said. “We know that, Dad, and though it’s not the first time he’s used it, it is the first time he’s asked to use it himself. He’s getting better at recognising the urge to urinate. He will have accidents, he might even go through a rebellious stage and refuse to use it, but today he asked to use it and we’re very proud of him for that.”

Richard chuckled. “Well, as I was saying to you, I was very proud of how Harry conducted himself on the stand today. He did really well and he deserves some pampering to relax him.”

“Well we can certainly manage that.” Max said, swaying lightly with Harry and bending right down to nibble at his neck. It made him giggle.

“I’ll see you boys later, I’m going to go tell Myron that our Braiden is getting such a big boy and is using the potty by himself.” Richard said, moving to hug Harry, he ruffled Max’s hair and then he left them to it.

Harry heard him say goodbye to Nasta in the hallway, he heard the bright praise for Braiden, and then his mate and oldest son were back in the room, Nasta holding the washed out potty, which was put back on the floor.
“My Dad said that Harry needs rewarding for today, Nas.” Max said. “He did really well under the pressure of being on the stand.”

“Have you offered him tea?” Nasta asked as he came to join their hug.

“Oh hell, no, I haven’t! Harry, I’m sorry.” Max said. “I’ll get that now.”

“Sit down, you’re so out of sorts today.” Nasta said, muscling Max down onto the settee and then chiding Harry onto his lap to keep him sat down. “I’ll get you both a cup of tea. Draco, do you want one, Caru?”

“Please, Nasta.” Draco asked from where he was playing a game with the kids.

Harry wriggled on Max’s lap and he grinned at the groan his biggest mate let out.

“Today has been good.”

“Did you at least have lunch today?” Max asked.

Harry nodded. “The biggest burger you could imagine with all the trimmings.” He said happily. “It was amazing!”

“Your healthy craze is over then?” Max teased.

“No, I don’t think so. But a bit of greasy goodness now and then is needed!”

Max snorted and then surprised Harry with a kiss to the side of the head. Harry chuckled and then he reached down for Calix when their boisterous boy clamoured at Max’s feet for him.

“How have they been?” He asked, even though he knew they’d have been fine.
“Wonderful. Calix has been good, besides smashing a toy into Blaise’s head of course. Farren had a fit when we stopped him from eating Regan’s lunch, Braiden was playing in the bin, as you know, and we think the rest of Leolin’s tooth is pushing through because he went cherry cheeked and started rubbing at his cheeks and chewing on his fingers. A bit of the powder that Kailen brought us did wonders and he’s sleeping it off.”

“I was wondering where he was, is he in his cot?”

Max nodded. “He’s sleeping up in the quiet with Blaise. The poor things, they’re both tuckered out.”

Harry chuckled, but he was distracted by Calix clambering back off of him and back to the floor, where he ran off towards the mass of toys. Nasta came in just a moment later carrying the tea tray. There were four mugs on it and half a dozen beakers of fruit squash.

Harry reached forward and snatched the mug that smelt the sweetest.

“How did you know that one was yours?” Nasta asked.

“It smelt sweeter.” Harry said as he took a big gulp of his honey tea.

“Oh, here comes the elevated sense of smell, no one will be able to get away with farting in bed now.” Max laughed.

“You’re the only one who does that anyway.” Draco was quick to point out.

“Forgive me for being raised by barbarians and not having a proper upbringing.” Max laughed.

Harry snorted into his tea before taking another mouthful.

“So was court okay? Dad mentioned that there was a moment that you were scared.” Max asked him gently.

Harry frowned and looked into the depths of his cup. “Yeah. Vernon shouted at me when I was on
the stand and it took me right back to my childhood when he’d shove his flabby, red face into mine and shout at me from an inch away while he’d grip my hair in a fist. I needed to take a break after that, so Richard asked for an early lunch.”

Max petted him, as Nasta and Draco both frowned.

“But you’re okay now?” Draco asked.

Harry nodded. “I calmed down over lunch and Richard got me laughing again. Everything was fine after lunch, there were no more outbursts or anything.”

“I’m glad. We’ll keep everything calm for you now, love.” Draco said. “Just relax. You’re not in court tomorrow?”

Harry shook his head. “No. I was actually relieved to get that damn suit off, my back was actually dripping. It’s so uncomfortable being in that suit, in that courtroom, in this heat, while two months pregnant.”

“Over two months pregnant.” Max pointed out, placing his hand on Harry’s belly.

Harry grinned. “I can’t wait to meet our ninth child.” He said excitedly.

“I’m just happy that it is only the one child, so that the pressure and stress is off of you.” Nasta said, sitting down and snatching his own cup of green tea from the tray.

Harry nodded his agreement. “Very soon this case will be over. Richard thinks another week of the actual case, then will come the sentencing. It could be over before the end of September.” He said nervously.

“You have nothing to fret over. They’re guilty, Harry. This case is literally only to decide how long in prison they’ll face.” Max told him. “It’s not a case of them getting off, or being spared jail, they won’t. You will get your needed justice.”

Harry smiled then, a little nervously still, but he nodded. He was worried about getting too
complacent, or getting his hopes up, but he knew, on some level, that this case was purely to
determine the length of the sentence, there was too much evidence against them for any of the Jury
to find them not guilty. He calmed himself down, everything was fine and everything was going to
stay fine, he was sure. It was all going to be alright.

Harry took the time to relax over the next few days and as Max’s birthday approached, he felt
much calmer.

It had gotten hotter again and he was sitting out on the back porch with Farren in his lap, stroking
his son’s back as he looked out over the grass as Max and Blaise had a football match with four
toddlers. Draco was cradling Leolin next to Harry and Nasta was feeding both girls in the kitchen,
Harry could hear him talking to them in both English and Welsh through the open kitchen window
behind him.

“Muma.” Farren murmured.

“I know, I’m here. I got lost in thought, I’m sorry.” Harry explained, even as he started up his
stroking again, running his hand from Farren’s rather long hair, over his neck and down his back.

“How are you feeling now?” Draco asked him.

Harry grimaced at the reminder that he’d had a bad bout of morning sickness only a few hours ago,
shortly after he’d eaten lunch.

“Better now, but that was a bad bout. This new baby certainly is making waves. It feels like a
thunder storm inside me.”

“You said that before.” Draco mused. “Maybe you should call the baby thunder.”

Harry laughed. “That would certainly be fitting, and more attractive than calling the baby puke.”

“Please don’t call the baby puke.” Draco begged.
Harry laughed harder. “I won’t, not even my Dracken side could imprint that name to a baby, no matter how forceful or thunderous the morning sickness was. Maybe I should call the baby Thor, you know, Norse god of thunder.” He joked.

Draco saw the funny side of that and he laughed.

“What are you two laughing over?” Nasta asked as he carried the two girls out the back door and over to them at the seating area.

“What we’re going to call the new baby.” Harry said with a smile. “They’re going to be named after my stormy morning sickness.”

Nasta chuckled and shook his head. “How are you feeling now?”

“Better, more settled.” Harry said, even as he carried on stroking Farren’s back.

“Good. Do you want to try sipping some water first?”

Harry considered that. He sighed and shook his head. “Not just yet. I think the thunderer will protest.”

Draco snorted and Harry gave him a grin. Maybe he should start looking up all the different variations of baby names that meant thunder, for boys and girls, just in case the theme stuck. He was certainly growing to the idea of naming the baby thunder, purely because of the rather explosive bouts of morning sickness he was experiencing and the rumbling and crashing of his stomach whenever he had a bout of morning sickness. It certainly wasn’t the best feeling in the world.

“Max, it’s getting late, the kids need to wash up for dinner.” Nasta called out, shielding his eyes to look out over the garden in the bright sun glare.

“Alright!” Max called back as he slowed to a walk from the gentle jog he’d adopted to run the kids about after the football.
“I can’t wait for him to see that obstacle course.” Harry giggled.

“It looks like your fantasy of covering it in washing up liquid in the rain is going to come true.” Nasta said. “It looks like rain is coming in.”

Harry clapped his hands. “It’ll make the competition so much more fun!” He declared.

“It’s a good way to giving someone a broken neck.” Draco grumbled.

“You don’t have to take part.” Harry insisted. “But Max will love it, you know he will.”

“Of course he will.” Draco chuckled. Harry sent him a wide grin.

“Come on, go inside.” Nasta told them. “I’ll get you some tea and I’ll see if Max wants a hand with dinner.”

“I don’t.” Max said as he jogged up the porch steps. “Especially not from you, no offence lover, but you cannot cook.”

“I can cut and peel vegetables and things!” Nasta insisted.

Max laughed and pulled Nasta into a kiss. “You can, but I don’t need help, I promise. Just keep our mates happy, keep our kids happy and I’ll do the rest.”

Nasta sighed, but he smiled and acquiesced with a hand gesture for Max to precede him into the house.

“Alright, but only because I don’t want to ruin dinner and have you start it all over again, or order takeaway.”

“Thank you for the consideration, my love.” Max said with a grin and he headed into the house.
Harry stood and he sighed, watching Blaise herd four toddlers into the house. Harry followed with Farren, Draco brought in a sleeping Leolin and then Nasta brought up the rear with the twin girls both sat on the same forearm. They really were still tiny little things, despite being almost eight months old. They were due for another dragon pox vaccine next month. Draco had booked them in just the other day. Harry was not looking forward to that, not one bit.

He settled on the settee in the larger family room and he placed Farren on the floor. He still run his fingers through his son’s hair, but if Farren wanted to go and play, then the option was there for him without him having to clamber down from the settee too.

Nasta brought in the tea and Harry happily accepted his own mug and drank deeply. He loved days like this, where he didn’t have to do anything, where he could just play with his children all day and do what he pleased. There were no court dates, nothing he needed to do, he could just relax and settle in as a little homebody, with his amazing growing family around him. It was perfect.

September carried on bright, but mild as Max’s birthday approached. It was almost impossible to talk about their plans, as Max popped up everywhere trying to listen in, almost like a young child at Christmas.

It was adorable, but Harry was ultimately glad that they had started planning his birthday in August, as he was so excited to know what they were doing that he was going to ruin his own surprise. They’d already roped in Myron and Richard to oversee the inflatable obstacle course being set up, while the five of them had a nice, romantic meal in a very posh restaurant the night before Max’s birthday, on the Saturday. It was not The Garnet Swan, true to their grudge, they had refused to eat there again after the disaster of their Valentine’s meal two years before.

Their children were going to, Merlin forbid, Idris and Aneirin, who had agreed to watch over the kids at Idris’ home, to keep them away from the inflatable work in the garden for Max’s actual birthday, which was on the Sunday. They had already sent out the invitations, this was done easily as Max had had to go to work yesterday for three hours, to invite all the family to the obstacle challenge, they had included strict messages to not tell Max about said obstacle course as it was going to be a surprise. They had left the challenge off of the invite to Caesar and Amelle, not because they didn’t trust Caesar not to tell his brother, but because Harry wanted the obstacle course to be a surprise for him too, so that he would be in the same infectious mood as Max. The two of them were always better when they were on the same page. Harry really, really wanted it to stay a surprise too, he wanted to see Max’s face when he saw it for the first time. He’d have a few hours to play on it, and to assumedly challenge his loving mates, before their guests started arriving.

But for today Harry was staying close to home. Or rather he was staying close to the bathroom, the toilet in particular, as every single smell, every motion was making him feel sick. He was ten and a half weeks pregnant, Max’s birthday was at the end of the week, in just three days, and he could barely take a breath without running for the toilet.

Eggs had been banned, as had fish, cheese, all fried foods and much to Blaise’s ire, coffee. Harry could barely stand to be around any of those smells and he knew that Blaise was sneaking a coffee now and then up in one of the spare bedrooms, trying to get his fix, while still being considerate to Harry’s rather delicate condition. Harry really appreciated the gesture and he made sure that Blaise
knew that Harry was both sorry and grateful for his sacrifice.

He’d been in court twice, but even that was getting to be a bit too much as he faced the Dursley’s lawyer as they had faced Richard, going through all the accusations and evidence to try and poke holes in them, to try and prove him a deluded little liar, and all the while he had to try to hold onto his stomach, and his rather haywire emotions too. Thankfully he was able to take as much calming draught as he needed, despite being pregnant, as the potion didn’t affect the baby. Even so, he knew that his mates were worried, he was worried too, about the effect all of the stress was having on their ninth baby, especially after his first scan, when Healer Almus had told them that the baby had an elevated heartbeat thanks to the stress he was under. Because of that he was trying to keep his days as nice and calm as possible, relaxing at home as much as he could. It had been lovely, wonderful to have so much rest and relaxation, but while he was in court, it just wasn’t enough to combat the stress of being on the stand, of defending himself from any attempt to justify the abuse that he had suffered through as a child. He couldn’t wait for it all to be over.

“Would some tea calm the thunderer down?” Draco asked him.

That made Harry smile, it was a small, almost pained smile, as his belly was very tender from all of the vomiting, but it was a true smile nonetheless.

“I’m not sure what will help at this point.” He said miserably.

Draco fluttered around him, unsure what to do, but clearly wanting to do something. All of his mates were doing the same lately. They wanted to help him, to take it away from him, especially when he declared that he didn’t feel well enough to eat, the worst of that had been two days ago, when he’d gone the entire day without eating anything and only sipping on water occasionally. Max had almost been beside himself with worry, but Harry had woken up the next morning ravenous and he’d eaten two bowls of cereal, three rounds of unbuttered toast and half a pack of rich tea biscuits. He’d eaten a sandwich for lunch that day and that had been when the morning sickness had hit him.

That had been yesterday and today was turning out to be more of the same, as he was back to not eating and what little he did eat, only came back up. He had taken to rubbing soft circles on his belly to calm his little thunderer down.

“Do you want some more water?” Draco asked him.

“Yes, okay.” Harry agreed, just so that Draco could feel like he was actually doing something, as he didn’t think that it would help at all. He sighed as Draco went into the kitchen and he pet his belly some more. “You need to settle down, thunderer. You can’t grow big and strong if you don’t let me eat and drink.”
Draco brought him a glass of water and Harry sipped at it, praying that it didn’t set him off again. Everything was rather tentative, but it didn’t bode well for Max’ birthday dinner in a few days. At this rate he would be banning all strong smells and sitting and watching his four mates eating between bouts of dashing to and from the bathroom. He hated the very thought of it, because he didn’t want to ruin Max’s birthday dinner, but as things were now, he just couldn’t see any other alternative. He was struggling to keep water down and Nasta had told him that if it continued, then he’d be calling Healer Almus.

Harry wasn’t too aggrieved at that, if it carried on then he’d call the Healer himself as he was as worried as his mates, but he knew his body well enough by now to know that he wasn’t in any danger just yet. He wasn’t feeling weak or dizzy, he was a little more tired than usual, but he wasn’t worried about that. He was just miserable more than anything. Miserable that he couldn’t eat, miserable that he couldn’t drink anything other than water, miserable that this pregnancy was so unsettling. He once again patted his belly to calm his thunderer down. If this carried on then he would see if Healer Almus could help him, either with some tips and advice, or perhaps with a potion, but he was adamant that he would not ruin Max’s birthday. If the worst came to the worst then he would ask his mates to go without him, at least that way they could enjoy themselves and he could be where he needed to be. Hugging the toilet.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: There’s not much to say, I’m feeling a little better, but I’m still off work, I’ve got another doctor appointment tomorrow and we’ll go from there, until then, please enjoy this chapter and an introduction back into the drama with the court and with the Faerie city too, there will be a lot more to come with the Faerie city now.

StarLight Massacre. X
Last Time

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Thirteen – Obstacle Lunacy

Harry was so excited for Max’s birthday and as the baby had settled down a little more now that he was eleven weeks pregnant, he felt happier about the romantic meal tonight.

They still hadn’t told Max about their plans to go out for dinner tonight, Max who was insanely excited for tomorrow, not knowing that his birthday surprises would start tonight. Harry couldn’t wait to tell him that he wouldn’t need to sort out dinner for anyone and that the kids were going away for their dinner and they were going out for theirs.

They were having the kids back for the evening, but hopefully they would already be asleep, then to distract Max from the kitchen, and more importantly the back garden where the obstacle course was going to be fully inflated and ready for the next morning, they were going to drag him up to bed and thoroughly distract him.

At almost three months pregnant, Harry had only just started to show. It wasn’t much, but there was now a visibly perceivable bump to him and his mates could not be more excited about it as they took to cupping the barely there bump, touching it, kissing it, talking to it. This was rather annoying, as sometimes Harry was only lying in a certain position to quell the nausea and their touches made him shift, which then sent him running for the bathroom. They seemed to be getting the message and they asked him first if they could touch his belly first. Harry hated that, that they felt they needed permission to touch him, because he loved them touching him. In usual circumstances that was. This wasn’t usual circumstances, however, he just couldn’t have them touching the bump when their baby thunderer, or thunderess as Max had teased, played up when he so much as rolled over.
He sighed and nibbled on the piece of bread that he’d dipped in some of Max’s ‘healing’ chicken soup. He wanted to eat, because he was hungry, but he wanted something light, because he wanted dinner later. He hoped that the good day continued and the sickness stayed away. Just a few days, he thought to himself, patting his belly gently.

“You’re not feeling sick, are you?” Max asked as he ate his own soup.

“No, I’m okay for the moment.” Harry said. “I’m more pleading with the baby to stay nice and calm and not jump around my sac so I can finish off this amazing soup.”

“I’m glad you’re feeling better.” Blaise said. “You have more colour to you today.”

Harry smiled happily. “I’m just glad to be eating something.”

“I bet.” Max said, walking behind him and kissing his cheek. “I can’t wait for tomorrow!” He said for the millionth time that week.

“Why, what’s tomorrow?” Blaise teased.

Max scoffed and darted around the table to wrap those huge arms around Blaise and he nibbled on his neck.

“You know what’s tomorrow!” Max insisted with a grin, not letting Blaise go. “It’s my birthday!”

“Oh, that’s right, you’re turning three.” Blaise quipped.

Max laughed. “Thirty-three, though I have always told you that I have a mental age of twelve. Though I think since I became a Father that that’s increased a little, maybe sixteen now?”

Harry and Blaise both laughed.

“You dope, I love you.” Harry said.
“I love you too, stunner.” Max kissed the air at him and then winked and Harry shook his head, but he couldn’t stop smiling.

He was glad now that they’d decided to treat Max to dinner tonight, he really deserved some pampering, some quality time with them all to himself, with all the attention on him. They’d been through a lot in the last several months, Harry hoped that the next several were calmer and more level and if they got the time to spend together, like now, then they needed to take it. They only had Blaise’s birthday left for this year now, out of their mateship that was. Myron’s birthday was in two weeks, their quintuplets were two in December, after the nightmare that was going to be Christmas, and then there was Halloween to survive too. Harry Jackson, Henley’s son, turned one in October, as did Beatrice, Caesar and Amelle’s youngest daughter. Ashleigh and Richard were both fifty in November, Ashleigh just a few weeks before her husband, and then Henley himself turned nineteen in December, along with his daughter, Claudia. It was going to be a very busy couple of months, especially as he himself could go into his nest and have the baby at any time from about November or December. He hoped not, he didn’t want any more premature babies, his heart broke for the struggling newborns who would have to fight for every moment of life. He patted his belly and he hoped that his thunderer stayed put.

“You’re not feeling sick, are you?” Blaise asked worriedly. “You keep doing that.”

Harry looked up and shook his head. “No, I’m fine. I really am just pleading with the baby to hold off for a bit so I can get some decent meals down me. Those potions from Healer Almus are helping too.”

“We’ll monitor you on those.” Max insisted as he came back over with tea and a coffee for Blaise. They watched him closely until they knew that he wasn’t going to run for the hills.

Harry nodded his understanding and he took a delicate sip of tea. Nothing happened and Harry sighed happily, taking a bigger gulp. He hoped that the sickness held off and that he was able to enjoy their meal later tonight and that he could have a bit of fun tomorrow, though not too much physical exuberance…he was going to be worn out after tonight. Harry grinned to himself, he was very much looking forward to distracting Max until tomorrow morning.

“I know that look, what are you thinking?” Max purred at him.

“Naughty things.” Harry said. “I don’t know why, but I’m revved up today, I’m desperate for a fuck.”
Max’s eyes widened and Blaise’s jaw literally dropped.

“Do you both want to come and help me feel better?” Harry asked, lowering his voice and smiling. “I need a shower anyway, this way I can kill three birds with one stone.”

“Three birds?” Max asked curiously.

“I want sex, I fucking stink so I need a shower and I want to feel better.” He added, though the third ‘bird’ was keeping Max distracted and getting him into the shower for later tonight. He couldn’t come out and say that though, not without ruining the surprise.

“Well then, let us help you.” Max said as he helped Harry to stand and then went to help up Blaise, who drained his coffee and followed after Harry quickly.

“You’re not sick are you?” Nasta asked as Harry almost bowled past him in the passageway, Nasta had had to hold him to stop them from colliding.

“No, phase get Max in the shower has begun.” Harry hissed, winking, as Max and Blaise hurried into the hallway too.

Nasta chuckled. “Go on, don’t tire yourselves out, you need to relieve me and Draco of baby duty once you’re done.” He laughed, letting Harry go and waving them to their master en suite.

Nasta went back into the family room and he gave a smile to Draco.

“What was all the noise?” The blond asked.

“Phase one is complete. Harry has convinced Max to have a shower.”

“How?” Draco asked. “I’ve been dropping hints all morning!”

“I believe Harry offered him shower sex.”
Draco blinked, then he sighed and rubbed his forehead. “Of course that would have worked! Why didn’t I think of that?!”

“Don’t worry. Max is in the shower now. He’s warming up with Harry and Blaise, we’ll get him later tonight. Are the suits all ready?”

Draco nodded. “All clean and fresh pressed and hanging up in our walk-in wardrobe. Did you check the reservation?”

Nasta nodded. “I floo called this morning to confirm and we’ve been assured that they don’t allow photos to be taken on their premises. So we can floo directly there, or Apparate if we prefer, and while we’re in the building no photos of us will be taken.”

Draco nodded. “That will make Harry happy. He hates having his face splashed about the place.”

“There will likely be someone who makes a comment to one of the rags about him being there, so I’d be surprised if there wasn’t at least a small article about it, but they shouldn’t be able to get pictures or anything from the staff as they don’t put up with such behaviour.”

Draco smiled happily. “Hopefully we can have a nice, quiet meal together without anything happening or any mishaps. I just want to enjoy a meal with my lovers, is that so much to ask?”

“No, it’s not.” Nasta agreed, going to kiss Draco. “We’ve done our all now to try and make this meal as good, and as calm as we can. There are no photos allowed, the servers and staff are all professional and respectful of the diners’ privacy, we should have a nice evening.”

“I hope Harry’s sickness stays away.” Draco fretted.

“He’s doing well, but he is pregnant. If he is sick, then it can’t be helped and I made sure to get a table close to the bathroom, just in case. The restaurant understood completely when I explained. If he is sick, then I will bring him home and you can stay at the restaurant with Blaise and you can both make Max’s night and then come back to meet me and Harry at home.”

“Max will likely want to come back too.”
“That will only make Harry more upset. He’ll think that he’s ruined Max’s dinner. He might think that even if I’m the only one who brings him home, you know how he is sometimes. But this isn’t his fault, he’s pregnant.”

“When are those guys coming to put up that inflatable monstrosity?”

Nasta chuckled. “Later tonight, about seven, we should already be on our main course by then.”

“Then when we get home, Harry will want to check on the kids, but after that it’s just dragging Max to bed and keeping him there until morning.”

Nasta winked. “Exactly right, Cariad. It shouldn’t be too difficult in theory. I’ve got the night feeds and nappy changes, we’ll make sure there’s a glass of water for him and Harry on the bedside table, everything should go to plan. Its tomorrow morning that could be the biggest problem, if Max wakes up first and opens the kitchen curtains and sees that ‘inflatable monstrosity’ we could be rumbled.”

“We’ll just have to wake up earlier than him then.”

“Easier said than done when he’s used to waking up early to sort out breakfast every day.” Nasta sighed. “I’ll try though and then I’ll force him into the family room with the kids and keep him in there until the rest of you are awake.”

“I’ll do the same if I’m awake.”

Nasta nodded. “I’ll see Harry and Blaise too, so they know that if they’re awake that they’re to keep Max from the kitchen and away from the garden and the windows.”

“I’m just glad that that thing will fit in our garden.”

Nasta laughed then. “It has nothing on our garden, Draco. Our garden doesn’t stop at the trees, I just made the decision to keep the trees when I bought the land because Harry loved Max’s orchard. We’d fit three of those obstacle course on the back lawn, one to either side of the house and then another two on the front lawn. We do have a lot of land, I think I’m going to start doing
something with it now, for the kids.”

“We love you for building this huge house for us.” Draco insisted, bending forward to pull Nasta into a kiss.

“Daddy, no!” Regan insisted, hurrying over to break up their kiss.

“He really has a problem with kissing.” Draco said with a considering frown.

“He’ll be fine. At the moment it’s like when Leolin hits us when we go near Harry. He just wants some attention.” Nasta said as he hefted Regan up and sat him on his lap.

Nasta changed the subject to the kids then, as time went by, just in case Max came down and heard something, but it wasn’t needed. Another hour on top of the hour that they’d already been upstairs and he went to see where they’d gotten to. He found the three of them napping naked, and still a bit damp, in the middle of their bed. Harry’s plan had worked a little too well it seemed.

Nasta chuckled, but he left them where they were. He sent Draco for his own shower as he took some time to play with his children, laughing at their innocent play and some of the things that they came out with while they were playing. Their oldest daughter was the funniest to watch, as Tegan went everywhere with her little penguin and she would strike up a conversation with it.

Draco came down and Nasta had to whistle at him, giving him a once over.

“You look so good.” He said, standing from the floor and going to kiss Draco, making sure to stay away from the sharp, crisp suit. “Very dapper.”

Draco went slightly pink, but he looked pleased. “Grey is definitely my colour.”

“I agree, pale grey or silver goes so well with those stunning eyes of yours.”

“You’re in a very flirty mood.” Draco pointed out.

“I have a reason to be in a flirty mood. Three mates upstairs, sated, naked and resting for later, and one very dapper mate in front of me, looking good enough to eat.”
“Don’t mention eating.” A soft, moan came from the other room a moment before Harry slouched in.

“You aren’t feeling sick are you?” Draco asked in concern.

“No, I’m so hungry I could eat a horse.”

“That’s just the Dracken in you coming through.” Nasta teased.

It took Harry a moment to filter the comment, then he laughed, his face brightening up and bringing a smile to his lips. It immediately made Draco and Nasta take notice and stand up straighter, it made them happier to know that their submissive was happy.

“Maybe, but if I don’t get something to eat I think I will go full Dracken and go scouring the neighbourhood for prey.”

“Well we can’t have that, it’s almost four O’clock now, I’ll get the kids’ dinner on now and then I’ll sort ours out.” Max said as he stumbled in with a yawn. He stared as he saw Draco. “You’re looking so good, Draco. What’s the occasion?”

Harry shared a look with Draco and Nasta and he shrugged before turning to Max.

“You, of course. We’re going out tonight.” Harry said with a grin.

“Tonight? But…” Max looked at all of them for a moment, a confused frown on his face.

“We’ve got more plans for tomorrow, but for tonight, we want you to ourselves.” Harry said softly.

“We’re really going out?” Max asked excitedly.

“Yes, your suit is hanging in the wardrobe, we have reservations in a little over an hour, so best go
get dressed.” Nasta chided.

“The kids are going to family?” Max asked.

“No, we thought we’d leave them here alone.” Harry rolled his eyes. “Aneirin and Idris are having them.”

“And we can’t wait!” Idris’ happy voice came from the other side of the double doors which were thrown open wide as Idris made an entrance worthy of the best diva.

“Let’s get them gone then.”

“Nasta, you need a shower.”

“I can be in and out.” Nasta insisted.

“Get going then.” Harry prodded at him. “I’m hungry.”

“I’ve got the kids. Between us we can get them safely to the house.” Aneirin said, watching them with a happy smile, cradling Ave who’d toddled up to him to inspect the new comer.

Harry was hungry, and excited, but he still hugged and kissed his babies goodbye. He still had a problem leaving them, even with family, for such non urgent reasons, even though he’d been told over and over that ‘date night’ was very important to keep their relationship as healthy as possible. He agreed with that, but it was hard to convince his Dracken side to leave their babies behind.

Forty minutes later and all the kids had been moved safely to Idris’ house and they were running around getting ready, checking several times that they all had their wallets, that at least one of them had their keys, just in case, of which Nasta had already sorted out. Draco was making sure that they all looked perfectly presentable, attacking Harry’s hair with a comb, straightening collars and cuffs and Max was like a big kid, bouncing around and demanding to know where they were going.

“You’ll find out when we get there.” Nasta replied for the seventh time.
“Are we having dinner? Because Harry’s hungry and he needs food.” Max wheedled.

“Harry will be taken care of.” Nasta soothed. “Just take a moment to breathe, Max.”

“I can’t! I can’t believe you did this, tricking me the night before my actual birthday! I wasn’t expecting it.”

“There’s a lot you aren’t expecting.” Blaise winked at him.

Max’s excitement, if at all possible, seemed to increase and he tried to wheedle the answers out of Blaise then, about the other surprises that he was getting.

“Alright, we’re going, come on, Max. You need to Apparate with me.” Draco said another twenty minutes later, going to take Max’s arm after they were all ready and was assured that they absolutely had everything.

“What about Harry? Harry needs to go with someone.” Max protested.

“I’m taken care of.” Harry grinned.

“He’s coming with me, Max.” Nasta said calmly, sliding his arm around Harry’s waist.

“Go on now.” Harry shooed with a smile. “Come here, Blaise, we can’t have you going alone. It’s not proper.”

Blaise laughed and came to Harry’s other side, looking very, very handsome in charcoal.

Nasta was the only one who was wearing anything out of the norm, but he looked incredibly good in a dark brown suit. It brought out the hazel-gold in his eyes wonderfully and you could barely see the green hints in them, instead they looked almost amber.

Harry held his breath as they Apparated, and he hoped that his stomach stayed in place. A moment later and soft, gentle music reached his ears and the world stopped crushing him. He took a moment to breathe, to take in several breaths and then he opened his eyes to see Blaise in front of
him, Blaise who had stayed with him as he took a moment, while Nasta went to confirm their reservations. They were led to their table and the five of them sat themselves down.

“How are you feeling, love?” Draco asked from his left side.

“Okay at the moment, not great, but it’s not bad. I think it’ll settle in a moment. I just need a minute.”

“The bathroom is right by there.” Nasta said, pointing out a short corridor with a door on either side of the wall. “Just in case you need it, I made sure that we had a table close to it for you.”

“Thank you, but at the moment I just need to sit still for a bit. I’ll be fine.”

Max, sat almost directly opposite him, next to Draco, looked at him consideringly.

“You’re sure? You haven’t been well for a few weeks now.”

“I’m sure. Just a small request though, please. No fish.” He said with a face.

“That’s fair enough. We’ll respect that request.” Blaise said from the other side of Max.

Harry smiled then and he stretched his leg out to touch Max’s. “So, what do you think of our little surprise?”

“I still can’t believe it.” Max said, looking up from the menu he’d been given. “I really didn’t expect you to do this before my actual birthday. It’s such a surprise and I love all four of you for it.”

Harry smiled, feeling much better for having heard that. He looked at his own menu, but he was pretty sure that he was going to go for a steak. Ever since Nasta had said about feeding him raw meat, he’d wanted raw meat.

“Are we ready to order, Sirs?” A waiter came to ask them, his voice soft and respectful.
“I think so.” Draco answered, looking at them all. “Harry, have you decided?”

Harry looked up and he noticed that he was the only one with his menu still open. “Yes, I want a rare, ten ounce steak, please. No sauces.”

“Very good, Sir.”

The five of them ordered, none of them wanted starters, they all wanted dessert, even Nasta, which just made Harry desperate for sex again. He shifted uncomfortably, then again, and the second shift got the attention of all his mates quicker than a gunshot.

“Are you okay?” Nasta asked from the right side of him.

“Yes, I just…” Harry stopped, cast a glance around, then pulled himself to Nasta’s ear. “I want sex.”

Nasta was surprised into laughing, but he kissed him regardless. “Later, love. After dinner.”

“What’s the matter?” Max asked.

“You didn’t tire him out enough.” Nasta said simply.

Max looked worried for a moment, then the penny dropped and his expression cleared. Those dark blue eyes danced with amusement. “I’ll have to do a better job after dinner then.”

Harry winked. “You’d better.”

“It would be my genuine pleasure, my love.” Max said, all male pride and self-satisfaction.

“You had your chance and you failed. It’s my turn.” Draco boasted.
“I’d tire all of you out before an hour was up.” Nasta said simply.

Harry laughed. “That you would, love, but that would have to be an hour each, your glorious hip rolling takes about an hour to smoothen out as you find your rhythm.”

“Ooo, Nas, he’s in need of a personal performance to prove him wrong.” Max chuckled.

“I’ll prove all of you wrong later.” Nasta smirked.

“Now that’s just unfair.” Harry complained. “You know while pregnant I can’t last very long, the sensations are too much for me.”

“We’ll just have to give you multiple attentions throughout the night.” Blaise said, giving him a heated look. “Trust me, it’ll be no hardship.”

“We’re going to scare the waiter if we carry on like this.” Draco said with a grin.

“Let the poor peon be scared.” Max declared. “I like our topic of conversation.”

“Of course you do.” Blaise teased. “Anything to do with sex and you can’t help yourself.”

Harry chuckled. “I can’t wait to see the dessert menu. Only posh places have a separate dessert menu and I didn’t see any on the menu we were given.”

“They have a separate dessert menu, love. We’ll make sure to get you what you want.” Nasta told him with a smile.

Harry was pleased with that and they moved their conversation smoothly onto what desserts they might have here and what they each wanted. Harry was almost drooling at the thought of all the desserts and he couldn’t stop his stomach from rumbling in anticipation.

Nasta gave him a look and smiled, as did Draco.
“I did say I was hungry.” He giggled. “Where is our food? Our neighbours are starting to look appetising.”

His mates all laughed at that, but it was only another ten minutes before they were served. Harry was grateful that his came first and he happily started slicing up his steak. The first bite was for him, the second went to Draco. He gave his mates all a taste of his steak and he got a taste of their chosen plates…if he liked the look and smell of it that was.

They were quiet as they all ate, the sparse conversation was light and happy, and it did inevitably turn to their children and their growing ninth, who was behaving so well today.

When they were done eating, they just settled down for a moment and Harry did have to go to the bathroom, for his bladder though, not for anything else. When he got back, their plates had been cleared away and his mates were all drooling over a rather large dessert menu. Harry all but dived onto his as he retook his seat.

“I can’t decide between the chocolate fudge cake with chocolate sauce or the warm brownie with vanilla ice cream.” Harry complained.

“So get both. Who says you only have to have one?” Max insisted.

Harry looked right at Nasta, who chuckled. “It’s a special occasion and you have been very good with your food lately, and you deserve a treat after all of the morning sickness you’ve been experiencing. Go mad, all of you.”

Harry cheered and he closed his menu, happy that he’d looked through everything several times and that he wanted both desserts he’d chosen…and he’d steal a bite from each of his mates too.

Max once again tried to wheedle the details of what they were doing tomorrow for his birthday out of them, but the rest of them held out, just laughing at his attempts to get the information.

Their desserts were brought over, and this time Harry was out of luck and his mates got theirs first, so he begged for them to feed him their desserts until his arrived. He liked Nasta’s cheesecake, he liked Draco’s lemon and lime posset, whatever a posset was, Harry had believed it to be a vermin animal of some kind, not a dessert, and Max had gotten the same chocolate cake as Harry was getting, along with a separate bowl of chocolate ice cream. It was gorgeous and Harry couldn’t wait for his own to arrive. Blaise had ordered chocolate mint ice cream and coffee…Harry did not want to try that, but thankfully his own two desserts arrived and he happily dived into both.

Another hour and all five of them were very full and very happy. Nasta settled the bill from their joint account and Harry was helped to his feet and escorted to the Apparation point within the restaurant. He and Nasta were going to go first, just in case anything was amiss at home that would clue Max into his surprise for tomorrow.
It was an absolute relief to get home and Harry sat his arse on the settee and he happily kicked off his shoes as he pulled off his tie. Nasta went into the kitchen to make sure the curtains and such were closed and he was going to make tea as an excuse. Harry could hear Idris laughing from the kitchen and the loud greeting of Nasta let Harry know that everything was fine and his babies were all in bed. He'd want to go and check on them all first, but for now, he needed to rest and relax, letting his large dinner and two desserts settle a little.

He pulled Max down with him when his biggest mate came through last, telling him that Nasta was getting the tea and he wanted a cuddle. Draco and Blaise didn’t mind, as they knew that he was doing it to give Nasta more time to check on everything. Harry hoped it was all alright and that things went well tomorrow. He was so excited.

When Blaise came back in and told them go stop being anti-social and to go into the kitchen, Harry knew then that everything was safe and though he made a play of whining, he was happy to coerce Max into carrying him to the kitchen and to his cup of waiting honey tea.

“There he is, hello tiny.” Idris greeted. “And you too, Harry, shwmae.”

Harry laughed at that, as Idris was calling Max tiny, but Max just rolled his eyes.

“You’ll have to do better than that, I’ve heard worse from my own family.” Max laughed as he placed Harry down gently in a chair and sat beside him.

Harry all but fell on his cup of tea and he took a huge swallow. He moaned happily.

“Did you miss your honey tea?” Aneirin asked with a smile.

Harry nodded. “Yes, the restaurant didn’t have honey tea on the menu, and I doubt they would have made it right, just as I like it, anyway. This is the perfect end to a perfect meal.”

“Did you enjoy yourselves then?” Idris asked.

Harry nodded.

“Yes, it was amazing.” Max answered. “The best early birthday dinner, ever.”
That made Harry smile.

“Well, there were no problems with the kids, they all settled fine, they all made a big mess with their dinners and they all dropped off to sleep with a story.” Aneirin told them. “If that was all then we’ll get out of your hair and we’ll see you tomorrow.”

“What’s tomorrow?” Max asked quickly, his excitement almost palpable.

“Your birthday, of course.” Idris winked. “Have a Harry birthday, kid.”

Harry rolled his eyes at the terrible joke. “You’re not even funny.”

Idris pouted. “I am!” He insisted. “Nassa, tell your mean mate that I’m hilarious.”

“My Father taught me to never tell lies.” Nasta said simply.

Aneirin laughed then. “I did teach him that, Idris. You’ll just have to stay very unfunny.”

“But I am funny.” Idris complained. “That was a very good joke considering the amount of times Max is going to be banging Harry tonight and tomorrow.”

“Alright, that’s enough.” Aneirin cut in. “Let’s get you back home before I have to carry you in pieces.”

“At least I have someone to bang me.” Harry winked.

Idris laughed loudly, even as he was chided out of the door by his older brother. Harry looked to Max and he winked again.

“Maybe Idris has an idea, Max. Wanna bang?”
Max about choked on his laughter and he had to bury his face in his arms, head to the table, as he roared loudly with uncontrollable laughter.

“You could ask more politely.” Draco sniffed.

“He’s my mate, I shouldn’t have to.” Harry pointed out. “I should be able to turn around to all of you and just say ‘hey, wanna fuck?’”

“What would you say if I came out with that, though?” Draco asked. “If I just turned around and asked if you wanted to fuck?”

“Yes please, let’s get going upstairs, we only have a few hours to get it all out of our systems and I’m desperate.” Harry answered with a raised eyebrow and a smile.

Max laughed harder into his arms, he actually started wheezing and Harry gave him an amused look, even though his mate couldn’t see him.

“I mean it, all of you get moving. I was desperate in the restaurant, before we even started eating, I’m even more so now. In fact. I’m going up, if none of you are there in five minutes, I’m playing with my toys…actually, I might play with them regardless. Fuck you all.” He declared as he hurried off to the stairs.

He went into the nursery to quickly check on his babies and he tucked them all in, giving each of them a kiss. Then his night truly began and he walked into their master bedroom. His mates were all there waiting, but Max had already gotten their box of toys out and he was rooting through it, looking for whatever toy he wanted.

“You can pick the toy, Max.” Harry said with a smirk. “But I’m using it first. Then if I hand it to you, you can take over. If I feel like handing it over, of course.”

Max moaned and Harry’s smirk widened. He really loved teasing his mates and as he stripped himself off slowly, teasingly, he automatically cupped the bump of his ninth child. Tonight was going to be amazing, but tomorrow was going to be phenomenal, he couldn’t wait to see Max’s face…if it was anything like the one he was currently making as Harry swayed his way towards him, fully naked and cradling their unborn child, well, they would find themselves back in the bedroom very quickly.
Harry woke up to an insistent, annoying prodding and he groaned, rolling over further into the warm body beside him.

The poking became more intense, and getting angry now, he rolled back over to confront it, only to see Draco.

“What you want?” He slurred tiredly.

“Shhh!” Draco shushed him. Harry felt like finding something, anything, hard and solid and beating in Draco’s face with it.

“How dare you shush me when I was fine sleeping?!” Harry groused.

The body behind him grunted and shifted and Draco looked panicked and like he was fervently praying for something.

“It’s Max’s birthday, his big surprise!” Draco bent forward to hiss into his ear. “You wanted to be downstairs to see his face.”

Harry’s slow, tired mind caught up with the words, and what was happening, and he groaned. “It’s not morning already, it can’t be. We shouldn’t have played so many games last night.”

“You’re the one who kept picking more toys to play with.” Draco pointed out.

Harry grunted. “You weren’t complaining, none of you were. Now help me up.”

Draco snorted softly, but he dutifully pulled Harry upright and helped him to swing his legs over the side of the bed. Harry looked back at the still sleeping Max, who was the only one left in the bed, but then they really had done a number on him last night. He had been the main focus of all of their attentions, especially when midnight came, and it was a wonder that he was actually asleep still and not just flat out comatose.

Harry padded his way to their en suite, he did his business, washed his hands and then he splashed some cold water onto his face. It woke him up better than anything else and he took a big breath
and he went back into their bedroom. Draco was waiting for him, watching Max like he was a sleeping dragon, but their biggest mate hadn’t moved since Harry had rolled out of the bed.

“Come on, we’ve got a nice cup of tea waiting for you downstairs.” Draco coaxed and Harry chuckled quietly.

He took Draco’s hand and allowed himself to be pulled from their bedroom, down the corridor and then carefully down the stairs. They made it to the quiet, shut up kitchen, which Max was going to hate, as he always insisted that the first person down was to open the curtains, and if it was hot, then the windows too, and then on into the family room, which was partially shut up. The double doors into the smaller living room were open, as were the curtains on the one side, flooding in light, but it was still rather gloomy as the long, floor length curtains that covered the sliding door out onto the porch were closed still, all so that Max would actually eat something before he went charging off over the obstacle course in the garden.

“Have you checked to see if it’s still up?” Harry asked, even as he scooted around and pulled back the edge of the curtain to look.

“We did check and it seems fine and sturdy.” Nasta told him.

“Mummy!” Braiden called out. “Bo da!”

Harry smiled adoringly at his son. “Bore da, Braiden. Good morning.”

“Bo jor!”

“Bonjour, Braiden. Good morning.”

“Ciao!”

“Ciao, Braiden. Good morning.”

“Ciao!” Tegan copied.
Harry actually gasped in surprise. “Ciao, Tegan. Good morning.”

“Ciao, Tee!” Braiden greeted his sister.

“Ciao!” Tegan giggled.

“What have you done, Blaise?” Harry laughed.

“I’ve successfully taught them a new greeting.” Blaise said proudly, looking at the kids with such a smug look on his face.

“I can see that. They’re all so amazing.” He sniffed, brushing away his eyes. He was so happy that they were growing and learning.

“What they do now?” Max asked, stumbling into the room, scratching his naked belly.

“Tegan is greeting us in Italian.” Harry said. “Happy birthday, lover.”

Max gave him a grin, but Braiden took his attention by repeating his daily morning ritual that included three languages now.

“Why’s it so dark in here?” Max demanded, as they’d known that he would. “It’s eight in the morning, all of these curtains should be open.”

“Breakfast first.” Nasta said.

“Who cooked it? I saw Harry leaving the bedroom not ten minutes ago, so I know it wasn’t him and he’s the only other person in this house who is able to cook.”

“Your grandmother sent over pancakes with Myron this morning.” Nasta said. “She knew we wouldn’t want you cooking and guessed that we would have had a late night.”
“Yes!” Max cheered. “Today is starting to look really good.”

“Harry, do you want some?” Nasta asked as he stood to go in the kitchen.

“No, thank you. I think I just want more tea and a banana please.”

Nasta nodded and didn’t press. He had been doing really well for the last few days, no one wanted to ruin that progress by urging him to eat more and then having that progress ruined by another thunderous bout of morning sickness.

Harry instead watched his mates eating their fluffy pancakes while he nibbled on a banana and sipped at his second cup of tea.

“Are all of those for me?” Max asked, peering into the smaller living room and spying the pile of presents.

“You know that they are.” Blaise teased. “No one else has a birthday today.”

Max stuffed the last of his pancakes and he went charging into the other room, dodging toddlers like a pro.

Instead of penning in the kids, Nasta had had the genius idea of penning in the pile of presents, so Harry had to laugh when Max had to climb over a fence to get to his gifts, but it had stopped the curious, inquisitive babies from destroying his birthday presents.

“Come on! I want to see what you’ve all gotten for me!” Max complained as his mates took an age to reach him.

“You’re so childish.” Draco laughed.

“You knew that when you met me, love! You can’t complain about it now.”

“I didn’t have any part in choosing you, that was all on Harry.” Draco insisted.
“But…you love me, right?” Max asked, a rare glimpse of insecurity poking through.

Draco’s expression softened. “Of course I do. You might be an overlarge, childish prat sometimes, but I adore you still and I wouldn’t change a thing about you.”

“Not even farting in bed?” Max laughed, remembering that talk.

“Okay, maybe a few things, but they’re all relatively minor.” Draco amended.

Harry had to laugh at that. “There’s nothing any of you can do about one another, it was my choice and I chose perfectly.” He insisted.

“That you did, Caru.” Nasta told him. “Max, open your cards.”

Max nodded and he did as he’d been told, still grinning. He would chuckle to himself every now and then, even as he opened and read cards from family and friends. Max had a lot of family members, and he had a lot of friends too, all the cupboards and all the windowsills were covered in cards and it took Max almost half an hour to open and read them all.

In that time Harry had placed both his twin girls in baby walkers, just to keep them safer, had broken up a fight over a doll between Calix and Regan, and drank another cup of tea with Leolin snuggled into his neck.

Max moved on to his presents and again, he had a lot of family and a lot of friends and as a result he had a lot of gifts, from clothes and novelty tee-shirts, to a little plush doll from Julius that looked an awful lot like Harry, right down to the tiny red zigzag on its forehead.

“I love this!” Max declared as soon as he realised that it was a soft, Harry doll. “I’m sleeping with this every night.”

“You’ll have to.” Harry sniffed. “You won’t be getting the real thing.”

Blaise laughed and Max joined in. “Aw, love. Come on, it’s just a gag gift, my family are experts at winding one another up, I mean, Caesar gave me a china tea set!”

“You love that tea set though.” Harry pointed out.
“Yeah, I do, but he didn’t know that I would. He gave it as a gag gift, like Uncle Julius has given me this.” Max said, dangling the Harry doll by its little arm. “It’s meant to garner a reaction, that’s what makes giving gag gifts funny. If you actually show that you love it, it takes all the wind from the person who gave it. Julius is going to be watching later to see how this doll was received, and truly, I do love my little doll, I’m going to keep it in our bed so I can cuddle it always.”

“That is not coming in our bed!” Harry cried out, shivering at the sight of the big, wide green circles that were supposed to be the doll’s eyes. “Put it in the wardrobe, I’ll have nightmares waking up seeing that looking back at me.”

“Ma.” Leolin said, a curious note to his voice. Harry looked down at him, but Leolin wasn’t even looking at him, he was looking at the doll that Max was dangling.

Harry was actually surprised into being silent as he watched Leolin study the little doll. “Ma.” He said again before he reached out for the doll. Max handed it over immediately and they all watched in awed silence as Leolin held the doll and then brought it to his chest to cradle it.

“You see.” Max said, breaking their stunned shock. “Gag gifts always have their place. Leolin now has his favourite person in the world in doll form that he can carry around with him. It’s useful to us, like the tea set is. This will just choke Julius when he sees that Leolin loves that doll.”

Harry bent and kissed Leolin’s head, watching him as he cuddled with his doll likeness. Maybe, like the blanket that he had slept with to cover it with his scent, having a doll version of him that he could always carry around with him would help to settle Leolin down and help him to gain a bit more independence, or at the very least help him to put up with his Fathers’ attentions when usually he only allowed Harry to fuss over him.

“Here, Nasta.” Harry said, shifting forward and gently transferring Leolin over to his arms. Nasta had all but dived forward to receive his son and Leolin went easily and without fuss, or much notice, as he was far too busy staring at the green circles that the doll had for eyes. Harry had to admit that Julius had managed to get the colour almost spot on.

Once Max was done with opening the plethora of gifts, now including books, work journals so that he could write down all his potions notes, potion ingredients, including some rare and obscure ones from Blaise, food, sweets, chocolate and even a very handsome leather case from his grandfathers on Richard’s side that contained a beautiful set of very expensive quills.
“This is the best birthday ever.” Max declared, looking over his horde.

“You say that every year.” Draco pointed out.

“It’s true every year.” Max argued. “My birthdays only get better as I age.”

Harry chuckled. “Well, we do hope that this birthday will be the best ever, the four of us have one final gift for you.”

“Really?” Max asked, his excitement ramping up yet again. “Where is it?”

“This way.” Harry said with a grin, standing up and taking Max’s hand and stepping over the playpen first. “Close your eyes.”

Max excitedly did as he’d been told and Harry led him carefully through the field of toddlers that kept getting underfoot. Blaise had gone right for the camcorder, to record Max’s first reaction, and Draco and Nasta followed them as Harry led Max to the kitchen and a simple wave of his wand had all the curtains rushing open.

Harry grinned at the massive inflatable obstacle course in the garden, even as he unlocked and slid open the backdoor.

“It’s outside?” Max asked curiously.

“Yes, keep your eyes closed.” Harry said sternly. “Left foot up and over.” He directed as he looked at Max’s feet. “This is one day where you don’t want to be nursing an injury.”

“Why not?”

“You’ll never win for me that way.” Harry said sternly.

“Win for you? Win what?”
Harry checked to make sure Draco and Blaise and Nasta were all standing behind him, where all four of them would be able to see Max’s face.

“Okay, open your eyes, love.” Harry said and he watched as Max snapped his eyes open and the confused furrow in Max’s brow eased off as he realised what he was looking at. He stood stock still for a moment, Harry counted eight heartbeats before Max reacted and he got the biggest grin on his face.

“Is that…?” He asked.

“A giant inflatable obstacle course for adults? Why yes it is.” Harry said proudly, with a big grin.

Max let out a loud yell, cheered and he ran straight for it, leaving his four mates still on the porch to laugh at him. Blaise had turned with the camcorder to record Max’s first go on the obstacle course.

“I knew he’d love it.” Harry said with a grin.

“He’s going to be exhausted by the time we go to bed.” Nasta sighed. “Looks like I’ll be doing all of the work.”

“That’s nothing new.” Blaise said.

Harry laughed. “You’re recording all of this for future documentation.” He pointed out. “I don’t think I want to scar our children in the future when they watch these tapes back.”

“All the tapes are ruined.” Draco insisted. “There is always some sort of comment on every scene we shoot.”

Harry snorted. “We clearly have no self-control.” He said, sitting at the massive porch table that seated twenty.

“Done!” Max cried out several minutes later from the bottom of the garden, where the finish was. He jogged back to them in double quick time. “What did I score? What was my time?” He asked.
“Oh, were we supposed to time you?” Draco drawled. “You should have said before you went charging off to start. You’ll have to do it again.”

Harry laughed and shook his head. He watched Max go around once more, before he went back inside to look after the kids. They’d be having guests at about lunch time, and there was no way that Max was getting off that obstacle course at all today. He really was going to be exhausted by tonight.

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It was one in the afternoon when they started having their first guests arrive. Harry had sorted out lunch for the kids, assuring Max that it was his birthday and it was completely fine, that no he wasn’t feeling sick at the moment and he was alright to make a bit of lunch for his babies. He only did a bit of chicken breast and vegetables for the kids, stealing bites and nibbles as he helped the kids to eat.

He was still doing this when Myron, Richard and the invited Ashleigh came into the kitchen.

“Harry, darling, it’s so good to see you again.” She said with a soft smile.

Harry smiled back. “It’s great to see you looking so well, Ashleigh.” He insisted, going to hug her tightly.

She had progressed to a place where she was now allowed out of the centre for a day or two, as a sort of little test to check her progress. She had passed such tests before easily, when she was in her own home with her mates, but this would be a bigger test. Harry hoped that she was alright now, that she passed and was finally able to go home with her mates and stay home.

“May I say hello?” She asked a little hesitantly, indicating the eating children.

“Of course, you’re still their grandmother.” He said.

He went to greet Myron and Richard while Ashleigh said hello to the kids.
“Thank you for not holding her breakdown against her, Harry.” Myron told him, hugging him tightly

“She wasn’t well.” Harry said firmly. “If I had gone through the same I would have wanted support and help too and I wouldn’t have wanted it to be continually shoved in my face. My Dracken is calmer around her now too. She needed the help and she got it. It’s now time for her to remember that family can’t be broken so easily.”

Richard hugged him tightly too and Harry moaned. “Not so tight.” He complained. “Thunder hasn’t decided yet if it’s a sick day or not.”

“Thunder?” Myron asked, even as Richard apologised and loosened his hold.

“Thunder, thunderer, thunderess if you listen to Max, though I still say that thunderer is unisex. It’s what we’re calling the baby because of the violent morning sickness he or she is giving me.”

“I…has that name stuck?” Myron asked.

Harry nodded. “Even the guys are calling the baby thunder now. I’m looking through all the baby name books I have for a name that means thunder now.”

“Oh, thank Merlin.” Myron sighed. “I thought you meant the baby’s name would actually be thunder for a moment.”

“It might be yet.” Harry laughed and winked. Richard laughed with him.

“Sweet one!” Alexander called out as he came from the living room. “How are you feeling?”

“Very unsettled and on the borderline of being sick, but I’m okay.”

“Where is our birthday boy Maxie?”

Harry laughed and pointed to the visible obstacle course. “Where do you think? He hasn’t come
off that thing since we showed it to him this morning. He’s got Blaise recording him and Draco timing him and he’s roped Nasta into a contest already to see who’s faster. He won’t believe that Nasta keeps winning.”

Richard laughed. “I have to get in on this, I’ve been dreaming of this obstacle course since you mentioned it to me.”

“Go and say hi.” Harry said. “Don’t think you have to wait for permission to go on that thing either, its upper weight limit is ridiculous and it’ll take up to forty people at once. Go have fun.”

“It’s going to rain in the afternoon.” Myron said worriedly.

“I’m counting on it.” Harry grinned. “At the first hint of rain I’m covering that thing in washing up liquid and letting the rain do its thing. It’s going to be amazing!”

Richard laughed and hugged him gently before taking off to the garden, his mates and his in-laws following. Harry heard him shouting his greeting to Max, he heard the challenge to Max and a minute later Nasta came in through the back door, sweaty but happy.

“Did you let him win at least once?” Harry asked.

“No. I was going to as it’s his birthday, but when I dropped off and let him go in front he gloated so badly that I couldn’t let him win after that.”

“Nasta.” Harry sighed, shaking his head. “It’s his birthday! Let him gloat and win a few races.”

Nasta snorted and came to hug him. “How are you feeling?”

“A little sick now.” He admitted. “I don’t think thunder is going to let me go on the obstacle course, not today.”

“I’m sorry the baby isn’t settling.” He said sincerely. “Sit down and I’ll get you some tea.”
Harry nodded and he sat at the end of the table. The kids were almost done eating and Harry monitored them critically for signs that they might choke. Of course there was mess and food everywhere, that had become normal at mealtimes now. Regan even had squashed broccoli in his hair. Harry made a mental note to try and comb that out after lunch and even as he watched, Calix picked up a slice of carrot and squashed it tightly in his fist, giggling as the orange mush was forced through his fingers. He shook his head, it was a lost battle and now he and his mates just left the kids to it, as long as most of their food ended up in their mouths, he didn’t care that his babies wore their food like face paint or hair accessories. It drove Draco mad though, at least until Narcissa had shown him a picture of himself sat in a booster seat and what looked like an entire plate of, what they’d been assured was cottage pie in his hair. He’d calmed a little since then, knowing how polite and mannered he had grown to be, he was now more assured that the kids could be taught too, just not quite so young.

Nasta set a cup of tea down in front of him and Harry sipped at it gingerly, keeping it in his hands so that no flying bits of food landed in his cup. That had happened before and he’d almost choked when he’d swallowed a baked bean that had been floating in his cup.

There as a loud cheer from outside and Harry chuckled.

“T’m glad we got that inflatable monstrosity for him.” He said.

“He’s certainly getting the most out of it, he hasn’t come off yet.”

“Who hasn’t come off of what?” Caesar asked as he walked in with baby Beatrice.

“Oh, Caesar, we’re glad you could come.” Harry said with a grin…they hadn’t told Caesar about the obstacle course either.

“I…I’m actually scared of that look on your face right now, what’s going on.”

“I hope you’re feeling active.” Harry giggled.

“Now I’m really scared.”

“We hired Max an inflatable obstacle course for adults for his birthday.” Nasta said, nodding to the kitchen window where the colourful inflatable was blocking out the sun. “He’s already challenged me, he’s challenging your Dad right now, as soon as you get out there, you’ll be next.”
“That’s so cool! Here, have a kid.” Caesar said, handing Bea over to Nasta and taking off outside.

“What was that?” Amelle asked, carrying Nora into the room just as Caesar ran out. She clocked Nasta with her daughter immediately, but didn’t say anything about it.

“We got Max an inflatable obstacle course…Caesar is obviously just as excited as Max.” Harry giggled.

Amelle rolled her eyes, but placed Nora down when her daughter squirmed and struggled. “He’s going to be like a big kid all day.” She said.

“We’ve set up a crèche area for the kids, taking their playpen outside and penning in the kids play area, so they can’t get hurt or go near the obstacle course, if you wanted to put Nora in there now, she can have the run of it for ten minutes.” Harry said.

Amelle nodded and she took Beatrice from Nasta and then took hold of Nora’s hand and led her out to the garden.

“We’re not going to have any peace.” Nasta sighed. “Wait until Sanex comes over, and Idris. This is utter lunacy.”

Harry chuckled. “It’ll all be over by tomorrow. The guys are coming back to deflate and take that thing away tomorrow afternoon. Until then, Max is happy.”

Nasta nodded and came to sit beside him, kissing him happily. “Is the tea helping?”

“I think sitting down is helping more. Of all days to protest movement, it’s Max’s birthday. At least I baked his cake yesterday.”

“You should have let me order him one. It would have still been special.”

“Nothing is as special as lovingly handmade.” Harry said. “I was feeling fine yesterday too. Even with the afternoon romp and nap, and dinner was amazing too. It’s today that this has started. Maybe I ate too much yesterday.” He said consideringly.
“Just rest for a little whi…”

“Down!” Calix demanded, interrupting Nasta and waving his messy hands about. “Mummy, Daddy, down.”

Harry chuckled and Nasta shook his head, grabbed the pack of baby wipes and he started cleaning a protesting Calix off with several of them before unbuckling him and setting him on his feet. Their son took off over the kitchen floor, much too fast, he fell just before he reached the door. Harry half rose, but Calix was unperturbed by his fall and he just started crawling instead on his hands and knees and out the back door.

“Crazy that boy.” He said with a smile, sinking back into his chair, watching as Nasta took more baby wipes to all of the kids, picking bits of food out of their hair, and in Regan’s case out of his ear, before he set them free one by one, leaving Farren for last, as he’d wanted apple slices after his lunch and none of the other kids had.

Harry hoped that someone had popped them all into the crèche area as they all filtered out of the kitchen one by one. The mental image of that made him giggle and he shook his head when Nasta turned to look at him curiously. He was in a very strange mood today, a rather silly, fun mood. It was a damn shame that he couldn’t act on it.

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Two hours later and the kids were all down for their late afternoon naps, all apart from Farren, who wanted to stay with his granddad Myron, and Leolin, who wanted to stay awake with his ‘Ma’ doll and was being fussed over by Kimberly.

The heavens had opened and Harry was as good as his word. He’d kicked everyone off of the inflatable course and he’d used a dozen bottles of washing up liquid that he’d bought just for this moment, to cover every inch of it, from start to finish. At least he’d sort of had a go on the inflatable course as he carefully walked all over it and climbed the obstacles to cover it with the liquid as the rain came down and made the entire thing a slippery, slimy hazard.

“Try and beat the course now!” He’d declared to the grown men and women who were as excited as kids at Christmas.

“Your mate is awesome, Maxie!” Nicodemus declared, getting ready at the start for Nasta to signal
the start of the race. “A genius too for thinking of this fun way to use the rain so it doesn’t spoil the day!”

“Don’t I know it!” Max said back, giving Harry a gooey eyed look.

Harry dropped his collection of plastic bottles for the recycling to the grass to pick up later, and he waved at Nasta in the drizzling rain, getting soaked himself, but he didn’t care. He was not missing this for the world.

“Aright, the course is set, please try not to break any bones, it’s a backyard contest and there’s no prize if you win, so don’t kill yourselves or each other.” Nasta insisted. “Feel free to drag down other people and throw them over or off of obstacles, however claws, fangs and wings are not permitted, so keep your Drackens under control.”

“Let us go, Nassa!” Idris whined from where he was bouncing in eager anticipation. “We already know the rules, you’ve been saying them all day.”


It was a shambles and Harry almost pissed himself in laughter as a dozen people took one step onto the inflatable and face planted it when their feet went from under them. Everyone was slipping and sliding, their arms windmilling to try and keep their balance and clinging to some of the obstacles to keep their feet.

Harry couldn’t breathe from laughing and he clung to Nasta, who’d come to join him at the finish to declare the winner, while Blaise was on the porch, in the dry, the camcorder aimed at the inflatable, watching the slipping, sliding people.

“I can’t…I can’t even breathe!” Harry giggled, panting and wheezing as he watched Cepheus slip and take out three other people like dominoes.

“This was definitely the best idea, I’m glad you thought of this.” Nasta laughed himself as they watched Max go sprawling as he slid down a slide and he just didn’t stop at the bottom. He couldn’t get his feet, he couldn’t slow down and he just slid straight into the next obstacle and Harry almost fell about laughing.

“Oh, Merlin.” Harry laughed, trying to catch his breath. “I’m going to call it a draw and watch them go back on again, this is too fun.”
Nasta was full out laughing when his brother hit a patch of washing up liquid and went skidding into Nicodemus and Richard, taking the both of them out. Harry burst out laughing again and the urge to go for a wee grew.

“This was genius, sweet one.” Alexander told him, keeping the main bulk of runners in his sights.

“I can’t even breathe.” Harry laughed, watching as more runners went sliding and tumbling.

“Richard’s getting trampled.” Myron smirked as he watched his mate continually fall and slip, his arm was around Ashleigh as she laughed so hard she had tears streaming down her face as Idris came over the one obstacle and fell on top of Richard. Harry looked for Farren and saw him in Draco’s arms, safe and dry on the porch.

It was anyone’s game when they reached the uphill obstacle, that Harry had emptied three full bottles of washing up liquid over. No one could get up it and despite the ropes to ‘help’ no one could climb up it. Harry was laughing so hard that he couldn’t see through his tears and he had wet himself a little. He just couldn’t stop himself and all of his muscles had relaxed and some wee had dribbled out before he could regain control of himself.

The race finally ended and it was slight, slim Caesar who had won. Amelle had run to him to congratulate her mate and he’d picked her up and spun her around, ignoring his soaking wet, slimy shirt and shorts that were plastered in washing up liquid and soap bubbles.

“Where are my mates to congratulate me?” Max whined when he finally finished.

“You lost!” Draco called out from under the dry porch. “I’m not running out into the rain with you as slimy and filthy as you are to congratulate a loser!”

“I survived!” Max called back. “That should be enough.”

Harry laughed again, wheezing and crying. He wasn’t going to send them back on to the course, he could barely breathe now, round two would have to wait until after the cake. He needed to catch his breath first.
Round two had turned into round three, four, five and six. Caesar had won the first round, Nicodemus had won the second, Max had been absolutely brutal to win the third round, catching up to Richard and throwing his own Father from the top of the obstacle and back down the uphill climb to knock several others over like bowling pins and Richard had had his revenge by yanking out Max’s foot and scaling past him to take the fourth round. Sanex had won the fifth round and then their winner, taking two rounds, was Caesar, who had wormed past both his Father and brother, then taken out Cepheus and then Julius to steal the win.

It was almost pitch black when they had to finally call a stop to the tournament. It was the greatest day many of them had had in a long while, and all the laughter and the fun had definitely been needed.

Harry was settled down with a cup of tea, a fussing Eva in his one arm as she refused to go to sleep, despite the fact that it was coming up to ten at night. He’d tried everything, more milk, a fresh nappy, singing lullabies and reading a story, but she was not happy.

“Is she teething?” Draco asked from the settee adjacent to him.

Harry sat forward and placed his cup on the coffee table and he checked. He hadn’t thought to check her for signs of teething and sure enough, another little dot of white was coming through at the bottom.

“You’re right, Draco, look!” He said as he showed his clamouring mates the little speck of white around the inflamed gum. “Max, go and get some of that gel, please. Maybe she’ll actually sleep if she’s not in any pain.”

“Sure thing, lover.” Max said, putting his own cup down and going to his potions case in the kitchen, where it was in the highest cupboard that no one could reach.

Harry took the tube of gel and he used a baby wipe to clean his finger before he smeared a blob of the gel over the emerging tooth, making sure to rub all the way around it to soothe and massage the gums too.

Eva had dropped off to sleep before any of them had finished their tea now that her pained gum had been soothed and Harry sighed in relief, just happy that his daughter was finally getting the rest that she needed.

“How is the thunderer?” Max asked him.
“Quiet, thank Merlin.” Harry answered. “I feel fine, I feel happy and healthy and not at all sick. It has been a good day.”

“I’ll agree to that.” Max said with a grin. “I’m exhausted and I’ve pulled several muscles that I didn’t even know I had.”

“Serves you right for treating a small backyard game like a conquest of war.” Draco laughed.

“I can’t believe Caesar won.” Max pouted.

“He is smaller and lighter than you are.” Harry soothed. “I saw your muscular weight dragging you back down some of those obstacles and Caesar just flew over them.”

“Yeah.” Max said, smiling a little at that thought. “That must have been it.”

“I’m sure it was.” Nasta agreed.

He and Nasta shared a look and Harry hid his grin. As long as Max was happy, he didn’t care.

“When does it need to be cleaned?” Max asked.

“Tomorrow morning now. You can have a few more hours on it, they aren’t coming until two in the afternoon, so the kids will be hopefully down for their naps and out of the way.”

“Yes!” Max cheered. “I can’t even believe you thought to do this for me. You’re the greatest mates in the entire world.”

“And don’t you forget it.” Harry teased.

“I won’t, not ever. I love you all far too much.” Max declared, coming to sit beside him and kissing him.
Harry smiled softly at him and sighed. “I think it’s time I put this little princess up in her bed. I don’t think I’ll come back down, I’m really not feeling the stairs.”

“I’ll carry you, hold on.” Max insisted, standing again and going to drain the last of his tea. “I’m exhausted after today and I know tomorrow I’m going to be sore. I was playing on that thing for twelve hours.”

Max picked up Harry, who had a hold of Eva and he moaned as his sore muscles protested.

“Don’t you dare drop them or you’ll be sleeping in a guest bedroom.” Blaise warned seriously.

“I’m not going to drop my precious, beloved cargo.” Max insisted. “I might not move from our bed tomorrow, but what’s a few pulled muscles in the bigger picture?”

“A bit of pain after a day of laughter and fun.” Harry answered what was likely a rhetorical question. “Oh, and cake!”

“Your cakes are to die for.” Max said seriously. “I’m glad that you took the time, even when you aren’t feeling your best, to make me a birthday cake. It was fantastic.”

“I was feeling alright yesterday, it’s today that all this has started, our thunderer is adamant that we know that they’re there.”

“We know you’re in there, baby, you just need to calm down a little.” Max whispered to his belly.

Harry smiled and he was set on his feet as Max climbed the stairs and took them into their bedroom. Harry went to the two cots beside their bed and he placed Eva into the empty one.

“Sleep peacefully, sweetheart.” He said gently, tucking her in. He checked on Ave before he started undressing. Throwing his clothes in the direction of the hamper for Draco to pick up when he came up to bed.

Max joined him and the two of them settled almost naked into the bed. They both still had their boxer-briefs on.
“I am so glad today that we did all of that romping last night.” Max said as he just held Harry tightly in his arms. “I don’t think I can move tonight.”

“You don’t want birthday celebration sex?” Harry giggled.

“Technically I had it last night, as we were still going at it at two in the morning. I just don’t think I can handle any more exercise.”

Harry chuckled. “Whatever you want to do, Max. It’s still your birthday and if you just want to cuddle and sleep, we’ll cuddle and sleep. There’s always tomorrow night.”

Max laughed quietly. “I want to have sex. Of course I do, I always want to enjoy my mates and their beautiful bodies, I just don’t think my body is up for it.”

Harry laughed himself and turned onto his side slowly and carefully, so he didn’t startle his thunderer into causing him to vomit, and he cuddled up to Max’s chest.

“It’s okay, I don’t think the baby will let me have at my mates either. I can’t move without feeling sick. So I guess it was the best idea to have dinner and sex yesterday, because I wouldn’t have been able to do either today. I couldn’t even have fun on the inflatable because I was feeling sick.”

Max sighed and bent his head to kiss him. “It won’t last, love. It never does. You’re in the second trimester now, it should ease off in another few weeks.”

“If it sticks to my other three pregnancies, yes, but what if it’s different this time?”

“If it is then we’ll help you through it and support you always.” Max declared firmly. “We’re your mates and nothing is as important to us as you. We will help you, gorgeous, though anything and everything.”

Harry smiled and he closed his eyes, relishing being in Max’s arms and just happy that he’d made his birthday as happy and as entertaining as he could.
“You were wrong, Blaise, they’re both fast asleep.” Harry heard Nasta announce quietly some time later.

“I’m not.” Harry said gently. “My belly is unsettled.”

Nasta came straight to him then and placed a hand on his bare shoulder.

“Do you need the bathroom?” He asked seriously.

Harry shook his head. “No. I think I need to lie on my back, though.”

Nasta carefully, and ever so slowly, helped him to turn until he was on his back.

“Is that better?”

“I don’t even know.” Harry sighed. “Maybe.”

Nasta left him where he was for a moment while he undressed and Harry scooted to the edge of the bed.

“Bathroom?” Blaise asked, coming to hover over him.

“No, but I do think it would be best if I slept on the edge of the bed tonight, just in case I need to make a quick break for our en suite.” He said, looking at the open en suite door which was closest to him.

“That might be the best idea.” Nasta agreed, even as Blaise climbed in behind him, settling between Harry and Max, who was snoring softly. He really had been worn out today.

Harry settled himself and he felt better being on his back and he stroked the bump softly and slowly, soothing the baby within and hopefully his stomach too. Damn raging hormones making him as sick as a dog. He sighed and calmed himself, it was all for his baby.
The bed dipped as Nasta climbed in on the other side of Max, Draco in front of him so that he was on the other edge of the bed, so he could get out quickly if he needed to, to help Harry if he had any sickness or vomiting in the night.

Max was right, Harry thought to himself as he watched all four of his mates drift off while he was stroking his bump to soothe his stomach...he really did have the greatest mates in the entire world.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Another chapter done and posted. I love this chapter too, it’s so fun and I would love to have a go on this course, washing up liquid included, though I likely would break a bone somewhere. Though at least Max enjoyed it, even if Harry couldn’t. He’s not having an easy time of this pregnancy with the thunderer, though it could always be worse.

I have two more chapters now, lovelies, so we’re still going well with our Dracken spree, but it looks like I’ll be back in work now. My sick note runs out tomorrow and I’ll be back in work for the weekend. I’m still not feeling great, but I no longer feel terrible either. I’ve got to try and get back to normal now. So after these two chapters are posted, possibly three as I might finish chapter 116 too, the updates will start slowing up again and we’ll no longer be having one a week, but for now my inspiration is strong and as long as that stays with me, our Dracken spree won’t be ending anytime soon.

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry settled himself and he felt better being on his back and he stroked the bump softly and slowly, soothing the baby within and hopefully his stomach too. Damn raging hormones making him as sick as a dog. He sighed and calmed himself, it was all for his baby.

The bed dipped as Nasta climbed in on the other side of Max, Draco in front of him so that he was on the other edge of the bed, so he could get out quickly if he needed to, to help Harry if he had any sickness or vomiting in the night.

Max was right, Harry thought to himself as he watched all four of his mates drift off while he was stroking his bump to sooth his stomach…he really did have the greatest mates in the entire world.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Fourteen – Courtroom Crisis

As Harry came up to twelve weeks pregnant, and the court case was coming to its inevitable end, things in the courtroom took a very nasty turn and the accusations against him were coming thicker, faster and harsher. Everything he’d ever done, from being accused of dying his teacher’s hair blue, to climbing school buildings, to scaring neighbours and every accusation of criminal damage that Dudley had committed but he had been blamed for, it was all brought up in court. He tried to defend against all he could, as best as he could, but the stress was getting to him as he hit his fourth consecutive day in court this week and the Dursley’s lawyer, Mister Chorley, was getting him more confused and more muddled by jumping from accusation to accusations, from showing evidence and reading out witness reports and Harry was so confused by the rapid changes of topic that he was getting mixed-up and upset. He did blame his hormones for how easily he was getting emotional, as he was feeling teary lately, but now was not the time to let his hormones, his emotions win. He needed to remember the three Cs that Draco had taught him in preparation for this trial, be calm, confident and concise. Unfortunately he felt neither calm, nor confident and he was too muddled up, almost to the point of panic, to be concise, or even vaguely clear in the words that he spoke.

Richard tried to soothe him and calm him while they were on their little breaks, and on the longer one that they had for lunch too, but sometimes it just wasn’t enough and the brutal attacks in the courtroom undid every soothing word that Richard had spoken to him.
Harry hated it and despite Richard’s assurances that the Jury would see and know what the Dursley’s lawyer was doing, Harry wasn’t so sure, they were only members of the public after all, what if they didn’t see that Mister Chorley was speaking so quickly, was flinging accusation on top of accusation in order to confuse him? What if they didn’t realise what he was doing and only saw Harry stuttering and stumbling over all of his answers? Or thought that every time he asked for a question to be repeated, listening to Mister Chorley tut and scoff, that he was just stalling for time to think of a suitable answer?

He couldn’t stand the stress, he couldn’t stand the agonising pressure. He didn’t want to do this anymore, but there was nothing to be done about it now, he had agreed to be put through a cross-examination and now he had to stand by that decision. He couldn’t just decide halfway through it that he no longer wanted to do it.

It was so, so difficult though, he wasn’t used to this and he kept getting muddled up and he’d answer yes when he meant no and he would get confused and he would contradict himself, and Mister Chorley would savagely use it to his advantage when Harry needed to correct himself, asking him which story was true, which version of his tale would he like to use, painting him out to be a liar, putting in little quips that reminded the Jury that he had to contradict himself often, or that he kept changing his answer or his mind about what had ‘supposedly’ happened and how he was obviously so traumatised by such events that he couldn’t even remember the details, but it wasn’t true, he was just confused, feeling rushed and pressured, he was panicked and almost breathless and he was getting disorientated and lost. He was ruining his own trial, his own chance at justice and that thought almost broke him.

“Harry.” Richard called out. Harry looked up at him, startled, almost having forgotten that he was even there. “Take a breath please, Harry, you’re going red.”

Harry sucked in a deep breath and his head stopped spinning, the room came back into focus and he realised that he was hyperventilating.

“If I could please insist that the honourable gentleman to my right stops throwing my client into a panic attack.” Richard said with a firm bite to his words.

“Perhaps if your client had kept his made up, wild stories straight he would be able to answer the questions posed to him.”

“Perhaps if you posed your questions in an understandable manner then he would be able to.” Richard said back mildly. “Even I’m getting confused about some of the things you are asking after, and how rapidly you’re asking them.”

Harry saw what Richard was doing, not only clearing things up with the Jury, but giving him some time to catch his breath and calm down. He had needed this moment and he was much calmer, and able to breathe properly, when Mister Chorley harrumphed and turned back to him.
Harry tried to keep his head this time, he tried to keep breathing evenly and he refused to allow the lawyer to muddle him or confuse him, or force him to rush his answers either. He remembered to take a breath, he remembered to reply slowly, in a more concise manner. He remembered Draco’s three Cs. It came easier to him now that he was actually thinking and breathing. He was still stressed, he was still pressured, but he was dealing with it better now that he had had a moment to calm down. He was grateful to Richard for that.

Blaise had to stare at the little face in front of his own for several heartbeats before the name came to him.

“Braiden, eat your peas, please.” He said encouragingly.

“Okay, Daddy.” Braiden replied, smiling at him, before moving his spoon to his untouched pile of peas.

It was getting easier, he was getting less headaches and he hadn’t said the wrong name for a while now, even if it did take him several seconds sometimes for the name to come to mind. He was recovering, he was getting better. And his mates all celebrated his small achievements with him, even if it was just a day without a headache, or putting a name to a face a little quicker than the day before.

He still had appointments to keep with Healer Aeneas Narkissos Odell, the specialist neurological Healer at Saint Mungos, but even he was impressed with his progress and how well he was recovering. It had to be because he was a Dracken, and not just an ordinary wizard.

“Daddy, I’ve eated my peas.”

Blaise looked and he took a breath. He’d just had this name, he knew it! He knew he did.

“Well done. Good boy…Braiden!” He called out happily, the name coming to him after another few moments.

He turned back to his little daughter, one of the twins, to spoon bluish-purple goo into her mouth. She had been sat there with her mouth open, waiting patiently for him to notice her and prod the spoon back into her mouth. Eva…her name was Eva.
“Sorry, baby girl. Daddy got distracted.”

“Dada.” Eva burbled, before sitting forward with her mouth open, trying to reach the spoon.

Blaise moved it to her mouth quickly, watching a she took the lumpy goo from the tiny spoon and chewed on it. Whatever the goo was, Max had made it with cooked vegetables and a hand blender. The girls really did love his colourful, vegetable mush.

“Daddy, I’m done.” One baby called out to him and he once again took his eyes from Eva to look at a new face. He flitted through names, trying to fit one to the face.

“One moment, Regan.” He said calmly.

“How are you doing?” Draco asked, coming into the kitchen sans Leolin.

Max was in work until four and Nasta had been called to an emergency at the Welsh dragon reserve as a female dragon had started killing her hatchlings and the reserve had called in all hands on deck to save as many of the hatchlings as they could. Nasta would be back as soon as he could, he’d said. Harry was away too, he was back in court and they all hated it. He was going for a scan now that weekend and they all hoped that the baby’s heart rate had come down to a more average rate, none of them liked that Harry was so stressed at the moment that it was affecting the baby.

Blaise knew though that Harry was still very stressed and pressured, in the courtroom especially, and there was nothing that any of them could do about it. They tried to keep him relaxed and happy at home, but there was only so much they could do when he was facing court every day with the end of the trial approaching. This week would be the last of the trial, if everything went according to plan that was, and then Harry would be free, but he wouldn’t truly relax until the Jury delivered their verdict. Blaise just hoped that after all of it was done and those monsters went to prison, that Harry could relax and let go of the stress that he felt, and that it wasn’t too late for the baby to reverse the accelerated heart rate.
“Where’s…?”

“Leolin? He’s down for the count, I put him in the bassinet. Are you okay out here?”

“Yes, I think…Braiden and…Calix! I think they’re done.” He said, happy with himself for putting a name to the little face grinning cheekily at him.

“I think they are. Come on.”

Draco got the pack of baby wipes that they kept in the kitchen for after meal cleaning and he wiped down both boys, one at a time, before hefting them down from their booster seats.

Blaise went back to feeding the goo to Eva and he smiled, very pleased with himself. He was still having some problems with names, but his memories were coming back to him slowly and now it only took a moment of thinking before he put a name to a face. He was getting much better and though frustrating, it was just something that he had to deal with, complaining and grumbling about it never made him feel any better and it didn’t help his recovery in the slightest, he just had to get on with it.

Once they’d gotten lunch out of the way, Blaise cleaned up the kitchen while Draco went to play with the kids a little. He joined them once he was done and he sat on the floor, this time he kept…he kept Calix in his view, as the little monster liked to smash toys into his head and he couldn’t afford to go to bed with a headache reliever now and leave Draco on his own. The blond would never cope with all eight of them alone. Well…seven. Leolin didn’t count now as he was fast asleep. Hopefully the kids would all go down for their naps too, nice and easy so that he could have a bit of a rest. He hadn’t even had time to have a coffee at all in the last three hours and he was gagging for one.

A little girl came and occupied his lap, a penguin coming with her and it took him only a moment to remember her name.

“Hello, Tegan.”

“Daddy, ee ana, ee baska.”

“I’m sure you speak Welsh like your Daddy Nasta.” Blaise told her. “Maybe she’s mumbling in Welsh?”

“Daddy Ast.” Tegan repeated, looking around for the man in question, frowning when she didn’t see him.
Draco chuckled. “I have thought of that before, but I’m sure Nasta would have noticed and mentioned it to us if she were. It’s just her own little language that only Harry seems to understand.”

“He is the only one of us to speak Parseltongue, maybe that’s why he can understand her.”

The both of them laughed at that, knowing that it wasn’t true. She was just a special little girl and she had her own words for things. She would learn, she already was, and soon her little language would fall away, like all baby gibberish did, until then they had to continue to guess at what she was saying.

Thankfully the kids all started dropping off, starting with the younger twin girls and then Regan, then Braiden and Farren, who had had a rather unsettled night, and their Calix was the last to drop off, which was nothing unusual. Draco was the one to carry them up to their nursery as they dropped off one by one and Blaise took the time to grab a coffee, a much needed coffee as he inhaled the deep, rich scent of it slowly, deeply, savouring it and he sighed happily. He’d needed this.

“Got mine?” Draco asked with a smirk as he came into the kitchen to join him.

Blaise reached behind himself and picked up Draco’s mug of tea, handing it over.

“Come on, let’s go and sit in the living room, Leolin’s still in there and its cleaner.”

“I needed this break.” Blaise laughed.

“You and me both.” Draco agreed. “They’re getting quite the handful now that they’re all almost two.”

“Just three more months and we’ll have six two year olds running around. I really think we are crazy sometimes.”

“I’m sure of it now.” Draco agreed, sitting down on a settee.
Blaise chose to sit beside him, curling up his legs and resting against his mate with his coffee.

“One big, happy family.” Blaise chuckled. “With serious emphasis on big. I can’t believe we’re getting our ninth child in the New Year.”

“The baby could come before the New Year. It’ll be viable from November onwards.”

“Oh, I hope Harry doesn’t leave us on our own for Christmas and the quintuplets’ birthday.” Blaise moaned.

“I would if I were him.” Draco laughed. “Out in my nest alone, in the peace and quiet, doing nothing but primping and preening, waiting for the baby to come.”

Blaise snorted with laughter. “When you put it like that then it’s almost a certainty that he will. I think I would too with all the excitement and noise that Christmas will bring and with those five turning two as well, then with Eva and Ave turning a year old in January. I wouldn’t put it past him to stay in his nest for those two months to miss out on all the drama and hectic noise.”

Draco laughed and squeezed him with the arm around his shoulders and down his chest.

“He wouldn’t want to miss any of that hectic madness, though.” Blaise sighed. “We want the quiet, but he welcomes the noise and the mess and the stress. He’s definitely a weird one.”

Draco chuckled. “He is, but then aren’t we all? I might need to keep things clean and neat, but I’m fine with the noise.”

“I’m fine with the mess, I just need some quiet time now and then.” Blaise laughed. “Maybe we are all weird, in our own ways, but we all fit together. We complement each other.”

“Except for Max, he’s weird in a lot of ways.”

Blaise laughed at that, trying to muffle himself so that he didn’t disturb Leolin.
“He does make us laugh every day.” Blaise allowed once he’d stopped laughing.

Draco smiled then, as he thought about it. “Yes he does. I suppose it does take a special person to be able to do that.”

“Very special.” Blaise agreed.

They lapsed into silence, just enjoying their small break while they had it, as it would only last an hour or so.

After their first cups of tea and coffee, they had a second together and they once again basked in the glorious silence of a quiet, peaceful house.

“How are you feeling?” Draco asked him several minutes of peace later.

Blaise considered the question and sipped on his coffee as he thought.

“It’s been a good day.” He answered softly. “I haven’t had too many lapses and I’m getting quicker at putting names to faces. Sometimes I know a name, but I fumble it and I can’t get it out of my mouth, on other times I just go blank and can’t think at all, but I am getting better.”

“I never meant to hurt you.” Draco said sadly.

Blaise smiled. “I know you didn’t. When we go feral, there’s nothing anyone can do about it. I know you didn’t mean to hurt any of us, that’s why you’re still here with us. We’ve forgiven you, and Harry and I will recover in time. We’re getting better day by day and one day we’ll wake up and realise that we’re fully healed and this incident can be fully put behind us at last.”

“I’m so happy that you’re all so forgiving. I was devastated when I came back to myself and realised what I’d done to those I love. Those anger management classes really helped too. Now it’s just the therapy to get through.”

“I’m doing well with that too.” Blaise said with a smile. “I’m going to be signed off soon.”
“Truly?” Draco asked happily.

Blaise nodded. “Another lesson or two and I’ll be signed off. Nasta too, I would imagine. Harry has a lot to talk out, so he might be the last. His Mind Healer is involved now as well and he’s finally getting the support that he needs.”

Their conversation was cut short when the floo flared. They knew it could only be one of their three missing mates, so they weren’t surprised when Nasta came back, covered in dirt, soot and filth. He had a raw and weeping burn on his arm and another one on his bare side, right down to his hip. The one on his arm was actually dripping with a clear fluid…blood plasma. The one on his side was singed at the edges of the wound, as if he had been barbequed.

“Damn it, Nasta, can’t you stop getting burnt?” Draco demanded. “Harry is going to lose his shit when he sees you.”

“I’m going to shower now and try and hide it until he’s settled.” Nasta sighed. “I had to save those hatchlings though, they’re newly born and they don’t deserve to be eaten by their own Mother because the fools at that reserve didn’t feed her because she was up in the mountains. I swear I take a short break to support my family and that place goes to seed.”

“I’ll find Max’s burn salve. It’s a shame he’s not here to apply it too, I don’t know what to do.” Blaise said.

“I’ve watched him enough times, I can do it myself.” Nasta insisted. “Are the kids all napping?”

Draco nodded. “Yes. They went off easily and we even got Farren to sleep, though that’s likely because of his broken sleep last night.”

Nasta nodded.

“Do you want tea too?” Draco asked after looking at him for a short while.

“When I get out of the shower.” Nasta said, accepting the tub of burn salve that Max made especially for him from Blaise and he went off to the downstairs bathroom, just outside the living room to clean himself up and cover his burns.
He hadn’t told his mates that he had another one on his leg too, a burn which was chafing and smarting under his jeans. He should have gotten changed into his flame-retardant dragonhide clothes that he wore as a uniform while at the reserve, but he hadn’t been thinking about himself when he’d gotten the message about the rampaging female eating her own hatchlings.

He hissed as the water hit his abused skin, trying to ignore the stinging pain as he used his hand to gingerly clean himself off. He didn’t use any cloths or soaps, just his hand and the water. That hurt enough and he sucked in air through his teeth.

He didn’t dawdle, once he was clean enough he got out and patted himself dry, taking care with the raw, weeping sores. He hated getting injured at work, not least because it worried his mates senseless, but because it damn well hurt. He dabbed the burn salve onto his burnt skin and tried not to cry at the pain of it as he covered the skinless wounds. As it was it did bring tears to his eyes.

Safe in the knowledge that the kids were all asleep, he padded naked up to their bedroom to get into a pair of small shorts. He had said that he would hide this from Harry until he was more settled, but the only way he could think to do that was to remove himself from the house. Perhaps if he went up to his attic office and claimed to have paperwork to do, which wasn’t entirely a lie, he did have some paperwork to finish off, but he would much rather lie in bed and let his body heal. He hated that taking his mate’s blood wouldn’t heal injuries caused by dragons.

He went back down the stairs and he saw Blaise and Draco clock the paste covered area on his leg. “You repaired your jeans over the burn.” Blaise said tightly, his face pinched with worry.

“It’s alright, you need to heal.” Draco told him, handing over a mug of green tea. The first sip made him feel much better. “We’ve got the kids covered. Max will be home soon, Harry too, so we’ll be fine on our own for a while. I will take Max aside if Harry is home first and I’ll send him to go look at you. Just in case. We’ll call you when Harry is nice and relaxed.”

“Thank you, Cariad.” Nasta said, taking his mug, giving Leolin a soft touch as he walked past the bassinet, and he removed himself to his attic office.

He hoped that Max didn’t lay into him too hard, he was feeling very tired now and he wasn’t up to an argument. He hoped too that Harry remained calm and that he went back to being relaxed as soon as Nasta reassured him that he was going to be fine by tomorrow morning, as always. Harry truly didn’t need the added stress of this, but he hadn’t done it on purpose and it’d had to be done if those little hatchlings had had any hope of surviving their Mother’s ravenous hunger. He just hoped that he could convince his protective mates of that too, that he’d had no choice but to save those hatchlings, as he couldn’t have allowed them to be eaten in front of him, regardless of the risk to
himself, but despite that, he still had not gotten himself injured on purpose and he hoped that his mates realised as such, he hated that he was the cause of their worry, that he could be the cause of Harry’s stress increasing. He would work to settle them down now that he was feeling better and his burns had been tended.

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It was going to be a very long day. This was going to be his last day in court, and so he had agreed to stay here, on the stand, until it was finally over. Unfortunately this meant that he probably wasn’t going to get home before four O’clock. He had only seen his babies once today, that morning, when he’d eaten breakfast with them and then gone to get himself dressed and ready for court.

He’d left the house at nine, gone to Richard and Myron’s, though Ashleigh was there now as well, and she’d managed to push more tea and a piece of toast on him while Richard rushed about and made sure that he had everything that he needed in his work case while Myron called him a disorganised sloth. Apparently Richard had been ‘overenthusiastic’ in his joy at having Ashleigh back home and he hadn’t packed his case last night, like he usually did.

They followed their normal routine now, Richard would take his arm and carefully Apparate them to the narrow alleyway, they would walk out onto the street and go to their little café to order a coffee to go, Harry would have a decaf coffee now that he was pregnant, and maybe a muffin or a fruit tart if he was hungry still. They would reach the courthouse for half past and then Harry would sit on a smooth, polished bench that made him feel like he would go sprawling every time he shifted even slightly and they would wait for their case to be called at ten sharp.

It was two in the afternoon now, his babies would be down for their afternoon naps, if they had decided to sleep that was. Farren usually skipped his naps, he always had done, and Calix was impossible to get to sleep and he wouldn’t stay asleep for long either as he was afraid that he would miss something while he slept. He hated not knowing how his own children were. He didn’t like being away from them for the whole day, only seeing them at breakfast and then coming home to them having their dinners. Today was going to be worse if it carried on into the late afternoon. He probably wouldn’t get home much before their bath times. The thought made him want to cry, but he sucked it up and he calmed himself down. This wasn’t the place to show such weakness.

“Now, Mister Potter, we have a statement here from a Miss Marjorie Dursley, your Aunt.”

Harry wanted to deny that she was in anyway related to him vehemently, but he instead sat quietly, watching the lawyer as if waiting for him to continue. He was once again glad for the drop of calming draught that Max had given to him that morning, even if the taste had had him almost running for the toilet to be sick.

“She insists that you were a terror, a delinquent who put a massive strain on her brother, Mister Dursley, and his wife. She says that you were rude, ungrateful and, I quote directly ‘a bad egg’.”
Harry waited for the lawyer to continue, but it seemed that he was waiting for some sort of reaction from him.

“What is your question?” Harry asked politely, after almost a full minute of silence.

“Would you agree with this assessment of your character, Mister Potter?”

“Of course not.” He replied. “Though she would call me all of those things and worse whenever she came to visit.”

“Why was that if it wasn’t true?” Mister Chorley asked in a silky way that reminded Harry of Snape at his most cruel in the classroom.

“For the same reason that the neighbours believed it, because they’d been told a pack of lies about me every day and no one took the time to find out the truth. No one wanted to get to know me as a person and instead of seeing what was actually in front of them, they believed the lies told about me. Marge only came around for one week every summer when I was a teenager, it was the only week in the year that I saw her and she saw me in person, everything else she heard was from them, over the phone.”

“Why would they lie to your Aunt about you?”

Harry took in an extra deep breath and he swallowed hard. It hurt his throat. “They lied to everyone about me, making me out to be emotionally disturbed, a delinquent, a criminal. Someone who others wouldn’t want to be near. It was a way to stop people getting close to me, to stop them from wanting to get to know me so that they wouldn’t see the cuts or bruises, the too large clothing or the trainers that were falling apart. It stopped anyone from seeing how unhappy I was with my home situation. Once they had told their lies, no one wanted to come near that odd Potter boy, they avoided me, they averted their gaze from me, they were blind to me and how I was suffering. It was perfect really, how easily those lies covered their abusive actions, it created a way for them to continue hurting me without anyone noticing, because once you’ve been labelled as a criminal, as mentally subnormal, no one wants to notice you.”

There were low murmurs and Mister Chorley looked nervously to the Jury before snapping his head back to Harry. If he’d thought for one minute that Harry was a weak pushover because he’d been abused, then he was so very wrong. He had four loving, supportive mates waiting for him at home to help him through this. He had amazing in-laws who were willing to treat him as if he was
their own son. He was stronger now, more secure, happier. He could do this. He could put his past behind him with the conclusion of this court case, he could finally heal and he wanted that more than anything. He wanted to move forward, to look to his future, and soon, very soon, as short as a day or two according to Richard, he would have that freedom.

“Your Aunt insists that you were always rude to her and would smirk and sneer.”

“That is generally what one does when their dead parents are being insulted.” Harry replied quickly. “She even accused my Father of being a drunk driver and of killing himself and my Mother in a car accident. That was the lie that they told everyone about my parents, trying to discredit them and myself in the process. I didn’t even know how my own parents had died until I was eleven years old. They weren’t killed in a car crash at all, they were murdered by a madman who also tried to kill me.”

“Is that why you were so disturbed as a child? Is that why you had all those nightmares? Not because my clients were ever unkind to you, but because you had survived such a horrible attack that had killed your parents.”

“I was fifteen months old when that happened, would you expect me to remember anything that had happened? As I said, I had no idea how they had died until I was eleven and I was told the truth of it by someone else. Until then I had believed the story that they told everyone else, that they’d died in a car crash.” Harry said a little savagely. “I was not a disturbed child, I was abused and I was having nightmares because I was being forced to live with the people who continually hurt me, padlocked into a room that I couldn’t get out of. It was worse than being a prisoner, because at least prison cells have toilets and their prisoners are fed three times a day. That’s more than I ever got. Some days were so bad that I started rationing what little food I was given, making a cache of bread slices or overripe fruit and only allowing myself to eat a quarter of it, despite how starved I was, just in case the next day I got nothing. There were times when I wasn’t even let out of that tiny room for days on end. That got so bad that sometimes I was forced to urinate in a corner of that locked room like an animal because they refused to let me out, not even when I banged on the door and shouted that I needed to use the bathroom! They just ignored me and left me in that room.”

“May I petition for a short break to give my client a moment?” Richard asked, standing.

“I will allow this.” The Judge said.

Harry only realised then that he couldn’t see, that his vision was blurred and he was crying. Richard came to get him and gently led him out of the room and to another one just down the hall. As soon as the door was closed Harry found himself wrapped up in a tight hug.
“It’s alright, sweetheart.” Richard soothed him, stroking his head and his back, holding him close with one arm around his back.

Harry cried harder and he shook his head. “It’s not. It’s not okay, none of this is okay. I shouldn’t have been treated like that. It shouldn’t have happened and I just want to know why. Why did they treat me like that? Why did they hate me so much that they abused me? Why?”

Richard just held him closer and let him cry, getting out all of the bad feelings and the hurt before they had to go back into the courtroom.

It took Harry long minutes to settle himself down, to get a hold of himself again after his crying fit. He felt lighter, better, once he was done. Though he was sure that he looked a right mess. Richard took out a handkerchief and mopped up his face for him, smiling at him gently.

“Are we feeling better?” He asked gently.

Harry nodded. “I can’t believe I just blurted all of that out. I just…I was just fed up and it all came out on its own.”

“It was the truth, and here, we don’t have the luxury of keeping dignity or false modesty. It does us no good to keep back facts through embarrassment. I know it’s hard to say such things, but the court needs to hear them. They need to know everything that you’ve been through.”

Harry nodded again. “I know, but it doesn’t make it any easier to say. I don’t like this, I really don’t.”

“It’s our last day, sweetie. I know it’s hard, but you only ever have to do this once and today is our last day in court. You will never have to do this again, you will never be questioned about it again. We’ll get through this last session now, a few more hours, that’s all, and then you can go home and never worry about being on the stand again, being questioned or cross-examined ever again and in a few days we will get the verdict and then you will never, ever have to come back. It will all be over and you won’t even have to think about this court case ever again. Just a few more hours, sweetheart, I know that you can do it.”

Harry smiled then, brushing his eyes once more. “Thank you.”
“Think nothing of it, son. Now, are you ready to get back in there?”

“Am I allowed to go to the bathroom first?”

“Of course, come on. You can splash your face with a bit of water too, it’ll help cool you down.”

“And get rid of the puffiness around my eyes that I’m sure is there.” Harry agreed.

Richard smiled sadly. “It won’t be much longer, Harry. He won’t have a lot left to cover now. A few more hours and I’ll tell those boys to spoil you rotten myself. Have you been able to eat any of your chocolate?”

“A fair bit of it.” Harry smiled as they reached the toilets and Harry went to relieve himself.

“Nasta hasn’t started fretting over it?”

“I think he’s just glad that I’m actually eating something, I went through those few days of feeling so sick that I couldn’t eat and I could see that they were all worried, so he’s not been so bad lately. I’ve been on a bit of a health kick too and that has certainly put me in his good books, so he’s more lenient with me and my treats.”

“Oh, now this I’ve heard about.” Richard said, laughing. “Eating Nasta out of his fruits. Did it start with your little revenge plot?”

“It did actually.” Harry laughed, coming out of the stall and going to wash his hands. “The baby got a taste for fruit after that little revenge plot and now I’m on a health kick, interspaced with what I’m calling treat days where all I eat is junk.”

“Max called us and he updated us about you and your health kick. Myron was very approving.”

“I’m sure the baby’s Nasta’s, just from the health kick.” Harry giggled. “I’ve already told him that it’s his fault. Not that he cares, I think he’s rather proud about it.”
Harry cupped his hands under the tap and he splashed some of the water onto his face and he checked himself in the mirror after he’d dried his face with a wad of toilet tissue, making sure that all of the water was cleaned up and that no tissue was stuck to his face.

“Come on, Harry. Let’s get back to the court and get through this last push. If you need another break, just signal to me and I’ll call a break. The Judge won’t say no to you.”

“I just feel like I’m dragging it out more by going for breaks all the time.”

“You’re not. If you need a moment then you need a moment and there’s nothing that anyone can do about it.”

Harry nodded and he took a deep breath to steel himself. “Okay, I’m ready.” He said. “Let’s get this over with. I need cuddles after this.”

“Baby or mate?” Richard teased.

Harry chuckled. “Both.” He insisted.

They made it back to the courtroom door and Harry took another several deep breaths and then he nodded again. He followed Richard back into the courtroom and when Richard sat at the table, he carried on and slipped back onto the stand, his shoulders back and his head held high. He had nothing to be ashamed of, he had been a child, unable to defend or protect himself. He had no reason to be embarrassed over what he had suffered through at the hands of those people, none whatsoever. It had not been his fault, it had been theirs for treating him as they had, as less than an animal and they were not going to get away with it. Not now that he had set his mind to receiving the justice he deserved.

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Dain watched worriedly as Kailen paced and raged in their manor home, looking at the letter from Eitri with furious eyes.

“That he dares use Leolin against us, Dain!” Kailen seethed. “I have told them that I do not want the position. I do not want it, so he threatens and blackmails us with our own family!”
“He is desperate, Kailen. The new laws are…”

“I don’t care how desperate he is, Dain! To threaten me, me!”

“Think instead how Trefor would have felt.” Dain said calmly, watching as just the name of their Fae calmed Kailen down and stopped his pacing mid-stride. “How would you feel if he had been here and he was subject to these law changes? How do you think he would have felt about them?”

Kailen grit his teeth. “He would have hated them. I hate them, of course I do! But that isn’t the point, Dain, he has threatened us with the loss of the only family that we have left!”

“Eitri’s methods are…drastic, I admit, but his letter speaks true. You are the only hope the Faes have, Kailen. No one else can be trusted, but I trust you. He trusts you.”

“Why don’t you do it??!” Kailen demanded, though they both knew the answer.

“I’m an Unseelie, Kailen. I’m not well liked because I prefer to keep myself to myself and all my business private. You were always more sociable, it was always you and Trefor going out to the drinking house and to see shows, interacting with the citizens. I would prefer to stay at home with a book, or in the gardens by myself and if I was to go out, the both of you usually had to drag me reluctantly. I’ve never been much of a people person, Kailen and you know it. I would not win enough votes.”

“I’ve never wanted this responsibility, Dain. I don’t want to do it.”

“I know that you don’t, Kailen, you have more than made your feelings and thoughts clear on the matter, but you are not being given a choice. Can you really say goodbye to Aneirin, Idris and Nerys? To Nasta and Sanex now that we’ve met them and they are talking to us? Could you really turn your back on the first Faerie to be born into our line since Karin?”

“You know that I couldn’t.” Kailen growled, spinning on his heel and setting off his pacing again. “That doesn’t mean that I enjoy being blackmailed, Dain! Surely there is someone else who would be better suited to the position, one who actually wants it?!”
“Kailen, you know that there is not. We can’t pretend anymore that this situation is not dire. We have to assume the worst now. Sindri is not improving, it has been two moon turns already and he has not gotten any better. Someone needs to be ready to slip into his place and we cannot allow it to be Donella or Alston.”

“Alston would never get voted in.” Kailen scoffed.

“He has been asking the citizens for support. Of course it is in bad taste while Sindri still lives, but he is getting others thinking of where their support might lie if the worst does happen. We can send as many messages to the gods through the sacred elder trees all we like, but unless the Healers can do anything, then Sindri will not recover from this illness. We cannot let anyone take over the court who would do harm to our family.”

“Eitri would not dare harm…”

“I am not speaking of Eitri, Kailen.” Dain cut in sharply. “What would happen to us if Donella, or Alston, got the head position?”

“We would be executed as traitors to the court.” Kailen sighed, knowing it to be true.

“So we would lose our lives and our family, but worse than that, Kailen. What would happen to Leolin then? They would try to take that babe from his own family and keep him here, he would be raised by strangers, perhaps ill-treated because of who his parents are, or should I say what they are, much like young Ezrah. He could die as a result of the upheaval.”

Kailen sat down then, heavily, and he put his head into his hands.

“They would never get to Leolin.” Kailen tried.

“But what sort of life would he have being an outcast of his own family’s City? He would never be able to come here, he would never see the graves of his family, he’d never be able to live here, and if anything went wrong and Harry and Nasta needed information, or a Healer, they wouldn’t be able to get it. Leolin would never get to see the house of worship or be inducted into the faith, he’d never find a Faerie partner to settle with, would you put him through that? Even without Eitri’s threats to tell Harry and Nasta, we would have still had to do something, Kailen, because if they win, Leolin would be lost to our City and we would be lost to him.”
“I’m not good enough to do it, Dain.” Kailen fretted.

“You are, dear heart.” Dain soothed. “You are one of the very best Valkyries in this entire City! You are kind and caring, to both Valkyries and Faes and that is what is needed. You are the most like Sindri in thought and action, you need to carry on his work in his absence.”

Kailen swallowed. “But what if I try and I fail?”

“It can never truly be a failure if you have tried and given your all.” Dain told him sagely.

Kailen sighed, his shoulders slumping. “I have no choice.” He said simply. “I am truly being held at sword point to do something I do not want to. I might even fail to achieve the objective of this farce and then what? Will Eitri carry out his little threats to tell Harry and Nasta?”

“You are well liked, Kailen.” Dain soothed.

“I don’t have what it takes to lead a City!” Kailen said.

“You’re more capable than you think.” Dain told him.

“I don’t want to do this, Dain.”

“I know, my dearest, I would do it if I could, in your place, but I am not well liked, it is the nature of the Unseelie. You’re brighter, and yes, you snap and snipe at times, but only at those who deserve it. You are more liked than I am, you are more sociable, more caring. The people will respond to you, Kailen, in a way that I could not achieve. I will help you, of course. We have supported one another for how many centuries now? I would never think of abandoning you at this time, dear heart. You are my everything.”

Kailen smiled then. “I have no choice. I cannot lose my family so soon after reconnecting with them. Not Harry and Nasta, not Maximilius, Draco or Blaise, not Aneirin or Sanex, Idris or Nerys. Hywel and Dai have been in contact recently and even Nesta’s husband, Urion is curious to meet us. Leolin will need us too, we cannot lose them, or allow them to lose their link to our City. I have to do it, but I am so glad to hear that you will stay beside me through this.”
“I love you, Kailen, I have for many centuries now, I would not leave you to go through this alone, and neither will Eitri.”

Kailen’s hand clenched tight at just the thought of the golden headed Fae.

“You may not like his methods, Kailen, but it needed to be you and no one else, he is intelligent enough to have realised that. He is putting all of his support in you, he would vote for you, and for Eitri to show that level of trust in anyone, why, you should be honoured.” Dain teased.

Kailen snorted softly in laughter. “I do not want his trust to be misplaced in me, I could yet fail. You know that not everyone is adverse to this devolvement back into the old way of life and the older generations outnumber the younger.”

“Kailen, trust that you can do this.” Dain said, reaching forward and taking the hands of the man he loved so fiercely. “I know that you can do this, believe it yourself. I will help you, our friends will help you and we can make Warren your personal guard if you wish. He has ever been a friend to us both. You will be cared for and protected and we will still support and love you, but you need to do this, for our City, for our family…for Leolin.”

Kailen sighed and his head dropped as he looked at his hands in Dain’s.

“I have no choice but to do as instructed. I cannot lose our family, but if you ever leave me to struggle through on our own, I will exile you to the furthest reaches of this planet that I can find.”

Dain laughed and pulled Kailen forward so that he could kiss him.

“I would never leave you to struggle through alone. We have been through far too much, dearest heart. I would never forgive myself if I abandoned you to this workload, this pressure, alone.”

Kailen nodded. “I will still pray that Sindri recovers, but in the meantime, we must plan, Dain. As you said, Donella cannot take the head of the court using the words of Talfryn and we cannot ever allow Alston to take the head of the court. If no one else is willing to step up to do what is right, then we have to, for the sake of the Faes and our Leolin, who Eitri correctly points out in his letter could be a Fae himself. We had an Unseelie Fae for a son, the combination runs in our blood and Leolin could turn out to be a Fae himself. We cannot allow these laws to continue passing unopposed when our own grandson could be subject to such laws in the future.”
Harry and Nasta would never allow him to come here with the City in such a state. Eitri is right again with such observations.”

Kailen swallowed heavily and he took in a deep breath. “I will do it, but I will need you by my side, Dain. I am more sociable, but I never know what to say in such situations.”

“I will never leave you, dear heart.”

Kailen smiled then. “I love you Dain Talarin.”

Dain chuckled. “And I love you Kailen Aldaren.”

Things were changing so rapidly, it was almost too quickly to process for them. As Faeries they were more used to doing things nice and slow, this rapid change of terrible events and even worse laws being passed through the courts, it was too much to take in and their City was changing too much, far too quickly.

It was very unsettling, more so for their Fae citizens, who were now back to being oppressed and silenced after enjoying their freedom and their rights. They knew that Eitri in particular had been attacked several times already since Sindri’s illness had become widely known. A dozen other Faes had reported similar treatment and now many of them were too afraid to leave their homes, but even there their Valkyrie Fathers and brothers were oppressing them, in some cases at least. It was time for this to stop, once and for all.

Kailen would take the head of the court, if he was voted in by the citizens of course, which he would be as in Dain’s opinion there was no one better for the position, and he would make safe the City for all citizens, Dain was sure of it, no matter their gender or denomination, for as long as he could. Kailen was five hundred and three now, he had the potential to live for another two hundred years or so. Then they would have to find another who would look after all citizens, not just the Valkyries, and not just the Faes either, but both denominations and all citizens of all ages, Faes and Valkyries, Seelies and Unseelies, males and females of all combinations. It was only right, and it was needed. He just wasn’t too happy that it had to be Kailen, who did not want to do it, but he understood the reasoning behind such blackmailing and coercion on Eitri’s part, and despite disliking it, neither he nor Kailen would be able to hold it against the golden Fae. He was very young, he was scared and he had been attacked numerous times already, he just wanted to be safe in his own home, in his own City, and he truly trusted Kailen to keep him safe, enough so that he would back Kailen and put his vote to him. It truly was a high honour from the reclusive, distrustful Fae and despite the underhanded way that Eitri had gone about this whole thing, Dain did understand his thinking and why he’d done it. He would be able to forgive Eitri for this, because he believed in Kailen and he loved his family, and because he understood why Eitri had felt the need to do as such. He was five hundred and sixty-five, he had lived for a long time, he knew such desperation that drove Eitri to threaten his friends, he had hoped that it would not be needed, but Kailen had needed a push. Dain agreed with Eitri full heartedly, there was no one else that they could trust to carry on Sindri’s great work. It had to be Kailen, it had just taken Kailen a
while to understand that as well as the rest of them.

It was coming up to four in the afternoon and Harry was well and truly fed up and completely drained. He’d had two more small breaks in another room with Richard because of emotional breakdowns and he had a headache from his tears. He just wanted to go home and cuddle with his mates, but he was still on the stand, still being accused of being a liar and a delinquent, from the Masons, to Marge, to some of Dudley’s old friends, the rat like Piers Polkiss and big, blond, stupid Gordon.

“Now, tell me again why you had these big, intimidating men threaten my clients in a train station?” Mister Chorley asked.

“They were friends of my parents. They found out that I was being locked up in my bedroom when they came to get me on the second of August nineteen-ninety-five and I told them why and a little of what had been happening to me. They convinced me to pursue a criminal court case against them when I was too scared to do so and unsure about everything. It has been really intimidating being here, telling the life I lived through to strangers, but it’s also the right thing to do, because those people deserve to go to prison for what they did to me. It won’t make up for the horrors that I was put through, nothing can ever erase those memories or make up for what I suffered through during the time I was with them, but seeing them punished for what they did is a start, and it will help me gain closure on that part of my life. A part that should have been fun and happy and filled with laughter and adventure and the innocent wonder of all children, but for me, it was a daily nightmare of being scared and abused. Thanks to those people I never had a childhood. All the things I should have experienced, I never got to. I spent my earliest years locked in a cupboard, I was forced to do chores that were not only beyond my ability, but were also dangerous. As I got older, and too big for the cupboard, I was moved into Dudley’s second bedroom and I got locked into that instead. As I got older I started being hit more often, I got less food and more time confined in my room. They were supposed to look after me and keep me safe, and I don’t know why they didn’t do that, I don’t know why they took one look at me, a fifteen month old baby, and locked me in a cupboard. I never knew why they hated me so much or why I was abused and mistreated. Why? Why did you do that to me? What could I have possibly done that warranted that sort of treatment from you?” He pleaded with the silent, pale faced Dursleys. “What did I do as a fifteen month old orphan that made you want to hurt me and lock me away?”

Harry brushed more tears away, but he no longer cared about crying. He had cried more times on the stand in the last four days than he had throughout the entire trial. It really was brutal and emotional and being three months pregnant didn’t help in the slightest.

“That was not what I asked you, Mister Potter.” The lawyer told him, trying to salvage what he could of what was left of this case. “I asked why you set a dozen men onto my clients in a train
“I believed I had.” Harry sniffed, trying to regain control of himself. “They were friends of my parents and they found out about the abuse I was suffering through. I would also like to point out that there were three of them, not a dozen, and one of them was a woman. I never asked them to talk to the Dursleys. I never wanted anyone to know such awful, humiliating things about me, but they found out anyway and I had to tell them something, so I let them know a small bit about my home life, that I was locked in my room for days at a time and they didn’t like that I was being treated in such a way. I imagine it must be a terrible thing, to find out that a child you know is being mistreated and abused by their own family. They warned the Dursleys off and I never went back to that house. Instead I was taken away and I wish I had said something years before, when I was still a kid, but I was too scared to say anything. I was sure that other people knew what was happening and just didn’t care. I thought that they knew about it, that they could see what was happening, and that no one cared. I wish now, looking back, that I had been able to gather the courage to say something sooner, but I was a child and I didn’t know any better and I kept begging that it would stop, that I would be treated as their own son was, that I would be loved and it…it never happened. When I was sixteen, I realised that nothing would change, they were always going to treat me terribly, they were always going to abuse and hurt me, so I left. I knew that I would have to see them again in court, but since I left them that day in the train station, after I’d come home from school, I hadn’t seen them until the start of this case.”

Harry stared at the lawyer, daring him to say that he hadn’t answered the question this time. He was fixated on that incident in the train station, as if being spoken to by Mrs Weasley, Max and Nasta about the terrible treatment he had endured somehow made up for everything that they had done to him over a decade and a half. It didn’t. It didn’t even come close.

“If you are done with my client.” Richard cut in after a rather lengthy pause.

The lawyer looked at Richard, then to Harry, then to his clients. He seemed to shrink and Harry knew what was coming. He had utterly failed in his attempt to get the Dursley’s a lower, more lenient sentence and he knew that he had failed.

“No further questions, Your Honour.” Mister Chorley said heavily and Harry almost sunk into his seat with a sighed breath of utter relief. It was now after four O’clock, he couldn’t wait to go home.

Richard gestured to him and Harry stood and he left the stand, going back to Richard and sitting back in the chair at the table. He all but ignored the closing words, then the Judge telling the Jury to go away and deliberate on their verdict based on the evidence that they had seen in the courtroom.

Not too long after that they were dismissed and Harry wanted to cheer so badly that he ducked his head to prevent it. Richard packed up so quickly that there was no way that he had packed anything
in his case away nicely, or in any semblance of order. He stood and Harry stood with him and Richard placed a hand on his shoulder and steered him out.

“I bet this feels good.” Richard said as he led him out into the daylight.

“So good.” Harry said happily. “I hate that it’s half four now. I’ve almost missed out on the entire of my babies being awake! They go to bed at six and Leolin, Eva and Ave will already be asleep.”

“We’ll get you home now, Harry.” Richard said gently. “I know it isn’t ideal and not what you’d want to be doing, but it’s all over now. You only have to come back to hear the sentencing, and even then you don’t have to go, I could come back and tell you.”

Harry shook his head. “No, I came through all of that. I’ve done the hardest parts, I’m not going to hide away from the easy bit.”

Richard snorted and smiled. “Sometimes the verdict can be the worst part, or certainly the most nerve-wracking. No one would dare say anything if you wanted to skip it.”

“I would be nervous if I was there or not, at least if I was there it would be several minutes less fretting as I’d hear it immediately, directly and I wouldn’t have to wait for anyone to come back and tell me. I want to see this through to the end, no matter how nerve-wracking.”

Richard nodded and pulled him into a sideways hug as they walked.

“How about a treat? Do you want a muffin or a coffee to take home with you?”

Harry thought about it, but he shook his head. “I’m too tense to eat, I think. I just want to hug all of my babies and kiss each of my mates. I want to go home and know that I never have to do that ever again. I want to sit on my settee, with my honey tea and relax for what will feel like months.”

Richard smiled and they walked right past the café. “Whatever you want now, Harry. It’s time for you to relax and know that you never have to do that again. You can relax until the verdict is announced, and then it will finally be over for good.”
Harry heaved a huge sigh and he smiled. “I feel lighter already.”

Richard held him tightly as he side-Apparated him back home. Harry almost bounded up the porch steps and he got out his key from his pocket and he opened the large front door, Richard laughing behind him.

“Harry, is that you, Bello?” Blaise called out.

“Who else?” Harry replied. “How are you? Where are you?”

“Living room.” Blaise called out and Harry backtracked, going down the left hand corridor and to the smaller living room.

“Where are the kids?” Harry asked, looking around for any of his babies, he even peeked into Leolin’s bassinet, only to find that it was empty.

“They’ve been fed and now Draco is doing the last of the baths. It’s been a hell of a day. Come sit down, I’ll get you tea and we can swap stories. Would you like one, Richard?”

“Only a small one, son. Myron will want me home in time for dinner. He hates eating alone and Ashleigh had to spend overnight at the hospital. She is improving greatly, but they won’t let her out full time until they sign her off.”

“I’m so glad that she’s getting better. She was so excited to see Eva and Ave.” Harry smiled as Blaise went to go make the tea.

“She didn’t stop gushing about them all day.” Richard laughed.

“Hopefully she’ll be better in time for Christmas, or the quintuplets’ birthday at least. I’d like her there.”

“We’re actually hoping for before that.” Richard said with a wide smile. “She’s improved so much in the last few weeks that we’re all hopeful that she’ll be home before her birthday.”
“Really?” Harry asked. “That’s great!”

“Yeah, we’re trying not to get our hopes up, but it really is coming to the end of her rehab now. She’s so much better for it too. She’s more like the vibrant young woman who attracted me and Myron in the first place. The woman who would tease Myron until he was red in the face and laugh with me as we rolled around the floor with our kids. We’ve missed her so much, we just… we never really realised that she’d slipped away from us until she’d gone and couldn’t come back. It was so subtle, across so many years, that we only realised that she wasn’t herself when she got the help she needed and the woman she once was came back out. These last several weeks with her have been amazing.”

“I’m so happy for all of you, and I’m very proud of Ashleigh for all the work she’s done to get herself back to how she should be. I’m so glad.”

“Here you go.” Blaise said, coming back in several minutes later with a tray of tea.

“Where are Max and Nasta?” Harry asked. “Why aren’t they helping? Or at least down here keeping you company?”

Blaise sighed. “Please stay calm, but the both of them were injured in work.”

“How? Nasta wasn’t even in work today, what happened to him?” Harry asked, trying to keep his voice nice and even, trying to keep calm and not give in to his fear that wanted him to go run around looking for his mates. He was sure if he weren’t so emotionally drained and exhausted after his last day on the stand, and his last day in court, then he would have immediately leapt up and gone to chew out both of his mates.

“Max had a cauldron blow up in his face and Nasta got called into an emergency and he has the usual burns from the rampaging dragons. He’s put the burn salve on himself and he’ll be fine by tomorrow, as he normally is. Max went to peek in on him, and to score some blood, and he says that Nasta will be fine by tomorrow. Max is resting from his ordeal, but the blood cleaned him right up, he’ll be fine with a little more rest.”

“Where is he?” Richard asked. “I believe you, I just want to check on him.”

“The both of them are up in bed, Max dragged Nasta there as soon as he came home, but don’t
worry, they really aren’t up for anything at the moment. They’re both in pyjamas and resting, keeping one another company.”

“I’ll go and check on them. Drink some tea, Harry. You’ve earnt a rest and you’ve done so well.” Richard told him.

Richard was worried as he climbed the stairs to the first floor, but not so worried that he was going to go feral or go tearing through his sons’ home to find Max. He knocked on the door to the master suite and he walked into the massive bedroom. It truly was a masterpiece in design, size and comfort. Richard was completely jealous and he smiled to himself.

The two boys were sat up in bed together, both looking as miserable as an old crone.

“I heard you boys had an unfortunate day.” He teased as he walked in and he went straight to his baby, looking at his bruised face.

“Is Harry home? He doesn’t know about this, does he?” Nasta asked, looking so worried.

“He is home and he does know, yes. He asked where you both were as soon as he got through the door. Blaise couldn’t lie.”

“How is he?” Nasta asked, sitting upright and moving to get out of the bed.

“Stay where you are if you like your balls being attached to your body. Harry’s fine. He’s calm and he’s relaxing with tea.”

“He…he’s really alright?” Max asked.

“Well, he’s not alright with you both injuring yourselves, of course not, but there’s not much he can do about it as both of you knuckleheads insist on having dangerous jobs and injuring yourselves in said jobs. Truly though I think today was incredibly hard on him and he’s just emotionally drained. He cried a lot today in court. He did so well, he was amazing, but there were a lot of tears and we needed to stop for several breaks, which is why we’re back so late. Thankfully the case is over now, it’s just the verdict, so please, try and look after yourselves a bit more and pamper the shit out of that boy. He’s going to be nervous enough, dreading the wait until the verdict, without you two idiots going and getting yourselves blown up or incinerated.”
“I didn’t ask to have a cauldron blown up in my face.” Max huffed.

“I know, neither of you asked for it, but still, all Harry wanted when he got home was a hug from all of his babies and a kiss from his mates. He can’t have either as half the kids are already in bed asleep and two of his mates are laid up in bed, injured.”

“We can still walk and move about, it’s just, you know, a little painful.” Max shrugged. “I’ll go give him a massive hug and a kiss now. I’m only bruised and I won’t put the bruise salve on until I go to sleep.”

“I’m fine too. Max checked me over and the burn salve is making everything feel much better.”

Richard looked at the three patches of bright orange paste and he shivered. “It looks nasty.”

“I’ll be healed by the morning.” Nasta insisted. “I saved eight hatchlings today, from their own mother. I did my job and I won’t apologise for it. Of course I wish I hadn’t gotten hurt, the pain almost brings tears to my eyes and I hate worrying my mates when they see the burns, but I won’t give up a job I love, nor the fulfilment I feel from doing such a thankless job and looking after the dragons, just because it’s dangerous and I get hurt sometimes.”

“It still looks nasty.” Richard chuckled.

Nasta ignored him and he slid from the bed, being careful not to smear any of the orange paste on top of the duvet as he moved.

“Hold up, I’m coming too.” Max insisted. “We were only up here to give him a chance to relax and unwind a little after the court case, but if he knows, it seems terrible to keep him in his misery. He’ll only be torturing himself with mental images.”

Richard followed the two boys down and he hoped that Harry stayed nice and calm. For his own sake more than anything, his unborn child had dealt with enough stress in recent months, without his own mates adding on top of it.

“Are you both okay?” Richard heard Harry ask in a small, uncertain voice and he sighed. So much for him not stressing so much.
“We’re going to be fine, Harry.” Max said, sitting on one side of his submissive. “These bruises will clear up in a few days.”

“You know these burns will be gone by morning.” Nasta added gently, sitting the other side of Harry.

“I know, but that doesn’t mean that I like seeing either of you injured. Just like you hate seeing me hurt and in pain after I’ve given birth. You know I need to do it and go through it, but none of you like it.”

Max sighed heavily. “That’s true enough. I am sorry that this happened now, of all times. It just makes it worse that both of us got injured on the same day, your last day in court too.”

Harry nodded, but he smiled too and he reached forward and gently cupped Max’s chin, trying to avoid the bruises, as he led his mate into a deep, but rather chaste kiss. He turned and he did the same to Nasta and then he heaved out a huge sigh and sunk down into the chair, suddenly looking much more exhausted than he’d been before. Richard really felt for him in that moment.

“What even happened?” Harry asked then, looking at them both.

“The idiots I’ve left at the reserve didn’t feed one of the hatchling mother’s because they never saw her. Instead of leaving her food near her hatchling nest, they assumed she was catching her own food in the mountains and didn’t bother. She got so hungry that she started eating her own hatchlings. They’re just lucky that she never started eating them. I was called into the emergency, trying to save as many of the hatchlings as possible and calm down the crazed dragon. We threw nine sheep carcasses in a pile to distract her and then saved as many of the hatchlings as we could. Out of the fifteen hatchlings she had, we saved eight of them, just over half.” Nasta sighed unhappily. “If only they’d been more thoughtful and left just a sheep or a cow for her near her site. I’ve put all of them on probation anyway, for their serious lack of judgement.”

“I was dealing with an outbreak of measles in Scotland, I had several recently signed off newbies with me. The one idiot was jealous that I’d told the girl next to him that her potion was perfect, so he threw in extra ingredients when she wasn’t looking, I saw what he did and I moved immediately to haul the poor woman away before she got injured without knowing anything about it, and I did what I was supposed to do, I put a containment ward on the contents of the cauldron as usual, only the entire cauldron went flying, exploded into pieces which then hit me in the face. I got some deep cuts that taking some of Nasta’s blood cleared up, these bruises were a million times worse before then too, but a bit of bruise salve and a few days and I’ll be back to my gorgeous self again. I did not put the idiot who did such things in my lab on probation, I fired him on the spot and put the
incident down in his Potions journal for all other employers to see. Such juvenile behaviour has no place in a dangerous, professional lab in my opinion.”

“I’m glad he’s gone and can’t hurt you, or other people, again.” Harry said, hugging Max.

“Don’t you worry about me, love. I’m a tough nut and it’ll take more than an idiot trying to sabotage his peers to take me out.”

“Just be careful, the both of you.”

Richard laughed. “I have a feeling that this was them being careful.” He said.

Harry chuckled with him, putting a smile back on his face and Richard was glad to see it.

“Right, you boys look after him now. He did incredibly well for his last day on the stand. Give him everything he wants, and I mean everything.” Richard demanded.

Harry properly laughed then and Richard winked at him.

“I’m going to go keep my own mate company, he really hates eating alone.”

“Say hi to Dad from me.” Max said.

“Course I will. Love you, Max, try not to make yourself even more hideous than you already were.”

“Oi! I’m fucking stunning!” Max shouted back and Richard laughed, taking a handful of floo powder and throwing it into the grate.

“You wish you were! Unfortunately you’re from your Dad’s genes, not mine, so you can never be as good looking as I am!”
Richard flooed away to the shouts of his oldest son and he arrived at home laughing.

“Are you alright?” Myron asked, hurrying out of his little study that connected right to the front room as he heard him.

“Max is far too easy to wind up, he gets that from you.” Richard said. Myron rolled his eyes and his tense shoulders dropped and relaxed. “He says hi.”

“How was court? Is Harry alright?”

Richard fake gasped. “You care more for him than our own son!” He accused.

Myron sighed, as if put upon. “Harry is mated to Max. He is our son. Now how is he?”

“Stressed and emotionally drained.” Richard said, letting go of his laughter and becoming serious for a moment. “He did so well, but a lot of emotions came out today and he’s exhausted. It took us so long because he really wanted today to be his last, and we had to keep stopping for breaks, just so he could take a moment and clean up his tears. It was terrible, that vile boob, Chorley, kept trying to confuse him. He was speaking so fast during the morning, and changing topics so rapidly, that I could barely keep up, let alone our poor Harry. He had an anxiety attack I think, right there in court, so I demanded a break and took him for a sit down and a cuddle. All so that bastard could try and get those monsters a more lenient sentence, he drove our Harry to tears and into panicking so much that he started babbling and he stopped breathing, I had to remind him to take a breath.”

Myron’s huge fist clenched and Richard could see the exerted control on his top dominant not to go seek out Mister Chorley and cave in his face.

“Is Harry alright now that it’s over?”

“It’s not over just yet, My. He’s fretting over the verdict, as we knew that he would. I just hope it doesn’t take the Jury too long to review the evidence and reach a decision. There is a lot of evidence though, I would imagine we’re looking at three to four days at least, and that’s if they all agree that they’re guilty, which of course they should. Those monsters have guilt written all over them.”

“We’ll go and see him tomorrow, love. Take his mind off of things by visiting our grandchildren.”
“Speaking of children, Nasta and Max were both injured in work, which isn’t helping Harry’s stress levels.”

“Injured how!?” Myron demanded with a growl.

“Nasta almost got himself incinerated. He had three nice, big weeping burns covered in burn salve on his body and our idiot son almost got his head blown off by another idiot who he was working with who thought it acceptable to sabotage someone else’s work. Max dived in to save the woman who’d been sabotaged, but the cauldron blew up into a hundred pieces and struck Max’s face and shoulders. Some blood and he was fine, he’s just bruised up like a neglected apple.”

Myron’s head turned so quick towards him that Richard fancied that he’d heard his mate’s neck crack. He smiled and wandered into their kitchen.

“A neglected apple? You are comparing our son’s injuries to an apple.”

“A very bruised apple.” Richard nodded.

Myron laughed then and Richard grinned. He loved that sound so much.

“How does Chinese sound?” He asked as he took the menu from the side of the fridge. “It’s getting late and I really can’t be bothered to muddle through cooking anything. I want to relax with you and let someone else deal with the cooking.”

“Sure.” Myron agreed. “Do you want your usual?” He asked, even as he picked up the phone and started dialling the number he knew off the top of his head. Of course his amazing mate knew the number for their favourite Chinese restaurant off by heart, he was just that amazing.

“Absolutely. Get me a side of Peking ribs too, I’m feeling in the mood to sink my teeth into meat and bone.”

“Do you want me to go hunt instead?” Myron asked, covering the mouthpiece of the phone.
Richard hummed. “No. Chinese tonight, tomorrow we can both hunt.”

Myron nodded and went back to ordering their meal. It had been a long, busy day. Richard just wanted to relax and bask in the knowledge that he had done all that he could for Harry, his beautiful, youngest son. There was no way on this Earth that after that trial that the Dursleys were getting out of prison, he had done right by Harry, he had helped him to recover and put aside his past by standing next to him and getting him justice for all the horrors he had suffered through, now if only he could pass some of his confidence over to Harry and put an end to his agonising misery over the verdict, then they would both be much happier, and their Harry would be a lot less stressed. Just a few more days, that was all it would take, just a few more days and it would all be over for good and Harry would finally be able to move on with his life and let go of all the past hurt. It wouldn’t be long now, but he was sure that it would feel like an eternity for Harry as he waited for his justice to be served…as he finally got the closure he deserved.

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Harry sighed as he tried not to think about his aching bladder. He was back in the hospital for his twelve week scan and he already knew that he had failed to remove all stress from his life and he knew that Healer Almus would not be pleased, but with the court case it was incredibly difficult for him not to stress over it and now that it was over and there was nothing else that he could do about it, only sit and wait for the Jury to deliberate and then deliver their verdict, he was even more stressed now than when he’d been on the stand.

At least Max’s face had healed up and Nasta’s burns had been completely healed by the next morning, he didn’t even have any burn scars. The both of them were sat with him in the waiting room, Blaise and Draco were too, all of them anxious, just waiting for his name to be called.

They were actually in luck and almost dead on their appointment time, just a minute over, his name was called and he leapt up as if he’d been electrocuted. He was so highly strung at the moment that he couldn’t help it.

He groped for a hand and found Blaise’s first, he held on tight and Blaise squeezed his hand back, trying to comfort him as they walked into Healer Almus’ room and Harry set to taking off his shirt and getting some help up onto the examination bed.

“How have you been, Harry?” The Healer asked him, looking him over visually, before waving his wand over him and jotting down the readings with his other hand.

“Alright.” He said simply.

“No trips, slips or falls?”
“None.”

“How is the morning sickness now? Did you take all of the potions I gave you?”

“It’s eased off a bit now.” Harry answered. “I have four of the potions left.” He said, looking to Max for confirmation. Max nodded.

“So you’ve been eating and drinking a bit more?”

“A lot more.” Harry chuckled.

“Good, your weight has picked back up again after those few days of being unable to eat, so the potions have done their job. Now, how have you been stress wise?”

Harry grimaced at that question and he ducked his head. “Not great, I’ll admit. The court case finished on Thursday, but…but now I’m awaiting the verdict, which should be out early next week.”

Healer Almus sighed heavily. “Right then, let’s check on baby.”

Harry was having another wand scan, as again Healer Almus didn’t want to dig a transducer into his healing belly, so he laid his wand on the small bump and Harry tried not to move, knowing that it would send the wand tumbling to the floor if he did.

A short phrase in Latin later and Harry’s heart swelled with love as he saw his growing baby once more. Their thunderer had certainly grown since Harry had had his eight week scan too, a month ago now.

“Well, as you can perhaps see, baby has grown well since your first scan. I can’t see any danger signs or anything that would make me think that baby is in distress. So that’s good.”
Harry was smitten as he looked at the moving baby.

“Have you been feeding your submissive your fluids?” Healer Almus demanded of his four mates while he examined the baby.

“Of course.” Max replied, affronted. As always he was the one, out of all of his mates, who took such accusations of not feeding him properly to heart. “He takes what he wants, when he wants it. We couldn’t stop him even if we tried.”

Healer Almus nodded. “I have no idea how that part of the pregnancy works, I just know that he needs one particular, or even all of your fluids to keep the baby healthy.”

“He’ll bite us if he needs blood. He did it the other day.” Draco said. “We were cuddling and he just turned and bit into my arm. We’re used to it by now.”

Harry chuckled. “I’ve told you all, the Dracken takes over when I want fluids, I have no warning myself. At least blood is all I want off of you…for now.” He added ominously.

Healer Almus snorted in amusement before moving around the image. The baby moved and Harry got a shock as he caught sight of his baby for all of a moment.

“That was what I thought it was, wasn’t it?” He asked excitedly.

“What did you see?” Blaise asked curiously.

Healer Almus laughed. “That was exactly what you thought it was. Congratulations fellas, you’re getting a boy.”

“You saw him displaying?” Max asked excitedly and Harry and Healer Almus both nodded.

“Clearly and proudly, for all of a heartbeat.” Harry chuckled, looking on with love as his new son squirmed within him.
“One moment is all it takes.” Healer Almus told him. “But speaking of heartbeat’s, let’s see if his has come down at all.”

It was this that Harry was most nervous of and he reached back out to take a hand. He got Max this time and he held onto that huge hand tightly.

The fast whooshing that he knew was baby’s heartbeat filled the room loudly. Harry was devastated to hear that it was almost one continuous sound, it hadn’t slowed down at all, if anything it had increased.

Healer Almus sighed. “Baby’s heartrate has increased, we expect this for the second trimester, but baby’s heartbeat is now one hundred and seventy-three beats per minute. It has increased since I last saw you.”

“What does it mean? Is the baby okay?”

“Baby is okay, but likely feeling the effects of your stress. You don’t have any swelling of the legs or ankles, do you Harry?”

“I…no. I’ve only ever had it in the last trimester, usually in the week or so before I nest.” Harry answered.

Healer Almus nodded and he took his wand back from his belly, breaking the link so the picture of the baby vanished, and he waved his wand several more times.

“Everything seems fine, you’re perfectly healthy, but try for some more sleep. I know saying that while you already have eight babies at home is a laughable concept, but at least try for a nap during the day. It will help your stress too.”

Harry nodded. “He will be alright, won’t he?”

“We will monitor you very closely for any changes now. I want to see you in two weeks, not four, just to make sure that baby is doing better.”
Harry nodded and he allowed Max to help him sit up.

“Baby is a good size, nothing is wrong with him at all, only that elevated heart rate, you don’t seem to be suffering with any conditions, or gestational diabetes, so I’m happy about that. Just carry on as you are, Harry, I know sleeping a bit more will be difficult for you and I know you’re going to be stressed for a few more days at least, but just try to relax a little and aim to laugh every day, laughter really does help remove stress.”

Harry nodded his understanding as Nasta helped him to get his shirt back on.

“Thank you, Healer Almus.” Nasta said for him.

“My pleasure, boys. You look after him and keep him happy, you hear me? That baby’s heart rate needs to come down.”

The five of them all nodded and Harry slipped from the examination bed. He held Nasta’s hand this time and they all said their goodbyes and left for home again, a new stack of photos coming with them.

“I can’t believe we have a boy and only you saw it.” Max chuckled.

Harry smiled. “I couldn’t take my eyes from him, that’s why I saw him. I really hope that once the verdict has been given his heart rate will go down to normal.”

“Don’t think about it, Bello.” Blaise told him. “We’ll get you home now and you can rest up and just watch while those kids run everyone ragged.”

Harry laughed. “I just can’t wait to announce that we have a boy on the way.”

“I’m so proud of you.” Blaise said gently.

Harry smiled and pulled Blaise into a soft kiss. “I love you, Blaise. I love all of you.”
“We love you too, Caru.” Nasta said.

The hospital didn’t seem as busy this afternoon and Harry was glad as he just wanted to get home. There was barely a queue at the fire banks for the floo and Harry went through with Max this time, now that there wasn’t a reason to keep him back to check on his birthday surprise.

He sighed happily as he landed in his own home and he immediately went through the two corridors to the kitchen, and then on to the family room, where Myron, Richard and Ashleigh were watching over the kids. Harry hadn’t felt the slightest hint of apprehension at leaving his children with Ashleigh, not like when she had still been ill, from before she’d gone into the medical rehab centre.

“No problems?” He asked mildly, moving to scoop up Regan, who had run to him as soon as he saw him.

“Only Calix, he tried hitting me.” Richard said. “We practiced what you’d told us, he went into time out for a minute and a half.”

Harry nodded. “He is playing up a lot lately, but you did good, that’s what we would have done.”

“How was the scan?”

Harry shook his head as he sat down, Blaise coming to sit beside him.

“The baby's heart rate is still really high, it’s gone up since the last time.” He said worriedly. “I need to rest more now, and sleep more, but I’m hoping that after the verdict that my stress levels will go down and will stop affecting the baby.”

“Here, have some tea.” Max said. He hadn’t come into the family room with him, instead he’d immediately started making tea for everyone. Harry got his first.

“Thank you.”

“Can I tell them?” Max asked excitedly as he handed out more tea.
Harry laughed and waved his hand. “Go on then. Give them the news.”

“I take it this is good news from your tone?” Myron asked, Leolin looking like a tiny doll in his massive arms. Their Faerie baby was fast asleep…with the Harry doll clutched to his chest.

“We’re having a boy!” Max burst out, his chest thrown out happily.

“He was displaying?” Ashleigh asked excitedly.

Harry laughed. “For a moment, as he shifted position. I was smitten with his image, so I was staring at him, but the others were looking elsewhere, so I was the only one who saw it…well, Healer Almus saw it too, so he could officially confirm it. We are definitely having just one baby, and he’s a boy.”

“Congratulations on your new boy.” Myron said with a smile.

Harry beamed. “I’m glad he’s growing, but I need to stop the stressing.”

“It won’t be long, sweetheart.” Richard told him. “A few more days and you will know their fate and all of this will be over.”

Harry nodded and he took in a huge breath and held it for a moment, before slowly letting it out. He took a gulp of tea and sighed. It was going to be difficult, but there was nothing that he wouldn’t do for his baby. He would do as Healer Almus had suggested. He would try to stop his worrying, he would try to relax more and sleep more. Nothing was going to harm his baby, not even himself. He would try his hardest now to keep things calm and relaxed. He was still fretting over the Jury’s verdict, he couldn’t help that, but during the next few days while they waited, he could try and do his utmost to keep everything else calm. He would sleep more, he would sit down and relax more, he would try to curb his thoughts or fretting over the court case. His unborn son needed him to do as such and Harry had always done everything that was best for his babies. He took in another deep breath. He could do this, for his little thunderer, he could do almost anything.
A/N: So, I am finally feeling good again and, though being back in work is absolutely exhausting, especially in the last few weeks, I’m finally getting back to normal and I believe all this awful illness is finally behind me at last.

I’ve been on a Spartacus kick for the last few weeks too, of the Starz series version, and those of you on my Facebook page will know exactly how reluctant I was to break that stride, I’ve added approximately 60,000 words to that fic in just two weeks, which is phenomenal. As a result of that this new fic should be posted up in 2018, I expect it to be 15 chapters long, or thereabouts, of which I already have 11 chapters over 130,000 words currently. It is going to be the first of three planned fics and I’m really looking forward to sharing it with those of you who are interested in reading it.

A/N 2: Since writing and preparing this chapter my beloved cat, Jethro, has been diagnosed with end stage heart disease. He’s only six so it has come as a huge shock and it is incredibly distressing to watch him as he is now, post-op and with irreversible damage to his heart after he collapsed on the kitchen floor, out of the blue six days ago. The vets don’t know how long he has, but the prognosis isn’t good. The focus is now on his quality of life, rather than quantity. He is at home with me currently, and he’s stable for now, which is all I can ask for, he’s on a lot of medication and I have to monitor his breathing every few hours, so I’m not getting much sleep and I’m emotionally drained as I prepare to say goodbye, prematurely, to my beloved boy. I will likely be able to update chapter 115 as well, as that is completed too and Jethro is stable and doing as well as can be expected in his condition, but if anything at all happens, then fanfiction will not be a priority and I might go quiet for some time depending on how well I deal with my grief once he does inevitably pass from this incurable disease that is wasting him away in front of me.

StarLight Massacre. X
Harry nodded and he took in a huge breath and held it for a moment, before slowly letting it out. He took a gulp of tea and sighed. It was going to be difficult, but there was nothing that he wouldn’t do for his baby. He would do as Healer Almus had suggested. He would try to stop his worrying, he would try to relax more and sleep more. Nothing was going to harm his baby, not even himself. He would try his hardest now to keep things calm and relaxed. He was still fretting over the Jury’s verdict, he couldn’t help that, but during the next few days while they waited, he could try and do his utmost to keep everything else calm. He would sleep more, he would sit down and relax more, he would try to curb his thoughts or fretting over the court case. His unborn son needed him to do as such and Harry had always done everything that was best for his babies. He took in another deep breath. He could do this, for his little thunderer, he could do almost anything.
“Mama!”

Harry smiled and he hunched down and braced himself as Farren bowled into him. He hugged his son tightly and he pulled back to give Farren a kiss.

He then had to turn to the horde of other children who had come running from all over the room to greet him.

“Bo da, Mummy!” Came Braiden’s usual three language greeting as Harry answered him happily.

“Ma! Ma! Ma!” Came Leolin’s demands from Max’s arms and Harry had to laugh as he sent the kids back to their games and made his way over to Max and sat beside him, accepting Leolin into his arms. He noticed immediately that Leolin was holding the creepy Harry doll, it was almost a permanent attachment these days.

“Would you like some tea, my glorious, gorgeous mate?” Max asked him.

Harry laughed happily. Max had been doing this since Healer Almus had told them that laughing every day would help to relieve his stress. Max had been wonderful in taking up that mantel and doing his utmost to keep Harry laughing all day, every day. He was incredibly apt at doing so and he relished the chance to make a clown of himself for Harry’s health. As he insisted, he now had the perfect excuse to be as entertaining as he liked.

“Please, love.” Harry agreed before turning his attention to his Faerie baby, who’d been laid in his arms.

Leolin reached up and placed a teeny, tiny hand against his chin, looking into his green eyes with his own huge golden ones, grinning up at him with his own single tooth. He looked adorable to Harry.

“Why, hello there.” He greeted enthusiastically. “How are you today, Leolin? Mummy’s alright. He’s just been a lazy bones and stayed in bed all morning, so your Daddies had to look after you, didn’t they?”

“We didn’t mind.” Draco said with a snort of amusement at his antics.
“Not in the slightest.” Blaise agreed. “Me especially, I only got up forty minutes ago myself. I wanted to stay in bed with you for longer.” He laughed.

Harry grinned too. “You should have woken me up, lover. Nothing drains stress quite so much as some shared alone time in bed. *Naked* alone time.” He added in a soft purr.

Blaise laughed. “I’ll keep that in mind for tomorrow morning.” He winked.

“If that’s the case then I’m not getting up either.” Draco insisted. “We just won’t tell Max or Nasta.” He added in a conspiratorial whisper. “They can get up and look after the kids.”

Harry laughed loudly at that. “How diabolical of you. How very Slytherin.”

Draco looked proud of that and Harry chuckled before looking back down at his entranced baby. He bent his head and he kissed Leolin, whose golden eyes went cross-eyed as he watched Harry’s face come closer to his own. It took him several seconds to react and refocus his eyes when Harry pulled away and Harry smiled at the adorable sight that he made.

Max came back with his tea and gave him a loud, smacking kiss for good measure. Harry had to laugh again and he bent forward to kiss Max properly, on the lips.

He sat back to enjoy his tea and the rest of his morning as he cradled Leolin and watched his other children play on the floor. The only thing that was missing was Nasta, who had been called into work to deal with the fools that he’d put on probation. Being the only senior Dragonologist at a reserve did have some draw backs, it went with the larger wage packet.

Things took a bad turn when they heard the chime on the floo, indicating that someone they knew was coming into their house, someone who wasn’t Nasta.

“Boys, where are you?” Richard’s voice called out.

“I thought you were going to enjoy your morning with Dad?” Max called out. “You scarred me for life telling me how you were going to treat him for his birthday yesterday and how it would mean you’d spend the day in bed today.”

Richard came into the family room and Harry’s heart almost stopped as he saw Richard in an expensive, designer suit.
“The Jury have decided, haven’t they?” He asked, barely recognising the strangled words as his own voice.

“Yes.” Richard nodded. “Do you have your suit waiting?”

Harry nodded and with his heart in his throat and his stomach dangling down by his knees somewhere, he passed Leolin to Blaise and he stood on shaky legs, putting his half full cup of tea on the coffee table.

“It’s alright, Harry, I’ll be with you, as always, it won’t even take ten minutes once we’re there, I promise.” Richard soothed. “Just go and get dressed and we’ll go straight there and we’ll be coming almost straight back. It’s almost over with now, I promise.”

Harry swallowed and he nodded, moving to go and get ready. Draco came with him and Harry was strangely grateful as he felt like he was moving on automatic.

Draco helped him to get dressed, sorted out his hair for him, fixed his tie and his collar and even tied his shoes for him.

“You’ll be fine, Harry. We’ll get you all your favourites for when you come back, tea, chocolate, I could even poke Blaise into giving you a massage if you wanted.”

Harry smiled at that.

“Poking Blaise into a massage it is.” Draco nodded.

Harry laughed then and he stepped forward and wrapped his arms around Draco, hugging him tightly. “Thank you.” He said gratefully.

“Anything for you, love. You know that.”

Harry nodded. He did know, but he often forgot and he needed reminding. He loved his mates so much.

Draco led him back down the stairs, where Richard was waiting for them with Max in the smaller living room.
“You’ll do just fine, Harry. Stay with Richard and we’ll see you soon.” Draco told him, bending to kiss his forehead.

“You really will.” Max insisted as he pulled him from his feet in a backbreaking hug. “We love you and we’ll be here when you come home. I’ll floo Nasta now, once you’re gone, and tell him what’s happening and he can wrap up his tongue lashing and dole out punishment and he can get his fine arse back here.”

Harry chuckled weakly at that and he held on tight to Max for a moment.

“Okay, I’m ready.” He insisted, even though he didn’t really feel like it.

Richard took his arm and they went through the floo rather quickly. They landed in Myron’s home and Harry was led to the kitchen where the man himself was sat at the kitchen table with a newspaper and a coffee, in a pair of jeans and a tee-shirt, looking like a sexy, older version of Max. He had the entire week off because it had been his birthday yesterday.

“I’m sorry for ruining your plans.” He said immediately.

Myron, who hadn’t noticed them, startled slightly before he folded down the newspaper to look at him.

“Don’t be ridiculous now, Harry.” He said in a gruff voice that spoke of him only recently getting out of bed. Harry wondered what exactly his trial had interrupted, and he blushed.

Myron stood and hefted him right from his feet, as easily as if he’d been Calix or Ave. He was hugged tightly and held even tighter.

“We love you and this trial has gone on for long enough, it’s time that you get the closure that you deserve.” Myron told him.

Harry managed a small smile. “I want it to be over with too. I want to move on with my life now. I never even wanted to do this in the first place, I wanted to just leave it all alone, it was the guys who convinced me to prosecute them.”
“Good, you can’t let people who hurt you get away with it, Harry. They deserve to be in prison for what they did, for their vile way of thinking and the atrocities that they committed. No one deserves to be treated in such a way, no one, for any reason. I’m glad that you’re so brave and so courageous as to go through with this trial and see justice done. You know that we’ll be here for you, Harry. Always.”

“I love you.” Harry declared, burying his face into Myron’s neck and holding onto him tight.

“We love you too, son.” Myron told him, cradling the back of his head with one huge hand. “I’m not doing anything today, I’ll go over to yours and wait for you to come back, your boys will likely need a hand with the kids as they’ll be distracted too.”

“They were already out of it when we left.” Richard agreed. “Go on over now. Harry and I are Apparating to the court anyway.”

Myron nodded and set Harry back on his feet gently. A kiss to the forehead, Richard got a kiss to the lips, and then Myron was gone. Richard huffed.

“He never cleans up his damn cups!” Richard muttered as he took Myron’s coffee cup and dumped it into the sink. “Right come on then, sweetie, the sooner we get there, the sooner we can leave and celebrate!”

Harry took heart from Richard’s confidence and he breathed more normally, patting his barely there bump to remind himself why he had to stop stressing. Soon, very soon, and this would all be over and all stress would be gone. Well, the stress from this court case would be gone.

He took Richard’s arm and tried to keep his stomach in place at the sensation of Apparation. They arrived at their usual spot, in the alleyway behind their favourite café.

“What you want a decaf coffee, sweetness?” Richard asked him.

Harry nodded. “A muffin too, please, I never had a chance to eat breakfast. I got up late because the Healer said to sleep more. I’d only just come downstairs when you arrived.”

Richard grimaced as he heard that. “Two muffins and a bacon roll then, can you eat bacon?”
Harry nodded. “I can’t stand the smell of it cooking, but I can eat it fine.”

“It won’t be long either. You’ll see.”

Harry sat down for a few minutes while Richard ordered, it didn’t make sense to stand up and put pressure on himself when he could easily sit in a chair for ten minutes and try to relax a little.

Richard came back all too soon and Harry wrapped his hands around the large roll that was overflowing with bacon. Harry smiled as his stomach growled as loudly as his Dracken side did. Richard laughed.

“You weren’t kidding about the missing breakfast.”

“Nope.” Harry said before taking a huge bite, barely chewing and swallowing. “I didn’t even have time to finish my first cup of tea before you arrived, I’d only managed half of it. This is great though, thank you.”

“Think nothing of it, love.” Richard said, taking bites out of his own bacon roll.

They’d finished the rolls before they even reached the courthouse, and Harry was happily eating a blueberry muffin, washed down with the decaf coffee, when they arrived at the glass building.

“Come on, sweetie, you’ll be just fine. You’ll take your seat at the table, and you won’t have to see or say anything else. Ignore the press too.”

“What press?” Harry asked, his heart jumping.

“Unfortunately this case has been high profile in the Muggle world, and the magical world alike. The press has been following it and it has appeared in the papers. With the verdict being today, they might well be outside waiting to hear the sentencing but let me handle it if that’s the case, sweetie, okay?”

Harry nodded, about a million times more nervous now than he had been before and a million times more stressed too. He hated this, and he couldn’t wait until it was finally over for good.
They made it to the little benches outside of the courtroom and Harry sat on the nearest highly polished bench, that made him feel like every shift was going to send him to the floor, and he sipped on his coffee, trying to keep himself calm. He kept his hand on his little bump, reminding himself that he couldn’t stress himself overly much, he needed his baby to be safe and healthy.

Harry had finished both muffins and half his large cup of coffee before they were called into the room and he took a moment to touch Richard, almost like a grounding stone, just to anchor him to reality and to remind himself that he was safe here, with Richard, and he was finally going to get the justice that he deserved, the justice that his younger self had needed a decade ago.

It was true he hadn’t been hit all that often, though stupid pushes had often led to him falling and being injured, injuries that were never looked at or tended to properly, and then there were the ridiculously dangerous situations that he’d been put in needlessly, such as cooking unsupervised, but there were the odd backhands, the slaps from Petunia, having his head yanked around by his hair, but the emotional and mental abuse had been much worse than even he’d realised. It hadn’t been until he’d gone to a Mind Healer that he’d even realised how fucked up keeping a child in a cupboard for ten years was, it had just been normal for him, and that was what was the most fucked up about all of this, that it had become normal for him.

How all the missed meals had contributed to his small height and overly thin frame. Then there were the lies about him that they’d spread, the lies about his parents, the neighbours all thinking that he went to some secure school for incurable criminals and being frightened of him. Never being allowed to go on holiday or the little day trips. Going with them to Dudley’s eleventh birthday trip to the zoo had been the very first time that he hadn’t stayed at home with Mrs Figg and her cats. It had been the last time too after the snake incident. He hated that he’d missed out on so much purely because the people he’d been left with as a baby were so vile and cruel and he hoped that the Jury had seen that. He hoped that he would get the justice that he needed to move on from all that they’d done to him.

The Judge had been talking, and Harry hadn’t been listening, but he swallowed hard and tuned in as soon as the stern looking man turned his gaze to the members of the Jury.

“On the count of mental abuse towards a minor, how do you find the defendants?” He barked at the presiding juror.

“We find the defendants guilty.” The man said firmly, his head high and his back straight.

There were actually cheers from some of the court attendants and Harry had to look at Richard to see if he’d heard rightly, and wasn’t just hearing what he wanted to hear. Richard was looking very pleased and satisfied.

“On the count of physical abuse towards a minor, how do you find the defendants?” The Judge asked again.

“We find the defendants guilty.”
“On the count of incarcerating a minor, how do you find the defendants?”

“We find the defendants guilty.”

“On the count of negligence towards a minor, how do you find the defendants?”

“We find the defendants guilty.”

Just like that, it was over. Harry felt like he was in shock, he couldn’t breathe. He looked at the grey faced Dursleys and he knew that they were going to prison for all that they’d done to him, from the bullying, the mental and emotional abuse, the physical abuse, the neglect he’d suffered and all the pain and tears that they’d caused him over the fifteen years that he’d been stuck with them.

“Mister Vernon and Missus Petunia Dursley, you have been found guilty of all charges brought against you.” The stern Judge told them, his eyes glaring down at them. “This case has been one of the most disturbing and horrific cases of child abuse that I have seen in my many years as a Judge and it has been a great pleasure to bring justice to your young victim, who somehow found the strength of character and the courage to bring these allegations forward against you. It is my hope now that he can continue with his therapist and overcome the heinous things that you did to him in his formative years. It is my absolute belief that you set out, on a single-minded path, to completely destroy the boy who had so trustingly been given into your care. You sought to crush everything that he was for reasons that you refuse to mention in this court, cruelly denying your victim the closure he deserves for all that you’ve done to him. For this clear-minded, singular mission of utterly breaking one so young, for showing absolutely no remorse or repentance for what you did to him, and for refusing to ease the recovery of your victim even slightly it is my belief that nothing less than a life-sentence is warranted.”

Harry watched as Petunia swayed where she stood, looking to be on the verge of fainting. Even Vernon looked shell-shocked, as if up to now, he’d thought that he and his wife would get off scot-free.

He listened with bated breath as the Judge outlined the years they were getting in prison for all that they’d done to him and he was almost hyperventilating from shock. He tried to add up the years in his head, but he couldn’t focus properly, it was like he’d turned to stone. Richard wrapped an arm around him and rubbed his back, trying to ease his breathing. It did help and he was able to breathe more normally as he watched the Dursleys get sentenced to prison when he hadn’t even been sure that this court case would fall in his favour. There had been a niggle of doubt, a voice in the back of his head telling him that no one could see what he had, no one could know of what had happened to him, and his lies about the magical aspects of everything would be caught out and no one would believe him.
“…As a result of these offenses, I sentence Missus Petunia Dursley to life in prison, with a tariff of twenty-two years before being eligible for parole.”

Petunia made a soft sound, like a mouse being trodden on, and she wobbled backwards, her legs going from under her as she collapsed into her chair. Her reputation would never survive being handed a twenty-two year life sentence, even when she got out, at the age of sixty-four, no one would want to associate with her now that she was a convicted criminal of offenses against a minor. Harry thought this was a rather sweet victory, as they had spent so much of his life painting him as a criminal, as a delinquent who went to a school for criminal boys, but now they were the ones with a life sentence hanging over them, now they were the ones who were convicted criminals.

“I sentence Mister Vernon Dursley to life in prison, with a tariff of twenty-nine years before being eligible for parole, as though I see the both of you as bad as one another, I have no doubts that the majority of the heinous injuries seen in this courtroom over the course of this case have been at your own hands.” The Judge said, glowering down at Vernon, who had shrunk into himself as he heard the sentences placed on him and his wife.

Harry watched as the Dursleys were handcuffed by police officers. It all felt like a dream. Like he should be waking up at any moment, still in his cupboard, or perhaps even locked in his small bedroom with all of Dudley’s broken toys, back to bleeding all over the place, urinating in that one corner, and not being fed enough to feed a bird.

“Mister Potter.” The Judge called out to him and Harry snapped back into reality to look up at the Judge, who didn’t seem quite as fearsome as he had before. “It is my genuine hope that you continue to show the courage, confidence and defiance that you exuded in this courtroom. It is my hope that you continue with your therapy and you live a long, happy life from this point onwards. I want to hear that you have overcome all that they’ve done to you by denying them the total destruction of your person and character. They tried their hardest to stamp you out and crush you underfoot, now I want you to stand tall and deny them what they had tried for so long to do.”

Harry smiled then. “I’m doing well with my therapy and I have surrounded myself with those who do truly love me and care for me. I’ve needed their support and they’ve given it to me and they gave me the strength I needed to pursue this case when I was too scared and too nervous to do so on my own. I was always stronger than those people, I was never going to let them keep me down and now that I have the closure that I came for, I can carry on working towards putting everything that I went through behind me, moving forward with my life.”

He actually got a round of applause for that as the Dursleys were led away, back to the holding cells before they would be transported to the prisons they would be staying at…their new homes for the next two decades, just a single year off of three decades in Vernon’s case.
Richard was practically beaming and Harry felt almost boneless with relief and now that the adrenaline had worn off, he needed to sit down or he was going to fall. Soon, very soon he would be home and he’d never have to come back here ever again. He was done. It was finally over.

Richard chatted to several people, while Harry relearnt how to breathe, and then they were making their way out of the courthouse. Harry had completely forgotten about the mentioned press being outside waiting, so he was startled when as soon as he appeared on the steps that voices started shouting out to him.

“Stay by my side, but don’t worry, this will be quick and easy.” Richard said, pulling a piece of parchment from his top pocket, clearly prepared for this eventuality.

Richard stepped forward one step, so that he was in a better position for all the swarming press to hear him and he cleared his voice, getting them to quieten down.

“My client wishes to express his joy that today, justice has been done.” Richard started loudly and firmly, in his clear, slightly stern courtroom voice. “The Dursleys have both been sentence to life imprisonment, by the judicial system of this country, for the heinous crimes committed against my client, who was a minor at the time that the crimes were carried out. My client wishes to thank you all for your patience and your respect of his privacy as he went through this difficult period. My client wishes to thank also the Judge and Jurors who gave him the closure that he sought, the police officers who were so prompt and professional when he first made his claims against the Dursley family and to those witnesses who heard of this case and came forward with new evidence to help him receive the justice that he deserved. My client now wishes to live his life in peace as he overcomes what was done to him and he finally heals from the events of his past. Thank you.”

Harry was surprised that the press let him walk through them all without once accosting him or shouting out questions as Richard steered him through them and then down the road. He was grateful that they didn’t try to question him, as at the moment he was having trouble walking, let alone stringing together a sentence. His heart was racing, he couldn’t truly comprehend what had just happened, it was like all of his dreams had finally come true and the scared, abused little boy he had once been was finally set free from the cupboard under the stairs. He could finally, fully let go of his past, he could truly forget about the Dursley family and all that they’d put him through. One tear slid down his cheek, quickly followed by another, and he sniffled.

Richard looked at him when he heard the noise, then he did a double take when he realised that Harry was actually fully crying.

“What is it, Harry? Are you okay?” He asked in alarm.

“I never thought I’d see this day.” He said, brushing away his tears.
“Come on, silly, let’s get you home and to your mates.” Richard said, understanding the cause of the tears and putting an arm around Harry’s narrow shoulders to comfort him. It likely was very overwhelming to the young man to finally have this all over with, especially when Richard knew he’d had his doubts throughout the trial and had fretted over every question and answer given.

Harry nodded and brushed away more tears, but they kept falling. He couldn’t stop crying, so that when he and Richard landed in the front garden of his home, he was almost all out bawling.

Richard went to his one knee and rubbed his thumbs under his eyes.

“Thank you.” Harry said thickly, through his tears. “I couldn’t have done it without you. You should have put yourself in that list of people I thanked in that letter to the press, you were always the one beside me, helping me.”

“Oh, hush now.” Richard told him. “You’re my son, I see you as my own, and I would do anything for you. All of us would. You deserved the chance for justice and closure, you needed it more than you ever thought that you would, especially in the beginning when we were trying to convince you to prosecute them in the first place. We love you, we adore you. You’re one of us now, a part of our family, and we’re not letting you go. So get used to it.”

That made Harry laugh and he huffed and sniffled, moving to the door and fishing out his key. He unlocked the door and made his way through the straight corridor to the kitchen. He could hear a lot of voices in the family room, so he headed there. He needed his mates.

“Did it not go well?” Myron demanded as soon as he walked into the room and Myron saw that Harry was crying. He sounded so angry, so protective, that Harry’s heart almost stopped.

“They’re happy tears!” Richard soothed his angry mate quickly. “Happy tears for justice.”

Harry chuckled again and wiped his face, but Nasta reached him first and swept him up into his arms, holding him tightly. Harry just started crying again, hard and messily. He couldn’t stop as he got rid of all the stress of the case, the nerves over the verdict, the pain of his past and the fear of being found to be a liar when he actually wasn’t one.

“They got life sentences.” Richard was saying over Harry’s cries. “She got twenty-two years, he got twenty-nine. They’ll be in their sixties and seventies before they get out, if they don’t die before that. A lot of people take exception to child abusers, even in prison.”
“Max, can you get Harry some tea?” Nasta asked, sitting down on the settee with Harry in his lap, Harry’s head still buried in his neck, sobbing on him, as he clutched at his top dominant desperately.

“Sure thing.” Max said gently, stroking Harry’s hair a little more before moving to get him tea.

Harry knew that Nasta was releasing his calming pheromones because he was calming down too quickly for it to be entirely natural, but he was grateful for it. His tears were making his head throb and the last thing he needed right now was a headache.

Several hands were stroking his body, from his head, to his back, his arm, his leg. He kept his face in Nasta’s neck, holding onto his top dominant like a lifeline.

They let him cry himself out, talking to him softly, in gentle voices to help calm him down. Once he was all cried out, he sat quietly on Nasta’s lap, in his arms, his mates all touching him and he absorbed what had just happened.

He peered up, peeling his face from Nasta’s wet neck and he looked around him, at all of his mates.

“There you are, hello.” Max greeted him and Harry chuckled wetly, mopping his face up with his hand. “Here is your tea.”

Harry shifted a little to turn outwards, so that he could drink his tea without the risk of spilling it over himself or Nasta.

“Do you feel better?” Draco asked him.

Harry nodded, gulping his tea down in several large swallows, until the cup was empty. “I just…I think there was still a small part of me that was worried that they’d get off, so when it finally sunk in that they were being prosecuted, it was a shock.”

“It’s alright, it’s all over now and we have you, we’re not letting you go either.” Nasta told him, hugging him with those strong arms wrapped around his waist while Max took his empty cup from him and placed it on the coffee table. He refilled it with the teapot that was on a tray before handing it back.

“I’m glad it’s all over and they got what they deserved.” Harry said, sniffing hard before sipping on his fresh cup of tea.
“They got exactly what they deserved.” Richard told him. “You can just relax and celebrate now. You have the justice that you wanted and now you can heal with the help of Healer Vasey.”

“He’ll want to see me tomorrow.” Harry said with a sigh.

“I’ll make the appointment for you.” Draco told him, taking his hand from Harry’s knee and standing to go to the living room, to make the floo call for his appointment.

Max waved a chocolate bar at him and Harry let out a weak, watery chuckle as he took it and opened the wrapper, nibbling on the chocolate bar.

“Where are the kids?”

“Farren’s by there.” Blaise told him, pointing out Farren who was sleeping on the floor wrapped in a blanket. “The others are all up having naps. Farren didn’t look like he was going to go down, neither was Braiden for that matter, but they both gave in, though we decided to leave Farren down here. You just know he’ll wake up if we try to move him.”

Harry nodded and he settled himself against Nasta, calming himself down by breathing deeply and nibbling his chocolate and sipping his tea. Draco came back into the room with another tray of tea, including another teapot, and the jar of imported honey that Blaise had gotten him for his birthday, just in case.

“You were right, Healer Vasey wants to see you tomorrow.” Draco told him. “He said that your usual time of half one in the afternoon was alright when I asked, so you can go while the kids are down for their naps.”

Harry smiled at that. “Thank you. I would rather go when the kids won’t miss me. I’ve missed so much since this court case started. I don’t like it.”

“Just think though, Harry.” Richard told him. “It’s over with now. You never have to go back and you got the justice that you deserved for what they did to you. You’re free from them now, and they’re in prison, where they belong.”
Harry smiled wider. “I’m glad it’s over and that they were sentenced. Hopefully our thunderer can settle down too.”

Several hands touched his belly, including his own, and he laughed, a little too loudly it seemed as Farren stirred and wriggled in his blanket wrap. He twisted and rolled, fighting to get free.

“Daddy!” He called out sleepily when he realised that he couldn’t get himself free from the twisted blanket.

Harry shifted from Nasta’s lap, put down his tea cup and the chocolate bar on the coffee table, and he hurried to where Farren was struggling and grunting.

“Daddy!” Farren called out again, more desperately.

“I’m here, baby.” Harry said, picking Farren up and setting him on his feet, unwinding the blanket that had wrapped itself twice around his body.

Once free Harry picked Farren up and cuddled him tightly, giving him a big kiss.

“Mummy!” Farren said happily, wrapping his arms around Harry’s neck and squeezing.

“Oh, wow, your grip is getting tight.” Harry chuckled.

He moved Farren to his lap and he sat flat on the floor so he wasn’t putting so much pressure on his body.

“We should celebrate your justice, Harry.” Richard told him.

Harry laughed at that. “You just want another party. I don’t think I could deal with it though. I’ve been so stressed and so uptight about this, I just want to relax in the quiet now. I couldn’t stand the excitement at the moment.”

Richard sighed, but he agreed. “Fine, we’ll have a party in your honour.”
That made Harry laugh harder. “Carry on. I’m staying at home today. I want my kids all around me and I want the comfort of my mates, I…oh, Nas, do you have to go back to work?” He asked, remembering that the verdict had interrupted his work day.

“No, I cleared everything up. If you want us here, we’re not going anywhere.”

Harry nodded and smiled happily.

“We’ll leave you to it then, boys.” Myron said.

“Yeah, is it alright if we spread the word around, or would you rather do it yourself?” Richard asked.

“I’d rather you do it for me, please. I’d rather not be disturbed right now.”

“Wonderful. To your Father’s house, Myron!” Richard urged, giving his mate and husband a poke.

Myron just sighed and stood. He came to Harry first and hunched down, wrapping him and Farren in his huge arms.

“Take care of yourself, Harry.”

“I will.” Harry smiled, accepting the kiss to the forehead. Myron kissed Farren’s forehead next.

“Gwanddad.” Farren declared.

Myron chuckled and he ruffled Farren’s dark brown hair. He went to say goodbye to Max and Nasta, Blaise and Draco and Harry waved goodbye one last time and Max saw his Fathers’ out.

Harry cuddled with Farren and tried not to think too much. The case had gone in his favour, the Dursleys had been locked up for their awful treatment of him and at last people would know the truth about them, especially all the neighbours who had once believed their lies about him, as they would assuredly see it in tomorrow’s newspaper, or on the evening news later. That was what the
greatest thing about this court case was, after getting justice for himself obviously, and it was that people now knew the truth about what the Dursleys were like, what liars they were, and how vile and cruel they had been to a young child that they were supposed to have loved and looked after.

He held Farren tighter and rested his chin gently on the top of Farren’s head. Everyone would know the truth soon, when all of the details of the trial came out, including his mates. He sighed heavily, there was nothing else for it, he would have to sit them down and tell them. He didn’t want them getting half a story from a newspaper article, he still remembered the rubbish that Rita Skeeter had written about him in his fourth year, and for every nugget of truth she had written, there were five mistruths or downright lies to go with it. His mates deserved the actual truth, from his own lips. He would have to tell them, but not today. Today was for him to savour the victory in the courtroom, over the Dursleys and his past demons. Today was for him to let go of everything that had happened to him, moving seamlessly from his horrible, abusive past with his blood relatives and onto his bright and love filled future with the family that he had created for himself. Today was for him, and he was going to enjoy it.

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October came wet and overcast, but now three and a half months pregnant, Harry didn’t much care what the weather was doing as he spent all of his days inside. He didn’t feel the need to go out and he spent all of his time with his children as the weather stayed wet and windy and his mates trudged in and out of work.

Nasta was by far the worst, as he worked outside mostly, and on some days he came back bone cold and sodden. They had all known that it was only a matter of time before he came down with a cold or the flu and he had been taken from the nightly baby duties, as Harry refused to allow him near Leolin when he could be harbouring an infection or a disease. Nasta didn’t fight this restriction, he’d actually tried to fight them into letting him check into a hotel until the illness he could feel creeping upon him passed, but none of his mates had agreed.

‘We have no idea how long it could take for you to fall sick, nor how long it’ll stay once you have it. I am not being apart from one of my mates for that long! This is your home, you stay here, where we can damn well look after you.’ Harry had raged to Nasta, and after that, no one had said anything more, and Nasta hadn’t brought up leaving for a hotel again either.

But, it came as absolutely no surprise that a few days after that, on the seventh, just the day after they’d flooed back from Australia for Harry Jackson’s first birthday (which was technically on the seventh of October, but as he lived in Australia, they were a day ahead, so they’d gone on the sixth to celebrate his birthday at his home), and just four days before Blaise’s twentieth birthday, Nasta woke up with a headache, a sore throat and a fever sweat.

Draco had gone up to check on him, as they’d been doing every hour since he hadn’t woken up that morning, and he’d come back down to tell them that Nasta was awake and that it looked like he had the flu, and to send up Max, who as their first aider was in the best position to actually help Nasta and not just fuss over him.
Max had come back down and he’d confirmed what they’d all already known, that Nasta did in fact have the flu.

“Always during the wet season.” Max had groaned as he got out his cauldron and started brewing more headache relievers. The strongest one that he knew, as Nasta was going to be going through them like water for the next few days. He also started a cauldron of stomach settlers and another one which he was using to brew fever reducers. Max wasn’t an expert Potions Master for no good reason as he kept an eye on all three potions brewing at once.

“Always in the autumn you mean.” Harry sighed, bouncing Eva on his hip.

“The cold, rainy season.” Max nodded, watching the three potions, giving this one a stir, giving another one a tap with his wand, before he added a sprinkling of…something.

Harry bounced the fussy Eva a little more, ignoring her tiny heels digging into his ribs as she tried to climb him. Her little toes dug into him and her teeny nails scored his skin, but he held her securely and let her grizzle.

“See if she’ll eat anymore prunes, love.” Max said, looking at her as she made little pained noises. “Of all days for her to be constipated.” Max shook his head. “If she won’t take any more then I’ll brew her something to help, once all of this is done.”

Harry nodded. He hated to add to Max’s work load, but Eva hadn’t dirtied a nappy in two days, and he was worried. Since they had been weaned, both she and Ave had been dirtying a nappy a day, sometimes twice a day. This was a break in the routine and Harry had noticed immediately. He’d then noticed Eva straining more, as she was doing now, her face going red and her toes and feet digging in to him.

They’d realised that she was constipated and they had offered her more fruit, especially apples and prunes to try and boost her fibre intake, but thus far it hadn’t worked.

Harry took the bowl of pureed prunes, that Max had made himself, from the fridge and he sat at the table with Eva on his lap and he offered her the spoon. As before she pushed away the spoon, cried, whined and grizzled, kicking out her little feet.

“Come on, sweetie.” Harry cooed. “Just a few spoonfuls, you’ll feel much better.”

He prodded the spoon into her mouth as gently as he could. She spat the spoon back out, dribbling the prunes back out of her mouth and all over her bib.
“Come on, Eva. Just eat a bit of these lovely prunes.” He said, prodding the spoon back into her mouth as she screamed and struggled on his lap.

“No luck?” Blaise asked, bringing out Leolin’s empty bottle.

Harry sighed. “No. She’s not eating the prunes, she might need to have that potion after all.”

Blaise nodded and he picked up one of the chairs and placed it on the end of the table, he took the spoon from Harry and he tried to prod more prunes into her mouth, but as she had done for Harry, she pushed it back out of her mouth with her tongue and grizzled harder.

“She’s in so much pain.” Blaise sighed unhappily, frowning as he tried again, encouraging her to eat.

“I think she’s afraid of eating because she knows it can’t come out.” Harry said.

“I’ll get her a laxative now.” Max said as he ladled out one of the cauldron’s contents into premeasured vials, that were already labelled, that he’d lined up on the island counter behind him.

Once done, he scoured the now empty cauldron with a simple spell and he measured out an exact amount of water and he set it to boiling as he went searching for more ingredients, his daughter’s heart wrenching screams in his ear.

He kept his eye on both the other cauldrons as well, but he was a dab hand these days at brewing multiple potions at once, he wasn’t worried and he knew exactly what he was doing with each of the potions and what steps came next, even as Blaise tried to spoon more prune mush into Eva’s mouth with little success.

“She’s not having it, it’s just upsetting her more.” Harry sighed as he sat her forward and pulled off her bib, using it to wipe her mouth before he threw it at the door to the utility room. Her messy top followed and so too did the little leggings, leaving her in just her little white bodysuit.

“Pass her here, I’ll wipe her face and then get her into something clean.” Blaise said.
Harry let his mate take Eva from him and he stood to go and wrap his arms around Max’s waist, nuzzling his back.

“Everything will be alright, love.” Max told him, patting his hands and carrying on brewing.

“It’s just…well, a bit of bad timing I suppose.” Harry sighed. “Nasta sick with the flu, Eva being constipated, Blaise’s birthday is in four days, Eva and Ave’s dragon pox vaccines are next week too, the week after that it’s Beatrice’s first birthday, then Halloween will be upon us. It’s just, it’s a full month.”

“You’ve seemed to have a bit on your mind too, these last few days. Are you alright?” Max asked, looking over his shoulder and down to Harry pressed against his back. “Is it our thunderer?”

“No, he’s fine as far as I can tell. I just…I wanted to talk about the trial, after I banned the papers from the house because I wanted to explain what had happened myself, in my own words, but I needed to work up to it, then all of this has happened and I still haven’t had a chance to explain.”

Max turned then and hugged him tight. “Nasta will be feeling better by the morning, if you wanted we could hand the kids over to their grandparents and have a morning where you can talk about everything you want to talk about and get it all out.”

Harry sighed and he nodded. “I know I need to explain, I wanted to do it last week, but I wanted to straighten out everything I wanted to say first. Then Nas got sick.”

“I’m fine.” Nasta groaned as he hobbled into the kitchen.

“What are you doing out of bed?!” Harry shrieked.

“I needed the toilet and then I wanted a drink.” Nasta explained. “I’m fine.”

“No, you’re not.” Max said sternly. “Here, headache reliever.” He thrust one of the newly stoppered vials at him.

Nasta took it gratefully and he knocked it back with barely a grimace. His headache must have been
really bad for him to all but pounce on the potion.

“Has anything happened while I was in bed? How’s Eva?”

“She’s still constipated. I’m making her a laxative.” Max said as he went back to the three cauldrons, lining up more empty vials, these ones smaller than the ones he’d used for the headache relievers.

“Nothing else has happened, thankfully.” Harry said as he pushed Nasta back into a chair and got him a glass of water.

Nasta sipped the water, but as he couldn’t breathe through his blocked nose, he had to stop often to gasp in some air as he drank. Harry’s heart ached to see it as he stroked Nasta’s back lightly and encouraged him to drink some more.

“So you want some soup?” Harry asked lightly.

Nasta grimaced, but he nodded. “I know I need to eat, but it’s the last thing in the world that I want to do.”

“I suppose it is when you’re so sick, but it does help though, I swear by homemade chicken soup.” Max said. “I made some up this morning.”

“I’m sorry I’m causing you so much work.” Nasta groaned.

“Think nothing of it, between you and Eva I’m getting in some much needed practice, you’re keeping me on my toes.”

Harry started heating up the soup, ignoring Max and his three cauldrons on the counter, with their little fires burning underneath. Apparently the cooker hob didn’t get hot enough for some potions. Max had explained that some potions even required being placed over certain wood, like cypress or hazel, so the kitchen hob was out of the question. Harry had pointed out that Max had a fully functioning potions lab downstairs, but he had insisted that he didn’t want to leave them up here on their own with a sick Nasta and a pained Eva, he wanted to be close at hand, so he was using the kitchen counter.
Harry laid out two bowls and two spoons, puttering around to get everything ready before Max held him still for a moment and Harry looked over his shoulder to see that he was ready to ladle out another one of his potions.

“Do you want bread, Nasta, or do you just want to have the soup?” He asked as he waited for Max.

“Just soup, Harry.” Nasta said thickly from the table.

Harry nodded and he watched the soup simmering, listening as Nasta sneezed and coughed behind him, groaning and struggling to breathe.

“You’ll feel better after Max’s magic soup.” Harry insisted. “It always makes me feel better.”

“The potions will help too. Take this one.” Max handed another of the newly dosed out vials to Nasta and he knocked that one back too with a visible, prolonged shudder this time as the fever reducer iced up his insides.

When the soup was bubbling, Harry turned off the heat and he doled out two bowls full of the chicken soup. He took Nasta’s over to him before he went back for his own. He sat next to Nasta and snuggled up to his side.

“I don’t want you to get sick too, Harry.” Nasta said, before turning away and sneezing.

“If I do, then I do. We sleep in the same bed, love. Just let us take care of you.” Harry said firmly.

“Harry’s right.” Blaise said, carrying in a red faced Eva. “We want to look after you, Nas. Hey, Max, is that laxative ready? She’s really straining now, she’s going to hurt herself…or pull a muscle.”

“Ten minutes, lover.” Max said, stirring both potions at once in opposite directions. He stopped stirring the one, but carried on with the other. “See if she wants something to drink.”

Blaise nodded and he sat Eva on his hip and got down a bottle from the cupboard, filled it with water and then brought it over to the table so that Harry could screw on the teat for him. He offered
it to Eva, and she actually latched on and took a drink.

Harry finished his soup first and he turned to fuss over Nasta a little. His oldest mate thought he didn’t know that he liked to be fussed, especially when he was sick, but Harry knew and he enjoyed fussing his mates.

“Let’s get you back up to bed, love. Come on.” Harry chided, poking at Nasta. “You shouldn’t have even gotten up, I could have brought you your soup in bed. Now get your gorgeous bum up those stairs and into bed.”

“You’ve been told.” Blaise chuckled. “Go on, get.”

Nasta managed a tired smile, but Harry escorted him up to their bedroom and got Nasta tucked in with a glass of water on the bedside table.

“I don’t want to leave any of you to struggle.” Nasta said weakly.

“You’re not and we’re not struggling. Draco’s got the kids, he will only be alone with them until Max is finished with the potions and then they can both watch over them. Blaise has Eva and she’ll be fine in an hour, as soon as that laxative has worked and you know that I’m fine.”

“You’ve still got morning sickness.”

“Yeah, but you just watched me eat, it literally is morning sickness at the moment, just after I wake up. I’m fine throughout the day, I promise. Since all that stress has gone, I’ve been feeling much better. Hmm…I wonder if stress contributes to morning sickness or something or if it’s a coincidence. Either way I feel fine, Nasta. I’m worried for you, I’m worried for Eva, but I know that you’ll both pull through and that in a few days you’ll all be better.”

Nasta smiled and rested back against the pillows. “If you need anything…”

“Then I’ll call in the in-laws, not you.” Harry said sternly. “You will not move from this bed unless it’s to use that bathroom.” He said, pointing at the en suite. “You will not be disturbed, you will rest and you’ll get better because I love you and I can’t live without you. I need you.”

Nasta smiled then and he patted the bed next to him. Harry shuffled up and he laid down next to
Nasta, stroking his sweaty hair from his forehead. The sweats would be stopping soon, with the fever reducer in his system. He would be feeling better by that evening, and completely healed in a few days.

“I love you so much, Harry. I will get better, it’ll just take a little while.”

“We know. Until then we’ll look after you and baby you a little.” Harry chuckled. “We don’t have much chance to look after you, you’re always the strongest, the most together of all of us, so when we get the chance to look after you, we’ll do it in spades. I’m sure Max will be up as soon as your last potion is done. He’s going to baby you too.”

Harry continued stoking Nasta’s hair, murmuring to him gently, mostly about nonsense, but after every blink, Nasta’s eyes stayed closed for just a little longer each time. It took only seven minutes for him to be snoring softly through his mouth, his nose still being blocked up.

Harry sighed and kissed Nasta’s cheek, tucking him in more firmly and making his way carefully off of the bed and then back down the stairs. Max was just stoppering the last of the potions when Harry entered the kitchen.

“How’s our baby?” Max asked him.

“He’s sleeping right now.” Harry answered with a smile. “He’s having trouble breathing though.”

“I’ll go and check on him in an hour. I’ll see if he needs a decongestant, I’ll brew that this evening if he does.”

“How’s Eva?”

Max laughed. “She’s just given Blaise the biggest, most explosive poo to deal with after taking that laxative. Poor Blaise was almost sick. He’s in the downstairs bathroom with her, trying to clean her off. Her nappy leaked, it went all over her legs, she needs another change of clothes.”

“I’m glad I missed that one!” Harry laughed. “I don’t think our thunderer would have let me get off scot-free from that.”

“How has he been since breakfast? Are you feeling better?”
“Much better.” Harry answered. “He’s actually been quiet today, it’s almost like he knows that his Daddy is sick and needs my attention.”

Max went to his knees and kissed Harry’s belly. Harry snorted a laugh. “Go and sit down. You’ve been brewing potions all day. I want some tea, do you want some?”

“Sure, let me just put these away safe.” Max said, turning back to the potion vials, putting them into his potion case and then tucking it away on the highest shelf while Harry filled the kettle and set it to boiling.

Max put a single vial up by the kettle, right at the back of the counter.

“That’s for Nas as soon as he’s awake.” Max explained.

“Alright, now go and support poor Draco. I’ll bring you both some tea.”

Max chuckled and swatted Harry’s arse and then strutted to the family room. Harry heard little baby screeches, calling out for their Daddy Max. It made him smile.

Blaise came back into the kitchen with a newly dressed Eva.

“Do you want a coffee, my big brave man, for dealing with such, in Max’s own words, an explosive poo?”

Blaise snorted. “I had no idea so much could come from such a tiny body. I need several coffees after that.”

“I’ve got it, go and settle in the room, Nasta’s fast asleep so he’ll be alright for an hour or so.”

Harry finished off the four cups, got them onto a tray, got a plate of biscuits and a pack of rusks, adding two extra for Eva and Ave, and he sorted out two bottles of water and five beakers of juice from the jug on the counter.

He carried it all into the family room and he smiled happily at the swarm of playing kids. He
placed the tray down, handed out tea, and the lone coffee, and then handed out rusks to his babies along with the beakers of juice.

“Are you okay?” Draco asked him as Harry sat next to him with a groan.

“Yes, I just need a moment on my arse.” He chuckled. “A little tea break is just what the Healer ordered.”

“I’ll go up to see Nasta next.” Max insisted. “I’ll take the potion up and if he’s not awake, I’ll leave it on the bedside table. Whoever goes up next, if he’s awake, jam it down his throat for me.”

Harry rolled his eyes, even as Blaise snorted with laughter. He took a deep sip of his tea and he let out a breath happily. This was definitely what he’d needed, a sit down and some tea.

“Ma!” Leolin called out from his baby gym. He’d rolled over onto his belly and he was pushing up with his hands, looking up at him.

“Ooo, look at you, sweetie.” Harry said moving immediately to get to his knees in front of Leolin’s little baby gym. He hefted Leolin up by his underarms and he moved back to the settee…and his cup of tea.

He sat Leolin up on his lap, reclining only slightly, so that Leolin was supported, but he could also support himself up a little bit too, and thus make himself stronger little by little, without putting too much pressure on his body.

“I love it when he does that.” Blaise said, leaning over to stroke one of Leolin’s soft cheeks. “Sitting up I mean. He looks like a proper little baby sitting up.”

“I know what you mean.” Harry said. “It’s good to see him doing something, anything, other than lying on his back or in our arms.”

Blaise nodded his agreement and smiled at Leolin, who scowled back.

“I wish his little scowly face wasn’t his thinking face. I keep thinking that I’ve done something
wrong.” Blaise laughed.

Harry smiled then and kissed Leolin’s head, waiting for his Faerie baby to catch up to the movement and peer up at him. Harry moved back just as Leolin grinned widely, showing off his lone little tooth.

“Now that grin is just adorable.” Max insisted. “At least he seems okay.”

Harry nodded worriedly. “He’s alright at the moment, but we don’t take any chances, okay? He’s not allowed in that bedroom and Nasta’s not allowed out. This time last year he and Calix were severely ill and it is almost the anniversary of him coming home from the hospital and I never want to go through that again.”

His three mates nodded seriously. Draco sat forward and cupped Leolin’s cheek and then his forehead and then his neck. He got a scowl for his efforts.

“He isn’t any warmer than usual.” Draco told them. “But one of us is to have eyes on him at all times until Nasta is better, no exceptions. We can’t take our eyes off of him because those fevers can hit him so quickly and as soon as that happens, he needs to go to the hospital. We can’t afford to miss those signs and let any illness take hold of his body.”

Harry nodded seriously and he held Leolin a little closer to his chest and he bent for another kiss, which got him another grin.

“We’ll look after you, baby.” He promised. “Your Daddy too, because he’s really not well either.”

“Da.” Leolin echoed. Those big gold eyes turned to the three men beside them, looked at each one of them and then seemed to look for a fourth.

Harry’s breath caught in his throat. “He…he’s looking for Nasta! He knows how many of us there are!”

“That’s amazing.” Max said with an excited grin on his face.
“I don’t think it’s counting, per se.” Draco said. “He looked us all in the eye. He knows the colours of our eyes and that’s how he identifies us. We all have different eye colours!”

Harry’s grin was so wide it hurt his mouth, but he didn’t care. “I can’t wait to tell everyone else! I wonder if he can recognise his brothers and sisters in the same way. Tegan and Regan might be a bit difficult, as they have the same hair and eye colour, the same with Eva and Ave, because they are actual identical twins, but I wonder if he could recognise the difference between Braiden and Farren, or Calix.”

“If he does tell us apart by our eye colour, what will that mean for Braiden and Blaise? Is it only the eye colour he notices? Or does he see height and age too?”

“I…I don’t know. I’ll have to ask Dain and Kailen.” Harry said. “They’re due a visit, they missed last week because of all that court business, that they are going to tell me about when I ask!” He said firmly. “If something is going on in the city, I want to know what it is.”

“And if they won’t tell you?”

“There’s always Eitri or Ezrah.” Harry said. “But I will find out what’s happening. I won’t have Leolin going there if there’s trouble.”

“You know that we agree with you wholeheartedly.” Draco insisted. “We don’t want him going there if there’s any danger to him either.”

Harry nodded and he cuddled with Leolin and used his free hand to pick up his tea.

“I’m going to go check on Nasta and then I’ll sort out the kid’s lunches. I’m thinking dippy eggs and toast soldiers, something nice and quick to get them down for their naps so we can concentrate on Nasta a little more. He needs the fussing.”

Harry nodded and looked at the kids happily playing on the floor, or climbing all over the settees in Calix’s case, and then to the clock. Nasta needed to be checked on and the kids did need their lunch soon. It was going to be a busy few days.

Harry had just finished drinking his tea when he heard Max clattering around in the kitchen cupboards.
“Where are the egg cups?” He demanded a few minutes of banging and rummaging later. “Who’s messed with my cupboards?”

Harry sighed and stood up, he handed Leolin over to Draco and he went to give Max a hand.

“No one has messed with the cupboards, Max. You moved them to a higher cupboard when Braiden got into the lower one and smashed two egg cups and cut his hand.”

Max ran a hand through his hair and then turned to the higher cupboard and to the collection of small little egg cups.

“I completely forgot about that. I’m sorry for shouting.”

“You’re stressed, Max. Just let me deal with this.”

“Absolutely not. I’m not going to go and do nothing, sitting on my fucking arse while my three month pregnant mate slaves over a hot stove.”

Harry rolled his eyes, but instead of arguing, he set to helping, laying out the little plastic plates and putting an egg cup on each one ready, using a sticking charm so the kids couldn’t move them, as Max set to toasting bread and soft boiling eggs.

“Shit, are you okay with eggs? I didn’t even ask.”

“We’ll find out soon enough.” Harry answered, eyeing the eggs bouncing in the saucepan of boiling water warily. He couldn’t smell them yet, but as soon as they were cracked open, that would change.

“I don’t deal well when Nasta’s ill.” Max moaned, coming to hug him from behind.

Harry patted those muscled arms and kissed a hand. “It’ll only be a few days, a week at most. We’re all alright, you’ve finished all the brewing now and Eva is going to, hopefully, be back to her normal self by tonight. I want Nasta to be better for Blaise’s birthday, but if he isn’t then we’ll deal with it.”
“All of us are getting sick now. You, Nasta, Eva…”

“I have morning sickness, it’s not the same, Eva was constipated, it’s not the same. Only Nasta is sick, Max, and he’s going to be fine.”

“Unless he passes his illness onto the rest of us.” Max mumbled, moving over to lightly butter the toast once it popped from the toaster and slicing each one into little strips.

“We’re all feeling fine, stop fretting, that’s my job.”

Max laughed then and shook his head. “I just…I know I couldn’t be the top dominant, I suppose that’s why I worry so much when it’s Nasta who’s sick.”

“He’s still a Dracken, he’s not going to die from the flu.” Harry said, watching as Max fished out the soft boiled eggs and sat each one into the little egg cup on the plates.

The two of them hit the eggs and removed half the shell and Harry breathed tentatively, but his stomach didn’t so much as waver. He was fine…though looking into the dippy eggs, he just knew that he wouldn’t be able to eat one. Thankfully though, none of them were for him as he took two plates and placed them in front of booster seats.

“Draco, Blaise? The kids’ lunch is up.”

Of course Farren came hurrying into the kitchen first, followed almost immediately by Braiden, who climbed his own chair and sat himself down, picking up his first strip of toast and plunging it straight into the runny yolk. It made Harry smile to see how far he’d come, even as he helped Farren into his own booster seat so that he could eat his lunch.

“How are you holding up?” Max asked, bringing over another two plates and setting them down while Blaise herded in Tegan, Calix and Regan.

“I’m alright. I couldn’t eat it myself, but the smell isn’t bothering me.”
Both he and Max laughed then, when Blaise had to grab Calix and lift him up to stop him from running down the corridor to the front door that Calix liked banging.

“Daddy, no.” Calix complained.

“You need to eat your lunch first.” Blaise said sternly, sitting Calix down on the last booster seat and strapping him in securely so he couldn’t escape.

Calix went to complain some more, but then he realised what was in front of him and he made a soft ‘Ooo’ noise and then dipped two fingers into his egg yolk before putting them in his mouth. Harry sighed. This would be a messy lunch.

Harry had been right about lunch being messy, by Calix’s hands in particular as he’d dug out his egg with his fingers and eaten his toast separately. By the end he’d been wearing more egg than he’d eaten and Max had spent more time cleaning up from lunch than he’d spent on cooking it.

Calix had gone straight into the bath as the wet wipes were just not effective enough to clean him up. It was almost a relief to drop him into his cot and let him and his brothers and sister go down for their naps. Not that any of them did easily or immediately, but Harry just left them all to it as he went to check in on Nasta.

His top dominant was fast asleep when Harry went to check on him and it made Harry smile. Nasta didn’t often get much rest, he was always up and doing something. It was strange to see him like this, but it was a good thing too. He needed his rest.

Harry checked on him, checked his temperature, which was coming down now with the aid of the potions, and he tucked him in before going back downstairs.

“Are you alright?” Draco asked him.

Harry nodded. “Fine. Nasta’s still asleep and those kids should be dropping off now, even if they do climb out and sleep on the floor with their teddies. The doors are shut, so they can’t get out onto the landing or into the master bedroom.”

“Here you go.” Blaise said, handing over a cup of tea.
“Thank you, Blaise.” Harry said sincerely, taking the tea and gulping.

“Perfect?” Blaise questioned with a smile.

“As always.”

Blaise sat on Harry’s other side and cuddled into him, as Harry rested against Draco. It was always peaceful at this time of day in the house, and it was the only time that they had to relax in such a hectic day. They all looked forward to it, even if Leolin, Eva and Ave were still awake.

After looking after eight babies, six of them hectic toddlers, who were all over the place and into everything, having just three of them awake, one of them who couldn’t even move around by himself yet, it was just blissful.

Eva and Ave were wriggling around the floor, playing with the toys that their older brothers and sister had left lying on the floor and Leolin was back in his little baby gym, this time he was staring at a brightly coloured butterfly. Leolin liked butterflies.

Everything was, sort of quiet. The only noises came from their twin girls, or the sparse conversation they were having between one another. Things were kept light and happy, as with Max’s birthday, they said nothing about Blaise’s in four days, they were going all out this year, because they hadn’t celebrated his nineteenth birthday last year…because this time last year Leolin and Calix had had bronchiolitis and Leolin had almost died from it. This year they were going to go all out and give him two birthdays in one to make up for the one that they hadn’t celebrated properly last year.

“We need more than two hours of this a day.” Draco sighed.

Harry hummed his agreement. “Get used to it, love. Very soon those kids won’t be having naps anymore and we’re getting a new baby in the New Year.”

“Just the one new baby.” Max said happily. “Our little thunderer.”

“Have you looked through any more of the baby name books?” Blaise asked.

Harry grinned at him. “I have and you know I won’t share any thoughts on the matter.”

“You’re a meanie, that’s why.” Max insisted.
That made Harry laugh, breaking the peaceful silence. “You’re terrible. You know I won’t know names until after our boy is actually born. Though at least knowing the gender now I can only look at boys and unisex names.”

“That’s narrowed it down to a couple hundred thousand.” Draco pointed out.

“Only a handful mean thunder or can be associated with thunder.”

“You named Farren after thunder.”

“So?” Harry asked. “He cried loud enough to rattle the windows in their frames. His name fits him. That doesn’t mean I can’t call the new baby thunder too. It’s not like they’re both going to be Farren’s, just their names will both mean thunder.”

“What if the baby is Max’s? Will you stop the Maddison naming tradition?” Blaise inquired.

“No.” Harry said firmly. “I’d call him Thor…or Zeus, or Taranis. Surely gods count in the Maddison naming tradition, doesn’t it?” He added looking to Max.

“Gods and goddess do technically count as rulers, so yes, they count. Though I’m not sure about having a son named Zeus.”

“I was using that as an example.” Harry smiled. “There are some nice names derived from the gods, like Seth from the Egyptian Set, or Indie from the Hindu Indra. It has to be better than the Roman Summanus, though I suppose that could be changed to Summer, though perhaps not for a boy.”

“You’ve been doing a lot of research, I see.” Draco told him.

Harry nodded. “A lot of it. Hermione’s been helping. We really need a computer, she can look up anything she wants in minutes! She looked up all the thunder gods for me and printed them off so I could read about them.”
“Anything that keeps you happy, love.” Max told him from his place on the floor. Ave was stood up in his arms, on her tippy toes, trying to see over his broad shoulder. Max had one hand on her back, to support her on her unsteady feet.

“I want to go look at new bassinet linens too.” Harry said. “Once Nasta is better I want to go shopping. I want some new bits for the baby, we can reuse some of the newer clothes, but he needs to have some of his own too.”

“We can go shopping.” Max nodded. “Do you want to renew the actual bassinet too, or just the linens and the mattress?”

“The actual bassinets are still sound.” Harry said. “We have a lot of bassinets thanks to the quintuplets. I’d be happier if we just replaced the mattress and the linens.”

His mates nodded and Harry settled back.

“I wonder if we can get any linens with lightning on them.” Max mused aloud.

Harry laughed again. “Oh, could we look, please? I’d love that.”

“Of course we can. Our little thunderer needs to sleep in style.”

That made Harry happy and he stood up. “Anyone want tea or coffee or a sandwich?”

“Can I have pumpkin juice instead, please?” Draco asked.

Harry nodded. “Max? Blaise?”

“Coffee for me, you should know better.” Blaise winked.

“I think I’ll have pumpkin juice with Draco.” Max said.
Harry nodded and he went to make up three bottles, a cup of tea for himself, coffee for Blaise and two pint glasses of cold pumpkin juice. He took the latter in while the kettle was boiling.

“Here you go. It won’t be a minute, Blaise,” He said, bending down and kissing Blaise’s mouth.

“I can wait as long as is needed for coffee, mio amore.” Blaise told him with a grin.

Harry snorted. “Of course you can. You can have a couple of days now of getting away with as much coffee as you want, what with Nasta being confined to the bed.”

“I’ll give him a bath later tonight.” Max said. “We can air out the room then before getting him back into bed.”

“I’ll go and check on him now.”

“You’ve already done so.” Draco insisted. “I’ll go now.”

Draco took another several gulps of pumpkin juice and then he stood and went up to check on Nasta.

“Make sure those kids have gone to sleep too!” Harry called out.

He went back into the kitchen to make tea and coffee, making up three bottles and he took those into the room next, letting them cool on the coffee table, then he went back to get the two mugs.

“Here you go, Blaise.”

“Grazie, Bello. Ti amo.”

“Ti amo, Blaise.” Harry said happily, kissing Blaise’s hair. It was coming back nicely now, but it would be some months still before it was back to its original length.
“Sit down, Harry. You need to rest.” Max told him.

Harry nodded and he sat next to Blaise again and drank his tea, enjoying the peace. Or he did until Draco came back with a squirming Calix.

“He wasn’t asleep.” Draco said. “As soon as he heard me on the landing he started knocking on the door and he came barrelling out when I went in to look on the others, you’d think that room was a prison by the way he was acting.”

Harry sighed. “Oh, sweetie, you are going to be grouchy in a few hours.”

Draco placed Calix down and he went straight to the pile of toys, clambering roughly over Eva.

“Callie, please be careful with your little sisters.” Harry said sternly.

Calix stopped, turned around and he hurried back to Eva. He hunched down and he gave her a rough kiss and Harry grimaced as he pulled her head around to kiss her properly. He sighed as Calix dropped her head and went back to the toys. Eva on the other hand looked a little stunned, as if she didn’t know what on earth had happened.

“How is our sleeping Prince?” Blaise asked.

“He’s alright. He was awake when I went in. I helped him to the bathroom, helped him to blow his nose, got him to drink half a glass of water and then I tucked him back in. He was asleep again before I’d finished smoothening the blankets over him.”

Harry smiled, happy that Nasta was resting, and that he was still taking in fluids. It was going to be very difficult now with him being very sick, but they’d manage, even if they had to leave him in bed, where he was going to recover more, then that was what they would do, with no arguments from the poorly Nasta.

The most challenging would be Blaise’s birthday, as Nasta would insist on being there, but in four days he should be much better with the potions he was taking. It might take him a couple more days afterwards for him to start feeling more like normal, but he should be able to celebrate with them a little. Harry hoped that he was feeling better by then, he wanted Blaise’s birthday to be perfect. Not that he thought that Nasta being sick would spoil Blaise’s birthday, of course not, but he knew that it would spoil it for Nasta himself to try and keep up with the rest of them while he was so sick.
Chapter End Notes

A/N: The court business is finally over and we have the verdict, as if anyone didn’t already know that those tossers were going to be found guilty, but Harry is finally free of the Dursleys and his past, now we can move on. He still has to tell his mates, including showing them those photos of his past injuries, but that will come after Blaise’s birthday now, once Nasta is better, because bless him, I had to throw in some sick Nasta, it’s too cute.

Speaking of illnesses though, Jethro lost his battle against his illness and his medication started failing, he was on the highest dosage of furosemide that he could take, and it still wasn’t enough. Another heart attack was only inevitable and I made the decision to take the pain and fear away from him. Jethro was euthanised on the 4th of October, almost two weeks ago, and it’s only now, in the last few days, that I’ve started coming back to normal myself. He was cremated privately and I now have his ashes in a beautiful urn in the shape of a sleeping cat. I am always going to remember him, but it’s going to take a long while before I can even think of opening up my heart to anyone else. I shouldn’t have had to say goodbye so soon to my boy who was only just six years old, but at least now he’s resting in peace and I have a memorial to him, along with all of my very fond memories.

Massive thank you to all of you who gave me kind words and support throughout the mere eight weeks of Jethro’s illness, particularly those of you on Facebook who were supporting me daily, I can never thank you enough for helping me through my stress and the grief that has followed, but I hope that now I’m back to updating, that the new chapters will help to show how thankful I am. Thank you, lovelies.

This is all for now, lovelies, I hope that you’ve all enjoyed reading this new chapter and I’m hoping to get more chapters out before the end of the year. There are also more Dracken Universe fics to come, so watch out for those and I’ll see you all again soon,

StarLight Massacre. X
Party Surprises

Chapter Notes

Last Time

Harry smiled, happy that Nasta was resting, and that he was still taking in fluids. It was going to be very difficult now with him being very sick, but they’d manage, even if they had to leave him in bed, where he was going to recover more, then that was what they would do, with no arguments from the poorly Nasta.

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Sixteen – Party Surprises

Harry had forgotten about his own hospital appointment and he cursed himself, his mates and all of their lack of organisation skills, as he sat in the ridiculous little plastic seat and waited for his name to be called out.

Max had been called into work very early that morning, before seven even, for an emergency break out of dragon pox in Ireland, which had sent anyone and everyone who wasn’t already infected scrambling for vaccines, leaving clinics critically short and desperately owling anyone who could send them more, as it was a very, very time sensitive disaster. Max had been told, by his very panic stricken and harried work colleague, that Saint Mungo’s had already blocked anyone from entering the hospital from an Irish floo code and the hideous dummy at the walk-in entrance was turning away anyone with dragon pox. Max had been cursing up a storm as he ran all over the house trying to yank off his pyjamas, force himself into work appropriate clothes, pack up his work case, choke down a few pieces of toast that Harry had made him, washed down with pumpkin juice, before flooing out of the house with barely a kiss to each of the kids as he left.

Draco needed to stay at home to watch over the babies and the still sick, sleeping Nasta too, and Blaise was off job hunting, for real this time as he insisted that he wasn’t going to any classes and this time he really was job hunting while he waited for the goblins to get back to him on investing in his business proposal…they were stalling and Blaise was getting antsy about them maybe
pulling out of his idea. So he’d gone job hunting just in case, to tide him over until the goblins gave him approval, or the news of rejection, of which he was now more certain they were leaning towards because of how long it was taking them to decide.

Blaise had been gone for just fifteen minutes before the floo call from an orderly came through, asking him if he was going to bother with his appointment today, which he was already half an hour late for.

After a desperate, cursory call around the family and not getting any answer, a furious argument with Draco about why he was going alone, because the appointment was important and the kids couldn’t stay home alone with a sick, sleeping Nasta, he had flooed to the hospital by himself, catching himself on a knee, which was now sore and aching.

He didn’t like being here alone any more than Draco did, but what other choice did he have? This was to make sure that their baby thunderer was as well as he could be, especially now that the stress had been taken from him. Of course they could have re-booked the appointment, but it could be another week or two away and Harry couldn’t have that. He needed to know that his unborn son was doing better now that his main causes of stress, mainly the court case and the agony of waiting for the verdict, had been removed.

He still couldn’t believe that he’d forgotten about the appointment, but with Nasta being sick, Blaise’s birthday coming up tomorrow and Eva getting constipated, he’d had a lot on his mind recently. He hadn’t checked their schedule cork board in about a week, and it didn’t look like any of his mates had either, or one of them would have seen the Healer appointment card for his fourteen week scan.

“Harry Potter?” An orderly in her pale yellow robes called out.

People started hissing and talking to one another when his name was called out, and despite being in a hospital waiting room, many of them with newborn babies waiting for routine check-ups, they craned their heads to look at him, younger children squealed and asked to go and touch him, much like a ten year old Ginny had when she’d found out that he was on the Hogwarts Express.

He stood and he walked quickly to the orderly, who gave a stern look to those people in the waiting room, and then turned to escort him to Healer Almus’ rooms herself, just in case anything happened to him on the way. Harry was grateful to her for her staunch professionalism.

Harry had forgotten how much of a deterrent his mates were. People still gossiped and talked, they still craned their heads to get a good look at him, but none of them would dare approach him with four big, muscled men surrounding him and he could forget about the people around him, safe and secure in the knowledge that they couldn’t approach him or hurt him with his mates there. He sighed, today was going to be a doozy, he could already feel it.

“Harry, there you are. No fellas with you today?” Healer Almus asked him worriedly as he entered the room alone and shut the door behind him. “Has anything happened? Is that why you’re late?”

“No. No, nothing like that!” Harry insisted quickly. “A lot of little things have happened, that’s all.
Eva was constipated for a few days and had to have a laxative, Nasta’s got the flu, Blaise’s birthday is tomorrow, we just forgot all about the appointment. It was only me and Draco at home, well, Nasta’s there too but he’s in no state to help, so I’ve had to come on my own today.”

Healer Almus sighed and shook his head. “Climb up then, Harry. Let’s see how baby boy is doing.”

Harry sat on the examination bed and he removed his jumper before lying back and letting Healer Almus check him over.

“How have you been, Harry?” He asked seriously.

“Wonderful since the end of the court case, but with Nasta being sick and Eva having her problems, well, I could still be better.” He insisted.

Healer Almus nodded as he continued checking him over.

“How is the morning sickness?”

“It’s trailed off now. I get queasy in the mornings, when I just wake up, but it’s rare now that I am actually sick, so I’ve been doing much better. Usually a cup of ginger tea, some ginger newts for breakfast and in an hour I’m fine.”

“Wonderful, so you’ve been eating better?”

Harry nodded. “Yes, I’ve been eating more and it hasn’t bothered me.”

“Right then, let’s check on baby.” Healer Almus said, laying his wand flat over Harry’s belly.

Harry was once again smitten with the image of his unborn son and he kept his eyes glued to the shifting, moving baby. He still couldn’t feel anything.

“Well, he’s still very happy where he is, he’s grown well and he’s not showing any signs of
distress, so that’s a very good sign.” Healer Almus told him. “Let’s check his heart rate.”

This was what Harry was most worried about as a Doppler was pressed carefully into his skin and then the whooshing sound of rushing blood filled the room.

“Well, I’m very pleased to say that his heart rate has come down, Harry. Not by much, he’s at one hundred and sixty-six beats a minute, which is still high, but I’m pleased that it’s coming down.”

“Will it come down further now?”

“I want to see you in another two weeks, for your sixteen week scan, so we can check to make sure it is coming down with the removal of your stress. Don’t forget about this one.” Healer Almus teased.

“I am sorry, we have had a lot on and Nasta would have definitely remembered if he’d been in his right mind.”

“Is he going to be alright?”

Harry nodded. “He’ll be fine. He gets the flu once a year, and it’s always in or near October. It’s the cold, wet season for the reserve and because the dragons are breeding and have hatchlings, the keepers have to go out and check on them all. Nasta gets soaked to the bone every single day, so he always gets sick and if it’s not the flu, it’s a chest infection, if it’s not that then he has a raging fever, he just always gets sick around this time of year. Max has him well in hand though.”

Healer Almus nodded and helped Harry get back into his shirt.

“Here are some photos for you and the date and time for your next appointment, Harry.”

“Thank you.” Harry said softly, sliding carefully from the examination bed and making sure everything was where it should be.

“I’ll see you in two weeks.”
Harry smiled and said his goodbyes. He made his way carefully back through the hospital and he hurried through the waiting room to the floo banks. No one was waiting to pounce on him and he was able to make a very quick escape. He flooed home and he caught himself on the fire guard and he breathed happier. He stepped over the fire guard slowly and carefully and he went to find Draco in the larger family room, going the long way around so that he could pin the new appointment to the cork board as he went into the kitchen, glaring at the little card for their missed appointment as he pulled it off and binned it.

“Draco, I’m home.” He called out before he entered the family room. “Nasta! You should be in bed!” He chastised as he saw his oldest mate sat with Draco.

“I feel fine, Harry. Draco told me about the forgotten appointment.”

Harry sighed, but he sat down and he smiled. “We fall apart without you, Nas. We need you fit and healthy. I have another appointment in two weeks. But our thunderer is doing well. He’s grown a bit and his heart rate has come down, just not by a lot. I’ve got some more photos.”

Harry handed them over and watched as Nasta and Draco flipped through them.

“So, everything’s looking good?” Draco asked.

Harry nodded. “Yes. His heart rate is falling, we’ll see if this continues now at my sixteen week scan.”

“I’m feeling better today.” Nasta said. “I think the worst is over and I’ll be completely fine in a few days. How has Leolin been? Any sign of illness?”

“No, we’ve been keeping a very close eye on him, but he’s been fine. He’s actually been sitting up a lot more and we’ve realised that he recognises us from the colour of our eyes.”

“Really? How do you know?” Nasta asked excitedly.

“He was looking for you the other day.” Harry said. “He looked at Draco, Blaise and Max, then he looked for you. There’s no way he could have been counting and Draco said that he knew the
colour of our eyes, that he was looking at the colour of our eyes as we all have different colours.”

“He does stare at our eyes more than any other part of the body.” Nasta agreed. “Perhaps he was committing the colour to memory and he now recognises us through that colour.”

“We don’t know what that means for those with the same colour eyes though.” Harry sighed, frowning a little in worry. “Braiden for example, has the same colour eyes as Blaise, and Tegan and Regan look very similar and their eyes are the same green-hazel-gold that yours are. I don’t know if, when the time comes, that he won’t confuse them all together because of the colour of the eyes.”

“We’ll ask Dain and Kailen, if they ever decide to come and visit.” Nasta added with a small sneer.

“If not, we could always invite Ezrah over, or Eitri. They don’t have children themselves, not yet, but they might know.”

Nasta nodded, looking more at ease with that idea and he settled back, closing his eyes.

“You need to be in bed. You won’t get better if you push yourself.” Harry chastised.

“Now that you’re back safe I think I will.” Nasta sighed heavily.

“Come on.” Harry insisted, standing up. “Draco, I want tea when I come back.”

“Yes, Sir.” Draco rolled his eyes.

“Sarcasm doesn’t become you.” Harry said, giving Draco a poke before giving his attention back to Nasta. “Do you have enough water upstairs, Nas, or do you need some more?”

“Another one.” Nasta mumbled, looking like he was going to fall asleep on his feet.

Harry went to get another glass and he filled it before he turned to help Nasta up the stairs and back into bed.
“I hate being sick.” Nasta moaned.

“I know, love. But if you don’t stop pushing yourself, it’ll only take longer to get better.” Harry said, shimmying Nasta into bed and setting his new glass of water on the bedside table for him. “Now, everything is fine, I’m home safe, you just concentrate on you and get better soon. We love you, but you need to stay in bed.”

Nasta nodded and he sighed again, snuggling down and allowing Harry to tuck him in and give his forehead a quick kiss.

“I get bored staying in bed so much.” Nasta complained.

“I know you do. So did me and Blaise when we were on bed rest, none of us like it, we’re active young men, but we need to endure it to get better.” Harry lectured. “It’s not going to be forever.”

“I know. I want to be better by tomorrow, though.”

“I know that you do, and you don’t know, maybe you will be. Maybe you’ll wake up tomorrow and feel much better and stronger, but if you’re not, we’ll pander everything around you.”

“Everything should be pandered around Blaise!” Nasta said furiously.

“Oh, it will be, but I will work it in such a way that it’ll include the both of you.” Harry said sternly. “I won’t have you left out and I won’t have Blaise’s birthday ruined. I will find a way to make this work, Nasta. You’ll see.”

Nasta smiled then. “You’re so determined, I can’t help but believe you. I love you, Harry.”

“I love you too, now quit talking, lie down and get some more sleep. I’ll come and check on you in an hour with another headache reliever.”

Nasta chuckled, but he did lie down more comfortably, and Harry smiled. He kissed Nasta again
and he slipped from the bed and he closed the door behind him as he left the room.

He went next door to check on his napping babies and he tucked them in too, making sure comfort teddies were close at hand, or in the case of Tegan’s penguin, actually in her cot, as it had slipped through the bars at some point during her nap. All of them were sleeping soundly today, even Farren and Calix. He left the nursery, went back down the stairs, and into the family room with Draco and their youngest girls. His tea was waiting for him on the coffee table, perfectly made and at a drinkable temperature and it made him smile. Everything was going to work out just fine, he’d make it so.

Max had been furious for forgetting the appointment, despite coming home exhausted and looking a mess, covered in all sorts. Blaise had been furious about it too, as he hadn’t actually needed to go out and he could have accompanied Harry instead, but they had calmed down when Harry had explained that he was fine and hadn’t had any problems in the hospital and told them what Healer Almus had said, and shown them the new photos of their little thunderer. The both of them swore not to forget the next appointment, in fact it looked as though Max had actually memorised it as Harry had caught him staring at the little card, murmuring soundlessly to himself.

Blaise’s birthday dawned the next morning with both Harry and Max getting up early and while Max sorted out breakfast in bed for the five of them, Harry sorted out a fussing Leolin, who wanted his morning bottle an hour earlier than he usually did.

“The kids will be alright in their nursery for a bit while we have breakfast, I know we normally feed them first, but this is a special occasion.” Max chatted to Harry as Harry himself fed Leolin, who was eating much quicker.

“Max, look at this.” Harry said distractedly as he watched Leolin. “Is it just me and some wishful thinking or is he hungrier than normal?”

Max popped up over his shoulder and he watched as Leolin barely stopped to swallow before he suckled in more milk, his eyes closed and his hands resting on his own belly as usual.

“It’s not just you, he is really going for it.” Max said. “I’ll make up a half bottle, just in case he wants some more. Maybe he had a growth spurt overnight.”

“I’ll weigh him after he’s finished eating.” Harry said, excited at the prospect of Leolin having any sort of growth spurt.
He watched in utter amazement as Leolin drank down all of his milk, and then latched onto the second bottle that was offered to him. It was the most he’d ever eaten in one go before.

“Is he going for it?” Max asked, flipping pancakes.

“He really is, I think he might get close to finishing this bottle too.” Harry said excitedly.

“I can’t even believe it, he must have had a growth spurt. Does he look any bigger or feel any heavier?”

“No, not really, but then I’m used to hefting around Farren and Braiden. He’s still our lightest baby, even smaller than the girls. So I won’t know until I get him on those scales.”

“I set them up on the table for you.” Max told him. “I can’t wait to see if he’s gained anything.”

Harry smiled and watched as Leolin continued eating. He’d slowed down now, suckling more normally, but that he was still eating was a huge achievement for him.

When Leolin actually finished drinking, he’d only left a small amount in the bottle and Harry hefted him onto his shoulder with a burp cloth and he winded Leolin, being very careful of his tiny wings.

“There we go, baby.” Harry said once all of Leolin’s wind was up. He laid Leolin in the bowl like dish on the scales and he watched as it displayed eighteen pounds and four ounces. Harry squealed happily. “He’s put on a whole pound, Max!”

“A full pound overnight? Let me see!” Max said excitedly, as he hurried over to look at the scale display. “Well done, Leolin! How tall is he now? Is he still twenty-five and a half inches?”

Harry took out a soft tape measure and he did it by hand, lying Leolin on the table and measuring him.

“No, he’s gained half an inch, he’s twenty-six inches! He really did have a growth spurt, Max!”
“No wonder he wanted more milk, half an inch and a whole pound! He needs the extra milk, he’ll be on the big bottles now.”

Harry was so excited, he wanted to thrust Leolin at his three sleeping mates upstairs and shout the news in their faces, but even he wasn’t that cruel. He was grinning and he couldn’t put Leolin down as he cradled his boy in his arms.

“Ma.” Leolin called out.

Harry looked at him, but his Faerie baby was reaching out to the counter. To the Harry doll.

“I hate that thing.” He said, even as he picked it up and gave it to Leolin, who tucked it into his neck and curled up around it.

“Leolin loves it.” Max said. “He wants to keep his Mummy close.”

Harry rolled his eyes, but he smiled. Leolin, exhausted from early start and his little feast, drifted back off in his arms.

“He must still be growing.” Harry said in amazement. “I’ll keep an ear out for him now, in the next few days. He might want to eat more often.”

Max nodded as he finished stacking the fluffy pancakes onto a plate.

“Come on you, back upstairs, we have a birthday boy to surprise.” Max told him. “We can drop Leolin off in his nursery on the way.”

Harry nodded and he went up first, dropping Leolin off in his own separate nursery, just so that he wouldn’t be disturbed by his more active older siblings, nor put in any danger if they caught something and potentially passed it on to him.

Max had waited for him out in the hallway as Harry laid Leolin down in his cot and covered him over. Harry rejoined Max and together they went into their master bedroom.

Draco was just stirring as they came in and Nasta was sat up, awake and sipping on a glass of water. He put the glass back on the bedside table and he smiled at them as they entered.
“How are you feeling?” Max asked him.

“Better.” Nasta said. “I’m not quite up for wrestling dragons again, but I can actually breathe today.”

Harry smiled, as Nasta didn’t sound as snuffly today as he had in past days. Harry clambered onto the bed, straddled his mate’s lap and he kissed Nasta.

Draco groaned as he got a knee to his thigh. “Harry! What are you doing?”

“Waking you all up! We have Leolin news!”

That had even Blaise turning over to look at him, all of them suddenly awake and more alert.

“Is he okay?” Draco asked.

“He got sick?” Blaise slurred sleepily.

“He wouldn’t be here wasting words if Leolin was sick.” Nasta calmed them, showing why he was their top dominant, and why they’d missed him so much when he was ill.

“He’s had a growth spurt!” Harry said excitedly. “He woke up earlier than normal and he drank all of his bottle and almost half of a second bottle too! He’s half an inch bigger and a whole pound heavier!”

“Really?” Draco asked him, sounding just as excited.

Harry nodded. “He dropped right off back to sleep, so it looks like he has some more growing to do too. I’m so happy.”

“I can’t wait to see him.” Blaise said, rolling onto his back and stretching. He clocked Max at the
end of the bed and the tray in his hands. “Is that breakfast?”

Max grinned and he settled the tray at the end of the bed. He handed Draco and Blaise a plate of pancakes and then he handed one to Harry, then to Nasta. He sat on the end of the bed and he ate his own pancakes, but Harry, sat in the middle of the bed, was happy to eat and look at all four of his mates.

“Happy birthday, Blaise! How does it feel to not be a teenager anymore?” Max asked him.

“Wonderful.” Blaise said with a smile. “I might actually be able to get a job now if my potential employers don’t see that I’m a teenager, though I’m still waiting for the goblins to decide on that business proposal that I gave them. I knew it wouldn’t be easy getting money from them, but truly, how long do they need to decide?”

“Floo call them.” Draco said firmly. “Remind them that they owe you an answer, even if it is a notice of rejection.”

“It’ll definitely be a rejection if I hound after them.” Blaise fretted.

“You’re not a teenager any more, Blaise. Take these matters into your own hands instead of looking for an interim job while they yank you about over the decision.”

“You mean Blaise isn’t twentyteen?” Harry asked with a grin, trying to steer the conversation away from the argument it was heading for.

His mates all laughed, but Blaise reached out and patted his cheek.

“No, you’re adorable though.” Blaise told him. “You’ll be twentyteen, like Max is thirty-threeteen.”

Harry laughed and grinned up and Max, who grinned back. “That I am! It’s what you get when your mental age doesn’t match up with your physical age.”

“I wouldn’t mind staying a teen for a while longer.” Harry grinned. “It makes me feel old otherwise.”
“Can you believe that it’s almost been three years for us, Harry?” Blaise asked.

“No, it doesn’t seem so long, but then I’ve had so much fun with you all that the time is flying by.” Harry smiled. “The kids are all growing and can you believe that our baby is twenty-six months old?”

“I still can’t believe it.” Blaise said, looking at him with a loving look. “Our first born, our only child together, and he’s now sleeping through the night and using the potty more than he is his nappy. Where was the little, shrivelled newborn that you presented to me?”

“It was over two years ago.” Harry said wistfully and shook his head.

“And very soon another little new one will arrive.” Draco said, bending forward to touch the bump.

Harry smiled and covered Draco’s hand with his own. “Our new little boy. Our thunderer, who has actually been really good today.” Harry said brightly.

“Let’s hope he carries on being good.” Max said as he took Harry’s empty plate and put it back on the tray.

“He’s being good, but he’s hungry.” Harry said with a smile.

“You’re still hungry?” Max asked.

“No, he is.” Harry said with a wink and a grin as he shifted over to Blaise and pulled the duvet from him. “I think he needs some fluids, if you catch my drift.”

“Oh. Oh!” Max laughed then and swatted his bum. “I get you, well by all means, take what you need, lover. Let me get rid of these.”

Harry, who was busy pulling down Blaise’s pyjama bottoms, heard Max shift the tray of empty plates to the floor and out of the way. He smiled up at his first mate.
“Do you want to feed me, birthday boy?” He asked in a low purr.

Blaise’s eyes widened and the pupil’s dilated. He smirked in a very smug, self-satisfied way and he crossed his arms behind his head and watched Harry.

“Carry on, Bello.” He said, his voice much deeper now. “If you need to feed, you can just take without asking, it would be my pleasure to feed you.”

Harry smiled and he ducked his head down to tease at the tip of Blaise, who was hot and hard in his hand. He was aware of the gazes of all of his mates upon him, but he didn’t care. Then he had an idea and he decided to give all of his mates a show as he shimmied out of his own pyjama bottoms and pulled out his own cock, stroking it as he sucked on Blaise. He heard the moans and curses of his mates as he continued sucking on and teasing Blaise, who wasn’t looking quite as cool and relaxed as he had at the beginning.

Harry teased Blaise, and he teased himself, but it didn’t take long before Max snapped and laid down, forcing himself under him and he pulled Harry to straddle his face. Max swallowed Harry down right to the base and Harry popped off of Blaise with a gasp.

“Max! It’s my birthday, stop distracting him.” Blaise whined, moving his hands to Harry’s head and gripping his hair tight, trying to tug him back down onto him.

“Don’t stop!” Harry demanded of Max, to counter any ideas that Max might have had about moving off of him from Blaise’s words.

Max didn’t stop or break his bobbing rhythm and Harry whined happily as a pleasant twist of pleasure spiked through his balls and to his gut. He got used to the feeling and soon he was able to go back down on Blaise, who moaned happily, threading his fingers through Harry’s messy hair to hold him in place, just in case he decided to pop back off of him again.

They moved together to bring pleasure to themselves and to each other, Blaise bucking his hips, pushing his cock into Harry’s mouth and Harry rocked down into Max’s mouth, who would suck strongly on him and swallow. Harry didn’t know where Nasta or Draco were, or what they were doing, but he didn’t much care as he focused everything on sucking Blaise, trying to control himself as Max worked his magic on him. Blaise did orgasm first, but Harry followed almost immediately after with a muffled cry that sent another shockwave of pleasure down Blaise’s spine.

Harry collapsed onto Blaise’s heaving chest and he panted, trying to catch his breath. Max moved from under him and he turned to cuddle up to the both of them, throwing one heavy arm over Harry’s back.
“You’ve got a little something right…” Blaise said, leaning forward and licking a dribble of cum from Max’s lip. “…there.” He finished happily.

Harry chuckled tiredly. He turned his heavy head to look for Nasta and Draco. He was unsurprised to see them fucking, though he was slightly surprised that Nasta was bottoming. But then he had been sick recently and he wouldn’t have much energy, certainly not enough to do his usual hip rolling. So maybe it wasn’t so unusual or surprising that he’d chosen to lie back and let Draco do most of the work.

Harry watched them happily, lazily, stroking Blaise’s hair slowly as Max’s hand gently patted his belly. He was feeling very relaxed and mellow, very satiated just from a mutual blow job. He was happily watching as Draco pushed himself to a new level and with a grunt, his hips stuttered and he stayed pressed into Nasta, who sighed happily as he spilled in his own hand.

Harry crawled over and he cleaned up Nasta, sucking on every finger. His mates all groaned and Harry smiled and sat up.

“Baby needed some more fluid.” He said with a wink and a rather naughty chuckle.

Harry laughed fully then and he stood up, going to their massive walk-in wardrobe, he opened ‘his’ dresser and pulled out some clean boxers and socks and a clean tee-shirt. He was feeling reinvigorated and he felt like he had energy to spare as he dressed in his underwear and then he took down a hanger with clean jeans on them and he dressed in those too.

“Come on, lovers.” Harry chided, clapping his hands. “Our children need us.”

He opened the nursery door and he had to smile as several little faces turned to look at him. The only one still in a cot was Regan, who was stood up and clutching his comfort teddy.

“Good morning, babies!” He called out cheerfully.

Calix came rushing into their master bedroom and he immediately toddled to the large bed. He immediately tried to heft himself up by winding his hands in their duvet and tugging on it, trying to climb it, though he didn’t get very far and he soon called out for assistance. With a laugh, Max reached over and gave Calix a hand up. He immediately started wriggling and climbing all over his Daddies.

“Bo da, Mummy!” Came the predictable greeting from Braiden.

“Bo jor!”

“Bonjour, Braiden. Good morning.”

“Ciao!”

“Ciao, Braiden. Good morning.” Harry repeated dutifully.

“Ciao!” Calix said happily from the bed. “Morning!”

That had his mates excitably sitting up and lavishing him with praise. Harry chuckled. “It seems that Italian is the easiest and the most memorable for them.”

“Ciao!” Tegan shouted from next door and Harry laughed.

“I think the morning greetings are going to start taking ten minutes.” He said with a smile.

“Out!” Regan cried from his cot, holding up both arms to him, his teddy dangling from one hand. “Mummy, out pwease.”

Harry about melted as he went to sweep up his son, kissing him and praising him for correctly using ‘please’ in a sentence. They really were growing and learning every single day.

“I suppose it’s time to get up.” Max sighed. “These little toe rags won’t wait for their breakfasts forever.”

“Give them some fruit and yoghurt and give them a bigger lunch.” Harry insisted. “In fact, I’ll do that now while you lot get dressed. I can handle that.”
“Stop taking my job from me.” Max whined.

“You’ve already cooked breakfast this morning. Besides, it’s only fruit and yoghurt, calm your shit.” Harry winked.

“Watch your mouth in front of the kids.” Draco chastised.

“After what was just done to my mouth, my language is the least of our worries.” Harry laughed. “Come on babies.” He called out a little more loudly. “It’s time for breakfast. Come on Farren, Braiden, Tegan.”

He got the kids all following him out onto the landing and then he got them waiting on the top of the landing by the baby gate. He got himself on the other side carrying Calix and Tegan and he dropped them off at the bottom of the stairs and he went back for Regan while Braiden and Farren slipped down on their bums as he watched them like a hawk, but he was content to allow them another small little taste of independence and coming down the stairs, sort of on their own, was enough for now.

Harry got them to the kitchen and he pulled out their plastic bowls before turning back to help the kids into their booster seats. He got them beakers of apple juice to tide them over before he pulled out the kilo bucket of natural yoghurt that Max bought for the kids and he dolloped a few spoonfuls into each bowl. He washed blueberries and raspberries and added them to the bowls, then sliced in strawberries, a bit of banana and some grapes before handing them over to the kids with a spoon, though he already knew that he’d be wiping most of it up off the floor.

He ate his own fruit and yoghurt standing at the counter, so nothing from his babies’ bowls ended up in his own. It took fifteen minutes before the first of his mates made it down to the kitchen and it was Draco who came in first.

“Do you want tea?” The blond asked him, moving straight to the kettle.

Harry nodded. “Yes please.”

“Eating again?” Draco teased.

Harry shrugged, chewing another mouthful of yoghurt and fruit. “I guess I got hungry again after our bed activities.” He laughed. “Our thunderer needs his daily fruit quota.”
“You don’t know how much I enjoy hearing you say that.” Nasta said as he came into the kitchen. He was dressed in actual clothes for the first time in several days and he looked much better, healthier. Harry was so very, very glad that he was finally feeling better, that he was getting healthier.

“I could hazard a good guess.” Harry grinned.

Nasta came and kissed him.

“Is everything still on for later?” Harry asked quietly. “Do you have the tickets safe?”

“Yes, Caru.” Nasta said. “Everything is prepared, though I’m not sure Draco will enjoy himself.” He said with a smile at Draco’s back.

“Oh, I’m sure he will…once he adapts.” Harry laughed.

Nasta gave him an evil smirk and then moved over to grab his mug of morning green tea. Harry watched him, just happy to have him back on his feet and in relatively good health once again. None of them liked seeing the others sick, but when it was Nasta, their family just sort of fell apart, as they’d proved by forgetting his baby scan appointment.

Harry finished his second breakfast and he went around helping his babies to scoop out the last of their breakfasts, casting a glance every now and then at Max, who had brought down the twin girls and was currently feeding one of them…he hadn’t bothered to get fully dressed yet, he was still shirtless, and he cut a glorious figure bottle feeding a bottle to a tiny little girl who was tucked into his one muscled arm. Harry was getting aroused again.

“You look flushed and glassy eyed, did Nasta pass his sickness to you?” Blaise asked worriedly, breaking Harry’s dazed staring by placing a hand on his forehead.

“Oh, I’m fine. It’s not there that you want to touch, lover.” Harry smiled with a wink and he took Blaise’s hand, and in view of his other staring, worried mates, he placed it over his crotch.

Max laughed, Draco rolled his eyes and turned back to finishing the morning tea, and a coffee for Blaise, but Blaise himself gave Harry a sly grope and a squeeze and Harry gasped, before he turned and followed him like a sex starved sheep.
“No, Bello.” Blaise said with a grin. “We’re up for the day now, you know we don’t slip off for sex when we’re up for the day.”

“Harry’s certainly up for the day.” Max quipped with a grin.

“It’s your fault that I am!” Harry pouted.

“Me? What did I do?” Max demanded.

“You know what you did!” Harry huffed.

“Max, stop teasing Harry.” Nasta tried to be stern, but his lips twitched and they could all hear the laughter in his tone.

“I haven’t done anything!” Max insisted.

“Yes you have!” Harry said back. “Standing there half naked, one of my baby girls in your muscled arms looking like a parenting magazine’s wet dream. You know how I get when I’m pregnant!”

Max seemed to realise then how he looked and he grinned. He flexed a little more, making his arms bulge. Harry groaned and took his honey tea into the family room, removing himself from the tantalising view of temptation.

It didn’t take long before he heard little feet slapping on the kitchen floor and then a horde of barefooted babies came in.

“Can someone get clothes for the kids, please?” He asked as he watched them all hurry to their toy box in their pyjamas.

“Draco’s already gone to sort their clothes.” Nasta called back.

“You come in here and sit down. You need to rest!” Harry nagged.
He heard his mates chuckling and he rolled his eyes.

He was excited for later, it was going to be a new adventure for all of them tonight, as despite their Muggle experiences, neither Max nor Nasta had ever been to a cinema before, neither had he, but Hermione had once told him and Ron of a trip to the cinema she had taken during the summer. Harry had told Nasta what Hermione had told them, that it was like watching a movie on a massive screen, but he had omitted the other things that Hermione had told him, that it was loud, dark and overwhelming. Hermione had enjoyed it, but she had said that it was a little overbearing and took some time to get used to in the beginning. Harry was excited and he was looking forward to it.

He was actually finding it difficult to keep his mouth shut. Only Nasta knew what he’d had planned, the others had been told that it was all in hand. Blaise hadn’t been told anything. But he was so excited and he was looking forward to going to the cinema for the first time.

Nasta did do as Harry had asked though, and he came into the family room after a few minutes to keep him company. They sat with their morning tea and just watched their children destroy the clean, tidy room. Harry didn’t care, he didn’t fret the mess, he was no Petunia Dursley.

“Are you both alright?” Max asked, walking in with both girls in his arms. He set them immediately on the floor, into the chaos of their older siblings.

“Do you have the baby monitor?” Harry asked quickly.

Max reached behind him and he unclipped the monitor from the back of his jeans and he placed it on the coffee table. “Got it.” He said with a smile. “I just couldn’t carry it with the girls, so I had to clip it somewhere where their little feet wouldn’t kick it. In the kitchen you can just about hear him snuffling now and then as he sleeps, he’s not awake yet.”

That automatically made Harry smile.

“Do any of them need a nappy change?” Max asked, pulling the nappy bag from under the side table and sliding the foam changing mat from under the settee.

“Looking at them, I’d say Calix, definitely.” Harry said.

Max shuffled forward on his knees and he caught Calix and hefted him over to his little work station and he started the process of stripping off pyjamas and changing nappies, leaving all of the kids bare until Draco came back down with their clothes for the day.
“What do you have planned for my birthday?” Blaise demanded as he joined them.

“Mind your own business.” Harry teased.

“Who says we’re doing anything?” Max carried on, grinning. “Nasta has only just gotten better and Harry is preggers. Regan, no, stay still, sweetie.” He said quickly as his distraction almost lost him the baby and he had to lean forward and grab a little ankle to heft Regan back onto the mat.

Harry rolled his eyes and laughed. “We owe you two birthdays, we have a lot planned.” Harry winked, as it looked like Blaise was actually believing their teasing that they weren’t doing anything. “Alexander is having the kids overnight, so you’ll be free to ravish me until your heart’s content all night long.”

“You really are up for it now, aren’t you?” Max laughed, being very brave in Harry’s opinion and darting a glance up at him, once again taking his eyes off of Regan.

“I really am, I don’t know what’s wrong with me today, but the very thought of it is making me hot and hard.”

“It must be pregnancy hormones.” Nasta said, throwing an arm around his shoulders and pulling him into a hug. “You can go through a range of different emotions and feelings, including being incredibly aroused. It’s normal.”

“We like it very much.” Max added with a salacious grin.

“Blaise, sweetheart?” A soft voice called out from the other room.

“Madre, in here.” Blaise called out to his Mother.

Marianna came into the room with a wrapped gift in her hands and she swooped on Blaise, taller than him as she was, and all but crushed him in her arms, giving his forehead a big, smacking kiss, leaving behind the dark purple lipstick that she was wearing.

“Bon anniversaire, Blaise.” She said brightly, her thumb automatically wiping away the plum
“Merci.” Blaise answered in French, taking the gift and sitting down to open it.

Marianna was immediately distracted by the nearly naked babies, coming to greet her in several languages.

“Oh, aren’t they the adorable little linguists?” She cooed.

“They’re coming on really well.” Harry said with a proud smile.

“I can see.” Marianna laughed, then hefted up Calix, who was the most insistent that she pick him up. “Have I miscounted, you are one short? But, where is Leolin?” She asked, scanning the room.

“He is upstairs. He’s having a growth spurt.” Harry said happily, proudly. “He needed some more sleep.”

“Oh, that is wonderful news.” Marianna insisted with a smile.

Harry nodded with his own smile. “The girls are coming on really well too. In fact they all are, even this one.” He added patting his belly.

“Has his heart rhythm come down?”

Harry nodded. “Yes, since the end of the trial it has. There’s still some more work to be done, but we’re heading in the right direction now.”

“I am very proud of you for coming through that with such grace.” Marianna said with a smile.

Harry smiled and nodded, but his attention was taken by the nearly released Regan coming over to him and lifting his arms up to him. Harry hefted him up and sat him on his lap, giving him a cuddle, smoothing the hair from his face and giving his temple a kiss. Max had moved on to Farren.
It was at that moment that a soft grunting came through the baby monitor and a sleepy ‘Ma’ was heard.

“I got him.” Nasta said, putting down his mug of green tea and going to get their Faerie baby.

“Is he alright to go near Leolin now?” Marianna asked.

“Yes, he’s woken up feeling fine.” Max said. “He’s no longer contagious and we will keep an eye on Leolin, just in case, but the danger is over.”

“Good.” Marianna said shortly.

“Would you like a coffee, Mother?” Blaise asked, after he’d finished examining the coffee set his Mother had gotten him for his birthday. It included actual French coffee beans, a bean grinder, a little coffee press and a new mug.

“I would, Blaise, thank you.”

Blaise went to sort out another round of tea and coffee and Harry sat back and watched over his playing children. At least until Calix, who had been placed back on the floor, came to him and patted his knee.

“Mummy, toon.” He said, pointing at the double doors that led into the other room.

“Do you want to watch cartoons? Come on then.” Harry said, standing up with Regan cocked on his hip and going to throw open the double doors. He found the remote on top of the TV, because the kids thought that they were toys and liked bashing them about or mashing buttons, and he switched on the tele and turned it onto the kids’ channels. He had watched the local news last night before he’d gone up to bed.

“You know we’re going to need to get another TV when the kids are older, don’t you?” He told his mates, after putting down Regan who wanted to watch the cartoons with Calix, and walking back into the family room.
“Why?” Draco asked, having just walked through the door and holding an armful of clothes and a handful of tiny socks.

“We have a lot of kids, we’re going to have many more, what are the chances that they all want to watch the same thing on TV?” Harry chuckled. “Or when the older kids want to watch a movie and the younger kids want to watch cartoons?”

Draco groaned and Max laughed. “A new TV for this room it is, as long as one doesn’t show up in my kitchen, then I don’t care. I never believed in having a TV in the kitchen. The kitchen is for family meals, not gawping at a screen while shovelling in food that you’re not even tasting. I don’t spend hours making my family a meal only to have it unappreciated and eaten as quickly as humanly possible.”

“I agree.” Harry said to appease Max, who settled down again. He still remembered Dudley eating like a gormless zombie in front of the TV in the kitchen, ignoring everyone around him, not taking part in the conversation, Harry would even go so far as to say that Dudley hadn’t even heard anyone around him talking as all of his focus was on the TV. He didn’t want to associate his cruel, overweight, spoilt cousin with his children. He didn’t want them to turn out anything like Dudley.

Blaise brought in a tray with the mugs on them and he handed his Mother a mug immediately. Nasta came back in with Leolin and Harry repressed the urge to automatically hold out his arms. He calmed his Dracken side, their Faerie baby was fine, he was safe.

Nasta sat with Leolin for a few minutes, then he handed him over to Harry and that was the end of anyone else holding Leolin’s attention, as with a shriek of ‘Ma!’ Leolin dug tiny fingernails into his neck and held on. He mouthed at Harry’s chin, in his version of a kiss, and it made Harry smile, it made his mates all laugh.

“Do you need a babysitter for later?” Marianna asked them as she watched Draco and Max dress the fresh, clean babies in their day clothes.

“Alexander has agreed to have them overnight for us.” Blaise explained.

Marianna laughed. “Don’t do anything that I wouldn’t, Blaise.”

Blaise went red and he buried his face in his hands. “Madre!” He complained.

“What? I wish for my son to enjoy an active sex life. There’s nothing embarrassing about that.”
Harry’s lips twitched into a smile, trying to repress his laughter, as his first mate looked about ready to die on the spot.

After several more comments about their sex life and heavy encouragement to take full advantage of the baby-free night, Marianna seemed to realise that she had embarrassed her son more than enough for one day, as she soon excused herself after finishing her coffee, and with a final warning to them all to enjoy themselves that night, she flooed away laughing and left Harry sniggering and Max biting his lip to keep from outright laughing himself.

“Well…she does know us rather well by now.” Max tried.

Harry chuckled to himself. “It wasn’t so long ago that we went on an all-night bender and couldn’t even remember where we were when we woke up.”

Blaise moaned at the reminder. “Don’t mention that. I have never drank so much in my life and I never want to ever again.”

“That was the night that we spent in the nasty little Muggle hovel, wasn’t it?” Draco asked.

“That was the one.” Max nodded. “I still have nightmares about that hideous carpet.”

Harry chuckled, but his attention was caught by Calix in the other room. Calix who had climbed onto the coffee table.

“Calix!” He said sharply. “Get down.”

“No!” Came the defiant answer from the other room.

“I said get down, now.” Harry said, staring his young son down who frowned and pouted at him.

“Don’t want to.” Calix tried.

“It’s dangerous, get down.”
“Time out?” Nasta asked as Harry continued frowning when Calix ignored him.

“Yes, that was three clear warnings. Hold this one for me.” He said handing Leolin over to the nearest person, who happened to be Draco.

“Do you want me to…?” Nasta started, but Harry shook his head.

“No, I noticed him and I started this.”

Harry stood himself up, thankful that he was only three and a half months pregnant and not any further along, even if he was at the halfway point in his pregnancy now, and he went into the other room and he took hold of Calix’s hand and pulled him gently until he shimmied off the table on his own, Harry there as support in case he fell. He was wearing socks, on the polished table, he could have slipped at any point.

He tugged Calix back into the family room and pulled over one of the little chairs that the kids used. He sat Calix in the chair, in a corner and then he crouched down.

“I told you to get off of the coffee table, Calix. You didn’t listen. Now you need to stay here until I come back and get you.”

“Mummy, no!” Calix cried, but he was getting better at understanding the rules of his timeouts now, as he’d had so many of them recently, and though he cried and flailed about in the chair, calling out for him, his bum didn’t leave the seat. At least it didn’t this time.

“He’s so fearless.” Harry sighed as he sat back down, taking Leolin back from Draco and settling him down again from being abruptly placed in his Father’s arms. “He’s going to be trouble when he’s older.”

“What do you mean when he’s older?” Max laughed. “He’s trouble now.”

Harry smiled and looked at Calix, now sat still, but sniffling and rubbing his wet eyes, watching his siblings playing. He was itching to join them, Harry could see it.

After exactly one and a half minutes, Harry went to Calix and he hunched down, Leolin still in his arms, but carefully slung over his shoulder, so he was facing behind him and couldn’t see Calix.
“Calix, I told you to get off of the table and you didn’t listen, that’s why you got a timeout. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Mummy.” Calix sniffled, reaching out to him, but Harry held him outwards, so he had eye contact.

“Say that you’re sorry.”

“Sorry, Mummy.”

“For what?” He asked.

“For climbing table and not get back down.” Calix answered, reaching up and rubbing his eyes again.

Harry nodded and he pulled Calix into a cuddle and kissed his head.

“I love you.” Harry said.

“Love you, Mummy.”

“Go and play, Calix.”

Calix did as suggested, and he took a toy into the living room, where Regan and the cartoons were, and he started playing, occasionally looking up at the TV, but he thankfully stayed away from the coffee table.

Harry got back onto the settee and he chose to sit closer to Draco, so that he could cuddle in and rest on his mate with a sigh.

“This discipline is exhausting!” Harry complained.
“It will be when you’re pregnant.” Nasta said. “You should be taking things easier now that you’re at the halfway point.”

Harry nodded. “I wonder if I’ll go early. I mean, a month from now and I birthed the quintuplets.”

“You shouldn’t do.” Max said. “You’re carrying a singleton, and there were five of the quintuplets, so obviously as they fight for space, food and oxygen from you, you’re more inclined to birth early with multiples. Our thunderer is on his own in there, so he should stay put.”

“I birthed Braiden early.” Harry pointed out.

“He was our first, that’s normal too.” Nasta said. “Not to mention that…that we almost lost him, so he was anything but a nice, smooth pregnancy.”

Harry frowned and nodded. “Do you think I’ll ever have a nice, smooth pregnancy?” He asked.

“It’s doubtful.” Blaise teased. “With our family now getting bigger, there’s always going to be something to cause stress or strife. We’ll just have to deal with it as best as we can and try to limit the stress on you as our beautiful, amazing submissive mate.”

Harry smiled and gave Blaise gooey eyes. He felt a twitch in his lap and he groaned theatrically.

“You need to stop being nice to me!” He complained.


Harry took his hand this time and placed it on his groin.

“Are you seriously telling me that you got aroused just from being called beautiful and amazing? We call you that all the time and sometimes barely get a grunt of acknowledgement for it!” Draco said.

“It’s the pregnancy hormones!” Harry complained. “I can’t help it, it just happens.”
Harry, for a distraction from his current mood, went back to fussing over Leolin, who was staring at the ceiling, as if studying it.

“What are you doing?” Harry asked him, smoothing the hair from his forehead. “I think he needs a haircut, this mop is getting long.”

“I’ll do it in the afternoon.” Draco said, before taking a sip from his tea cup.

“What’s he looking at?” Blaise asked curiously.

“The ceiling.” Harry said, looking up at the ceiling too. “It might be the pattern on it that he’s fascinated by.”

“He gets distracted by the strangest of things.” Max said.

“Says the man who inspects every carrot and potato in the supermarket before he chooses the ones he wants.” Draco snarked with a teasing smile.

“I like feeding my family the best quality produce I can find.” Max defended with a grin.

Harry snorted. “Right, we’ve digressed enough, go and give Blaise our presents. Today is for him and it’s already nearly ten and he hasn’t been given them yet.”

“Yes, it is my birthday.” Blaise teased. “Pay attention to me!”

It was probably the worst thing he could have possibly said, as Max took him at his word and hefted him into his arms and slung him over his shoulder and started giving him attention.

“You should have known better, lover.” Harry laughed at him as Max carried Blaise into the next room.
“I really should have seen it coming!” Blaise shouted back, but he was laughing himself, trying to prop up his upper body using Max’s shoulders.

“You wanted attention, now you get my undivided attention on your glorious body.” Max faux growled as he dumped Blaise on the settee in the living room and ‘fell’ on top of him. Harry watched them with a laugh.

“Get off, I see presents.” Blaise said excitedly.

“Don’t spurn my loving advances in favour of material possessions!” Max complained.

“Max, let him open his gifts, we have a busy day ahead of us.” Nasta laughed.

“Daddy Max, no!” Tegan chastised, hands on her little hips. “Naughty corner.” She told him, pointing to the corner.

Harry laughed so hard that he had tears streaming down his cheeks and he had to hold his belly with his free hand.

“She…she thinks that you’re fighting!” Harry managed to giggle out.

Max chuckled himself and he grabbed Tegan’s hand and pulled her over to him and he pulled her up into the tangle of bodies.

“We’re just playing, Tegan. See, Daddy Blaise is still perfectly alright.”

Tegan looked at her Daddy Blaise, who pulled her to kiss him and he cuddled her.

“I’m okay.” He said. “I love you.”

“Love you, Daddy.” She said.
“Go and play.” Blaise told her.

She nodded and Max placed her back on the floor and she toddled away. Max got off of Blaise with a laugh. He helped Blaise sit up and he kissed him, hard, heavy, passionate and Blaise came away from that a little dazed with a goofy looking smile.

Harry frowned, he stood up and he went to poke at Max.

“What’s that look for, love?” Max asked him.

Harry awkwardly dodged Max’s hands as they went to wind around him and Harry sat heavily beside Blaise and he curled up to him and kissed him. Blaise smiled gently at him, then sent a smug look to Max as he cuddled Harry and pulled him into another kiss.

“I was jealous of you both.” Harry admitted quietly.

“Why?” Max asked.

“I wanted to be kissed.” Harry said. “I was actually, truly jealous that someone other than me was kissed.”

Max shrugged. “Don’t fret, Harry. It’s normal during pregnancy. We’re actually lucky to have escaped it thus far, but your Dracken side is just feeling very protective and possessive of your mates, even with other mates. We should have seen it coming, especially with how…aroused, you’ve been feeling today.”

“I don’t like it!” Harry complained.

“It’s alright, bello.” Blaise assured him. “After tonight, you won’t have any need to feel jealous at all. You’re going to be so well satisfied that you won’t have any room to feel jealous.”

Harry moaned unhappily and he huffed, putting Blaise’s hand back in his lap.

“I only just managed to calm down.” He said.
Max and Blaise both laughed. “You really are in a mood today, love.” Max told him.

Harry nodded. “I don’t like this.”

“It won’t be for long.” Nasta told him, migrating over to the living room. “Such feelings are usually caused by a surge in hormones, once it settles, you will settle again.”

“That doesn’t help me right now, Nas.”

“Stop touching everyone then.” Draco told him.

Harry levelled a glare on him. “Do not tell me that the solution to this is to stop touching and loving on you all, I won’t do it.”

“Calm down, all of you.” Nasta demanded, but it strained his health as he turned away from them and coughed into his hand. “Enough now.” He said, more quietly. “Let’s focus on Blaise and his gifts, not on who is feeling what, or what we think can be done to help, only one thing will help and we’re too busy at the moment to indulge in it. Blaise, open your gifts.”

Harry stayed snuggled up to Blaise, but his first mate moved to take the first present from the pile. Harry watched him indulgently as he opened his gifts, a lot of them coffee related, which made him smile. Max had even gotten him chocolate coated coffee beans, Harry hadn’t known that you could even get such a thing. Blaise seemed to like them though, he hadn’t stopped eating them yet.

“Muma.” Farren called out to him, toddling over.

Harry allowed Max to pick Farren up and pass him over, in place of bending and picking him up himself. Harry cuddled with Farren on one side and Leolin on the other as he watched Blaise unwrap all of his gifts and cards.

Draco cleaned up the wrapping paper, because he couldn’t stand the rubbish being on the floor, and Harry slipped to the floor to play with his children, Leolin sat upright in his lap now that he’d cracked open his gold eyes. Two hours before his usual feed, he started whining for food.
“Max, can you grab him a bottle, please? I actually think he’s hungry.”

“But it’s so soon.” Max said, but he leapt up excitedly and hurried into the kitchen, Leolin’s cries in his ears.

“Are you not done growing yet, little man?” Harry cooed to him, but for once his presence, or his voice, were not enough to soothe Leolin and he just carried on crying.

“Mummy, baby ‘Eoin is sad.” Calix told him, as if he couldn’t hear the baby crying in his lap.

“I know, sweetie, he just wants a bottle. Daddy Max is getting it for him.” Harry explained over Leolin’s crying.

Calix rushed on little feet to the kitchen, where they heard him, brokenly through the crying, chiding Max to go faster. The four of them shared a look and a laugh, but of course, their children were coming on so well in this last month, Braiden especially now that he was two years old, and now Leolin too, who was jumping ahead of their expectations with this sudden growth spurt.

Max came back into the living room, Calix behind him, clapping his hands as they would sometimes do to get the kids into the kitchen for a meal, and Harry had to take a moment to control his laughter enough to take the bottle from Max and prod it into Leolin’s wailing mouth. It was one of the bigger bottles Harry noticed immediately and it filled him with joy and excitement to be giving Leolin this bottle over the smaller ones.

He had an audience as he fed Leolin, who settled into his favoured feeding pose of eyes closed and hands on his own belly. All of his mates were as excited as he was and it made Harry feel so happy, so proud, as he watched Leolin suckling quickly.

He managed to drink all but a scant inch in the bottom and Harry felt like he could burst with joy as he handed Leolin over to Nasta, who winded him as Max took the bottle back into the kitchen. He sat on the floor still, watching his oldest mate pat the tiny little back of their Faerie baby until he burped.

“I love you.” Harry said to no one, and everyone.

What followed was a cacophony of noise as four adults and several babies all declared their love for him. It made him smile as the warm feeling of acceptance washed over him. He laid his hands on his bump and rubbed.

“I love you too.” He whispered softly, giving his belly a little tap for good measure. It took him a
moment to realise that the baby had tapped back and he gasped.

“What? What is it?!” Draco asked in alarm, and of course that brought Max running from the kitchen and had Nasta putting Leolin down in his bassinet and hunching down in front of him.

“Here. Here.” Harry said excitedly, taking Nasta’s hand and putting it on his belly. “He’s moving! He kicked me.”

Five hands pressed against his belly, including his own, and they waited. They waited for almost two minutes, vibrating with excited energy, and then their little thunderer kicked out, squirming in Harry’s sac, allowing all of them to feel his movements.

“This is amazing. I love you.” Blaise declared, kissing the side of Harry’s head.

“Mummy, what doing?” Braiden asked curiously.

“Come here, Braiden. Your baby brother is moving, do you want to feel?”

“Yeah.” Braiden said, picking his way through his Daddies and allowing Max to hold his hand to Harry’s belly.

The baby kicked and Braiden’s little eyes went wide. “Baby hurting mummy!” He cried, snatching his hand away.

“No. No, Braiden it doesn’t hurt.” Harry soothed gently. “He’s just letting me know that he’s alright.”

Braiden, looking upset, stared into his eyes, seeking out the truth, and he nodded, looking a little happier. He put his tiny hand back on Harry’s belly, before bringing up his other hand and cuddling Harry’s belly with both arms.

Harry had to smile down at him, and as he did, he caught movement in the corner of his eye and a flash.
“Max!” He complained. “Don’t take photos of me.”

“But I love you.” Max whined. “You and Braiden look gorgeous with our thunderer between you.”

Harry sighed, but he smiled too.

“Halfway there.” Draco said, smiling at him.

“Just the hardest half to go.” Harry added with a laugh as he cuddled Braiden to himself before kissing his head.

“We’ll look after you.” Blaise said.

“You always do.” Harry laughed. “Except when I need attention during the day!”

“You’re still…?”

“Yes!” Harry said in exasperation.

“If we have a free moment to slip away in the afternoon, while the kids are napping, we’ll have a quickie.” Blaise laughed. “It’s my birthday, I get what I want.”

“I love you.” Harry purred happily.

Harry went back to playing with his children, laughing at all of their little comments and their games. The afternoon couldn’t come quickly enough for him, he really, really needed some sort of proper release, the blow job that morning hadn’t been nearly enough.

They did not get the chance to sneak away for the afternoon. Blaise’s grandparents, Marianna’s
parents, had finally come to see them for a surprise visit for Blaise’s birthday. Bastien and Mégane Lavelle knew where they were living thanks to Marianna, and they’d only just come off of a full world cruise, it had taken them three and a half years to finish the full cruise.

They had missed Blaise being mated, they’d missed their first and only great-grandson being born and growing up, and they’d missed the birth of all their other great-grandchildren. They were more than making up for it now as Harry was fussed over like he was a child, Max was almost fighting Mégane off of his muscles without looking like that was what he was doing, and he all but dived on Ave when she started crying, using her as an excuse to get away.

Bastien seemed rather stern, Harry could see how he had put his own daughter, his only child, into a mateship contract instead of allowing her to find love on her own, but Harry refused to bring up the past, because Blaise was so happy, so excited to see his grandparents. He was talking rapidly in French to his grandfather, showing off his children and Harry assumed that he was introducing everyone, but he didn’t understand and he couldn’t get away, as one of Bastien’s arms was around his waist, his large hand patting his pregnant belly proudly.

Braiden had surprised them, by greeting them in English, Welsh, French and Italian, and he was currently cocked on Blaise’s hip, their matching eyes and hair marking them as Father and son.

Nasta finally took charge and he got everyone sat down on the settee, allowing Harry to wriggle away and escape over to Draco, and Nasta sent Max to make tea and coffee.

“It is wonderful to meet you all at last.” Mégane insisted. “We have heard so much about you from our Marianna. Of course if we had had any idea that mon beau chéri was going to be mated so soon we would have held off on our cruise.” She added, patting Blaise’s cheek affectionately. Harry could almost see Draco memorising the nickname to torment Blaise with later.

“You have done very well for yourself, mon petit canard. I could not be more proud of you, or the little family you have for yourself.”

Blaise was going a very special shade of red that was reserved for the ultimate of embarrassments and Harry was feeling very unsympathetic to him or his plight as Draco bent and whispered into his ear ‘it means little duck’ and Harry had to roll his lips inwards and bite on them to prevent the laugh that wanted to spill out. No one had ever called Blaise any sort of pet name like these before, not even Marianna, and to hear Blaise called a ‘little duck’, well, Harry was very hard pressed to control his laughter.

“Thank you, grandfather.” Blaise said. “I love them, and these children, regardless of blood, they’re all mine.”

“Of course they are!” Mégane said joyously, holding Regan on her lap. He was snuggling with his comfort bear, but he was very happy to remain with her and she was happy for it. “They’re all just wonderful.”
Harry puffed up, but Draco just held him tighter as Max came back in with his posh tea set and he started serving everyone, their guests first, and then Harry, because Harry had to have his honey tea or he’d actually start crying. He was rather emotional at the moment, since about midday, when he still couldn’t have sex and he felt fit to burst. Draco had made them tea and he’d brought in Blaise’s coffee and Nasta’s green tea before Harry’s, and he’d just bust out crying. He couldn’t even explain why it had upset him, it just had. So now he had his tea as soon as possible, after that little meltdown. He was still feeling a little unbalanced and very emotional and he couldn’t wait for this phase to pass.

“How was your cruise?” Nasta asked politely.

“Oh, fabulous. Absolutely fabulous.” Mégane told them. “I’m not sure Bastien was as enthused as I was, but there is just something so exciting and exotic about other countries and cultures. I did miss hearty French cuisine after a while though.” She laughed. “Not to mention the wines.”

“I think a shorter cruise would have done.” Bastien said. “A year, maybe a little longer. Three and a half was too long to be away from home and family.”

“It was a once in a lifetime trip, Bassie.” Mégane complained. “When are we ever going to do such a thing again?”

“You would go again tomorrow if you could.” Bastien laughed at his wife.

“Is that an offer?” Mégane smiled, showing a lot of teeth.

“No!” Bastien said quickly. “I want to enjoy my own home, sleep in my own bed and catch up with our only grandchild and the children that he has had, not to mention this little unborn trésor!” He added, looking at Harry’s belly indulgently.

“Mummy, who dis?” Braiden asked him, pointing at the two new people.

“This is your great-grandfather, Bastien, and your great-grandmother, Mégane.” Harry introduced slowly, so that Braiden could absorb the information.
“Gwanddad and Gwandmama.” Braiden nodded.

“Well done, Braiden.” Harry praised.

“So, what are you boys up to later?” Mégane asked with a truly wicked look on her face. She reminded Harry so much of Marianna teasing Blaise over his sex life in that moment that he was absolutely, one hundred percent sure that they were not only Mother and daughter, but truly two peas in a pod.

“Harry and Nasta are hiding something.” Blaise said, a permanent pink tint to his cheeks now. “They have something planned, but they won’t say what it is.”

“It’s a surprise!” Harry frowned. “Stop asking.”

“What time is it, at least?” Draco asked. “I need to know when to get ready.”

“You have time, it’s later. You’ll know when to get ready when we take the kids to Alexander.”

“About five O’clock, Draco.” Nasta said when it looked like Draco would press for more detail. “Be ready for half four.”

“You’re no fun, Nasta.” Harry pouted.

Nasta just gave him a look and Harry laughed.

“Oh, I know that look well.” Mégane giggled. “Then, you boys are very young, you should be at it like…oh, what is that English word, Bastien? Lapin?”

“Rabbit, grandmother.” Blaise told her, looking like he’d rather not answer.

“Yes!” She said, snapping her fingers at him. “You should be at it like rabbits.”
“Judging by how many children they have had in a little over just two years, mon ange, they are at it like rabbits.” Bastien told her. “Our petit canard is being well satisfied, I can guarantee it.”

Harry smiled happily. He did like knowing that he satisfied his mates, and he definitely knew that he was very satisfied with his mates and their attentions. Or he had been until today. He groaned softly and rolled into Draco.

“What is it, love?” He asked softly.

“Guess.” Harry huffed.

“I don’t…oh.” Draco clicked and he threw an arm around him and cuddled him in tighter. “It won’t be long. The kids will be gone overnight, then we can do whatever we want.”

Harry grinned naughtily. “Can’t wait.” He whispered back, moving to kiss Draco’s strong jaw.

“We’ve just got to survive the grandparents-in-law.” Draco laughed.

“They’re not so bad, and Blaise obviously loves them.”

Draco nodded as he looked over at Blaise, practically fawning over his grandparents, but, Harry reasoned, he hadn’t seen them in almost four years because of this amazing, world-wide cruise that they’d gone on. Harry never wanted to be away from his home for that long, not at the moment, he might feel differently when he was older, but he was definitely a home body, he did not want to be away from home for so long, nor did he think he could leave his children for so long, just in case they needed him, but again, it was impossible to know what the future held. Perhaps one day they would go on a cruise, he just hoped that it wasn’t a three and half year one.

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The trip to the cinema had almost sent Draco into a panic attack and Harry had stolen all of the popcorn from his mates and all but inhaled it. He and Max had almost been caught giving each other hand jobs in their seats and Blaise had almost broken his neck slipping on a spill, but overall, the film had been good and it had been a new experience for all of them, even though Draco was steadfastly refusing to ever go back.
They went to the pizza restaurant over the road and Draco didn’t really like that either, but Blaise really did and as it was his birthday, it was for him. After they’d eaten, Harry dragged his mates to the bowling alley and even that almost ended in disaster…Max was far too strong and he’d almost thrown one of the balls through the wall trying to get a strike that would win him the game. After that game had finished they decided to play it safe and they went to the attached arcade and they had fun acting like teenagers. Well…technically Harry and Draco were still teenagers, but they had fun, even Draco, who had a particular fondness for penny machines.

Blaise had come up to him and proudly handed him a teddy that he had won from the crane machine and Harry tucked it under his arm with a grin. His babies would enjoy it in the morning.

Nasta beat his arse on the air hockey machine, Max was so tall that he could cheat the basketball game just by reaching over and dropping the ball in the hole and at the end of the night, they pooled all the tickets they’d won…Max from cheating at the games and Draco from the penny machines, to get another teddy for the kids.

He was in massively high spirits and by the time they got back home Harry was ready to burst from sexual frustration. He had been wanting sex all fucking day, and now was finally the time to have it. The house was dark and empty, the kids were away for the night, and he could have his mates’ undivided attention. Everything was perfect.

Harry jumped on Blaise the moment they were through the front door and his mate laughed and swung him around and into a deep, passionate kiss.

“Let me shut the front door first!” Max laughed at them. “We don’t want to give the neighbours a free show.”

“It’s eleven at night and they’re miles away!” Harry complained. “They won’t see nothing!”

Nasta laughed, in very high spirits after their night out, and a wave of his wand had the lights coming on just as Max shut and locked the front door. Nasta put the teddies he was carrying on the side table by the front door that was used for putting letters and things on and he came to steal Harry from Blaise.

“It’s my birthday!” Blaise complained, pressing himself up against Harry’s back while Nasta snogged him.

“For another hour.” Draco said, pulling Blaise into his own arms and distracting him with gentle touches and butterfly kisses.

“It’s still an hour that I intend to use.” Blaise argued.
“Come on then, birthday boy.” Max laughed, picking Blaise up, and using a hand on Draco’s shoulder to steer them to the stairs. “Nasta, come on!” He chided as Nasta stayed downstairs with Harry.

Nasta broke the kiss and he chuckled. “Come on, Cariad.” He said to Harry. “We’ve been summoned.”

Harry snorted a laugh. “Carry me. I want to suck on your neck.”

He had the greatest pleasure of watching Nasta’s pupils dilate and he grinned as he was lifted up carefully, but he made good on his words and he started licking and gently sucking on the skin of Nasta’s neck. He was bristly and stubbly again, even though he’d shaved just before going out. Harry was definitely going to get beard burn from this, but it didn’t stop him from nuzzling Nasta’s neck and chin, nor did it stop him from kissing him. He’d deal with the beard burn tomorrow, a bit of Max’s aloe healing salve did wonders for his skin and it worked amazingly well for beard burn.

Harry was dumped on the bed with a gasp, but it was a very short fall and Nasta’s hands were still on his back to support him so he didn’t have a heavy landing. Harry giggled and squirmed happily on the cold sheets as he smiled up at Nasta who was hovering over him. He was kissed again and he latched onto his top dominant’s mouth happily. He’d been wanting sex all fucking day, he’d been aching for it, aroused and unsatisfied, but now…now he was finally going to get what he wanted, what he needed, and it was going to be fantastic.

Nasta moved his mouth to Harry’s chin, kissing and nipping lightly with his teeth before moving down to do the same to his neck, teasing and enticing Harry to wriggle and make soft sounds as yet another move had Nasta attaching his lips to Harry’s barely visible collarbone.

Harry ignored everything else, the noises from above him, as he instead stayed in this moment with Nasta, though he did take a quick peek around, arching his back and looking behind him as Nasta shoved up his jumper and moved lower on his body, tongue gliding over Harry’s chest and then to a nipple. Harry slumped back onto the bed with a happy sigh, giving Nasta the opening he needed to tug Harry’s jumper all the way off before going back to suck on Harry’s other nipple. It earned him another soft, happy sound of pleasure.

Nasta was determined to get every little soft patch of skin that made Harry wriggle, sigh or gasp… he knew all of them now and it made everything much more fun, as he sought out those places with his lips, with his tongue and teeth. It was also fun to go after the spots that didn’t do anything for his lovers, if he wanted to tease them beyond reason, but tonight was not one of those nights, Harry had been patient, and he’d been teased enough. He was almost fit to burst from the sexual frustration of today, caused by raging hormones of the baby that lay within his body.

Nasta took a moment to kiss the belly, imagining that he was kissing the baby under the skin. He stroked with his fingers, he kissed the swell of his growing child, murmuring gently in Welsh, taking the distraction to unbutton Harry’s jeans and lower the zip, tugging them, and the boxer shorts underneath, down and pushing them off before he smirked and dipped down lower, going to the hollow of Harry’s hip, he heard the soft sigh and the slight giggle.
“Ticklish?” Nasta asked, pulling up to smile down at Harry, those green eyes blazing heat up at him.

“Your beard on my thigh is.” Harry told him.

“Oh?” Nasta grinned with a questioning lilt, and he ducked his head back down to nibble at the hollow of Harry’s hip, purposefully brushing his bristly chin on the inside of Harry’s thigh.

Harry was torn between sighing and moaning at the licks and sucks to the skin, or giggling at the rasp of stubble against his inner thigh. He tried to do both, sighing happily in one moment, then giggling the next, but he couldn’t keep it up and he had to put his hands in Nasta’s hair and stop him.

“No more.” He huffed, still breathless.

“As you wish, Caru.” Nasta said, moving his mouth down to lick over his inside thigh instead of tickling it with his stubble. He sucked in a good mouthful and he bit down on it gently, listening to Harry’s moan of pleasure.

He moved down to the bend of Harry’s knee, knowing how very sensitive it was at the back. He forced his tongue to slip into the little crevice that Harry’s bent leg had left him and he loved how loudly Harry gasped and moaned at the gentle glide of his tongue on skin.

He played with that little patch of skin for a while, just loving how Harry gasped and writhed for him before he moved down to the next arousing spot…the delicate little feet, more specifically the little indent under the ankle bone and the soft arch of the sole of his foot, but the latter did make Harry giggle more than moan if his touch was too soft or gentle, he needed a firmer touch to make it arousing.

He switched to the other foot, biting ever so gently on the side of it and Harry gasped and moaned for him. He loved paying Harry so much dedicated attention. Having Harry’s sole focus on him and the pleasure he was causing. It was a thrill, and seeking out all of Harry’s soft spots was one of his favourite games. He believed that he’d found all of them now, but with his pregnancy those spots changed. Some were too sensitive to be touched and Harry would pull away, other places that had never been sensitive suddenly were, and it was a game to him, to lick and suck and nibble on every spot to find them.

“Stop teasing the poor boy.” Max chuckled deeply. “Look at his face, you’re killing him.”
Nasta popped up from his spot by Harry’s armpit and he looked at Harry’s flushed face, how raggedly he was breathing, the glazed quality to his eyes and the half parted mouth. He grinned, feeling very accomplished and self-satisfied to see what he had reduced one of his beloved mates to.

“Hmm, I don’t know. I think he could handle a little more.” Nasta insisted playfully.

Max laughed and jerked his thumb over his shoulder. “Mind if I join you, those two are off. I swear they’re like rabbits, just as Mégane insisted. I had them both in your little love fest over here with Harry’s body and now they’re after each other.”

Nasta watched as Blaise wrestled and rolled with Draco, each of them trying to get on top of the other…they were going to roll right off the bed in a minute, if they weren’t more careful.

Harry moaned at the suggestion of Max joining them and Nasta grinned. “Of course not, come and help me here. I’ve covered all of the front, but I think his back has been very neglected.”

Harry actually made a soft whimpering noise and it made Nasta smirk. He shared a dark look with Max and the other man smirked back.

“Oh this is going to be fun.” Max chuckled before grabbing two pillows from the top of the bed and stacking them one on top of the other. Nasta pulled Harry up to his knees and kissed him soundly, before turning him (with Harry’s help) and laying him on the stack of pillows, so that it was more comfortable for his baby belly.

“Do you want to do top and bottom, or left and right?” Nasta asked casually, as if they were discussing the weekly shopping list.

“I think top and bottom would be more manageable. Less chance of you trying to poach my half.” Max grinned.

Nasta snorted. “I’ve already done his whole front, I don’t need to poach your half.”

“Maybe you should just let me do his whole back then?” Max challenged.
Nasta actually laughed. “And miss out on touching this gorgeous body? Not a chance in hell, Max.”

“Shut up and touch me already!” Harry screamed between them, finding his voice through the mind fogging lust. His full out arousal was waning now, as he calmed down from having the front of his body teased, but he was aching in a way that he almost wanted to call pain.

“I think he’s upset.” Max said to Nasta.

“Hmm…sure sounds like it. I know just what will make him happy again though.”

Harry was gearing up to scream at them both some more, and half a heartbeat from calling out to Blaise and Draco to take their places, despite the moans from the other side of the bed, behind Max, indicating that they were already busy, when lips brushed right in the back of his knee…one of his most favourite ‘odd’ places to be touched and teased.

“If you don’t…oh.” He ended his rambling on a breathy sigh and he ignored Max and Nasta laughing above him.

More lips and hands touched him and he sunk into the pillows holding up his chest and just enjoyed the touches and the attention. It settled his Dracken down from the awful edge they’d been on all day, wanting sex but unable to sneak off for it.

“More.” He begged when the teasing kisses became too much, when the touches had him jumping from how hypersensitive his skin was.

“Oh, no. Not just yet.” Nasta told him. He tutted then, loudly. “Look at the state of you, lover. All wound up and rubbing against the sheets, you need to learn some patience.”

“No.” Harry whined. “No more.”

“I thought you just asked for more?” Max chuckled, teasing him more.

“More.” Harry complained, barely aware of what he was saying.
“See, he doesn’t even know what he wants anymore.” Nasta said to Max. “I think we just need to interpret what he wants for ourselves.”

“Want more! No more teasing!” Harry burst out in pure frustration.

“Maybe a little more teasing.” Nasta chuckled and it was a nice gruff, deep sound, but it held a darkness to it that made Harry moan in anticipation. It wasn’t often that teasing him also riled up his oldest mate, but whenever it happened, it always meant wonderful, amazing, pleasurable things for him.

“More teasing?” Max asked, and Harry could practically hear the grin on his face, could hear it in the lilting voice. “But where haven’t you already teased yet, Nas?”

“There’s only one spot left. One patch of skin that I haven’t touched yet.”

Harry figured it out and he was already moaning at just the sheer thought of what was about to happen, before Nasta’s mouth touched the entrance to his body, bristly stubble rubbing at his skin and Harry squirmed happily at the feeling, spreading his legs wider to give Nasta more room to work and calling out encouragement, which was more like desperate babbling than anything tangible.

“I love watching you do that.” Max told Nasta. “To any of them really, they all do the happy, squirmy thing and start babbling nonsense.”

“Seem to recall you doing the same thing.” Nasta pulled back to say, shooting Max a smouldering look.

“Oh, I’m not denying it.” Max laughed. “But watching you do it to them is sometimes better than receiving that talented tongue of yours into my body. I get so fucking hot watching them squirm around and plead.”

Nasta chuckled deeply before burying his face again and Max sat and watched happily as Harry wriggled, squirmed and grabbed fistfuls of the duvet and tugged on it, mindless in his pleasure. He would be very sensitive because of his pregnancy…it was glorious to see.
“I don’t think he’s going to last out.” Max pointed out with a grin the next time that Nasta came up for air.

“He’s orgasmed twice from the teasing. Once when I was on the front of his body and just now.” Nasta informed him, much to Max’s shock. “He really is sensitive at the moment.”

“Been waiting all day.” Harry almost sobbed. “Need you…need someone. Anyone.” He pleaded desperately.

Realising that a line was going to be crossed if he continued to hold off, Nasta rubbed at Harry gently, soothingly, whispering to him, but his mate barely noticed as he continued to writhe and wriggle.

“Do you want to stay where you are, Cariad, or do you want to be on your back?” Nasta asked him. “What would be more comfortable for you?”

“Back!” Harry managed to call out. “Want to see you.”

Nasta smiled, his mood softened now, as he pulled Harry up gently to his knees, his back to his own chest and he kissed gently at the thin, narrow shoulder as Max took the pillows and laid them back at the head of the bed.

Nasta shuffled Harry up and he eased Harry down on his back, watching thin, knobly knees tremble and the narrow hips shift and wriggle.

He shushed Harry softly and grabbed the bottle of lube from the bedside table.

“Please, Nassa.” Harry begged him desperately. “Please.”

“A little longer, Caru. Just a little longer, I promise.” Though for all the notice Harry took of his words he could have been speaking Swahili as his submissive mate continued begging and writhing.

Max laid beside Harry, propped up on one elbow, and he tried to soothe the restless movement and the desperate begging, but only one thing would ease this now, Nasta thought as he slicked himself up.

He used his fingers first, pressing one inside and testing the resistance. He used more lube and then
pressed in two fingers, again testing for resistance and spreading the excess lube, looking for the slightest hint of discomfort or hesitance.

“Oh, are you two finally done?” Max shot at Blaise and Draco, as the blond came to lie on Max’s waist, watching.

“Blaise needs a rest.” Draco insisted.

“But not you?” Max purred and too late Draco realised what was coming as Max rolled and caught Draco underneath him. “I suppose I could help wear you out, lover.”

“I want to top.” Draco said. “I bottomed to you and Blaise already.”

“Even better.” Max grinned. “I haven’t bottomed yet, though I do seem to recall that you topped Nasta just this morning.”

“That was in the morning, I want to top now.”

Nasta ignored them as he focused his all on Harry. He used yet more lube to slick himself up yet again, before he carefully pressed against Harry, and then used a little more pressure to slide in. He was met with minimal resistance at best, a nice, smooth glide and a wonderful breathy moan of appreciation from Harry.

“How does that feel, love?” He asked, holding himself perfectly still.

“Amazing.” Harry told him. “Been waiting all day! I need it, Nasta. I need you!”

“You’ve got me right where you need me.” Nasta insisted. “It’s alright. You’ll feel so good in a moment, just let your body relax and adjust for a minute.”

“Ready.” Harry told him.

“I know, just give it a moment.” Nasta insisted, waiting until the desperate clenching around him
eased off a little before easing himself out in another smooth glide. He loved the new lube they were trying out, it was the best one they’d gotten yet.

The biggest clue he had that Harry was fine and comfortable was that he tried to follow his movements, unwilling to have Nasta removed from his body, not even slightly, and Nasta had to hold his hips, keeping Harry in place, so that he could actually keep his movements steady and slow when it looked like Harry would much rather just rock up into his lap.

He kept up the slow, torturously slow, gliding movements, in and out, until Harry was wriggling and writhing on him, showing no discomfort and his clenching having calmed.

“Rydych yn hardd.” Nasta whispered to Harry.

“Uh?” Harry grunted back, blinking confusedly up at him. It was adorable.

“You’re beautiful.” Nasta repeated, this time in English.

Harry smiled then, a happy blossoming grin and Nasta thought that his heart might have missed a beat or two just from the sheer wonder that this young man under him was his beloved mate. That he could actually lay claim to him, and to their children, and vice versa.

Nasta stayed with the soft, calm movements, making love rather than just fucking, and he held himself low over Harry, their bodies touching, as his mate clung to him, arms around his neck and legs level with Nasta’s hips…then that wasn’t unusual when he was pregnant, he wasn’t as dextrous thanks to the baby belly. It also allowed him to kiss Harry, and to nibble on his neck. He did, unintentionally, give Harry a love bite low on the side of his neck from all his sucking and biting, though he didn’t think his mate would mind. Harry had gotten bites and marks from them all before and he hadn’t complained once…in a joking manner, of course, but he’d never truly told them off for marking him, not even where others could see. Harry just didn’t care, it was Draco, their vain mate, that they needed to be careful with marking.

Nasta’s carefully planned rhythm was sorely tested by Harry’s movements and noises, and truly he was still recovering from his illness and he didn’t have as much stamina as usual. He had happily let Draco top him earlier, to save some energy, but this was pushing things a little and he found his hips stuttering a little more, his leg muscles aching more than usual, and he was panting harder than he usually would.

He was actually thankful when Blaise crawled over and started petting Harry, before his hand curled around Harry’s cock and started stroking him, quickly, completely out of the rhythm that Nasta had set. It threw Harry over the edge almost immediately and Nasta easily let himself fall after that, letting the pleasure spread and he collapsed to the side of Harry and happily let Blaise take Harry’s attention. He needed some rest and some sleep, he was completely done for the night.

He did watched happily, indulgently as Max flipped Draco over with a laugh and they started up again, and as Harry happily moved on to Blaise, lying back and snuggling up to him, kissing and
wrapping his arms around Blaise’s neck this time. Them being closer in size it was easier for him, though again his legs didn’t get around Blaise very far. He smiled as he watched them, happy that they were having fun, but he had had too much already, he was definitely tapping out and going to sleep.

“He’s completely out of it.” Harry chuckled, snuggling in post-bliss up to Blaise.

Blaise, exhausted himself, just grunted and forced himself over to Nasta so that he could sleep.

“Come on birthday boy, don’t you want some more?” Max chuckled.

“No. Too much, my fucking stomach muscles hurt.” Blaise complained.

“It’s not his birthday any more either. It’s almost two in the morning.” Draco grinned.

“Good. I’m knackered.” Harry whined, throwing an arm over Blaise and cuddling into him.

“You’re the one who wanted sex so badly.”

“And now I’m very satisfied.” Harry chuckled, before a huge yawn almost unhinged his jaw. “Maybe see tomorrow, wake up early and see if that urge comes back…before we go to get the kids.”

“I love you so much.” Max declared happily, throwing himself down behind Harry and throwing his arm over him and Blaise.

Harry just hummed tiredly.

“Thank you, Draco.” He murmured as the ceiling light went out and soft steps padded back to the bed. It dipped on Max’s side and then there was shifting and Harry felt another hand touch his side and he hummed again, more in acknowledgement.

“You okay on that side?” Max asked, presumably to Draco.
“Yeah, you can be my little spoon tonight.”

Max laughed quietly. “Until I roll over in the night and make you my little spoon. A little like we did tonight.”

Harry snorted a soft laugh.

“Go to sleep now, Blaise and Nas are asleep and it would be cruel to wake them.” Max said, settling down and laying still.

Harry yawned once again and he rubbed his head on the pillow and curled in his toes a moment, before tucking his knees up a little more. He’d gotten what he wanted after all, in the most amazing of ways, though he really hadn’t wanted to wait. Though he had had more fun in the arcade than anywhere else, and he couldn’t wait to show the two new teddies to the kids in the morning when they went to get them back, after a rare lie in and some morning sex. That would go a long way to relieving all of his stress and make him feel much better, but first, he wanted some much needed sleep to recover his strength and energy.

A/N: A little later than planned as I got led astray by a different fandom, but this will be our last update for a while, as I want to focus my all now on my new Dracken Universe fic, Broken Wings, which I want to be posted up in the next few weeks. I’m half a chapter away from completing it and I promised to try to finish it by the New Year, I’m now running short on time and this fic really isn’t a Christmas kind of fic, so it has to be before Christmas, which leaves me even less time to finish it. So yes, a small break from this fic for a few weeks while I finish off Broken Wings and then I’ll be back.

Also, a lot of you are asking about Dudley! I was going to address this a little later in the fic, but there’s no harm telling you what happens, as it’s not particularly important, but he couldn’t be tried as an adult as he was a minor at the times that he caused the
injuries to Harry. He is, however, being tried for animal cruelty and other various charges including anti-social behaviour and ABH. Harry is not going to be a witness, nor will he have to go back to court, he doesn’t need to be involved in it. Richard will inform him of the sentence once it happens as he will hear of it through his court connections.

Anyway, I believe that that is all for the moment, lovelies. Fingers crossed and hopefully I’ll see you again in a few weeks, in December,

StarLight Massacre. X
Harry yawned once again and he rubbed his head on the pillow and curled in his toes a moment, before tucking his knees up a little more. He’d gotten what he wanted after all, in the most amazing of ways, though he really hadn’t wanted to wait. Though he had had more fun in the arcade than anywhere else, and he couldn’t wait to show the two new teddies to the kids in the morning when they went to get them back, after a rare lie in and some morning sex. That would go a long way to relieving all of his stress and make him feel much better, but first, he wanted some much needed sleep to recover his strength and energy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Seventeen – Halloween

October had shaped up to be a hellish month for all of them and Harry would be glad to see the back of it. Eva and Ave, at nine and a half months old, had had their dragon pox vaccines and that day would be remembered as a cacophony of screams and noise from the twin girls. Draco had kept them up in the master bedroom, just lying with them on the bed as they screamed and their arms bruised black from the injection site.

It was thankfully a week after that, and the girls were back to themselves and though still bruised, that was lessening every day, much to their relief, and likely for the comfort of the twins too.

Harry was just starting to be encumbered by his pregnancy and he was finding some everyday tasks a little more difficult than he usually would have. He was four months pregnant now, two days from being seventeen weeks along.

“Harry, do you want anything?”

Harry blinked at hearing Max’s voice and it took him a moment to understand what was being said.

“No, I’m okay.” He insisted. “I just want to sit and rest.”

Max bent over the back of the settee and looked at him, his face concerned.
“Are you okay?” He asked.

Harry nodded. “It has been a hectic month, what with Nasta’s illness, Blaise’s birthday, the girls’ vaccines and two weekly baby scans, I’m just a little run down. I just want to sit here and not move.”

Max smiled then and bent further to kiss him. “Just sit still, love. The kids are all in bed, you don’t have anything to do, and I’m happy to get you anything you need, so just shout out if you want a tea top-up. How is the thunderer?”

Harry patted his belly, and the baby within kicked out. “Still awake. He’s not going to let me sleep easy tonight.”

“Maybe we should put the wireless on your belly, lull him to sleep with Celestina Warbeck.”

Harry shivered as he remembered Mrs Weasley playing those songs over and over when he’d gone there for one summer.

“I would rather sit awake with him kicking my kidneys all night.” Harry declared.

That made Max laugh loudly, and it made Harry smile to hear him.

“Let me go and get my own tea and I’ll come back and cuddle you.” Max said, dropping another kiss to his head and hurrying to the kitchen.

Harry sighed and rested back against a cushion. He stroked his belly and smiled. He was four months pregnant, he only had three more months to go, and soon, he would start building his nest, and possibly going through his nesting instincts, where he would tear the house apart under the guise of cleaning it frantically, from the corners and crevices, to the skirting boards and the back of the cupboards. He wondered if he would be doing that next month, in December, where it would clash with the Christmas preparations. That was going to be a hectic time too, as he’d be five months pregnant, almost six, when Christmas rolled around. He could be nesting, which would mean he’d miss Christmas, the quintuplets’ second birthday and perhaps even Eva and Ave’s first birthday which was the middle of January. He hoped not, he really didn’t want to miss out on so much, he’d hate it, but he knew that it couldn’t be helped and that frustrated the hell out of him.

Max slumped next to him and took a large gulp from his mug before putting it down and throwing an arm around him, pulling Harry to rest on his bulk. Harry hummed happily and curled up, making
herself comfortable.

“You still doing okay?” Max asked him.

“Better now that I have you to cuddle.” Harry insisted. “Is the kitchen all clean and sterilised?”

Max snorted. “Yeah, it’s all ready for breakfast tomorrow.”

Harry fell silent and just snuggled into Max, resting on him and before long he found himself dozing.

“Is he asleep?” He heard Draco ask.

“I’m not sure. I think he is though. Either way he’s relaxed for the first time in days and he’s comfortable.” Max answered.

“Do you want another cup of tea?”

“If you don’t mind. I don’t want to move him.”

“No, it’s fine. It’s good to see him taking a moment.”

“Who’s taking a moment?” Blaise’s voice asked them at normal volume.

“Shh.” Draco scolded. “Harry is, do you want tea?”

“Sure.”

Harry heard Blaise sit down on the other settee with a groan.
“The kids drive you mad?”

“I’ll tell you now, with them getting older they’re giving us more of a run around. What happened to the good old days where we could lay them in their cots and they’d eventually go to sleep? Every time I turned around tonight another one was climbing out and running to my legs…or Nasta’s.”

“Where is Nasta?”

“Grabbing a quick shower. He’s in work early tomorrow.”

“So they’re all asleep?”

“Yeah, even those twin terrors. Thank Merlin we’re only having the one.”

“Don’t let him hear you say that, you know he hates the girls being called terrors and you know he’s sensitive about the clutch number.”

“Don’t misunderstand me, I’m glad he’s only having a singleton for all of our sakes, but especially his. Don’t pretend that we weren’t all worried out of our minds at that scan, waiting to hear the clutch number.”

Max sighed and Harry felt the movement under his head as he rose and fell dramatically.

“I was so worried I couldn’t sleep the night before the scan.” Max admitted. “I was just lying in our bed, all night, staring at the ceiling. Finding out that our little thunderer is all alone in there. Hell, Blaise, it was the greatest news we could have heard. I really don’t think Harry would have ever gone through with a selective reduction, not even to save his own life.”

“I don’t like telling him what to do.” Blaise said. “But when he had the quintuplets, I was all for him having the selective reduction back then, and he was so passionate in his refusal and now look. Could you imagine a life without Calix? Without Leolin and Regan? Because you know that as the smallest, weakest babies, they would have been the ones chosen to be terminated.”
“He was healthy back then.” Draco’s voice broke in and Harry heard him sitting on the settee next to Blaise. “He’s…after what I did to him, he…he’s not in the best position to be pregnant at all, if he had been pregnant with multiples, he would have had to have gone through with the reduction. He can’t leave us.”

“We wouldn’t want him to leave us.” Max said sadly. “That’s something entirely different.”

“I couldn’t imagine life without him.” Blaise said softly.

“It didn’t happen, stop creating scenarios that didn’t happen.” Nasta’s voice joined them and Harry heard him towelling his hair.

“How do you do that? Just turn up and understand what we’re talking about from one comment and then immediately make us all feel better?” Blaise demanded.

“I’m your top dominant for a reason.” Nasta said simply. “Someone needs to care for you all, and stop you from talking about things that won’t happen. We don’t need to talk about selective reductions anymore, it will only upset Harry and tomorrow is going to be difficult enough for him. He’s having just one little boy and we can be thankful for that, grateful, but there is no need to create nightmare scenarios of what could have happened. Don’t torture yourselves, or each other, with things that are not going to happen.”

“I love you.” Max declared.

“I love you too.” Nasta said easily and there was a shadow over Harry’s closed eyes and he heard them kiss above him.

A touch to his shoulder and a sigh.

“How is he?”

“Enjoying the quiet and a sit down. He dozed off about twenty minutes ago.” Max said. “Just a short nap I imagine. He’ll be awake with the next round of tea.”
All four of his mates laughed and then quickly quietened themselves. Harry could almost feel them looking desperately at him, praying they hadn’t woken him.

“That was close. We need to be quieter and let him sleep a little. He deserves a nap after the day he’s had today, and the one he’ll have tomorrow.”

“Leolin is still a little out of sorts, but he is asleep at the moment. He will wake up soon for another bottle, though.”

“I’m surprised Calix isn’t up and causing mayhem.” Draco said.

“He refused both naps today, he was more than ready for bed.” Blaise pointed out.

“He is getting to be a handful.” Draco sighed. “Harry’s worried he’s not getting enough attention.”

“I’m sure he is, it’s just his personality. Caesar was the same, he did naughty things just because he wanted to.”

“Nothing’s changed.” Blaise laughed.

“Not much, at least. He’s just more responsible now, because he’s mated and a Father.”

“Is that what happened to you?” Draco asked.

“I think so.” Max said, and Harry could hear the grin in his voice. “Anyway, I think Calix is fine. He’s just a normal little boy and he likes doing naughty things occasionally. The others will get on board with that soon too. They’ll all be at it once they hit the terrible twos. It’s almost a rite of passage to push boundaries as soon as you’re two.”

“I would like to point out that my beautifully well behaved son is already two and thus far cannot have the word terrible used to describe him.” Blaise said smugly.

“Let’s hope this little boy is yours as well then.” Max chuckled.
“Give Braiden time.” Draco said. “A time will come when he pushes his boundaries too.”

“Draco’s right. He needs to push his boundaries to know what he can and can’t do, otherwise he won’t grow up normal.” Nasta said. “At some point he’s going to start putting a full toilet roll in the toilet, or he’s going to hide our keys or wallets, or try feeding the floor or his teddies, his juice. It’s inevitable, and yes he’ll have to be punished, but as long as were calm and tell him why he can’t do those things, he’ll start learning right and wrong.”

“He’s already had a few tantrums.” Max said. “He’s definitely our little good boy, but damn, have you ever tried to get him off that little trampoline? Or that bouncy castle? He turned into a little monster!”

“You’re a monster.” Harry said, wriggling and moving to stretch.

“Of course you wake up to hear that.” Max chuckled, moving to sit him up and kissing him.

Harry smiled at him and yawned widely. “Tea?” He asked hopefully.

Max laughed and kissed him again. “Of course you can have a cuppa, love. Anyone else?”

“Please, Max.” Nasta said gratefully.

“Do you want chamomile?” Max asked him. “Or are you on a safe break from it?”

“I’m on a safe break, especially being in work tomorrow.” Nasta chuckled. “Just regular black tea is fine, thank you.”

Harry held his arms out to Nasta, who took Max’s place and Harry snuggled into him instead.

“You smell nice and clean.”
“I’ve shaved too.” Nasta smiled at him.

Harry peeled open his eyes and looked to see smooth skin. He reached out to touch Nasta’s chin and cheeks and it made him smile.

“I love you all smooth and sexy.”

“You can barely keep your eyes open.” Nasta laughed.

“I’m tired.” Harry said. “I’m four months pregnant now, it’s just getting a little bit more difficult to do everyday tasks and I need to sit down more often.”

“You should take things easier, bello.” Blaise told him.

Harry nodded. “I’m okay. I just need to sit down a little more often throughout the day. My appetite has picked up too.”

“Good. You could stand to eat a little more, and you know it’ll make Max’s night to hear that you’re hungrier than normal.”

Harry chuckled, but said nothing as he turned and rested on Nasta, who was feeling a little bulkier than usual.

“You lifted weights before you hopped in the shower, didn’t you?”

“We have a home gym now.” Nasta shrugged. “It’s easier to just pop in there for twenty minutes, do some time on the treadmill and lift some weight to keep myself in shape. It helps me wrestle those juveniles too.”

“Make sure you stay in shape, you can’t let those dragons get on top of you…that’s my job.” Harry grinned.

His mates laughed and Harry smiled, judging that they’d been successfully distracted from their
previous worry about him. He was supposed to be the worrywart of their mateship, though he understood their concern, but Nasta was right, he just really did not want to hear hypotheticals about that dreaded selective reduction, and he really didn’t want to think on whether he’d have actually gone through with it if he’d been carrying multiples. He wasn’t, he was carrying just his little thunderer and he was grateful for that.

He did think sometimes that his Dracken knew when he was in trouble, when he could handle multiples or when he could only handle a singleton. It wasn’t like he had ‘eggs’ or ovaries or anything like a woman did, so he reasoned that him falling pregnant was less about biology and more about magic and if magic was in charge, then why couldn’t it determine how many children he had or put a block on multiples when he could only handle a singleton?

“Here you go, gorgeous.” Max said, distracting Harry from his thoughts as he put the tray down on the coffee table, handing Harry his cup first, well aware of his current pregnancy sensitivities, though Harry was feeling good, and much more stable today.

“Thank you, sexy.”

“Oh, you’re not going through the crazy urges for sex again, are you?”

Harry chuckled. “No. I think at the moment I’m too tired for anything too vigorous…or anything that remotely involves moving myself from this wonderfully comfortable spot.”

Harry snuggled more into Nasta, who chuckled and squeeozed his shoulders while drinking his own black tea.

“When do you think those urges will be back?” Blaise asked, and Harry recognised the look in his purple eyes.

Harry laughed. “I don’t know, they’re random, but I don’t want anything tonight, so if you’re riled up, lover, see if anyone wants some fun and go up now. Or just go use some of those toys and make a night of yourself.”

“You’re the best.” Blaise said, standing to come and kiss him. He drained his tea, placed his cup on the tray and looked at the other three. “You heard him, anyone feeling a bit frisky?”

Draco stood and Harry grinned. Blaise walked to Draco, threw his arms around him, and snogged him. Harry sat there and he could appreciate the both of them together, he got a little twitch of
interest, but he really was too tired to do much of anything, and the baby was really running him down today, so he watched as Blaise ran off with Draco and he prepared to give them at least an hour together before he went up to sleep.

“Don’t either of you two want to join them?” He asked.

“I’m up early tomorrow, I could do with keeping all of my energy for that.” Nasta smiled to him.

“I’m on baby duty all night, I’m so not going to get up if I go and sex those two up now. You know how tired I get after sex, I could sleep through a rhino rampage.” Max grinned.

Harry smiled and shifted further onto Nasta and patted the seat behind him. Max immediately moved from his settee over to sit beside him and snuggled into him. Harry smiled.

“This is nice. Wanna watch the news?” He asked.

Nasta bent forward and snagged the remote and switched on the tele. None of them were surprised to find it was on a cartoon channel. He switched over to the news, though Harry was more interested in the local news. He believed it was a good thing to keep up with the local outside world. He didn’t want his family to be seen as anti-social weirdos in the big, isolated house at the end of the street.

“Comfy?” Max asked him.

Harry nodded. “Yes, thank you, love.”

“Anything you need, just ask.”

“I will tonight, I just don’t want to move. I’m too sleepy. As long as you don’t mind, of course.”

“Of course not, love. You say jump, we’ll jump.”

Harry scoffed. “I don’t need you all to jump, just maybe fetch me tea or a snack, and then carry me
to bed in an hour or so when Blaise and Draco are done.”

Nasta and Max both laughed and Harry got another squeeze.

“I adore you.” Max declared, kissing his cheek.

Harry swallowed another mouthful of tea and smiled at them both, Max first, and then Nasta. He grimaced and patted his belly.

“Calm down, thunderer.” He said seriously. “You can’t go anywhere, you’re stuck in there until you’re born.”

“Is he kicking again?” Max asked.

Harry hummed and rubbed circles on his own belly. “Damn baby is jumping around like Braiden on a bouncy castle. Maybe he is Blaise’s.” He laughed.

“It doesn’t matter whose he is, he doesn’t belong to just two people, he’s ours, all of ours.” Max insisted.

Harry snuggled in, feeling incredibly happy to hear that. Nothing made his heart melt more than hearing that all of his mates saw his children as their own, despite not being biologically related. It was a very wonderful feeling.

Harry started dozing again, between his two mates, and he could sort of feel when someone took his cup from him, when he was pulled to rest more securely on someone’s wonderfully warm body. It was the baby monitor that woke him up this time, when he heard a high pitched whine.

“Leolin.” He called out, breaking immediately from the grip of sleep.

“I’ve got him, Caru. He just wants a bottle. Max has already made that up for him and I’m going to go and feed him now.” Nasta assured him softly.

Harry was pushed gently over and onto Max’s body and Nasta took the bottle and went upstairs.
Harry hummed sleepily and rested back on Max.

“Blaise and Draco should be done soon.” Max told him, stroking his hair and back. “Nas is going to check in on them and then we’ll get you up into bed.”

Harry hummed. “Bed sounds really good right about now.”

“You’ve been dozing for the last few hours, you really need to just be snuggled up in bed.”

“I need a wee too.” Harry said.

“Come on then, let’s sort that out now.”

“I don’t want to move unless I know I can climb into bed.”

“You shouldn’t hold yourself like that when you’re pregnant, love.” Max fretted.

Harry hummed his agreement, sighed and he stood up, stretching gently. He put a hand on his belly and wandered just outside the door to the bathroom.

He yawned as he did his business, his eyes watering. He really needed to go to sleep now. Tomorrow was going to be a rather hellish day…or rather the night was going to be. They’d already decided that the kids were too young to celebrate properly, and none of them wanted to break their nightly routines, but that didn’t mean that they weren’t going to get trick or treaters. This was their first Halloween in this house. They’d only been here for a few months and so far they weren’t the most approachable people, and they didn’t actually know the neighbourhood all that well, or even their neighbours.

Harry had been for a few walks out with the pram, the trips to the supermarket that weren’t really all that often, but he was sure that everyone knew all about them. That they were five men who were in a relationship together and they had a horde of children already. People liked to gossip, and Harry had more than set tongues wagging when he’d unashamedly told his neighbours the truth about himself and his lovers.

He flushed, and then went and washed his hands, before he splashed his face with some cold water and patted it dry with a towel. He felt a little better, more awake. He went back to the smaller living room and he snuggled back into Max.
“Are you feeling okay, Harry?”

Harry hummed. “Just tired. Did you sort out the goodie bags for tomorrow?”

“Yes, they’re on the table by the front door. Those kids are going to be so happy when we hand those over, they’ll get more from us than from everyone else on this street.”

“I bet Nasta wasn’t happy with that.” Harry grinned.

“He got outvoted. Draco wouldn’t hear of anyone outdoing us while we’re so rich and Blaise just wants to show off.”

Harry laughed. “Oh, of course that’s what happened. That sounds just so much like them. Snobbish bastards.”

“I’ll have you know that I agreed with them.”

“You weren’t doing it to show off though, you’re doing it just to see the looks on the faces of the kids you hand those goodie bags to.”

Max grinned at him. “Guilty as charged. Anyway, we beat Nasta down by explaining it’s a holiday and if the kids’ parents don’t limit their sugar intake, that’s on them, it’s not for us to dictate to them based on our own rules for our kids.”

“True enough.” Harry nodded. “Nasta is a logical man, he can see that it’s a special occasion and it’s not up to us to interfere in others parenting skills. We have enough of our own babies to look after.”

Max hummed and went back to stroking and playing with Harry’s hair. Harry was sent almost straight back to dozing and when he next woke up, very unhappily this time he might add, Nasta was back.

“Come on, those two have finished with one another, let’s get you to bed, *Caru.*” Nasta told him, scooping him up.
Harry curled into his top dominant happily and allowed himself to be carried up to bed. The best thing about sending Blaise and Draco up to bed an hour before was that the sheets were already lovely and warm and he could just lie there and snuggle up to Blaise’s naked body.

He was already in his pyjamas. He’d gone for a bath earlier in the evening, when the kids were having their quiet time, and he’d gotten straight into his pyjamas afterwards. He was glad of that now, as he could just curl right up in bed with his mates and he was asleep almost before his head hit the pillow. He was slightly disturbed when Max climbed into the bed and curled up behind him, but it wasn’t enough to stop him from sleeping again, and when he woke up late the next morning, he didn’t remember even being carried to bed.

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Halloween was pretty much a normal day for all of them. Nasta had gone to work and was due home in time for dinner, Max was crawling around the floor with the kids, Draco was sat reading happily while Blaise helped Harry sort out laundry.

Getting into the early evening, the kids had been fed and bathed and were having their quiet time when Nasta flooed back home.

“Daddy!” Calix called out and went speeding towards him in his little onesie pyjamas.

Nasta smiled happily and hefted Calix up and kissed him. He was then, of course, inundated with babies all wanting his attention. It made Harry smile from where he was folding up towels on the settee and getting Blaise to ferry them to their respective bathrooms.

“How are you, love?” Harry asked with a smile.

“Much better now that I’m home with the people I love.” Nasta told him, getting over the fire grate and kneeling to hug as many little bodies as he could as all five kids converged on him.

“Did you have a good day at work? Did you settle down Caronwyn?” Max asked, standing from where he’d been abandoned by the kids.

“Yes, she’s wonderful still. I don’t know how she keeps going after all of these years. I suspect she just enjoys putting all the younger dragons in their place.” Nasta said with a grin.
“Do you want some tea, lover? Dinner will be in an hour.” Max told him.

“If you don’t mind.” Nasta answered.

“Of course not. Harry, my terribly gorgeous mate?”

Harry grinned. “Yes please. I could use a cuppa.”


They both agreed and Max smiled happily at being given an excuse to go into his kitchen and Harry folded the last of the towels and sent Blaise up to their en suite with them and he placed the laundry basket on the floor and he settled back with a happy sigh.

“How have you both been?” Nasta asked, coming to sit beside him and he laid a hand on his belly.

“He’s been nice and calm today. He’s had his moments and I’ve done his kick chart for today, but overall we’ve had a good day. It’s almost like he knows that today was going to be difficult for me.”

“And you?” Nasta asked.

Harry smiled and bent to kiss him. “I’ve been very well looked after in your absence, love.”

“Of course we’ve looked after him. He’s barely moved all day, just as it should be.” Draco said. “I haven’t moved much either.” He grinned, indicating the book he’d put to the side.

“I’ve done all the washing, Blaise has happily been ferrying the clean, folded laundry to where it belongs, but…yeah, I’ve had a bit of playtime with these little munchkins, Max and Blaise handled bath time and everything has been calm and pleasant.”

“I’m glad.” Nasta said with a smile, kissing Harry again.
“Daddy, book.”

Nasta smiled at Tegan and hefted her, and the book in her hand, up onto his lap, making sure that her penguin came too.

Tegan opened the book and she started reading to Nasta, looking at him and pointing to the pictures, and he would nod and smile at her, making himself look interested in the stream of babble that was completely unintelligible.

The first of the trick or treaters started knocking and Harry heard the childish voices down the hall where Max pretended to be terrified of the fake masks and costumes, like the dope that he was, before he handed out the rather large goodie bags to enthusiastic appreciation.

“Draco, it’s your turn next!” Max said as he came in with a tray of cups. He handed Harry his cup first and snatched a kiss from him, which made Harry giggle as he sat back and rested on Nasta.

“I don’t mind answering the door next.” Draco insisted.

“Remember to act scared of the costumes. They’re kids at the end of the day and it amuses them to see adults scared of their awful costumes.”

Draco waved that away and Harry knew he wouldn’t make a fool of himself, not even for the kids that knocked for sweets. That was going to have to be Max’s job tonight.

After dinner though, Harry was going to go upstairs and he was going to lay in bed, and he would flick through his photo album while he reminisced. He’d been quiet and a little subdued all day, but today of all days, his mates knew why, and they had been so very accommodating and respectful of his feelings. He’d been very well looked after, from tea, to snacks, to letting him go off to have a moment alone, despite him being pregnant, and he was very grateful that they allowed him his needed moments. He loved them all so very much.

“Right, I think these little beauties need to be in bed.” Max declared, putting his empty cup down and going to hunt down the sleepiest looking babies.

Max took Farren and Regan up first, while Blaise tried to settle Calix, their most active, most alert baby.

Nasta cuddled with Tegan, murmuring to her in Welsh, and Harry slid himself to the floor to take control of Braiden.
“Do you want a story, Braiden?” Harry asked, grabbing a book.

“Yes, Mummy.” Tegan answered, and she slid straight from Nasta’s lap to the floor and came to occupy his lap.

Harry laughed and kissed her while wrapping his arm around her. Of course Braiden came over too and took up the other part of his lap. Harry kissed him too and settled them both in, wrapping his other arm around Braiden and cuddling them in before cracking open the book and he started reading aloud.

The door knocking disturbed them, but Harry paused only for a moment before bringing the kids attention back to the book while Draco got up to go and answer the trick or treaters.

Max came back into the room and he took Calix from Blaise, seeing that Harry was reading to both Braiden and Tegan. Harry smiled at Max gratefully before turning a page and carrying on the story.

It was Blaise’s turn to get the door next, and Draco took the two remaining kids up to their cots and Harry waved his arms at Nasta, who chuckled and lifted him from the floor and sat Harry beside himself.

Blaise came back to them and he settled behind Harry, giving his cheek a kiss for good measure.

“Nas, it’s your turn to get the door next.” Blaise insisted.

Nasta nodded his understanding, but it wasn’t even two minutes later when the door knocked and he had to get up. Harry turned to let him stand and he cuddled with Blaise, smiling up at him and lifting his hand to stroke over Blaise’s head. His hair was growing in nicely now and Harry loved playing with it.

“It’s getting longer.” Blaise smiled.

Harry nodded. “You’re beginning to look like yourself again.”

“How are your muscles holding up?”

“Good. I think I’m almost completely healed. The baby belly isn’t bothering me as much as I thought it might do, either. That’s with our thunderer being rather active too.”
“He’s going to be a wiggly baby, I can already see it. As slippery as an eel and as jumpy as a beached fish.”

Harry laughed. “I’ll be sure to tell him that you compared him to an eel and a dying fish when he’s born.”

“Hey, you two, want to come keep me company in the kitchen?” Max called out, moving to bend over the back of the settee.

“Sure, Max.” Harry smiled standing immediately and letting Max pull him to the kitchen. He had Blaise on his other side too, pulling him along as well.

“It won’t be long. I did most of the prep already.” Max told them as he let go of them both and went to get what he needed.

Harry sat at his seat at the table, Blaise next to him, while Max sorted dinner, something in the oven already smelt heavenly and it made Harry’s belly grumble.

He enjoyed watching Max cooking, it made him feel cared for and loved. At the Dursleys, he’d been forced to cook from a young age, and though he didn’t mind cooking now and again, for his family, there was something special about having Max take care of it all and be so happy to do it as well.

Harry stood, with a little bit of difficulty and help from the table top, and he went to wrap his arms around Max’s waist.

“Hey, hey. What is it? Are you okay?” Max asked, sharing a look with Blaise as he turned around and hugged him.

“Yeah, I just…I love you so much, and I appreciate everything you do.” Harry said tearily.

Max’s face softened with understanding and he hugged Harry tighter and bent to kiss him.

“You having a pregnancy moment?” He asked.
Harry nodded. “I think so.”

“You know I love cooking, Harry. Nothing makes me happier than knowing I’ve looked after my family by preparing a meal for you all knowing that it’ll keep you happy and healthy. I truly do love doing it.”

“I think…I think I just needed to tell you that I appreciate it. That I appreciate you. They…those people forced me to cook all the time, and I was too young and I was often hurt because of it, and no one ever said thank you and I wasn’t even allowed to eat what I’d cooked. I just…I never want you to ever feel as unappreciated as I did.”

“What brought this on?” Nasta asked as he came to lay a hand on his shoulder.

“Pregnancy hormones, I think.” Max told him as he hugged Harry tighter. “Harry, love, not once have I ever felt unappreciated by any of you. Just looking at your faces as you take your first bite of food is enough for me, but you all thank me verbally as well. I love all of you, even those little monsters we call kids. I want to look after you all.”

Harry smiled and calmed himself down from his hormonal episode. Nasta led him back to the table and sat in his seat, pulling him onto his lap and Harry snorted, but said nothing as he snuggled in.

“I guess our thunderer is running you around today.” Blaise said.

“I always get these emotional upheavals while pregnant.” Harry sighed. “I don’t like them, but there’s very little I can do to control them. It comes on so bloody fast and then I just need to cry… or scream.”

Nasta chuckled. “We understand, Caru.”

The door knocking interrupted them and Nasta cursed.

“Max, it’s your turn, go pretend to be scared of five year olds in wigs.” Blaise ordered.

“If you let my food burn I’ll punish you sexually.” Max swore.
“And now I’m going to wait until you’ve left the room to turn up the heat.” Blaise said simply, with a smirk.

“Don’t you dare! I mean it!” Max said from halfway down the hall.

Harry laughed. “He’s such a dick.”

“I think you mean he has an amazing dick, Harry.” Blaise told him.

Harry turned and laughed loudly. “Didn’t you get enough from Draco last night?”

“Harry, love, do you not know me at all?” Blaise grinned. “I can never get enough of you men.”

“I know that feeling.” Harry said. “Our baby here likes turning me into a mess, and I don’t know what it is about this pregnancy, but my Dracken needs more fluids than usual, and only one kind will do where before all cravings were satisfied with blood. Now I just need sex.”

“Some submissives take all kinds of fluids throughout their pregnancy.” Nasta told him. “Blood, sweat, saliva, semen. They crave them all.”

“Maybe I’m craving sweat too then, because I lick enough of it from your bodies during sex.” Harry laughed.

“You also get saliva from our kisses.” Blaise pointed out.

Harry frowned. “Hmm, so really the only fluid I’m missing from any of you is blood.”

“If you want any, all you need to do is ask, bello.” Blaise assured him.

Harry smiled. “Thank you, I know I can always ask, but I just don’t want it. There is no craving for blood at all. Our thunderer just wants to be different from the start. Maybe he is Draco’s.”
The three of them laughed and shared a look.

“Damn, now you're making me all hot.” Blaise declared, bending forward to kiss him. “I really can’t get enough of you men.”

“That’s what I like hearing from your mouth. Unending love, and not that you’re going to burn my cooking.” Max said, joining them in the kitchen once more, but before he could reach the cooker again the door knocked. “Damn it, I looked down the drive and there was no fucker there!”

“It’s my turn now, seeing as Draco is taking his sweet time with the kids.”

“Ah, Calix is running riot up there. He’s refusing to sleep, as usual.” Max said, waving the knife he was using at Blaise, who rolled his eyes and went to the door.

“Maybe I should go and help him.” Harry said.

“No, leave Draco to handle it, Cariad.” Nasta told him, holding him tighter and slipping a hand around him to rub at his belly.

“He better hurry up, this will be done in ten minutes.” Max said, checking the timer on the oven.

“Are we having lasagne?” Harry asked hopefully.

Max grinned at him. “We are, lover. Good nose you have there.”

Harry snorted. “I’m not little red riding hood.”

“You could try…you know, I’m sure we have a red skirt lurking around here somewhere, and a red hat…we could all pretend to eat you for Halloween.”

“That wouldn’t be scary because I enjoy the four of you eating me.” Harry quipped.
Max just laughed and continued slicing cucumber for a side salad. Blaise came back, but once again the door knocked.

“I’ve got it.” Draco called out from the hall.

“Oh, thank Merlin.” Blaise declared, sliding back into his seat. “I’m sure some of those kids are knocking twice because of the amount of sweets we’re giving them.”

“I told you it was a bad idea.” Nasta said.

“Not tonight, love.” Blaise insisted. “I’m getting the twinge in the back of my head that promises a terrible headache later.”

They all gave him a concerned look.

“You can come and lie down with me upstairs after dinner if you need to.”

Blaise shook his head. “I’ll go to one of the unused rooms, Harry. I will not intrude upon your grieving.”

“It’s less grieving and more reminiscing.” Harry said. “I just look at my photos, run my thoughts around in circles and then cry myself to sleep. If you’re going to be sleeping anyway, that won’t disturb me. You wouldn’t disturb me even if you were awake.”

Blaise shook his head. “I’m sure I’ll be fine.”

“No. You know what, you’re coming up with me. You had a serious head injury, Blaise. You can’t just brush that off. We’re here to look after you and I don’t mind you coming up with me.” Harry said sternly. “I do get upset on Halloween, I do like thinking about my parents and looking at photos, but they’re dead. They’re gone, Blaise and you’re not. You’re here with me and I want to look after you! I’d never forgive myself if I was stuck thinking of the past and not focusing on the present time, or on my future. I don’t want anything to happen to you.”
“Nothing is going to happen, Prezioso. I have a headache, that’s all.”

“Which Healer Odell told you was a warning sign to rest.” Harry said. “You’re not completely healed, Blaise, neither of us are, despite how much we might want to be. We have to look after ourselves.”

Blaise sighed, but he smiled. “I’ll see how I feel after we’ve eaten. Above all else, I would never want to upset you further today.”

“You won’t upset me.” Harry said before he reached over and kissed Blaise.

“Stop eating one another, I’m plating up. Nas, please go and find out what’s taking Draco so long. Maybe those kids have jumped him or something.” Max insisted.

Nasta picked Harry up and the settled him back in the chair before going to find Draco. It was already bad enough that dinner was going to be continuously interrupted by trick or treaters when they usually enjoyed this peaceful time together, eating and talking about the day that they’d all had.

Max served Harry and Blaise first, as the only two sat at the table, and he placed Draco and Nasta’s plates down before getting his own and coming to sit with them.

Draco came into the kitchen first and he just rolled his eyes and sat down opposite Blaise with a sigh.

“A stream of kids came up the driveway, as soon as I handed out goodie bags to those at the door, more came. Hopefully, in another hour, they’ll all be home and in bed.”

Harry looked at the clock and it was gone seven at night. “I would imagine they would be, maybe a few older kids here or there, but it should be wrapping up soon.”

Nasta finally came back into the kitchen and he sat at the last plate and took a drink of water before he started eating with the rest of them.

“So, Nas, how was work?” Blaise asked before popping food into his mouth.
“Not as hectic as usual.” Nasta told them. “All the eggs from spring have hatched, the juveniles that are left are all strong and being cared for by their Mothers. We’ve had a really peaceful rearing this year.”

“That just means you’re in for a shit next year.” Max laughed.

Nasta gave him a smirk. “Possibly. But the females that never laid eggs this year will soon be displaying to the males and we’ll start the breeding season all over again.”

“Is that big, nasty Ukrainian Ironbelly still there?” Harry asked curiously. “The one who tries to impregnate all of the females and kills the other males if he catches them near a female?”

“No, thankfully we sent him back to the Ukraine. He really was a right piece of work.” Nasta said. “More than half the juveniles we have at the moment are hybrid Ironbellies.”

Harry chuckled. “So…he’s the dragon version of Max?”

“Hey! I’ll have you know I would never try to kill these three gorgeous men for going after you.” Max grinned. “I very much enjoy watching them with you.”

Harry laughed along with the others. Of course the door knocking interrupted them. Max sighed.

“I think it’s my turn.” He said, standing up and going to answer the demand for sweets.

Harry ate more of his lasagne and thought about whether or not he wanted a cup of tea afterwards. He looked at Blaise consideringly, noticing how pale he’d gotten and how his face was pinched with pain. Maybe going straight up to bed would be better, Blaise really looked like he needed to lie down. Harry hated that Blaise still got blinding headaches and that there were still reminders of that hideous fight they’d gone through. At least Blaise was getting much better at names and faces. He still said the wrong thing once in a while, but it was becoming less frequent now.

“Damn kids.” Max grinned as he came back to the table, retaking his seat. “One was dressed like a dragon. I could barely keep from laughing out loud.”
“Did you see if there were…?”

“I looked about as much as I could with how dark it is out there now and the groups do seem to be thinning out.”

“Good. I actually want to sit and relax a little.” Draco insisted, already finished with his food, his knife and fork politely placed on the empty plate.

“If you’re done make the tea, Draco.” Max told him.

Draco nodded and stood, taking his plate to the sink before he set the kettle to boiling, laying out five cups.

“I’ve got dessert for you all.” Max said happily. “I never made it, Molly came around to deliver it and told me not to tell you, Harry.”

“Please tell me its treacle tart.” Harry smiled.

“It is treacle tart.” Max told him, watching happily as Harry’s smile widened to a grin.

“I’m going to have to thank her tomorrow.” Harry said. “She knows it’s my favourite.”

“She thought that a little slice of happy today would make you feel a little better.”

Harry chuckled. “A little slice of happy?”

“Well, that’s what it is to you, isn’t it?” Max teased.

Harry chuckled, but he nodded as he finished off the last of his food and folded his knife and fork together on the plate.
“Where did you even hide it from me? My sense of smell at the moment is incredible, I’m sure I would have sniffed it out immediately once it was in the house.”

“I put it in the microwave.” Max told him. “We rarely use it, and it’s usually only me who ever goes in there, so it’s been right here, in this room, all day.”

“That’s evil.” Harry declared, but he couldn’t keep from grinning.

Max hummed with his mouth full, eating the last of his food before standing and taking his own and Harry’s plate to the sink and he went to the microwave as Draco poured the tea. Max pulled out the covered tart and took down a knife from the knife block.

“Do you want a big piece, Harry?” Max asked him.

“What a ridiculous question, love. Cut four little slices and then just give me the rest.” Harry giggled.

Max laughed, but ignored the joked order. He did cut Harry a rather large piece and as Draco handed him a cup of honey tea, Max gave him a piece of tart and a fork.

Harry hummed happily, eating his tart and leaving his tea to cool. He didn’t want to ruin the taste of the tart by drinking his tea now.

“Happy?” Max grinned at him.

“Yes, thank you.” Harry said with a smile. “I do love treacle tart.”

“So we’ve noticed.” Draco smirked.

Harry poked his tongue out at him childishly, but went back to his tart. He was very full when he eventually finished and as he sipped on his tea, he watched Max clear up and get ready to start washing up. First though he got down his potions’ case, the bastard didn’t even need to stretch to reach it while Harry needed a chair, and Max pulled out a familiar potion. It was one of the very strong headache potions that had been given to Blaise. It got rid of his pain but it also completely knocked him out for several hours too.
“It’s too early to take it.”

“It’s not a sleeping potion, you can sleep after the effects of it wear off, Blaise. You need to take this.” Max told him seriously, placing the opened vial by Blaise’s cup.

Blaise sighed and rubbed his head. He was visibly in pain and Harry hated it, but no one looked more guilty than Draco.

“Come to bed with me.” Harry said softly. “Take your potion and you can fall asleep in my lap while I use your head as a book rest for my photo album.”

Blaise was surprised into laughing. “Oh, ow.” He held his head but carried on laughing.

“Please don’t use Blaise’s head as a book rest, Harry.” Nasta sighed. “That’s what Max’s head is for.”

Harry laughed this time and grinned at his two oldest mates.

“I’ve lovingly spent my time making you all a delicious meal and this is the abuse I get afterwards!” Max huffed. “You’re all bastards.”

“It was a lovely meal, thank you, Max.” Harry said with a smile. “Come on, Blaise. Drink that and then come with me. It’s time for me to think about the past.”

Blaise nodded and threw the entire vial back in one go. He shuddered, swallowed hard, then shuddered again before draining his cup of tea.

Harry kissed Max, Nasta and then Draco before taking Blaise’s hand and tugging him up the stairs and to the master bedroom. Harry helped Blaise strip and get into his pyjamas while his head throbbed and spiked with pain every time he bent over, tucked him up before he went to check on his children.

Once assured that they were all asleep and safe, he went back to the master bedroom, checked on his twin girls in their twin cots, before he stripped himself and got into his own pyjamas.

Harry smiled at Blaise before sighing as he went to the bedside table and opened the drawer,
pulling out his photo album.

“Are you sure you don’t mind me here?” Blaise asked, watching the flicker of emotion pass clearly across Harry’s face.

“I don’t mind. You’ll be asleep soon anyway.” Harry replied as he climbed onto the bed and settled himself in. He pulled Blaise sideways, so that he was resting his head in Harry’s lap while he was lying on his belly. A small hand immediately fell to the growing hair, stroking through it gently, fingertips massaging soothingly over his scalp.

Blaise let out a breath and in the near silence of the bedroom, only one dim lamp on Harry’s side switched on, and with that one small, miraculous hand stroking his head, Blaise closed his eyes and let the effects of the potion wash over him, chasing away the skull splitting headache he’d developed and easing him into a sleep that bordered on unconsciousness.

Harry watched his mate as his muscles finally relaxed and the furrow in his brow finally smoothened out. He knew then that Blaise was asleep and finally out of pain. It was difficult to bend to kiss Blaise, what with his four month pregnant belly in the way and the awful angle, but he did manage to brush his lips over Blaise’s head at least.

He lay back more comfortably on the pillow propped behind him and he opened his album to stare longingly at the first picture. He again wondered what his parents might think of what had happened to him, the same as he did every year. Would they have cared that he was a Dracken? Would they have accepted the fact that he was gay and in love with four other men? Would they have accepted Nasta’s age considering he would have been the same age as they were? Nasta was a month younger than his Mother and a month older than his Father, would that have bothered them? Harry couldn’t imagine a life without Nasta. He loved him so much, with all of his heart, and he hated the thought that if his parents had been alive they might have convinced him to pass Nasta over as a mate because of his age. The thought of it was like a physical pain.

At one point he would have given anything and everything for his parents back, but now…now that he’d created his own family, he couldn’t wish that things were different without changing what he had now, and he just couldn’t do that. He couldn’t give up his mates, or his children, and it was perhaps that which upset him the most. Knowing that he wouldn’t give anything to have his parents back like he would have when he was younger. He wouldn’t give up his children. He wouldn’t give up his mates. He wouldn’t trade the life he had now for one where his parents would have lived and he felt so guilty for that. It made him feel awful and despicable…another pair of tears rolled down his cheeks.

Would his parents have loved his children? Or would the amount he had now have made them anxious or angry? It was awful not knowing what they would have truly thought, how they would have reacted to everything. Others could tell him how they thought his parents would have reacted, what they believed that his parents would have done or thought about everything, but for him, he just wasn’t sure and it was awful for him.

He took a breath and turned the page, looking at the next two photos. He thought of his mates’ families, all of the Maddisons. Aneirin and Marianna. Even Idris, Nerys, Sanex…hell, Dáin and Kailen. Even Lucius and Narcissa were more on board now. He looked at them and surely, surely
if they could love their children and their lifestyles, his own parents, who had died for him, just to keep him safe, would have been able to as well. He liked to think so. It helped that Remus and Dumbledore, Hagrid and the Weasleys, they accepted him and his mates, his creature status and his lifestyle.

He blinked and felt another tear roll down his cheek. He hated Halloween. He hated that on this very day, perhaps at this very hour, eighteen years ago his parents had been murdered in their own home. It had been for nothing, a damn prophecy that had claimed that either he or Neville would be the downfall of Voldemort, and in the end, they had both sort of been involved with his downfall, as Neville had come with him to the Ministry. He had been there that night and it had been for him, and Luna, Ginny, Hermione and Ron that he had fought so hard to kill Voldemort when he’d been possessed. Hermione and Ron had been the only witnesses to his possession, apart from Dumbledore that was, and that had been why they’d turned on him in the end.

Harry bit his lip and laid his hand on Blaise’s head, stroking to calm himself with the reminder that he was loved. He was surrounded by those who loved him and those who depended on him. The past was the past, he meant it when he said he had to look to the future, no matter how much it upset him to let go of his parents. They were no longer here and he couldn’t let their death interfere with his daily life.

He patted his belly and smiled. He had his new baby boy, his little thunderer, coming along in a few months. He was over halfway through his pregnancy and his baby was now viable if he went into labour. His quintuplets had been born at four months gestation and that was why Leolin’s wings had been raw and weeping.

Harry turned another page and moved his hand from Blaise’s head over to his shoulder, stroking gently, even though he knew nothing would wake Blaise at the moment, not for another few hours at least thanks to the potion he’d taken. Blaise didn’t like taking them, no one liked him needing them, because it meant acknowledging that Blaise was still suffering, but sometimes they were necessary.

Harry sighed and turned the page, smiling sadly at the moving pictures. His life had changed drastically on Halloween eighteen years ago. Not least because he was sent to the Dursleys, but even that couldn’t hurt him now. They were in prison. Dudley was being tried soon for a multitude of minor offenses, including animal cruelty, but he couldn’t be tried for anything he’d done to Harry, as he had been a minor at the time. As Harry had said to Richard, Dudley hadn’t been the main issue. That had always been Vernon and Petunia and he had his justice now. He would definitely have to make the time to sit down with his mates and tell them all of it, everything that had been done to him, show them the pictures, and let them know the whole sordid tale. They deserved to know the truth, he knew that, but that didn’t make it any easier.

Harry continued flipping through the photo album until he reached the end. He put the album aside and he went to use the bathroom. He checked in on both nurseries. Leolin on his own to keep him safer and then the five in the other nursery. All of them were sound asleep and he smiled as he tucked them in, making sure that Tegan had her penguin, Regan had his bear and Calix had at least one dummy in the cot with him. He was more likely to stay quiet if he woke up if he had a dummy he could suck on.

Harry went back to the bedroom and he slid himself under the covers. He snuggled up to Blaise, settling his baby belly more comfortably and he sighed heavily. He closed his eyes and tried not to think. At least his little thunderer had finally gone to sleep, or whatever version of sleep unborn babies had in utero. He’d have to look that up tomorrow.
He slipped his arm more securely over Blaise and just absorbed the presence of one of his beloved mates. Perhaps it would be easier to bring one of them into the room with him on Halloween night, especially if they were going to sleep. He benefited from having a living, breathing person with him, but he didn’t feel like he was being watched or judged. He settled himself and he drifted off to sleep. He wondered if having someone here would also ease the nightmares that usually came tonight, because of his heavy thoughts. He hoped so, he hated having nightmares.

Three hours later Nasta eased open the bedroom door and looked into the room, before entering when he saw two lumps under the duvet.

“They’re both sleeping.” Nasta announced at a whisper.

“Good. Does Blaise look better?” Max asked.

“Much better. He’s regained his colour too.” Nasta said, looking critically at them both. “Harry doesn’t even have tear tracks.”

“Do you think he’s finally coming to terms with it?” Max asked.

“Perhaps the sentencing of those Muggle monsters helped with more things than we realised.” Draco said, stripping and finding his own pyjamas.

“I think you might be right. Maybe it’s all falling into place for him.”

“Do you think he’ll ever tell us what happened?” Max questioned.

“He will, one day.” Nasta said surely. “When he’s ready.”

“These girls are out of it, do you think they’ll even wake up for their feed?” Max asked, peering at his twin daughters and looking at how deeply they were both breathing.

“Place the bottles on the bedside table and we’ll see.” Nasta sighed. “I have baby duty tonight, so put them on my side and then climb into bed. I don’t want Harry disturbed.”
“I’ll get behind Blaise.” Max said. “I’m the heaviest and me climbing into bed will be most likely to disturb Harry…Blaise would sleep through me jumping on the bed and dancing the hula.”

Nasta nodded, smiling at the mental image of Max dancing the hula in a grass skirt and a coconut bra.

“Draco, there’s more room over here than behind Harry, climb up.” Max insisted.

Draco, who came out of their en suite, nodded and climbed carefully onto the bed. Harry murmured softly, wordlessly, but he didn’t move or wake up.

Nasta growled to him lightly, letting him know that he was safe and that his mates were around him. Harry’s body relaxed immediately and he didn’t move again. Nasta left out a silent breath as Max managed to safely climb into the bed too. They shifted and wriggled, getting comfortable, before they both settled, Max spooning Draco, who had left a bit of space between himself and Blaise, who was on his front and not easy to snuggle with.

Nasta made sure the twins’ bottles were within easy reach, that both baby monitors for both nurseries were on and registering noise, and he turned off the lamp that Harry had left on. He eased onto the bed, growling reassuringly to try and keep Harry asleep.

He shifted and made himself comfortable and then let out a breath. He curled up behind Harry and carefully slipped an arm over him and onto Blaise’s back. It felt good to touch them both when they’d been up here, away from him, for four hours. It felt good to touch them both, to smell them and reassure himself that they were both fine, despite their respective issues.

Nasta fell to sleep himself, content in the knowledge that his family were safe and that tomorrow, the first of November, everything would be fine and back to normal. All of them were due a good block of complete normalcy after everything they’d been through.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Hi, lovelies. It’s been a while, I know. I was so determined to get Broken Wings finished and posted that it completely drained me of any Dracken inspiration for a while afterwards. No more Dracken spin-off fics for me for a while, I don’t think. It is also our 7 year anniversary today, so happy 7 years RotD and to all you readers, lovelies. I almost missed this anniversary, as it snuck up on me, as a result this chapter was rather last minute, and as a result it was only written in the last few days. This has had a serious impact on chapter length, and the quality of the editing, so there are bound to be a few mistakes through it, for this I apologise in advance and if you catch one, please leave a message and I’ll fix it. But I just wanted something out for the
anniversary, and hopefully this chapter now breaks the block that Broken Wings put on my Dracken inspiration.

A huge thank you to all of you who have read and reviewed thus far, here’s to another year of Drackens, and hopefully a few more chapters than I managed to get out last year.

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter One Hundred-Eighteen – Court Talks

Harry was nervous that morning, and he knew that his mates could see it. It was now November, and all morning they’d kept shooting him looks, though they hadn’t actually said anything yet, but it was only increasing Harry’s nervousness. He hadn’t said anything to his mates about what he’d planned for today, because he didn’t want to mention it and then back out of it, which was looking increasingly likely as he picked at his lunch, his stomach tied in knots.

He leapt out of his skin and his breath hitched audibly when someone touched his back and he flinched away from them. Max, the one who had touched him, sat next to him, looking worried. Harry couldn’t meet his eyes, instead he stared at the table top.

“Harry, honey, are you feeling okay?” Max asked. “Did you have a nightmare last night?”

Harry nodded truthfully, looking at his plate before dropping his fork and pushing it away. He turned and wrapped himself around Max and thought about what he was planning to do. He knew he needed to do it, he knew he needed to tell them, but that didn’t make it at all easy and it didn’t make him want to rush to tell them either.
“Oh, love, why didn’t you say sooner?” Max asked him gently, clutching him tightly in his big, safe arms. Harry tried to burrow in deeper, squashing himself impossibly closer.

“I don’t want to talk about it just yet.” He said quietly, trying not to disturb his eating children.

“The kids will be going down for their naps soon.” Draco pointed out, trying not to push him, but giving him options if he needed them.

“I know.” Harry replied, keeping his face pressed against Max’s chest.

“Nas, get Harry some tea, please?” Max asked.

“No.” Harry said, and that really worried his mates, as he rarely ever refused tea.

“Harry, you’re worrying us now.” Blaise said, abandoning his own lunch in favour of Harry.

Harry shook his head. “Soon.”

“Soon what?” Draco asked.

“I’ll tell you soon.” He said desperately. “Just not right now.”

“Okay, I think everyone needs to back off.” Blaise said, making a conscious effort to control the urge to smother Harry. “Just…let’s calm down, finish lunch and get these kids up in their cots and down for their naps.”

“No naps.” Braiden took that moment to interject. “Daddy, no.”

That even made Harry peek out from Max’s chest and he managed a very small, weak chuckle.

“Well, I think the after lunch routine just got a little harder…and longer.” Draco said.
“Speaking of last night…” Max trailed off lecherously.

Harry managed a giggle at that and Max actually puffed up a little at managing to make Harry feel even slightly better.

“We won’t have to struggle to put them down today.” Harry said, resting himself back on Max.

“Are you planning on leaving them awake, or have you slipped them some sleeping draught?” Max teased.

Harry snorted. “Neither. Your parents are taking them off our hands for the afternoon.”

“They never said anything about it to me.” Max said, and Harry could actually hear his eyebrows lowering in confusion.

“I told them not to.”

“You wanted to surprise us.” Nasta said.

Harry sighed and looked at the clock. Myron and Richard would be here soon to collect the kids. It was now or never, he was committed and with the nightmare, his mates would be too curious to hide this any longer. They’d want to know why he’d had a nightmare out of the blue, they’d want to know what it had been about, or if anything had set him off. It was already too late to turn back now.

“It’s not so much a surprise, it’s more that I just couldn’t bring myself to say anything.” He admitted.

“Well, you now have our undivided attention. What is playing on your mind?” Draco asked him.

“Our attention is divided still. The kids need us, at least for a little while longer.”
“Do you need the nappy bags packed up?” Max asked by way of a distraction.

“I’ve done it already.” Harry said.

They were all silent, listening to the kids shriek and laugh as they ate their lunches, and played with their food, but they were interrupted by the floo chiming and Harry breathed deeply to calm himself as his heart automatically lurched in his chest.

“Boys?” Richard’s voice called out.

“Ganda!” Tegan shouted out.

“Ganda Itch!” Braiden joined in and Harry had to laugh as all the kids started clamouring.

Richard came jogging into the kitchen, his arms wide and he started making a fuss of the kids. Myron was calmer, but he was smiling at his mate.

“We’ll get them quickly over to ours so you can finish your talk.” Myron said. “Once they’ve finished eating, Richard.” He added as Richard went to take a fussing Calix from his highchair.

“He’s not going to finish eating now.” Richard said, as he undid the straps and Calix immediately got to his feet and stood up so that Richard could pick him up.

“I’m still a little confused.” Max said, still frowning.

“Oh, care bear, that’s not difficult to manage, is it?” Richard teased.

“Don’t call me that.” Max sighed heavily.

“What are you confused over?” Myron asked. “Harry, have you told them why we’re taking the kids this afternoon?”
Harry shook his head, still buried in Max’s chest.

“Do you still want to go ahead with this?” Richard asked as he held Calix securely on his shoulder. “You can change your mind, you know. It’s completely up to you.”

“Now is the right time, but that doesn’t make it easy.” Harry said.

“Is this about the court proceedings?” Nasta asked perceptively.

Harry nodded. Immediately Max held him tighter and his large hand stroked over his back, comforting him.

“I couldn’t say before…I…if I’d said anything about it, I might have backed out. I didn’t want to do that. So I…I sorted this out and set it up so that I could hold my nerve.”

“Right, we’ll get these kids gone now and you can say what you need to. We’ll have them back by seven in the evening.” Myron said authoritatively.

“Just remember, Harry, they’re in prison. They can’t hurt you anymore.” Richard told him as he picked up Tegan and then, with a smile, he left to floo them over to his home, where Ashleigh was waiting.

Myron went for Farren and Braiden, their two biggest boys, and then it was like a production line as Richard came back to collect Eva and Ave, then Myron was back to take Regan and Leolin, while Richard came back a final time to get the nappy bags. He was carrying a large folder and he handed it to Harry with a soft touch to his cheek and a kiss to the forehead.

“Remember your strength, Harry. I know that you can do this.” He said, before shouldering the bags and flooing out, leaving Harry still snuggled into Max, but on the settee in their living room and not in the kitchen.

“Do you want tea now, Harry?” Nasta asked. “Or do you want to just jump right in?”

Harry swallowed hard, which ultimately made up his mind for him as his mouth was so dry that his
tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth.

“Tea please.” He forced out, as he clutched the folder in his hands in a white-knuckled grip.

Nasta nodded and went to sort out tea for everyone while his mates all settled around him on the one settee.

Their top dominant came back far too soon with a tray of tea and Nasta forced all of them to take a deep drink, which clued Harry in that he’d given them all a dose of calming draught for this talk. Once they had all settled, putting him in the middle so that they could hear him, and see the folder in his lap, they looked at him expectantly.

“I never wanted anyone to know about this.” Harry said softly.

“They deserved what they got for what they did to you.” Max told him.

Harry nodded. “Now on the other side of the court case, I’m glad that I sought justice. I wanted to forget about it, and about them. I never wanted it all dragged up again, I never wanted to relive those memories, it was painful enough the first time, without doing it all again. But I’m also glad that I’ve seen them punished for what they did to me, for everything they’ve caused me to suffer through during the fifteen years I was with them.”

“When you’re ready, Harry.” Draco told him when he’d fallen silent, reaching out to lay a comforting hand on his knee.

Harry nodded and reached out for his tea, so that he could wet his mouth a little so that he could talk. His mates were patient with him, even though he could feel the anxiousness all but oozing from them, and he was grateful to them for waiting for him to be ready. Or at least a little more settled as he would never fully be ready to do this. He knew the anger was about to seep in and he hated it, but at least telling them the truth of what he’d been through would go a long way to settling his mates and stopping them from thinking of all the awful imaginings that Harry knew they were doing when they thought he couldn’t hear them.

“I’m not really sure where to begin.” He admitted. “But the court case started with…with the bedroom.”

“Wherever you want to start is fine, Harry. We’ll keep up.” Nasta assured him.
They were sat so that they could each have the best view of him and the folder in his hands. Draco and Blaise, as the smaller dominants, were sat to either side of him. Nasta was beside Blaise, and Max was beside Draco.

Richard had told him that he’d left the folder in the order that it had been shown in the court, so Harry thought it would be best to follow the same order.

He opened the folder with a slow, shaking hand, and no one reacted as they saw the perfectly ordinary house. Harry flipped through these pictures quickly, showing all the lavish furniture, the five TV sets, the computers and the three perfectly ordinary bedrooms. He knew what was coming though, and as he flipped the page again he felt all four of his mates stiffen as they saw the door with the large padlocks and deadbolts attached, a little cat flap in the bottom.

Harry flipped the page again after a small pause to let them take it in and he could all but feel the tension in his mates as they saw the large, glossy photo of his plain, carpeted bedroom, so at odds with the rest of the luxurious house. His furniture was obviously second hand, his bed was clearly meant for a toddler and there were odd stains on everything; the carpet, the battered, worn furniture and even the walls. The bed was much too small for a teenager, the pillow was so old and used that it was flat, and he had a thin, ratty blanket for a duvet which wouldn’t have done anything to keep him warm…in fact it hadn’t, which was likely why he insisted on being near the middle of the bed, his mates around him to share body heat, with a nice, heavy duvet over him.

“They had a four bedroomed house, and I only got this spare room when I was eleven, and my Hogwarts letters started arriving.” Harry explained softly, breaking the tense silence.

“It’s too clean.” Nasta said. “It’s been bleached. You can see the paler marks on everything where the bleach has removed the colour.”

“The police saw it right away.” Harry nodded. “Apparently the room smelt so heavily of cleaning fluids they had to open the windows, but…they knew what to look for, and how to look for it. Just…please be calm.”

“I put calming draught in the tea.” Nasta told him. “We’ll be calm.”

Harry sucked in a breath, he could sense Nasta glaring at the others above his head, a silent warning to hold their tempers in check, just in case their emotions overwhelmed the potion in their systems.

Harry sighed and slid his finger under the edge of the page of the folder and turned it slowly to show the same photo that had been put up on the screen for the court. The one of his bedroom with all the carpet ripped up, with all the rust brown spots that had yellow numbered plaques by them that went up to twenty-three. Twenty-two of the marks were bloodstains, the twenty-third was the large stain in the one corner, that he’d been forced to urinate in. He could feel his face flushing
with shame as he showed his lovers this picture. He wanted to slam the folder closed and hide from them.

He could see his mates’ eyes flicking through the stains, seeing the numbers going up to twenty-three, but it was the bloodstains that were the most numerous, they were all over the room, and Nasta’s hand reached out to take out the piece of paper tucked in to a plastic sleeve on the page opposite.

“What is this?” He asked, his voice very forcedly calm.

“Results of the independent court forensics.” Harry said quietly. “They dated the blood spots and found that they were all between nineteen-ninety and nineteen-ninety-six.”

Nasta read the report himself and Harry could almost see him checking off each documented numbered plaque and looking at the photo to see where it was located…and how big the stain was.

Richard had written under some of them, for his own benefit, the details of what had caused the bloodstains for the injuries which Harry had remembered. It was less than half, as he had been injured so often that they had all really blended into one, but having them forensically dated had helped him to narrow it down, especially the earlier marks, as the injuries back then had been few and far in between.

Harry touched his growing baby belly. He was almost at the end of the second trimester currently and his son was growing steadily, he wanted it to remain that way and this devolvement back into stress and upset was not going to help his little thunderer, who had already been having problems with his heart rate because of the stress of going through the court case in the first place. He wanted to get this done though, and he really hoped that it was only the one day of upset, he didn’t want this to drag on anymore.

He took the report from Max, who had read it with Draco and he slid it back into the folder before he turned the page.

This picture was of the closed cupboard door, it had a lock on the outside and Harry sighed.

“There’s no need to rush, take a breath.” Nasta encouraged him. “Or a drink of tea.”

Harry nodded and breathed deeply. He repeated the deep breath before he turned the page to show the opened cupboard door, how small and cramped it was, his filthy nest of hand-me-down clothes from Dudley and the one ratty blanket.

“They kept you in there?” Draco demanded, utterly horrified.
Harry nodded. “Until I was almost eleven. I can’t remember a time when I wasn’t...when I didn’t
sleep in the cupboard. I spent ten years in here and...and it is the one thing that has always stuck
with me most. It’s why most of my flashbacks and nightmares are about the cupboard.”

“Seeing this, no one blames you for that.” Max said, an edge of a growl in his voice.

Harry gave him a worried look, but Max reached out and cupped his chin, stroking his thumb
across the skin of Harry’s cheek. It made Harry smile softly.

“They deserved more than they got.” Blaise exclaimed harshly.

“They were brought to justice. They will now lose thirty years of their lives, of their freedom.
That’s enough.” Nasta said sternly.

“It’ll never be enough for what they did to Harry.” Blaise argued. “An innocent child.”

Harry turned and kissed Blaise.

“I don’t need more justice, or even revenge.” Harry said. “They did what they did, and it made me
who I am today. They have now been brought to justice and I want to bask in that for a bit and then
forget the bastards ever existed. I’m better than they are, Blaise. I’ve always been better than they
are.”

“You always will be.” Nasta declared. “You have your faults, everyone does, but their faults
include child abuse and overall vileness. That automatically makes them worse than most ordinary
people.”

Harry breathed out harshly and hunched his shoulders. “I don’t like thinking of any of this, but...I’m glad that you four stuck with me through everything. I don’t think I would have ever gone
through with the court case if I never had you to come home to.”

“We would have done anything, given anything, to have supported you through that court case.”
Draco told him. “I think that we all wish that we could have done more.”
“You did as much as I needed you to.” Harry told them firmly. “But for the most part, I had to do it on my own and I’m glad that you allowed me to do so, on my own terms.”

“We understood why you wanted to do it on your own. Sort of facing up to your past demons, but we were at least glad that you let us help you when you came home to us.” Nasta told him.

“I needed you all.” Harry said, looking at all four of them seriously. “I needed to come home, shrug off the court proceedings, and just…I don’t know, I just needed to be home, with my lovers and children. I needed the comfort and the normality of being home. You let me do what I needed to do in the courtroom, but you were here at home when I needed you to be too. I appreciated that more than you knew, I should have said more how much it made me feel better, and how it helped me through the long days in court, knowing that you were here for me at the end.”

“We wouldn’t have wanted to be anywhere else.” Max told him.

Harry took a breath and he knew what was next. “Please be calm. This next part is the worst. It…it details the physical injuries done to me over the years. There are photos.”

At once, his four mates all stiffened and he heard one of them swallow painfully, another was breathing fast and hard and Harry kept his eyes on the folder on his lap, trying to work up the courage to turn the page to what he knew was the first of the injuries. The hideous bruise over his little belly when he was six and the small holes in his back after he’d been backhanded and landed on a rake when he was eight years old.

“It…the physical abuse didn’t really start until I was eight and the…the food being withheld started when I was seven.”

“You’re stalling, Caru.” Nasta told him pointedly.

“Sorry, it’s just difficult. I’m trying to gather up the courage to turn the page.”

“You can do it, Harry.” Max told him, rather grave and serious for once.

“Take your time.” Blaise insisted, laying a hand to his lower back. “We’re here with you, and we love you.”
“Ti amo.” Harry said softly. He smiled when Blaise did and he took a breath and turned the page, showing the first of several dozen injuries he’d received as a child and young teenager.

“How did you get that bruise?” Blaise asked him.

“I was six in this photo. Almost seven. It was June, and it was Dudley’s birthday. He’d gotten a new cricket bat and he tested it out on me. I was thrown in the back garden for crying, and ruining Dudley’s day. I was trying to tend to my own injury when…when the neighbour saw me.”

“Wait, someone saw you? When you were six? Why the hell weren’t the police ever called, Harry?” Nasta asked him.

“She was very elderly, she’s the one who took all of these photos. I think that she was too scared to confront the Dursleys, or to get involved. Instead she told me she was collecting evidence. She died of a brain aneurysm before anything was ever done.”

Harry sighed, shaking his head, and he turned the page to show the next injuries and bruises, all of them caused by Dudley, until he got to the photo of his eight year old self, with four holes in his back, closer to his left side.

“What caused those?” Max asked him, making a conscious effort to sound calm.

“A garden rake.” Harry said.

“They hit you with it?” Draco demanded furiously.

“No. I was backhanded and I fell over onto it. It was the first time that I was ever physically hit by them, not Dudley, and it ended up worse than expected, because of the rake.”

Harry flipped through the court folder, clinically telling his mates what had caused his injuries in the photos displayed, or simply saying that he couldn’t remember what had caused it, which was true for most of the pictures.

They’d had to have a break twice throughout the pictures, where tea was refreshed and Harry was
held tightly between two mates, while a third played with his hair.

It felt like a relief to get through all the photos of the injuries done to him. It had been hard and it had been difficult, but he had managed it, and now he felt better and his mates were finally in the know about what had happened to him.

“What happened next, Harry?” Nasta asked, after retaking his seat.

Harry sighed, swallowed a gulp of tea and put his cup back down. He laid his hands over his belly and tried to remember what came next.

“Richard made a point of mentioning the room in detail, of mentioning my clear criminal record. Apparently Saint Brutus’ is an actual facility for criminal boys, I should have known it was real, those people didn’t approve of imagination. But Richard told the court that he’d contacted them, and that they never would have accepted me there, when Vernon tried to use the threat of that to defame my character.”

“So he tried to claim that you were a threatening, intimidating criminal again?”

“Oh, absolutely. It was the only paper thin defence they had. That I scared them, that I was violent and unhinged.”

“As if that would have ever stood up in court.” Max scoffed.

“Especially with your Dad at my side.” Harry smiled at him. “But he pointed out that I had no doctor, dental or optician records, and when Vernon tried to say that I was violent and liked hiding myself in a cupboard, he rightly pointed out that I was four, and Vernon was twenty-six, and could have easily just picked me up and took me to a doctor’s appointment. It was also mentioned that if I was so violent and unmanageable, how come I never had a criminal record, why were the police never called?”

“Obviously because nothing of the sort ever happened.”

Harry bobbed his head and reached out for his cup, swallowing some more tea.

“Exactly right. I was never a violent person. It was never me intimidating them, or threatening
them. It was all lies and when it came to the pressure and duress of the court, being questioned and watched for every minute movement, those lies crumbled like a house of cards until all that was left was the truth. That I had been locked up and forced to live off of soup, bread or fruit as a teenager without any proper meals. Being forced to... to use a corner of my room as a toilet because I was locked up like an animal.”

Several hands touched him as his voice hitched and words failed him. Two thumbs, Draco’s by the feel of them, run under his eyes gently, to catch the tears from his lashes.

“They abused me, and I never found out why. They refused to answer me in court when... when I asked.”

“They were just evil people, Harry. They didn’t need an excuse. They hated you, perhaps for your parents, for your magic, maybe both.” Max said gently. “But they didn’t need an excuse to hurt you, and they didn’t think twice about it, and for that I’ll never forgive them.”

“I will.” Harry said after a lengthy pause. “I will because I want to forget them. I don’t want anything holding me back and if it’s one thing that Healer Vasey has taught me, it’s that holding onto the past will keep the wound open. I’ve done what I needed to do, I went through the court case, I saw justice being meted out, and now that all is said and done, the wound can be closed and I can move forward with my life. That’s what I wanted most out of this. I wanted to move on. I wanted to forget what happened to me and forget those people. I never wanted to go through the courts, but I realise now that I needed to and now that it’s all over with, this is the final page in this chapter of my life. This was the proper way to do it, and I feel now that I can heal from what they did to me.”

“We’ll help you in whatever way you need, Harry.” Nasta told him seriously.

“Just being here, in our home, with our family. It’s enough for me. It’s perfect. Just be yourselves, let our kids be themselves, and I can forget and I can move on. It’s strange to think about all of this, to talk about it all, but I’m happy. I’m honestly, truly happy.” He said, looking at them all, two at a time, to either side of himself, smiling.

Blaise reached for him first and cupped his cheeks and pressed a kiss to Harry’s smiling lips. That only made Harry’s smile widen.

“We love you.” Draco declared. “We want you happy and we’ll do everything we can now to make sure you’re happy.”
Harry closed the folder on his lap and looked at all four of his mates.

“Then I want to put this behind us. Those people never defined me as a person, and this court case will not define me either. I am stronger than any of them.”

Harry put the folder on the coffee table, picked up his cup and drained the remaining inch of tea. He gave his mates a sly smile and looked pointedly at the clock.

“Now, my wonderful mates. By my estimation we have two whole hours before Myron and Richard return our babies. Does anyone want to come to bed with me?”

“But it’s soo early, Harry. I don’t think I could sleep right now.” Blaise teased.

“Oh, I can think of a few ways to wear you down and make you sleepy.” Harry grinned, kneeling up and reaching for Blaise.

Harry was snatched backwards with a startled gasp, and he giggled and grinned up at Max, who’d picked him up.

“I don’t need to be asked twice.” Max rumbled, his voice noticeably deeper and it tightened Harry’s gut, caught his breath and made his blood start to pool south.

“I was getting a snog then, Max!” Blaise complained furiously.

“Gotta be quicker than that, lover!” Max laughed as he ran from the living room and took the stairs three at a time with his long, powerful legs.

Harry laughed and heard his three other mates giving chase. This was what he wanted more than anything else. This was normality to him and as his back gently hit the bed, Max crouching over him, his big, safe arms wrapped around him as he bent for a passionate kiss that Harry readily gave, all thoughts of the Dursleys and of his court case were wiped from his thoughts. That part of his life had been dealt with and was now over. It was time to look to the future, and as he was surrounded on all sides by his four mates, his immediate future looked like it was going to be extremely, toe curlingly pleasurable.
He wouldn’t have wanted it any other way as he wrapped his arms around Max’s neck, both hands cradling the back of his mate’s head, stroking through the short, bristly hairs as he returned the impassioned kiss. This was his life now, not the one he’d had before, and he could get over what had happened to him, because of these four men around him would help him, and they would always be here with him, as he would always be with them.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: A short chapter because this chapter ended up being a spur of the moment addition. Chapter 119 was the original chapter 118, but I realised that I needed to wrap up the court business and have Harry tell his mates everything first, before moving onto the Christmas chapters.

The upside to this is that chapter 119 is already finished, and is at a more healthy, more average 12,000 words and will be posted in a few days, after editing. I’m hoping that chapter 120 will follow soon after too, but I am still very, very side-tracked by my unposted crossovers. I’ve worked out that I’ve written approximately 350,000 words for just three unposted fics this year, so even if I have been a bit sparse with updates, I have very much been writing and I’m hoping that 2019 will be much better update-wise.

StarLight Massacre. X
December Decorating

Chapter Notes

Last Time

He wouldn’t have wanted it any other way as he wrapped his arms around Max’s neck, both hands cradling the back of his mate’s head, stroking through the short, bristly hairs as he returned the impassioned kiss. This was his life now, not the one he’d had before, and he could get over what had happened to him, because of these four men around him would help him, and they would always be here with him, as he would always be with them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Nineteen – December Decorating

Harry had been right all after. December was a very hectic time, and worse, the kids seemed to know that something was up. They were all ramped up more than usual and none of them really knew if it was just a normal part of them all getting older or if they truly could feel the excitement in the air.

“Can we postpone sticking the decorations up…maybe until Christmas Eve?” Blaise asked. “These kids are already excited, look at them. You’d think that they understood what Christmas means.”

All five of them looked to the toddling, screeching, giggling mass of children, just in time to see Calix trip on a toy car and fall onto Tegan, who hit him over the head with the doll she was holding.

Nasta swooped in like a massive bird of prey and hefted up the crying Calix, passing him over to Max before picking up Tegan.

“We don’t hit others, Tegan.” Nasta told her sternly.

“Dada Asta, eh banab canah!” She said furiously.

“I really wish I knew what she was saying.” Nasta sighed.
“She’s telling you that Calix was being bad.” Harry answered from where he was curled up on the settee, Ave sleeping on his chest. He was just repeatedly stroking her back, listening to her breathing.

“How do you know that?” Draco demanded.

“Look at her body language.” Harry insisted. “She’s angry, her tone of voice got louder and she pointed to Nasta and then to Calix. She’s trying to tell him that Calix started it, that he fell on her first.”

“So how do we deal with it?” Blaise asked, looking a little nervous. He wasn’t good at dealing with punishments.

“We don’t allow them to hit others.” Harry said firmly. “Calix fell, that was an accident and though he might have hurt or scared her by doing so, she hit him with her doll. We can’t allow that.”

“Come on, Tegan.” Nasta said to her. “You need a time out because you hit your brother with your doll.”

“Daddy, no!” She shouted at him. “Eh! Eh!” She babbled, jabbing her finger at Calix.

“Calix tripped over, Tegan.” Nasta explained. “He didn’t mean to land on you, but you hit him. You need a time out.”

As they’d known would happen, Tegan started crying and Harry sighed. He hated punishing his children, but it was all a part of parenting. They needed to learn that hitting others wasn’t acceptable, and the only way to do that was to punish that behaviour now, while they were young.

Harry sighed again and went back to stroking Ave, nudging her chestnut curls with a gentle finger. Those curls were absolutely adorable, and got his little girls a lot of attention, especially paired with their large, bright blue eyes.

Max had managed to calm Calix down and all too soon their little explorer was ready to slip from Max’s lap and go back to playing. Harry watched him with a smile as he toddled back into the mass of writhing bodies.

“So, back to my original question, do we have to put the decorations up tomorrow?” Blaise asked.
“Yes, twelve days before Christmas is traditional.” Draco insisted. “Those decorations are going up tomorrow.”

“I’m so excited I can’t wait.” Max grinned.

“I’m sure you’re the reason these kids are so excited. They’re feeding from you.” Blaise told Max.

Max just laughed and Harry chuckled quietly so that he didn’t disturb Ave.

“They’re going to be excited, we’ve taken them out, they’ve seen the decorations and lights around town, they’re smart, they know something’s up.” Harry insisted.

“I can’t wait for it to be over.” Blaise sighed.

“As soon as it is, we have five babies turning two.” Max pointed out.

“Merlin, save us.” Blaise declared.

Harry chuckled again.

“Then two weeks later we have our girls turning a year old.” Harry couldn’t help but add.

“We’re not going to survive.” Blaise declared dramatically.

Harry and Max both laughed. Draco seemed to be doing his best to ignore them all completely, his nose in his book.

“Not when you also add in that possibly a few weeks after our girls turn a year old we’ll have a newborn baby.” Harry added with a grin.
“I think you need to stop having babies in winter.” Blaise insisted. “Our Braiden is our only summer baby…can’t you have some more spring, summer, autumn babies?” Blaise asked.

Harry laughed as he realised that Blaise was right. Apart from Braiden, all of their others were winter babies, and their thunderer would be too, as it was doubtful that Harry would go two weeks over his due date and into March.

Ave made a soft sound and Harry immediately stifled himself, going back to stroking her back and shushing her, humming gently to lull her back to sleep. She wriggled on him and then settled and he smiled adoringly at her.

“I love you so much.” He said softly, tucking her curls back behind her ear, even knowing that it wouldn’t stay there and he would have to do it again not two minutes later.

“How are you feeling now?” Max asked him, turning serious for a moment.

Harry looked up. “I’m fine, Max. I feel alright. Those potions are working finally.”

“Good.” Max said, looking at him consideringly. “Has the pain in your back gone?”

“Yes, it hasn’t come back.” Harry answered.

Of course, of all the things Harry could have gotten while pregnant, he had contracted a urinary tract infection. Max had immediately diagnosed him when Harry had complained of certain symptoms and he had started making antibiotic potions for him while Draco had called for a Dracken Healer to come and see him, just to be sure.

Healer Grant had confirmed that Harry had a urinary tract infection and he’d commended Max on diagnosing him correctly and starting on making the potions that Harry needed. It was now three days later and it no longer burned when he had a piss, he was no longer trying to go every twenty minutes, despite the fact that nothing was coming out, but he still had to take the potions until he’d finished the full course, as he was told that the infection might come back if he didn’t. Max was making sure that he took every potion though, on time, so there was no way Harry could wriggle out of taking the potions, his mate was well on top of that and he would ensure that Harry would finish the needed course.

“If you need anything, let us know.” Nasta insisted.
“I will. Our boy is being still and quiet for once, though.” Harry said, patting his bump.

“Any sickness or cravings?” Draco asked him.

Harry shook his head. “No, I’m honestly okay. You don’t need to fuss over me so much.”

“You’re in the third trimester now…” Blaise said.

Harry said nothing. If it had been anyone else he might have snapped off a sarcastic comment, but Blaise had taken to repeating such information often, as he claimed it helped his memory, so Harry gave him more leeway in terms of repeating how far along Harry was in his pregnancy when he was very much aware of that fact.

“Due in…in February?” Blaise carried on, but his statement turned into a question as he frowned at them all.

“That’s right.” Harry smiled. “Two months to go and our baby boy will be born.”

Blaise nodded, but he was pulling a thoughtful face, so Harry sent a look to Nasta.

“Are you feeling alright, Caru?” Nasta asked Blaise.

Blaise blinked and looked up at him. “Yes. I feel fine, I just…I feel as if there is something I’m forgetting.”

Harry hefted himself up, settled Ave securely in his arms, and then he walked over to Blaise and sat next to him. He kissed Blaise’s cheek.

“You’re not forgetting anything, love.” Harry said. “You’ve been doing really well with your memory recently. You know the kids, you know us, you know about our thunderer, how far along I am and when he’ll be born. Don’t put so much pressure on yourself, okay?”

“I suppose I will feel like I’m forgetting things for a while yet.” Blaise agreed, wrapping an arm
around him and laying his other hand on Ave’s head.

“You’re getting so much better. I love you.”

“Ti amo, Bello.” Blaise replied immediately.

It made Harry smile and he cuddled up with Blaise, Ave still sleeping peacefully in his arms.

“I want to start writing the list for the food shopping we need for Christmas week. It’s going to be a lot of food, so if I start getting the frozen food and the non-perishable foods now, that would really help.” Max said as they lapsed into silence. Or as silent as things ever got with several playing toddlers at their feet.

“Get some parchment and a quill then.” Harry encouraged. “We’ll brainstorm now.”

Max hefted himself up and went to the sideboard, he got out a self-inking quill and a sheaf of parchment before sitting back down and hunching over the coffee table.

“Right lovers, hit me.” Max said happily.

“If you bring fish or cheese into this house I am divorcing you.” Harry said happily.

“We’re not married.” Max said before poking his tongue out at him.

“I will marry you, then divorce you.” Harry said seriously and Max laughed.

“Okay, no fish or cheese, though I would like to point out that you’ve been very good for the last few weeks.”

“I would also like to point out that if our thunderer kicks me wrong then I vomit up my own body weight.”
“He is very active.” Nasta said softly, looking at Harry’s baby belly.

“It makes me feel nauseous when he’s squirming around so much. I think he’ll be on his feet early, like the girls were.”

They all took a moment to look at Ave snuggled in his arm and they all smiled.

“Right, seriously now, back to the list. I need this done.”

“Essentials then. We need a turkey and all the veg we usually get.” Harry insisted.

Max started his list and Harry watched what he wrote down in case Max missed anything.

“Are you going to be okay with sprouts, Harry?” Max asked.

“Don’t wave them under my nose and don’t put them on my plate and sure. I want to see how our kids do with them.”

Max nodded and added them to the list.

“Christmas pudding.” Draco put in.

“I like Christmas cake too.” Blaise added. “I think…”

“You do.” Harry said, a teasing lilt to his voice. “You ate the entire cake last year, before anyone else could have any. You’d sneak a slice or two every day and when someone finally wanted some and went looking for it, you’d eaten it all.”

Blaise chuckled. “That sounds…I don’t know, it just sounds right.”

“You like it if there are more cherries in it.” Draco told him.
“I do like cherries.”

“I do too.” Harry grinned.

“I remember you like fresh cherries the best.” Blaise told him.

Harry nodded and snuggled into Blaise more.

“I’m really into fruit at the moment.” Harry chuckled. It had become a running joke in the house that he had turned into a mini-Nasta with the amount of fruit he was craving.

“Do you want any now?” Nasta asked.

Harry considered it. “Yes, I want some mango.”

“I’ve got it.” Nasta said happily, standing and kissing Harry, then Blaise, on his way to the kitchen.

“Harry, are you going to do your vanilla cookies, or will you be taking a year off?”

“I’ll see how I feel, but there has to be at least one day where I can get some cookies baked.” Harry answered.

“Cookie.” Farren repeated, and looked up at them expectantly. “Mummy, want cookie.”

“Do you want a biscuit instead?” Harry offered.

Farren nodded, sensing that he would be getting a biscuit or nothing. “Want bisky.”

“Nas? Can you bring in some rusks with you, please?”
“Of course, Caru.” Nasta called back.

“You need to rest too.” Draco fretted. “You’ve been very tired lately.”

Harry nodded. “If he stays put then he’ll be the longest baby I’ve carried, so I can imagine that I will get more tired as time goes on and of course, that UTI hasn’t helped at all.”

“You’re tired?” Nasta asked as he came back into the room with a bowl of cubed mango and a plate of rusks.

“No, not yet, but I have been more so lately. Draco was just saying that I need to rest.”

Nasta nodded and handed him the bowl. Harry very happily dived into it while Nasta handed out the rusks…of course Farren was right in front first, clamouring at Nasta’s legs for his biscuit.

Nasta came and sat beside him, he could never keep away when Harry was eating fruit. Harry, very graciously in his opinion, offered Nasta a cube of mango, holding it up to Nasta’s mouth. He grinned as Nasta’s lips brushed his fingers and he watched as Nasta ate the fruit before he went back to eating it himself.

“I love watching you eat fruit.” Nasta whispered into his ear.

“I can’t…I just really want fruit during this pregnancy. The more the better. The more colourful and flavourful the better.”

“While you’re like this, I’m going to try and feed you as many different fruits as possible, in the hopes that you find one that you really love and keep eating.”

“I already have. I love mango.” Harry insisted happily.

“You love it now, you might not when you’ve given birth.” Max pointed out helpfully, writing several more things down.
“Have you put double cream down?” Harry asked mildly, watching him.

“Damn. I knew I would forget something.” Max said, going to the ‘section’ where he’d written down the fresh foods and he added double cream.

“Add shortbread to the list too. I like shortbread at Christmas.” Draco said.

Max added that too. “I’ll go later today to pick some things up.”

“Oh, did you put Christmas crackers down?” Harry asked.

“Yeah, I got the magical versions on owl order, adult and kid ones.” Max told him, sending him a smile. “Along with the tablecloths, napkins and the plates and silverware that you picked out.”

Harry grinned, being reminded that his choice had been picked for the table setting. He didn’t like thinking that their old tableware had all been broken, or otherwise ruined, in the massive fight in the old house. They had been stored in the living room cabinet that had been demolished.

He had, of course, had the thought that perhaps his mates had chosen his option just to keep him happy, after what had happened to the previous set, but he’d seen their reactions to his ‘find’ first hand, and they had liked his pick the best, he was sure, and they weren’t just placating him by picking the table set that he had wanted.

“Did you add jelly or trifle to the list?”

“Got them both. You wanted chocolate trifle and strawberry jelly, didn’t you?” Max asked Harry.

Harry nodded as he had a mouthful of mango.

“Mince pies?” Draco asked.

“Damn it.” Max cursed, going to his ambient section and adding mince pies.
“This is why we’re brainstorming, Max.” Nasta soothed. “You don’t have to remember everything by yourself, we’re here to help you.”

“I’m really glad of the help. I would definitely forget something. I won’t get it yet, but what fruit do you want for Christmas week?”

“Clementines, dates and the usual fruit for me and the kids…apples, pears and pomegranates are all in season.”

“I’ll grab bananas too, so I can add them to the kids’ porridge in the mornings.” Max said to himself, adding everything down.

“Don’t forget nuts, lover.” Harry put in.

“Oh, I never forget those.” Max said with a grin and a wink.

Harry snorted at the innuendo, but brushed it off and went back to his fruit.

“Mummy, I want.” Farren told him, toddling over and pointing at what he was eating.

“Do you want to try some mango, sweetness?” Harry asked as he picked up the smallest cube he could find in the bowl and he handed it to Farren.

His big boy licked it, squashed it, licked it some more, then popped it in his mouth and chewed it. The five of them watched him as he hummed happily and reached out his hand and made a grabby motion.

Harry chuckled and handed over the whole bowl to him.

“Harry…”

“I’m done.” Harry said. “You know my stomach has shrunk because of the baby. I can only really snack.”
“Is he still pushing up into your stomach?”

“Yeah, it feels like I no longer have a stomach. Or any lungs for that matter, you know I keep getting breathless. Max, did you remember those little savoury cheese snacks the kids like?”

“No.” Max groaned and went back to his ambient section to add the little cheese crackers in.

Their morning passed quietly enough, or rather as quietly as things ever got for them, and soon Max had picked up Calix and Eva and he had gone to the supermarket to start their Christmas shop.

Harry could do little more than snuggle with Leolin this time, as he watched Nasta and Draco entertain the kids, playing with them on the floor. They’d opened both doors, so the kids could roam from the family room into the smaller living room. They were making use of every bit of space, especially while Calix and Eva weren’t here, and Leolin was up in Harry’s arms.

It was peaceful in its own way, or at least Harry thought that it was, as he reclined back against two cushions, listening to the happy sounds of his playful children. It settled him down and relaxed him to hear his children so happy, just being babies and of course it always made him smile to see Braiden toddling around on little legs. He had stopped crawling altogether now and it made Harry so proud to watch him walking and running everywhere.

Harry was looking forward to decorating the house tomorrow. They’d bought all new decorations for this year, to go with the old ones, purely because this house was four times the size of Max’s old house, and the decorations would have been too sparse and sad looking if they hadn’t bought new ones too. Harry had had a lot of fun buying new ones online and having them delivered. He’d even found a website that would engrave handmade glass baubles with his children’s names and any picture that he wanted. He’d uploaded all the pictures of his newborns little footprints, with their names and birthdates. He’d cried when the eight baubles had arrived with perfectly to scale footprints, with the names and birthdates engraved above and below the footprints, and he’d seen how perfect they were. They’d been a surprise for his mates, who loved them as much as Harry did, and he’d caught Blaise studying them, memorising them and just holding the rather large glass baubles between his hands or tracing the outline of the feet and toes with his finger.

“Did you sort out the playpen for tomorrow?” Harry asked softly as he stroked Leolin’s head and back gently, repeatedly.

“Yes, Caru.” Nasta answered him. “It’s under the stairs for now, ready to take out tomorrow. You wanted the kids in the kitchen while we did these two rooms first, right?”

Harry nodded. “I’ll sit out with them, of course. I might try and get those vanilla cookies baked too, if I feel up to it.” He added when Nasta went to open his mouth. His top dominant closed his mouth and nodded instead.
“I will come out and sit with you.” Blaise said. “Healer Odell doesn’t want me climbing yet.” He groused. “I could use magic to pin up some of the decorations, but with you pregnant, and Eva and Ave being under a year old, none of us want to use too much.”

“Blaise, it’s fine. Max, Draco and I can handle the decorations.” Nasta assured. “We don’t want you or Harry doing any of the decorating, your job is watching our children, who can’t be left unsupervised.”

Blaise nodded. Harry smiled and hid it with Leolin. He loved Nasta and his way of diffusing everything. Blaise wanted to feel like he was doing something, like he was helping, because he didn’t want his brain injury to get in the way of anything, so the best way to deal with things was to give Blaise babysitting duties, which truly was a full time job, to make him feel like he was doing something useful.

“I want to decorate the tree, though.” Harry insisted.

“Those baubles will be an amazing addition, Harry.” Draco told him, not for the first time either. Draco really loved the baby baubles.

Harry smiled and cuddled Leolin closer. This Christmas was going to be wonderful. Their first in the new house. He couldn’t wait for all the excitement it would bring.

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The decorating was driving their kids mad. Harry had woken up feeling excited and energised, which was rare while he was this heavily pregnant. He had hustled the kids into the kitchen for their breakfasts, before they’d been penned into a corner of the kitchen while Blaise entertained them and Harry baked batch after batch of vanilla cookies that he’d cut into Christmas shapes. He decorated them as they cooled, and other batches baked in the oven, before he packed them all into air tight tubs.

The kids had been let into the living rooms while the tree was being decorated and even Leolin was fascinated by all the bright lights and the shiny, dangling decorations on the ceiling. Their children were now doubly excited and Harry was glad that there was less than two weeks to go until Christmas.

“Nasta!” Harry called out as he was decorating the tree.
His top dominant was just there, his hands fluttering around him, searching for injuries.

“What is it, Harry?” He asked seriously.

Harry pouted at him and held out Braiden’s bauble. “I want it up there, on that branch.” He said pointing. “But I can’t reach.”

Nasta’s shoulders slumped, and he sighed, and then smiled. He took the bauble from Harry’s hands and put it securely on the branch that Harry had pointed at.

“This one?” He asked, just to be sure.

Harry nodded. “Yes. I want Braiden’s highest, because he’s the oldest. Also…I want a smoothie, please?”

Nasta grinned and bent to kiss him. “I’ll get you one now, Cariad.” He promised, cuddling him for a moment, before he went to go and get him a glass of the purple sludge, as Max called it, that he’d made that morning and Harry had been stealing since breakfast.

Their house was now full of Christmas cheer, and eight excited, wound up babies, and Harry smiled as he took a moment to just stand and watch them as they looked around themselves in wonder, all the decorations up too high for them to reach, even the toddling Braiden. Not that it stopped any of them from trying, of course, as they all went up to walls and tried to reach the dangling bits of tinsel that decorated shelves and the mantelpiece, but he and his mates had made absolutely sure that the lower half of each room was undecorated, so that everything remained safe for their babies. The only thing they could possibly reach was the Christmas tree, and Harry grinned as he looked at the kids from the safety of the playpen, which had been put around the tree to keep it safe from little grasping hands…not that they hadn’t taken precautions, of course, because Draco had carefully taken each white bauble from their box that morning and he had cast an unbreakable charm on them, just in case, he insisted.

Harry stepped carefully over the playpen and went to sit on the settee with a groan. Nasta came to hand him a glass of a dullish-purple semi-liquid and Harry’s stomach clenched with want.

Nasta sat next to him and wrapped an arm around him, watching as Harry drank in big gulps that left him breathless. Nasta stroked his back as he drank, slowly and lovingly, and it made Harry feel…something. Something that made him feel warm and comforted and he shifted to rest himself on Nasta’s shoulder, turning to lay a hand over the strong heartbeat.
“You alright by there?” Max asked.

“I’m fine.” Harry said happily, handing Max the empty glass with a grin.

Max rolled his eyes, but took the glass and kissed him, then he kissed Nasta.

“Do you two want tea?”

“I do.” Nasta said.

Harry considered it, but shook his head. “No, the smoothie filled me up. I think I’ll be sick if I put anything else in my mouth.”

“Sit and rest easy for a minute then.” Max told him, bending for another kiss.

Harry smiled and inhaled, turning his face back into Nasta. He sat and he watched his children for twenty minutes, lying securely on Nasta. Blaise had handed him Leolin when their Faerie baby had started fussing and he was tucked into Harry’s other side, just drifting off clutching his Ma doll. That was when the floo flared and a panicked face appeared in the flames.

“Nasta! It’s Llew!” The face cried out desperately. “He’s gone completely berserk.”

Nasta, though rushed himself, he moved Harry gently to the side of himself, easing him upright carefully, and touched his cheek for a moment.

“What happened?” Nasta demanded of the man in the fire.

“We think he has an injury from another bull, he’s attacking the handlers, the other dragons, and setting anything that moves on fire.”

Nasta’s urgency went up as he took out his wand and summoned his shoes.
“How many are down?”

“Four handlers have been taken directly to Saint Mungos and another six are nursing minor wounds. The handler sleeping buildings are all on fire, as is Branwen’s enclosure.”

“She has hatchlings!” Nasta said, shooting the head in the fireplace a horrified look.

“We’ve saved the hatchlings already, but Branwen is refusing to leave the enclosure. She thinks they’re still in there and she won’t budge, Nasta. She’s going to die from smoke inhalation if she isn’t subdued and moved soon and Llew isn’t making it easy for any of us to move her to safety. We’re calling in everyone on this, we need all staff at the reserve.”

“Max.” Nasta shot Max a look and Max just nodded.

“I got them, lover, go and take care of this.” Max answered immediately.

“If I wasn’t the only Dragonologist…”

“We know, Nas, now go. Be careful.”

Nasta stepped over the fireguard and the person inside pulled their head back as Nasta took a pinch of floo powder from the pot on the decorated mantelpiece and threw it in the flames.

“I’ll send you a message when I can.” Nasta said and then he was gone and the four of them exhaled as one.

“I hate it when he has an emergency.” Harry said. “He better be careful.”

“You know he will, love.” Draco said, coming and sitting beside him and taking Nasta’s place, letting Harry turn and rest on him.
“At least we got the decorating done before he left.” Max chuckled. “It would have been just our luck that he would have been called in just as we’d started and he missed the mess and the frustration.”

That made Harry chuckle and he made sure that Leolin was still safely in his lap as he rested on Draco. He was, and he had finally drifted off to sleep too, undisturbed by the frantic emergency that had just taken over their house.

“I still can’t believe he’s almost two.” Draco said, looking at Leolin too.

Harry hummed. “We’ll have six two year olds soon.” He said with a smile, looking out at the other quintuplets. “Twin year olds and a newborn too.”

“One thing at a time.” Draco coached him, kissing the side of his head.

“I hope Nas comes home soon. We were having a nice, relaxing day.” Harry sighed.

“Don’t let it worry you, Harry.” Blaise said gently. “You need to remember that whatever happens, this was Nasta’s choice in careers. He doesn’t want to do anything else.”

Harry nodded. “Max, can I have that tea now, please?”

“Of course you can, dearest.”

That made Harry grin and he chuckled lightly, turning into Draco. He could always count on Max to make him laugh. To make him feel better, even just slightly.

Harry was upset that Nasta was gone all day. He missed dinner even and Harry was getting worried too as he sat on the settee, ignoring the news on the tele, as he stared at the fire burning in the grate, waiting for Nasta to come back.
“He’ll be fine, lover.” Max told him, coming to sit beside him and snuggling him up in his arms.

“He might be injured, or burnt.”

“He knows how to handle burns.” Blaise told him, coming to sit on his other side.

“I know, but I don’t like him being injured and hurt.”

“None of us do, but he knows how to handle himself. He’s a Dracken you know.” Max grinned.

That made Harry smile and he turned to snuggle into Max more fully, but he made sure that he could still see the fire burning in the grate.

“Surely we should have heard back from him by now?” Harry questioned.

“It depends on what he’s doing, Harry.” Max sighed, stroking his back. “It could be he’s just shouting and directing others, trying to keep everyone safe from the rampaging dragon. It takes a lot to subdue a full grown dragon, even with highly trained wizards, without needing to subdue two of them. Nasta is the Dragonologist for the reserve, none of us like it, but he has to be there.”

Harry nodded and he sighed unhappily. “At least the kids are all asleep and didn’t fuss too much.”

“We’ll listen out for Eva and Ave, our Leolin, and for Braiden too.” Blaise assured him.

“What do you think it is that makes him keep getting up?” Draco asked from the other settee, where he was sat with a book that he wasn’t actually reading. He hadn’t turned a page in twenty minutes and he kept staring off at the wall, lost in thought.

Max shrugged. “It could be any number of things. Maybe he doesn’t like being in a room with his four brothers and sister? Maybe he can hear something, or the most likely, as we’re potty training him, he might need to use the potty in the night and he’s getting up to look for it.”

“He’s too young to be moved to a bed, isn’t he?” Harry asked.
“He’s over two years old now, so no.” Max insisted. “We could try to give him a room on his own, with its own bed, and see what he does. I know you can get really low beds, so he can’t hurt himself, and he’ll be able to climb in and out by himself. If he does need the potty, this can really help too, we can teach him early about going to the potty in the night.”

“We’d have to baby proof the family bathroom on the first floor.” Harry said. “Make sure he can’t fiddle with any taps or get into any cupboards.”

“We can put a training seat on the toilet too. No one uses that bathroom anyway.” Max said.

“He’s such a good boy. We’ve been spoilt with him as a first child.” Harry chuckled.

“Farren is a good boy too.” Draco pointed out, finally giving up the pretence of reading and putting his book down.

“Regan is no trouble either.” Blaise added.

“Just all the others then.” Max laughed.

Harry snorted. “The worst by far is yet to come!” He insisted, laying his hand over his considerable belly, which was nicely rounded, but straining forward.

“How is our thunder tonight?” Max asked, also laying his hand on Harry’s belly.

“Still for the moment. I think he’s sleeping. He hasn’t kicked in the last hour. I’m enjoying the momentary reprieve.” Harry smiled tiredly.

“I know you’re going to say no, but don’t you want to go to bed, love? You’ve had a long day, and we can see how tired you are. You might think you’re hiding it well, but you’re not.”

“I want to see Nasta first, to make sure he’s okay.” Harry said stubbornly.
“He might not come home tonight, Harry. You know that sometimes he sleeps at the reserve, especially if a dragon kicks off. It comes with his job title…and the large wage packet.”

“He’ll call us if he’s staying on the reserve. I am tired. I won’t lie about it, but I won’t be able to sleep until we’ve heard from him, whether he’s coming back, or staying on the reserve.”

Max sighed, but kissed the side of Harry’s head and snuggled him back in.

“Okay, but you rest, you hear me?” Max ordered.

Harry nodded. “Yes. I’ll sit here all night if I have to, but I can’t hide the fact that I’m worried. He’s been gone for hours and we haven’t heard anything.”

“We’ll hear something soon, I’m sure.” Blaise soothed him. “Nasta knows that we’ll be worried for him and he’ll send word as soon as he can.”

“I’m sure it won’t be long now.” Max added. “We just need to be patie…”

The floo flared, cutting Max off in mid-sentence, but Harry’s heart sunk, and his stomach flipped, when it was Aneirin who stepped out of the fireplace, and not Nasta.

“Please tell me he’s not dead.” Harry begged, his mind automatically thinking the worst.

“He’s not dead.” Aneirin said, stepping over the fireguard and coming to soothe him. “Settle yourself, Harry, you’re heavily pregnant.”

Harry breathed in deeply, then breathed out slowly.

“What has happened to him?” Draco demanded.

“He’s in Saint Mungos. He’s awake and aware, but he’s got a broken leg. The hospital called me, because I’m still his next of kin. He has to stay in overnight, and he’s got to have his dragon pox vaccine early, just in case, but he’s going to be fine, Harry.”
Harry sat back against the settee and tried to stay calm.

“I need to see him.”

“You can’t go in your state.” Max said. “Do you want me to go and bring back his shirt for you?”

Harry wasn’t happy with that, but he nodded. Flooing while heavily pregnant was awful, and he would likely be sick too.

“Is he really okay?” Harry asked, as Max rushed to get Nasta some pyjamas and a book to read. Blaise rushed out too and Harry watched them both leave, his mind racing with thoughts of Nasta being injured.

“He really is alright. He’s really worried about you, and how this news would affect you in your condition. The Healers are being careful with his break, because it was a dragon that was the cause, but it’ll be healed tonight and he’ll be back to you in the morning.”

“Tell him that we love him, that the kids went to bed with no problems and that me and the baby are fine.” Harry said.

Aneirin cupped his face and kissed his forehead. “Of course, annwyl. You just focus on you and the baby, leave Nasta to me and you can shout at him, or hug him to death tomorrow, whatever you feel like doing.”

“Maybe a bit of both.” Harry chuckled tenuously.

“Whatever you want, I’m sure Nasta will sit and take it.”

“I’ve got everything. I think.” Max said, stuffing an errant sleeve into an overnight bag.

“A change of clothes for tomorrow?” Harry asked.
“Yes. Got it.” Max said.

“You remembered to pack his boxers and socks?” Harry asked pointedly.

“Yes, I grabbed a pair each. I’m sure they’re Draco’s though.”

“Nasta will fit into my clothes, its fine.” Draco insisted.

“Here.” Blaise called out, hurrying back into the room and bringing over a large flask, one that Harry usually used to store his mates’ blood when he was in his nest, from the kitchen. “It’s tea for him.” Blaise explained. “The tea at the hospital tastes like piss.”

“That’s a nice touch, Blaise.” Harry said with a smile.

“I still remember being on the ward.” Blaise said. “The food was nice, but the tea was awful.”

Max kissed Blaise and took the flask, slipping it into the bag and zipping it up.

“Look after him.” Max ordered Blaise, before turning to Draco. “You, look after them both.”

Draco waved a hand. “I’ve got them both. You know they are actually adults and they usually behave themselves.”

Harry giggled. “Usually.” He echoed.

“Be good.” Max pointed at him.

Harry giggled again, but stopped on a gasp as his thunderer kicked him.

“You okay?” Max asked, taking three huge, quick steps to crouch down in front of him.
“Thunderer is awake.” Harry said, and it was all he needed to say to explain the situation.

“Right, Max, you go and sort Nasta out. I’m going to give Harry and our thunderer a belly massage.” Blaise said. “Draco, can you get my stuff for me?”

Draco nodded and stood to get the oil, towels and the bowl that Blaise needed to give Harry one of the very frequent massages that helped with the pain, and helped to settle the baby down.

Max kissed Harry once more and then he was gone with Aneirin and Harry let go of his mask as he fell backwards and bit his lip, trying to stop himself from fretting.

“It’s a broken leg, Harry.” Blaise soothed him.

“It could have been his neck.”

“It could have been, but it wasn’t. He’s in the hospital and he’s going to be fine and he’ll be home by the morning. Now, let’s get you lying down in front of the fire and give you and our unborn son a nice, relaxing massage.”

Harry smiled at that. “Our thunderer likes your massages.”

Blaise hummed. “That’s why you’re getting one, Prezioso.”

Draco came back with an armful of supplies, and though he handed the bowl of oils to Blaise, he kept the towels for himself and he started spreading them out in front of the fire before he helped Harry strip off his jumper and tee-shirt.

Harry was helped to lie backwards and Draco’s hands went into his hair, rubbing and stroking and Harry moaned happily.

“Of all the massage techniques you’ve taught us, this one is the best.” Draco declared.

Blaise smirked. “You keep that up for me, while I help settle down our thunderer.”
Harry felt Blaise’s hands touch his belly and they stayed there for a moment before moving and spreading out, sweeping in gentle motions and immediately the baby writhing inside him stopped moving and settled down.

Harry chuckled at how quickly their thunderer settled under Blaise’s touches, and he enjoyed the attention on his body, and the lack of kicking and punching inside him. Sometimes it would be strong enough, or sudden enough, to take his breath away and sometimes it even made him throw-up.

“You’re going to have to go back for classes, Blaise.” Harry said softly.

“Have I forgotten something?” Blaise asked immediately. “Am I hurting you?”

“Oh love, no. I didn’t mean that.” Harry insisted, wanting to sit and hug his mate, but unable to do so from his back. “I just meant that you’d need to take classes for baby massages. Our thunderer is not going to be happy when he’s born and can no longer have these massages from you.”

“They actually had baby massage classes.” Blaise said, frowning as the words prodded his damaged memory. “I thought about taking them, but I was doing it for you, so you were my priority at the time. I can easily see if they have a space for me to take the class. I know Max already knows a little of baby massage, maybe he’d like to come with me.”

That prodded Harry’s memory, of Nasta’s voice telling a story of Max sat in their room at Hogwarts, massaging their Faerie baby’s belly to help ease his colic pain.

“Your hands have stopped.” Harry complained.

Blaise blinked, then realised he’d stopped his massage and he went right back to it with a wry chuckle.

“I hope Max thinks to ask Nasta if everything was sorted at the reserve.” Draco mused, even as his fingers stroked soothingly over Harry’s skull and down behind his ears before moving back up to the top of his head.

“I’m sure he will.” Harry said sleepily. “Unless Nasta tells him first, he’ll know that we’ll want to know.”
“Draco, brush your thumbs over Harry’s forehead.”

“Show me.” Draco insisted.

Harry moaned when Blaise’s hands stopped moving on his belly, and he frowned at his mate, watching as he wiped his hands on a towel before shuffling up to his head and showing Draco how to cradle Harry’s head, but to run his thumbs over his forehead, dipping to the bridge of his nose, before sweeping up again, over his eyebrows and back to his temples. Blaise repeated the move, in a perfect circuit, until Draco was confident enough to try it himself.

Once satisfied and Draco had the sequence memorised, Blaise moved back to Harry’s belly, dipped his hands back into the bowl of oil, before placing his hands back on the prominent baby belly.

It was an art form to massage a pregnant person, there was only so much pressure that could be used, and a lot of Harry’s inner organs were sore and squashed up, particularly his stomach and lungs as their growing son took up ever more room.

Harry himself fell into a doze several times, only to be woken by a movement, a noise, or the baby squirming inside him, but he felt so relaxed, and so calm and boneless. He was worried for Nasta still, but he was no longer panicked or feeling so stressed.

The floo flared and Draco moved immediately to shield him and Blaise, but it was Max who was grinning down at them from the other side of the fireguard.

“How’s our Nas?” He asked.

“Propped up in a bed, very grateful for the book I packed and the flask of tea that Blaise thoughtfully included. He’s fine, Harry. I swear.”

“The reserve?”

“All calm and under control once more. Llew was injured and lashing out. One of the other bull’s had bitten his damn tail. Nasta said it was so bad that the tail was almost severed, right near the top too. Nasta says Llew must have been sleeping when it happened.”
“Branwen?” Blaise asked, even as his hands continued to glide gently over Harry’s belly and sides.

“Safely knocked out and moved to be in a new enclosure with her hatchlings. Everyone is safe and accounted for, dragons and handlers both. A few, like Nasta, are going to need some time to recover, but will be fine eventually.”

Harry sighed. “I’m glad. Nasta will still be back tomorrow, won’t he?”

“Yeah, nine in the morning according to the Healer. He’ll be very bruised though, so no pouncing on him, any of you.” Max said as he stepped over the fireguard.

“The kids might.” Harry chuckled.

“He’s had his dragon pox vaccine?” Draco asked.

Max nodded. “Hence why he’s so bruised.”

“I’ll make him a nest on the settee.” Harry murmured. “He’ll need to keep his weight from that leg for a few more days, and the vaccine will make him feel ill.”

“You’ll do no such thing.” Max told him firmly. “I’ll do that, while you rest yourself.”

“I feel nice and relaxed and well rested.” Harry insisted.

“I don’t care.” Max told him. “You will rest as much as humanly possible.”

“The bladder infection is gone, Max.”

“You’re still on potions for it, you will rest, Harry.”

Harry sighed and waved at Max. “Whatever you say, love.”
Max breathed out, but he took Harry’s word for it and sat himself down. He had Nasta’s shirt folded in his hands.

“You’re bothered by something.” Draco pestered several minutes of silent massage later. Harry had been drifting again, but his eyes blinked open at the sudden intrusion of noise.

“I just don’t like the thought of Nasta being injured, Draco.” Max insisted. “He looks very pale.”

“Nasta’s always pale.” Blaise pointed out.

“To you he is. We can’t all be tanned, olive skinned descendants of Italians.” Max attempted to joke.

Blaise rolled his eyes, used to the joke by now. “You know what I mean, Max.”

“No, he’s more…ashen. More a grey pale than the white pale he usually is in winter.”

“He was in a highly stressful situation, dealing with a life or death matter, and he had his leg broken by a dragon that could have easily bitten him in half.” Draco pointed out. “I’m sure anyone would have the right to be ‘pale’ after that.”

“Don’t forget the dragon pox vaccine.” Harry murmured softly. “That always makes him feel ill, and he had to have it early because of the dragon. I imagine that having it early makes it ten times worse.”

“The main thing is he’s alive. He’s alive and he’ll be better in just a few days. He’s even coming home in less than fourteen hours.” Blaise told them all sternly. “Max, you might need to take over the top dominancy for a few days, to keep Nasta off of that leg, but he’ll be here. He’ll be awake and alert, the only thing keeping him trapped to a chair is that leg, and Skele-gro is not anything you want to take again by messing up a healing break.”

“Trust me, I more than know that after I had to have the bones in my arm regrown.” Harry insisted. “If I’d used that arm in the few days after they’d grown back, and messed up the settling period of the new bones, they’d have had to be removed again and the process would have needed to be
started again from the beginning. Once was bad enough.”

“So keep Nasta off of his leg, ply him with tea and fruit, and basically carry on as normal with him being carried everywhere.” Max said.

“You know that you’ll have to do that, right?” Draco pointed out. “No one else is strong enough to carry Nasta. I’m closest to his height, but he’s taller than I am, and bulkier.”

“Don’t fret about that, love. I’ve got him in hand.” Max promised. “He probably won’t want to be carried anywhere, anyway. I’ll just be a willing crutch to help him hop everywhere.”

“Oh, if that’s what he wants then I can do that.” Draco insisted. “I just can’t carry him.”

“I promise not to try.” Harry chuckled.

“I won’t either. If he stumbles, we’ll both be flattened and that won’t help his leg.” Blaise grinned down at him.

“Are you three done pampering? Do you want a cuppa?”

“Yes please.” Harry said, waving his arms to indicate he wanted to be sat up.

Blaise stopped massaging him slowly, and once his hands were free of Harry’s body, Draco sat him up carefully, slowly.

Harry allowed his body to resettle in an upright position, and immediately their thunderer started squirming and complaining.

“Oh!” Harry moaned unhappily.

“Is he fussing again?” Draco asked.

Harry nodded with a sigh. “I hope he settles down when he’s born, or we’ll be run off our feet.
He’ll be one of those babies who cries when they’re put down.”

“You don’t put our newborns down anyway.” Draco teased.

Harry gave him an evil grin.

“That doesn’t mean anything good.” Blaise chuckled.

“Oh, I’m just going to remind him that I can’t do anything for the first several days after I’ve given birth.” Harry said mildly.

“Of course you can’t. You’d have had a self-caesarean and would have spent Merlin knows how long in your nest alone with the baby, bonding. No one expects you to do anything in those first few weeks, love.” Max said sternly, getting the wrong end of the stick from the conversation.

“Oh, no, I was just telling Draco why I wouldn’t be dealing with any fussy newborns and while I’m nicely tucked up in bed, resting and recovering, you lot will be tending to our newborn son.”

“As it should be.” Blaise told him, escorting him to the settee and sitting next to him when Harry all but fell into his seat. He picked up Nasta’s shirt where Max had left it folded on the seat and buried his face in it. It still smelt of Nasta and it comforted him, and settled his Dracken.

“You just rest and recover, dearest. Let us take care of everything.” Max grinned.

“I want that in writing!” Harry teased.

“No need. I promise to remember.” Max insisted, coming to kiss him.

They heard the kettle click from the kitchen and Max snuggled Harry from behind for another prolonged moment, before standing and going to the kitchen to make tea.

Harry moaned and grumbled as his unborn son kicked and writhed, stretched out his little limbs to touch several parts of Harry’s insides at once, and Harry just knew that tonight would be a bad one, with absolutely no sleep for him.
“Is he still kicking you?” Max asked worriedly as he brought in the tea and made sure to pass Harry his cup first, even though it had been weeks since Harry’s hormones had made him kick up a fuss about getting his tea first.

“It’s more than kicking, he’s somersaulting in…” Harry ended his sentence on a breathy gasp as a fist found a lung and knocked his breath away. He moaned and wrapped his free arm around his chest.

A hand on his back rubbed and soothed him, helping him to regain his breath.

“Little demon child.” Harry hissed to his stomach.

“Come on now, love. Don’t be like that. You’ll be fine in a minute and if he came early, you’d be very upset.” Draco chided him.

Harry sighed, and he nodded, recognising the truth of that. He really would be upset if he went into premature labour and his son was born ill. He’d hate himself for that.

He took some tea and tried to hold his stomach in place as his cartwheeling son made him feel sick.

“It’s going to be a bad night.” Harry told his mates with a sigh. “He’ll be bouncing around all night now and he’ll go quiet and go to sleep at six in the morning, when the kids start waking up.”

“I…if you need to, love, stay in bed in the morning.” Max told him. “The three of us can look after the kids, and Nasta when he comes home. You need to rest.”

Harry frowned and sighed. “I might have to if he doesn’t let me sleep. I’ll be too tired.”

At eleven that night, they all went up to bed. Baby thunderer had settled down and had stopped kicking and Harry was hopeful. Until he climbed into bed, settled on his side and snuggled up to his body pillow.

Draco was against his back, Harry could feel his breath against his neck and it made him smile. His mates all drifted off, they’d had a packed day, with the decorating, then Nasta’s emergency, and the trip to the hospital. But it usually took Harry a while to settle with his pregnant belly these days.
Only the moment he settled, his thunderer came awake, kicking and squirming, rolling and stretching, and not even Harry’s body pillow, which supported him in all the right places, helped.

Annoyed and frustrated, he kicked himself free of the duvet, eased himself cumbersomely over the body pillow, and then over the side of the bed. He picked up Nasta’s shirt, and his wand from the pile of them on the bedside table, before he went and checked on his two girls, who were going to be moved to their own room in the New Year, to find them both still sleeping. They were both doing wonderfully well in recent weeks in sleeping through the night. It was Braiden who was the problem, as he didn’t stay asleep and kept waking up through the night. Unfortunately he’d learned which door his parents were behind, and he banged on it with his hand to wake them up at all hours, which usually woke his brothers and sister too, none of whom were at all pleased to be woken up.

Harry went and checked on them, as silently as he could, while breathing hard because his unborn son had a foot in his lung which made him want to vomit.

Braiden was indeed awake. Sat up in his cot, staring at the door to the hallway with teary eyes. He looked over when the bedroom door opened and pulled himself to his feet, warbling and clamouring, even as he started climbing over the bar of the cot.

“Shh, Braiden.” Harry whispered, as he hurried forward and plucked his oldest from the top of the cot. “Come on.”

Harry took him back out of the room, into the hallway, and went to check on Leolin, quickly, only to find his Faerie baby deeply asleep and perfectly fine.

Harry had to put Braiden on the floor outside and he took his hand instead. He led him to a guest bedroom and sat him on the bed.

“Why don’t you want to sleep, Braiden?” He asked.

“I don’t like being in cot!”

“You don’t like your cot?” Harry asked to confirm, and he sighed. They should have just asked Braiden from the start. He could have sent one of his mates out to get a toddler bed ready for tonight.

Braiden shook his head. “Want big bed.”

“You want a big boy bed?”
“Like Mummy and Daddies.” Braiden nodded.

“Okay, will you sleep in your cot tonight, and then Mummy and Daddies will get you a big boy bed for tomorrow night?”

Braiden started crying and he shook his head. “No.” He said stubbornly.

Harry rubbed his head and tried to figure out a solution. If he put Braiden back in the nursery then he’d wake up all the others, his mates too, and they all needed their sleep. He could always put Braiden in a spare cot in the room next to Leolin’s, but the chances that he would stay in it, or actually sleep, was very slim and it made Harry frustrated.

Then he had an idea. He picked up Braiden and took out his wand. He aimed it at the bed and shrunk it right down, so that it looked like a mini version of a double bed.

“There, will you sleep in this room. In this bed?” Harry asked, as Braiden eyed the bed with wonder.

“Yes, Mummy. This my bed.”

Harry breathed a sigh of relief as he put Braiden down on the floor and groaned through the pain in his back. Braiden crawled right under the covers and kicked his legs, giggling.

“Go to sleep now, Braiden. You have your own big boy bed. You need to go to sleep.”

“Yes, Mummy. Tuck in.”

Harry smiled at that, and he tucked his two year old in, laying a kiss to his forehead. He stayed in the room until Braiden stopped kicking his feet, stopped giggling and staring at his own legs in the little bed, and finally went to sleep.

Harry tucked him in again and hoped that Braiden stayed asleep now that he was out of the cot that he obviously no longer liked.

Harry went down the stairs and into the kitchen, making himself a cup of tea and he went to the smaller, more intimate living room, switching on the lights and sinking himself into a seat, while taking a sip of tea with a happy sigh.
Of course the moment he was up again his thunderer decided to be still. He rubbed his belly and felt the writhing movement, like a snake, come from within.

“You are going to be trouble, my little bolt of thunder.” He chuckled.

He drank his tea and tested his thunderer every fifteen minutes, lying down against the arm of the settee, but every time he tipped sideways, his child came to life, kicking, squirming and writhing and Harry was so frustrated and tired now that he snatched all the cushions, snatched the throw from the back of the settee that Mrs Weasley had made him, and he propped himself upright in the corner of the settee and covered himself over with the throw, using Nasta’s shirt like a comfort blanket.

He thought that perhaps it would take him forever to fall asleep, but he started drifting off almost immediately. Within ten minutes he was fast asleep sitting up, and his thunderer was still enough that his slight movements didn’t disturb him.

Harry was woken up the next morning by a very, very loud screech from the room next door and he blinked open his eyes and stretched carefully with a yawn, dislodging the throw which was still tucked under his chin. Nasta’s shirt was buried under his nose, held there by the side of his face, and it made Harry remember what had happened yesterday.

“Calix, shh.” He heard Draco chastise just from the other side of the double doors. A moment later someone slapped the door with an open hand and Harry grinned as he realised that Calix was knocking to come in.

“Pick him up, Draco.” He heard Nasta’s voice, and that made Harry’s grin widen as he realised that Nasta was back home. He must have slept through his homecoming, unless Max had seen him sleeping in here and had Apparated Nasta home. He suddenly just wanted to burrow into Nasta and he stood himself up and went around to the other family room via the kitchen.

“Mummy!” Braiden cried out and came running the moment he cleared the door. His big boy had been just inside the door, playing with a toy car.

“Harry, are you alright?” Max demanded, fretting and fussing as usual.

“I’m fine.” Harry said as he snuggled Braiden, kissed his mouth, before he caught all the other
clamouring babies before going to find his two girls, and then Leolin, who was having a nap in his bouncer.

Only then could Harry go and burrow into Nasta, being careful of the propped left leg that was on a cushion on the coffee table.

“How are you feeling?” Harry asked him, rubbing their faces together, despite the fact that Nasta looked like he hadn’t shaved in two days and was rather spiky and abrasive.

“I feel fine, Harry. Normal. My leg is healed, I just have to be careful not to overdo it and cause complications. This is Max overreacting.” Nasta told him, indicating his leg on a cushion, before pulling Harry more firmly into his arms and hugging him tight. “How are you? Max said you’d gotten up in the night and fallen asleep in the living room.”

“Little thunderer wouldn’t let me lie down again. I got so fed up and I was so tired, that I propped myself up with all the cushions and fell asleep sat up.” Harry grinned. “It must have worked because I didn’t wake up once after that, and considering it’s now gone eleven in the morning, I’ve had a good nine hours of sleep.”

“Did you sort out Braiden last night?” Max asked from where he was sat playing a game with Regan.

“Yes. He was awake when I got up and he was climbing out of his cot. He doesn’t like it apparently and he wants a big bed, like we have. So I took him into the guest room and shrunk the bed in there for him.” Harry shrugged, but then he grinned. “You should have seen him giggling at his own feet as he kicked them under the duvet. We need to seriously sort him out a proper toddler bed. Maybe let him pick out his own so he wants to sleep in it.”

“It was a good idea to shrink the guest bed for him, well done my clever mate.” Nasta told him, nuzzling him.

Harry chuckled and nuzzled Nasta back, kissing him, then kissing him again.

“I missed you last night.” Harry told him.

“Oh? But I heard that you were treated to two massages by two mates, and that you had all the
That made Harry let out a little giggle and he just automatically felt better. “I did, but I had room for one more cwtch.”

“Then let me make it up to you.” Nasta told him, snuggling him up and setting them up for a long, proper cwtch.

“Do you want something to eat, Harry? Or just tea for now?” Max asked him, aware that Harry no longer kept to ‘traditional’ meal times and instead ate what he wanted, when he wanted it.

“Tea and some pineapple.” Harry said, giving Max a smile.

“Right away, dearest.” Max gave him a loud, smacking kiss on his way past and it made Harry smile. He was more settled today, with Nasta back home, and he felt amazing, especially after the good sleep he’d had. It seemed that he would have to use that little trick more and more in the coming weeks, until his thunderer was born.

“You haven’t worried too much?” Nasta asked him.

Harry shook his head. “No, love. I’ve been alright, I was worried before we knew what had happened to you. I was worried when I heard that you were in the hospital, but your Dad reassured me that you were alright, and that you’d be home soon. Your shirt really helped though, so thank you for letting Max bring it to me.”

“I didn’t need it after I got the pyjamas he brought for me, I did fix it up first though, it was a bit ripped and soot stained.”

Harry sighed and tried not to think of it. They could never have a quiet year…right now he’d settle for a quiet month, where none of them were fighting, none of the kids were having problems, he wasn’t so heavily pregnant, and none of his mates were risking life and limb at work.

“I was worried that maybe you’d gone to sleep downstairs because you were worrying so much.” Nasta confided.
“Oh, Nas, no.” Harry said, turning to face him and cupping his stubbled cheeks. “It really was more comfortable. Our baby wouldn’t let me sleep, every time I went to lie down on my side, he started kicking my lungs or bladder, or stretching out the skin on my stomach. He only settled when I was sat upright and I just wanted to sleep.”

Nasta nodded and bent to kiss him. “I’m glad that that was what it was. When Max came to get me and told me that we had to Apparate because you were asleep in front of the floo…I thought then that maybe you’d fallen asleep waiting for me, sat there worrying all night. I’m so glad to hear that that isn’t the case.”

Harry shook his head. “I love you, but you’re daft.”

Nasta snorted and threw his arm back around Harry and cuddled him in. Max came in with a tea tray, and he handed out cups of tea, Harry and Nasta getting theirs before Blaise and Draco, before Harry got a bowl of chunked pineapple.

Harry managed several bits of pineapple, near enough half a bowl, before he turned to Nasta and started feeding him the rest. No one fretted now, they knew that he would eat when he was hungry, and he would stop when he’d had enough. Harry was a dab hand at pregnancies, this was his fourth, despite the fact that he had nine children between them. This little one was fairly easy, he hadn’t had any proper scares, despite that his stress had elevated his baby boy’s heartrate for a while, and he was his first singleton since his very first, his little Braiden.

“Mummy, I want.”

Harry chuckled, of course his little Farren would look up and see him eating. Harry grinned at Nasta and handed Farren the bowl with the bits of remaining pineapple. Farren had already tried pineapple, and he liked it, so he ate the few chunks that were left happily enough, though Harry thought that there would be trouble when Braiden toddled over and took a piece. Farren however, only offered the bowl for Braiden to take another piece and the two of them shared a moment together, and then Braiden was gone again, walking over to Calix, and Farren was left to sit with his bowl of pineapple.

“So, how long is our quiet day going to last?” Blaise grinned.

“Don’t jinx it.” Harry complained. “I want a nice, quiet day. Max, you can open the door to the other room, put some cartoons on too. We have eleven days before Christmas, and there is still so much that needs to be done.”
“I’ve finished the shopping list. I’ll go this afternoon with a few of the kids to help limit the activity here. If I take both Eva and Ave, and put the toddler reins on Braiden, I can take all three of them.”

Harry shook his head. “Take Farren and Tegan instead, Farren hasn’t left the house in a while.”

Max nodded.

“You could even take Leolin in the baby carrier, or is that too risky?” Draco asked.

“Too risky.” Nasta said immediately. “The amount of people who will have colds or the flu in winter almost triples, because the viruses prefer cold, dry air to spread easier. Taking Farren, Tegan and Braiden will be enough. Make sure to take them to the deli counter, Max, get them to try some cheeses or hams. Farren especially will like that.”

“Buy me some fruit tarts too!” Harry piped up. “You know the ones, with the kiwi slices on them?”

Max chuckled. “I remember the ones you mean. I’ll grab you some.”

“Also, get some toddler sheets and a duvet set. Get Braiden to pick which ones, if he can. Don’t worry so much about the bed for now. We can keep the shrunken guest bed in the meantime, but we can try to make it his own a little.”

Max, who had taken out his large piece of parchment with his lists on it, and he started adding things. It was Draco who stood up to open the double doors into the smaller living room, and putting on the children’s cartoons on a low volume. Regan abandoned everything and went to watch, sitting in the little toddler chair that Draco had just set out.


“No, I’m good.” Blaise answered, while Draco just shook his head.

“Nas, you want anything, babe?” Max asked. “You know, besides a new leg?”
Nasta snorted. “Grab me some kale and chia seeds, Max. I want to make up a new smoothie.”

Max pulled a face, but he dutifully added the ingredients.

“I’ll make it for you, I don’t want you standing up.” Max said, which Harry thought was nice of him, considering what he thought of Nasta’s smoothies in the first place.

“Are we okay for tea and milk?” Harry asked.

“We’re good for milk.” Max answered. “I’ll pick up another eight pints, just to be sure, but we need teabags and rusks.”

“I’m good for honey, I think there’s an emergency bottle in the top cupboard.” He grinned.

“I bought it last week, just to ensure we never run out for you.” Max smiled.

“Thank you, lover.”

“My pleasure, dearest. Now, Draco, you’ll be in charge while I’m gone. Look after them all.”

“Nasta is sat right there.” Draco complained.

“Nasta better not move his arse for anything.” Max muttered under his breath.

“I’m not going to move.” Nasta insisted. “I don’t want a broken or mangled leg for Christmas.”

Harry sighed as everything was rushed and time seemed to fly, even as he shared a bonding moment with Nasta. Very soon Leolin was awake and crying for him, because he’d dropped his Ma doll and couldn’t see it. The kids were spread out over two rooms, some being quiet, others rather rowdy and troublesome, Braiden in particular, who they noticed had emptied the contents of the sideboard by climbing it and throwing everything out onto the floor. He’d had a time out for that.
Very soon Max gave up trying to keep everyone happy and the house tidy, and took Farren, Tegan and Braiden shopping, strapping them into their car seats and getting them out of the house. Not that it made much of a difference, with Calix taking over where Braiden had left off and Eva banging her head into the coffee table, then Leolin pitching a fit it was hardly the quiet afternoon that Harry wanted, especially when his thunderer came alive and started squirming and wriggling. He had to run for the bathroom twice to throw up, both times Blaise coming with him, because Draco made him feel worse and despite wanting Nasta there, as the calmest, most competent person, he unfortunately couldn’t move, so Harry was stuck with Blaise. Though that truly wasn’t fair, as Blaise was calming and soothing, but he winced every time Harry heaved, and Harry could feel that stiffness in the hands on his back.

It was just eleven days until Christmas, and it was going to be hell on earth, only to be beaten when their children were older, and understood more about what was happening. Harry would cherish these early years, while Christmas was still mostly a surprise to the toddlers, but he would be looking forward to next year, as he had his fingers crossed tightly that he would not be pregnant at Christmas next year. Braiden would be three years old, his quintuplets would be almost three, and his twin girls almost two. His little thunderer would be almost a year old and thinking that made Harry smile as he curled up into Blaise on the bathroom floor, shivering and shaking from shock and cold of the sudden vomiting.

“Are you alright, Innamorato?” Blaise asked him softly, stroking his hair. He was less tense now that Harry had stopped vomiting.

Harry nodded weakly. “I think I need to lie down for a bit, Blaise.”

“Do you want to go up to bed, or into Nasta’s lap?”

Harry chuckled. “Do you need to ask? Nasta’s lap, please. Misery loves company, after all.”

“You can almost see the little rainclouds hanging over your heads.” Blaise teased, as he hunched on his feet and slipped an arm around Harry’s back and under his knees. Harry wrapped his arms around Blaise’s neck for stability and his mate lifted him up easily, carrying him back into the family room.

“Are you okay, Harry?” Nasta asked immediately, visibly vibrating with the urge to stand up and come to him.

Blaise crouched down and laid Harry gently on the settee, putting his head in Nasta’s lap.
“I’m fine.” Harry said. “I really need to lie down, though. That last…that last purge really wore me out. I feel weak and shaky.”

“You need some sugar. Blaise, go and find him one of those chocolate bars.” Nasta ordered.

Harry grinned. “I think I’m hallucinating now.”

“Oh, be quiet.” Nasta teased with a smile. “I’m not that tyrannical. You had that massive box from Max for your birthday, a chocolate bar a day, and I’ve not said a word about it. But your blood sugar has dropped from the vomiting, you need to eat something sugary to help.”

“Will tea help?” Draco asked, pale and worried.

“It would, thank you, Draco.” Nasta said, even as he stroked his hand through Harry’s hair, brushing his forehead.

Harry was kept happy with a bar of fudge chocolate and a cup of honey tea, but it wasn’t as nice as it could have been, considering that his stomach was very tender, his thunderer was still moving, and he had to eat carefully, delicately, letting the small nibbles of chocolate all but melt in his mouth, lest it make him run for the bathroom again.

He ate slowly, took delicate sips of tea, and carefully monitored himself. He couldn’t wait until this was over. He’d thought that once the morning sickness had trailed off, it would be plain sailing, he hadn’t counted on his son kicking him so viciously it could make him vomit up everything he’d eaten that week. It was eleven days until Christmas…they weren’t going to bloody survive.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Not much to say other than I think this is the first time that I’ve managed to match up the timeline to real life. Normally we get the Christmas chapters in the summer, so it makes a nice change. Chapter 120 is up to 4,000 words and is going well, so I’ll hopefully be getting that up soon, within the next few weeks, but I hope that you’ve all enjoyed this chapter for now.

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter One Hundred-Twenty – Christmas Chaos

It was halfway through Christmas Day and Harry was exhausted already. They’d gotten to bed late, in the early hours of the morning, and Harry had had a bad night of sleep on top of that. The kids were all wound up, due to the excitement and the small mountain of new toys they’d received, and they would barely eat their dinners, which was how Harry felt, as he could barely touch it either, despite the fact that he really wanted it.

He’d been fine with the soup, he’d declined the fresh baked bread rolls, but it was the main meal that was defeating him. He had a few pieces of turkey, some mashed potatoes, and some peas, carrots and cabbage, and nothing else, but still he was struggling.

Farren had actually found something to eat that he didn’t like, and he had started crying hysterically as he’d bitten into the Brussels sprout and then sat in his booster seat, crying with the vegetable hanging off of his tongue.

Harry had quickly taken a napkin to his mouth and tongue, wiping it away and soothing him.

“It’s okay, baby. You won’t have any more of those,” Harry said, taking the other sprout from Farren’s plate quickly. He considered doing it for the others as well, but Regan had already eaten both of his, and Tegan was happily chewing her first one. It was just Farren who didn’t like them, it seemed. At least at the moment, considering Braiden hadn’t tried any of his yet, and neither had Calix.

“Well that was a surprise.” Max chuckled, holding his hand out for the napkin.
Harry handed it to him while soothing Farren, shushing him and calming him.

“Put it in his book that he really doesn’t like sprouts, Max.” Harry called out.

“Sure thing, lover.” Max called back.

Farren did eventually calm down and Harry coaxed him back to eating, showing him that no more sprouts were on his plate and instead he helped him to use his fork to spear a piece of bitesize turkey.

Harry went back to picking at his own food, but couldn’t manage much more. He could almost feel Max’s disappointment, as he’d worked so hard to make dinner perfect for them all, and truly it was perfect, but Harry just couldn’t eat it. But he swore he’d try again later in the day, when his thunderer eventually settled down for a sleep.

Their living room was a mess of toys and gifts. Draco had already fished out all of the clothes their children had been given and had hung them up to get them out of the way, but still the amount of toys and books on their floor was unbelievable. The family had gone overboard and their kids were so spoilt, it had taken all of the morning and into the afternoon to help the toddlers to unwrap everything. They’d needed a break in the middle too.

“Maybe we should make use of that massive playroom that’s sitting nice and empty upstairs?” Harry giggled, as he led the kids back into the family room after their jelly desserts and unleashing them back onto their toys.

“We can at least put some of these toys up there.” Draco agreed. “We won’t be able to see the floor.”

“It won’t be for long.” Nasta insisted, up on his feet and walking normally. He was fully recovered from the leg break, and the early dragon pox vaccine, and he was his usual self, as he hefted up Regan and wiggled him between his hands, making their little boy laugh.

“A few days of being unable to move and watching our steps, and then we can start clearing up again.” Max nodded, sitting down and patting his full stomach.

Harry missed the feeling of having a large, decent meal and he sighed and moved to sit himself by Max, tipping himself sideways to rest on his mate and he cuddled in. Max moved an arm to wrap it around Harry, large fingers stroking over his shoulder and back.
Harry was asleep within five minutes, snoring softly against Max’s chest.

“Seeing him like this, I’m so conflicted.” Draco sighed.

“Over what, Cariad?” Nasta asked, looking critically to Harry.

“I want him happy and back to normal, but at the same time I want our son to have the best chances for survival.” Draco sighed and shook his head. “He hasn’t eaten enough to feed a mouse in the last week, he keeps being sick, he’s not sleeping properly. I hate what it’s doing to him, but on the other hand he’s carrying our son, and every extra week that Harry carries him makes him bigger, stronger and healthier.”

“We all feel the same way, but Harry himself wants the baby to stay put.” Blaise pointed out, even as he cuddled with Leolin, who was distracted by a light-up ball that he’d been given for Christmas by his Granddad Aneirin. Every time he squeezed it, it would flash a different colour and it had the Faerie entranced.

“I just wish it wasn’t so hard on him.” Draco said quietly.

“He’s going to be fine. Our little boy will be born in six weeks if Harry doesn’t go into early labour. He should have started building his nest by now, or at the very least scouted out the location he wants to use. None of you go searching, you know the drill by now.” Nasta said firmly.

“It’s winter, so it’ll be in the ground again, like with our girls.” Max pointed out. “So stay out of the garden and surrounding forest until he starts nesting. I’ve noticed that my favourite jumper has gone missing too. I can’t find it anywhere, and with him being so close to his due date, I have a pretty good idea that it’s gone into making his nest, so he’s definitely started on it, but at least my oven gloves are safe…for the moment.”

“It helps that our kids don’t want to go outside and play.” Blaise pointed out. “None of us want to go outside either, it’s too cold.”

“Can you blame them with the amount of new toys they had today?” Max chuckled softly, not wanting to disturb Harry sleeping on him.

“No. Not at all.” Blaise grinned. “But they’re so happy, and that makes Harry happy, and that
makes all of us happy.”

“Happy’s good.” Max smiled widely. “Even if he is fast asleep on me and snoring.”

“Our thunderer is really giving him the run around.” Draco sighed. “Not letting him eat or sleep, kicking and punching him at all times. I’m worried that Harry will be hurt.”

“He can take Harry’s breath away, and make him feel sick and even cause him to vomit, but I don’t think he’ll cause any lasting damage, Draco.” Nasta said. “Though we can always ask Healer Almus at Harry’s next scan if you’re so worried.”

“He’s been through so much, and, I know we haven’t mentioned it much, just in case Harry overhears us, but going through the court proceedings with him, finding out exactly what he went through and what they did to him, and with…and with what I did to him too, I just never want him to be hurt ever again.”

Nasta went to sit by Draco, throwing an arm around him and hugging him. He pressed a kiss to Draco’s forehead.

“Harry is fine. He’s stronger than any of us, despite being the smallest. Look at the happy, kind man he is, Draco. When most people would be isolated, bitter and angry, Harry is tall, strong, proud and kind. He was right, what he went through will never define him, because he was always stronger than them. It bothers me too, to know what he went through in such exact detail, seeing the pictures of what was done to him and the conditions he was kept in, sometimes it makes me so angry I want to rip through something. But it doesn’t bother him half as much as it bothers us, maybe that says something about us as a whole.”

“I was thinking the same.” Max said softly, stroking Harry’s arm as his little mate snored on him. “That maybe I’m the one who has a problem moving on from it, as Harry has shown that he is fully capable of moving on, but I’m still so terribly angry over it all. Prison is too good for those monsters.”

“We’re going to be angry for a while, until it sinks in and we move on ourselves. Harry had his closure, now we need ours.” Nasta replied. “He doesn’t want any reminders, we owe him that much, to help his recovery, but all three of you, you can always come to me if you need to.”

“And you can come to us.” Blaise insisted immediately. “You might be our top dominant, but you
do not have to carry the weight of everything on your shoulders alone. We’re here for you too.”

“We got a bit morbid for the celebrations.” Max pointed out. “Christmas Day is really not the time for this talk, lovers.”

“We really did. I’ll go put the kettle on and cut us all some cake.” Blaise said with a grin. “Even you, Nas. You could use some cake.”

Nasta snorted. “I won’t say no to being served some cake by one of my gorgeous mates.”

Max huffed a laugh and sat back, going back to stroking Harry’s arm, right down to his small hands and little fingers.

He was glad that Harry was getting some rest, especially when it had been pointed out that it was just a matter of weeks now until Harry was nesting and giving birth. Not even a full two months away.

Harry woke up as Max was delicately trying to nibble on his second slice of cake and their submissive made a soft noise and stretched carefully. His eyes blinked open, and when they finally focused, on Max trying to eat cake, he gave a goofy grin.

“Sleep well?” Max asked him with a chuckle.

Harry hummed happily. “Are you enjoying your cake?” He asked with a grin, his voice husky with sleep still.

“Very much. You want a cuppa and a slice?”

Harry shook his head. “No. I want a sandwich.”

“Really?” Max asked excitedly.

Harry nodded. “All of a sudden I’m starving.”

“That’s the greatest gift I’ve received all day.” Max said happily, all but beaming at Harry as he
gently shifted him to lie on the other side.

“Eat your cake first.” Harry complained.

“Not a chance. My pregnant mate is hungry, and I’m not going to sit here and eat in front of you.”

Max hurried to the kitchen and Harry watched him go with a giggle.

“I want beef, Max!” He called out.

“I was just about to ask.” Max shouted back, laughing.

“How are you feeling, love?” Draco asked him, moving over to sit by Harry’s feet on the floor, Ave in his arms.

“Hungry.” Harry laughed. “It’s funny how it comes on so quickly, but my stomach has shrunk so much that it needs lots of little meals through the day, instead of a few larger meals.”

“Whatever you need, gorgeous.” Max insisted, coming into the room with a sandwich. “There’s more if you want it, you can eat whatever you want now, in fact I encourage it.”

Harry only had eyes for the sandwich and he took the plate from Max and took a huge bite from the sandwich, happily humming.

“Oh, I adore you.” Max declared, kissing Harry’s head, but otherwise not disturbing his eating mate.

Max went to play with his children now that he was free to do so, and wasn’t snuggling a sleeping mate, and he sat on the floor and pulled Regan to him, sitting his boy on his thigh and picking up a toy to play with him. Regan giggled at him, but Max didn’t care.

Harry was full from just a sandwich, but he knew he would snack some more in about an hour, and instead he took his plate out to the sink and made tea for everyone. He couldn’t carry so many cups however, nor could he carry a tray, so he carried the tea to his mates, two mugs at a time. He’d
made Blaise a cup of coffee, after sniffing it a bit first to make sure his stomach stayed in place, and his mate’s purple eyes lit up with joy as he pulled Harry into a snog.

“Merry Christmas, honey.” Harry teased. “You get your coffee today.”

“Grazie, Bello. Ti amo.”

“And I love you too.” Harry giggled, heading back to the kitchen to grab Max and Draco’s tea.

He handed out the two mugs, went to get his own and he finally got to ease back into his seat then, with his own tea, and he took a sip and sighed happily.

“You look so contented.” Max grinned.

“Oh, I am.” Harry told him, grinning back. “I’ve had a nap, I’ve filled my belly and now I can relax with tea. I’m very contented.”

“Contented and relaxed is a very good look on you.” Blaise told him.

“I’m just missing baby cuddles.” Harry joked.

“You can have your pick. Here.”

Draco reached forward and snagged Farren, picking him up and settling him on the settee next to Harry.

“Mummy.”

“Do you want to cuddle with me?” Harry asked, holding out his arms.

“Yeah.” Farren giggled and reached over to him, hugging him tight around the neck.
“Damn, your grip is getting tight, love. We might need to start teaching you not to squeeze.”

“Is it getting bad?” Max asked concernedly. “I remember all through my childhood being taught control. My parents used a doll that was charmed to cry whenever it was squeezed too hard. I’ll ask them for the charm and we’ll see how Farren reacts to it.”

“That might be a good idea with a new baby coming into the house. I know he doesn’t mean it, he just doesn’t know his own strength.” Harry said, holding Farren close to himself, waiting for his baby boy to let go.

“Here, distract him with this.” Blaise told him, passing over a brand new book.

Harry settled back, put Farren next to himself with an arm wrapped around him, and he showed him the book.

“Let’s have a story, Farren.” He said happily, opening it to the first page.

Their afternoon passed very quickly. It was boisterous, loud, but Harry would not have it any other way, as Max topped up the tea yet again and passed Harry a mince pie.

They were going to Alexander’s later on, for a festive family get-together. Nasta assured them that they were not going to stay long, though told Max that he could, of course, stay with his family as long as he wanted, but their kids needed to get to bed on time, and truthfully, so did Harry.

It was relaxing, in the way that their family life always was these days, loud, energetic, with a side of eardrum bursting shrieks and copious cups of tea, with or without snacks. Harry really enjoyed it, having a family of his own, and he was more grateful on days of family celebration than he believed himself capable of putting into words. It almost choked him when he realised that it was Christmas Day, and he was sat in the middle of the room, his family all around him, laughing, playing, enjoying themselves, baby and mate alike. He was no longer the lonely little boy, excluded from everything, locked into his cupboard and forced to listen to Dudley complain that he hadn’t got enough presents, or he wanted more turkey on his plate when Harry hadn’t eaten in a day or two. It hit him right in the chest, making it hard to breathe, but it also made him smile so widely it hurt. His own children would never know a life like his, even Leolin was included and sat up, being held on his Daddy Draco’s lap, still clutching his light up ball. This is what real family was, and it was his family.
Taking armfuls of babies over to another house was a military operation for them now, as their children outnumbered them and Harry couldn’t floo anywhere alone because of his pregnancy, and his rather terrible track record with his face planting landings. They did eventually make it for four in the afternoon, they were going to leave at six and get the kids wound down and into bed, and hopefully they would be so worn out that they’d fall straight to sleep. After the busy day that they’d had, that was exactly what Harry was going to do too.

“There you are, we thought you had decided not to come.” Richard greeted them, already rather merry with a glass of wine in one hand.

“Of course we were coming.” Max insisted, going to pull his Dad into a hug and a kiss. “Merry Christmas.”

“I hope you had a good one this year, I know I did.” Richard actually giggled and Max lifted both eyebrows.

“How much have you had to drink, Dad?”

“Too much, I know.” Richard answered. “But I got given seven bottles of wine this year, from colleagues, past clients, friends. I wanted to taste them all and Alexander always has good wine.”

Max chuckled. “You’ll be sore tomorrow.”

“Oh, care bear, I’m fucking counting on it!” Richard declared happily, toasting Max with his glass of wine.

“I…really did not need to hear that.” Max insisted. “Where’s Mum and Dad?”

“Your Mother is…is in the kitchen, last I saw.” Richard told them. “Your Father is talking to your Grandfather, something serious.”

“What’s happened?” Harry asked worriedly.
“Nothing that you should concern yourself about on Christmas, love.” Richard told him sternly.

Nasta took over and herded them into the huge garden that was always used for family get-togethers, because they wouldn’t all fit in the one room, and their children went toddling, or crawling, off to interact with the other children running around…they were mostly Shae’s kids, as she was one of the only submissive’s who didn’t smother her children and she let them just be kids.

It was half an hour before Harry saw Myron or Alexander, he’d spent most of his time with Xerxes, who he had found himself becoming much closer with, since Evelyn’s death and the revelation that they coped with grief the same way, and of course since it had been Xerxes’ hand holding his insides in his body after that horrendous fight, plus he had been the first person Harry remembered seeing after he’d first woken up in the Dracken healing halls. He really liked Xerxes and he was so absorbed with their conversation that he missed Myron sneaking up on them.

“There you are.” Myron’s voice came from behind him and Harry all but leapt from his skin, gasping and immediately moving to slip behind Xerxes for protection.

“Myron!” Xerxes chastised his baby brother. “You know he’s pregnant, what are you trying to do, scare the baby out of him?”

“I’m so sorry, Harry.” Myron said, sounding very remorseful. “I never meant to frighten you, but no one had seen you in a while.”

Harry rolled his eyes and separated himself from Xerxes’ back, moving to hug Myron tightly.

“I’m fine. I know I’m pregnant, but I’m in the garden still.”

“I realise that, I’m sorry. I just haven’t had a chance to greet you today.”

Harry chuckled. “Merry Christmas, Myron.”

Myron gave him a smirk. “Merry Christmas, son.”

Harry was hugged tightly, but it was his throat that was tighter as he clutched at Myron. Hearing Myron or Richard call him their son, it would never get old, and he would never tire of hearing it. Maybe one day he would gather the courage to call them both ‘Dad’, but he was still too uncertain
of himself, and he’d never had parents, or any real parental figures, and he was worried of it messing up the relationship he already had with them.

“Did you find him?” Alexander’s voice interrupted. “Oh, you did, wonderful. How are you, sweetness?”

“Fine.” Harry said with a smile. “How are…?”

“Mama.” One of his twin girls called out the moment she saw him.

Harry chuckled and took Eva from Alexander’s arms and snuggled her tightly.

“I didn’t even get five minutes for a cuddle.” Alexander sighed as he relinquished the baby in his arms with a teasing smile.

“They’re coming on so well now that they’re almost a year old.” Harry said, bouncing his little girl.

“Are you all ready for the quintuplets’ birthday in six days?”

Harry groaned. “Stop reminding me how little time I have left to prepare it all. Why did I have to give birth to them just six days after Christmas?”

“I just can’t believe those little ones are all turning two.” Xerxes chuckled, shaking his head.

Harry grinned. “It has been pointed out that I need to have more babies outside of winter.”

“But you have…” Alexander stopped himself as he considered his thoughts, and then he laughed. “Just Braiden. But of course, this is only your fourth pregnancy and he is going to be born in winter too. I forget how few pregnancies you’ve had compared to how many babies.”

“We were having this discussion only the other day.” Harry said. “Only Braiden was born outside of winter, so my loving mates are conspiring together to give me some more autumnal, or vernal,
babies.”

“Look at you using posh words. Has Nasta been expanding your vocabulary again?” Xerxes teased.

Harry grinned and nodded. “Yeah, he has. He sat down and taught me what they meant when he used them in conversation and he saw me staring at him blankly. Of course I don’t understand why people don’t just say autumn and spring, but then people usually say things they don’t mean, or use more words than needed to speak, just to show off.”

“Do you know winter and summer too?” Myron asked with a smirk.

“Hibernal and…aestival?” Harry asked, thinking back to Nasta’s words.

“I’m glad that Nasta at least is teaching you new things.”

Harry grinned. “Oh Max teaches me things too, I just wouldn’t want to repeat exactly what he teaches me in present company.”

“You are getting as bad as Richard.” Myron complained, while Alexander laughed and Xerxes just rolled his eyes with a chuckle.

“That’s not an insult.” Harry pointed out with a grin. “I’m actually going to take it as a compliment.”

“Of course you are.” Myron chuckled himself, ruffling Harry’s hair until it was all over his head and sticking up in every which way…it was as if Draco hadn’t combed it for ten minutes prior to coming out.

“Draco will launch at your throat if he sees what you’ve done to his hard work.” Harry giggled.

That sobered all three men and Harry realised that perhaps he shouldn’t have joked about Draco attacking anyone, not to these three men at least, who had been some of the very first to respond to his distress call that awful day. Harry hated that he couldn’t joke about something like that, like normal people could, without that fight springing to mind and ruining the mood.
“How is life at home?” Xerxes plucked up the courage to ask.

Harry’s first instinct was to get angry. It wasn’t as if Draco beat them black and blue on a daily basis, but then his mind flashed back to when he’d first mated to Draco, to the over exaggerated punishment he’d received because Draco’s instincts had been skewed by the potion he’d been taking to hide himself. The anger melted away and with its absence he just felt tired.

He sighed heavily. “I think you would have been among the first to know if anything...untoward had happened at home.” He said tiredly.

“How have they all been treating you?”

Harry frowned, but realised a moment later that they were talking about the aftermath of the fight, when he and the kids had been taken from their home for their own protection when Georgio Alessandri had invoked the Submissive Protection Act. What a fiasco that had been too.

“Blaise was never involved in any of that. The fight or the aftermath.” Harry pointed out, because though he didn’t like anyone bringing up the fact that his dominants had been declared unfit to look after him, he hated more that Blaise was lumped in with all of that and he’d never done anything wrong in the first place. “But, yeah, things have been good. I have no complaints aimed at them. I wish I could sleep and eat more, I wish I stopped running for the toilet every twenty minutes and I wish little thunderer would stop bouncing around so much, but they’ve all been great. Max waits on me hand and foot, just waiting for me to say I’m hungry before he runs to get whatever I fancy. Nasta will get up at four in the morning to slice me an apple, or a mango, because I’ve woken up in the night craving something. I mean Draco sat up with me for two hours just three days ago, reading to me, because the baby wouldn’t settle and I couldn’t sleep. I have no complaints about any of them, they’ve learnt and we’ve grown as a family.” Harry shrugged.

“Well, I for one, am very glad to hear that.” Alexander told him with a smile.

“I don’t believe for a single second that anything like that fight will ever happen again. I wouldn’t be here if I had any doubts.” Harry said seriously. “If not for myself, then for my children. I would never take any sort of risk with them, and if I thought that a single one of my mates was a risk, or there was any chance of anything like that fight happening again, I wouldn’t be here.”

“Logically we know that.” Myron told him. “We just want to look after you and part of that is
making sure you’re okay.”

Harry nodded. “Let us drop this subject now, it’s too heavy for the festive period. I’m fine, the kids are fine, our family is fine. Nothing like that will ever happen again, because if it does, they all know that me and the kids will be gone. We’ve all been through therapy, Draco is continuing his anger management, and I’m still in touch with my mind healer. Everything is going to be fine.”

“Well then, onto happier topics, did you get everything you asked for, for Christmas?” Alexander teased.

Harry was forced to laugh. “And then some. I was spoilt rotten and so were the kids. Even our thunderer got presents and he’s not even bloody born!”

“Who in the name of Merlin bought anything for an unborn baby?” Xerxes asked with a laugh.

“Max, who else?” Harry grinned. “I wanted thunder and lightning style bedding for him, sort of a joke for all the times we’ve called him thunderer, but Max actually went out and found some.”

“We should have known it was Max.” Xerxes grinned at his baby brother.

Myron rolled his eyes. “Of course it was.”

“We’ve had a good day, of course the kids are worn out.” Harry indicated Eva in his arms, now fast asleep. “I wish I could have eaten more for dinner, because Max went all out and it looked amazing, but there’s always next year. I’ve already told them that if I’m pregnant for Christmas next year they’re all being castrated.”

That made the three older men laugh.

“Well don’t come complaining to us that you’re sexually frustrated and they can’t take care of you.” Xerxes joked. He regretted it immediately when Harry gave him a sly, naughty grin.

“They’ll still have hands and mouths.”
“Alright, that’s enough.” Myron chastised and Harry laughed, loudly.

“Am I missing the fun over here?” Max grinned as he jogged over, following the sound of Harry’s laughter.

Harry gave him a wide grin, and Max couldn’t help but bend down to kiss him. He loved it when Harry was this happy.

“You wouldn’t be saying ‘fun’ if you knew just what he was talking about.” Xerxes told his nephew.

“Okay, now I’m scared.” Max chuckled.

“I was just saying how I’d castrated you all if I’m pregnant next Christmas.” Harry said innocently.

“Oh, ow, love.” Max grinned. “What would you do without the four of us? Besides, only one of us has gotten you pregnant with our thunderer. Castrate him.”

“It might be you!” Alexander pointed out, laughing.

“My Sickles are on Nasta.” Max said confidently. “The amount of fruit Harry is eating, it can’t be anyone else’s.”

“That’s not an indication of paternity.” Myron said.

“It should be.” Max grinned.

“Besides, Harry says even if you are castrated…”

“Zerry!” That was Myron.
“Xerxes!” That was a laughing Alexander.

Xerxes raised an eyebrow at his Father and brother, before turning back to Max. “He said you’ll still have your hands and mouths.”

Max blinked, looked down at a grinning Harry, and then he laughed just as loudly as Harry had.

“It’s true.” Harry chuckled, happy to see Max so amused.

“Yeah, but don’t even try to pretend you won’t miss our thighs.” Max winked.

That clenched Harry’s gut, even as the older men all groaned and complained. He thought of the powerful thrusts those thighs could manage. He thought of Nasta’s hip rolling and he shivered, arousal making his blood hot.

“Okay, I’ve changed my mind. You’ve convinced me.” Harry declared to more groans and pleas to stop this conversation.

Harry reached up with his free hand and pulled Max into a snog, his blood pounding in his ears. It was the first time in weeks that he’d felt any sort of need for sex, and it was so strong that he wanted Max, right then and there.

“Steady on, boys.” Alexander chuckled. “You have a baby between you.”

“Looks like I’m not the only one in the mood!” That was Richard’s rather drunken voice chiming in.

“How much have you had now? You’re weaving.” Myron sighed.

“I’m dancing!” Richard declared and Harry stepped away from Max’s chest to look at him, already grinning. “Harry, honey, come and dance with me!”
Harry laughed, hard. “I can’t, Richard. I can barely walk, let alone dance. Our thunderer won’t let me, I’m much too big now.”

“I’ll dance with you, lover!” Came Ashleigh’s voice and Richard turned immediately and opened his arms.

Myron sighed as they both embraced drunkenly and started twisting and spinning together.

“Don’t pretend like you don’t love it, My.” Xerxes ribbed his brother, laughing at his brother and sister-in-law. “You wouldn’t have them any other way and you know it.”

Myron cracked a grin then. “I’m just envisioning myself looking after them both tomorrow morning and how much whinging I’m going to have to listen to.”

“Save that for tomorrow.” Alexander chuckled. “Laugh at them now, in the moment. They’re happy, you’re all together, and you’re having fun.”

“I am wondering how long I’ll leave them before graciously fetching them a headache reliever and a stomach settler, though.”

Harry giggled at that. “I’d leave it for ten, fifteen minutes or so, then grab one for them.”

“I was thinking of leaving them for half a day.” Myron mused.

“No.” Harry shook his head. “It’s still Boxing Day, still a time for family. You can’t miss out on half of that. Besides, they’re your mates, you can’t leave them to suffer.”

“They don’t know that.” Myron winked.

Harry laughed and turned back to Max. “Remember our first Valentine’s Day?”

“Bits of it.” Max grinned.
That made Harry laugh hard and he quickly passed the sleeping Eva over to Max before crouching down.

“Go to the bathroom.” Max chuckled. “You’ll only wet yourself now.”

“What happened? Harry, are you okay?” Blaise asked, hurrying over.

“He’s laughing too much.” Max chuckled at Blaise’s concern. “He’s going to have an accident if he’s not careful.”

“Come on, Bello.” Blaise chuckled, helping Harry to his feet and escorting him over the garden and to the house. “What was so funny?” He asked once they were in the house and going to one of the three bathrooms.

“Richard and Ashleigh drunk dancing.” Harry giggled. “It just reminded me of our first Valentine’s Day together. Do you remember?”

“Barely.” Blaise said, frowning. “Is that my head injury? I don’t remember it affecting my memories so far back or…”

“No.” Harry said immediately, soothingly. “None of us remember all of it. Just pieces, but we all remember something different.” Harry giggled again. “We got very, very drunk.”

Blaise blinked as that obviously rattled some memory loose. He grinned and then chuckled. “Now I remember. The hideous little Muggle hotel with the ugly décor?”

“That’s the one.” Harry giggled. “We were so drunk, and had so much sex!” Harry laughed again and they had to stop while Harry controlled the urge to release his bladder. “I shouted at the wall!” He laughed.

Blaise laughed now to see Harry like this and they finally made it to the bathroom, where Harry could finally empty his bladder and laugh as much as he wanted.
“Why did you shout at the wall?” Blaise asked, not remembering that part of the night.

“The neighbours didn’t like hearing us as much as we did.” Harry said, then laughed more.

Blaise grinned, unable to help it as he watched Harry all but fall to pieces with laughter.

“Come on, wash your hands. We only have half an hour left of mingling, then Nasta wants all the kids home and in bed.”

Harry was still giggling randomly as Blaise escorted him back down the stairs and out into the garden.

“There you are, I’ve been…what’s wrong?” Nasta asked immediately, coming towards them, and catching sight of the tear tracks on Harry’s face.

“It’s fine, Nasta. Completely fine.” Blaise soothed. “He’s been laughing too much.”

Harry giggled again and held his arms out to Nasta, who hugged him tightly, but pulled back to rub the tracks from his face with cold thumbs.

“What set you off?” Nasta asked with a smile.

“The Valentine’s anniversary that none of us really remember.” Blaise answered, Harry just burst into a fit of giggles.

Nasta grimaced. “Remind me to never drink that heavily again. I felt bad for days afterwards.”

“The people next door kept shouting at us.” Harry giggled.

“We were excessively loud.” Nasta allowed with a smirk of his own. “What made you think of that?”
“Richard’s three sheets to the wind and he was dancing…badly. With Ashleigh.” Harry giggled and then laughed hard.

Nasta chuckled. “Well all of the kids are falling like flies. I think it’s only Farren and Calix still awake. We’ve got about fifteen minutes and then I want them all home and in bed.”

Harry nodded. “We can tidy up a bit and then snuggle together. But I want some of that gateaux that Alexander has first. The one with the cherries.”

“Black forest?” Blaise asked.

Harry nodded. “Yeah, that one.”

“Come on then. Let’s get you some cake and make sure you eat it where Max can see you so he doesn’t fret.” Blaise chuckled.

“He’s worried too much about what I’m eating or not.” Harry huffed. “I know my own body and I know what will make me sick or not. I’ll be nesting soon, and our baby will be here in just six weeks! He can go back to feeding me up then, just not now, because I’m more likely to vomit if I’m too full.”

“I’ll make sure to remind him again.” Nasta told him, bending to kiss him. “Now go and get some cake.”

That cheered Harry back up and he went with Blaise to grab a small serving of the black forest gateaux. Nasta shook his head and went to grab Draco, who was cradling a sleeping Leolin.

“Do you want to take him back, love? I’m going to grab the others and join you. They need to be in their cots.”

Draco nodded. “Where’s Harry?”

“Raiding the cakes with Blaise.” Nasta grinned.
Draco laughed. “Make sure Max sees. Of course if it was one thing that could make him eat just a little more, it would be a good cake.”

“Black forest gateaux in particular.” Nasta added.

“Fresh cream and cherries.” Draco nodded. “A typical Harry combination. Though I had some earlier, and it is particularly delicious.”

“I’ll grab you a slice and bring it home for you, just get some tea going.”

“Had enough of all this wine and champagne floating around?” Draco teased.

“More than enough.” Nasta grinned. “Now go. I’m going to grab one of our sleeping beauties and join you home and I’ll see about getting them all, and then rounding up the wayward mates. If they’re done raiding the cakes.” He added with a chuckle.

It took another twenty minutes to track down all their sleeping children, and the two who were awake, because whenever Nasta had tried to grab Calix, he slipped through someone else’s legs and ran off. It was Nicodemus who had caught him in the end, when he’d seen Nasta trying to catch his son and Calix had tried to go through his legs.

Calix had not been happy and had thrown a tantrum, trashing and throwing his body around in Nasta’s arms. He’d had to curl up around him and hold his wrists tight just to get him safely through the floo. He’d had a time out as soon as he’d gotten home before he was changed and put to bed in a separate room so that he didn’t wake up his brothers and sister.

The last child he’d tracked down was Eva, who was still sleeping, snuggled up in Max’s arms.

“I’ve got her, Caru.” Nasta insisted, taking their daughter.

“Are the kids all home? I heard Calix screaming from here.”

“Yes, all home and dealt with and despite how much fun he’s having, Harry’s getting tired too.”
“He’s been eating a lot of cake, make sure he’s not sick later.” Max said.

Nasta nodded. “Come back whenever you want.”

The two of them kissed and Nasta left Max to it as he went to hunt down his other mates. He passed Eva to Blaise and took Harry himself, who was holding a napkin covered plate of different cake slices.

“I got a gateaux slice for Draco.” Harry said with a smile, and Nasta had to bend and kiss him with that look on his face.

“Let’s get you home and give you a sit down and some tea.”

“Sounds like heaven.” Harry joked.

“It will be.” Nasta swore.

They’d had a wonderful Christmas Day, and now that it was gone six in the evening and all the kids were in bed, it was their time to sit and relax. To enjoy one another and just rest for a bit as they mused on their day. The kids had certainly been excited, and spoilt, but they were all happy and in just six days their little quintuplets were turning two. That was going to be a hectic day too, but as Harry presented Draco with his plate of scavenged cake slices, the four of them sitting down to cwtch together with tea, they didn’t think about six days from now, they only thought about that day, that moment, and the only thing that was missing was of course Max, but none of them begrudged him time with his family, not even as they snuggled together in front of the fire.

__________________________________________________________________________ X

“Tell me again why we agreed to throw them a party?” Draco demanded as he took a wet wipe to Regan’s face, which was covered in cake.

“It seemed like a good idea at the time.” Harry said weakly, as he stared at the cake stuck to the ceiling of the kitchen.
“Next year, they aren’t having a party.” Draco carried on.

“I think it was just too close to Christmas.” Harry tried. “They are only two.”

“It’s fine.” Max stressed, even as he cleaned up cake from the floor with a tea towel. “They’re just over stimulated. We should have really seen this coming.”

Harry, who had been forbidden from helping with the clean up now that he was five weeks to his due date, looked around, slightly lost as to what to do. Blaise and Nasta had the wound up kids in hand, Max and Draco were handling the clean-up, and all the guests had left them in peace after the fiasco that was several kids screaming and throwing cake around.

“Two parties and sets of presents less than a week apart was probably a bit much for them.” Harry said, nibbling on his lip.

“Please go and sit in the living room, love.” Max told him, again. “I’ll bring you some tea in now.”

“I’m not hurt. It was a fistful of cake, not a brick.” Harry said.

“Still, please go and rest. You don’t like standing up for too long now you’re in the third trimester.”

Harry sighed and gave it up, and went to go into the living room to sit down. His mates were almost fanatical now that the New Year was at midnight and with it being the start of a brand new millennium, let alone a new year, they were expecting a lot of noise and upset. They’d already warded the kids’ nurseries with Harry’s favourite spell, the Muffliato charm, and blacked out the windows too, in preparation.

Harry had wanted to see in the new millennium with his mates, but he just didn’t know if he could make it until midnight. He’d thought about taking a nap, but how could he leave his mates like this, with several wound up, tantrum throwing babies?

He could hear the kids screaming from upstairs, where Blaise and Nasta were trying to calm them down, and he heard Max going to join them, presumably taking the cleaned up Regan with him as a minute or so after that Draco came to join him in the living room with a tray of tea, with no Regan in sight.

“All clean?” Harry asked.
Draco nodded and sat beside him with a groan. “We never expected that, even if we should have.”

Harry hummed and sipped on the tea handed to him and turned to snuggle into Draco. “All that we need now is for our thunderer to wake up and start beating up my insides, or for me to slip into nesting instincts and run off outside.”

“Is that how you’re feeling?” Draco asked seriously.

Harry shook his head. “You know the instincts will come on suddenly. I get no prior indication, the same with my heat periods. One moment I’m fine, the next I’m not. But our boy is being quiet today, thankfully. I think after the week or two of so much activity that he just has to stop and rest himself. Thank Merlin.”

“If he keeps that up then you might actually have a quiet night in bed.”

“I’m not looking that far ahead, I’m just glad I’ve been able to eat a little more today. The first thing I’m going to do when he’s out, and normal function has been resumed, is sitting down and gorging.”

Someone laughed from the doorway and Max dropped over the back of the settee to grin down at him. Harry grinned back at him and puckered his lips. Max dropped down further and kissed him before vaulting the settee and landing on it.

“Everything sorted up there?” Draco asked him.

“Yeah, Nas and Blaise have it well in hand. It’s only Calix still showing off, but Nasta is getting impatient now. You know what that means.”

“Everyone do as Daddy Nasta says, or the punishments come out.” Harry grinned.

“You could do well in remembering that too, sometimes.” Nasta purred.
“What is with you guys sneaking up on me today.” Harry giggled.

Nasta did as Max had, and popped out from over the settee, even as Blaise slipped around and squeezed himself between Max and Harry, snuggling in.

“Hi there.” Harry grinned.

Nasta kissed him, then moved to kiss Draco and then Blaise.

“Where’s mine?” Max demanded.

“Right…” Nasta kissed Max and smiled. “…here.”

“Come and drink your tea and settle down a little.” Harry encouraged, grinning at them both. “You deserve the rest.”

Nasta squeezed onto the settee with them all and groaned as he took the weight from his feet.

“So…that was a complete disaster.” Blaise commented.

Harry laughed and dribbled a bit of tea down his chin.

“Damn it, Blaise.” Harry giggled, wiping his chin with his sleeve before Draco could get there with his handkerchief.

“Don’t wipe your face with your sleeve.” Draco sighed exasperatedly. He was ignored.

“So next year we skip the third birthday party.” Max chuckled.

“Well hopefully they’ll be better by next year.” Harry pointed out, but his mates could see that he was uncertain and starting to look a little fretful.
“We wouldn’t really not give them a birthday party, Harry.” Nasta soothed, immediately realising the problem.

“Of course not!” Max denied. “Our little terrors need spoiling.”

“Sorry, it’s just…I know how it feels not to have a birthday party, or any acknowledgement of a birthday, and…I never want my babies to know that feeling. I don’t want any of you to ever know that feeling.”

“I hate those bastards so fucking much.” Max growled, even as he reached over and joined the group hug around Harry.

“I’m just a little emotional at the moment.” Harry sniffed. “My babies turning two, heavily pregnant with our ninth baby, our little girls are just a few weeks from turning a year old.”

“Well…at least we’ll get them to a year old before we have another newborn in the house.” Max tried to joke. It fell a little flat, but his mates still flashed him small smiles.

“You’ve gone and jinxed it now, he’ll come the day before their birthday.” Harry chuckled, brushing his eyes.

“Nah, he’s going to be good and stay right where he is.” Draco told him.

Harry grinned then. “No, he’s definitely half mine, there’s no way he’s going to be completely good.”

“Whenever he comes, we’ll be ready. I think tomorrow we should set up his bassinet in our bedroom, just to prepare.” Nasta said.

Harry perked up excitedly. “I’d like that!” He said.

His mates all laughed at him.
“Okay, we’ll sort that. Anyone remember exactly where we put the bassinets?” Max asked with a frown.

“They’re flat packed in the basement storage.” Nasta said.

Draco groaned theatrically. “Not flat packed! Why did we flat pack them and not just leave them as they were?”

“It created more space.” Nasta said. “But there are four of us. We can put up a simple bassinet between us, not only do we have magic, but we’ve done it before.”

“I’ll go out and buy a new mattress too. Our little boy needs his luxuries.” Max told them.

“How is a new mattress a luxury?” Draco demanded.

“He’s been nestling in Harry’s gorgeous body for seven months, nothing is going to compare to that.” Max pointed out with a grin. “So we need to give him luxuries, like a new mattress, to make up for the discomfort of being born.”

“You’re so daft. I love you.” Harry declared with a smile.

“I love you too, gorgeous.”

The heavy talk and the bad feelings were gone and forgotten, and they lapsed into a comfortable silence together. Draco grabbed his book and started reading, Blaise seemed to be dozing against Max, while Max himself was debating with Nasta on the properties of dragon blood in potions, and Harry was content to sit, and not think at all, while he finished his tea.

At least he was until his unborn son came awake with a squirm and a sudden foot to the bladder.

“Oh!” He gasped, shifting forward and putting his cup down on the table and struggling to get to his feet. He had the attention of all four of his mates, who looked on, very concerned.
“Are you okay?” Blaise asked him, putting a hand to his back to help him up.

“Baby’s awake, foot in bladder.” He said shortly as he found his feet and hurried as fast as he possibly could to the bathroom just outside the room.

“That baby is a terror.” Blaise sighed. “Watch him be a plank sleeper when he’s born.”

“It probably means he’s a bigger size than our previous babies.” Nasta said calmly. “The baby’s bigger, so there’s less room, so he’s moving about all of Harry’s organs.”

“But after quintuplets?” Blaise frowned.

“Remember what happened with those quintuplets.” Draco cut in. “They had such little room that they stretched practically out of Harry’s body at just four months gestation. I don’t think any of us would wish that on him again, but our thunderer is a singleton, for him to be alone in there, and still causing such problems, he’s going to be our biggest, heaviest baby to date. It’s a good thing, of course, because it means he’ll be healthier, but it means Harry has to suffer while carrying him.”

“Harry is going to be fine.” Nasta soothed gently. “We’re going to look after him, and once he has had the baby we can let him rest and pamper him.”

“Same as usual, the first week after the baby he doesn’t lift a finger?” Max queried. “Longer if we can keep him lying down and resting, not that it ever works.”

The four of them snorted.

“We can try.” Nasta said with a smirk. “If we ply him with everything he needs, and don’t make him feel like he has to do anything, or that he’s missing out, we should be able to keep him lying down and resting.”

They fell silent when Harry came waddling back into the room…not that they’d ever say that he was waddling aloud, of course, but it was still true.

“Better?” Blaise asked as Harry settled back down beside him.
“Much. Thankfully it was my bladder though and not my stomach. I really don’t want to be sick today, on top of everything else.”

“Do you want more tea?” Max asked him, leaning forward to peer past Blaise.

“Yes, please. Can I have an apple too?”

“You can have what you want, love.”

Max stood and gave Harry a kiss before heading to the kitchen. He came back quickly with the apple while he waited for the kettle to boil and Harry thanked him and bit into it happily. He loved the crisp, crunchy apples the best.

Nasta didn’t move over to sit by him for once, but Harry reasoned that it was because he was sandwiched between Blaise and Draco and Nasta didn’t want to move either of them, but Harry felt those hazel-gold eyes on him regardless. It made him smile to himself, mostly because he knew he would be getting a thorough snog from Nasta while he still tasted of apple. He had made the promise to himself to keep eating fruit after he had the baby, purely to get kisses from Nasta.

Harry was fast asleep on the settee and even though it was coming up to midnight, none of them had the heart to wake him. He’d tried so hard to stay awake, but he’d nodded off near eleven, leaving the four of them to see in the New Year together.

Nasta was sat with Blaise laying on his chest, he was running his hand over Blaise’s back feeling very contented and listening to Blaise breathing. Just beside them, on the opposite end of the settee, Harry was snuffling softly in his sleep. Nasta could hear him and it settled him down more, his Dracken side was happy and content because his home was peaceful and his submissive well cared for, and all of this was despite the fact that four of their five quintuplets had played up at their birthday tea, which had set off the twin girls and woken up Leolin who had been startled and then grumpy because of his disturbed sleep, and everything, and some people too, had ended up covered in smashed up cake.

“All of them are fast asleep and none of them are wet. I still can’t get over how cute Braiden looks in his own little bed though.”
“They’re all growing up.” Draco pointed out softly. “Six two year olds and two soon to be one year olds. They’re all getting better at talking, they’re all pretty much walking now too. The girls might stumble a little, and Calix will crawl if he falls, but they’re all mobile. Even Leolin is coming on more, though he is the exception to the walking and talking.”

“He’s going to be.” Nasta said calmly. “Being a Faerie, he doesn’t keep to the same schedule as the other babies so it’s useless to compare him to them. But having the others all up on their feet will have us run off of ours soon enough.”

“Especially with the new baby.” Max added. “We’re not going to be getting enough sleep for starters and if we do carry on having a rota for night duties, our sleep will still be disturbed and only one of us will be getting paternity leave, if the baby is even mine or Nasta’s.”

“Calm, Caru.” Nasta soothed. “Everything will work itself out. There are five of us, and we have extended family who are willing to help us, even if it is a play date for a few hours while we catch a nap, or sort out the washing.”

Max groaned in horror as he remembered the state the washing had gotten in just after their twins had been born.

“I hope we never get so behind in the washing ever again.”

“Eight kids all wearing clothes and pyjamas, with Leolin and the girls sometimes needing to be changed halfway through the day, on top of our clothes and workwear, I think we need two washing machines.” Blaise said sleepily.

“Oh, you are awake.” Max said. “I wasn’t sure.”

“I’m awake, just very happy right where I am.”

Nasta went back to stroking over Blaise’s head, neck and back, feeling protective of him all of a sudden as he remembered that he might not have had the chance to do this if things had been different. He hated thinking on that awful six minutes when Blaise had literally been dead and gone. They had him back now, he was doing well, but that still didn’t mean Nasta wasn’t protective and at times rather possessive.

Harry squirmed and all four of them went silent immediately, holding their breaths, just in case, but those green eyes blinked open and that beautiful face scrunched up right before Harry yawned.
“Have I missed it?” He asked softly, blinking the sleep from his eyes.

“No. It’s ten minutes to go.” Max told him, moving to crouch in front of Harry.

Harry hummed. “Good. I didn’t want to miss it.”

Harry sat himself up, with help from Max, but he shivered too and immediately Max wrapped his arms around him, offering himself up for warmth.

“You woke up because you were cold, didn’t you?” Max asked.

“Yeah.” Harry replied, but immediately he had the throw from the back of the settee wrapped around him.

“Are you sick?” Draco asked concernedly.

Harry shook his head. “No. I don’t think so. I was just cold.”

Max sat up on the settee next to Harry and cuddled him up in the blanket, getting a smile for it too.

“We’ll keep an eye on you, just in case.” Nasta said seriously.

“You always do.” Harry chuckled, even as he absentmindedly drew on Max’s chest with his fingers.

“Does anyone want tea?” Draco asked.

“It’s too late for that.” Blaise complained.
“I want juice though.” Harry said. “If you don’t mind.”

“Of course not. Does anyone want water or juice?”

“Nah.” Max said, shaking his head. Blaise just shook his head against Nasta’s chest.

“I’ll have water, please Draco.” Nasta said and Draco nodded and went to the kitchen.

“Are the kids alright? Has anyone been up to check on them?”

“I went up, love. Everyone is fine and accounted for, happily sleeping and they were all dry.”

Harry nodded and snuggled up further in the blanket.

“We’ll get you up to bed now as soon as we’ve seen in the New Year.” Nasta said firmly.

“New millennium.” Harry corrected.

Nasta smiled at him. “The new millennium then, but as soon as we’ve shared a snog and well wishes, we’ll all be in bed.”

“Boo, Nas, where’s your sense of adventure? Where is your sex drive?” Max declared.

Draco laughed as he came in, carrying three glasses, two of water and one of orange squash. Harry was laughing hard, even as Nasta shook his head.

“I said that we’d be in bed, Cariad, I said nothing about sleeping. Of course if you wanted to be a glutton for punishment and want to get in bed for half-twelve and then have sex, and still get up at six in the morning with the kids, of course I’ll personally see to it that you’re indulged.”

“I want to be indulged. Always.” Max grinned.
“I’m not tired.” Draco smirked.

“I can rise to the occasion.” Blaise chuckled, despite the fact that he sounded very sleepy.

“I’ll try.” Harry grinned. “I can’t promise I won’t fall asleep during, but I can try.”

“You’ve fallen asleep on us more times than I want to remember!” Max teased.

“There has always been extenuating circumstances.” Harry pointed out with an exaggerated pout.

Max kissed him. “We forgive you because you’re adorable.”

Harry snorted and accepted his drink from Draco, thanking him and taking a big gulp.

“How long now?” Harry asked Nasta.

“A few more minutes. You’ll know when as there will be a barrage of fireworks.”

“Better not wake up my baby.” Harry grumbled.

“We’ve put a silencing ward around every nursery, Harry.” Draco reminded him.

“I meant this one.” Harry said, patting his bump.

“Does noise bother him?” Blaise asked curiously, his brows furrowed.

“It can.” Harry nodded. “If it’s loud enough it can even damage his hearing, but its noises that cause vibrations that need to be avoided the most. Naturally anything that startles me, like sudden noises, affects him too.”
“Will fireworks be okay?” Max asked worriedly.

Harry shrugged. “Should be. As long as I’m not right next to them, and I don’t plan on staying down here listening to them. As soon as it hits midnight, I want to be upstairs in our blissfully silent bedroom.”

A sudden loud boom made all five of them jump, but the focus was immediately on Harry.

“That.” He said. “That’s what should be avoided.”

“Some moron is forty seconds early.” Nasta growled.

“And now he’s awake. Great.” Harry grumbled to himself, laying a hand on his cartwheeling son.

“Well, look on the bright side.” Max said, and Harry looked at him expectantly. “You won’t be able to sleep for at least an hour.” He waggled his eyebrows and Harry snorted and wormed a hand free of the blanket to give his mate an offhand smack.

“We’ll see.” Harry smirked, knowing full well that he would join in with his amorous mates.

“Ten seconds.” Nasta called out to them and suddenly Draco appeared on Harry’s other side and Blaise and Nasta squashed in on Max’s other side.

They jostled one another, wrapped arms around the nearest body, and when the countdown hit one, Harry found himself in a three-way snog with Draco and Max.

They broke apart and Harry reached out for Blaise, then to Nasta.

“A brand new millennium.” Draco mused.

“A clean slate and a chance to do things better.” Max said, slinging an arm around Draco and pulling him into another kiss, to the earth-splitting booms of fireworks going off outside.
“Things will be better this year.” Harry said with a smile.

“We’ll make sure of it.” Blaise insisted, reaching out to touch Harry’s face.

Harry smiled wider and bent forward to kiss him again.

“Let’s take this upstairs, lovers.” Harry said softly.

Max stood up and picked Harry up, letting the blanket fall to the floor.

“You don’t have to tell me twice, dearest.” Max purred.

Harry laughed happily and reached out to grab a hold of Draco’s hand, tugging him along as Nasta shooed Blaise upstairs and stayed to make sure everything was off and locked up, just in case.

“The babies.” Harry said as they reached the first floor.

“They’re all fine, love.” Draco told him. “They’ll wake up with that maelstrom of noise from the fireworks if we open their doors. The baby monitors are all on, we’d hear them if there was a problem.”

Harry nodded in the face of that logic and he calmed himself. He pushed aside the urge to go and physically check on his babies and instead he threw himself into a kiss with Max.

He was gently, oh so gently, laid on the bed and he chuckled, grinning up at Max.

“What? You’re precious cargo, we have to be gentle with you.”

That made Harry laugh and he reached up to pull on Max’s collar, tugging him down and into a kiss. It was as Max all but slithered up his body that the first stirring of arousal hit Harry. Being so heavily pregnant did nothing for his sex drive, and even if he did feel like sex, sometimes his body made it impossible to manage, and nothing was more unsexy than leaning over the side of the bed and vomiting on the carpet.
But he had just five weeks until his ninth child was due to be born. He would be nesting soon, in as little as three weeks even, if not before then, as realistically it could be any day now, though he wanted, believed that he needed, to be here for his twin daughters’ first birthday. He would be devastated to miss that, but he had zero control over it.

He pushed those thoughts away as Nasta entered the bedroom and shut the door, the booms and screeches of the fireworks cutting off immediately. He was happy, and he was well cared for as one mate sucked a bruise onto his neck before kissing up to nibble on his ear, making him moan softly in want.

This year would be better, much better than their last, Harry knew it. He would work with his mates to ensure it. They would be fine, their family was growing, they were learning, and they would be perfectly fine together because everything would work out. That thought made Harry smile, even as he rolled his hips as much as he could and tugged on someone’s hair. They were going to be just fine, and he’d damn well prove it in any way that he could to anyone who doubted him.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: Merry Christmas, lovelies. I hope that you’re all having a good day, whether you celebrate or not. I am certainly enjoying myself and I’ve managed to sort this chapter out for you all now in the post dinner lull where I’m one of the only ones still awake. The read through has had a rush job though, so I apologise for any mistakes. Just point them out to me and I will fix them at a later date.

StarLight Massacre. X
New Year Nest Building

Chapter Notes

Last Time

This year would be better, much better than their last, Harry knew it. He would work with his mates to ensure it. They would be fine, their family was growing, they were learning, and they would be perfectly fine together because everything would work out. That thought made Harry smile, even as he rolled his hips as much as he could and tugged on someone’s hair. They were going to be just fine, and he’d damn well prove it in any way that he could to anyone who doubted him.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-One – New Year Nest Building

More things from around the house were going missing. They started to really notice it in the second week of January because four pillows from their bed had gone missing, and everyone insisted that they didn’t know where they had gone, who had taken them or why, but it was very telling that Harry was the only one who still had his pillow and none of the rest of them did.

“Alright, fine.” Max forced out a deep breath. “They’ve gotten up and wandered off on their own, I’ll go and buy some more.”

“Is anywhere open at this time of…?” Blaise started to ask, but Max was in no mood.

“The supermarket up the road is twenty-four hours.” He snapped as he pulled his jeans back on and left the bedroom.

“Is he going to be okay?” Harry asked, visibly fretting. Both hands were placed protectively over his large bump. He only had three weeks left until his due date and it was only a week until their twin girls turned a full year old.

“He’ll be fine, Caru.” Nasta told him gently. “He doesn’t mean to snap and I don’t believe he’s angry at any of us, but he had an argument with his manager in work today. He told me, but not the rest of you because he doesn’t want you to worry.”
“What about?” Draco asked, still getting ready for bed, despite the fact that they had no pillows.

“Paternity leave. His manager has told him that if the baby is his, then Max can’t have any more time off because he took paternity leave for the twins last year.”

“He’s legally entitled to it if the baby is his.” Blaise said with a frown.

“Which is exactly what Max said, but he got so frustrated and angry that he’s shouted that even if the baby isn’t his, he’ll take any time off that he wants to support his family.” Nasta sighed.

“Can he do that?” Draco asked.

“He’s technically not allowed to.” Nasta said carefully. “But he runs that company off of his own back, if he left then they’d be fucking lost without him.”

Harry stared as Nasta’s anger showed through clearly. Nasta rarely got so angry at anyone.

“So they owe him?” Blaise questioned.

“They owe him big.” Nasta agreed. “If they can’t make preparations to give him a few weeks off to help with a newborn baby in the family, after everything he does for them, then I don’t think he should be working there anymore. They’ve started taking him, and everything that he does off of his own back for them, for granted. I keep telling him that he’d earn more if he went freelance and he’d be better respected for it too.”

“Freelance work is a less reliable source of income.” Draco said immediately, and he sounded so much like Lucius that Harry had to turn to look at him.

“He’s one of the only fully qualified Potion’s Masters in the country, Draco.” Nasta pointed out. “It would make his working life much more flexible and he could charge whatever the hell he wanted for his services, and he would never be short of work, there’s too much demand for what he can do.”
“Besides, we could support him.” Harry put in.

“Only Max and Nasta have stable jobs.” Draco fretted.

“Draco, love, between me and you we have more in savings than Max and Nasta have made in their lives.” Harry pointed out.

“Don’t forget my savings.” Blaise put in. “My Father left me and my Mother near enough everything that he had and she’s never touched any of it. She kept it for me.”

“If Max wants to go freelance, if it’ll take the pressure and stress from him, that’s better than worrying about finances. I know your Dad drilled it into you to worry about them, to always keep track of them, and I am glad that at least one of us is doing that, I just don’t think it’ll have such a big impact on our daily living costs. Truthfully I think having Max at home more will help, especially once the new baby comes.”

“It’ll be up to Max if that’s what he wants, if his manager doesn’t take his head from his arse. He can’t afford to lose Max, it’ll be the biggest mistake of his life if he doesn’t realise that and do something about it. It’s not as if Max is taking advantage or asking for the damn world! He’s asking for a few weeks off to spend with his newborn son, to help his family!”

“His manager is a prick.” Harry declared. “Of course I’m happy that Max wants to help out, I don’t want him so angry though.”

“He’s only angry because of his manager. No one cares that the pillows have gone missing. I wonder if it was Caesar again. He took them the last time.” Nasta mused.

Harry just hummed in a very non-committal manner, then they had known that he would. He was nest building, and until he actually climbed into his nest and stayed there, he wouldn’t tell them about it. Submissives were terribly secretive about their nests, and with their nesting instincts, and Harry was no different in that regard. If they let on that they knew things were going missing, or questioned him about his nest, then he would either fly at their throats, or rush to dismantle his nest and start building a new one, and none of them wanted to put that amount of stress on their heavily pregnant mate.

Max came back with six brand new pillows, and he seemed to be in a better mood at least as he tore open the plastic and threw the pillows to Nasta, who put them in spare pillowcases before throwing them on the bed.
“Why did you get so many?” Draco asked.

“Just in case someone wants two, or Harry wants a new one as well.” Max smiled as Harry blushed, already pressing his face to a new pillow. “You carry on, love.”

Harry was the only one in the bed, because his back had been aching all day, and he was already snuggled up with his body pillow, and with a new, clean pillow under his head, he felt himself dozing off.

“He’s adorable.” Blaise chuckled. “How are you feeling now, Max? Nas filled us in.”

“Nas, I told you I didn’t want to worry them, Harry especially. His Dracken won’t like the thought that I could lose my job right before he gives birth.”

“They’re all fine. Harry cared more for your stress levels than he did about the money.” Nasta said. “We’ll support you, no matter what you decide.”

“Should go freelance.” Harry murmured sleepily. “No more evil managers stressing you out.”

Max snorted and bent over Harry to kiss his cheek. “Get some sleep, dearest.”

“Need sleep.” Harry murmured.

Max shook his head and stripped himself off yet again. He had kicked himself in the car as he drove to the supermarket. He shouldn’t have reacted so badly to the missing pillows. Of course it was Harry who had taken them. Things had been going missing now for a few weeks, including his favourite jumper, six bath towels, and for a very odd reason, their welcome mat, though Draco still believed that that was the work of the neighbourhood kids and not Harry. Remembering his oven gloves in Braiden’s nest, Max wasn’t too sure. It would be just like Harry to take a welcome mat to ‘welcome’ a new baby into the world.

They hadn’t let on that they knew anything was going missing of course, sometimes they saw Harry side-eyeing them, as if mentally questioning why they hadn’t noticed their stuff going missing, but if they couldn’t find anything these days, they didn’t make any fuss, or ask one another if anyone had seen it, they just assumed that Harry had taken it for his nest and kept silent so as not to stress him out.
Of course they noticed Harry slipping off more too. Like today for example when he had presumably taken four pillows out to wherever his nest was located. At least Max had been right, Harry had been gone too long for a simple bathroom break, heavily pregnant or not.

Then there had been that time four days ago too, when he’d caught sight of Harry in the back garden, slipping slowly, and carefully, between the trees back towards the house. Max had abandoned the tea he had been making and had rushed back into the living room, before Harry had caught sight of him, and explained what was happening to the others. He had resumed the tea after Harry had come back into the room, a little shifty, but otherwise normal, and he had made a point of asking everyone if they wanted tea and made a show of forcing himself to his feet with a groan, making it seem like he hadn’t moved in a while. Harry had relaxed more then and had settled, believing himself to have gotten away with whatever he’d ‘stolen’ for his nest this time.

So they knew that Harry was definitely nest building, and if he was still taking ‘supplies’ like the four pillows, then he wasn’t done just yet, which was a good indication that the baby was doing well and wanted to stay put for a while longer.

Max forced his brain to shut up and he turned carefully to his other side, slipping an arm under Draco’s neck and cuddling into the back of the blond. He laid still, but his brain was still active, and that was the only reason that he was awake when he felt the bed dipping.

He stilled completely as he felt eyes on the back of him, and then Harry let out a soft grunt as he eased off the bed. It seemed that he wasn’t done for the day at all as he slipped out of the bedroom to get more supplies.

Blaise snickered from the other side of Draco and Max shushed him.

“Oh, you’re awake too?” Blaise whispered.

“My brain won’t shut up.” Max grumbled. “Or I would have been asleep. You?”

“Nasta’s beard is itchy.”

Max snorted a laugh and then tried to hush himself. “Just push him away.”

Blaise shifted around a little bit and Nasta growled lowly, but a soothing rumble from Max and he settled easily without waking up.

“Better?” Max asked.

“Yeah.”
Max heard Blaise yawn and he automatically followed suit.

“Get some sleep. Harry will freak if he thinks we we’re awake.”

“I’m worried about him. It’s freezing out there tonight.” Blaise whispered. “What if he falls and can’t get back up?”

“He’ll distress call us.” Max soothed gently. “He wouldn’t risk the baby.”

“He’s going to get sick.”

“Then we’ll look after him. He’s going to be fine, Blaise. He’s doing what he needs to and he’ll be fine.”

Despite this assurance, Max laid awake, unable to sleep, until Harry finally padded back into the bedroom and Max could almost see him staring at them, making sure they were all still asleep and in the same positions.

He padded almost soundlessly across the carpet, only the rustle of his pyjamas marking his progress through the room, and then the bed dipped again as Harry carefully climbed back into it. He sniffed hard and Max frowned against Draco’s head. Maybe Harry was sick? He’d be sure to check in the morning, the last thing Harry needed at the moment, on top of the baby getting bigger and squashing up more of his organs, was a damn cold.

Max gasped as icy feet were pushed into his back and he rolled over to face Harry, who had stilled in fear.

“You okay?” Max asked, making his voice gruff as if he’d just woken up. “You’re freezing.”

“Needed the bathroom.” Harry lied smoothly. Max had noticed that Harry was only an amazing liar when he was nesting, and he and the others reasoned it was his Dracken’s influence because without it, Harry was a hopeless liar. “The floor is ice cold in there.”

Max hummed sleepily and he reached under the blanket and took Harry’s feet into his hands. Harry’s feet were so cold that Max could almost imagine them bloodless and pale blue and he wanted to check so badly, but he controlled the urge, he couldn’t let onto anything suspicious.
“Damn, Harry. Wear your slippers the next time you go to the bathroom.” He chastised. “Your feet are icy and my nice warm back doesn’t appreciate it.”

Harry just hummed, the little bastard was already drifting off and he buried his ice cold nose into Max’s neck, waking him up further. Harry was fast asleep by the time Max had sufficiently warmed him back up and he shook his head as he tugged Harry in against his body pillow more securely. It was gone midnight now, and as he laid down and snuggled back up to Draco, he made a mental note to inform the oblivious Nasta of what had happened in the night, and of Harry possibly being sick on top of everything else too. Max really hoped that it was just because he’d been out in the cold and not because he actually did have a cold. Harry would be even more miserable if he was sick as well as heavily pregnant.

Harry woke up slowly and groggily, rolling against his body pillow and trying to get comfortable again. He’d had a bad night and as he woke up with a blocked nose and a tickly throat, he understood why he’d had such a bad night. He had a damn cold.

He moaned to himself and buried his face back in his pillow. His head felt heavy and achy and he breathed out through his nose in aggravation. He barely managed to do that with how blocked it was and that frustrated him more. This is the very last thing that he needed right now.

At least he didn’t think his mates had realised that everything that had been going missing was down to him. Logically he knew that they had to know that he was nest building, and he cursed his Dracken side for demanding the pillows from the bed. Of course his mates would notice the damn pillows going missing, and it didn’t take a genius to notice that the only pillow left was his own. At least the other things hadn’t been discovered yet, like Max’s favourite jumper. He’d fretted that Max would immediately notice it missing and demand to know where it was, but so far he hadn’t noticed and he’d been wearing his red and green jumpers, still in the festive mood despite it being almost a month now after Christmas. Harry was just glad that his mates weren’t ripping apart the house, or worse, the garden, looking for the stuff that Harry had taken, because surely they had noticed, at the very least, that they had half the amount of bath towels that they usually did.

But they weren’t causing a fuss, which wasn’t upsetting his Dracken, which meant he would get to keep his nest where it was. Which he was grateful for as he didn’t think he had the time now to dismantle it and build a new one from scratch, especially as he would need to scout out the area first. He only had three weeks left until his due date, and that was if he didn’t go early, as he usually did. He just wanted to get the twins’ birthday out of the way, it was only five days away now. Surely he and his baby thunderer could hold on until then. He didn’t care if he went the day after, or even that night, just as long as he saw them on their birthday and he was here for their party, which wasn’t asking a lot, as they had a lunchtime party planned. He really hoped that it went better than the quintuplets second birthday had.

He rolled out of bed and padded straight to the bathroom. He didn’t feel like showering, or even getting out of his pyjamas. He was cold and his head hurt, so he went and used the toilet, washed his hands and then left the bedroom. He wanted a headache reliever and the only one who would
get him one of those was Max. He really wanted Max in that moment.

He made it downstairs and saw Max in the kitchen and he hurriedly padded towards him.

“Max!” He called out beseeching.

Max turned immediately and put the jug of squash he was holding down on the counter.

“Are you alright? What is it?”

“I’m sick. I need soup.” Harry said pathetically, his voice thick.

Max couldn’t help the small chuckle he let out. “Told you to wear your damn slippers to the bathroom. Come on, let’s get you wrapped up and I’ll start making some soup. I’ll have to do a store run though. Anything else you want?”

“Mango.”

“Okay, love. Come on, let’s get you sat down and wrapped up.”

Max picked him up and carried him to the smaller living room. The doors weren’t open and Harry frowned.

“Ah, don’t give me that look. You need to rest without being swamped by kids, and Leolin is next door.”

Max took the throw from the back of the settee and Harry was wrapped up in it securely, until he was almost swaddled like their newborns.

“I want cwtches.”

“I’ll throw you Nasta now, give me a sec.” Max said distractedly as he made sure that Harry was covered and he laid a hand on his head. “Hmm, no fever, so maybe just a cold. I’ll make you some
chicken soup, but first, I’ll get you a headache reliever, you must have a headache.”

“I do.”

Max nodded and bent to kiss his forehead. “I’ll be right back, baby.”

Harry laid on the settee, sniffling and rubbing his itchy eyes. His head was pounding and he regretted his many trips out to his nest at night to get supplies to his nesting site. He would join on the bandwagon that his mates were on to give him more babies outside of winter. He’d never had this trouble when he was nesting with Braiden, in the nice, bright summer sunshine.

A hand touched his face and Harry opened his eyes to see a concerned Nasta hunched in front of him.

“Max said that you were sick?”

Harry nodded. “A cold.”

“Headache, blocked nose and sore throat?”

“Itchy eyes too.” Harry added, even as he lifted a hand to rub at them again.

“Don’t rub at them, you’ll make them sore. Hold on.”

Nasta was up and jogging away again, and before he could come back Max was back with a headache reliever and Harry’s jar of imported honey, the manu…mana…something like that.

“It will soothe your throat.” Max answered Harry’s unasked question of why the honey was there without tea. “Come here, sit up for me.”

Harry eased up with Max’s help and was propped against the back of the settee. He downed the headache reliever in one go, but Max was watching him closely, likely to see if he vomited from the taste. He held out a teaspoon of honey, almost like a peace offering, or a bribe to keep him from throwing up.
Harry liked taking that a lot more than he had the potion, and opened his mouth for a second spoonful, like a baby bird begging for another caterpillar.

Max just chuckled and gave him another spoonful before lying him back down and tucking him back in.

“Here, place this over his eyes. It’ll stop them itching.” Nasta’s said as he handed over what looked like a folded up, damp flannel.

“It’s cold, Nas.” Max said worriedly.

“It has to be. Hold on, let me get the fire burning.”

Harry inhaled deeply through his mouth when Max took the cold, damp flannel and laid it over Harry’s eyes. The itching subsided almost immediately, which is the only reason Harry left the damn thing on.

The warm wave of heat from the fire, which had been lit with a simple wave of Nasta’s wand, felt like absolute heaven to Harry and he settled down and yawned.

“If you need more sleep, love, that’s fine, sleep will help you heal. I’ll call you when your soup is done.”

“Had a bad night tossing and turning. It’s getting harder to find a comfortable position, even with the body pillow.” Harry slurred quietly.

“Not long left, though.” Max soothed him, laying a large hand on Harry’s belly. “Three weeks, if that.”

Harry hummed, drifting off. He felt a kiss being pressed to his cheek and he smiled, what was probably a very goofy, half asleep smile, but he didn’t care.

“You mentioned running to the shop?” Nasta asked Max quietly.

Max broke off his staring and looked at Nasta. “Yeah, Harry wants soup and he’d probably benefit from bone broth. I’ll write a quick list and make a run. Is there anything we’re running low on?”
“Rusks. I’m sure Farren has found a way to get at them. I’ve counted up how many we have, to how many their food diaries say they’ve all had, and there are a dozen missing. So unless someone is giving them rusks and not putting it in those diaries, we’ve got a nibbler somewhere in the house.”

“After two years, I don’t think any of us forget to put anything in those diaries anymore.” Max shook his head. “Maybe accidental magic? Perhaps we should ward all of the cupboards and see what happens.”

“Keep a closer eye on all of them.” Nasta grumbled.

“There are six two year olds in this house now, lover, five of them up on their feet and very mobile, keeping an eye on all of them at the same time is now impossible.”

The two of them shared a look and snorted. Harry shifted and they both watched him closely before standing up and leaving the smaller living room and going to the larger family room, before they accidentally woke their sick, sleeping lover.

“How is he?” Draco demanded.

“Is he going to be okay?” Blaise added.

“It’s a cold, guys. He’s going to be fine.” Nasta soothed. “We’ll just have to keep an eye on him for a few days, but colds rarely last longer than a few days.”

“Will it affect the pregnancy?” Blaise asked.

Nasta shook his head. “No. Harry will be even more miserable and uncomfortable, but we’ll look after him.”

“I told you he’d get sick wandering around outside at night.” Blaise huffed.
“It’s not as if we could have stopped him, Blaise. He’s nest building and with only three weeks left before his actual due date, without factoring in his needed nesting time, he’s actually behind schedule and should have had that nest finished by now.” Max pointed out.

“I just didn’t want him to get sick.”

“None of us did, Blaise, but now that he is, we'll look after him. Max is going to the store now to pick up some things to help Harry.” Nasta said.

“So is there anything you need?” Max asked, even as he jotted down a few more things on his list.

“Rusks.” Draco added.

Max laughed. “Already covered that one, love.”

“Are you taking any kids with you?” Blaise asked.

“I’ll take the twins.” Max said. “Grab their shoes, coats and the car seats for me?”

“Sure.”

Max finished off the list and stood up.

“Let me brush their hair before you take them out.” Draco insisted.

“Okay, but you have until I’m ready to go, Draco.” Max said. “I need to start that soup as soon as possible to have it ready for Harry.”

“We’d all benefit from that soup, if Harry is sick, it'll be better to boost our own immune systems to prevent us from catching it as well.” Nasta said.
Draco was quickly dragging a brush gently through Eva’s hair while Max made sure he’d put everything down on his list and went looking for his wallet, car keys and his trainers. He grabbed his own coat and stuffed his arms in.

“Make sure that Harry has plenty to drink, Nas. His usual tea will be perfect, as the honey will help his throat and the heat will help the congestion.” Max reminded as he walked back into the living room. Blaise was just closing the nappy bag while Draco was making sure that both girls had their shoes on.

“I’ll look after him. I’ll make sure his headache has gone and that he doesn’t start running a fever.” Nasta assured Max, who was naturally worried about a sick family member as he was their main first aider.

“Are those girls ready?”

“Their coats.” Draco said, reaching for the one pink, puffy coat.

“No, don’t put their coats on in the car, Draco.” Nasta reminded firmly. “The straps of their car seats need to be tight to their body.”

“Oh, of course, I remember.” Draco nodded.

Max picked up Ave and sat her in the one seat, while Blaise was already strapping in Eva.

“I shouldn’t be longer than an hour.” Max told Nasta, even as he picked up the handle of the car seat and made his way to the front door.

“Drive safe and watch out for black ice on the roads.”

“Got it, come on girls.”

“Daddy, I come too.” Braiden told him.
Max blinked down at him, even as Braiden ran to get his shoes, trying to pull them on.

“Well, okay, it seems he’s coming as well. Grab his coat for me?” Max directed at Blaise.

Nasta just laughed as he hunched down and ‘helped’ Braiden get his shoes on.

“I’d love to see the day where they all want to go with you.”

“You can laugh, you’d all be coming with me!” Max grinned.

“Here’s his coat and car seat, Max.” Blaise said. “You want me to go and secure it in the car?”

“Yes, please, love.” Max said, even as he handed over the twins’ coats and picked up the abandoned Eva.

He went out into the bitter cold and shivered. He lengthened his stride and hurried to the car before the girls got too cold, and he settled them down on their own seats facing the rear of the car before starting to secure them in.

“There, is that done properly?” Blaise asked.

Max finished off the girls and then yanked on Braiden’s seat and checked all the straps.

“Yes, well done, Blaise. Now go get inside before you catch a chill too.”

Max cast a warming charm on the car, just to make it more comfortable for all of them travelling and caught Braiden as he came running out, screeching happily.

“Come on, little man. In your seat.” He encouraged, setting Braiden down inside the car and watching him clamber into his seat. He even tried to do the buckles by himself, but Max took over and got him belted in securely.
He tugged on all of their straps, just to be sure and then he shut the door on them. He waved to Nasta on the doorstep and got into the driver’s side.

“Let’s go on a shopping adventure, shall we?” He said cheerily as he started the car and eased them out of the driveway.

It took him ten minutes to reach the supermarket by car and it took longer than that to get the girls into their coats and sitting in the trolley, Braiden into his coat and holding his hand, with the nappy bag hanging on the trolley.

“Okay, that was an ordeal, why did I bring you all again?” He joked.

They finally managed to make it into the store and Max pulled out his list, thankful that he hadn’t bloody forgotten it, because there was no way he was going back home just to get it.

“Right, first things first, baby aisle.” He said, talking to his children as he walked through the store, making sure to slow his steps enough for Braiden to keep up.

He picked up two boxes of rusks, laughing as all three babies lit up at the sight.

“You can have some later.” He laughed. “Let’s just get the shopping done first.”

He went from the baby aisle to the fruit and veg and he picked up all the things he needed for the soup, making sure to get four mangos for Harry and Nasta while also throwing in some citrus fruits.

“Daddy, anana.”

Max looked down at Braiden and then to where he was pointing, to the bananas.

“Bananas, Braiden. Good boy. Do you want one?”

“Yeah.”
“Okay.” Max went to where he knew the free fruit for kids was kept and he picked up two bananas. He peeled the one and handed it to Braiden and then peeled the other and tore it in half for the twins. He put the peels in the little bin provided by the store.

He had to let go of Braiden’s hand because his son was eating with both, trotting next to him with his eyes all for his banana, but Max made sure to walk slowly enough that Braiden could easily keep up and not get lost.

“Down here, honey.” He said, placing a hand on Braiden’s head to direct him.

Braiden didn’t mind in the slightest and went where he was directed easily enough, still eating his banana. Max made a mental note to put the banana into the food diaries, especially after he’d told Nasta that no one forgot to use them.

Max picked up milk and three, kilo buckets of natural yoghurt, so that he could use the lemons and oranges to make his own yoghurts for the kids, before moving on. He noticed the looks he was getting, the looks his kids were getting, but they already knew that the girls were very striking with their curly hair and huge blue eyes. Braiden’s indigo eyes were also rather unusual and got him a lot of attention. He himself also cast an imposing figure at six foot ten, he was towering over everyone else in the store by a good several inches. So they all stood out, but Max tried to ignore it.

“Here, baby, hold this for Daddy.” He said, handing Eva, who had mushed her banana to nothing and was now finished, the shopping list.

“Dada.” She declared a heartbeat before Ave said “Daddy.”

“I love you both.” He said, bending down to give them both a kiss…they both tasted of banana.

Max heard the ‘awws’ from behind him and affected not to notice. He loved his kids, adored them, and he would show them love and affection no matter where they were. Even if people did coo at him for doing so.

“Me too.” Braiden piped up from down by his knees. “Love you too!”

Max chuckled. “I love you too, little man. Come on, we need to get a chicken for Mummy.”
“Mummy poorly.” Braiden said sadly.

Max blinked at him as he realised that he must have heard, and understood, him when he’d told the others that Harry was sick.

“Yeah, but it’s alright, we’ll make Mummy all better with soup and love.”

Max moved them on before the customers behind them died of cuteness overload thanks to his children and he got them to the fresh meat aisle where he selected the largest, plumpest chicken he could find.

“Right, we need to start wrapping this up or we’ll be late home. Braiden, you want up on my shoulders?”

Braiden gasped and clapped his hands. “Yes, yes, yes, yes.”

Max chuckled but picked him up and settled him safely on his shoulders. He pushed the trolley with one hand, while the other held tight to a little leg, just in case Braiden fell. He could walk normally now, at a much faster pace, and the rest of what he needed was thrown into the trolley quickly and easily, and Max made it to a free checkout. He was thankful that he didn’t need to wait in line.

“Hello up there.” The cashier grinned at Braiden.

“Hi!” Braiden chirped back.

“How old is he?” The cashier asked, making small talk as he rang through the items Max was putting on the belt one handed.

“He turned two in August.” Max said. “These two girls are turning one in five days.”

“Really? Have you got a big party planned?”
“We have a lot of extended family, so every party is big.” Max chuckled. “My other five, quintuplets, turned two a few weeks ago. That was a disaster! They got cake over everything, and started throwing it at people, so we had to cut it short.”

“You have five others?” The cashier asked, his eyes going huge.

“Yeah, another one on the way too. A little boy who’s due in February.”

“Damn, that’s a lot of kids!”

“Nine of them.” Max nodded.

“Mummy’s poorly, so we make soup.” Braiden added.

“That’s right, we’re making Mummy some soup.” Max told him.

“I help.” Braiden insisted, tugging on Max’s hair.

“Okay, you can help.”

Max put the plastic divider after his stuff and he picked Braiden up and put him in the actual trolley.

“Stay in there while I bag all of this up!” He chuckled.

Of course his girls turned around immediately to see Braiden behind them and they all started babbling to one another as he packed up the shopping.

“They are just too cute.” The woman who pulled up behind him complimented.
“Thank you.” Max said with a smile.

“How old are they?”

“The twins are turning a year old on the eighteenth and this little man turned two in August.”

“Mummy’s having a new baby!” Braiden told the woman.

“Is she?” The woman cooed, and immediately Braiden frowned.

“Yes, our ninth child. A boy.” Max cut in smoothly.

“Ninth?!” The woman cried.

“We have two year old quintuplets too. They were born in December.”

“How do you cope?”

Max thought this was rather rude, though it probably wasn’t meant to come across as such. He understood that normal families didn’t consider nine children to be at all normal, and that it could be rather shocking. On the other hand though he didn’t believe that there was any need to show such visible shock at the news. What really got his hackles up though was that he caught the woman scanning what he was buying.

“There are five of us.” Max said, loving the look of shock on the woman’s face, and the cashier’s.

“Whatever do you mean?” The woman asked, faking a little laugh.

“I’m in a relationship with four other people.” He said, shrugging. “It’s why we have so many kids.”
“All women?” The cashier asked, almost eagerly, and Max laughed at the eagerness of youth.

“All men.” He said. “How much is that?”

The cashier picked his jaw up, blinked, and checked the total while the woman mouthed wordlessly.

“Oh, it’s thirty-one pounds eighty-nine, Sir.”

Max opened his wallet and found the two notes he needed and handed them over.

“You’re all men?”

Max blinked and looked over to woman.

“Yes, all five of us.”

“How can their Mother be pregnant then?”

“You’re being unduly nosy now, but if you must know we use a very trusted surrogate.”

“But she’s not a part of your…group?”

“Relationship. And no, she’s not.”

“But the children…they won’t know what’s normal!”

Max shot a glare at the woman. “This is normal and it’s none of your business.”
Max accepted the change handed to him with the receipt and he put the bags in the trolley with Braiden and strode off towards the carpark. He couldn’t get over the rudeness of some people, but sometimes people surprised him by being accepting and even genuinely curious of their home life. That woman had not been one of them.

He breathed out and pushed it aside. He refused to allow it to ruin his day. He refused to dwell on it. He forced a smile to his three babies and he put the shopping away first, keeping the trolley close by him, grinning as Braiden ran from one end of the trolley to the other, which made the twin girls shriek with laughter.

The three of them brightened him right back up and he chuckled at them, as he closed the boot and went to the back of the car to settle them into their seats, remembering to take off their puffy winter coats. He tugged on the straps of Eva’s seat, then Ave’s. Then he had to undo Eva again once he registered the smell. He sighed and grabbed the nappy bag, took her coat back off and then changed her in the passenger side of the car.

“Daddy, poo.” Eva told him.

“I can see that you’ve pooped.” He said, chuckling. “Of course you’d go right as I’ve strapped you into the car seat. Though thankfully it didn’t leak from your nappy and end up in your tights.”

Max cleaned his little girl up and put the used wipes in the nappy sack with the soiled nappy. He got a clean nappy out and made a sweep of the car, the trolley and the car park, just in case. Braiden was trying to climb out of the trolley.

“Braiden, honey, stay in there a moment.” He ordered firmly.

“I want come out now.” Braiden argued.

“No, stay there.” He said more sternly, even as he rushed to get the nappy onto Eva and get her dressed again.

“What are you doing, monkey?” An elderly man asked Braiden, as he pushed a trolley to the car that was parked beside theirs.

“I come out now.” Braiden told the man.

“I think you should stay in there. There are cars going past.” The old man told him.
“Car.” Braiden said and he watched as a red car went crawling past.

“Yes, and cars can be very dangerous.”

Max watched Braiden, making sure the man didn’t come any closer, even as he deemed the man not a threat, he was still cautious as he redressed Eva and got her back into her coat. He stood and gave the man a smile, watching him for a moment, but he was only loading up the boot of his car with his own shopping.

He ducked back into the car and got Eva back into her seat and buckled her back in. He tested her straps and then stood back up one he was satisfied.

“Now, do either of you two want to potty?” He asked, faux-sternly, hands on hips, but he was smiling.

“No, Daddy. I come out now.” Braiden said, holding his arms up.

“Come on then, love, climb into your seat.” Max said, picking up his son and putting him into the car.

Braiden clambered up and sat in his seat right between the girls, facing the back of the car, and again he tried to do the straps by himself.

Max snorted and reached over to help. He tugged on the straps to make sure that they were secure and then stood back and looked at the three babies. The girls looked about ready to drop now that they were in the car and he reckoned that he would have a nice, easy ride back and the girls would drop off to sleep and would get their afternoon naps early.

He closed the door and locked the car as he walked the short distance to the trolley bay, taking the tied up nappy sack to pop it into the bin. His Dracken side didn’t like that he was moving away from his defenceless children and rumbled warningly as he got further away, but Max kept the car in sight at all times, automatically scanning for dangers, even as he jogged back to the car and
unlocked it again to climb into the driver’s seat. He gave a wave to the elderly man still putting his shopping away and he got a jaunty wave back as he eased back out of the space and onto the road.

He had been wrong about the girls getting to sleep in the car, Braiden had started singing in the back, and they babbled along with him, and he had never wished so hard that he had the camcorder with him than he did at that very moment. Not that he could record them as he was driving, but still, his mates deserved to see the adorable cuteness that was the three kids singing in the back of the car.

He made it home and even as he unstrapped Braiden and hefted him over his shoulder, his son was still singing and it made him smile. He unbuckled the girls’ seats and slipped his arm through both handles.

“Come on, babies, let us go and get you some snacks.”

He set the girls down and dug out his keys. He unlocked the door and picked the girls back up. He carried the three of them down the corridor and into the kitchen, and then through to the family room.

“Hey, hey.” He greeted with a grin.

“You’re home, any problems?” Nasta asked.

“Only from some bi…witch at the checkouts.” He said. “Nothing that wasn’t handled by shocking her speechless and then walking away. I also promised our babies a rusk each when they saw me putting the boxes in the trolley.”

“How was Braiden? You never took the reins.”

“He was perfectly well behaved, he didn’t run off, not even once, and he stayed right by my legs. It helped that I distracted him with a banana, which I will put in their diaries now, just give me a chance to get the shopping in.”

“I’ll come and help you.” Draco said, handing a sleeping Leolin to Blaise.

“How has Harry been?” Max asked.
“Quiet.” Nasta said. “He’s been asleep since you left. I’ve been checking on him every fifteen minutes, but he’s resting.”

Nasta took the girls and started unbuckling them from their seats and Max went out to grab the bags with Draco, and to lock the car back up.

“Where do you want them, Max?” Draco asked.

“Dump them in the kitchen, lover. I need to dig out all the stuff I need for the soup and I need to get the kids’ lunches on.”

Max dug the chicken out first and preheated the oven. It needed to be cooking as soon as possible so that he could strip it of meat and get the bones boiling.

“Does this mean we’re getting chicken for dinner?” Blaise asked, coming into the kitchen from where he’d put the car seats back under the stairs.

“Yeah, I’m going to do chicken risotto for the kids and coq au vin for us.”

“Go easy on the wine, for Harry’s sake.”

“It burns off anyway.” Max whined.

“I know, but Nasta will string you up if you add wine to Harry’s food.”

Max grumbled, but he already knew he couldn’t add wine to anything. His Dracken wouldn’t let him, and he was more obsessive about what he added to Harry’s food now after that fiasco with the chili. His body went cold as he remembered that long ago misjudgement on his part. He’d almost thrown away his entire family, for petty revenge at that. He cheered himself up by thinking of his and Harry’s reconciliation, thinking of the rough, quick sex against an alleyway wall always cheered him right back up. He’d have to get Harry drunk again, once he wasn’t pregnant of course, and see if that dominant trait in his drunk mate came back out to play.

He prepared everything while the chicken was roasting, all the vegetables he needed for the soup, what he needed for the kids’ lunches and he went to check on Harry.
“Oh, you’re awake, why didn’t you call?” Max asked as he hunched beside Harry.

“Didn’t need anything.” Harry said, his voice scratchy with sickness.

“It sounds like you could use a drink and another spoon of honey.”

Harry smiled at him. “Can I have tea and a sit up?”

“Of course, love.” Max helped Harry to sit up and gave his forehead a kiss. His hair was all over his head and the famous scar was showing through. “I’ll be right back.”

“Want more cwtches.”

Max laughed. “I’ll send Nasta back in then. His cwtches are the absolute best though, I’ll give him that. The man knows how to hug.”

“How are the kids?”

“They’re all fine. I’ll get you some tea and tell you all about my trip to the shop with Braiden and the twins!”

Harry grinned at that, but he also had to turn and stifle a barrage of coughs into his hand.

“I bought tissues as well, I’ll grab those for you.”

Max hefted himself up and went to the kitchen to boil the kettle. The others would want tea too. He grabbed the box of tissues from the counter, opened them and took them back to Harry.

“Do you need the bathroom?”
Harry shook his head. “No.”

Max frowned. “Have you been drinking?”

Harry shook his head. “I’ve been sleeping.”

Max nodded. “I’ll get you a glass of juice too. You need to stay hydrated.”

Max went to do just that, and he hurried back to Harry with a pint glass of juice. Harry started sipping, then gulping between desperate gasps of breath because he could only breathe through his mouth, and he drank nearly the entire pint in one go. He gave Max a sheepish look and Max just rolled his eyes.

“I guess I was a little thirsty.”

“You’re impossible sometimes.”

“Only sometimes?” Harry grinned.

Max rolled his eyes again. “Let me go and get you tea and Nasta, so you can actually have a proper cwtch this time. There’s bound to be something on the TV for you to watch too, so you aren’t bored.”

Harry shook his head. “I want to read more of those books I got for Christmas.”

“Alright, I’ll go and grab that from our bedside table. Give me five minutes.”

“Nasta first.”

“Yes, yes, I’ll grab your favourite mate now.” Max teased, then wished he hadn’t as Harry stilled and sent him a horrified look.
“That’s not why I want…I don’t have a favourite mate!” Harry said angrily. Or as angrily as his thick voice and sore throat allowed him.

“I know. I’m sorry, love.” Max said, genuinely sorry that he’d upset his heavily pregnant, sick mate. “Anyone would want Nasta’s cwtches when they feel sick. We all know that, I was just teasing. Besides, we all know that your favourite mate is me!”

That made Harry chuckle and he held his arms out for a hug. Max squashed him tight, but remained aware of the large, rounded belly.

“I love you.” Harry whispered into his ear.

Max pulled back and kissed Harry’s cheek. “I love you too, dearest. Now, let me go so I can kick Nasta in here and get you that tea.”

Max went into the kitchen and made up four cups of tea, and a secret cup of coffee for Blaise. Secret because with Harry occasionally retching at certain smells still Blaise had sworn off of coffee until the baby was born, but with Harry being in the other room, Max didn’t see why Blaise couldn’t have a treat too.

He took his and Draco’s tea, and Blaise’s coffee, into the family room and handed them out. Blaise looked at him like he’d made all of his dreams come true.

“Harry’s in the other room, and staying in the other room, he can’t smell anything in there.” Max explained.

“Mummy’s a boy!” Braiden told him, running over as soon as he saw him.

“I know, honey, but Muggles don’t understand.” Max explained.

“What happened?” Nasta asked with a furrowed brow.

“Someone at the supermarket referred to Braiden’s Mummy as a she. He understood immediately and wasn’t happy. Did the whole frowny face thing usually reserved by Leolin. I have no idea how to handle that sort of situation now that the kids are getting older.”
“Harry doesn’t care about being called Mummy.” Blaise pointed out. “It doesn’t emasculate him at all and he has called himself Mummy in front of Muggles before. I think honesty will be better, and easier for the kids. Just tell the damn Muggles that we’re with four other men and that the kids’ Mummy is a man. Harry certainly will.”

“It was awkward, because Harry’s pregnant.” Max explained. “We can’t tell the Muggles that Harry is their Mummy, and a man, but he’s pregnant. I went with the usual surrogate story we usually use. It’s none of their business anyway.”

“Mummy’s a boy.” Braiden repeated firmly.

“That’s right, love. Well done.” Max praised. “Do you still want to help me with the soup?”

Braiden nodded, cheered right back up at the prospect of helping in the kitchen. “Yes, Daddy.”

“Right, I’ll get on with that when the chicken is done. He can help me throw the chopped veg into the saucepan when its time.”

“Has Harry woken up at all?” Blaise asked.

“Yes, he has.” Max replied then turned to Nasta. “Nas, his and your teas are on the counter, he wants a cwtch.”

“He’s alright?” Nasta asked, standing immediately.

“Yeah, he’s groggy as he’s only just woken up, but he’s as well as he can be. He needed a drink, and some tea. Give him a spoon of honey too, his throat could use it.”

“Has he eaten anything yet?” Draco asked concernedly.

“Not yet, but give him time, Draco, his stomach is the size of a pea at the minute. He’ll eat when he’s hungry.” Nasta soothed before making his way to the kitchen.
“Nasta’s right, we have just a few weeks to go before we have our little boy here, after a bit of recovery, he’ll be right back to normal and eating us under the table.”

“Daddy, play with me.” Calix demanded, tugging at Max’s trouser leg.

Max laughed and slipped easily onto the floor. It was only as he went out into the kitchen half an hour later to take the cooked chicken from the oven that he remembered that he hadn’t told Harry about his trip to the supermarket, and he made a mental note to do just that over a bowl of soup as soon as it was ready.

Harry was insanely happy as he had actually managed to hold on until his little girls’ first birthday, as he sat on the settee, a cup of tea in hand, and he watched as Max helped the girls unwrap their gifts.

They were sat in the playpen, which was keeping the other kids out, and away from opening their baby sisters’ presents, and Harry didn’t know what was better, Max’s enthusiasm, or the twins’ complete lack of it.

He was two weeks from his due date, and he was feeling each and every inch of his baby, from his little feet, to his tiny hands, each of them digging into a separate area of his body at all times of the day. He’d all but stopped eating, and he noticed the worry in his mates, particularly Draco, who had even asked Healer Almus at his last scan a few days ago, about what they could do to help him. The answer had not satisfied his mates at all, as they were told to keep tempting him with things, but to basically butt out and leave Harry to eat as he saw fit, in whatever quantity he could manage, which is what Harry had been telling them all along. They’d also been told that nothing could be done about the baby squashing up Harry’s organs, but they’d been assured that it wouldn’t cause anything more harmful than a bruised feeling, or at worst, a fractured or broken rib, which Harry didn’t have yet, but it would be monitored if he did get one and then easily healed once the baby was born.

He had gotten over his cold quickly, much quicker than he thought he would, and he put it down to Max’s wonderful healing soup, with a side of Dracken genes.

“Come on, Princess, open this one.” Max encouraged Eva, who ignored him and reached out for her sister’s hair.

“I’m sure you wanted to do this because you get to open all of their presents yourself.” Blaise grinned, as he watched Max open the pink paper.
“Shut up, dearest.” Max declared.

“Why have you started calling us all dearest, anyway? Where did you hear it?”

Max shrugged. “I don’t know, I just wanted to.” He said as he revealed a new little rag doll that was personalised with Eva’s name. Ave had a matching one, with her own name stitched into it.

“I like it.” Harry grinned, a little tired and worn down, but he was so happy.

“I love you too, dearest.” Max shot him a grin, and Harry giggled.

“How are you feeling?” Nasta asked him quietly.

“Tired, but that’s nothing new.” Harry answered. “He’s the longest I’ve ever carried a baby. I am sorry though, but I think I’ll sleep for a week once he’s born.”

“So you should.” Nasta declared.

“I’ll still have a pouch, but it’ll be so much more comfortable once he’s out and I can sleep.”

“Almost there. You’ve done so well and I’m so proud of you.” Nasta told him, throwing an arm around him and pulling him into a kiss.

Of course that made Harry swell up with pride and throw his chest out. Nasta smiled at him, kissed him again, and went back to watching Max open up Eva and Ave’s remaining gifts.

“Mama.”

His attention diverted in an instant, Harry turned to look at Regan, holding his arms up, asking for a cuddle.
Nasta picked Regan up, but their little boy squirmed and cried out, putting a hand to Nasta’s chin to push him away while reaching out with his other hand for Harry.

“Hold on.” Nasta chuckled, trying to get Regan over to Harry safely.

“Come here, baby.” Harry said, taking Regan and sitting him on his bump, but reclining back so that Regan rested on his chest. “Was he awake early?” He asked his mates.

“Yeah, he was awake before me this morning.” Max said.

“He needs a nap then.” Harry said, stroking Regan’s back as his son snuggled into his neck, arms wrapped around his neck and holding the back of Harry’s head.

Harry started humming, stroking Regan’s back and rocking him as much as he was able. He was asleep by the time Max had finished opening all of the gifts, with the girls only giving a passing interest in the wrapping paper. Ave was taken with a large rubber ball and Eva was playing with the ragdoll. Harry noticed that it was the doll with Ave’s name stitched into it. Bloody typical.

“I’ll get on with their birthday lunch.” Max said. “We’ll be having guests soon. Let’s hope the cake goes in their mouths this time, and not over everything else.”

Harry snickered. “I made pink, Princess fairy cakes. The kids all get one each, so if they do decide to throw them, it’ll be less mess and less damage done.”

“You should have let me make them.” Max grumbled. “You weren’t feeling well yesterday.”

“Oh shut it, I’m fine.” Harry rolled his eyes.

What he didn’t tell them was that his nest had been completed for a few days now, and he had been worried about missing his girls’ birthday, so making the little cakes, even though he hadn’t felt well and it had almost killed him to do it, was his way of making sure he had a hand in the birthday party, because he hadn’t been sure that he would be here for it.

He’d already wrapped his card and present for Nasta, and given both to Max with strict instructions to not let Nasta find them, and to give them to him on the third of February, for his birthday. It was his fortieth, one of the big milestones that normal people celebrated, and Harry was likely to miss
it. He hated the thought, but their thunderer wasn’t due until the fifth, so he would likely be nesting for Nasta’s birthday.

The rest of the morning was spent watching the kids play, while Harry held a sleeping Regan on his chest, ignoring his acrobatic thunderer who had literally no room to spare in Harry’s sac, so was kicking out into Harry’s ribs and occasionally stretching a hand out to punch Harry’s bladder, while Max started laying the kitchen table for the simple birthday party, including a pink, disposable tablecloth and paper plates. Nothing that could be used as a weapon or would harm anyone overly much if it was thrown at them. The quintuplets were never going to live that second birthday down, they would be reminded of it at their own fortieth birthday party, probably by Max. That thought made Harry chuckle quietly to himself.

They started getting guests at half eleven and all the kids were being fussed over, well except for Regan, who was still asleep on Harry’s chest, and Leolin, who was sleeping in Draco’s arms.

“How are you feeling?” Aneirin asked him, sitting beside him and laying a hand on Regan’s head.

“Fit to burst.” Harry grimaced. “Tired too, but I’m almost there.”

“I was expecting to come today to find that you were nesting.”

Harry flinched at that word and his Dracken forced a snarl from his throat.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Harry. I’ve been so long without a submissive that I forgot that that was a forbidden topic. I won’t go outside, and I won’t tell anyone else I brought it up. Our little secret, I promise.”

Harry settled back down again and his Dracken gave a last ruffle, almost like a bird resettling their feathers, and he relaxed his shoulders.

“It’ll be soon.” Harry forced himself to say. “They’ve been storing their blood for a week now, I made cakes because I thought I wouldn’t be here too and it was my way of trying to include myself, in case I wasn’t here. I’m already upset that I’ll probably miss Nasta’s fortieth.”

“The man I raised will not care more for his birthday than he would about his mate and child.”

“He doesn’t. He keeps taking me aside to assure me of that too, but I didn’t want to miss it. I love him, and I want to be here for his birthday.”
“He knows that, but he also knows why you won’t be here. If he were your submissive…”

Harry giggled immediately and Aneirin gave him a grin.

“A little unbelievable, I know, but if he was your submissive, would you hold it against him if he were giving birth and he missed your birthday?"

“No, but…”

“No buts.” Aneirin said firmly. “They don’t hold it against you and believe it or not, but your health, and the baby’s health, come before a birthday party, Harry. Of course it does.”

Harry smiled and nodded, feeling a little better. He knew that Nasta wouldn’t hold it against him, none of his mates would, but that didn’t stop him from holding it against himself. He didn’t want his mates, and especially not his children, to ever experience a missed birthday, and true it wasn’t a real missed birthday, as he was the only one who wouldn’t be there, but it still didn’t stop him from feeling bad about it.

“Gran dad.”

The two of them looked to Braiden, who had his arms up and out to Aneirin, who grinned and picked him up.

“His speech is really coming on, Harry.” Aneirin praised.

Harry couldn’t put his chest forward like he wanted to, because of Regan, but he was preening, visibly, and he didn’t care.

“It really is. He’s using the potty more often than not and I don’t know if Nas told you, but he’s in a bed now, not a cot.”

“I was told, I was even shown pictures.” Aneirin chuckled.
“I suppose we are a bit...overdramatic with every milestone.” Harry grinned. “We just can’t help it.”

“No one minds, I certainly enjoyed seeing him tucked up in his own little bed and it’s great to hear that he’s using the potty more. He’s turning into a proper little child now.”

“They all are, despite the quintuplets being a little behind developmentally because of being multiples, large multiples at that, they’re all doing really well. Leolin excluded because he’s on his own schedule.”

“How has he been lately?”

“Nothing new to report. He is absolutely besotted with that light-up ball that you gave him for Christmas though.” Harry said with a grin.

“Sensory toys are good for Faerie babies. It helps their development more. Anything with bright lights, bold colours, or different textures and he’ll love it.”

“We’ve definitely noticed that he likes touching different materials. The carpet, the cushions, his beanbag, the grass in the summer, all his toys, even the walls. He’ll just keep running his fingers over it and then he’ll touch something else, or two different things at the same time, using both hands, and it’s like he’s comparing them both. He also wants to be sat up a little more now too. It’s like now he’s older he’s decided he likes being able to see everything around him.”

“That’s wonderful news. I take it he is still sleeping a lot though?” Aneirin nodded to where he was fast asleep clutched in just one of Draco’s large arms, a dummy being suckled in his mouth, clutching the dreaded ‘Ma’ doll in his little, stick like arms.

“Yes, compared to the others he still sleeps a lot. He takes at least five naps a day, but he’s also eating more, so we think, hope, that he’s gearing up for another growth spurt.”

“That would be a nice surprise too. Every added centimetre, and ounce, helps to keep him safe. Healthy babies, even Faeries, are less likely to get sick.”
Harry nodded. He’d read that in one of the Faerie development books that was lying around the house. “I hate the winter the most, he always seems to do better in the summer, when he’s outside and touching grass and flowers, smelling the air and feeling the wind.”

“Faeries are very nature orientated, and they’re very sensory too, so it doesn’t surprise me to hear that Leolin does better outside, interacting with nature, but you know, you have a large garden, Harry. He has a snow suit. I don’t think a ten minute walk around the garden will harm him at all, quite the opposite in fact. Faeries do prefer spring and summer, but they also interact with nature during autumn and winter too.”

Harry blinked. “I hadn’t thought of that. We don’t like letting him out of the nice, warm house because Nasta says the cold, dry air is what spreads the cold and flu viruses easier, and that’s why those diseases are more prevalent in winter even though they can be caught all year round.”

“Well, Nasta is rarely wrong.” Aneirin chuckled, giving a proud look to his son, who was mingling with Maddisons. “But Leolin will be in your garden, away from other people who might make him sick. Just let him touch some frosty grass, or some tree bark, and he’ll be much happier.”

“He has been extra grumpy in the last few weeks. He’s even started scowling at me if he’s in a mood. Maybe I should take him out, or get one of the guys to do it.”

“What do you need?” Blaise asked, peeking over the back of the settee, resting his arms on it as he leaned down far enough to kiss Harry’s head. “Whatever you want, you know we’ll get it for you.”

“Aneirin thinks that Leolin’s moodiness comes from a lack of interaction with the outside. We’ve had him shut up in the house since October. If we just take him out into our garden, he won’t get sick, but it might improve his mood.”

“That’s a good idea. Once he’s awake and had a feed, I’ll go and dig out his snow suit and see if he wants a walk. He might only want you, though.”

“You can come with me, to stop me from slipping. It’s a bit foggy out there today and it shows no signs of shifting. Knowing my luck I’d walk into the tree because I hadn’t seen it.”

Blaise kissed him again. “Of course, Bello.”
“Daddy!” Braiden called out from Aneirin’s lap and Blaise grinned widely and swept up his son, carrying him off to play.

“Are they still hovering?” Aneirin teased.

Harry groaned. “I know it’s their dominant instincts, but the heavier pregnant I get, the worse they get. Little thunderer is the longest I’ve ever carried before, so naturally they’re hovering like crazy these days. Watch this.”

Harry sat up carefully with the sleeping Regan, and he could almost feel Nasta’s eyes on him immediately. He put one hand behind himself and pushed himself to his feet and in the next moment Nasta and Draco were right beside him.

“What is it?” Draco asked.

“Do you need anything?” Nasta asked him at nearly the same time.

“Potty break.” Harry smiled. “Can you take Regan for me? Try not to wake him.”

Nasta immediately took their son, carefully and gently putting him up on his own shoulder and Harry hurried to the bathroom outside, doing what he called his ‘penguin waddle’ as his legs and hips had fallen asleep from spending all morning sat on the settee, pinned down by his napping child.

He hadn’t actually needed the bathroom when he’d started his little show for Aneirin, but as soon as he’d stood up, he had needed to go, so he took care of business and then made his way to the kitchen, where he found Max putting the final touches to the table.

“Oh, is Regan awake?” Max asked, looking up at him and visibly assessing him with his eyes, but Harry gave him credit as he just carried on placing little plates of nibbles on the table.

“No, I needed the bathroom, so Nasta had to take him. I couldn’t hold it anymore.”

“Uh-oh, no puddles on the carpet, Harry. I thought you were housebroken.”
“Shut up, Caesar.” Harry said, turning and grinning at Max’s baby brother. “I made it in time.”

Caesar came and hugged him, kissing his head, ignoring the small growl he got for it from Max, whose Dracken had gone incredibly possessive in the last few days, to the point where it had to be Max who slept on Harry’s other side in the bed. He was even getting a bit growly when the others touched him.

Harry went to Max and reached up to pull his big mate down, wrapping his arms around his neck and snogging him. Caesar wolf whistled at them, but he was ignored. The two of them split apart and Max grinned at him, Harry winked and then turned to rob a sausage roll from the table.

Max spanked him for it. “No pillaging from the table!” He chastised.

“I’m your heavily pregnant submissive mate!” Harry whined. “I should be able to pillage whatever I want.”

“Yeah, Max!” Caesar agreed. “Let him take what he wants. I’d let him!”

Max growled again, a bit more loudly this time.

“Caesar, stop teasing your brother or you’ll end up dead.” Alexander cut in sharply. “Harry, are you okay?”

Harry nodded. “Perfectly fine, though Max won’t let me take from the table.”

He turned and pouted up at Max, who rolled his eyes and sighed.

“Alright fine, you can take from the table, but I’m going to start cutting off fingers if anyone else dares to touch my table.”

“But you always put on such a delicious spread.” Caesar whined. Harry laughed at his attempt to coax Max into letting him eat.

“And I had better still have a delicious spread on this table when the party officially starts!”
Harry laughed again, and ignoring the adult sized food up the one end of the table, he went for the baby nibbles. He wanted the bitesize sausage rolls and the teeny sandwiches cut into different shapes with a selection of cookie cutters.

“Why does he get to eat the fun stuff?” Caesar complained.

“I really can’t handle too much.” Harry answered, even as he nibbled on a little cheese savoury. “My stomach has shrunk so much that I can’t even eat a whole sandwich. So Max is letting me eat, because he knows no one will even noticed what I’ve eaten missing.”

“I’m letting you eat because you haven’t had anything since lunch yesterday.” Max said.

Harry shrugged. “I wasn’t hungry.”

“And now you are?”

Harry nodded, even as he picked up another little cheese cracker and nibbled on it.

“Sit and eat, gorgeous. You and our thunderer need it.” Max said, laying a hand on his belly and guiding Harry to a seat. Max automatically switched plates around, putting what Harry had been nibbling on within reaching distance. It was the little things like this that his mates did for him that made him love them all so much.

“When will the party start?” Caesar whined.

“When the kids are all awake.” Max said firmly.

“Harry, there you are. How has your day been?”

That was why Harry adored Amelle. She understood. Instead of asking him how he was, a question which he was asked several dozen times a day, she asked how his day had gone, which was essentially the same, but without the automatic obligation to sigh out that he was fine.
“Hi, Amelle. My day has been nice and relaxed so far. I’ve been pinned down by Regan all morning because he fell asleep on me, but I felt a little bit hungry, so I’ve wandered out here to ruin Max’s hard work.”

“You can eat what you want.” Max told him, kissing Harry’s head and putting a glass of orange squash by his hand.

Harry snickered. “How have you been?”

“Run off my feet with my three children.”

It took Harry a moment, and then he laughed.

“Hey!” The offended Caesar cried out, rushing his mate and wrapping his arms around her, swinging her to the side and giving her a big kiss. “You love me like this, don’t even try to deny it.” He told her, nuzzling her face. Amelle giggled and pretended to swat him away.

“Where are the girls?” Harry asked, grinning. “Ruling the roost in the living rooms?”

“Of course.” Amelle grinned. “Though I think Tegan is warming up to Nora, they’re both playing together.”

“Really?” Harry asked excitedly. “I’ve been waiting for her to get along with the boys, but the only one she ever really plays with is Regan. Oh, maybe she’ll get on with the twins when they’re a little older?”

“I’m sure she will. She just wants more girls around, she’s overrun with all you boys about.” Amelle said. “You’re going to add another boy too.”

“He’s going to be big too.” Harry said, patting his straining bump.

“Harry?” Blaise called out.
“Kitchen!” Harry called back.

Blaise had Leolin in his arms, already padded out in his snow suit, and he looked so absolutely adorable that Harry abandoned his food and used the table to stand up.

“Oh, look how cute you are, sweetheart!” Harry cooed, cupping Leolin’s cheeks with both hands and getting a scowl for it.

“Where are you taking him?” Max demanded protectively.

“Aneirin thinks that he’s been so grumpy these last few weeks because he hasn’t been outside since October, so we’re going on a walk around the garden.” Harry said, taking Leolin and heading for the back door with Blaise.


“You’d never think that he was my mate too.” Blaise quipped, right before he shut the back door with a bit more force than necessary.

“You’re all too wound up.” Harry said. “I think you need to have some sex while I watch and lament the fact that I’m too rounded to join in.”

That made Blaise laugh, and he slipped his arm around Harry’s back and while Harry carried Leolin, facing outwards, in his arms, so that the rather harsh wind could touch his cheeks, Blaise held him tight and directed their steps.

Leolin looked amazed and he reached out his hands, as if he could feel the wind. His hands were bare, and Harry stifled the urge to smother Leolin to his chest and run back to the house...well, waddle, he’d waddle back to the house. But Leolin needed his hands to touch nature, and as they reached the first tree, on the opposite side to where he’d built his nest, Leolin reached out by himself to touch the trunk of the tree.

Leolin actually giggled and squealed as he rubbed both hands back and forth over the tree.

“I came prepared for this.” Blaise said, aiming the camcorder at him and Leolin.
Harry gave him a grin. “Thank Merlin for Aneirin knowing everything about Faeries. Come on, love, let’s see if we can’t find you a patch of frosty grass.”

Harry moved Leolin away from the tree, getting a squirm and a cry for it, at least until he placed Leolin down on his bum and let him reach forward and rub his hands over the grass. He giggled again and something in Harry settled. His family would be fine when he left to nest. They’d all be fine and he could preen in his nest and bring back his new baby and everything would be fine. He knew it.

They stayed outside for only ten minutes, and in that time Leolin’s mood visibly improved by the moment. They were wary of keeping him out too long, especially without his little mittens on, but they promised to bring Leolin out at least once a week, possibly twice, just to keep him nice and healthy.

“How did he like it?” Nasta asked as they came through the back door.

“Look at him!” Harry said, beaming, holding out Leolin, who was grinning widely, his one tiny tooth on display.

“So he needed a moment out in nature?”

“A Faerie moment.” Harry giggled. “Has Regan woken up now?”

“He’s just coming around now. Draco’s taken him to wash his hands and face to bring him around.”

“Okay, Max, are you ready?” Harry asked.

“Yes.” He said. “Do you want tea?”

Harry considered it, but shook his head. “No, the food filled me up. I’m okay for the moment, lover.”

“Blaise?” Max tried. It was almost like an apology, or maybe just a peace offering.
“Sure thing, lover.”

Harry sat at the table and left the baby wrangling to Max, who had set the kettle to boiling and gone to wrangle up everyone else. The adults all came in herding the toddlers and soon the booster seats were filled and Harry was nibbling, even as the twin girls, in their own booster seats for the sake of space, sat beside one another at the head of the table, started grabbing fistfuls of food before Max could help them fill their plates.

Harry just sat back and watched everything, as he nibbled on his own food, Narcissa sat beside him. The birthday lunch was messy, and very loud, as usual, but Harry loved it, as he watched them all chatting and babbling together, eating and yes, even throwing food, mostly to one another, but occasionally at the surrounding adults too.

Instead of the large birthday cake the kids, and adults, all had a single fairy cake each, covered in pink icing and edible glitter, and it was much less disastrous than the quintuplets’ second birthday, even if bits of cake did end up on the floor.

At one in the afternoon, their guests were saying goodbye, a lot more amicably than when they had fled the last time, covered in cake with the screaming fits of several wound up babies in their ears, and the kids were dropping down for naps nice and easy.

Harry was able to breathe. Able to sit and relax. He’d done it. He’d managed to see in his twin girls’ first birthday, and now he could go and nest without feeling any guilt or discomfort. His Dracken was calm and he felt himself dozing into a nap himself. He could go and nest, but he didn’t really feel like it, and right now he just really wanted to rest and bask in the success of a perfectly planned day. They’d done well, really well and he was happy.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: Happy New Year, lovelies! A new year full of exciting new writing opportunities and brand new fics. Or at least brand new chapters. Our baby boy is arriving now in the next chapter, which should be up next week, as I’m almost finished with it, and I’m so excited for him to arrive, I love it when they get new babies in the family.

We’ll be getting another chapter for this fic as soon as I can manage it, but until then,

StarLight Massacre. X
Birthday Birthing

Chapter Notes

A/N: Chapter Warning: Graphic depictions of self-harm due to self-caesarean.

Last Time

Harry was able to breathe. Able to sit and relax. He’d done it. He’d managed to see in his twin girls’ first birthday, and now he could go and nest without feeling any guilt or discomfort. His Dracken was calm and he felt himself dozing into a nap himself. He could go and nest, but he didn’t really feel like it, and right now he just really wanted to rest and bask in the success of a perfectly planned day. They’d done well, really well and he was happy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Two – Birthday Birthing

Draco was the first person to wake up on the nineteenth of January, the day after Eva and Ave’s birthday. He laid in bed for several minutes, just coming around and waking up slowly, before looking at the pocket watch he kept on the bedside table. It was already gone eight in the morning and their kids would be frantic for their breakfast. Draco could manage baby cereal, porridge, or yoghurt and fruit, he was certainly not on the level of Max, but he wasn’t as bad as Nasta either, who tried and tried, and just could not grasp the skill of cooking, it was one of his only faults.

He forced himself up and he blamed his bleary eyes and that he still felt half asleep for the fact that he didn’t notice right away that Harry was missing from the bed. He went into the bathroom and he took an extra minute to splash some water on his face to wake himself up a little more.

It was the sort of day where he wanted to stay in his pyjamas, at least for another few hours, and he considered that it might be better to get breakfast out of the way before changing anyway, the kids were always messy, and though they taught manners at the table, they also didn’t shout or rage over the kids making some mess. Draco had learnt to accept it, especially after the books that Harry had shown him that said that the messier the kids were at mealtimes the better they developed their fine motor skills and that the worse they, the parents, reacted to certain behaviour, the more likely the kids were to repeat it. So he’d learnt to laugh off certain things, like Calix dipping chicken strips in his drink, or Eva up ending her bowl of Bolognese sauce over her head.

He noticed when he re-entered the bedroom that there was a space between Max’s back and the body pillow, Harry’s usual spot in the bed, and he realised that Harry was no longer in the bed. He frowned, but considered that perhaps Harry had woken up just after him and had gone to use the bathroom down the hall, or gone downstairs. If he wanted a nibble sometimes he went to get it himself. It was more likely these days that he woke up Nasta, but with it being morning he could have easily gone down by himself.

Draco went to collect up the kids, who were all awake and playing in their nurseries. Even Leolin
was awake, and he was staring up at his baby mobile in rapt fascination, or he had been until Draco picked him up.

“Da.” He complained.

“Your light-up ball is downstairs, how about we fill your belly with warm milk and then you can have your ball, yes?” He asked the Faerie, even knowing that Leolin couldn’t possibly understand, as he carried him back out onto the landing.

“Bo da, Daddy!”

Of course that was Braiden and Draco searched for him in the gaggle of kids.

“Bore da, Braiden. Good morning.”

“Bo jor!”

“Bonjour, Braiden.”

“Ciao!”

“You should be saying buongiorno.” Draco muttered under his breath. “If Blaise is going to teach you Italian, he should at least do it right.”

“Bon jor no!” Braiden repeated dutifully and Draco blinked and looked at him. “Good morning!”

“Yes, that’s right.” Draco said, astonished.

“Ciao!” Tegan piped up.

“Hello, Tegan.”
“Morning!” She replied.


“Bon…bon geo no.” Tegan frowned, as if knowing she hadn’t said it right, but Draco didn’t care.

“Well done, Tegan.” He said proudly.

They reached the stairs and Draco made sure he had everyone with him, but of course they didn’t make that easy, as they wouldn’t stay still.

He picked up the twin girls and juggled them carefully with Leolin to open the gate.

“Now remember, one at a time and hold onto the bannister at all times!” He reminded them, his heart in his throat as all five of their older children navigated the stairs. All it took was for one of them to slip, for one of them to fall.

He walked beside them, against the wall, and he got the gate at the bottom of the stairs and let them down onto the wooden floor of the hallway with a sigh of relief.

“Harry?” He called out.

Of course he knew that there was a chance that Harry was nesting, he just wanted to be sure. He hated the time when Harry was nesting, he hated not being near his lover, and this would be the first time without Harry since he’d been forced to stay away, by Nasta and then by the Draken Counsel. It was going to be difficult, he knew, but he knew why Harry was away, and he knew that it wouldn’t last forever, just until their baby thunderer arrived, hopefully on time, in two weeks’ time.

There was no answer and Draco sighed, getting the kids into the kitchen and into their booster seats. He laid Leolin in his kitchen bassinet and put the twin girls on the floor. He set up the two high chairs and picked the girls up one at a time, chasing them down as they crawled under the table and all over the place, and strapping them in securely.

He filled the kettle and set it to boil as he dug the plastic bowls from a cupboard and went to find the natural yoghurt that Max kept on hand. There was a bowl of defrosted berries in a large bowl
next to the yoghurt and Draco thanked Max for always keeping fresh berries on hand, even in the
winter when they were out of season, he no longer cared that they were frozen and not fresh, he’d
long since stopped caring about such little things.

He put six tablespoons of yoghurt into each little bowl and a handful of mixed berries and served
his babies, before making a cup of tea and a bottle up for Leolin, who was still rejecting all forms
of solid food, or any weaning food. He wouldn’t even take milk from a spoon, which was a clear
indication that he wasn’t ready to be weaned yet.

He kept a very close eye on the kids while they ate, some with spoons, some with their hands, but
he affected to ignore that for now. But he remained on hand, even as he fed Leolin his bottle, just in
case one of them choked on a blueberry.

Almost forty minutes later he was wiping down faces and hands before herding the kids into the
larger family room and unleashing them to make a mess in that room, as he looked at the
disgusting kitchen in despair.

He made sure all the kids were safely in the other room before taking out his wand. Max liked to
clean by hand, but he certainly didn’t, and a quick wave of his wand had all the bowls going into
the sink to be scrubbed by the enchanted dish brush, before a second wave of the wand removed
the yoghurt and squished up berries from the floor, the table and the chairs.

He made another cup of tea for himself and while it was brewing he took out the eight food diaries
from the kitchen drawer and wrote down that the kids had had yoghurt and berries for breakfast,
and that he had given them a rusk each, which he was planning on doing now. All except for
Leolin, who had had his usual bottle of milk and would be dropping off for a nap very soon.

He put the books away, picked up his tea and took the aforementioned rusks into the living room
for the kids to chew on, or gum up and then squash into the carpet, which is what half of them did
with the hard biscuits anyway.

Once the rusks were all eaten, as much as they were going to be at least, Draco left the kids where
they were playing and headed back up the stairs to collect their clothes, fresh nappies, and a pair of
green briefs for Braiden, who was doing so well with his potty training.

He had to drag the kids to him one by one to change them and get them dressed, though Calix
helped immensely by stripping himself off the moment he saw what Draco was doing. Of course
he took his own nappy off too and Draco grumbled to himself about using a sticking charm to keep
the damn thing on his son.

He did allow Calix to run around naked for a while, leaving him until last as he dressed all of the
others first, encouraging Braiden to pull up his own briefs, just to keep him interested in them, and
potty training in general, but Draco did all of the rest. He caught Calix, dressed him too, brushed
all of their hair and then happily set them free back onto their toys as he went to get another cup of
tea, sitting on the settee happily, letting out a grunt and just resting back to enjoy his tea.

Max was the next one to get up and he stumbled into the family room with half closed eyes and he
fell onto the settee and grappled for Draco so that he could rest on him.

“Still tired?” Draco snickered.
Max nodded against Draco’s shoulder, yawning. “The kids eaten?”

“Yeah, yoghurt and berries, and a rusk each.”

“Have you and Harry eaten?”

“I haven’t yet, and Harry is nesting.”

“Okay, I’ll sort out our breakfast…”

Max trailed off as Draco’s words sunk in, and then his head picked up and he scanned the room for Harry.

“He’s…he’s nesting?!”

“Yes. He wasn’t in bed when I got up. He must have gone in the night when we were sleeping, or early this morning.”

“Have you called for him?”

“No, I didn’t want to wake anyone else up, and you shouldn’t either. He would have called us if there was a problem, Max.”

“Yeah, I know. I just, I’ve been very…”

“Possessive? Overprotective? A complete arse?” Draco supplied, one eyebrow raised.

Max snorted. “I’ve been feeling a bit worse than normal concerning Harry during this pregnancy. My Dracken is incredibly unsettled and possessive of him. I don’t know if it’s because our thunderer is the longest he’s ever carried before, or because he was obviously so uncomfortable carrying him. I don’t even know if it’s linked to the fight, having the Elders take him away from us, I just know I couldn’t let him go and I needed him with me.”
“You have been very overbearing.”

Max wrapped an arm around Draco’s neck and pulled him into a kiss.

“You’re lucky I love you, but Nasta and Blaise would want to know that Harry is nesting now. Go and wake them up and I’ll start breakfast. It’s getting quite late into the morning.”

Draco sighed, but recognised that it probably was the right thing to do to tell Nasta, their top dominant, that Harry was nesting, he got up and went traipsing up the stairs to wake Nasta and Blaise.

It was Blaise who woke up first to the light shaking that Draco employed to get them both up.

“Was it?” Blaise murmured softly, blinking owlishly at him and stretching with a grunt.

“You need to wake up, Max has breakfast on and you know he hates us not eating on time.”

Blaise groaned and rolled over into Nasta.

“He’s still here.” Blaise pointed out sullenly.

“I’m trying to wake him up too.” Draco insisted.

“Why?” Nasta asked sleepily, cracking open eyes that looked dark brown in the dim bedroom.

“Has something happened?”

“Harry’s nesting.” Draco told them both.

“You sure?”

“Well he’s not in the house, so unless he woke up in the early hours and decided to go for a short
Nasta groaned and stretched, sitting up, his hair tousled all over his head and looking distinctly rumpled.

“The kids all up and fed?” Nasta asked.

“Yes, they’re all dressed and playing happily too. Leolin’s even into his first nap of the day. It’s almost quarter past ten.”

“Damn, we slept late.” Blaise chuckled sleepily.

“You must have needed it, but Max really will kill all three of us if we don’t go and eat the food he’s made us, so arse out of bed.” Draco ordered.

“You’re getting bossier in your old age.” Blaise complained.

“Hmm. I didn’t think that was possible, but it’s always good to improve one’s self.” Draco imparted, waltzing out of the bedroom door. He heard both Nasta and Blaise laugh at him, and it made him smile.

Harry was now nesting, and it wouldn’t be long before they had a newborn baby back in the house. They needed the lie ins and the laughter now, because as soon as that baby was here, both the lie ins and the laughter would be in short supply. They’d all be grouchy and tired and functioning mostly on autopilot.

That wouldn’t last long though, with nine babies, they more than knew that by now, but still, it would be a shit waiting for the baby to start sleeping through the night and until he did, it would be several feeds and nappy changes throughout the night, every night. Draco reminded himself that it would all be worth it in the end, after all, it just meant one more baby to love.

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Nasta had gone outside to call for Harry, and finally Harry had called back sleepily. Nasta almost felt bad for apparently waking him up, but he found the entrance to the nest that had been dug deep down, it was a simple ridge in the ground, and he could just barely see Harry through the blanket
he’d hung up to keep out the wind and the weather. Because of this impromptu door they would have to be careful when throwing Harry fresh food, just in case they knocked it down and exposed him, which he obviously didn’t want.

“Where is he?” Max asked the moment he walked in through the back door.

“About a hundred feet into the woods to the right.” Nasta replied. “Away from the neighbourhood, not towards it. We’re going to have to be careful giving him food, he’s somehow managed to put a blanket over the entrance to block wind and stop rain from getting in. I’m not sure how secure it is and I don’t want to knock it down.”

“We’d never hear the end of it if we started pulling down his nest around him.” Blaise agreed. “Is he okay?”

“He was actually sleeping when I called to him, so I feel bad about waking him up, but he seems fine.”

“Two weeks until the thunderer’s due date.” Max said, staring at the clock before shaking his head and standing up. “Anyone want tea? Blaise, you want coffee? Harry’s out of the house now, coffee is back on the menu.”

“Thank Merlin, I was having withdrawals.” Blaise joked, before he sighed. “No, not really, Nasta, it was a joke.” He laughed at the look on Nasta’s face.

“Caffeine withdrawal is a real…”

“Yes, yes, we all know that caffeine is a stimulant and it can cause withdrawal syndrome. I was on a forced abstinence though, and I would never have abstained from it if Harry hadn’t been pregnant, so if I had gotten withdrawal it would have been because of that, and not likely to be repeated…until Harry is pregnant again, of course.” Blaise said. “But to answer your question, Max. I would love a cup of coffee, grazie.”

Draco snorted and came to sit by Blaise, wrapping an arm around him and pulling him to lay on his chest as the kids all played on the floor.

Harry had been sleeping with a blanket in the bed with him, stuffed into the body pillow that he always cuddled up to, and that blanket was now draped over a fussy Leolin, tucked under his chin so that he could smell it, and they knew that that blanket was the only thing keeping him from a
meltdown. They were all glad that they’d found the blanket trick before Harry started nesting, and that the smell of Harry could calm Leolin down, along with his Ma doll, which was clutched in his hands, under the blanket.

They’d also had a problem with Tegan already that morning, who had wanted to read a story to her penguin and to her Mummy, and had not been happy when told that her Mummy couldn’t be there for the story. She had instead read the story to Regan, who was feeling much better today, after a good night of sleep.

Braiden was making a mess in the corner with wooden building blocks and Calix was… missing.

“Code red, guys. Calix is missing.” Draco called out as soon as he turned to look in all four corners of the room without seeing his son.

“Damn that little explorer!” Max’s voice cursed from the kitchen. “Check under furniture and behind the curtains.”

“Got him.” Nasta called out from the hallway.

Nasta carried in the laughing toddler over his shoulder. A very naked toddler.

“Grab me a nappy one of you.”

“No. No, Daddy. No nappy.”

They all blinked. “You don’t want a nappy?” Nasta asked him.

“No. Want to use potty like Bay!”

“Do you need to go now?” Nasta asked, thinking that perhaps Calix had stripped off in the corridor to go to the bathroom. He’d been sat right outside the bathroom door.

Calix nodded and Nasta automatically looked around the room for a potty.

“Max! Calix is using the potty!” Draco called out, even as Blaise handed over the blue potty to
Max came barrelling into the room to watch, as Nasta sat Calix on the bit of blue plastic and they all watched him expectantly.

“Don’t watch me!” Calix demanded.

That made them all pause and they shared a look before turning around by mutual agreement. A moment later they heard the soft tinkle of liquid hitting the plastic and they all grinned proudly and shared a look at those mates they could see easily, without making Calix think they were peeking.

“Good boy, Cali!” They heard Braiden praise, and they just knew Harry would have hated to miss this.

“Done!” Calix declared and when they turned back around, he was stood up, looking at his handy work.

“Well done, Calix, you’re such a big boy!” Max praised easily.

“Hands now?” Calix asked, looking at his hands and then at his parents.

“That’s right, well done for remembering,” Nasta said. “Come to the bathroom.”

Nasta picked up the potty and followed Calix, who had run out, still completely bare, to the bathroom down the hall.

“Damn he’s adorable.” Blaise chuckled.

“He needs to put some clothes on before he freezes.” Draco grumbled.

“Go and find where he took them off then.” Max encouraged, trying to bite back the automatic response of pointing out how warm the house was and that Calix would hardly freeze. He managed it when he remembered that this was exactly how the big fight had started, and Harry wasn’t here
to protect the room full of babies this time. Though Nasta would probably kill him and Draco to stop the fight this time.

Blaise came and touched him, wrapping him in a hug. Max held him back and bent to drop a kiss to his head. Blaise’s hair was almost back to the length it had been before it had all been charmed off.

“I saw you biting your tongue. I was going to distress call for Nasta.” Blaise told him.

“The therapy worked wonders.” Max said, snuggling Blaise tighter in his arms. “We’ve all learnt to accommodate more, and the house is warm enough that all of us can run around naked if we wanted, but I don’t want to fight over it. Draco will learn, he’ll get more comfortable with nakedness, we just have to give him time.”

Blaise nodded and Max bent to give him a proper kiss before separating off. He went into the kitchen and brought in a tray of mugs and set it on the table before he sat on the settee and reached for his cup of tea. Blaise sat beside him and grabbed his coffee mug, cradling it and sipping on it happily.

“All clean.” Nasta declared with a smirk, coming back in with the rinsed and dried potty in one hand and Calix holding the other. He was no longer naked, but he was wearing a tiny pair of green briefs.

“He looks adorable!” Max gushed. “Who looks so grown up in his little pants?!”

Calix giggled and turned away bashfully as he was fussled over, but Max grabbed him up and sat him on his lap.

“Daddy, no!” Calix giggled, squirming.

“You’re getting such a big boy!” Max praised. “You’re going to be in a big boy bed soon as well!”

“Like Bay!” Calix said excitedly.

“Yes, just like Braiden.” Max said.
“You’re feeding from one another.” Blaise pointed out with a grin.

“But Blaise, my little boy is in pants, look!”

Max thrust Calix at Blaise, who moved the coffee cup out of the way and reached forward with his other arm to hug Calix tight.

“He didn’t want a fresh nappy on.” Nasta told them, sitting down himself and drinking his own cup of green tea.

“I found his clothes and his nappy.” Draco said, coming back into the room.

“Throw the nappy, Draco.” Max said. “Look!”

He held Calix up, putting his feet on the back on the settee and Calix screeched in laughter, clapping his hands.

“He’s wearing pants?” Draco said excitedly.

“Yes, he asked for them himself.” Nasta explained.

“He saw me dressing Braiden this morning and asked me why Braiden wasn’t wearing a nappy.” Draco told them. “I explained that Braiden was a big boy, and because he used the potty he wore pants, not a nappy.”

“Is Braiden wearing green briefs too, by any chance?” Nasta asked. “He wanted to choose his own pants and he picked the green ones.”

Draco just nodded.

“I love that they all look up to Braiden as a role model.” Blaise said.
“It helps that he’s our most well behaved child.” Max chuckled.

“Most of the time.” Nasta laughed.

Draco plucked Calix from Max and laid him on the floor and went through the struggle of trying to dress him. Even when he wanted to be dressed their Calix was not very cooperative, and he did not make it an easy task as he giggled and squirmed, kicked his feet and rolled.

Max, Nasta and Blaise just watched on with amusement, offering no help at all, as Draco struggled to redress Calix. This was a typical event during their day, and one of them would always have to get Calix, and occasional one or more of the other kids, dressed again because they’d chosen to strip off, and it had become a habit now, that while one of them did this horrendous task, the others would just sit or stand around, watching, laughing and not helping…at least not until they were practically begged to help at any rate.

At midday they contacted the extended family to tell them that Harry had started nesting, and then it was just a countdown until Harry went into labour and the baby joined them in the world. They were excited and they obsessively made sure that everything was ready for their thunderer’s arrival. His bassinet had already been set up, the freshly laundered sheets were folded back and waiting and they had brand new sleepsuits and onesies for him, along with the newborn nappies they would need.

They had everything ready for Harry too, and Max took some time between lunch and dinner to make the usual potions that he believed that Harry would need, including bath salts, scar salve and muscle relaxants. He also made a laxative, just in case, as after Harry had had the girls, he’d complained of not being able to have a shit properly, because his stomach muscles protested heavily when he pushed. The damage done to those muscles would only increase now as they had more and more children, but they would do anything and everything they could to help keep Harry healthy and comfortable and they would help him to recover post-pregnancy.

Harry was snuggled under so many blankets, lying in a comfortable cradle of pillows that smelt of his mates. He was naked and his wings were folded under his body, cushioning him as he basked in his nest.

His mates were feeding him and were keeping well back, most of the time at least. He’d had to warn them away several times as they got too close or lingered too long.

He was cuddling with the flask of blood that he would need to close up his caesarean wound to keep it from freezing, and thus becoming useless to him.

His baby was still moving within him, and he had everything he needed to give birth, ready and waiting. He was happy, contented, to stay here, resting and waiting for his labour to begin. Days passed unnoticed, with only the sunlight or moonlight filtering into his nest to tell him if it was day
or night. He didn’t care, he was preening and waiting, enjoying his hard work.

His human mind kept trying to tell him that something important was coming up, but he squashed it down, this was his time to take control, and he needed to remain in control for their baby. It would be soon, he knew. He could almost feel the differences in his body as it prepared to birth. But until then, he was happy to rest and sleep, to eat when his mates threw him food, but most of his time was spent preening, rubbing his hands over his baby, unable to wait until he could do so in the flesh.

It was to moonlight that he awoke next, to a strong ripple passing through his body. He grunted in discomfort, but knowing what it meant, he was also happy and excited. His next child was ready to come into the world.

He sat up, wrapped a blanket around his shoulders to keep away the chill, and he spread his knees, letting his bump fall between them. He’d been in labour for a while already, if the strength of the ripples was an indication, and he marvelled at how he’d slept through his own labour for so long.

It wasn’t quite time, and he made sure that everything was on hand and within reach. He used his magic to light up his nest, which was very dark, everything silhouetted by the faint moonlight, because it was underground and once that was done he checked the bottle of blood and gave it a swirl, making sure that it was still liquid. It thankfully was and he settled it within reach as he grabbed a clean blanket and made a soft cradle out of it on his other side. He made sure a stack of towels were ready to clean his baby off and that the powder and bottles of water he’d brought in with him were still safe. He made a bottle up ready, knowing he’d be in too much pain to do so afterwards and he settled that in the blanket cradle ready.

The ripples of pain were now making his back spasm and he had to grunt with every one of them. He made a sharp squealing sound with the next ripple, as it bowed his back so hard that he lost his breath. It was almost time and he rubbed the pad of his thumbs over his sharpened claws, they were wet with venom already.

His breath hitched and his back spasmed and the pain moved from his back to the front of his bump and he knew that it was time. He carefully marked out where to cut and with just a single claw on his right index finger he cut into himself with a screech loud enough to echo.

A moment later his four mates called back to him, soothingly, and sleepily. He’d woken them up, and he didn’t care. As soon as he’d screamed once, he couldn’t stop. He screamed continuously, even as his hand remained steady, and his cut smooth.

His mates’ called back, sometimes together, sometimes in stages, but they passed along their comfort, their pride, their love, and it kept him going, kept him strong and steady.

As soon as his body was open he took a moment to breathe. He used a different claw, the middle one on his right hand, to carefully cut open the sac holding his baby and out came a small dribble of amniotic fluid.

He sheathed his claws and reached into his body, searching out a delicate neck before pulling his baby into the world and he wanted to cry at how perfect his new child was.

He placed the baby into a towel in front of him, clamped the cord and then checked his sac, just in case, but after finding nothing amiss he gripped the cord attaching him to his child still and with one claw, he severed it. He wrapped the remainder of it around his wrist and yanked on it with an ear-splitting shriek, pulling it from his body. It was dumped into a towel, tied up, and thrown straight from his nest, even as he turned back to his crying child. The baby was turning blue
skinned, and alarmed he picked up another two towels and placed them over the baby, before grabbing the bottle of blood, puncturing it with one claw and sucking it through the hole. It was cold and he hated his blood cold, but he needed it, so he drank it down in large, painful gulps until it was gone, trying not to taste it, trying not to breathe too much.

As soon as the bottle was empty he threw that from his nest and turned immediately to the baby. He picked the baby up and snuggled him, breathing in deeply and ingraining the scent of his baby deeply, so that he would always be able to find his child, no matter where he was in the world.

He rubbed the baby to clean him of blood, making sure that he was going pink now, and not remaining blue. Thankfully he was, and it calmed him down a little more and reassured him that everything was normal and as it should be, and he got the baby into a nappy and dressed, before putting him into the blanket cradle. He started on removing anything that had the slightest blood spot on it, throwing blankets and towels out, ready for his mates to collect and remove. He curled up around his newborn baby and for an undetermined amount of time he just stared at his new baby, waiting for him to get hungry and wake for a feed. In that time he played with the damp, dark hair, the tiny curled ears and brushed over the tiny nose and little lips. He was besotted with the baby and he fell asleep without meaning to.

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Max was tense as he strained his ears to hear any sort of sound coming from outside. He was stood in the kitchen with the others, hip cocked against the counter, his arms folded across his chest as he dug his fingers into his own sides to try to control himself. All four of them were only in the boxers they’d gone to sleep in.

He was nervous, excited too, but mostly he was terrified that something would go wrong. It was hard not to think about such awful things with Nasta stood right there. Nasta whose own Mother had died in her nest giving birth to him.

“I think it’s over.” Blaise said, breaking the silence that had descended upon the room for the last fifteen or twenty minutes.

They all let out a collective breath and started moving from their mannequin like state, Blaise’s words breaking the ice.

“It’s just a waiting game now, to see when he comes out of his nest with the new baby.” Max said, stating the obvious, but needing to do so. “Are we going to go back to sleep, or do we all need an espresso or eight to function through the day?”

“We should try and sleep a little longer.” Nasta said. “It’s only two in the morning.”
Max looked at the clock and then he grinned. Then he laughed.

“What’s so funny?” Draco asked.

“Harry gave birth on your birthday, Nas!” Max pointed out. “It’s the third!”

They all looked at the clock and seemed to realise what he had at the same time. It was gone midnight, their new son had been born at one thirty in the morning on the third of February… Nasta’s birthday.

“Happy birthday, lover.” Max said, kissing Nasta’s cheek.

“Damn it! How are we going to upstage that now?” Draco demanded. “He’s gone and given you a new child for your birthday!”

All four of them snorted in laughter.

“There’s no beating that.” Max insisted. “We’ll just have to keep Nasta’s presents for ourselves and plan our next child better! Of course Harry would give birth on Nasta’s birthday.”

“You can still give me presents.” Nasta insisted. “Harry needs time to recover, we won’t be seeing him or the baby for a couple of days.”

Max, Blaise and Draco all laughed.

“Of course we will.” Draco insisted, kissing Nasta himself. “But none of our gifts will compare to Harry’s, though now you will be upstaged every single year by our own child who shares your birthday.”

“That’s fine, it’s likely that over our fertile years we’ll have more double birthdays, I’ll just have to have my fill of you all in the night. When our children are all tucked up in bed.” Nasta purred.

“Oh, now I like that idea, come on.” Max insisted, taking Nasta’s hand and pulling him back up
towards their bedroom.

“I didn’t mean right now.” Nasta laughed.

“It’s your birthday, isn’t it?” Max teased as they reached the stairs. He stopped suddenly, spun around and picked Nasta up and slung him over his shoulder.

“Max!” Nasta complained, laughing despite himself.

“What? I’m saving your legs for later.” Max said innocently.

Blaise was surprised into laughing, hard.

“Shhh! You’ll wake the kids.” Draco hissed. “We don’t want them awake for this.”

Blaise stifled himself, and they made it to their master suite with no further noise or issues. Max dumped Nasta onto the bed and immediately flopped onto him, pinning him on his back.

“Tonight, we celebrate a birthday, and a birth.” He said softly. “We have a newborn son, and a lover turning forty.”

“You’re going melancholic, lover. Smile, this is a happy occasion.” Nasta prodded.

“Sorry, I was just thinking about Harry.”

“He’s going to be fine. He hasn’t distress called us, he’s gone silent, as all submissives do just after birth. He’ll be sleeping, recovering from the ordeal. He’ll bond with the baby and then he’ll come and introduce him to us.” Nasta soothed.

“I know, but until I see him again, I’ll worry.”
Nasta reached up and pulled Max to his chest and into a kiss.

“Let us distract you then.” He told Max softly, pushing a hand through Max’s short hair. He’d only recently cut it, and it regrettably wasn’t long enough for him to grab a hold of, his fingers were too large.

Draco slipped onto the bed, already naked and he laid himself against Max’s back.

“We can distract you easily enough.” He whispered into Max’s ear.

Max moved himself and let Draco fall onto Nasta.

“So much glorious skin on show distracts me.” Max grinned. “But it’s Nasta’s birthday, it’s him we’re spoiling.”

“I’m spoilt every day.” Nasta insisted.

“We can spoil you more.” Blaise insisted as he moved to crouch by Nasta’s head. He was also naked.

“I think these youngsters are moving ahead of us, Nas.” Max grinned. “Look at them all naked and ready.”

The two of them shared a look, and at the same time Max grabbed Draco, pulled him to his body and turned to the side to pin him to the bed, and Nasta reached up and tugged Blaise down onto him, rolled them both over, before throwing his leg over the side to turn to face his pinned lover.

“You know I love you doing that, amante.” Blaise said, his voice lowered and very sultry.

“Ti amo, mio amore.” Nasta purred back.

“Don’t go multi-cultural on us. I can’t understand the sexy things you’re saying!” Max complained with a laugh.
Nasta shot Max a grin, and moved over, stretching to kiss Max. They got a little distracted, and more than a little heated, as their kiss grew very passionate.

He should have known better than to trust his crafty mates, and he very suddenly found himself on his back and Blaise was down between his legs, kissing and teasing his thighs with soft kisses and firm touches, just how Nasta liked it.

“I think I prefer you like this.” Max mused, grinning down at him. “Pinned on your back, being teased out of that steel control you hold over yourself. Blaise, go down on him.”

Blaise gave a naughty grin to Max, slipping off the boxers that Nasta had worn to bed, before bending to his task. He didn’t go straight for Nasta’s cock, however, he started at his thighs again, kissing his way up before sliding his mouth just over the tip of Nasta, teasing him.

Draco moved over to sit opposite Max, not disturbing Blaise, but he laid on his belly and propped his chin in his hand. He gave a smile as he surveyed Nasta’s beautiful body.

“You look good, Nas.” Draco told him.

“Feel free to touch.” Nasta invited.

Draco laughed and he braced himself on his forearms and bent to flick the lightest of teasing licks over Nasta’s nipple.

“You taste delicious too.” Blaise told him, but his eyes were all for the hard cock he was holding in one hand.

“He can still speak, Blaise, you’re not doing it well enough.” Max chastised, giving Blaise’s bum a swat.

Blaise laughed, playing and stroking the cock in his hand teasingly. “I suppose I have to try a little harder then, but he looks pretty happy to me.”

Blaise dipped his head back down to lick at Nasta, sucking on him, and Max looked at Nasta, who did indeed look very happy with all the attention he was receiving. It wasn’t often that he got the chance to let go like this, to have all of them focused on him, and Max regretted that. Nasta
deserved some spoiling for everything he did for them.

Max reached over to the bedside table and fished out a bottle of lube, he checked that it wasn’t one of the flavoured ones they used on occasion for oral sex, before popping the cap and putting a blob on his fingers.

Max watched as Draco snogged Nasta, as Blaise bobbed on him, and all Nasta could do in response was moan and squirm, those powerful legs tensing and quivering. That made Max smirk, and he reached under Blaise to press his lubed fingers to Nasta’s hole.

He watched Nasta’s reaction, as he had to break the kiss with Draco to gasp and groan, his head falling back as Max eased a single finger into his body, Draco moving simultaneously to kiss down that stubbled throat.

Max really enjoyed teasing his mates, he loved it, and even more so in the bedroom, where he could rile them up and make them explode in the most beautiful, purest of ways. That’s exactly what he wanted to do to Nasta tonight. Make him explode and then melt.

He added a second finger, testing and probing, watching Nasta’s face to see how the added finger had been received. There was a small pinch of discomfort, but it was eased away by a kiss from Draco and a slurp from Blaise. Max snorted softly in amusement, but because of that bit of discomfort, he eased his fingers out, before pressing back in slowly. He repeated this for a moment, just sliding his fingers in and out of Nasta’s body. He groped for the bottle of lube and eased that under Blaise too, and when his fingers were mostly out of Nasta’s body, he added just a bit more lube to make everything more comfortable and smooth. He pressed his fingers back in and listened to Nasta moaning, watched as the muscles in his legs tensed and shuddered.

“I’m ready.” Nasta declared, his voice gruff, as Max spread his fingers inside Nasta’s body, stretching him and preparing him.

“Oh, my dearest sweetie, I don’t care if you’re ready. I’m not.” Max teased, his voice low and sultry.

Nasta groaned throatily, his back arching and the muscles of his stomach rippling as he clenched, hard.

“Oh, ow, lover, that’s not nice.” Max chuckled. “Stop trying to break my fingers to get your own way.”

“I want…want my own way!” Nasta all but babbled.

Max shared a grin with Draco, then with Blaise.
“I think he’s going to cum if you carry on.” Draco pointed out.

“Isn’t that the point?” Blaise questioned. “He can cum more than once in one session, it’s not as if he needs to remain hard for any reason.”

That made Max laugh, as Nasta moaned helplessly.

“Well then, in that case, move over.”

Draco moved down by Nasta’s legs and he and Blaise started duelling over Nasta’s cock…with their tongues.

Max watched, transfixed for while, at the beautiful, if rather amusing sight, that the two of them made before he snapped out of it and went back to stretching and preparing Nasta. He touched the prostate, and he started teasing it, trying to get the little bundle of nerves as sensitive as he could, building up Nasta’s pleasure ready for the main event.

“Please.” Nasta begged breathily. “Please. Os gwelwch yn dda.” He pleaded, losing his language barrier as he was ignored.

“Oh, dearest, we can’t understand Welsh, I suppose we’ll just have to carry on.” Max teased.


“Oh, he’s definitely had enough.” Blaise chuckled darkly, watching as Draco licked at Nasta.

“Who wants him first?” Max asked with a wicked grin.

“I do.” Draco said, shifting up and laying himself over Nasta.

“Hmmm, I guess you’re stuck with me, Blaise. Do you want to top or bottom?”
“As if you need to ask.” Blaise laughed, reaching out to wrap an arm around Max’s neck and letting himself fall backwards on the bed, pulling Max on top of him. “Just let me lie where I can see Draco fucking Nasta.”

“I want to see that beautiful sight too, so we’ll make sure of it, lover.” Max said, doing just that and shifting Blaise’s body so that they both had a better view of Draco teasing Nasta some more with his own fingers, but Max had been very thorough, and after just the merest probe of his fingers Draco was grabbing the bottle of lube to slick himself up.

“Pass that lube here.” Blaise demanded, holding his hand out to Draco, who passed it over with his free hand, while the other stroked over himself.

“Oh, are you going to do that yourself?” Max purred.

“I saw what you did to Nasta, you’re damn right I’m doing it myself.” Blaise laughed, covering his fingers and pressing them to himself to stretch himself quickly and efficiently.

“But I like teasing you all.” Max said, exaggerating a pout.

The two of them were distracted by a breathy moan, and another beg of ‘please’ from Nasta, in Welsh of course.

They watched as Draco flexed his hips forward and seated himself fully in Nasta, who had wrapped those long, powerful legs around Draco’s back and was squeezing him tight to keep him in place.

“Do that to me.” Blaise insisted.

Max looked back to Blaise, to find him with two fingers already buried inside himself.

“You’ve been busy, love.” He growled, incredibly turned on from the sight.

“I want you, now.” Blaise commanded.
“Move your hand out of the way, then.” Max coaxed, taking the lube for himself.

He did what Draco had done, and he tested Blaise himself, with his fingers, just to check that he was truly ready, and wasn’t thinking ahead of himself.

“Max!” Blaise moaned.

“I know, I’m just testing, lover.” Max soothed.

A few strokes of his fingers, and watching Draco drive Nasta into wild abandon, and Max could barely hold onto his self-control.

He pulled his fingers free and quickly replaced them with his cock, sliding into Blaise and holding still for a moment, resting his head on the mattress beside Blaise’s head.

Blaise of course was not happy with this, and he bucked his hips and wrapped his legs around Max’s lower back, arms wrapped around his neck, nails biting into his shoulders and he tried to move himself on Max.

Max growled and took charge, pulling back and breaking Blaise’s hold around his neck, sitting up and leaving Blaise flat on his back on the bed.

“Now, now, lover. Let me.” He said with a smile, his voice deep and gruff with arousal.

Blaise let out a part moan, part whimper, as Max gripped his hips and simultaneously used his hold to pin Blaise down and pull him harder onto his cock.

The room felt too hot, filled with the moans of all four of them, but it was Nasta who could be heard the most, as he moaned and growled for Draco. Despite starting first, it was Blaise who reached orgasm first and Max eased out of him, still hard, and petted his lover, calming him down as they both watched Draco bring Nasta to a screaming orgasm.

“Damn, if we had filmed that then we’d be millionaires by this time next year.”

Max snorted and gave Blaise a kiss.

“Don’t cut things short, Blaise. It’s not over yet.”
Max moved Draco out of the way and nudged him over to Blaise before placing his hands on either side of Nasta’s head.

“Hello there, lover.” He purred, looking down at Nasta, watching as his chest heaved and he fought for breath. He’d cummed all over his own belly and Max’s dick gave a twitch of interest to see it.

“Max.” Nasta murmured, reaching up for him.

Max bent to kiss him, pressing their bodies together and slipping his arm under Nasta’s neck to get a deeper kiss.

“I love you.” Max declared. “Happy birthday.”

Nasta blinked confusedly, as if he’d forgotten what all of this was for.

“I love you too.” Nasta said, giving him a smile. “But for the love of Merlin, come here, right now, because I’m far too wound up and those two are about to drop off to sleep.”

“Am not, I’m watching.” Blaise insisted.

Max gave a look to Blaise and Draco. They were both watching, but Nasta was right in a way, they both looked sleepily content now that they’d both had an orgasm.

“I’ll make this quick then, lover, but I’ll also make it worth your while.”

Truthfully though, Max doubted that he could last very long, as he was the only one who hadn’t had an orgasm, but he wanted to make sure that Nasta was especially spoiled tonight.

He kissed up Nasta’s chest, up his throat to his chin, he nuzzled a little at the stubble there, smiling to himself at the scratch of it. Nasta arched up to connect their lips together and Max kissed him, passionate and deep.

Max stroked his hand over Nasta’s face and into his hair, cupping the back of his head.
“Max, don’t tease any more, you’re as bad as Harry sometimes.” Nasta told him, his voice breathless as he panted hard.

Max grinned. “Nothing is as much as a tease as Harry wearing a skirt.”

“You’re getting close.” Nasta deadpanned, shifting his legs and wrapping them around Max’s hips. “Now for the love of Merlin, fuck me.”

“I love it when you get all demanding on me.” Max growled, bending to kiss Nasta again while shifting his hips and pressing himself into Nasta.

Nasta was very demanding, and very silent, only the slightest groans were audible, as he took control and tried to fuck himself on Max.

“You’re killing me, Nas, stay still a moment.” Max panted, trying to hold Nasta still, but their top dominant was big, muscled and fucking strong.

“Max, I swear if you don’t move I’m turning the tables and I’ll fuck you into the mattress…or maybe that’s what you truly want?” Nasta told him.

“No, I want to spoil you.” Max declared.

“You’re doing a poor job, Caru.”

“Oh, ow. Insulting my male prowess too? Damn you’ve gotten so bitchy lately, lover.”

“Only when you have your cock in my arse and refuse to do anything with it!” Nasta complained.

Max said nothing, but he pulled out and slammed back into Nasta...hard. He got to see Nasta’s eyes roll up into his head and his body go boneless in pleasure, a grunt ripped from his throat.

He refused to stop, or let up. He’d wanted to go a little slower, to savour this moment, to spoil Nasta, but if that wasn’t what Nasta wanted then he would happily indulge him in some hard,
rough, dirty sex. That seemed to be more to Nasta’s tastes tonight, as he clung to Max’s shoulders and actually trembled.

Max tried to think of when they’d last indulged Nasta like this, when they’d last let him put down the mantel of top dominant and just took care of him for once. He couldn’t remember and he felt terrible. Nasta liked bottoming during sex, perhaps not as much as Blaise did, but it was something that he enjoyed, giving up all control to others and just experiencing the feelings and sensations. It had been too long since they’d last done something like this for him and Max staved off his own throbbing need, his own desire for an orgasm and he did what Nasta wanted him to do. He fucked him, hard.

His fists were clenched beside Nasta’s head, his legs were trembling, his muscles screaming, but Max grit his teeth and pushed himself harder, faster, Nasta clinging to him like a limpet.

“Max!” Nasta yelled out, his back bowing and his nails digging in deep. They had already bitten into his skin, he could feel the pinch of pain, and he repaid Nasta in kind by biting through his shoulder when his own orgasm hit him and knocked him sideways.

Max couldn’t control his own body, and he was shivering and trembling, laying on Nasta and listening to the thundering heartbeat under his ear. Nasta was trembling too, his chest heaving as he tried to remember how to breathe.

“Why didn’t I get any of that treatment?” Blaise whined.

“It wasn’t your birthday.” Max said tiredly. All of a sudden he felt like he could sleep for a week.

“You better treat me like that on my birthday!” Blaise declared. “I think I broke my dick with how hard I was rubbing it.”

Max picked up his head then, looking at Blaise and Draco. They’d both cummed recently.

“You both got off on that?”

“Are you seriously asking that? Of course we did!” Draco told him. “That was something else. You’ll have to repeat that performance, Harry will never believe us.”

Nasta laughed tiredly and shifted a little, easing out from under Max. Max gave him credit for being able to move, because he certainly couldn’t.
A moment later Nasta hissed and pressed a hand to his lower back. Max laughed softly, it seemed that Nasta couldn’t move as well as he had believed.

“Oh, shut up, Max.” Nasta scolded, but he was smiling. “If I have to waddle tomorrow, I swear I’ll give back twice as good.”

“Promises, promises.” Max said, but he was almost completely cut off by a massive, jaw-breaking yawn. “So tired now.”

“Hold on.” Draco rolled and got his wand from the bedside table, and a moment later there was a slight sweep of magic and they were all clean.

“Urgh, you know my Dracken hates sleeping in magic residue.” Blaise complained.

“Tell him to suck it up for tonight, none of us want to move.” Draco replied, shoving Blaise over, up against Max’s back, before settling down behind him.

Nasta snuggled in against Max’s front and he smiled at his lover, reaching out to stroke away a piece of hair that was stuck to Nasta’s forehead and halfway over his eye.

“Happy birthday, Nasta. I love you.”

“I love you too.” Nasta replied. “I love all of you, but we really need the sleep now, we have to be up in four hours for the kids.”

They all groaned at that and Nasta chuckled tiredly.

“We’ll have to have some stern words with Harry about giving birth in the middle of the night.” Max joked.

Nasta yawned widely, and it set the rest of them off in a chain reaction. They settled down, finding comfortable positions, and arms were wrapped around warm bodies. They drifted on the edge of sleep, each thinking of the day to come, of the birthday to be celebrated, and now the birth that had to be celebrated too. They had a brand new son in the world, nothing seemed to be amiss, so they
had even more reason to celebrate and be happy. The New Year had gotten off to a very good start for all of them.

Nasta was enjoying his birthday thus far. He’d gotten everything that he’d wanted, and much more than he’d been expecting from his family. Even the extended family had given him gifts, the Maddisons, the Malfoys, and Marianna too. He felt very spoilt, but his mind kept wandering back to Harry, and their newborn son.

He had done his duty, not that it felt like a duty to him, and he’d gone down to Harry’s nest, as quietly and as non-invasively as he could to remove everything that Harry had thrown out, including blankets, towels, the empty flask of blood (which was now ruined as Harry had seemingly pushed a claw through it to drink the contents instead of opening the top as usual), and the placenta.

He’d gotten rid of everything except the placenta, which he took back to the house to check over, making sure it was intact and checking how much it weighed for Healer Almus.

Harry had been silent during this time, but he’d heard the baby making soft suckling noises, clearly feeding, and he’d heard a small burp before he’d left. All very, very good signs and he’d made sure to tell Draco, Blaise and Max what he’d heard too once he’d gotten back to the house. Though the urge to tell Harry that he loved him in that moment had been incredibly strong, but he’d resisted. Harry wouldn’t understand him and it would likely only rile him up, or distress him, in his feral state and Nasta didn’t want that, so he’d bitten his tongue and left quickly.

His own birthday party was a very mellow affair, as the last thing he wanted was to rile the kids back up when they were already missing Harry so much, but having their favourite aunts, uncles and grandparents around was helping to distract them…all of them except Leolin that was, who was clutching his Ma doll, and the blanket that had long since stopped smelling like Harry, in tightly clenched fists, refusing to allow anyone to touch him or pick him up.

He was lying in his bouncer, reclining back, glaring at everyone around him, clutching his comfort toys and he screamed when anyone approached him. It was a new development for Leolin, just not one that they particularly liked.

“Have you had a good birthday?” His Father asked him.

Nasta smiled. “I’ve been very spoilt.”

“You get to share your birthday now too.” Aneirin teased.

“I don’t mind so much. I’m forty today, I don’t need everyone’s attention on me, all the time, to
feel like I’ve had a good birthday. You know me, I much prefer to let others take the spotlight.”

He nodded to Max, who was on his hands and knees, four kids hanging off of him while he pretended to be some wild animal that they were apparently trying to bring down. It involved a lot of noise and screeching.

“Max is certainly one of a kind.” Aneirin chuckled.

“That’s why the kids all love him.”

They were all interrupted by a thud and a slam.

“That was the back door.” Nasta said with a frown. “Is everyone here?”

He and his mates automatically counted their children, even as the submissives pulled back and the dominants all stepped forward.

A small, questioning call came from the kitchen and Nasta felt his heart stop.

“Harry?” He called out, stepping forward, hardly daring to breathe, or believe it. Harry had only given birth that morning, unless something was very wrong with him, or the baby, then he shouldn’t have left his nest for a few more days, at the very least. But that had definitely been Harry’s call, it hadn’t been distressed, just questioning, asking them where they were.

Harry padded into the family room, in full Dracken form, completely naked and uncaring, covered in dried blood, cradling a blanket wrapped bundle in his arms. He was very pale, very tired and sickly looking, and the caesarean scar was thick, puckered and an angry shade of red. Harry had not been ready, or recovered enough to come out of his nest. Which just begged the question of why had he come out so very early?

Harry cocked his head, rather bird-like, as he stared at the people in the room. He inhaled deep enough for it to be visible and audible. His top lip lifted away from his top teeth in a snarl, as he growled deeply in his chest and flashed his fangs.

Everyone who wasn’t a mate immediately stepped back and sat down, making themselves more non-threatening. Typically the humans of the family were moved further back than the Drackens, but that was just common sense.

Nasta stepped forward and those narrowed, green eyes pinned back to him. Harry inhaled again and then stepped forward. He held out the baby to him and Nasta took him, wondering if anything
was wrong, if the baby was sick.

“Ha…happy…happy day.” Harry croaked out, trying to force himself to speak when his Dracken side was fully in control. That would have taken some serious control on Harry’s part too, forcing his feral Dracken to speak.

“He’s come out of his nest just to give you your present, Nas.” Max grinned, then laughed.

Harry turned to him. “Ma…Ma-ax.”

“Hey, lover. What are you doing up and about?” He asked, knowing that Harry wouldn’t understand.

His mate just blinked at him, looking adorably befuddled.

“Mummy!”

Harry blinked again, but something in him automatically recognised his babies and he fell to his knees and gathered them all up, as many as he could fit in his arms, and he snuggled them. He inhaled all of their scents, rubbed his face all over them, before pulling back to visibly assess them, his hands, still dangerously clawed, touched little heads, faces and bodies.

“Come here, you can’t parade around like this.” Draco said, tugging off his own jumper and putting it on Harry. It was overlarge, hitting Harry at just above the knee and it covered him perfectly.

Harry however had other ideas and he stared at the jumper covering his body as if it were made of shit, rolling his shoulders and moving in a way that announced just how very uncomfortable he was with wearing it. He shucked it off over his head quickly and tucked his elbows into his chest, curling up his fingers as if he’d touched the most horrendous of things.

“Try a blanket instead of clothes, which will make him feel trapped.” Myron suggested lightly from across the room, sat in front of his human daughters like a living shield.
Blaise went to get the throw from the other room, even as Harry hunched back down to snuggle his children. He would have been extremely embarrassed to be striding around naked in front of their extended family if he’d been in his right mind, but he wasn’t in his right mind, or rather he wasn’t in his human mind, because he’d come out of his nest far too early and he was still most definitely entrenched in his Dracken instincts.

Harry accepted the throw around him, paying more attention to his babies, but he wasn’t concerned with holding it closed, so it did little to give him any more modesty. It seemed to be stressing Draco out, but unless he wanted the tables turned on him, and to feel a claw in his gut, he would have to suck it up, because Harry was still almost fully feral.

“Ma! Ma! Ma!” Leolin screamed from his bouncer, trying to sit up, squirming, thrashing his limbs, trying to gain his Mother’s attention, but Harry didn’t understand words and he did not turn towards Leolin, who was now crying and flailing as much as he could manage.

A small, shrill wail made all of them still, and look in shock to Leolin, who had just let out a Dracken distress call.

Harry’s head snapped up and he lurched towards Leolin so fast that his arms went from under him. He fell flat on the floor, and having only given birth that morning it had to have been absolute agony for him, but Harry used his feet to keep moving forward, even as he got his hands back under him and he crawled to Leolin in an instinctual need to protect his distressed child.

He couldn’t figure out how to work the straps holding Leolin secure to the bouncer, so as any Dracken would do Harry severed them with a swipe of a claw and picked Leolin up, cradling him tightly to his chest and Leolin, who had settled the moment he’d been picked up, snuffled his face into Harry’s dirty, bloody, neck.

“Have any of them ever distress called before?” Aneirin asked them, breaking the shocked silence.

“No, none of them.” Max said, touching the other kids to reassure them that everything was alright after hearing the distress call of a sibling.

Regan lifted his arms, wanting more than a touch to comfort him and Max picked him up and cuddled him tightly.

“Harry!” Nasta called out, trying to get his attention through noise. It worked and Harry turned, looking at him.

Nasta indicated the baby in his arms. “Is he okay?”
“Bay…baby.” Harry said carefully, slowly.

Harry carried Leolin over and lifted the corner of the blanket to look at the baby sleeping peacefully inside.

“Baby.” He repeated, looking at Nasta.

“Is the baby alright?” Nasta tried.

Harry blinked at him, and the foreign look of incomprehension on his face unnerved Nasta a little.

“Does he need to feed?” Nasta tried.

“He doesn’t understand, Nassa.” Sanex pointed out. “Surely he’d be more concerned if anything was wrong though.”

“He would be.” Myron agreed. “Perhaps we should leave and give them their privacy. Harry will not be coming out of his feral state for a few more hours, and all of us being here will delay his human side coming back.”

“I’ve got him.” Max said. “You go when I have him in the bathroom.”

“He won’t like it.” Draco fretted.

“I’m not going to headlock him there, lover. Being feral, he’s running on animal brain cells, not human. It’s easy to trick a feral Dracken.”

Max stood up and he went to Harry, who looked at him expectantly. Max held out his hand and Harry took it immediately and allowed Max to pull him from the room easily, Leolin still up on his shoulder.
“Well, that really was easy!” Caesar laughed. “I need to try that.”

“Don’t waste time, go.” Nasta insisted. “We’ll settle him down, and the new baby, and you can come back for a proper visit.”

“Can we at least see his face?” Amelle asked. “Or do you think Harry wouldn’t like it?”

“I’m sure he’d be fine with it.” Nasta insisted, cradling the baby more securely and pulling the blanket from the baby’s face.

Everyone got a quick peek at the baby before hurrying to the floo in the next room. Nasta thanked them all for coming, as they had been here for his birthday after all, and very soon they were alone again in their home.

“So that was incredibly unexpected.” Blaise said, shaking his head. “Only Harry would have crashed your birthday party, hours after giving birth, to give you your present in person.”

“He literally forced himself to come here in full feral mode just to make it for your birthday.” Draco agreed.

“That’s why I love him.” Nasta said softly, looking down at the baby in his arms, clocking the tiny features and the damp, dark hair. “Our little boy is finally here.”

“Is he actually a boy?” Blaise chuckled.

That made Nasta blink and he laughed. “We should check, just to make it official.” He said.

He sat on the settee and laid the baby on his lap, worming the little limbs free of the blanket Harry had had him in. He eased the nappy away from a little leg and peeked up to check.

“No, he’s definitely a boy.” Nasta said with a smile, covering the baby back over.

“He’s a big boy.” Draco said, sitting next to Nasta and looking at the new baby.
“He’s at least eight pounds, maybe more.” Nasta said, considering the weight in his arms. “Double what any of our others have been.”

Max came back in, pulling Harry’s hand. Harry who looked a bit rumpled and put out, but he was a little cleaner. The blood and dirt had gone from his neck at least.

Harry immediately scanned the room, then inhaled as deeply as he could. They could see his chest expanding as he searched for the people who had been here.

“Harry, they’re gone, my love.” Nasta said gently.

“Love.” Harry immediately repeated, smiling. “My mate.”

Harry came to him and kissed him, before hunching down, still very naked, and he nuzzled the baby.

“Baby.”

“Let me have a hold, Nas!” Max complained.

“Here.” Nasta said, moving to hand the baby over.

“No!” Harry screeched, blocking the transfer and giving the baby a not so gentle shove back at Nasta. “No. Baby here. Happy day!”

“I guess Harry doesn’t like that idea just yet.” Draco said. “Let me get us tea.”

Harry was sat on the floor, scowling at him, and Nasta gave him a reassuring smile. Harry gave a tentative smile back, and rested his head on Nasta’s thigh. He gave a jaw breaking yawn and Nasta wanted to rush him to bed and tuck him up, he’d come out of his nest much too early.

He held the baby safely in his one arm and used the other hand to stroke over Harry’s head. His hair was greasy and knotty, plastered all over his head and matted with smears of dried blood, but Nasta didn’t care, he carried on touching his submissive, and Harry started purring. Nasta loved it
when Harry purred, feral or human, because it was actual proof that Harry was happy and contented.

Draco came back into the room with four cups of tea, two being held in each hand, and he put them on the coffee table.

“Is he going to be okay?” He asked Nasta.

“Harry will be fine. He’s come out too soon and he needs to rest and he needs time to come back into himself. It could take another hour, or it could be another few days, like if he was still in his nest, I don’t know, but he’ll be just fine.”

“I know he won’t eat or drink just yet, but is there anything we can get for him?” Draco fretted, even as he cradled his cup of tea in his hands.

“No, once he goes into labour, all function stops.” Max agreed. “That’ll come back a few days after his human self comes back.”

“Mummy, play with me.” Braiden insisted.

“Braiden, Mummy needs to rest.” Nasta tried, but Harry turned immediately to his clamouring child and despite the pain it must have caused, he picked up their two year old and sat him on his lap.

“Mummy, play!” Braiden encouraged, handing Harry a toy car.

Braiden didn’t seem to care that Harry was half asleep and not playing with him, as Harry rolled the car between his fingers, but then the kids were just happy to have him home, as their two girls came to lay on him and Leolin seemed to be asleep, his little fists clenched in the hair at the back of Harry’s head to stop anyone from moving him from his beloved Ma.

Harry nudged Nasta’s hand with his head and he realised that he’d stopped stroking his hair. He smiled down at Harry and resumed his stroking, and Harry started purring again, very deeply.

The kids were hell to put to bed, and as Harry sat purring next to Nasta, who was feeding the baby because Harry wouldn’t let him pass the newborn off to anyone else, it was up to Max, Draco and Blaise to sort out the screaming, unhappy horde upstairs. Leolin had refused to be passed to anyone else, and he’d fallen asleep on Harry, and only then could he be removed from Harry to his own cot.
Harry was drifting in and out of sleep, and he had been all afternoon, but that couldn’t be held against him. Nasta threw an arm around Harry and pulled him in close, taking this quiet moment to feel thankful that Harry and the baby were both completely fine.

“Mate.” Harry murmured, his green eyes looking up at him.

“My mate.” Nasta murmured back, nuzzling Harry’s face.

“Baby. Happy day.”

“Thank you, my love, for the best present in the world.”

“Baby, for happy day.” Harry repeated seriously.

Nasta blinked, as he realised that Harry wasn’t repeating the same thing because it was all that he could say. He was trying, very hard at that, to communicate with him, trying to tell him something else, and Nasta tried to decipher it.

“What are you trying to tell me, love?” He asked, staring at Harry.

Harry’s eyes dropped to the baby. “Baby, for happy day.” He said, lifting his eyes back to Nasta and Nasta frowned, looking at the baby, and his eyes caught Harry’s hand, rubbing over the black hair of the baby, before Harry reached up to touch Nasta’s hair, smiling.

Nasta’s heart thudded, as he realised what Harry was trying to convey. He reached up to his own hair and caught Harry’s hand, bringing it to his mouth to kiss.

“He’s my baby, isn’t he?”

Harry grinned, showing off all four fangs. “Baby for happy day!” He said excitedly.

“You gave birth to my baby, on my birthday.” Nasta chuckled, finally understanding the semi-legible gibberish that Harry had been sprouting all afternoon.
“Mate. Baby. Happy day.” Harry smiled.

“I love you.”

“Love mate.” Harry replied, tucking back into his side and laying his head over Nasta’s heart.

“Get some rest, you need to rest.”

Harry fell asleep on him while they were waiting for the others to come back down and Nasta savoured this moment of rare peace.

“How are they doing?” Max whispered.

“Both sleeping. Our little boy took his bottle and drifted off, and Harry was only forcing himself to stay awake because we weren’t understanding what he was trying to tell us. Or rather what he was trying to tell me.”

“All he was saying was that he’d had the baby for your birthday.” Max said, his eyebrows lowering in confusion.

“That’s what we thought he was saying. Our little thunderer is mine biologically.”

Max blinked, then grinned, and then he stifled a laugh. “He gave birth, to your son, on your birthday. That’s so extra it’s adorable. But I told you I was fucking right all along, all that fruit he was eating, it had to be your baby!”

“Eating fruit isn’t an indication of paternity.” Nasta repeated, for what felt like the millionth time in the last few months.

“Only it was.” Max giggled.
Nasta rolled his eyes in exasperation, but he smiled too. Max reached down to gently touch the newborn and Nasta watched him as he smiled and went all gooey eyed over the baby. It made his own heart throb with love.

“We’ve never gotten to see a baby on their first day of life before.” Max said quietly. “Even the quintuplets were the next morning, and only then because of Leolin.”

“He wanted to come and give me my present in person.” Nasta chuckled.

Max chuckled with him and dropped a kiss to his head. “Happy birthday, Nas. Do you think that now we’ve finally understood what he was trying to say, and he’s fast asleep, that I can hold our new son for a bit?”

Nasta smiled at Max, then at the baby in his arms.

“Here, Max.” He said, gently passing the baby over.

Max cradled him happily. “Hey, I finally get to hold you little thunderer. Time to see if you’re as much of a squirmy worm as you were in your poor Mummy!”

Nasta snorted, but tried to stifle himself for Harry’s sake.

“He’s barely moved at all.”

“Oh, you’re so naughty already!” Max teased, nuzzling the baby gently, just barely brushing his nose along the little face.

“I’m going to carry Harry up to bed, will you be alright for a minute?”

“Sure. Our thunderer is going to need a nappy change soon, then I’ll make us some tea and floo call the anxious family. They’ll want some more news, even if there isn’t much we can tell them, only that our little bolt of joy is yours.”
“I can’t wait to see him in his thunderbolt bassinet.” Nasta chuckled, even as he carefully stood, with a soothing rumble to Harry to keep him asleep. The furrow in Harry’s brow eased immediately as he heard his top dominant’s rumble and when he was picked up he merely snuggled in happily.

Max sat in Nasta’s vacated seat and he got a good look at the new baby boy they had welcomed into the family. He was very sweet looking, with a top lip that was curled upwards into the tiniest pout Max had ever seen and long, jet black lashes that looked much too long were fluttering.

Max held his breath as cornflower blue eyes blinked open to stare up at him. He had a moment of staring into those bottomless blue eyes before they closed again and that perfect face screwed up in discomfort. The little wail built up to a full out scream and the baby in his arms came to life, squirming and stretching out all four limbs, toes pointed, fingers clenching.

“Here’s the squirmy little bug that Mummy complained about, if you were stretching like this inside him then it’s no wonder he was always so uncomfortable!” Max said, even as he got onto his knees and pulled out a changing mat from under the settee. “Let’s get you changed, thunderer.”

“How is he?” Blaise asked, hurrying to him and falling to his knees to watch as Max changed the new baby.

“Look at him!” Max laughed, watching the baby wriggle and squirm as much as his newborn body allowed him. “Poor Harry.”

Max finished changing the baby and handed him to Blaise.

“How do you think we could bathe him now that he’s awake?” Blaise asked Max.

“Sure, just a quick rub down with cotton balls though, Blaise, he needs his rest. He was only born today.”

Blaise followed him into the kitchen and as Max set the kettle to boil, Blaise carefully run a bit of warm water in the sink and stripped the baby off, right after Max had just changed him. Max rolled his eyes, but said nothing. He didn’t care that much, he just placed a clean, fluffy towel over the counter next to the sink for the baby to lie on.

He made four cups of tea and stood, hip cocked against the counter, watching Blaise wash the baby with a bag of cotton wool balls.
“The cord looks good.” Blaise told him.

Max nodded. He’d already checked it when he’d changed the baby. He watched as Blaise dipped another cotton ball and dabbed gently around the base of the cord, cleaning carefully.

“Oh, you’re bathing him.” Draco announced as he came into the kitchen. He went to immediately hang over Blaise’s shoulder, wrapping his arms around Blaise’s waist and looking at the squirming baby. “He doesn’t like that.” He chuckled.

“Told you he wouldn’t like anything that wasn’t being nice and snug in Harry’s body.” Max couldn’t help but joke.

“Harry’s out like a light.” Draco said. “Nasta has bundled him up in the bed, making him a little nest to keep him comfortable, as he should really still be in his nest.”

“Harry wanted to surprise our lover. Thunderer is his.”

“How do you know?” Blaise asked distractedly.

“That’s what Harry was trying to tell us and why he wouldn’t let anyone else touch the baby until we understood. He gave birth to Nasta’s baby on Nasta’s birthday.” Max chuckled again.

“Harry always did like going the extra mile.” Draco laughed.

“There, all clean.” Blaise declared, finishing up with their baby’s genital area and throwing the cotton ball. “Now to cuddle him dry. Draco, do you want to do that part?”

“Of course.”

Draco moved to wrap the fluffy towel around the discomforted baby and picked him up, holding him, all wrapped up in the warm towel, in his big arms.

“Go and sit down, lover. I’ll get your tea for you.” Max smiled.
“Thank you.” Draco said, but he came to him for a kiss first, which Max took from a simple, chaste affair to something more passionate, before swatting Draco’s arse and sending him to the living room.

“Where’s mine?” Blaise demanded, standing in front of Max.

“I don’t know what you mean.” Max teased.

“Max!” Blaise complained.

“What’s happened?” Nasta asked, coming into the kitchen. “Where is the baby?”

“Draco has him in the living room.” Max explained.

“So what’s going on out here?”

“Max refuses to give me a kiss, Nas!”

“Oh, well we can’t be having that.” Nasta said, coming forward and winding his arms around Blaise. “Will I do as a replacement, Cariad?”

“Yes.” Blaise said breathlessly.

Nasta dipped his head, hovering his lips over Blaise’s teasingly, making his mate stretch up to him to connect their mouths together.

Huge arms banded around them both and Max squeezed them tight.

“I was only joking, I would have kissed him!” Max whined.

“Too late now.” Blaise insisted.
“No.” Max complained, kissing all over Blaise’s neck and shoulder.

Blaise laughed and turned to get a proper kiss, reaching up to hold Max’s head in place.

“Nasta, me too.” Max whined at him, and Nasta laughed, reaching forward and pulling Max into a kiss.

“Get the tea, Caru.” Nasta said softly. “Harry is asleep, and will hopefully remain that way, so we have an evening together, with the new baby, so that we can each bond with him.”

“You’ve done enough bonding with him!” Blaise teased. “It’s our turn now.”

“By all means, take all night.” Nasta teased right back.

Max laughed happily at the banter, even as he picked up the cups of tea and moved to the living room. Draco was sitting quietly, murmuring softly to the baby, who had been dressed once again, but in a different outfit, as the one that Harry had put him in had been a bit grubby from being underground in his nest.

“How is he?” Max asked, placing Draco’s tea on the table.

“Sleeping again, now that he’s clean, dry and warm.”

“Make sure you put him in scratch mitts before bed, we don’t need another baby to try and gouge out his own eyes, Calix was enough.” Max warned.

“I will, I left them by here.” Draco said, turning and picking up the scratch mitts from the seat next to him and putting them on the table, next to his tea.

“I just can’t believe he’s finally here.” Blaise said, sitting right next to Draco and looking at their baby.
“We’ll get an early night, tonight. Harry and the baby will need us, and we didn’t get much sleep last night, we weren’t expecting them to come out so soon.” Nasta said.

“We were busy sexing you up.” Max laughed.

Nasta hummed, giving Max a smug look. “Hence why we need the early night, seeing as Harry decided to come celebrate my birthday with a newborn.”

“We don’t even know the baby’s schedule.” Draco despaired.

“Oh, we’ll figure that out soon enough, I’m sure.” Max chuckled.

“He’s new born, so he should be feeding roughly every two hours, but no later than every three hours. He took two ounces in his last feed, so we’ll see now what time he wakes up for his next feed.” Nasta said, before taking a sip of tea.

“Oh, I need to sort him out a food diary.” Max said. “He’s already had a feed here.”

Max was up and gone before anyone could say to leave it until the morning, and he came back with a plain blue exercise book that they’d bought in bulk for cheap. He sat down with a pencil, a quill and a pot of black ink and he set the book up to be the baby’s food diary.

“He took two ounces of milk for his first feed here at quarter past six in the evening.” Max spoke aloud as he wrote. “He was here at four in the afternoon, so either he’s on a longer schedule than two hours, or Harry had just fed him before coming to show him to us.”

“So if he wakes for a feed at around eight, then he’s two hourly, but if it’s closer to nine, then he’s three hourly?” Blaise questioned.

“That’s right.” Max said, inputting information. “Now, do we all remember how to handle the newborn diaries?”

“No matter how tired we are, always document feeds.” Blaise intoned dutifully, as he suspected that it was for his benefit anyway, considering he was the only one who had had memory altering
head injury.

“Yep. We never found out where those missing rusks went, but it hasn’t happened again, not in the last few weeks.”

Blaise blinked, and then frowned. “Did anyone ask Harry if he was the one eating them?”

“Why would Harry eat them?” Draco asked.

“He’s been nibbling a lot, and you said yourself that it was the work of a nibbler, only a few of them were going missing at a time. He might not have fancied a full meal, or anything as rich as the biscuits we have, so he’s been eating the low sugar baby biscuits and that’s why they haven’t been documented in the baby diaries.” Blaise pointed out.

Max groaned and threw himself back into his seat. “Of course that’s what’s happened! I can’t believe I blamed poor Farren!”

“We’ll ask him in the morning, if he’s back to himself, just to confirm that he was the one eating them.” Nasta said, smirking at Max’s theatrics. “Until then, we have a newborn baby to watch over, and about two hours to kill before we go up to bed for an early night.”

“I think that new film is about two hours long.” Max said thoughtfully.


Max hummed, and went to the TV to pick up the film they’d been meaning to watch, but hadn’t gotten around to yet. “Yeah, it’s two hours and sixteen minutes long. You fancy it, lovers?”

“Yeah, put it on, Max, I’ll get us some drinks and snacks.” Nasta said. “Keep it low, though.”

“Of course, none of us want to disturb our little thunderer.” Max chuckled, finding the right remote to control the TV.
It was nice, to snuggle on the same settee with one another, watching a film they’d wanted to see for a while now, with their newborn baby in their midst who was sleeping peacefully.

The film ended without incident and still the baby hadn’t woken up for his next feed, so they stood, and stretched, and Nasta, who had his son back in his arms, checked on him to make sure he was alright.

“Does he need anything? A nappy change maybe? Calix always slept through a wet nappy too.” Draco pointed out.

Nasta checked, but he shook his head. “No, he’s fine.”

“I’ll make him up a bottle, if he doesn’t wake for it himself in the next twenty minutes or so, then we could wake him up and see if he’ll be tempted. I don’t want to leave him more than four hours without a feed.” Max said worriedly.

In the end they didn’t need to wake the baby, as just five minutes from the deadline they had set, he started squirming, a wail building in his throat as he screwed up his little face.

“Oh, there we go.” Max said, sighing in relief, as he tested the bottle which had been cooling naturally, and then handed it over to Nasta.

“So he’s three and a half hourly. That’s actually really good for a newborn.” Draco pointed out, as the four of them all watched as the baby latched immediately onto the bottle teat and started feeding.

“He’s a big baby, he’s feeding very well, so he will stay down for longer, but three and a half hours is really good. We’ve ended up lucky with this baby.” Blaise laughed.

“We’ll get him fed now, he should need a fresh nappy soon, and then we can get ourselves up to bed. Harry hasn’t called, so I assume that he’s still asleep, which is also a good sign. We’ll see then what happens tomorrow, but I do hope that the extended interaction that Harry had this afternoon, and the fact that he forced himself to actually speak, will have fast forwarded his human mind-set.” Nasta said, watching his son feed with his eyes closed.

“He actually looks a little bit like a chubbier Leolin like that.” Blaise pointed out.
“He does.” Max agreed. “I was just about to say that he reminds me of Leolin. Minus those gold and white wings, of course.”

“It’s unlikely that we’ll get another Faerie child.” Nasta said distractedly. “Harry and I are both Drackens. It was a miracle that we even got Leolin in the first place.”

“Never say never, lover.” Max warned. “You never thought you’d have Leolin in the first place, and now that you’ve got one, a second one might not be as much of a stretch as you first thought.”

“We’ll cross that bridge if we ever get to it again. Our thunderer is not a Faerie.” Nasta said.

No one said anything after that, and they lapsed into silence, watching as the baby fed. Once the bottle was finished, Nasta winded him over his shoulder and then the living room was cleaned up, the doors and windows were checked, and the four of them headed up to bed.

As they were getting changed and washed, quietly of course, out of respect for their softly snoring submissive mate, the baby wet his nappy and was changed quickly and easily, before he was settled in his fresh bassinet for the first time. He looked impossibly tiny in the large space, with his feet to the bottom and a thunderbolt emblazoned blanket folded over his waist.

“I need to get a snap of that.” Blaise chuckled quietly, going back downstairs to find a camera.

They were enamoured of the baby, and they couldn’t stop staring at him, but all too soon he would be awake again for another feed, the timer had already started counting down for the next three and a half hour feed, and they needed to be ready.

“I’ll take the first night.” Nasta said.

“Just because he’s yours biologically.” Max teased.

Nasta snorted. “No, Cariad, because I’m top dominant.” He said. “But if you want to volunteer so badly then you can have tomorrow night.”

Max laughed and padded over to hug him. “I knew you loved me.”
“Go to sleep.” Nasta smiled, giving Max a kiss. “We’re going to need it.”

Which was a bit of an understatement, their newborn son woke all of them up at midnight, then again at one in the morning, then at half past three, then at quarter past four and at seven O’clock in the morning, when Nasta, who had been the one to force himself out of bed for every bout of crying to sort out the baby, decided to just take him downstairs and keep himself awake for the day. He made himself a very, very strong cup of coffee and tried to focus himself and make himself a bit more alert.

When the baby drifted back off to sleep, Nasta left him in his downstairs bassinet and went to douse himself in cold water, in a very bad imitation of a shower as all he did was soak his body for less than a minute, he didn’t even use shower gel or shampoo before he was getting out again, and using a quick spell to dry himself. He got dressed for the day and went upstairs to collect the other kids, who were all mostly awake, all of them except Farren and Leolin, who he carried downstairs anyway.

He knew that it would be a while before he was joined by any of his mates, so he gave the kids porridge for breakfast, about the only thing he trusted himself to make, and he added some sliced banana to it.

It was going to be a very long day for him, he would definitely be passing the baby over to one of his mates and going for a nap in the afternoon because there was no way that he could last the whole day without some form of sleep. He was tired now, and as he herded the fed, cleaned kids into the family room to play, Farren having of course woken up due to the noisy shouts of his siblings and being able to have his own breakfast, and Nasta collapsed onto the settee, the newborn in the bassinet beside him, and a still sleeping Leolin tucked up against his neck. He couldn’t bloody wait to go for that nap.

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Harry was groggy and unsure of where he was when he woke up, and he peered around himself dazedly, trying to force his brain to wake up. It took him a moment, and several blinks, before he recognised his bedroom. That made him even more confused, as the last he remembered, he had been nesting. Had he dreamt that he’d nested?

He placed a hand on his belly, and found it half the size he had last remembered it. He immediately threw the duvet from himself and stood up, using the mattress as support. He tried to poke his brain into wakefulness. What had happened, and why couldn’t he remember it?

He stumbled to the bassinet, and found it empty of the baby he had apparently birthed, but what reassured him was that it was slept in, there was even a milk stain on the thunderbolt sheets. He breathed easier. His baby had been born and was apparently well, he just couldn’t really remember it for some reason. His mates would know why.

He left the bedroom and padded carefully down the stairs, gripping the bannister tight and taking each step one at a time. It was still uncomfortable, and slightly painful, but it wasn’t unbearable.
“Look, Draco, the Falmouth Falcons were slaughtered, five hundred and fifty points to thirty in their last match, their worst defeat in two hundred years.”

“I swear if you tell me this one more time, Max!”

“The Falmouth Falcons were humiliated in their record breaking loss to the Holyhead Harpies, as star Seeker, Vixie the Vixen, made a spectacular mid-air leap for the snitch before rolling safely across the grass, holding the snitch aloft. The Harpies, who only introduced Vixie to the squad this season, have not lost a single match since her debut and are clear favourites to win the League Cup this year.”

“I swear to Merlin, Max, if you don’t stop reading that article over and over I’m going to stuff it down your throat!”

Harry heard a loud, boisterous laugh and it made him smile. He was home, his mates were fine and well, nothing bad had happened if they were laughing and joking with one another, and presumably teasing Draco over his favourite Quidditch team apparently losing badly in their last match.

Harry inched slowly into the kitchen. Draco was sterilising bottles at the counter, and Max was sat with the Daily Prophet open on the table, their newborn baby held securely in one huge arm.

“Max.” Harry croaked out. “Draco.”

His mates both looked up, and what they were doing before was abandoned as they both hurried to him. It was Draco who picked him up and held him securely. Harry could only blink stupidly at the rapid shift in perspective.

He was carried into the family room, and Nasta and Blaise were sat there, with their eight other children playing on the floor happily, cartoons playing in the other room.

“Harry, are you okay?” Nasta asked, standing and taking him from Draco, turning and laying him down on the settee. “How are you feeling?”

“I don’t…don’t remember much, or how I got here. The baby, is he okay?”

“He’s absolutely fine, love.” Max said, crouching down and showing him the baby.
Harry sat up, ignoring his flapping mates, to look more closely at the baby, assessing him.

“We aren’t that bad at looking after the kids.” Max teased.

“It’s not that.” Harry said softly. “I don’t remember having him.”

“Sometimes it takes a while for your memory to come back.” Nasta soothed, laying a hand on Harry’s back to support him.

“How is your stomach?” Blaise asked.

“Sore.” Harry said simply.

“Here, one of you take the thunderer, I’ll sort Harry out with his needed potions.” Max said.

It was Blaise who took the baby and Harry smiled to see them all helping out. It pleased his Dracken greatly.

He was picked up again and taken back upstairs and to their large en suite.

“I put everything you’d need up here. I was expecting you to wake up and call for one of us, not struggle down those stairs all by yourself.” Max explained, sitting Harry on the counter and with a wave of his wand, the plug dropped and the taps came on. “Now, how sore are you, is it any sort of pain, or just an ache?”

Harry shook his head. “Just sore, like I’ve pulled a few muscles.”

“So no pain reliever just yet, but let me know immediately if you need one, okay?” Max told him, as he scooped out a handful of bath salts from a jar and sprinkled it from one end of the bath to the other before he picked up a vial of a muscle relaxant and tipped that into the running water.

Harry inhaled and he smelt lemons, and it made him smile. He liked the citrusy scents.
“Who dressed me?” He asked, plucking at the pyjamas he was wearing.

“Nasta took great care of you.” Max explained, shooting Harry a smile.

“How is the baby? Is he feeding well, has he had his first poo?”

“He’s wonderful, love. He is feeding well, and sleeping well too. He’s taking two ounces of milk every three to three and a half hours. He’s wetting nappies, but he hasn’t pooped yet. We’re still waiting for that.”

Harry nodded, taking in the information and committing it to memory.

“He was feeding well in the nest.” He said, as the words knocked loose a memory. “I wanted to come out early for some reason.” He frowned. “I don’t remember why, but I don’t think it was urgent, there was nothing wrong with me or the baby.”

“Nasta’s birthday.” Max reminded gently. “You wanted to give him his present in person.”

Harry’s eyes widened. “Yes! I remember that. I… I kept telling my Dracken that it was our mate’s birthday, and we went to see him with the baby. We were going to go back into our nest afterwards though.”

Max shook his head. “You fell asleep on Nasta and he carried you up to bed. He did make you a little nest in the bed though, to keep you comfortable. It must have worked because you’ve slept for two days.”

“Two days?!” Harry cried. “I haven’t bonded with my baby!”

“He’s fine, dearest. I swear. I promise you that he’s fine. I’m going to clean you up now, get you into fresh pyjamas, and then you can lay on the settee with the baby all day if you want to. You can bond with him and he will know your voice, your heartbeat. Everything is going to be just fine.”
Harry nodded, and he allowed Max to help him remove his pyjamas and then settle him in the bath. He still felt a little lethargic and lackadaisical, so he allowed Max to sponge him off, holding him safe and steady as he tipped him backwards to wash his greasy, knotty mop of hair. He felt himself drifting again and he felt more than he heard Max giggling silently at him.

“Tired, leave me alone.” Harry murmured.

“You’re in the bath, love. I’m not going to leave you alone in here. Just give me a few more minutes, let me rinse you off and then you can be in your nice, warm pyjamas and downstairs with the baby.”

“Still our thunderer?”

“Until you name him, yes, but I’m afraid he’s always going to be our little bolt of thunder now.”

“Nasta’s baby.”

Max hummed, and Harry could almost see him grinning at him. “We know. Your Dracken self refused to allow anyone other than Nasta to hold the baby until we got it through our thick heads what you were trying to say. We know that he’s Nasta’s.”

Harry nodded and opened his eyes to see the grin aimed at him. It made him smile.

“We’re happy to have you back with us, you don’t appreciate how hard it is to communicate with a feral Dracken until you actually have to do it. I had to pull you from the room and wash you off in the sink to give the family time to leave safely, you really didn’t like them being here.”

“Oh, did I embarrass myself again?”

“No, dearest. They’re Drackens too, well the Malfoys aren’t, but I’m sure Draco has filled them in by now. But everyone knows what it’s like to have Drackens in the family, they know all about the instincts and everything. It’s all fine, but I did find it funny, especially trying to wash you. You really didn’t appreciate my affectionate cleaning, not like you are now.”
Harry laughed. “I don’t know why my Dracken doesn’t like it, probably because it feels too unnatural, but I definitely appreciate it right now.”

Max slowed his hand movements down, stroking just for the pleasure of touching his mate, though he was still cleaning as well. Harry did stink, or he had before he’d bathed, and he really needed to be clean.

“Are we done?” Harry asked ten minutes later, cracking his eyes open.

Max nodded. “Yeah, hair and body is nice and clean, I’ve paid good attention to your pits so Draco doesn’t keel over and…”

He was interrupted by Harry’s laughter, and hearing that bright, happy laugh made Max smile.

“Come on, love, let’s get you out and dried and I can get that scar salve on you.”

Max helped Harry out, got him dried and laying on their bed in just his boxers. He took the scar salve and gently applied it to the thick, puckered red line that showed where Harry had sliced himself open. He watched Harry carefully, to see if he flinched or winced or showed any sign of pain or discomfort. He didn’t and he laid happily on the bed, arms up by his head, and he looked beautiful. So beautiful that Max had to bend down to kiss him. Those hands came up to hold his head in place and Harry kissed him back.

“I love you.” Max said gently.

“I love you too. So much, my mate.”

“Hmm, I thought all of your feralness had gone.” Max teased.

Harry grinned at him. “It has. I’m just feeling a bit possessive of my mates.”

“Come on.” Max picked Harry up and helped him to dress in fresh pyjamas, before picking him up again and carrying him down the stairs, the salve held securely over his scar by a large gauze plaster.
“I want my baby.” Harry said.

“We’ll get the thunderer to you now.” Max assured him, carrying him around through the kitchen and then into the family room.

“How are you feeling, love?” Draco asked him.

“Fine. I’m all clean, I am getting a bit tired again, but I want my baby. I need to bond with him, I came out of the nest early.”

“You did, and you shouldn’t have.” Nasta said firmly. “Though it’s always nice to see you.”

Harry grinned. “I love you too.”

Nasta, who was holding his son, came to crouch next to him. He gave Harry a long, lingering kiss and then gently passed the baby over, laying him on Harry’s chest, being careful of Harry’s abdomen.

“Hi, baby.” Harry said, wrapping his arms around the squirming newborn. His son stilled the moment he heard Harry’s voice, and then two hands reached up to grip tight at Harry’s collar. “Put his ear over my heart, please.”

Nasta adjusted the tiny, delicate head and placed the baby’s ear over Harry’s beating heart. The newborn settled immediately and Harry smiled.

“Are you back to yourself now?” Blaise asked him.

“I think so. I feel good actually. Tired and a bit sore, but not too bad. I think I should have singletons now all the time.” He joked.

“We’ll try and accommodate that for you.” Max told him.
“Mummy.”

Max turned to look at Tegan, and he pulled her up and stood her on his thighs. She looked at the penguin in her hands, then held it out to Harry.

“Thank you, sweetheart.” Harry said, taking the offered toy and tucking it into his neck.

Tegan smiled at him, reached forward and gave Harry a kiss, gave her new baby brother a kiss, patted the penguin and then she was slipping from Max’s lap and she was gone.

“I love that little girl so much.” Max declared, grinning after Tegan as she went to her doll’s house to play.

“She’s definitely the most feisty of our kids, but I love it when she does things like that.” Draco agreed.

“That feistiness will come in handy when she’s an adult.” Blaise nodded.

“Can I have some tea, please?” Harry asked. “My throat is really dry and really sore.” He explained.

Max shot up like he’d been electrocuted. “Of course you can, do you want anything to eat, any water?”

Harry shook his head. “Just tea, and only because my throat hurts.”

Max rushed out and Harry closed his eyes for a moment, savouring the newborn in his arms. His mates had been right, he had bonded with the baby already, but to his Dracken, it wasn’t enough. So he would stay here and cuddle his new son, Nasta’s son, and bond properly with him.

“Here you are.”

Harry peeled open his eyes, and his thoughtful mate had stuck a straw in his teacup, so that Harry
could drink it without sitting up.

“You’re the best.” Harry said gratefully, as Max manipulated the straw into Harry’s mouth so that he could drink in small sips while flat on his back.

“Of course I am.” Max preened.

Harry yawned widely after a few sips of his honey tea, made exactly how he liked it, and he hummed gently. He took a few more sips, just because the tea tasted so good after a couple of weeks of just water and blood, cold blood at that, and it tasted so sweet, so amazing, that he wanted more. He was too tired, though, and like their newborn son, he fell asleep mid-sip, with the straw still in his mouth.

“He’s so tired still.” Max sighed, carefully popping the straw from Harry’s mouth and putting the half empty cup on the coffee table.

“He will be.” Nasta said, reaching out to cup Max’s chin. “But he’s also going to be fine. A few more days and normal function will resume, he’ll start eating and drinking as normal. In a few weeks he won’t be so sore and he’ll be healed up properly. We’ll look after him.”

Max nodded and smiled, tipping his head to kiss Nasta’s palm.

“I’m glad that they’re both alright and that nothing untoward happened to either of them.”

“Oh, we’re all glad of that.” Draco agreed. “But our ninth child is here, and we’re almost outnumbered two to one.”

Max snorted. “It’s only going to get worse from here on out, lover. Best get used to it.”

“I know that, I’m just trying to envision us going on holiday, or out for the day, with so many kids.”

“It was always going to be difficult.” Nasta said. “But we’ll manage. We’re Drackens, and there are five of us, mateships have done more than us with less mates.”
“My Granddad among them.” Max grinned. “Can you imagine him and Nana Kim taking all their kids out for a day trip? Especially when Nico and Ceph were little.”

“They’re terrors now.” Blaise laughed.

“It gets easier when the oldest are old enough to help out. Xerxes, Alexus, Benedict and Maribeth were always helping with the little ones, though Cassander, despite being the second oldest after Xerxes, well, he caused more problems than he helped with.” Max laughed. “He was usually a part of the problem in the first place.”

“Did they go on a lot of trips then?” Draco asked.

“Oh, tons. They’ve got pictures and souvenirs from all over the place. I think they were out every week or so.”

“We’re going to have to ask for advice and tips.” Blaise laughed. “We haven’t even taken all the kids out together yet.”

“As I said, there are five of us, and Leolin and our thunderer aren’t going to be going anywhere by themselves for a while yet, we’re not quite as outnumbered as it seems.”

“So…maybe we could take a day trip in the summer, perhaps to a beach or even just to the park for a picnic.” Draco mused. “It would do us some good to get out of the house for a full day.”

“I think Harry would like that.” Max said, giving his sleeping mate a soft smile.

“We’ll plan it properly.” Nasta said. “We’ll all have the same week off of work, we take everything we need, and we do it properly.”

“Of course.” Max nodded. “I’m sure Granddad said that he would plan an outing properly too, that’s why they always had so many and nothing usually went wrong.”
“Usually?” Draco asked nervously.

“Well, that many kids, Draco, you can’t plan for everything. Accidents happen and we will have more than a few scares over the years, but that’s life and we’ll deal with it.”

The four of them looked at each other and nodded. They would plan a day trip somewhere, and they would let their children experience normal situations, it wasn’t good for them to keep them secluded in the house all day, only taking them out occasionally for a trip to the supermarket down the road. They needed to get more confident in their own parenting abilities and start teaching their kids about the world around them, that was their duty as parents. They would have that day trip, they could only hope that Harry agreed with them about it.

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Chapter End Notes

A/N: This chapter has come so late because it was giving me some trouble, the entire first scene was deleted and then redone in Draco’s POV, which I think works better, but I have finally managed to get it done and I hope that you all enjoy it.

StarLight Massacre. X
Chapter Notes

Last Time

They would plan a day trip somewhere, and they would let their children experience normal situations, it wasn’t good for them to keep them secluded in the house all day, only taking them out occasionally for a trip to the supermarket down the road. They needed to get more confident in their own parenting abilities and start teaching their kids about the world around them, that was their duty as parents. They would have that day trip, they could only hope that Harry agreed with them about it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter One Hundred-Twenty-Three – Thunderer

The four dominants had waited until the evening of the next day to tell Harry about the possibility of going out for a day trip in the summer, until he was more himself and less taken by his Dracken instincts.

Far from being worried, or fretful, over the safety of the children, as most submissives were when broached about the subject of taking their children out into large crowds of strangers, Harry was fully on board and seemed to be excited about the prospect of taking the kids out.

“We should take them to the zoo!” Harry insisted, so excited that the four of them had to smile at him. “They’ll love all of the animals, I know it. Braiden especially, he loves animals.”

They looked to where Braiden was playing with a wooden farm, moving the animals around as he played, talking to himself as he did so.

Nasta was a bit troubled though by Harry’s enthusiasm, and how he’d immediately jumped to the zoo, when they had suggested taking them to the park down the road. His mind went to the cruel family who had raised him, and his heart ached as he realised that perhaps Harry had always wanted to go to a zoo, but hadn’t been able to go to one before.

“Harry, have you ever been to a zoo?” Nasta asked softly.

Harry’s face closed off immediately, as it always did when they brought up his past.

Nasta was expecting Harry to shake his head, as he usually went non-verbal when the Dursleys
were brought up until he was coaxed into talking, but Harry just sighed.

“Once.” He told them. “It…it didn’t end very well for me.”

“Will you tell us about it?” Blaise asked softly, sitting down next to Harry.

Harry breathed in deeply to calm himself and he closed his eyes, his face a picture of misery. Nasta hated the Dursleys all over again, the rage he felt at them, at what they’d done to Harry, growing even further inside him.

“I was so excited.” Harry said softly. “I’d never been allowed to go out with them before. They’d been on day trips, on holiday, all without me, but this time…this time I was allowed to go, because no one else could look after me. They were forced to take me with them.”

Harry frowned and glanced a look at the four of them.

“They were going to the zoo for Dudley’s eleventh birthday. Dudley took his friend Piers with him. They were hitting and pinching me all through the car drive, but I didn’t care, I was finally going to see a zoo, and I was so happy. I can’t tell you with mere words how happy I felt to be doing something normal.”

“You would have been ten.” Draco said.

Harry looked up at him, and nodded. “Yes. Dudley’s birthday was at the end of June, mine was the end of July. So he was a month older than I was. I…I thought it was the best day of my life, because Vernon, he brought Dudley and Piers a large ice cream each as soon as we arrived, and the nice lady asked me what I wanted before Vernon could hurry us off, so I got a cheap lemon ice lolly.”

“Is…is that why you like them now?” Max asked.

Harry nodded. “Yes. I don’t mind orange ones either, but lemon are my favourite, because it was the first one I had. He bought me a lemon one because he hoped I wouldn’t like it, but I did.”
“You like ice cream, though, don’t you?” Blaise questioned.

Harry smiled then. “Oh, yes, I definitely like ice cream.” The smile fell and Harry sighed. “Anyway, I loved the zoo at first. I was mostly left alone, Dudley and Piers were rushing off everywhere, and I got to do my own thing as long as I stayed in sight. We stopped for lunch at a restaurant.”

“We’re you allowed anything to eat?” Max asked.

“Of course not. I’d already had a lolly.” Harry told them, and all four of them had to swallow back their rage at how blasé Harry spoke about only being allowed one ice lolly to eat in a day. “But Dudley complained that his Knickerbocker glory wasn’t big enough, after he’d already eaten most of it, so they got him another one and I was allowed to finish the rest of the first.”

“That’s all you had that day, wasn’t it? An ice lolly and the remnants of an ice cream sundae.” Nasta asked.

Harry nodded. “Yeah. We…we went to the reptile house after that, and that’s where I found out I could speak Parseltongue for the first time. I had a conversation with a boa constrictor. I…I was caught doing it by Dudley and Piers. Dudley punched me in the ribs to get me out of the way, I hit the floor and I… I was just so angry.”

“Accidental magic?” Draco sighed, knowing where the story was heading.

Harry nodded. “I made the glass from the snake’s tank vanish…they had both been leaning up against the glass, pressing against it, so they fell into the enclosure. The snake paid them no mind, it made a break for freedom, I’m not sure if it was ever caught, but…they hated magic so much, so…”

“You were punished for it.” Nasta said.

Harry nodded. “Of course I was. The best day quickly turned into a bad one, we came straight home after that, without seeing any more of the zoo, and I was locked in the cupboard with no food for a week. I…I was so excited to go to the zoo, but they spoilt it, just like they spoilt everything for me.”
“We’ll go to the zoo in the summer.” Max said decisively. “We’ll make it a much better experience for you too, with all the lemon lollies you want.”

That made Harry smile. “I just want my babies to have all the experiences that I never got to have.”

“You’re never too old to experience new things.” Nasta said firmly. “We’ll plan a trip to the zoo in June, after Draco’s birthday. We’ll get it off work, plan a schedule, everything.”

“I’m so excited already.” Harry said. “Our little thunderer won’t remember it, I doubt the girls will either, but I hope the others have a good time.”

“It doesn’t matter if they remember it or not, love. They’ll all enjoy themselves, and we’ll take photos, and we’ll take the camcorder too. We can film it for them for when they’re older.”

“Will we take Leolin, or not?” Blaise asked.

“That’s something we’ll have to discuss.” Nasta said.

“I don’t think I want to risk it.” Harry frowned. “I don’t want him to miss out, but there will be a lot of people there. People who might be sick, or be carrying germs. I think I’d feel better if he had a Faerie day with Dain and Kailen, or maybe even Lathen and Ezrah, and then we could take him maybe, when he’s older and more able to deal with things. When he could tell us if he’s getting any symptoms of being sick.”

“I think that would be for the best.” Nasta agreed. “He won’t mind, and he liked his Faerie day the last time. As long as he has his Ma doll and you sleep with his blanket beforehand, I’m sure he’ll be fine.”

Harry settled himself then, and he smiled. “I’m so excited for this trip.”

Nasta bent forward and kissed Harry’s head. “We’ll make it perfect for you.”

“For the kids.” Harry corrected firmly.
“For all of you.” Max said. “Now, do you want tea?”

Harry hummed and nodded. “Yes.”

“Still not hungry?”

“Not yet. I had some toast for breakfast, I am eating, I just don’t want a lot. I do want my baby though, I can’t believe he’s already three days old and he doesn’t have a bloody name.”

Draco, who had been cuddling the newborn, begrudgingly handed him over to Harry.

“Sorry, love, but he really needs a name.” Harry said, looking at the baby in his arms.

“I know, I just enjoy cuddling him.”

Harry chuckled softly and he sat back against the cushions that his mates had packed up behind him, reclining back without injuring himself by holding the baby.

“Do you still want to name him after thunder?” Blaise asked.

“Yes, I’ve been looking up Welsh names too, and so far I’ve got Taranis, the god of thunder, but I don’t want to call him Taranis, it sounds too weird.”

“Then name him a variant, Caru.” Nasta said gently, aware that it was Harry’s decision, but offering him help.

“There are variants?” Harry asked.

“Of course, there’s Taranu, Taran, Tarron…”
“Taren.” Harry cut in, looking from Nasta to the baby in his arms.

“Do you like that name? It means thunder.”

“Really?” Harry asked, looking back up at Nasta.

Nasta nodded. “There are several ways of spelling it, T-A-R-A-N is the usual, but it’s also popular spelt T-A-R-Y-N.”

“No, I don’t like Tar-in.” Harry said, shaking his head. “I like Ta-ren.”

Nasta blinked, but he smiled. “Okay, whatever you want, Cariad. How would you want it spelt?”

“T-A-R-E-N.” Harry said, smiling. He lifted a hand and stroked the baby’s face. “My little thunderer.”

“Did I just miss the name?” Max asked excitedly as he brought in the tray of tea.

“Taren.” Harry said, looking up with a grin. “Our little Welsh thunderer.”

Max reached out to gently squeeze a tiny foot. “Love you, Taren.” He said.

Harry almost teared up at that, but he smiled down at the baby and kissed him again.

“Taren Trefor Delericey.” Harry said firmly, nodding.

“Trefor?” Nasta asked, his face falling.

“He was your several times great-grandfather, Nas.” Harry pointed out. “I think it’s a nice touch, and it suits him.”
Nasta sighed, his shoulders slumping. “I’m trying to come to terms with it.”

“I know, and you’re doing so well. It can’t be easy to find out that your family was built on a lie, on such treachery and betrayal. There’s nothing any of us can do to change that, but that you’re trying means a lot to me. Like it or not, we have a Faerie child, who could potentially reach eight hundred years old. He’s going to be lonely, love, if he doesn’t form his own bonds with those who are just as long lived as he is. I don’t want him to be so lonely.”

“And you’re friends with the Faeries yourself.” Max pointed out.

Harry chuckled. “That too, but it’s not the Faeries Nas has the problem with, is it, love? It’s Dain and Kailen for lying, or rather keeping the truth to themselves about the real family history, and the fact that they were the fathers’ of Trefor’s children, and thus related to him, and not that pathetic little prick, Constas.”

Nasta nodded. “That’s the real problem. I still don’t understand why they kept it from us. I heard them explain, I know what they felt, I just…I keep trying to imagine myself in their place, and I just can’t do it.”

“You need to remember that they’re Faeries, not Drackens. Drackens are very, very family orientated, Nas.” Max pointed out. “You’re never going to be able to put yourself in their shoes and imagine yourself not interacting with your grandkids, because a Dracken would never be able to do as they did, and you’re never going to understand that mentality.”

“Therein lies my problem.” Nasta sighed. “I can’t understand why they did it, so I’m finding it difficult to forgive. I’m trying, I just…I just don’t understand and I’m not used to not understanding things.”

“Thank you for at least trying.” Harry said, giving him a smile.

“I’ll make more time for them when they next visit, I think it might help more if I got to know them better.”

Harry smiled at that. “It makes me happy to hear you say that.”
“So, Taren Trefor Delericey.” Nasta smirked. “I’ll have to inform the family, Idris will be upset that you didn’t name the baby after him.”

Harry laughed. “Maybe the next one, after all Regan is named for your Father.”

“Are you sure you want him to be a Delericey, and not a Potter-Delericey? I thought you only wanted one male child to be heir to the family names?” Draco pointed out.

Harry shook his head and swallowed his mouthful of tea. “No, I was thinking about it, and…and I don’t want them to be lonely, so I think I want the first two boys born to each house to take a family name. Of course we had to make allowances for Potter and Black too, but I want our thunderer to be a Delericey.”

“We’ll fill in his birth certificate tomorrow morning then.” Nasta said. “We haven’t touched it yet.”

“Where is it?” Harry asked.

“Healer Almus handed it over when we gave him the placenta to check over.” Max explained. “You were still fast asleep in bed when we did that.”

Harry snorted and sent Max a grin, before a squirm from the baby in his arms took his attention.

“Oh, someone is awake and hungry.”

“Got that covered.” Max insisted, as he took the little bottle of milk from the tray and handed it over.

“Blaise, can you help me?” Harry asked, trying to force his still healing body to cooperate.

Blaise, who was still sat next to him, started moving cushions and he tucked one under Harry’s arm and helped him to lie the baby on it so that he could be fed without Harry straining all his muscles to hold him in the correct feeding position.
“Is that comfortable for you?” Blaise asked, even as he finished tucking the baby’s head towards Harry’s body.

“Yes, that’s perfect, thank you.”

Harry tested the bottle and a slight touch of wandless, wordless magic had it cooling a little more, so it was more comfortable for Taren to drink.

The five of them were silent, all of them watching as their newest child suckled his milk, cradled in a cushion.

“How heavy was he born, love? I don’t think we’ve asked yet.” Max asked him, but his eyes were still all for the baby.

“Nine pounds and two ounces.” Harry said immediately. “Twenty inches long with a thirteen and three quarter inch head circumference.”

“I love submissives.” Max chuckled. “I’ll grab his certificate now, but you’re certain of his name, lover?”

Harry considered the question seriously, but it only took him a moment as he looked at his child. The name had stuck.

“Yes. It’s stuck. Taren Trefor Delericey.”

Max stood and went to the sideboard, taking out the official document from the highest part of the cabinet up top, where Blaise kept the warded, ancient alchemy book that Harry had given to him for their very first Christmas together.

He took out his best quill and a bottle of ink and while Harry watched their feeding son, the others watched as Max filled in the certificate.

“Nine pounds and two ounces, you were right, he was definitely a big baby.” Max chuckled. “You had such a nice, neat bump too, where were you hiding the rest of him?”

Harry laughed. “In my bladder and lungs.”
Max laughed, but pushed the certificate over to Nasta and handed over the quill. “Nas, you need to do this part as the genetic Father.”

Nasta took the quill, read over the information, and then where Max had filled in his full name, he signed underneath.

“Harry, you just need to sign it now, Caru.”

Harry nodded his understanding, but he didn’t take his eyes from the baby. “Let him finish feeding first, and then I will.”

A wail over the baby monitor had all five of them looking to the group of three on the coffee table. They were colour coordinated to the three different rooms that held their sleeping babies.

“That’s Leolin’s room.” Draco sighed. “I told you he wasn’t settling as normal. I’ll go and grab him.”

“See if he can be tempted with a bit more milk, Draco.” Nasta said. “He left an inch or so in his bottle, it’s on the side of his changing table.”

Draco nodded and went upstairs to check on their Faerie baby, while Harry finished off feeding Taren.

“Do you want me to wind him?” Blaise asked, hovering over Harry as baby Taren finished his bottle and Harry eased forward to put the bottle on the coffee table.

“Yeah, take him.” Harry said, passing the three day old baby over and reaching for the certificate and the quill.

Blaise snuggled the baby into his neck, rubbing the baby’s back and patting gently to bring up his wind.
“Is it my turn to be on night duty?” Harry asked, even as he found where Max had written his name under Mother, and he signed his name underneath.

“No, Harry.” Nasta said. “It’s mine. I’m on paternity leave now.”

“I haven’t done a turn during the night though.” Harry said, finishing his signature and flicking his head up to look at his top dominant.

“You’re still recovering, love.” Max insisted. “Until I say you’re fit, you won’t be doing any night feeds.”

“But…I want to help. I want to look after my own baby.”

“You are, Harry.” Nasta stressed. “But you need to look after yourself too. None of us have had to rip ourselves open and pull a baby out. None of us had to carry a baby in our bodies for seven months. You need to take this time to relax and recover. We are well able to do the night shifts until you’re recovered.”

Harry gave them a look, then he smirked. “Will I ever be recovered enough in your view to handle the night feeds?”

“No.” Blaise insisted truthfully.

Harry laughed, but made a pained noise and pressed a hand over his belly. “Oh, don’t make me laugh, love.” He complained.

“You see, you’re not healed enough, and I don’t want you going up and down those stairs so often with your healing caesarean. The stairs are still too much for you, and we want you to be safe and healthy.” Max said. “You had Taren just three days ago, dearest, normally you’re still in your nest with him, you won’t be going up those stairs by yourself for another two weeks if everything heals nice and smoothly, and even then you won’t be carrying anything, or anyone, up or down them.”

Harry sighed. “I was thinking of making up his bottles ready and just heating them with magic when he needs them. Or just keeping him and myself down here for the night.”
“Absolutely not.” Nasta said sternly. “Being in bed, with us, is the best place for you. We will handle the night feeds until you are fully recovered, Harry. There are four of us, Caru, there is absolutely no need for you to force yourself to do anything with us here to look after you.”

“I suppose I can stop being so stubborn for a while, he really took it out of me, and coming out of my nest early messed up my healing process. But just this once.” Harry added firmly.

Harry saw the three of them share smiles, but he affected to ignore it. Instead he rested back in the cushions that had been placed behind him to prop him up and he breathed deeply and calmly.

Draco came back down, but he had a grizzling, whining Leolin in his arms still.

“He really will not settle.” Draco told them. “He seems fine. He’s not fevered, he’s clean and dry, I’ve checked for signs of teething and he doesn’t have any sign. I just don’t know.”

“Pass him to me.” Harry said, indicating that he wanted Draco to put Leolin on his chest, so that he wouldn’t have to struggle to sit up so soon after laying back down.

They were all rather worried when not even being on Harry calmed Leolin down.

“Leolin.” Harry tried, speaking to his son to try and calm him. It was usually Harry’s voice, and his eyes, that calmed Leolin the most, but he continued to grizzle.

Harry shared a look with his mates as he stroked Leolin’s back, taking care with the folded up wings.

“Baby, are you okay?” He asked, doing his own checks to make sure that Leolin wasn’t sick, but he smelt normal, earthy, like all Faeries.

“Was there anything in the development books that mentioned anything like this happening at around twenty-six months?” Harry asked Nasta desperately.

Nasta shook his head. “Do you want Healer Cole? Or do you want Dain and Kailen?”
“Dain and Kailen, just in case this is normal or just another development. If they think he needs a healer after that…” Harry trailed off, his bottom lip trembling. None of them had ever wanted a repeat of the time when Leolin had been in the hospital.

“I’ll go and get them. Blaise, perhaps it might be best to put the baby…to put Taren upstairs in his bassinet.” Nasta said softly.

Blaise nodded and checked that the baby he was cradling was asleep, before standing and leaving the room. Nasta took a pinch of floo powder and threw it into the grate and he was gone a moment later.

“I don’t want anything to be wrong with him.” Harry said, tears welling up.

Max rushed to the seat that Blaise had vacated. “We don’t know that anything is wrong, Harry.” He soothed immediately.

“This isn’t normal behaviour.” Harry stressed, watching as Leolin writhed and grizzled. “He looks like he’s in pain, I can’t stand it.”

“Maybe we should take him to the hospital.” Draco said. “Or at the least call a healer here, surely they have one spare.”

“It could be anything, Draco. Maybe we forgot to add softener to the laundry that his bodysuit went into. Maybe Faeries start having nightmares when they hit two. Let Dain and Kailen see him first, and then if they’re worried, then we’ll take him to the hospital.”

“This should be a happy time, we have a newborn, I can’t see him in that hospital again. Not like before.”

Max laid a hand on Leolin’s back, covering Harry’s hand, trying to comfort them both as Leolin wailed and squirmed. It was early night, it was only just gone nine, but if Nasta had trouble getting into the Faerie city, especially with it being in as much turmoil as it allegedly was, then it could take them longer to get back. Harry hoped that Nasta was allowed into the city, and wasn’t detained, but as the minutes ticked by, Harry was getting more and more worried and wound up.

Leolin eventually settled, perhaps too tired to carry on his wriggling and squirming, and Harry looked at him critically, making sure it wasn’t due to an illness taking him over.
“Ma ma.” He said slowly, his tiny hands clenching.

“I’m here.” Harry said softly, stroking Leolin’s black hair, before turning to Max. “Where the hell is Nasta?”

Max bent forward to rest his forehead against the side of Harry’s. “It hasn’t been long enough for him to have even reached their house yet, Harry. Please just try to stay calm. He’s not fevered, and he doesn’t smell sick.”

“I don’t know what else it could be.” Harry said desperately.

“As I said, it could be anything. Maybe there was an extra scoop of formula in his bottle and he’s reacting to that? Maybe he wants to go outside for a Faerie moment? It could be anything, love, it doesn’t mean that he’s sick or in danger.”

Blaise and Draco came to flank them, and they all watched as Leolin looked around, he seemed to be searching for something, and whatever he saw, whether he saw something he wanted, or didn’t see something that he didn’t, he relaxed his whole body and properly settled.

“Ma.” He said more normally, snuffling into Harry’s neck.

“I’m here, sweetie.” Harry said soothingly, patting his back gently.

“Is…is he okay now?” Blaise asked, as they watched Leolin still himself and start drifting off.

“I don’t know.” Harry said. “I want him checked out, just in case.”

It took close to half an hour before Nasta came back, and when he did enter the house again, via the front door, he was in full Dracken form and he was visibly fuming.

All four of them sunk away from him instinctually, which was what made them realise that he was releasing fear-inducing pheromones.
“Don’t be afraid of me.” He told them, his voice harsh and guttural with his Dracken, but he made a conscious effort to rein back his pheromones.

“Would they not come?” Harry asked.

“We are here. We just have a very healthy respect for our angry grandson.” Dain insisted, as he slowly and carefully entered the room.

“Don’t say that the court tried to involve itself in this?” Max demanded.

“Later, we’ll go over that later, please come and see Leolin.” Harry insisted, looking at the two Faeries.

“He seems to have settled.” Kailen pointed out, as both Faeries hunched beside the settee that Harry was reclining on.

“Only in the last ten minutes. He sort of looked around and everything stopped, the wailing and writhing, the crying, he settled and then he went to sleep.”

“Will you tell us the schedule he had today, Harry?” Dain asked, as he gently manipulated Leolin into his own arms and turned him over to check on him.

“He woke up at maybe quarter past seven.” Harry said, looking to his mates for confirmation.

“I was first up, he was still asleep at six when I fed Taren.” Draco said. “He did wake up at about quarter past seven.”

“It might be easier if we got his book.” Harry pointed out.

Max nodded and stood, going to grab Leolin’s book, so that the Faeries could see his eating and napping habits, which had all been documented down so that they could check for patterns, progress, or anything that might indicate that Leolin was not himself.
“We have been letting him have some time outside too, would…would that have made him act like this?” Harry asked.

“No.” Both Faeries said together.

“Being outside is usually what settles an upset Faerie.” Kailen told them, as Max handed Dain the exercise book, open to the right page.

“He’s been doing really well recently.” Draco said. “He’s been going from strength to strength, sitting up more, eating more, we thought he was gearing up for another growth spurt too, before this happened tonight.”

“Aneirin got him a light up ball for Christmas, every time he squeezes it, it flashes a different colour, and he loves it.” Harry chuckled.

“I believe it to be because of the very big change recently. I heard the name Taren, and I can see that you have recently given birth. We were expecting this.”

“Expecting what?” Nasta demanded.

“It is simply sibling jealousy.” Dain told them, closing the book after finding nothing amiss. “It usually starts at this age. He likely saw you fussing over the newly born babe and he didn’t like it. It is for this reason that most Faeries space their babes out, so that the oldest babe does not feel such jealousy towards siblings so soon in their lifetimes.”

“But…Leolin has eight siblings, he’s not even our youngest before Taren was born.” Harry pointed out confusedly.

“The other babes are all moving, you do not need to carry them everywhere, or have them with you at all times like a newly born babe. This is the first babe you’ve had where Leolin is able to see, and understand that he doesn’t have your full attention, and he is jealous.”

“He was looking around.” Harry said to his mates. “He only settled when he saw that Taren wasn’t in the room.”
“Yes, Faerie babes covet their Mother’s attention. It would have been specifically if you had been holding the new babe, or had your attention on the new babe.” Kailen told him.

“I was holding Taren when Leolin was put to bed.” Harry said. “I can’t go up the stairs, or pick up the kids just yet, I only gave birth three days ago, so my mates put all the kids to bed and I was down here with Taren.”

“That is all this is, though?” Nasta asked. “He doesn’t need a hospital, or any medical help?”

“No. None. This is simply Leolin becoming more aware of those around him, and coming to realise that he is not the centre of his Mother’s attentions.”

“Will he learn? I mean, how long does this usually last?” Harry asked.

“Oh, he will learn.” Kailen said. “In perhaps half a decade.”

“What?!”

“Most Faerie babes learn to share their Mother’s when they are several years old, certainly before they reach their first decade.” Dain agreed. “Having so many siblings will hopefully help Leolin to learn sooner.”

“He was acting as if he was in pain.” Harry murmured.

“And you dropped the new babe to rush to Leolin, which is exactly what he wanted.”

Harry blinked. “I never would have believed him capable of such manipulation.”

“Do not think him mentally subnormal because he is not on par with your other babes.” Dain warned. “He is ahead of them in many ways already and he is well capable of such deceptions. It will be up to you to determine if it is real, or if he is trying to gain your attention by behaving as if he is ill or injured.”
“I don’t think he’s mentally subnormal!” Harry said hotly. “I just never realised that he would try to manipulate us by making us think he was hurt and in pain.”

“He knows how to tug on your heartstrings.” Kailen told them, brushing Leolin’s face with gentle fingers. “He is getting better at controlling his own limbs and he is getting stronger. You will find that he’ll do this more often in the future, especially if he is being put in a room on his own when he knows you have the new babe with you, like at bedtime.”

“Do we ignore him? How do we handle it?”

“You could try to keep him and the new babe with you, but remain aware and vigilant of his attempts to hit his new brother, he will lash out at him.”

“Like he used to do to us when he wanted you to himself.” Max said to Harry, all of them remembering when Leolin used to strike out at them if they went to kiss Harry.

“It will be just like that.” Dain agreed.

“If you were to keep one babe to either side of you, it would compromise Leolin’s reach.” Kailen added. “I remember, back when I was very young, our neighbours had twin babes. They had to be separated from one another too, as they fought over their Mother’s attention and she would hold them to either side of herself, so that they could not reach the other.”

“Twins will fight?” Harry asked in horror.

“Yes, for a time, until they understand that they must share their Mother with others, and that it will not harm them to do so. Once they learn that, then their bond will become one of the strongest we know and they will focus completely on one another for a time.”

“We have already explained to you that he does not like to share you because he feels threatened. He depends on you for everything, and to have your attention not upon him makes him feel threatened, that is why he is doing this, that is why he is jealous of his own Fathers, and of the new baby.” Dain explained. “It does not last for very long, this stage of jealousy. He will become aware that he is not in any danger in his own home, from his own family, and he will then stop lashing out.”
“I’m just glad that he’s alright.” Harry said, sighing in relief.

“He is completely fine.” Dain insisted, passing the sleeping Leolin over to Kailen. “He looks strong and healthy, and he has grown since we last saw him.”

Harry nodded happily. “He’s doing so well, and he’s able to hold things by himself and entertain himself. And as Draco said, we think he’s getting ready for another growth spurt. He’s been eating and sleeping more for the last week or two.”

“How did he handle your nesting?” Kailen asked. “That would have hit him hardest, and sleeping more than usual is a sign of depression in Faerie babes.”

The five of them shared horrified looks. “He could get depression at his age?”

The two Faeries nodded. “If separated from their beloved Mother, it is possible, though rare.”

“He got sulky and sullen, and very angry.” Nasta said. “He was fine for a time, we gave him a blanket that smelt of Harry and played recordings of his voice, but once the blanket stopped smelling of Harry, when he’d gone for a time without actually seeing his Mother, he would scream if anyone else touched him, hit out at us for picking him up…”

“He did start sleeping more then, but he was eating more too.” Max put in.

“He was frightened without the reassurance of his Mother.” Kailen sighed. “He ate more because he was unsettled, and he would have tried to force himself to take in more food as a result. He slept longer because the extra milk would have made him feel sluggish and heavy.”

“So it wasn’t a good sign.” Draco demanded.

“No.” Both Faeries said together.

“It would have been better if you had limited his milk to what he normally ate, to prevent him from hiding away in sleep. He will learn quicker if he has more exposure to being away from his Mother, though frightening and painful for him.”
“I don’t think any of us want him to be scared.” Blaise said angrily.

“It is his mentality, the mentality that all Faeries babes have. Like babes who have lost their Mothers learn to see their Fathers, or caregivers, as safe to them, Leolin will learn too. You are Drackens, and Harry needs to nest to birth new babes. Leolin will need to learn to see all of you as safe, to see his home as safe, and the only way to do that is to expose him to it.”

“So I’m not to drop what I’m doing to rush to him?” Harry asked, very worried and starting to feel a little stressed.

“Not if you want to break this dependence on you.” Dain said seriously. “We are not saying to ignore him all the time, but if you are doing something else, or holding another of your babes, do not stop just to go to him. Allow one of your mates to see to him.”

“It will be painful for all of you.” Kailen added. “Not just from an emotional side, but if he is picked up by anyone other than you, Harry, I believe he will try to hit them.”

“But we need to do it.” Harry said. “Is that what you’re saying?”

“You could just leave him and pander to him, he will eventually learn on his own, just at a later time. But I believe it will be in his best interests to learn this lesson sooner, because you are all Drackens.”

“Right. Right okay.” Harry said, breathing in deeply, because this was mostly on him and they all knew it. “I can try. I certainly don’t want him upset, but I can’t have him lash out at his Fathers, or his siblings, especially not Taren. He’s only three days old.”

“Have we congratulated you for that yet?” Kailen asked with a soft smile.

“Not yet.” Harry grinned.

“Well, congratulations, Harry, on the birth of your new babe.”
“He’s Nasta’s, so he’s yours too by blood.” Harry said with a smile. “We only named him this evening. Taren Trefor Delericey.”

Harry saw the effect that the baby’s name had on the two Faeries, and after a moment they turned to each other and touched their foreheads together.

“Thank you, Harry. Trefor would have loved to meet his extended family, and he would have been so excited to hear that he had a grandson named after him.” Dain said tearfully.

“Taren is not a Faerie?” Kailen asked.

Harry shook his head. “No. Would you like to meet him, though?”

“Yes, if we may. We would love to.”

Blaise left without being asked and he went up the stairs to go and fetch their little baby.

“He’s been our biggest born thus far.” Harry said with a smile. “Nine pounds and two ounces.”

“He is healthy and thriving?”

Harry nodded. “He really is.”

Blaise came back down with the sleeping Taren and while a calmed Nasta took Leolin, Blaise handed Taren over to be fussed by the Faeries.

“Now that we know Leolin is fine, I’m going to go put him back in his cot.” Nasta told them, doing just that. All attention was then on the sleeping newborn.

“He is beautiful.” Kailen praised, and Harry puffed up proudly.
“He looks like Leolin.” Harry said. “Just chubbier.”

“He does.” Dain agreed. “Thank you for this, Harry.”

Harry nodded, watching them and smiling, as the two Faeries fussed over Taren.

“So what did happen at the city?” Harry asked when Nasta came back into the room. His top dominant was calmer, but not calm enough yet to pull in his wings, though the claws and fangs had gone.

“They tried to detain Nasta.” Dain said, when Nasta went back to looking furious.

“What for?”

“Apparently Drackens are no longer welcome in the Faerie city.” Nasta snarled.

“But…what will we do if Leolin has a problem? Tonight turned out to be nothing serious, but what if he had been ill?” Harry demanded.

“They suggested that we take Leolin to the gates, and allow them to take him into the city while we wait outside.” Nasta said, sneering.

Harry scoffed. “That will never happen, they wouldn’t give him back.”

“I said as such to them.” Nasta nodded. “The Faerie city is on shutdown, and they’re being unduly biased against us.”

“The court has not liked you since you came to them with a newborn Leolin.” Kailen said with a sigh. “They do not like that two Drackens gave birth to a Faerie babe.”

“We’re not going to be able to go there again, are we?” Blaise asked.
“I would not risk you all in such a way.” Dain insisted. “I do not know what orders will be given now that Nasta forced himself through the guards.”

“I wasn’t going to let anyone stop me from getting help for Leolin.” Nasta explained seriously.

“What will we do in the future?” Max asked. “We can’t just leave Leolin without that support, and sending an owl would take too long.”

“We’d have to go to Lathen and Ezrah.” Harry said. “And beg Lathen to go to get Dain and Kailen for us. It’s overall longer, but…but we can’t let anything happen to Leolin.”

“We will not give in to the court.” Kailen said fiercely. “We will not bow to them. They will never get Leolin, we would die first.”

Harry nodded. “As would we.”

Harry watched Dain and Kailen, as they snuggled up Taren between them, and he smiled sadly. It was worrisome that the Faerie city, that several of his friends and even family members called their home city, was in such despair. He didn’t like that Lathen and Ezrah had had to leave the city, that Eitri was being threatened and hurt, that Dain and Kailen might lose their lives if…or rather when Sindri succumbed to the illness that had affected him, just because they were rivals with the other members of the court. He was worried for them, and for what it might mean for Leolin too.

Dain and Kailen stayed with them for another half an hour, until Harry was almost falling asleep along with Taren. They thanked the Faeries for coming to see them, even if Leolin hadn’t been ill or in trouble this time. They made a date for them to come and visit again, socially this time, and Harry barely managed to hang on until then.

Draco was the one to carry him up to bed and Harry snuggled into him, murmuring nonsense as he was laid on the bed gently, being tucked up, as he hadn’t progressed yet to getting dressed in the day time and he spent all day in his pyjamas. His mates preferred that he stayed in pyjamas too, because they knew he wouldn’t go outside if he was in his pyjamas and it helped them when they inevitably carried him to bed, as they didn’t have to struggle through changing him, and risk waking him back up.

“Thank you.” He murmured softly, as the duvet was tucked up under his neck.

Draco chuckled. “Get some sleep, love.” He said, but Harry was already asleep and he shook his head before heading to their en suite to get ready for bed himself.
He was in his pyjamas when the others came up, and as they got ready for bed themselves, he went out onto the landing and went to go and check on Leolin, fast asleep in his own cot. He made sure that Leolin was in the centre of his cot with his feet to the bottom, that his blanket was folded over his waist and he had his Ma doll in his arms.

Draco sighed, bent and kissed the little Faerie, and he went back to the master bedroom to slip into the bed right next to Harry before the others could get in. He wrapped his arms around his softly snoring mate and slipped down to tuck his head into Harry’s neck.

“Getting comfy there, lover?” Max chuckled, climbing into the bed and purposefully bumping his groin into Draco’s arse.

“Of course.” Draco said, softly for the sake of Harry. “I have to fight to get the good part of the bed.”

“I think I did well tonight.” Max laughed, throwing an arm over him and Harry, snuggling in tight.

“It’s only Nas who has to stay on the edge of the bed. He’s on night duty again because you’re in work tomorrow.”

Max groaned. “Don’t remind me!” He whined. “A four day old baby at home and I have to go into bloody work.”

“Everything will be fine. Taren is doing well and we know how to look after Harry. The family will come later in the day, after you get home from work, so that you can be there. Everything is going to be fine.” Nasta said, herding Blaise into the bed, on Harry’s other side, before sliding in after him. “Now all of you get to sleep, Taren will be waking up in less than two hours as it is.”

Max turned off the lamp on his bedside table and Nasta did the same on his side. Draco yawned in the sudden. Soothing dark and he shoved his head back into Harry’s neck. He was asleep himself in just ten minutes.

The next afternoon was a bad, headache inducing day. Harry was snuggling Taren in his arms, making use of Leolin’s little beanbag chair that he rarely used anymore to prop up his back against
the settee as he’d chosen to sit on the floor, his legs out in front of him, so that he could be more hands on with his children.

The problem was that Leolin did not like this, not even as he was sat in his bouncer, right beside Harry and holding one of his hands. He kept clamouring, he kept trying to reach out for Harry, but he was unable to move himself in the bouncer, so he kept screaming for him.

It was the hardest thing Harry had ever had to endure, but he persevered. He would turn to Leolin, touch his face, smile at him, but he did not pick him up. He did not put Taren down and he could almost see the cloud of rage building around Leolin.

“Come here, Baban.” Nasta said calmly, soothingly, as he bent and undid the repaired straps to the bouncer, picking Leolin up.

They had more than learnt their lesson, and Nasta held Leolin away from his face, so that their Faerie son couldn’t strike him. Not that Leolin didn’t try, he did, but he still tired very easily with such activity and soon he slowed his attempts to hit Nasta and lay quiet, still calling sleepily for Harry, but Nasta had him well in hand, rubbing his back between his wings just how he liked, and he started drifting off against Nasta’s shoulder, too tired to keep fighting, too upset to do anything other than sleep. Harry hated this.

“Do you want to cuddle him?” Nasta asked. “Will having both of them be too much for you?”

“No, I’m feeling better today, as long as I don’t have to move I’ll be fine, but if I’m not, I’ll tell you.”

Nasta nodded and took his word for it, as he gently passed the drifting Leolin over. Leolin’s body relaxed as he sensed he had been passed over to his Ma and he snuffled his wet face into Harry’s neck.

Harry held him against his chest with one arm, the other cradling a peacefully sleeping Taren. It was a bit of a struggle, and he couldn’t move at all now, but his babies had gotten used to him being back in the house, and they were content and settled with him sat on the floor with them, though it did make him smile when Regan toddled over to him, fell against his chest and puckered his lips at him.

Harry chuckled and bent to kiss him, and then Regan was gone again and Harry watched him go with a smile.

Max walked through the door, still in his work clothes, and he threw his work case onto the settee and fell to his knees his arms open, as he called out to the kids and was completely swarmed. Harry laughed as much as he was able, aware that his stomach would protest heavily if he laughed too hard and that he had two sleeping babies in his arms.

Max’s attention was monopolised for ten minutes as the kids all wanted to show him this or that,
wanted cuddles or kisses, and then Max broke free and he first snagged Draco into a kiss, then Blaise, then he stood to snog Nasta and he turned to Harry last, smirking at him as he was sat prone on the floor unable to move or escape, not that he particularly wanted to, of course. Max hunched beside him and cupped his face.

“Hello, lover.” Max greeted softly, before bending forward and snogging him.

Harry was dazed and feeling happy as they broke apart, but he chuckled as Max snagged Taren from him and cuddled him himself.

“He’ll wake up soon for a feed.” Harry said, shifting Leolin to hold him with both arms.

“I’ll get that well in hand.” Max said. “I’ve missed him and his milky smell.”

“You’ve just got in, at least let me do this feed and get you a cup of tea.” Nasta insisted. “I’m on paternity leave, remember?”

“Boo, Nas.” Max complained. “I’m not so old that I can’t handle a round of tea and a bottle. Nor is my job so physically demanding as yours.”

“You weren’t brewing today, were you?” Draco asked knowingly.

“No, those rats put me on stock controlling. Making sure nothing had been stored improperly, or any seals had been broken, or had spoiled in any way. Out of the five thousand odd potions we stocked, I found two that I didn’t like the look of. Two! It was the most boring day ever, and now I want to cuddle our newborn son, feed him, I’ll even take nappy changes, because I’d rather do that than what I had to suffer through at work today.”

Harry chuckled at his dramatic mate, but Nasta just shook his head and sat down, waving Max off to make the tea. Then Nasta had been on his feet all day, and he’d taken all the night feeds and changes too, he must have been exhausted.

“They only did it to punish me.” Max carried on complaining as he came back into the room five minutes later, baby Taren in the crook of his arm and a full tea tray balanced on the other hand.
Blaise took the tray and set it down on the coffee table, even as Max fell gently into a seat.

“Because you said about taking time off for Taren?” Draco asked.

Max nodded. “Exactly. So now they’re making my life a misery.”

“Go freelance.” Harry told him. “It’s the best option. Then maybe, in several years, you can set up your own rival company and hire your own apprentices. That way you won’t be stuck with teaching all the dangerous, half-cocked ones who don’t have brains that your manager hires and then pushes onto you.”

“If they carry on punishing me when the rookies can check the quality of the stocked potions, when I’m much more use actually brewing, as an actual qualified Potions Master, then they’ll leave me no choice.” Max said, relaxing back on the settee, one ankle crossed over the knee of his other leg, Taren cradled in his arms.

Harry carefully sat himself up with Leolin in his arms. He sat still for a moment, to decipher the feelings from his own body, but when he decided that he felt fine, he shuffled forward on his bum and reached for his tea.

“Are you okay?” Blaise asked, laughing at him.

Harry nodded. “Fine, I was just making sure.”

Harry took a deep drink of tea and sighed happily.

“Have these dick bags been looking after you?” Max teased.

“Who, in the name of Merlin, are you calling a dick bag?” Draco demanded.

“Of course we have!” Blaise insisted.

Nasta said nothing, so Harry shot him a look and a grin, only to find his top dominant fast asleep,
head resting back against the settee.

Harry laughed, shook his head and turned back to Max. “I’ve been very well looked after, Max, as you well know. My salve is still in place, I needed a pain reliever with lunch, but that’s it.”

Max nodded, but he was grinning at the sleeping Nasta. “Aw, bless him. He’s getting too old for these new babies.”

The four of them snorted a laugh at Nasta’s expense.

Harry went back to his tea, being careful with Leolin snuggled into his neck, as he didn’t want to drip hot tea onto him, and he relaxed and enjoyed this time of peace. Well, as peaceful as things ever got with seven babies screeching and playing on the floor with a mass of toys.

Taren woke with a whine, and Max sat forward, put his tea cup down and picked up the bottle, automatically testing it against his bare arm, before prodding the nipple at Taren’s little lips. He latched on and started feeding and they all watched him for a moment with a smile.

“When are the family coming over?”

“Later.” Max said. “We’ll have time to feed the kids dinner at four, but they’ll be here soon after.”

“Do you want me to do din…?” Harry started, but that was as far as he got.

“No I bloody well don’t.” Max cut in immediately. “I’m not having you stood out in that kitchen, with your healing muscles, cooking!”

Harry laughed, but waved Max off.

“How has your appetite been today?” Max asked him.

Harry pulled a face and bobbed his head from side to side in consideration. “Eh, not too bad. I had toast in the morning and I managed half a sandwich for lunch. I haven’t felt hungry again since.”

“Okay, but let me know the moment you’re hungry.” Max warned him.
Harry agreed easily, but happily went back to his tea.

“Can one of you take Leolin for me, please? I need a potty break.”

Blaise stood and took Leolin in one arm, and used his other hand to help Harry to his feet, slowly and carefully.

“Thank you, love.”

Harry gave Blaise a kiss and then slowly made his way to the bathroom, sighing as he realised that Tegan had followed him.

“Hi, baby girl.” Harry said softly. “Have you come to watch Mummy wee?”

“Potty, too.”

“You need the potty as well?” Harry asked her.

Tegan nodded her head, then used a casual hand to swipe the fall of black hair from her face.

“Don’t like little potty.” Tegan told him and Harry couldn’t have been more surprised if she’d gotten up and started flying.

He quickly hunched down and smiled at her.

“Do you want to use the big potty like I do?” He asked, trying to keep her talking, trying to keep her from panicking or freaking out, trying not to show his excitement that she was actually talking in proper words.

Tegan nodded her head. “Yeah.” She said simply.
“Come on then.” He encouraged, slowly standing back up so as not to jar his body, and he held his hand out.

Tegan took his hand and he led her to the bathroom. If Tegan was refusing to use a potty because she didn’t like it, but she wanted to stop using nappies, then they would need to get a training seat for her to use, pronto.

“Come here then, sweetie. Have you done this before with your Daddies?” He asked, just in case she had started using the proper toilet while he’d been nesting.

“No, wanted to do with Mummy.” Tegan told him, and Harry had to wonder when she’d started using proper words. She had been using the odd word now and then before he’d gone into his nest. She had even been stringing two ‘real’ words in her stream of usual illegible babble, but all of a sudden, overnight, she was speaking properly and he was so excited and happy.

Harry hunched down in front of the toilet, which just brought back awful memories of morning sickness, and he helped Tegan pull down her leggings and took her nappy off before encouraging her to use his legs as a step to reach the toilet. He held her hands tightly, after he got a mental image of her slipping into the bowl and getting stuck, and he encouraged her to go.

“If you like the toilet we’ll get you a special seat and a step to use, so that you can reach it by yourself.”

“I like it better than little potty.” Tegan told him, looking between her own legs and giggling.

Harry smiled and held her as she did her business and then he fished out a pack of baby wipes from one of the cupboards under the counter and he wiped her. He pulled her nappy and leggings back up and then fretted how to help her wash her hands.

“Okay baby, Mummy can’t lift you, so we’re going to wash our hands over the bath for now, okay? But we will definitely be getting you that step so that you can reach by yourself.”

“Okay, Mummy.”
Harry put the liquid soap in his own hand and walked to the bath, running the water and getting Tegan’s hands under before soaping them up and letting her rinse them off.

Then he let her free in the bathroom as he used the toilet himself, washed his hands again, before he was finally going back to the family room.

“We thought you’d fallen in.” Draco joked with a grin.

“No, our little girl wanted to use the toilet, not a potty! She went perfectly fine too, so we need to get her a seat and step.”

“She used the toilet?” Draco asked excitedly, sitting forward.

“Yes, Daddy.” Tegan answered.

“Did you lift her?” Max asked, looking just as excited, but also sent Harry’s belly a worried frown.

“No, she used my legs as a step and I held her hands. We washed our hands in the bath too, so I didn’t lift her to reach the sink.”

“Good thinking, love.”

“I would have called you all, but I wanted to use the bathroom too, and you know I don’t really like an audience.” He smiled. “But the next time, we’re definitely all watching.”

“If she lets us.” Blaise answered. “Calix didn’t let us watch and wanted us to all turn around.”

“What…what do you mean?” Harry asked, his eyebrows lowered in confusion as he looked around the room for Calix. He was playing happily enough with Braiden and Farren. “Has Calix used the toilet too? Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Oh, Harry, it was while you were nesting.” Max said. “We were going to tell you, of course, but you’re still recovering, so it just slipped our minds having you and Taren in the house.”
“It wasn’t the toilet either, it was a potty.” Draco told him quickly. “He asked for it himself, after he’d seen me changing Braiden and asked why Braiden wasn’t in a nappy. He’s wanted to be in pants ever since.”

“Is he wearing pants now?” Harry asked, feeling himself getting teary at all the developments his babies were showing.

“Yes. He doesn’t take them off either, not like he did with his nappies.” Draco said, sounding pleased.

Harry went to Calix and smiled at him.

“Hey, Calix, are you wearing pants, sweetie?” He asked.

“Yes, Mummy.” He said, standing up and pulling down his little jeans to show him the blue briefs.

“I’m very proud of you for being a big boy and using the potty.” Harry said seriously.

Calix grinned happily. “Want big boy bed.”

“I want pants too!” Tegan said.

“Dear Merlin, they’re all at it.” Max laughed.

“Okay, Calix, you can have a big boy bed. Tegan, honey, we’ll get you your own pants. What colour do you want?”

“Umm…” Tegan trailed off, but she snapped her head back up and grinned. “Grey!”

“Grey?” Draco asked, aghast at the very suggestion.
“Like pengy, Daddy!” Tegan explained, running to get her penguin, which was a soft, pale grey colour.

“Where are we going to find grey pants for girls?” Draco asked.

“We could always get white ones and charm them the same colour.” Harry pointed out. “I know the charm will eventually wear off, but it’s better than nothing. Unless stores really do sell grey pants.”

“No, for girls it’s mostly pinks, purples, yellows and white.” Max said. “Boys are the usual red, blue and green.”

“I wonder if they sell penguin themed ones.” Blaise mused.

“We need to learn household charms, that or how to sew so we can make our own.” Max laughed.

Harry smiled at Calix, as he showed off his little blue pants to his brothers and sisters, very proud to be wearing them, but Harry felt himself welling up at the thought of his little babies becoming proper children, and before he knew it he was crying.

“Harry, what’s wrong?” Max asked, loudly.

He startled Nasta, who leapt to his feet, groggy and still half asleep, but now with adrenaline pumping through his body too.

“What’s happened?!” He demanded, a growl already in his throat.

Harry sniffled, still crying, and he held his arms out for his top dominant, who took several quick, large strides to reach him and pulled him up into his arms to sniff at him, checking him for injuries.

“I won’t ask again!” He said. “What happened?”

“We forgot to tell him about Calix wearing pants.” Blaise said worriedly.
Nasta looked for Calix, still showing off the little blue briefs, and Nasta inhaled deeply. He went and sat back down and cradled Harry in his lap.

“It…it wasn’t really that.” Harry sniffled, calming down. He rubbed the tears away. “I’m still a little hormonal and it’s not that I wasn’t told, though I am angry I wasn’t told, it’s just…they’re all growing up and they’re becoming proper children and gaining independence. I love seeing them growing and doing things for themselves, I’m just a bit hormonal over it.”

“That’s what started this.” Harry said. “She doesn’t like potties, she wants to go straight to using the toilet, like us. She came with me to the bathroom and she used the toilet, Nas! We need to get a training seat and a step for her.”

“She actually used the toilet by herself?” Nasta asked, smiling and searching out Tegan this time.

Harry nodded. “She used my legs as a step and I held onto her hands, but she doesn’t like the potties for some reason.”

“I wonder why she didn’t ask any of us.” Blaise mused.

“Wanted Mummy to do it!” Tegan turned around to tell him.

“Oh. Well that answers that question then.” Max laughed.

“Where is Leolin?” Nasta asked.

“In his bassinet, by there.” Blaise pointed. “Harry needed the bathroom, and I put him in his bassinet.”

“It’s about dinner time now, anyway.” Max said. “Does someone want Ta…?”
Max hadn’t even finished speaking before Draco held out his arms and Max laughed, passing over their four day old son. He groaned and stood up.

“I’ll get a quick dinner on for them now, we’ll be having visitors soon. Nas, do you want to go for a late nap? I can handle everything down here.”

“No. I’ll be alright, Caru.” Nasta said, still cwtching Harry.

“Daddy, I cook.” Braiden shouted over the room, standing and running to him. “I cook.”

Max blinked down at him in surprise. “You want to come and cook with me?”

“Yuh.” Braiden nodded.

“Huh, well okay then, we can cook together.”

“It’s that new lunchtime kids show he likes watching. Little Cooks.” Blaise told them. “It shows toddlers in the kitchen, cooking and being little chefs. Braiden and Farren refuse to miss an episode.”

“Farren, do you want to come and cook as well?” Max asked, holding out his other hand.

As if he had been waiting for permission, Farren jumped up and ran to Max, taking his other hand. Harry sniffled, his eyes welling up as his babies rushed to the kitchen with Max to help him cook. They were all growing up and now they even wanted to help in the kitchen, and it made his heart swell.

Nasta kissed his cheek, cuddling him in tighter and rubbing his back. Harry turned to get a proper kiss and he smiled.

“I’m okay, I just feel too much emotion at the moment and I can’t control it.”

“Don’t even try, Bello.” Blaise insisted.
“I couldn’t even if I did try.” Harry laughed. “We have six two year olds, two, year olds and now our newborn Taren. I just…I never expected my life to turn out this way. Not…not coming from the boy in the cupboard, and I’m so happy sometimes I feel like I could burst.”

“We love you.” Nasta told him, still rubbing his back.

“And I love all of you.” Harry declared. “I love you all so much.”

Harry laughed at himself. Rubbing his wet eyes. Nasta kissed him again and Harry happily sunk into that kiss. He broke away and inhaled deeply, smiling.

“Maxie!”

“What is it?” Max called back. “Are you okay?”

“I love you!” Harry shouted.

He heard Max laughing from the kitchen. “I love you too, dearest! I’d come and snog you, but I have babies stood on chairs making a mess of dinner.”

“I’ve got you covered!” Nasta called out and he turned and snogged Harry again, Max’s laugh coming to them from the kitchen.

“I’ll snog you both later!”

“What about me?” Blaise demanded.

“I’ll snog you all later!” Max amended and Harry had to break the kiss with Nasta because he was laughing too much to maintain it.

He truly loved these four men so much, and he’d meant what he’d said. He couldn’t imagine his
life without them, and though sometimes they made him angry and sad too, those occasions were by far outweighed by so much love, laughter, and happiness. He loved them, and he always would.

They had only just managed to get the kids fed and partially clean again by the time their first guests started arriving and well...they were family, so they were shouted at to grab a kid and clean them off without any embarrassment, or hesitancy.

It was funny though watching Idris chase down Regan with a wet wipe and Max trying to fish Ave out from under the table. Harry sat back and he watched it all and laughed.

“We only came to see our Nassa’s little newborn!” Idris complained, as he finally caught Regan and tried to wipe his face while little hands continuously got in the way and fended off the wipe.

Harry laughed all the more as he cuddled with Taren on the settee watching the carnage. He had Leolin tucked into his other side, away from Taren, but no one could miss, or even misinterpret the huge scowl he was aiming at his newborn brother.

“Is he still not letting anyone touch him?” Aneirin asked, sitting beside Harry, on the same side as Leolin.

Harry shook his head. “He’s gotten very violent in the last few days, since Taren was born. So be careful if you do pick him up, he will go for your face.”

“Maybe we should rename him alley cat?” Idris joked, as he set Regan free and threw the used wipe in the waste bin. He missed, and left it to Max to pick up.

Idris picked up Leolin, who did immediately start squirming and screaming, thrashing out both hands, trying to hit Idris.

“He gets tired right?”

“Very quickly if he keeps that up.” Harry nodded.
“May I hold Taren?” Aneirin asked.

Harry smiled and he passed Taren over to his Grandfather.

“How many grandkids is that now, Nye?” Idris teased. “Man you’re getting old.”

“Four.” Aneirin said with a soft smile, aimed right at Taren. “Though I would argue that all nine of them are my grandchildren.”

“That goes without saying.” Idris nodded. “I doubt that any of us would favour any of the Faerie kin above the others.”

“Faerie kin.” Harry giggled.

“Look, they’re all touched by the Faerie blood, Regan and our little Pengwin are both carriers, they have the golden tint, and I’m sure this little boy will too.”

“Pengy!” Tegan turned the moment Idris had called her a penguin and she had the little stuffed animal in her hands.

“Come and show me!” Idris encouraged, opening his one arm, the one not holding a now exhausted Leolin, and pulling Tegan onto his lap when she ran to him.

Harry could only smile at them both, and then he was distracted as Myron, Richard and Ashleigh arrived.

“It’s good to see you with your clothes on this time!” Richard had to tease him the moment he saw Harry.

“If you’ve got it, flaunt it.” Harry teased right back. There was nothing he could do about just how he’d introduced Taren to the family, and unfortunately the family had been around to see his top dominant on his birthday, so Harry had walked into a full get together completely bollock naked and dirty, bloody and smelly too.
Richard looked shocked, then he recovered and wolf whistled. “You’ve definitely got it, baby.”

Harry laughed and he had to shake his head at the sheer absurdity of everything.

“Stop hitting on my mate.” Max demanded, bringing in a freshly bathed Calix, who’d decided that he would much rather wear his dinner than eat it.

“Damn, I thought you would be gone for longer.” Richard laughed.

Max just rolled his eyes and set Calix free with his clean siblings.

“You were hunting Ave down the last I saw you, where has she gone?” Harry asked.

“Draco has her.” Max told him, bending over the settee to kiss him.

Harry reached up to link his hands behind Max’s head and he kissed all over Max’s face and then nuzzled into his throat.

Max laughed that really deep, properly amused laugh that he sometimes did and Harry grinned to hear it. He loved hearing his mates’ truly laughing. Of course it didn’t mean that all of their other laughs were fake, or forced, just that sometimes they were so genuinely amused that they couldn’t control the laugh.

His parents heard it, and knew what it meant too, as the three of them all shared a soft smile to see their oldest son so happy and in love.

Max didn’t move away from him after that, he sat next to Harry and threw an arm around him, pulling Harry into a cuddle. Harry twisted and rested himself fully on Max and he exhaled deeply, smiling in contentment.

“You make the best pillow.” He murmured softly.

“You’ve had a busy day, just rest.” Max insisted, using his free hand to stroke over Harry’s face, pushing his hair back out of the way.
Harry hummed and nuzzled into Max’s chest.

“Can we just scrap Bolognese from the kids’ menu?” Draco begged, carrying in a clean pair of twin girls. “Their hair is getting really long, and it’s almost impossible to get squashed pasta from their curls! They get it everywhere, Eva even had a bit of carrot in her ear. In her ear, Max!”

Harry giggled, and Max laughed. “Sorry, lover. All those vegetables are good for them, and that sauce I make has eight of them hidden in it. We’ll just have to make do with the mess.”

“You manage to hide eight vegetables in one sauce?” Idris asked. “How?”

“Just blend it all up. Bolognese is a tomato based sauce, it doesn’t matter what else you add to it, it always goes red. I hide onions, tomatoes, courgette, carrots, peas, peppers, leeks and celery in my kiddie Bolognese. They love it.”

“They love putting it all over their heads.” Draco moaned.

Harry giggled again. “Only after they’ve filled their bellies.”

Draco blew out a breath and placed the two clean girls on the floor for their quiet time. Not that it was very quiet, but they only had their quiet toys to play with.

Soon all of the kids were clean and in the family room, and all of their visitors had arrived once more, just like they had for Nasta’s birthday four days ago.

Baby Taren was being passed around in his little blue blanket and Harry was very content to stay on the settee, using Max as a pillow, with his mate’s arms wrapped around him. Because of that it was Nasta who served their guests tea.

“How have you been, Harry?” Alexander asked him, coming to sit on his other side to talk to him.

“A bit sleepier than I usually am, but I’m feeling really good. I was telling the guys that we need more singletons.”

Alexander smiled. “So there is no fall out from you leaving your nest so early?”
Harry shook his head. “No. I was worried that I hadn’t bonded with Taren enough beforehand, but he settled the moment he heard my heartbeat, and I had his scent deeply ingrained. We had bonded enough, despite how short a time it actually was. I’m just more tired than I usually am after coming out of my nest.”

“He’s a beautiful baby.” Alexander praised, and Harry couldn’t help puffing up a little. He laughed with Alexander and Max at his own actions, but they all knew that he couldn’t help it.

“He’s definitely a squirmy baby.” Harry grinned.

“When he stretches he does it full body.” Max added. “All stretched out fingers and pointed toes. We were saying we really don’t blame Harry for being so uncomfortable while pregnant if that’s what our thunderer was doing inside him.”

“It felt like that was what he was doing.” Harry chuckled. “I’m glad that he’s born though, and he can stretch as much as he likes now without my body squashing him up.”

“I’ve heard it being said that Leolin is having difficulties accepting his brother?” Alexander asked gently.

Harry sighed, and looked over to where Aneirin had Leolin in his arms. Their Faerie baby was red faced and angry, but Aneirin refused to put him down.

“Dain and Kailen told us that he’s at an age where he realises what his siblings are, and he sees Taren as a rival for my attention.” Harry said quietly. “It’s all normal for Faeries, but it breaks my heart to see him so upset and angry.”

“How have you boys decided to handle it?”

“We can’t pander to him.” Max said.

Harry snorted. “You mean I can’t pander to him. I have to watch my baby cry out for me and just… just ignore him, even though it kills me inside.”
“We can stop doing it at any moment, Harry, just say the word.” Max told him, laying a kiss to his head.

Harry shook his head. “No we can’t. I will have another heat period, I will have to nest again, I will have more babies for him to be jealous over. What would happen to Taren if I just handed him over to someone else the moment Leolin demands it? What about our other future babies? What will happen to them if I keep pandering to Leolin? I don’t like it. In fact I hate it, but I understand that it needs to be done sooner rather than later. But I will try to keep an even balance between them, I won’t ignore Taren, or the others, in favour of Leolin, but neither am I going to start ignoring Leolin or spending less time with him.”

“It’ll all come with practice.” Max soothed him, stroking his hair gently. “It won’t be forever, Dain and Kailen said he would learn, and like this, he’ll learn quicker.”

Harry nodded and let out a heavy sigh, cuddling back into Max.

Blaise came over with a grizzling Eva and Harry took her when he realised that she was calling for him.

“Has she hurt herself?” Harry asked Blaise.

Blaise shook his head. “No, I think she might be a little tired, she didn’t nap as long as usual.”

Harry nodded and he cuddled his baby girl to sleep in his arms, watching as his other little hellions interacted with their extended family members. Even Lucius had his lap full of Braiden.

Harry got Max to take Eva up to her cot once she was fully asleep, and he went to make more tea by himself, though by Nasta’s unamused look when he carried the tray of two teapots into the room, he would be scolded for it later.

He sat back down with his own cup of tea, handing one to Alexander, who thanked him, and they both went back to watching everything calmly and quietly. Though Idris was winding the kids up more than winding them down to sleep. Nasta’s uncle was more of a terror than Sanex and Caesar. Well…a sober Sanex and Caesar at least, when they were drunk they were unstoppable…and hilarious.

An hour later and Harry had Leolin in his arms, stroking his back to get him to sleep so that he could go up to his cot. Which was made more difficult when Leolin refused to let go of Harry’s hair.
“Ma.” Leolin whispered into his ear.

“It’s alright, Leolin. I have you.” He insisted softly, still stroking over that tiny back.

Leolin was getting sleepier. Harry could hear it in his voice, but he was also fighting sleep every single second, because he finally had what he wanted. His Ma’s full and undivided attention.

Harry sat with him, stayed with him until his Faerie baby eventually fell asleep on him. Leolin would never have been able to outlast him, but that he’d tried so hard upset Harry too.

“Do you want me to take him up, love, or do you want to cuddle for a little while longer?” Max asked him.

“Five more minutes.” Harry insisted, resting his chin on Leolin’s back.

Max nodded and went to round up some other kids. It was now approaching six in the evening, and the usual time that their kids went to bed. Taren was still being passed around, as the main reason that everyone had come, but their family had started saying goodnight, and leaving.

It was only Marianna and Narcissa, still sat sipping tea and chatting. Lucius was sat beside Draco, Calix snuggled on his lap with a teddy bear, and of course Myron, Richard and Ashleigh were still here, mostly because Ashleigh had missed so much of her grandchildren’s lives that she didn’t really want to leave them so soon, but Harry understood that. She had Taren in her arms, looking down at him, but her eyes seemed far away. Harry wondered if she was thinking of her lost son, Theodric.

“Mama, snuggle me sleep.” Regan asked, holding up his arms.

“Max, can you take Leolin now?” Harry asked.

“Sure thing.”

Max came to him and picked up Leolin gently, and he used his other arm to pick up Regan and place him within easy reach of Harry, so that he didn’t have to bend and lift him.

“Come here my big boy.” Harry said, letting Regan climb onto his lap and then snuggling him into
a tight hug. He kissed his baby’s face and rocked slowly from side to side.

Harry started humming softly, smiling down at his lovely boy.

“I love you, Regan.” He said.

“Love you, Mummy.” Regan said softly, sleepily, snuggled up to Harry’s chest.

Harry felt complete in this moment. Holding one of his children close to his heart, family all around him, his mates around him. He inhaled deeply, a sense of peace and calm settling over him. This was utter perfection for him.

“You look so contented.” Max chuckled.

Harry opened his eyes to look at Max, he was still smiling happily.

“I am incredibly contented right now.”

“Would a cuddle make it better, or worse?” Max asked. “Because right now I just really want to touch you.”

“Cuddles and cwtches make everything better. Having you touch me could never make anything worse.”

Max sat beside him and threw an arm around him and a drifting Regan. Max couldn’t help himself as he turned to kiss Harry’s cheek, nuzzling into him.

“I love you, so fucking much.” Max declared.

“I love you too, even if you are a big dope.”
Max grinned down at him. “You love me this way, admit it.”

“Of course I do. I love everything about you.” Harry declared. “Even when you drive me berserk, and try to feed me until I burst, I still love you.”

“And I love you even when you put your cold feet on my back or thigh, and when you try to claw my face for trying to take the last chocolate frog.”

Harry laughed, trying to stifle himself purely for Regan’s sake.

“No one takes the last chocolate frog.” He said, letting out a little giggle.

“At least not from you, and not without incurring an injury.”

Harry giggled again and turned to put his face to Max’s neck, kissing him there.

“I love you so much, Maxie.”

Max just held him tighter, and Harry heard him inhaling deeply, sniffing him. His mates did this on occasion, especially if they thought he was sick or injured, if he’d been away from them for a while, or if they were feeling particularly emotional. Harry rather thought that this was because he’d been nesting for two weeks, and then recovering for the last four days, but it could also be that Max was feeling a little emotional with their talk. Or perhaps a blend of both.

Harry said nothing, he just held onto Max tighter, letting him think and feel how he wanted.

“Bello, do you want me to take Regan?” Blaise asked him.

Harry nodded. “If you don’t mind, Blaise.”

“Of course not. Ave went down fine, and Eva was still asleep.” Blaise reported as he picked up Regan carefully and gently. Their little boy didn’t so much as stir as Blaise lifted him from Harry’s lap.
Once free of Regan, Harry swung his legs up and over Max’s lap, shuffling forward to sit on his mate and cuddle properly. Max accommodated him immediately.

“Are you feeling okay?” Max asked.

Harry hummed. “Maybe a little tired now that it’s getting later.”

“Still not hungry?”

“Not in the slightest. Sorry, Max.”

“Don’t be sorry for that, dearest.” Max told him, laying another kiss to Harry’s head. “Just let me know the moment that you’re hungry, even if it’s in the middle of the night…no…even if it’s just five minutes after I’ve finished the dinner dishes and just sat down with a cuppa. You tell me, got it?”

Harry chuckled, but he felt lighter than air as he nodded and rested his head on Max’s chest.

“I will, I promise.”

Max wrapped his arms around him tight, laying his chin on Harry’s head. Sitting quietly like that, Harry fell asleep, as Max knew that he would. It was just six in the evening, but their submissive was still recovering, and while he wasn’t eating too much, he was sleeping a lot more. He would wake up in an hour, complain that he’d fallen asleep in the first place, have a couple cups of tea and a sit down, and then he’d be asleep again.

None of them minded, it was just nice to have Harry back in the house, and to see him resting and recovering from what all of them knew had been an agonising caesarean. They’d seen the freshly healed scar, Max could barely get it from his mind, thick and an angry pinkish-red colour. There was no doubt in any of their minds that it had hurt, and terribly at that, so they wanted Harry to rest as much as possible. Something which wasn’t made any easier by their stubborn mate.

So Max stayed still, and he let Harry sleep on him. He stroked through the unruly hair that he loved, down Harry’s back, and then up again. Anything to keep Harry relaxed and asleep for a little longer.

“Max, we’re going to head off, okay, care bear?”
Max huffed at the hated nickname from his Dad, but he nodded.

“Yeah, thanks for coming, Dad.”

Richard grinned. “We wouldn’t have said no. Though we’re glad that Harry was at least dressed for the occasion this time.”

“Don’t tease him, he was absolutely mortified.” Max chuckled.

“Yeah, it’s happened to all of us at some point.” Richard said, giving Harry’s head a gentle touch. “Look after him, Max. We’ll see you soon.”

“Bye, Dad.”

Max went back to stroking Harry gently, and when he next looked up, it was just them on their own. Taren was in Blaise’s arms, just wrapped up and being cuddled. Draco was sat reading a book, and Nasta looked to be taking a nap himself.

The house was silent, with only a few murmurs from Blaise, or a page turning from Draco, and it was nice. But he needed to sort out dinner, so he sighed and shifted Harry as gently as he possibly could, slipped himself out from under him and then laid him on a stack of cushions instead.

“Do you want help with dinner?” Blaise asked him, looking up.

“No, I’ll be fine, love.” Max insisted, going to Blaise and kissing him, before kissing Taren. “Just keep an eye on Harry for me, he might wake up in pain now.”

Blaise nodded and snuggled Taren back in his arms, though now he kept an ear out for Harry too. Harry didn’t wake up, and neither did Nasta, but Taren started wailing when he wanted a nappy change.

“Is he okay?” Draco asked, looking up from his book.
“Fine, he just wants to be nice and clean. Thankfully he’s not another Calix, and he does wake up for wet nappies.” Blaise grinned.

“I hope we never have another baby like him.” Draco insisted. “I love the boy to bits, but dealing with his nappy rash was something I never want to repeat.”

“Agreed.” Blaise nodded. “Thankfully Taren isn’t another Calix and we don’t have to deal with any nappy rash, or at least not because he wasn’t crying to let us know he was wet.”

“Thank Merlin.” Draco said, giving him a grin.

“Hey, lovers. Dinner’s on the table.” Max said. “Let me grab Nas.”

“What about Harry?” Draco asked worriedly.

Max shook his head. “Sleep is the best thing for him at the moment. He wasn’t hungry when he went to sleep, so we’ll leave him for now and see what he feels like when he wakes up.”

Max went to shake Nasta, and he did so gently, also laying a kiss to his mouth. Nasta hummed gently and suddenly Max was pulled down onto his lap, into strong arms.

“You, out of everyone, should know better than to start something you’re not willing to finish.” Nasta mumbled sleepily.

“Who says I’m not going to finish it later?” Max grinned, leaning forward and snogging Nasta. “But for now, dinner is on the table.”

Nasta hummed again and gently pushed Max aside and he stood to stretch. Max heard his back crack and he smiled, standing and laying his hand on Nasta’s back, slipping it down to his bum. Nasta gave him a look, but snorted a laugh. Then he caught sight of Harry.

“Is he okay?”
“He’s fine.” Max assured. “He wasn’t hungry earlier, so I think it’s best to just let him sleep while he can.”

Nasta nodded, walking into the kitchen to see both Blaise and Draco already eating. Baby Taren was laying in the bassinet at the top of the table, and he couldn’t help but go to him, and give him a gentle kiss.

“He’s had a nappy change, but he’ll want feeding soon.” Blaise told him.

“After that we can tuck ourselves into bed.” Max laughed. “We’re not going to be good for anything else.”

“I’m on night duty, tonight.” Draco told them.

“I sterilised all the bottles this afternoon.” Nasta said, sitting in his place and picking up his fork. “We’ve used two since then, so he should have six left to use.”

“They’re at the back of the counter, by the kettle.” Max nodded.

“Leolin will be awake at maybe eleven for a bottle, he didn’t take much before he went to sleep.” Blaise warned them.

“Am I the only one who wishes this little phase of his will end?” Max asked.

“I think it’s safe to say that we all feel the same way.” Draco agreed. “But it’s one of the challenges we face having a Faerie child. Just think ahead, to when our Drackens are sixteen and throwing emotional tantrums because of their inheritances, and trying to fly the nest to have their own kids.”

Max grunted and threw his head back. “Don’t remind me of that. We already have four Drackens. I mean, how the hell are we going to handle Eva and Ave having an inheritance together?!”

“Firewhiskey.” Blaise offered.
Max laughed, and even Nasta managed a snort of amusement.

“I don’t think it’ll be enough.” Draco told him seriously. “I don’t think vintage Firewhiskey will be enough. Maybe we should build a bomb shelter?”

“I don’t think that would protect us.” Max pointed out, jabbing his fork at Draco.

“It’s not for protection, it’s so that we can hide.” Draco sniffed.

All four of them laughed at that.

“Oh no, just imagine if all five of the Quintuplets had been Drackens!” Max said.

“Max, stop jinxing us!” Blaise complained. “Harry only wants singletons from now on, and you’re jinxing him with five baby Drackens.”

Max laughed. “If anyone could do it, it’s him.”

“Don’t want to do it.” Came a sleepy mumble from the living room door.

All four of them looked up to see Harry rubbing sleep from his eyes, padding towards them.

“How are you feeling, love?” Max asked, and as the closest to Harry, as he’d walked up behind him, he abandoned his dinner to check on him, wrapping an arm around his hips, even as Harry hugged him.

“Fine. I can’t believe I fell asleep again, but I want tea.”

Max grinned to himself. He really knew Harry so well by now.

“I’ll get that for you.” He insisted.
Harry scoffed and pushed away from him, going to the kettle himself.

“You finish eating. I can do it.” He said stubbornly.

Of course the four of them watched Harry intently, as he boiled the kettle and sorted himself out a cup of tea, reaching for the bottle of honey and squeezing a good glob into his cup with a happy smile that he didn’t know he was doing, which made the rest of them smile to see.

He didn’t sit down however, he went to hover over Taren, touching him, and assessing him critically with his eyes.

“He’s wet a nappy, but hasn’t woken for a feed yet.” Blaise reported dutifully.

Harry nodded, looking up only briefly to smile at Blaise, before dropping his gaze back to the four day old baby.

“Are you hungry or in any pain?” Max asked, once he’d finished his food and pushed his plate away.

“No, I might need a pain reliever to sleep tonight, but it’s more a sore ache at the moment. It’s just getting worse the longer I’m up and moving.”

Max nodded. “Do you want to go and sit down in the living room with Taren?”

Harry nodded, putting down his tea and picking up the baby. All four of them grimaced, as they didn’t really want him picking up and carrying anything, but they knew if they tried to take the baby from him now, Harry would get upset. So instead Max picked up Harry’s tea and escorted him to the living room and got Harry settled on the settee comfortably, helping Harry to arrange Taren against a cushion, and handing over the tea.

“There, all comfy and content.” Max grinned. A grin that widened when Harry chuckled.

“I really am feeling alright.” Harry insisted. “Just a bit sore.”
“Let me know the moment that soreness changes to pain, okay?”

Harry nodded. “I will.”

Max bent forward and kissed Harry’s forehead before heading back to the kitchen to sort out the dishes and make more tea for everyone.

“Thank you for dinner, Max.” Draco told him.

Max swooped onto him and snogged him. “You’re welcome, gorgeous. Now go and keep Harry company while I make us tea.”

Max didn’t want to wash the dishes by hand today, but with a newborn in the house, he refused to risk the magic use, so he stood and he washed the dishes, he boiled the kettle and set up four cups and a teapot, before he dried the dishes and put them away, and only then did he feel like he could relax, as he poured the boiling water into the teapot, into the four cups, all the while listening to the murmur of voices come from the opposite side of the house. He knew they were talking at a normal level, but to him it sounded like whispering, with the occasional laugh. This house seemed so small when the kids were all up and awake, running around the place, but right now, it seemed like a palace.

He made the tea, made sure he had the bottle of honey, before he carried the tray into the living room, and suddenly he could breathe, and he smiled as he placed the tray down and his mates were all around him.

He was dealing with his issues left over from the massive bust up, issues which had only recently come to light when Harry had been so heavily pregnant. His nightmares were easing off now that Taren had been born, and both he and Harry had come out alive.

None of his mates knew about his feelings, or thoughts on the matter, only the therapist he hadn’t thought he’d needed, until he’d started talking to him. Of course he knew that Nasta suspected, out of all of them it was bound to be Nasta who saw something, or guessed at what he was going through, but thus far Nasta hadn’t approached him to ask, and Max wasn’t quite ready to share his feelings on the matter off his own back.

It made him feel better to think that perhaps all of them were thinking and feeling the same, but he was worried that he was the only one, as he was the only one who needed Harry to be right next to him at all times, it was only him who had needed to have Harry wrapped up in his arms in bed at night. He’d been paranoid about every move that Harry made, terrified that every bend or shift would kill him because of the damage done to him during that fight. It made him sick sometimes, to even think of it, and at night his nightmares kept him awake, replaying the same horrors over and over, as he held Harry close to him, checking constantly through the night that Harry was still alive and breathing.
He still wasn’t over it, despite Harry and Taren being back in the house, and he hated being away from Harry, petrified that he might die from his injuries while he wasn’t there, despite the fact that he didn’t have any injuries from that fight anymore. He couldn’t help his fear, or the way he wanted to hover over his lover.

He was trying his best to control the fear, and the urge to smother Harry, and act like his usual self. His therapist was helping greatly with that, but Max just wanted to be himself again. He wanted to be able to deal with these fears without them affecting the rest of his mateship.

“Hey, are you okay?” Blaise asked, sitting next to him and tipping himself sideways to rest on him.

“Yeah, just lost in thought.” Max replied, smiling at Blaise and giving him a kiss.

Blaise kissed him back and snuggled into his side. Max inhaled deeply, and wrapped his arm around Blaise, cuddling him in tight. When he thought that he could have also lost Blaise in that fight. Merlin, why the fuck couldn’t he get past that damn fight? Why did he have to keep thinking about it, why did he torment himself like this? It had happened in May of last year, it was almost a year ago now, and he’d thought that he was over it. He’d thought that he’d forgiven the fight, and that he was over the thoughts of Harry and Blaise dying, but as it turned out, he wasn’t over any of it. He was still struggling and coming to terms with it. Harry’s pregnancy really hadn’t helped, as he’d seen Harry’s belly swelling with their baby Taren, and he’d worried that it might split Harry at the seams and kill him.

Max sighed. He’d been so overprotective, so worried, that now that nothing had actually happened, he was confused by it. Relieved, of course, but confused too. He was waiting for the other shoe to drop, and that wait was driving him insane.

“More tea.” Harry demanded with a cheeky grin, so much like his usual self that Max was hard pressed to remember why he was so worried, but then Harry winced as he stretched forward too far, and he remembered all over again that Harry was hurt, and injured, and could have died, and his mind circled in on that once again.

“Do you want to tell me what’s wrong?” Nasta asked him an hour later, coming to sit beside him.

“Nothing. I don’t know what you mean.” Max insisted.

Nasta gave him an unimpressed look. “You don’t have to tell me, you haven’t thus far, but ever since Taren was born...no, it was a few weeks before he was born, you’ve been acting strangely, Max. I can see it, we all can. I’ve left you alone, to give you time to come to me if you need to, but you haven’t. Now what is the issue?”
Max didn’t know if he could put his fears into words. He had known that Nasta knew, of course he knew, Nasta knew pretty much everything that went on in their house, he was their top dominant for a reason. But that still didn’t make it easy to confess to his fears, all the nightmares, and his awful thoughts about Harry and Blaise dying.

Nasta sighed. “Is it to do with Harry giving birth?”

Max slumped and he rested himself against Nasta.

“Sort of. I’m still hung up over the fight, Nas. I can’t let go of it.” He admitted in a whisper.
“‘I’m… I’m having nightmares, ever since Harry hit the third trimester, and started getting so big with Taren. I just have nightmares of him bursting, and bleeding out before we can help him. I thought I was over it, that I’d forgiven and moved on, but when Harry started getting bigger, all of my fears came back and escalated. I felt like I couldn’t let him out of my sight, like I couldn’t let him go. I had to be holding him, I had to be able to feel his breathing, I’d wake up in the night to check that he was still alive. Now that he’s here, he’s home, and he and Taren are completely fine, it’s sort of…”

“Anti-climactic?” Nasta offered when Max paused.

Max nodded. “Yeah, I’m waiting for the punch line, I’m waiting for the worst to happen and I feel awful for that, I feel guilty just thinking it, but I’m anticipating it, just waiting for it to happen, and I can’t move past it.”

“Have you spoken to you therapist about all of this?” Nasta asked seriously.

Max nodded. “Yes. Apparently having them both back in the house, completely fine, is supposed to help, but it’s not, Nasta. I’m still having those awful thoughts. It’s been almost a year, and I’m still worried that Harry might die from it.”

“It was a terrible ordeal, Max. We’re never going to be completely over it. It’s scarred us forever. We’ll never be able to truly forget about it, sitting together just waiting for news, hearing that Blaise had died, watching Harry writhe and scream in pain, hearing his delusions as he hallucinated on those painkillers. We’ll never forget that, we have to learn to live with it.”

“Is that even possible?” Max asked humourlessly. “I mean, are you over it? Can you live with it?”
Nasta looked at Harry sat sandwiched between Draco and Blaise, Taren in Draco’s arms, as the three of them chatted and laughed together, waiting for the newborn to wake up for a feed so that they could all go up to bed.

“I can live with it.” He said softly. “Because the alternative will rip us apart and send us back into that unstable abyss. I won’t risk Harry and Blaise being upset, I won’t unsettle the kids, but more than that, Max, I won’t risk our family. I will never again allow a situation to arise where we’re stripped of Harry’s care under the Submissive Protection Act, I won’t go through that again, and I won’t put him or the kids through that again. So for that reason, I can live with what happened, but I will also never forget, and I will never allow it to happen again.”

“It’s just me then.” Max sighed sadly.

“It’s never just you.” Nasta said, leaning over and kissing his cheek. “We all think back to that fight from time to time, we all look around at what we might have thrown away over one fight. We all have ‘what if’ scenarios running around in our heads. It’s not just you.”

“I’m struggling with it, Nas. I thought I was okay. I thought I was moving on, but when I saw Harry swelling, my fear took over and I couldn’t think of anything else.”

Nasta hummed. “Look at him, Max.”

Max did as instructed, and he looked to Harry, drinking his third cup of tea since he’d woken up from his nap, sitting between their two younger dominants, and he watched as Harry gently took Taren’s hand and rubbed his thumb over the tiny fingers, before going back to his tea.

“Do you think you could do without this?”

“No.” He replied immediately. “I don’t want to go back to that time, Nas. I’m happy, I’m just…I’m worried too.”

Nasta nodded. “Understandable. It’ll take more time, that’s all.”

“It’s February, this happened last May, Nasta. I should be over it.”
“It was all brought back to you because of Harry’s pregnancy. It was a delicate situation. I keep thinking about what might have happened if he’d had twins, or triplets. What would have happened to him then?”

“He said he’d have the selective reduction.”

“He says that he would have, but can you really see our Harry agreeing to it?”

Max swallowed as he thought of that. Harry had told them he would have agreed to the selective reduction, but if it had come down to it, would he have actually gone through with the procedure?

“Things could have been worse, Caru, but on the other hand they could have been a hell of a lot better too. We just have to work with what we have, remember what actually happened instead of what could have happened, and be thankful that we all made it out alive, and together. There’s no changing what happened, but how we proceed from now on, that we can control, and I’ve promised to never let anything like that dark time in our mateship happen again, and I’m fully committed to ensuring that I keep that promise.”

“I can do that too.” Max said, smiling softly.

Nasta kissed him again, on the mouth this time, and Harry saw it.

“Hey! Don’t go starting anything like that when you know I can’t join in for another few weeks!” He complained, grinning at them.

“You’d never know, you’ll be asleep in an hour!” Max teased him, feeling lighter, and happier. Fucking Nasta and his advice, he could become a therapist himself if he wanted to.

“I’ll know if you have!” Harry insisted.

Nasta joined in, scoffing loudly. “No you wouldn’t. A few cups of tea and you’re out by nine O’clock and you wouldn’t wake up if there was an earthquake.”
“I mean it, if I find out you’ve been having sex behind my back…”

“Sometimes it’s over your back, and you still don’t wake up.” Blaise cut in.

Harry laughed, making them all feel lighter and happier, just because he was so happy.

“You’d better not! I demand compensation!”

“We’ll give you an IOU booklet, so you can cash in on the sex when you’re recovered enough.” Max joked, smiling naturally.

“Ooo, I want one. How many coupons do I have?”

“Hmm…let’s see, how many times have we had sex without him since he left us?” Max asked in a faux considering tone, even going so far as to put a finger to his lips and tapping, playing at thinking very hard, when all of them knew damn well how many times it had been.

“Once.” Draco insisted.

“Hmm, yes, it was just the once, wasn’t it?” Nasta said, smiling as he remembered his birthday morning, just after Harry had given birth.

“Okay, you get one coupon.” Max told Harry.

“You’ve had sex once without me?” Harry demanded. “I don’t believe any of you. I want at least six coupons.”

“Six?! Damn, I wish we’d had enough time and energy for six sessions!” Max laughed.

“We need to have five more to make up for those missing sessions!” Blaise laughed.
“No.” Harry cut in stubbornly. “Six is my benchmark, any more that you have now will be added on too. I want my coupons.”

“I’m sure you think we’re sex crazed maniacs.”

“Oh, are you not?” Harry teased, grinning.

“We’re really not, it’s always you teasing us!” Draco insisted.

Harry laughed loudly. “Who are you and what have you done with my mates?”

“He really does think we’re the sex crazed ones. Him, while he’s off flaunting himself in tiny skirts and lacy pants to rile us up!” Max chuckled.

“Don’t remind him of that!” Draco complained.

“Oh yeah. If I wear a skirt, you’ll all crack sooner.”

“Don’t do anything you’re not ready for, lover, let yourself recover, and then when you feel up to it, then you can wear the skirts, or those cute little boy shorts you have stashed away.” Max tried.

Harry squinted at him. “What have you done with my Maxie?”

Max laughed. “It’s still me, I just don’t want you to be hurt or in pain. I’ll happily give you your love coupons though.”

Harry smiled widely. “I can’t wait until I’m better so I can cash them in.”

“We’ll take it day by day.” Nasta said seriously.

Harry nodded. “I’m feeling alright, a bit sore, but it’s not like pain or anything, it’s more an
annoyance, especially if I reach for something, or bend down and it twinges. Sleeping is the worst, because I move and roll in my sleep, and that can hurt and wake me up if I don’t remember to take a pain potion first, before I go to sleep.”

“We’ll make sure that you remember to take it.” Nasta said, smiling.

Harry grinned back. “Having a singleton is the greatest. I get this cute, adorable little baby, and even though he was nine pounds, I feel infinitely better than I have with any of the others.”

“Even Braiden?” Blaise asked.

Harry hummed. “It’s hard to compare it, I carried Braiden three years ago, and that’s a long time to remember, but on the other hand, I almost lost him and the pain of that could be influencing my thoughts. But still, singletons are definitely better. More singletons, please.”

The four of them laughed at Harry’s cheesy little grin.

“You’re such a goof.” Max insisted.

Harry scoffed. “You love me and everyone knows it.”

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.” Max agreed.

The five of them settled, they shared another cup of tea together, Harry took a pain potion in preparation, as he was starting to doze against Draco’s shoulder, and then their little Taren woke up, a small wail in the back of his throat, which steadily built to a full on scream.

“Damn, he’s loud when the rest of the house is quiet.” Max complained, as he threw the readymade bottle over to Blaise, who was the one holding Taren.

Blaise caught the bottle one handed, and he tested the temperature out of habit before plugging up Taren’s hungry, little mouth. The cries cut off and they all watched, infinitely interested in their newborn son feeding.
“I’ll go check on the kids, then we can all go to bed.” Nasta told them, breaking the transfixed spell by standing up.

Max watched him go and he heaved in a heavy sigh. He could get better. He could let go of the past and move on from this. A few more days and Harry wouldn’t even need pain potions, and in a week or so he would be completely back to himself, fully healed, running and rolling around as normal.

He did think that these feelings he still carried were because Harry had gotten pregnant before he’d been fully healed from that fight, and had almost been gutted. Or at the very least that had not helped his Dracken side to settle after the fight, because Harry had been so worried and stressed over it, and the court case really hadn’t helped the matter either. So it seemed more like everything had been extended by the pregnancy, instead of one taking over from the other.

Max sighed and tried to push those thoughts from his mind, as Taren was winded gently and then changed again in quick succession.

“Let’s get you up to bed, love.” Draco said gently to Harry, who was trying so hard to force himself to stay awake.

“Taren.” Harry fretted.

“Blaise has him. He’s been fed and he’s just getting his nappy changed. He’ll be up just after us. Come on.”

“Carry him, Draco.” Max said.

Draco looked at him, nodded, and then gently lifted Harry into his arms.

“Can walk.” Harry argued sleepily.

“Not up those stairs you can’t.” Draco refuted, carrying Harry from the room and up to bed.

Max stayed with Blaise and Taren, taking the dirty nappy sack from Blaise and going to put it in the bin. He made sure all the doors and windows were shut and locked, that all the lights were off, before going into the living room and taking the tray of mugs, the used bottle, and the teapot back
into the kitchen. He washed them all out, dried them and put them away, before filling the bottle steriliser and setting that off. It would only take five minutes, and that would give him time to wipe down all his counters.

“Max, why aren’t you upstairs?” Nasta asked him, looking at him from the doorway.

“I was just sterilising the bottles.” Max insisted, looking up at his top dominant.

“I did that this afternoon. Taren has enough bottles to last the night feeds, and his first morning feed. It could have been done then.”

“I never wiped down my counters after dinner.”

Nasta sighed. “Is this really what you want to be doing at half nine in the night? Or is it something else?”

“I won’t sleep properly if I haven’t cleaned the counters. Not with Leolin and a newborn in the house. It only takes ten minutes, Nas.”

“Fine, you do the counters, I’ll get the bottles.” Nasta compromised, moving to the sink and washing his hands thoroughly, before going to the steamer and opening it, taking out the cleaned teats and bottles.

“I’ve cleaned where we usually line them up.” Max told him, moving to wiping down the island counter.

Nasta nodded and he lined up the bottles beside the kettle, and in the group of other bottles that had already been sterilised, putting the assembled tops in front of each bottle. He made sure that the formula powder they used for Taren was on the other side of the kettle, and that the kettle had enough water in it for the first feed, with a little extra because they believed that Leolin would wake up for a feed too.

“Are you done?” Nasta asked Max, as his mate threw another wipe into the bin and then went to wash his hands.
“I’m done.”

“Come on then, those lot upstairs will already be asleep.”

“Were the kids okay?” Max asked him.

“Perfectly fine, and all fast asleep.”

Max followed Nasta up the stairs and they both slowed their steps and quietened down as they entered the master bedroom. Harry was fast asleep, snuggled up to Blaise, who had his arms wrapped tightly around him.

Draco was just coming out of the en suite, a bit of white toothpaste foam on his lip still.

“Come here, lover.” Max teased, pulling Draco into his arms and reaching up to wipe the splodge away with his thumb. “There we go.”

“I thought I was at least going to get a kiss.” Draco complained in a whisper.

Max stifled a laugh, but dutifully bent to kiss his mate, before he and Nasta both got themselves ready for bed. Stripping off their clothes and putting them in the hamper, using the bathroom, getting into their pyjamas and brushing their teeth.

Draco was on the night duty tonight, and he was impatiently waiting for them to finish, and he hustled Nasta into the bed, shoving him up towards Harry before lying down himself, closest to Taren’s bassinet. Not that it mattered, as Taren’s cry was so loud and piercing, that all of them heard him regardless of where they were lying. They could have been sleeping in the guest room down the hall and they’d still hear him.

Max chuckled softly, even as he climbed into the bed on the other side, next to Blaise. He was still worried, still scared that the other shoe would drop and that Harry and Taren might be hurt. But Nasta knew now. Nasta would look after them all, he always did. Max could always rely on Nasta for everything, he just needed to make sure that this time around, that he made sure that Nasta was well looked after, and satisfied, to make up for all his care of them as individuals, and as a family. They couldn’t let Nasta get burned out or so frayed that he snapped. They needed him, all of them needed him, so Max made a mental note, right before he dozed off to sleep, that he would make the time to pin Nasta down and take the burden of being the top dominant from his shoulders every now and then, in the only way he knew how, by pleasuring the fuck out of him. He smiled tiredly to himself, he would enjoy that, and he hoped that Nasta would too.
Chapter End Notes

A/N: I got distracted by The Black Heir and the forced myself to keep to it to break the block I’ve had on it for the last year, and it actually worked, so I’ve been sucked back into The Black Heir, but I’ve finally finished this chapter off ready to post, and we finally have little Thunderer’s name! I hope that you all enjoyed it, as I’m going to go over to The Black Heir for a little while.

That’s all for now, thank you all for your comments and observations, I’ll be back soon enough, I imagine, with chapter 124, but until then, lovelies,

StarLight Massacre. X

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