### Out of Sight Out of Heart

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#### Summary

After the final battle things didn't went as Harry had expected. Banned from the Burrow, left by the love of his life and with a baby on the way to care for, what is the BWL to do? Slash! MPREG!

#### Notes

Hello! This is my first try in AO3, so... be nice, ok?

This story is finished, so I'll probably post a chapter a day, just so I can go over then one last time...

See the end of the work for more notes.

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**Out of Sight Out of Heart**

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- **Fandom:** Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
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- **Character:** Harry Potter, Ron Weasley, George Weasley, Fred Weasley, Charlie Weasley, Hermione Granger, Teddy Lupin, Andromeda Black
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Out of Mind Out of Heart

The Final Battle had ended a few weeks previously, and the wizarding world was finally in its way to recovery. There had been too many deaths on both sides of the war, and the ministry was left in complete chaos.

Harry Potter's life too, seemed to be filled with chaos, and he did all he could to stay as far away as possible from the ministry of magic. He was currently at Grimmaud Place, alone with his godson Teddy and the house elf Kreacher, because he was baned from the Burrow after he broke up with Ginny. It was all still fuzzy in Harry's head, and he wasn't really sure how he ended up in this situation, specially after a visit from Poppy Pomfrey.

You see, days after the Battle of Hogwarts, after all the funerals, memorial and trials were done, life in the wizarding world went back to what it was before Voldemort came back. Meaning every one wanted a piece of Harry Potter, the Savior of the Wizard Kind. So, Harry had retreated to the Burrow, going out only when he really needed to. The thing is, staying at the Burrow wasn't as fun as Harry had expected it to be. Specially because every room he entered, Ginny Weasley was right behind him, trying to get his attention.

Why would that be a problem, one might ask, well, if anyone had asked that two years before, there wouldn't be a problem. Two years before, Harry would have been happy that the girl wanted to spend time with him. The thing is, that was two years before. When he still fancied himself straight. Now? Well... now Harry knew better. He had realized while on the search for the Horcruxes that the type of person he wanted to be with was someone strong, someone who would be able to take the burden off of his shoulders, even if just for a little while, and Harry knew – from his experience two years before – that Ginny simply wasn't the person to do that. She was the exactly opposite. Ginny Weasley was an alright kind of girl, but after breaking up with her at Dumbledore's funeral she became clingy, she still saw Harry as her knight in shining armor that would protect her from all the evils of the world.

And Harry simply couldn't be that anymore. Not after so many years fighting. He was tired of fighting, he just wanted to curl in someone's arms and feel safe and loved. And Ginny Weasley wasn't the person to do that. So you see, life at the Burrow just wasn't as peaceful as he was hoping it would be. The fact that he was kind of heartbroken didn't help either. As you might have noticed, two years before the Hogwarts Battle, Harry fancied himself straight, but he didn't anymore. Now he had realized that hardly any girl would be strong enough to share his burden with him, another man, on the other hand, could be strong enough not only to share the burden, but to actually take it for a while. And Harry had had a little taste of what that felt like a few weeks before the Last Battle. And then, after everything was said and done, he was alone again, and the one person who had made him feel completely free for the first time in his life was gone. Not dead, just gone. And that seemed even worse then if he had died.

So, when Harry had finally had enough of Ginny's whining and begging, he had told the Weasleys the partial truth, that he wouldn't be getting back with Ginny because he wasn't into girls. Chaos followed that statement, Ginny the loudest of all, telling everyone who would listen – and the ones that didn't want to, as well – that Harry Potter had lead her on, making her believe that they would marry and Merlin knows what other nonsense she sprouted. In the end, Harry had left the Burrow with instructions to not go back unless he had seen the wrongs of his ways and realized that Ginny was the one and only person for him.
Needless to say, two weeks had passed since then, and Harry still couldn't stop thinking about the man that had just left when the war was over. He was just lucky that he had his godson to take care of now, so he had something to focus on other then his broken heart.

Teddy Lupin was Harry's priority in life now. Andromeda Tonks had moved in with Harry, when he left the Burrow, seeing as she was still mourning the loss of her husband, daughter and son-in-law, so, when Harry said to her that he wanted to help her in raising Teddy, they decided the best way to go would be living under the same roof. This way Andy could mourn and care for Teddy at the same time, and Harry would have help in learning how to care for a baby that was just two and a half months old. They decided to live at Grimmauld Place because Andy's house reminded her too much of her lost family, and Harry actually felt closer to his lost family – mostly Sirius – by being in that house.

And that's where this story begins. Harry had asked Poppy Pomfrey to came to his house and have a look at Teddy, because he was a little too hot for Harry's liking, and the nurse agreed that a visit to Saint Mungos wasn't what Harry and Teddy needed, so she went to the townhouse. Andromeda had left to do something in the ministry, and Harry was with Teddy waiting to hear what the nurse's verdict was.

"He's just teething, Harry." said the nurse “it's a bit early, but noting to worry about.”

Harry sighed relived. He had barely slept that night, because Teddy wouldn't stop fussing, and he had a little fever, so Harry had been worried for his godson. If anything happened to him, Harry didn't know what he would do.

“How are you?” asked Poppy after applying a lotion to the baby's gum to help soothe him “you look tired.”

Harry looked to the woman that had helped put him back together after every one of his nearly death experiences “I am tired. Teddy wouldn't let me sleep.” after a second of silence, Harry decided to confide in her “and I think I'm down with some stomach bug or something...”

Poppy looked surprised for a second. Harry normally did everything in his power to stay as far away from the hospital wing as he could while a student, but then she looked back at the baby she had just treated, and knew that the young man in front of her wouldn't dare to stay silent if he could make his godson sick. “Let's have a look at you then.” she said gently, gesturing for him to lie down on the couch “what are your symptoms?” Harry did as he was asked and then answered “I'm exhausted most of the time... even before Teddy started to not let me sleep. And noting stays in my stomach... I'm puking for three days now... Andromeda doesn't know...”

The nurse made a sound of discontentment about the last information, but didn't said anything, just started to cast diagnoses spells. After a few spells, she gasped “Oh my!” Harry looked at her worried “It's that bad? Am I a risk to Teddy?”

“I'm not sure how to tell you this, Harry.” her tone was one of incredulity, and it just made Harry even more antsy “What is it?” he asked “What is wrong with me?” Poppy looked in his eyes and said “Did you use any kind of contraceptive when you last had a sexual relation?”

Harry's face rivaled the red in the Weasleys hair. “What does that have to do with anything?” he managed to say “I haven't been active for more than two months now... I don't have a... sex disease, do I?” Harry's mind took him back to the few days he had spent with the man that broke his heart, the man to whom he gave his virginity, the man he was completely in love with, even after being left by him.
“No, Harry.” said the nurse sad “it's not a disease. You're a powerful wizard, Harry. No, let me talk!” she said when she saw he wanted to interrupt her “It's not unheard of, but it's rare enough that it's not exactly common knowledge either. You see, Harry, when a wizard is powerful, and have a homosexual relationship, it's possible for the... bottom of the relationship to become... pregnant.”

Pregnant. The word ringed in Harry's ear. Pregnant. A powerful wizard could became pregnant. And the nurse had said he was powerful. And he had been involved with another wizard. And he had been the bottom... which had to mean... he was capable of getting pregnant. That he WAS pregnant, otherwise, why would the nurse tell him about the possibility? “I'm... pregnant?” he asked, needing to hear a confirmation. “Yes, Harry dear. You are pregnant.”

Everything after that was fuzzy in Harry's head. All he could think was that he was going to have a baby. His baby. His baby that was growing in his belly right at that moment. His baby with HIM.

When Andromeda came back home, she found Harry sitting in the drawing room, Teddy asleep in his arms, and the young man looking lost in the empty fireplace. The longing in the young man eyes was the strongest she had seen so far, and she had been privy to a few moments of Harry looking longingly trough a window. “Harry?” she called “is everything all right?”

Harry changed his eyes from the empty fireplace to Andromeda's face, unshed tears giving his eyes a glassy look. “I don't know what to do.” he said brokenly “I just don't know what to do anymore, Andy.” She went to him and sat beside him, hugging him “What happened Harry? Did Poppy came to look at Teddy?” Harry let himself be hugged, let himself be consoled for a moment before steeling himself for rejection “Teddy is fine, just teething.” Andromeda could see that there was more to it, and that it was something Harry was afraid to tell her. “What else did Poppy had to say, dear? You know you can count on me.” Harry looked her in the eyes, and Andy had never seen so much despair in those green eyes, not even when he was banned from the Burrow “I'm... I'm pregnant. I'm pregnant, Andy, and I don't have a clue what I'm going to do now!” the tears started to fall down his cheeks, and Andy could just hug him to her, trying to calm him and pass some strength to him.

Almost half an hour had passed before Harry calmed himself. When he finally stopped crying, he had completely exhausted himself, and had fell in a deep slumber. Andromeda took Teddy, that had slept trough all the crying and took him to his crib, then she went back to Harry and levitated him to his own bed. She didn't have the will to leave him, though, so she sat in the armchair and stayed there, looking after the boy she was beginning to see as a son.

CHARLIEHARRY-CHARLIEHARRY

A few days had passed since Harry had received the news of his pregnancy. He still hadn't told Andromeda the name of the other father, and she hadn't pressed him either. But every time Harry went out of the house he would be stalked and harassed by the adoring public, whenever he went to Diagon Alley he would see at least a glimpse of red hair, and the fact that he was still banned from the Burrow and that none of his friends had talked to him since that day only made him feel worse and worse. He got so depressed, that he didn't go out of the house for days, not even to the backyard.

“Harry! You have to stop this!” Andromeda Tonks was beyond worried “I know that your situation is not an easy one, but becoming a recluse won't help you!” Harry was currently lying on his bed, that he hadn't eat anything all day, nor had him changed from his night clothes. “Harry, this isn't healthy! You have to take care of yourself! Think about the baby!”

That did the trick. He couldn't consciously do something that would harm his baby, so Harry did what he had to do, ate, changed, and went outside with Teddy for a little while. When he came back into the house, he found Andy in the kitchen and decided that she had the right to know about his thoughts. “Andy?” he called, and when she turned to look at him he continued “I... I can't stay here
any more. It just... hurts to much. I... would you... go with me? Somewhere... else? You and Teddy are all I have. You, Teddy and my baby...”

Andy looked at him for a long time without saying a word. She took in the darkness under Harry’s eyes, the pale face, the longing and despair in his eyes. Her heart broke for him, and there was only one thing she could do then, her only choice was to help Harry the only way she could, by staying with him no matter where. “Of course we’ll go with you, Harry. But where are you thinking of going?” Harry gave her his first true smile since they started living together, since the day he was banned from the lives of his friends. “I’m not sure...” he said “I was thinking about going to Gringotts... they must have a list of the Blacks and Potters properties, maybe there is one somewhere we can go to... what do you think?” Andy smiled back to him “I think it’s a great idea.”

So, that's how Harry, Andromeda and Teddy ended up in one of Gringotts private offices, with the goblin responsible for the Potter and Black accounts. Hours latter, the small family had decided for a Potter manor on the outskirts of Norfolk, in the United States. The manor was a favorite of Harry’s grandfather, apparently, so Harry thought he could at least learn a little more about the family he never met.

Two weeks latter, Harry, Andy and Teddy had moved in on their new home. The fact that the house was maintained by three house elves was a plus, but the best surprised Harry found in the manor was three portraits, one of his grandfather, Charlus Potter, one of his grandmother, Dorea Potter, and one of his father, James. That the James in the portrait was only ten years old didn't fazed Harry at all. And it became a favorite past time of his, talking to the portraits and helping his child father to come up with pranks ideas he could pull on his parents portraits. Life was finally starting to look good for Harry, and the happiness of having his own baby was only dulled by the fact that the other father wasn't with him, that he had just left, without a word.

CHARLIEHARRY-CHARLIEHARRY

Almost a year passed since the day that Harry had last talked to one of his friends. Andromeda now occupied the place Molly Weasley once had in Harry's heart, that of a mother. Teddy Lupin was a happy baby of one year old, and Harry's own baby, named Charlus Evan Potter, was three month old. The day was a holiday, at least if Harry had stayed in Great Britain it would be. It was the anniversary of the day Harry had ended the war, but it also was the day Teddy's parents died. So, while half the wizarding world – not only in Britain – was celebrating the defeat of the worst Dark Lord ever, Harry, Andy, Teddy and Charlus were quietly mourning the loss of family and friends. Well, Charlus not so much, he was still to young to really understand why every one was so quiet that day.

In the year that had passed, Harry had barely talked to any magical people. While he wasn't showing, he liked to go out in the muggle world, walk the streets without being noticed was a huge relief for him. After Charlus were born, he decided to look into stating a career, so he went to the american minister for magic and had his school results turned into something usable to get into a muggle university, he was now studying to become a forensic specialist.

But, even with his projects to star a new life, Charlus and Teddy were the reason Harry was still trying to be happy. Teddy reminded Harry more and more of his father Remus, the man that was the last link to Harry's own parents. Charlus, on the other hand, was very similar to Harry himself. Not exactly in his colorings, but in how he got his colors. The baby had auburn hair, just like his father, and the eyes were the same emerald green as Harry's his sort of mother. The baby's name was also a link to his father, the man that had made Harry feel alive for the very first time in his life to just leave him after the war without a word. But if anyone asked, Harry would say that the he named his child after his grandfather, the man who provided him with a safe heaven away from the British island.
You see, it was a few days after their escape from Malfoy Manor that Harry realized that he saw that man as something more than just someone he knew. They were at Shell Cottage, resting and planning when HE showed up. At the time, Harry was at the beach, trying to figure out where else Voldemort had hidden his horcruxes and then HE was there, talking to him, trying to get Harry to tell HIM what he was planning. Harry didn't fell for it, but HE came back again and again, and Harry began to wait anxiously for the time they spent together, because when they were together nothing more was important, just those moments they shared with each other.

And then, one day, HE had kissed Harry. And Harry kissed HIM back. And the next thing he knew, he was lying on the sand with a hot redhead on top of him, kissing him like there was no tomorrow. Things progressed fast, and by the end of the day Harry was shouting his lover's name at his climax.

They continued to met in the beach after that. And the encounters continued to be filled with love making in the sand. 'Till the day come that Harry, Ron and Hermione had convinced Griphook to help then break into Gringotts. Harry's last afternoon with his lover was a sad one. Even without saying that he had to go, the redhead seemed to know it would be the last day they had together. Harry had it in good faith that Charlus had been conceived on that last day, since their love making was the best thing Harry had ever done in his life.

But then, everything had gone downhill. All right, so he had defeated Voldemort, so what? By doing so he had lost everything he held dear to him. His privacy, his peace, his friends and the most sad of all, his Charlie.

But now Harry had his little boys, and with Andy's help he was in the way of recovering. The only thing that really made Harry sad this days was when he read the name of one of his former friends in the newspaper. And with the holiday, all of their name was on the paper.

It was on that sad day that Harry received the first letter from one of them. George Weasley was the first to try and contact Harry. Almost a year after the last time they had talked. Harry almost didn't want to read the letter, and in the end, maybe not reading it would have been better. It was a business letter. A letter to tell Harry that his first investment in the joke shop had been very appreciated, but that now they were able to pay him back with interest.

Harry tore the letter apart, not in the least interested that the joke shop was doing really well. Nevertheless, he wrote back, telling George that he didn't need nor wanted the money and that they shouldn't bother to contact him again to talk about their shop. He was rather rude in the letter, but it had hurt him badly to finally hear from them just to discover that they just wanted to pay him back, like they were paying him so they wouldn't need to talk to him ever again. If that was the case, Harry really didn't want to hear from any of them.

To Harry's delight, though, not even a week latter he got another letter, this time from Fred, apologizing for the way they had worded the other letter and for taking so long to write to him. After that Harry started to correspond with the twins, but even if he told them about his muggle graduation, he not once mentioned his Charlus. He wasn't sure why he didn't told them about his son, but he just didn't want to risk the news getting to Charlie. The man had just left him, after all, and Harry wouldn't risk a custody battle in case the redhead decided he wanted to rise their baby.

CHARLIEHARRY-CHARLIEHARRY

It was years later, seven, to be precise, that Harry went back to England. But it was just a visit, one he wasn't sure he wanted to do, but had already promised to go, so he couldn't back down now. Hermione and Ron were getting married. Hermione had started writing to Harry about a month after the twins, and with the passing of time, Harry had forgiven all three of them for not standing up for him. He was still in the black book of Molly and Ginny, but Ron had apologized too, and both his
friends had asked him to be there at the wedding.

As the wedding ceremony was going to be in a chapel, Harry had said he would go. Seeing as the party would be at the Burrow, he had decided that he was just going to the ceremony, so, his boys had convinced him to take them with him. Both of them had grown up hearing Harry tell stories about his days at Hogwarts, and both Teddy and Charlus wanted to actually meet the protagonists of those stories. Long puppy dog eyes later, and Harry was taking both children with him. Andromeda decided to stay at home, she was getting a little sick, and the England weather was known to be wet.

This is how Harry found himself looking into the blue eyes of Charlie Weasley for the first time since those distant days of love making in the sand. The shock of all the redheads at seeing him with two black haired and green eyed children almost made Harry laugh. You see, Teddy had inherited his mother ability to change his appearance, and Charlus being the son of a powerful wizard, had tried to copy his big brother and, after long hours trying, he had managed to change his hair to match the color of Teddy's. Now, it was almost second nature to Charlus and the little boy could change his hair color to any color he wanted, just not as fast as Teddy could. So, it was almost a rule that, which ever color Teddy had decide to use that day, Charlus would have a matching hair color. This day both children was copying Harry. Charlus already had Harry's green eyes, and Teddy was capable of changing his eyes color, so all three of them had black hair and green eyes, making they look even more like a family then they already were.

Fred and George tried to go and talk to Harry when they saw him entering the chapel, but their mother gave them a look that made them stay where they were, at the altar, beside Ron with the rest of the redhead family. Harry smiled at then, and sat with his sons at a stool at the back of the chapel, he just couldn't take his eyes off of the blue eyes of his ex-lover.

The ceremony was beautiful, Hermione looked amazing, and the look on Ron's eyes when she walked down the aisle made Harry smile, happy for his friends happiness.

When the ceremony was over, the happy couple waited at the entrance of the chapel to receive the congratulations. The Weasley family was the first to go and hug the couple, and Harry decided that it would be better to wait a little, so the rest of the family wouldn't be so close. The glare Molly had given Harry made it clear that, even after all those year, the woman hadn't forgiven Harry for not marrying her daughter.

Harry, Teddy and Charlus were the last to leave the chapel. The kids were excited about actually talking to the biggest two personages of their dad's stories. When Harry left the chapel, most of the guests had left already, only Ron, Hermione, Fred, George and, unfortunately, Molly and Charlie were still there, all waiting for Harry and his mysterious children. Harry pretended he hadn't seen Molly was there, and went to hug and congratulate his first friends.

“It was a beautiful ceremony.” said Harry smiling at his friends “you look lovely, Hermione, and I never saw Ron so happy as when you were walking down the aisle.”

The newlyweds hugged him back, smiling. “Thank you Harry.” said Hermione “It's really good to see you again. But... who are they?” she asked pointing to the two kids hiding behind Harry's legs.

Harry's smile became wider, and he made the boys came to stand in front of him. “Ron, Mione, this are my sons, Teddy and Charlus.”

“Ah! Little Teddy!” exclaimed a voice from Harry's right, two arms draped over his shoulders “We were trying to figure out who they were.” completed a voice from Harry's right.

“Teddy, Char, this are my friends, Ron, Hermione, Fred and George.” the green eyed man said “and
the two of you stay away from my children! They get in enough trouble as it is, I don't need you two filling their heads with your dangerous ideas.”

“Oww, Harry!” said Fred “you wound us!” completed George. The little boys giggled hearing the twins talking.

The group would probably have bantered for longer, but Molly Weasley left Charlie's side and came to talk to them. “Your guests are waiting for you at the Burrow! It's time to go.”

“But we didn't even ask Harry about little Charlus mother, yet!” complained George. “Then you can stay with him!” was Molly's answer “but then don't bother coming to the party. It's bad luck to arrive after the bride and groom.”

“I have a better idea.” said Ron “You'll come with us Harry, and then you can tell us all about your life in America!”

“That will not happen!” growled Mrs Weasley. Teddy and Charlus went back to hiding behind Harry's legs, afraid of the redhead woman. “Please refrain from yelling in front of my children, Mrs. Weasley.” Said Harry coldly “They're well behaved, and not used to people yelling at them. Now, Ron, Mione, I'm sorry, but I'm not taking this two somewhere we're not welcomed. You're curiosities will have to stay unanswered. Maybe the two of you can come for a visit after your honeymoon...”

“No.” said Ron, looking at his mother “Harry is my friend. My best friend. And I let you drive him all the way to the other side of the ocean once. Now that he is here I'm not going to let you drive him away from us again, mother. It's MY wedding, OUR wedding” he said looking Hermione in the eyes “And we both WANT Harry to be at the party. And if YOU can't stand to be in the same place as him, you can stay inside the house.”

“Ron, please! I don't want to make a scene!” Harry tried to make his friend see reason. “You're not the one making a scene, Harry, she is. And I'm not going to let her ruin this day. Come on, we have a party to go. Come on, kids, Uncle Ron and Aunt Hermione will take you, okay?”

And without giving Harry the chance to escape, Ron and Hermione took the boys with them by apparition. Fred and George smiled evilly at Harry before grabbing his arms and apparanting him straight to the Burrow's garden, where a tent had been erected for the party. With their arms still around Harry, George leaded him to the table where the family would sit, Teddy and Charlus were already there, being introduced to Arthur and Bill.

“Your children are great, Harry.” said Mr. Weasley “And I'm sorry I let Molly drive you away from us. I should have stopped her.” Harry looked at the man. For a long time he had wanted him to be there for him, to be a father to him, but he had let Harry go, he had chosen his wife over him. But then again... She WAS his wife, so, over the years Harry had forgiven all of the male Weasleys. “It's alright, Mr. Weasley” Answered Harry “I understand why you did it.”

“Now that you're here” Started Fred “you can tell us where is the lovely mother of your Charlus!” finished George.

At that point, Ginny – who had glared at Harry since he put a foot in the tent – looked on interested. He had broken up with her pretending to be gay, after all.

“You seem to have forgotten why I had to leave, Georgie... I'm gay, remember? I give birth to Charlus.”
That caused the table to stare at Harry, mouths open.

Incredibly, it was Ginny who was able to talk first. “YOU? You got knock up?”

“Yes.” was Harry's firm answer “I'm the one who got pregnant. Charlus is my son with another man.”

“But that... is really rare Harry!” said Hermione anxious “There all kinds of criteria that needs to be fulfilled for a male pregnancy to happen!” Now Harry was getting confused. Madam Pomfrey had only said that the 'mother' had to be powerful, nothing more! “what do you mean, criteria?”

“How come you don't know? You HAVE to know!” Now it was Hermione who was confused “I... didn't try to get pregnant, Mione. It just... happened.” the look on his old friend face was of pure incredulity, and Harry was just glad Charlie hadn't show up yet.

“Are you telling me that you just found out you were pregnant one day?” now it was Ron who asked. “Well... yeah. I wasn't feeling well, so I asked Madam Pomfrey to came to look at Teddy, I asked her if she could see what was wrong with me, and I was told about Charlus. I didn't even know men could get pregnant.”

“We're is he, Harry?” asked Mr. Weasley “Why didn't you bring him? We would love to meet you other half.” Harry looked at his children, they were happily playing with the swan shaped napkins “He left.” Harry answered without looking at them “He just left, before I found out about the pregnancy.”

“But that doesn't make any sense!” Ginny said “He had to love you a lot! And you had to love him a lot! The two of you had to be perfect for each other! Otherwise you wouldn't get pregnant!” Harry looked at her astonished, it seemed like she finally understood why he couldn't be with her all those years ago “I know I love him, Ginny, but apparently, he didn't. Not the way I do.”

“Love who?” said a voice behind Harry that made him freeze. He knew that voice. The voice of the man he was still in love with.

“Charlus other father.” was Hermione's answer “the bastard that left Harry after knocking him up.”

“I think we should change subjects.” said Harry “it's you wedding! We should be celebrating, not telling stories of so many years ago, let's have a toast! To Ron and Hermione! That they be happy together for many, many years to came!”

The Weasleys were distracted by the toast, and Harry sighed relieved. What he didn't saw was two redheads looking at him, one wondering and the other with jealousy.

The party was great, and Ron and Hermione danced in each others arms, and Harry was able to say good bye to them before they were off to their honeymoon – that he, with the help of Fred and George had upped a little bit. When it was time to go, though, Harry was caught trying to sneak out of the Burrow without being seen by the other redheads. And he would have made it, if Teddy hadn't forget a teddy bear Ginny gave him.

Harry, with an asleep Charlus in one arm and a tired Teddy by his hand, had to go back to the tent, were the little metamorpho had left his gift. Neville and Hanna were still dancing, and Luna was at a corner, a gnome near her. Arthur and Molly were at the dance floor as well, the woman having finally accept the fact that Harry would stay there after Ginny told her to stop being a hag. At the table were the bear was left, only one other person was still sitting. The only one other than Molly that Harry didn't want to talk alone, Charlie.
“Go on.” said Harry to Teddy “Go get your bear.” Teddy looked at him, then at the table “I'll be here, go on.” and Teddy went, he spoke to Charlie for a little while and then went back to Harry, the bear in his hands. “Charlie wants to talk to you, daddy.” Harry looked at the table, and saw the redhead looking straight to him. “I'll talk to him another time, Teddy, now I need to put you and your brother in bed.” the brunet looked one last time at the table, shook his head and turned to leave. The three of them were already at the gate, from where Harry would be able to apparate back to Grimmauld Place when a hand grabbed his arm.

“Harry wait! I need to talk to you!” the green eyed man didn't need to look to know it was Charlie “I have two tired kids I need to put to bed, Charlie, I can't talk to you right now.” but the redhead was stubborn, just like Harry remembered him being when they had last seen each other. It was his stubbornness that won over Harry's insecurities then.

“Here, I'll take Teddy, he can barely stand.” and without waiting for permission, he took Teddy in his arms and looked at Harry's eyes “where are you staying?” Harry was baffled and not knowing what to do... “Grimmauld Place” he answered. And so, the four of them apparated to the old headquarters of the order of the phoenix, and the house where Harry found out he was pregnant by the same man that was there with him and his children at that moment.

Kreacher had the beds ready for the kids, so all Harry and Charlie had to do was put them in bed, and seeing as they were already asleep, Harry didn't have to tell them their bedtime story, so he just tucked them in, kissed each of their heads and left, turning the lights off and leaving the door just a bit open. Charlie had watched all the process with a curious and sad eye. The one thing that made him even more curious and gave him a bit of hope, though, was the fact that Charlus hair was changing color, the black given up slowly and the red appearing.

When Harry turned around to face Charlie, he was nervous. What could the other have to say to him after all those years? Without a word, Harry lead the way to the drawing room, the fire was lit, and Harry sat heavily on the armchair by the fire. Charlie took his example and sat opposite him, in the other armchair. The silence was awkward, but neither new what to say now that they were alone.

“Why are you here Charlie?” Harry finally broke the silence. “You said you needed to talk, so say what you have to say and leave. I'm tired, and those two will be up at dawn, like always.”

“Who's Charlus other father?” the redhead asked, his eyes and voice full of jealousy.

“Charlus turned seven this January, you tell me who his other father is.” Harry was getting anger by the minute. He wasn't the one who just left after the final battle. He, Harry, had stayed for months, waiting, heartbroken. What right did Charlie had to demand this of him?

“January?” Charlie asked trying to calculate when he was conceived. But when he came to the conclusion that that made it possible for him to be the other father he just couldn't believe. “Who's Charlus other father, Harry?” he asked again, this time with anger in his voice “To whom else did you spread your legs for during the war?”

Harry was up in a fraction of a second, he forgot he was a wizard, mad with rage and slapped Charlie. Hard. Hard enough that all five of his fingers were visible on the other man's face.

“Get out of here Charles. Get out of my house and stay away from me and my family!” Harry had his wand out now, and a threatening look on his face. But Charlie was stubborn, and didn't move at all, just looking at the irate face of the man he had loved for all those years. The man he had thought was dead till a few hours before. “GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!” Harry screamed when Charlie wouldn't move.
And then, Charlie moved. Just not in the way Harry was expecting. The redhead man got up from
the armchair, walked the two steps that separated him from the brunette man and giving the wand in
Harry's hand no mind, grabbed Harry by the neck and kissed him. Harry tried to struggle, to get out
of the hold the other had in his neck, but every second their lips were touching made his heart jump
in his chest, his soul seemed to be flying and so he gave in. And the kiss got needy, Charlie's tongue
going inside Harry's mouth, tasting, mapping, relearning every nook of it.

Harry let the wand fall to the floor and his hands entangled in the redhead's hair, pushing him closer.
Charlie's other hand came to rest on Harry's waist, and they kissed till air became a necessity and
they had to let go of the other's mouth. Panting hard Harry looked up at Charlie's eyes, his hands still
intertwined with Charlie's hair.

With a huge sigh Charlie put their foreheads together. Looking deeply in the green eyes of the love
of his life. “I love you.” he said.

It was the words that made Harry realize what he had done. He had let Charlie kiss him again. After
all the older man had made him go through, he had just let him kiss him again, after all the hurtful
words he had said just a few minutes before.

Harry stepped out of Charlie's arms. He summoned his wand back to his hand and said “Get out of
here Weasley.” this time his voice was cold and steely. “Get out of my house, get out of my life. I
don't want to see you ever again.” and without a last glance at Charlie, Harry got out of the drawing
room, closing the door behind him and sealing it, so Charlie's only option was to floo away. Out of
Harry's house. Out of Harry's mind. It was just a shame, Harry thought, that he couldn't get him out
of his heart as well.
To Win a Heart Again

When Charlie got the invitation to his little brother's wedding he was happy and sad. Happy because every one that saw Ron near Hermione could see how much in love they were with each other. Sad, because every time he had to go back to England in the past seven years it had just made him feel miserable.

Very few people knew that Charlie Weasley had been at Hogwarts for the final battle. Even less people knew that he hadn't stayed to see the real last confrontation between Harry and Voldemort. And only he knew what had made him leave when he did, right after Voldemort had made Hagrid display Harry's body so everyone could see it.

Charlie Weasley was not a coward. Had never been one. You just had to look at his choice in job to know he was actually a very brave man. He had to be, to work with dragons. But when he saw the lifeless body of the man he had fallen in love with be dragged in front of the bastard who had killed him, Charlie just couldn't stand to stay there and see what else the monster would do to his love. He loved Harry Potter. He had had a crush on the boy when he had met him, and the boy was only fourteen at that time! He wasn't suppose to have a crush on the best friend of his little brother! Never mind that said boy was almost nine years younger then him. Never mind that said boy was the famous boy-who-lived.

He felt all those feelings came back to him at Bill's wedding. The boy was gorgeous and he didn't seem to realize it. But by then he already knew that his baby sister was smitten with Harry. He also had heard that they had dated for a time the year before. He had had to listen to his sister cry while telling him that Harry had broken up with him after Dumbledore's funeral. He could see that even after the breaking up both of them still cared a lot about the other, and after all the things Ron had told him about Harry, he was pretty sure that the young man had broke up with his sister because he wanted to protect her. Knowing all that made him look at the brunet boy from afar, not daring to get close to him.

But then, he received a call from Bill, saying that Harry, Ron and Hermione had showed up at his house with a weakened Ollivander, a bruised Luna, a injured goblin and a dead house elf. His brother told him about his suspicions: That the trio had a dangerous plan he couldn't quite figure out yet. That he needed help. And so he went back.

The first person he saw was Harry, sitting in a rock looking at the ocean. And he was beautiful. His mind went blank and his body moved on it's own. Getting closer and closer to the boy that without knowing made his heart beat faster. He sat beside Harry. And after a minute of silence they started to talk. And talk. The whole afternoon talking and he was falling for Harry. Hard. He came back day after day and they would talk. They talked about a lot of things but the slightly mention of
the war made Harry close up, so he stopped trying to get the plan out of Harry and just getting to
know him. And then, one day, the sun shone behind Harry, creating a halo of light and he couldn't
resist. He kissed Harry for the first time, and the Boy-Who-Lived corresponded to his kiss with
fervor. It didn't take long for them to go from kissing to making love. And those were the best days
of his life.

So when he went out of Hogwarts and saw his beloved's dead body he just couldn't stand to stay
there. So he left. Every body was busy, trying to understand what had happened, what they had to
do now that their hero was dead, so no one saw him leaving. The wards were nonexistent, so he just
apparated out. First to the burrow, then he went back to Romania, to his dragons. And from that day
on, he had only go to England twice. For his niece, Victoire, birth and for Percy's wedding. Both
occasions were incredibly sad to him. No one even mentioned Harry, but being there, going back to
Shell Cottage.. it just broke his heart all over again.

Whenever he heard his friends at the dragon reserve speak about the Hogwarts Battle, he would
walk away, not wanting to hear that the death of the Boy-Who-Lived had caused the light side to
finally react to Voldemort's taunting. He didn't want to hear that by dying Harry had helped to make
the darkest lord of all times mortal again. So, whenever someone said anything about the battle,
Voldemort or Harry, Charlie would just leave then to their talk. With time, his friends realized how
he felt about the topic and stopped talking about it in front of him. They all thought that, because he
had been there, hearing the gossip that came after the battle made him fell angry and sad. In a way,
they were right. Charlie just couldn't bare to hear again about Harry's death. Seeing it first hand had
been more then enough.

CHARLIEHARRY-CHARLIEHARRY

When the day come for him to go back to the Burrow, Charlie put up a strong face, a happy face. He
was happy for his brother, and he knew that Hermione was the perfect match for him, just like Harry
had been his perfect match. He was standing with his family at the altar in the small chapel when he
heard the twins greeting someone with enthusiasm. He turned to see who had brought such
exuberance from them and then he saw him. Harry. His Harry. With two kids that looked just like
him. And his heart started to beat faster in his chest. Harry was there, sitting at the end of the chapel.
He was alive. All this time he was alive. And NO ONE had told him that!

During all the ceremony he couldn't take his eyes off of Harry. He was just sitting there, looking just
as gorgeous as he remembered. When the ceremony was over, he knew that Harry would go and
congratulate the newly weds, so he waited. As did his mother and his twin brothers. He was the last
came out of the chapel, the two kids were extremely cute, hiding behind Harry's legs.

"It was a beautiful ceremony." Charlie stopped paying attention to his mother and listened to Harry
talking to his friends "you look lovely, Hermione, and I never saw Ron so happy as when you were
walking down the aisle."

Charlie saw the new couple hugging Harry. "Thank you Harry." said Hermione "It's really good to
see you again. But... who are they?" she asked pointing to the two kids hiding behind Harry's legs.
And that was a question Charlie was dying to hear the answer to.

He fell in love all over again when Harry smiled at his friends. Charlie just wished the brunet would
smile like that at him too.

"Ron, Mione, these are my sons, Teddy and Charlus."

His heart fell to the bottom of his stomach when he heard that. Harry had moved on. He had found
someone else to love him. Someone who wasn't him.
"Ah! Little Teddy!" one of his twins brother said, by Harry's left shoulder "We were trying to figure out who they were." completed the other one from Harry's right.

"Teddy, Char, this are my friends, Ron, Hermione, Fred and George." the green eyed man said "and the two of you stay away from my children! They get in enough trouble as it is, I don't need you two filling their heads with your dangerous ideas."

"Oww, Harry!" said Fred "you wound us!" completed George. The little boy's giggle made his heart clench. He wanted to be with Harry and those boys. He wanted to be a family with them. But it was to late now.

Charlie lost himself thinking about what he wanted but couldn't have. He was startled when he heard his mother's voice. It dripped with venom.

"Your guests are waiting for you at the Burrow! It's time to go."

"But we didn't even asked Harry about little Charlus mother, yet!" complained George. And Charlie got intrigued both by the idea that Harry had married a woman and that he had named his son Charlus.

"Then you can stay with him!" was his mother's answer "but then don't bother coming to the party. It's bad luck to arrive after the bride and groom."

"I have a better idea." said Ron "You'll came with us Harry, and then you can tell us all about your life in America!"

"That will not happen!" growled Mrs Weasley. Charlie was about to go and say a few truths to his mother, but he didn't understood why she was being so mean to Harry, last time he heard them talking about him, the brunet man was almost a son the the Weasley parents.

"Please refrain from yelling in front of my children, Mrs. Weasley." Said Harry coldly, a shiver passed through Charlie's spine. "They're well behaved, and not used to people yelling at them. Now, Ron, Mione, I'm sorry, but I'm not taking this two somewhere we're not welcomed. You're curiosities will have to stay unanswered. Maybe the two of you can come for a visit after your honeymoon..."

"No," his brother was adamant, looking at his mother "Harry is my friend. My best friend. And I let you drive him all the way to the other side of the ocean once. Now that he is here I'm not going to let you drive him away from us again, mother. It's MY wedding, OUR wedding" he said looking Hermione in the eyes "And we both WANT Harry to be at the party. And if YOU can't stand to be in the same place as him, you can stay inside the house."

"Ron, please! I don't want to make a scene!" Harry tried to make his friend see reason.

"You're not the one making a scene, Harry, she is. And I'm not going to let her ruin this day. Come on, we have a party to go to. Come on, kids, Uncle Ron and Aunt Hermione will take you, okay?"

Charlie saw Ron, Hermione, Teddy and Charlus disappear. Then Harry was caught by the twins and they too left, leaving an irate Molly Weasley for him to deal with.

"How dare they!" his mother screamed "How dare they ruin the party!"

"Mum, their right." Charlie said "Harry is their friend. Ron and Hermione wouldn't be happy if he wasn't there to celebrate with them."
"Not you too?" said Molly desolated "Don't tell me you're on that... that... Casanova side as well!"

That Charlie really didn't understood.

"What are you talking about mum? I... didn't even know he was alive till he entered the chapel." his voice showed how affected he was by that.

"He survived." was Molly statement "and broke your sister heart, said he was gay so he couldn't be with her. As if! Harry Potter gay! What a joke! I'm sure he just made that up, so he could go and find himself a richer wife! That son of his has to have come from somewhere, after all."

At least now Charlie understood why no one talked about Harry around him. His mother was usually around him when he had been home, and if she was that mad with Harry, she obviously would chew the head out of anyone who said Harry's name in front of her.

"If you don't want to share Ron and Hermione's happiness just because Harry'll be at the party, fine. I'm going."

And with that, Charlie apparated to the Burrow. Harry was at the family table, with his two boys, and all of his family seamed to be around him, asking questions. He got closer and was able to hear Harry answering his sister's question. Apparently she wasn't mad at him anymore.

"I know I love him, Ginny, but apparently, he didn't. Not the way I do." Harry's voice was so sad when he said that. And Charlie just couldn't stop his curiosity.

"Love who?" he asked, a bit of hope in his heart.

"Charlus other father." was Hermione who answer "the bastard that left Harry after knocking him up."

Now that wouldn't do. Charlie thought. But at least he had two of his questions answered. One, Harry was still single. Two, he, Charlie had left, and the boy looked around... seven years old so... there was a possibility that he was the other father.

"I think we should change subjects." said Harry "it's your wedding! We should be celebrating, not telling stories of so many years ago, let's have a toast! To Ron and Hermione! That they be happy together for many, many years to came!"

With his toast Harry managed to distract most of the family. But Charlie kept looking at him. He needed to talk to Harry. Explain why he had left. Tell him he was still in love with him. Had been for all those years, mourning the death of his other half. But Harry was a difficult person to talk to. He completely avoided being anywhere near Charlie. In the end, the redhead had given up for the night and sat at the family table, making plans to found where Harry was living so he could go and talk to him there. No matter that Harry was living in the U.S now. He just HAD to talk to the green eyed man now that he knew Harry was alive and well.

But luck was on his side, apparently. Harry had disappeared for a moment, when Charlie saw him came back, his younger son in his arms, holding Teddy's hand. He saw Harry look at the table, then at him. He turned back to his son and Charlie saw him say something to the little boy, and then the boy was coming in his direction. It was only when the boy was standing in front of him that he saw the teddy bear over the table.

"Hey there, Little man." he greeted.

"Hello." said the boy getting his bear.
"Can you tell your daddy that I need to talk to him, please?"

"Alright."

And then, the boy was gone. Charlie saw him say something to his father. Harry looked right into his eyes and shook his head. And then, all three of them were gone. But this time Charlie wouldn't let him get away from him. Not before he had a chance to explain. He went after Harry and was able to catch him before he apparated away. He grabbed Harry's arm, so he couldn't escape again.

"Harry wait! I need to talk to you!" Harry didn't even look at him.

"I have two tired kids I need to put to bed, Charlie, I can't talk to you right now." but the redhead was stubborn, he just couldn't let Harry go like that. Not without talking to him. It was how it all had started, talking.

"Here, I'll take Teddy, he can barely stand." he said, and he took the boy in his arms, so Harry would have to agree. "where are you staying?"

"Grimmauld Place" he answered.

And so, the four of them apparated to the old headquarters of the order of the phoenix the last place he would have thought Harry to be, thinking about all the memories that house contained.

Charlie followed Harry up the stairs and into a room. Kreacher had the beds ready for the kids, so all Harry and Charlie had to do was put them in bed. The redhead watched as Harry tucked in both boys lovingly, kissing them on their forehead before turning the lights off and taking Charlie out of the room, so he could close the door but leaving a bit open, so the hallway light would make the room just a tiny bit alighted.

Charlie couldn't help but be a bit hopeful, when he thought he saw Charlus hair start to become more red than black, but then again, it could have been just a trick of the light and his hope that that little boy was his.

The older man could see how nervous he was making the green eyed one. All the doubt, all the sorrow, and Charlie didn't know what to say now that he had the complete attention of the love of his life. How could he express his feelings, make the other understand that he too had mourned the loss of their love. He followed Harry to the drawing room. Harry sat in the armchair, looking at him expectantly. But all Charlie could do was sit opposite Harry and stare at the man, so he could be sure the other was there, alive, breathing. And he just didn't know how to break the tenue line he had to cross to reach the other man.

"Why are you here Charlie?" Harry was the one to finally broke the silence. "You said you needed to talk, so say what you have to say and leave. I'm tired, and those two will be up at dawn, like always."

"Who's Charlus other father?" came out of Charlie's mouth before he could help it. Just the thought of another man touching HIS Harry got him jealous.

"Charlus turned seven this January, you tell me who his other father is." Was Harry's answer and Charlie could see that he was angry. But he had to know, had to be sure. It was his only hope, that if Charlus was his son, he still had a chance to be with Harry.

"January?" Charlie asked trying to calculate when the boy was conceived. But when he came to the conclusion that that made it possible for him to be the other father he just couldn't believe. Harry couldn't be pregnant when he faced Voldemort. He just couldn't. He had died that day, how could he
have kept the child after that? "Who's Charlus other father, Harry?" he asked again, this time with anger in his voice he was more then certain by that point that Harry had got pregnant right after the final battle, and just the thought that HIS Harry had been with another man made his heart stop for a second, rage taking over his mouth and brain. "To whom else did you spread your legs for during the war?"

Charlie barely saw Harry getting up, so he was completely caught by surprise when he felt Harry's hand in his cheek. It stung. He was sure he had a clear imprint of Harry's hand in his face.

"Get out of here Charles. Get out of my house and stay away from me and my family!" Harry had his wand out now, and a threatening fire in his eyes. But Charlie was stubborn, and didn't move at all, just looking at the irate face of the man he had loved for all those years. The man he had thought was dead till a few hours before. The man that he finally understood was alive, in front of him, telling him HE was the father of Charlus "GET OUT OF MY HOUSE!" Harry screamed when Charlie wouldn't move.

And then, Charlie moved. His mind was overwhelmed by the idea that Harry was well and alive, that he was right in front of him. That he had a son with the love of his life. He felt an all consuming need to claim the other man, like he had done all those year before, on the beach by Shell Cottage. The redhead man got up from the armchair, walked the two steps that separated him from the brunet man and giving the wand in Harry's hand no mind, grabbed Harry by the neck and kissed him. Harry's struggle was feeble, and every second their lips were touching made Charlie's heart jump in his chest, he was kissing Harry again. The love of his life was in his arms again. And the kiss got needy, Charlie's tongue going inside Harry's mouth, tasting, mapping, relearning every nook of it. He was in heaven with Harry in his arms.

And then Harry had his hands entangled in the redhead's hair, pulling him closer. Charlie's other hand came to rest on Harry's waist, and they kissed till air became a necessity and they had to let go of the other's mouth. Charlie looked down so he could stare at Harry's eyes, his hands still bringing Harry as close to him as he was able.

With a huge sigh Charlie put their foreheads together. Looking deeply in the green eyes of the love of his life. "I love you." he said. He was consumed by the love he felt for Harry at that moment and just had to say it, had to make Harry understand how deeply under Charlie's skin he managed to get.

But Harry's reaction wasn't what Charlie had expected. Instead of saying 'I love you too', Harry stepped out of Charlie's arms. Charlie watched as he summoned his wand back to his hand and said:

"Get out of here Weasley." this time his voice was cold and steely. "Get out of my house, get out of my life. I don't want to see you ever again." and without a last glance at Charlie, Harry got out of the drawing room, closing the door behind him.

Charlie remained there, looking at the door Harry had left. He knew without having to try that the door was locked. That Harry wouldn't let him explain himself. But Charlie wouldn't give up just like that, he might have lost that battle, but he would win Harry's heart again. And this time, he would keep it for all eternity. It was just fair, after all, Charlie's heart already belonged to Harry, and the redhead didn't want it back, so his only option was to have Harry's heart in return. And he would get it back. Some way, he would win Harry's heart again.

Chapter End Notes
any comments?
tomorrow I'll post chapter three!
When Harry woke up the next day, he realized three things. First that it was six o'clock in the morning. Second, that Charlus and Teddy were the reason he was awake at six in the morning, seeing as both of his boys were jumping in his bed and calling for him. The third thing Harry realized was that they were still at Grimmauld Place, which had to mean that his... conversation with Charlie the night before had really happened. As had the kiss. He wanted to be asleep again. At least in his dreams he and Charlie had never been apart, so kissing him was a normal occurrence. In real life, it was just a painful reminder of what he had had and lost all those years ago.

But Teddy apparently had another idea, so Harry was made to acknowledge that the day had started. One good thing would come of this, Harry thought, they would be back home, at their manor in Norfolk very soon.

With a heavy heart, Harry opened his eyes and turned to look at his kids. Teddy and Charlus, who had watched him carefully, promptly stopped jumping and looked at him anxiously.

"Daddy!" said Charlus "we're hungry!"

Teddy nodded an completed "Kreacher said we had to wake you before breakfast!"

Harry pretended to be hurt "Ah... so the two of you are here just so you can be fed... and here I was thinking you actually wanted my company..." and Harry turned back, pulled the blanket and hid his face on the pillow.

"Daddy!" both boys whined "come eat with us!" Charlus finished "I don't like this house... it's scary!"

Harry frowned at that. Ok, so the house wasn't a bright place, like their house in Norfolk, but still, after the Order had used it in his fifth year, and later, when he and Andromeda had lived there for a few months, the house had been cleansed of the dark magic that had been attached to the walls for years. Grimmauld Place had been transformed, and was actually liveable now. And all the scary things had been definitely thrown out a long time ago.

But Harry didn't had time to ask his son why he thought the house was scary, since Kreacher decided that moment to appear and tell them that breakfast was served in the kitchen. Charlus and Teddy screamed and ran out of the room.

"No running inside the house!" Harry said after them, he also proclaimed defeat and got up, going after his children. At this rate, they would arrive back home before Andy had had a chance to go to bed, considering the time difference.

When they were settled in the kitchen, Harry couldn't stop thinking about the kiss. He eat mechanically, not tasting what he put in his mouth, his mind all the way up, in the drawing room.
And it was then that Harry heard. Something moved in the upper floor.

"Daddy?" Asked Charlus "what lives in the drawing room? I heard it moving at night."

Harry didn't know how to answer his son. He was sure there was nothing dangerous in the house, otherwise Kreacher would have told him about it, but it still didn't explain the noise he was hearing. Unless... Harry's mind took him back to the night before, to the fact that he had simply locked Charlie in the drawing room, meaning he hadn't seen the other man leaving his house, he just... assumed the redhead would give up and go home. But Charlus was sure he had heard something moving, and the drawing room was just bellow the boys' room... was it possible that Charlie Weasley was still there? Hoping to catch Harry for another talk?

"I'm not sure what's living in the drawing room, son." said Harry after a few minutes of silence "but I'm sure it's nothing dangerous. I'll go look, ok? The two of you stay here and finish you breakfast. I'll be back in a sec."

With an anxiousness he couldn't explain, Harry went back to the second floor of the house. He stopped in front of the Drawing room's door, trying to listen, but no sound could be heard. Breathing deeply he dismantled the wards he had put up the night before and opened the door.

Charlie Weasley was indeed in the room. He sat against the wall, beneath the window, head over his knees, that were pulled against his chest. He hadn't seen Harry yet. He looked so lost Harry almost gave in to his urge to go to him and just hug all the sadness away from him. In the end, he managed to just walk into the room and close the door behind him. A few silent charms going around the room without Harry saying a word.

The muted tread of Harry's steps made Charlie look up and straight into Harry's green eyes. Blue and green clashed. Charlie opened his mouth, but no sound came of it.

"I told you to leave." said Harry, his tone was almost indifferent, but he didn't quite managed to achieve it.

"You can't really expect me to just let you go again after all these years, Harry." was Charlie's answer "not now. Not after I found out I have a son!"

"Charlus is MY son, Charles. You may have helped in his conception, but I AM his father. Not you. Not after what you did to us. To me. You don't have any right to claim him."

Charlie couldn't help but notice how stunning Harry looked when he was angry. "He is MY son as well, Harry. And I DO have a claim on him. And on you too. I claimed you eight years ago. And I'm right here, ready to claim OUR son too."

"You lost that eight years ago, Charles Weasley. Whatever claim you might have had them, you lost them when you left. So do us all a favor: leave again. Charlus, Teddy and I have been more then fine until now, we're going to be just as fine when you have gone back to your dragons."

Harry turned to leave, but Charlie stood up and caught him by the arm. The scene was getting a little to familiar for Harry's liking.

"Why won't you let me explain?" Charlie was begging now "All I need is a chance to explain my actions. Please!"

"There are no explanations, Charles." said Harry without turning to look at the redhead "there was no reason for you to leave without a word. And after all these years, I don't care either. Now let go of my arm. My sons and I are leaving. Please, just let us be."
Harry forced his arm out of Charlie's hand and opened the door. He stopped at the threshold for a little bit, but left in a rush, not looking back to see the tears that were falling from Charlie's eyes. Harry rubbed his sleeve in his eyes, so his children wouldn't see the tears that were falling from his eyes. Charlie's presence and words making him regret staying the night in England. He should have gone back to his manor the night before.

CHARLIEHARRY-CHARLIEHARRY

Harry didn't managed to just go back to Norfolk like he wanted. When he went back to the kitchen, there was three more redheads sat by the table, looking at him expectantly.

"What?" Harry asked.

"Why didn't you told us you had two sons, Harry?" asked one of the twins "we have written to each other for years, and not once you mentioned them." completed the other one.

"Does it have anything to do with the fact that Charlus here is a redhead?" asked Ginny, she was sitting by Charlus, and both boys were wearing their hair red today.

"It doesn't matter." said Harry "I didn't want you two pestering me to know about Charlus other parent. It's none of your business."

"Oh, little brother of ours..." started Fred "you think we didn't figure it out yet?" finished George.

"Figured what out?" asked Harry pretending to be calm.

"You were already pregnant when mum banned you, weren't you?" Ginny was the one who asked this "that's why you didn't want to try again with me."

"As I said, it's not your business! I didn't want to talk about it for the last eight years, why would I want to talk about it now?" Harry was starting to get nervous. His argument with Charlie was still too fresh in his mind.

"Harry, it's alright!" said Ginny "I'm not mad at you, not anymore. I understand it now. You were in love, and it gave you Charlus. None of us are going to judge you for that! We're just trying to help you."

"Help me? I'm not in need of help! What do you want to help me with? I don't understand! What are you all doing here so early?"

"We are going to help you tell Charlus father about him, of course!" said George with such ease that Harry could just stare at him for a full minute, and then, he started to laugh, uncontrollably.

"I don't see what is so funny." said Ginny "We understand it must be difficult for you to see him happily married with a kid of his own... but Bill has a right to know Charlus is his son!"

Hearing that, Harry fell to the ground, he was laughing so hard. The three Weasleys didn't seem to understand why he was laughing. Ten minutes passed before Harry managed to stop laughing. Charlus and Teddy could only look at their father, hoping he would be all right and tell them what was happening.

"Bill is NOT Charlus father! Where in Merlin's name did you get THAT from?"

"He's not?" Fred asked confused "but... but who, then? It can't be Ron!"
"You do realize that both Bill and Ron are straight, right?" Harry asked "why did you even consider either of them? And where did you get the idea that was someone from your family?"

"It's obvious you got pregnant after the final battle and before you left the burrow..." started Ginny.

"More like was banned for life from the Burrow..." interrupted George.

"And considering you barely left the Burrow while you were there..." She continued like she hadn't been interrupted "it has to be someone from the family! It's the only plausible explanation!"

"Exactly! And, since it wasn't neither George nor I..." Fred said "It could only be Bill or Ron..." finished George.

"For your information, I was actually pregnant at the Battle of Hogwarts. And neither Bill nor Ron is Charlus other father. And now that your detective work has been proven useless, Teddy, Charlus and I are going back home."

"But Harry!" the twins complained "we didn't solve the mystery of Charlus other father!"

"And I'm not saying another word on the subject, so just leave it."

He turned to his sons, both of them were quiet, they had never seen Harry so defensive before. He was normally a fun dad, but the way he looked at Fred and George would make the toughest auror flinch.

"Kreacher packed master Harry's and little masters' things." said the house elf bringing with him a small trunk.

"Thank you Kreacher. We'll be going back to the Manor now. Say good by to Fred, George and Ginny, kids. And for the record, you are invited to visit on the condition that you won't pry about this. And please! Don't tell Fleur you thought Bill was cheating on her with me not even an year after their marriage!"

"Take all the fun out of us..." sulked Fred.

They all said their goodbyes, and by eight o'clock they were gone from Grimmauld Place and waiting at the ministry for the portkey that would take them to Norfolk. By half past eight, they were back home. It was half past three in the morning, but they were home. Harry even managed to make Charlus and Teddy go to bed again, for a few more hours. Sitting at his study, Harry couldn't help but wonder... what was it that Charlie had wanted to tell him. Could he actually have a reason for leaving all those years ago? A valid reason?

CHARLIEHARRY-CHARLIEHARRY

For two months Harry managed to forget all that had happened at Grimmauld Place. He buried himself in his work, helping the muggle police find criminals and didn't think about any redhead other then his son. But like most good things, his peace didn't want to last, not even one more day.

When Harry left his work, proud that he had found the final prove that would put a murderer in jail, he decided that he wanted to walk home, instead of apparating. That was his mistake. Or maybe not. He had walked two blocks when he saw the first redhead in his way. It was unmistakably a Weasley. Not even in the U.S. had he ever encountered someone with a hair quite that red. His luck was on his side, still, at least it was a Weasley he didn't mind talking to. Ron was on the other side of the street, looking around, as if searching for something.
Harry crossed the street and greeted his friend. Ron looked a bit startled, but his smile was huge when he saw it was Harry who was talking to him.

"Harry! I was looking for you!"

Harry laughed.

"I hope you didn't have to look around the whole city to find me."

"No, no!" said the redhead "Andromeda told me you were working, and that I could find you around here somewhere. I guess I was a little lost..."

"Andromeda?" asked Harry "you went to the manor then?"

"Yeah! Hermione stayed there, talking to her and the kids. I wanted to... escape a little. A bit too crowded if you know what I mean."

"Five people is not a crowd, Ron." Said Harry hoping it was only his two best friends that had come to see him.

"It's more like twenty, mate."

"Twenty? All your family is waiting?" Harry was starting to panic. It was the first time his life in England and his life in the U.S. clashed like this. Ron and Hermione's wedding didn't count.

"Of course they're all here! You said we could visit! And even Mum finally realized her mistake and came to apologize."

Harry could only stare at his friend. All the Weasleys at his manor at the same time. ALL of them. He couldn't begin to imagine the chaos his house would be by the time they left. By the time he arrived there, more like it.

And Chaos was what Harry found when he and Ron arrived at Potter Manor. Three kids were running all around the house, screaming. Andromeda, Mione, Ginny and Mrs. Weasley were talking in the kitchen, having to speak loudly so they could be heard above the screaming. Fred and George Weasley were in the living room, trading pranks ideas with James Potter's portrait. Bill and Fleur sat near them, trying to make the children stop running inside the house. Their daughter, Victoire, being the one to give the idea of playing catch. Mr. Weasley was sat by the fireplace, a glass of wine in his hand, by the blissful look on his face, he was more then used to that kind of situation.

Harry actually let out a sigh of relief. He couldn't see Charlie anywhere, so at least one Weasley was missing. Well, two. Percy wasn't there either, but Harry's mind didn't register that fact yet.

"Look who I found!" said Ron loudly.

Everyone stopped. The women stopped talking, the children stopped running and the men all looked up to see Harry's arrival.

"Harry!" most of them said.

"Daddy!" Teddy and Charlus exclaimed "We weren't running inside! We promise!"

Harry looked at his sons with an eyebrow arched. "Don't lie to me, Teddy Remus Potter. I saw what the three of you were doing. Behave you three! Go play out side, all right? You can run all you want there."
By the time he had stopped talking, Andromeda, Mione, Ginny and Mrs. Weasley had come to his side.

"Harry, dear" said Andromeda "you didn't told me we were having visitors today."

"I didn't know, Andy! I swear I would have told you if I knew the manor would be invaded by redheads! Not that I mind!" he said in a rush "you all know you're more than welcomed here."

"We know, Harry. Don't worry!" said Mr. Weasley "I hope we're not intruding..."

"I invited you all, Mr. Weasley. You're all welcomed here. Right Andy?"

"Of course, Harry! We just weren't expecting you all to come by surprise."

When this little chat was finished, Harry looked at all his friends, Fred and George were grinning at him, Bill looked a bit embarrassed that they had just went to someone's house without notice. Mrs. Weasley looked hopeful and guilty. But what really caught Harry's eyes was one of two people that was standing in the middle of the stairs. Percy and Charlie were there as well, having been up in the library when Harry and Ron arrived. Blue and green eyes found each other and the rest of the room seemed to vanish around them.

"Harry." said Charlie, his eyes full of a fire Harry didn't want to name.

Hermione was the one to break the spell they seemed to be under.

"Your house is beautiful, Harry."

Harry tore his eyes off of Charlie and looked at her. "Thank you, Mione."

After that, Harry's attention was turned to all of his guests but Charlie. He talked to Mrs. Weasley and let her apologize, and even if their relationship couldn't go back to what it had once been, they at least could be civil around each other, and Molly was doing everything she could to mend their broken bond.

They all stayed awake till one in the morning, talking and catching up on all that was going on in Harry's life. All the little details the brunet man hadn't mentioned in his letters. All but one, that is. Fred, George and Ginny maintained their word and didn't ask Harry about Charlus other father, but it didn't mean that Ron, Hermione and Mrs. Weasley refrained from harassing him about it. Molly Weasley went as far as ranting about how unjust it was, that Harry would be left completely alone to care for his sons, and how she would love to have a little talk with the bastard that had impregnated him and left. It would be almost funny, if Charlie wasn't there, in the same room, cringing every time Ron or Hermione talked about castrating the 'idiot bastard that left their little brother after getting what he wanted'.

When the family finally decided it was time to go to bed, Harry was able to relax, sitting in front of the fireplace with a glass of firewhisk in his hand. But Harry wasn't the only one awake. Charlie had pretended to go to bed almost an hour before the rest of his family, he just couldn't bare to listen his mother bash him anymore, even if she didn't know he was Charlus sire. He actually wasn't looking forward to that revelation, he was sure Molly would do much more then just scream at him. So, he had waited in the room Andromeda designated him till all the others had went to bed. He was certain that Harry would stay behind, and if the brunet man had went to bed already, Charlie would go and find him there. It was more then time he made Harry listen to him.

So, with careful steps, Charlie Weasley made his way back to the living room. The sight of Harry illuminated by the fire was alluring, and he wanted to share the peaceful look on Harry's face. But for
that to happen, Harry had to forgive him and let him be there by his side.

Harry didn't hear Charlie entering the room, but he felt when he sat by his side. He closed his green eyes. He just wanted to make Charlie disappear. Why couldn't the redhead understand that his presence only made Harry hurt more?

"What do you want, Charles?" Harry asked in a tired voice.

"I want you to hear what I have to say. Please. Just let me talk. And I promise, if when I'm done you still don't want me anywhere near you or your children, I'll leave. Please."

Harry could hear the pain in Charlie's voice, the hope, the begging. Taking one long drink of his whisk he looked at Charlie for the first time since he had arrived at his manor. The blue eyes was full of those same emotions his voice had carried. And Harry caved. If letting Charlie talk would make him go and stay away from him, he would do it. At least that is what Harry told himself was the reason he was letting the other do as he wanted.

"Alright." was all Harry said. His eyes never left Charlie's blue one.

"I thought you were dead." was the first thing that came out of Charlie's mouth. Harry wanted to say something to it, but Charlie kept talking "when I heard from Bill that you had managed to get inside Hogwarts, I knew it was time. So I went there too. I looked for you everywhere, but I didn't found you. And every where I looked there was a deatheather looming, so I fought. I fought with all my strengths because I knew it was the only way I could reach you. Find you. Protect you. When Voldemort called his minions back I thought I would finally see you, but you were no where, and I still didn't found you. And then Voldemort called us all outside, and he had you. And you were dead. Dead! My heart broke when I saw you laying there, lifeless. Half my soul was gone. And I wasn't me anymore. I felt only half human. Half a man. So I left. Because I couldn't bare to see him desecrating your body. And my world had just turned to ashes. I left. And I didn't want to look back. I buried myself back at the reserve and whenever someone tried to talk to me about the war, the Battle, I walked away. I knew that, somehow, we had won. That Voldemort had died too, but you were dead, so there was nothing more left for me in England. And I'm sorry! I'm so so sorry that I didn't stay to help. That I didn't try to understand what had happened after I left. I'm so sorry I left you to fend for yourself, alone. Please, Harry! Please, can you ever forgive me for running away when you needed me the most?"

Harry didn't know what to say. He knew that, if he had known Charlie were at the Hogwart's Battle he would have talked to him. He also knew that if he had thought that Charlie had died at the battle, that he most probably would have wept after it was over. But he would have made sure the person responsible for Charlie's death was also dead. He more then understood the pain of loss, but every loss was turned into fuel, so he could be better in battle. Charlie's death would have made Harry an even more deathly weapon in the war. Charlie, on the other hand, had been crippled by the pain. He ran away from all of it. That, Harry couldn't understand. How a man courageous enough to work with dragons on a daily basis had just ran when he was most needed? Not only by Harry, but by all his family. Even if he, Harry had died, there was still a war going on, and all of his family was a huge part of it.

"I'm the one that is sorry, Charles." Harry said after a long silence "because you are not the man I thought you were. The brave man I fell in love with wouldn't ran when his family was in danger. That's NOT the kind of model I want my children to emulate."

And with a last look at the redheaded man, Harry left for his room. That night he cried. He cried for everything he had lost. For his parents, Sirius, Remus, Tonks, and Charlie. Because at that moment, he just couldn't imagine himself giving Charlie another chance. And that, more then everything else
he had lost in his life made him sob till he fell asleep in the early hours of the morning.
To Have Your Heart Again

When Harry went to the kitchen the next day, he found Mrs. Weasley and Dolly, one of the house elves that had been taking care of the manor before Harry moved in, arguing.

"Dolly is Master's elf! Dolly cook Master's breakfast!" said the house elf.

"I do know you are his elf, Dolly, but I'm doing the cooking while I'm here. Harry surely miss my food!"

Harry sighed. At first, right after he had been banned from the Burrow, Harry HAD missed Mrs. Weasley cooking. But after moving out of England, and getting habituated to life in the US, he realized that her cooking wasn't the utmost best cooking in the world. Truthfully, his own cooking – in the rare event that Harry felt like cooking – was better then the Weasley matriarch, and Dolly's food was at the very least in the same league as Mrs. Weasley.

"Mrs. Weasley." Harry made himself known "it is Dolly's job to cook in this house. And, as a guest, I would appreciate it if you would just sit at the table and wait till Dolly is finished." his tone was so strong that Molly didn't had a choice but to obey him. She left the kitchen, murmuring to herself that the kitchen should be hers.

Harry shook his head and looked at Dolly with a smile and then left her to her job.

At the dinning table, Harry found almost all the others occupants of the house already seated. Charlie was the only one missing, and for a second, Harry found himself missing the presence of the dragon tamer. The next second, though, he reminded himself how much Charlie had hurt him. And, if Charlie had really left again, he had just done as Harry asked him, so Harry couldn't really complain about it.

They sat at the table, Harry's closed face making everyone else talk in murmurs and no one tried to talk to the dark haired wizard. No one said a word about the missing brother either. And for that, Harry thanked Merlin for.

Later that day, when Harry was out of the house, working, Charlie came back. He had been out, walking and thinking. On one hand, he more than understood how much he had hurt Harry. He could just imagine what it had felt like to the younger man to found himself pregnant, alone and banned from the company of his friends. But he had been hurt too. And the fact that Harry hadn't even tried to talk to him after the war, after he found out about their son... it made Charlie angry. Angry at himself and angry at Harry for giving they up just like that. So, when he finally went back to the manor, he had made up his mind. Harry had been wrong to give them up because Charlie had left, but he was right in one thing. He would be a coward if he left again. And Charlie Weasley was
As soon as Charlie arrived at the manor, he searched his little boy, his son Charlus. He found the boy playing in the back yard, with Teddy and Victoire. He stood there, just looking at him, absorbing the fact that that precious little boy was his. His son with Harry. At some point the children stopped playing and lay down on the grass, tired of running. He approached them, sitting beside Charlus. He wanted to know that boy. That child that reminded him so much of himself when he was a child, playing with his big brother.

"Hello." he said "do you know who I am?"

"Of course!" answered Charlus "you're Daddy's friend, Charlie. We have almost the same name!"

Charlie's heard clenched in his chest. Harry had told his children about him, but hadn't told them the true. His son didn't know he was his father.

"Can you tell me something about your daddy?" he asked then. Charlus nodded his head, Teddy had stopped talking with Victoire and was now paying attention to their conversation. "Did he ever introduced you to someone? A special friend of his?"

"No," Charlus shook his head "daddy said most of his friends lives in England, and that's why we didn't met them before."

"We only know daddy's friend from work." complete Teddy "but we can't do any magic when they're here."

"And did your daddy told you about your father?" Charlie had to know what they knew about it. At some point kids always asked about where babies come from, and Harry would have had to tell them something about their origins.

"Grandma told us about mum and father." Teddy answered "they fought in the war. They're in heaven now, with daddy's mum and dad."

"And uncle Sirius!" Charlus remembered.

"I knew Remus and Tonks," told Charlie "Your mum was a very good friend of mine. We went to Hogwarts together."

"Really?" asked Teddy "could you tell me stories about her? Daddy don't know many stories about her... and Grandma gets sad when she talks about mum..."

"Oh, I have some really good stories about your mum." and he had. Even if Tonks and Charlie had been in different houses, they had been good friends, and had gotten in a lot of trouble together. "What about you, Charlus? Did your daddy told you about your father?"

"We're not suppose to talk about that with other people." said the redhead boy.

"Why not?" now he was curious, what could Harry had told them about him?

"Because daddy gets sad when we talk about him. He left daddy." apparently Teddy was the more talkative of the boys. "He said that Charlus father was really brave! But that he had left after the war, because he had to go back to take care of his dragon friend!"

"He gave me a dragon." Charlus said "it's my favorite. I call him Norbert, because daddy told us about the baby dragon he sent to my father when he was eleven."
"He works with dragons?" said Charlie shocked that Harry had actually told the true about him "maybe I know him, them. I work in a dragon reserve in Romania."

"Really?" the kids eyes grow huge in their faces, even Victoire was listening "What is it like? Working with dragons?"

And so, Charlie spent the rest of the day telling stories to the children, about his work with the dragons and also about his days as a Hogwarts student and his adventures with Tonks.

When dinner time came, Charlie went inside with the children. He helped them to wash their hands before taking them to the dinning room. Harry was already there, sitting at the head of the table. His green eyes got huge when he saw that Charlie not only was still there but that he had been outside with the kids.

Charlus and Teddy had him by the hand and were pulling him towards Harry's side.

"Daddy!" said Charlus "can Charlie sit with us? He tells great stories!"

Harry didn't really had a choice then. With the puppy eyes his sons were giving him plus the fact that no one else would understand his reasoning if he said no, he just didn't had a choice but agree with what his kids wanted.

"Of course he can sit with us, son. What kind of stories has he been telling you?" his smile was a little forced, but he doubted that anyone but Charlie would see through it.

"Just a few stories about my days of rule breaking with Tonks..." answered Charlie.

"He went to Hogwarts with mum!" told Teddy "did you know she had trouble with her abilities? It took her till third year for her to learn how to use it at will!"

"And you are only eight and already know how to do it. Well done, Teddy." Harry said with a true smile on his face. He was very proud of his sons.

"And, and, and he knows Norberta! Charlie said Hagrid's baby dragon was a girl and not a boy!"

Now Harry got a bit scared. He had told his son about his sire, how he had to go back to work with his dragons and also that he, Ron and Mione had sent baby Norbert to Charlus father. That Charlie told his son that he knew Norberta was dangerous thing. It could easily make Charlus and Teddy wonder if he knew Harry's ex-lover.

At this point, everyone was already seated and had started eating, Andromeda was sat beside Charlus, who was to Harry's right with Charlie in front of the eight year old boy, to Harry's left. Ron and Hermione was sat beside Charlie and all of them were listening to the boys talking. Harry was hoping none of them would ask about his love life tonight. He really didn't know what to make of Charlie's presence.

CHARLIEHARRY-CHARLIEHARRY

After dessert, the three kids were sent to bed. It was getting late, and they had played all day outside. So, it was only the adults, on the living room. Ron and Bill were playing a game of wizard chess, Percy was talking quietly with his father while the portrait of Charlus Potter making a few comments on the matter. Fleur, Hermione and Ginny were talking near the door, giggles could be heard from time to time. Fred and George had a book between them, a prank journal Harry had found in his vault and decided to lend them. Harry was talking with Andromeda about the plans for the next day, Molly was near by, looking enviously at their relationship. Once upon a time it was her that Harry looked up to like a mother, but now Andromeda was firmly in that role. Charlie was leaning against
the door, trying to get his courage and do what he was planning on doing.

At last, Charlie walked towards Harry. The green eyed man looked up at him with a bit of panic in his eyes and shook his head. But Charlie had made up his mind, and only Harry's forgiveness could stop him now.

"I know you don't want to talk about it, Harry, but I think we need to talk about Charlus."

Silence fell over the room. Every single person stopped what they had been doing to find out what Charlie was talking about.

"I don't think there's anything to talk about, Charles." Harry's voice showed his anger.

"But I do. I want to tell him the truth. I want to be a part of his life."

Ron opened his mouth to say something, but Bill kicked his sheen and he remained silent. Andromeda, Hermione and Bill looked at them with knowing eyes.

"Charlie please." Harry really didn't want to talk about that, specially with all of the others in the room with them.

"I'm sorry, Harry, but we need to talk about this." Charlie would not let it go, not now that he was so close to have the family he always wanted.

"Fine! Let's talk then." Harry got up and walked towards the door. "I don't know what else is there to talk about, but let's go talk on my study."

"You don't know what else there is to talk about?" Charlie wasn't going to move, he knew the moment they were out that Harry would try and escape the talking. "How about the fact that you hide from me the fact that we had a son?"

Harry lost all the color in his face. One could hear a pin dropping, so silent was the room. Charlie was looking at Harry with a fierce look. He wouldn't back down now. Not now. He would not be a coward. Not again.

"YOU LEFT!" Now all that Harry could feel was anger. Anger that Charlie would put him against the wall like that, and in front of their families too. "YOU WEREN'T THERE WHEN IT WAS ALL FINALLY OVER! WHAT DID YOU WANTED ME TO DO? YOU LEFT! I was alone. Pregnant and alone." at the end, all Harry could feel was sadness.

"I know, Harry." What Charlie wanted to do in that moment was to hug Harry and never let him go. "I know I left, but we need to talk about this."

"What Charlie wanted to do in that moment was to hug Harry and never let him go. Why didn't you look for me? Did you look for me? Sent a letter? Tell me about Charlus? I might have left, but you gave up on us too."

"What did you expected me to do?" at this point Harry had completely forgotten that they had an audience "For all I knew you left because you didn't want anything to do with me! I was there! In YOUR family house! I waited and waited for you to show up, for you to send word! To me or to one of them, but you didn't! You not once sent word! I didn't even knew if you were all right! If you had been hurt! And I did sent letters! For two whole weeks I sent a letter a day! And you didn't answered!"

"Letters?" Charlie was confused "I never got any letters!"

"Oh..." that reminded Harry and Charlie about the others on the room. It was Molly who made the noise, and every eye in the room turned to her. "I... I... think... Errol was so weak then... I..."
"Molly..." said Arthur disappointed "why didn't you told Harry you weren't sending his letters? What did you do with them?"

"You thought I was writing a girl, didn't you?" Harry was the one getting disappointed now "You saw I wasn't planning on getting back with Ginny and thought my letters was to some other girl, DIDN'T YOU?"

"I'm sorry..." Molly said. It was all she could say. Harry was right, when he had asked to send letters to someone she had thought it was a new love interest and she wanted the boy to get back together with her daughter, so she didn't send the letters. She just banished them.

"Oh, Molly..." said Arthur "even if he was writing to some girl, you had no right to banish his letters! Charlie wouldn't have stayed away so long and Harry wouldn't have moved out of the country. We would have known about our first grandson, been a part of his life."

"I'm sorry." said Molly again before running out of the room.

Harry sat down on the floor, his legs giving out on him. Charlie went to him, sitting by his side. Harry buried his face in Charlie's shoulder, crying.

For eight years he had thought Charlie hadn't wanted him. For eight years he had hurt because the other half of his soul had left him to care for their child. And now he found out that's not what had happened. Charlie really had thought he was dead. For eight years they had both been torn apart, missing the other every second of the day. And neither of them was at fault.

"I'm sorry." said Harry "I'm sorry I didn't listened to you when you tried to talk to me. I'm sorry."

"Shhh" did Charlie "Shhhh, love, it's alright. I'm sorry too. I thought you had given up on us, on me. I'm sorry I left. I shouldn't have left. Not before knowing for sure it was all over. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Oh, Charlie... I love you so much, so so much." Harry looked Charlie in the eyes, blue and green clashed and then lips clashed in a desperate kiss.

It was only when Fred, George and the teenaged portrait of James began to cheer and whistle that they separated, breathless.

Arthur got up. "I think we should all go now and let Charlie and Harry talk alone. We have already intruded enough." Bill and Percy had to drag Fred and George, but they all left without much fuss. Andromeda was the last to leave.

"It's time to forgive and forget, Harry dear. The two of you deserve to be happy, and we both know you'll never be happy without the other."

"Thanks, Andy." said Harry. And after she had left, he turned back to Charlie "Can you ever forgive me for hiding Charlus from you?"

"I have a proposition." said Charlie, a small smile on his face, after kissing Harry again his heart was beating faster "if you can forgive me from leaving, I'll forgive you from not telling me about the pregnancy."

"Deal." said Harry "I don't think I would be able to keep living without you. Not now that I know you still love me."

"I love you. I really really love you. I don't ever want to be apart from you ever again."
"Then don't. Stay here with me. Please, Charlie, please stay here with me."

"I was hoping you would say that." Charlie smiled then hugged Harry to him, kissing his head "I already quit my job at the reserve. I only went back there because I thought you were gone. After I saw you at Ron's wedding I quit. My life there was meaningless without you."

"I love you so much!" Harry kissed him in the lips. The kiss went on and on and on, getting needy and hot. "I need you, Charlie, now."

And Charlie didn't even consider telling him no.

CHARLIEHARRY-CHARLIEHARRY

The next morning saw Harry awakening in Charlie's arms. He opened his eyes and looked up to see the sleeping face of his lover. Harry had never felt more peaceful then there, in the ex-dragon tamer's arms. He stood unmoving for almost ten minutes before the redhead began to stir and open his eyes. Blue looked into green and a huge smile appeared in both their mouths. They stayed like that for a few minutes, just basking in the presence of the other.

"When are we going to tell Charlus and Teddy the truth?" asked Charlie.

Harry looked at Charles with a frown. Ok, so Charlie had a right to be known as Charlus' father, specially by his son, but after all they had been through, Harry wanted to be sure that things would calm down a little before explaining everything to his sons.

"I don't know... I'm not sure what's the best way to explain it all to them."

"You told them about me. About my job as a dragon tamer. What's so difficult to explain?"

"You talked to them." it wasn't a question. Suddenly Harry realized how much Charlie knew about what Harry had said to Charlus and Teddy about his younger son's sire. "Why didn't you told them yesterday? You had your chance."

"I wanted to talk to you first. To have you by my side so we could explain everything to them together. Harry, I love you. And I already love those two boys as well. Their such precious boys, so smart. Both of them."

"And what are we suppose to tell them, Charlie? That you are his father, but you wasn't there when he was born or to any of his birthdays or any other moment so far because your mother didn't sent my letters to you? I don't want them to resent you. I... I want you to be a father to them. To be there when they need you."

"I want that too, Love. But I want to claim my right as Charlus sire."

"All right then." Harry gave up. He wanted Charlie in his life, in the life of his sons. But like always, Charlie was stubborn, and wouldn't listen to Harry's fears. In a way, that was what Harry loved the most in Charlie, how he managed to make Harry forget his fears and just do things.

They finished their conversation on the right moment, two seconds later the door to Harry's room opened, and the two boys they had been talking about came in, stopping when they saw Harry wasn't alone. Harry and Charlie turned red, when they remembered they're lack of clothing.

"Daddy?" asked Teddy "What is Charlie doing in your bed?"

"We were talking Teddy-bear. Come here you two, we have something to tell you."
"Ok." they said and climbed on the bed, sitting between the adults.

"Charlus, Teddy, remember when we were talking yesterday?" Charlie started "When you were telling me that you father works with dragons?" both boys nodded "and then I told you that I work with dragons too..."

"Do you know my father?" Charlus asked "you said you know Norberta..."

"Charlus, hun..." said Harry "Charlie IS you father. He's the one Ron, Hermione and I sent baby Norbert to, he's also the one I fell in love with before the war, the one that gave me you as a present."

Both boys looked at the older redhead, their brows in a frown.

"Are you and Daddy together, then?" Teddy asked "Is that why you're on his bedroom?"

"I love your daddy a lot, Teddy. And I really want to be with him, to be his husband. But I also want you and Charlus to know that I love you two. Charlus is my son biologically, but since the first time I saw the three of you together, I wanted to be a part of your family, to be a father to you and to Charlus. Would you like that?"

"What about you dragon friend?" Charlus asked "daddy said you had to leave because your dragon friend needed you there."

"My dragon friend has another friend now, he'll be fine. It's you, Teddy and your daddy that I want to be with now."

"Ok then." said Charlus "can I call you Papa?"

"Yes. You can call me papa." Charlie answered with tears in his eyes "What about you Teddy?"

"Can we go visit you dragon friend some day?"

"If your daddy let's us..."

"Ok. But you have to promise to stay and make daddy happy. He's not happy when he's alone."

"I promise I'll never leave you or your daddy sad and alone ever again."

"Ok then." and then, Teddy turned to Harry with the most innocent face in the world "why are you and papa naked on the bed, daddy?"

Harry turned red, then purple. He opened his mouth once, twice... but no sound came. And when Charlie started to laugh, he said "Ask your papa, it was his idea."

Finally, everything was as it should be in the life of Harry Potter. He had all he ever asked for. A job he loved, a beautiful house, a mother figure, two amazing kids and the love of his life. All was well, at last.

The End.

Chapter End Notes

So... What do you think about the end? too fluffy?
End Notes

So... any comments? I just LOVE comments...
See ya tomorrow!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!