The Power of Love and Magic

by misteeirene

Summary

On Harry's seventeenth birthday he comes into a rare, thought to be extinct, creature inheritance. Magic gives to those who are worthy, but magic punishes those who are not.
Chapter 1

I do not own Harry Potter.

I wrote this a few months back intending for it to be a one shot, but it kept going and going. Since there is so much I decided to break into chapters. It is not complete, but I have a lot written.

For those who don't read the warnings then bitch later, I decided to list some warning here.

YES, Harry is totally ooc. I am not JK so I will never be able to write Harry completely in character...and I don't want to.

YES, this is boy on boy.

YES, this is mpreg. Please don't waist my time pm'ing me bitching and preaching about mpreg...you know who you are!

YES, this will be a creature fic.

If you are ok with all this...YOU ROCK!

Please review and let me know if I should continue.

***HP

Harry blinked shyly up at the large red head that was hovering above him. "Merlin, Harry, you're so bloody beautiful."

Harry giggled, blushing even more. "I can't be beautiful, I'm a boy."

"Oh, I can feel that you're a boy," the red head said, grinding down on Harry's very hard erection. "You're still the most beautiful creature that I have ever laid eyes on."

Moaning, Harry thrust his hips up trying to get more stimulation from the man above him. "You spend all day working with goblins so that isn't saying much."

"What!" Bill gasped. "I'll have you know, under all that tough wrinkly skin, pointed teeth and nasty attitude, goblins are beautiful."

Harry threw his head back laughing. Bill gazed down at the beautiful boy under him. He wasn't lying, Harry really was the most beautiful creature that he had ever laid eyes on. With his soft raven hair that he had spent the last year growing out and now came to just below his shoulder blades, his large glowing emerald eyes, soft feminine features, petite size and shy, loving, submissive nature...he couldn't help but to be smitten with the small boy.

Unable to resist any longer, Bill leaned down and claimed the boy's lips in a passionate kiss. Despite Harry only just tuning seventeen the week before and him being so much older, he just couldn't keep his hands off the beautiful boy. It had been a year since he last saw the boy and at that time he was just a scruffy, gangly, be-speckled, awkward boy who was the best friend of his baby brother. Now, gone was the awkward boy and it's place was a stunning, graceful creatures who's beautiful eyes were no longer hidden by thick ugly glasses. He had been blown away when he moved back home a week ago and spotted this angel landing in front of him with a grin on his face and a broomstick in his hand.
Harry squirmed under Bill's large body, moaning. He couldn't believe that Bill actually liked him. His uncle had always told him that no one would ever want him, and yet here was Bill sexy Weasley telling him that he was beautiful and kissing him. He knew that his adopted fathers Sirius and Remus would go ballistic if they knew he was making out with a much older man, but they weren't here. The day after his birthday they dropped him off at the Burrow so they could go away for their anniversary and they weren't going to be back until a week before school started. They were also celebrating Sirius being declared free, and as much as he missed them, they deserved a little one on one time together.

Three months ago he managed to do the impossible and kill Voldemort and end the war. He wasn't proud that he killed another human being, if you could even call that snake man human, but it had to be done. They had been dueling when their wands connected again, but this time Voldemort wasn't expecting him to have a second wand. Dumbledore had been hit with a curse and knocked out cold, so he had picked up the man's wand wanting to keep it safe. When his wand connected with Voldemort's, he used Dumbledore's wand to fire the killing curse at Voldemort. As far as he was concerned he hadn't done anything special, but everyone was hailing him a hero and he now couldn't get a minutes peace.

At the end of the school year he had been expecting to be sent back to his horrible, abusive relatives until his seventeenth birthday, but Remus and Sirius had surprised him the night before he was due to leave and asked if they could adopt him and become a family. It had been the best night of his life and he had gotten his deepest wish...a real family. He got to leave that night and celebrate his adoption with the two men that loved him the most in the world. Sirius and Remus adored him and they never failed in showing him just how much they loved him. They knew how bad the Dursely's had abused him and they wanted to make sure that he never doubted their love.

It had taken his new fathers a week to get the truth out of him about his abusive past, but when he finally broke down and told them, they held him all night long while he cried himself to sleep. From day one of being left with his relatives, they had starved him, forced him to work like a house elf, beat him, broke his bones and belittled him. He was told that he was a freak, ugly, unlovable, worthless and not another human being would ever want or love him. He had firmly believed every word that came out of their mouths, but his fathers were trying to prove to him that it wasn't true. He was still having a hard time believing them, but he desperately wanted to.

Bill started trailing kisses down Harry's delicate neck, gently biting and sucking. For the past few days he had been making out with the boy, but he was hoping to take it farther. He wanted to claim Harry's body, make the boy his. "Harry, are you a virgin?" he asked huskily.

Panting, Harry nodded his head in embarrassment. Everyone in his dorm had lost their virginity, even Neville. Before Bill, he hadn't really been interested in anyone. Hell, he had never even masturbated before. His aunt had told him countless times that it was dirty and disgusting and if she ever caught him doing it, she would have his uncle cut his hand off. Sadly, he knew that his aunt wasn't joking, she would have had uncle Vernon cut his hand off and the bastard would have loved doing it.

Bill groaned, turned on even more knowing that he was going to be Harry's first. "I wanna make love to you, Harry. Can I be your first?"

Harry froze, unsure if he really wanted to go all the way. He really, really liked Bill and he was extremely turned on, but he wanted to give his virginity to the man he planned to spend the rest of his life with. Uncle Vernon had said that he would end up being nothing but a whore...just like his mother. When he was little he had believed that his mother was a whore, but now he knew better. His mother had been training to be a medi-witch, and the only person she had ever slept was his his
father. He wanted to be like his mom and save himself for the man had was going to bond with.

Bill pulled back and looked into Harry's mesmerizing eyes. He could see desire in those eyes, but also fear and uncertainty. There was also something deeper, but he wasn't sure what it was. "I won't hurt you, Harry, I promise. I think I'm falling in love with you."

Harry's grin was blinding. Sure, Remus and Sirius had told him that they loved him, but no one else had ever said those words to him. He desperately wanted to be loved and love someone in return. Sucking in his bottom lip, Harry tentatively nodded his head. "I'm falling in love with you too, Bill," he said softly.

Bill's grin was just as big as Harry's. "Just, please take it slow," Harry said somewhat fearfully. He may be innocent, but he knew how sex between two guys worked and he knew that it was going to hurt at first.

Bill peppered Harry's nose and cheeks with kisses. "I would never hurt you, never. You mean more to me than anyone else and I couldn't bare to see you in pain." Bill pulled out his wand and warded and silenced his bedroom door.

"Won't someone notice me missing?" Harry asked, feeling a bit panicky.

Bill went back to sucking on Harry's neck trying to distract him. He would never force Harry into doing something that he didn't want to do, but fear was expected in a virgin...especially one as innocent as Harry. "Harry love, they all think you are asleep in Fred and George's old room and Charlie is sleeping in Percy's room, no one will ever know."

Bill sat up and pulled Harry into a sitting position then slowly pulled his shirt up and over his head. Harry was thin, too thin, but he was also toned and flawless. Cupping the back of his head, he reclaimed Harry's lips as he gently laid him back down.

Harry was mentally thanking Remus for teaching him those glamour spells, he would have been horrified if Bill saw all the scars that his uncle left him with. It was bad enough having to show them to his dads and seeing the look of horror on their faces.

Bill slowly kissed his way down Harry's body, giving his small nipples extra attention. Just hearing Harry's moans was almost enough to have him coming in his pants like a fourteen year old. He couldn't wait to sink into the beautiful boy, but this was too good to rush.

Harry never imagined that having his nipples sucked and nibbled on would feel so amazing. He thought that stuff like that was just for girls, he didn't know that it would also be pleasurable for guys. He felt like he should be touching and kissing Bill too, but he wasn't sure what to do.

"Just relax and feel," Bill said as if he had been reading Harry's mind. "Let me take care of you."

Closing his eyes, Harry did as Bill instructed and relaxed. He was loving the feel of Bill's hands all over him and his mouth pleasuring him. He was so caught up in the pleasure that he about hit the ceiling when Bill grabbed his hard cock. He had never even felt Bill's hand dip inside his sleep pants.

"Easy," Bill chuckled, he hadn't been expecting such a violent reaction. "It's just my hand, no different then when you masturbate." Bill watched as Harry's face got impossibly redder. "Harry, you have masturbated, haven't you?"

Harry wanted to say yes, but he was never good at lying. He felt like such a freak.

"Merlin," Bill muttered, shocked that Harry had never even masturbated. Hell, he had started jerking
off when he was thirteen, and had walked in on George masturbating when he was only twelve. Masturbating was a normal, healthy part of growing up. He had never met a teen as pure as Harry. "Harry, have you ever had an orgasm? A wet dream maybe?"

Harry covered his face with his hands and shook his head no. He was seventeen years old and had never had one sexual dream. It was embarrassing, Bill must think that there was something terribly wrong with him or something.

"Fuck that's hot," Bill moaned. "I get the honors of giving you your first ever orgasm."

Harry opened his eyes and gasped when he saw Bill's eyes completely dilated with lust. He couldn't believe that scrawny, ugly him could turn someone as gorgeous as Bill on.

Smirking, Bill hooked his fingers in Harry's pants and yanked them down, tossing them over his shoulder and across the room. Before Harry could think about being embarrassed, he leaned in and took his now semi hard cock into his mouth and started sucking.

Harry screamed when Bill took him into his hot and wet mouth. It was the most intense feeling that he had ever experienced. It was so overwhelming that his eyes rolled to the back of his head and his toes curled into the mattress.

Bill smirked around the cock in his mouth. As long as he lived, he would never be able to get the look of pure pleasure on Harry's face out of his head. He wasn't going to take his eyes off the innocent boy until he had blown his first orgasm down his throat. He didn't want to miss a second of this incredible experience.

Harry was trembling uncontrollably, overwhelmed by his first ever sexual experience. It felt so amazing, but it also felt like he was about to pee himself. He would be horrified if he pee'd in Bill's mouth. Feeling the urge becoming to great, he started clawing and pulling on Bill's hair trying to get him to release his cock. "B-Bill, I'm gonna..."

Bill started sucking harder, digging his tongue into Harry slit. He knew the boy was close, he could feel his cock pulsating in his mouth. Despite seeing the fear in Harry's eyes and the hands pulling at his hair, Bill took Harry all the way to the root and swallowed.

Harry screamed and almost blacked out when something was ripped out of him. He didn't know if it was an orgasm or pee, but it felt bloody incredible.

Bill swallowed Harry's cum then let the softening cock drop out of his mouth. Never before had he witnessed someone have such an intense orgasm. "Fuck, that was amazing, Harry. So, how did you like your first ever orgasm?"

Bill was shocked when Harry opened his eyes and there were tears in them. "W-Why didn't you stop? It was dirty what I just did in your mouth. W-Was that an orgasm? I-I thought that I was going to pee in your mouth."

Bill scooted up the bed and laid beside Harry, pulling the crying teen to his chest and spooning behind him. "Hush, my love, I wanted you to come in my mouth. I wanted to taste you...all of you."

"Y-You did?" Harry asked, scrunching up his nose in disgust. He couldn't imagine anyone wanting to drink that.

"Yeah I did, and you were delicious. I'm sorry that it scared you." Bill said, feeling bad that he had upset Harry and made him cry. How could a seventeen year old be so pure and innocent? For Merlin's sake, he lived in a dorm with other guys. He knew his dorm mates in Hogwarts were always
going on about sex. A night didn't go by where he didn't hear one of them jerking off. "Did it feel good at least?"

Blushing, Harry nodded his head. "It felt..." Harry didn't even know how to describe how it felt.

Chuckling, Bill started nibbling on the back of Harry's neck and rubbing his pert, tight little bum. "I plan on making you that speechless a few more times tonight." Reaching for his wand, he summoned a bottle of lube. It may quicker to loosen and lubricate Harry magically, but he wanted to open him slowly with his fingers. He wanted to feel Harry squeeze his finger as he slowly inserted it inside his tight virgin entrance.

Harry tried to relax but he had a feeling he knew what Bill was about to do. He wasn't stupid, he knew that sex between males meant putting your cock in the other guy's ass, Merlin knows he had walked in on Dean fucking Seamus enough times to see how it worked, but he was still scared. He wanted to do this though, he really did. He wanted to make Bill feel good and fall in love him even more. Bill was great, and he was falling head over heels in love with him. He would do anything for Bill's love.

Bill generously lubed up two fingers. Harry was small, smaller than any male or female that he had ever been with. He almost felt like a dirty old man stealing a young kids virginity, but Harry was an adult now and more than willing. Starting at the top of Harry's crack, he slowly rubbed his way down until he encountered Harry's tight little muscled ring. Feeling Harry tense, he spent a few minutes just rubbing it as he sucked a bit at Harry's neck.

"Do you want this, Harry?" Bill asked, wanting to make sure that Harry truly wanted this. "I won't be mad or upset if you're not ready to go all the way. We have a few more weeks before Sirius picks you up, and then a lifetime after you graduate. I'm in no rush." That wasn't completely true, he couldn't wait to sink inside Harry, but he was prepared to wait however long Harry needed.

It warmed Harry's heart and left him feeling giddy hearing that Bill wanted to be with him after he graduated. Looking back, he grinned at Bill before kissing him on his lips. "I'm positive. Make love to me, Bill, I want you."

Plunging his tongue into Harry's mouth, he kissed him deeply as he slowly sank his finger into Harry's body. After he was as far he could go, he stopped and waited for Harry to relax. The boy was so tight that he was afraid that he was going to break his finger.

Harry clutched at the sheets, his knuckles white and bulging. The burn was so bad that he wanted to scream at Bill to take his finger out. He was expecting this though, he knew that it was going to hurt at first. He also knew at some point that it would start to feel good, if not, then no one would ever want to have sex.

"Roll onto your back," Bill ordered huskily, never removing his finger.

It wasn't easy with a finger in his backside, but Harry was able to shimmy onto his back. Scooting back down, Bill started to lick at the head of Harry's limp cock. It didn't take long for him to get hard again and start moaning in pleasure, the tightness easing around Bill's finger.

Harry was enjoying Bill sucking him, this time he could handle the extreme pleasure better now that he knew what to expect. Groaning when Bill took him deep into his throat, Harry thrust down on the finger crying out in shock and pleasure when it hit something deep inside of him.

"That's it," Bill coo'd, slowly thrusting his finger in and out of Harry's hole. "That's your prostate, doesn't it feel good?"
Harry jerkily nodded as he pushed down harder onto Bill's finger. He didn't know what the hell a prostate was, but it felt magical when Bill touched it.

Feeling that Harry was ready, Bill slowly added a second lubed finger. Harry was so deliciously tight that he couldn't wait to bury himself deep inside of him. He knew that this was going to be by far the best sexual experience of his life.

Harry did his best to relax around the added finger. Bill was much larger than him and his fingers were thick and long. Thankfully this time the burn wasn't as intense and Bill was constantly hitting his prostate which was distracting him.

Bill continued to slowly open up Harry until he successfully had four fingers inside his hole. Even with four fingers deep inside the boy, Harry was still tighter than any partner he had ever taken. Pulling his fingers out, he lubed up his painfully hard cock and lowered himself on the stunning creature laid out before him. Lovingly caressing his face, he lowered his lips and kissed Harry slowly and sensually.

Harry's heart was pounding hard in his chest and the hands gripping Bill's upper arms were trembling. This was it, he was going to lose his virginity to Bill Weasley. He knew that everyone, except his dads, expected him to end up marrying Ginny, but he didn't like girls. He had always tried to hide the fact that he liked the same sex, his uncle had said it was disgusting, unnatural and fags should be stoned to death. He never understood why he liked guys better than girls...until his seventeenth birthday.

Grabbing his cock with one hand, Bill started to rub it back and forth over Harry's quivering hole. He wanted to just plunge all the way in with one brutal thrust, but Harry was small and he didn't want to hurt him. He never wanted to hurt this beautiful and delicate creature that had been gifted to him. Slowly he started to add pressure, just a little at a time. Harry was tight, and that small ring of muscles was doing it's best to keep him out.

"Relax and bare down," Bill grunted as he pushed in a little harder.

Harry screamed and bit into Bill's arm when he felt his body give in and Bill sink deeply into his ass. The pain was so bad that he couldn't hold his tears back. How could Seamus want to do this all the time with Dean, it bloody hurt? He felt like he was being split open and his ass was on fire.

Panting, Bill stilled so Harry could get use to the feel of him and relax. Harry was so tight that it was almost painful being inside of him. He knew that he was above average in the size department, which is why he spent so much time opening up Harry, but the boy was still insanely tight.

Bill's heart shattered when he saw that Harry was crying. He was expecting sex to hurt for Harry at first, but he never expected for him to cry. Harry was his first virgin, all previous partners had been extremely experienced. "Don't cry, little one, the worst is over. I'm in now, just relax for me."

Nodding his head, Harry took a deep breath and tried to relax. It took a few long minutes, but the pain started to subside and it left him feeling incredibly full.

Grabbing the lube, Bill pulled out until just the head of his cock was inside Harry. Taking the lube, he added even more to his cock hoping to make it easier on Harry. He couldn't stand to see anymore tears from his precious boy.

Harry dug his nails into Bill's back as he started to slowly thrust in and out of him. It still hurt, but not as bad as when he first entered him. Unfortunately, it also didn't feel all that good either. He wanted Bill to find that spot that he had with his fingers.
Bill was already close to coming, Harry's heat and tightness was almost too much for him. The boy felt incredible and he wanted to fuck him all night long. As close as he was to coming though, he could tell that Harry had yet to start enjoying himself. He was tense and his small cock was limp and just laying there. He didn't want Harry to remember his first time as just painful and not pleasurable at all. Angling his next thrust, he grinned when he hit Harry's prostate dead on, causing the boy to scream out in pleasure. Bill watched mesmerized as the boy's cock started to fill until it was standing hard again.

"Bill!" Harry screamed loudly when he finally hit that spot deep inside. All of a sudden all the pain was gone and all he wanted was for Bill to hit that spot harder and faster. "H-Harder, Bill!" he screamed, clawing at Bill's back.

Bill was glad that he silenced his room, he would have never taken Harry for a screamer. The boy was moaning, screaming, begging and thrusting up hard onto his cock. Grabbing Harry's cock, he started fisting it in time with his thrusts. He was on the verge of exploding, but he wanted Harry to come first.

"That's it, come for me, my love," Bill panted as he started to slam hard into the small boy.

Harry screamed and everything went black when he came all over Bill's hand and his own stomach. The only thing he was aware of before passing out, was Bill's roar and a wetness flooding his insides.

***HP

"Come on, Harry, mom said you have slept long enough, it's lunchtime."

Harry groaned as the sound of Ron's voice wrenched him out of the wonderful dream he was having. Bringing his arms up, he went to stretch when pain shot up his spine causing him to cry out.

"Hey, you alright in there?" Ron asked, banging on the door in concern.

"Yeah," Harry winced, reluctantly opening his eyes. "I just got myself caught in the zipper," he lied. Ok, so it wasn't the best lie he could come up with, but he was still half asleep and confused as hell.

"Bloody hell," Ron moaned. "Be careful, with that. Your only given one of those," he said, chuckling at his own joke.

Despite his aching body, Harry laughed at his best friend. "Thanks, Ron, tell your mom I will be down after I shower." "Just keep in mind, if that gets stuck...I'm not helping you with the zipper."

Giggling, Harry carefully sat up and looked around. The last thing he remembered was Bill taking him from behind until he collapsed from exhaustion. He didn't remember walking back to the twins old room, and he honestly doubted he would have physically been able to after spending the entire night with Bill making love to him multiple times.

Looking to the pillow next to him, he grinned when he spotted a single red rose and a pain relieving potion. Bill must have carried him back before anyone noticed him missing. Picking up the rose he gave it a sniff, thankful that no one was around to see the sappy look that he was sure was on his face. Bill was the kindest, sweetest, sexiest man on the earth and he couldn't believe that he wanted to be with him. With a sigh, he downed the potion then got up to get a shower. He knew that if Bill hadn't left him the pain reliever, he wouldn't be able to walk today. He didn't even know how many times Bill took his last night, the curse breaker was an insatiable.
Standing naked in front of the large bathroom mirror, Harry gazed at all the bruises and love bites Bill had left him with. His neck, collar bones, chest and he was pretty sure his back too, was covered. They were sore to the touch, but it was a good pain. It reminded him that what he shared with Bill last night was real and not a dream. It was a shame that he was going to have to glamour them all. There was no way that he could explain who gave them to him and he wasn't ready to come out of the closet just yet. Mrs. Weasley and Ginny wouldn't be too happy if they found out that not only was he gay, but also having sex with Bill...a much, much older man. Ginny had been trying since he arrived to get into his pants.

Grabbing an extra towel, he spread his large dark purple and black wings out and started to meticulously dry them. It would have been much faster and easier to dry them using magic, but doing it this way felt so much better. It also gave him a chance to look for bent or damaged feathers so he could pluck them. He had never been a vain person or cared too much for his looks, but his wings were stunning and he wanted to keep them that way. Most people would have freaked out after sprouting wings on their seventeenth birthday, and at first he did, but now he loved his beautiful wings.

He had woken the day before his seventeenth birthday feeling like shit and running a dangerously high fever. Immediately Sirius had freaked out and floo'd Professor Dumbledore and Madam Pomfrey. All of Madam Pomfrey's scans had come back normal, so Professor Dumbledore suspected that he was coming into a creature inheritance. All day and night his fever raged, burning instantly through all the fever reducers that Professor Snape had given him. The man had tried everything, but none of his potions had worked on him. By the time midnight had rolled around, his fever was off the charts and he was delirious. Then at exactly midnight, pain worse than the cruciatus curse tore through his body. The pain was so overwhelming that he couldn't handle it and he mercifully passed out. When he came back around the following morning, there was large wings on his back pinning him to his mattress.

Other than the large beautiful wings, his hair had grown to the middle of his back and was black as night, his eyes became brighter, his ears pointy, he was more graceful and his looks became more feminine. Sirius had said that he was drop dead gorgeous and even Snape was looking at him oddly. For once Professor Dumbledore was speechless. Again he had done the impossible and became something that was thought to be extinct...a true fairy. Hundreds of years ago the fae flourished, they were considered the most beautiful creatures on earth, even more so than Veela. They were also extremely powerful, more powerful than even the most skilled mages. Their power and beauty caused wizards to hunt and kidnap them. They didn't want to hurt them, but they desired that beauty and power for themselves. It was also said that sex with a fairy was incredible and addicting because they were highly sexual creatures. It seemed that somewhere in the Potter line someone had mated and reproduced with a fairy. He prayed that it was mutual and that the fairy hadn't been forced. He couldn't bare to think that a relative of his had kidnapped and raped a beautiful fairy.

He still didn't know much about his fairy inheritance, but his dads had promised to go over everything with him when they returned from their trip. What he did know was that he was a male submissive and that made him even more desirable amongst the wizards. He didn't understand why yet, but Dumbledore had told him not to tell anyone...not even Ron. He had even made Snape and Pomfrey swear on their magic not to tell anyone. He didn't mind, for some reason it felt wrong to tell anyone, his instincts were screaming at him to keep quiet.

Happy now that his wings were clean and dry, he pulled them back into his back and grabbed for his clothes. With a groan, he realized that he didn't bring any and he was going to have to make a break
for it back to his room with just a towel wrapped around his waist. Merlin, he prayed that he didn't run into Ginny.

Peeking his head out the door and seeing that the coast was clear, Harry took off down the hall and up a flight of stairs to where the twins bedroom was located. He had almost made it when he slammed into something big and hard at the top of the stairs. Afraid that he was going to topple backwards, he grabbed onto the person he had slammed into.

Charlie quickly wrapped his arms around the mostly naked boy to keep him from falling back down the steps. "Easy there, Harry. Where's the fire?"

Harry looked up at the biggest of all the Weasley boys and blushed. "I-I forgot to take clothes with me and I didn't want your sister to see me."

Charlie chuckled. "Yeah, she has been a little too obvious, hasn't she?" Charlie looked down at the boy in his arms who's skin was still flushed from his hot shower. "It seems like she wasn't the only one?" he growled dangerously. "Who the hell marked you up like that?" He already had an idea who it was and he was livid that he left such horrible marks all over Harry's beautiful skin. He had known that Harry was innocent when he arrived here and he was disgusted that his brother had taken advantage of the sweet boy. Harry deserved to be treated like royalty, not a quick fuck in his parents house.

"Charlie," Harry squealed, eyes as big as saucers. How the hell could he forget the glamours? "I... I... I..."

Charlie gently placed his hand over Harry's mouth. "Would you like me to glamour them?" he asked between clenched teeth. Right now he wanted nothing more then to punch Bill in the face, but he didn't want Harry to think that he was upset with him.

Biting his lip, Harry shook his head no. "I-I can do it," he stuttered. "Charlie, I'm..."

Charlie gave Harry a warm smile. "Do you need any healing?"

Harry dropped his eyes and started fiddling with his towel. He was so upset and embarrassed that he totally forgot that he was naked and still in Charlie's strong arms. "Honestly, Charlie, I'm fine."

Charlie maneuvered Harry so he was no longer at risk of falling down the stairs then reluctantly dropped his arms and stepped back. "In that case, I was sent up here to tell you that lunch is in five minutes. The twins are visiting, so if you want to eat, you better hurry up." Charlie turned to go down the stairs, but then stopped. "Harry, don't forget the glamours." he said over his shoulder. He wasn't reminding him so his mom wouldn't see them, he was reminding him because the sight of them filled him with rage. Harry deserved someone that would love and cherish him, not mark up his beautiful body. He prayed that Bill hadn't hurt him when he took his virginity last night. Harry was so small, smaller than even Ginny.

Walking past the bathroom that Harry had just left, something odd caught Charlie's eye. Walking in to investigate it, he was startled to find two feathers. These weren't feathers from any owl, one was a dark purple and the other the brightest silver. He had never seen feathers like these before and they absolutely were stunning.

***HP

"Hey, Potter, up for some flying?"

Harry tried to hide his grimace. "Not right now, Fred, sorry." Harry held up the book on dragons he
had been reading. "I'm busy right now?"

Fred snorted. "Keep it up and we're going to start calling you little Charlie."

"Dragons are fascinating," Harry grinned. "I need to figure out what I'm going to do after I graduate."

"Are you thinking dragons?" Charlie asked curiously, leaning against the door to the living room.

Harry grinned at the large red head. Out of all the Weasley's, Charlie had the kindest and most beautiful blue eyes. "I have always found them interesting so I thought it wouldn't hurt to look into it."

Charlie took a seat on the couch next to the small boy, not missing how he winced when the couch shifted. With a heavy sigh, he reached in his pocket and pulled out a pain relieving potion. "You look like you could use this," he said softly.

Harry quickly looked up to where Fred had been standing, but relaxed when he noticed that he was alone in the room with Charlie. "Thanks, the one Bill left me earlier wore off about an hour ago." His ass had been hurting so bad that he could hardly move. That was the real reason why he didn't want to go flying.

Charlie hid his clenched fists. He was furious that Bill had left Harry so sore that he couldn't even sit properly. At least he was thoughtful enough to leave him a pain reliever before heading off to work this morning. "Sure you don't need healing?"

Harry blushed a flaming red. "Charlie!" he whined.

Charlie was happy to see that Harry hadn't lost all his innocence after spending a night with his brother. "I just don't like to see you hurt. I'm not the best at healing spells, but I know the basics."

Downing the disgusting potion in one gulp, Harry rested his head on Charlie's broad, warm shoulder. He had always felt close to the muscular dragon handler. "M'fine, Charlie...promise."

Charlie started running his fingers through Harry's silky hair. "Harry, don't ever be afraid to come to me if you need something. I care very deeply for you."

Harry grinned up at Charlie. "I care for you too, Charlie. I'm so comfortable and happy around you."

Charlie leaned down and kissed Harry on the forehead. "I'm happy to hear that," he said somewhat sadly. "So, you decided not to become an Auror?" he asked, trying to change the subject.

"Never really wanted to be one, was just following Ron and doing what everyone expected of me. Sirius and Remus showed me that I don't have to do what the wizarding world expects, I can do whatever I want."

"And you want to work with dragons?" Charlie chuckled.

"I dunno," Harry shrugged. "You always made being a dragon handler look so cool."

"Harry, I make dragon handling look cool...because I myself am cool."

Harry playfully slapped Charlie on the arm. "Becoming a dragon handler is one of the top three on my list," Harry said with a yawn. "but it's also the most dangerous."

"What are the other two boring jobs you have picked?"
"Professor and healer," Harry answered shyly.

"Well, I think you would be great in any of those careers. How about I take you to the sanctuary tomorrow and show you around?"

Harry sat up, grinning. "Really, you would take me to the dragon sanctuary? But, Charlie, you're on vacation?"

"Technically I have taken a leave of absence, but I can still take you to the sanctuary and introduce to the handlers, their different jobs and some the dragons."

Harry threw himself at Charlie. "That would be awesome, Charlie. I can't wait, it's going to be so much fun."

Charlie closed his eyes, breathing in Harry's unique scent. "Would you like to hear some stories about my time as a dragon handler?"

Harry eagerly nodded his head, then shimmied down until he was laying with his head resting in Charlie's lap.

Charlie bit back a groan at having Harry so close to his groin. The boy was going to be the death of him. Taking a deep steadying breath, he started at his first year on the reservation while resuming carding his fingers through Harry's hair.

***HP

"Charlie, what the hell is going on?" Bill growled. All day at work he couldn't wait to get home to Harry so he was a bit shocked and angered when he walked in and found his lover sleeping with his head in his brothers lap. He couldn't stop thinking about the amazing night he had with the small boy and he was hoping to have a repeat tonight.

Charlie set Harry's dragon book down that he had been leafing through and cast I silencing spell around the sleeping boy so their voices wouldn't wake him up. Harry had only lasted fifteen minutes of his story telling before passing out. "Incase you couldn't tell, Harry is using me as a pillow while I read a book."

"Why is he using you as a pillow though?" Bill hissed. He didn't like to see his lover cuddled up with his brother.

Charlie took a deep breath and counted to ten. Right now he was furious at his brother, but making a scene would only upset Harry. He also didn't want the rest of the family to know that Bill and Harry were sleeping together. Harry wanted to keep it a secret and it wasn't his news to tell. "Relax, Bill, I was only telling Harry about the reservation and he fell asleep. There is nothing going on, I love Harry like a little brother who needs extra protecting," he lied.

Embarrassed, Bill scratched the back of his neck. "I'm sorry, I don't know what came over me. I just..."

"Leave him alone tonight?" Charlie snapped, interrupting his brother.

"What?" Bill asked, taken aback by the anger in his brother's voice.

"Harry has been in pain all day and is covered in bruises and bite marks. Give him a few days to heal before engaging him in sex again."
"Charlie, I really don't see where it's any of your business," Bill growled. "Harry is an adult now."

"Harry is just barely an adult and it is my business because I care about him. He was a virgin and you used him too hard. Harry also will do anything to please those he loves, so there is no way he will turn you down, even if he is in excruciating pain."

Bill visibly deflated. "I didn't mean to hurt him last night. I was careful, but he's so damn small."

"Let him heal," Charlie added.

Bill nodded his head. "Thanks for looking out for him today. Does anyone else know?"

"No," Charlie said, gazing down at the beautiful boy in his lap. "Do you love him?" he asked, heart squeezing painfully in his chest. He didn't know if he wanted Bill to answer with a yes or no.

Bill walked into the room and took a seat opposite of Charlie. He too was looking at Harry. "I think so," he answered softly. "Harry is... It's hard to put into words what Harry is, but there's something special about him, and I don't mean the whole Boy-Who-Lived crap." He knew how much Harry despised being called that. "I couldn't stop thinking about him today, damn near got my hand cursed off too because I wasn't paying attention. I want to protect him and make him happy...hurt those who want to hurt him. Yeah, I think I do love him."

"Don't hurt him," Charlie said voice barely above a whisper.

"Never," Bill said vehemently.

***HP

Charlie knelt down beside Harry and pulled his hair back for him. "International portkeys can be a bitch," he said in sympathy. The second they landed, or crashed in Harry's case, the poor boy had lost his breakfast.

Harry wiped at his mouth in disgust. "International or not, portkeys always make me vomit. Sorry, guess I should have warned you about that."

"It's nothing, Harry. When I was younger the same thing happened to me." Charlie helped Harry to his feet then vanished the mess. "Why didn't you tell me? I could have given you a stomach soother and we could have went out to eat for breakfast here. It's always worse portkeying on a full stomach."

"Tell me about it," Harry mumbled. "I was hoping that I could handle it this time, and I was afraid that if you knew you would change your mind about bringing me," he added shyly.

"Harry, it's going to take a lot more than vomit to gross me out, but I could have helped you had I known."

"M'sorry," Harry lowered his head in shame.

"None of that," Charlie said soothingly, placing a finger under Harry's chin and lifting his head. "Come on, I have a stomach soother in my hut and I'm sure you could do with a drink."

Harry was surprised when Charlie walked slow enough so he could easily keep up with him. He was a lot smaller than everyone else and he tended to get stuck looking at their backsides as they walked ahead of him. "Charlie, thanks again for doing this."
Charlie grinned down at Harry. "Are you kidding me, I'm as excited as you are. None of my brothers could care less about what I do, I'm thrilled to get to show you around."

"Wow!" Harry gasped as they came upon brick walls so large that he couldn't see over them. The gate had a massive dragon head on it breathing fire.

"Welcome to the Romanian Dragon Sanctuary," Charlie said proudly.

***HP

Charlie's hut was exactly that...a hut. It was small with one bedroom, a small bathroom, small kitchen, and a small living space. Despite the small size, Harry loved it. Charlie's walls were covered with pictures of his family, both human and dragon, and dragon figures were scattered throughout the room. It was a warm and cozy little hut and it was totally Charlie.

"It isn't much," Charlie said sheepishly, "but..."

"It's awesome," Harry grinned. "It's warm and inviting here, just like at the Burrow."

Charlie handed Harry a stomach soother and a Butterbeer. "It's just me so..."

Harry gratefully took the soother and drink and carried them to the small table. "How come you haven't gotten married? Hell, I have never even seen you with a girl. Haven't you found anyone you could be happy with?"

Charlie downed half his own Butterbeer in one swig. "I found the person I could happily spend the rest of my life with, but unfortunately he's in love with someone else."

"Oh, Charlie," Harry said sadly. "I'm sorry."

Charlie shrugged. "It's alright, I still plan to be in his life, I will just have to content with being a friend."

Harry got up and gave Charlie a hug. "I didn't know you were gay like Bill and I."

Charlie wrapped his arms around Harry and buried his face in his neck. He was going to savor whatever contact with the small boy he could get. "Actually, Bill is bisexual, I'm strictly gay."

"Well, I think that guy you love is a stupid ass. Who could be better than you?"

Laughing, Charlie reluctantly released Harry. "He's not a stupid ass, I am. I never told him how I felt and now it's too late."

"It's never too late, Charlie. He may feel the same way about you but is too scared to say anything."

"He's in love with the other guy and I wouldn't want to ruin that for him by saying anything. I'm also close to the other guy and I want him to be happy too." Charlie turned away from Harry's intense green eyes.

"But you're not happy," Harry said softly, feeling horrible for poor Charlie. Charlie was amazing, any guy would be lucky to have him. He would never tell Charlie, but before he hooked up with Bill, he had a huge crush on him.

"Alright, enough feeling sorry for Charlie," Charlie said, trying to lighten the mood. "I thought we came here to see some dragons?"
"So what do you think kid, can we expect to see you here next fall?" The director of the sanctuary asked.

Harry vigorously nodded his head. "I love it here. If you have a spot for me come fall, I would be honored to study here." Harry had an amazing time at the sanctuary meeting all of Charlie's coworkers, learning about the different jobs here and seeing all the dragons. He even got to see Norberta and her three hatchlings. He could see himself happily becoming a dragon handler.

Director Bones held out his hand for Harry to shake. He couldn't believe that thee Harry Potter wanted to study at his sanctuary. "I can guarantee that there will be a spot for you. I will get you the registration forms, and sometime within the next two months, fill them out and owl them back. That will guarantee your spot and we can assign you a hut."

"He can just bunk with Charlie," senior dragon handler Raknor said, giving Charlie a hard slap on the back. Charlie and him were like brothers, and Charlie had confided in him months ago about how he felt for the boy.

Charlie glared at Raknor. "I'm sure my brother Bill wouldn't appreciate that."

Raknor raised one bushy black eyebrow. "Why would your brother have a problem with you sharing a hut with Harry?"

Harry gave Charlie a subtle kick, but Raknor didn't miss it. "Oh, I see," Raknor said, giving his friend an understanding look. It seemed Charlie's brother had beat him to the little cutie.

"Please don't tell anyone," Harry begged. "I'm not ready for my love life to be splashed all over the papers."

Raknor looked at the small boy. How the hell could anyone resist those eyes? "Tell anyone what? I don't know what you're talking about, kid," he said with a wink.

Director Bones returned with the forms and excitedly handed them over to Harry. "You know, if you want to bunk with Charlie, we have two bedroom and family huts. I'm sure Charlie wouldn't mind having company."

Harry grinned up at Charlie. "Thank you, Director Bones, I will discuss it with Charlie." He actually really liked the idea of sharing with Charlie. He had been alone for so long and he really didn't want to live in a small hut all by himself. Charlie was Bill's brother, he wouldn't get jealous over them sharing a hut. Bill would probably be relieved that Charlie was looking out for him.

Charlie would love to share a hut with Harry and he'd be perfectly content with it being a one bedroom hut. "Come on, Harry, we have to be getting back."

"You know," Raknor quickly said. "that Hungarian Horntail that you went up against in that tournament, her eggs are ready to hatch any second. You should crash here tonight so you don't miss the big event."

Before Charlie could protest, Harry looked up at him with big pleading eyes. "Please, Charlie, can we?"

Charlie glared at Raknor who was smirking back at him. "Yeah, Charlie, you don't want the kid to miss out on that. Those eggs are going to hatch sometime in the next twelve hours."
"Damn those eyes," Charlie mumbled. "It's fine with me, Harry. You can use the floo in the main hut to let mom know that we won't be back until sometime tomorrow."

Harry jumped up and kissed Charlie on the cheek. "Thank you, thank you."

Charlie and Raknor watched as Harry sprinted off to the main hall. "What the hell happened" Raknor growled. "I thought you were taking a leave of absence to work at that school so you could be closer to Harry. How the hell did he end up with Bill?"

Charlie gave Raknor a pained look. "I was taking it slow. I thought I had all year to get Harry to fall in love with me. I never counted on Bill making a move."

"That's messed up, Charlie. You have been in love with that boy since he was fourteen years old. What are you going to do?"

"What the hell can I do?" Charlie snapped, finally getting rid of some of the anger and hurt he had been feeling since seeing the man he loved all marked up by his brother. The past forty eight hours had been hELL on him. All he could think about was Bill kissing and making love to the man he had been head over heels in love for the past three years. Harry was too young when they first met, so he had been patently waiting all this time for him to become an adult so he could make his move.

"Are you still going to work at the school this year?"

"I have to," Charlie sighed. "I made a commitment and Hagrid has already moved to France to be with his large lover for the next year. Wether I like it or not, I am Hogwarts Care of Magical Creatures teacher for the next year."

"Does Bill love Harry?"

Charlie scrubbed at his tired face. As hard as he tried, he couldn't sleep a wink last night. He had heard Harry sneak into Bill's room last night and he couldn't help but worry about what they were doing. He so badly wanted to march in there and hex Bill's cock off. Since Harry wasn't hurting today, he figured that they hadn't gone all the way again. It seemed Bill listened to him when he asked to give Harry time to heal.

"He thinks he does?" Charlie answered. "Bill's a good guy, he won't hurt Harry."

Raknor nodded his head, he had met Bill a few times and he was a good and honorable man. "You're not going to give up on Harry are you?"

Charlie nodded his head. "I have to, I can't come between them. I will be there for Harry though, however he needs me."

Raknor felt bad for his friend. He had totally rearranged his life so he could get closer to Harry, and now everything was falling apart on him.

**hp**

Harry grabbed the pillow off the couch then glared at Charlie, daring him to say something. "Charlie, you are twice as long as this couch, there is no way you are sleeping on it."

"Well, you are my guest and there is no way you are sleeping on a beat up old couch. Charlie shot back.

"Charlie," Harry groaned. "Why can't we both just take the bed? It's more than big enough."
"Because, Bill will curse me into next week if he found out that we slept in the same bed."

"Charlie, we're just sleeping, not..." Harry blushed at the thought of Charlie making love to him. It was a little troubling how just the thought turned him on. He was with Bill, he shouldn't be thinking about Charlie's big strong arms...toned chest...nice ass. Harry gave his head a shake.

"Harry, I don't want to make you uncomfortable?"

"Do you plan on sleeping nude?" Harry grinned. When Charlie shook his head no, Harry tossed the pillow at him. "Good, then I won't be uncomfortable. Come on, I'm tired."

Admitting defeat, Charlie followed Harry into his room. If he stared at the small, wiggling ass in front of him the entire way, it wasn't his fault. Since they weren't planning on staying the night, Harry had no sleep clothes to change into, so he was only in his boxers and an old t-shirt of his. Damn the boy looked sexy.

Charlie knew that he should push the sleeping boy away from him, but he was enjoying having Harry in his arms. An hour after Harry had fallen asleep, he had migrated to his side of the bed and wrapped himself around him as if he was a teddy bear. He always knew that Harry would be a snuggler. He always seemed to crave affection and had a strong desire to please everyone. He had a feeling that his muggle relatives didn't treat him kindly.

Harry woke to a heavy arm draped across his middle and something hard poking him in his backside. It only took a few seconds of his brain clearing to realize that it was Charlie's morning wood poking him in his ass. He was no expert on the male anatomy, but it felt like Charlie had been generously gifted in that area...more so than Bill.

Carefully tilting his head back, Harry smiled when he saw that Charlie was still fast asleep with his face just a few inches from his. Charlie really was a good looking man...alright, so he was down right hot. His features were more rugged than Bill's, and where Bill was tall and toned, Charlie was tall and heavily muscled. He wondered if he would get some muscles after working with dragons for a few years. He doubted it though, he was a submissive fairy so he would probably always stay small no matter how hard he tried to gain muscle.

Harry squeaked when Charlie pulled him tighter to his chest and ground his hard cock into his ass. Despite there being a thin piece of material between the two of them, it felt like Charlie could easily push himself into him with how hard he was. He should be disgusted and trying to pull away, but it felt good to be held by Charlie. What kid of fucked up person was he? How could he be in love with Bill and yet get so easily turned on by Charlie?

Charlie knew that he was going to go to hell for this, but he would gladly pack his bags himself for the chance to be with Harry. He would never take this farther than a few ruts to the backside while feigning being asleep, but damn it felt good. He wished he could wake everyday with Harry in his arms...preferably naked.

With some difficulty, Harry lifted the large arm off of him then rolled out of bed. As soon as his feet hit the ground, he was sprinting to the bathroom. Charlie chuckled into the pillow. He knew it was wrong to tease Harry like that, but damn if the boy didn't get hard from him. He saw how his boxers were tented when he ran for the bathroom.

Hearing the shower start, Charlie rolled onto his back and pushed his hand into his boxers so he could take care of his very hard problem. He hoped those damned eggs hatched today, there was no
way he could survive another night in the same bed with Harry. Bill better realize how incredibly lucky he was to have Harry, and if he ever hurt him, there was no place on earth where he could hide from him.
Collapsing to the side, Bill pulled the sheet over both himself and his naked lover. "You alright?" he asked, still panting and trembling slightly. Sex with Harry was incredible!

All Harry could do was nod until he could catch his breath. Charlie and him had'n returned from the sanctuary until right before bedtime, and as soon as he made it to his bedroom, Bill had tackled him from behind and tossed him onto the bed. Bill didn't waste much time on foreplay, he used magic to prepare him them took him from behind.

"I missed you last night," Bill said, carding his fingers through Harry's damp hair. "I don't know what I'm going to do when your dad's pick you up."

Harry leaned into Bill's soothing touch, grinning. "I missed you too, Bill. Maybe you could start officially courting me when I return home," he suggested hopefully.

Bill thoughtfully nodded his head. "I'll think about it." At seeing Harry's smile falter, he quickly added. "It's not that I don't want to court you, it's just I love having you all to myself. If we start officially courting, it's going to be in every paper and reporters are going to hound me everywhere I go. I just wanna keep us a secret for now."

Harry sadly turned onto his side away from Bill. He understood where Bill was coming from, but it still hurt. Was there something wrong with him? Was Bill ashamed to be seen with him?

"Hey, don't get upset," Bill said, rubbing Harry's back. "We won't keep it a secret forever, I just want to keep you all to myself for now."

"I understand," Harry whispered into his pillow, hiding his tears from Bill. "I'm just tired." He wanted the world to know that he was with Bill Waesley, why didn't Bill feel the same about him?

Bill kissed Harry on the back of his neck. "Get some sleep, love. We will talk more about it tomorrow."

***HP

"Harry dear, don't you want to discuss it with your fathers before sending the registration forms in? Being a dragon handler is a very dangerous job?" Molly said kindly. She was terrified when Charlie had decided to study dragons, but at least he was a big and strong lad. Harry was small and delicate looking, it wouldn't take much for a dragon to hurt him.

Harry looked up from the paperwork he had been filling out. "My dads have encouraged me to follow whatever career I desire. They know that one of my choices was working with dragons, Remus even bought me a few books about dragons and the different jobs there are working with them."
"I know dear, it's just dragons are so big and dangerous and you're so..."

"Small," Charlie chuckled, taking a seat across from Harry and giving him a wink. "Mom, size has nothing to do with dragon handling. It's not like I could walk up to a dragon and win a hand to hand fight with him. It has to do with magic, and Harry is more magically powerful than anyone at the sanctuary. He will do great as a handler."

"I'm not small!" Harry growled, playfully kicking Charlie in the shin under the table.

"If you say so," Charlie chuckled, breaking off a piece of his toast and chucking it at Harry.

"I thought we were going to be Auror partners," Ron pouted, stabbing grumpily at his eggs.

"I'm sorry," Harry said looking to his best friend. "Ron, you have what it takes to become a great Auror. You're brave and smart and not a single person at Hogwarts can beat you at a game of chess, not even Dumbledore. You are meant to be an Auror...I'm not. I'm brave only when I need to be and I wouldn't have survived my first encounter with Voldemort if it hadn't been for you and Hermione. Everyone thinks I'm this great wizard, but I'm not. Professor Mcgonagall was right, I only survived everything out of sheer dumb luck. I don't want to spend my life fighting."

"I guess I understand," Ron said, blushing from the compliments that Harry had given him. "As long as you're happy. Still, Romania is so far away, I will never see you."

"I was thinking the same thing," Bill said, sipping at his cup of coffee while staring darkly at his untouched breakfast. He really didn't like the idea of Harry becoming a dragon handler. "Why don't you look into becoming a curse breaker? It's a dangerous job, but at least we won't have to worry about a dragon eating you."

Harry was still feeling a little sore over last night. It hurt that Bill wanted to be with him but not tell anyone. "I'm not smart enough to become a curse breaker," he said, not looking over at Bill.

"Hey!" Charlie cried. "Are you saying that dragon handlers are dumb?" Charlie didn't miss the tension between Harry and his brother, nor how upset and hurt Harry looked. He knew that the two had spent the night together and he couldn't help but wonder what happened for Harry to look so sad.

"I think it takes a certain lack of brains to willingly go into a pen with a fire breathing dragon," Harry joked, smiling up at Charlie.

Bill couldn't help but feel jealous over how easily Charlie and Harry could goof around with each other. He was probably overreacting, but there were times where he thought that Charlie's love for Harry was a lot more than just brotherly.

"Maybe you should think about it some more," Bill said, taking a seat next to Harry and bumping his knee against his. "You said that you were giving healing some thought. I think you would make a wonderful healer...especially for children. From what I understand, Poppy plans to retire in a few years. I know how much you love Hogwarts, maybe she would apprentice you so you can take her job when she leaves."

Harry finally looked at Bill and slowly nodded his head. "That's a good idea. I guess I can give it some more thought." It was a good idea, but he really wanted to work with dragons. Bill and Ron were right though, he would be far away, and how was he going to maintain a relationship with Bill
if he was all the way in Romania? Becoming a healer wouldn't be so bad.

Bill glared at Harry and squeezed his knee under the table. Not only were dragons too dangerous for Harry, but Romania was too far away. He couldn't bare to be so far away from Harry and he couldn't transfer to another Gringotts location since he just recently transferred here. He would have to wait at least another five years before the goblins would approve of another transfer.

Charlie wanted to reach across the table and punch his brother in the face. Couldn't he see how badly Harry wanted to work with dragons? Harry was only agreeing with Bill because he didn't want to upset him. Damn Harry for always putting everyone else before himself. How could his brother be so fucking selfish?

"Harry, this is a big decision that will affect the rest of your life. You need to pick a career that you will be happy with ten to twenty years down the road." Arthur said seriously. "Don't let anyone else make this decision for you." He wasn't stupid, he knew what was going on between his eldest and Harry, he also knew that Charlie was in love with the boy. He didn't know how this was going to play out, but he was sure that it was going to get ugly at some point...especially when Ginny found out. His daughter had been in love with Harry Potter since before she had even met him thanks to Molly and her stories about The-Boy-Who-Lived. He had known for a few years now that Harry wasn't interested in girls, hell, Ginny had been throwing herself at him all summer and he had been ignoring her.

"Dad's right, Harry," Charlie said, glaring at his older brother. "You still have a couple months before you have to submit the registration forms, give it some thought."

Harry gathered up the papers and stood up. "Thanks. I think I'm going to put these away then go for a walk."

"Would you like some company?" Bill asked eagerly.

"Nah, I'm good," Harry said, leaving the room without looking back. What he wanted was Remus and Sirius to talk to. He couldn't wait for them to return home.

***HP

It was his last night with Harry and he was going to make it special for his lover. He wished that he could give Harry what he wanted and officially court him, but he just wasn't ready for such a big step. Courting in the wizarding world was a big deal and almost always ended up in a bonding. He knew now that he loved Harry, but he wasn't ready to be bonded. Harry himself was still in school and not ready to be bonded. They had plenty of time after Harry graduated to court and bond.

Lighting the last candle, Bill looked around the room to make sure everything was just right. He had lit candles scattered throughout, fresh fruit and chocolate, flowers and a special gift in his pocket. Now all he needed was Harry.

These past couple weeks with Harry had been amazing. It seemed everyday he fell more in love with him. Then there was the sex...sweet Merlin it was the best sex ever. Despite still being shy in bed, Harry had come a long way. It was almost impossible for him to keep his hands to himself when other people were around. Every chance he got he was sneaking off with Harry, pulling him into the bathroom, taking him in his father's shed up against the wall, or any other hidden place he could find. Harry was eager to please him too, and would go to his knees whenever he asked.

Bill grinned when Harry quietly snuck into the room, his trademark blush covering his face. "Wow, Bill, it looks beautiful in here."
"It's our last night," Bill said, pulling Harry into his arms. "I wanted to make it special for you."

Harry got up on his toes and kissed Bill on the lips. "Thank you, this is amazing."

Bill reached into his pocket and pulled out a burgundy velvet box. "I know that I upset you when I said that wasn't ready to court you, and I'm deeply sorry for that. It's me not you. I love you so much, Harry. I wanted to give you this though, it's a promise ring. It means that when I am ready, you are the one that I want to bond with and spend the rest of my life with. I have every intention of starting the courting process the day after you graduate."

Harry happily took the small box with tears in his eyes. With trembling hands, he opened the lid and gasped at the beautiful ring that was inside. It was a stunning emerald ring that looked like it was glowing.

"It reminded me of your eyes," Bill admitted, taking out the ring and sliding it on Harry's finger. "When I saw it, I just knew that I had to get it for you."

"It's beautiful, Bill," Harry muttered, holding his hand out and gazing at the beautiful ring.

"Is that a yes then?" Bill asked anxiously. "Will you accept my ring as a promise to start courting this June?"

"Yes!" Harry cried, lunging at Bill and wrapping his arms around him.

Bill easily picked Harry up and carried him to the bed, the fruit and chocolate forgotten. ***HP

Charlie opened the lid on his old wooden box and gazed down at all the purple and silver feathers he had collected from the bathroom the past few weeks. There was no doubt in his mind that they had come from Harry. He had found a single feather in his shower back at his hut after Harry had showered there. Since then he had made it a habit to go in the bathroom after Harry showered to look for feathers. He had at least a dozen beautiful feathers now.

Being an expert on magical creatures, he had a pretty good idea what was going on. Harry must have come into a creature inheritance on his seventeenth birthday and that would explain why Sirius had pushed his party back a day. He just couldn't figure out what creature he had turned into. He had never seen feathers like these before so he must be something incredibly rare. Whatever it was, Harry was keeping it a secret and he wasn't going to say anything to anyone. He did need to find a way to discreetly warn Harry to be more careful with his feathers in the shower though. It wouldn't take long for his secret to travel through Hogwarts if someone else was able to put two and two together.

Closing and locking the lid, he took a seat on his bed and put his head in his hands. It was killing him knowing that Bill was in his room right now making love to Harry. He wanted to be happy for his brother, Harry was an amazing and beautiful person, but he had loved Harry for so long. He took the job at Hogwarts just so he could be close to Harry and get him to fall in love with him. Now he was going to have to sit back and watch as Bill got his deepest desire...Harry. ***HP

"You ready for tomorrow, cub?" Remus asked walking into his son's room.

Harry finished stuffing the last of his belongings into his trunk then looked up grinning at his dad. "Yup, ready to get this last year done and over with. Don't get me wrong, I love Hogwarts, but I'm ready to be done with school."
"I felt the same as you," Remus chuckled.

"Not me," Sirius said, flopping onto his son's bed. "I enjoyed school."

"You enjoyed pranking," Remus grumbled.

"That too," Sirius grinned mischievously. "Old Minnie was happy to see James and I out the castle gates. I think I even saw her dance a little jig out of the corner of my eye."

Harry giggled at his dad. "Dumbledore told me that the staff threw a party when you guys left."

"Oh, pup, that hurts," Sirius cried over dramatically. "I'm sure a day doesn't go by where Minnie doesn't miss us."

Remus took a seat beside his son, none too gently shoving Sirius out of the way. "We got some serious stuff to discuss with you before you leave."

Harry nervously looked between his two dads. He hoped they hadn't found out about Bill, they would be disappointed if they knew that he hadn't waited until being bonded to have sex, or at least have a courting contract.

"Harry, your fairy inheritance is nothing to be ashamed of," Remus explained, "but it's imperative that no one finds out. If the wizarding word knew that you were a fairy, you would have every single witch and wizard for thousands of miles flocking to get their hands on you. Being a male submissive makes you even more desirable."

"But why?" Harry asked. "What is so important about that."

"Well, male submissive's were the most magically powerful of all the fairies, and since fairies are more powerful than wizards, it makes wizards desire them even more. Male submissive's are rare even in fairies because it takes an exceptionally magical male to be able to carry and birth a child."

"Excuse me?" Harry squeaked loudly. "Did you say birth a child?"

Remus took Harry's hand in the hopes of keeping him calm. "Harry, male submissive's can get pregnant. Their pregnancy is completely sustained by magic, that's why male submissive's are so rare. It isn't often that a fairy is born with that much magic."

"It is said that their child will also be incredibly powerful too because it spent nine months living off the submissive's magic." Sirius added. "Harry, there isn't a pureblood family out there that wouldn't want fairy blood in their lines...even Malfoy. Do you see why now you must be extremely careful?"

Harry absentely nodded his head. He couldn't believe that he could get pregnant. He knew that wizards could get pregnant with the help of potions that basically turned their insides to a woman, but he had no clue that a male submissive could get pregnant naturally. What was he going to do? He just spent weeks having sex with Bill.

Remus shifted uncomfortably on the bed. "Cub, I would like to teach you a contraceptive charm. All witches learn this when they first start their... Well, you know what I mean."

Harry knew that his face had to be as red as a blood pop. "Moony, this is our cub you talking to, he isn't going to have sex before bonding. Isn't that right cub?" Sirius asked proudly.

Harry felt like he was going to be sick. Not wanting to disappoint his dad, he jerkily nodded his head. Oh Merlin, he could possibly be pregnant right now. "I-Is there a book or something I can read
about this stuff? This is pretty big."

"I'm sure that the Black library has something. I will look into it and owl you what I find." Sirius said thoughtfully.

"Thank you," Harry whispered, tears escaping his eyes.

"Hey," Sirius cried, grabbing his son and pulling him tight to his chest. "What's with the tears?"

As soon as Sirius' arms came around him, Harry started to cry hard. He couldn't believe this was happening. Why did he have to be such a freak? If he was pregnant, Remus and Sirius would be so mad at him. He finally had a home and dads that loved him and he had to go and fuck everything up. They probably wouldn't even want a dirty little slut for a son. He was going to lose his dads if they ever found out what he did with Bill, he just knew it.

Sirius gave Remus a panicked look. Harry was crying so hard that he was close to making himself physically sick. "I will get a calming draught," Remus said, quickly running out of the room.

"Cub, tell me what's wrong," Sirius pleaded, rocking Harry in his arms.

"M'sorry... M'sorry," Harry cried, clinging to Sirius as if his life depended on it. "Please don't get rid of me."

"Never, Harry. Why would you even think that?"

"I'm such a freak," Harry sobbed.

Remus came rushing in with the calming draught and handed it to Sirius. "Drink this for me, Harry," Sirius said soothingly.

Harry took the potion without complaint. He didn't want to risk upsetting his dads.

"Harry, I understand that this is extremely overwhelming, but you're not in this alone. There is nothing that you could do that would make us hate you. We love you," Sirius said, kissing Harry on top of the head.

Thanks to the potion, Harry was now feeling calm, but he was also extremely tired. He was finding it almost impossible to keep his eyes open.

"Hmm, maybe calming draughts aren't so good for fairies," Remus commented.

Sirius stood up and tucked Harry into bed. "What the hell was that all about?"

"Harry has been through a lot," Remus said sadly. "It doesn't help that those damn muggle relatives of his brainwashed him into believing that anything not normal makes you a freak. We just told Harry that he could get pregnant naturally, after everything he has dealt with the last few months, he was bound to breakdown at some point."

Sirius brushed the hair away from his sleeping son's face. "I wish he wasn't going back to school tomorrow. He needs us, Remus."

Remus nodded his head in agreement. "I will talk with Albus, see if he can set something up so we can spend some time with Harry on a weekly basis. He isn't like other kids, he needs someone he can talk to, bottling everything up could not only be bad for him, but others too if his magic got out of hand."
"Bloody hell, why didn't he tell me he was going to be teaching this year?" Ron muttered, glaring at his brother who was sitting up at the teachers table.

"What?" Harry asked, looking up to see what had Ron so upset. He had been flipping through a dragon magazine instead of paying attention to Headmaster Dumbledore's opening announcements. It wasn't as if anything ever changed. It was the same speech year after year. He had been shocked and excited when an owl showed up during breakfast with the magazine tied to it's leg. Charlie had gotten him a subscription as an early graduation gift.

"Honestly, Harry," Hermione sighed in exasperation. "How could you miss the big red head at the staff table?"

Harry's head spun so fast towards the head table that everyone around him winced when they heard his neck crack. At seeing Charlie sitting there smirking at him, Harry gave him a big grin and a wave. He couldn't believe that Charlie was the Care Of Magical Creatures teacher. He was planning on talking to Hagrid about extra lessons since he was still planning on becoming a dragon handler, but having Charlie teach him was even better.

He had discussed it with his dads and they said that if he truly wanted to work with dragons then he should go for it. Sirius had told him that the Black's had a cottage close to the sanctuary and they would happily move there so they could still be close to him. As for Ron and his other friends, there was always portkeys and the floo if they wanted to visit. It wasn't as if they were muggles and traveling that far was hard and time consuming.

He was so excited, he planned on getting the registration forms filled out and mailed by the weekend. He hadn't seen Bill since he left the Burrow so he hadn't had a chance to discuss his decision with him. He hoped that him moving to Romania wouldn't keep Bill from courting him come June. If Bill was really against the idea, then he would talk to Madam Pomfrey about becoming her apprentice. He loved dragons, but not as much as he loved Bill. He would give up his dream to be with him.

Harry nervously touched his stomach. As hard as he tried to forget about what his dads had told him last night, he couldn't help but worry that he was already pregnant. Him being a knocked up single teen is exactly something that would happen to him. Everything always seemed to happen to him.

"Harry, are you feeling alright?" Hermione asked in concern. She hadn't missed how Harry had grabbed his stomach.

Harry quickly snatched his hand away from his stomach. He was being ridiculous, he wasn't pregnant with Bill's baby. "I'm fine, Mione, just a bit of an upset stomach. I didn't sleep well last night and I didn't eat any breakfast this morning. The only thing I have eaten today was candy from the trolley."

"Harry," Hermione sighed. "You really need to take better care of yourself."

"I thought that was your job?" Harry grinned cheekily.

Hermione shook her head at her best friend but also gave him a loving smile. "I just worry about you, Harry."

"M'fine, Mione, promise."

It had only been a few days since he had last seen Harry, but Charlie swore that the boy looked even more beautiful. Watching him, it seemed that something was worrying him, he hoped that it was
nothing bad. He planned to talk to Harry after the feast, he would check then to make sure everything was alright. He wanted to offer him extra classes if he was still interested in becoming a dragon handler.

He had a long talk last night with his brother about allowing Harry to follow his dreams. He had never seen Harry's face light up like it did that day at the sanctuary. He had a feeling that Harry would specialize in hatchlings. Not only was Harry drawn to the baby dragons, but they also seemed to be drawn to him. He about had a heart attack when one of the newly hatched Norwegian Ridgeback's flew over to Harry and tried crawling up his leg. Bill wasn't happy about Harry being so far away, but after listening to him, he caved in and said he wouldn't guilt Harry into remaining here. If Bill truly loved Harry, than he would find a way to court him long distance.

"It looks like young Harry is happy to have you here this year," Dumbledore said, addressing the red head next to him.

Charlie waved back at Harry, his heart soaring at how the sight of him had perked Harry up. "Harry has shown interest in becoming a dragon handler, I wouldn't be surprised if he asked for extra lessons."

Dumbledore looked at Charlie, eyes twinkling madly. Both those boys loved each other, but unfortunately only one knew it. He could tell by their auras they they were a perfect match. There were probably only a handful of wizards out there who would be compatible with Harry, and Harry would only be truly happy with someone who was. Charlie was a fine man and he could tell just by looking in his eyes that he adored the boy he considered a grandson.

"Harry is very special," Dumbledore said subtly. "Having someone like you in his life is exactly what he needs. Look after him, my boy."

Charlie looked at Dumbledore in confusion. What was the crazy old man talking about? "I will always be there for Harry," he said, meaning every word.

***HP

"Why didn't you tell me you were teaching this year?" Harry said, giving Charlie a quick hug. Now that Charlie was a teacher, hugging students was probably frowned upon.

"I wanted to surprise you," Charlie said, hugging Harry back. Harry felt so right and perfect in his arms. Bill was one hell of a lucky man.

Harry stepped back away from Charlie. "I'm so thrilled that you're here, but aren't you going to miss your dragons?"

"Absolutely, but there was something back home that I wanted more than my dragons," Charlie said sadly. "Unfortunately things didn't work out the way I had hoped."

"I'm sorry," Harry said, placing a small hand on Charlie's arm. "What was it that you wanted?"

Charlie desperately wanted to say...you, but he didn't want to make things hard on Harry. He wanted Harry to be happy, even if that meant him being with Bill. "The guy I love lives back this way and I accepted the job here so I could be close to him. That was before I knew that he was in love with someone else."

"Oh, Charlie," Harry said, eyes watering for his friend. He hated to see someone as wonderful as Charlie hurt. "I'm sorry."
"It's alright," Charlie smiled. "Just knowing that he is happy makes me happy."

Harry gave Charlie another quick hug. They were standing outside the doors to the Great Hall and everyone else had already wandered up to their houses. "You are the best Charlie Weasley. There is someone out there that is perfect for you, just wait and see."

"I hope you're right," Charlie said wistfully. "Harry, before you head up to Gryffindor tower, I have something for you." Charlie handed Harry a piece of silk cloth with a purple ribbon tied around it.

Harry happily took the cloth and untied it, thinking that it was something from Bill. Hands trembling, he looked up at Charlie, face draining of all color. Wrapped up in the cloth was five of his feathers.

Charlie grabbed Harry and pulled him back into the Great Hall and gently pushed him onto one of the Hufflepuff benches. Kneeling down, he took one of Harry’s cold and trembling hands into his. Harry looked like he was on the verge of a panic attack. "Hey there, everything is fine, Harry. I need you to take a deep breath. Can you do that for me?"

Harry just stared at Charlie, fear in his eyes. He knew...Charlie knew that he was a freak. What if he told someone? What if there was a hoard of wizards marching to Hogwarts now to claim him.

Charlie firmly grabbed Harry's shoulders and gave him a shake. "Dammit, Harry, snap out of it," he growled in fear, not anger. "Whatever is going on inside your pretty little head, knock it the hell off. I would never hurt you nor would I allow anyone else to."

Harry blinked at Charlie, feeling horrible for thinking the worst of him. "Please," he pleaded weakly.

Charlie cupped Harry's cheeks. "I know that you came into a creature inheritance, Harry. I found feathers in the bathroom after you showered and it was easy to figured it out from there. I swear on my magic that I won't tell anyone. I also won't pester you to find out what you are. I only revealed to you that I knew so you would be more careful for now on in the shower."

Harry leaned into Charlie's palms and started crying. "Please don't tell anyone. If word got out...I...I..."

"Your secret is safe with me, Harry. I would never, ever betray you like that, Harry. You know that I love you." Charlie wished that Harry knew that his love wasn't brotherly, but he was going to have make do with admitting his love this way.

Harry smiled at Charlie through his tears. "I love you too, Charlie. If the wizarding world knew that I was a submissive fairy, they would never leave me alone."

Charlie scrubbed his face with his hand, he couldn't believe that Harry was a fairy. Harry would be in serious danger if word ever got out what he was. This was big. "Harry, I'm sure that I don't have to tell, but you have got to be careful with your feathers."

"I'm sorry, sometimes they get itchy and I can't stand to have a bent or ugly feathers. I-I thought that I collected them all."

Charlie affectionately smiled at Harry. "Do me a favor, little bit, come to me when you need to preen your feathers. I will be staying in Hagrid's hut and your welcome there at any time, even if I'm not there."

Harry rested his head on Charlie's shoulder, all of a sudden feeling extremely tired. "Thank you, Charlie. I'm a bit obsessed with my wings so I hope you don't get tired of seeing me all the time."
Charlie rubbed the small fairy's back. "Never fear that, Harry, I will never get tired of having you around."

"Mr. Weasley and Mr. Potter, I believe that it is past curfew?"

Harry jumped away from Charlie, blushing. It felt too good to be in Charlie's arms. "Headmaster," he greeted, getting to his feet and reluctantly moving away from Charlie and the safety he felt being near him.

"Welcome back, Harry," Dumbledore said warmly. "How are you doing?"

"Alright," Harry shrugged. "Uhm, I know that I wasn't supposed to tell anyone, but Charlie knows. I stupidly left feathers behind in the bathroom."

Dumbledore pinned Charlie with an intense glare. "I trust that Mr. Weasley won't mind swearing on his magic to not reveal what you are?"

Charlie knew that it wasn't a question, Dumbledore was kindly demanding that he make a vow. Without hesitating, he pulled out his wand and recited the words that would bind his magic to Harry's secret.

"Excellent," Dumbledore grinned, never doubting that Charlie would make the vow. "Now, Harry, you look exhausted. Why don't you head on to bed?"

"Goodnight," Harry said softly, grinning at both Charlie and Dumbledore.

Dumbledore waited until Harry was out of sight before turning to Charlie. "Do you now see why I asked for you to look after him? Harry is very special, but he is also in a lot of danger. Could you imagine what would happen if the purebloods got wind that Harry Potter was a male submissive fairy capable of carrying and birthing a magically powerful child?"

Charlie felt a cold chill race down his spine. Not only because of what Dumbledore had just said, but also because Harry had been sexually active with his brother. Hopefully Harry had used a conceptive charm because he was sure that Bill had no idea that Harry was a fairy.

"You don't have to ask, Headmaster, I would protect Harry with my life."

Dumbledore nodded at Charlie. "I never doubted that, my boy." With a nod and a wink, Dumbledore left the Great Hall.

***HP

A month into the school year and things were going pretty good. It helped that he no longer had the threat of Voldemort to worry about and he could now fully focus on his school work. His grades were at an all time high and he was currently ranked second in his year, right behind Hermione. Draco Malfoy wasn't thrilled to be bumped to third and he made a habit to throw snide remarks at him whenever he spotted him. For the most part he just ignored him, having no wish to engage in childish quarrels. He just wanted to get through the school year then move on with his life.

Even though he was promised a place, Harry was still thrilled when he was accepted to study dragons in Romania. The first thing he did after receiving the letter, was find Charlie and show him. The two of them had a mini celebration in Hagrid's hut, then after he sent an owl to Bill informing
him that he decided to study in Romania.

He had been sick for three days waiting to hear back from Bill. He couldn't eat, and what little he managed, he vomited right back up. He was a wreck waiting for Bill's owl. He was terrified that Bill was going to demand his ring back then ask for Harry to no longer contact him.

When Bill's owl finally landed in front him all he could do was fearfully stare at it. His friends had gotten used to seeing the owl by now since Bill had been sending him little gift or letters every few days. Bill had actually bought a second owl so no one would recognize his and start asking questions. It still hurt that Bill was hiding their relationship, but he knew that it wasn't because he didn't love him. Bill just wanted to wait until he graduated to let the wizarding world knows that they were together.

"Harry, stop staring at the owl as if it was about to take your finger off," Ron chuckled. "Honestly, I wish you would tell us who your secret admirer is, or at least show us what she sends you."

Harry didn't comment about Ron thinking the owl was from a girl. Since Bill wasn't going to say anything about them being an item, he wasn't going to let Ron in on him being gay. Even though it might help with keeping Ginny away from him. She was still determined that they were going to start dating even though he had told her as nicely as possible that he just wasn't interested.

With a trembling hand, Harry reached out and took the letter. Not wanting to read if in front of everyone, he shoved it into his bag and tried to finish his breakfast. Every bite felt like a rock going down and he was positive that he would be puking it back up before his first class started. He just knew that the letter was going to be bad.

Harry had waited until all his classes were finished before making his way to Charlie's hut so he could read the letter in private. Ron and Hermione knew that he was concerned about the letter and they had been bugging him about it all day. Charlie would give him the privacy that he needed to read the letter and come to terms with whatever it said.

Harry lost the ability to speak when Charlie opened the door dripping wet and shirtless. The man was beyond gorgeous.

"Everything alright, little bit?" Charlie asked, smirking when he saw the blush quickly spreading across Harry's face. Harry may be in a relationship with his brother, but he could tell that the little fairy was extremely attracted to him.

Harry hated to be reminded of his size, but he loved Charlie's nickname for him. "I was wondering if I could read Bill's letter here away from Ron and Hermione. It's just that..."

"You're afraid that Bill's going to be mad that you decided to move to Romania?" Charlie asked, opening the door wider and stepping aside.

"Yes," Harry said softly. "I don't know what I will do if Bill breaks up with me."

Charlie closed the door and followed Harry to the couch. "You will move to Romania and become the best damned dragon handler there. Harry, I'm positive that Bill will be happy for you."

Harry pulled the letter out from his pocket and started nervously fiddling with it. Good or bad, he that hoped after reading the letter he would start to feel better.

"Would you like me to leave?"

"No," Harry snapped, more forceful than what he meant. "I mean, can you please stay?"
"Just relax, Harry, you're as white as a ghost. Regardless of what that letter says, you still have me."

Taking a deep breath, Harry tore open the letter and started reading it. By the time he finished, he was grinning from ear to ear.

"I take it everything is alright?" Charlie asked, thankful that he wouldn't have to beat the shit out of his older brother for hurting Harry.

"Yes," Harry squealed excitedly. "Bill said that he is proud that I got excited, and even though we will be far apart, we can still spend weekends and holidays together. He is even going to put in for a transfer at Gringotts even though he said it will probably be a while before they grant it."

"See, I told you that there was nothing to worry about."

Harry threw himself at Charlie, already feeling a million times better now that he knew that Bill wasn't going to leave him. "Charlie, can I ask you a favor?"

"You know you can," Charlie said, pulling back and looking down at Harry.

Harry rubbed the back of his neck shyly. "You see, I kind of have a problem and I don't know who else to turn to for help."

Charlie felt like a boulder had just been dropped in his stomach. Dumbledore's words about Harry being able to get pregnant had been haunting him for the past month. "You can always come to me, Harry, you know that."

"It's really embarrassing," Harry blushed. "You know how I obsess about my wings?"

All the tension bled out of Charlie. "How could I not, you come here at least three times a week to preen. I have enough feathers now to make a pillow."

Harry gasped. "You better not make a pillow out of my beautiful feathers."

Charlie reached over to the side table and grabbed his old wooden box. Opening it up, he handed it to Harry.

"My feathers!" Harry cried in awe. In the box was a neat pile of his feathers bound with a silk ribbon. "You've kept all my feathers?"

"Of course, I've never seen anything like them before. They are too beautiful to be turned into a pillow."

"Thank you," Harry said sincerely. "That is kind of my problem. You see, my wings have been itching me horribly, but in places that I can't reach. I was wondering if you could go through them and pull out any old or bent feathers?"

Charlie's eyes widened in both shock and excitement. He had been dying to see Harry in his fairy form, but he didn't want to make him uncomfortable by asking. Whenever Harry came to preen, he always left to give him some privacy. "You don't mind me seeing your wings?"

Smiling, Harry shook his head no. "It's weird, the thought of showing my wings to anyone makes my skin crawl, but for some reason I am comfortable with you seeing them."

"Ok then," Charlie said. "but will it hurt when I pluck a feather out?"

"Nah, it actually feels kind of good. Old feathers itch something crazy." Harry stood up and removed
his shirt. "I hope this is alright? I haven't learned the charms so my wings can go through my shirt."

Charlie's mouth started to water at the sight of a half naked Harry. "It's fine, Harry." he reassured.

Shyly dropping his head, Harry released his wings with a sigh. It always felt wonderful letting his wings out. It was like straightening an arm that had been bent for hours. There were times where he wished he could walk around all the time with them out.

"Merlin," Charlie breathed. "Harry, you're absolutely magnificent." Charlie was certain that he had never seen anything as beautiful as Harry in full fairy form. It wasn't just the wings that were different about Harry, but also his hair, eyes and facial features.

Harry ducked his head, all of a sudden feeling very shy and awkward. Charlie was the first person, other than those during his turning, to see him like this. "D-Do I really look good? I was thinking about showing Bill over Christmas, but I was afraid that he would think that I was ugly and a freak."

Charlie closed his eyes trying to get control of his emotions. He loved Harry so much that he could cry. Did Harry not ever look at himself in the mirror? The boy was simply breathtaking. "You are not a freak, Harry."

Charlie conjured a full length mirror and hovered it in front of Harry. "Just look at yourself, Harry. Can't you see how beautiful you are? Bill is the luckiest man on the earth right now. Not only are you beautiful on the outside, but you are also beautiful on the inside, and that's what makes you so special."

Harry looked at himself in the mirror but he honestly couldn't see what Charlie did. He was terrified of revealing the truth to Bill, but he couldn't continue on with a relationship without him knowing what he truly was. He didn't want his courting to start off on a lie and not being fully human was a pretty big lie.

Looking at Charlie through the mirror, Harry shook his wings and stretched them out. "Please, Charlie."

Grinning, Charlie stepped closer to Harry and ran his fingers through his beautiful feathers. He was embarrassed that just this had him as hard as a rock.

Harry shivered at Charlie's touch, he was not expecting it to feel so pleasurable. It felt good when he touched his wings, but with Charlie it was like there was a direct line straight to his cock.

"Are you alright," Charlie asked, yanking his hands back.

"Yes," Harry answered, dropping his head so his hair could hide his red face. "I-I didn't expect for your touch to feel so...good."

Smirking, Charlie reached out and started to slowly and gently work his way through Harry's feathers. They were all so beautiful that it was impossible to find any bad ones. Harry's moans were also not doing anything for his currently hard problem.

Harry was coming undone under Charlie's fingers. He knew it was wrong, but it felt so damn good. He could easily see himself with Charlie if it wasn't for Bill. Charlie was supposed to be his brother, but his growing feelings for him were anything but brotherly.

Charlie desperately wanted to pull Harry to his chest and nibble on his thin, pale neck. Being this close to Harry was physically painful for him. If he was smart, he would pack up tonight and head back to Romania. Unfortunately, he couldn't bring himself to leave Harry, at least not until he knew
that he was safe from all those that would want to use him. If Harry moved to the sanctuary then he could look after him there until Bill bonded with him.

Clearing his throat, Charlie reluctantly stepped away from Harry. "There, everything looks perfect now."

"Thank you," Harry said hoarsely. Pulling his wings in, he turned to Charlie with a flushed face. He was a bit startled when he saw that Charlie looked to be in the same condition as him. There was also no mistaking the large bulge in the dragon handler's pants.

"I guess I should go," Harry said, hastily pulling his shirt back on and throwing his robe over his head. "See you tomorrow for class?"

"Yeah," Charlie said gruffly. "Don't forget your report on Thesterals."

Nodding his head, Harry practically ran for the door.
Chapter 3

I do not own Harry Potter

***HP

Harry anxiously looked up as the owls came soaring into the Great Hall. It had been a month since he last heard from Bill and he was starting to get worried. His last letter was the one congratulating him on getting accepted at the sanctuary. He had sent a letter back to Bill thanking him and telling him how much he loved him and couldn't wait until they started courting, but he had yet to hear anything back.

Ron and Hermione exchanged looks. Harry had become increasingly more depressed after each day that no owl showed up from his mystery girl. Harry had been incredibly happy this school year and now he was walking around looking like an inferius.

"Excuse me," Harry said brokenly, getting up and rushing from the Great Hall when Bill's owl didn't fly in. Sprinting to the nearest bathroom, he fell to his knees in front of the toilet and vomited up his toast and jam. His vomiting hadn't stopped after getting the letter from Bill like he had hoped, and he just couldn't bring himself to consider the reason why. He was not pregnant!

Charlie stood outside the stall that Harry was getting sick in resting his head on the door. This wasn't the first time he had caught Harry getting sick, and as much as it pained him, he was pretty positive that Harry was pregnant with Bill's baby.

"Harry, are you alright?" Charlie asked. He had warded the door to the bathroom so no one could come in or hear their conversation. It was time he confronted Harry.

Harry stepped out of the stall looking pale and shaky. Walking past Charlie he went to the sink and washed out his mouth before splashing cold water onto his face. "Does Bill hate me?" he asked softly, looking sadly up at Charlie.

"Why would you ask that?" Charlie asked, handing Harry some towels.

"He hasn't owled me in a month, Charlie. If he's mad that I want to go to Romania, then I won't go. I'll stay here and become a healer or teacher. Hell, I'll even become an Auror. I'll do whatever he asks." Harry was now freely crying.

Charlie silently cursed, now would not be a good time to confront Harry about the possibility of being pregnant. The fairy was extremely distressed over Bill's silence. "Harry, let's go back to my place and floo the Burrow. It's the weekend so I'm sure that Bill will be there. Maybe the owl died or something."

Blowing his nose, Harry nodded his head. "Thanks, Charlie."

Pulling his head out of the floo, Charlie grinned at Harry. "Mom said that Bill is fine, better than fine actually. He has been working a lot of extra hours and she said that he just bought a small cottage near the ocean somewhere. She also said that Bill had a big announcement to make soon."

Harry's smile was blinding. "Do you think he's going to ask Sirius and Remus to court me before June?" he asked excitedly.
Charlie kept his fake smile plastered on his face. "It seems so. Mom sounded pretty excited and I know that she wants nothing more than to officially make you her son."

"I have been so stupid for thinking that Bill didn't want to be with me," Harry cried, overwhelmed with relief. How could he think such horrible thoughts about the man he loved?

"Bill loves you," Charlie said, doing his best to not choke on his words. "It sounds like he even found a cottage for the two of you. Give him some time to get everything in order. I'm sure he has a big surprise planned for you."

"I can't wait to see it!" Harry said, practically jumping up and down with excitement. "There is a Hogsmeade trip scheduled next weekend, do you think he will want to come and meet me? It's been over two months since I saw him."

"I'm sure he will. Why don't you write him a letter?"

Harry hugged Charlie then ran from the hut as fast as he could. He couldn't believe that Bill was finally going to tell everyone about the two of them being together. He hated keeping secrets from Ron and Hermione, it was putting a strain on their friendship. He hoped that Bill could meet him next weekend, he missed him so much.

***HP

"Harry, aren't you going to Hogsmeade?" Ron asked, sitting on the edge of his best mate's bed. It was ten o'clock Saturday morning, and not only had Harry missed breakfast, but he was also still laying in bed. Harry had went to bed right after classes finished the day before without eating dinner and he hadn't seen him up since.

Harry shook his head no then pulled the covers over his head.

"Are you sick? Do you need me to take you to the hospital wing?"

"M'fine," Harry mumbled, throat dry and raspy. He couldn't remember the last time he had something to drink, but he knew that it hadn't been the day before.

"Do you want me to pick you up anything?"

Harry shook his head again. Right now he just wanted to be left alone. Another week had gone by and still no owls from Bill. He had sent him a letter last Saturday, then again on Wednesday, and still nothing back. He had been hoping to spend the day with Bill today, but obviously that wasn't happening now. He understood that Bill was working hard to pay for the house he bought, but why was he ignoring his owls?

Ron jumped when a firm hand came down in his shoulder. "I got him," Charlie said softly, eyes pinned on the small form under the blanket. "Hermione is waiting for you."

Ron looked one last time at his friend then nodded to his brother. "He hasn't eaten in over twenty four hours and he's been in bed since four yesterday. I'm worried about him."

"Me too," Charlie said seriously. "I'll take care of him, Ron."

Charlie waited a few minutes after Ron left before warding the door. Pulling the blanket back, he crawled into bed with Harry and pulled the blanket back over them. He wasn't surprised to see that Harry's eyes were red and swollen from crying. "I'm sure he has a good excuse."
Harry shook his head no, tears falling from his red eyes. "He doesn't want me, no one does. I can't believe that I fooled myself into believing that he honestly loved me."

"Harry, he does love you," Charlie said, wrapping his arms around the crying teenager. "He told me so himself."

"Charlie, it's been over a month with no word, he doesn't want me," Harry cried, heart shattering into a million pieces. "I loved him. I gave myself to him when I was saving... I thought he was the one."

"Harry, he is the one. Bill wouldn't dump you this way. Maybe he..."

"I think I'm pregnant," Harry cried hysterically, clawing at Charlie's arm.

Charlie's heart stopped beating. He had a feeling he was, but he had been desperately hoping that he was wrong.

"I-I didn't know! I didn't know that I could get pregnant. My dads didn't tell me until after. M-My uncle said that I was going to end up a dirty, little slut, and he was right. I didn't know, Charlie. My dads...my dads are going to kill me. They are going to send me back to my aunt and uncle. Please don't let them, Charlie. I don't want to be beat again. I can't take the belt anymore and he will kill my baby."

Charlie gave Harry a shake, trying to snap him out of it. He didn't even think that Harry was breathing at this point. He had so many questions, but now wasn't the time for them. "Harry, you need to calm down before you make yourself sick."

"I didn't know... I didn't know... I didn't know," Harry kept repeating.

Charlie sat up and pulled Harry with him. Picking him up, he carried him into the bathroom where he stepped into the shower stall and turned the cold water on. He needed to shock Harry out of it before he made himself sick or lost control of his magic. Also, if Harry was pregnant, then this wasn't good for him, or the baby.

Harry gasped when ice cold water hit him in the face. "Charlie!" he screamed, trying to get out of Charlie's arms.

Charlie sat down on the cold tile floor still gripping tightly to Harry. Cold water beat down on him, but he ignored it. "Harry, you need to snap the hell out of it right now. We don't know anything for certain, and until we do, you need to stop torturing yourself like this."

"Charlie, I'm cold!" Harry cried, teeth chattering.

"Are you ready to listen to me?"

Harry nodded his head, snuggling into Charlie for warmth.

"Alright, let's get you dry, into some clean clothes and then we will go to my hut for some lunch. Wear something comfortable, we will be there for a while. We have a lot to discuss."

***HP

Harry managed to eat a half of sandwich and some soup, but it was sitting dangerously heavy in his stomach. Like everything else in the past month, he knew that he wouldn't be keeping it down for long.
Charlie stepped out from the fireplace and banished the soot off his robes. He had floo'd to the Burrow while Harry ate in hopes of confronting Bill, but it seemed that he had moved out a few weeks ago. He didn't want to admit it, but he was starting to worry that something was going on. His mom had said that Bill had been acting very strange, and before he moved out he had been staying out until the wee hours of the morning. She had also said that he was very excited about something and was going to be owling everyone soon.

"Did... Did you see him?" Harry asked weakly, already knowing the answer.

Charlie shook his head. "He moved out of the Burrow a few weeks ago."

Harry took a deep steadying breath, trying to keep in control. Breaking down like earlier wasn't helping with anything. Still, he felt like crawling into a hole and dying.

"Alright, we have a few things to discuss, but I think the most important right now is you thinking you're pregnant. Why do you think you're pregnant?"

Harry opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. He didn't know how he knew, he just did. It was like he could feel his magic being directed around his stomach. There was also a noticeable strain on his magic lately that left him exhausted after using just the simplest of spells.

"Is it alright if I scan you?" He may not be a medi-wizard, but he had been casting pregnancy detection spells on dragons for years. Harry may not be a dragon, but the spell still worked the same.

"I-I don't know," Harry stuttered. "If you cast it and it's positive...it's gonna make it real."

"Yes it will, and for your health and the baby's we need to know. Harry, if you're pregnant there are a lot of precautions you need to take. For one, no more flying, potions and defense will be strictly book work, certain plants in herbology will be off limits, and you will need special vitamin and nutrient potions. You will also have to start eating healthier. You barely eat enough to keep a baby bird alive."

"How will I pass my NEWTS if almost everything is book work?" Harry cried, trying not to whine. He had worked so hard to become one of the top students this year. He wanted to graduate in the top three.

"If you are pregnant then the baby will be born in May and your NEWTS aren't until June. I'm also confident that you can easily cast every spell right now that you need in order to pass."

"I-I can't be pregnant, Charlie. My dads, they..."

"Love you more than anything and will stand behind you." Charlie reassured gently.

Harry nervously chewed on his lip. He wanted to believe Charlie, but right now he couldn't. His dads wouldn't love him after they found out how bad he had been. Why did he have to be such a slut?

Charlie knelt down in front of Harry and took his hands into his own. "You also have me, Harry. I'm not going to leave if you're pregnant. That will be my little niece or nephew and I plan on spoiling them rotten."

Harry wiped at his tears. "What about Romania?" he whispered.

"Harry, you can still go to Romania. You won't be the first dragon handler with a family. It won't be easy studying, working and caring for a baby, but you'll have me. Bill will also be there and I'm sure
you will have to petrify Remus and Sirius to get your baby back from them. There is no reason why you can't follow your dreams...you just may be a bit more tired at the end of the night."

Harry gave Charlie a lopsided grin. "Alright, you can check."

Charlie stood up, giving Harry a kiss on the cheek as he did. Even if Harry was pregnant with his brother's baby, it still didn't change how he felt about him. Giving him a reassuring smile, he pointed his wand at Harry and cast the charm.

Harry held his breath as he stared unblinkingly at the tip of Charlie's wand. He honestly didn't know what he was going to do if the test was positive. Without any proof, it was easy to dismiss it as his over active imagination.

Charlie's heart sank as a feint glow surrounded Harry's stomach. "C-Congratulations, Harry," he said, sounding way more pleasant than what he felt.

Harry shook his head no then lunged past Charlie to the bathroom. He almost didn't make it before losing what little he ate. "Please don't tell," he cried. "Not yet, please."

"Harry, you need potions. We have to tell."

"Nooo," Harry whined. "I-I can owl order them. Please don't tell anyone...not yet."

Charlie ran his fingers through his long, shaggy red hair. "Harry, you're not a woman and this isn't a normal pregnancy. There may be something in normal witches prenatal potions that isn't safe for fairies. Harry, I'm not going to force you to tell anyone, but I highly recommend that you at least consult with Professor Snape."

Harry winced, Snape was at the top of his list of people he didn't want to know. The man may treat him better now that Voldemort was gone, but he still treated him worse than dirt on his shoe. "There has got to be a book or something. My dad said that he would look for one in the Black library. Let me owl him and remind him. Please, Charlie, I'm not ready for the world to know. I-I don't even know if Bill would want this baby."

Charlie led Harry back to the couch where he wrapped him in a warm blanket. Harry looked so small, scared and vulnerable...it was breaking his heart. "Bill will be shocked since he doesn't know about your creature inheritance, but he will be thrilled when he gets over the initial shock. Harry, everything will work out, just wait and see."

Harry snuggled into the blanket with a large yawn. He may have went to bed before dinner, but he had hardly slept a wink. He spent most of the night crying over Bill. "Are you going to tell?"

Sighing, Charlie brushed his fingers across Harry's damp cheek. "No, I won't tell. You have to promise me though that you will start to take better care of yourself."

Harry quickly nodded his head. "M'scared," he said sleepily.

"I know, but you will always have me, Harry."

"Love you, Charlie," Harry mumbled, already drifting off to sleep.

Charlie closed his eyes in pain. He wished that Harry was pregnant with his child, not that he would want his Harry pregnant at such a young age. If it had happened though, he would have been over the moon and ready to do everything possible for his love and their unborn child. He didn't know what was going on with Bill, but he was going to meet with his fist soon if he didn't contact Harry.
Harry was so happy to see Bill's owl that he missed seeing Erol deliver matching letters to Charlie, Ron, Ginny and Hermione. Grabbing the letter, he threw some bacon at the bird and took off to read the letter. He didn't care that he was going to be late for his first class of the day, it was worth it to read Bill's letter. Sprinting out the door, he ran to a secluded spot near the lake and hid behind a large tree.

Grinning, he ripped open the letter, surprised to find that it was a card, not parchment. Scanning the contents, the card slipped from his fingers and fell onto the damp ground. Doubling over from the pain in his chest, he fell to his knees too shocked to even cry.

"Son of a bitch," Charlie growled, balling the card up in his fist. Scanning the Gryffindor table, he panicked when he didn't see Harry. He could see his siblings and Hermione talking excitedly over their own cards so he had no doubt that Harry had received one of his own too.

"Charlie, that isn't bad news is it?" Dumbledore asked, frowning at the ball of paper trapped in Charlie's white knuckled fist.

Charlie grit his teeth so hard that it hurt. "Not at all, headmaster. It seems my brother Bill is getting married July 1st. I'm sure you will find an invitation with your mail." Charlie didn't miss how the headmaster's eyes darkened slightly. It almost made him wonder if the wise old man knew.

"Well, I will make sure to send my reply to Bill," Dumbledore said with a bit of a bite to his tone.

"If you will excuse me, headmaster, I have to..."

"There is a secluded area to the south of the lake that he likes to go to when he wants to be alone," Dumbledore said with a twinkle in his eye. "Take care of him my boy."

Ignoring his brother calling his name, Charlie rushed out of the castle to find Harry. It was November and cold out and Harry didn't have a cloak with him when he came down for breakfast.

Harry just sat there on the cold ground by the lake staring out over the rippling water. He couldn't believe it, Bill was marrying Fleur Delacour. How...how did that even happen? What was he going to now? He was almost three months pregnant with Bill's baby. Bill was going to start courting him after graduation. How is it that Bill was now marrying Fleur?

Harry looked down at the ring Bill had given him the last time he saw him. He said that it was a promise ring, that it was proof that they were going to start courting. Bill had said that he loved him.

"Harry," Charlie called softly, not wanting to startle the young fairy. He had expected to find Harry in tears and it concerned him that he was only just sitting there staring out at the lake.

"The cottage wasn't for me, it was for Fleur."

"Harry..."

Harry finally turned to look at Charlie and the dead look in his eyes broke something in the red head. "Fleur is really pretty, you know, and she's also really nice. Bill is lucky to have her, she will be good for him."

"Harry..." Charlie tried again.

"Did you know that she's part veela? Bill couldn't have picked a better bride. I-I'm happy for Bill,
Fleur is beautiful. Bill is an amazing guy and he only deserves the best.

Charlie knelt down and picked Harry up. He was scared, it was as if Harry was in shock and his voice sounded dead, void of any and all emotions. "Let's get you inside and warm, you're freezing."

"Not the castle," Harry said weakly.

Charlie changed direction and headed for his hut. "You're going to be alright, Harry."

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "It doesn't matter, I never knew what he saw in me anyway. Fleur will be able to make him much more happier than what I ever could. I'm just a worthless freak...Bill doesn't need to be saddled with me."

"Don't talk like that," Charlie growled. "You have no idea how incredible you are." Charlie placed Harry on the couch then went about fixing him some hot chocolate. He wished that he could call in Sirius for help, but he was the only one that knew about Bill and Harry's relationship.

After he got Harry settled, he was going to hunt his brother down and kill him. How the hell could he do this to Harry? Bill had promised him that he wouldn't hurt him. He didn't even properly break it off with Harry, he just stopped owling then had the nerve to send him an invitation to his wedding. He couldn't believe that his brother was such a cold hearted bastard.

Harry took the cup from Charlie, surprised to see how badly his hands were shaking. He felt numb, why were his hands shaking?

Charlie sat on the couch next to Harry and wrapped him tightly in a blanket. He didn't like how Harry looked and he was tempted to floo Poppy. "It's going to be alright, Harry, please believe me."

"No," Harry whispered. "It's not going to be alright," Placing his untouched cup on the table, he looked sadly down at the ring Bill had given him, and with a strangled cry, he yanked it off and threw it across the room. "Why am I so unloveable?"

"You are not unlovable, Harry. You have no idea how much I love you," Charlie said desperately.

It was like a dam had broke inside of Harry and he had finally lost it. The pain in his heart was so bad, Bill hadn't just broken his heart, he shattered it. He was now crying so hard that he could no longer breath.

Charlie summoned a dreamless sleep potion and carefully poured it down Harry's throat. He had never seen Harry so hurt or upset. Hell, he had never seen anyone cry as hard as Harry was crying. Even his magic was reacting to his pain, it went from a cold sunny day outside, to thunder and lighting within a few minutes. There was no way the drastic weather change was a coincidence, and some fairies had been known to influence the weather.

Not knowing what else to do, Charlie picked Harry up and settled him onto his lap. Gently, he started rocking and humming to him, reassuring him every a few seconds that he was wonderful and lovable. It hurt to hear Harry say all those nice things about Fleur, as if she was better than him. There wasn't another person on this plant that was better than Harry.

"Charlie," Harry hiccuped into Charlie's neck. "Don't tell Bill about the baby. He doesn't need to be burdened with my baby, him and Fleur will make beautiful children."

Charlie held Harry even tighter. "Your baby will be beautiful, Harry, just like their mommy."

Harry shook his head. "Don't tell," he pleaded softly, finally succumbing to the dreamless sleep.
Charlie didn't want to leave Harry, but he had a brother to hunt and kill. The dreamless sleep he had given Harry was powerful, and given his emotional state, he should sleep the day and night through. Just to be safe, he placed a monitoring charm on Harry that would alert him the second he started waking. He also warded Hagrid's hut so no one could get in...not even Dumbledore.

Laying Harry out on the couch, he made sure the blanket was tucked around him and gave him a small kiss on the lips. "You are so beautiful, Harry," he whispered. "I love you more than anything. I will get you through this, I promise. You need to be strong, not only for yourself, but also for that little one growing inside of you." Charlie placed his hand on Harry's stomach, gasping when he felt a strong magical pulse. Pulling his hand back, he marveled at how warm it was. He had never heard of a baby doing such a thing, and Harry wasn't even out of his first trimester.

"Take care of your mommy until I get back," Charlie said, rubbing Harry's stomach again. All of a sudden he felt extremely protective of that small being growing inside of the man he loved. It was as if the baby had reached out to his magic, connecting with it.

***HP

Charlie stepped out of the floo, wand gripped tightly in his fist. Storming through the house, he burst into the kitchen startling his mother.

"Charlie!" Molly cried, hand over her rapidly pounding heart. "What brings you here?"

"What is Bill's floo address?" Charlie growled, visibly vibrating with anger.

"Charlie?" Molly asked, she had never seen her son so angry. Charlie was always laid back and easy going, it's what made him such a great dragon handler. "Bill's at work."

"No, he's not," Charlie snapped. "I went to Gringotts first but the goblins said that he took the week off."

Molly didn't miss how Charlie's wand was vibrating in his hand. "Charlie, what's the matter?"

"I'm going to kill my brother," Charlie said flatly. "I would appreciate it if you gave me his floo address so I can get it over with and get back to Hogwarts. I have a third year class in an hour."

"Honestly, Charlie," Molly grinned. Her grin slowly slipped from her face when she noticed that her second oldest son wasn't joking. "What's going on?"

"What's going on?" Charlie sneered. "Did you know that Bill gave someone else a promise ring over the summer with the promise of courting? He professed his love to this person and even took their virginity. Then, after months of love letters and trinkets, he all of a sudden stops writing with no explanation. Then surprise, today that person gets an invitation to Bill's wedding. I'm going to go kick his fu...teeth in."

Molly was standing there looking horrified. She couldn't believe that her eldest had treated some poor girl so horrifically. A promise ring was serious, how could he just drop her without any explanations? Magic was involved once a promise was made, and if magic deemed it, she could punish the offender. Many years ago the Weasley's were a rich and powerful family, until Arthur's great, great uncle ran off with some muggleborn witch and left his betrothed literally at the alter. Not only had magic punished the Weasley's for standing behind that bastard, but the Malfoy's had taken a huge chunk of their money for breaking the contract and leaving the poor girl heartbroken and alone at the alter. The Malfoy girl had to fight her family to get them to agree to a betrothal to the man that had professed his love to her, and then he just stood her up. It was a horrible scandal and the
Weasley's had never been able to reclaim their power or fortune.

"Bill wouldn't do that," Molly murmured, hand over her mouth.

Charlie thrust Harry's ring under her nose. "This is the promise ring he gave. Bill has broken this person's heart. I had to give them the strongest dreamless sleep you can buy just to get them to calm down."

"That poor girl," Molly cried. "You said that she was a virgin before..."

"Before Bill? Yes, they were. This person has had a horrible life and loves Bill more than anything. There's even more to it, but I can't say." Charlie didn't correct his mom from assuming that it was a girl. He wouldn't tell Harry's secrets, not without his permission.

"Bill, what have you done?" Molly cried. Not only had he broken a magical promise, but he had taken that poor girl's virginity. Magic was sure to punish her oldest.

***HP

"Charlie," Bill greeted, surprised to see his brother stepping out from his floo. "I take it you got my invitation?"

Charlie took three big strides towards Bill and punched him right in the nose with everything he had in him. Seeing his brother in person had his anger erupting like a volcano.

Bill went down like a ton of bricks, blood splattering his new marble floor. "Whad da ell?" Bill groaned, hand over his broken nose trying to stop the flow of blood.

"You fucking promised me that you wouldn't hurt him." Charlie screamed, kicking Bill hard in the side. "You didn't even respect him enough to break it off with him."

Bill struggled to his feet, reaching for his wand that was on the table. Charlie was too quick, and with a flick of his wand, Bill's wand flew through the air and into his outstretched hand. "You told him that you loved him. You fucking took his virginity and gave him a promise ring. You told him that you were going to start courting him after graduation. How could you do that to Harry?" Charlie shot a powerful stinging hex at his brother, smirking when he cried out in pain.

Never had Charlie been so angry. Every time he looked at Bill, all he could see was the man he loved broken and defeated. "That boy loves you more than anything in this world!" Charlie bellowed.

Bill tore off his shirt and held it under his bleeding and broken nose. "Come on, Charlie, it was just a summer fling. Harry is great and all, but Fleur is wife material."

"A summer fling!" Charlie roared. "Harry is not a fling. He is a human being with feelings and a heart bigger than anyone I have ever met. You told him you loved him...he gave you his virginity because he loved you too. What really pisses me off, that boy thinks that what you have done to him is alright. He thinks he isn't good enough and you deserve someone better than him...someone as beautiful as Fleur. He isn't even mad at you."

Bill lowered his head in shame. "Charlie, Fleur is a veela, don't you see how that will improve the Weasley blood? We are the laughing stock of all the purebloods. Fleur will elevate us."

"Bullshit," Charlie sneered. "Harry is not only the fucking Boy-Who-Lived, but he is also Lord Potter and heir to the Black fortune and lordship."
"But Fleur is a veela...a very, very beautiful veela." Bill stressed. "She would be adding creature blood to the Weasley line."

"Did you love him at all?" Charlie ground out viciously.

"Yes," Bill said without hesitating. "I had every intention of courting him come June. Harry is beyond stunning, compassionate, caring...fuck, Charlie, I'm still head over heals in love with him, but..."

"But he's not a veela," Charlie chuckled darkly. He couldn't believe that the only reason Bill was marrying Fleur was because she was a magical creature. He knew that if he told Bill that Harry was a male submissive fairy, he would drop Fleur in a heartbeat. Bill may truly love Harry, but he sure as hell didn't deserve him.

"You have no idea what a mistake you're making." Charlie sneered, shaking his head in disgust at his bloodied brother. "Fleur isn't half as special as Harry...she isn't even in the same league as him. That boy would have done everything in his power to make you happy."

Bill gave his brother a pained look, but it wasn't because of his broken nose and bruised ribs. Everything his brother had said was true. As beautiful as Fleur was, she didn't hold a candle to Harry. Harry would give his last galleon to someone in need, he always put everyone else's needs ahead of his own.

"You could have at least told him. You have no idea how worried he has been the last month. He hasn't even been able to keep food down because he was scared that you hated him. He deserved better than just an fucking invitation to your wedding."

"I know," Bill said, feeling sick to his stomach. He had read every letter that Harry had sent him the past few months countless times and he had easily picked up on the desperation in the last few. "I couldn't confront him. I couldn't look into those hauntingly beautiful eyes and tell him that I was going to marry someone else. I may be marrying Fleur, but I love Harry."

Charlie shook his head. "He didn't deserve that. When mom had told me that you bought a cottage, he was so excited because he thought that you had bought it for when the two of you bonded. Harry is asleep in my hut as we speak under the influence of a very powerful dreamless sleep. He was crying so hard that he had almost passed out from lack of oxygen."

Bill's eyes filled with tears. He honestly had never wanted to hurt Harry, but when Fleur started pursuing him, he couldn't give up the chance to add veela blood to the Weasley's bloodline. He may not love Fleur just yet, but he knew that he would grow to.

"Charlie, please tell Harry..."

"FUCK YOU!" Charlie bellowed. "I'm not telling Harry shit for you. You have no idea what you have done, Bill, and I hope magic severely punishes you for this."

Bill paled, he had totally forgotten about that. He broke a promise without working it through with Harry. The Weasley's had been punished once by magic and they were still suffering because of it.

Without another word, Charlie turned back to the floo completely ignoring his brother's calls. There was nothing that Bill could say to make what he had done to Harry alright. He lost every ounce of respect for his older brother that he had ever had.
I do not own Harry Potter

So, this is the last of what I currently have written. I will try not to take too long between updates, but I have way too many fics going right now,,,ugh!

I want to thank everyone who has reviewed this fic along with my others. Your reviews are what keeps me going.

PLEASE REVIEW!

***HP

Charlie managed to get through his day of teaching, but after that he remained in his hut with Harry. He had sent a message to Dumbledore explaining that Harry was with him, but feeling under the weather. He was surprised when Madam Pomfrey didn't come beating on his door, but he had a feeling that Dumbledore knew that there was something going on between his brother and Harry.

The man didn't look pleased at all when he had informed him of his brother's wedding.

Not wanting to leave Harry alone for the night on the couch, Charlie picked him up and carried him to his bed with him. The dreamless sleep still had Harry out cold and he didn't even flinch when he stripped him down to his boxers. Laying down with him, he pulled Harry to his chest and rested his hand over his still flat stomach. It was strange how his hand tingled and heated up when it touched Harry's baby belly, but it felt right. It was as if his magic was urging him to do it.

He couldn't believe that Bill had picked Fleur over Harry just because she was a veela. Hell, she wasn't even a full blooded veela. He remembered her from the tournament in Harry's fourth year. She was pretty enough, but she couldn't hold a candle to Harry. He also remembered her as being kind of stuck up and snooty, and Bill had always hated girls like that. He was going to be miserable married to her, and he deserved every second of it.

He was worried though. What was Bill going to do when he found out about the baby? He didn't think he would take the baby from Harry, but when he found out about him being a fairy, he might try to use the baby to get to him. It was imperative that Bill didn't find out about the baby until after he was married. Once married, Bill wouldn't divorce Fleur since divorces in the wizarding world were shameful and degrading. All Harry had to do was wear glamours when he started showing, then keep the baby a secret until after the wedding. Bill may try to get the baby, but he wouldn't be able to get his hands on Harry.

One of the major problems that he could foresee, is that the baby would be due before Harry's graduation. How were they going to hide a newborn at the school? He knew that there was no way in hell that Harry would let someone else raise his baby for a month, and he would never even suggest such a thing to him. The only solution that he could think of, was to get Harry to agree on telling Dumbledore about his pregnancy. Dumbledore loved Harry like a favorite grandson, and he was positive that the sly, powerful, old man could come up with some solutions.

Yawning, Charlie pulled the blanket up higher. "Love you," he murmured into Harry's ear as he drifted off to sleep.

***HP
Harry didn't need to open his eyes to know where he was, he could smell Charlie all around him. He also felt warm and safe...especially with Charlie's muscular arm draped over his side. He blushed when he noticed exactly where Charlie's hand was...right over his baby as if he was protecting him or her.

"How are you feeling?" Charlie whispered into Harry's ear as his fingers gently massaged his stomach.

"M'fine," Harry said, choking up a bit.

"He's only marrying her because she's part veela. He thinks it will make the Weasley's look better if we had veela in our blood."

Harry snorted, laughing and tearing up at the same time. "Won't he shit himself then when he finds out about me?"

Charlie chuckled. "He doesn't deserve you, and I never thought he did."

Harry turned in Charlie's arms so he was facing him. "That's not nice, Bill is your brother."

Charlie used his thumb to wipe away a couple of Harry's silent tears. "It's true. You deserve someone who is going to love you for you, not for what you are."

Harry leaned into Charlie's touch. Why couldn't it have been Charlie who he had hooked up with over the summer? Charlie was everything he ever dreamed of in a mate, and it helped that he was insanely attracted to him. Sadly, he was used goods now, not a single wizard out there would want him.

"What do I do now, Charlie?" Harry asked softly.

"Well, I would like to lay in bed all day and snuggle with you, but unfortunately you have classes and I have to teach. I say you call that hyper house elf of yours and ask him to bring you a change of clothes. Then you will get a shower, have breakfast here with me, then head to class. After class, you will meet me outside the Great Hall and we will head to the headmaster's office and explain to him what's going on. I have a feeling that he already knows that something is up."

Harry frantically shook his head no. "He... He will tell my dads. My dads can't find out about the baby, and...and they'll kill Bill."

"Well, Bill already has a broken nose and some severely bruised, possibly even broken ribs," Charlie smirked. "and he deserves whatever they do to him. Harry, your dads are going to find out about the baby anyway. A screaming newborn is a little hard to hide."

"What did you do to Bill?" Harry gasped.

"Just had a little talk with my big brother," Charlie chuckled.

"With your fists?" Harry cried.

"No," Charlie smirked proudly. "I also used my foot and wand."

Groaning, Harry buried his face in the pillow. "Charlie, I don't want you and Bill fighting. You are brothers and the two of you have always been close. I'm not worth it."

Charlie gently turned Harry's head so the young fairy was looking at him. "Harry, you are worth it
and so much more. Damn, Harry, I wish there was a way to prove to you just how special you are and how much you mean to me.

With tears rolling down his cheeks, Harry leaned forward and kissed Charlie on the lips. The kiss wasn't tongues and spit, but it definitely wasn't a brotherly kiss even though that was how it was intended. He just lost himself for a few seconds when his lips touched Charlie's. Right as he was getting ready to pull back, Charlie grabbed the back of his head and deepened the kiss. Harry moaned into Charlie's mouth, opening his mouth to allow Charlie's tongue entrance.

Charlie couldn't believe that he was finally kissing the man that he loved...and Harry was the one who had instigated it. He wasn't stupid, he knew that Harry was still in love with Bill and was hurting and confused over everything, but he just didn't have the willpower to pull away from Harry's soft and innocent lips.

With a cry, Harry wrenched his face away and covered his lips with his trembling hand. Never had kissing Bill been that good. It felt right kissing Charlie, like he was the one he should have been kissing all along. His magic was happy being this close to Charlie, he could practically feel it humming under his skin.

"I'm sorry," Harry cried. "I shouldn't have done that, you are in love with someone else."

"I am," Charlie agreed. "I love this persons more than anything, but he can be a bit clueless at times. See, I have told this man countless times how much I love him, and I'm there for him whenever he needs me, but he just doesn't seem to get it."

Harry felt horrible for kissing Charlie, he didn't want things to become awkward between them now. It may be selfish of him, but he needed Charlie. "Sounds like he's not good enough for you."

"But you are," Charlie said softly, praying that Harry picked up on the 'you'.


Charlie nervously ran his hand through his hair. "Harry, maybe this isn't the proper time to tell you, but damn I don't want to miss another opportunity. It's you that I love. I came back home and took the job here just to be close to you. I have loved you since you were 14 years old."

Harry quickly sat up, shaking his head no. "That's not true, you just feel sorry for me. Just because your Bill's brother doesn't mean that you have to be responsible for me."

Charlie sat up too, the cover falling and revealing his large, naked, muscular chest. "Harry, have you ever know me to lie...especially to you?"

Harry slowly shook his head no. "Why? Why didn't you tell me," he cried brokenly.

"I wanted to take it slow. I wanted you to see that I loved you for what was on the inside, and not for that scar on for forehead or your famous name."

With tears in his eyes, Harry absently rubbed his lightning bolt scar. "Why didn't you say anything when Bill...?"

Charlie smiled sadly. "You were happy, Harry, and that's all I ever wanted for you. If Bill was who you wanted and he treated you right, then who was I to mess that up for you?"

Harry dropped his head feeling sad and ashamed. "I was always attracted to you, but I figured that you would never want me. When Bill started showing interest in me, I soaked it up like a dry
sponge. My relatives didn't exactly like me, and my dads were the firsts ones to truly love me. I couldn't believe that someone like Bill would want me."

Charlie wrapped his arms around Harry, hugging him. "I want you, Harry, never doubt that for a second. Ask anybody at the sanctuary, they will tell you that I am hopelessly in love with you. They know that you're the reason that I'm here. Still, you are not ready for another relationship, not after what my brother did to you."

"You don't want me now?" Harry asked timidly, heart squeezing painfully in his chest.

"Harry, I want you so much it hurts, but you have been through a lot though, and I can wait until you heal from everything that my brother has done. I promise, I'm not going anywhere."

Harry placed his hand on his stomach. "The baby?"

Charlie placed his hand over Harry's, grinning when he felt the now familiar warmth. "I will love this baby as if it was my own. You have no idea how protective I already feel over this little one."

Harry laid his head on Charlie's shoulder. "I wish you would have made your move earlier."

"Me too," Charlie murmured into Harry's hair. "Me too."

***HP

"What brings you boys to my office?" Dumbledore asked, eyes twinkling madly.

Harry lowered his head and stepped a bit behind Charlie. He really didn't want to tell the headmaster about Bill and the baby. It took a lot of convincing on Charlie's part to get him here, but after he scared him with horror stories about what could happen to his baby without prenatal care, he gave in and followed Charlie here.

At first he tried to ignore the possibility of being pregnant, even after Charlie confirmed it. He was only seventeen and in no way ready to become a daddy...or mommy. He had wanted to become a dragon handler first, get married, travel the world some, and then, after a few years start a family. He would never tell Charlie, but he had contemplated terminating the pregnancy before anyone else found out about it, but there was no way he could kill an innocent little baby. The baby was not only a part of him, but he or she was also a part of his mom and dad. This baby would also be his first real blood relative...he totally didn't count Petunia and Dudley.

"Harry, is everything alright?" Dumbledore asked kindly. Harry had never been afraid of him before, not even when he was a timid first year. To see the boy he considered a grandson hiding behind Charlie, it greatly concerned and scared him.

Charlie transfigured the chair and turned it into a small sofa. Tugging Harry out from behind him, he took a seat, pulling Harry down beside him. "Thank you for seeing us, headmaster," Charlie said, giving Harry's hand a reassuring squeeze. Harry was trembling so bad that he was surprised that the couch wasn't vibrating.

Dumbledore open a small tin can. "Lemon drop?" he asked, holding it out to Harry and Charlie. When both shook their heads no, he replaced the lid and put it back in his drawer. Leaning forward, he looked deeply at Harry. "What is troubling you, my child? You know that you can tell me anything."

"I'm pregnant," Harry blurted out, slapping his hand hard over his mouth. With a groan, he collapsed behind Charlie so he couldn't see his headmaster. He cared for and admired Albus Dumbledore, he
was more a part of his family than just the headmaster at his school.

"Well I see," Dumbledore said, honestly shocked at the news. Flicking his gaze to Charlie, he scowled at the large red head. "I guess congratulations are in order," he said coldly. "Though, I had expected you would have properly courted Harry first before bedding him."

Charlie paled when he felt Dumbledore's magic licking almost painfully at his skin. "No, you misunderstand, sir. I'm not the father. Though I wish I was," he quickly added, giving Harry's hand a reassuring squeeze.

"My apologies," Dumbledore said, reining in his magic. "I can tell that you care for him, so I had assumed..."

"I do," Charlie freely admitted. "I love Harry, he's why I applied for this job in the first place. I had hoped to spend the year getting Harry to fall in love with me. Unfortunately, Bill beat me to him."

"I see," Dumbledore said icily. He had suspected that there was something going on between Harry and Bill, but he had assumed that Harry just had a crush on the eldest Weasley boy. "Harry..."

"I'm sorry," Harry cried, tears swimming in his eyes. "Bill said that he loved me and was going to court me after graduation. I... I didn't even know that I could get pregnant. My dads didn't tell me about that until after they returned from their trip."

"Bill does love Harry," Charlie said, clenching his teeth in anger. He would love to go back and brake his brother's nose all over again. "He's only marrying Fleur because she's a veela and he thinks it will make the Weasley's look good and improve our bloodline."

"Does he know about the baby?" Dumbledore asked, shocked and saddened over William's actions. Arthur and Molly didn't care about social standings and prestige, they just wanted their children to marry for love and have a handful of red headed grandchildren for them to spoil rotten.

Charlie lunged to his feet and started pacing the office. "My brother," he spat, "didn't even have the common courtesy to break things off with Harry before sending him an invitation to his wedding. He went from giving Harry a promise ring and sending love letters, to nothing. He just acted as if Harry no longer existed."

Dumbledore gasped. "If he gave a ring and made a promise, there is a chance that magic will punish him for hurting Harry."

Charlie smirked. "Yes, I had the honor of reminding him of that."

"I don't understand," Harry said softly.

"Harry, what Bill did was the same as signing a magical contract. He gave you a ring with the promise of courting, then he broke that promise." Dumbledore explained.

"Well, what if we had just decided we weren't good together, would magic still have punished him then?"

Dumbledore shook his head. "No, because the two of you would have worked it out and mutually came to an agreement to no longer stay together. Magic can be a bit touchy, and sadly the Weasley's have experienced her wrath before."

Harry looked questingly at Charlie. "I will tell you the story later. Right now we need to discuss you and the baby."
"Charlie is correct," Dumbledore said. "Harry, who else knows about your pregnancy?"

Harry slowly shook his head. "Just Charlie and you, sir. Please don't tell my dads," he begged.

"Harry, Sirius and Remus need to know. You need the support of your fathers, this isn't going to be easy."

"I know," Harry choked out, it felt like there was a boulder lodged in his throat. "I will tell them after Christmas. I promise."

"Very well," Dumbledore sighed. "What do you plan on doing?"

"I...I..." Harry dropped his head, shoulders shaking with silent tears.

Charlie sat back down and pulled Harry against his side. "We came to you for advice, headmaster," he explained. "He is going to need medical attention from someone who can keep quiet about this. Not only because the Prophet would have a field day with this, but also because we can't risk his fairy status getting out."

Dumbledore looked at Charlie, eyes twinkling warmly. "It seems you have given this some thought, Charlie. Harry is lucky to have you in his corner."

Charlie's chest puffed out at the compliment. "I would do anything for Harry," he said seriously. "I will also do anything for that little baby growing inside of him. It's strange, when I touched his stomach earlier, I felt a magical pulse travel up my arm and into my magical core. Now, every time I touch his stomach, my hand warms up."

Dumbledore smiled at Charlie. "Magic is very interesting," he said cryptically. "Not only can she punish a person, but she can also reward. Now, Harry, I will honor your wish and not tell your fathers, but we will have to tell Madam Pomfrey and Professor Snape."

Dumbledore quickly held up his hand to silence Harry's protests. "Both of them know that you are a fairy and they can help you. Severus is not only a medi-wizard, but he is also the only potions master qualified to brew the potions you will require."

Harry dropped his head in defeat. "Alright, but please ask them not to tell my dads."

"Alright," Dumbledore said gently. He could tell that Harry was only hanging on by a thin thread. If it wasn't for Charlie, Harry would be a broken mess right now. "Now, the choice is ultimately yours, Harry, but I suggest that you don't inform William of your pregnancy and learn glamours that are safe for your little one."

"If Bill found out, he would dump Fleur for you," Charlie growled. "Do you still want Bill?"

Harry sat quietly thinking, in a way he still wanted Bill. Bill had been his first love and he had been good to him, he was also the father of his baby, but he had also hurt him, rudely tossing him aside because he wasn't as good as Fleur. "No," Harry finally answered softly, looking Charlie in the eye. "If he truly loved me, he wouldn't have done what he did." It physically hurt him to say that. He still loved Bill despite everything.

Dumbledore nodded his head. "We need to come up with a story."

Harry cocked his head to the side. "Story?" he asked, confused.

Dumbledore chuckled. "Of course, it will no longer be safe for you to attend classes. We can't risk a
stray spell hitting you, now can we? Also, we need a good excuse as to why you will be living with Charlie." Dumbledore looked mischievously at the two gaping men.

"Excuse me," Harry squeaked.

Dumbledore chuckled. "Harry, it's not safe to wear glamours during your entire pregnancy. I could give you your own room so you could drop the glamours when you were alone, but it would make this old heart of mine feel better knowing that someone was looking after you. If something happened to you, we would need to act immediately. Male pregnancies can be very dangerous."

I...I..." Harry stuttered.

Dumbledore turned to Charlie. "Do I have to worry about you taking advantage of my grandson?"

Harry smiled and his eyes watered at being called grandson. "No, sir," Charlie answered. "I won't lie, I'm madly in love with Harry, but I would never force him or take advantage of him."

Dumbledore didn't doubt his words for a minute. "Courting before sex," he warned.

Charlie felt Dumbledore's magic nudging him. "Nothing more than some kissing and snuggles...if Harry is willing. He needs to heal from Bill first before entering into another relationship."

"Very good," Dumbledore grinned, getting to his feet and walking around his desk. Grabbing a pinch of floo powder, he tossed it in and called for the medical wing.

***HP

"You can take the room, I'll transfigure the couch into a bed," Charlie said, beyond thrilled to be sharing his hut with Harry.

Harry was running his hand over his still flat belly. After a tongue lashing from Madam Promfrey about safe sex and not coming to her the second he suspected he was pregnant, she ran the scans to confirm that he was indeed pregnant. He believed Charlie when he told him he was pregnant, but it being confirmed by a professional wiped out any and all doubts that he may have had.

"Harry, did you hear me?" Charlie chuckled.

Harry snapped his head up, grinning sheepishly. "I...I'm pregnant Charlie. There is a little person living inside of me."

"Caught on, have you?" Charlie grinned.

"I'm going to be a daddy. Or is it mommy?" Harry asked, scrunching his nose up cutely.

"The baby will call you whatever you wish, but I do like the ring of mommy."

Harry shrugged his shoulders then looked back down at his belly. "Can I still move to Romania? I don't want to stay here, not with..."

"Bill?" Charlie asked softly, taking Harry into his arms. "Of course you can. It will be a struggle with a newborn, but you can still become a dragon handler. You will have me, and your dads were already planning on moving close to the sanctuary. If you like, I can owl the sanctuary asking for a family hut."

"You would want to live with me and the baby?" Harry asked, surprised and excited at the same time.
Charlie rolled his eyes. "Harry, how many times do I need to profess my love to you? When you're ready, I would like to ask your dads permission to court you."

Harry backed away from Charlie, looking everywhere but at him. "I...I want that, Charlie, but I'm scared. I can't take being hurt again."

Charlie looked sadly at the man he loved. He wasn't upset at Harry's lack of faith in him, his fear was completely justifiable. "There's no rush, Harry. I will wait a lifetime for you to be ready, and if you're never ready, I will still be there for you and my little niece or nephew."

All the tension bled out of Harry, he was so afraid that he had upset Charlie. "Is the family hut offer still good?" he asked shyly.

"I will send an owl first thing in the morning," Charlie grinned. "Now, I think it's time we get some sleep."

"We can share the bed," Harry offered shyly.

Charlie gave Harry a kiss on the forehead. "As tempting as that offer is, you need your space. I will be out here if you need me."

Harry was kind of relieved that Charlie wasn't going to sleep with him. In a way he really wanted it, but he was still hurting over Bill. He had really loved Bill and had pictured the rest of his life with him. He wanted to hate a Bill for hurting him, but he wasn't surprised that it had happened. He was just a freak who didn't deserve love and eventually Charlie would leave him too.

***HP

"Harry, I can't believe that you can't do magic?" Hermione cried, looking completely horrified.

"I'm not even allowed around anyone who is doing it," Harry moaned, looking upset over the fact. He really wasn't though, he was actually looking forward to some down time.

"But, what about NEWTS and graduating? Will you even be able to graduate with us?" Hermione looked like someone had just told her that the world was coming to an end.

"Relax, Hermione," Harry chuckled. "It's only for a few months until my core stabilizes. I still will be doing plenty of reading and book work and I already know enough practical to pass. Madam Pomfrey said that I will be as right as rain by the time NEWTS roll around."

"I still don't understand what happened," Hermione said thoughtfully.

Harry hated lying to his friends, but he would do anything to protect the tiny person growing inside of him. "Dumbledore thinks that I was hit with a curse during the battle. Whenever I use my wand, or get too close to someone using theirs, it causes my magic to become unstable and it drains my core. Madam Pomfrey has me on potions that will heal me and she said that I have to get loads of rest. I'm going to be fine, Hermione." He hated that his friends were going to be worried about him.

"That's so cool that you're bunking with Charlie," Ron said between mouthfuls of food. "We're going to miss you in the dorm though."

"Yeah, me too," Harry sighed. "but it's either that or go home."

"So what are you going to do all day?" Hermione asked.
"I'm going to get some books from the library then head back to Charlie's. Dumbledore only wants me in the castle during meals. I think he's afraid that I will blow it up or something," Harry chuckled.

"We can visit you though, yeah?" Ron asked with a chicken leg hanging partially chewed out of his mouth.

Harry had to quickly turn away, the sight of food in Ron's mouth made his stomach turn. "Yeah, just no magic," he groaned, feeling his breakfast trying to make a return.

"Are you alright?" Hermione asked, placing her hand on Harry's forehead. Harry had gone deathly pale and he looked as though he was about to be sick.

"Think I'm just gonna lay down for a bit," Harry said, shuffling to his feet. Without looking back, he tore from the hall as fast as he could. He made it halfway to the hut before falling to his knees and vomiting up his morning breakfast.

"Harry!" Charlie bellowed, sprinting from his hut. He hadn't gone to the Great Hall for breakfast that morning because he had a project to set up for his fourth year class. "What happened?" he asked, falling to his knees beside him and soothingly rubbing his back.

Groaning, Harry wiped the vomit from his chin and mouth. "The baby didn't like seeing the food in your brother's mouth as he was talking."

Charlie grimaced, Ron had horrific table manners. "Seeing that is enough to make me sick. Let's get you inside and comfortable."

***HP

Harry nervously fiddled with the buttons on his shirt. He was currently on the Hogwarts Express, minutes from seeing Sirius and Remus for the first time in weeks. They had visited him a few times during the school year, but he had managed to reassure them that he was alright and didn't need to have weekly meetings. It's not that he didn't want to see them, he just didn't want word to get out that he was so messed up in the head that he needed his daddies to talk to.

"You guys coming to the Burrow for Christmas dinner?" Ron asked.

"I...I don't know," Harry answered, praying to Merlin that they weren't. It's not that he didn't want to go, he just wasn't ready to see Bill. It would feel like ripping off a scab on a slow healing wound.

"You know mum will invite you guys. Maybe we can get everyone together for a game of Quidditch."

"Honestly, Ronald," Hermione sighed loudly. "You know that Harry can't use magic."

Ron rolled his eyes at Harry. "Mione, it's flying, not magic."

"And how do you think the broom flies?" Hermione asked smartly.

Ron shrugged his shoulders. "Dunno, it just does."

"I can't believe that you have been raised in the wizarding world your entire life," Hermione mumbled. "Ron, the broom pulls magic from your core."

"Oh," Ron grumbled, not really caring. "Well, we can still have fun, right, Harry?"

"I don't know what my dads have planned," Harry answered softly.
"Hey, do you think Fleur will be at the Burrow?" Ginny asked, leaning against Harry.

Ron's ears turned a bright red, he would never live down asking Fleur to the ball like some lovesick puppy. "Probably, she is engaged to Bill," he groaned.

Harry dropped his hand to his stomach. You still couldn't see that he was pregnant, but he could feel a slight swell to his belly now. He couldn't wait until he could feel his baby moving. He knew that he was going to have to tell his dads about the baby over vacation and he prayed that they wouldn't kick him out. He had more than enough money to survive on his own, but he loved his dads and didn't want to lose them. It would kill him if they abandoned him.

"Hey, come on," Ron shouted, shaking Harry's shoulder. "We're here."

Harry blinked stupidly at Ron, he must have zoned out or something. He never felt the train come to a stop or heard his friends calling his name. Taking a quick look out the window, he spotted his dads waiting anxiously on the platform for him. Fear forgotten, he jumped up and sprinted from the car.

"Pup!" Sirius chuckled, barely remaining standing after his son barreled into him. "I take it you're happy to be home?"

Harry clung to his dad. "No, just happy to see you two," he mumbled into his dad's chest.

Remus leaned in closer to Harry, nostrils flared. His pup smelled different but he couldn't pinpoint what it was. "Pup, your scent is off."

Harry looked up at Remus, eyes wide. "G-Ginny was leaning against me on the train." He stupidly forgot about Remus' heightened sense of smell.

Remus frowned, he didn't think that was it. "Well, no matter," he said, grabbing his son and pulling him into a bear hug. "We missed you."

"I missed you too," Harry said choking up a bit.

Remus gave Sirius a concerned look over Harry's head. There was something going on with their pup and his instincts were screaming at him. "Let's get home, huh?"

***HP

Rubbing his eyes, Harry staggered into the kitchen and plopped into the chair. "Well, if it isn't sleeping beauty. We wait anxiously for you to get home from school and the first thing you do is wander up to your room and sleep for twelve hours," Sirius chuckled.

"M'sorry," Harry mumbled, laying his head down on the table. "I feel like I could sleep for another twelve hours."

"There's something wrong with you, Harry," Remus said in concern. "You look like shit, you smell different and we have never known you to sleep that long."

"Talk to us, pup," Sirius pleaded.

Harry buried his head in his hands and started crying. He hadn't planned on telling his dads about the baby until after Christmas, but the fear of them rejecting him was eating him alive. Looking up, he started to cry even harder when he saw nothing but concern and love in their eyes. Harry opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out.
Sirius dropped to his knees in front of Harry and took his face into his hands. "What is it, pup, you can tell us."

Harry was crying so hard that he was having trouble catching his breath. "I...I...I..." Shaking his head, he threw himself into his dad's lap.

"I'm getting a calming draught." Remus stood up and went to the cabinet.

Sirius was rubbing Harry's back trying to calm him down before he made himself sick. For the life of him he couldn't figure out what was wrong with his son. Whatever it was, it had to be something big for it to have him so upset.

Remus sat on the floor and carefully poured the calming draught down Harry's throat. "Swallow, pup, you don't want to choke."

Harry obediently swallowed the disgusting potion, head resting in Sirius' lap. He wanted to get this over with, to say the words "I'm pregnant," but they just wouldn't come out. What he needed was Charlie. Charlie would give him the strength he needed, and he would also be there for him when his dads kicked him out.

Sirius ran his fingers through his son's hair, patiently waiting for the potion to calm him down. He couldn't imagine what would have Harry this upset and it was really scaring him. "Are you ready to talk?"

Harry slowly nodded his head, then quickly shook it no. He couldn't do this, he couldn't tell them. They were going to be so disappointed in him. He definitely couldn't tell them that it was Bill that knocked him up, they would kill him. It wasn't Bill's fault that he was too much of a freak to want to bond with. Bill deserved someone good...someone like Fleur.

"Take your time, Harry, but you have to tell us. You are scaring us," Remus said gently.

Tears were still falling from Harry's eyes, but the calming draught had helped considerably. "Don't want you to hate me," he cried, voice barely above a whisper.

"Never," Sirius growled. "We couldn't hate you even if you killed Dumbledore. There is nothing you could do that would make us hate you."

"Please, pup," Remus pleaded.

"I... I... I need Charlie!" Harry cried, clinging desperately to Sirius' legs.

Sirius and Remus exchanged looks, and with a shrug of his shoulders, Remus got up and went to the floo. He didn't know why Harry needed Charlie, but if it helped him with whatever was wrong with him, then he would get the large red head. Sticking his head in, he called, "The Burrow."

Charlie was sitting at the table nervously bouncing his knee while staring into his full cup of tea. He had this really strange feeling that something was wrong with Harry and it was making him anxious. He was tempted to floo to Grimmauld Place just to check up on the fairy. He knew bonded mates could sometimes sense the others emotions, but they weren't bonded. Hell, they weren't even dating. They hadn't even kissed since that one time, even though he thought about it...a lot.

Charlie jumped when the floo flared to life and Remus head poked out calling his name. "Remus, is everything alright?" he asked, a note of panic in his voice.

Remus shook his head no. "It's Harry, can you come through?"
Without hesitating, Charlie jumped up and grabbed a handful of floo powder. Now he knew for a fact that something had to be wrong with either Harry or the baby.

Charlie didn't even have a chance to vanish the soot from his robes before getting a handful of crying fairy. "Hey now, what's wrong?" he asked, trying to contain his panic. Very subtly he let his hand brush Harry's abdomen, relaxing slightly when he felt the now familiar warmth of the baby.

Harry buried his face in Charlie's neck, entire body trembling. "I can't tell them," he sobbed.

Charlie looked up at Harry's dads who were both watching them in concern. With a heavy sigh, he scooped Harry up bridal style and carried him to the couch, sitting down with him in his lap. "Sirius, Remus," he greeted with a nod.

"Charlie, what's going on?" Sirius asked, surprised to see how close his son was to the second eldest Weasley boy.

Charlie tried to pull Harry out of his neck, but his love was just not budging. "Harry, would you like me to tell your dads?"

Harry didn't remove his face from where he had hidden it, but he did jerkily nod his head. It wasn't very Gryffindor of him to have Charlie tell his dads about his pregnancy, but right now he didn't care. He hadn't been this scared when confronting Voldemort. At least he had Charlie now, he felt safe in his arms.

Charlie took a deep breath and held it for close to a minute. He knew that this was going to end badly...especially for Bill. Feeling Harry tug on his hair, he tilted his head so he could hear what he was whispering.

Harry wandlessly cast a muffliato so his dads couldn't hear. "Charlie, don't tell them that it was Bill. I don't want them to be mad at Bill, it wasn't his fault."

Charlie had to literally bite his tongue to keep from snapping at Harry. He was tired of him always blaming himself for his brother's selfish actions. How could Harry truly believe that Bill was innocent and he was the one in the wrong? He had tried on countless occasions to make him see the truth, but he refused to believe him. Those damn muggles really did a number on him.

Nodding his head, Charlie waited until Harry canceled the charm then took a deep breath, preparing himself for the storm that was about to come.

***HP

Sirius snatched Harry out of Charlie's arms, snarling at the red head. "Give me his fucking name, Charlie!"

Charlie cringed, Sirius looked more crazed now than what he did on the wanted posters of him that had flooded the wizarding world after he had escaped from Azkaban. "I'm sorry, Harry doesn't want me to say."

"Shhh, don't cry pup, I've got you," Sirius coo'd, rocking Harry back and forth while trying to curse Charlie with just his eyes. He couldn't believe what the red head had just told him...his son was pregnant.

Remus just sat there, stunned and unable to wrap his head around what he had just learned. How
could someone do that to Harry? He knew that Harry wouldn't have had sex with someone if he hadn't truly loved them. How could someone use another person like that?

Harry was shaking violently, waiting for Sirius to kick him out. He was so scared that he was practically catatonic. He could hear voices, but he couldn't make out what they were saying, he had closed himself off as soon as Charlie started talking.

Sirius closed his eyes and buried his face in Harry's hair, his tears soaking the raven locks. He wasn't crying because Harry was pregnant, he was crying because some bastard had used and hurt his son. When Harry gave his heart, he gave it one hundred percent.

"He didn't know that he could get pregnant," Charlie reminded, already missing having Harry in his arms.

"So this happened while at the Burrow?" Sirius snarled.

Charlie roughly scrubbed at his face. "Look, I wish that I could tell you who it was, but I won't go against Harry's wishes. If it makes you feel any better, I did bust the bastard's nose a bruise a few ribs. I'm sure magic will have a go at him too."

"He gave a promise ring to Harry?" Remus asked numbly.

Charlie nodded his head. "He doesn't know about the baby, the only ones that do are Professor Dumbledore, Snape and Pomfrey. Harry has been staying with me the last few weeks since the castle is no longer safe for him. His friends think that his core is unstable from a curse during the final battle and that he's not allowed to use or be around magic until it stabilizes."

Sirius' head snapped up, eyes blazing. "Have you touched him?"

"Sirius," Charlie sighed. "I would never hurt Harry...never! I would also never take advantage of him when he's still hurting over this other person."

"You like our pup, don't you?" Remus asked, not missing how Charlie's eyes kept flicking to Harry.

Charlie's eyes dropped to the small fairy that had fallen asleep on his father's lap. "No," he answered, shaking his head. "I love him, and I have for a while now."

"Then why did you let this happen?" Sirius roared. "Why did you let him hurt my pup?"

"Harry is why you returned, isn't he?"

"Yes," Charlie answered Remus. "He's why I took the teaching position." Charlie turned to Sirius. "I didn't do anything because Harry was happy, happier than what I have ever seen him before. I honestly didn't think that he would hurt Harry, he promised me that he wouldn't and he said that he loved him. I never took him for the type of person to do something this despicable."

"Merlin, Remus, what are we going to do?" Sirius desperately asked his mate.

"We're going to be there for our son and support him."

"He thinks that you will abandon him. That you won't want him because he's dirty and unlovable." Charlie said sadly.

"Damn his relatives," Remus cursed. "We would never abandon him, and he's neither dirty nor unlovable."
"And how do you feel about him now?" Sirius growled at Charlie. "Now that he's pregnant with another man's baby."

"I fall in love with him more everyday," Charlie answered honestly. "I also love that unborn baby he's carrying."

Remus ran a shaky hand through his sandy hair. "Does he return your feelings?"

"He's not ready. Harry is hurting, more than what he is showing. He knows how I feel and I'm more than willing to wait as long as he needs. If he never returns my feeling, then I'll still be there for him and the baby. My love isn't conditional."

"Thank you, Charlie, for helping him." Remus had always liked Charlie, he was his favorite of the Weasley boys. "Does our son have a plan?"

Nodding his head, Charlie smiled. "He's going to carry and birth his baby, take his NEWTS, graduate, then move to Romania and become a dragon handler."

"Children are allowed on reserve?" Remus gasped. "Isn't that dangerous?"

"There are wards around every enclosure to keep underage children out. You would be surprised how many kids live at the sanctuary. There is even a playground there where the kids can run wild and play. There has never been a child hurt or killed by a dragon there."

"I still can't believe this is happening," Sirius murmured, wiping the tears from Harry's cheeks with his thumb. "When I find out who did this to him..."

"You and I both," Remus admitted. He was normally a calm and peaceful man, despite being a werewolf, but he wanted to tear apart the man that had used his son so horribly. Harry was such a sweet and caring person, he didn't deserve this.

"You know what really makes me sick?" Charlie questioned. "Harry is blaming himself. He thinks that this other person was right because he isn't good enough. Harry isn't even mad at him."

Sirius closed his eyes trying to will his tears away. If only he hadn't went after Peter that horrible night. He could have raised Harry and he would have never been hurt by those horrible muggles. He still didn't understand how his godson had turned out so sweet and loving when he had known nothing but hate and pain.

"Harry was horribly abused by his relatives," Remus quietly admitted. "He has been brainwashed to think that way."

"D-Did they hit him?" Charlie had suspected that Harry's home life was bad, but he was praying that he hadn't been physically abused.

Sirius and Remus looked to each other, silently communicating with their eyes. They knew that their son didn't want anyone to know the extent of his abuse, but they had a feeling that Charlie would one day be mated to their pup.

"It was bad," Remus admitted. "They didn't just hit him, they beat him. He wears glamours to hide the scars from the whip marks and burns."

Charlie jumped up and started pacing the room. "Did you kill them?"

Sirius looked darkly at Charlie. "Believe me, we want to, but damn Harry and his heart of gold."
"Let me guess, he blames himself for the abuse?" Charlie snapped.

"You know our son well," Remus grunted. "He blames himself for the death of his parents. If they wouldn't have died, then he wouldn't have been sent to his aunt and uncles. They never wanted him, and they made sure that he knew it."

"Charlie, I need to know who did this to my son. If you're trying to protect him, I will make damn sure that you will never get a chance to be with Harry."

Charlie glared at Sirius. "I would happily tell you right now and give you their floo address, but I'm not going to go against Harry's wishes. Harry has been hurt and his trust has been shattered, I'm not going to give him a reason to doubt me. I understand that you need to know, and I'm sure that you will find out soon enough, but it's not going to come from me without Harry's permission.

Remus reluctantly nodded his head. "We understand and appreciate you loyalty to our son. Again, thank you for being there for him."

***HP

Charlie had decided to hang around Grimmauld Place until Harry woke, just in case he needed him. He knew that he was going to be upset and terrified when he remembered that his dads now knew about the baby. For the most part, Sirius and Remus had taken the news better than what he had expected. There were tears and anger...lots of anger, but the anger wasn't directed at Harry. They were angry at Bill for using and hurting Harry. Bill was going to be in for it when these men found out that he was the who hurt their son. Sirius was a scary wizard when he wanted to be, and though he tried to deny it, he was a dark wizard.

"He's waking," Sirius informed, from where he was sitting on the couch with Harry's head in his lap. Harry had been sleeping for three hours, and himself, along with Charlie and Remus, had stayed with him the entire time. He still wasn't one hundred percent comfortable knowing how Charlie felt about Harry, but Charlie was a good man who would make a good mate to his sweet son. He just wasn't ready for all this... Harry pregnant and Charlie in love with him.

"Dad," Harry whimpered, tuning his face into his dad's stomach. "I'm so sorry. I d-didn't know."

"Don't. Don't cry, pup," Sirius coo'd, lovingly running his fingers through Harry's hair. "We're not mad at you. We wished that this wasn't happening, but that's only because we hate seeing you hurt. You don't deserve what this bastard is doing."

Harry weakly sat up, ignoring the spinning in his head. "Can we please not talk about him. He's moved on and now I have to do the same."

"Do you still love him, pup?" Remus asked gently.

Harry eyes flicked to Charlie. "It's alright," Charlie said kindly. "You loved him and no one expects for you to be able to just turn that love off. He may have turned out to be a bastard, but he was kind to you and did love you. It's going to take time to get over him."

Harry smiled gratefully at Charlie. He hadn't wanted to hurt his feelings by admitting that he still loved Bill. He loved Charlie too though...it was all very confusing for him.

Remus jumped up and started heading for the kitchen. "Merlin, Harry, you haven't eaten since you got home. You need to take better care of yourself, you're eating for two now. What about potions? Are you taking prenatal potions?" Remus stopped at the door looking slightly feint. "Merlin, I'm going to be a grandad. The last baby I held was you, Harry."
"M'sorry," Harry hung his head in shame.

"No more I'm sorries," Sirius barked. "You fell in love and got pregnant. You're not the first that has happened too. Remus and I are here for you and we couldn't get rid of that large red head over there even if we tried. A baby is a blessing, and we will love it every bit as much as we love you. Charlie explained to us what your plan is, and we are with you one hundred percent. So, no more saying I'm sorry. Got it?"

Harry threw himself at his dad, arms circling around his neck. "I got it. I love you guys so much."

"We love you too, pup." Sirius reassured. "We also already love that baby growing inside of you. Things aren't going to be easy, but we'll help you get through it."

"Thank you, dad," Harry whispered.

Sirius patted his son on his back. "Just so you know, I don't do diapers.

With tears of happiness in his eyes, Harry started giggling.
I do not own Harry Potter..

Woop, nice long update for my favorite readers :)

Please, no bitching that Ginny is out of character. I get tired of having to explain that I do not try to write my characters according to the books. This is fanfiction, enjoy things being spiced up a bit. Reading and writing would get damn boring if everything was canon...just sayin.

PLEASE REVIEW!

***hp

Remus collapsed in the kitchen chair across from Sirius. The werewolf looked like he had aged fifteen years in just one evening. "He's asleep...finally." It had been a rough evening after finding out about Harry's pregnancy. Charlie had stayed up until an hour ago, and they reluctantly allowed him because they could tell that he made their son feel better.

Despite not eating anything for twenty four hours, Harry had only nibbled on his dinner. Their son was mess, still terrified that they would kick him out despite the countless times they tried reassuring him. If Charlie hadn't been there, Harry probably wouldn't have eaten what little food he had. He hardly talked, refused to make eye contact, and sat as close to Charlie as he possibly could. It was obvious that Charlie made him feel safe.

"It looks like Charlie will be joining the family," Remus said absentmindedly. He still couldn't get over that his baby boy was going to have a baby of his own. This wasn't how he had pictured becoming a grandfather. He wasn't upset with Harry, but he was damn furious with the bastard that left their cub this broken. As far as he was concerned, they had taken advantage of an abused and innocent boy that was so starved for love and affection that he would do anything to get it.

When Remus didn't get a response from his mate, he looked up to see what Sirius was doing. "Who are you writing to?" He had been so wrapped up in his own thoughts that he never noticed that Sirius was writing something down.

"A list," Sirius grunted. "Of every male that our son could have come in contact with while at the Burrow. This happened while we were on vacation, Remy. We should have never left him so soon after his inheritance." They hadn't wanted to, but Harry had insisted, he didn't want them canceling their plans because of him.

Remus nodded his head in agreement. "Who do you have on the list?"

"All the Weasley boys, Neville Longbottom, that crazy little Irish fellow who likes to blow shit up,"

"Seamus Finnegan," Remus corrected with a small chuckle. He liked Seamus, the boy made him laugh.

Grunting, Sirius corrected the name on his list. "Seamus' friend Dean and the twin's friend Lee. Who else was at the party that could have visited him while at the Burrow?"

"Oliver Wood was there and he seemed pretty close with Harry," Remus added thoughtfully. "Harry was so excited that he hugged him when he showed up."
With a growl, Sirius added a couple stars next to Wood's name. "I don't see Harry being with a boy his age."

"I don't either," Remus sighed, rubbing his now throbbing temples. "but I can't see any of the Weasley boys hurting Harry like this. Bill is too old, Charlie is head over heals in love with our pup, Percy..."

"Is too Percy," Sirius snorted. "Besides, he's been engaged to that Penelope girl."

"The twins would never in a million years hurt Harry." Remus added.

"No, they adore him, but only as a little brother," Sirius agreed. "And there is no way that Ron is gay or bisexual."

"Plus, he has been in love with Hermione for as long as I have known them," Remus said, smiling behind his cup of tea.

"So, it looks like it's Wood we get to torture and kill," Sirius snarled.

"I don't know, Sirius," Remus moaned, getting up and grabbing a pain reliever. It felt like someone had taken a bludger to his skull. "The kid is a Keeper for Puddlemere United, and I thought I overheard him telling the twins that he was only in town for Harry's party and then he had to get back to training."

Sirius slammed his quill onto the table, snapping the tip off. "Then who the hell is responsible for knocking up our pup and leaving him?" he roared angrily. He needed to hurt the person that hurt his son. There was no way in hell he was going to let them get away with this.

Remus scrubbed at his tired eyes. "I don't know, Sirius, but I'm sure we will find out soon enough. Harry can't lie and his face is easier to read than the alphabet, we just have to be patient and focus on our son. Harry needs us now more than ever."

"Why? He has Charlie, the gorgeous dragon tamer," Sirius mumbled moodily.

Remus reached across the table and smacked his mate upside his head. "Stop being jealous. You should be thanking Charlie for being there for our son when we weren't. The love he has for Harry is genuine, you can see it in his eyes. I think those two are soul mates."

Rubbing his head, Sirius leaned back in the chair and frowned at his mate. "You didn't have to hit me," he pouted. "I guess he could do worse than Charlie. Molly and Arthur raised those boys right, Charlie will treat Harry the way he deserves."

"Look how good he is with him already," Remus sighed. "They are meant to be together."

Standing up, Sirius grabbed the list and set it on fire. "I'm going to try to get some sleep, though I don't think it will come. I'm too worried about Harry to be able to sleep."

"I warded his room so we will know if he needs anything. We really should try and get some rest, we have a busy week coming up." Remus reminded his mate. With the pregnancy bomb just dropped on them, they couldn't obsess over it and forget that this was technically their first Christmas together as a family. They had plans to make this a special Christmas for their son. They knew that the Dursley's never let Harry celebrate Christmas with them, and while spending Christmas at Hogwarts was nice, it wasn't the same as spending it with family that loved you.

"I guess you're right," Sirius yawned, all of a sudden feeling very tired. "I promised Harry that I
would take him Christmas shopping tomorrow, he missed the last Hogsmead visit."

"Was he in detention?" Remus frowned. He knew that Harry had been working hard in school to bring his grades up, and as far as he knew, he had been staying out of trouble.

"No, he said he hadn't been feeling well at the time so he decided to stay and catch up on some rest. I guess it was the..."

"Baby," Remus finished softly. "I know Charlie said that Poppy gave him a clean bill of health, but I'm still going to contact her in the morning. I need to hear it directly from her."

"I agree." Sirius said, his eyes darkening. "I'm also going to have a little chat with the Headmaster about letting our son live with Charlie without consulting us."

"Sirius, I know that you don't want to hear this," Remus said gently, "but Harry is seventeen. He's considered an adult."

"He's not an adult until I say so," Sirius grumbled.

***HP

Harry stuck close to his dad as they walked the crowded streets of Diagon Alley. It seemed like every witch and wizard in England were out Christmas shopping and they all had to stop and gawk at him as he walked by. A few even reached out to touch him, but thankfully his dad was quick with a stinging hex.

"Where would you like to go to first?" Sirius asked, snarling at a man in his late twenties that had just winked at his son. He couldn't get over how disrespectful everyone was being. Why the hell couldn't they leave his son alone so he could enjoy his Christmas shopping. Couldn't they see how uncomfortable they were making him?

"Well, I have to shop for everyone, so let's start at Quality Quidditch Supplies for Ron then go from there."

Grinning, Sirius threw his arm over his son's shoulder and led him towards the Quidditch store. Harry had been acting skittish and shy around them all morning and he wasn't going to allow it any longer. He needed to realize that they still loved him and didn't think any different of him just because he gave his heart and body away to someone he loved.

Harry tensed at first, then relaxed into his dad's hold. "I love you, dad, " he whispered shyly, fighting with the tears that threatened to fall.

"I love you too, kiddo," Sirius said with a kiss to his son's temple. "No more acting like were going to send you back to your vile relatives. Remus and I love just as much today as we did before finding out. We're not ashamed of you and you did nothing wrong. Now, let's get this Christmas shopping done so we can get away from all these freaks."

Harry smiled down at his large hot fudge sundae. Florean had really went overboard with the fudge, and he couldn't wait to dig into the ooey gooey fudgy goodness. Florean had always spoiled him and his ice cream parlour was his favorite store in Diagon Alley.

Sirius watched as his son happily polished off an ice cream sundae that was twice the size of his own. Never before had he seen Harry put away so much ice cream, and do it while quietly humming in pleasure. "Who's left on your list?"
Harry froze with a spoonful of fudge at his lips. "Just Charlie and Bill," he answered tensely. He didn't know if he should still get Bill a present after the way he had hurt him, but he still loved him and didn't want to hurt his feelings. He had been thinking about it all day and decided that it would look suspicious if Bill was the only one he didn't have a gift for. "M-maybe I should get F-Fleur something too."

Sirius nodded his head in agreement. "That would be nice of you, Harry. Molly doesn't seem too fond of her, so getting a little something from you might make her feel more welcome."

Wasn't getting Bill from him enough? Harry thought darkly. Fleur was getting the man he loved, why should he have to welcome her. Blinking back his tears, Harry gave his head a little shake. It wasn't Fleur's fault, she was a victim too. She didn't know it, but Bill was just using her. He didn't care for her as a person, he just wanted her because she was a veela.

"Got any ideas on what you can get her?" Sirius asked, picking up on Harry's mood change. "You probably know her better than the rest of the Weasley's since you guys were in the tournament together. Well, I guess not better than Bill," he chuckled. "I'm sure they know each other pretty damn good."

"Devil's Snare," Harry mumbled under his breath.

Sirius choked on his ice cream. "What did you just say, Harry?" His son may have barely whispered it, but thanks to Padfoot he heard perfectly. He just couldn't believe that Harry would suggest such a thing.

"I was thinking a fancy quill and some girly stationary," Harry quickly answered. He hadn't meant to say Devil's Snare out loud, it just slipped. "Maybe something with some flowers or unicorns on it."

"I clearly heard you say Devil's Snare, pup."

"Yeah, I was just thinking that stationary with Devil's Snare on it would be cool to get Neville." Harry answered, proud of his fast thinking. "Professor Sprout gave him the back of Greenhouse 2 to grow his own Devil's Snare plant."

Remus was right, Harry couldn't lie. He didn't know what Harry had against Fleur, but whatever it was, it wasn't any of his business. They probably had some spat during the tournament or something. "I think stationary is a good and practical gift for Fleur. From what Molly was saying, the wedding is going to be huge and I'm sure she can use the stationary for sending out thank you notes."

"Great," Harry muttered sarcastically. Just what he wanted, to be helpful with the wedding that should have been his.

Shaking his head, Sirius pushed back his chair and stood up. "Well, I'm going to go and use the little pups room. Do you want to wait here, or should I meet you somewhere?"

Harry looked out the window to the jewelry store across the street. "I'm going to head across the street to see if I can find something for Charlie."

Sirius gave Harry a wink. "Alright, I will meet you over there."

Wiping his mouth, Harry waved to Florean then left the parlour. He wanted to get something special for Charlie, but he had no clue as to what to get him. His hut at the sanctuary was filled with dragon figurines, pictures of dragons, and books about dragons, so he really didn't want to get him something like that. He wanted to get him something unique, something with meaning.
He didn't know how he would have survived these past few months without Charlie. There was no way he could have handled everything on his own, and it terrified him to think what he would have done in his grief and desperation. He loved Charlie, there was no doubt there, but he also still loved Bill. He had been analyzing his actions and feelings since coming into his inheritance, and when he thought back on it, he was never as comfortable around Bill as he was with Charlie. He never felt as safe with Bill as he does with Charlie, and his magic also never sang for Bill. With Charlie, his magic felt alive, like it was dancing under his skin.

Entering the jewelry store, Harry started to browse the isles looking for something that would pop out at him. He saw some nice dragon pendants, and while he liked them, they weren't unique enough.

"Mr. Potter, it's a pleasure to have you in my store."

Harry smiled kindly at the elderly wizard behind the counter. "Thank you. Your work is truly amazing, sir."

"Is there something you're interested in?" The shop owner asked.

Harry tried to hide his frown. He didn't want to upset the nice man by saying no, but there wasn't anything in here special enough for Charlie.

"I see," the old man chuckled. "Do not be afraid of insulting me, Mr. Potter. If there nothing on the floor that you like, perhaps I can custom make you something?"

"It's not that I don't like anything," Harry quickly reassured. "I'm just looking for something unique for someone very special to me."

"A custom then," the man grinned. "What did you have in mind?"

Harry chewed on his lips in thought. "Can I draw you a picture?"

The old man reached under the counter and pulled out a quill and some parchment. Thanking him, Harry sketched out what he had in mind and made notes explaining the colors he wanted and where.

"This will be a magnificent piece," the old man said in awe, never taking his eyes off of the parchment. "Truly one of a kind."

"Can you please destroy the paper when you're done? I don't want this necklace replicated."

"Of course, Mr Potter. I take it that you will need it by Christmas?"

"Please, if it isn't a problem." Harry said excitedly. This was going to be the perfect gift for Charlie.

"Not a problem at all, Mr Potter. Your necklace will be finished on Christmas Eve. You can pick it up anytime before closing, which will be at three."

"Thank you so much," Harry grinned. He didn't even ask the price, he didn't care. He wanted something special for Charlie, and this was going to be very special. A one of kind necklace designed by him, Charlie was going to love it.

As he turned to leave, his smile fell and all the color drained from his face. Coming through the shop door was none other than Bill Weasley and Fleur Delacour. Harry's heart twisted painfully in his chest, they made a beautiful couple. Fleur was smiling up at Bill with her perfectly white even teeth, perfectly sparkling blue eyes, perfect glowing complexion, and her long, perfect silvery-blonde hair
that was perfectly framing her perfectly beautiful face without a single strand out of place. Everything about her was just...perfect...perfect...perfect. Even her smile was perfect, not like the stupid lopsided smile he had.

It was no wonder Bill dumped him and never looked back. He hadn't seen Fleur in three years, but in those three years she had grown from a pretty young lady into a stunningly beautiful woman. There wasn't a single flaw on the quarter veela, it was like an artist had sculpted her out of the finest materials on earth.

"'Arry...'Arry Potter, iz zat you?" Fleur cried excitedly, unlatching herself from Bill's arm and rushing into the store. "Look at you, you are beautiful." she giggled, grabbing Harry and pulling him into a tight hug.

Harry instinctively hugged Fleur back. He wanted to be mad at her and smack that perfect smile off of her beautiful face, but he kept reminding himself that it wasn't Fleur's fault. It was obvious that she didn't know about him and Bill. "Not as beautiful as you, Fleur," he said softly, choking up a bit. He wanted to hate her, but he just couldn't. They had grown closer after the second task, they had even exchanged a letter or two after the tournament.

"I 'ave missed you, 'Arry Potter. My sister asks about you all ze time," Fleur gushed, stepping back so she could get a better look at the small boy. Frowning, her face scrunched up in confusion. "You are creature, yes?" She whispered softly.

Harry's eyes widened in fear. "N-no, I'm not. I-I don't know what you are talking about." Harry's eyes drifted up to Bill who was standing behind Fleur and staring at him with intense eyes. He easily recognized the lust in those eyes and he wanted nothing more then to kick him in his nuts. How dare he look at him like that when he was with his beautiful fiancé?

Fleur studied him critically for a few minutes. "I am sorry. It was rude of me to ask. You just smelled different and it confused me."

"Hello, Harry," Bill said huskily, holding his hand out for Harry to shake. He didn't know how it was possible, but Harry was even more beautiful now than what he was three months ago. All he could think about doing was bending him over the jewelry counter and taking him from behind. Fleur may be a veela, but Harry was the more beautiful of the two. Could it be possible that he had creature blood in him too?

Harry couldn't bring himself to touch Bill. All he wanted to do was find a dark place where he could crawl up into a ball and cry his eyes out. "C-congratulations on your engagement," he said to Fleur, completely ignoring Bill.

"Oh, 'Arry, you must be the first to see it!" Fleur squealed, grabbing his hand and pulling him back towards the counter. "We are picking up my engagement ring. William 'ad it specially made just for me. He does like to spoil me."

Bill couldn't hide his hurt at Harry's obvious snub. He had hoped that they could still maintain a close relationship despite him marrying Fleur. He still loved Harry deeply, even if he wasn't marrying him. Though, seeing his fiancé and ex standing side by side, it was tempting to call off the wedding and whisk Harry away. If only Harry did have creature blood...

Harry looked at the ring that Fleur was proudly holding. "Isn't it stunning?" Fleur cried.

Harry couldn't help but notice that Fleur's ring was very similar to the one that Bill had given him the last time he saw him. Her stone was a blue sapphire instead of his emerald, but the cut was the same.
The only other difference was that her ring had two small diamonds on each side of the sapphire.

"It's beautiful," Harry said, a painful lump forming in his throat. "I'm sorry, I really must be going."

"Before you go, Mr. Potter," the shop owner called. "Would you like me to engrave something on your custom piece?"

Harry could feel Bill standing behind him, almost close enough to touch. The heat from his body was warming his back, making him weak and shaky. "I-I don't know. Does something like...with all my heart and soul, sound too cheesy?"

"Is this piece for a family member or a lover?" The old man asked. "It's perfect for a lover."

"L-lover," Harry blushed, looking down at his trembling hands. Charlie and him may not be lovers yet, but he loved him like one and hoped that someday soon he would be able to move on from Bill and have a life with Charlie.

Fleur squealed loudly then threw herself at Harry. "You are in love, zat explains the beautiful glow you ave. Though, you do look a bit sad. Why are you sad, 'Arry."

Harry stumbled away from Fleur and ended up falling back into Bill. He whimpered when Bill wrapped his strong arms around him and pulled him into his broad chest. "Oh, Harry," he heard Bill whisper into his ear, his hot breath causing goosebumps to pop out on his arm.

Bill savored the feel of having Harry in his arms once again. He was seriously having doubts about going through with the wedding. When Harry wasn't around, it was easy to be with Fleur and picture a life together. With Harry in his arms though, he was reminded just how much he loved the petite boy.

Harry elbowed Bill hard in the ribs and took advantage of his weakened grip to get away from him. It felt too good being held by him, though he did notice that it felt much better being held by Charlie. "I'm sorry, but I have to go. I will see you on Christmas," he said to Fleur.

Fleur looked at Harry in concern. "'Arry, are you alright?"

Harry jerkily nodded his head. "Yeah, but my dad is waiting for me."

Smiling kindly, Fleur kissed Harry on the cheek. "Yes, I will see you at the Burrow, 'Arry. Will we be meeting your lover?"

"No," Harry said with a shake to his head. Without looking at Bill, he turned and rushed from the store.

Bill felt cold and empty without Harry in his arms. He wanted to chase after him but he knew that it wouldn't like right in front of his fiancé.

"Poor 'Arry," Fleur sighed sadly. "He is so sad. He has changed a lot in the last three years, I theenk."

"What did you mean when you asked him if he was a creature?" Bill asked, still staring out the door Harry had just ran through. He could see him across the street talking with Sirius.

"Zat was very rude of me," Fleur scowled. "It's not nice to ask someone if zay are a creature. It is not our business."

"Right, but do you think he came into a creature inheritance on his seventeenth birthday?" Bill asked,
finally turning to look at his fiancé. He couldn't help but compare her to Harry, and sadly he found her lacking.

"William Weasley, zat is none of our business. If he did, he obviously doesn't want anyone to know."

Bill absently nodded his head even though he didn't completely agree with her. He would love to know if Harry had inherited. Could he be something as magnificent as a veela? Frowning, he turned to the shop owner. "Excuse me, but what are you creating for Harry?" He was very curious since obviously it was for him. Harry didn't have a lover other than him, he could tell just by his actions a few minutes ago that Harry was still in love with him.

"I believe," the owner sneered, "that, that is between Mr. Potter and myself."

"I'm sorry," Bill said, feeling a bit embarrassed. "I didn't mean to pry, Harry is as good as a brother to me."

"How nice," the old man said, squinting his eyes at Bill. He hadn't missed how the young Potter Lord refused to shake hands or even look at the Weasley boy. "Then I'm sure he can show it to you. He created this piece himself, and I must admit, it's quit unique and stunning. Now, if you don't mind, I have work to do."

***HP

"Whoa, pup, where's the fire?" Sirius asked, grabbing his son's arm as he went to rush past him. He didn't even think that Harry had seen him.

"Dad," Harry sighed in relief. "Where were you? I thought you were coming to the jewelry when you were done."

"I was, but then I saw you talking to the owner so I rushed over and got Fleur's present for you. You were looking tired so I thought I would help so we can get home." Sirius took Harry's hands, he was shocked at how bad they were trembling.

"That's great, thanks. I just need to get Bill's then we can go home."

"Harry, what happened? You're shaking." Sirius asked, eyeing his son in concern.

Harry gave his father a forced smile. "Nothing, I just ran into Bill and Fluer in the jewelry store and I didn't want them to see what I was getting Charlie."

For once Sirius couldn't tell if his son was lying or not. "So, you're getting Charlie jewelry?" he asked with a smirk.

Blushing, Harry nodded his head. "I designed him a necklace."

"Did you now?" Sirius whistled. "You must have it hard for the drop dead gorgeous, incredibly muscled, flame haired dragon tamer."

Harry's face got even redder. "I don't want to talk about it, there are too many people around. Can we just finish up and go home? I'm feeling pretty tired."

Sirius wondered if the shaking had something to do with the baby. Harry was looking a little pale and tired. "Alright, what did you have in mind for him?"
"Ollivanders," Harry quickly said, tuning and heading in the wand maker's direction. Bill and Fleur were getting ready to leave the jeweler and he really didn't want another confrontation with them. It was bad enough he was going to have to see them on Christmas Day.

"What are you getting him from there?"

"A wand polishing kit," Harry answered flatly. He wanted to get his ex something as impersonal as you could get.

***HP

Harry was happily sandwiched between his fathers on the couch flipping through a book on dragon myths that he had just unwrapped. He had just had the most incredible Christmas morning ever and he wished that it never had to end. All week had been incredible in fact, the best in his life. He had baked a variety of Christmas cookies with Remus to take to the Burrow to share with everyone, had a gingerbread house decorating contest with Sirius, which his father won because he kept nibbling on the candy, put up decorations around the house, and the best part, he got to help decorate a Christmas tree for the first time in his life. If he cried like a baby while doing it, his fathers never teased him and he got to use his hormones as an excuse.

Every year he had to sit in his cupboard alone and listen as his Aunt Petunia played Christmas music as they all decorated the Christmas tree. The smell of fresh baked cookies made his mouth water as he closed his eyes and pretended that he was out there with them. He imagined hanging up the handmade ornaments that he had made in art class, smiling proudly as his aunt fussed over how beautiful they were. Sadly, the ornaments that he had made were in the trash bin...where his aunt had tossed them after telling him that they were hideous and belonged with the garbage.

Picking up a photo album, he teared up as he started flipping through it. His dads had given him an early Christmas present, a magical camera. As far as he was concerned, it was the best present ever. He had taken pictures of everything he had done that week, from the cookie baking, to wrapping Sirius with Christmas lights as he napped on the couch and covering him in tinsel. You would have thought that his dad would have known better than to fall asleep on the couch a second time, but nope! Giggling, Harry turned the page to his favorite picture of the week. While Sirius had napped on the couch again, Remus had magicked reindeer antlers on his head, put bells around his neck, then turned his nose red. They then got in the picture themselves dressed as hunters. The picture was priceless.

Sirius wished that he could save his son from anymore heartache and pain. This week had been emotionally draining on both him and Remus. Watching as their son cried while decorating his first Christmas tree had been heartbreaking. Harry had suffered enough, it wasn't fair that he was now having to go through this. Twice he had walked in on Harry and found him curled up on his bed crying over the man that had hurt him. He planned to slowly kill him when he discovered who he was.

"We need to get to the Burrow," Remus groaned. He was already exhausted and the day wasn't even half over. The full moon had been three nights ago and he had yet to fully recover from it.

Harry reluctantly closed his photo album and got up. He dearly loved the Weasleys, but he really didn't want to do this. He was going to have to spend hours in a small crowded house with both Bill and Fleur. The only bright side to the evening was getting to be with Charlie again. He hadn't seen him all week and it felt like there was a hole in his heart.

Sirius grabbed the bag of gifts from his son before he could pick them up. "I got them, pup, you're not supposed to be lifting anything heavy."
"Thanks, dad, but please don't say anything like that at the Burrow, I don't want anyone to know about the baby yet, not even Ron. I don't want it to get back to... Just please don't say anything."

"We already promised that we wouldn't," Sirius reminded his son. "And Dumbledore explained to Molly and Arthur about that made up curse you have on you. No stressing, everything will be fine."

No it wouldn't be, Harry wanted to scream. Not while having to be around Bill and Fleur. He knew there was going to be talk about the wedding, and it was going to kill him. He would fake being sick to get out of going, except he knew that Sirius would call for Madam Pomfrey in a heartbeat.

"I'll go first," Remus offered. "That way I can catch you before you fall flat on your face," he chuckled.

"What the hell was the bastard who invented floo travel thinking?" Harry grumbled. "I mean, who looks at a fireplace and thinks, 'oh, that would be a great way to get around. I'll just stick my stupid ass in the flames then shoot through the chimney as I tumble around and get covered in soot.' When you think about it, there is no decent forms of wizarding travel. We have the floo, portkey which is just horrible, apparition which isn't any better, the Knightbus which is just torture on wheels driven by thrill junkie psychopaths, and brooms. Brooms I love, but who wants to ride on a broom handle flying out in the elements if you have a long trip planned?"

Chuckling, Sirius clasped his son on the back. "Come on, it ain't all that bad. A few seconds of discomfort then you are at your destination. Beats driving in a car for hours in my opinion."

Still grumbling, Harry stepped into the floo and called out, 'The Burrow'.

Harry groaned as he fell into Remus' arms. "Don't let me go, my heads still spinning," he whispered so only the werewolf could hear him. He felt like he was going to vomit. The past week he hadn't suffered any bad bouts of morning sickness, but the floo travel really did him in.

"Remus, is Harry alright?" Molly asked in concern, standing at the stove wearing a Santa's hat.

"He's fine, Molly. You know Harry and floo travel." Remus guided Harry to the table and helped him sit down while Molly handed him a Butterbeer.

"Thanks," Harry grimaced, slowly sipping on the beverage. Looking around, he noticed that the kitchen was strangely empty. "Where is everyone?"

"Putting their gifts away, dear," Molly said cheerfully. "We needed the room for all the gifts we will be exchanging amongst ourselves."

"Harry!"

Harry cringed when Ginny came rushing at him, literally throwing herself at him and almost sending his chair toppling over.

"Aren't they adorable?" Molly said fondly to Remus. "They remind me so much of James and Lily. Those Potter men seem to have a thing for red heads."

"That they do," Remus chuckled. Though, that wasn't the red head that Harry had a thing for, Remus thought.

Harry peeled Ginny off of him and pushed her into her own chair. "Merry Christmas, Ginny."

"I missed you, Harry. Did you miss me?" Ginny asked with a pout, sticking out her bottom lip.
"Uhm, not really," Harry said slowly. "It's only been a week and I've been busy having a great time with my dads."

Remus winced as Ginny's narrowed her eyes at his son. Harry definitely did not inherit James' knack for sweet talking the ladies. He could even make Minerva melt in her shoes on her coldest of days.

Ginny plastered the smile back on her face. "Would you like to come up to my room and see my Christmas presents," she asked seductively.

"Err," Harry looked to his dads for help.

"Ginerva Weasley, it isn't proper to be alone in your room with your boyfriend," Molly scolded half heartedly. It wasn't that she didn't trust Harry, the boy was too sweet to take advantage of her daughter. It was Ginny she had to worry about taking advantage of Harry.

"We're not dating, Mrs. Weasley," Harry wheezed, choking on his Butterbeer.

"Of course you are, dear," Molly said with a wink. "The two of you are perfect together. Maybe next year it will be you and Ginny getting married here at the Burrow just like Bill and Fleur."

Ginny squealed loudly in excitement. "Actually, I was thinking the square in Diagon Alley would be a beautiful place to get married in and then we could have the reception at the Golden Wand. I have never been there, but it's the fanciest wizarding restaurant in England.

"Oh what a beautiful idea," Molly gushed. "Though the Golden Wand is extremely expensive. We could have the wedding in the square then come back here for the reception."

Harry looked fearfully up at his dads. He couldn't believe that Ginny already had their wedding planned.

"Oh, but I really want it at the Golden Wand." Ginny whined. "Just think how beautiful it will be, and all my friends will be so jealous. It's not like Harry doesn't have the money."

Not wanting to ruin the day, Sirius waved his son away while Ginny and Molly were arguing over where to have their imaginary reception. Ginny was going to have a meltdown when she learned that her older brother Charlie would probably be the one bonding to Harry. Even if Harry had feelings for Ginny, which he knew he didn't, his fairy wouldn't be happy being in a relationship with a female. He was also getting very disgusted Ginny, to hear her talk it sounded like she was more interested in Harry's money and her being Lady Potter/Black than what she was in Harry. If it hadn't been Christmas, he would have set the little gold digger straight.

Slipping away quietly before he was caught, Harry wandered into the living room where most of the Weasley boys were hanging around. "Charlie!" he cried happily, rushing to the dragon handler and leaping into his arms. He was so excited to see Charlie that he never noticed Bill and Fleur sitting at the opposite end of the room. As soon as he saw Charlie, the rest of the room faded into nothing. His magic was humming in pleasure at seeing the muscular red head. Unlike Ginny, he had missed Charlie this past week.

Charlie caught the little fairy and let the boy's momentum swing them in a circle. He had been worried about Harry all week, but he didn't want to bother him while he was working things out with his dads. "How has you week been?"

"The best ever!" Harry cried, smiling so bright that it made the Christmas tree look dull. "Wait until you see it, Charlie." Harry dug into the leather bag that was slung over his shoulder and pulled out his photo album.
Pulling Harry to the couch, Charlie sat down, heart soaring when Harry snuggled against him. He didn't miss how Harry hadn't once looked over at Bill. "What's this?"

Harry was sitting so close to Charlie that he was practically sitting in his lap. He couldn't help it though, the need to touch him was overwhelming. "My dads gave me an early Christmas present, a magical camera. These are the pictures I have taken already. For the first time ever I have a family photo album." He had the one with pictures of his parents, but he wasn't counting that one. This had pictures of memories that he was a part of, not just a couple of him as in infant.

Charlie chuckled at Harry's excitement, but he also felt bad that Harry never had a childhood photo album. His mom had dozens of them overflowing with pictures of them as they were growing. "Well, let's see it then."

Harry not only showed Charlie every picture, but he also gave a brief summery of each one. "Maybe, if you don't mind, dad can take a picture of us and I can add it to my book? You don't have to though if you don't want to," he quickly added bashfully.

"On one condition," Charlie grinned. "I get a copy of them too."

Harry gave Charlie a big hug and kissed him on the cheek.

Bill wanted to jump up and tear Harry away from his brother. He had never acted that way around him or sat that close to him. Then again, he was the one that hadn't wanted anyone to know that they were in a relationship. Was there something more going on between his brother and Harry? They definitely weren't acting like brothers.

"I zink maybe we now know who 'Arry's lover is," Fleur giggled. "Zay make a beautiful couple, no?"

"No," Bill growled, clenching his fists in anger. How dare Charlie? Harry was his.

"Aww, but look at 'Arry, 'e looks so 'appy zat 'e is glowing."

Bill couldn't help but notice the same thing. Harry looked more beautiful than what he had ever seen him before.

"'Arry!" Fleur called. "May I please see your pictures too?"

Harry's head snapped to the far corner. "Hey, Fleur, I didn't see you there. I'm sorry." Harry was surprised to find that seeing Bill wasn't really that painful. It still hurt, but not like before. Not when he had Charlie's arm wrapped around him and his fingers brushing his small baby bump.

"Of course," Harry said, giving Fleur a true smile. "Maybe I can get a picture of you too?" He didn't know why he had been so mad at her, Fleur was really nice. It was Bill that he couldn't bring himself to acknowledge. He was just going to do his best and pretend that Bill wasn't even in the same house as him.

"Zat would be wonderful, 'Arry," Fleur grinned, leaving her fiancé's side and taking a seat next to Harry.

Bill angrily got up and stormed out of the room, ending up in his father's study. He needed some time to think and clear his head. He knew that losing Harry was his own fault, but that didn't mean that he wasn't still madly in loved with him, or that he wanted to see him with his brother.

"Bill, let him move on," Arthur said, not even looking up from the paper he had been reading. He
knew months ago that the situation with Harry wasn't going to end good. His wife had been frantic a while back when she had heard that Bill had broken some poor girl's heart and could possibly be punished by magic because of it. He hadn't realized that it had been so serious that Bill had given Harry a promise ring. Bill indeed was at a risk of being punished, especially if he interfered with the bond forming between Charlie and Harry.

"You didn't think that Harry was good enough for you so you moved on. Let it go and be happy with your fiancé."

"I-I don't know what you're talking about," Bill stammered.

"Right," Arthur replied flatly. "I may be an old man, William Weasley, and you kids may see me as a loving and goofy father, but I'm not blind nor dumb. I know that you had an affair with Harry over the summer and promised him a courting come June. I also know that you broke that promise and shattered that poor boy. I thought that I had raised my boys better than that, but obviously in your case I was wrong. Harry didn't deserve what you did. You treated him horribly."

"I didn't plan on hurting him when I gave him that promise ring," Bill snarled angrily. Running his fingers through his long hair, he took a seat opposite of his father's desk. He couldn't believe that his father had known about Harry and him all this time. "I love him dad."

Sighing, Arthur slowly folded up the paper and placed it on the desk. "Obviously not enough, Bill. You don't hurt someone you love the way that you hurt Harry."

"I love him more than anything," Bill defended hotly.

"Then tell me, Bill, why are you marrying Fleur, not Harry?"

"Because Fleur is a veela and Harry isn't. I'm marrying her for the family, dad. I want to raise the family back to where it once was."

Arthur stared unblinking at his eldest. "William, I never thought I would say this to one of my kids, but I'm disappointed and disgusted in you. You do realize that magic is going to punish you for what you have done, don't you? All I can do is pray that magic recognizes that the rest of your family doesn't feel the same way as you. You mother and I didn't raise you to treat people the way that you treated Harry, especially someone that we already considered family. Do I even have to bring up the age difference between you and Harry, or the fact that that boy would do anything for someone he loved...including having sex before he was truly ready?"

"You make it sound like I raped him," Bill spat in disgust. "I asked him more than once if he was ready. I would never force myself on anyone...on Harry."

"No, I know you wouldn't, but you knew Harry came from an unloving home and was desperate from love and affection. All that aside, you knew that he loved you and was expecting a courting and you didn't even respect him enough to go to that school and properly break things off with him. You left him scared and confused then sent him an invitation to your wedding. If Charlie hadn't been there for him, Merlin only knows what would have happened to that boy."

Arthur stood up and walked to the door. "Leave Harry and your brother alone. You chose your path, you have no right right to be jealous over their budding relationship. I feel that you were never the Weasley that Harry was meant for anyway."

***HP

Harry was trying to enjoy his dinner but he could feel Bill's eyes on him. He was trying to ignore
him, but he was making it very hard. He knew that Charlie was aware of Bill's staring because he could feel how tense he was. He wasn't the only one ignoring Bill, Charlie also hadn't said a word to him all night.

"Harry, dear, have you decided what you're going to do after graduation?" Molly asked, passing him the mashed potatoes.

"Yes, Mrs. Weasley, I will be leaving for Romania right after graduation."

"Oh," Molly said taken aback. "I thought that you had given up on the idea of being a dragon handler." At seeing the smile slip from Harry's face she quickly added. "Dear, it's not that I don't think you can do it, I just worry. I felt the same way when Charlie told me he was leaving. I just don't understand why all my kids can't stay close to home and find nice safe careers."

Harry smiled at Mrs. Weasley, it warmed him hearing that she thought of him as her son. It made him feel a bit guilty that he was keeping her first grandchild a secret from her. "I'll be safe, Mrs. Weasley, and I won't be alone. My dads will be living right outside the sanctuary and I will be sharing a hut with Charlie. Charlie will keep me safe from all the man eating dragons."

"What?" Bill growled. "What do you mean that you will be sharing a hut with Charlie?"

"What about that sentence is so confusing for you, Bill?" Charlie asked dangerously. He had been keeping himself in check all evening out of respect for his parents and Harry's excitement over the holiday, but he had enough of his brother's actions. All evening he had been glaring at him and staring at Harry with lustful eyes.

Harry placed his small hand on Charlie's knee. "It's alright, Charlie."

"Well, how do you expect to continue to date me if you are all the way in Romania?" Ginny whined. "And I refuse to live on a stinky dragon sanctuary in a small dingy hut."

Harry opened his mouth to say something, but a hysterical giggle came out instead. Honestly, how could someone be so clueless. All evening he had been ignoring her and clinging to Charlie.

"'Arry, I did not know zat you were dating Ginny. I sought zat you were dating Charlie." Fleur said, looking between the two redheads that were sitting on the opposite side of the raven haired boy.

"I'm not dating Ginny," Harry said, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I dated her for like five minutes last year but I broke it off because it just didn't feel right. I have reminded her of this almost daily, but she seems to have a problem with her memory."

"That's not true, Harry Potter," Ginny screamed. "We so are dating, and next year we are going to get married."

"Harry, that's enough," Molly snapped. "I know that you want to keep your relationship with Ginny a secret for now, but you are hurting her feelings."

Harry's mouth fell open in shock, he couldn't believe what he was hearing.

"Molly," Arthur sighed. "I told you that Harry didn't want to date Ginny, but you didn't want to believe me."

"But Ginny told me that Harry just wanted to keep it a secret incase there were anymore Death Eaters out there. He didn't want to risk them hurting her." Molly explained, glaring at her husband.
"Honestly, mother," Fred said, dramatically rolling his eyes.

George winked at Harry. "Anyone can tell that our sweet little Harrikins only has eyes for,"

"Charlie!" The twins chorused together.

"Harry, is this true?" Molly asked. "Are you and Charlie seeing each other?"

Harry felt Charlie's warm hand cover his under the table. "We're not dating, but we are also not, not dating." Harry explained awkwardly.

"No, Harry Potter, you are dating me!" Ginny cried, tears streaming down her face.

"Harry, can we talk?" Bill asked, trying to control his temper. He wanted to fly across the table and punch his brother in the face. Charlie knew how much he loved Harry. How could he go after the man he loved like that?

"No!" Arthur yelled, slamming his fist down on the table. "This is Christmas dinner and I don't want to hear anymore talk on who is seeing who. After dinner we will clean up then exchange gifts."

The table was so quiet that the only sound heard was Ginny's sniffles. It was very rare for Arthur Weasley to raise his voice at his family.

Sirius was staring at Bill trying to figure him out. Why was he so concerned about Harry moving in with Charlie. There was no doubt that there was tension between the two brothers.

"The dinner is delicious, Mrs. Weasley," Harry said softly, trying to lighten the mood.

"It really is," Remus agreed. "You have really outdone yourself, Molly."

Molly dabbed a handkerchief under her eyes. "Why thank you," she said stiffly.

Harry felt bad that Christmas dinner was now ruined. He should have just kept his mouth shut about moving to Romania and not dating Ginny. Feeling someone kick his foot, he looked at Charlie who gave him a grin and a wink. Blushing, Harry grinned back at him.

***HP

Harry was in the upstairs bathroom washing his hands when he heard a knock on the door. "One minute, I'm washing my hands," he called out.

Head down, Harry never heard or saw the door open. "Harry, we need to talk."

Harry jumped when arms wrapped around him. These arms were wrong, they weren't Charlie's. He could feel his magic rejecting the arms and wanting to lash out.

Bill leaned in and inhaled Harry's unique scent. "I'm so sorry for hurting you, love. I don't know what the hell I was thinking leaving you for Fleur. She must have bewitched me with her veela charm."

Spinning around, Harry smacked Bill hard across the face. "Don't you dare blame Fleur for what you did," he hissed. "She's not even full Veela."

Bill stumbled back, shocked that Harry had hit him. "Harry, I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry too, Bill, I really loved you. Why couldn't you have just told me that you didn't want to be
with me anymore? You really hurt me." Harry rapidly blinked his eyes, he didn't want to cry in front of Bill. He was done crying over him.

"I wanted to tell you, but I couldn't look you in the eyes as I broke your heart. I was so stupid, Harry, please forgive me."

Shaking his head, Harry backed away from him. "Bill, I will always love you, but I will never forgive you."

Bill advanced on Harry and grabbed his hands in desperation. "Please, Harry. I will end it with Fleur tonight. Just say the word and we can be together again."

"I don't want to be with you anymore, Bill," Harry said, yanking his hands back. He was surprised to feel that he honestly felt that. He didn't want to be with Bill anymore, he wanted Charlie.

"So what, you're spreading your legs for my brother now?"

Harry eyes widened in disbelief, he couldn't believe that Bill had just said that to him. He was making him out to be some kind of slut. "Not that it's any of your business, but Charlie and I haven't had sex."

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to say that, Harry. I know that you're not sleeping with Charlie, your not like that. I know that you still love me, I can see it in you eyes."

Groaning, Harry turned from Bill and went to leave. "I can't take anymore of this, Bill. Just leave me alone. I just want things to go back to the way they were before summer happened."

Bill grabbed Harry by his upper arm and roughly spun him around. Before Harry could say anything, he crashed their lips together. He just needed to remind Harry of what they had so things could go back to the way they were before he royally fucked up.

Harry bit down hard on Bill's lip, tasting his blood as it gushed into his mouth. Yanking his head back, he wiped his mouth in disgust. "If you ever do that again, you find out first hand what it feels like to be cursed by the wizard that killed the most feared dark wizard in history." Harry could feel his wings vibrating under his skin and his magic crackling inside of him.

Holding his bleeding lip, Bill stumbled backwards until his back slammed against the wall. "Merlin, Harry, I don't know what the hell just came over me. I don't why I just did that. I am so sorry."

Harry could see in Bill's eyes that he meant it. "I don't know what's going on, Bill, but you need to forget about us. What we at the end of summer was beautiful, but it's over now and we can never get it back. I think deep down, you never really loved me, that's why you wanted to keep us a secret."

Bill vehemently shook his head no. "No, my love for you is real, Harry. I made a mistake...a very stupid mistake that I will regret for the rest of my life. I was true in my feelings when I gave you that ring and I still feel that way."

Harry finally lost his battle with his tears. "Please, just heal your lip and go back downstairs."

Nodding his head, Bill gave Harry one last longing look before leaving the bathroom. Falling to his knees, Harry started to cry. If he was so over Bill, why did it still hurt so bad? He knew for a fact that he would never take Bill back, he would never be able to trust him again. Still, Bill had been his first love and he didn't think he would ever be able to fully get over him.

"Pup, are you alright in there?" Sirius called from the other side of the door. "You have been gone
for almost thirty minutes."

Getting to his feet, Harry splashed some cold water on his face. "I'm good," he said, opening the
doors and falling into his father's open arms. "I think all the food and excitement got to me."

Sirius searched Harry's swollen and bloodshot eyes. "It looks like you were crying."

"Morning sickness is no fun, dad," Harry lied. "I didn't mean to hold the gift exchange up, I just
didn't want to return until I knew for sure that I was done. That's a lot of steps to climb when you're
not feeling the best."

"Do you want to go home?" Sirius asked in concern. "This has been a bit of a crazy evening. It's
completely understandable if you want to call it a night."

"I have a feeling that the fun isn't over," Harry grimaced. "I can tell by the way that Molly has been
looking at Charlie and I that she has a lot to say."

"Yes, dinner was very entertaining," Sirius chuckled. "Ginny is quite delusional."

"S'not my fault," Harry pouted. "I have told her at least a hundred times that we aren't together."

"Yes, well, mother has been telling Ginny since she was five years old that she would become your
princess one day," Charlie grumbled. "You alright?" he didn't notice when Bill disappeared, but he
did notice when he came down the steps looking upset and pale. He also had an extremely guilty
look on his face.

"Really?" Smiling at the sight of Charlie, Harry walked up to him and gave him a hug. "I'm fine,
honest. Better than fine, actually," he whispered in his ear. Stepping back, he smirked up at the
dragon handler. "I'm thinking that maybe you were listening in on your sisters stories. Do you want
to be my princess, Charlie Weasley?"

"How about I be your knight in shining armor instead?" Charlie asked huskily.

"Somehow I think you will come charging to my rescue riding a dragon instead of a white stallion?"
Harry giggled.

"Pft, who wants to ride a sissy horse?" Charlie asked, looking disgusted at just the idea. "Dragons
are way more cooler."

"Please," Sirius groaned. "You guys are making me sick. Let's go open gifts." He may not like the
idea of his son in a relationship, but he could see that Charlie adored his pup. He would take good
care of his son and future grandchild."

***HP

"Open my present first," Ginny said dreamily, handing Harry a wrapped box.

Harry figured that Ginny must have a serious memory problem. How else could she go from crying
all through dinner because he didn't like her, back to flirting with him and leaning against him. The
girl needed some serious help. "Thanks, Gin. Here's my gift to you," he said handing her the gift he
got for her.

Ginny excitedly grabbed the gift and tore through the wrapping paper. "Oh, Harry, it's perfect," she
cried, literally climbing onto Harry's lap.
"What is it, Ginny dear? What did Harry get you?" Molly asked smiling fondly at the couple.

Harry tried to push Ginny off of him, but for a girl she was freakishly strong. She must have gotten her memory problem from her mother, because once again Mrs. Weasley was looking at them with stars in her eyes.

"Ginny, get off of Harry," Arthur snapped, embarrassed at both his daughter's and wife's behavior.

"Zat is very unladylike," Fleur muttered in disapproval.

Tossing her long red hair over her shoulder, Ginny glared at Fleur. "I was just showing my Harry how much I loved his gift." Turning to her mother, she held out her hand, proudly showing off a bracelet with a little golden snitch on it.

"Harry, what a beautiful bracelet," Molly said, getting up and giving Harry a hug. "I doubt she will ever want to take it off." Ginny nodded her head in agreement.

"It's just a bracelet," Harry mumbled. "I didn't know what else to get her."

Ginny held the bracelet out to Harry. "Can you please put it on me?"

"I will," Charlie said, grabbing the bracelet out of his little sister's hand. "Harry still needs to open your gift."

Ginny looked a little disappointed but she thrust her hand out to him anyway. Chuckling, Harry unwrapped his present, choking on his laughter when he saw what was inside.

"What you get, pup," Sirius asked, trying to see inside the box. By the look on his son's face, if was obvious that it was something that he didn't want.

"It's a picture of me," Ginny grinned, grabbing the box from Harry and pulling the picture out and waving it around. "I figured you could look at it next year when you're missing me. I hate that you are graduating a year before me. School just isn't going to be the same without you."

Fred and George fell on each other laughing hysterically. "Boys that's enough," Molly scolded. "That was a very thoughtful gift, Ginny dear."

Bill watched as everyone exchanged gifts waiting for his turn to roll around. As much as he tried, he couldn't take his eyes off of Harry. He couldn't help but wonder if it was possible that Harry had come into a creature inheritance on his seventeenth birthday. It would explain all his changes that seemed to happen almost over night.

"Bill, it's your turn,"

"Bill got up and took a seat next to Harry. It pained him when he felt Harry tense, and he could feel his brother drilling holes in the side of his head with his eyes. "I figured you could you these in Romania."

Smiling weakly at Bill, Harry took the gifts with a trembling hand then passed him his gift. He was surprised to find three gifts from Bill. The first one was a black leather journal with a dragon burnt into the cover, the second was a pair of dragon hide gloves and the third was a brown leather hat that reminded him of the hats that he had seen forest rangers where.

"The hide from the gloves came from a dragon that died of natural causes, I asked to make sure. The journal is also fire resistant, I know Charlie has one that he records in almost every night." Bill
explained, staring into Harry's emerald green eyes.

Harry swallowed the lump that was in his throat. "These are really great, thanks a lot." He almost felt bad for only getting him a wand polishing kit, but then he remembered how Bill had hurt him.

"That's a cool hat," Ron said, grabbing the hat and smashing it on his head. "Bill got me tickets to see the Chudley Cannons play and a t-shirt with their logo on it.

Needing to get some space from Bill, Harry jumped up and grabbed his camera. "Ron, look over here," he called, snapping a picture of his best friend.

Bill felt his stomach drop when he opened Harry's gift and all there was, was a wand polishing kit. He had thought that he meant more to Harry than a wand polishing kit. He had been expecting whatever it was that he had the jeweler make. He knew that he didn't have any right to get upset, he brought this on himself, yet it still did hurt. "Thanks, Harry, I needed this," he said, forcing a smile on his face.

"Well that just leaves me," Charlie said loudly, scooting over and pulling Harry down beside him. He scooted over so he would be sitting between Harry and Bill.

Once again Harry was surprised to see that he had not one, but three gifts. With a lot more enthusiasm then what he showed opening Bill's gifts, he tore into the first package. "Whoa!" he gasped, pulling out a pair or brown, knee high, dragon hide boots. "These are wicked."

"Believe me, you will need them at the sanctuary," Charlie said, chest puffing out over Harry's reaction.

Opening the second gift, Harry gasped as he pulled out a brown, waist length, dragon hide jacket. "Charlie, this is...it's too much."

Charlie noticed that Harry's eyes were swimming in tears. "When we get to the sanctuary, the team will layer it with protective enchainments. I can't tell you how many times mine saved my ass. I promised your fathers that I would keep you safe, and I plan to keep that promise."

Sniffling, Harry wiped his eyes and unwrapped the third present. "Charlie, this...this is beautiful," he cried, holding up a dragon claw necklace. Held tight in the dragon's claw was a shiny round, reddish black stone. "What kind of stone is this? It's absolutely beautiful." He had never seen anything like it.

"We call it Dragon's Breath." Charlie explained. "It's what happens after a dragon has melted rock with their fire. You chisel around the outside then cut the rock to the shape you want. After buffing it, you get this beautiful and unique rock. I handmade this one for you then placed enchantments on it. I'm going make one for myself and it will alert me if you are in danger, hurt or sick. It also works as a portkey."

"You made it yourself?" Harry asked softly, unable to stop his tears. Charlie had actually made him something with his own hands? Bill wanted to hide their relationship like he was some kind of dirty secret, but Charlie didn't seem to care who knew.

"Oh, zat it so very sweet," Fleur cried, wiping at her eyes. "Harry, you are a very lucky guy to have Charlie."

"Oh Ginny," Molly murmured, finally seeing what everyone else had been seeing all evening. Her son was hopelessly in love with Harry, and Harry obviously returned his feelings. Despite feeling bad for her daughter, she had to admit that Charlie and Harry made a beautiful couple.
"I have been working on it in the evenings the past few weeks after you went to bed," Charlie admitted, rubbing his thumb under Harry's eye to wipe a tear away. Raknor sent me the rock a month ago, but I couldn't use magic to make it because I didn't want to risk it interfering with the enchantments I was going to place on it.

Not caring who was around, Harry grabbed the back of Charlie's head and pulled him down so he could kiss him.

"Harry Potter!" Ginny screamed loudly over her brothers wolf whistling. "You stop kissing Charlie right this minute."

"Ginny, shut up," Ron laughed.

"All right you two," Remus laughed. "Break it up, there are parents around."

Screaming, Ginny flung herself in a chair and started crying.

Harry's face was an impossible shade of red he he pulled away from Charlie. He couldn't believe that he had just kissed Charlie in front of everyone.

Charlie felt like he could fly without a broom. For years he had dreamed of being with Harry, and for a few months there he thought his dreams had been shattered by his older brother, but now it looked as if his dreams were coming true.

Bill had to literally sit on his hands to keep from tearing Charlie away from Harry. How could Harry move on from him so fast? He had never felt jealousy like this before. That should be him that Harry was kissing.

"I have something for you too," Harry said shyly, handing his gift over to Charlie. He had been anxious all evening about giving it to him. What if he didn't like it? What if he thought it was stupid? His dads loved it and said that they had never seen anything as unique as it before. Still, dads were supposed to say nice things like that.

As far as Charlie was concerned, that kiss was the best gift Harry have could have given him. Especially since it was in front of his entire family.

"If you don't like it I can take it back," Harry quickly said as Charlie lifted the lid to the little box. "It won't hurt my feelings if you don't. The jeweler loved my design so much that he asked if I had any other designs I would be interested in showing him. He said that he would even pay me a percentage." Harry knew that he was rambling, but he couldn't help it.

"Merlin, Harry, you designed this?" Charlie asked in awe.

Biting his bottom lip, Harry nodded his head. "If you don't like it I..." Harry never got to finish his sentence because Charlie claimed his lips in a passionate, toe curling kiss.

Bill peaked over Charlie's shoulder, jealousy spiking a hundred times higher at see the magnificent necklace laying in the red crushed velvet box. That should have been his necklace, not Charlie's. He couldn't believe that Harry had personally designed it for Charlie. It wasn't even a full four months ago that Harry was professing his undying love to him, almost begging him to court him. Now, he was barely even acknowledging him, and he knew that he wasn't doing this to make him jealous, Harry was honestly in love with Charlie.

"Please, we must see zis special gift," Fleur grinned, clapping her hands in excitement. There was so much love between the pair that it was making her jealous. Bill had said that he loved her, but he
never looked at her the way Charlie looked at Harry. Watching them was enough to make your heart melt.

Charlie carefully lifted the necklace out of the box and held it high for everyone to see. His family wouldn't understand the meaning behind the necklace, but he did, and that's what made it more precious to him than all the gold in Gringotts.

The chain of the necklace was made from white gold, it wasn't girly looking, but it also wasn't too thick and bulky. The pendant hanging down from the necklace was a combination of two wings entwined with each other. One wing was a black dragon's wing, and the other was a perfect replica of Harry's fairy wings, down to the purple and silver feathers. The piece was breathtaking.

"And I got a stupid snitch bracelet?" Ginny roared, throwing her bracelet across the room then racing up the stairs.

"I can't believe you designed that, Harry," Molly said breathlessly. "It's absolutely beautiful. Maybe you should design jewelry instead of becoming a dragon handler." She smiled happily when she read the inscription on the back.

"I understand the dragon wing," Arthur said, turning the necklace around in his hand, "but what does the other wing mean?"

Fleur was looking wide eyed between the necklace and Harry. She knew exactly what the other wing meant. All winged magical creatures didn't have the same wing shape or texture. Some had leathery wings, some had scales, some had feathers, while others had a mix of both leather and feathers. The creatures with feathered wings all had their own shape, their own style. There was only one species that had wings shaped like that and could be that color combination...fairies. There was no way that Harry could have designed a perfect fairy's wing like that unless he knew someone who was a fairy, or was a fairy himself. His scent now made sense to her, Harry Potter was a fairy.

"The other wings meaning is personal," Charlie explained, taking the necklace back from his father. "Harry, this necklace is incredible, and it means more to me then what you will ever know. I think I'm going to take a leaf out of Ginny's book and swear to never take it off. Even though she just hurled hers across the room."

"May I please see ze necklace?" Fleur asked softly.

Charlie really didn't want to hand his necklace over again, but he also didn't want to be rude to Fleur. She seemed like a really sweet girl who had been nice to Harry all evening.

"'Arry, zis necklace is magnifique. Ze wings are wrapped like a lovers embrace, wiz ze dragon being ze more dominant. Charlie is lucky to have someone as 'rare' as you, 'Arry." Fleur had stressed the word rare.

Charlie took the necklace back, narrowing his eyes at Fleur. He didn't like the way she was all of a sudden looking at Harry or the way she had said the word 'rare'. It was setting all kinds of warning bells off in his head.

"Thank you, Fleur," Harry said slowly, reading something in the way Fleur was looking at him. Was it possible that she suspected something? She had asked him in the store if he was a creature after all.

Bill watched in envy as first Harry clasped the necklace around Charlie's neck, then Charlie did the same thing for Harry. They were so wrapped up in each other it was as if no one else in the room existed. His eyes kept drifting down to the necklace that his brother was proudly wearing, the
necklace that his ex-lover had personally designed for his brother. If only he hadn't been so fucking stupid.

***HP

Harry was supposed to be plating the Christmas cookies he had made, but instead he was admiring his Dragon's Breath necklace. He was also enjoying a few minutes away from all the noise and all the stares.

"Your dragon made you a beautiful necklace, no?"

Harry smiled warily up at Fleur. "He did, I love it."

"And you love him?"

"I do," Harry answered, blushing.

Fleur took a seat across from Harry then reached out and took his hands. '"Undreds of years ago ze Veela nation made a pact wiz ze Fae. Like ze Fae, we too were 'unted and used by ze wizards. We swore to 'elp protect zem, since even zough zey were magically more powerful zen us, zey were also more fragile. Ze Fae were not fighters, zey only wanted to live in peace. Zey were mischievous, yes...pranksters, yes...warriors, no. We considered ze Fae family, but despite our best efforts, zey went extinct...or at least I zought zey did until zis evening."

Harry tried to pull his hands away, but Fleur wouldn't release them. "I-I don't know what you are talking about, Fleur."

"I knew you were a creature, 'Arry, ze moment I smelled you, but you confused me since I didn't recognize your scent. Ze necklace you made, zat is a fairies wing. Your wing."

Finally yanking his hands free, Harry jumped to his feet, fearfully looking at Fleur. "I don't know what the hell you are talking about."

"'Arry, zat is why I feel so protective of you, like you are my little brozer. Ze Veela and Fae are family. I will not tell anyone, your secret is safe wiz me. Even if I wanted to tell, ze pact we made would prevent it. You have nozing to fear from me."

Harry's legs were trembling too bad to keep him on his feet. Shakily, he sat back down. "You can't tell anyone, not even Bill." Hell, especially not Bill. "Will you swear on your magic?"

Fleur nodded her head. "Ze pact physically prevents me from telling, but if it will make you feel better, I will swear on my magic." Pulling out her wand, she quickly said the words.

Harry felt both physically and emotionally exhausted. It had been one hell of a long night. "Thank you Fleur. Maybe we could get together sometime? Sounds like you know more about my kind than I do. Granted, I don't really know anything."

"Zer are books on Fae in ze Veela library, I will take you sometime. Ze Veela queen would be 'onored to meet you, 'Arry Potter. She would 'elp protect you, keep you safe if your secret ever gets out. No one but zose wiz Veela blood or guests can get into ze Veela city, you would be safe zere."

Fleur's offer was very tempting and worth considering. He would love to get his hands on some of those books. "I will think about it. I must admit, it isn't easy being a submissive and knowing nothing of your kind. Thank you, Fleur, you are a true friend."
"You are a submissive?" Fleur cried. "Oh, 'Arry, zat is wonderful. You really must see ze queen now, you will be 'unted even more if ze wizards find out. You must be very careful wiz who you tell, wizards would pay a fortune to 'ave you. I zink you are ze last fairy, 'Arry Potter, ze future of your people is counting on you. Your children will more zan likely be fairies too. Zis is so exciting."

"No pressure, huh?" Harry chuckled darkly. "How can I be the last though? It just doesn't make sense."

Fleur shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe you are not, but I have not 'eard of any ozers. Ze queen may know if zere are ozers in 'iding, anozer reason to see 'er. Still, even if zere are ozers, you are probably ze only submissive. Even when ze Fae flourished, male submissives where rare."

Startled, Harry looked up when the kitchen door opened and Bill came in. "Do not worry, 'Arry, I wardered ze doo. No one 'eard our conversation." Fleur whispered. Harry got up and gave Fleur a hug. "Thank you. Is it alright if I write you?"

"You better 'Arry Potter, and I will write to you too. We are family now."

Harry felt bad that just a week ago he had hated Fleur for stealing Bill from him. If she had known about him, he was positive she wouldn't have dated him. Bill didn't deserve her and he prayed that he didn't end up hurting her like he had hurt him. Bill wasn't the man that he thought he was, and he wished that he had never given him his virginity.

"Harry, the necklace you made my brother was beautiful. He's very lucky," Bill said, jealousy bleeding through his voice despite his best effort at hiding it.

"Charlie deserved it. He pulled me out of a very dark and lonely place. I wished that I had known earlier how he felt about me. See, I always had a crush on Charlie, but I never had much self esteem so I figured that he would never see me as anything more than his little brother's pesky best friend. Did you know that the reason Charlie took the job at Hogwarts was so he could be close to me. He has been in love with me for three years."

"Zat is very romantic," Fleur giggled.

"Real romantic," Bill grumbled. He always suspected that Charlie had feelings for Harry, but his brother kept saying that it was only brotherly love that he felt for him. "If he had always been in love with you, why didn't he saying anything over the summer when you were seeing someone else?"

Harry glared at Bill. "Because he thought I was happy," he sneered. "My happiness is all he ever wanted for me."

"Then why did you give your virginity to someone else over the summer when you were already in love with Charlie? Where you just fucking around with this other person's feelings? Did you even love them at all? Did you..." Bill didn't get to finish his rant because Fleur had stood up and smacked him hard across the face.

"'Ow dare you talk like that to 'Arry, William." Fluer hissed angrily. "You 'ave made him cry."

Holding his red cheek, Bill looked from Fleur to Harry and his heart clenched painfully in his chest when he saw his tears and how pale he was. "Harry, I'm..."

"I gave my virginity away to that person because I loved him more than anyone else walking this earth." Harry cried brokenly. "I wanted to spend the rest of my life with him, but he was the one who wanted to keep us a secret. I wanted to shout it to the world that we were together, but he didn't feel
the same way. I'm not the one who lied. I'm not the one who promised a courting after graduating. I'm not the one who gave a courting ring. I'm not the one who stopped writing without any explanations, and I'm not the one that the other person didn't find worthy enough to bond with. I died when I found out he was with another. So you can just fuck off, Bill."

"Zat is 'orrible!" Fleur cried, sitting next to Harry and pulling him into her arms. "Who would do such a 'orrible and despicable zing? I 'ope magic punishes 'im severely," she spat in disgust.

"It's over," Harry said sadly, looking into Bill's beautiful blue eyes. He could clearly see pain and regret in them. "The pain was worth it though, it led me to Charlie. Charlie loves me like no one ever has, or ever will. He doesn't care that I'm the-boy-who-lived, he doesn't care the I'm the Potter Lord and Black heir, and he doesn't care that I'm filthy rich. He wants to court me for me, not for social or political standings."

"You have entered into an official courting contact with him already?" Bill asked, gripping the counter so tight that his knuckles were white and hurting.

"Not that it's any of your business, but no. It's barely been two months since my ex rudely tossed me away. I'm not ready to trust another, not after the way he hurt me. I'm working on it though. I love Charlie Weasley, I just need to mend my broken heart first. Everyday we grow closer and closer, and living with him at Hogwarts is only strengthening that bond. I suspect by the time we move to Romania we will be officially courting."

Bill was vibrating with anger. "Why the hell are you living with Charlie?" He hissed between clenched teeth. He was also starting to feel his magic slip.

Harry jumped to his feet and backed away from Bill when the plate he had been loading the cookies on shattered, a sharp shard stabbing into his arm. Fleur, sensing his fear, got up and stood in front of him. "I'm not allowed around a lot of magic. I was hit with a spell during the final battle and it's making my magic unstable. I have to stay with Charlie."

"You don't belong with Charlie!" Bill roared, slamming his fist down on the counter, glasses in the sink shattering from his magic.

"Why do you care? 'Arry and Charlie are..." Fleur froze, hand going to cover her mouth. "It was you, wasn't it? You are ze one who 'urt 'Arry." Furious, she started speaking rapidly in French.

Harry had no clue what she was saying, but judging by the look on her face, there were a lot of curse words being flung around. "Fleur, please don't be mad at me," he said in a trembling voice. He wasn't scared of Bill for himself, but for his baby.

Fleur turned to Harry with tears in her eyes. "Never 'Arry, you did nozing wrong." Raising her wand, she pointed it at Bill. "Why, why did you 'urt 'im? Do you still love 'im?"

Bill nodded his head, he couldn't deny it and he didn't want to. He wanted Harry back.

Fleur screamed in anger and sent a curse hurtling towards Bill. She laughed madly when he fell to his knees clutching his bleeding and broken nose. "Why did you ask me to marry you when you were in love wiz 'Arry?" She screamed.

"Because you're a Veela," Charlie answered for Bill, standing in the doorway looking larger than life and furious.

The wand in Fleur's hand was trembling. "Because I am a Veela!" she repeated angrily. "You only wanted to be wiz me because I am a Veela? You broke 'Arry's 'eart just because of zat? You are a
'orrible, disgraceful wizard, and a zousand curses on you, Bill Weasley." Fleur spat at his feet. Crying, she took her ring off and hurled it past Bill's head. "I would not marry you if you were ze last man on ze earth."

"I'm sorry, Fleur, I never meant to hurt you." Bill said, not really looking at her, but past her at Harry. "I don't know what I was thinking, I only wanted to help our family name. I may not have loved you, but I knew that you were someone I could fall in love with. I was happy being engaged to you, until we ran into Harry at the jewelry store. I love him, I'm sorry."

Fluer had a curse on the tip of her tongue, but Charlie quickly jumped between her and his brother. "Fleur, you can curse my brother to hell and back, but not until after Harry leaves the room. He can't be around a lot of magic right now."

Harry reached out and placed his hand on Fleur's wand arm. "I'm so sorry, Fleur."

Fleur smiled at Harry, bottom lip trembling. "I will get over 'im, 'Arry. Just don't let 'im trick you into getting back together. 'E does not deserve you."

Harry looked at Charlie and gave him a lopsided smile. "Don't worry, I won't. My heart belongs to Charlie, he will keep it safe."

Bill took a step forward. "Harry, please..." That's all he got out before Charlie turned and punched him in the face.

"Charlie!" Molly screamed, horrified at what she had just walked in on. Arthur had taken Sirius and Remus to his workshop to show them a cursed doll baby that he brought home from work. She had been upstairs trying to comfort Ginny when Ron came bursting into the room saying that yelling was coming from the kitchen. Her boys may have argued plenty growing up, but never had one hit another like that.

Enraged, Bill lunged at Charlie, wrapping his arms around his legs and tackling him to the floor. "Stop it!" Harry cried, as Bill and Charlie started brawling on the floor.

"Charlie!" Molly screamed, horrified at what she had just walked in on. Arthur had taken Sirius and Remus to his workshop to show them a cursed doll baby that he brought home from work. She had been upstairs trying to comfort Ginny when Ron came bursting into the room saying that yelling was coming from the kitchen. Her boys may have argued plenty growing up, but never had one hit another like that.

Enraged, Bill lunged at Charlie, wrapping his arms around his legs and tackling him to the floor. "Stop it!" Harry cried, as Bill and Charlie started brawling on the floor.

Molly had her wand pointed at her two eldest boys but they were fighting too close to Fleur and Harry to risk using it. Dumbledore had warned them magic couldn't be used too close to Harry because of the curse. "Get your father!" She blindly yelled to one of her other boys.

Harry backed himself against the counter, afraid of getting hit by flying limbs. Bill and Charlie were really going at it and he was afraid that someone was going to get seriously hurt.

"'Arry, get on ze counter," Fleur cried, pushing at the small fairy. Her veela instincts were screaming at her to protect the boy. He was a submissive fairy that wasn't capable of performing magic right now.

Charlie rolled over, pinning Bill under him. "You stay the fuck away from Harry," he snarled, landing three punches to his brother's face before he could stop him.

"Harry is mine!" Bill snarled back, arching up and sending Charlie flying over his head. "He was mine first. He gave his virginity to me."

Charlie rolled over and jumped back on Bill. "You threw him away like a piece of trash!" Charlie roared. "You don't deserve him."

Sitting on the counter with Fleur standing guard in front of him, Harry brought his knees up and hid his face behind them as he cried. Charlie and Bill were loudly shouting, which meant everyone,
including Mrs. Weasley, was learning what a dirty, little slut he was.

"What the hell is going on in here?" Arthur bellowed, running into the kitchen with Sirius and Remus hot on his heels. At first he thought Fred was just trying to prank him when he came huffing into the shed yelling that Bill and Charlie were having a fist fight in the kitchen. He knew things were tense between them because of Harry, but he never imagined that it would come to blows. He hadn't believed it until he got closer to the house and heard all the yelling.

Molly was too shocked at what she heard her boys yelling to be able to answer her husband. It was Harry that Bill had hurt, not some nameless girl liked she had assumed? How could her oldest do that to Harry, to someone that was considered a member of the family?

"If I see you anywhere near Harry," Charlie hissed, getting to his feet ignoring the blood dripping from his mouth, nose and eye. "I will tear you from limb to limb and feed you to the dragons."

Still sitting on the floor, Bill spat a bloody tooth out on the floor. "We will see, brother," he snarled in disgust. "I'm Harry's first love and he will see that he belongs with me. I just have to prove it to him."

"Oh, hell no!" Sirius barked, pushing past Arthur. "You're the bastard that hurt my son?"

Bill struggled to get to his feet, not wanting to confront Harry's half crazed father while sitting on the floor. "Sirius, it was just a misunderstanding. I was stupid, I never meant to hurt him. I love Harry."

"Love?" Remus growled lowly, amber eyes glowing dangerously. "If that's how you treat someone you love, I would hate to see how you treat an enemy."

"Bill, is it true? Did you really do all that to Harry, to a boy I consider a son?" Molly asked, staring at her eldest, praying that it wasn't true.

"I was wrong, I admit that," Bill said, looking around the room at everyone, eyes stopping at Harry's small form that was huddled up on the counter. "I will spend the rest of my life making it up to him, I promise. We just need some time to work it out. Harry loves me too, I know it."

"I do," Harry said quietly, finally lifting his tear stained faced up. "But it's not enough, Bill. We can't come back from what you did, and I don't even want to. Bill, I don't want to be with you."

"Don't say that, Harry." Bill went to go to Harry, but was stopped by both his angry fathers and his own furious one. "Please, just give me a chance."

"'Arry, you are bleeding," Fleur gasped.

Instantly Charlie and Remus were in front of Harry, carefully grabbing his arm and inspecting it. "Where did the glass come from?" Remus asked, spotting a large piece of glass embedded in his son's arm.

Harry refused to look at anyone except his dad. "Bill lost control of his magic and he shattered a plate that was next to me."

"What?" Sirius yelled, advancing on Bill.

"Sirius, stop!" Arthur said sternly. "I know you want to hurt Bill for what he has done, but I can't allow you to attack my son in my home."

"Arthur, I don't want to hurt your son, I want to kill him." Sirius snapped. "He took advantage of my son, took his virginity, gave him a promise ring, then dumped him without any explanations."
"I know what he did," Arthur admitted. Quickly he held up his hand to stop Sirius from hollering. "I never expected that my son could hurt someone the way he hurt Harry. I knew that they had sex, but I honestly thought that they would bond. I also knew how Charlie felt about Harry, but he was graciously stepping aside because he didn't want to come between Harry and Bill. I'm sorry that this happened while you had entrusted us with his care. Molly and I love Harry like he was our own, but I ask that you don't hurt Bill. Magic will punish him for what he has done, and it looks as if Charlie has already done a number on him."

Sirius didn't like it, hell he hated it, but for Arthur and Molly's sake he nodded his head and stepped back. "You stay away from my son. Out of respect for your family I won't rearrange your face, but if I find you sniffing around him, there is nothing your parents will be able to do to stop me from hunting you down and killing you."

"Sirius, I..."

"Shut up, Bill," Arthur snapped, grabbing his oldest and giving him a shake. "You have done enough damage. Go home and get cleaned up, your mother will be by to patch you up after she sees to Harry."

Giving one last longing look to Harry, Bill turned and headed for the floo.

"Harry, I'm so sorry for fighting like that," Charlie said sincerely, taking Harry's uninjured hand and caressing it.

"I'm not mad at you," Harry sniffed. Reluctantly he looked to Mrs. Weasley. "I'm so sorry for causing trouble. I will understand if you never want to see me again."

"Nonsense," Molly scoffed, pocketing her wand then grabbing a wet towel and some potions. "I must admit though, I am shocked and confused over what I learned this evening," Here she threw her husband a dirty look. It seemed he knew what had been going on under her roof from the beginning but saw fit not to tell her.

"I guess I will be going," Fleur said awkwardly. "It was a pleasure meeting all of you, it's a shame zat it did not work out."

"Fluer, do you have somewhere to go tonight?" Remus asked kindly. He knew that the girl had moved in a few weeks back with Bill.

"I will get a room at ze Leaky Cauldron for tonight, zen I will be moving back home to France."

"No, you can't spend the night at the Leaky Cauldron alone on Christmas night," Harry quickly said. "Come stay with us tonight...please."

"Zank you, 'Arry, I would like zat." Fleur said sincerely.

"Now, mister, after I get you cleaned up, we have a lot to talk about," Molly said sternly.

"Not tonight, mother." Charlie said, noticing how exhausted Harry looked. "Harry's tired."

"No, this needs to be discussed tonight. I can't have my boys at each other's throats every time they are in the same room as Harry."

Harry hung his head in shame. "That's enough, Molly," Remus said forcefully. "It's been a long week and Harry wasn't feeling well earlier. We will all get together in a few days after tempers have died down. We are taking our son and Miss. Delacour home."
"Do you mind if I come?" Charlie asked. "I just want to see Harry settled, I won't stay long."

"Of course, Charlie." Remus smiled. "But you may want to have your mother patch you up first. You came out better than Bill, but you're still a hot mess."

Pursing her lips in displeasure, Molly got to work removing the glass from Harry's arm then healing it using potions only. She wasn't happy not being able to find out every detail that evening, but there was nothing she could do about it. Remus was right, Harry was looking pale and a bit under the weather and his health came first. Plus, she did have a very beat up Bill to patch up before she could go to bed.

Working up the courage, Harry finally looked over to where Ron was standing with his twin brothers. All three of them had been uncharacteristically quiet throughout everything. He was a bit relieved to see Ron give him a smile.

"You alright, mate?" Ron asked after catching Harry peeking at him. He didn't fully understand what was going on, but it seemed that both his older brothers were in love with Harry and were fighting over him.

Harry stiffly shook his head no. "Not really. Are you mad at me?"

"No, though I'm feeling pretty confused. I didn't even suspect you were gay until this evening when I saw you with Charlie. Why didn't you tell me? I don't have anything against blokes liking blokes. I have known since I was a kid that Charlie liked blokes."

"I wasn't certain myself until this summer. I didn't exactly have much time to think about it with Voldemort after me, and then Bill didn't want me to say anything about us until after I graduated and we started courting. I'm sorry for not telling you."

Ron's eyes lit up with understanding. "It was Bill. He was the one sending you love letters and gifts almost everyday, wasn't he? Mate, Mione and I had never seen you so happy, why did he stop?"

Harry looked to Fleur, but she gave him a reassuring smile and nodded her head. "I didn't know anything about Fleur until the wedding invitations showed up. He just stopped writing without any explanations. We were to start courting in June, he even gave me a promise ring. He dumped me for Fleur because she is a veela."

"That's ignorant," George muttered, his twin beside him nodding his head in agreement.

"And now you're with Charlie?" Ron asked, wishing that he could go and punch his oldest brother. He had been terrified when Harry slipped into a deep depression after his mystery admirer stopped writing to him. He had never seen his best mate that broken, not even during the war.

Harry smiled warmly up at Charlie. "Working on it. He understands that after what Bill did that I need to take things slow, but I do love him. Are you alright with me being with Charlie?"

Ron rolled his eyes. "Of course I am, as long as he makes you happy."

"Besides," George butted in, "this was the most..."

"entertaining Christmas ever." Fred chuckled.

"We always wondered..."

"who would come out on top in a fight..."
"between Bill and Charlie."

Harry's head was spinning too much to be able to handle the twins talk. Closing his eyes, he let his head thunk onto his knees as he listened to Mrs. Weasley scold Fred and George. He was dreading the talk with her about Bill and Charlie, she didn't seem overly happy with him. He didn't blame her, he was tearing her family apart. Bill and Charlie had always been very close, but now because of him they were fist fighting. He didn't want that, he didn't want them fighting.

"Stop thinking too much," Charlie said, carding his fingers through Harry's hair. "Everything will work out. Mom isn't mad at you, she's just shocked. That wasn't exactly the best way for her to find out about everything."

Harry looked up at Charlie, his eyes full of pain and fear. "It's only going to get worse. Especially after everyone finds out about..."

"You can't worry about that now," Charlie said, cutting him off. "Let's just get you home and in bed and we will take everything how it comes. I love you, Harry."

"I love you too, Charlie."
I do not own Harry Potter.

Hope you enjoy this update and please review.

***HP

"I'm going to kill him!" Sirius snarled, glaring at the owl that was sitting smugly just out of reach of him with a letter and a package tied to its leg.

Remus was sipping his coffee while contemplating how bad he would feel for AK'ing an owl. "It seems sending Arthur to talk to him didn't work. This makes five owls in three days."

"Not again," Harry moaned, staring warily at the owl as he shuffled tiredly into the kitchen. He had grown fond of the owl and had missed him after Bill stopped writing to him, but now he wished that the owl would just disappear and never return.

Despite not being happy to see the owl, Harry still gave it some attention and food then relieved him of his burden. Without even looking at the letter or package, Harry turned and attached it to Hedwig's leg. Sadly she was getting use to this routine. "Please take this to Arthur Weasley, beautiful." Nipping him affectionately with her beak, Hedwig hopped up onto the back of his chair then took flight.

"How long is he going to keep this up?" Harry sighed. It had only been three days since that disastrous Christmas and yet Bill had already sent him five owls. He hadn't read any of them, just sent them straight to Mr. Weasley for him to deal with.

"Arthur said he would talk to Bill after we left last night. I will owl him after breakfast to see how it went."

"Thanks," Harry said, giving Sirius a small smile. He just really wanted Bill to leave him alone. Why couldn't he accept that he was with Charlie now? When Bill left him, he didn't go begging and pleading with him.

Last night his dads and him went back to the Burrow to explain everything, well almost everything, to Mr. and Mrs. Weasley. It went better than what he had expected, they seemed to be supportive of Charlie and him. Molly had wanted Bill to be there during their visit so he could tell his version, but his dads refused to him go if he was going to be there. Not only did they not want him around Bill, but they were also still extremely angry and wanted to hurt the oldest Weasley boy.

"Dad, what's going to happen when Bill learns about the baby? We were going to keep it a secret until after he married Fleur, but she's now back in France getting ready to become a healer's apprentice and rightly wants nothing to do with him. I didn't think that Bill would try to take the baby from me, but now I'm not so sure."

Sirius and Remus looked to each other, they had been worrying about the same thing. It seemed that Bill was prepared to stop at nothing to get Harry back. "I honestly don't know, pup," Sirius answered truthfully.

"Maybe...and just hear me out before you go all Sirius on me, Sirius." Remus grinned when he heard Harry snickering. "Maybe we need to let Arthur in on the inheritance and the pregnancy. He knows Bill the best and will hopefully be able to keep him in line."
"I guess it's not a horrible idea," Sirius agreed somewhat reluctantly. "Though, I would like to know what you meant about the Sirius comment?" he asked, mock glaring at his mate.

"I trust, Mr. Weasley," Harry spoke up before his dads started going at it. "Besides, he will be one of the baby's grandfathers. If it's alright, I would also like Charlie here when we tell him."

"You just want to see Charlie," Sirius smirked.

"I feel..." Harry paused for a minute, trying to think of the right words to use. "I feel right when I'm with Charlie. I feel safe and my magic is happy. The need to touch him is almost overwhelming, and when I do, it's like everything coming together the way that it's supposed to. It's like home."

"Sounds like he's your soul mate, pup," Remus grinned. "You don't have to ask us if he can come, he's always welcome."

"Speak for yourself," Sirius grumbled.

"Dad!"

"What? I'm your father, I'm not supposed to like boys coming over."

"He's not a boy, he's Charlie," Harry explained somewhat dreamily.

"And he's the one?" Remus said, nudging Harry in his side.

Blushing, Harry nodded his head. "I know that I thought Bill was the one, but this is different. It's hard to explain, but I know that I'm supposed to be with Charlie."

Sighing heavily, Sirius took a large sip of his coffee. "Well, I guess that I can't argue with that. At least I like the man, and he not only loves you, but also that baby you're carrying. That's a win win as far as I'm concerned."

"Speaking of the baby..." Remus didn't get to finish because the alert went off letting them know that someone wanted to floo in.

Getting up, Sirius went to the fireplace and bent down. After a few seconds, he stood back up and walked back to the table. "Arthur is coming through, he needs to talk to us."

Harry looked fearfully at his dads. "Relax, pup, Arthur loves you. He isn't going to hate you after we tell him."

"Of course I wouldn't," Arthur said firmly, brushing the soot off of his well worn robes. "What on earth could you have possibly done to make me hate you?"

Harry opened and closed his mouth a few times, but the words wouldn't come out. "Where...where's Charlie?"

Arthur grimaced. "Charlie is having an issue with controlling his magic, he will be through in a few minutes. He had some windows to repair before he could floo over."

"What happened?" Harry asked, a hint of panic in his voice. It wasn't like Charlie to lose control of his magic.

Sighing, Arthur handed Sirius a small stack of papers. "I got these this morning. I'm surprised that you haven't got a copy yet."
Judging by the look on Arthur's face, Sirius knew that he wasn't going to like whatever was in the papers. "A courting contract!" he roared in outrage. "He filed for a courting contract without getting my permission?"

"Dad, what's going on?" Harry asked in a small voice.

Remus reached over and tore the papers out of Sirius' white knuckled hands. "Bill went to the ministry and filed the papers to start courting you," he read in disbelief.

"What does that mean?" Harry asked frantically. "I don't have to court him now, do I?"

"In a way, Harry," Arthur said gently, "but also now another courting contract can't be drawn up for you for another six months. Which means Charlie won't be able to start courting you until the end of June."

"But that doesn't make any sense," Harry cried. "That's not fair, I didn't sign the contract. That shouldn't be allowed."

"And normally it wouldn't," Arthur agreed.

"Unless Bill had proof that he should be allowed to court you," Sirius explained darkly.

Harry knew that they were keeping something from him, he could feel it. "What proof?"

"Memories, pup," Remus said, reaching out and taking Harry's hand. "Bill showed them memories of your time together. Since he was your first, and you obviously loved him, they're giving him six months to court you."

Harry turned as white as a ghost. "He...he showed them memories...of us? Of us having...?" Jumping to his feet, he ran to the trash can and vomited up his breakfast. He couldn't believe that Bill would do something that...that...gross.

Sirius held Harry's hair back for him and waited for him to finish. He was going to kill the bastard for putting his son through this.

If it hadn't been for his dad holding him up, Harry knew that he would have collapsed onto the floor. Just the thought of someone at the Ministry witnessing his most private moments made him want to disappear into a hole and die. He felt dirty and violated. How could Bill do that to him? Now he understood why Charlie lost control of his magic.

Remus handed Harry a stomach soother and a cup of tea. "It's going to be alright, Harry."

After the potion settled his stomach, Harry looked to the three men. "What does this mean? What happens now? Do I even have to follow stupid courting rules?"

"Harry, courting is an old magical tradition that dates back to Merlin," Remus explained, going into teacher mode. "Just because you loved someone, or your parents betrothed you to someone, didn't mean that your magic would be compatible. Courting was set up to give the couple time to get to know each other better, time to see past their raging hormones and to see if their magic was compatible enough to have a happy and productive life. Most muggle borns and half bloods don't follow the old ways of courting, but it's still very much followed with the purebloods. It's said that magic blesses those that follow her ways."

"Harry, you are the only heir to two very old and powerful houses, the Potter's and the Black's. A proper courting is imperative to keep magic strong in the blood, even your father courted your
mother." Sirius said sadly. "So many of our old ways are dying out because people just don't want to bother with them, or muggle borns think they're archaic and stupid. Every year more and more squibs are being born. We need to get back to the old ways or magic just may die out for good."

Arthur felt bad for Harry and he was disgusted that his oldest was doing this to him. "Ron asked me last night for permission to start courting Hermione. Now he has to get permission from her parents before the official papers can be drawn up. I'm so sorry about all this, Harry, a courting should be a time of happiness, not sadness."

Harry was happy for his friend, he had been in love with Hermione since they were twelve years old. "Why didn't Bill have to get my dads permission? Or yours Mr. Weasley? You know how I feel about Charlie, you wouldn't agree to Bill courting me."

"He didn't need their permission since you have already had sex with him and he had memories to show of you asking to be courted," Charlie said tightly, his anger being barely contained.

Harry wanted to rush into Charlie's arms, but he could feel his anger from across the room. Charlie also looked like he had just went another round with Bill. His clothes were all wrinkled with the top three buttons unbuttoned, he was sweaty, red faced, and his hair was a disaster. "Charlie?" he whimpered softly, scared that it was him that he was mad at.

A look of pain crossed Charlie's face, but then he held his arms open for Harry. He wasn't mad at Harry, but because of Bill he was having a hard time controlling his magic.

Harry went to run to Charlie, but he was stopped by a firm hand on his shoulder. "Charlie, do you need a calming draught?" Remus asked, knowing that Charlie was only hanging on by a thin thread. He didn't want his pregnant son anywhere near Charlie in his current condition.

"I had one forty five minutes ago, but another might be a good idea," Charlie admitted. "I'm sorry, Harry, it's not you, it's the situation. I damn near destroyed the Burrow when dad got those papers this morning. I have never lost control of my magic like that, not even when I was a kid."

"Creature bonds are stronger than normal magical bonds," Remus said knowingly. "And there is no doubt that the two of you have an exceptionally strong bond."

Arthur looked to Harry and noticed the intense longing on his face as he waited for Charlie to down another calming draught. "Harry came into a creature inheritance?" he gasped in shock when Remus' words finally clicked.

"Take a seat, Arthur," Remus said heavily, releasing Harry now that he felt that Charlie was safe. "We have a lot to talk about."

***HP

Harry was laying on the sofa cuddled up against Charlie with his head laying on his muscular chest. "So, how do you think your dad handled the news?" He hadn't wanted to stay in the kitchen while Mr. Weasley learned the truth so Charlie took him to the living room where they could be alone.

Charlie was relaxed and content now that he had Harry in his arms. His magic was once again firmly under his control and he was just enjoying being close to Harry and feeling the baby's magic thrumming under his palm. "Dad's fine I'm sure," he said lazily. "I don't think there is much of anything that can shock him. Though, I think the news of you being a submissive fairy and pregnant with his first grand-baby will come damn near close to it."

Harry placed his hand over Charlie's, the one that was resting on his belly. "Does your hand still get
"Yes," Charlie grinned. "It gets warm and tingly and it feels as if the baby's magic is connecting with mine. It's an incredible feeling. Can you feel anything?"

"I can feel the baby's magic, but not when I touch my stomach. There is no warm tingly feeling, just the feel of my belly getting harder and fatter."

"I needed this," Charlie said, burying his nose in Harry's hair. "Just the three of us snuggling together, it really helped calm me. You have no idea how close I came to killing my brother."

"What's going to happen now?" Harry whispered. "I don't have to date Bill or anything, do I?" Harry's heart stopped beating when he felt Charlie squeeze him tightly.

"The courting contract will permit Bill certain rights. After all, the reason behind a courting is too see if you are compatible with each other and the only way to find that out is if the two of you spend time together."

Harry tried to sit up, but Charlie wouldn't release his hold. "Don't I get say in any of this? I don't want to see Bill."

"Since the two of you have already been together, the courting allows Bill six months to win you back. I know that you don't want to see him, but you don't have a choice. Bill has a right to see you at least once a week and every other weekend. He is also allowed to owl you and you have to accept his owls."

Harry finally wiggled out of Charlie's arms and sat up. "This is bullshit!" he yelled, jumping to his feet. "Why should I have to see Bill when I have no desire to be with him? I don't love him, Charlie. I love you."

"And I love you, Harry, but there is nothing we can do. The only way that all this could go away is if Bill cancels the courting contract."

Harry collapsed back on the couch next to Charlie. "Why does he have all the say? Why does he have all the power?"

Having heard Harry yelling, Sirius, Remus and Arthur came rushing into the living room. "Because he's older and considered the dominant in the relationship. I know it sounds stupid, but courting was originally only between men and woman and woman at the time were seen as more submissive than men," Remus explained. "You also bottomed to Bill, so in the eyes of the Ministry, you are the submissive."

Looking pale and shaky, Arthur walked up to Harry and pulled him into a big hug. "I'm sorry this is happening to you. I can't believe that you're going to have..."

"A baby?" Harry finished when Mr. Weasley choked up. "When it happened, Mr. Weasley, I didn't know. I didn't know that I could get pregnant...honest."

"I believe you, son. I believe you," Arthur said soothingly. "Your dads told me everything."

Harry stepped back wiping at his eyes. "Pretty crazy that Bill only left me because I wasn't some creature, huh?"

"I'm positive that you were never destined to be with Bill anyway," Arthur said, looking to his second oldest. "You and Charlie were meant to be together. It's just a shame that this had to happen."
Harry fidgeted nervously with the sleeve of his shirt. "Can't you please make him stop, Mr. Weasley? Can't you make him see that I don't love him anymore?"

Arthur looked sadly to the young fairy. "I will try, but nothing I have said to him so far has worked. I'm afraid that he's only going to get worse when he finds out about the baby, and we do have to tell him. Keeping it a secret is only going to make it worse when he does find out."

"Harry, listen," Sirius quickly said, cutting off whatever his son was about to say. "If we don't tell him until after the baby is born, Bill is going to be furious and fight you for custody. Maybe if we tell him now, we can get him to sign an agreement stating that he won't take the baby away from you."

"MAYBE!" Harry cried. "Maybe he will use my baby and the knowledge that I'm a fairy to force me into bonding with him. What if he gets mad and tells everyone what I am? He will never let me go if he finds out about the baby."

"And if we don't tell him, when he does find out, and he will," Remus stressed. "He will tell everyone during the hearing that you tried to kidnap his baby. He will make you out to be the bad guy and him the innocent victim that did everything in his power to get you to fall in love with him, even forcing a courting on you."

Harry felt like he was going to pass out. The room was spinning and all of a sudden he felt hot and sweaty. He was about ready to collapse, when strong arms wrapped around him and the scent of Charlie flooded his senses. Whimpering, he buried his face in Charlie's chest and desperately clung to him.

"Breath, Harry," Charlie ordered, soothingly rubbing Harry's back. "I hate to admit it, but they're right. I don't want him finding out about the baby either, but we don't have any other choice."

"Can't we just tell him that the baby is yours?" Harry sobbed. "We could say that we slept together that night at the Dragon Sanctuary."

Charlie desperately wished that they could. He wanted more than anything for that baby to be his. "Harry there is a simple paternity spell that can be used, and it will be in his right to demand it."

Sirius gently pried his son out of Charlie's arms and pulled him to his chest. "We will make him take the oath before we tell him anything. He can't force you to bond with him, only scare you into doing it."

"We won't leave you alone with him for a second," Remus reassured.

"I'll be here too," Arthur said softly.

"I think me being here is a bad idea," Charlie growled. He hated the idea of leaving the man he loved, but him being here would only upset Bill. "We don't need to set Bill off and we would probably only end up fighting again anyway."

Arthur looked to Sirius and waited for him to give the sign. "I will floo to Bill's and tell him you need to see him within the hour," he offered when Sirius nodded to him.

Charlie watched as his dad floo'd to Bill's. "I guess I'll go back to the Burrow."

Harry spun around and latched his arms around Charlie's waist. "Promise you will come back after he leaves?"

"The second he's gone," Charlie whispered, kissing Harry on the temple. "Maybe with your dad's
permission we can spend a couple days at the sanctuary."

For the first time that day Harry's face lit up. "Really? That would be so great." Harry turned to both his dads with big puppy dog eyes. "Please say I can go...please?"

Sirius looked like he really wanted to say no, but with everything going on, he couldn't be the one to upset his son even more. "As long as Charlie swears to behave himself...and no sex."

"Can we kiss?" Harry quickly asked before Charlie could agree. "Just kissing and snuggling...promise."

Groaning, Sirius reluctantly nodded his head. "I can agree to that, and only for three nights."

"Thank you!" Harry cried, hugging both his dads. "This is going to be great. I can't wait to see the hatchlings. I bet they have gotten huge."

"I will go home and pack." Charlie grinned. "We will leave after the mess with Bill is finished."

"I'll walk you to the floo," Harry offered excitedly.

"Pup, the floo is fifteen steps away," Sirius pointed out.

Harry rolled his eyes. "I know that, dad. Maybe I just wanted to walk him to the floo so I could kiss him."

Chuckling, Remus grabbed Sirius' arm. "Come on Sirius, let's go to the kitchen and take a calming draught. No doubt we are going to need it in order to deal with Bill without killing him."

***

Harry was pacing the floor, too nervous to sit. Bill was due to come through the floo any minute and he knew that this wasn't going to go good...he could just feel it. When Bill found out about him being a fairy and the baby, he was going to become even more determined to have him. He didn't care what Bill said or did though, he was in love with Charlie.

"Try to relax, pup, the stress isn't good for the baby." Remus said, taking Harry and directing him to the couch.

Harry took a seat, but he felt like he was going to jump out of his skin. "I don't want to do this," he whined fearfully.

Arthur took a seat next to Harry, next to the young man that was giving him his first grandchild. "Harry, just be truthful with him. I don't know what's going on inside of his head right now, but hopefully he will snap out of it soon. I know that you don't want to hear this, but William is going to be in your life regardless if you are with Charlie or not. He is the father of the baby you are carrying. Try not to lose your patience with him, the last thing we want to do right now is piss him off."

Harry rested his head on Arthur's shoulder. "I don't want to fight him, I love him. I may not love him like I love Charlie, but I still consider Bill family. I don't want to keep Bill's child from him, but I also don't want him using him or her to get me. I would like to remain friends with him and have him in the baby's life, he just needs to stop trying to get back with me. He was the one that walked away, not me."

All heads turned to the fireplace when the alarm went off. Trembling, Harry jumped to his feet and started nervously pulling at his shirt. Seconds later Bill stepped through looking better than what he
had ever seen him before. He was wearing brand new expensive dark blue robes, his hair had been trimmed and was pulled back by a strip of black leather, and he was holding himself like a pureblood of great importance.

"Lord Black, and Mr. Lupin, thank you for allowing me into your home." Bill bowed to the men and handed Sirius a bottle of fine wine.

Sirius stared at the bottle in Bill's hand at a loss for words. He knew that Bill was just trying to be respectful and win them over, but all he wanted to do was snatch the bottle out of his hand and beat the hell out of him with it. "Bill, enough with the formalities," he barked. "Take a seat, we have a lot to talk about."

Respectively, Bill inclined his head and turned to Harry. "Harry," he smiled, holding his hand out palm up. "You look amazing today."

Harry looked to Bill's outstretched hand then over to Remus. "He wants you to place your hand in his," Remus snickered.

"Why?" Harry asked, looking back to Bill and squinting his eyes suspiciously at him.

Sirius didn't even try to hide his laughter. "Because, pup, he wants to kiss the back of your hand."

"What!" Harry cried, taking three steps back. "What the hell? I'm not no bloody girl." He had only ever seen something like that in the movies and it was always a girl that got their hand kissed.

"My apologies, Harry," Bill said, awkwardly pulling his hand back. "I did not mean to offend you."

Harry threw his hands up in the air. "Will you stop with all the..." Harry searched around for the right word but nothing came to mind. "Stop being a bloody Malfoy, you're seriously creeping me out."

Even Arthur joined in with Sirius and Remus at laughing. "Bill, just tone it down a bit, will you?" Arthur laughed.

"Really, it's a little late for all the pureblood bullshit," Sirius grunted.

"Forgive me," Bill said, looking slightly deflated. "I was just trying to do this right." Digging in his pocket, he held a box out for Harry. "I have been trying to get this to you, but I guess there has been a problem with the owl post."

Grimacing, Harry gave Bill a weak smile and took the package. "Bill, the owl made it just fine. I didn't want it."

"Harry," Bill pleaded. "I know that I hurt you and I'm prepared to crawl on my hands and knees back to you. Just please give us a chance."

"Please don't do this," Harry cried, eyes flooding with tears. "I don't want to lose our friendship too. Please, drop the courting."

Bill flinched as if Harry had physically struck him. "Harry, you can't deny that you loved me, that our time together wasn't magical."

"I'm not trying to deny that," Harry choked. "but it's over, Bill. Please, I need you to accept that. I don't want to lose your friendship over this."
"I don't either, Harry, but I just can't give up on us."

"You already did," Harry cried. "You gave up on us when you started dating Fleur."

"I was stupid," Bill said, advancing on Harry. "I wasn't with her because I loved her, I thought that I was helping the family. Harry, it's you that I love."

Harry fearfully backed away from Bill until he was standing beside Sirius. "Bill, is there anything that I can say that will make you drop the courting?"

"No, I refuse to give up on us again." Bill said with conviction. "I have six months to make you see that we belong together and I plan to take advantage of every second of that time."

Harry wiped at his eyes. "Bill, I'm still not going to want to be with you in six months."

Bill grinned at Harry. "We shall see. Six months is a long time, I have no doubt that I will be able to prove my love to you."

Shaking, Harry collapsed onto the couch and buried his face in his hands. He had been desperately hoping that Bill would have seen that he no longer wanted to be with him.

"William," Arthur snapped. "Can't you see that you are hurting him?"

Bill looked sadly to Harry. "He just needs to see, dad. I need to prove to him that I'm willing to fight for him. How can I do that if I back out of the contract?"

"He no longer wants you to fight for him," Remus said, taking a seat next to his son and pulling him against his side. Harry looked exhausted and on the verge of a mental breakdown.

"I think this proves who the better man is," Sirius growled, clenching his fists in anger. "Charlie has been in love with Harry for years, but when he found out the two of you were together, he graciously stepped aside and didn't interfere since Harry was happy. You on the other hand," he spat in disgust, "you force my son into a courting contract despite him not wanting it, despite him wanting to be with Charlie. You are hurting him, and all you can think about is yourself."

Bill ran a trembling hand through his hair, accidentally pulling it out of the leather tie. "I'm afraid if I drop the courting I will lose Harry."

"Son," Arthur said gently. "You have already lost him as a lover, but you don't have to lose him as a friend...as a family member."

Taking a seat, Bill closed his eyes. "I can't lose him without even trying, dad. How am I supposed to just walk away and let Charlie have him?"

"The same way your brother did," Arthur said softly. "Harry was too important to your brother to lose as a friend. Despite his pain, he dealt with it and was there for Harry however he needed him. If you insist on this courting, you will lose Harry as not only a lover, but also a friend."

Bill didn't know what to do, he didn't want to stop the courting, but he also didn't want to force Harry into the courting if he truly didn't want it. He loved Harry with all his heart and he hated seeing him hurting.

"Harry, is that what you really want?" Bill asked brokenly, tears falling from his eyes. "Do you want me to cancel the courting?"
Harry's head snapped up and he looked hopefully at Bill. "Please, Bill! I know that you love me, but I just can't return those feelings anymore. Please don't make me hate you by forcing me into this courting."

Bill dropped his head in shame. Without saying a word, he reached into his robe pocket and pulled out the courting papers. Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, he tore the papers in half then set them on fire. It would automatically be filed at the Ministry as a canceled courting.

"Thank you!" Harry cried in relief. Now that contract had been torn up, he was going to tell Charlie that he was ready for him to court him. He didn't want to wait, he loved and trusted Charlie and wanted to be with him for forever.

With his head still down, Bill stood up to leave. It felt like someone had ripped his heart out and handed it over to the Dementors. "Bill, we still have something important to discuss," Harry said reluctantly. Now that there were no more contract, Bill wouldn't be able to get another one for him for another six months, but that didn't mean that he wouldn't fight for the baby.

"Harry," Bill sighed tiredly. "I just want to go home and sleep for a month. I can't sit here in the same room with you and...

"Bill, I'm a submissive fairy and I'm pregnant," Harry just blurted out.

Bill stared wide eyed at Harry trying to process what he just heard. When it finally sunk in, he collapsed heavily back on the chair. "I... You... We... What?" he stuttered in disbelief.

"What a way to just blurt it out," Sirius groaned. "Before anything else is revealed," he said, getting up and towering threateningly over Bill. "I need an oath that you won't reveal anything that you learn. Keep in mind, if you refuse, you won't be leaving here alive."

Bill looked wide eyed to his dad. "He's means it, Bill. Just say the oath."

Staring back at Harry, Bill numbly made the oath. He knew what he heard Harry say, but there was no way that it could be true. "Harry?" he asked in a shaky voice.

Harry scrubbed at his face, eyes swollen and red from crying. "Bill, on my seventeenth birthday I became a male submissive fairy. My dads didn't have time to tell me about fairies before leaving for their trip. They didn't have time to tell me that a submissive male fairy could get pregnant. When we were together, I didn't know."

"Son of a..." Bill leapt to his feet and started frantically pacing. "Fleur...Fleur suspected that you had a creature inheritance. I thought.... Why the hell didn't you tell me?" he roared, turning to face Harry.

Harry flinched at the anger in Bill's eyes. "At the time it was still new, I was still dealing with it myself. I had only been a fairy for a week and Dumbledore had stressed to me that I wasn't to tell anyone. It was too dangerous. I was going to tell you though, over Christmas break. I didn't want to enter a courting without you knowing the truth."

"You're a fairy!" Bill yelled loudly. "Don't you fucking see? None of this would have happened with Fleur had I known."

Harry jumped to his feet and angrily approached Bill, his magic crackling around him. "Don't you fucking dare place the blame of your atrocious actions on me. First you blamed Fleur and now you're blaming me. The truth is, Bill, you're just a fucking bastard. You tossed me away because I wasn't special enough for you. Well news flash, not only did you lose the veela, but you also lost the fairy. I'm glad this happened, I'm glad I got to see the real you. I want a mate that will love me for what's
on the inside, not the for fucking purple and silver wings sprouting out my damn back."

"So much for not losing his temper," Sirius mumbled. "Harry you need to calm down," he said a little louder.

Billy's eyes darkened with anger. "Purple and silver...that necklace. Son of a bitch, Charlie knows what the fuck you are and has seen your wings. What, it's alright to tell Charlie but not the man that's fucking you?"

"William!" Arthur snapped, sending a painful stinging hex at his son. "You will watch yourself. I didn't raise you to be rude and vulgar."

Harry shook his head in disgust. "I didn't tell Charlie, he guessed it. Unlike you, Charlie knows me and picked up that I was different. He also found my feathers in the bathroom after I showered."

Rubbing his stinging arm, Bill visibly deflated. "If you would have just told me," he said in a raspy voice.

"Bill," Harry said tiredly. "Being a rare magical creature isn't why I want my mate to want me. I want to be loved for everything about me, the good and the bad."

"But I do love you, Harry."

"Then why wasn't I good enough for you to want to bond with? Why did you leave me for Fleur?" Harry couldn't stop the tears from falling. He knew with a hundred percent certainty that he loved Charlie and would to spend the rest of his life with him, but what Bill did to him still hurt a lot.

"You don't know what it's like," Bill choked out. "Working in a place like Gringotts, even just being a curse breaker, hearing all the whispers and seeing the finger pointing. Everyone gossiping over what a proud and noble house the Weasley's once were and how we're now the laughing stock of the wizarding world. You just don't know."

Harry threw his head back laughing. "I don't know?" he snorted. "HELLO! The-Boy-Who-Fucking-Lived right here!" He yelled, throwing his arms up in the air. "There hasn't been a day that has gone by that my name hasn't been in the Prophet. I can't step foot outside without hearing whispers and seeing people pointing and gawking at me. But so what, I don't let them change me or dictate my life."

"I know," Bill said, averting his eyes from Harry's. "It's just, when Fleur started showing interest in me, I thought that possibly I could help bring the Weasley name back. A beautiful veela in the family, her blood mixing with ours, it just seemed like the smart thing to do."

"William, you know that your mother and I don't care about what people say. We also don't care about being rich or having a rare magical creature in our bloodline. We just want our kids to be happy and loved."

Bill dropped his head crying. "I know I was stupid, and now I lost the one person I truly love."

"Bill, we can still be family," Harry said kindly. "And we are going to have a baby together."

Bill lifted his head, eyes desperately pleading. "Don't you see, Harry, our magic is compatible. We are going to have a baby together, we created a life. Please, give me a chance so we can be a real family."

Harry felt bad for Bill, he really did, but he loved Charlie. "Bill, your magic is compatible to mine,
but not as much as Charlie's. I'm really sorry, but I can't, Bill."

"That's my baby, not Charlie's," Bill growled.

Harry nodded his head. "I know, I never said that it wasn't."

"I want to be it's father, not Charlie."

"Bill, I'm not going to keep you from the baby," Harry said calmly. He could see that Bill was getting angry again and that was the last thing that he wanted.

"I want the baby," Bill snarled. "I'm not going to be a weekend father. Charlie doesn't get the both of you. You either bond with me so we can be a family, or I'm suing for full custody."

"William Weasley!" Arthur gasped in shock. "I can't believe that you just threatened Harry like that."

"You won't win," Sirius growled. "Harry is Lord Potter and heir to the Black lordship, not to mention the Savior of the Wizarding World, you won't win. We also have enough money to keep fighting until the baby is seventeen. Do you?"

"Don't do this, Bill," Harry cried, arms circling protectively around his stomach. "I don't want to fight. We can work this out and share. I promise you will be the father."

"I'll win," Bill chuckled madly. "I'll say you tricked me by taking the pregnancy potion. You can't deny it because you can't tell anyone about being a fairy. If you want your baby, Harry, you are going to have to bond with me."

"I won't," Harry said, viciously shaking his head. "I will never bond with you and you won't get my baby."

"We'll see," Bill smirked. "We'll make the perfect family, Harry."

"William, if you do this," Arthur spat in disgust. "You will no longer be a Weasley. Your mother and I will disown you."

Pain flickered across Bill's face before his eyes hardened. "Harry is worth losing the Weasley name."

"Bill, please think about what you're doing." Remus asked calmly. Despite his outward appearance, he wanted to tear the redhead apart for hurting his pup. Harry was being nice, trying to work things out, but Bill was being completely unreasonable. All he could see was Harry, and the baby was just a means to get his hands on his son.

Bill slowly shook his head. "I know what I'm doing, I'm fighting for my family. If I have to play dirty to get them, then so be it." Bill stormed to the fireplace. "Think about what I said, Harry, I meant it, I will fight you for the baby if you don't bond with me. I'll give you a good life. Despite what you think now, I do love you."

Harry tearfully watched as Bill floo'd away. The second he was gone he crashed to his knees sobbing. "I'll get Charlie," Arthur volunteered, feeling numb over his son's actions.

Remus bent down and lifted Harry up and carried him to the sofa. "Come on, pup, you need to calm down before you make yourself sick. Bill is shocked and angry right now, he'll come around."

Sirius was standing in the middle of the room gripping his wand in anger. It was taking everything he had in him to not floo after Bill and kill him. He would gladly kill the bastard and spend the rest of
his life in Azkaban if it meant his son would be happy. There wasn't anything he wouldn't do for Harry.

"Sirius!" Remus called loudly, wrenching his mate out of his murderous thoughts. "Go and see if Poppy can come and give him a check up. His emotions have been all over the place and crying like this isn't good."

As Sirius went to floo out, Charlie floo'd in looking frantic. "Stay with him," Sirius barked. "I'm getting Poppy to check him over."

***HP

Let him sleep until he wakes," Poppy ordered. "The baby is fine, but all this stress is not only exhausting him, but it's also weakening his core. He's using more magic to keep the baby stable when he's stressed and that's not good."

Charlie was sitting on the couch with Harry's head in his lap. "We were going to go Romania to the Dragon Sanctuary for a few days, will that be alright?"

"I think getting away for a few days is just what he needs. He loves the dragons and that will help relax and take his mind off things. He would talk my ears off for hours about dragons when stuck in the hospital wing with me. Just let him sleep as long as he needs first before leaving."

"Thank you, Poppy," Remus said, helping the medi-witch gather her supplies and escorting her to the floo.

Sirius released the breath he had been holding. "I'll go and pack him some clothes. Are you alright watching him?"

Charlie reluctantly took his eyes off of Harry. "I'm fine. Thank you for allowing me to take him away for a few days."

Sirius absently nodded his head. "I know that I said only three days, but the two of you can stay for however long he needs."

"You can trust that I won't hurt or take advantage of him." Charlie said, looking Sirius dead in the eyes. "I love him."

"I know," Sirius sighed.

"This is one hell of a mess," Arthur said after Sirius left the room. "Wait until your mother finds out."

Charlie lovingly ran his fingers through Harry's hair. "She'll probably want Harry to try working it out with Bill for the baby's sake."

"I'm sure she'll mention it," Arthur grimaced. "But she knows that Harry loves you. You need to be strong for him, Charlie, things are only going to get worse."

"Do you think he'll do it?" Charlie growled. "Do you think he'll actually claim that Harry tricked him."

"I think," Arthur said thoughtfully. "that your brother is a very desperate man. I don't doubt his love for Harry, but it isn't a healthy love. It may have been in the beginning, but his desperation has twisted it."
"Harry was so hurt when Bill stopped writing to him. He did love Bill, and he was devastated when he found out about the wedding. I can't help but wonder what would have happened had I not been there for him."

"He was lucky to have you," Remus said, taking a seat next to Arthur. "Harry has very little self esteem, he probably would have blamed himself."

"He did," Charlie said, voice cracking. "He wasn't even mad at Bill. He felt that he wasn't good enough for him and that Fleur was perfect."

"What are we going to do?" Remus asked tiredly. This Christmas had been an emotional roller coaster for them...especially for his son.

"Well, if I want to live long enough to see my first grandchild," Arthur chuckled stiffly. "I have to tell Molly."

"After the boys leave you can bring her here," Sirius said, striding back into the room. "If she refuses the oath, then she doesn't find out."

Arthur inclined his head. "Understandable."

"What do we do about Bill?"

All eyes fell to Harry who was blinking slowly, trying to see through his red and puffy eyes. "There's is nothing we can do right now," Sirius said, getting onto his knees and placing a kiss on his son's forehead. "You need to focus on your health and that baby. We will deal with Bill. Go see your dragons and stay for however long you need."

Harry eyes watered. "I don't want lose my baby."

"We won't allow that to happen," Sirius said fiercely.

"Alright, no more talk about Bill," Remus said, standing up and holding his hand out to his son. "Why do you run on up and take a nice relaxing shower or bath then get going. We want you to relax and have fun with your dragons."

Grinning, Harry gave Remus a big hug. "Thank you," he whispered, then took off up the stairs.

Sirius handed Charlie a bag. "These are his potions and a few calming draughts incase you need them. Floo us anytime day or night if he needs us."

***HP

Bill was pacing back and forth in front of his fireplace trying to figure out a way that he could get Harry back. There had to be a way to make Harry see that they would make the perfect family. Harry loved him, and there was no way that his feelings could change that fast.

He was going to be a dad. He was so excited that he wished that he could scream it from the top of Gringotts. Harry was pregnant with his baby, possibly with a little fairy baby.

He still couldn't believe that Harry was a submissive fairy. He always knew that there was something special about him, but he never imagined a fairy. Fairies were thought to be long extinct, how was it possible that Harry inherited? The blood should have been too diluted by now to trigger an inheritance.
Oh how he wished he could have seen Harry's wings, they must be magnificent. It ate at him something horrible knowing that Charlie had already seen them, possibly even touched them. Harry was his, no one but him should see his wings. If only Harry would have told him in the beginning about him being a fairy, none of this would have happened. The only reason he started seeing Fleur was for his family's name. It was a great honors to have a veela in the family.

As much as he wanted to, he couldn't be mad at Harry for keeping it a secret. If word got out about him, all hell would break loose. That was why there was no way he could take Harry to court for the baby like he had threatened. He couldn't risk Harry's fairy status getting out, not only would it put Harry in danger, but also their child. Kidnapping of fairy children back in the day was common. It was horrible, most were sold as sex slaves and never seen again. He couldn't risk that happening to his baby or Harry. The wizarding world would go crazy if they ever found out about them.

He knew that he handled the situation at Grimmauld Place earlier wrong. He shouldn't have blown up like that, but he was just so damn jealous of Charlie. He was also pissed. They had tricked him into canceling the courting contract as far as he was concerned. He would have never have done that had he known about the baby.

It hurt him upsetting Harry like that. He didn't want to threaten him with taking the baby, but it wasn't fair. Charlie was getting the man he loved and his baby. He knew that Harry would never deny him visitation, but he didn't want to be a part time dad or uncle. He didn't know what he was going to do, but he had to find a way to win Harry back. He had fucked up majorly and he had to make it right. He wouldn't back down though...he couldn't. He had to have Harry.
Chapter 7

I do not own Harry Potter

Merry Christmas all! Here is a little mini update as a Christmas gift.

Enjoy and review.

***HP

"So, you two are together now?" Raknor asked, leaning against the hatchlings enclosure watching as the small Potter boy interacted with the newly hatched Common Welch Greens.

"It's complicated," Charlie said, not even attempting to hide the goofy grin that was on his face. He was excited and proud that he was dating Harry, unlike Bill who had wanted to hide it like it was some kind of a dirty secret.

"Complicated," Raknor snorted. "You either are, or you aren't," he said, turning to look at his friend. "That boy looks at you like you hung the moon."

"It is complicated, but I guess you can say we are together. I'm taking it slow right now, he's still hurting over Bill."

Raknor nodded his head in understanding. "I still can't believe that your brother did that to him. I had always thought of him as a good man."

"Me too," Charlie said sadly. "Not only did he hurt Harry, but he also hurt Fleur. She was a nice girl, she didn't deserve that."

Raknor nudged Charlie with his elbow. "Worked out for you though, didn't it?" He slyly winked.

"There is that," Charlie blushed, "but it still killed me seeing him in so much pain."

Raknor watched as one of the hatchlings carefully approached the boy. "You can still see the pain in his eye," he said softly. "but you can also see the love that he has for you." Watching as the hatchling sniffed the boy's hand, he shook his head chuckling. "He truly has a gift with the littles."

"That he does," Charlie said fondly. "Never seen anything like it." He had to wonder if it was the fairy in him that made him so good with the hatchlings. Normally they were weary of humans and kept their distance, but there was something about Harry that drew them to him.

"So, a family hut," Raknor asked with a wink.

Before Charlie could respond, Harry came jogging up with a huge smile on his face and his cheeks red from the cold. "Did you see, Charlie? I got to pet the little Greens."

Did he see? He had never taken his eyes off of his magnificent mate. "It's a gift Harry. If Raknor or I went in there with them, they would run for the hills."

"Hi, Mr. Raknor," Harry said, grinning excitedly at the man. "I'm sorry, I didn't see you there."

"Of course not," Raknlor winked, "you only have eyes for Charlie here."
Harry dropped his chin blushing. "I was just excited about the hatchlings."

Raknor threw his head back laughing. "If you say so, kid. How about if the three of us go into town for a bite to eat?"

Charlie looked to Harry. "Sounds good to me. How about you?"

Harry eagerly nodded his head. "Yeah, just let me get a quick shower."

Charlie chuckled as Harry sprinted off to where the huts were. "I love him so much Raknor. It's a little frightening."

"Good, love is supposed to be scary, and if anyone tells you different, then they ain't ever really been in love," Raknor snorted at Charlie's wide eyed look. "How long are you staying?"

Charlie started walking slowly back to his hut with Raknor. "Not really sure, will be up to Harry, but maybe a week. I'm sure that he's going to want to spend some time with his dads before school starts up again. He just needed to get away for awhile, especially from Bill."

"I still can't believe that your brother turned out to be suck a huge prick," Raknor growled. "Still, that boy is better off with you."

"I can't say that I will never hurt him," Charlie admitted, "but I can say that I'll never do it on purpose."

"Of course you wouldn't," Raknor snapped. "Now go get your boy, I'm bloody starving."

***HP

Harry nervously tiptoed out to the darkened living room and stood awkwardly at the end of the couch. He couldn't sleep and he wanted Charlie to join him in bed, but he was too afraid to wake him. One of the first rules that he learned while living with the Dursleys was to never wake Uncle Vernon or Aunt Petunia, even if he had an emergency.

Not knowing what to do, he took a seat on the floor and rested his head on the couch next to Charlie's stomach. Despite being extremely tired, he just couldn't fall asleep. He had laid there in that big bed all alone staring up at the ceiling for over two hours, but his mind refused to shut down. He wanted....no, needed to be close to Charlie.

"Harry," Charlie sleepily murmured. He didn't know what woke him, there were no noises or anything, he just had a strange feeling that Harry needed him.

"I'm sorry," Harry said softly. "I didn't mean to wake you up."

"Is everything alright?" Charlie asked, sitting up and allowing the blanket to fall from his bare shoulders.

"It is now," Harry said huskily, eyes glued to Charlie's muscled chest. "You're bloody gorgeous, Charlie."

Laughing, Charlie adjusted the blanked around his waist to hide his growing large problem. "Did you wake me up at two in the morning just to tell me that? Not that I mind one bit."

Harry bashfully shook his head no. "I just wanted to be with you. Can you please sleep with me tonight. No sex," he quickly added, "I just want to be close to you."
"Are you absolutely sure, Harry?"

Getting to his feet, Harry held his hand out. "Please, I'm so tired and I know that I'll be able to fall asleep with your arms around me."

Charlie didn't need to be asked again. He had originally wanted to sleep with Harry, but he didn't want the fairy to think that he was pushing him into something. He was more than prepared to wait however long Harry needed.

Harry climbed into bed then snuggled against Charlie. "This is what I needed. I love you, Charlie Weasley."

Charlie rested his hand on Harry's slightly protruding belly, smiling when the familiar warmth traveled up his arm and into his magical core. "I love you too, Harry Potter."

Harry giggled when Charlie kissed the back of his neck. This was perfect, this is what he had needed in order to fall asleep. He felt safe and warm in Charlie's arms, not to mention that he smelled good enough to eat.

Charlie held Harry all night long, just watching as he slept. He was exhausted too, but he just couldn't take his eyes off of the magnificent creature that he had been blessed with. He prayed to Magic that she would see them through this mess with Bill and allow them to live a long and peaceful life together. He didn't ask her for riches or a huge manor, he just wanted Harry, his baby and their perfect life here at the sanctuary. He didn't think that that was asking for too much.

He hoped that Bill would come to his senses soon and take back his threat of taking the child. Even though Harry had refused to talk about it, he could see in his eyes how worried he was. Harry would never deny Bill his child, Bill just had to accept that Harry was his now. He had already stepped aside once, he would never do so again. Harry was his and he was never letting go.

***HP

"Pregnant!" Molly gasped, a trembling hand over her mouth. "Arthur, I just... I don't know what to say. How did we not know that this was happening right under our very own roof?"

"Magic," Arthur said simply, leaving out the fact that he knew about it from the beginning. What Molly didn't know wouldn't hurt her. "It doesn't matter how it happened, what matters now is that we are there for Harry and our grandchild. Both Harry and Charlie need our support."

Molly numbly shook her head no. "Oh, Arthur, poor William. Don't you see now, those two need to be together, they need to raise that baby as a proper family."

"That's not going to happen," Arthur said sternly. "Bill blew his chance with Harry."

"But we can make Harry see that Bill made a mistake," Molly said desperately. "He stupidly thought that he was helping us. Can't you see how much he loves Harry?"

"And can't you see how much Harry and Charlie love each other?" Arthur snapped. "Charlie is Harry's true soul mate, not Bill."

"Harry is so forgiving," Molly continued, not even registering what her husband had just said. "He just needs time to see that him and Bill belong with each other. They need to put that baby first."

"Dammit, Molly," Arthur roared. "Bill was a selfish bastard to Harry and he doesn't deserve a second chance with him. Charlie has been in love with that boy for years, he's who is best for Harry."
Not Ginny, not Bill, but Charlie."

With tears in her eyes, Molly nodded her head. "They were adorable together at Christmas," she reluctantly admitted. It wasn't that she didn't want to see Charlie with Harry, she just thought that Bill and Harry should try to be together again for the baby's sake. "That's two of my children that now have a broken heart because of Harry."

"None of this is Harry's fault." Arthur said in exasperation. "You have been filling our daughter's head with stories of the magnificent Harry Potter since before she could crawl. Her infatuation with him is your doing, not Harry's. As for Bill, he could have had Harry, but he heartlessly tossed him aside for woman with a splash of veela blood in her. You need to worry more about Magic punishing Bill than their self inflicted broken hearts."

Molly paled at the reminder of that. "Nothing has happened so far, maybe she won't punish him."

Arthur shook his head at his delusional wife. "Molly, he took that boy's virginity, got him pregnant, gave him a promise ring then dumped him without talking to him. He just stopped owling him then had the nerve to send him a wedding invitation. I'll always love my son, but he deserves to be punished."

Molly opened her mouth to argue, but wisely snapped it shut. What Bill had done to Harry was truly wrong. She hated the idea of Magic punishing her oldest child, but Arthur was right, he deserved it. She loved Harry like he was one of her own, it killed her to think about how scared and upset he had been when Bill stopped writing. It was a good thing that Charlie had been there for him.

"I'll go and see Bill in the morning," Molly offered. "I will see if I can talk some sense into him."

"Thank you," Arthur said, kissing his wife on the cheek. "Now, I know how excited you are to finally be a grandmother, but remember that you can't say anything. Not only will Harry be in danger if his fairy status gets out, but so will our grandson or granddaughter."

"Merlin, I can't believe that Harry is a submissive fairy. With the news of the baby, I completely forgot about that."

"Not surprising," Arthur chuckled fondly. "You hear the word baby and everything else gets forgotten."

"I need to get to Diagon Alley," Moly cried, jumping up and grabbing her purse. "I need to buy yarn, lots of yarn. I have blankets to knit, hats, booties, sweaters...Merlin I'm going to be busy."

Arthur watched with a grin on his face as his wife stepped into the floo and disappeared. Once again at the mention of a baby, she had totally forgotten that Harry was a fairy and her grandchild would more than likely be one too.

***HP

Charlie was carefully laying on the love of his life while kissing him silly. He was keeping the bulk of his weight on his arms in fear of squashing the tiny baby growing inside of Harry.

How did he ever think that kissing Bill was the best thing in the world? Just a touch from Charlie turned him into a big pile of fairy goo. He desperately wanted to ask Charlie to officially court him, but he was scared to after his experience with Bill. It would kill him if Charlie said that he wanted to keep their relationship a secret too. Of course he knew that he was being insanely stupid since a lot of people already knew about them, but he was still hurting bad over what Bill had done to him. He didn't want Charlie to think that he was desperate and scare him off.
"How can you be thinking at a time like this?" Charlie panted, sitting back in his heels.

"How did you know that I was thinking?" Harry asked, his face red with embarrassment.

"I can practically hear you thinking," Charlie chuckled. "Ok, spill."

"It's n-nothing," Harry stuttered.

Charlie raised a single red eyebrow. "If whatever is bothering you is enough to interrupt our hot and steamy make out session, then it obviously isn't nothing. Now you know that you can tell me anything."

Harry sat up and grabbed one of Charlie's hands and started playing with his thick, calloused fingers. "You...you're not embarrassed to be seen with me, are you?"

"Harry, why would you ask that?" Charlie asked sadly. "Have I made you feel that way at any time?"

Sucking on his bottom lips, Harry shook his head no. "No, it's just that...."

Charlie grabbed Harry and pulled him to his chest. "It's just that Bill made you hide your relationship. Is that it?"

"I'm sorry," Harry sniffled, head tucked under Charlie's chin. "I know that I'm being stupid. Both our families know about our relationship as well as everyone here at the Sanctuary, I don't know why I started doubting all of a sudden."

Charlie lifted Harry's chin up so he could look into his watery emerald eyes. "Harry, it hasn't been that long since Bill hurt you, of course you are going to have doubts. I want the whole entire world to know about us, I was just giving you time to heal. I already have your dads and my dad's permission to start courting you, I was just waiting until you were ready."

"I'm ready!" Harry loudly blurted out, throwing his arms around Charlie's neck. "I wanted to say something before, I was just scared that you would reject me like Bill did."

"So that's what had you thinking so hard, little bit," Charlie said, peppering Harry's face with tiny little kisses. "Next time something is bothering you, don't be afraid to tell me."

"I can't promise that I will, but I'll try," Harry said. "I'm just use to having to deal with everything on my own."

Charlie wished that he could feed Harry's vile relatives to his dragons. "Trying is all that I ask. So, how about after we return home later today, you and I go to the Ministry to make this courting official."

"I would love that!" Harry cried, clinging to Charlie. "Can we go home now?"

"We can," Charlie chuckled, heart soaring at getting his greatest wish, "but I thought that you wanted to see the baby Greens before we left. They'll be too big to mess with by the time we return."

Harry launched of the bed and started grabbing clothes to change into. "I can't leave without saying bye to them. How could I forget?"

Charlie shook his head as he watched Harry scurry around their room looking for clothes. "I guess our make out session is over then?" he called as Harry ran into the bathroom. "I guess it is," he
chuckled when Harry slammed the door behind him.

Still just in a pair of boxers, Charlie went out to the kitchen to start whipping up a quick breakfast for the two of them. He knew that Harry would be eager to get to the hatchlings enclosure so he could say his goodbyes and get home so he was just making some scrambled eggs and toast. The poor kid would only be puking it all back up when they portkeyed back to Grimmauld Place anyway.

He had to admit, he too couldn't wait to get home and get the courting contract signed and filed. He didn't want to take any chances that Bill would find a way to force Harry into a courting. When Bill had gotten the first courting contract approved, it had damn near killed him. He wasn't going to take any risks.

"Charlie."

Charlie turned to Harry, but the smile slipped off his face when he saw that his love was pale and trembling. "Harry, what's wrong?" He asked, dropping the spatula and rushing to Harry's side.

"Bill's owl," Harry said wide eyed and pointing out the window.

"The bastard," Charlie cursed, walking to the window and opening it up for the ruffled looking owl.

Harry watched as the owl soared through the window and landed on one of he kitchen chairs. Shaking it's head in attempt to fix some of its wind blown feathers, it looked at Charlie and held it's leg out.

"Guess it's for me?" Charlie growled, carefully untying the letter from the owl. He may be mad at his brother, but he would never take his anger out on an innocent bird,

"Poor, Sphinx," Harry coo'd, spooning some eggs onto a plate for the bird. "I can't believe that Bill sent him all the way to Romania in this weather."

Charlie grunted, but he was too busy reading the letter from his brother to verbally reply.

"Charlie, is it bad?" Harry asked nervously. He had tried his hardest the past week to not think about his ex, and he had been having so much fun with the baby Greens that he was almost successful with that, but now he was crashing back to reality.

"Brother," Charlie read out loud.

I would first like to apologize for my behavior on Christmas. You had sworn to me that you only saw Harry as a little brother so you could imagine how I felt when I saw the two of you together as a couple. I may have been with Fleur, but you knew that it was Harry who I truly loved. I know that I didn't have the right to react the way that I had, but I was overcome with jealousy.

Charlie, I know that you have feelings for Harry, but I beg of you to step aside once again so Harry and I can work through our issues. What I did to him is unforgivable, but we have a child on the way and for his sake we need to try again. Harry has an amazing heart and forgiving nature. I know that if he gives me a second chance he will come to see that I had made a stupid mistake thinking that I was helping the family.

I will swear on my magic that this time I won't hurt him. I was Harry's first love and I know that he still loves me. A person just can't fall out of love and move on as fast as Harry did. He still loves me,
Charlie, he just needs to see that I won't hurt him again.

We have a baby on the way, Charlie. A tiny little miracle that deserves to have both its mother and father living happily together under the same roof. Can you imagine how confused the poor thing will be with having you as both a father and an uncle? Please, think of the baby. He or she needs their parents together.

I know that I'm asking a lot, I saw the way that you looked at Harry. You are in love, Charlie, and I don't blame you for that. Harry is as beautiful on the inside as he is on the outside, how could you not love him? Please, put him and our child first and step aside. I can give them a wonderful life....they are my family.

If you ever loved me, Charlie, and if you love Harry, you will send Harry home and remain in Romania. Allow me the chance to court him properly this time, to show him how much I love him. I just want my family, can't you understand that?

Please, think about your little niece or nephew.

Love always.

Charlie crumbled the parchment up in his hands. "Harry?" he asked softly when he saw that the fairy was crying hard. "Is that what you want?" he asked, cold with dread.

"Please don't leave me, Charlie," Harry cried, wrapping his arms protectively around his stomach. "I don't....I don't love Bill like that anymore. I love you, Charlie, and I want to be with you."

"Never!" Charlie professed, grabbing Harry and hugging him as hard as he could without hurting him or the baby. "I love you too, Harry, I'll never leave you. You and I, we can give this baby a good home."

Harry couldn't stop his tears, he had been so terrified that Charlie would do as Bill asked. He knew that Charlie loved him, but Bill was his brother and he loved him too. They had been almost as close as Fred and George when they were little and he knew that Charlie would do almost anything for him.

"Don't leave me. Don't leave me," Harry kept murmuring over and over again.

Charlie carried Harry over to the couch and settled him on his lap. He wanted to curse his brother for ruining their last day at the sanctuary together. He couldn't believe that Bill had the nerve to request that of him, completely disregarding his feelings for Harry. If he knew that he loved Harry, how could he ask that of him? Bill was a selfish bastard.

"Please don't cry, Harry." Charlie said softly, gently rocking the fairy in hopes of calming him. "Bill's an ass, I'm not going to step aside if you don't want me too."

"Do you still want to court me?" Harry asked timidly.

"More than anything. If we get moving, we can file the contract before the Ministry closes today."

Wiping at his eyes, Harry slid off Charlie's lap. "Let's go say a quick goodbye to the Greens and get home. I just want to be with you, Charlie, and only you."

Getting to his feet, Charlie pulled Harry into a passionate, toe curling kiss. He had kept his promise to Sirius and did nothing more than kiss and snuggle with Harry, but it had been damn hard. He desperately wanted Harry, but he also wanted to do right by him.
"What is taking so long?" Molly asked for the tenth time in fifteen minutes. "Shouldn't they be back by now?"

"Maybe they're off..."

"celebrating on their own," the twins chorused.

"Yeah," Ron said, stealing a warm buttered roll off the table. "They didn't know that we were throwing them a party."

Molly smacked Ron's hand when he reached out for another roll. "It's tradition to have a family get together after a courting contract is filed. We did it for you and Hermione."

"I still can't get over that they are together," Hermione giggled. To say that she had been shocked when her boyfriend told her what happened over Christmas was an understatement. Not only was Harry and Charlie in love, but Harry had also been with Bill over the summer...it was all very confusing, and hot as hell.

"They do know to come to the Burrow, don't they?" Molly fretted.

"We told them," Remus chuckled. He hadn't been one bit surprised when his son returned after spending a week at the Dragon Sanctuary only to be whisked off to the Ministry by Charlie to make their courting official. The two were madly in love.

Arthur looked around the room, sighing when he noticed that Ginny was missing. She had been sulking since Christmas over Harry. Bill also wasn't there, but that was because they hadn't invited him. He hated that his family was torn, but it was their own fault. He wouldn't blame Harry for any of this.

"I always knew that Harry would become a member of this family, I just wasn't expecting it to be with Charlie," Molly sighed. She was no longer upset over it, but she did still feel bad for Ginny and Bill, especially Ginny, the poor girl had created her own fantasy world around Harry. To think, for months now Ginny had been saying that they were dating but Harry was keeping it a secret in order to protect her. Her daughter was delusional.

Then there was her sweet William. She still couldn't believe that he had used and hurt Harry so badly. She wished that they could get back together for the baby, but she understood why Harry just couldn't forgive him. What Bill had done was beyond heartless. She couldn't stop fretting over how Magic was going to punish him, but he deserved whatever she dished out. She just hoped that it wouldn't effect the rest of the family.

"Our dearest mother," George said, shaking his head. "Our dragon tamer has been in love with ickle Harrikens for years."

"We could see way back during the Quidditch World Cup," Fred added.

"Harry was only fourteen," Molly scoffed. "There is no way he was in love with Harry back then."

Arthur picked up the Daily Prophet and started leafing through it. "It's true, Molly, even I saw it. That's why Charlie returned to work at Hogwarts. He wanted to be closer to Harry now that he was of age."

"Well I didn't see it," Ron grumbled, "and Harry's my best mate and Charlie's my big brother. Hell, I
didn't even know that Harry was gay."

"Yes, I thought that I would have been cooking this celebration dinner up for Harry and Ginny, not Harry and Charlie," Molly said, adding a big bowl of mashed potatoes to the table.

"What's going on?"

"Uh oh," George cried, gaping at the doorway.

With a heavy sigh, Arthur folded up the paper and stood up. "William, to my office please."

Bill looked around the room, his eyes landing on the table that was heavy with food. "Is there a party going on that I wasn't invited to."

"Damn straight there is," Ron grumbled, glaring at his brother. He was furious with how he had treated Harry. He was there, he had seen how in love his best mate had been when he was receiving mysterious owls and how depressed he gotten when they just stopped coming. If he thought that he could take on Bill, he would hex him right here and now.

Bill's face fell when he saw that his brothers refused to make eye contact with him. "What's going on?"

"Bill, my office," Arthur snapped.

Nodding his head, Bill followed his dad into his office then started pacing in front of his desk. "This is about Harry and Charlie isn't it?"

Arthur inclined his head. "They are at the Ministry right now with Sirius filing a courting contract."

Paling, Bill collapsed into a chair. "Didn't Charlie get my letter?" he asked weakly.

"What letter?" Arthur asked, scowling at his oldest son.

"I-I sent Charlie a letter asking him to step down and allow Harry and I try to work through our issues. I told him that the baby deserved to have both its parents."

Arthur shook his head in disgust. "That was low of you Bill. You heard from Harry's own mouth how he feels about you."

"He's just lashing out because he's hurt and confused. I know that he still loves me,"

Sighing, Arthur rubbed at his eyes. What the hell was wrong with his oldest and youngest? "Bill, I need you to listen to me and listen to me carefully. Harry and your brother will end up bonding, I can feel it in their magic. Charlie is the perfect match for his fairy. You were a close match, but Charlie is a perfect match. Not only is their magic compatible, but the two of them are even obsessed with dragons. They were made for each other.

Now the way I see it, you have two choices. You can either continue to fight for Harry and in the process not only lose both Harry and Charlie, but also your baby, or you can accept what is and work with Harry to mutually share custody of your baby. The first option you not only run the risk of losing everything, but you also run the risk of Harry's fairy status getting out and putting him and your child in danger. The second option allows you to be part of their family, to be a loving father to your child. I know that it hurts Bill, but you have to let go."
Bill dropped his chin to his chest, shoulders shaking with his tears. "I regretted what I said to Harry last week at Grimmauld as soon as I got home. I don't want to hurt him, but I love him so much."

"Well you have a pretty shitty way of showing it," Arthur snapped. "That boy was crying so hard after you left that we had to call in Madam Pomfrey. Do you want him to lose the baby? You need to accept that all you are ever going to be to Harry is the biological father to his baby and his brother-in-law. Please, Bill, be the good man that I know you are.' With that he got up and left to give his son some alone time to think about what he said.

Bill remained in his father's office until he heard cheers coming from the kitchen. Wiping his eyes and casting a glamour over them to hide their redness and swelling, he plastered a fake smile on his face and left to congratulate the courting couple. He was dying on the inside, but he was going to try to do as his father suggested. It was his fault that he hurt Harry, he brought this pain on himself....and he deserved it.
Charlie reached out and took Harry's cold and trembling hands in his. "Deep, calming breaths, little bit," he coached. "Everything will be alright."

Breathing deeply, Harry sharply nodded his head. "I know it will. It's just been a month since I last saw him, what if he's mean?"

"Harry, your dads are coming too and Bill is terrified of them," Charlie joked, hoping to calm the young fairy. "Honestly though, love, I think Bill will behave himself. He handled himself at our courting party."

"He only stayed long enough to say congratulations," Harry reminded. "He didn't even slow down on his way to the floo."

Charlie pulled his future mate tight to his muscular chest. "You know, you didn't have to invite him."

"I know," Harry sighed loudly. "But he is the baby's father and it's only fair that he gets to be here for the checkups. I also want to stay on his good side. If he wanted to, he could make things really hard on us."

Charlie gritted his teeth, he hated being reminded that Harry's baby wasn't his. As far as he was concerned, that little one was his and Harry's...not Bill's. He was the one who held Harry's hair back while he vomited every morning, he was the one who lovingly handled Harry's mood swings, and now he was the one who was catering to Harry's crazy food cravings. Just last night he had apparated to Muggle London to get him something called a Big Mac. He wasn't familiar with the muggle world so he had to ask around and deal with the strange looks the muggles were giving him. Not wanting to venture out again, he bought twenty five burgers and placed a preservation charm on them.

"Do you think that we will get to find out the sex of the baby today?" Harry asked excitedly, lovingly caressing his small baby bump. He was going into his fifth month, and while he still couldn't feel the baby move, you could now see a noticeable swell to his midsection when not wearing a glamour.

"Do you want to find out the sex?" Charlie grinned. This was only the hundredth time Harry had asked him that question in the past twenty four hours.

"I...I don't know," Harry said thoughtful, still rubbing his belly. "It would make shopping and picking out a name a hell of a lot easier if we knew what we were having."
Grabbing the fairy, Charlie gave him a long and passionate kiss. "I love it when you say we," he said breathlessly. "You have made me the happiest man in the world."

"That's good to know," Sirius grumbled, scowling at the pair that was still wrapped in each other's arms. "Parents are here, enough with the touchy, feely, kissy crap."

Blushing, Harry looked up to see his dads, Dumbledore, Snape, Madam Pomfrey and Bill standing in the door of Charlie's hut. "Sorry," he said shyly, refusing to look at Bill. He knew for a hundred percent certainty that he loved Charlie, but Bill's betrayal still hurt something fierce. It wasn't something that he could move on from in jus a few short months.

"We did knock," Dumbledore chuckled, eyes sparkling, "but when you didn't answer your dad got a little..concerned."

"Daaaad!" Harry cried in embarrassment. "Charlie and I.. We're not... I'm not...."

"What you son is trying to say and failing most adorably at," Charlie laughed, rescuing his spluttering, red faced mate, "is that we haven't moved on to the next step in our relationship yet. I am even still sleeping on the couch."

Bill's eyes lit up at hearing that. Maybe there was still a chance for him. "Harry, how have you been feeling," he asked kindly. Maybe if he showed him that he was kind, understanding and there for him, he would come back to him. He desperately wanted Harry and his baby.

Harry reluctantly looked at Bill, immediately noticing how tired and sickly he looked. He looked as though he had lost a great deal of weight too. "Morning sickness is still a bitch," he grumbled, "but at least now it's mostly just in the morning instead all throughout the day and night. I don't understand why they call it morning sickness when it can hit at anytime." He knew that he was rambling, but he couldn't help it, he was nervous. He wished that his relationship with Bill could go back to how it was before they started sleeping together, but sadly their relationship would never be the same again.

"If there's anything that you need," Bill quickly offered. "Anything at all, just give me a call. I'll drop everything for you."

"I have everything under control," Charlie said shortly. "Even the food cravings. I do hope next time you crave something from the Wizarding World," he said fondly, lovingly brushing the hair from Harry's eyes.

"Uh oh," Sirius snickered. "Cravings already? I remember when Lily had James scouring the muggle world looking for something called a Reese Cup."

Charlie threw his head back laughing. "Harry had me in muggle London looking for a Big Mac. Took me three hours to find it, and here it was just a cheese burger. I don't know why he couldn't have asked the elves to make him one."

"Because," Harry pouted. "The elves don't know how to make the secret sauce. A Big Mac isn't a Big Mac without the secret sauce."

"Next time floo me...anytime night or day," Bill said somewhat desperately. It was killing him watching his brother and lover together. That should be him complaining about going into the muggle world, Harry was carrying his baby.

Harry fidgeted nervously, dropping his head and looking to the floor. It hurt seeing Bill so sad and in so much pain.
"Are we doing this or not," Severus drawled, wanting to get this checkup done and over with. All the dramatics was making him sick.

"Where are we doing this dear?" Madam Pomfrey asked, bustling into the room with her medical bag gripped tightly in her hand. She would have preferred to do this in the Hospital Wing, but they couldn't risk someone overhearing them.

Pulling out his wand, Charlie transfigured the couch into a hospital bed. "We can do it right here."

As Madam Pomfrey set everything up, Harry rushed to his fathers and gave them a hug. "I miss you both," he said teary eyed.

"It's only been three weeks since you returned to school," Sirius chuckled, hugging his son back.

"Still missed you," Harry murmured into Sirius' chest.

"We missed you too, pup. Has Charlie been taking good care of you?" Sirius asked, scowling at the large red head.


Grumbling, Sirius pushed Harry towards the temporary hospital bed. He was thrilled that his son was happily courting someone he was madly in love with, but he wasn't ready to share him just yet. He hadn't even been a father for a full year and he was already losing him. Hell, he was about to become a grandfather.

"Shirt off and hop up," Madam Pomfrey ordered sternly, patting the bed.

Harry wasn't comfortable taking off his shirt and revealing his baby bump with Bill in the room, but there was nothing he could do about it. Bill was the baby's father and he had a right to be here.

Bill had a hard time controlling his arousal when Harry removed his shirt. He was without a doubt the most beautiful creature on the planet. He would give anything to sink himself into the fairy's delicious, tight heat again. Sex with him had been beyond incredible.

Growling, Remus spun around and bared his teeth at the eldest Weasley boy. He could smell his arousal rolling off of him and it was making him sick. They were here to check up on his son's health and the health of his grandchild, Bill shouldn't be getting hard over that. Charlie wasn't lusting after Harry just because he was topless. Bill was disgusting and Moony wanted to rip his throat out.

"Other than morning sickness and cravings, have you been feeling alright?" Madam Pomfrey asked as she waved her wand over the fairy.

"I'm tired a lot," Harry admitted.

"He sleeps most of the day," Charlie added, standing possessively next to the bed. Bill had tried to squeeze in between him and Harry, but he shoved him away with a vicious glare.

"That's to be expected," Severus said, leaning against the wall looking bored. "Your magic and energy is going to making the baby. The best thing to do is sleep if your body demands it."

Madam Pomfrey nodded her head in agreement. "I also want to increase your nutrient potions, you haven't gained that much weight and your iron is low."

Severus inclined his head. "I will get started on a new batch and send it with your crazy elf in the
morning, Potter."

"Thank you," Harry said, surprised at how easily Snape was helping him. Normally the man would bitch and complain and insult him.

"Have you felt any movement yet," Madam Pomfrey asked.

"Not yet," Harry answered, frowning at the medi-witch. "Is that a problem?"

"Not at all, dear," Madam Pomfrey quickly reassured. "Though I would expect that you will be feeling the little one soon. At first it will feel like a light flutter or tiny bubbles, but before long it will feel like he or she is trying to kick their way out."

Grinning, Harry reached out and grabbed Charlie's hand. "I can't wait to feel it."

"Me either," Charlie said, beaming down at his mate.

Bill angrily fisted his hands in his robe pockets. He had always loved and adored his brother, but right now he could happily AK him. He should be the one at Harry's side, chest puffed out like a proud poppa. It wasn't fair.

"Would you like to find out the sex?" Madam Pomfrey grinned.

Looking to Charlie, Harry chewed on his bottom lip. He did and he didn't want to know. It would be great to know so he could shop, but at the same time it was one of life's greatest mysteries and he didn't know if he wanted to ruin that mystery just yet.

"It's up to you," Charlie chuckled, reaching down and rescuing his mate's abused lower lip.

"Do you want to know?" Harry asked excitedly.

"Why are you asking him?" Bill snapped, finally losing it. "I am the baby's father, not Charlie. I should be the one at your side making the decisions."

Charlie opened his mouth to say something, but Harry squeezed his hand. "You're right, I'm sorry Bill. I still feel a little awkward around you, but I will try harder. Would you like to know the sex?"

Stepping up to the bed, opposite of his brother, Bill looked down in awe at Harry's swollen stomach. "I can't believe that there is a baby in there," he gushed, reaching out to touch the bump.

"Don't!" Sirius hissed, grabbing the hand before it could make contact. "You don't just touch a person without asking permission," he said darkly, "and I believe that you have touched my son enough."

Closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, Bill looked to Harry. "Harry can I..."

"I want to know," Harry quickly said in a trembling voice. He didn't want to be rude and interrupt Bill, but he really didn't want him touching him. It just felt very wrong.

Without waiting to see if Bill agreed, Madam Pomfrey cast the spell. "Congratulations, you're having a little boy."

"A son,"Bill whispered reverently. Personally he would have preferred to find out when Harry delivered, but it was too late now.

With tears in his eyes, Harry sat up and hugged first Charlie, and then his fathers. "I can't believe that
it's a boy."

Bill wasn't surprised when he didn't get a hug, but it still hurt. He was the baby's father, not Charlie.

"The baby looks great, Harry," Madam Pomfrey declared, handing the boy his shirt. "I'll see you again next month. Remember, no magic."

Sitting up, Harry said goodbye to his teachers and Madam Pomfrey. Still grinning, he looked to his dads. "Thank you for coming. Would you like to stay for dinner?"

"Of course," Sirius crowed. "I'm never one to turn down Hogwarts food."

Harry reluctantly turned to Bill. "W-Would you like to stay for dinner too?" He really didn't want him to, but he couldn't bring himself to be rude and not invite him.

"Sounds great," Bill answered, taking a seat and making himself comfortable. He knew Harry and his brother didn't want him there, but how was he going to fight for his family if he was never around?

Harry shook his head no when Sirius opened his mouth to say something to Bill. He didn't want Bill here, but he also didn't want to start a fight. Bill was going to be in his life for the rest of his life and he was just going to have to get use to having him around.

"Dobby will be bringing dinner in about a half hour," Harry said, grabbing some Butterbeers and passing them out. When he handed Bill his, his ex reached out and softly caressed his hand. Flinching, Harry quickly drew his hand back and scowled at Bill.

Smirking, Bill took a sip of his drink. "Harry, I would like to take you baby shopping sometime soon."

With his back turned to Bill, Harry shook his head no. "It's not safe to be seen baby shopping, Bill. I'm going to have to owl order everything under a fake name. I can't risk my fairy status being discovered."

Bill could understand that, but he had been hoping to use a shopping trip as an excuse to spend some one on one time with Harry. "How about if you floo to my cottage one day and we can go through some catalogs together?" That was an even better idea. He could spend the day alone with Harry at his house. He was sure that it would 't take too much to get Harry back in his bed and underneath of him. He had always been so eager to please him before.

Harry gave Bill a tense smile. He knew what his ex was trying to do. It hurt that Bill was using the baby as an excuse to get close to him again. Why couldn't he just accept that he was with Charlie? "That sounds great, Bill, except floo'ing makes me throw up right now. You're more than welcome to come here and look through catalogs with me. I have a stack all ready and a few ideas. I was just waiting on finding out the sex."

"I guess I can do that," Bill grumbled, not liking the idea but knowing that he didn't have a choice. He wasn't going to force Harry to floo if it made him sick. "I was thinking William James Weasley for our son's name," he announced proudly.

"It's a nice name," Harry said with a grimace, "and thank you for thinking of my father, but I want our child to have his own name."

"He will also be a Potter or a Potter Weasley," Sirius sneered. It was killing him sitting in the same room as Bill and having to be civil to him. As far as he was concerned, the bastard took advantage of
his vulnerable son and then broke his heart.

"I'm the boy's father," Bill hissed. "He will have my last name."

Snorting, Sirius narrowed his eyes at the eldest Weasley. "First, you are not bonded so Harry does not have to give his son your last name, and second, the Potter name carries a Lordship, the Weasley name does not. Harry has to produce an heir to the Potter line and the Black line before any of his children can be a Weasley. It's just the way things are."

"It's not that I don't want him to be a Weasley," Harry quickly added when he saw how upset Bill was getting. "Technically this baby should be a Black before a Potter because the Blacks are older and more prominent than Potters. This is nothing against you."

"So he can't be a Weasley or a William," Bill grumbled loudly, scowling into his Butterbeer.

"If you really want him to be a William than I guess we can name him that. It's not that I don't like the name, I just feel that children should have their own name and not have to walk in their parents shadows. I'm constantly being compared to my dad and I'm nothing like him. This little baby is a new person, a new being and he should have a new name."

"You don't have to justify yourself to him," Sirius growled, fingering his wand in temptation. "He heartlessly tossed you away because you weren't good enough for him. You name that baby what you want."

Bill had to grit his teeth to keep from snapping. He knew that he royally fucked up, he didn't need it constantly thrown back in his face. Even though he had been engaged to Fleur, his heart had been with Harry.

"No more," Harry said tiredly with tears in his eyes. "I can't keep doing this. What's done is done. Yes I fell in love with Bill over the summer and gave myself to him. Yes he promised me a courting then dumped me for someone who was only a quarter veela. Yes I'm pregnant with Bill's child and now madly in love with Charlie. Everything is a mess, but we can't keep dwelling on it."

"Harry..." Remus said gently.

Ignoring his dad, Harry looked sadly to Bill. "Bill, I know that you are still hoping that we will get back together and be a family, but it's not going to happen. I love Charlie with all my heart and I will be bonding with him after graduation. We will be moving to Romania where I can study and work with dragons. Our floo will always be open to you...night and day. This child growing inside of me is yours and I want you to be a part of their life...I want you to be their dad. I know it hurts, but you have to understand and accept that Charlie will be this baby's dad too. I want us all to get along and be happy. You love Charlie and he loves you. It will kill me if I'm the reason that you two come to hate each other."

"I don't want to share you and the baby," Bill stressed, getting to his feet. "I love you, Harry Potter, and I know that you still love me."

Charlie got between his mate and Bill. "Please Bill, don't keep doing this to Harry, it's not good for him or the baby. We're not keeping you away from the baby, but I'll be damned if I'll sit back and let you take Harry from me. I was stupid to allow you the first time, I'll not be making that mistake again."

"So you're just going to take my son and Harry and run off to Romania?" Bill spat angrily. "I don't want my son so far away."
"For Merlin's sake you're a wizard!" Sirius roared loudly. "You can floo or portkey to the sanctuary and be there in minutes."

Rubbing his temples in a lame attempt at warding of the migraine he was getting, Harry collapsed on the couch next to Remus a rested his head on his shoulder. He was so tired. Why couldn't everyone just get along?

Pulling Harry tighter to him, Remus took over rubbing his head. "Would you like a pain reliever?" he asked, ignoring his mate and Bill as they continued to argue back and forth.

"I just want the fighting to stop," Harry whimpered. "Why does Bill have to make everything so difficult?"

"Because he wants you," Remus answered simply.

Balling his hands into fists, Harry jumped to his feet when Sirius and Bill both pulled out their wands and aimed them at each other. "Enough!" he screamed, body trembling. "No more!" Spinning on Bill, he glared at him angrily. "I'm done being nice. You are not now, nor will you ever be my mate. The only thing you are is the father to my baby and future brother-in-law. I will be moving to Romania directly after graduating where I will be sharing a family hut with Charlie. If you can behave yourself then you can visit anytime. I can't take this fighting anymore...I'm done! If you want to continue coming to the checkups then you need to be nice and stop being so demanding. I don't have..."

Charlie lunged forward and grabbed Harry when his legs gave out on him. "Harry!" he cried.

"It hurts," Harry cried, face pale and arm clutching his middle. "It hurts so bad, Charlie."

Remus was on his feet and at the fireplace calling Madam Pomfrey before anyone else could move. He was terrified that his son was losing the baby.

Letting out a loud and agonizing scream, Harry's wings erupted out of his back as he collapsed to his knees. "Please, no!" he sobbed, fearing for the little life growing inside of him.

Bill was scared to death for Harry and his baby, but at the same time he was in awe of Harry's wings. They were absolutely magnificent...breathtaking. He wanted nothing more that to run his fingers through his soft feathers. It ate at him something horrible knowing that his brother had more than likely done just that on more than one occasion.

"On the couch!" Madam Pomfrey briskly ordered, not even vanishing the soot from her robes.

"It's going to be alright," Charlie murmured, carefully picking Harry up and placing him on the couch, mindful of his wings.

Rolling onto his side, Harry curled into a tight ball. "It feels like I'm being stabbed in my stomach," he whimpered.

Madam Pomfrey started to rapidly wave her wand over Harry, face pinched in concentration. "The baby is in distress," she said gravely.

"Do something!" Sirius cried fearfully.

Madam Pomfrey pulled out a Calming Draught and Pain Potion from her bag and fed them to Harry. "Harry, I need you to calm down and try directing your magic to the baby. If you can't stabilize him soon, you will lose him."
Whining loudly, Harry clung tight to Charlie. How was he supposed to calm down after hearing that his baby was going to die. Taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, he attempted to do as ordered.

For ten long minutes Madam Pomfrey continued to scan Harry while the four men hovered nervously. "It's not enough," she said with tears in her eyes. "The baby's heartbeat is getting weaker." Rubbing the back of her neck thoughtfully, she turned to Bill. "Place you hand over the baby and very slowly and gently feed it your magic." She wasn't sure that this would work, she had never treated a pregnant, submissive fairy before. Hell, no healer in the world had ever treated someone like Harry before.

Harry flinched violently when Bill placed his hand on his stomach. His touch was wrong...very, very wrong. "Stop!" he cried, weakly beating at Bill's arm.

Madam Pomfrey harshly shoved Bill away from Harry. As soon as Bill touched Harry's stomach, the baby's heart rate plummeted. "I was hoping that world work," she said, looking up to Sirius with a shake of her head. Harry's baby was dying. "I thought because of the baby that their magic was compatible."

Without asking, Charlie placed his hand on Harry's stomach, tearing up at the feel of the warmth that he had come to love. He loved this little life as if it was his own. It would destroy him if Harry lost the baby.

Harry started relaxing under Charlie's touch. The stabbing pain that the Pain Potion didn't take away was starting to ease. Looking into Charlie's warm and loving eyes, he placed his hand over his and started praying that his baby would make it.

Wand trembling slightly in her hand, Madam Pomfrey took a shaky breath. "It's working. Thank Merlin it's working. I thought for sure..." Wiping a tear from her cheek, she smiled gently down at the little fairy. "Harry, your little one's heartbeat is back to normal. I don't know what happened, but you need to make damn sure that it doesn't happen again. You were seconds away from losing your son."

Sirius ran his hand through his long black hair. "It was my fault, I was arguing with Bill."

Bill was staring unblinkingly at where Harry's and his brother's hands were joined. Charlie had done what he could not...he saved his son. Harry's body and magic had rejected him. Hell, his own son had rejected him. Without saying a word to anyone, he tore out of the hut and ran as fast as he could towards the Hogwarts gates. He had to get away...far away.

Remus placed his hand on his son's shoulder and gave it a squeeze. "Don't worry about him, Harry. I think he is finally seeing the truth and he needs to be alone to lick his wounds. I don't think you should get off this couch for a while."

"Your father is right," Madam Pomfrey agreed. "You're now officially on bed rest until I say so."

***HP*** slight time skip

Harry grinned from ear to ear when Charlie came walking through the door carrying three large bags, each sporting the famous M for McDonalds. Clambering to his feet, careful of his seven month pregnant belly, he rushed to the table and waited for the red head to place the bags in front of him.

"I went to a different McDonalds this time," Charlie groaned, placing the bags in front of Harry. "The workers at the last one were starting to look at me funny. I guess it isn't normal for a bloke to buy fifty or so Big Macs a week." Yelping, he snatched his hand back before Harry could bite it.
"Are you that hungry that you feel the need to bite my hand?" he chuckled.

Tearing into the bag, Harry nodded his head yes. "Your hand was covering the top and preventing me from claiming my prize," he giggled, pulling a Big Mac from the bag. Flipping the top up, his mouth watered at the sight of the juicy burger.

"I don't think it's healthy to eat that many burgers," Charlie grimaced. He had tried one for himself, and while they weren't bad, he couldn't imagine living off the greasy fast food burgers for weeks. One had been more than enough for him.

"Were you able to get me some sweet and sour sauce?" Harry asked hopefully with his mouth stuffed. He didn't care if the burgers were healthy or not...he needed them.

Reaching into his pocket, Charlie pulled out a handful of little plastic cups. "The lady tried telling me that I couldn't have them because they were only for customers ordering chicken, but I managed to sweet talk her out of some."

Moaning in pleasure, he tore the top off of the first cup he grabbed then dipped his burger into it. "Now this is what I needed." he groaned, closing his eyes and savoring the first bite of his sweet and sour coated Big Mac.

"I guess your food cravings could be worse," Charlie chuckled, kissing the fairy on top of his head. "When mom was pregnant with Ginny, she craved onion sandwiches."

Swallowing his food, Harry crinkled his nose up in disgust. He hated onions. He had to send Charlie back out last week when the stupid workers at McDonald's forgot to hold the onions on his Big Macs. "No offense, but I bet your mom smelled."

"Not just her," Charlie said fondly. "The entire Burrow reeked of onions for months."

Giggling, Harry reached into the bag and pulled out a second Big Mac. "Thank you for being amazing and putting up with me...and for going into the muggle world all hours of the day and night to get me these beauties," he grinned cheekily, taking a big bite out of the second burger. Part of him wondered if Bill would have dropped everything for him and ran to a muggle fast food joint just because he was craving a burger. Charlie never once complained.

"I love you, Harry, you don't have to thank me. I enjoy watching you happily stuff your cute little face full of greasy dead cow."

"Good," Harry said around another mouthful, "because this dead cow craving isn't going away anytime soon."

Hearing his floo alarm going off, Charlie left Harry at the table scarfing down his second Big Mac and dropped to his knees in front of the fireplace. It was late, he couldn't imagine who was trying to contact him. Opening the floo, his father's face appeared looking grave. "Dad, what's wrong?"

"I'm sorry to contact you so late, Charlie," Arthur said tiredly, "but I just wanted to let you know that Bill in the hospital."

Hearing the table chair scrape across the floor, he turned and watched as Harry quickly waddled towards him. He was now seven months pregnant and huge. Taking his hand, he helped lower him to the floor.

"Mr. Weasley, what happened?" Harry asked, eyes large with concern. He hadn't seen a Bill in two months, not since he ran out of the hut after he almost lost the baby. He had sent him a few owls
inviting him to his checkups. But he never heard back from him. He felt guilty now for feeling relieved that Bill was staying away. The past two months had been nice without having to worry about him.

"Look at you," Arthur said fondly. "My grandson is really growing."

Caressing his protruding belly, Harry smiled back at his soon to be father-in-law. "He really is, and he's been kicking up a storm. Please, Mr. Weasley, is Bill alright?"

"He was in an accident today," Arthur said gravely. "The goblins said that his work has been sloppy lately and he got cursed pretty bad by a cursed object."

"This is all my fault!" Harry cried in distress. "Is he going to be alright?"

"Molly is with him now," Arthur explained. "It was touch and go for a while, but he's expected to make a full recovery. It was a nasty blood boiling curse and organ melting curse. He's going to be in Mungos for a while though."

Charlie was soothingly rubbing his hand up and down Harry's back. He was so upset that he was shaking. "Can we visit him?" He may be disgusted with Bill, but he was his brother and he still loved him.

Arthur's eyes softened when he saw how upset Harry was. These past seven months hadn't been easy on him. He was proud of him though, he was studying hard despite the pregnancy exhausting him, and he was making an effort to include Bill in everything that related to the baby. "Actually, he has asked to see the both of you."

Harry tried getting to his feet but Charlie tugged him back down. "We'll be there shortly. Harry just ate a large meal and if he floo's now he will be vomiting everywhere. Give us about two hours, after his stomach has settled."

"Charlie, we need to go now!" Harry pleaded.

"Dad said that he was going to be fine." Charlie said gently. "He can wait a couple of hours. I don't want you getting sick. Your seven months pregnant, Harry, and Madam Pomfrey said that it won't take much lose this baby. Dad will explain it to Bill."

"Listen to Charlie," Arthur agreed. "Bill is no longer critical. Take care of my grandson first."

Sniffling, Harry nodded his head. "I will, Mr. Weasley. Please tell Bill that I'm sorry."

Charlie waited until the floo connection cut off before helping Harry up and directing him to the couch. Grabbing a blanket, he draped it over his shoulders. "Harry, this wasn't your fault. Bill brought this on himself by being a heartless ass. Why don't you take a nap and when you wake we'll go and visit him.

Laying down, Harry buried himself under the blanket until just his eyes were peeking out. Deep down he knew that Charlie was right, but he still couldn't help but feel responsible for Bill's accident. Not only had he come between brothers who had always loved each other and broke the Weasley family up, but he also almost got Bill killed. Uncle Vernon was right, he was a no good slut.
Chapter 9

I do not own Harry Potter.

Finally an update. Real life has been crazy busy and I have been too tired at night to write. I also have been suffering from writers block and lack of motivation. Hopefully soon I can claw my way out of this funk. I do have most of Stark Truth's next chapter written as well as Blind Love.

PLEASE REVIEW

***HP

Taking a deep breath, Harry gripped Charlie's hand tightly then entered Bill's hospital room. When he first heard of Bill's accident he had wanted to rush over immediately to see him, but now he really didn't want to be here. Bill was sick, he didn't want to fight with him or make him feel bad. According to Mr. Weasley, Bill had come dangerously close to dying a couple times. The curse had literally been melting his organs. If it hadn't been for the goblins reacting immediately to the situation, Bill would be dead. Bill may not be his favorite person right now, but he would always love him.

"Harry!" Bill cried breathlessly, his pale, face lighting up. "You came."

Harry almost fell back into Charlie when he saw how bad Bill looked. It wasn't just because of the curse, Bill had lost an alarming amount of weight over the past few months. He was pale, had huge dark circles under his haunting eyes, looked as though he had aged fifteen years and looked as frail as a dying old man.

"Merlin," Charlie whispered in shock, reaching out to steady his mate.

"B-Bill," Harry stuttered. He wanted to approach the bed but his legs refused to cooperate. This was all his fault. He was the reason why Bill looked so horrible and was in the hospital.

"You look beautiful," Bill said, drinking in the site of the young man he loved. "But where's the..."

"Glamours," Arthur quickly interrupted. "He only has two months left so he has to wear glamour."

Bill's eyes dropped to Harry's glamour, flat tummy. Oh how he would love to see it round and swollen with his child. His little boy. Harry and his son were all he had thought about since he left Hagrid's hut that horrible day when Harry almost lost the baby. It had killed him when his child rejected him but welcomed his brother. He was the father, he should have been the one to stabilize the pregnancy and save his son.

"I have missed you, Harry," Bill said weakly.

"I sent owls," Harry said, finally approaching the bed. He smiled gratefully at Charlie when he pushed a chair behind him. He was so big with the pregnancy that he tired easily. His ankles were also painfully swollen so standing was hard on him.

Bill's eyes dimmed when he saw how his love and brother interacted with each other. Even a blind man could see how much they loved each other. Harry had once looked at him like that. "Charlie, it's good to see you again," he said tightly. As much as he loved his brother, he also hated him. He stole Harry from him.
"Bill," Charlie acknowledged. "How are you?" He hadn't missed how his brother was looking at Harry. He still desperately wanted him.

"Better now," Bill said, giving Harry a wink. "Harry, how is our little..."

"Bill," Arthur interrupted loudly. "Not here, it's too dangerous. Places like this have too many ears."

"Right. Sorry," Bill said, eyes still only for Harry.

Harry tried not to fidget but Bill's staring was freaking him the hell out. "Were the doctors able to heal you completely? It sounded like a terrible curse."

"It was," Bill winced. "My blood was literally boiling and my organs were melting. Luckily the goblins immediately knocked me out, put a stasis charm on me then got me here. The healers were able to regenerate my organs, but it has been an extremely painful process."

"I-I didn't know healers could do that," Harry said, paling.

Charlie rushed around the chair and knelt in front of his mate. "You alright, love, you're looking a little green?"

Swallowing the vomit that was working its way up his throat, Harry jerkily nodded his head. "Weak stomach, remember?"

"How could I forget," Charlie chuckled softly. "You lost your dinner last night after Neville visited and went into great detail about how he harvested over two gallons of Stinksap from his Mimbulus Mimbletonia."

Harry pressed a shaky hand to his stomach. "Please don't remind me of that," he groaned.

Chuckling, Charlie loving kissed his mate on the forehead. "Sorry, love. How about I get you some juice?"

"There's a cart at the end of the hall," Arthur offered. "She had some Pumpkin Juice earlier."

"I'll be back," Charlie said standing up.

"I see you two are still a thing," Bill mumbled, jealousy thick in his voice.

"Bill," Arthur warned.

"Bill, I'm happy," Harry said softly. "Charlie is extremely loving and caring. I care very much for you and I don't want to fight about this anymore. We're family."

Taking a couple deep breaths, Bill reluctantly nodded his head. "I can see now that you and Charlie love each other, but do you still love me?"

Shifting uncomfortably in his chair, Harry glanced to where Mr. Weasley was sitting. He was relieved that the man was still in the room, he didn't feel comfortable alone with Bill. "You were my first love, Bill, and you will always have a special place in my heart."

"I still love you, Harry," Bill said passionately. "I accept that I will never be able to break you and Charlie apart, that's why I'm willing to form a triad with the two of you. It will solve all our problems."

Harry's eyebrows drew together in confusion. He had no clue what the hell Bill was talking about.
He had just opened his mouth to ask when Mr. Weasley jumped to his feet. "William Weasley, how dare you suggest such a thing? Why can't you accept that you lost Harry because of your own selfish actions?"

"I don't understand," Harry said softly, shocked at seeing how mad Mr. Weasley was. It wasn't often that the gentle man raised his voice like that.

Running his hand through his bright, balding ginger hair, Arthur turned to his soon to be son-in-law. "Harry, do you know what a triad is?"

"I don't see why you're getting upset, dad," Bill growled. "A triad will solve everything. The three of us can make it work, I know it. I love both Harry and Charlie, Charlie as only a brother, but we can share."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Harry cried, struggling to get to his feet. "What do you mean share? Share what? What the hell is a triad?"

"A triad is a relationship between three people," Charlie said darkly as he walked back into the room carrying a bottle of Pumpkin Juice. "Bill wants the three of us together...he wants the two of us to share you."

"What!" Harry cried in horror.

Arthur placed a calming hand on Harry's shoulder. "Harry, it's not good for you to get upset."
Looking past Harry he nodded to his second oldest son. "Charlie, take Harry home."

Bill tried to get up, but he was too weak and too sore. "Please think about it," he cried out desperately. "The three of us can be a family."

Gritting his teeth to keep from cursing his brother, Charlie wrapped an arm around Harry's waist and led him out of the room. He couldn't believe that his brother had the nerve to suggest a triad. Triads weren't uncommon in the Wizarding World, but after the way he treated Harry, how dare he ask such a thing?

***HP

Padding across the floor in his bare feet and his wings fluttering behind him, Harry joined his mate on the couch and snuggled into his strong, muscular chest. Yawning, he closed his eyes and tried to block out the image of Bill in his hospital bed.

Placing the essay on unicorns he had been grading on the table, Charlie pulled a blanket from the back of the couch and draped over Harry. "Feeling better after your bath?"

"Not really," Harry mumbled. "I can't believe how horrible Bill looked."

"I know," Charlie sighed. Bill's appearance terrified him. He was still furious with him for treating Harry the way that he had, but he was still his older brother and he loved him. Him and Bill had been extremely close before this, he had hoped that Bill's silence meant that he was dealing with losing Harry and moving on.

Lost in thought, Harry started to absentmindedly trace Charlie's rock, hard abs. "Charlie, can you explain triad to me? I never heard of it before."

Charlie's right hand angrily balled up into a tight fist. He still couldn't believe that his brother had suggested a triad. "Harry, a triad is where three people enter into a relationship together."
Nose scrunching up cutely, Harry lifted his head so he could look into Charlie's warm eyes. "But you and Bill are brothers, how would that work? He...he doesn't want to have sex with you, does he?"

"Merlin no," Charlie laughed. "Just you, my love. Harry, it's just another desperate measure by my brother to get you back. You...you wouldn't be interested in a triad with Bill would you?" He asked with dread. He didn't doubt Harry's love for him for a second, but he knew that deep down Harry still loved his brother.

"No," Harry cried without hesitating. "I don't feel that way for Bill anymore. Yes I love him, but only as a brother and the father of my baby. I only want you, Charlie."

Feeling like a heavy weight had been lifted off his chest, Charlie stood up taking Harry with him. He didn't know what he would have done or said if Harry wanted to be in a triad with Bill. It would have killed him, but he probably would have agreed. He would do anything for Harry...even share him with his brother.

Giggling, Harry wrapped his arms tightly around Charlie's neck. "Charlie, I'm too fat for you to be carrying around. You're going to hurt your back."

"You're perfect," Charlie said huskily as he gently laid Harry on their bed. Ever since that night in his hut at the reserve when Harry couldn't sleep without him, the two of them had shared the same bed. They still hadn't had sex, just kissing and petting, but he could tell that Harry was almost ready to take the next step. It was hard being patient, but he would wait a lifetime for Harry if he had to.

Harry squealed when Charlie lifted his baggy t-shirt up and start peppering his pregnant belly with kisses. Technically the shirt was Charlie's, his belly outgrew his shirts a month ago. He loved wearing Charlie's clothes, he loved being wrapped in his scent all day and all night.

Charlie stopped the kissing and laid his cheek on Harry's belly when the baby started kicking. "I'll never get tired of feeling him move inside of you," he said breathlessly.

Smiling, Harry started running his fingers through Charlie's long, soft hair. "We still need a name for him. His own name, not mine, not my dad's, and not Bill's, he needs his own unique name."

"Are there any names that you like or traditions that you want to follow?"

"You mean like how the Blacks name their kids after stars or constellations?"

"A lot of purebloods follow a certain tradition when it comes to naming," Charlie explained. "Some even go as far as consulting a seer and allowing her to name the child based on what she sees of their future."

"Purebloods are weird," Harry snickered. "Could you imagine asking whacky, Professor Trelawney to name our child?"

"Hey now!" Charlie growled, tickling at Harry's sides. "You're soon going to be bonded to a pureblood!"

"Stop!" Harry cried, laughing hysterically and wiggling on the bed. "Stop! I'm gonna to pee myself."

Eyes alight with happiness, Charlie collapsed on the bed next to Harry and pulled him into his muscular arms. "I love you so much, Harry. I swear, I'm the happiest man on the planet."

Eyes watering slightly, Harry snuggled into Charlie's embrace. "I love you too, Charlie Weasley."
After a few minutes of quiet and just soaking in each other presence, Charlie rolled Harry to his side so he could see his face. "How about something dragon?"

"What?" Harry asked, his face scrunched cutely up in confusion.

Chuckling, Charlie kissed the tip of Harry's nose. "For the baby, silly. How about a name that means dragon or something similar?"

"Like Draco," Harry grumbled. "Stupid prat, I always thought his name was awesome; too awesome for him to have. Do you know any boys names that mean dragon?"

"Well, there's Fafnir," Charlie suggested, not really liking the name himself. "It means mythical dragon."

"Definitely not. That's horrible," Harry gagged.


"Sounds like a plan," Harry happily agreed. "I only have two more months, this little one is going to need a name and quick."

***HP

Waving his wand over his robe, Bill smoothed out all the wrinkles then slipped it on. It had been a month since he had almost died from that horrible curse and for the first time since then he was going to be seeing Harry. For the past month he had devoted all his time and energy into healing, getting cleaned up, and gaining back all the weight he had lost while pineing over Harry. His healers had prescribed him some strong nutrient potions and he was once again looking like his old self.

How the hell did he think he was going to win Harry back by looking like a desperate, pathetic loser? He begged, he pleaded, he apologized over a hundred times and nothing worked. Maybe if he visited Harry looking and acting like his old sexy self he would be able to win him back. He was serious about the triad, it was the perfect solution and everyone would be happy. He would have Harry, Charlie would have Harry, and Harry wouldn't have to chose between the two of them. He would also get to raise his little boy with Harry...he would get to be a full time father.

Grabbing the purple and silver stuffed dragon that he had picked up at a muggle toy store, Bill stepped in his floo and called out for Headmaster Dumbledore's office. Today was Harry's eight month check up, he hadn't expected an invitation so when one arrived yesterday he had been thrilled. He was going to do his best to keep his temper in check around Sirius and he was going to go out of his way to be nice to Charlie. If he could get his brother on his side, Harry would cave easily after that. Soon they would be one big, happy family.

"Mr. Weasley," Dumbledore greeted a little coldly as the young man stepped out of his fireplace.

Vanishing the soot from his robe and the toy dragon, Bill smiled at his old headmaster. "Headmaster Dumbledore, how are you today?"

"As well as can be expected," Dumbledore answered.

Bill looked anxiously at the door. He couldn't wait to see Harry again. "I'm glad to hear that, sir. I guess I'll be heading down to Charlie's hut now."

"Don't upset Harry," Dumbledore warned, his magic seeping out just enough for Bill to feel it. "He's
been handling this pregnancy well, but he's been very tired and weak this past month. He doesn't need any added stress."

"Is he alright?" Bill asked fearfully.

"Your brother has been taking excellent care of him and he has had Poppy and Severus there for him, too. He's very young, though, too young, and these last two months have taken a lot of him. Even with all the extra nutrient potions, Harry is sleeping sixteen to twenty hours a day."

"I didn't know that he could get pregnant," Bill defended weakly.

"No you didn't, and neither did Harry, but he was barely a seventeen year old boy when you took his virginity. You are ten years older than him, you should have done right by him and at least filed a courting contract before having sex. The sex isn't what has me disappointed in you, it's how you treated him after. I never would have thought that one of Arthur and Molly's boys could be so heartless and selfish. Even now, after everything you have put that boy through, you just won't leave him be and allow him and your brother to live their lives. They're not trying to keep that baby from you and Harry has included you in everything, you need to stop expecting more. You don't deserve it."

Bill looked down at the floor in shame. "I can't. I love Harry too much to just give up."

Dumbledore shook his head in disappointment. "Is it Harry you love, or is it the sex and the fact that Harry is a male submissive fairy? Maybe it's just jealousy because your little brother has something you want? Charlie and Harry were destined to be together, their magic is a perfect match. He could have been happy with you even though your magic isn't a perfect match, but not now after being with Charlie. You need to stop hurting Harry and yourself and accept the fact that you lost Harry and you will never get him back. Acting like this will only draw attention to Harry, putting his life and your child's life in danger."

"I need to go," Bill said moodily, turning towards the door.

"Very well," Dumbledore said sadly.

***HP

Reluctantly releasing his son from a bone crushing hug, Sirius stepped back so he could get a good look at him. "Merlin, you have really popped since I last seen you. You're huge!"

"Sirius," Remus gasped, swatting at his mate's head. "You don't say shit like that to a pregnant person."

"Not unless you want to get cursed into next week," Charlie added playfully.

"Hey!" Harry cried with a slight stomp of his foot. "I have been good, hardly any mood swings."

Leaning in, Charlie whispered in Sirius' ear. "That's because he's too busy eating those disgusting, greasy burgers."

"I heard that," Harry scowled playfully. "I still have a month to go. More than enough time to exercise my hormonal pregnancy rights."

Charlie quickly held his hands up in surrender. "Mercy!" he cried. "I will get on my knees and lick at your feet, anything but the dreaded mood swings. I remember how mom was when she was pregnant with Ron and Ginny. I'm surprised dad didn't slip her a contraceptive potion every morning with her
tea after having Bill if she was that bad with him, too."

"What about me?"

Tensing, Harry turned toward the door where Bill was standing looking awkward and unsure of himself. "Bill, I'm glad you could make it," he said tensely.

Walking farther into the room, Bill held the dragon stuffy out to Harry. "I-I got this for you. Well for the baby, but I picked out a dragon because I know how crazy you and Charlie are about them."

Smiling at the adorable dragon whose colors reminded him of his wings, Harry took it from Bill and gave his ex a small hug. "You're looking good, Bill. A lot better than last time I saw you."

Bill looked to Charlie to see if he was jealous because Harry was hugging him, but his brother was just standing there smiling tenderly at Harry. It was clear to see that his brother trusted Harry one hundred percent. "Thank you. I'm feeling much, much better. I'm actually going back to work next week." He had been surprised when the goblins had given him a month off after his accident, but they knew that his head hadn't been in the right place lately. Ever since Christmas all he could think about was Harry.

Bill gasped when Harry's protruding stomach bumped against his. Looking down, his eyes about popped out of their sockets when he saw it. A month ago when he visited him in the hospital he had worn a glamour so his stomach was as flat as it was the first time they made love, but now it was enormous. How the hell was little Harry carrying all that extra weight?

"Sweet Merlin!" Bill said in awe, eyes still pinned on Harry's stomach. "There's...there's a baby in there," he mumbled, feeling a bit dizzy as it truly hit him. Yes he had known that Harry was pregnant with his child, but he had been so focused on getting Harry back that he honestly hadn't given his child much thought.

"Well now we see who Ron inherited his intelligence from," Sirius snorted.

"Be nice," Remus growled.

"I'm going to be a dad," Bill muttered, swaying on his feet.

"Dad," Harry cried in alarm turning to Remus.

Chuckling, Remus rushed to Bill's side and helped him to the couch. "He's alright, just going into shock."

Still gripping the stuffed dragon tightly, Harry took a seat on the coffee table in front of the couch. "Bill, what's wrong? Is it the curse? Do you want me to call Madam Promfey?" She was coming anyway for his checkup but not for another thirty minutes.

Bill couldn't stop staring at Harry's huge baby belly. Slowly shaking his head, he brought his eyes up until the made contact with Harry's emerald ones. "I'm going to be a dad," he repeated again.

"I told you months ago that you were," Harry said, giving his dad a concerned look.

Reining in his jealousy, Charlie took a seat on the table next to Harry. He wasn't jealous because Harry had hugged Bill or was talking to him, he was jealous because he wasn't the father to his mate's baby. He had been there for Harry and the little one from the very beginning, but that didn't change the fact that Bill was the biological father. Bill was going to be daddy, he was just going to be Uncle Charlie.
Putting his arm around Harry, Charlie pulled the confused fairy into his side. "Before today, Bill couldn't see past you for it to truly register with him that he was soon going to be a father. He hasn't been around for months, now the proof that he is going to have a son is staring him in the face."

Eyes tears up, Bill looked between his brother and his ex. "Please forgive me for how I have acted. You have been nothing but kind and understanding, and I have been nothing but a bastard. After everything that I have done I don't deserve your forgiveness, but please don't keep me away from my child."

"Staying away has been your choice," Charlie said shortly. "Harry has sent you owls and invitations but you have been ignoring them."

"No more," Bill said with determination. "I'm not going to miss another minute of my son's life."

"I'm glad to hear that," Harry said, his own eyes watering. "Are you going to stop trying to get me back? I love you, Bill, but not like that anymore."

Bill winced, Harry's words felt like a knife to his heart. "I'm not going to lie to you, I love you and would love nothing more than to be with you...to be a family for our son. I can see now though that that will never happen. You love Charlie."

"I do," Harry admitted, losing his battle with his tears. He hated seeing Bill in so much pain but there was nothing he could do for him. "Are you going to fight to take the baby away from me?"

"No!" Bill cried admittedly. "I never meant it when I said that, Harry. I would never hurt you like that. Just promise me that I can visit with my son and be his dad."

"Done," Harry sighed, gripping Charlie's hand for support. For months he had feared that Bill would try to take his baby after it was born. "Thank you for finally understanding."

"It hurts," Bill said sadly. "I'm not going to lie, but I'll handle it. I brought this on myself, I have only myself to blame."

"I still don't like you," Sirius grumbled moodily. "Not after what you did to my pup."

"You have every right to hate me, Sirius."

"I don't need your permission to hate you." Sirius snapped.

"Dad," Harry called softly. "Please no fighting. This is good, things are getting resolved. Let's just drop it and move on."

"Harry, Bill..."

"I picked a name for the baby," Harry cried, interrupting his dad. He meant it, he didn't want anymore fighting. Bill was finally seeing the light, he had been praying for this for months

"You already named him?" Bill asked with a frown. Once again he had missed out on something important and it was all his fault.

"Already?" Harry scowled. "Bill, the baby could come any minute, I had to find a name for him."

Bill jerkily nodded his head. "Of course, I'm sorry. I didn't mean anything by it, I just felt bad that I didn't get to help you name our son."

"Don't feel bad," Charlie chuckled, "he didn't let me help either."
"Not true!" Harry sang childishly. "I let you buy the baby naming book."

Standing up, Charlie bowed to Harry. "And what an honor that was."

Giggling, Harry shoved Charlie, laughing even harder when he fell forward and into the arm of the couch. "That's what you get for picking on me. I'm pregnant, you have to be nice to me. It's the law!"

"Do we get to learn this mysterious name?" Remus asked excitedly.

Harry blushed shyly at the men in the house. "Charlie said that I was being too picky with the name, that's why he wasn't allowed to help. I didn't want just any old common name like mine, and I didn't want to name him after anyone I knew, I wanted my son to have his very own name. After weeks of reading the baby naming book, which no joke was over five thousand pages, I was finally able to settle on a name that I liked and had meaning."

Bill felt a little bad that Harry wasn't going to name their son after him, but he could understand how he felt wanting their baby to have his own name. Since he was eleven Harry had been told how much he looked like his dad, he even had his dad's name as his middle name. Professor Snape was always comparing him to his father, a man that Harry had no memory of. Even Sirius after escaping Azkaban had slipped and called him James a few times. The man hadn't been right in the head at the time, but he was much better now after healing and therapy.

"Come on!" Sirius cried. "The suspense is killing me."

"I should make you wait," Harry grinned cheekily, "but I won't since I love you so much. His name is going to be Lorcan Rigel Potter."

Sirius rushed around the couch and carefully scooped his son up. "You decided to follow the Black tradition. Thank you, that means a lot to me. I may not have agreed with most of what they believed in, but naming Black children after stars and constellations dates back to the beginning of my family line."

Bill sat there repeating the name over and over again in his head trying to decide if he liked it or not. Lorcan wasn't bad, but Rigel was a bit odd. "Which name is a star or constellation?"

Harry could tell that Bill didn't care for the name, but tuff, he was attached to it now. There was no way in hell that he was going to change it. For the past two weeks he had been calling his son Lorcan. "Rigel is the brightest star in the constellation of Orion. My dad is Sirius Orion, I felt that Rigel was the perfect fit."

Bill smiled at Harry, he knew how much he adored his dad. "Rigel really is perfect. I'm sorry for making a face over it. What does Lorcan mean?"

"Little fierce one," Charlie snickered. "Just like his mummy."

Harry batted Charlie's hand away when he went to ruffle his hair. "I had actually been looking for a name that meant dragon or something similar when I found Lorcan. I fell in love with it as soon as I saw it."

"Lorcan Rigel Potter," Bill repeated. It stung that his son wasn't going to be a Weasley, but that wasn't Harry's fault. Harry was the last Potter and Black, there were more than enough Weasleys to carry on the name. "I love the name, Harry."

"Thank you," Harry grinned, relaxing at hearing that. He didn't want to fight or hurt Bill's feeling,
but he hadn't been around when he had looked for names. He would have taken his opinions into consideration, but now it was too late.

Relaxing, Charlie smiled at his brother and held his hand out to shake. He would never be able to forgive Bill for hurting Harry, but hopefully now they could move and be brothers again. He missed having Bill in his life.
Chapter 10

Getting closer to the end. I plan to stick with this fic now until finished.

PLEASE REVIEW

***HP

Bill stepped out of the floo, a large paper bag clutched in his hand full of greasy burgers. Eyes landing on his brother, who was sitting on the floor massaging Harry's swollen feet, he gave him a nod and a tight smile. It still hurt seeing his brother and Harry so happy together, it hurt like a knife to the heart, but he was trying to move on and deal with it as civilly as possible.

He knew now that he was never getting Harry back, no matter how many threats he spewed or how much pleading he did, he had lost Harry to his brother for good. He would always love Harry, but he had to accept that all he would ever be to the fairy was his brother-in-law and father to his first born. But accepting was easier to say than do. He would do anything to get Harry back.

"I braved the muggle world and I now triumphantly return with ten Big Macs with no onions, extra cheese, extra secret sauce, and a dozen little cups of sweet and sour sauce."

Grinning, Harry made excited grabby hands in Bill's direction. "I can't get up, everything hurts too much." Patting his large, protruding belly, he smirked up at Bill. "I have a table right here, no need for me to move to the kitchen."

Chuckling, Bill crossed the room and handed Harry the bag. "Not much longer now," he reminded with a grin.

Charlie smiled softly at his mate from where he was sitting on the floor massaging his feet and calves. "Anytime now and little Lorcan will be here, I'm so excited."

"I can't wait to get him out, but I'm not looking forward to labor and pain." Harry grimaced.

Bill forced himself to keep smiling even though it was hard. The night before Harry had kindly sat him down and explained to him that he didn't want him in the room with him during his son's birth because he would be uncomfortable with him there. He got it, he understood why, but it still hurt like a bitch. This was his first child and he wanted to be there as he came into the world. He knew that he only had himself to blame, but it still ate at him something ugly that his brother was going to see the birth of his son while he waited in another room with Remus, Sirius, and his parents.

Harry was only able to finish one burger, there wasn't much room left in his stomach, not with Lorcan pushing on it. He was in the final stretch of his pregnancy and he was extremely uncomfortable. His aches and pain had aches and pains and he looked like he had swallowed twenty bludgers. He was tired all the time, but he could no longer get comfortable enough to fall asleep. He was just miserable twenty four hours a day.

Harry sat up, stretching his back. "Lorcan is bouncing on my bladder again."

Chuckling, Charlie got to his feet so he could help his mate up and to the bathroom. With Harry so close to his due date, they had moved back to Grimmauld Place so Harry would have someone with him around the clock. He also had to stop using glamours because they were putting too much of a
strain on his magic. There was just too much of a risk him remaining at Hogwarts, they didn't need someone seeing a very much pregnant Harry Potter puttering around the Care of Magical Creatures teacher's hut and running to the Prophet. Eventually they were going to have to let the world know about the newest Potter, but not until after the baby was born. Harry didn't need the added stress right now.

After months of researching with Dumbledore, Severus found an old, somewhat dark pregnancy curse. Basically if a person was hit with this curse, they would get pregnant by the first person they had sex with after getting cursed, and then the curse would forcibly bond the pair together. They were going to say that Harry unknowingly got hit with this curse during the final battle and then got pregnant after having sex with Bill Weasley after drinking too much at his birthday party. They then were going to say that Dumbledore was able to transfer the bond to Charlie Weasley since Bill and Charlie were brothers and also because it was Charlie who Harry was madly in love with. It didn't exactly make Harry or Bill look good, but it beat the world finding out that Harry was a submissive fairy.

"Another bathroom trip?" Remus asked Bill as he entered the room.

"Yeah," Bill said heavily, wishing that it was him helping his pregnant mate to the bathroom.

"I know this is hard for you, Bill, but you're doing the right thing. Harry loves you, but as a brother now, it's Charlie who was meant to be his mate."

"Kick me while I'm down, Remus," Bill grumbled petulantly.

Remus shrugged his shoulders, he honestly couldn't care less about Bill's feelings, not after the way he had hurt his pup. "Better for you to accept it now, especially seeing as they are officially bonding in July."

Bill grit his teeth at the reminder of the upcoming bonding. After receiving an invitation by owl to his brother's and Harry's wedding, he had went out and got himself so drunk that he had passed out in the middle of an alley at three in the morning. Luckily Mungungus had found him and contacted his dad to come and get his sorry ass. His dad had been so mad that he had refused to give him a hangover potion or a pain reliever.

"Hey, Remus!" Sirius shouted as he walked into the room carrying a heavy vase. "Do you think Harry and Charlie will want this for their place?" Seeing Bill, the smiled slipped from the animagus' face. "Oh, you're here again."

"Padfoot, that vase is horrendous, the boys aren't going to want it," Remus chuckled. "And be nice to Bill," he added half heartedly.

Sirius looked down at the vase in his hands, his face scrunching up. "True, I was just hoping to get rid of it. The damn thing gives me the creeps."

Harry came shuffling into the room, his hand under his stomach as if he was trying to support it. "Can we just move a couch into the bathroom? Lorcan is going to have me back up and pissing in twenty minutes anyway."

Seeing that his brother wasn't with him, Bill hurried to Harry's side to help him back to his seat. It wasn't often that Charlie wasn't glued to Harry's side, just during the day when he was at Hogwarts teaching.

Harry gave Bill a small smile. "Thanks," he said, trying not to tense under Bill's hands. He was one
hundred percent over Bill now, what he did to him no longer hurt, but he just wasn't comfortable with Bill touching him. According to a book on fairies that Fleur had sent him, it was because he wasn't bonded with Charlie yet and he felt threatened around unbonded males, especially ones that had very strong feelings for him. Bill wasn't good at masking his desire for him at all.

Bill was thrilled to get any contact with Harry that he could. Placing one hand on his elbow, and his other on the small of his back, he guided him to the couch. "Are you still feeling dizzy?" He asked in concern? For the past week Harry had been getting dizzy spells off and on. Madam Pomfrey said that it was nothing to concern themselves with, it was just his magic focusing on the baby.

"A little," Harry admitted as he took a seat next to Remus. He was grateful his dad was there and that Bill couldn't sit next to him. The book said that once he was bonded he wouldn't feel as threatened around Bill. He hoped so, he felt bad for always shying away from him.

Charlie came walking into the room carrying a large cup of tea. Squeezing himself between his brother, who was standing too close to Harry for his comfort, and Harry, he knelt down and handed the tea over. "I added ginger to help settle your stomach."

Taking the tea, Harry leaned in and gave Charlie a quick peck on the lips. He tried to limit his public displays of affection around Bill, but Charlie's lips had looked too yummy to ignore. "I'm so glad tomorrow is Saturday and you don't have to go to Hogwarts."

"I'm yours all weekend," Charlie grinned as he brushed Harry's hair away from his face. Seeing as Harry was so close to giving birth and was extra clingy with him, Dumbledore excused him from living on Hogwarts grounds. For now he was only there for as long as it took him to teach his classes, then it was right back home for him. Hagrid was also returning early so he could stay with Harry after the baby was born. He only had one more week left at Hogwarts.

He can't say he was going to miss working at the school, but he had enjoyed his time there. He had only returned to get Harry to fall in love with him, and now that he had accomplished that, him, Harry, and the baby would be moving to the sanctuary right after graduation. Bill wasn't happy that they would be moving so soon after Lorcan's birth, but it would be safer for Harry and the baby behind the Sanctuary's wards. Once news hit about the baby, the wizarding world was going to go crazy. They had been trying their best to work with Bill and to keep him happy, but this was one issue they weren't budging on. They were moving to the Sanctuary the day after graduation.

"I'm also free all weekend," Bill said eagerly. "If you need me to run into the muggle world for cravings or buy last minute baby stuff, I'm your guy."

Gripping Charlie's hand, Harry smiled up at Bill. "Thank you for your help, Bill, Charlie and I really appreciate it." They really didn't, it was awkward having Bill around all the time, but he was trying so hard that they couldn't just turn him away.

Sirius rolled his eyes. He hated that Bill was here, but Harry made him promise to play nice. He did feel a bit bad, but only because he had really liked Bill before all of this. Still, he would never be able to forgive him for hurting his son.

"Are you taking any time off after the baby is born, Bill?" Remus asked, praying that he wasn't. Bill had been a constant in the house ever since Harry came home and having him around all the time was really grating on his nerves.

"Yes," Bill answered excitedly, he couldn't wait until his little son was born. "We get eight weeks paternity leave at Gringotts. I plan to help with my son as much as possible and help get him and Harry settled at the Sanctuary. I also put in for a transfer and it's looking like I'm going to get
approved. One of the curse breakers in Romania lost a hand and has decided to call it quits."

Harry wanted to cry. Eight weeks with Bill constantly hanging over him sounded like torture, but Bill was Lorcan's father and it was only right that he got to be a part of his life. "Charlie pretty much has the hut all ready for us, he even has a baby room all decorated for Lorcan. He also talked to the director of the sanctuary and he knows that we will be coming with a newborn baby."

"And he's alright with a new trainee having a baby?" Remus asked.

Charlie snorted. "Are you kidding me, the director is in love with Harry. He loves Harry so much that he made a vow not to tell anyone about the baby and he had a ward master come in and strengthen the wards around the sanctuary. A fly won't be able to get in without permission."

"I still can't believe they allow children in a dragon sanctuary." Bill said, his voice heavy with disapproval.

Charlie sighed heavily, he had been over this with his brother multiple times. "Bill, you're a curse breaker and you have been to the sanctuary and have seen and felt the wards, children are perfectly safe there. The sanctuary has been there for over a hundred years and not one child has ever been killed or hurt by a dragon."

"They haven't had Harry's kid," Sirius mumbled under his breath with a smirk.

Harry narrowed his eyes. "What did you say, dad?"

Feigning innocence, Sirius looked at his son with large, puppy dog eyes. "What? What are you talking about? I didn't say anything."

"Are you trying to say that my kid will have a knack for getting into trouble?" Harry asked dangerously.

Charlie lovingly cupped his mate's cheek. "Little bit, that baby is a cross between a Potter and a Weasley, he's going to have every dragon handler on their toes."

Harry eyes grew wide. "Merlin, you're right. Lorcan is going to have the blood of the Marauders and the Weasley twins running through his veins. He's going to have the blood of the greatest pranksters to ever grace, or more like terrorize, the halls of Hogwarts."

"Not to mention your knack of finding trouble," Sirius laughed.

"Well damn!" Harry cried. "This kid doesn't stand a chance."

"He'll be fine." Charlie chuckled. "Lorcan will have us, Bill, your dads, and every dragon handler looking out for him. Harry, the sanctuary isn't just a group of people who love dragons and work with them, we're a family. We work together, eat together, live together, we're there for each other however needed, Lorcan is going to be just fine."

Looking down, Harry softly caressed his baby bump. "Yeah, he's going to be so loved. He's going to have two dads, grandparents, uncles, aunts, and tons of other honorary aunts and uncles that will spoil him rotten."

"Not to mention the best mother in the world," Charlie pointed out.

Blushing, Harry leaned forward and buried his face in Charlie's neck. "I don't know about that. I don't know what I'm doing and I'm scared. I'm just glad that I have you to help me."
"And me," Bill said with a frown. "Let's not forget, I'm Lorcan's father."

"I believe that I said Lorcan was going to have two dads," Harry snapped. "And Charlie is going to be every bit as much as a father to Lorcan as you."

"Charlie is his uncle, I'm his dad!"

"Oh my god!" Harry cried in frustration. "Charlie is my mate, my very soon to be bonded mate, and he will also be Lorcan's father. This little boy is going to have two daddies, something I would have killed for growing up. Hell, I would have killed to have just one daddy. Stop being such a dick, Bill."

Bill winced at Harry's words, he hadn't meant to hurt Harry and make him relive his horrible childhood. "I'm sorry, sometimes my jealousy gets the better of me."

"Bill," Harry sighed, "no one is trying to take this baby from you. You're Lorcan's father and I want you in his life, but you have to accept that Charlie is also going to be his father. Remember Charlie, your brother who you love very much? You know that Charlie won't try to take your place as Lorcan's father, and you know that he will love him dearly."

Charlie placed his hand on Harry's stomach. "I already do love him. Bill, the three of us can be a family and give this little boy an incredible life, but you have to stop being so jealous all the time."

Bill roughly ran his hand through his hair. "I'm trying, brother, but it's hard. I love you, man, and I know you wouldn't try to steal my son, but I feel like a third wheel here."

"Maybe that's because you are," Sirius grumbled.

"Dad!" Harry chastised.

Sirius held his hands up in surrender. "Hey, I'm just speaking the truth. If this was all just about the baby I would understand, but this is about you, Harry. Bill still wants you and he's still upset that his brother has you."

"Sirius." Remus sighed tiredly, even though his mate was one hundred percent right. Bill cared for and was excited about the baby, but he still desperately wanted Harry. He wasn't hanging around the house during his free time because of his son, he was hanging around just to be close to Harry. He could still smell arousal and desperation pouring off of Bill when he was in the same room as Harry. Harry could sense it too, it was why he was so uncomfortable around him.

"I'm trying," was all that Bill could say in defense.

"I'm done," Harry said as he struggled to get up. "I'm going to bed early tonight, I can't take anymore."

Bill watched with a heavy heart and a spike of jealousy as Charlie followed Harry out of the room. He knew that his brother and Harry shared a bed, but he also knew that they hadn't had sex yet. He couldn't help but feel a little smug about that. Harry and him had sex multiple times while he had been staying at the Burrow, the fairy had never said no to him. Harry had even dropped to his knees and sucked him to completion then swallowed everything that he had to give him. He couldn't help but feel smug that he had had Harry and Charlie hadn't.

Remus started growling when heavy waves of arousal started pouring off of Bill. "That is my son you're lusting after," he warned. "If you want to continue being welcome in my home, you will learn to control yourself. Not only are you disrespecting Sirius and I, but you're also disrespecting Harry"
and your brother."

Bill lowered his head in shame. "I'm sorry. I'll just be heading back to my cottage now."

"I hate that bastard," Sirius hissed after Bill disappeared in the floo. "Why the hell hasn't magic punished the bastard yet."

"Maybe his punishment was the curse that almost killed him," Remus suggested,

"That's not punishment enough for what he did."

"I agree," Remus said heavily.

***HP

"Dis is so exciting 'Arry, thank you for allowing me to be a part of zis miracle," Fleur gushed. 

Harry smiled at the veela from across the table. He had invited Fleur for a visit so he could tell her about his pregnancy and then offer her a chance to watch, and maybe assist, with the delivery. Fleur was apprenticing to be a healer and she wanted to specialize in labor and delivery, he figured seeing a male submissive fairy give birth was a once in a lifetime chance. She had also done so much for him the past few months, sending him books on fairies and getting him an invite to meet with the Veela queen that he felt it only right to repay her. He also really liked her and she made him feel safe, he knew that he could trust her.

"Are you going to be alright with Bill around?"

Giggling, Fleur leaned across the table and took Harry's hands. "Bill who?" She asked with a wink. "I am zeeing Viktor Krum and just last night 'e asked to officially start courting."

Harry mouth dropped open in shock. "You and Viktor? Wow, that's amazing, Fleur. Congratulations!"

Fleur was beaming. "'E is very much ze gentleman, 'Arry, and I am very 'appy."

"I'm so happy for you?" Harry said sincerely. "And Viktor is a very lucky man to have snagged you."

"It 'urt when I found out ze truth about Bill, but it worked out in the end. I 'ave always 'ad a crush on Viktor."

"Yeah, in the end it worked out for me too. I had the biggest crush on Charlie but I thought he was straight, I didn't know that he felt the same way about me. What Bill did shattered me, but Charlie picked up the pieces and put me back together. I don't think I could have ever been this happy with Bill."

"You are glowing," Fluer grinned.

"I'm a beached whale," Harry joked. "I can't wait for this little one to be born."

"'E will probably be a fairy too, yes?" Fleur asked. "Zis is so exciting. How 'as Bill been?"

Harry exhaled loudly. "I think he's trying, but he makes me uncomfortable. If he's not working he's here lurking in whatever room I'm in. I wish I could say he was just excited about the baby, but..."

"'E is obsessed wiz you," Fleur finished.
"At least he's no longer coming up with crazy suggestions, like a triad."

"E is crazy!" Fleur cried. "Charlie iz your mate, not 'im. You should tell 'im to go 'ome if 'e makes you uncomfortable. You are pregnant, 'Arry, you should not be stressed so."

"I know, I just don't want to piss him off. I'm terrified that he's going to try fighting me for the baby and my fairy status getting out. He's already upset that we're moving to Romania the day after graduation, and he's insanely jealous of Charlie. I'm just trying to keep the peace."

"At ze risk of you and ze baby, zough," Fleur said, her voice heavy with disapproval. "You must take care of yourself first, your 'ealth and ze 'ealth of ze baby is more important zan 'is 'appiness. Remember, you will always 'ave a safe 'ome wiz ze veela."

"Thank you, and I appreciate that, but hopefully that won't be needed. I am a month shy of starting my dream job and I'm pretty sure you guys don't have dragons wandering around."

Fleur chuckled. "You and zose dragons."

"I can't wait," Harry said excitedly. "Charlie says I have a special gift with the baby dragons, so I'll probably specialize in them, but I want to learn everything there is about dragons and become one of the few dragonologists in the world."

"Like your Charlie?"

"Yeah, Charlie is a dragonologist." Harry bragged. "There are only twenty five licensed dragonologists in the world, and I'm hoping to be number twenty six. It's going to take a few years of apprenticing, but I'm determined."

Charlie, who had just entered the kitchen, leaned down and kissed his mate on the head. "I have no doubt that you can do it, and probably in less time than what I did."

Harry smiled softly up at Charlie. "I don't know about that. Let's not forget that we will have a little one demanding our attention. I'm not in a rush though, it will happen when it happens."

Turning his attention to Fleur, Charlie held out his hand for her to shake. "It's good to see you again, Fleur, you're looking as stunning as ever. Did you accept Harry's invitation?"

Fleur happily shook Charlie's hand. "Yes, I did, and I am most excited. I will be moving in tomorrow so I don't miss ze big event."

"You should invite Viktor over one night and we can all have dinner together?" Harry suggested excitedly. "Of course, Viktor will have to swear not to tell anyone about me being pregnant, we're hoping to keep it under wraps until after I am behind the sanctuary's wards."

"You can trust Viktor, 'e will not tell a soul. Will tomorrow work for you? Viktor and I were going to go on a date, but zis will be much better?"

"That sounds great, I can't wait to see Viktor again."

"Should you be cooking in your condition?" Fleur asked with a frown.

"I'm not working tomorrow so I'll help," Charlie offered.

Harry spun in his chair, his face lighting. "You're not working tomorrow, why not?"

"Hagrid's back even earlier than what we expected. I'm finished teaching!"
Jumping up, Harry threw himself at Charlie. "I get you all to myself now!" He cried happily.

Chuckling, Charlie cupped Harry's stomach, the familiar warmth rushing up his arm and into his chest. "At least until this little one is born." He still couldn't get over the feeling he got every time he touched Harry's baby bump, it was like the baby was reaching out to him and pulling at his magic. He had never heard of such a thing, but it was absolutely magnificent. He found himself touching Harry's stomach every chance he got now, he just couldn't get enough of the warmth that seeped into him each time he did. He knew that this baby was going to be special and he couldn't wait to meet him.
As Harry sat at the dinner table watching as Fleur and Viktor smiled at each other, he couldn't help but think, with a painful jolt to his heart, about Cedric Diggory. Cedric should have been here with them, the four Triwizard champions, celebrating the upcoming birth of his son and the bonding contract between Fleur and Viktor. Cedric's death had been a senseless death, he had just been in the wrong place at the wrong time. He still blamed himself for suggesting that they take the cup together. He should have known that something bad was going to happen, why else would have his name been put in the goblet? He should be the one dead, not Cedric.

"Vot hass you thinking so hard, Harry?" Viktor asked kindly.

Harry smiled sadly. "Just thinking about how cool it would have been if Cedric could have been here with us."

Nodding grimly, Viktor picked up his wine glass. "To Cedric Diggory, he vos a brave and noble wizard. May he Rest In Peace."

With tears in his eyes, Harry picked up his glass of juice at the same time everyone else up their wine glasses and they all toasted Cedric. "To Cedric."

Harry had had a great day cooking this meal with Charlie for Fleur and Vikto, it had just been the two of them, no Bill and no dads. His dads had decided to go out for the day and evening so he could enjoy the dinner party with just his friends and Charlie. It gave him a little sneak peak at his future with Charlie and he couldn't wait to get it started. He loved living with his dads, but he was ready to start his life with his mate.

"Zis meal is very delicious, 'Arry, you are a very good cook." Fleur complimented.

"Thank you, Fleur. I actually love to cook." It was true, he did love to cook now, but he had hated when he was younger and his had aunt forced him to do all the cooking...the cooking for meals he never got to enjoy. He loved it now, he loved feeding people who appreciated and enjoyed his cooking. He also loved that he now got to enjoy his own cooking.

"Fleur is correct, this is very good," Viktor agreed.

Harry blushed. "I can't take all the credit, Charlie helped."

"All Charlie did was crack the eggs and chop the vegetables," Charlie chuckled. "The Weasley cooking skills skipped me."

"More like leapt over you and ran like hell," Harry mumbled under his breath.

"Hey!" Charlie cried. "I heard that."
"I love you anyway," Harry giggled as he leaned sideways and kissed his mate. This was the scene that Bill walked in on, Harry and Charlie kissing, and Fleur and Viktor laughing at them.

"Wow, am I interrupting something?" Bill asked, stunned. He originally didn't think he would be able to visit that evening, but he ended up finishing his work early so he decided to drop in. He didn't know that Harry was having a dinner party, a dinner party with his ex-fiancé and her new famous boyfriend. A dinner party that he hadn't been invited to.

"As a matter a fact, you are interrupting!" Fleur spat. "You were not invited to our get together."

"I see that," Bill said darkly. "This looks like a couples only gathering."

"Bill, you said that you were working late tonight," Harry defended tiredly. "And I know that you and Fleur aren't exactly on speaking terms."

"'E is a snake!" Fleur cried.

"Fleur, I already apologized for what happened between us, I even sent you a letter apologizing."

"I burnt your letter. You mean nozing to me."

Bill really did feel bad for how he used Fleur, but he could only apologize so many times. He may not have loved her when he proposed to her, but he knew that he could have grown to love her.

Maybe not, as soon as she saw Harry in the jewelry store on Christmas break, whatever feelings he had growing for Fleur had just up and vanished. He could have never have loved Fleur as much as he loves Harry.

"So, what's for dinner?" Bill asked as his eyes scanned the table and the delicious smelling food that was laid out.

Viktor shook his head in disbelief. "This is a private dinner, you are not welcome here."

"Oh, I'm sorry, is this your home?" Bill snapped.

"Is it yours?" Viktor shot back. "I am a welcome guest, are you?"

"I am the father to Harry's baby, I'm always welcome." Bill professed.

"Bill," Charlie sighed. "Don't do this now. Yes you are welcome here, but right now we're having dinner with friends."

"Friends who do not like you," Fleur clarified, her eyes narrowed in anger.

Harry closed his eyes, he was starting to get a migraine. Why couldn't Bill just take a damn hint and leave? Why did he even want to be here knowing that Fleur and Viktor hated him?

"I don't care if you don't like me?" Bill growled. "I am here for Harry and my son, not for you or Krum."

Fleur lifted her chin high in the air. "I am 'ere for 'Arry and the baby too. 'Arry 'as invited me to help with the birth of 'is son."

Bill turned to Harry, his eyes wide in shock, but they quickly narrowed in anger. "What the hell, Harry? I'm not allowed to witness the birth of my own son but you're going to allow the rest of the wizarding world to watch? If Fleur is going to be in room then so am I."
"I am a 'ealers apprentice!" Fleur yelled, getting to her feet. "You are just the bastard that broke 'Arry's 'eart."

Pinching the bridge of his nose, Harry dropped his chin to his chest. He just couldn't do this anymore, he was too tired and his head hurt too bad to deal with Bill. He had been really enjoying himself too before Bill showed up and crashed the party.

"Bill, you know why Harry doesn't want you in the room while he gives birth," Charlie said, close to losing his patience with his brother. He had been trying to be good and understanding by allowing Bill to constantly be around them and get his little digs in him when he could, but enough was enough.

"I should be the one in the delivery room, he's my son." Bill raged loudly. "You haven't even had sex with Harry yet, why do you get to be in the room?"

Getting to his feet, Charlie pointed his finger at his brother. "Maybe because I don't pop a boner every time I'm in the same room as Harry like some disgusting pervert."

"Zat is disgusting!" Fleur raged.

"Please stop," Harry pleaded weakly, his head pounding.

"I can't help my body's reactions around Harry. You would understand if you had sex with him, but I got to his cherry first and popped it." Bill gloated with an ugly sneer on his face.

With a loud roar, Charlie launched across the table, tackling his brother to the ground. In tears, Harry awkwardly got to his feet, both hands clenching his stomach. "Don't!" He cried. "Please!"

Viktor also got to his feet, his wand in his hand. He was going to cast a spell on the fighting brothers to break them up, but Fleur gripped his wrist.

"No magic around, 'Arry, it is too dangerous."

Harry shook his head no as he backed himself against the wall. "Charlie, please stop! Please."

Grabbing her drink, Fleur tossed it on the brothers, but it didn't even phase them. "Viktor, we must get 'Arry out of 'ere."

Nodding his head, Viktor rushed around the table to where Harry was standing with his arms wrapped around his stomach as he cried. "Come vith me, Harry, it's not safe."

"Make them stop!" Harry pleaded. "Make them stop before one of them kills the other." There was such a tangle of flying limbs that he couldn't tell who was winning, one minute Charlie was on top, the next minute Bill.

"Stupid men!" Fleur cried in exasperation.

A sharp pain lanced through Harry's midsection causing him to double over with a scream. Gasping for breath, he closed his eyes and tried to will the pain away. This couldn't be happening, not now. Of course his son would choose now to come into the world.

Feeling hands on his face, Harry opened his eyes to see Fleur hovering anxiously over him. "Please," he begged.

Ignoring the still fighting brothers, Fleur led Harry out of the kitchen and to the sitting room. "Is it
time, 'Arry?"

Harry dug his hand into his side as another wave of pain rippled through his stomach. Nodding his head, he shuffled over to the fireplace and grabbed a fist full of floo powder then tossed it into the fireplace. Sticking his head in the floo, he called, "The Burrow."

It took a few minutes, but Mrs. Weasley finally answered the floo. "Oh, Harry dear, how is your dinner going?"

"Charlie and Bill are killing each other, please send help." Harry cried. "Hurry, I think the baby is also coming."

Paling, Mrs. Weasley turned around and started yelling for her husband to come quick, that it was an emergency. "Don't you worry, dear," she quickly said as she waited for Arthur. "We're coming right over, I'm just going to floo Dumbledore so he can alert Severus and Poppy."

Nodding his head, Harry went to collapse onto the rug, but strong hands grabbed him and lifted him off his feet. At first he thought it was Charlie, but the arms and chest felt all wrong.

"Easy, I haf you, Harry," Viktor said soothingly as he placed him on the couch. "Don't worry about the idiots in the kitchen, just try to calm yourself."

Fleur knelt in front of Harry and took his hand. "Just take a deep breath and focus on ze baby."

"I want Charlie."

"Where are they?" A rumpled looking Arthur asked as he came stepping out of the floo.

Harry had seen Arthur looking serious and grim during the final battle, but he had never seen him looking as serious and as grim as he looked right now. Arthur Weasley looked like he was ready to take some heads. "They're in the kitchen. Please don't stun Charlie, I need him. I can't have this baby without him."

Molly was next to step through the floo, followed by Dumbledore, Snape and Madam Pomfrey. Molly and Madam Pomfrey went immediately to Harry, but Snape and Dumbledore rushed to the kitchen after hearing a loud, splintering crash.

Waving her wand over Harry, Madam Pomfrey looked at Molly Weasley and nodded her head yes. "Alright, Potter, this is it. Let's get you up and to your room. It's baby time."

Harry frantically shook his head no. "I-I can't, not without Charlie."

Another loud crash came from the kitchen. Shaking her head, Molly pursed her lips then placed a comforting hand on Harry's back. "As soon as Arthur straightens the boy's out he'll send Charlie up to the room. You need to get comfortable in a bed and let Madam Pomfrey give you a full check up."

"I vill help you to you room," Viktor offered.

"Fleur," Madam Pomfrey said addressing the veela. She knew that Fleur was apprenticing to be a healer and that Harry had asked her if she wanted to witness the birth. With Severus currently busy with the two stupid red heads trying to kill each other, she was going to need the veela's assistance. "Can you run ahead and prepare the bed."

Nodding her head, Fleur sprinted to Harry's room where the fairy wanted to deliver his son. She needed to cast a few charms on the bed, one to protect it from getting wet and bloody, and another so
the head of the bed could move up and down. Harry had already discussed with her his birth plan so she knew exactly what he wanted.

Harry looked up at Molly Weasley, his eyes full of fear. "Can you find my dads? I think they were going to go to the Three Broomsticks for dinner then pester the twins at their shop."

"Don't you worry, dear, I'll find your dads," Molly reassured.

Taking a deep calming breath, Harry watched as Molly stepped back in the floo and called out the twins shop address. Getting unsteadily to his feet, he allowed Viktor to help him down the hall and then up the stairs. He couldn't believe this was happening. He had been so excited about his son's birth, but now he just wanted the labor to stop. He needed Charlie, he didn't want to do this without him.

***HP

Arthur Weasley rushed straight to the kitchen after stepping out of the floo. He could hear the fight all the way from the sitting room and it sounded like a war was being fought in the kitchen. He couldn't believe that his boys were doing this, especially in front of Harry who was pregnant and close to giving birth. Madam Pomfrey and Severus had stressed numerous times how important it was to keep Harry stress free.

Stepping into the kitchen, Arthur froze in shock as he took in the scene. He only got to take in the scene for a few seconds before Bill went soaring past him and into the table where it splintered and broke under the force of his impact. Bill didn't stay down long though, within a few seconds he was up and launching himself back at his brother.

"Boys!" Arthur roared, not believing his eyes. This was no little fight between loving brothers, this was an all out fight for blood...which there was plenty of all over them and the kitchen.

Dumbledore and Severus were next into the kitchen, those two also froze when taking in the scene. Whipping out his wand, Dumbledore shot a stream of ice cold water on the brothers, but they were so focused on killing each other that they didn't even notice.

Shaking his head, Severus pulled out his wand. "Immobulus!"

Furious, Arthur grasped Bill, who was on top of Charlie, and roughly pulled him off of his brother. Both Bill and Charlie were awake and coherent, but all they could do was blink up at their father. "What the hell is going on here?" He roared angrily. "I can't believe that the two of you are fighting like this, and in front of Harry. Who, by the way is in labor."

Severus stepped over two broken chairs and a puddle of blood. Sneering down at the men, he shook his head in disgust. "Fighting like common muggles, such a disgrace. They're going to need healing, especially Bill who is worse off. You may have to take him to St. Mungo's, neither I, nor Poppy can see to him, Harry is our priority."

"Charlie, I'm going to unfreeze you first, but only because Harry is crying for you. Blink twice if you promise to behave yourself," Arthur said sourly. All he wanted to do was throttle both his boys, but there wasn't time for that.

At seeing Charlie blink twice, Arthur cancelled the spell on him. "I am so disappointed in you, Charlie. Harry is in the other room in labor crying for you."

Charlie tried getting to his feet, but he crashed back to the floor when his left leg gave out on him. "Fuck, I think my knee is shattered." Swallowing down the pain for now, he looked to his father.
"How's Harry, is he okay?"

"Of course he's not okay!" Arthur raged. "Look at yourself, look at your brother! You know that Harry isn't supposed to be stressed, yet here the two of you are fighting like animals over him."

Charlie wiped at his face, grimacing when his hands came away covered in blood. "I have to get to him. I promised that I would be by his side the entire time."

"You're going to be by his side alright, in excruciating pain as you regrow the bones in your knee, and by the looks of it your left wrist."

"Add ribs to the list," Charlie moaned as he shifted to his side to alleviate the pain from a few cracked ribs. "I don't care, do what you got to do, but get me to Harry first."

Severus handed the idiot a pain potion then cast a scourgify on him. Seeing that his nose was crooked, he happily repaired it with an episky, smirking when the man moaned in pain. "I'll levitate you to the room since you obviously won't be able to walk. I would gladly leave you here to drown in your own blood, but Harry needs you."

"Levitate me just to the door, I don't want Harry to see how much pain I'm in."

"Your knee is shattered, you stupid Gryffindor." Severus snapped.

"I don't care. The last thing Harry needs is to worry about me. I'll worry about my injuries after the baby is born."

"You do realize that labor can take hours?" Arthur pointed out, still furious with his son.

"Just take him to Harry," Dumbledore sighed. "We need to get Bill to St. Mungo's, his lips are turning blue."

"That's not good," Severus grumbled as he canceled the spell on the oldest Weasley boy.

"I'm not going to Mungo's," Bill gasped as soon as the curse on him was canceled. "I'm not going to miss the birth of my son. If Harry is allowing Fleur in the delivery room, then I'm going in too."

"Shut up, Bill!" Arthur yelled. "From the way you're struggling to breath I'm worried you may have punctured a lung. Injuries aside, if Harry doesn't want you in the room then you will respect his wishes. This isn't about you, William, so just stop making demands. If we go to Mungo's now they'll get you patched up quickly so you can get back here and meet your son. Harry said you can come into the room as soon as he's cleaned up and decent."

Bill really was struggling to breath and each breath felt like a knife to the chest. "Fine, I'll go, but I'm done playing nice with Charlie and Harry. Lorcan is my son and I want full custody of him."

"Just shut your damn mouth!" Arthur snarled. "If you try to take that baby from Harry I'll disown you."

"Let's worry about custody after William has been seen to and after Harry has given birth," Dumbledore suggested, his eyes missing their usual twinkle. Digging in his pocket, he pulled out a piece of candy and charmed it into a portkey.

***HP

In a transfigured hospital type gown, Harry rested on the bed as Madam Pomfrey and Fluer bustled
all around him. Right now the contractions weren't that bad, he was more worried about Charlie than any pain he might be in.

"Fleur, can you please ask Viktor to check on Charlie?" Harry asked anxiously.

Fleur put down the towel she was folding. "Of course, 'Arry."

Madam Pomfrey watched as the veela left the room to hunt down her boyfriend. "It was nice of you to allow her to help, Harry. There's not a healer alive who wouldn't give their left arm to witness a male submissive fairy give birth. She's not going to get to brag about this, but this is still a wonderful gift you are blessing her with."

Harry blushed. "I really like Fleur, she's becoming like a big sister to me."

"I 'ave always wanted a little brother," Fluer grinned as she walked back into the room. "Viktor said zat zee fight 'as been broken up and zat Charlie will be up in a minute. I believe zat Mr. Weasley is 'aving words wiz 'im."

"Is Charlie okay?"

"Zat I do not know."

Tensing, Harry curled in on himself when another contraction hit. "Youch, this one is a little more intense."

Madam Pomfrey tossed her head back laughing. "Oh, Harry, it's only going to get worse from here on out."

"Hey!" Harry pouted. "Aren't you suppose to be supportive?"

Madam Pomfrey patted Harry on the knee. "You'll be fine, Harry dear, you're brave and strong and you got this."

"Thanks," Harry said shakily, "but I could do this a whole lot better if I had Charlie at my side."

Biting his tongue to hide his pain, Charlie gingerly walked into his and Harry's room. His entire body ached from head to toe and he was covered in glamoured cuts and bruises, but thanks to Snape casting a pain numbing charm on him, he was able to walk to his mate on his own two feet. He didn't know how much more damage he was doing to his knee and his other broken bones, but he would worry about them later.

"Charlie!" Harry cried as he quickly sat up. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

Charlie was relieved when Fleur set a chair beside Harry's bed and gave him a wink. He wasn't fooling her, she knew that he was hurting. "I'm fine, love, let's just focus on you and Lorcan. I can't believe he's finally coming."

"Charlie!" Harry cried as he quickly sat up. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

Harry narrowed his eyes at his mate, "You're lying Charlie, I can tell. Where are you hurt?"

Sighing, Charlie allowed his mask to slip. "I have a few broken bones and cuts and bruises, but I'm fine. I'll let Severus heal me after Lorcan is born."

Harry rolled his eyes. "Charlie, that could be hours. Since you're only going to be sitting beside me coaching and supporting me why don't you let Professor Snape heal you? I don't want you in any pain. Besides, I'm going to need your help more after Lorcan is born, especially since I'll probably be
exhausted."

"There's no probably about it, Potter, you're going to be exhausted," Severus grunted. "We still have hours of painful labor ahead of us."

"Always the happy ray of sunshine, huh, professor?" Harry teased.

"I don't coddle, Potter."

"It would creep me out if you did, Professor," Harry grinned.

Smirking, Severus pointed his wand at Charlie. "Time to vanish the bones in your knee and get regrowing. Both you and Potter are going to be in excruciating pain."

"That shouldn't make you so happy," Charlie groused.

"And yet it does," Severus grinned menacingly. "Nothing gives me more pleasure than torturing Gryffindors, especially those responsible for my Slytherin Quidditch team losing the quidditch cup."

"If zat is your greatest pleasure, zen you need to get out more," Fleur huffed.

Harry's laughter quickly turned it to moans of pain. "Ow, ow, ow!"

Eyebrows creased with worry, Charlie reached out took Harry's hand, despite his own being banged up and hurting. If his hand hurt this bad, he'd hate to see what Bill's face looked like. He didn't feel bad for fighting Bill, his brother had it coming to him, but he did feel bad for doing it in front of Harry.

Harry refused to let go of Charlie's hand after the contraction eased up. "Are you wearing glamours? Your hand looks fine, but it feels swollen."

"Harry, I'm fine," Charlie stressed.

"Potter, he's hurt, but he'll be okay with a few rounds of potions and some bruise salve. Bill on the other hand is at Mungo's getting patched up."

Harry looked between Snape and Charlie in disbelief. Eyes wide, he turned to his mate. "Oh my god, is Bill alright?" Bill may not be his favorite person, but that didn't mean that he wanted to see him seriously hurt. He felt a bit bad for not asking about Bill, but he had been focused on Charlie and his contractions.

Charlie lowered his eyes in shame. "I don't know, Harry, but I'm sure he's going to be fine. I love my brother, but he shouldn't have said what he did. These past few months Bill has been doing his best to get under our skin, that fight was bound to happen."

"Charlie is right," Fleur sniffed. "What Bill said was very rude, 'Arry."

Harry lips tightened as another contraction rippled through his stomach. Charlie and Fleur were right, Bill had purposely antagonized them and was rude, but he was still worried about him.

"You alright, Harry?" Madam Pomfrey asked in concern.

Releasing the breath he had been holding during his contraction, Harry nodded his head. "I'm just peachy."

Charlie smiled at Harry despite he himself being in a lot of pain. This wasn't his first time regrowing
bones, broken bones were common for a dragon handler, but it didn't make it any easier on him. He couldn't show any pain though, he needed Harry to know that he was there for him, he also didn't want him worrying.

"You are doing good, 'Arry," Fleur praised.

"I'll try to remember that when I'm in so much pain that I'm screaming and crying," Harry chuckled nervously.

"Knock, knock, can we come in?"

"Dads!" Harry cried when he spotted both his dads lingering in the doorway.

"We leave you alone for one afternoon," Sirius chuckled as he walked into the room and hugged his son. "Are you doing okay?" Sirius' eyes flicked to Charlie, he had heard all about his fight with Bill. He also heard about Bill's threats to sue Harry for full custody, and while he was concerned, he didn't think that Bill could win, not against the savior of the wizarding world,

"So far so good," Harry piped up, "but things are just starting."

"I heard we missed some excitement. Wanna tell us what happened?"

"William is what 'appened," Fleur cried, she was still fired up over the incident. "'E was rude and looking for a fight. 'E was bragging that 'e 'ad slept with 'Arry first, 'e said that 'e 'ad popped 'is cherry. It was vulgar and 'e deserved a punch in ze face."

"I can't say that I'm surprised," Remus sighed. "Bill has been like a simmering volcano, it was just a matter of time before he erupted."

"Well, I don't have to ask how bad the fight was, I saw the damage done to my kitchen." Sirius grumbled. He also saw all the blood, but he felt that Harry didn't need to know about that, especially seeing as Charlie was hiding his injuries under glamours."

Charlie cringed. "I'm sorry about that, I guess that I owe you a new table and some chairs. I don't think magic will be able to fix that much damage."

"Taking care of my son and grandson will be repayment enough." Sirius said.

"I plan on taking very good care of them," Charlie said seriously. "I love them both with all my heart."

Sirius smiled softly. "I know you do, and I couldn't ask for a better mate for my pup."

"Uh oh," Harry grimaced, "here comes another one. Fuck, this isn't fun."

"That's why they call it labor, Potter," Severus snickered.

***HP

Bill carefully sat on the edge of the couch away from the Bulgarian seeker. Groaning, he adjusted his back in an attempt to get comfortable. The healers had wanted to keep him in the hospital overnight, but he had refused. He needed to be here for his son's birth, even if Harry wouldn't let him in the room.

He was still furious over not being allowed in the room, but his father had threatened to have Sirius ban him from the house if he demanded of Harry to let him in the room. He knew that his father
wasn't bluffing and that Sirius would love nothing more than to ban him from Grimmauld Place, so he decided not to fight it.

"You look like shit."

Bill glared at the Bulgarian. "I just spent five hours in the hospital getting patched, how do you expect me to look?"

Viktor shrugged his shoulders. "I am thinking maybe next time you should not pick a fight with a dragon handler."

"Why don't you mind your own damn business!" Bill snapped.

"So how badly were you hurt?"

"Not that it's any of your business, but I had a broken nose, jaw, collar bone, hand, four ribs, and a punctured lung."

Viktor whistled loudly. "With the way you acted, you are lucky that Charlie didn't kill you."

"Yes, let's all be on Charlie's side. Charlie, who gets the love of my life and my son and can do no wrong, let's all stand behind him."

"Maybe it is because Charlie is not a dick!" Viktor pointed out with a smirk.

"I know I made some mistakes, but I'm not a dick!"

"Well, maybe then you should stop acting like one. Harry has been trying to be nice to you, but you keep pushing and pushing and demanding things of him that you have no right demanding. You are the father of his baby yes, but that does not give you the right to demand all his time. You were not invited to dinner because it had nothing to do with you. This was a dinner between three old friends, you had no right to get upset."

Grinding his teeth, Bill lowered his head. Deep down he knew that Viktor was right, but he didn't want to hear it. He wanted to be included in every little piece of Harry's life. He hated that Charlie was at the dinner and not him.

Sirius came walking into the room with Remus, an excited smile on his face. "It's time. Poppy and Severus kicked us out, Harry's ready to start pushing."

Sitting up straighter, Bill took a deep breath. This was it, his baby boy was getting ready to enter the world. His baby boy who was probably also a fairy like Harry. He was so excited, but also a nervous wreck. He wanted to be a good father, to do right by Lorcan, but it seemed all he was doing anymore was fucking up. He knew that he was demanding too much of Harry, but he just couldn't stop. He had never wanted anything as much as he wanted Harry. Why the hell couldn't have his brother just stepped aside when he asked and allowed him and Harry to be a proper family for their son? The way he saw it, Charlie was the one being selfish and demanding, not him. Harry had been his first.
Chapter 12

Just a short little epilogue left to write then this fic is finished! Woop! Woop!

Please review

***HP

Harry started sobbing as he pushed as hard as he could. He just wanted his son out and for the pain to go away. How the hell had Mrs. Weasley done this seven times? More importantly, why the hell would she want to? He was grateful that she had, if she hadn't been such a badass he wouldn't have Charlie and his best friend Ron, but fuck, labor was worse than the Cruciatus Curse.

"You are doing excellent, 'Arry," Fleur coached as she stood next to Professor Snape with a blanket waiting to take the baby from him and then hand him off to Madam Pomfrey who was going to check his vitals and clean him off. She was grateful that they were giving her the opportunity to assist with this incredible birth.

Charlie was feeling a little light headed and dizzy, he hated seeing the man he loved in so much pain. If he could, he would take all of Harry's into his own body. He felt so helpless just sitting at Harry's head holding his hand, wiping sweat from his brow, and coaching him through the contractions.

"A couple more pushes, Potter."

Harry collapsed back against the bed panting. "I can't believe my potions master is getting a front row view to my most private bits." With a scream, he leaned forward and started pushing again.

"Don't worry, Potter, I plan on obliviating myself afterwards."

Harry was doing a combination of screaming and laughing. He should be mortified that Snape was looking between his legs, but right now he gave zero fuck. All he cared about was getting his baby son out of his body.

"I see ze 'ead," Fleur announced excitedly.

"One more good push, Potter."

With a loud scream, one in which he was sure the entire house heard, Harry gave it all he had. Feeling something slide from his body, he fell back on the bed with his eyes closed, panting and trembling with exhaustion.

With a look of wonder, Fleur took the bloody baby from Severus, wrapped him up, then briskly walked him to where Madam Pomfrey was waiting. Handing him off, she remained next to the medi-witch and watched as she started waving her wand over him. "'Arry, he is beautiful!"

Gripping Harry's trembling hand, Charlie leaned down and kissed him on his sweaty forehead. "You did it, Harry, I'm so proud of you."

Harry's eyes snapped open when he heard a loud wailing. Smiling, he turned his head to where Madam Pomfrey was cleaning up his newborn baby. "H-how is he?"

Gently wrapping the baby in a blanket that was charmed to stay warm, Madam Pomfrey turned to
Harry with a large grin on her face. "He's absolutely perfect, Harry. He's a healthy and strong little boy, weighing in at seven pounds, and twenty inches long. He has all his fingers and toes, and he has broken the Weasley's red hair curse. Little Lorcan has a head full of unruly black hair, just like you."

With tears in his eyes, Harry grinned up at Charlie. "Help me sit up a little so I can hold him."

With tears in his own eyes, Charlie quickly did as Harry asked. "I love you so much. Are you alright now? Are you still in pain?"

"I'm fine, Charlie, I just want my baby. I may sleep for a week after this though."

Madam Pomfrey gently passed the whimpering newborn over to Harry. "He has ten fingers and ten toes and everything is working perfectly. I can't say whether he'll take your fairy blood or not, but I think it's highly likely he will."

"Oh my god!" Harry sobbed as he looked down at his son. Madam Pomfrey had put him in a white onesie and wrapped him in a blue blanket, but she had left his hat off so he could see his black hair. He didn't know much about newborns, but it seemed like Lorcan had a lot of hair. His face was a bit red and splotchy and his eyes were screwed tightly shut, but to him he was the most beautiful being in the world.

"He looks like you, Harry," Charlie sniffed as he continued to cry. "He has your hair, your chin, your nose, and hopefully he'll inherit your eyes." To be truthful, he didn't see a whole lot of Bill in Lorcan at all, which was something he was secretly grateful for.

"I-I think he is like me?" Harry said as he continued to stare lovingly down at his son. "I think he is a fairy."

Severus had just finished cleaning Harry up, whipping out his wand, he vanished the mess then cleaned the bed and the sheets. "What makes you think he's a fairy?" He asked curiously.

Harry gently ran his fingers over Lorcan's head, his heart melting when he scrunched his face up and peeked open his eyes. It wasn't enough to see his eye color yet, but it was still adorable. "I'm not really sure, it's just feeling I have. Like it's instinct to know."

Severus inclined his head in acceptance. It made sense to him that Potter would just instinctively know if his child was a fairy like him. "You did good, Potter. You passed the placenta and there's no tearing. I'll leave you with a blood replenishing potion and some pain potions, other than take it easy for a few days and try to get some rest. I'm leaving now but I'll be back tomorrow to check over both you and your son."

"Thank you, Professor," Harry said sincerely. "I know I'm not your favorite person so I'm grateful for everything you have done for me."

Severus awkwardly cleared his throat. "You're welcome, Potter."

Harry didn't watch as Snape packed up his stuff then left room, he was too busy staring at his little boy. "He's so beautiful, I can't believe that I made him."

"You're beautiful, Harry," Charlie grinned softly.

Blushing, Harry looked up at Charlie. "Would you like to hold him?"

Smiling sadly, Charlie shook his head no. "I would love nothing more than to hold him, but I think Bill should get the honors first. I got to see him come into the world, Bill should get to hold him
Fleur snorted. "'E does not deserve to be ze father." Tilting her head, she studied the baby intently. "'E does not look like William at all, no? 'Onestly, I zink 'e looks more like Charlie. 'E 'as Charlie's cheek bones and 'is face 'is shaped like Charlie's."

Harry studied his newborn son. "I can see the resemblance, but Charlie and Bill are brothers."

Charlie stared wistfully at his tiny nephew wishing with all his heart that Lorcan was his, but he had stupidly decided to take things slow with Harry and Bill beat him to the love of his life. He still loved Lorcan as if he were his own, he didn't care that Bill was his biological father.

Madam Pomfrey cleared her throat. "I will retrieve Bill now on my way to the kitchen to get some tea before the little one wakes and demands to be fed. Would you like me to send up your fathers?"

"Please," Harry answered, wanting his fathers here in case Bill caused another scene. "Mr. and Mrs. Weasley can also come, and Professor Dumbledore too if he's still here." Frowning, he turned to look at Fleur. "Is Viktor still here?"

"As far as I know."

"Then he can come too," Harry grinned. He couldn't wait to show off his baby, he was so proud of his little one.

***HP

As soon as Madam Pomfrey entered the sitting room, everyone jumped to their feet. "How's my son?" Sirius was first to ask.

"Wonderful!" Madam Pomfrey beamed. "Mother, or shall I say bearer, and baby are doing great. Harry is a little sore and exhausted, but otherwise he is glowing."

"Can I see my son?" Bill asked, damn near bouncing with excitement.

"Harry said everyone can go on up and meet the newest Potter, but I'm only giving you all fifteen minutes. The baby will need to nurse soon and Harry will need some sleep."

"I can stay longer than fifteen minutes. That's my son!" Bill said forcefully.

Madam Pomfrey raised an eyebrow at the wizard. "Mr. Weasley, you seem to forget who you are talking to. When I say it's time to leave, you will damn well leave that room if you know what's good for you. Don't test me."

Sirius brushed past Bill and gave Poppy a hug. "Thank you for seeing to my son and grandson, and don't worry about Bill, if he steps out of line, I will evict him from my home."

Excited, Sirius brushed passed Madam Pomfrey and sprinted up the stairs, taking three steps at a time. Coming to his son's door, he knocked softly before entering. Seeing his precious son reclining on the bed with a small bundle in his arms, his heart melted. "Can we come in?"

Grinning, Harry waved them in. "Come and meet you grandson, pop pop."

Before Sirius could enter the room, Bill rudely pushed past him, sending Sirius into the door. Rushing to the bed, he tried to push Charlie out of the way, but Charlie refused to move. "Excuse me," Bill huffed. "I would like to see my son."
Charlie's eye gave a twitch when Bill stressed the word, my. "Bill," he sighed patiently, "there's plenty of room.

Ignoring his brother, Bill leaned on the bed so he could get a good look at his son. "He doesn't have red hair," was the first thing out of his mouth.

Harry grimaced in pain when Bill jostled his bed. He was doing better, but he was still pretty damn sore. "Incase you haven't noticed, Bill, I don't have red hair either."

"I'm not complaining," Bill quickly corrected, "I was just surprised is all. I don't think there has ever been a Weasley without red hair. It's...different."

"Well then I guess it's a good thing he's a Potter," Sirius growled as he stepped up to the other side of his son's bed.

Looking to his dads, Harry adjusted the blanket so they could see his son better. "Isn't he perfect? He's such a good baby, he hasn't cried since Madam Pomfrey placed him in my arms."

Molly Weasley was standing at the foot of Harry's bed with tears in her eyes. "Enjoy the quiet why you can, dear, if he's anything like my boys he'll be wailing your ears off."

"He looks just like you, son," Remus said softly, not wanting to disturb the new pup."

"I think he looks like me, too," Bill said as he studied his son.

Harry took a deep steadying breath. "Would you like to hold him, Bill?"

Bill eagerly nodded his head. "I would love to."

Harry gingerly sat up a little straighter then held his arms out. "Be careful of his neck and head."

"I use to help out with Ron and Ginny, Harry, I know how to hold a baby."

"Well this is my baby and I'm going to remind you," Harry bit out shortly.

With a big grin on his face, Bill took his son in his arms. The grin slipped off his face though when his son screwed his face up, opened his mouth, then started screaming as loud as he could.

Harry almost launched himself off the bed in an attempt to get to his son. He probably would have done so if Sirius hadn't reached out and grabbed him, preventing him from hurting himself. "Give him back!" Harry cried desperately. "Give him back!"

Bill chuckled nervously as he started swaying back and forth. "He's alright, Harry, babies cry, it's what they do."

"Give me my baby!" Harry demanded forcefully as Lorcan continued to wail in Bill's arms.

"Just give him a minute!" Bill bit out. "He's my son too."

Harry went to push his father off of him so he could get up and get his baby back, but Molly Weasley approached her son and easily plucked the baby from his arms. "This baby may be yours too, William, but Harry is its mother. Harry is also a creature and you don't know what kind of bond the two of them have. You could be physically hurting your son by keeping him away from his mother."

Molly went to hand her grandson back to Harry, when she noticed that the little one stopped crying.
"Oh, well hello there, little one." She said as she smiled down at her first grandchild. "If you aren't the most beautiful baby I have ever seen."

Trembling, Harry relaxed back against the pillows when his son stopped crying. "Is he okay?"

"He's just fine, dear," Molly said, never taking her eyes off of her grandson. "Oh, I'm going to spoil this little one something rotten. I can't believe that I'm a grandmother."

When his wife started crying, Arthur draped his arm over her shoulders then pulled her close to his side, his eyes dropping to the baby in her arms. Frowning, he looked from the baby, to his two sons, then back to the baby again. "Well, you can most certainty see the Potter in him," Arthur said, a thoughtful frown still on his face.

Still smiling, Molly looked back up at her eldest. "I think he's settled now if you want to try holding him again." She didn't want to hand her grand baby over, but she could see how badly her son wanted to hold Lorcan. They also only had a few more minutes left before Madam Pomfrey tossed them all out.

Harry tensed, he didn't want Bill to hold Lorcan again. Babies may cry all the time, but that hadn't been a normal cry. He may not know anything about babies, but he trusted his instincts, and his instincts were screaming at him that something was wrong.

Rubbing his hands nervously together, Bill gently took his son from his mother. Almost instantly Lorcan opened his mouth and started screaming again.

Charlie didn't wait for Harry to demand his baby back, Lorcan's screaming was shattering something inside of him and he just couldn't take it any longer. Quickly, but gently, he scooped the baby out of his brother's arms then held him securely to his chest.

"What the hell, Charlie?" Bill raged.

Shaking his head, Charlie took a step back. "Something's not right," he said, as he looked down at the now quiet baby in his arms. "I can feel it in my chest and in my magic, something isn't right."

"I'll tell you what's not right!" Bill snarled. "You snatching my son out of my arms. Babies cry, Charlie, he wasn't being hurt."

Dumbledore stepped up next to Charlie, his eyes twinkling merrily as he studied the newest Potter and his honorary great grandson. "Magic is a magnificent thing, don't you think, Harry?"

Confused, Harry nodded his head. "I have always thought so, sir."

"May I?" Dumbledore asked as he held his arms out.

Looking to his mate first for permission, Charlie passed the baby over after Harry nodded his head.

"He only cries for Bill," Fleur gasped, her eyes wide when the baby remained quiet in the headmaster's arms.

"Babies cry!" Bill stressed forcefully.

"Perhaps, but don't you find it odd, William, that Lorcan only cries when you're holding him?" Dumbledore asked cryptically.

"Not...not really," Bill answered hesitantly.
"Perhaps a little test," Dumbledore suggested. "With your permission of course, Harry."

Trusting his headmaster one hundred percent, Harry nodded his head. He was exhausted and all he wanted to do was sleep, but he was curious as to where Dumbledore was going with this.

"We know that little Lorcan doesn't cry for his grandmother, Charlie, or myself, so how about we see how he does for his grandfathers."

Sirius eagerly took his newest pup, he had been dying to get his hands on him. "He's amazing, son," he gushed, as he brushed his nose against his baby's fine, dark hair, taking in Lorcan's scent and locking it in his memory. It was the canine in him needing to scent their new pack mate.

"He's not crying!" Harry pointed out tiredly.

Dumbledore shook his head at the medi-witch when she stepped forward, probably to kick them all out of the room. "Just a minute, Poppy, this is very important."

Pursing her lips, Madam Pomfrey inclined her head. "Make it quick, Harry needs his rest."

"Of course, Madam." Dumbledore winked. "Remus, I believe it is your turn to hold your grandson."

Remus took a deep breath, he was terrified to hold little Lorcan. He remembered feeling the exact same way the first time he held Harry. Accepting the baby from his mate, he teared up when he gazed down at his grandpup's red and blotchy newborn face. Lorcan's face was screwed up like he was trying to figure out what was going on and who was holding him, but he wasn't crying.

"I'm so proud of you, Harry," Remus sniffed. "I love you and this baby so much."

"I love you too," Harry cried as he turned his face into Charlie's arm to hide his tears.

"Mr. Krum, would you like to hold the baby?" Dumbledore asked.

"Vat?" Viktor choked out. "No, I think not. I do not vish to drop the baby."

Harry started laughing. "You are the best seeker in the world, and you're afraid your going to drop my baby."

Blushing, Viktor shrugged his shoulders. "A snitch and a baby are very different. I am good just vatching."

"I would love to 'old ze baby again," Fleur gushed.

Harry nodded his head, giving his friend permission even though he desperately wanted his baby back. He just wanted to feed Lorcan and then sleep for a week.

When Lorcan only made a small grunting noise as he was being passed over to Fleur, Dumbledore nodded his head as if he had just solved a great mystery. "I have had my suspicions, ever since you first told me of your pregnancy, Harry, and Charlie had mentioned how warmth floods his body and something pulls at his magic every time he touches your belly."

Harry grinned gratefully when Fleur handed him his baby back. It felt amazing having Lorcan back in his arms. "I never felt any of the warmth that Charlie always felt, but he always said that it was amazing, as if Lorcan was reaching out to him, trying to connect with his magic."

Bill snorted. "That's impossible, Harry."
Dumbledore shook his head. "Anything is possible with magic, William."

Eyes widening, Arthur gasped. "Oh Merlin!"

"Arthur, are you alright?" Molly asked in concern when all the blood drained from her husband's face.

Pale, Arthur shook his head. "I think I know where Dumbledore is going with this. I believe, Molly, that magic has finally punished our son."

"Albus get to the point," Madam Pomfrey huffed. "You have two minutes then I want everyone out. Harry needs his rest."

"Very well," Dumbledore conceded with a smirk. "It is my belief, that magic not only punished William for what he did to Harry, but she also rewarded Charlie. Charlie, who despite how much it hurt him, stepped aside when he thought his brother and Harry were in a loving relationship. Charlie was then there for Harry when William shattered Harry's world. He helped put Harry back together and never, not once, asked for anything in return. William, on the other hand, professed his love to Harry, took his virginity, gave him a bonding promise ring, then he tossed him aside for another. Let's also not forget how William lied to and was using Miss. Delacaur."

Bill angrily threw his hands up in the air. "Yes, I'm a bastard, we all know that. I hurt Harry and Fleur. How the hell many times do I have to apologize for everyone to just move the hell on?"

"You know longer have to apologize, William." Dumbledore said patiently. "Madam Pomfrey will have to confirm my suspicions, but I believe that Magic has altered young Lorcan's DNA. I believe that Charlie is now Lorcan's biological father."

Everyone gasped, but Bill threw his head back laughing. "Charlie and Harry haven't even had sex yet, there's no way in hell Charlie is the father of my baby. But what a way to try to give my brother and Harry a fairy tail, happy ending."

Fleur started to excitedly bounce up and down. "I said earlier, I said zat ze baby looked more like Charlie zan Bill."

Shocked, Molly had her hand over her mouth, her eyes wide. "Oh, William!" She cried softly, her heart aching for her eldest. Yes, her son had done some horrible things, but to lose a baby was a horrific punishment.

Harry was speechless, could Dumbledore be right? He didn't want to get his hopes up, but if Charlie was now Lorcan's father thanks to Magic, his life would be perfect. "C-Can you check?" Harry asked Madam Pomfrey in a scared and small voice.

"You guys are crazy!" Bill screamed in outrage, but you could see fear in his eyes. "Lorcan is mine, there's no need to waste time running tests."

"I would like the test," Charlie spoke up, feeling as though he had been hit with a bludger. All those months of him needing to touch Harry's stomach and feeling the baby reach out to him, could it honestly have changed Lorcan's DNA?

"No!" Bill snarled, "Enough of this bullshit. No one is testing my son."

"Well, then I guess it's a good thing that he's just not your son," Harry reminded, excitement building up in his stomach. "Madam Pomfrey," he called, nodding to his son. "If you could please."
Bill felt like he could throw up, this couldn't be happening to him. He knew that Magic could be cruel when she wanted to be, but she wouldn't take his son and give him to his brother. He couldn't lose both Harry and his son, he couldn't lose his only hold on Harry. "Harry, please don't," he pleaded.

Harry looked sadly up at Bill. "I'm sorry, but a need to know. If anyone else other than Dumbledore had suggested this, I would think they were crazy, but this is Dumbledore. I need to know the truth."

Bill hung his head, already feeling defeated. He had stupidly thought that Magic had overlooked his mistakes, but it seemed as though she had been waiting for the time where it would hurt the worst. He may have done wrong, but he wasn't a bad person, at least he didn't think so. Everything just got so messed up so quickly.

Madam Pomfrey took the baby and laid him on the bed next to Harry. Unwrapping him from his blanket, she quickly waved her wand over him before he could start fussing. She could tell by his scrunched up face that he was getting upset so she wanted to get him back to Harry so he could start nursing him.

His hand trembling violently, Harry reached out took Charlie's hand. He wanted Lorcan to be Charlie's so bad that his heart was racing in his chest and his breathing was getting difficult. He felt like he was seconds away from passing out.

Breathing deeply, Charlie smiled at his mate. "It's going to be alright, no matter the results. We're a family, Harry, and Lorcan will be my son regardless of what the test says."

Madam Pomfrey inhaled sharply as she stared at the paper in front of her with the results. "I have never seen, or heard, of this happening before. I...I just...it's astonishing."

Bill felt his knees weakening. "Please tell me he's mine," he begged desperately.

Madam Pomfrey turned to look at Bill with a grave look on her face. "I'm sorry, William, but the results of my scan lists Charlie as Lorcan's biological father."

"No!" Bill cried as he shook his head no in denial. "I'm the one who slept with Harry, I'm the one who got him pregnant. Harry and Charlie have never even had sex."

Harry was sobbing he was so happy. He couldn't believe it, Magic had made Charlie the father of his baby. Magic had punished Bill and rewarded his mate. He wanted to jump up and down and scream out his happiness, but he couldn't do that to Bill. Despite Bill not believing Madam Pomfrey, he looked absolutely devastated.

Molly was crying for her oldest son while at the same time being happy for her second born. She didn't know if she agreed with Bill's harsh punishment, but she did agree that Charlie deserved to be rewarded. She was hurting for Bill, but seeing the look of pure joy on both Harry's and Charlie's faces made her feel a little bit better.

Grinning broadly, Sirius held his hand out to a stunned Charlie. "Congratulations, daddy." He was so happy for his son and Charlie, they deserved this. They could now move to Romania and never have to worry about Bill forcing his way into their life.

"You're lying!" Bill cried. "Stop lying! Lorcan is mine."

Shaking her head, Madam Pomfrey held up her wand. "I solemnly swear on my magic that Charlie Weasley is the biological father of Lorcan Rigel Potter."
With a loud wail, Bill fell to his knees when the medi-witch's wand glowed brightly, accepting the oath and signaling that what she said was true.

Harry wanted to feel bad for Bill, but after everything Bill had put him through, he was having hard time feeling bad. He was also so insanely happy that nothing could take his happiness away. Charlie was Lorcan's daddy, everything was perfect now.

Arthur placed his hands on his sobbing son's shoulders. "Come on, son, let me take you home."

With his chin to his chest, Bill continued to cry. "He's my, son. Please don't take my son from me."

Taking pity on the broken young man, Dumbledore stunned him. "Arthur, take him home and let him sleep the stunner off, but don't leave him alone. Bill is going to be in a very dark place for a while and he's going to need the help and support of his family."

"I-I'm sorry, Mr. Weasley," Harry said, his eyes pleading with Mr. Weasley to not hate him.

"None of this is your fault, Harry," Arthur reassured. "You're only guilty of falling in love. I knew magic was going to punish him, but I never imagined that she would do it in such a way. As much as this pains me to say, this will better for Bill in the long run."

"Arthur!" Molly gasped.

"No, Molly, it's true. I know it sounds horrible and unfair to Bill, but this baby being Charlie's is a good thing. Bill never would have been able to move on from Harry, not with them sharing a son together. Bill needs help, this obsession of his isn't healthy. No, it may not seem it now, but this is a good thing. Harry, Charlie and Lorcan can move to Romania and make a life together, and Bill can seek help and then hopefully move on with his own life."

Molly tearfully nodded her head. She understood what her husband was saying, she just hated seeing her children in pain. "Take Bill to the Burrow, I'll be home soon."

Nodding his head, Arthur levitated his son out of the room. Trying to smile through her tears, Molly walked up to her second oldest son and gave him a hug. "I truly am happy for you, Charlie, you deserve Harry and Lorcan. I love the three of you very, very much."

"I love you too, Mom," Charlie whispered as he hugged his mother back. "I never meant for any of this to happen."

"I know, Charlie, I know." Molly sniffed as she stepped away from her son then gently pulled Harry into a hug. "Can grandma visit tomorrow?" She asked as she smiled at the beautiful baby in Harry's arms.

"Of course, you don't even have to ask. You need to bond with your grandson too."

Molly softly caressed her grandson's cheek. "I'm glad everything worked out for you and Charlie."

Clearing her throat, Madam Pomfrey pointed to the door. "Alright, everyone out!"

As Dumbledore went to leave, he stopped next to Viktor. "Mr. Krum, if you wouldn't mind following me to the sitting room, we need to have a little chat about what you heard just now, and I'm going to need a vow from you."

Viktor inclined his head. "I understand, Headmaster, and I will make a vow to not reveal what I heard."
Harry exhaled loudly as all the tension in his body left him after everyone, except his dads, Charlie, and Madam Pomfrey, left the room. That had been crazy, he couldn't believe what just happened.

In awe, Charlie cupped his son's tiny head. "I can't believe that he's mine."

Harry smiled tiredly up at Charlie. "You okay with that?"

"Okay? Harry, I'm about to burst with happiness right now. You have no idea how many times I wished that this baby was mine, but never in a million years did I expect something like this to happen. He's ours, Harry, he's mine and yours."

"Well, I'm sure you know how happy I am over this," Sirius said. "I know Bill is your brother, Charlie, but I'm thrilled that he no longer has a hold on my son. Now the two of you can make a life together with your son without having to worry about Bill and his jealousy constantly hanging over your heads."

Harry jumped when the baby in his arms started crying. "Madam Pomfrey, what do I do?" He asked in a panic.

"You feed him, dear," Madam Pomfrey chuckled. "And after he has had a feeding I'm going to check him over one last time then be on my way."

***HP

Shaking his head, Sirius plopped down on the couch next to his son's soon to be bonded mate. "You know, you're not very good at sharing."

Chuckling, Charlie reluctantly took his eyes off of the baby in his arms. "I still can't believe he's mine. You have no idea how much I wished that Lorcan was mine instead Bill's"

"I have a pretty good idea," Sirius smirked. "I'm glad everything worked out for you and Harry. I thought for sure I was going to have to kill Bill then hide his body."

Charlie snorted. "Bill's not on my top ten favorite person list right now, but I'm glad you won't be burying him in the backyard under the oak tree."

"Nah, I like that tree too much," Sirius joked.

Smiling back down at his son, his son, not Bill's, Charlie smiled wistfully. "He's so beautiful."

"He is at that. He looks a lot like Harry at that age. Speaking of Harry, how is my pup?"

"Exhausted," Charlie sighed. "He passed out as soon as Lorcan finished nursing and Madam Pomfrey said that he will probably sleep until we have to wake him for Lorcan's next feeding. I brought the baby down here in case he starts fussing. Harry needs his sleep after everything that has happened the past twenty four hours."

"I still can't believe that Magic made him yours"

"It's a miracle," Charlie said, his eyes misting up. "I know that I should feel bad for my brother, but I really don't. Honestly, Magic couldn't have come up with a better punishment for him, he didn't deserve Lorcan."

"Magic also couldn't have come up with a better reward for you."

Charlie blushed. "Being with Harry was reward enough for me, but I'm going to thank Magic
everyday for the gift she has given me."

"I didn't want to see my pup mated and off living somewhere else, not so soon after just getting him back, but I couldn't have asked for a better mate for him."

Charlie sighed heavily as he turned to look at Sirius, his eyes shining happily. "Really, you didn't have to do all this buttering up and butt kissing, all you had to do was ask if you wanted to hold your grandson."

Sirius threw his head back and started laughing. "Very well, Charlie, may I please hold my grandpup?"

Smiling, Charlie placed a kiss on his son's cheek then passed him over to Sirius. He never imagined that he could ever be this happy, especially after finding out that Bill had slept with Harry. That had been the worst day of his life, he had just wanted to crawl in a hole and die. He knew when he first laid eyes on Harry that he was it for him, that there was no one else for him. The road may have an extremely bumpy one, but things had finally worked out. Not only was he bonding with the love of his life in just two short months, but now Lorcan was biologically his son. He was the happiest man in the world right now.
Chapter 13

This is it, the end! It's a huge relief to finally get this fic completed. Hopefully I can knock out a few more fics this year.

Please Review.

***HP

With an exasperated smile on his face, Charlie shifted the seven month old that was resting on his hip. "Lorcan, if daddy doesn't hurry we're going to be late."

With a loud squeal, the baby on Charlie's hip yanked his drool coated fingers out of his mouth and started waving his hand around. "Dah! Dah!" He cried happily.

Harry's head snapped up from where it had been buried in his diary sketching. Spotting his mate and son, he climbed stiffly to his feet, careful to not step on any baby Hungarian Horntails that had curiously gathered around him while he was sketching.

"We're going to be late if you don't hurry, love," Charlie called from the other side of the enclosure. "Your fathers have already left."

Looking down at his watch, Harry cursed softly. "Shit, we should have left thirty minutes ago."

Charlie chuckled when Harry shoved his pencil behind his ear then gingerly stepped around all the baby dragons. His mate was a baby dragon magnet. "Lorcan and I have been ready and waiting for forty five minutes."

Harry hurried out of the enclosure then kissed both his mate and drool covered son. "I'm sorry, you know how lost I get when I'm sketching. You should have drug me out sooner."

"Is this sketch for your journal, or are you going to give it the jeweler in Diagon Alley?" Charlie asked as he directed his mate back towards their hut. Harry had made quite a few gallons on the side selling his designs to the jeweler who made the necklace Harry had gifted him last Christmas. He was very proud of his little love.

Harry flipped open his journal to show Charlie the sketch of the momma Hungarian Horntail sleeping with one of her babies wrapped in her tail. "I'm going to give a copy of this sketch to the jeweler, but I'm keeping the original in my journal."

"It's beautiful, Harry. You should try painting some of your sketches on canvas, you have a gift."

Harry blushed. "I don't know about that."

"You do have a gift, Harry," Charlie stressed. "Come on, even the veela queen has one of your sketches hanging in her throne room."

Smiling, Harry thought back to when they had visited the queen and she had fallen in love with the necklace he had created for Charlie. She had then asked if she could see his sketches and she had raved about them for hours. As a thank you for all she had done for him, loaning him books about fairies and offering him a place with the veela if he ever needed, he had gifted her with her favorite
sketch, a sketch of an Antipodean Opaleye soaring over a lake right at dusk. He had to admit, it was a beautiful piece.

"Maybe I'll give painting a try after the holidays." Harry said feeling excited over trying something new.

Charlie playfully swatted his mate on the backside. "Hurry and get a shower, we should have been at the Burrow ages ago."

Giggling, Harry hurried towards the bathroom. "I'm sure my dads explained to your mom that we're always late."

Charlie shook his head, his little mate was right. They were always late whenever they had to be somewhere, and it wasn't because they had a baby to pack up and get ready. No, they were always late because Harry always lost track of time when he was working with the dragons.

Lifting his son up over his head, Charlie started making funny faces at him. His little boy looked so much Harry, especially now that his eyes had turned Harry's emerald green, but you could also easily see him in his son. There was no doubt that Lorcan was his little boy, that he was his biological father.

Harry came rushing out of the bathroom, his hair still dripping wet. Fondly shaking his head, Charlie whipped out his wand and cast a drying charm on his mate. "Are you worried about returning?"

Shrugging his shoulders, Harry patted his hair down. "This will be our first time returning since the world found out about Lorcan, I'm sure I'll get mobbed when we go to Diagon Alley tomorrow." They never truly made an official announcement about Lorcan, Charlie just showed up with a baby in his arms to his graduation and then they let everyone put the pieces together on their own. The Burrow had been mobbed with reporters the following day, along with the Ministry where Mr. Weasley worked and Dumbledore's office, but they had been long gone by then. After celebrating his graduation with Ron and Hermione, him, Charlie, and Lorcan had portkeyed to Romania. Other than their visit to the veela queen, they hadn't stepped foot out of the sanctuary. They did have weekly dinners with his dads, but his dads now lived close to the sanctuary so it was just an easy floo ride there and back, they didn't physically have to go outside.

"Ron said he talked to Kingsley and he said to let him know when we plan on going to Diagon Alley and he'll make sure there are extra aurors patrolling the area."

"Ron, the big bad auror," Harry chucked as he shoved his feet into his well worn dragon hide boots. "Remember how he almost passed out when we told him the truth about everything?"

"Ah, good times," Charlie smiled. The day after Lorcan was born, Headmaster Dumbledore allowed his siblings and Hermione to leave school for a few hours so they could come clean and tell his entire family the truth about Harry being a fairy, the pregnancy, and the mess with Bill. To say they had been shocked was an understatement.

Grabbing the diaper bag, Harry started checking that he had everything he was going to need. He had packed their suitcases and the diaper bag the night before, but he still needed to double check. Lorcan was a good baby, but he had a stuffed wolf that his dad had given him that he was obsessed with and couldn't sleep without.

Handing their son over to Harry, Charlie shrunk their luggage then put them in his pocket. "You ready for a week of Christmas madness?"
Harry hummed thoughtfully. He couldn't wait to see everyone again, especially Ron and Hermione, but the sanctuary was his home now. He loved it here with the dragons and he felt safe here. Charlie had been right when he said that dragon handlers were a big family that had each other's backs, everyone here was great and so caring, he had come to love everyone here.

"It won't be too bad," Harry finally answered. "We'll be staying at Grimmauld and visiting the Burrow, I'm actually looking forward to it." He was looking forward to it, but he was also a bit nervous. So far no one knew if Bill was going to show up for Christmas dinner or not. He hadn't seen or heard from Bill since the day he gave birth to Lorcan. He knew that Bill sold his cottage and moved back to Egypt, but that was all he knew. He did know that Mr. and Mrs. Weasley kept in contact with Bill, but he didn't feel right asking about him. Even though Charlie and his dads had told him multiple times that what happened with Bill wasn't his fault, he still felt guilty for everything that happened. He kind of felt like he had ruined Bill's life.

"Get that look off of your face," Charlie scolded as he took Lorcan back from Harry. "I know what you're thinking, and just don't. If Bill doesn't show up, that's on him, it's not your fault."

"I know," Harry sighed sadly. "I just know how much it means to your mom to have all her kids on Christmas."

"And so does Bill. Harry, you can't take the blame for everything Bill does or does not do. Bill is an adult who makes his own decisions." Charlie didn't know if he was ready to see his brother or not, but despite everything, he still dearly loved him. He hoped that someday they could once again be as close as they use to be.

Harry took a deep breath, then let it out slowly. "Enough talk of Bill, we're already late. Do you want me to hold Lorcan while we portkey?"

"Are you serious?" Charlie snorted. "Harry, I have never seen you land a portkey without crashing to the ground and vomiting."

"I know," Harry said, as he winked at his mate. "But offering makes me feel a little more manly and less of a hazard."

Charlie rolled his eyes. "I wish I could deny that you were a hazard, but..."

"Ha, ha, funny! Let's go before you mother scolds our ears off for being late." ***HP

Harry gripped Charlie's hand tightly as they made their way through Diagon Alley. With it being three days before Christmas, every store was packed with last minute shoppers. Of course as soon as everyone spotted him they stopped what they were doing and started gawking and whispering.

"Ignore them," Charlie whispered.

Harry shakily nodded his head. "Going out has always been bad, but this is a bit over the top. I don't understand, I'm nothing special. I'm glad we left Lorcan with your mom."

"Harry, you are most definitely something special. Just ignore them."

"Mr. Potter, is it true that you and Mr. Weasley have a son together? Don't you think you're a bit young to be a parent?"

Harry groaned loudly, the witch's voice was like fingernails down a chalkboard to him. "Rita
Skeeter, how so very not wonderful to see you again. Don't you think it's rude to be...bugging people while they're trying to complete their Christmas shopping?"

Charlie chuckled at how Harry had stressed the word bugging. His mate had told him all about Rita Skeeter being a unregistered beetle animagus. "Our private life is none of your business, Skeeter."

"Rumor has it the two of you were bonded back in July in Romania, are the rumors true?" Rita continued on, her eyes twinkling mischievously.

"Once again, none of your business," Charlie growled.

Harry wrapped his arm around Charlie's waist and leaned into his side. "That's alright, Charlie, I don't mind the nosey witch knowing that we are bonded and that we have a son together."

Rita's eyes lit up and she hungrily licked her lips. "Was the pregnancy planned, Mr. Potter?"

"Uhm, obviously," Harry said, rolling his eyes. "I mean, I am a male, and in order for a male to get pregnant they have to consume a male fertility potion. It was rather vile if I do say so myself, but it was worth it." He really didn't want to answer Rita's questions, but at least this way he could throw anyone off his trail that may suspect that he was a creature.

"But you're so young?" Rita pointed out. "Why would you want to have a baby at only seventeen?"

"Technically I'm eighteen now, but that's besides the point. I knew that I wanted to start a family early and I didn't see any reason in waiting. I had already found the love of my life in Charlie, and he too wanted to have kids."

"And where is the little tyke? My readers would love to be the first too welcome the newest Potter."

Smirking, Harry shook his head no. "Sorry, not going to happen. My son is currently with family and I have desire for his face to be plastered all over the wizarding world. Now, good day to you, Ms. Skeeter, and have a wonderful Christmas."

Harry hadn't noticed the large crowd that had gathered around, but Charlie had. Seeing Florean Fortescue waving to him from his shop, he quickly led his mate there despite Rita calling to them and following them. She wasn't the only one yelling questions, the mob of people were also wanting to know more about their bonding and baby.

"Quickly!" Florean called as he held the door open.

Ducking under the man's arm, Charlie chuckled when he slammed the door right in Rita's face then flipped the open sign over to closed. "I can't stand that woman," he hissed angrily. "She is a lying viper."

Feeling a little shaky, Harry collapsed in one of the booths. "Thank you, Mr. Fortescue, for coming to our aide."

"No worries, lad, the aurors were making their way through the crowd too. Now you two sit and relax and I'll whip you up the special."

Charlie waited until Florean was busy behind the counter before turning to his mate. "What made you decide to talk to Rita?"

Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Just thought that being so secretive would make people question how Lorcan came to be. All it takes is one rumor for things to blow up. I'm loving my life with the
dragons, I don't want to be forced to take refuge with the veela."

Noticing that his mate's hands were trembling, Charlie reached out and clasped them tightly in his hands. "You did the right thing, love. Our life is none of their business, but hopefully giving them at least that much will keep them off our backs."

"Yeah, right," Harry snorted doubtfully.

"Here you boys go," Florean said as he placed two large sundays on the table. "Take your time, no rush, the store is yours for as long as you need it."

Rubbing his hands eagerly together, Harry smiled up at the man. "Your ice cream is the best, Mr. Fortescue, I can't wait until my son is old enough to bring him here."

"You just notify me ahead of time, lad, and I'll close up the shop for you so you can enjoy your ice cream in peace with your little one."

"Thank you so much, you have always been kind to me. Your store has always been my favorite in Diagon Alley."

Florean Fortescue beamed proudly. "As always, Mr. Potter, your ice cream is on the house, as well as your bonded's."

Harry moaned sinfully as he took his first bite. "I think I just had an orgasm in my mouth."

"I think I'm incredibly hard right now thanks to your moaning," Charlie said as he subtly adjusted himself under the table.

Harry blushed brightly. For new parents, they had an extremely active sex life. Luckily for them Lorcan was a good sleeper, and unless he was feeling under the weather, he slept a good six to eight hours a night. "Keep it in your pants, Weasley. Wouldn't Rita just love to get a picture of you sitting across from me with a boner?"

"Then stop moaning," Charlie said with a wink.

Sighing, Harry reached into his pocket and pulled out his list. "Let's see, we still need to shop for Ron, Percy, and, uh, Bill. What do you think we should get him?"

Charlie's eyes darkened at the mention of his brother's name. His mom had been trying for the past few days to get in contact with Bill, but he has been ignoring his floo. "I don't know, some books?"

Harry frowned. "I'm sure Hermione will be getting everyone books. If he liked dragons, I would give him one of my sketches."

"What about your sketch of Hogwarts?" Charlie asked thoughtfully.

"You don't think giving him a sketch is too personal?"

Charlie shook his head. "Nah, you're giving Mom and dad one of the Burrow complete with the garden gnomes and all. I think a sketch will be fine...if he even shows up."

"Do you want him to show up?" Harry asked in a small voice. He wasn't sure how he felt about seeing Bill again. He was one hundred percent completely over him, had been since before Lorcan was born, he just felt kind of guilty for how everything went down. Bill may have been acting like a
spoiled bastard, but he had been looking forward to being a father. He was thrilled that Magic chose to alter Lorcan's DNA, but he still felt bad for Bill. Bill had lost a child, that kind of pain never went away.

"I don't know," Charlie answered honestly. "We'll worry about it if he actually shows up. Come on, I think we have kept Mr. Fortescue's shop closed long enough. That man must really like you to completely close up shop for you on such a busy day."

"Yeah, him and I bonded the summer before my third year. He's a good guy, knows a hell of a lot about ancient wizards and history."

***HP

"Baby's first Christmas!" Mrs. Weasley cried excitedly as she stole Lorcan from Harry's arms the second he stepped out of the floo.

Harry laughed as his son started giggling at his grandmother. It really was nice to be home and surrounded by family. He loved watching how everyone interacted with Lorcan and how much his boy just ate up the attention. Everyone was good with him, even Ginny who seemed to have finally gotten over him. Ginny's obsession with him had never truly been about him, but about being Lady Potter and having money. He loved Mrs. Weasley dearly, but he blamed her for telling Ginny stories about him and putting ideas in her head when she had been younger.

"Merry Christmas, dear," Mrs. Weasley said as she placed a kiss on Harry's cheek.

"Merry Christmas," Harry repeated. Spotting his dad sitting at the kitchen table, his shoulders dropped in relief when the man subtly shook his head no. He didn't realize how tense he was over the possibility of seeing Bill again. He felt bad for Mrs. and Mr. Weasley that their oldest son hadn't come home for Christmas, but at the same time it was a huge weight off of his shoulders.

Things hadn't exactly ended well between him and Bill, but they were family so a part of him wanted closure. He just didn't know what he was going to say to him. Deep down he knew that Bill wasn't a bad guy and that he had loved him when they first got together, he just somehow lost his way. He hoped that wherever he was he was happy and doing good.

"I'm going to the other room to see what everyone is getting up to," Charlie said as he kissed Harry on the top of his head.

"So, did the little one enjoy his first Christmas morning?" Mr. Weasley asked jovially.

"Lorcan was more interested in eating the wrapping paper than playing with his new toys, but it was a lot of fun. I can't wait until he's old enough to understand what is going on."

"Don't rush him, they grow too fast as it is." Mr. Weasley said a bit sadly. "Before you know it you're an old man and you're lucky enough if you get to see your kids once a year."

"Well that sure as hell isn't depressing, Arthur." Sirius snorted.

"It's Christmas, Arthur," Molly scolded.

"All I am saying is enjoy it while you can."

"Okay," Harry said awkwardly. He hated seeing Mr. Weasley so down, especially on Christmas, and especially because he knew that he was upset because of Bill and he blamed himself for Bill not being here. "C-Can I help with anything?"
Still cuddling Lorcan, Mrs. Weasley waved him away. "I have everything under control, Harry. Why don't you go into the other room and visit with the boys?"

"If you don't mind, Harry, you can go out to the shed and get Lorcan's Christmas present? I hand made him a wooden rocking dragon."

Harry's face lit up. "Really? Wow, that's amazing. Yeah, I can go and get it for you," he said excitedly.

"Need some help, pup?" Sirius asked from where he was sitting in front of the fireplace nursing a glass of fire whiskey.

Harry rolled his eyes when his dad subtly shook his head no, he obviously didn't want to get up off his lazy ass. "I got it dad, you just sit there and continue roasting your ass off in front of the fire. Mrs. Weasley, if I'm not back in ten minutes, turn my dad so he doesn't burn."

"Oh, Harry," Mrs. Weasley chuckled.

***HP

Harry cast a warming charm on himself before stepping outside. Living in Romania and working outside in the winter, he had gotten pretty good at warming charms, but luckily most of the dragon enclosures had warming charms on them so he wasn't stuck out in the cold all the time. Giggling when he spotted two garden gnomes arguing over an old sock, he smiled softly as he made his way to the shed.

"Lumos," Harry whispered as he entered the shed. Holding his wand out in front of him, he started looking around for the wooden dragon Mr. Weasley had made Lorcan. Spotting the dragon in the back of the shed by Mr. Weasley's work table, he carefully made his way to it keeping his arms close to his sides and making sure not to touch anything. He dearly loved Mr. Weasley, but he had a habit of bringing cursed objects home from work and tinkering around with them. He really didn't want to spend his son's first Christmas in St. Mungos because he accidentally touched a curse object and sprouted a second nose or something.

Gasping in awe, Harry knelt down next to the wooden dragon. He didn't know when Mr. Weasley found the time, but the wooden dragon was absolutely breathtaking. The dragon was a less scary version of the Chinese Fireball with its wings folded back and head held high and proud. The dragon was Gryffindor red and gold and had the cutest little black saddle and black strap around its neck for Lorcan to hold on to. Mr. Weasley had truly outdone himself on Lorcan's gift.

"Amazing!" Harry whispered reverently as he ran his fingers over the wooden dragon.

"Dad has always been good with woodwork. He could make a fortune selling things like that."

Startled, Harry felt back onto his ass, his heart pounding. "Jesus, Bill, give a man a warning."
Placing his hand over his beating heart, he started taking deep, calming breaths. "I think you just scared three years off of my life."

Bill started to step forward, but stopped and smiled shyly at Harry. "Forgive me, I didn't mean to frighten you. I saw that someone was in the shed and I thought maybe it was my dad."

"It's okay," Harry said somewhat awkwardly. "Your mom and dad are going to be happy you came." Harry couldn't help but notice that Bill looked good, almost like the old Bill that he had fallen in love with. There was a saneness in his eyes that he hadn't seen in a long time."
"Yeah, I guess I should have answered all their floo calls, but I wasn't sure myself up until an hour ago if I was coming or not."

Getting to his feet, Harry brushed the dust and dirt off of his jeans. "I'm glad you did. H-How have you been?"

"Better," Bill grimaced. "The past few months haven't been easy, but I'm improving. I have been seeing a mind healer three times a week for a while now and he's been a great help. Of course I can't tell him everything, not your name or that you're a fairy, but he's still been able to help me."

"I'm glad, Bill. You may not believe it, but I have been worried about you."

Bill took a tentative step forward, but he still kept his distance. "I believe it, Harry, you're a very kind and compassionate person. What I did to you..."

"Is in the past," Harry interrupted, not really wanting to bring up the past. He just wanted to move on now, especially for Mr. and Mrs. Weasley who just wanted their family whole again. What happened in the past was over and done with, he was happily bonded to Charlie and they had a beautiful little boy together. It wasn't easy getting to where they were now, but this was how it was supposed to be. He was always meant to be with Charlie.

"It was still wrong."

Harry nodded his head in agreement. "It was wrong, and it hurt, but I'm better now too thanks to Charlie."

"I'm sorry," Bill said sincerely, his voice heavy with pain and sadness. "I'm sorry for how I treated you, I'm sorry for how I lied to you, I'm sorry for cheating on you with Fleur, I'm sorry for threatening to take your baby from you, I'm sorry for how I acted while you were pregnant, I'm sorry for demanding your time and attention, and I'm sorry for being a spoiled, insensitive dick. Will you ever be able to forgive me?"

"I forgave you a long time ago," Harry said honestly. "I just want things back to where they were before we crawled into bed together. Do you think we can ever go back to being friends?" He wasn't stupid enough to believe that things could just magically go back to how they were before, not after everything that happened, but he also didn't want family gatherings to be awkward and weird. He dreamed of being a part of a family like the Weasley's ever since he was a little boy, he didn't want what happened between him and Bill to come between him and his dream.

Bill slowly nodded his head. "If we take it slow. I still love you Harry, but I understand now that my love for you wasn't healthy. Like I said before, I'm getting better, but it's still a struggle." It was true, he was getting better, but he still had a long way to go. After the birth of his son, or what was supposed to be his son, he had been in a very dark place. If it hadn't been for his dad forcing him to see a mind healer, he would probably still be locked up in his old bedroom refusing to come out. Or worse, dead.

Those first few weeks after Lorcan was born he had wanted to kill himself. He had lost everything, his brother, the man he loved, and his son. At the time, he felt like he had nothing to live for. After three weeks of refusing to come out of his room at the Burrow and barely eating, his dad had literally drug him out of bed, threw him into the shower fully clothed, then apparated him to St. Mungos and forced him to see a mind healer. He had hated his dad at the time for forcing him to do all of that, but now he was grateful to have such a caring father.

"There's also Lorcan."

"Seeing him is going to hurt so damn much. I don't know"
if I will ever be able to look at him without thinking that he was supposed to be mine."

"I know it's not the same, and I may come off as insensitive saying this, but he's still your nephew, Bill. Lorcan is still your family."

Bill smiled sadly. "I would rather have been daddy than Uncle Bill."

Harry didn't know what to say to that. He did feel bad for Bill, but he wouldn't change how things turned out for all the money in the world. Charlie was Lorcan's daddy, the three of them were a family. He would never be able to thank Magic enough for what she did.

Harry smiled tentatively at Bill needing to change the subject. "I heard you're back in Egypt?"

"Four months now. I always liked Egypt and the goblins were happy to have me back there. How are your dragons?"

Harry's face lit up like it did every time somebody asked him about his dragons. "My dragons are amazing! Charlie says that I'm even more obsessed with dragons than what he is. Most days he has to hunt me down and drag me out of the enclosures. I love it there."

"You two really were made for each other," Bill said wistfully.

Harry started fidgeting. Bill was still looking at him as if he wanted to eat him, but at least the crazy in his eyes was mostly gone. "There's someone out there for you too, Bill. Someone who shares the same passion for mysteries and curse breaking that you do."

"Maybe," Bill chuckled, "but a boyfriend or a girlfriend is the last thing on my mind. Right now I just need to focus on making myself a better person."

"Harry!"

"Charlie!" Harry called when his mate came bursting into the shed, his face red from running all the way from the house. Charlie also wasn't wearing a coat so he must have left the house in a hurry. "Is it Lorcan, is something wrong?"

Charlie's eyes widened when he spotted his brother. He had been expecting to find Harry hurt since he had been gone so long, not his brother in the shed with his mate. "Harry, Lorcan is fine, its you I'm worried about. You have been out here for over forty five minutes. You are alright, aren't you?"

Bill held his hands up in surrender. "Harry's fine Charlie, I'm not causing any trouble."

When his mate looked to him for confirmation, Harry nodded his head. "I'm fine, Charlie, we were just talking."

"I was apologizing," Bill clarified. "And I know I apologized before, but this time is different. I apologized to Harry for everything, but now it's time I apologized to you. I was such an ass, Charlie. I had no right trying to guilt you into stepping aside so I could be with Harry, and I deserved every bone you broke for how I acted leading up to Lorcan's birth. I love you Charlie, and I miss seeing and talking to you. I know we'll never be as close as we once were, but I would like to be your brother again."

Charlie could see the sincerity in his brother's eyes, but he wasn't ready to let his guard down just yet. He loved Bill and he wanted to be friends and brothers again, but Harry and his son were his number one priorities. Bill had seriously went off the deep end and he no longer knew what his brother was capable of.
"I'm not sure that you do understand. Bill, you have not only been my brother, but you have also been my best friend. I thought that I knew you better than anyone, but the things that you did and said were spiteful, hurtful, and malicious."

"Don't forget selfish," Bill added sadly. "At the time I didn't truly care about yours or Harry's feelings, all I cared about was being with Harry."

"And what, you're all better now?" Charlie asked skeptically. "It's only been seven months."

"Seven long months of seeing a mind healer and trying to get my life back on track. And no, I'm not all better now, but I am doing better. I accept that you and Harry are bonded and Lorcan is your son, not mine. It hurts, but I accept it."

Charlie ran his hand through his hair in agitation. He wanted to forgive his brother with open arms, but he just wasn't ready yet. He thought that he could, until he saw him again and everything that happened came flooding back to him.

"Charlie, let's just enjoy Christmas with the family and we can worry about the rest later." Harry said calmly. "We don't have to kiss and make up tonight, this is something we can slowly working on."

Charlie reluctantly nodded his head. He loved Harry, but the boy was too damn forgiving. "Are you coming in?" he asked Bill.

Looking down, Bill shrugged his shoulders. "I think it would be better if I just went home."

"This is your home," Charlie sighed heavily. "Dad has been moping for days because of you. Come in and enjoy Christmas dinner."

Looking between his brother and Harry, Bill slowly nodded his head. "Okay, I'll come in, but only if you're comfortable with it."

"We're family," Harry reminded.

"It's a start," Charlie gave in. "But after this, Bill, no more chances. No more being alone with Harry either, not until I can trust you again. I love you, Bill, but Harry is far more forgiving than what I am."

"Charlie, I'm not expecting weekly dinner invitations, and with you in Romania and me in Egypt, we will hardly see each other. I just want us to take a step in the right direction."

"We'll start with now and see where it goes, that's the best I can offer you," Charlie said seriously. If Bill put one toe out of line, that was it, no more.

"I'll take whatever I can get," Bill sighed with relief.

"You can go on in ahead of us, I want to talk to Harry in private."

Nodding his head, Bill turned and left the shed. Charlie waited a few minutes before walking up to his mate and pulling him into a hug. "I was terrified that something happened to you. Mom said you had went out to the shed to get something for dad but you were taking too long. I thought you had gotten cursed by one of dad's crazy objects."
"I know better than to touch anything in here," Harry chuckled. "I love your dad, but he has some serious issues."

Laughing, Charlie pulled Harry tighter to his chest. "Are you okay with Bill being here?"

Harry tilted his head back so he could see his mate. "Charlie, I have been over Bill for a very long time now. You are the one who seems to have issues with him being here."

"Guess I'm just not as over it as I thought. I can get over what he said and did to me, but not for how he treated you. I also don't trust him, at least not yet. Bill did and said things that never in a million years would I think he was capable of. Harry, you and Lorcan are my entire world, my life, your happiness and safety is my number one priority. I do want my brother back, but it's going to take more than an apology for me to start trusting him again."

"I understand, I don't trust him either, I just don't want your mom and dad to be sad on Christmas. I would like to think he's being sincere and that we can all put this behind us and move on, but only time will tell. There's nothing he can do, we're happily bonded and Lorcan is yours thanks to Magic. Let's just go inside and enjoy Christmas with our son and the rest of our family."

"Yeah, we should probably leash Sirius before he attacks Bill," Charlie chuckled.

"Or, we could stay out here a few more minutes and I can give you my Christmas gift," Harry said seductively, as he cupped Charlie's ass.

"Oh," Charlie smirked, "you brought my Christmas gift out here, did ya?"

Licking his lips, Harry slowly dropped to his knees. "Maybe I need to rephrase that, why don't you give me my Christmas present out here?" Eyes on the prize, Harry reached out and started unbuckling his mate's jeans.

Taking a deep, shaky breath, Charlie dug his fingers into Harry's hair. "Harry, anyone can walk in on us out here."

Harry chuckled triumphantly when Charlie pulled him in closer to his crotch instead of pushing him away. "Well, if anyone does walk in, I'm not sharing."

"Harry!" Charlie gasped. "That's my family."

"Family or not, I'm still not sharing." With a wink, Harry wrapped his lips around Charlie's beautiful cock and started sucking. He loved pleasing his mate, hearing Charlie's moans was the biggest turn on for him. He could come just from sucking Charlie, and he probably was going to.

"Fuck!" Charlie moaned as he closed his eyes. His mom could walk in now and he wouldn't care. Harry's mouth easily made him forget everything, his brain turned too goo whenever his mate was sucking him.

Harry could tell from the hands gripping his hair tightly and Charlie's trembling legs, that he wasn't going to last long at all. Charlie normally had amazing stamina, but he would be lucky if his mate lasted three minutes. That was okay, they needed to get back to Lorcan anyway. Maybe a good orgasm would be enough to keep Charlie calm around Bill for the rest of the evening. For Mr. and Mrs. Weasley's sake he hoped so.

"Harry, I'm going to come," Charlie warned breathlessly.

Harry moaned around the cock that was halfway down his throat, taking Charlie as deep into his
throat as he could handle. With a curse, Charlie came, his hands buried in Harry's hair.

Panting, Harry let Charlie's softening cock slip from his mouth. "Now that's a Christmas treat."

Still feeling a bit winded, Charlie reached down to help his mate to his feet. "It's my turn for my treat."

"Sorry, big guy, I spilled your treat all over my lap," Harry chuckled as he pointed to the wet spot between his legs.

"You came just from sucking me off?" Charlie asked in disbelief. "That's hot."

"It's actually cold and sticky," Harry pouted as he waved his wand over himself to clean up the mess.

"I love you," Charlie said with a big smile on his face. "I love you so much that at times it can be hard to breath."

A tear slowly made its way down Harry's cheek. "Does it kinda feel like your heart is beating three times too fast, like there's a lump in your throat and that you're so happy that you just want to cry? Because that's how I feel every time I look at you. I never imagined loving someone would fee this way."

"Thank you for being mine," Charlie said as he wrapped his arms around Harry's shoulders and hugged him close to his heart.

"Always and forever," Harry professed. Taking Charlie's hand, they left the shed and started making their way towards the Burrow. As they got closer they could hear laughter coming from inside, which was a good sign considering Bill was in there with Sirius.

"I never imagined I would be this happy and content," Harry said wistfully. "I have you, Lorcan, my dads, your family, and the best job ever. Everything is perfect."

"And I'll do my best to make sure it always stays perfect for you."

Harry smiled up at his mate. "And I'll do my best to make sure your life is perfect too."

"You already do. Love you, little bit."

"Love you too," Harry said with tears of happiness in his eyes.

***HP

Well, that's it. I really didn't want to make this epilogue about Bill, but we needed a little closure. As you can see, things aren't magically better, but Bill is showing some improvement. I do see Harry as being more forgiving than Charlie. It's going to take Charlie a long time before he trusts his brother again...if ever.

I know some people will wonder about Bill and Lorcan's relationship. Will Lorcan cry every time Bill gets near him? Maybe. I would like to think that once Bill is truly over Harry and accepts full responsibility for his actions, that magic will make it to where Lorcan no longer cries when his uncle gets near him. I dunno though, you can decide for yourselves.

I had wrestled with the idea of making Mr. Fortescue a fairy and him revealing himself to Harry, but I decided against it. I wanted to end this fic, not add another twist to the story. I kind of like the idea
of Mr. Fortescue being a fairy though and quietly watching over Harry and then finally revealing himself to him and showing him that he wasn't alone, that he wasn't the only fairy left. Maybe someday I'll right an alternate ending where that happens.

I hope you all enjoyed reading my story, and thank you to all of you who have taken the time to review.

Works inspired by this one: The Power of Love and Magic Cover [FAN ART] by Levinson

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!