When the impossible happens

by KinkyKate

Summary

Mick Avory goes to the doctor with what he thinks is a prolonged stomach bug but is told the astonishing news that he is pregnant. He and his partner Dave Davies find it hard to take it in, but soon warm to the idea of becoming parents when they thought it was impossible. They are referred to St. Mungo's hospital, the only place qualified to deal with a male pregnancy, and they soon discover a whole other world they did not know existed...but how will they break the news to their band mates and Dave's family?

Notes

I began this story late last year as I was also writing my main Kinks fanfic, Love me til the sun shines. The idea came after I had read several Harry Potter mpreg stories and decided to bring my OTP Mick and Dave into the Harry Potter world, though this story is set in the sixties before Harry was born which is why I say it's a Kinks/JK Rowling world crossover. Hope you enjoy but if mpreg and gay stuff is not for you, don't read.
When Mick Avory goes to the doctor with what he thinks is a prolonged stomach bug, he is given the unexpected news that he is pregnant. He and his partner Dave are shocked but thrilled that they have the chance to be parents together when they thought it was impossible. But when Mick is referred to St Mungo's hospital for magical help, will the healers be able to help him?

When the impossible happens

Chapter One

Dave awoke to a sound he had become accustomed to for the past week, a sound coming from the bathroom. Once again, the man he loved was sick. Why this kept happening, he could not understand, but it worried him.

If it were just a tummy bug, then surely I would have caught it too, but I haven’t, he thought.

Dave climbed out of bed and made his way to the bathroom; Mick was on the floor, slumped with his head bent over the toilet, retching and bringing up bile.

Dave went to the kitchen to get his lover a glass of water. He took it back to the bathroom and gave it to Mick, who was now resting his head against the wall, looking pale and completely drained.

Mick gave Dave a weak smile and gratefully accepted the glass. Dave sat on the floor next to Mick and put his arm around him; Mick rested his tired head on Dave’s shoulders. Dave whispered to Mick, “Honey, you need to see a doctor, you can’t go on like this.”

“I know,” Mick replied in a weak voice, and took a small sip of water.

“What’s causing it do you think?” Dave asked him, knowing this was a rhetorical question.

Mick shook his head, “I don’t know,” he answered. “What I do know is that, I’m just really tired all the time and haven’t much energy to do the things I normally do.”

“Tell me about it, babe,” Dave said kissing him. “You haven’t even been anywhere near your drums which is very unlike you, and you’ve not once felt like jamming with me when I play my guitars.”

“Just haven’t had the energy to do it,” Mick replied with a sigh.

“You can’t seem to keep any food down either.” Dave pointed out with concern. “You sleep a lot during the day; I’m worried about you Mick.”

“I will go to the doctors then,” Mick replied. “You’re right, I can’t go on like this.”

It was true, this had gone on for a whole week now, and both men knew this was getting ridiculous.

It began a few mornings ago. Mick had woken up feeling very ill, had to spring out of bed and run to
the bathroom to be sick; the same thing happened every morning after that, and a few times during the day.

Mick spent most of those days lying on the sofa, or if he felt dreadful, he went to bed and slept for hours.

Dave remembered how a few months ago, they both had awful stomach bugs. Dave had it first and then Mick caught it from him, so Dave naturally assumed that Mick had picked up another bug from somewhere; perhaps when their band, the Kinks were touring around Europe, as when they returned home to their flat, Mick had complained of feeling unwell.

Dave had just been waiting to get ill himself, but when that did not happen, he thought perhaps he had got lucky this time, either that or there was something else wrong with Mick.

Dave was beginning to worry about his boyfriend, Mick looked so pale and was losing weight with not being able to eat very much.

Dave helped Mick to his feet, put his arm around him and brought his sick lover into the living room. Mick lay down on the sofa, not wanting to do anything; he was just too weak.

Dave went to their bedroom to fetch Mick a pillow, brought it back into Mick and gently placed it beneath his head. He then put a blanket over his boyfriend and stroked his hair tenderly. Mick smiled gently, “Thanks for looking after me Dave,” he said with love in his eyes.

Dave smiled back saying, “I’m going to ring your doctor today, no arguments because the way you are going, you could end up in the hospital.”

Mick looked at the man he loved; he knew Dave was right and that he needed to get himself seen to.

Dave managed to get an appointment for Mick that afternoon and drove him to see the doctor.

Mick still felt weak, so decided to take a bucket with him, just in case he needed it on the way. He had his head resting on the car window the whole time, why was he feeling so ill?

Mick prayed to God that the doctor would be able to sort him out because he was getting fed up with feeling so poorly all the time.

When they arrived at the surgery, although Mick wished that Dave could come in with him, he knew it would look very suspicious if they were to go in together. Their kind of relationship was illegal after all; there seemed to be a bit of a witch-hunt for homosexuals, and two men living together often aroused suspicions.

They both agreed that it was best for Dave to wait in the car for him.

As nobody seemed to be about, Dave gave Mick a quick kiss, before saying, “You’ll be fine my love, just tell the doctor your symptoms okay.”

Mick nodded and got out of the car. Dave looked on sadly, as the man he loved disappeared into the entrance of the doctor’s surgery. It was so unfair how they were so in love, and yet if they were found out, they could go to prison or be forced into having treatment.

Dave would not have changed the way he felt about Mick if he could; his beauty took his breath away, finding out that Mick was in love with him too had been the happiest day of his life.
Dave always felt when he was growing up, that something was missing; but meeting Mick made everything fall into place. Mick filled that emptiness that he had always felt, deep down inside of him.

Dave felt scared with the possibility of losing Mick.

Dave waited in the car for what seemed like an eternity; he missed Mick whenever they were not together, and right now, he could not wait to see his sweet lover come back to the car.

Dave waited, nothing was happening outside around him, but he was too anxious over Mick to be bored.

Dave hoped there was nothing seriously wrong with Mick, but whatever was wrong with him, he wanted it to be sorted as soon as possible; he wanted his baby to get well again.

After what must have been good three-quarters of an hour, his beautiful Mick finally emerged from the small building. Mick was still looking very pale, and Dave was very anxious to hear what the doctor had told him.

Mick smiled a little as he got into the car, Dave asked him, “How did it go?”

Mick showed him an empty urine pot. “Well, got to pee into this,” he answered, slightly in jest. “Then take it in for testing first thing tomorrow morning. I’ve also had to book a blood test, and the doctor’s given me fluid replacement stuff that I have to go and get from the chemist. He thinks I may be suffering from a stomach flu, but then he said from what I was describing, something doesn’t seem to add up.”

“Really, how d’you mean?” Dave asked curiously.

“Well, he said if I were a woman, he would think I was pregnant.”

Dave could not help bursting out into a fit of laughter. Mick would have laughed too if he was not feeling so weak, so he just smiled.

After getting over his laughing fit, Dave then asked, “So did he say anything else?”

“Well, he asked me if I was sexually active, would you believe!”

Dave laughed again, “Well you are, with me.”

“I know, but I had to lie and tell him I wasn’t, didn’t I?”

This was very true, as these were the times where a man could not get away with sleeping with another man. Mick had felt very embarrassed when the doctor had asked him such a question; he felt that it was entirely inappropriate.

Dave lovingly caressed Mick’s face, and asked his lover, “So what’s that piece of paper you’ve got?”

Mick handed the prescription to Dave for him to look at. “It was really all he could give me for now,” Mick answered. “Just to replace the fluids when I’m sick, he also said to drink plenty. I said I would try, but it’s really hard to keep anything down at the moment, even water.”

“Well we’ll go over to the chemist and get it for you now,” Dave said, handing it back to Mick. “It’s a good idea to do as the doctor says, and what else was it you had to do? Go for a blood test?”
“Yeah, that’s all booked for tomorrow morning, ten o’clock,” Mick replied.

“Okay well, let’s go and get that stuff you need babe,” Dave said, starting the car.

They fetched Mick’s prescription from the chemist. Then as Mick was still feeling weak, tired and slightly nauseous, he asked Dave to drive him back to the flat. Dave lovingly obliged.

When they got back, Dave felt hungry. He also offered Mick something light to eat. Mick could not really face it, but agreed to let Dave make him a bowl of soup.

Mick managed to consume more than half of it, but after a few hours was sick again. This really worried Dave, who was glad that Mick was going back to get a blood test the next day, though he did not really understand why that was necessary with the symptoms Mick was experiencing. Still, Dave was no medical expert, so for now, he thought he would let the professionals do their job.

Dave put Mick to bed early and gave him a hot water bottle, which Mick put over his stomach and held it covered under his pyjama top. Dave lay next to his boyfriend and stroked his hair until he fell asleep.
Chapter two

Mick still felt very rough the next day, and Dave had to drive him to the surgery. He had been sick yet again that morning and had been unable to face any breakfast.

Dave worried himself half to death over the amount of weight his boyfriend was rapidly losing. He once again waited for his lovely Mick to come out; when he did, it was just the same as it had been yesterday, with Mick appearing out of the building with the same pale face and the same forlorn expression. Yet, to Dave, he was still as beautiful as the day they met, perhaps even more so now.

As Mick got into the car, Dave asked how it went. Mick answered, “I’ve just got to wait for the results of both tests.”

Dave nodded, “What would you like to do now then?”

“Go home and rest I think,” Mick answered in a quiet voice. “I’m still feeling weak.”

Dave took Mick home feeling very sad. It hurt him to see Mick so unwell, and wished he could change places with his lover; he hated to see the man he loved suffering so much.

Within the next couple of days, Mick was still very tired, weak and unwell, but began to keep fluids down a little. He was just unable to eat heavy meals. Dave would make him something very light, such as a small bowl of soup or a piece of toast. The doctor had told Mick that even if he was feeling sick, he still needed to try to drink plenty of fluids, and to eat little and often.

Then Mick received a letter in the post, and it was about the results of his blood test; he needed to go back, as it had to be discussed with his doctor.

Mick and Dave were both a little worried, but they knew there was no getting away from anything that was to come.

Mick was feeling slightly better the day he went back to see the doctor, but still very weak, tired and a little dizzy.

Dave drove him there as he had done before, and asked Mick if he should go in with him. Mick would have loved Dave’s company, but still felt it best to go alone for appearances sake. It was a miracle that they had even got away with living together for so long.

Dave held Mick’s hand, looked into his beautiful jade-green eyes and murmured, “I love you, Mick, so much, you are my everything. I will be waiting right here for you when you come out. I am always here for you, no matter what. I am yours.”

Mick was very touched by Dave’s sincere and loving words; it was wonderful, especially in these times that they had to hide their love. To the world outside, they were just two friends sharing a flat together; yet in their private world, they shared a love that no-one would ever understand.

Mick sat anxiously in the consulting room while Doctor Bell pulled out the results of his tests. The
blond man, who did not look much older than Mick, cast a very serious look in his direction.

“Mr. Avory…” the doctor began, “sorry…Mick. I am very concerned; these results are quite confusing to say the least. When I checked you over, all that seemed to be wrong with you was dehydration from not being able to keep anything down, so I thought you had a stomach flu. However when you described your symptoms…well I believe I was right to do these tests. The results seem to confirm it.”

Mick was confused, “I’m sorry doctor I…don’t understand, confirm what?”

“You’re pregnant.”

Mick blinked, giving the doctor a double take. He had no idea what to say in answer to such a ridiculous statement. He shook his head, and opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. Had this doctor gone mad?

Doctor Bell spoke, “I know it’s a lot to take in but….”

“What is this?” Mick said, raising his voice without meaning to. “Are you…are you making fun of me?”

“Believe me, Mick, I even phoned up the lab saying they must have got the tests mixed up, but no. They confirmed it was you. They found high levels of HcG in your blood, and the same in your urine sample.”

“HcG?” Mick said, very confused. “What is that?”

“It’s a hormone that is produced during pregnancy,” Doctor Bell explained. “My guess is, because your levels were so high, that you must be at least eight weeks along, eleven at the most. Now I know that you said you were not sexually active Mick, but I think we both know…”

Mick, who had been giving the doctor horrified looks while he was explaining about HcG, suddenly got up in frustration.

“Stop this, Doctor!” Mick said in a shaky voice. His body was shaking at the thought that he must be in a room with a madman, who was telling him a whole lot of crazy rubbish. “Will you stop saying all this…I’ve not been well at all, and I need you to help me…why…why are you saying these stupid things to me? Why….why would I be…”

Mick was pacing around the room with his head in his hands, not knowing what to do.

Why was Doctor Bell talking such nonsense? Why on Earth could this idiot not just tell him what was really in the results, so that whatever was wrong with him could be treated?

Doctor Bell got up from his desk and walked over to Mick, who was now sobbing. Poor Mick had by now had enough; he was fed up with feeling tired and ill all the time, fed up with being unable to keep any food down, and having to rely on Dave to nurse him.

Doctor Bell got hold of Mick, telling him to calm down and take deep breaths. He led Mick back to the chair to sit down.

“Now listen Mick,” the doctor said, trying to soothe him. “I wasn’t making fun of you though I do understand why you thought I was. I would react the same if I were told what I had just told you, really I would, but look at this!”
The doctor placed the results in Mick’s hands, for him to read.

Still sobbing and shaking, Mick tried to calm himself enough to look at what had been placed in his hands. He looked at the piece of paper; there was a lot of information on it that Mick could not understand.

Doctor Bell pointed to the part he wanted Mick to see. Sure enough, it said, *Pregnant!*

Mick did not know what to make of this; he tried to stop sobbing, frantically wiping tears away with his hands, his body still wracked with sobs.

Doctor Bell gave him a box of tissues and sat back in his chair on the other side of the desk. The doctor gave Mick a chance to calm himself; he tapped his fingers together, waiting patiently for Mick to get it together again.

When Mick’s tears had subsided, and he was calm, the doctor asked his patient, “Is there anything at all you want to ask me...or tell me for that matter?”

Mick just looked at Doctor Bell before saying, “How….how can this be? I...I really....I just don’t get it! I mean, I can’t be...it’s....it’s impossible...isn’t it? Oh God, I must be dreaming...are you sure that somebody’s not playing a joke on me...or....or something?”

Doctor Bell shook his head, “We don’t play jokes on people here,” he promised. “I’m going to be honest with you. When I examined you the first day you came in, I listened to your heartbeat, which was normal. Then because of your sickness, I examined your abdomen. When I listened with the stethoscope, I was reasonably sure I could hear a second heartbeat inside you. I brushed that aside, thinking how ridiculous that was...but I decided to ask you for a blood and urine sample, before I sent it off for a pregnancy test. It confirmed my suspicions...it was positive.”

Mick still refused to accept what Doctor Bell was telling him, and he refused to believe the possibility that a man could be pregnant. How could *he* actually have a baby growing inside him?

“How could you...how could you even suspect that a MAN could get pregnant?”

Doctor Bell leaned forward over his desk, looking Mick straight into his green eyes.

“Because I have seen it happen before.”

Mick looked at the doctor, who he still felt was completely out of his mind. “What...what do you mean? When has a man ever been able to have a baby?”

“Where I come from, it happens occasionally.” Doctor Bell replied.

“You’re crazy, doctor,” whispered Mick. “Completely insane.”

Doctor Bell nodded, “I understand your reaction, Mick, really I do,” he said. “However, I was born in an entire different place from yours, I am what you would call a wizard. Among my people, homosexuality is accepted and is not an issue and, don’t look at me like that, I wasn’t born yesterday. I’ve seen you in the car with that other man, the one who has been driving you here. He’s the one who put you in that condition isn’t he? The father of your unborn baby.”

Mick did not know how to answer. He was afraid of what would happen if he told the truth. The doctor could report their relationship to the police, then what would happen?

Mick was terrified and began to think of the worst possible scenario.
Should he tell Doctor Bell that Dave was his lover?

Mick sat there, not knowing what to say. He had been forced into a difficult situation and was so afraid of what could happen; if this piece of shocking news really was true, well he had a lot of questions he needed to ask, and he needed all the support he could get.

Mick was in two minds about what to say, but luckily, Doctor Bell spoke up first, “Let me assure you, Mick, that I want to help you. Whatever you tell me today, you have nothing to worry about, but you need support from somewhere. Both of you need to speak to professionals, ones who are far more qualified than I am, who will try to help you.”

Mick thought for a moment, and he knew that what the doctor was saying made sense; he could not handle this sort of thing alone. He also needed to speak to Dave, who needed to know what was going on.

Dave was the one who had put Mick in this condition...at least, there was no other way to explain how he could have fallen pregnant. Although, he was still finding it hard to believe this shocking, and completely ridiculous piece of news he had just been told.

“Is it really true?” Mick asked in a quiet and scared voice. “How can this be? Why on Earth should I believe any of this?”

“I am going to have to book you into the hospital, Mick.” Doctor Bell answered. “You need a full examination, and you are fortunate that another doctor is working there, who comes from a similar background to me. I am actually very glad you came to me, and not one of the other doctors, who would probably not have any idea of how to handle this situation.”

Mick nodded, not knowing what else to say.

Doctor Bell continued, “Mick, I have other patients to see in a few minutes, but later, I am going to get in touch with Doctor Lestrange. I will get him to send you a letter with an appointment time to see him. I have actually taken the liberty of speaking to him already, and I told him your results earlier. He told me to contact him when I had seen you.”

“Okay,” was all Mick could say.

Doctor Bell looked at his watch.

“Time’s getting on sadly,” he said with regret. “I would ask your boyfriend to come in so I can talk to you both; it’s vital he supports you on this. You both need a serious talk between yourselves.”

“Oh God...what am I going to do?” Mick pleaded, beginning to cry again.

“I have just a few minutes before I see my next patient,” Doctor Bell tried to comfort Mick. “Would you like me to come out with you, and talk to your boyfriend?”

“I don’t know...what he will say?” Mick sobbed, taking another tissue from the box. “He’s going to be fairly shocked, and I’m a bit scared of how he will take it.”

Doctor Bell rose from his seat.

“Come on Mick,” he said, walking over and taking Mick by the arm gently. “It’s going to be fine, I promise.”

Mick got up and walked with the doctor out of the room. They made their way through the corridor,
past the reception; if people were looking at them, they took no notice. Mick was worried it would attract a bit of attention, but he could not think about that now; he needed to see Dave, and they needed to seriously talk.
Dave was standing outside the car, smoking a cigarette; he was getting anxious. He badly wanted Mick to come out, and tell him everything was fine. The whole situation was really beginning to scare him. He always worried when a person close to him got ill, especially Mick.

Just as Dave was thinking he should go inside to see if his beloved Mick was coming out, he looked up and saw him approaching; he was with a man Dave did not know, this man had his arm around Mick, and it appeared that he was talking to him in comforting tones.

Dave’s heart sank as he saw that Mick had been crying, but even so, Dave felt that he should be the only one comforting him. Dave wanted this man to get his hands off his boyfriend immediately, or else!

Dave dropped his cigarette butt on the ground, put it out with his shoe and walked over to greet Mick, who looked very glad to see him.

“Mick, what is it?” Dave asked anxiously.

The man who had accompanied Mick outside spoke first.

“Hello Dave, I’m Mick’s GP, my name is Doctor Andrew Bell.”

“W….why have you come out here?” Dave asked, confused. “Why is Mick so upset?”

Fresh tears broke out from Mick’s beautiful eyes, as he was unable to prevent the uncontrollable sobbing.

“Hey, hey, come on.” Dave pulled him into a hug, and Mick cried on his shoulder.

“Mick’s had a bit of a shock,” explained Doctor Bell. “I would like to talk to both of you together, but unfortunately, I don’t have time. When Mick’s calmed down, let him explain it to you.”

“Explain WHAT to me?” Dave demanded, through sheer frustration and confusion.

“Calm down sir,” Doctor Bell said calmly. “This involves you too, you are very much a part of this so please don’t abandon Mick; he needs you. Get him home, and when he’s calm let him talk to you when he is ready. You will hear from the hospital in the near future.”

After saying these words, Doctor Bell went back inside to attend to his next patient.

When the doctor had gone, Dave knew he needed some answers.

He gently pulled Mick away from the hug and held his face, which was wet with tears.

Dave said softly, “Mick, whatever’s wrong my love?”

Mick attempted to pull himself together so he could talk. “S…sorry Dave,” he said through the sobs.
“I….I’ve…had a bit…of a…shock.”

“Come on, let’s get in the car,” Dave said gently. “We don’t want any attention out here.”

When they were in the car, Mick did his best to calm down. Dave gently placed his hand on Mick’s shoulder.

“Mick, what is going on?” Dave begged. “This is scaring me. Are you ill?”

Mick shook his head, “No,” he answered. “But…you’re not going to believe me when I tell you.”

Dave looked confused, “What do you mean?”

Mick looked into Dave’s eyes, “I can’t believe it myself Dave, really I can’t. I thought the doctor was making fun of me, I honestly did. When I realised he was serious…”

Mick stopped and took a deep breath; nothing prepared Dave for what his lover was going to tell him next.

“Dave…I’m…I’m pregnant!”

There was silence.

Dave could not speak for several minutes, did Mick actually say what Dave thought he heard him say?

“Dave…say something please,” begged Mick.

Dave still said nothing. Mick hated the vacant expression on his lover’s face; though he had expected Dave to react a little this way, as would anyone, if a man announced that he was pregnant.

Mick, however, found this silence hard to bear, so he spoke again; “Believe me, Dave, I reacted in a similar way to you when the doctor told me. I thought he was playing some kind of joke on me…or…or making fun of me…or even that my test results had been mixed up. I didn’t believe a word of it! It’s…it’s completely crazy, even I can’t take it in, that’s why I’ve been crying. If I were a woman, it wouldn’t have come as such a shock…but as it is, this is so weird, like a dream.”

Dave sat in silence for another minute, though it seemed more like an hour to Mick.

Then Dave finally spoke. “Well,” he murmured, staring into space. “Certainly the last thing I was expecting to hear I must say.”

Dave spoke in a very dreamy voice; he did not look at Mick. In fact, he had not looked at Mick at all in all the time he had been silent, Dave had simply gazed out of the window.

Then Dave spoke again in the same dreamlike manner, “It certainly would make sense if you were a woman. I mean, you’ve been sick every day, you’ve been tired, sleeping a lot, you’ve gone off cigarettes…oh my!”

Dave looked up at Mick, “Is this really happening?”

“Yes,” Mick answered with a small smile. “It does seem that it is.”

“How?”

“I really don’t know Dave. I still can’t take it in, but from the look on Doctor Bell’s face, and the fact
that he wants you to take care of me and support me, it...it seems it’s true.”

“I...I’m not sure if I can drive this car,” Dave said quietly. “I’m in complete shock now. Are we really, really going to be parents?”

“It seems that way,” Mick replied. “Though, I think we have to get real confirmation when we go to the hospital.”

At the word ‘we’, Dave’s face lit up.

“Will I really be included in this?” Dave asked. “I mean, you and me? Will I be allowed to go with you to all your appointments? To be with you when you give birth?”

Giving birth was one thing that had not yet crossed Mick’s mind, as he had been in such a state of shock at being told he was going to have a baby, and so it had not even dawned on him.

“Oh, my life!” Mick exclaimed with a sudden feeling of fear. “Oh God, oh God...how the hell is this baby going to come out?”

This was something that surprisingly had not yet occurred to Mick; he had been too busy taking in the news that he was expecting a baby. However, when Dave suddenly mentioned about him giving birth, he felt a feeling of sheer horror as he tried to think of how this baby was to make its way into the world. Dave of course could not answer that question either, but he did not want Mick to be afraid; they were in this together.

Mick began to panic a little, “Oh God, Dave what’s going to happen?”

Mick grabbed Dave’s arms in the hope that Dave would say something to calm his fear; he was not disappointed, “Hey hey, it’s okay Mick, calm down.” Dave tried to reassure his beloved, but the truth was that he was just as worried about this as Mick. “Look, if you’re going to the hospital perhaps you can discuss it with professionals who know what they’re doing...I don’t know, maybe they’ll cut you open...you know, one of those caesareans.”

Mick calmed down a little at being told this, “Of course, that’s probably what they will do. Yes, a caesarean, that makes sense doesn’t it?”

“Of course,” Dave said, pulling his partner into a kiss. “I will look after you too, be with you all the way.”

Dave placed a hand on Mick’s stomach and stroked it lovingly.

“Wow,” Dave said in awe. “So I’m gonna be a dad...hey if I’m the dad, what does that make you Mick? The mum?”

This made Mick laugh a little, “I have no idea,” he said with honesty. “I still can’t take it in, I still can’t help but think that this is all a mistake; it’s completely ridiculous. But the way I’ve been feeling, being sick all the time and really tired, I can’t help but feel that maybe the doctor’s right.”

Dave nodded, “I really find this too crazy to believe as-well,” he agreed. “But to be honest, I would love for it to be real. I’ve always wanted to be a father, but never thought that could happen with my choice of sexual partner.”

“Let’s just wait to get that appointment, yeah,” Mick said, placing his hand on Dave’s knee. He was feeling a little better after having this conversation with Dave. “Come on let’s go home, I’m feeling tired and quite overwhelmed, with all that’s happened today.”
The pair went back home to their flat. As soon as they got in, Mick decided to have a lie down on the bed for a while.

Dave was very confused about the whole thing, and while Mick was resting, he sat for hours wondering if all that had happened that day was real. His relationship with Mick was one that was frowned upon in society, yet if the latest news was to be believed, then how could their love possibly be wrong?

The fact that they had made a baby together would prove it for sure, though Dave thought to himself again and again how absurd the whole thing was. Deep down, Dave actually hoped that it would be true, for surely this was his chance to be a father. He had always assumed that if he wanted children, the only option was to be with a woman.

Since meeting the love of his life, however, Dave knew that a woman was not what he wanted, he wanted Mick.

Although Dave had felt sad sometimes that he would never have children, he knew that Mick was the only one for him, and so had resigned himself to the fact that he could not have everything in life. Mick was the best thing that had ever happened to him, and not having any children was a sacrifice worth making if it meant having someone so amazing.

Mick’s beauty more than made up for the lack of children; then came this news, incredible news, a miracle. Mick, the only one Dave had ever loved, told him he was expecting a child; their child. He could be a father after all, and with someone he wanted to spend his life with. This was all too good to be true.

Dave decided he was not going to celebrate too soon, he would wait until they had got full confirmation from the hospital.
The next couple of days were pretty much the same for Mick and Dave; with Mick still feeling very nauseous and tired, he struggled to get out of bed in the mornings.

Dave actually decided to be very good and do a bit of cleaning and tidying. Normally, Mick would do all of the housework. Dave had always been quite lazy when it came to cleaning the flat, but he knew that doing these small things would make Mick happy.

Dave took good care of his lover, who sometimes felt a little better, then started to feel lousy again.

Mick had gone off cigarettes altogether now, which seemed to be a sure sign that he was definitely pregnant. Dave thought that perhaps this was nature’s way of making sure that the baby was safe, but what he found quite frustrating was the fact that Mick insisted on his partner going outside whenever he wanted to smoke.

Mick’s hormones were causing havoc; even the smell of tobacco made him run to the bathroom wanting to be sick, that and the smell of fried food.

Dave decided that if Mick really was pregnant, he would not mind going outside to smoke, but what the guitarist found such a nuisance was having to go down several flights of stairs to get outside.

Dave began to wonder if they should look into buying a house for when the time came for the new arrival, as a seventh floor flat was not really an ideal place to raise a child.

Dave decided to have a talk with Mick about this, once they had been to the hospital and the pregnancy was confirmed.

It was not long at all that Mick received a letter from the hospital, asking him to go in. Mick felt very nervous and wondered what would happen. Dave assured him that he would have nothing to worry about.

“I will be right there with you,” he reassured his anxious lover. “Let them try to keep me away.”

Mick loved Dave so much for being this supportive. Mick knew that Dave could easily have walked out on him if he wanted to, but this was true love, and Dave would stand by Mick through thick and thin.

The very next day, the two were sat in the hospital waiting room, feeling nervous and very self-conscious. They both had the feeling that people were looking at them; Dave was in two minds about whether or not to say something, but decided against it.

The fact that two men had turned up together was none of anyone else’s business.
Mick’s appointment, with Doctor Dominic Lestrange, was at eleven o’clock that morning. Neither of them liked the sound of that name at all; it seemed creepy and weird. They imagined this doctor as a madman, with crazy hair and a foreign accent.

Neither of them were looking forward to this appointment, but Mick was the one who felt the most nervous. After all, he was the one who was supposedly carrying another life inside of him; he was the one who was going to be poked and prodded. He was glad of Dave’s company and hoped to God that nobody would object to him being there. Dave had assured him that even if they did object, he would be staying right by Mick’s side because it was his baby too, and he had a right to be there.

Mick wanted to hold Dave’s hand so badly, but was afraid of what people would say; they could both be asked to leave. Mick took comfort in the fact that they could make up later for not being allowed to show their love.

They waited for about half an hour, during which time, several other people were seen before them.

Mick felt far too nervous to do any reading; his heart kept jumping with nerves, so he was so glad to have Dave with him.

Presently, a man dressed in a white coat came round a corner and called out, “Do I have a Mr Michael Avory?”

Mick looked at the man, then at Dave, looking and feeling quite scared.

The drummer thought, Oh God, this is it!

“Er...yeah…that’s me,” Mick answered nervously.

This man seemed quite friendly, about the same age as Doctor Bell, but this man had dark hair, which was long and tied back in a sort of plait and he was quite handsome too.

Mick felt less afraid when the man spoke to him, “You have someone with you I see, and is he coming in with you?”

Mick looked at Dave, who answered, “I would like to.”

“Can he?” Mick asked the man.

“I see no reason why not,” he answered with a smile. “Come right this way both of you.”

Without thinking, Mick got hold of Dave’s hand, and they both followed the doctor down a small corridor and into a room. It was slightly bigger than Doctor Bell’s office.

The man shook Mick’s hand saying, “I am Doctor Dominic Lestrange. Please, both of you, do sit down.”

He pointed to two chairs at his desk, so Mick and Dave went to sit down, while Doctor Lestrange took his place on the other side.

The doctor began, “Now, Mr Avory…”

“Mick...please.” Mick quickly interrupted him; he really did not like to be called ‘Mr Avory.’

“Very well, Mick it is. Now you both know why you are here, I am sure.”

Mick and Dave both nodded.
The doctor continued, “You received the unexpected, and I daresay...shocking news that you are pregnant.”

“Yes,” Mick said with a nervous laugh. “Although both of us actually find it hard to believe. I mean...it can’t be right...can it?”

Doctor Lestrange looked a little awkward, “Well...yes...it can, actually.”

“How?” Dave asked him.

“Well...Mick, did Doctor Bell tell you anything about his own background? He called me about you the other day, and I rather suspect he told you a few things.”

“Well, he did say something, yes,” Mick replied. “But, you see...I was in quite a state, you know...about being told such news. I thought Doctor Bell was...a bit out of his mind...either that, or he was making fun of me.”

“I assure you he was not,” Lestrange stated. “I have also seen your test results; I only have to run a few more tests and then that will confirm it.”

“Excuse me, Doctor,” Dave interrupted. “With all due respect, how the hell are you able to prove that Mick is pregnant?”

Mick looked at Dave in a shocked way, feeling that his partner had sounded quite rude. The last thing Mick wanted was for his boyfriend to start acting like a ‘know it all’.

The doctor looked straight at Dave, and raising his eyebrows, said, “I take it you are the other father of this baby?”

“If this baby exists, then yes,” Dave replied, still sounding like he did not really believe any of it. Although, truth be told, Dave wanted very much for it to be real. He just did not want to get all excited, and then to be disappointed, in the highly likely event that this whole pregnancy thing was all just a crazy mix up.

“Very well,” continued the doctor. “Mick, you are quite fortunate that you saw Doctor Bell; he and I are good friends, and we both come from similar backgrounds. We both know people who are equipped to deal with male pregnancy. However, I would like to examine you as well, I can actually use things in here that this hospital doesn’t even know about.”

Mick and Dave looked at each other, very confused, “What do you mean Doctor?” Mick asked.

“II will show you in good time,” replied Doctor Lestrange, “but first, I would like to take your blood pressure, and have a look at you if I may.”

Mick simply nodded saying, “Yes, of course, Doctor.”

The doctor got out a blood pressure monitor and asked Mick to roll up his sleeve. Mick’s blood pressure was found to be normal, though Mick was surprised about this as he had been so nervous, worried, stressed and still suffering with morning sickness that he assumed his temperature would be sky high.

The doctor then asked Mick to lie on the couch so that he could examine him more thoroughly.

Back in those days, they did not have the technology for expectant mothers to be able to hear an unborn’s heartbeat, a stethoscope was used to listen. Dave stayed where he was, as he did not see the
point of holding Mick’s hand at that moment.

As the doctor placed the cold instrument on his bare stomach, Mick lay there. His heart was beating with sheer nerves, as he waited for the doctor to say something.

Lestrange nodded, “It does seem that there is quite a strong heartbeat there,” he announced. “Doctor Bell said he heard it too, it’s just a shame that I can’t quite tell for sure how far along you are...yet. Though we suspect at least three months, you are already starting to grow a small bump.”

Mick looked at the doctor, not quite knowing how to feel. Dave began to look very interested now, he even got up and walked over to the couch where Mick and the doctor were.

“S...so...what are you saying doctor?” Mick asked. “Am I...pregnant?”

“You can pull your top down and come back to your chair.” The doctor did not really look at either of the two men as he stated, “I really do need to talk to you both.”

Mick did as he was asked. Dave, however, was not satisfied; and as the doctor made his way back towards his desk, Dave followed him demanding, “But you haven’t answered Mick’s question, is he pregnant?”

Mick scolded Dave, telling him to give the doctor a chance to speak.

“Come and sit down both of you,” the doctor took no notice of Dave’s growing impatience. “We need a serious talk.”

They both felt worried at these words, as the doctor sounded so serious, Dave even pointed this out.

“Well, of course, this is very serious,” Doctor Lestrange remarked. “After all, there is no question as to how this happened.”

Mick came to sit down beside his lover, and for some reason, found himself putting his hand in Dave’s. If the doctor noticed this, he said nothing and continued, “Now listen to me you two, I’m not going to lie...you would think that this is a unique case, and in the world that you know...well I suppose it is.”

Mick and Dave looked at each other, very confused.

The doctor continued, “I had known Doctor Bell even before we went to medical school together; he and I share a lot in common, and we come from pretty much the same background. We are both from Wizarding families who disowned us when they found that we had no magical powers.”

As the doctor spoke these words, Mick and Dave both looked at one another, and at this doctor, with sheer scepticism and bewilderment, especially at the words ‘wizarding’ and ‘magical powers’.

Mick had already met one doctor who he thought was completely mad; now he was face to face with yet another one, this time with Dave, who also thought this doctor was crazy. However, they were also intrigued and wanted to hear more; after being told that Mick was pregnant, nothing was going to surprise them now.

“Okay doctor,” Dave said quite keenly. “Tell us more, what’s all this about ‘wizarding families’ and ‘magical powers’?”

“You two have no magical powers, so to the people in the world I come from, you are known as ‘muggles’, “ the doctor explained. “However, I was born into a magical family, a wizarding family
who practise magic and live their day to day lives with magic spells and charms. It’s obviously a whole different life to yours, with magic wands to do spells, you name it. I went to a magical school called Hogwarts, as did Doctor Bell. However, both of us found that we were unfortunate enough to be completely devoid of any magic within ourselves. People like Doctor Bell and myself are known as ‘squibs’”

“Isn’t that a creature that lives in the sea?” Dave asked a little sarcastically, which made Mick look at him in annoyance.

Again, Lestrange took no notice of Dave’s sarcasm, and explained, “A ‘squib’ is a name given to a person born in a family of magical wizards, but who is found to possess no magical powers. Also in pretty much the same way, there are some people born into your world, who find they have magical blood in them. Even though they come from muggle families, they are allowed to attend Hogwarts school because of the powers they possess. However with me, as I was found to have no magic at all, I was disowned by my family. They have not spoken to me for several years now, and after the way they treated me for being a squib, I have no desire to speak to them. I have always had a passion for medicine from a very young age, but as I was unable to study to become a magical healer, I decided to study muggle medicine. I felt that if I was going to live in the muggle world from now on, I might as well take care of muggles, especially the ones like you two. Even if you put your pregnancy aside Mick, you would have been far happier and safer living in the Wizarding world, because it doesn’t matter to wizards whether you love a man or woman. Also, there have been cases where men have become pregnant through homosexual activity, and...the fact that you have got pregnant makes me suspect that there is magical blood within you, however weak it is.”

“But I never went to one of those schools doctor,” Mick pointed out. “I come from a normal background.”

“Maybe,” Lestrange nodded. “But as you are expecting a baby, I rather suspect if you were to trace your family tree on all sides, that you will find a few ancestors who possessed magical powers.”

“Okay doctor,” Dave said rolling his eyes. “Let me get this straight. Mick and I, because we can’t do any magic, are called muggles. You’re a squib because you should be able to do magic but can’t...and now you’re saying that because Mick is pregnant, there’s a chance that maybe he could do magic, or has ancestors that could?”

The doctor nodded his head, “That is pretty much what I mean, yes. “Cocky as you are Mr…” The doctor indicated for Dave to give his name.

“Davies,” Dave completed the sentence for him. “But you may as well call me Dave.”

“Very well,” continued the doctor. “Cocky as you are, Dave, you have pretty much hit the nail straight on the head.”

“That’s all well and good Doctor,” Mick pointed out. “But the simple matter is that I am pregnant. The question is, if I really am, what are we going to do about it?”

“Yes, I was coming to that,” Lestrange responded to Mick’s question. “Obviously, you are in quite a difficult situation. I personally would not recommend talking about this to anyone at all, other than people who are knowledgeable, and can deal with the situation. Also, I need to ask you, are you planning to actually have this baby?”

“What do you mean?” Mick asked, not sure he wanted to know the answer.

The doctor looked at him as if trying his best to be tactful but worrying about failing, “The thing is,
as a male, your body was not actually designed to carry a baby. It could be dangerous if you are not monitored properly, by the right people, which brings me to another point. I do actually have ties with some specially trained medical professionals...I say ‘medical’ but in fact, the correct name is ‘magical healers’.

“Come again?” Dave remarked.

“Dave, let him explain!” Mick scolded his lover yet again.

“The thing is,” continued Lestrange. “I can get in touch with these people, but your problem is Mick, that you’re a non-magical person and so is your partner. They may not be able to help you because they use magic in their profession. With you not actually being magical, it could be dangerous to use magical healing on a muggle.”

“But, what’s the alternative if these people can’t help me?” asked Mick, suddenly feeling alarmed.

“Well...that is why I am so worried,” the doctor said with a look of concern. “I am telling you now, that the muggle authorities may make life very difficult for you if you were to go ahead with the pregnancy and survive the birth.”

“What do you mean?” Dave said, suddenly panicking at what the doctor had just said. “They...they would, at least, look after Mick wouldn’t they? They wouldn’t just abandon him and let him die giving birth, surely to God!”

The doctor sighed, “I am going to be honest. When I first got to know your world...or the muggle world as wizards call it, I was horrified. Completely horrified, at how Muggles treat homosexuals. That was why I vowed I would always look out for them. When I first heard from Doctor Bell about your case, I was worried to say the least. Worried that with you both being muggles, that I would not be able to help you the same as I can a magical person. St Mungo’s hospital has dealt with a fair few cases of male pregnancy, but the thing is, they have always treated magical folk so it didn’t matter at all. However, they may not be able to help you, Mick. Even with you having fallen pregnant, there is a good chance that when they test your blood, they will be able to find magical elements in it...however, these elements have to be strong enough. If your blood is too weak to be classed as magical blood, the hospital will have to turn you away, with the option of aborting your baby. That way, you will be spared the persecution that you may have to face without their help.”

At the very word ‘aborting’ tears began to well up in Mick’s eyes. Dave also became very upset, and angry at the thought that he had the chance of becoming a father, and now that chance could well be taken away from him.

“No way...there’s no way we’re getting rid of this baby if there is one!” Dave exclaimed, with hurt in his voice at what the doctor was telling them.

“Believe me, I want to be able to give you better news really I do,” Doctor Lestrange said, doing his best to try and comfort the couple. “But if Mick’s blood is not magical enough, then the magic that is used in St Mungo’s hospital could do the baby more harm than good, and he could well end up losing it anyway. Also, if St Mungo’s can’t help you, and you still decide to go ahead with the pregnancy, and then you could get all kinds of unwanted attention. From the press for a start; you would never be left alone. They would want to know how it happened, and if it’s discovered that you two are in a...relationship, you could go to prison, then what would happen to your baby? It could be taken away from you.”

Mick and Dave were both devastated by these words, but they knew that the doctor could well be right about all of this.
Neither of them could help crying at the thought of losing their baby in one way or another.

“Of course,” Doctor Lestrange wanted to try and be optimistic. “You haven’t had the blood test yet, so there is still a chance of a positive outcome. I can contact St Mungo’s for you, tell them of your circumstances, they will more than likely agree to see you. If your blood is suitable Mick, they will do all that they can to support you through your pregnancy. You will attend regular appointments with them; they will also be able to discuss the birth with you.”

This cheered the pair up a little. However, they still had to keep in mind about what their options were.

“There is just one more test I want to do on you before you go home,” Lestrange said, turning to Mick. “I want to take some of your blood now, to test it with the equipment I have. This hospital knows nothing about it. That way, to give you complete clarification, I will be able to tell you once and for all if you are pregnant or not.”

Mick and Dave agreed to this immediately, they wanted to know for sure so that they could go home and make plans. There was also the issue of being in the Kinks that could cause problems. In time, Mick’s belly would be getting larger, and it would be harder to hide, but it was something that they would have to worry about later.

Lestrange opened a drawer in his desk and took out a glass container, which looked very much like what you would find in a science laboratory at school. He then took out a black phial and poured a liquid which was dark blue in colour, into the glass container, filling it about a quarter of the way up.

“Okay Mick, if you could roll up your sleeve for me, I will just take a small sample of your blood. I don’t really need a lot, in fact just cutting your finger would do, but that would hurt a bit more.”

The doctor said these last few words with a small grin.

“Oh thanks, doctor,” Mick said with a nervous giggle. “I would rather you just took the blood from me as normal.”

The doctor produced a syringe and took a very small amount of blood from Mick’s arm. He then emptied the syringe into the strange liquid, they watched as it began to bubble slightly. The doctor was right, this was definitely something that you would not normally see in any hospital.

The dark liquid became paler in colour until it became a very light blue.

“And now we wait,” the doctor murmured. “If you are pregnant, and I am certain you are, then in a minute it will change colour; it will start by turning into a purply colour, and keep changing colour until it settles on pink or red. If you ask me, the redder it gets, the more likely you are to pass the magical blood test.”

The two held hands as they watched and waited with baited breath; they were finally going to get clarification.

“Also, I must point out, if you are not pregnant, then it will simply stay this light blue colour.”

The couple were unable to speak, as they watched the light blue liquid begin to bubble again. What was going to happen? With the week they had had, nothing was going to surprise them now. The whole situation still felt very much like a strange dream, one that they would wake from at any moment.

The blue liquid did indeed begin to change colour, and Mick’s heart skipped a beat. It happened
exactly as the doctor had said, blue became purple, then the purple turned ever so slowly to pink. It
did not stop there, though the fact that the liquid had changed to pink still could not confirm their
doubts that this whole thing has been just too ridiculous to be true.

Mick gasped in amazement as he saw the light pink liquid darken in colour until it became like the
colour of a sunset.

Mick looked at Dave, who he noticed had a shocked expression on his face, despite his scepticism
about their situation.

“Oh...my word,” Mick spoke in almost a whisper. He realised that what he could see before his eyes
fitted in with all the morning sickness and tiredness he had been experiencing of late; then being told
by Doctor Bell that he was pregnant, then this test to confirm his pregnancy. Of course, Dave, who
was not the one with child, still felt that none of this could be real. He was finding it all too much to
take in, and he felt he would suffocate if he stayed where he was for much longer, “This can’t be
real,” Dave murmured quietly. “This just can’t be real at all.”

“But, it is real Dave,” Mick said with emotion in his voice. “I can feel it, I just know there’s a baby
there inside me, and it’s yours too.”

Dave got up and walked to the window, he just could not bring himself to believe that the man he
loved was going to have his baby; no matter how much he wanted it to be so, the feeling was very
strange and very overwhelming for him, he needed to clear his head.

Dave turned and walked over to the door, he opened it and left the room. He could not get out of that
building faster. When he got outside in the fresh air, he bent over with his hands on his knees. Dave
was struggling to breathe, and was worried he was going to hyperventilate, this was getting far too
much for him to take. With much effort, he straightened himself up, leaned against a wall and took
deep breaths. Maybe a cigarette would help as it usually calmed him when he was nervous or
stressed. If Dave had been thinking rationally, he would never have walked out and left Mick in that
room; he was just finding the whole idea of Mick being pregnant so absurd.

As Dave lit a cigarette and inhaled the nicotine, he began to calm down a little, calm enough to think.

Okay, Dave, you have been told something pretty crazy, and you have every right to feel a bit
freaked out by it. You’ve found out that the man you love is pregnant with your child when you
thought it was impossible to conceive with a man. So what if this thing really is true? What if this
isn’t just some crazy dream that you need to wake up from? The fact is, you have always wanted to
be a dad and yet you thought you would have to choose between Mick and children. If this thing is
real, then Mick needs you, he needs you so much, to take care of him and the child. He can’t do this
by himself, he will have no-one if you abandon him. You can’t do that, you love him, he needs you
Dave.

Dave’s thoughts were interrupted by a familiar voice beside him, “Dave.”

Dave jumped at the sound of Mick’s gentle voice. He looked at his sweet lover, and his heart was
filled with sorrow at the thought he had walked out; and left the one he loved, making him
completely unsure if he would ever see him again.

“Oh, Mick...Mick, I’m so sorry I walked out on you like that,” Dave apologised humbly. “It was all
just too much to take in...I...I...still don’t know if I can quite believe that this really is happening,
or...is it really, do you think?”

Mick nodded. “I just know,” he said. “I can just feel in my heart that I am carrying your child. I
know, not because of several tests I have had, but I am slowly getting strange hormonal thoughts. Feelings that I have never felt before, and I don’t know how to say this, but...strange as it may sound, I want this baby, I really do.”

Dave suddenly got the feeling that he was falling in love with Mick all over again. A sudden surge of emotion overcame him, and he found himself crying; partly with happiness and partly through fear of the unknown. He knew that Mick was the only one that he could ever love. If this really was true, if they were really going to have a baby, Dave was going to be with him every step of the way.
Chapter 5

Chapter Five

The next few days certainly seemed like Mick really was pregnant; his hormones seemed to be all over the place and his moods would frequently change. One minute, Mick could be content and would lie on the sofa watching the television or reading, completely happy and at ease. The next, Mick could be grumpy and snappy which was very unlike him, who in normal circumstances was sweet, gentle and good tempered.

Dave noticed these changes in him and borrowed a book from the library about pregnancy, though naturally, it was aimed at women. Nonetheless, the book itself had some very interesting and fascinating information. Dave tried to get Mick to have a look at it, but most of the time, Mick just wanted to try to forget he was pregnant for the time being. Mick knew this was actually happening, and although he was not sorry for it, he felt that he wanted to make the most of his time as a ‘non-parent’ while he could. Even if all he did was sleep, eat and lay there watching the television, listening to the radio or listening to some of his favourite LPs.

Dave could not really complain because he read in the library book, (entitled, ‘Pregnancy: A guide’) that playing music to your unborn baby was a great way of introducing him or her to the world. Sometimes Dave would play his guitar for the baby when Mick was relaxed and in the mood.

One night, Mick woke up. He was unable to get back to sleep because of a sudden craving for chocolate milk. He went into the kitchen and looked in the fridge, but there was only ordinary milk there.

Mick groaned, Dave is going to have to go to the shop in the morning, he thought. I need chocolate milk. Rich, creamy, ice-cold chocolate milk and lots of it. I want it and I want it now.

Mick got out the normal milk from the fridge. He could have made himself a cocoa, but Mick wanted something cold as he felt very hot. He felt that water would not be satisfying for him, and he did not want any orange juice either. It had to be something milk-based, it had to be chocolate milk.

Mick remembered reading the story of Rapunzel and how, when her mother was expecting her, she craved the rapunzel plant so badly that she felt she would die. Mick knew how this woman felt, only he thought perhaps it would be unreasonable to wake Dave in the small hours so that he would go out and buy him what he wanted. Besides, the shops would not be open.

Mick groaned to himself miserably, as he thought of how he would have to wait until morning before he could send Dave down to the shop. Mick knew that Dave would not have a problem with this, as Dave had promised him that anything he wanted, he would gladly get for him.

Sighing, he drank the milk from the bottle, hoping that it would satisfy his longing; he enjoyed the creamy taste. However, he still found that it did not satisfy his craving completely.

Mick looked in all of the kitchen cupboards in the hope that there may be some chocolate there, but there was none to be found.

This was so unfair, and it was horrible to wake up in the middle of the night, badly needing something but not being able to have it. Dave would have to get supplies tomorrow. Supplies that
would last him, and be there to satisfy him whenever he needed it.

Was this what women had to put up with while pregnant?

Mick placed a hand over his stomach, he smiled and stroked it lovingly, thinking of the life which his gut instinct told him really was there growing inside him. Mick thought of this wonderful miracle and thanked God that it was actually possible. He began to wonder when he would feel the baby moving, he remembered how Doctor Lestrange had told him that he was getting a small bump already.

Mick went to the bathroom where there was a long mirror, he lifted up his top and stood upright to see if he could notice. He did think that his belly had grown but very slightly; it would certainly not be noticeable to the outside world yet. Mick gasped as he thought of what he and Dave were going to tell their band mates, Ray and Pete.

How on Earth would their band mates and management react to this shocking news? They would be shocked enough to learn that he and Dave were in a relationship, and an illegal one at that.

The Kinks had only just finished a fun, but quite a gruelling tour of Europe, during which this baby must have been conceived. Now the tour was over, the band had eight weeks off just to relax, visit family, or whatever took their fancy.

Ray and Pete would be spending most of their time with their girlfriends, whereas himself and Dave just wanted to be together when they could. They wanted to shut themselves away from the world and make the most of the time they had by doing the things lovers enjoyed the most.

They planned to cuddle up on the sofa, either watching television or listening to some records. They also liked jamming together, with Dave playing one of his guitars and Mick playing his drums.

They loved looking at poetry together, and Mick loved to listen to Dave reading love poems to him. Mick always enjoyed looking at Dave as he read so passionately; he could always see that the guitarist meant every word and was expressing his deep love which he felt for Mick.

Mick soon began to feel like he needed to go back to bed. He had been up long enough, and it was nowhere near getting up time. Mick turned off the bathroom light and made his way back to the bedroom. He settled down next to his sleeping lover. Mick snuggled close to Dave, enjoying his body warmth; he had got quite cold when he was out of bed.

Mick was beginning to feel very sleepy again now; he closed his eyes and listened to Dave’s gentle breathing. He smiled as he thought to himself about the time they had first met, three years ago. At the time, Mick would never have imagined that they would even get together. If someone had told him that he would be raising a family with Dave, he would most certainly have laughed at them.

As Mick lay quietly, he recalled how, after dancing around each other for many months, Dave had finally plucked up the courage to confess his love for him. Mick thought of their first kiss and the happiness that he had felt and continued to feel to this day. Mick held a sleeping Dave closely and soon drifted off to sleep.
Chapter six

The next morning, Mick still had the same craving for chocolate milk. He told Dave about how he had got up in the middle of the night, wanting it so badly.

Dave smiled, and rolling his eyes, said, “So it begins.”

“So will you please, please go and get me some now?” Mick begged his boyfriend with puppy eyes.

Dave could never resist those eyes, he placed his arms around Mick’s waist, kissed him softly on the lips and whispered, “Anything for you, my darling.”

“Thank you,” Mick gratefully smiled. “I’ve wanted some all night, and also, we are short of a few things so could you please get them as well? I’ve written out a shopping list.”

“Have you now?” Dave said, affectionately rubbing his nose against Mick’s. “I take it you must be feeling a little better than eh? Not been feeling sick quite so much, not if you are starting to do a few small things like making a shopping list.”

Mick smiled lovingly at his partner, “I am still feeling sick now and then, but I am starting to get some of my energy back, and I’m not feeling quite so down. Just want to try and keep myself occupied a bit, takes my mind off a few things I’m worrying about.”

“Is it just the baby you worrying about?” Dave asked, concern on his face.

“Of course, I’m always thinking and worrying about this baby,” Mick replied, touching his stomach and stroking it a little. “But I worry about other things like...the birth, the baby’s future...and that’s only the start of it.”

“Yeah I know, it’s a lot to take in,” Dave admitted. “But I am here for you, and...”

“Dave, when you walked out on me the other day in the hospital, I was scared to death, I really was. I thought I wasn’t going to see you again, or I was worried that you were going to disappear for days, just so that you could get your head round the whole thing. It hurt, I felt like you were only thinking of yourself, when this baby’s yours as well. Yes, I know neither of us expected to conceive a child together, us both being men, but the fact remains that it has happened, and it is still your responsibility to take care of us both. I’m really, really going to need you and I was scared you had left me to deal with it all alone.”

“I know it was wrong of me to walk out like that,” admitted Dave with deep regret. “I’ve got no excuse for it, none at all but...I was just so...freaked out by the whole thing. I know it’s a bigger issue for you, after all, you’re the one carrying the child, but...I am still struggling to take it all in. Part of me is thrilled, I’ve always wanted to be a father and...by some miracle, it’s happened when I thought it was impossible.”

“So did I,” Mick agreed. “I also worry about this baby’s future, what it’s going to be like for her growing up with two dads, instead of a mum and dad? It will be...difficult to explain to her.”

“Her?” Dave said in surprise. “How do you know it’s a girl?”

Mick had not thought about what he was saying, he had just said ‘her’ without really thinking.
“I...I’m not really sure why I said ‘her’,” he admitted. “But...I don’t know. I just get the feeling that...I had a dream the other night. I dreamt that we had a little girl, and we were playing on the beach together, all three of us.”

“That sounds lovely,” Dave said happily. “Perhaps we will live somewhere near the sea. I would quite like to live some place away from London, where there aren’t too many people.”

“I would love that too,” Mick agreed, loving the idea. “But still, doesn’t stop me worrying.”

“It’s no good worrying,” Dave assured his pregnant lover. “We need to take things one day at a time, live in the present. We have both created another little life together by some amazing miracle. It’s going to be our job to raise her...or him as best we can. It may not be easy, and we may have many hard times ahead in our situation, but we are going to do it. Darling, let’s not think about all that now, let’s focus on looking after you. Let’s be thinking about getting this little one cared for, while he or she is still inside you. Let’s be worrying about how it’s going to come into the world...no, we won’t even worry about the birth yet, because that’s still quite a way in the future. Let’s just wait to hear from the hospital again.”

“Yes, that brings me to another point,” Mick sighed. “The other day after you had stormed out, the doctor said to me that he was going to be sending a letter off that very evening. To that other hospital...forget it's name now. Anyway, he told me that those people don’t send letters in the same way that we do. Didn’t quite understand what he meant by that, but...well he said that he would deal with it anyway. The doctor didn’t want to freak us out by letting that magic hospital write to us directly, so he would deal with it. Oh well, I can see that you are all confused. The point I am trying to make is, we have to wait to hear from him, then we will know what we are doing next.”

“Er...okay,” Dave replied slowly, certainly confused by all that Mick had just said. “We will wait to hear from him and take it from there.”

“Agreed,” Mick said with a small laugh. “Okay, can you get my chocolate milk now?”

Dave laughed at his lover’s not quite so weird craving, “Consider it done my angel.”

Dave grabbed his wallet, gave Mick a kiss and headed out of the door. When Dave had gone, Mick then settled on the sofa to lie down. He had started feeling tired again, so decided he would have a little snooze, while he waited for Dave to bring home the chocolate milk he so desperately desired.
Chapter 7

Chapter seven

As Dave looked around the supermarket for all the things on the list, he began to make plans at the same time. If a baby was going to be born in a few months, he decided they would have to start looking for another place to live. A place that was away from people, though at the same time, not completely out in the sticks.

As he grabbed all the things that were on the list; bread, eggs, cheese, rice, beans among other things, Dave decided he would bring up the subject to Mick that very evening while they were having dinner. He wanted to look into buying a nice house to live in that was by the sea. Perhaps the place of Mick’s dream was real, and perhaps his dream would come true, his dream of their child running along the beach, building sandcastles, collecting shells and just having fun.

As Dave walked around the shop with his trolley, he remembered Mick’s chocolate milk; he must not forget that, or Mick would be very upset with him. He would either make Dave come back or storm out and get it himself, which he certainly did not want Mick to do.

Dave was becoming ever more protective of his partner now that he was expecting their child, and he did not like the idea of him going out anywhere alone.

Dave stopped by the shelf where there were bottles of flavoured milk; strawberry, banana and chocolate. Obviously, Mick had only asked for chocolate, so that was what Dave would get for him. The bottles were all in different sizes; small bottles with straws, which were ideal for school children to have in a packed lunch; this suddenly made Dave think of their child when the time came for him or her to go to school. There were medium sized bottles and some fairly large ones, which Dave thought would be a good idea; he had no idea how long this craving of Mick’s would last. He picked three of the large bottles from the shelf and put them in the trolley, that ought to last Mick a couple of days at least...or maybe Mick would drink all three bottles that evening, it was very hard to know.

Oh well, Dave thought, I suppose if Mick needs more then I will just have to come back here.

Dave collected the rest of the shopping that was on the list, then proceeded to the checkout, he was pleased that the shop was fairly quiet and not many people were there. It was also fortunate that in the part of London he lived in, he was less likely to be mobbed by teenage fans, though occasionally he was approached and asked to sign an autograph.

Where he and Mick lived, most of the people had known Dave before he was famous, so they were used to him. It was always if he went further out that he would be mobbed and that was when he would have to wear dark glasses, so that he would not be so easily recognised, though unfortunately, the glasses did not always work.

Dave was keen to get back home to Mick as soon as possible; he did not like to leave his darling for too long, even though he kept trying to tell himself that Mick was pregnant not ill, the pregnancy had caused Mick to become quite unwell, very tired and snappy.

Dave however would not have it any other way, because Mick was his world, even though he knew he had to hide his love for him, his heart would always belong to his beautiful drummer and no other, no matter what.

Dave went to the checkout to pay for all his shopping; he was glad to see that the older lady was on
the till today, rather than the young girl, who often would bug him and Mick whenever they came in. In the days before he met Mick, Dave would most likely have wanted to date this girl, but Mick had changed him permanently, made him see who and what he really was.

The older cashier, whose name was Gladys, greeted Dave with a friendly smile and he smiled back at her. They began conversing, firstly talking about how quiet the shop was, then about the tour that Dave had been on with the Kinks.

Dave really wanted to keep his visit to the shop short and sweet, and did not wish to hang around telling stories about what he had got up to on the tour. He just politely told Gladys that the tour had gone really well, and the band had all enjoyed it but he was glad to get back home to recharge his batteries before the band got back to working together again.

After Dave had paid for his groceries, he said goodbye with a smile and left. He was much relieved that he had not been kept there longer by anyone who wanted to pry into his life just because he was famous.

Dave wished he had taken the car to the shop instead of walking. Although it was only a few yards away from the flat, carrying the heavy bags made the journey so much longer. He was certainly ready for a cup of tea when he got in. “Mick baby, I’m back,” he called as he shut the door.

Dave placed the heavy bags down and rested against the wall; his beautiful Mick emerged from the lounge. Mick looked tired, he was stretching and rubbing his eyes as if he had just woken up, but Dave smiled at how beautiful he always looked at any time of the day or night.

“Aww, have you been sleeping honey?” Dave fondly asked his beloved.

“I was until I got a phone call that woke me up,” Mick yawned with a tired looking smile. “It was that doctor we saw at the hospital, with the weird name.”

“Oh?” Dave responded as he lovingly wrapped his arms around Mick’s waist. “What did he have to say?”

“Well, that hospital that’s apparently magical...what was it called now? Oh yes, St Mungo’s I think, have agreed to see me...well, see us! There is no way I will go there without you.”

Dave felt pleased and worried at the same time about this news, “So, when are we going there?”

“Well, he told me they had sent him a letter, with a date of when they will see us,” Mick explained. “He said he’s going to send the letter on to us...he said they could have sent the letter straight to us, but well, apparently, their methods of sending letters may have freaked us out a little bit...with us not being magical people. Doctor...oh, what’s his name again? Well, he’s sending it to us in the normal way.”

“Right,” Dave nodded. “So we are to get this letter, when? Tomorrow or the day after do you think?”

“Could be tomorrow I don’t know, but it won’t be long I’m sure,” Mick yawned. “The doctor said he has also enclosed his own letter in there with it. He has to take us there on the day we go, because...well, he said it’s not a place you can just go to and walk in and out.”

Dave thought that sounded suspicious and worrying.

“Not sure I like the sound of that,” he frowned. “What exactly does he mean by that?”
“Well, that’s what I asked him,” Mick confessed. “But he said he will explain it all when we meet him next week; that’s when the appointment is. That’s all to be included in both letters anyway.”

“Okay, my darling,” Dave said, kissing Mick on the cheek. “Anyway, must put this shopping all away.”

Dave let go of his boyfriend, and proceeded to pick up all of the shopping bags he had placed on the floor.

“Hey, did you get my chocolate milk?” Mick asked longingly. “I really, really want some.”

“Of course, I have my love,” Dave answered, as he placed all of the heavy bags on the worktop in their small kitchen.

Dave got one of the bottles from the bag, and handed it to his pregnant lover. Mick as well as snatched it from his hand, with a desperate sounding, “Thank you.”

Mick unscrewed the lid, as though it was some kind of drug and he was desperate to get a fix. Dave laughed, as he watched Mick drink the light brown liquid without stopping for breath. The guitarist shook his head, and put the other two large bottles away in the fridge for Mick to drink later; they would get nice and cool for him that way.

When Dave had put the rest of the shopping away, he made himself a cup of tea. He then went to sit on the sofa next to Mick, who had already got through more than half his first bottle of chocolate milk and was just sitting holding the bottle and relaxing happily.

Dave put his arm around Mick, who leaned in against him, his head resting on Dave’s shoulder.

Dave held his mug of tea in one hand, and stroked a Mick’s hand with the other. After Mick had had one more swig of his chocolate milk, he put the lid on the bottle and put it on the coffee table.

Mick looked up at Dave, who smiled and kissed him on the lips.

“Love you Dave,” Mick said with a gentle smile.

“I love you too,” Dave whispered, giving Mick another kiss.

Then Dave kissed Mick gently on his nose, his cheek, then his forehead before saying, “Hey Mick, I think you and I need to talk actually, about this whole baby situation.”

“Yes, I suppose we do, my love,” agreed Mick. “There certainly is a lot to talk about, and we can’t put off talking about it forever.”

Dave took another drink of his tea, then placed the mug on the table next to Mick’s half full bottle of chocolate milk, then said, “Well, I think to start with, if there is a baby to be born, then we should think about moving away from here.”

“I was thinking the same thing to be honest,” Mick agreed. “Oh, I really am glad you feel the same way because I was so worried you would want to stay in this flat; I was worried how to bring the subject up to you.”

“Don’t be silly,” Dave rolled his eyes. “We need to ideally be in a much quieter place where there aren’t so many people. If we stay here, we would get far too much attention, especially if we are seen out and about with a pram. We have quite a few fans here in London, and they are going to wonder where the baby has come from. Personally, I think we should look into moving somewhere nice and
quiet, in the country somewhere, or by the sea.”

“Yes, I agree Dave,” Mick leaned against his lover and intertwined his fingers with Dave’s. “We both have enough money to buy a decent place now; let’s look into it as soon as we can.”

Mick then kissed Dave’s hand lovingly.

Dave lifted up Mick’s head by placing a finger under his chin, and kissed him passionately on the lips.

When he pulled away, Dave added, “And Mick, I don’t want you to feel you have to worry about saying anything to me okay. If you are worried about something, then please tell me. Don’t ever hesitate because you are worried about annoying me. I don’t want you to be stressed about anything, you want something, ask away. You surely knew that I wasn’t planning to live in this flat for the rest of my life, did you?”

“Well, no Dave, I never supposed that you were. I just love you so much, even without this baby,” Mick rubbed his stomach. “I just hate that you and I can’t tell the world that we are together.”

“I know, I hate it too,” agreed Dave. “But I swore I would never want anyone but you, and I truly mean that. You are the most important person in my life and so is this baby. I want to look after you both, and that’s why I am keen to move away from London.”

“We both have more than enough money to buy a nice place,” Mick kissed Dave again. “Let’s find a lovely place yeah, by the sea, I love that idea.”

“We will look into it tomorrow, my love yeah?” Dave assured him. “Why don’t I go and get one of those property papers from the shop tomorrow? I don’t normally buy them, but I have heard they have really nice houses for sale. I remember hearing about how most people only dream of living in those places, and they are so beautiful. I know this because once I had a sneaky look in there and got told off because I wasn’t buying the paper. I was just looking...oh it was some years back now, I was only a kid, but I did used to imagine that I would live in one of those places one day. I never supposed it would truly become a reality.”

“Then maybe it will,” Mick smiled at his lover adoringly. “You, me and the baby, together. Away from here, where no-one knows us.”

Dave’s face suddenly dropped. “That’s a thought,” he frowned a little. “What are we going to tell people about our situation?”

“Oh, good God I hadn’t thought of that,” Mick sounded and looked worried. “Are we even going to tell anyone at all? I mean, what’s Ray going to say when he finds out I’m having your baby? He’s already been making comments about us not having girlfriends; he thinks it’s weird, he thinks you’re weird.”

“I know,” Dave agreed. “It’s going to be a tricky one. I can’t pretend that I’m not worried. The thing is, it’s Ray’s niece or nephew, and then there’s my mum and dad, it’s their grandchild isn’t it? Surely they have the right to know.”

“Your dad hates me, Dave,” Mick sighed.

“Don’t be stupid, what the hell makes you think that?” Dave let go of his lover’s hand, and stared Mick in the face directly.

Mick got the feeling, from the sound of Dave’s voice and the look on his face, that he had irked his
boyfriend. Mick felt that he had a lot of explaining to do, before Dave became really annoyed.

“Oh come on Dave,” Mick tried to speak without his voice shaking, but failed. He suddenly felt like he wanted to cry at Dave’s reaction. “I didn’t like...his attitude towards me when we were at their house, with Ray and Pete. He...he said things to me like...like...it’s as if he knows about me, and what I am.”

“What do you mean ‘what you are’?” Dave demanded, his tone becoming a little more dangerous by the minute.

“There’s...there’s no need to be like that...Dave,” Mick could not stop the tears from spilling from his eyes.

“I asked you a fucking question! What do you mean when you say those things about MY FATHER?”

“I DON’T KNOW WHAT I MEAN!” Mick yelled getting up and heading out of the room.

“HEY, YOU GET BACK HERE NOW!” Dave demanded, following Mick into the bedroom, where Mick just sat on the bed and was now sobbing uncontrollably.

Dave suddenly realised what he had done and felt terrible. He knew he should not have lost it like that, but he just could not understand why Mick had said such a thing about his father, and he wanted an explanation. From as far as Dave had seen, his father had been very welcoming when his two sons had introduced him and his wife to their two band mates.

Seeing the man he loved sobbing like that made Dave think, that maybe there was something that he had missed, and it worried him.

Dave knew he had to get to the bottom of it. He sat on the bed next to an upset Mick, and got hold of his boyfriend’s hands gently in an attempt to apologise, but Mick pulled away.

“Leave me alone!” Mick sobbed. “Don’t you...ever speak to me in that...way again or I will leave you. God I...can’t believe it! Your brother was...right about...you. You can be a bully...b...but I didn’t believe him!”

“I’m...I’m so sorry Mick, please darling forgive me!” Dave begged. “I just couldn’t understand why you said that about my dad. What did he do or say to make you think he doesn’t like you?”

Mick tried to calm himself enough to try to talk to Dave, he wiped away the tears from his face, and did his best to stop crying so he could speak. Dave waited while his pregnant and obviously very hormonal lover tried to get himself together. He moved closer to Mick and put his arm around him. Dave hated himself for losing his temper like that, but sometimes he could not control it. He had always had a few anger issues, but he had never taken it out on Mick, he had just been so shocked at Mick for saying what he did.

Dave wanted his lover to explain himself, simply because he found it hard to believe that any person could not like Mick, who was sweet and kind and never had a bad word to say about anyone. Yet there Mick was, believing that Dave’s father did not like him, and Dave just wanted to know why. He rested his head on Mick’s shoulder, and tried to make him see that he was sorry.

“I’m sorry for upsetting you Mick,” Dave said soothingly, giving his boyfriend a hug. “I just couldn’t understand why you said that. Why do you think that my dad doesn’t like you? Please tell me.”

Mick looked at Dave with such sadness in his eyes; it broke Dave’s heart and he hated himself even
“It...it was just the way he looked at me...he...he more or less said that he felt like I wasn’t much of a man...like he knows I like men, and always have done.”

“When did he say that?” Dave asked.

“It was when you were out of the room, he was...going on about how he hopes that your sister will get a real man...then he looked at me and said ‘unlike’...then he said nothing else.”

“Unlike you?” Dave stroked Mick’s hair softly, “Why didn’t you tell me? Maybe he didn’t mean…”

“Oh come off it Dave, I know he meant it!” Mick sniffed, rubbing his eyes as many people do after they have been crying as much as he had. “I even heard him, when he thought I was out of the room. I am quite sure I heard my name being mentioned, when he was talking to your mum, I heard the word ‘poof’. I knew he meant me. God I hate that word so much, it’s ugly!”

Dave could not say anything, he was trying to take in what Mick had said; he loved Mick more than he loved anyone, but he also loved his dad. Suddenly he knew he was stuck with a whole new set of problems. Unsure of what to say to his boyfriend after that, Dave just held Mick and they sat in complete silence for a few minutes, taking everything in.

They both knew that there were going to be hard times ahead, and they both hoped that each could be strong for the other, but they had to admit it would never be easy.

Finally, Mick was the first one to speak; “So...now that I’ve told you about your dad, what are we going to do?”

There was a slight pause, then Dave sighed, “The same as what we decided before my darling, baby steps. Live in the present, and take each day as it comes.”

“Probably the best plan of action,” Mick agreed, and he smiled, but it was a very sad kind of a smile. He rested his head on Dave’s shoulder and sighed, “So crazy, it really is.”

“I know my darling, I know,” Dave said hugging him tight. “But we are both in this together, and we are going to get through this somehow, I promise you.”

“You really believe that?” Mick asked, looking up at Dave.

“Yes my darling, I do,” Dave assured his lover. “Where there’s life, there’s hope.”
Chapter eight

It was exactly five days later, that Dave and Mick found themselves in Lestrange’s office at the same hospital again. They had received his letter the day after Dave had upset Mick, and they had been given a date for visiting St Mungo’s. The doctor had enclosed his own letter, asking them to come and see him again.

They had both been very intrigued by the St. Mungo’s letter; it had a wax seal on it and the paper looked like parchment, which Dave said was used in the ‘olden days’. This had made Dave very suspicious indeed, and had questioned about what kind of a hospital this was, to use such old fashioned paper. Then he had seen the worried look on Mick’s face, and knew that he had to be strong for him, so Dave decided not to judge this mysterious place on what kind of paper they used. He knew he was going to be having words with Doctor Lestrange, but then he had thought that if a man could get pregnant, then maybe anything could happen.

The doctor welcomed the both of them back, though Dave felt so ashamed of himself for having walked out last time, and felt that he could not look the man in the eye. Lestrange however, never mentioned the incident and told the pair of them to sit down at his desk.

“Okay, this will probably...no, will be, a long day for you two,” the doctor said as he sat down. “Right now, I am expecting someone to come here and see us. I am actually risking my job to do this, and so I hope you appreciate what I am trying to do for you both. I...I feel that...I need to be there with you, because I am worried this whole experience is going to freak you out considerably.”

“What do you mean Doctor?” Dave asked. “We are already trying to get over the news that Mick and I are to be parents in a few months time so...I don’t think anything is going to surprise me now.”

Dave held onto Mick’s hand, as he was looking quite worried.

“Oh, well for a start, St. Mungo’s know all about you, and they have recommended that someone accompany you there as you are both very unfamiliar with magical settings...er, I rather suspect that you didn’t even know that magic was real until recently.”

“Honestly Doctor it’s...it’s like a crazy dream,” Mick said looking somewhat perturbed. “I know you are only trying to help, but when you keep going on about how freaked out we are going to be, well it worries me all the more.”

“Believe me, I know you are new to all of this,” Lestrange stated. “However, I feel that it’s always best to warn non-magical people what to expect when being introduced to such things.”

“So what are we to expect today Doctor?” Dave asked, desperate to still be the one looking after Mick.

Dave had only been trying to reassure Mick that morning, that everything was going to be all right. Mick had been a bag of nerves from the moment he had woken up, and Dave was sure that was why he had been sick again before they came out.

“I’m coming to that,” Lestrange answered. “You see that fireplace there?”

The doctor pointed to the finely painted mantle piece which to Mick and Dave, did not look like a fireplace exactly, only what used to be. Dave pointed this out to the doctor.
“Very true,” the doctor agreed. “Myself, the Ministry of Magic and St. Mungo’s all wish for the rest of the staff at this hospital, as well as the patients who see me, to believe that all they see is a hole that was once used for a fireplace. However, on occasions when I have to be in contact with the Wizarding world, I can actually use it to get out and about.”

“What do you mean?” The couple asked together.

“It is connected to what we call the Floo network,” Lestrange began to explain. “It’s a way for wizards and witches to travel about, as well as using a broomstick, apparition, portkeys or the Knight bus. However, we decided that the safest way for you to get to St. Mungo’s in your condition Mick, would be to get you there by way of Floo. Of course, there is also the option of you both travelling to the other side of London to get there, but even then you will not recognise St. Mungo’s as a hospital. I would take you there in my car, but sadly I am pressed for time. I am already having to use a time turner to help you as it is.”

Lestrange was beginning to see how mind boggled Mick and Dave were looking as he spoke, and so tried to talk in a way they could understand. “I mean, with all of the patients I have to see in this hospital, in my office and on the wards...oh I won’t go into all of that but...the point is, myself and the ministry have agreed that you are to be taken there by floo.”

Doctor Lestrange looked at his watch and continued, “In about five minutes time, there will be someone arriving here through that old fireplace, so I must warn the two of you not to be alarmed as there is nothing to be afraid of, I promise. Mick, I thought it best to prepare you for it to spare you the added stress in your condition.”

The doctor smiled a little at these words.

“Okay Doctor,” Dave said in an effort not to lose his patience, he wanted to be supportive of Mick. “Not being funny, but do you really expect Mick and myself to travel through a bloody fireplace, or better still, you expect us to believe that we can?”

“You just watch that fireplace Dave, and you will see what I mean,” Lestrange said, coolly. “I am expecting one of the mediwizards to arrive in a blast of green flames, more than likely it will be MW Churchard, she and I are actually distantly related...so it is believed anyway. None of my family will talk to her, for the simple matter that she still talks to me, but then...oh, best not go on about my personal background, not very professional.”

They noticed, how Lestrange seemed a little annoyed with himself for what he had just said. Mick could not help but wonder about this man’s background and what could have happened to him.

Mick had not had an easy childhood himself, and so if this doctor had suffered in any way, Mick felt there and then that his heart truly went out to him.

“You do promise that whatever you and...the person who turns up...actually know what you are doing?” Dave could not help but ask, as he was so protective of Mick and their child.

“I assure you, that Mick and the baby are in good hands, and we would not let any harm come to either of them, or you,” Lestrange reassured Dave.

“We have no choice but to trust this man Dave,” Mick told his lover, gently placing his hand on Dave’s arm.

Lestrange put his hand into the pocket of his white jacket and pulled out a key, he then unlocked a drawer in his desk and pulled out a small black bag.
The couple watched as the doctor placed a hand inside the bag, and pulled out what appeared to be a glittery, silver-green powder and showed it to them, “Look at that,” he said. “It’s called Floo Powder. You throw it into the flames, state the destination where you want it to take you; you must speak clearly or it might take you to the wrong place. The flames turn green, that’s when you step into the flames and the network transports you to the place you have stated.”

The pair were a little alarmed at the idea of stepping into fire, and Dave was beginning to worry that maybe this doctor wanted to kill them rather than help them. He said as much, and expressed his concern about what the doctor had just told them. It was madness surely, that someone would step into flames. Surely you would be burned alive.

“I understand it from your point of view Mr Davies, really I do,” Lestrange sympathised. “However, if your partner has magical blood, as myself and St. Mungo’s believe, then it is important if you love him, to trust me. After all, this baby could well be magical, you fathered the child too. So I really think, even if you are uncomfortable with the idea of magic, to try and overcome that. It’s a lot to take in I know, but if you love Mr Avory...sorry, Mick, then you have to show support.”

“You know I will!” Dave snapped. “Mick knows I will always be there for him and our baby, but you have to realise it’s going to take a lot of getting used to. Mick and I had a chat last night, and this morning, you understand how I feel don’t you Mick?”

Dave turned to his partner, and Mick placed a hand on his knee and smiled, “Completely.”

“Yes, well obviously talking about the situation together is very important,” the doctor said. He then looked at his watch. “Ah yes, almost time, should be here any minute.”

Mick felt afraid as the doctor, who, when he looked closely at him, did not look look quite so normal as any other doctor he had ever seen.

Indeed, Lestrange seemed a lot different from any person he had met in his whole life. Mick could not decide if this was a good thing or not; he looked at Dave, and was quite sure from his lover’s face that his partner must feel pretty much the same way. Mick could not put his finger on why that was, it was something about this doctor’s eyes; they were green, they seemed to have a wild, almost out of this world look, and the colour in those eyes seemed to move about like ripples in water.

This doctor was looking directly at the fireplace now, Mick could tell that the man knew...or at least, was expecting, that something was going to happen.

Mick felt afraid; he held onto Dave’s hand and saw the look on his lover’s face, and he felt that Dave was feeling just as scared as he was.

Suddenly they heard a strange, rumbling sound.

Dave looked at the doctor and exclaimed, “What’s that?”

The doctor simply pointed to the fireplace in a calm manner, looking not at all phased at the noise, which was getting louder.

The couple looked where he pointed; sure enough, something was happening.

There was a green glow in the fireplace, then a blast of green flames burst from the grate. The flames quickly disappeared, and standing there was a woman. This woman was very oddly dressed indeed. She stepped out of the fire; she did not appear to have been harmed by the flames, so both Mick and Dave assumed that this was a good sign.
She was of medium height, looked around forty, with wavy blonde hair that had streaks of blue in it...very strange, they had never seen anyone with blue hair before. She was wearing a long black cloak and a pointy hat with a silver ribbon.

The woman smiled at the two men who both looked very alarmed; perhaps because they had never really believed that what this doctor had told them was actually true, and now they both still found that they had no choice but to trust him.

The woman held out her hand to the doctor, “So good to see you again Dominic.”

“And you too Drizella,” Lestrange replied, smiling in a friendly manner. “Thank you so much for coming.”

“You’re very welcome,” Drizella smiled. “When I heard about another pregnant man, I felt that I just had to be involved in this, after all I have so far delivered two babies this year, both of them a male pregnancy case.”

“Okay Drizella, I would like you to meet Michael Avory,” Doctor Lestrange stepped out from behind his desk to show her which one of the two Mick was. “Michael is the one who is carrying the child.”

“But people normally call me Mick,” Mick quickly said.

Doctor Lestrange apologised.

“Oh, it’s okay you don’t have to apologise doctor,” Mick quickly added. “It is nice to be called Michael sometimes, it’s just I haven’t been called that in a long time.”

“Very well, Mick it is,” Drizella said, shaking the drummer’s hand.

“Mick, Dave,” the doctor said. “This is MW Drizella Churchard, she will be escorting us through the floo to St Mungo’s.”

“Er...and you Dave, I take it you are the other father?” Drizella said raising an eyebrow. “That is, you are the one who got Mick into trouble.”

All Dave could do was nod, he was still disturbed by how this woman had arrived.

“I can see you are very shocked by this whole thing,” Drizella said with a sympathetic look. “Well it’s understandable, you are after all a muggle.”

“Yes, I am afraid that Dave...and indeed Mick, still have a lot to learn about the wizarding world,” Lestrange pointed out.

“Of course,” Drizella agreed. “Well, there is no time like the present.”

“Actually, I wanted to ask…” Mick started to say, his face looking pale.

“Oh ask away,” Drizella said encouragingly. “You are after all going to be asking a lot of questions when we get to St. Mungo’s, which will be in a few minutes.”

The strangely dressed, but pleasant woman produced a piece of parchment from the inside of her robes as Mick asked her, “What does MW mean?”

“It just stands for Mediwizard,” Drizella explained. “Or in my case, Mediwitch. At St Mungo’s, we have mediwizards and healers, rather than doctors. Yes I know it is a lot to take in and I know this is
all new to you both. A shock I daresay, to be told you are to be parents when you thought it was impossible. However, where Dom and I come from, it is almost taken for granted now...almost.”

“Yes, there does seem to be a rise in male pregnancies,” Lestrange admitted. “Though usually it happens with wizards, never muggles.”

“Which is why there is some question as to whether this young man here, actually is one hundred percent a muggle,” Drizella said. “I can’t say about his partner of course.”

“Well as far as we know, they are both muggles,” Lestrange replied. “But that is not really important right now; we must get Mick to St. Mungo’s where they can do the necessary tests to find out if his blood is magical enough, and hopefully they can help him.”

“What if it’s not?” Mick asked. “Though I know we have been through this before.”

“One step at a time,” the doctor said, sensibly.

“Okay so according to this,” Drizella looked at the parchment. “Your appointment with the healer...and it doesn’t say which one is on today, is at eleven which...”

“Fifteen minutes!” Lestrange interrupted.

“That’s okay,” Drizella said cheerfully. “We are going by floo; it will get us there in no time.”

“Right, come with us you two,” Lestrange beckoned to Mick and Dave, who both looked scared out of their wits as the two medical professionals made their way towards the fireplace where Drizella had arrived.

Dave was deathly pale and could not move, and Mick was worried his partner was more than a little scared, because Dave seemed to be in a state of complete and utter shock. It was not like Dave to remain quiet for this long. Mick, who was scared like Dave but also curious about seeing this hospital, grabbed his lover by the hand and dragged him over to where the doctor and the medi-witch were waiting.

Lestrange had his black bag out again ready to take out a handful of the powder he had shown them earlier, he also looked at Dave, and decided that he was not looking very well and probably feeling even worse, “Drizella do you have a calming draft for him?”

“I do, but we are not allowed to give it to muggles,” Drizella pointed out. “Strictly speaking, we shouldn’t be taking either of them via floo. If you had done what I suggested and drove them there instead, it would have been better for them.”

“I know but Dave seems a bit traumatised by this,” the doctor argued. “You can give him a calming draft in an emergency, and we do need to get going or we will be late for Mick’s appointment. Also, about me giving them a lift there, I have already told you I get tired enough with having to start my whole mornings again. After I get back here later, I’ve got to use my time-turner so that I can go and see to my patients. I am hoping to Merlin that the future me is on that ward now and doing my shift like I should be doing.”

“You knew what you were taking on when you agreed to do this job...no, you as good as begged to do it, Dominic!” Drizella argued back. “You should learn to accept the consequences if things don’t go according to plan. If you ask me, you should have done your shift first, then gone back in time to be here for these two.”

“I try to prioritise,” the doctor sighed. “I have to decide which of the two jobs should take priority. I
know it seems like this hospital should come first but…”

He was interrupted by Mick, who begged them to stop arguing and help Dave. Mick had his arm around his partner, who still looked worryingly pale, almost as if he might be sick.

Doctor Lestrange saw sense and went over to Dave, “Give me that calming draft Drizella if you have it please; one dose will not do him any harm, there’s really nothing non-magical I can give him, and it will help Dave to feel a bit better.”

“Very well,” Drizella said reluctantly. “But if anyone at St Mungo’s finds out, I am claiming ignorance!”

The mediwitch produced a small bottle from inside her robes and handed it to the doctor.

“You take Mick to St Mungo’s now Drizella,” Lestrange ordered. “I will follow along with Dave in a minute…here Dave, drink this, it will help.”

“Don’t be silly please,” Mick begged. “I am not going anywhere without Dave.”

“We won’t be going without him my dear; he is coming along after you,” Drizella reassured Mick. “You can’t have more than two travelling by floo anyway at any one time, and as you are the one who really needs to be there, I would have taken you first any way. I will be back for Dave don’t worry.”

“It’s okay you don’t have to come back Drizella, I will bring him,” Doctor Lestrange said, clearly not happy.

“It’s the law, Dominic that all squibs such as yourself, must be accompanied via floo at all times,” Drizella said sternly. “I have already broken one rule by allowing a muggle to drink a magical calming draft; I am not breaking any more today. After I have taken Mick, I am coming back for Dave, then I will be coming back for you! Is that understood?”

The doctor nodded sulkily. Mick was happy to see that Dave had taken the calming draft, and that the colour had come back to his face, though he still looked afraid and unsure.

Mick really did not want to go anywhere without Dave, even for a second, but he felt he had no choice if he wanted to get the support he needed in having this baby. He smiled at Dave, who seemed a little braver now he had been given something to calm his anxiety. Dave blew him a kiss and told him not to worry, he would be at St. Mungo’s with him before he knew it.

Mick then turned to face the fireplace which, Mick thought looked more like a fireplace in use now, rather than just a hole that used to be a fireplace decades ago. Drizella tossed a handful of floo powder into the grate and almost shouted, “St Mungo’s hospital!”

Mick’s heart leaped as a sheet of green flames, which gave out no heat at all, suddenly shot out of nowhere.

“And now we step in my dear,” Drizella said, gently grabbing hold of Mick’s arm.

Mick had no choice, he closed his eyes and jumped. He kept his eyes closed for the whole journey through the floo, which luckily only lasted about a minute but the whole experience was very strange. He just felt himself spinning very fast, and he could hear a loud rumbling sound in his ears. Mick was glad it was not very long because, although the doctor had been right about the flames being harmless, the spinning sensation was not very comfortable and the noise that was all around him hurt his ears. He felt so relieved when it stopped.
Chapter nine

Mick opened his eyes and looked where he was, Drizella still had a hold of his hand but she soon let it go. He looked out, he was inside another and slightly bigger fireplace than the one in Doctor Lestrange’s office.

Mick then realised what a mess he was in, as he followed the medi-witch out into the large room, his hair and his clothes were covered in soot, and he began choking as he realised a small amount of it had gone into his mouth and down his throat.

Drizella saw how fairly dirty he looked and patted Mick’s back to ease his choking a little.

“It’s okay,” she reassured him. “It’s just soot, it happens to a lot of people when they first use the floo, it can go into your mouth and some people even swallow it. Don’t worry, it won’t do you any harm.”

Mick was too busy choking to listen to her, he placed his hand on a nearby wall to steady himself as he thought he was going to collapse. Drizella led him to a seat and told him to sit down.

“Is he all right?” Another female voice spoke. He could not see what she looked like as he had his head in his hands.

“Yes, he will be, it’s his first time through the floo,” he heard Drizella tell the person. “But if you could just get him some water then he should be fine. I think he swallowed some soot so could you also get him something to spit it out into?

“Of course,” the kind woman said.

Mick had been too busy choking on soot to really notice the room they were in. Drizella had her arm around him, and was promising him in comforting tones that he would be all right in a minute.

The female who had asked after him returned very quickly with some water which was in a small brown goblet, rather than a glass; that was another obvious sign that this hospital was different.

Mick quickly stopped choking on soot, but accepted the small silver bowl given to him in case he needed it. As he was taking sips of water, he heard the other woman ask Drizella if they had an appointment.

“Yes Belinda,” Drizella answered. “I have Michael Avory here to visit the Antenatal clinic at eleven.”

“Very well, I will just go to the desk and check him in.”

Mick looked up, and saw this person walking back to the reception desk; she looked every bit as strange as Drizella. The woman, named Belinda, was short and had dark hair which, although it was styled in a fashionable bob, it appeared to have red streaks in. She was wearing what looked like purple lipstick, spidery eyelashes and strong black eyeliner. She had on a long, dark purple dress and black, high-heeled boots. Mick had never seen a woman dressed that way before; he felt fairly certain that no hospital or medical receptionist in the normal world would get away with such makeup or clothing. However, as creepy as many would probably find this woman, and Drizella too for that matter, Mick thought that she seemed quite friendly and welcoming.
Drizella did indeed point out to him, that Belinda was what they called the ‘welcome witch’ who was always at the desk to take appointments, to welcome in visitors and direct them to the part of the hospital they needed to be. Mick listened to everything she said and, now he had stopped choking on soot and was feeling a little better, looked around at the reception area. The desk where Belinda was checking his appointment time was marked *Enquiries*.

Above the desk, it read *Welcome to St. Mungo’s Hospital for magical maladies and injuries.*

Underneath this sign, there was a strange picture which looked like some kind of symbol; it looked to Mick like a wand crossed with a bone, though he could not be sure.

To the right of the desk was another sign that told you all the different parts of the hospital, the writing was big enough for Mick to read, he read *Ground floor-Artefacts and Accidents* which also had an arrow pointing off to a door on the right. Mick could only assume where this strange department was.

To the left of the reception desk, there was another sign which told you the other departments and the floors that they were on. *First floor-Creature induced injuries, Second floor-Magical bugs and diseases, Third floor-Potions and plant poisoning, Fourth floor-Spell damage.*

The fifth floor was the place where Mick could only assume he would need to be.

It read, *Antenatal Clinic, Delivery Suite and Maternity Ward.*

It also stated that there was a Visitor’s tea room and hospital shop. Mick thought that the fifth floor was a funny place to have a hospital shop and tea room, but he was glad of it, as perhaps Dave would go to the shop and buy something for him and the baby once it was born.

Mick was also glad to see that there was a lift, as he did not fancy climbing flights of stairs, he was still feeling a little shaken up from the journey he had made to get to this strange place. So far, apart from the funny words and signs, it did look pretty much like any other hospital.

Mick suddenly began to have lovely thoughts of this baby being born here, of himself and Dave raising their beautiful child, which would be truly a miracle. Although he knew that he ought not to get so unreasonably excited. Perhaps it was hormones, but he suddenly felt that this baby could be the start of something special for him and Dave. Perhaps it was a way of sealing their love in some way and binding them together even closer. This child would be as much a part of Dave as of himself, and he felt that even though there would be hard times ahead and many challenges to face, this child would be loved.

Mick’s thoughts were interrupted by a voice that sounded so familiar; he looked up and Dave had arrived, covered in soot and desperately trying to brush it all off.

“DOMINIC LESTRANGE WHAT DID I TELL YOU?” Yelled the very angry voice of MW Drizella.

“I don’t care Drizella, I don’t care what some poxy rules say about squibs being escorted through the floo system because it’s ridiculous!” The irritable doctor answered the medi-witch. “I tell you I am perfectly capable of travelling through it by myself; I have done so my whole life, even as a child. It was only after I was found to be a squib that I was stopped from doing so.”

“Rules are rules, and Merlin knows I have broken at least one today already!” Drizella argued back.

“Yeah, and don’t think I’m going through THAT FUCKING THING AGAIN!” Dave yelled, pointing directly at the fireplace he had just emerged from.
“LANGUAGE PLEASE!” Belinda shouted from behind the desk. “If I hear any more of it then you will be thrown out of here, no matter what!”

“Sorry,” Dave muttered. He still looked very pale as he sat down beside Mick, who he noticed had a glass of water and a bowl with him.

Dave asked, “You okay babe?”

Drizella then explained to Dave that his pregnant boyfriend was feeling unwell after going through the floo, and that Mick did not need to hear him shouting and cursing like that. A very dirty looking Dave put his arm around an equally dirty Mick.

Mick leaned his head on Dave, glad to see him again.

They then had to listen to the doctor argue with the mediwitch, about how he felt it reasonable to head straight through the floo with Dave rather than wait for her, as time was getting on and he did not have all day. Lestrange pointed out how he had yet to use his time-turner later on, so that he could go back and attend to his muggle patients from that morning. He also stressed to her how, if things go according to his plan, that he was right back at his hospital right at that moment and doing his shift.

“I am probably there as-well as here,” Lestrange almost laughed, and patted his pocket at the top of his white coat. “This time-turner in here has never let me down yet.”

They were suddenly interrupted by Belinda, the welcome witch at the enquiry desk; “Erm, that’s all very well,” she said. “But now you are all here, perhaps you would like to make your way in the lift up to the antenatal clinic. You need to go and announce yourselves at the reception desk there, and wait to be called.”

“Right, thanks for that,” Lestrange breathed what seemed to be a sigh of relief at not having to listen to anymore of Drizella’s lecture. “There’s room enough for all three of us in this lift; it is fairly big.”

“Four of us, there are FOUR OF US!” Drizella reminded him.

“You don’t need to come with us to this appointment Drizella,” Lestrange calmly told her. “You only came to escort us through the floo system, only I decided against you escorting me .”

“Yes, and you are lucky I don’t report you to the Ministry for that!” Drizella firmly pointed out, then she smiled. “But then you and I were both Gryffindors; we still like to bend the rules, even now. Though Merlin knows how you managed to get a Hogwarts letter, or that the Sorting Hat missed that you were a squib.”

“Well enough of that, we must be going,” announced Lestrange, and quickly pressed a button at the side of the lift, which opened immediately.

Mick, Dave and the doctor stepped into the lift, which looked slightly different from any lift the couple had ever been in before, and they had been in quite a few on their travels with the Kinks. There were cords hanging from the ceiling, it was brightly coloured too, whereas all the other lifts they had used had always been a dull grey. This lift seemed much more cheerful, but that was not the only surprise; as the doors closed, they heard a cool female voice speak to them, this certainly shocked both Mick and Dave, they had never known a lift to talk before.

The voice said, “Welcome to St. Mungo’s hospital for magical maladies and healing. Please choose your destination.”
They noticed how the doctor seemed completely unphased by it, as he pulled one of the four cords hanging from the ceiling. Again the voice spoke, “You have selected the fifth floor.”

That was when the lift began to rise, just like any other lift they had been in.

While the lift was making it’s way up, Mick and Dave both noticed how Doctor Lestrange was smiling to himself most mischievously, so much so that they asked him why, and he answered, “I managed to get one over on Drizella,” he laughed. “She always thinks she has to be in on everything I do at this hospital. She thinks I can’t handle any of it on my own. She says she is just following the rules, but she is one of the biggest rule breakers I know. You should have seen her at Hogwarts, she...oh, best not go into all of that, most unprofessional. Can I ask that you just forget what I just said?”

“Umm...okay,” Dave agreed, feeling slightly amused, as did Mick.

They both found the bickering between the doctor and the medi-witch very comical indeed, Mick especially wondered about the two. In a way, it reminded him of how Dave was with his brother Ray at times, constantly bickering and arguing, even getting physical with one another.

The lift stopped and the voice said, “You have reached the fifth floor.”

Lestrange was the first to step out, and as Mick and Dave were following him, they heard him say suddenly, “What the HELL are you doing up here?”

The couple saw that Drizella had made her way up, and was talking to someone at the desk, but how could she have got up there so quickly? It was impossible, wasn’t it?

Drizella grinned smugly at the very annoyed Doctor Lestrange.

“Sorry Dom,” she said. “I apparated up here and announced Mr Avory in. I am part of the team that are discussing his case, so I am in on this appointment too. I wasn’t there just to escort you through the floo. I suppose I should have told you that, must have slipped my mind.”

Mick and Dave looked at one another and smiled; as creepy as this place was, they were finding this whole thing with the doctor and the medi-witch very amusing.

Lestrange shook his head, but said no more.

The doctor then turned to the couple and asked them; “You two are quite dirty with travelling through that floo network; do you want to go and wash before you are called in?”

The couple thought this a good idea because they really did look a mess, with black soot on their faces. Mediwitch Drizella, who was busy talking to the receptionist at the desk, briefly looked up and said, “Yes Dom if you could just show them to the bathroom, then you need to come with me for a minute; the healers need to talk to you.”

Lestrange showed them to a bathroom, and told them they had about five minutes before they would be calling for Mick, who was glad of the chance to make himself more presentable.

Once Dave knew that the doctor had gone, he began talking to his lover; “Bloody hell Mick, it was awful!” He whispered. “Going through that what do you call it? Floo. I swear to God I am not going in that thing again; it was horrible.”

“I know,” Mick agreed as he took his coat off, and shook out some of the black soot that was still there. “I really don’t want to go through one of those again either. If we are to come to this hospital
again, I am going to insist we be brought here in the normal way, either that or we should make our own way here.”

“I agree darling,” Dave said as he held his head over the sink and ruffled his hands through his hair. Quite a bit of soot fell in, making the sink quite dirty. Mick began to fill the sink with water so he could wash his dirty face.

As Mick was washing, Dave looked around and noticed there was a bath; he wished he could use it as he felt as filthy as he looked. He grinned to himself, as he thought of how often he and Mick took a bath together, just to relax of an evening; it was always a great way of spending time together. Sadly, there was no time for that right now, as they had to go and see some weird people about having this baby, which would certainly keep them busy.

Mick washed as well as he could, he tidied his hair with a small comb, which he always made sure he carried about with him in his pocket. Mick had always been taught that ‘Cleanliness is next to Godliness’ and he was not about to stop now.

When Mick felt he was as clean and tidy as he could be given the circumstances, he breathed slowly. He touched his stomach and smiled to himself, as he thought what he had done many times since finding out he was pregnant; what a miracle this was, an overwhelming one, but wonderful too. Mick felt a pair of loving arms around him. Dave, who had also washed and tidied himself up as best he could, gave Mick a kiss on his cheek before saying, “Hope bubs is okay.”

Dave rubbed Mick’s belly lovingly and added, “I just worry after being whisked through that awful floo thing, I don’t want us to go through that ever again while you are carrying my child. I want to protect this baby, plus there’s also the fact that it’s an unpleasant journey, makes us really dirty and it freaks me out to no end.”

“I agree darling,” Mick said, stroking Dave’s hands affectionately. “But the doctor did say it was safe enough, more or less.”

“All the same we are not doing it again Mick,” Dave said, very adamant. “We are not used to this way of life and whether they say it’s safe or not, I am not going to risk it again. I will be pointing this out to that doctor as-well as whoever else we see today okay?”

“Okay,” Mick agreed. “If I’m honest, I don’t want to leave here in the same way we came; it was not fun. I just want to go home in the normal way, even if it does mean a trek.”

“That’s fine love, we’ll get a taxi or something,” then Dave remembered something. “SHIT! My car’s parked outside the other hospital, the normal one. Fuck’s sake, if I had known we would be coming here in that way, I would have ordered a bloody taxi to begin with.”

“That is a pain,” Mick agreed, turning to kiss Dave. ‘But we’ll be okay.”

Dave smiled fondly at the man he loved, and he made Mick turn to face him and wrapped his arms around his waist lovingly. “What I wouldn’t do for you. We have gone through so much shit these past couple of years and risked everything just to be together, but it’s so worth it.”

Mick felt tears welling up in his eyes, “I know,” he said. “But what we have is so special and now...this precious miracle...God, I have to keep pinching myself, so many crazy things have happened these past weeks, and they are continuing to happen now.”

Dave, who was beginning to cry too, wiped the tears from Mick’s eyes, then his own, “I’m never going to leave you, I love you so much Mick, more than ever.”
“Love you too Dave,” Mick said, sniffing as he tried to fight the tears of happiness. It was happiness because of such a wonderful person he had with him, who, for all his faults, loved him so dearly and would always be there for him in good and bad times. If only they did not have to live in such secrecy.

Dave kissed Mick softly before saying, “Oh, come on babe, we haven’t time for all this mush have we? Now come on, let’s go and see what these weirdos at this mad place have to say.

Dave took Mick’s hand and they returned to reception. The lady at the desk, who looked every bit as weird as Belinda, if not even weirder with her bright pink hair, smiled at the couple kindly and told them to take a seat. She informed them that the ‘Healer’ would be ready to see them in just a few short minutes.

She gestured to a very comfy looking sofa, they both thanked her kindly and took a seat. They needed a sit down after the day they had both had so far. It was not very busy in the baby department that day. They saw several people in lime-green uniforms walk past, neither of them had seen medical professionals dressed in that colour before, very different from Lestrange’s white jacket.

Mick felt tired and rested his head on Dave’s shoulder; he did not think twice about being discreet about the fact they were a couple, as they normally would have to in any other place. There was something about this place that told them both to relax. Dave relaxed his head on Mick’s, and if the pink-haired lady noticed this at all, she did not say or do anything about it, and continued to do whatever job she was doing sitting down at the desk.

Just as a very tired Mick felt so relaxed that he was about to drop off to sleep, a voice stirred him awake, “Is one of you Michael Avory?”

They both looked up at the person who had spoken. A man dressed in that lime-green colour was standing just a few feet away from them; he looked friendly enough, and so they felt a bit less nervous than they thought they would. He was tall, had dark hair and a small beard. He looked around the same age as Lestrange, and also looked quite normal but obviously he could not be, was Dave’s thought, if he works in a place like this.

“I am,” Mick answered, then added. “And this is Dave, he’s my...well he’s here with me because...well he’s my...” Mick just could not find a way to explain about Dave, but luckily, this man seemed to guess.

“He’s your partner isn’t he?” The man answered obviously unfazed by such an idea. “I assume he is here to support you?”

“Y...es,” Mick replied, very relieved.

“And I am not leaving his side!” Dave added, in a very matter of fact manner.

“Of course not,” the man in green smiled. “I certainly hope you will be with him all the way. Anyway, I am Healer James Pridmore. I’ll be discussing your situation with you, along with the muggle doctor Dominic Lestrange and MW Drizella Churchard. If you would both like to come this way.”

The couple looked at each other for a second, then stood up to follow this Mr Pridmore down a small corridor and into a room to the left at the end.

They entered a fairly large room, and it looked like no doctor’s room they had ever seen before, but then this man was not a doctor, but a healer.
The first thing they noticed was the smell of this room, a sweet smell of burning incense.

They took a good look around, it looked more like a place out of a fairy tale than a medical room, but could this place and these people still be described as medical professionals? They were coming across as more like witch-doctors.

They both looked a little startled, as they noticed a fluffy white owl in a large cage, which appeared to be roosting.

*Makes sense,* Mick thought, *Owls sleep during the day, but what the hell is it doing in this room?*

It was just as alarming to see what looked like a small cauldron, which was kept on top of a small table at the side of the room. They also noticed a number of very curious little instruments, which were all placed carefully up onto shelves that seemed to go very high indeed, all the way up to the ceiling. On the wall all around the room were several portraits and paintings which...*were they moving?* It certainly appeared that way, and both Mick and Dave wondered if they were dreaming and if they would wake up at any moment. None of it seemed real at all.

The room also seemed to be filled with interesting little sounds, Mick thought they sounded quite nice and was intrigued by the place.

Dave on the other hand was struggling to hide how this room, this so-called hospital and all the people in it he had seen so far were really giving him the creeps, but he was determined to make an effort that day, if only for the sake of Mick and their unborn child.

Waiting at the desk, were Lestrange and Drizella, who pointed out that they looked much better after having a wash. Healer Pridmore indicated for Mick and Dave to sit down in two empty chairs, while he himself took a seat between the doctor and the mediwitch.

Healer Pridmore spoke first, “Okay, so you are here today to...basically discuss your...well your pregnancy, and of course we want to do our very best to help you. What we aim to do is really decide what is the best option to take, given your circumstances.”

Mick and Dave looked at each other, a little apprehensive about what this man was going to tell them next; neither of them liked it when he said the word, ‘option’ as they feared that it may be something bad.

Healer Pridmore continued, “What we need to do today to start with, I need to take some of your blood Mr Avory. I need to test it quickly before we can discuss what to do next, as I think Doctor Lestrange may have explained this to you last time you went to see him at his hospital. Am I correct Dominic?”

“You are indeed, Healer Pridmore sir,” the doctor solemnly answered.

Mick remembered what the doctor had told him last time, and how much it had upset him and Dave. He tried to think positively, and he remembered how the doctor had told him that with the colour his blood had made the magical pregnancy test, there was a good chance that his blood would be compatible for assistance from this hospital during the pregnancy.

“Okay, so I am worried enough about this as it is,” Dave blurted out. “Whatever you have to do please do it now so we know what we are going to be faced with. I also want to get out of here as soon as possible because, no offence but you guys give me the creeps and so does this place.”

“Dave don’t be rude!” Mick scolded, then turning to the healer added, “Sorry but we are just not used to this kind of...environment, Dave doesn’t mean anything by it.”
“I quite understand,” Pridmore shrugged, the man was probably quite used to such comments. “Okay so all I really need to do to begin with is take a small amount of blood from your finger, it really is a very simple and quick test and will only take a matter of seconds. Once it gives us the result we need, then we will be able to tell you whether or not we can help you, if not well...well we'll cross that bridge when we come to it.”

“Okay so can we do the blood test now?” Mick asked. “It’s just that I’m so nervous.”

“Very well,” agreed Pridmore. “If you would just come with me and sit on this couch over here, all I will do is prick your finger and drop it into a special potion I have with me, it will tell me just how magical your blood is.”

“Would Mick find it more pleasant Mr Pridmore,” Lestrange interrupted, “if I took blood from his arm like I did last time?”

“Our way is quicker Dominic,” insisted Pridmore. “Just a quick cut to the finger or any part of the body, blood comes out straight away and I dip it into the testing potion. None of this messing about trying to find a vein in his arm, then I put a plaster on his finger. Easy as pie. I know you like to be involved Dominic but I am in charge now, not you.”

“I was just thinking of my patient and what might be best for him,” reasoned the doctor. “It’s not very nice to have your finger sliced open like that; it hurts.”

“And having a needle stuck in you doesn’t?” The magical healer asked, in just a slightly arrogant tone.

Both Mick and Dave were beginning to think all three of these health professionals were most unprofessional in the way they would constantly bicker, and had done so non-stop all day; first the doctor had argued with the mediwitch, and now he was doing the same with the healer.

Mick sat on the couch as Pridmore asked, then the healer also pointed out something which annoyed both Lestrange and Drizella.

“That is another thing, why is it that there are five of us in the room? I don’t normally have this many people here when I see my patients, it is normally just me and them. Sometimes there is someone in here with them for moral support as this young man here is,” he indicated at Dave. “I have the occasional student healer, but never a squib doctor and another healer or medi-witch without good reason. That is why I feel there are too many of us in here, if you could both be outside while I tend to Mr Avory that would be much appreciated, I will call you in when needed.”

“But I need to observe this,” protested Drizella. “I was given this job not only to escort Dominic through the floo system, but to expand my knowledge of male pregnancies.”

“I will call you in when needed Drizella, you too Dominic,” the healer insisted. “I will need you back in to discuss this pregnancy if we are able to help this couple anyway, as you will both more than likely be involved to some extent...well, not so much you Lestrange...yes, that we will discuss too.”

As Drizella and the doctor left the room, clearly not happy with the healer’s remarks, Dave came to sit on the couch with Mick and to hold his hand while the blood test was being done.

Pridmore brought down from his shelf a bronze coloured phial, and along with that, he got hold of a glass container which was just like the one Doctor Lestrange had used to do Mick’s pregnancy test. He poured the contents of the phial into the glass container half full, and brought it over to where
Mick and Dave were sitting there waiting. The healer then took something from his side pocket, it was gold in colour but what was it?

“Okay Mick,” he said, “if you would just hold out your finger for me, I will make a small cut.”

Mick did not like the idea but did as he was told, he suddenly was glad that Dave was there with him; Dave held him and said, “It’s okay, just look at me while he’s doing it.”

“That’s right,” agreed Pridmore, “just look at your partner and it will just take a second.”

Dave held Mick as the healer made a small cut on his finger, Mick winced as he felt a sudden and sharp pain, which made him cry a little. Having Dave with him was very comforting, he was so glad not to be alone.

“Okay Mick, I have the blood I need and it’s in the testing potion now.” Mick heard the healer say, “Would you like to put this plaster on his finger while I wait for the potion to do it’s job?”

Mick assumed the healer was talking to Dave, he looked up and Dave had a small plaster in his hand and was dabbing the cut to his finger in cotton wool, Mick had never been very good at the sight of his own blood, and right now he felt like he was going to faint. Dave noticed this, and asked Pridmore for a glass of water.

“It’s okay Mick darling,” Dave said soothingly as he hugged his slightly squeamish lover, “It was just a small cut, let me just put this plaster on.”

Dave put the plaster on Mick’s sore finger and placed a kiss on it; “There, all better darling.”

The healer gave Mick some water, and told him he could lie down for a few minutes if he wanted.

“I am just checking the blood-test potion now,” Pridmore said. “So far it is looking good; it seems to be turning just the colour we need.”

The healer smiled at them reassuringly. Mick felt a little better after he had a few sips of water, but they noticed he still looked very pale; the healer reassured them that nearly everyone else who had the blood test reacted the same way, so he was not the first.

As the colour came back to Mick’s face, Dave kept his arm around him to make sure he was all right; Dave always worried about Mick over the smallest of things, a sign of true love.

“Okay, you may as well lie down Mr Avory,” Pridmore came back over to the couple looking very happy indeed. “You have passed the magical blood test, we will be able to support you in your pregnancy and use our magic on you. Your blood is compatible with magic.”

Mick looked at the healer, then at Dave, who did not seem to know how to react to what Pridmore had said.

Then it all sunk in, and Mick’s emotions got the better of him; his eyes filled with tears and he was crying, tears of relief and happiness after he had been worrying for weeks about what this hospital were going to tell them. Now he knew they were going to help him and Dave, and support them in becoming parents. It was just so overwhelming and it still felt sometimes that it was all a dream from which he must awaken. Dave had his arm around Mick and was crying too with sheer happiness and relief, also he felt emotional just because Mick was crying.

The healer did not seem to understand this; “Why are you both crying?” he asked, “It’s good news, we can help you.”
“Yes we know,” Dave replied, sniffing and wiping his tears away, “But we are happy. Happy because we know it’s all going to be all right, and so grateful to you because you won’t be turning us away.”

Pridmore shook his head and smiled, “Would you like to see your baby?

Mick looked at the healer, surprised by what the man had just said; “See the baby? What do you mean?”

“That’s why I said you might as-well lie down,” the healer said. “I would like to do a magical ultrasound, just to look at the baby and see if i can work out how far along you are.”

Dave put his arm around Mick, “Is...is that possible?

“That is what we do for all expectant mothers...or fathers,” Healer Pridmore said with a grin.

He again told Mick to lie down on the couch and then walked over to his high shelved that were filled with phials of all shapes and sizes. It did not take the healer long to return to where Mick was lying down, relaxed, with Dave standing at his side.

He had in his hand a pot with some kind of jelly in it, and also a long stick which looked like a wand. He told Mick to lift up his top, Mick obeyed, and Pridmore tucked a large sheet of white tissue paper into Mick’s trousers. He then emptied the pot of clear jelly onto Mick’s bare stomach; Mick gasped a little as it felt very cold, Dave held his hand tight, not knowing what to expect as he had of course never seen this sort of thing done before. They then both watched with amazement and fascination, as the healer spread out this jelly with his ‘wand’ and they listened as he whispered what sounded like some incantation or spell.

The couple gasped in shock as a bright pink light began to rise from Mick’s belly, it began as a sort of line that spread out and became a bubble hovering just above Mick. What happened next was even more amazing as inside the pink bubble, a small blob shape appeared. They suddenly realised what the shape was. It was a baby! It was their baby.

“Oh my…” Dave said in awe and amazement at what he was seeing; for weeks he had felt that the very idea of him fathering a child with Mick was too good to be true, yet there it was, right before him.

Dave could see the foetus very clearly inside this bubble. He could see it’s arms, it’s legs and it’s head, which seemed quite large in proportion to it’s body. As strange as this little creature looked right now, it was still his child growing inside Mick, the person he loved and wanted to spend every waking day with for the rest of his life. His beautiful Mick was carrying his baby. After so long thinking he would never be a father, he had been proven wrong.

“Looking at this foetus right now,” Pridmore said, “I would say you were fourteen weeks gone. I have just done a small measurement in my head, and I am very rarely wrong about this. I am known for my accuracy in this sort of thing.”

The healer seemed to be boasting now, but neither Mick nor Dave cared; they were just too happy for words. Dave looked at Mick, who was just lying there looking at the miracle before him, and he noticed that Mick was crying again, tears of indescribable happiness were streaming down his face that he just could not control. This made Dave start to cry too as the happiness was so different from any other happiness he had felt and the joy both of them felt was overwhelming.

“Do you want to know the sex of the baby?” Pridmore asked them.
Mick and Dave looked at the man in surprise.

“Can you do that?” Mick asked him.

“Yes I can,” answered the healer, who seemed almost as happy as they were.

“What do you think Dave?” Mick asked his still crying partner, “Do you want to know?”

“If you want to know then I can tell you that I knew straight away as soon as the colour started coming up.” The healer seemed very excited, “Of course if you would rather wait until sh...it is born then that is fine.”

It sounded as though the healer had almost given it away, but Dave took no notice of this and asked Mick excitedly, “Shall we find out babe?”

Mick looked at the baby, who seemed to be moving it’s legs and arms about and it almost seemed as if this foetus was waving happily at him from inside.

He looked at Dave, smiled, then looked at the healer; “I think I would like to know what I’m having,” he whispered.

Dave agreed, “Tell us please.”

“It’s a girl,” the healer said with a smile. “I know this because of the pink bubble around it. If it were a boy, the bubble would have been blue.”

“That is amazing!” Mick whispered as he was still in a state of shock as-well as being extremely happy. “Dave we’re having a girl.”

“I know,” Dave said with his hand to his heart, “It’s our daughter who we made together.”

“Congratulations,” Pridmore said with a warm smile.

“Thank you,” they both said together.

This was truly a happy moment for Mick and Dave and the start of a new adventure for both of them. Although they were to have much stress and many hard times ahead, this baby had given them both something to strive for.

After the healer had wiped the jelly from Mick’s stomach and the happy couple were sat down again, he called in Lestrange and Drizella. It turned out they had been arguing the whole time they had been waiting outside. They soon forgot what they were fighting about when they were told the happy news that Mick was able to receive support from St. Mungo’s and that he was expecting a little girl.

They both congratulated the couple, the three medical professionals seemed to share in their happiness.

The two lovers held hands as the rest of Mick’s pregnancy plans were discussed at length. Pridmore gave Mick a due date, the Third of February.

“That’s on my birthday!” Dave exclaimed in joy. “Wow wouldn’t that be an amazing present.”

Then he looked a little disappointed as he saw Drizella and Lestrange shaking their heads.
“That may not be possible Mr Davies,” Healer Pridmore stated, “because it is more important that we think about how this baby is going to be born.”

“Oh yes,” Dave agreed. “Of course that may be awkward.”

“Well it’s not possible for me to give birth in the same way a woman can...is it?” Mick asked curiously.

“Well, technically no,” replied the healer, “but...there have been cases in some male pregnancies that a hole has been created magically during the pregnancy, which enabled the man to give birth naturally without the need for a caesarean section.”

“What do you mean?” Dave asked in shock, “That Mick will turn into a girl down below or something?”

Mick looked at his partner in shock and the three medical professionals laughed at such a comment.

“Not at all Dave,” Lestrange said, “Mick will always stay very much male.”

“Though to be honest,” Drizella said, “I almost wish that would happen, as it would make the birth so much easier.”

“That’s my point,” Pridmore said. “Although your blood is suitable for magical help, with you being a muggle Mr Avory, it seems unlikely that any...part of you is going to change, which is why we need to monitor you closely, have you come here and look at the baby regularly, and look at you too.”

“Look at him?” Dave asked, not liking the sound of it, “What do you mean?”

“Well usually,” Pridmore explained, “If the...genitalia is going to change, it usually becomes noticeable after about twenty weeks.”

Mick understandably looked a little uncomfortable with this idea, although he badly wanted this baby, he still wanted to stay male and pointed this out.

“Don’t worry,” Drizella reassured him, “any changes are only temporary, and there’s a big chance with you being muggle, that nothing will change.”

“You will notice these changes yourself,” reassured Pridmore. “I will not need to examine that part of you until you are thirty weeks, we will know by then if we need to perform a c-section on you, in which case we will book it in. We’ll make sure you never go into labour.”

“It’s nothing to worry about,” Drizella assured Mick, “Whatever happens, just think of that beautiful baby girl you are going to have at the end.”

“That’s right,” Lestrangé agreed. “Don’t let worries about the birth stop you both from enjoying the pregnancy.”

Dave took a hold of Mick’s hand and kissed it gently, “They are right,” he told his lover, “We are going to be happy okay?”

Mick looked at Dave and smiled, he was so grateful to have such a supportive partner.
Chapter 10

Chapter ten

Mick looked happily at the beautiful place where he and Dave had settled on living. It was a lovely cottage that overlooked the sea on the coast of Wales. No-one knew that they had bought that place together, except Doctors Bell and LeStrange, and also the healers who were treating Mick at St Mungo’s hospital.

It had been two months since the couple had seen their precious baby for the first time by magical ultrasound, and in that two months, Mick’s bump was very slowly but surely growing.

Mick was already having to wear bigger sized clothes than he was used to.

The other problem was when the Kinks got together; then Mick had to do his utmost to hide his growing bump from his band mates and everyone else. Mick had to put on very large and baggy jumpers and hope to goodness that no-one would notice anything unusual, but then he thought; Surely nobody would suspect that I am pregnant, yet they might well notice that I am gaining weight and my tummy is getting bigger, they may comment on that, or at least they will notice even if they are too polite to say anything.

Mick could not help but worry about people finding out about his pregnancy, and he often thought of how his band mates, Ray and Pete were going to react. It did not help that Dave felt strongly about his family having a right to know, yet Mick would argue that he was the one carrying the baby and therefore should have the final say on the matter, though he knew that they could not keep it a secret forever.

Another tour had already been planned for the Kinks, around the time their daughter was due, so how were they going to get out of that one?

It had caused a few arguments between the couple; Mick’s hormones had been playing havoc and Dave did not help matters by trying to take control of the whole baby situation, and had even got a plan of when he was going to tell his parents. Mick strongly disagreed with this, and what upset him even more, was Dave saying they needed to do this tour with the band. Dave wanted to arrange for someone to look after the baby while they were away, he was even planning to ask some of his family if they could help out.

Mick had felt hurt that Dave was making these decisions, and just expecting him to accept it.

Dave had no right to do anything behind his back, certainly not anything that he was uncomfortable with. Nevertheless, Dave firmly believed that they could not deal with this thing completely on their own. Mick on the other hand, was determined to get out of going on tour with the band for the foreseeable future; this was when Dave pointed out, if that was to happen, they would have to come clean to certain people.

They had moved out of their flat, and many questions were going to be asked about where they were living.

No-one knew that they were together; surely people were going to want to know where each of them had moved to. Dave had strongly pointed out to Mick, that if they were going to have a baby
together, then their relationship, illegal or not, could not remain a secret to everyone.

Mick knew that there was some truth to what Dave was telling him; he knew that they could not hide their baby from the world forever, but nor did he wish for every Tom, Dick and Harry to be informed. There were very few people he trusted; none of them were members of Dave’s family, and it was only those very few people that he wanted to let on to, and then only when he was ready.

In the end, they agreed that they would say nothing until they had settled into their new home. Dave knew that Mick did not need to be under too much stress in his condition, so because he loved Mick more than anything, he agreed they would hold off from telling anyone for a bit longer. Moving house was a stressful thing in itself, so it was a good idea to take one step at a time.

The pair had begun to look into moving away from London the minute they had arrived back from St. Mungo’s; they had been so happy at the prospect of becoming parents, and in their excitement, they had looked at quite a few different properties on the coast.

They travelled to a few different places; one in Devon which was a beautiful place, but it was not far from where their band mate Pete’s parents lived, this was one thing that had put them off. Mick in particular, was not comfortable with the idea of living near anyone that they, or their band mates knew, no matter how nice they were.

They even looked into the idea of moving to the Highlands of Scotland, but they felt that it was too far out. Yes, they wanted to be away from London, and where there were not too many people, but they were also planning for the baby to be born at St. Mungo’s. A lot of travelling may be too much for Mick, who was still having to attend regular appointments at the wizards’ hospital.

This was when Mediwitch Drizella had made a suggestion to the couple. If they still wanted to to live on the coast, there was a way that Mick would not have to keep coming back to St. Mungo’s on regular intervals.

The mediwitch knew of a wizarding community on the Pembrokeshire Coast Path; there were a few lovely cottages for sale there, and no doubt both Mick and Dave would be able to buy one outright with the money they had made from being in the Kinks.

If they were willing to buy a house there, and let someone come in and connect the fireplace to the floo network, then they would not have to leave their home and travel until the time came for the baby to be born. If Mick was to be booked in for a caesarean section, then they could travel back to St Mungo’s a few days beforehand; though a lot of arrangements would have to be made, and of course Mick did not need to be put under too much stress. Drizella had shown the couple some pictures of a few of the properties for sale. The mediwitch also explained to them that the cottages were in fact fit for both wizards and muggles to reside in. These homes had been built a long time ago, designed for either squibs who needed to get used to the muggle lifestyle, or muggleborn wizards who still wished to be connected with their families in some way, in which case a telephone could be installed, the best of both worlds.

Mick and Dave had both jumped at the chance to take a look at some of these beautiful and quaint looking old cottages, and they wanted a place with character.

Drizella was even good enough to meet up with the couple to help them choose, which they were both very grateful for. Dave was still creeped out by the fact that witches and wizards were indeed real, and he knew that living near them would take some getting used to. Drizella felt it was only fair to help them out; she herself felt indebted to them because she was studying male pregnancies and wanted to learn more from this couple, plus she knew some of the people in Pembrokeshire quite well from her days at Hogwarts’ school of Witchcraft and Wizardry.
They had looked at five different places in total but one place caught Mick’s eye in particular.

It was a five bedroomed cottage that looked out to sea, and it had a beautiful garden, that Mick thought could have amazing flowers in the spring and summer. When they looked around the garden, they could see it was extensive, lawned and secluded. What excited Mick the most about the garden were the fruit trees, as he had always wanted a garden with trees. It pleased Dave to see the man he loved so happy. The garden provided plenty of space for a child to play.

Inside, the house had two large rooms, which were brimming with charm and filled with character. The ceilings had exposed beams, and both rooms and the kitchen had flagstone floors. There was also a large fireplace in each room; Drizella recommended that the one in their main living room should be connected to the floo.

There was a very large and roomy kitchen at the back, that Mick immediately fell in love with, as he had begun to imagine himself cooking breakfast in the mornings for Dave and their daughter. He could do baking, one of his favourite pastimes when he was not playing his drums.

Climbing the quaint wooden stairs, on the first floor there were three bedrooms; the couple decided that the largest room facing the sea would be their room, the slightly smaller bedroom next door to theirs would be for their daughter, though Drizella advised that the baby ought to sleep in their room at least for the first six months. The third room, bigger than the baby’s but smaller than the master bedroom, would most certainly be a guest room, it was facing the beautiful garden at the back so anyone staying with them would also have a nice view to look at when they woke up each morning.

Going up another flight of stairs, were two tiny attic rooms which also were intended as bedrooms, although the couple were unsure as to what they would do with those two extra rooms as yet; for the time being, they agreed they may as well simply use them for storage.

They loved the bathroom; which was larger and prettier than the one in their flat, and it had blue and white striped wallpaper which gave it the perfect, seaside cottage feel.

Mick was feeling the most relaxed he had felt in quite a few months, and was resting on the brand new sofa in the largest and quietest of the two rooms, which was their main sitting room. The other room was for Dave to play his guitars, and sometimes when Mick felt like it, he would play his drums which were also set up in there.

It was Autumn now, and Mick felt tired but content. He was almost six months along and although the sickness had stopped quite a while ago, it seemed to have been replaced by back pains, and to make it even worse, he was occasionally experiencing some very strange and sharp pains around his hips which sometimes kept him awake at night.

Mick was lucky that St. Mungo’s had registered him with a local healer, whose practise was only a fifteen minute walk away. This healer had explained to Mick that these pains were caused because of him being male, and his pelvis was magically expanding as the baby was growing. This also meant that there was still the possibility that these changes would enable him to have a natural birth, but neither Mick nor Dave were keen on this idea. However, the healer promised them, that the St. Mungo’s healers would make the best decision about the birth, for both Mick and his unborn baby.

The healer had been able to prescribe Mick a mild painkiller potion, which could be taken as needed, but this potion tasted horrid, and so Mick only took it when the pain was unbearable. He had last taken a dose of it half an hour ago, this was why he was feeling so relaxed, because when he took the potion, it helped with the pain and made him sleepy.

It was unclear if it was the potion that was causing his drowsiness, as it was only supposed to be
mild, and it was the only safe one that could be taken in pregnancy. It could also have been because, when Mick was in so much pain with the changes his body was going through, he was unable to sleep, so when the potion eased his pain, he was able to get that sleep that he had been missing out on.

Mick felt happy and relieved as he began drifting off to sleep, even Dave’s electric guitar in the next room would not keep him awake now. He smiled and rubbed his growing bump tenderly, the baby was quite active, always kicking and moving around, this always seemed to happen when he was relaxed or in bed at night. It comforted him when she moved, it reassured him all was well and it was a nice feeling, sometimes he could see his bump moving and he and Dave sometimes had fun just watching the movements and talking to their child.

Before Mick drifted off to sleep, he gently said to the baby, “You keep kicking if you want to darling, I don’t mind but I’m going to sleep now.” Mick was fast asleep in less than a minute.

Pete Quaife laughed at what he was reading in the newspaper that morning, he honestly thought their stories were getting more ridiculous by the day. He already knew not to believe everything he read, but this recent story about a pregnant man was taking the biscuit. He shook his head, folded the paper up and put it to one side. He decided that he was going to stop reading the papers altogether and stick to sensible things; music, art and writing which he enjoyed doing the most when he was not playing bass guitar as a member of the Kinks.

Pete was at Ray’s house where the two friends were checking out Ray’s latest songs, and Pete was offering his usual constructive criticism. Pete did not think Ray really needed him to go over his work, but Ray just liked to include Pete in every new piece of material he came up with before he shared it with anyone else. Pete was Ray’s best friend, and Ray valued his opinion more than he did anyone else’s.

Pete lit up a cigarette, he was sitting in the back room where Ray had a mini bar, something Ray had always wanted. Pete was his favourite person to have as a guest in this room, and one of the few people Ray really trusted.

As Pete relaxed on the sofa with his eyes closed and his head back, he blew out the smoke from his mouth, he could not help but still think about what he had just read, a story about a man somewhere who was supposedly pregnant, but no-one knew who he was. He had read that the news had leaked from a hospital laboratory where they had tested a patient’s blood and urine sample for pregnancy; it came out positive and yet it turned out that it belonged to some male.

The article had stated there had been no mistake about it, that the doctor treating this male patient had phoned the hospital, stressing that there had to be some mistake, but no; the tests showed high levels of HcG and the pregnancy test was positive.

There were also reports that they had been trying to find out the identity of this pregnant man, but his doctor had refused to give out any information about the patient.

Pete laughed to himself as he thought about what he had read, it was the craziest story that particular paper had come up with, and it had come up with many crazy stories before.

“What are you laughing at?” Ray had just walked in and interrupted Pete from his thoughts.

Pete looked up at his friend, “Oh just something I read about in that paper you left lying around.”
“Oh yeah what did you read mate?” Ray asked as he sat in a nearby chair. “Haven’t got round to looking at it yet.”

Ray picked it up and looked at the front page, which was not all that interesting today, but Pete turned it to the page he had read, “There,” Pete pointed to the article. “It’s about how apparently a man has managed to get himself in trouble.”

Ray gave his friend a weird look, so Pete clarified, “Got himself pregnant in other words.”

Ray looked over the story and laughed, “Goodness me, and I thought this paper couldn’t get any more funny.”

Both friends laughed at the absurdity of reading such news, of course if it had been April fool’s day then they would expect this sort of thing to be put in, but it was November so what were the people who printed this paper trying to achieve from writing such a ridiculous story?

Ray shook his head in very much the same way Pete had when he first read it, then folded up the paper dismissively, “Well I don’t know, the things that get printed these days.”

“Hey let’s look at that again,” Pete had suddenly remembered something in that article he had read, and it sparked his interest. He picked it up and turned to the ‘pregnant man’ story. Ray watched lazily as he looked it over, then Pete’s eyes widened and he showed Ray a paragraph. “Hey look, they are talking about a Doctor Bell of Roselea Surgery, isn’t that near where Dave lives? I think that’s the one Dave goes to isn’t it?”

Ray looked at the paper and after thinking for a moment, said, “Yes, I think so...yeah you’re right, and Mick started going to that one too from what Dave told me a while ago, after he moved in with Dave.”

“Just think what a shock it would be to everyone, if it turned out to be true,” Pete said in jest.

“Oh ha ha,” Ray replied sarcastically. “What are you suggesting? That it’s one of them?”

“What, you think your brother’s pregnant?” Pete gave Ray a friendly punch and they both laughed.

“Or maybe it’s Mick,” Ray joked, getting a cigarette from a box on the nearby coffee table.

“Okay, okay this is getting a bit too silly now, let’s get back to the real world,” Pete chuckled, though he was still laughing at such an idea. “Hey talking of Mick and your brother, did you know they have both moved out of that flat? I take it you do.”

Ray stopped laughing and looked at his friend, “Oh no I didn’t,” he admitted. “My brother never tells me anything, so it doesn’t surprise me that you found out first.”

“Well I only just found out the other day and assumed you knew,” Pete said looking surprised. “Yeah one of your sisters went over to see Dave and he was packing a load of suitcases and putting them in his car.”

“Oh, well it’s about time he bought a decent place to live,” Ray said. “With all the money he’s made, I’m surprised he stayed in that flat for as long as he did, I’m even more surprised at Mick for even wanting to live there with him, never did understand that at all. So has Mick gone somewhere as well?”

“Well, I would presume so because the place is empty now,” Pete shrugged. “No idea where to though. You know, I’ve not heard anything from either of them since we all got together last month.”
“Oh well, I expect we’ll soon find out,” Ray muttered, putting a cigarette in his mouth and lighting it. When he had taken a puff, he added, “Don’t know why the hell Dave is so secretive with me; he gets so weird whenever I ask him anything about what he’s been up to. As for Mick, well, he is one mysterious guy.”

“I like Mick,” Pete said thoughtfully. “He’s not that mysterious, just...I dunno, he’s got issues.”

“Yeah, he didn’t seem to want to talk with us much when we last got together,” Ray pondered as he tapped his cigarette over his ashtray. “It was like he...I dunno how to explain it, he seemed quite...like he had a lot on his mind and he didn’t seem to be truly with us.”

“He was okay when we were playing though,” Pete pointed out. “He seemed comfortable sitting behind the drums and in between songs, as long as he was sitting at the drums, he could talk to us all right...at least I thought so.”

Ray nodded thoughtfully, “True,” he agreed. “Interesting though, very interesting. Still, I don’t think it’s healthy for band members to feel uncomfortable around each other, we need to...I think we should talk to Mick next time we all get together to play.”

“Oh I don’t know,” Pete said doubtfully. “Mick’s had a hell of a lot to deal with all his life and he’s not always comfortable with people asking too many questions.”

“I still feel like there’s something he’s not telling us that we ought to know,” Ray said adamantly. “If he doesn’t talk to us about what’s troubling him, then how are we meant to help him?”

“Well that all depends if we can help him,” Pete reasoned. “I mean, he might have a reason for not wanting to talk to us about whatever’s bothering him, we just can’t force him to, all we can do is make sure he knows we are here for him.”

“Yeah you’re right,” Ray agreed with a sigh. “We do need to say something though, I am fairly sure I’m not imagining things, I’m also sure that whatever’s going on with Mick, Dave’s in on it.”

“What makes you think your brother has anything to do with it?” Pete asked, looking confused.

“I don’t know Pete,” Ray admitted truthfully. “It’s just sometimes, I feel like those two have their own little secrets between them...like...oh I dunno. Almost as if there is something between them that they feel they can’t share with you and me.”

“And you think that maybe we need to get to the bottom of it?” Pete asked, looking sceptical about the idea.

Ray took another drag of his cigarette and nodded to Pete in answer to his question, he exhaled, looked at his friend and said, “Yeah, I really think we should, I don’t think it’s right for Mick to feel he can’t talk to us about his problems.”

“Well we need to be careful,” Pete warned. “We don’t know what kind of stress Mick is under; the last thing we want to do is make it worse.”

“I know that Pete, but if there is anything going on in Mick’s life, or Dave’s for that matter, we at least should let them know we are there for them,” Ray stressed. “Personally I think we should confront them both...yes I know, we don’t want to put any kind of pressure on either of them, but still, that’s my opinion and I think I’m entitled to one.”

“Of course you are Ray,” Pete rolled his eyes at his friend’s determination. “Not saying we shouldn’t talk to them both, I just don’t want to risk driving either of them away.”
“And we won’t,” Ray promised. “But we can’t go on with those two acting the way they are, if I’m honest, it’s driving me mad and whatever’s going on, no matter what it is, I want it out in the open!”

“Maybe you’re right,” Pete sighed in agreement. “We should all be able to talk to each other about our problems, maybe we should have a word with someone else about them first.”

“Like who?” Ray asked. “Robert and Grenville perhaps?”

“Yes maybe,” Pete replied thoughtfully. “After all, managers are people we should be able to go to if we have a problem in the band, maybe we should ask them how to go about it. Or perhaps they know something we don’t. I doubt it though.”

“I doubt it too,” Ray agreed. “They probably don’t know any more about Mick’s behaviour than we do, or Dave’s, but surely they must have noticed it.”

“Well I don’t know,” Pete shrugged. “But I think that’s the first thing we need to do, have a word with one of them...or both of them.”

“Well we are all supposed to be getting together here in a few weeks, in this house,” Ray announced. “Robert and Grenville are supposed to be coming too, or they said they might do. We should have a word with them before they come here though.”

“I trust Grenville more than I do Robert, don’t know why,” Pete said. “Maybe we should talk to him first, go and see him or meet up with him somewhere.”

“I agree with you there Pete,” Ray said. “Let’s do that, let’s ask Grenville to meet us somewhere and talk to him about our concerns over Mick, and my worries about my brother.”

“You know, I think that’s a really good idea,” Pete said, happy with the idea of meeting up for a drink with his favourite manager. “We’ll talk to Grenville and see if he can suggest anything.”

The two friends then spent a couple of hours going over three of Ray’s new songs and jamming a little on their guitars, then they took a little break and decided to make lunch. When they had finished eating and had a cup of tea, Ray gave Grenville a call to ask when they could see him so they could talk.

Luckily, their assistant manager had nothing on that day and so he could see them today if they liked. This pleased Ray, as he felt that they would be a step closer to finding out what was going on, with both his younger brother and Mick.

Although they both knew that this was a rather delicate matter to talk about, and it would have been better to have Grenville make his way over to Ray’s house, Ray felt he had been at home long enough that day. He had not been out at all, and felt he needed to get out of the house. Pete was happy to drive his friend to the pub where the band would often go to when they were at Ray’s, and Grenville offered to meet them both there for a pint. They were pleasantly surprised to see that he was there before they were, sitting at the bar talking to the barmaid who had served him.

“All right there you two?” Grenville greeted his two friends cheerfully. “What would you like? Drinks are on me.”

“Oh, you don’t have to do that Grenville,” Ray said, slightly embarrassed and not wanting to take advantage of his manager’s good nature. “We asked to see you, so one of us should be buying you a drink.”

“Oh don’t be daft Ray, I should be grateful to you really; I was so bored,” Grenville laughed. “You
gave me an excuse to come out.”

“Even so, we don’t want to use you to buy us drinks,” Pete said quickly. “I’ll get Ray and me a drink, I would get you one too but you’ve already got one.”

“Oh for pity’s sake what do you both want?” Grenville said these words, not crossly, but in a way that made the two friends look at one another in a way that said, ‘perhaps we had better let him buy us a drink’.

“Er...well if you insist,” Pete said. “I’m driving, so I will just have a coke, a large one if I’m allowed.”

“And what about you Ray?” Grenville asked the band’s lead singer.

“You know Grenville,” Ray said, feeling cheerful without knowing why. “I will have what you’ve got, is it lager?”

“It is indeed matey,” Grenville declared. “Go on you two sit down somewhere, I’ll bring your drinks over to you.”

When all three were sat in a quiet corner by the window with their drinks, Grenville asked them if there was a reason why they had asked to meet him, “Not that I’m not happy to have a drink with any of my Kinks,” the co-manager chuckled. “I am quite happy indeed to socialise with you two, or the other two, but I just can’t help but feel that this isn’t really a social thing.”

“Well there’s no reason why it can’t be a social thing,” Ray reassured Grenville kindly. “But yes, we do have something we want to talk to you about. We could have asked Robert to come over, but we feel we trust you more for some reason.”

“Hmm yeah, I can kind of understand that,” Grenville agreed. “Don’t get me wrong, Robert’s not all bad, he has his good points but...well I can kind of see why you want to talk to me first as Robert can be...well a little…”

“He’s always keen to get his own point across and he doesn’t always listen to what we want to tell him,” Pete inserted. “Especially on matters like this...well, that’s the trouble you see, we don’t quite know what the matter is yet.”

“Oh?” Grenville queried. “Why am I here then?”

“It’s about my brother,” Ray said, deciding to get to the point straight away. “Well, not just him, Mick as-well.”

“What about them?” Grenville asked.

“We don’t know,” Pete pointed out. “Well, not really, we just think that they have some secret between them that they are not willing to share with anyone else.”

“It’s Mick I’m most worried about to be honest,” Ray added. “He seems to be acting very strangely, we noticed it last time we all got together as a band, I’m sure you and Robert must have noticed it too.”

“I have noticed something very odd in his behaviour,” Grenville agreed. “He doesn’t always look as though he can relax does he, like he’s worried about something. Yes you are right, I can’t speak for
Robert, but I myself noticed that sometimes Mick seemed a little uptight, like something’s worrying him, but I didn’t know if I should ask him if he’s all right or if there was anything I could do to help. I just kept telling myself that he knows where we are if he needs us, but I am glad that you two have brought this up.

“Well I think we need to have a word with Dave about this too,” Pete remarked. “He and Mick were sharing a flat together up until not that long ago, and I am sure they share a lot of secrets.”

“You think so Pete?” Grenville questioned, looking doubtful. “I mean yes, they share a flat but that doesn’t mean they do everything together, they still have their own lives.”

“Well they’re not living in that flat anymore,” Ray announced. “I only just found out today from Pete. The flat’s empty now and we don’t know where they have moved to.”

“Well yes, they will more than likely have got places of their own now they have the money,” Grenville pointed out. “But yes, you would think Ray, that Dave would have let you know where he’s going to be living.”

“Mick’s not said anything to us either about where he’s moved to,” Pete inserted. “But the point is, I’m worried about them both; Ray’s worried about them both.”

“I’m worried more about Mick really,” Ray sighed. “I don’t worry much about Dave to be honest, he’s…” Ray made a dismissive gesture with his hand.

“But didn’t we kind of agree Ray, that we think Dave’s got something to do with whatever’s going on with Mick?” Pete pointed out. “And you were worried about Dave, you said you were. That was really why we asked Grenville to come here isn’t it? So we could talk about them both and decide what we are going to do about the awkwardness we both feel whenever those two are with us.”

“I suppose so,” Ray reluctantly agreed. “I said I wanted whatever’s going on to be out in the open...at least among the group, because that’s what friends are for, to help each other out in difficult times, be there for each other.”

“Well I certainly hope that both Dave and Mick know that we are all here for them both,” Grenville agreed. “Though the question is, whatever’s going on, what are we going to do about it?”

“Yes well I suppose that’s why we wanted to meet up with you Grenville,” Pete said. “So that we could talk about what to do about it; I don’t like Mick’s strange behaviour, neither does Ray.”

“He always seems keen to get behind the drums though,” Ray said. “We discussed this at my house didn’t we Pete?”

“He seems more relaxed once he’s sitting behind his drum kit,” Pete agreed. “Once we have finished any rehearsal or recording session, he never seems to want to stay behind for a drink or a chat or anything, he just seems in a hurry to leave; more often than not, Dave goes home with him.”

“That’s what I was getting at,” Ray said, sharply tapping his finger several times on the table. “That was why I said earlier that we ought to confront them both about this; it’s not normal.”

“I agree with you Ray,” Grenville said. “It is something we have got to discuss with the two of them, we need to ask them what they are up to, and get to the root of the problem.”

“We need to make them both see that it’s stressing us out,” Ray insisted. “Don’t look at me like that Pete, you know I’m right.”
“I’m not saying we can’t have a word with them both,” Pete said, worried. “But remember what I told you earlier about how we don’t know what stress Mick might be under, we need to tread carefully.”

“And we will,” Grenville said, in his best reassuring voice. “We will tell them that whatever problems they are experiencing, they don’t have to tell the whole world about it, but that we need to know, so then we can support them.”

“Now just wait a minute,” Ray said, a little annoyed. “Why do you talk about them both as though their problems are the same?”

“Well, because weren’t you just saying now that you think Dave’s in on this secret?” Grenville pointed out. “Well, whatever the secret is.”

“Oh I dunno Grenville,” Ray sighed, holding his head in his hands. “I really don’t know, but we need to get to the bottom of this, as I’m just getting worried...sometimes I even think that, well like there’s something wrong with Mick.”

“Why would there be anything wrong with Mick?” Grenville asked, sounding exasperated.

“Well...could he be ill do you think?” Ray said in a worried voice.

“ILL?” Both Grenville and Pete said out loud, making a few people look round at them.

“That’s crazy talk,” Pete whispered, looking embarrassed when he realised he and Grenville had made other customers in the pub look round at them.

“Mick did look very pale and tired a few times I’ve seen him,” Grenville looked just as worried as the other two now. “And yes, now you come to mention it, I am starting to feel that Dave knows something that we don’t.”

“Based on what grounds?” Pete asked.

“Based on what I’ve seen, now you come to mention it,” Grenville murmured. “At the time I really didn’t give it much thought, but I do seem to remember that Mick and Dave were talking together quietly...nothing wrong with that you might think, but their body language was a bit of a giveaway to tell you the truth.”

“How do you mean?” Ray asked.

“It could be nothing, but...the way they were talking together when they thought nobody was about,” Grenville sighed, and Ray and Pete could both see that he was feeling awkward about what he was trying to say. “Mick was saying something to Dave and...well I didn’t quite catch what it was but...well Dave had his arm around Mick, and looked as though he was trying to reassure him about something, but I don’t know what. I could...I could see the expression on Dave’s face, and he was giving Mick this ‘it’s going to be all right’ kind of look.”

Neither Ray nor Pete liked the sound of what Grenville had just told them; they both felt that they needed to be worried.

“Well I say we confront them then,” Pete said looking serious. “I wasn’t sure about it before but I’m totally worried now.”

“Well that’s two of us in agreement so far,” Ray said patting Pete on the back. “What do you think Grenville?”
Grenville looked at his almost empty beer glass and swirled his drink around looking thoughtful. “Yeah I agree, we ought to have a word with them, perhaps not confront, that’s a very strong word, but I think we need to have a serious talk with them both. Explain to them why we are concerned and that we want to help them.”

“That’s what we’ll do then,” Ray agreed. “When we all meet up at mine in a couple of weeks time, you will be there won’t you Grenville?”

“Sure,” Grenville nodded. “What about Robert? Shouldn’t he be in on this too?”

“Well it wouldn’t really be fair to leave him out, now would it,” Pete sounded doubtful, but also knew he had to be reasonable. “But I would say we talk to him about it first.”

“Only thing that worries me about Robert is, he might do something without telling us,” Ray said with concern. “You know how he can be sometimes with the way he does things behind our backs, and just expects us to go along with whatever he’s planned.”

“Well we can’t let him do that this time,” Pete insisted. “This could be quite serious, we need to make sure he’s on our side if we are going to include him in this.”

“Don’t worry Pete,” Grenville reassured. “I told you Robert’s not all bad; if we make him promise to be supportive then he will be.”

“Well he’d better be,” Ray growled. “After all, Dave is my brother and whatever’s going on, I’m not having Robert making it worse.”

“Will you stop worrying!” Grenville pleaded with a sigh. “I promise you, Robert won’t do anything to make whatever’s going on worse. It may turn out that we’re all worrying about nothing. Let’s just carry on with our lives until we know there actually is something to worry about.”
Chapter 11

Chapter eleven

Dominic Lestrange was fuming. Even though he knew he should not be angry, and he knew that this was coming, he was tired of the way St. Mungo’s would constantly use him to bring their muggle patients to them, and then expect him to be on his way without a word of thanks.

He had no choice but to use his time turner to carry out such jobs, as often they clashed with his shifts at the hospital, and sometimes he never knew which of his jobs he should do first. Either way, he would be very tired at the end, and sometimes, he had no choice but to turn back time when he needed the extra sleep.

Dominic had taken on the job with the Ministry of Magic as part of the muggle-aid team, partly because he missed life in the wizarding world, and wanted to stay close to the life that once was his, partly because he wanted to embarrass his family, as payback for disowning him for being a squib. He wanted to show them that they were wrong when they said he would never amount to anything.

Dominic loved his job at the muggle hospital, and would not have changed a thing, but he also loved the wizarding world and St Mungo’s; a place he had dreamed of working at since he was a teenager. When it became clear that he had no magical powers, it took Dominic a long time to get over this. After a while, he decided he may as well study muggle medicine, and take care of non-magical people, especially those who seemed to be shunned by muggle society.

It was very rare St. Mungo’s would agree to treat muggles, except in unusual cases, and even then, these muggles had to pass certain tests before the healers would do anything for them. This angered Dominic, as sometimes, these muggles had no-one else to turn to, so it just seemed unfair to turn them away.

Perhaps he was not thinking straight, and perhaps he was overtired. After all, Healer James Pridmore had told him time and again that muggle blood was not compatible with magic or potions, and Dominic would just have to accept this. Yet Dominic wondered if any of that was true, as Dave Davies had been fine when he had been given a calming draft. Dave had certainly needed something, because he had become so overwhelmed by the fact that magic was indeed real.

Dominic’s relative, the mediwitch Drizella Churchard, was another person who had made him angry. He did not quite know why, but she just rubbed him up the wrong way at times. She would often criticise the amount of times he used his time-turner, and he got pissed off when she would constantly nag him, about how this device was only supposed to be used to carry out his special jobs for the Ministry of Magic or St. Mungo’s, and certainly not for him to have an extra hour’s sleep.

He was also irked by the fact that Drizella was the one who had helped Mick and Dave find a house, he told her that he would have liked to come along and help, but she had told him, “I don’t see why you should Dom; Mr Avory is no longer your patient. I am studying male pregnancy, and the healers have agreed that I be involved for my work. I need to find out how he is coping with the pregnancy, and be there for him. Mr Avory even gave me special permission to study his pregnancy as part of the course I’m doing.”

Of course, Dominic knew what Drizella told him was true; Mick Avory was no longer his patient, and she was also right about him using his time-turner more often than he should. If the Ministry ever
found out, he would most certainly receive a warning or disciplinary hearing. He may even be dismissed from his position as go-between for muggles and wizards.

Even if he was able to keep his wizard job, there was a chance that the controversial time-turning device would be taken from him, and then he would more than likely have to give up one of his jobs. It would be madness to give up his hospital job, as it paid far more than his wizard job, and being a doctor meant he could afford his lavish apartment and fancy car, but the wizarding world was Dominic’s real home.

Dominic was born into a very wealthy, ancient and pure-blood wizarding family, and he also had two younger brothers, Rodolphus and Rabastan. From a very young age, it became clear, not only to Dominic himself, but also to his parents, that he was different from the way the Lestranges were expected to be. The Lestranges had, for many centuries practised the dark arts and believed in the notion of pure blood supremacy. Dominic’s parents certainly hated muggles, squibs and blood-traitors, and they did not think very much of half bloods either.

When it was found that their eldest son indeed came under one of these categories, he was disowned, disinherited and even removed from the Lestrange family tree. To this day, they have never even spoken of Dominic, and if his two brothers or the house elves were heard even mentioning his name, they would have been severely punished.

Although Dominic was heartbroken, angry and devastated to be treated in such a way for a reason beyond his control, he also felt relieved in a sense, because of the plans his twisted parents had previously made for him. They had both been determined to arrange a respectable, pureblood marriage for their eldest son, and so the Lestranges had liaised with Cygnus and Druella Black and promised him to their daughter, Bellatrix, as she came of age.

Dominic knew nothing of these arrangements until after his being a squib was discovered, and this angered him more, to think his parents had arranged a marriage for him without his consent, and a marriage he did not want on top of that. He had never met little Bellatrix, but he knew she was about eight years younger than himself, and from what he had heard from the Churchards, she was a spoilt little brat. That was not the only reason he did not want to marry this girl. From about the age of fourteen, Dominic realised he was attracted to men, although this probably would not matter much to his parents, they would still have insisted on him marrying Bellatrix, because there were no males who would have been good enough to marry into the Lestrange family.

A respectable pureblood marriage seemed to be the most important thing for Dominic’s so-called parents, so in the end Dominic decided that he would have been better off without them anyway.

He was grateful that he was still able to visit Diagon Alley as often as he liked, and have a vault in Gringotts, but sometimes when he went there, he would see his parents and other members of his family who would completely blank him.

The last thing Dominic heard, his mother and father had, instead of himself, promised their second son Rodolphus to the Blacks. Although Dominic felt sorry for Rodolphus, there was nothing he could do.

Dominic was sitting in his apartment, it was past eleven o'clock at night. He had let out his snowy owl, Athena, to stretch her wings for an hour or so after she had been left in his apartment all day. It did not matter, because when he had no letters for her to deliver, she slept through the day, and so she did not really miss him while he was out at work. He often sent Athena out with letters to St. Mungo’s with requests for them to see certain muggles, Mick Avory being the latest of course.

If only these thoughts of his family, Drizella and of course, Mick and Dave were not going through
his mind and giving him a headache. He had had a long and tiring day, and was feeling very angry that the Ministry of magic seemed to be using him. Sure, they paid him well so he should not really complain, but he often felt bitterness that had never really gone away since he was cast out by his own family. He had no hope of ever inheriting any of the Lestrange treasure that was hidden away deep underground, in one of the biggest vaults in Gringotts bank. He kept telling himself that this did not matter; he had his own job, was making his own money and was able to look after himself, so in that respect, he was proud of himself.

As Dominic awaited Athena’s return, he began to wonder if there was any way for him to get back in contact with Mick and Dave. He especially wanted to see Dave, as he was worried by the fact that the two had moved into a wizarding community, it was just frustrating for Dominic that he did not know which community it was, the only information he received was that the couple would be safe raising their child there.

Dave had not taken in very well that magic and witchcraft was very much real, and Dominic remembered how it was so obvious by Dave’s body language, that the young man felt very overwhelmed to say the least. Yes, Dave Davies needed all the support he could get. It was not that Drizella would not do a good job in supporting the couple in adapting to this new, and certainly unexpected life that had come to them, but Dominic felt that Dave needed to talk to someone who was a bit more on the ‘normal’ side, or as close to normal as was indeed possible.

Dominic found Doctor Andrew Bell most frustrating; when he was discovered to be a squib and, like Dominic, Andrew had been disowned by so-called family, Andrew had cut off all ties with the wizarding world and wanted nothing more to do with it. Dominic did understand this in a way, but Andrew could have been a big help to Dave in many ways, had Andrew just tried sometimes to remember his roots and realise that the Wizarding world still belonged as much to them as it did to the people who possessed magic.

When Andrew had first sent an owl to him, requesting that he inform St. Mungo’s of Mick’s condition, Dominic’s fellow doctor had explained in his letter that he had not been able to really talk to both the couple together that day, as he had other patients to see. Dominic was convinced that Andrew was lying about this, and that really he just did not want anything to do with Mick’s pregnancy at all, with it being a magical situation.

Yes, there were a fair few people Dominic was not happy with; Drizella, the Ministry, St. Mungo’s, his family and Doctor Bell. He knew deep down that he should let it all go, that he could not control other people’s’ behaviour, and perhaps he was being unreasonable with what he was feeling. After all, when he had taken on this secret job with the Ministry, he knew that all he was doing was referring people to St. Mungo’s for magical assistance, and then his job was done, back to his career as a muggle doctor until next time. Yet, something was nagging him and would not let him breathe until he had taken action, he wanted to see Mick and Dave again and involve himself with Mick’s pregnancy. More importantly, he wanted to make sure that Dave got the help and support he needed, as he knew that it was a big issue for Dave, who was a muggle and had suddenly found himself thrust into this new world and new life.

Of course, Dominic needed to find the right reason to get in contact; it was no good just saying he wanted to help. He decided to send an owl to Doctor Bell to begin with, although his fellow Doctor would have no more clue as to where the couple had moved to than he did, he was wondering if perhaps he could convince Andrew to help him find out, and they could both make sure Dave got enough support.

Although a squib, Dominic was a wizard at heart and always would be. One of the reasons he was a practising Wiccan, was so that he could stay as close to magic as he possibly could. He did not care
that some of his colleagues at the hospital did not like the Wiccan Pentacle he insisted on wearing around his neck. Also, Dominic kept two miniature Wiccan statues in his office, of the Horned god and the Moon goddess, and he could not resist scaring his colleagues by telling them if they broke these statues out of disapproval, the wrath of Odin and Frigga would surely come upon them. He knew this was not true as Wicca was a peaceful religion, but he hated the way people would judge him because of a life he chose to follow. The strange thing about this was, he had been told some years back by Drizella’s mother Cassandra, who he called Aunty Cass, that his eyes had a way of making people listen to him if he so desired it.

She had told him, “When I look into your eyes, Dom, I see things I can’t explain. When you are angry, I see fire in them; when you are calm, your eyes show such serenity, which makes me calm too. When you are trying to reassure me not to worry, your eyes tell me everything is going to be all right.”

The words this exceptional witch had said to him, made him feel that he could have power over his haters at work if he so wished, just by talking to them and gazing right into their eyes.

Of course, none of his colleagues at the hospital knew of his past, and he wanted to keep it that way. A lot of them saw Dominic as being eccentric, but they could not complain, as most of the patients liked him and he was in fact a good doctor. There were however, some who Dominic felt did not like him, and so he made sure that he kept them on their toes at all times. He really could not believe sometimes, that gazing into someone’s eyes actually had the desired effect, and if that person really was giving him grief, he would always do the staring trick and it worked every time.

As Dominic relaxed on his sofa while still waiting for Athena the owl, he began to calm down. He did not want his anger to get the better of him anymore, often he told Drizella that she was lucky he was a squib, or he would hex her for being such an annoying know it all. He was going to find out where Mick and Dave had moved to, if Drizella would not tell him, he would ask Andrew for help. He was going to be in on Mick’s pregnancy, whether Drizella liked it or not.
Chapter 12

Chapter twelve

Dave snuggled close to a sleeping Mick and sighed. It was four-thirty am, and Mick had only got back to sleep half an hour ago, after waking up in terrible pain.

The healer they saw, had explained that this was a normal thing to happen in a male pregnancy at around six months. There was nothing to do but put up with it until the magic within Mick had done it’s job, to ensure his body was ready to bring the baby into the world.

Dave found it very hard to see the man he loved going through such agony, which sometimes was so bad that Mick would cry in pain.

When Mick had woken up at around three thirty-five, he had woken up Dave, who found his lover on the floor, writhing in pain with tears streaming down his face. Mick’s face had been so pale, and it had taken Dave a good five minutes to get Mick back into bed.

Mick really hated the taste of the prescribed potion, so Dave tried massaging him with oil Drizella had recommended to see if that would help a little. It helped Mick to relax, and Dave talking to him in soothing tones stopped Mick from crying. After massaging his stomach and hips for fifteen minutes however, Mick was still in a great deal of pain, so he asked Dave to get the potion, as it seemed to help him sleep.

Dave lay quietly, stroking Mick’s hair. He thought to himself of all the bizarre things that had happened to them both in the past few months. He still found it so hard to believe that this whole thing was not a dream; the fact he was going to be a father, and Mick was the one carrying his child, really did take some getting used to.

Dave listened to his lover’s gentle breathing; Mick looked so peaceful and Dave hoped he would sleep for a fair few hours into the morning, to make up for the pain that had disturbed his sleep in the night.

Poor Mick would probably lose enough sleep once the baby was here.

Dave then began thinking of how they needed to get a cot for the baby. In his head, there were so many things that still needed to be done before this baby arrived. To begin with, as they knew they were having a girl, they needed to get some pretty little clothes. As the child was due on Dave’s birthday, which was in February, it would still be cold. Dave was thinking of hats, little pink cardigans, bootees and blankets.

As Dave lay beside a sleeping Mick, he pictured their little one being pushed in her pram by the sea front in her little pink bonnet, with big blue eyes smiling up at him. Dave wondered who she would take after, him or Mick? Perhaps she would be across between the two of them, maybe with Mick’s beautiful dark green eyes and Dave’s mouth. He hoped to goodness she would look nothing like her uncle Ray...that suddenly made Dave think!

Oh boy, Dave thought. What the hell am I going to say to Ray? It’s one thing to tell him that I’m going to be a father, but when he finds out Mick is the one carrying my baby, what is he going to say? What is he going to do? Will he still love his little niece? Or will he want nothing to do with
Then of course, there was Dave’s family. How would they react? Would his mum and dad accept their grandchild?

Dave lay there in the dark; all he could hear was Mick’s gentle breathing. He snuggled close to Mick, who felt so warm. Dave pulled the blankets over them both, and put his arm around Mick. He gently placed a hand on Mick’s bump to see if he could feel their baby daughter moving; Mick often said the baby seemed to be most active when he was lying still and trying to have a rest.

Dave kept still to see if the little one would move for him now; he was not disappointed. His hand felt a couple of tiny kicks. Dave waited to see if the baby would move a little more for her daddy, but she did not seem to be very active; perhaps she was asleep. Dave wished he could be asleep just like Mick and the baby, but so many thoughts were going through his mind at once, and not all of them were good thoughts.

Dave was kept awake for at least another hour because of the worries he had about his family’s reactions to this most unheard of pregnancy. Then he came to realise that it was not just his family he needed to worry about; there was also the band, his music career and the band’s image too. Dave knew that he and Mick were already under suspicion anyway, with the lack of women in their lives, and the fact they had been sharing a flat for so long. However, they had now moved away into a beautiful cottage, apparently among people who would accept their relationship.

Dave was still freaked out by the idea that they were living among witches and wizards, because if and when he met some of them, what would they be like? He remembered Drizella warning him, that he needed to be wary of one or two of them who lived nearby, but that most of them in that area were lovely. Still, Dave knew that he needed to make a new start in his life with Mick, and that no place they lived in would ever be perfect.

He was by no means in any rush to meet any of his nearby neighbours just yet; they were both still settling in to the new place and still adjusting to their new life and so far they had both agreed to keep themselves to themselves.

Dave lay thinking of what they were going to do about the band before the baby was born; he knew they would have to come clean because otherwise, how were they to get out of the upcoming tour that had been planned for early the following year?

Dave knew that Mick was reluctant to talk about it, but it really had to be discussed and soon. The baby was due in less than three months, which really did not give them much time.

Dave soon began drifting off to sleep, but as he was doing so, he decided there and then that he was going to tell Ray, Pete, their managers and his parents that he was going to become a father.

They were to travel to London very soon to spend time at Ray’s house, discussing their tour and about the songs that were going to be played at each concert. He would speak to Mick about this tomorrow as soon as he could catch his lover in a good mood.

“ARE YOU NUTS??!!” Mick exclaimed the next day, when Dave brought up the subject.

“No Mick I’m not,” Dave answered with an exasperated sigh. “I was thinking about this as I was laying in bed. You know, after you had your bad pains that kept us both awake. I’ve been thinking about this for a while, and I just have to tell someone that I’m going to be a dad. I’m not hiding my
baby daughter away from the world!”

“It’s my daughter too!” Mick argued back. “We’ve been through this Dave and I thought we decided it was best to…”

“Best to what Mick?” Dave asked, making frustrated movements with his hands. “Wait right up until the last minute when this baby’s about to come out? I don’t think so somehow. Anyway I thought you said you wanted to get out of the tour; after all you are going to be heavily pregnant when the time comes, and you could drop at any minute.”

“That’s where you’re wrong,” Mick replied. “The baby is more than likely to be delivered a few weeks before the due date; you know I’m having a caesarean.”

The couple were sitting at the kitchen table at eleven o’clock that morning, having a late breakfast as they had slept in. Dave was dressed, because he had got straight into the shower when they both woke up and realised they had slept late. Mick however, was still in his pyjamas and dressing gown as the baby was taking so much energy out of him, and he just did not want to be bothered with anything at all that day.

When Dave had brought up the subject once again, of them coming clean about their relationship and their unborn baby; Mick was not happy.

Deep down, Mick felt that perhaps he was being unreasonable in a way, as how could they hide this situation for much longer? It was inevitable that someone he did not trust was going to find out everything sooner or later. The list of people Mick did not trust were as long as his arm. Among these people were Robert Wace, Dave’s parents...and most of the Davies family.

Mick found Pete and Grenville to be the kindest of all of them. As for the rest, sure he got on all right with them and he stayed on their right side, but he was afraid of their reactions and what they would do when they found out?

The couple continued to argue.

“Yeah but are you sure you’re having a caesarean?” Dave queried. “Weren’t we told that because your body is changing, that you might be capable of giving birth naturally?”

“I am NOT giving birth naturally Dave!” Mick hissed. “You even pointed this out to that healer guy we saw didn’t you?”

“Yeah but do we have a choice if they look at you and decide you should try and give birth naturally?” Dave argued.

“Look, we’re going off the subject a little,” Mick pointed out, before he suddenly grabbed his stomach and winced in pain, causing Dave to become very concerned.

“Mick, are you all right?” Dave gasped, kneeling down to Mick’s level and putting his arm around him.

Mick sat with his head down on the table, gripping it tightly with one hand and holding his stomach with the other. Dave could see from the expression on his face that Mick was in terrible pain and it frightened him; he was unsure if the healer had been right about the pains being normal. Mick’s face would become so pale, and sometimes he looked as though he was struggling to breathe.

Dave rubbed Mick’s back soothingly and stroked his hair, but this did not take away the pain.
“Shall I get you some of that potion my darling?” Dave asked gently.

Mick could not speak, all he could do was nod. The pain was not just in his back, hips and stomach anymore; he felt this agony all over his body and the pain sometimes got so terrible that he would have done anything to stop it, even kill himself if that was what it took.

Dave quickly ran to the cupboard where the potion was kept, and quickly poured the amount that was needed into the goblet that had come with it.

Even the goblet gave Dave the creeps, but if it helped his darling Mick then that did not matter. He quickly brought it back to Mick, who had still not moved from the position he was in. Dave placed the full goblet on the table and lifted Mick into a sitting position; Dave noticed how any kind of movement seemed painful to Mick whenever he was suffering with these pains. When Mick let out a cry of pain at being made to sit up, Dave wondered if he should take Mick back to the healer or mention it to Drizella on her next visit; he was not convinced that this was normal, even if they had been told it was.

“It’s okay Mick,” Dave said soothingly. “Here my love, drink this, it will help you.”

Dave held Mick’s head gently in one hand, and with the other, he placed the goblet against Mick’s mouth and told him to drink. After Mick had taken a few sips, he was able to lift his hand and drink it himself, which was a good sign as it meant the potion was doing it’s job.

Mick drank the entire contents of the goblet, made a face because of the extremely unpleasant taste, and then leaned his head against Dave. Dave held Mick in a tight hug and stroked his hair gently. He then helped poor Mick into the main living room, so that he could lie on the sofa and rest for a while. Mick still found it hard to walk, as the potion would only take the edge off the pain to make it easier for him to rest.

When Mick was lying comfortably on the sofa, and Dave had adjusted his pillow and covered him with a blanket, he said to Dave, “I’m sorry my darling,” and lifted up his hand to stroke Dave’s face.

“What are you sorry for, my love?” Dave asked him.

“For making things so difficult for you,” Mick replied in a weak voice.

“What do you mean?” Dave asked with a confused look.

“Well, you know,” Mick answered. “Like, when you tell me we need to make plans for our baby girl, like telling friends and family about her, and I don’t want to because I’m too scared of what they might say and do. But you are right, we haven’t really got very long have we? We need to talk about this and I keep trying to put it off because I’m scared.”

“I understand you’re scared Mick, my love,” Dave said soothingly. “So am I, and I can’t pretend I’m not. But we’re in this together, I’m here for you no matter what, and nothing’s going to change that. We have to explain to people why we can’t go on the tour that’s planned for the new year. We ideally need to get people together who need to know, to sit them down and we have to explain the situation to them.”

“It’s going to be a big thing for them to take in,” Mick pointed out. “I don’t think I will ever be ready”

“I know,” Dave agreed. “Nobody is ready for this if you think about it. You’re not ready to tell the world, nor am I. Just like I was never really ready to be a father just yet, even though I am happy that it’s happened, I was never ready for any of it. I bet even the doctors we have seen are not ready for
“So, remind me again,” Mick said with a small laugh. “Before I had those horrible pains, we were in the middle of an argument.”

“We sure were,” Dave replied, rolling his eyes. “I told you we have to start telling people our news. I was actually thinking of just telling them I’m gonna be a dad to start with, just to get them used to the idea.”

Mick frowned a little, “What, and leave me out?”

“Just at first,” Dave reassured him, then he took hold of Mick’s hand. “You need to remember that nobody knows we are together, apart from a few weird people we don’t know very well.”

“Yeah but...what are you going to say to them?” Mick asked, looking worried.

“Like I said,” Dave replied. “I’m just gonna tell them I’m going to be a dad, and I’m going to let them know where I’ve moved to, you know...just to get them used to the idea. Then, when they want to meet the one who’s having my baby, I will invite Ray and my family here and that’s when they will see you.”

Mick was not comfortable with his partner’s idea, he was starting to feel as if Dave was once again trying to take control and bring people to his home that he did not want to see. He had wanted to move away from London, and be with Dave in a beautiful house for a long time. Mick was not prepared to have anyone else over who would try to take over his life and try to have a say about what happens with the baby. It was his baby; he was carrying it whether Dave was the other parent or not.

Mick began to have thoughts of Dave’s parents wanting to take his child away, in fact he began to have so many irrational thoughts at once. Then he thought that even if Dave’s parents were supportive of their relationship, which in Mick’s mind was unlikely, he did not want Dave’s mother in his home trying to take over parenting responsibilities. Mick was not going to have that, and he wanted Dave to stop being such a control freak.

“Dave, I don’t think you have really thought this through my darling,” Mick said in a worried tone. “You can’t just have Ray and your family here and tell them that I’m the one who’s having your baby, you know what your dad’s been like with me, we’ve discussed this before.”

“Well...I don’t know how much longer we can keep this up Mick,” Dave replied. “All this secrecy I mean, so that’s why…”

“I don’t trust your dad,” Mick hissed. “Please Dave, please don’t let your parents come here. Why can’t you tell them next time you’re in London if you must, when I’m not with you.”

“Mick my darling…” Dave began, but Mick stopped him.

“Dave please...please listen to me,” he pleaded, and Mick looked so beautiful and crestfallen when he said these words that he would have moved a heart of stone; Dave was almost moved to tears by his boyfriend’s pleading. “Dave, this is my home and it’s my baby...well I know it’s yours too, but I’m the one carrying our little girl and you see how I’ve been suffering lately...really I’ve suffered right from the start. So please, I ask you...no, I beg you not to have any of your family invade our home…” Mick put his hand on his bump when he said the next words, “…our little girl’s home too. I don’t want people thinking they can come here and take over whenever they want to, not your mother, not anyone, please.”
Dave was not quite sure what to say to Mick’s words; he felt hurt that his pregnant boyfriend accused him more or less of being controlling. Really all he wanted, was to be able to share how much he loved Mick to all those people in his life he cared about; he did not want to hide anything anymore.

But then, their kind of relationship was illegal; maybe they should speak to one of the experts from St. Mungo’s, and seek their advice on what to tell his immediate family of their situation. Yes, that might be a better plan to begin with, that was what they would do on Drizella’s next visit, which would be just before they set off back to London again, where they would remain for about a fortnight. So Dave suggested to Mick what he had just been thinking.

Mick calmed down after Dave suggested speaking to Drizella, “Yes...thank you Dave,” he said, sounding relieved, and Dave was pleased to see that the colour was coming back into Mick’s face. “Yes, why didn’t I think of that? Drizella will know what to do, we should ask her about letting people know of our situation, after all, we can’t just drop out of the tour for no reason can we?”

“Hey, let’s worry about all this some other time,” Dave said, gently brushing a strand of Mick’s hair away from his eyes. “After all, that Drizella person comes to visit you just before we leave for London; we will tell her what we plan to do.”

“I do love you Dave,” Mick murmured with love in his eyes. “You do know that don’t you? Please don’t ever doubt that.”

“I’ve never doubted that for a second my darling,” Dave replied, stroking Mick’s face. “I love you more than anything else in the world, more than anyone. You and this baby are the most important people to me, don’t ever doubt that. I always want to do right by you both.”

“I know, and you will,” Mick smiled. “But you know how worried I get and you understand my qualms about your…”

“About my family?” Dave guessed, raising his eyebrows. “Yes I do understand, I promise I will never do anything to make you unhappy, and if that means my family aren’t allowed to come here for a while, then so be it.”

“Oh I’m not saying they can’t come, but…”

“I know what you mean,” Dave reassured Mick. “And I agree with you, I won’t allow my mother to try and take over raising our child; it’s our job to do that, but still, she will want to see her granddaughter one day, and so will my dad, you do understand that don’t you?”

“Yes, of course,” Mick agreed. “I mean, I have no family, and our little girl has a right to see other members of her family.”

“But don’t worry,” Dave stressed. “I will make sure they accept our relationship before they can see her, that is one thing that must be so. If they want to see this baby, they have to see you too and accept you.”

“You mean that?” Mick asked in surprise. “You really would put me first?”

“Your feelings, and you and the baby are the most important things to me,” Dave said. “You will always come first, if my family can’t accept you, then that’s their problem, not yours or mine.”

Mick smiled lovingly at what Dave had just said, “Kiss me,” he begged.

Without a moment’s hesitation, Dave leaned in and gently planted a kiss on Mick’s beautiful lips; it
had actually been a while since they had kissed properly with Mick having been so ill, but now, Dave wanted to make the most of this kiss before Mick had one of his painful attacks again.

Dave relished in this loving and sweet kiss, Mick’s mouth tasted of sugar and other sweet things; kissing Mick had always been one of Dave’s favourite pastimes. He gently slid the tip of his tongue inside Mick’s beautiful mouth.

Mick took hold of Dave’s head and lovingly ran his fingers through his lover’s long, dark hair; while he was feeling relaxed and happy, Mick wanted to enjoy this intimate moment while he could.

When they finally broke away from their passionate kiss, Dave smiled lovingly at his pregnant partner, stroked Mick’s hair tenderly and looked into his beautiful eyes. Mick lay there looking up at Dave, loving his kind face and gentle touch, something he could not do without right now.

“I love you Dave,” Mick murmured, in a dreamlike manner.

“I love you too my darling,” Dave replied. “Never doubt that.”

Mick suddenly felt the baby kicking again, and it was wonderful to feel. He took hold of Dave’s hand and placed it on his bump where he had felt the sudden movements, they had felt the baby moving a fair few times since they had moved into their new home, but this was the first time that morning. Dave loved to feel his daughter moving around inside Mick, this baby was the biggest miracle since Jesus, and Dave could not wait to meet her.
Chapter thirteen

A few weeks later, the couple found themselves at the home of Dave’s brother, Ray, along with Pete and their managers, Robert Wace and Grenville Collins.

Mick was beginning to feel more self conscious each time he met up with the band, and was paranoid that any minute, one of them would question why he had got so big. Dave had helped Mick as best he could to cover up his bump with the baggiest jumper he could find.

Mick had certainly been in a panic that morning in their hotel room, and had been on the verge of driving Dave crazy. For a start, Mick knew he was going to be asked where he was now living, and how was he going to be able to talk his way out of that? Dave had told him not to worry as they would come up with a plan.

However, Mick’s bump was becoming harder to hide with each passing week and looking in a mirror, he noticed that his tummy stuck out, no matter how hard he tried to hide it. As well as the awful baggy jumper, he had to stick on a large coat to make doubly sure his bump was hidden. Looking in a mirror that morning, Mick knew he looked ridiculous but what could he do?

As the two made their way to Ray’s house in the car, they agreed that they would not say anything about where they were living until they were asked about it.

“I tell you another thing that may well raise suspicions,” Mick said, gloomily. “Don’t you think they will find it a bit odd that I’m in this car with you instead of driving to Ray’s by myself? I mean, we’re not even supposed to be living together anymore; your flat’s empty. Your sister knows about it, and she is bound to have let Ray and your parents know. I bet the first thing you are going to be asked is why the hell you never said anything.”

Dave laughed, which annoyed Mick, “Yeah, and I expect you are going to be asked the same thing my darling,” he said, affectionately placing a hand on Mick’s knee.

Mick rolled his eyes at his boyfriend, as infuriating as Dave could be at times, Mick adored him and could never stay mad at him for long. Mick was then distracted as their unborn baby made a few cheerful kicks inside him, making Mick smile.

“Ooh, that’s six movements she’s made today,” Mick said, as felt his bump, happily forgetting his worries for just that moment. “She is a feisty one.”

“Aww, so you need three...no, four more,” Dave laughed, putting his left hand on Mick’s stomach, before concentrating once again on his driving.

“Yeah, and there’s plenty of time for that,” Mick laughed, looking down at his bump and smiling at it lovingly. “It’s only late morning...oh wait...that’s seven, she kicked again.”

“I don’t think junior will fail to make ten movements today,” Dave laughed. “That kind of worried me when that Drizella freak said to count the kicks; you can’t enjoy your pregnancy can you? Not when you are worrying about how many times the baby is kicking.”

“I haven’t enjoyed it anyway really,” Mick sighed. “Too many different problems, horrible potions to
drink, and the worry of the wrong people finding out...every time the band meets, that’s when I can’t relax.”

Dave smiled as he continued driving along the country road, “Yeah but, look on the bright side,” he said. “You and I have a beautiful house to escape to when we’re not working. We can forget all our troubles and just be together, and you know Mick sometimes, when you’re not so unwell, I have enjoyed your pregnancy. I love feeling our baby kicking inside you, and I think every day what a miracle it is. Surely you agree with me on that at least, even though you are worried about so many things.”

“Yes of course,” Mick agreed. “That’s the good part of it, you can’t help but think on the positive side when the impossible happens, it’s so like a dream and sometimes I get scared that I will awake at any minute. That’s when I start to look on the bad side again, but I remember you are here for me and I know everything’s going to be all right.”

But everything was not going to be all right that day; it turned out that Mick had every reason to be nervous about meeting up with the band again. As soon as the couple arrived at Ray’s house, they both walked in to find Ray, Pete, Robert and Grenville sitting in silence, looking at them as if they meant business.

This did not put Dave off though; he pretended everything was fine and greeted them all cheerfully, “Hello guys, good to see you all again, so what have you all been up to lately? Haven’t seen you in quite a while.”

There was an awkward silence for a few seconds, which worried Mick; then to his relief, Pete spoke first, “It’s good to see you guys too,” the bass player said, getting up to give Dave a hug. “We really need to catch up don’t we; how long has it been since we saw each other?”

“Ha ha not that long really,” Dave replied. “Only a couple of months or so.”

“Yes Dave and what have you been up to?” Ray butted in, still sitting down; he was not going to get up and give his brother a hug that was for certain.

Grenville gave Ray a sharp tap, “Not yet,” he hissed. “They’ve only just got here.”

“Pete, as you’re standing up, why don’t you get these two a drink?” Ray suggested, and by ‘these two’ of course he meant his brother and Mick.

“Do you want tea or coffee?” Pete asked Dave, Mick was hiding around a corner not wanting to be noticed, but he could not get out of any hospitality, so when Dave requested coffee, Pete looked around for Mick too.

Mick knew it was hopeless trying to hide from them all, he would be wanted very shortly anyway, so he tried his best to behave as if nothing was wrong when Pete asked him what he wanted.

Mick answered, “I...I don’t really want anything thanks Pete.”

“Oh...you sure Mick?” Pete asked him.

“Well actually could you get me some water?” Mick was feeling a little thirsty, and sometimes water was the only thing he felt like having.

“Erm...okay,” Pete said, and Mick was not sure he liked the thoughtful expression his band mate had on his face, still Pete asked no questions as he disappeared into the kitchen to get what Mick and Dave both wanted.
“Come and sit down you two,” came the voice of Robert from where he was sitting on the sofa with Ray and Grenville. “When Pete comes back we have to talk.”

Mick did not like the sound of this, but he tried his best to behave as if nothing was amiss and did as the band’s manager requested, he told himself in his head to remain calm and casually walked over to the nearby chair, where he felt he could hide himself a little better. Mick looked at his secret lover Dave who had settled on the end of the sofa.

“What do we have to talk about?” Dave asked. “We’ve come here to hear some of Ray’s new songs haven’t we so we can learn to play them together.”

“Well yes of course you have,” Grenville said. “But there are a few issues we have to discuss first, but wait til Pete comes back in; we want to talk as a group.”

“Oh that’s interesting that is,” Dave muttered as he chewed on one of his fingernails, Mick could see that his lover was as nervous as himself, even though he knew that Dave would always try to be strong just for him.

Mick looked at Ray, who was clearly lost in thought, that was when a feeling of dread came over him and he seriously began to wonder what their band mates and managers were going to be discussing once Pete came in. Perhaps there was no plan to listen to and rehearse new songs, perhaps another kind of meeting had been planned instead.

Mick’s heart began beating rapidly as a feeling of panic came over him; had their relationship been found out? If so, what was to become of him and Dave? What was to become of the band? Worse still, what was to become of their baby?

Mick took deep breaths and tried to reason with himself. How on earth could anyone possibly know about his relationship with Dave? There was nothing to prove it. Mick felt calm again as he realised how silly he was being. Of course there was nothing to worry about, Robert probably wanted to talk about the tour they were doing in the new year, nothing more. Of course going on tour had to be discussed amongst the band, and of course there was the album they were planning to bring out next year, and Ray apparently had new songs to share which would no doubt be going on the new album.

*That is all they want to talk about, Mick thought. How could I be so silly to think of anything else?*

However, Mick was quite wrong. Pete returned with Dave’s hot drink and brought Mick the glass of water he asked for, “You sure that’s all you want?” Pete asked him.

“Quite sure, thanks Pete,” Mick said gratefully.

As Pete sat down on the floor by the coffee table, Mick noticed the bassist looked nervous as he took hold of his cup of tea, in fact Pete really looked as if he would rather be anywhere but where he was right at that moment.

Robert spoke first, “Okay now you’re all here, we need to get down to business. Mick, Dave, we have to talk to you about what’s going on.”

“Oh yes, well we know pretty much what’s going on,” Dave said, and Mick could see his lover was trying to be lighthearted. “We’ve been planning this for weeks haven’t we? Ray’s been working on new material, he wanted us all to meet so we could hear the new songs and then we’ve got to learn to play it together as a band, and I’m guessing that we’re including it in the next album I suppose?” Dave laughed, but he sounded nervous.

“Indeed,” Grenville said, looking awkward.
“Oh cut the crap Dave,” Robert said, with a slightly raised voice which made Mick feel nervous again. “Yes, the main reason is to hear Ray’s new material, but then it’s been brought to my attention recently that…”

“Robert!” Grenville hissed at his co-manager. “You promised you weren’t going to start world war three; we just want to ask them what’s going on, not accuse them of anything.”

“What do you mean?” Dave said, standing up and looking Grenville straight in the face. Mick tried not to show that he was as worried as Dave looked. “What are you talking about? Accuse us of what? Er...you mean me and Mick I take it?”

“Yes Dave,” Ray sighed. “We mean you and Mick, we’re worried about you both that’s all.”

“We just want to help you if there’s anything wrong,” Pete said, looking at Mick with concern, and Mick knew that Pete meant it well but the concerned look on his band mate’s face made Mick feel he had a lot of explaining to do, which obviously he had but how on earth was he going to do it? Dave had already worked out a plan as to how he was going to tell everyone about the baby, but it was becoming clear that Dave’s plan was not going to quite work out after all.

“I...I don’t know what you mean,” Mick said, feeling his heart beating wildly again and he could not help his shaking hands at all.

“Yes...can...can someone explain to me...explain to us what you are going on about? Dave growled in frustration.

“Oh for crying out loud it’s no use,” Grenville sighed. “We’re concerned for you both, you’ve both been very secretive of late and we feel as if you two have a secret that you feel you can’t share with the rest of us.”

“But we want you to tell us,” Pete said, and looked at Mick again. “Mick, you’re the one I’m most worried about you know. You haven’t been yourself on the last few occasions the band have met up, and how can we help you if you don’t talk to us?”

Mick looked at Dave for support, but the truth was, Dave had no idea what to say or do.

“Yes and Dave, whatever’s going on with Mick, it’s obvious you are in on it too,” Ray said. “And the way Mick looked at you now seemed to confirm it. So tell us what it is so we can help you.”

Dave had a look of disbelief on his face and Mick knew his boyfriend was about to flare up, especially as it was his brother who had spoken. Was another Davies fight about to occur?

“What the fuck do you mean, help us?” Dave growled. “We don’t need any help, we’re fine, Mick and I...”

Dave stopped himself then as he realised he had probably said more than he ought to say, but that alone seemed to be enough to make Ray, Pete and their managers think that indeed there was something going on.

“Talk to us you two please,” Pete begged. “It’s very awkward for all of us.”

“Yeah come on guys,” Grenville agreed. “We should all work as a team, there’s no reason for you to keep secrets from us.”

Mick felt very upset at being pressurised into revealing the truth to everyone about his condition, but he also hated having to sneak around with Dave and having to hide who he really was, should he tell
them now that not only were he and Dave in a relationship, but were also expecting a baby?

That was when Dave spoke up, “Look guys, has this whole thing been planned all along? Was this the real reason you arranged for us all to meet?”

“Not at all Dave,” Ray replied, with that calm and casual look that Dave had always despised. “The original plan was always to meet up as a band and practise on new material, but recently Pete and I have been concerned for you both, especially Mick.”

“And then they brought it to my attention,” Grenville added, giving Mick a concerned look. “They asked me what they ought to do about it…Mick, we are worried for you, are you...are you ill?”

“Come on Mick talk to us,” Robert said, sounding unusually kind. “Tell us what’s going on.”

“Oh no,” Dave said to Robert, looking the manager fiercely in the eye. “You’re not to pressure Mick into anything; he’s under a great deal of…”

Dave managed to stop himself and Mick’s heart went into his mouth as he heard the words his boyfriend just said; Dave was about to say more than he should. It was too late now though, as he had confirmed to everyone that the two shared a secret. Mick could do nothing but sit there in horror, his heart pounding as he knew that today he may well be forced to reveal everything.

“So you do know something!” Robert stood up and looked at Dave in a confronting manner. “Come on Dave out with it, none of us are leaving this house until you tell us exactly what’s going on, in case you haven’t guessed we want to help you!”

“YOU CAN’T HELP US!” Dave yelled in frustration at being interrogated and angry at his brother for once again sticking his nose in, he turned to Ray and hissed, “and YOU, YOU NOSEY CUNT, I bet it was you who thought of this idea to interrogate me and Mick. HOW MANY MORE TIMES DO I HAVE TO TELL YOU? Just because you’re older than me doesn’t mean you get to rule my life, it’s always been the same hasn’t it? You undermining my capability of…”

But whatever else Dave was going to say to his older brother, they would never find out, as they were suddenly distracted by a loud cry of pain coming from Mick.

As Mick was listening to the Davies brothers’ argument like everyone else in the room, he suddenly felt a very sharp pain in his lower abdomen that quickly spread to his hips. It was just like all the other pains he experienced only now, it was the worst possible time for it to happen simply because he was around people he was trying to hide his pregnancy from. However with pain like this, he could not pretend he was all right and there was no hiding anything now.

Dave was at Mick’s side immediately, with his arm around his pregnant lover and the rest of the party looking on wondering what on earth was wrong.

Mick writhed in pain as he tried to stand up from his chair; Dave tried to make him sit still but Mick insisted that he stand and try to walk, because at times, he found that walking about was better when experiencing these painful spasms.

“What’s going on?” Ray asked, looking horrified.

“It’s okay,” Dave replied. “He’ll be all right it’s nothing to worry about but…”

“Dave what’s wrong with Mick?” Pete asked with extreme concern.

“I just need...to go to the car…” Mick gasped as he tried to walk. “D...Dave do...you think...help me
Before Dave could do anything however, Mick collapsed to the floor in agony. Pete rushed over to Mick to try and help him up, putting his arm around his sick band mate, he looked up at Dave and asked, “Dave what’s going on?”

Dave was unable to answer and had turned deadly pale; he was simply unable to think of an answer that the rest of them would accept. Ray and the two managers did not know what to do or say either.

Pete held Mick in his arms and tried to comfort him, “Hey...hey Mick,” he said gently and trying to sound calm. “Mick what is it? Oh God you’re so pale.”

“I...I know what will help him,” Dave said suddenly. “He...he’ll be okay just give...me a minute I’ll go and get what he needs.”

“No...Dave d...don’t leave me,” Mick begged his lover. “I...don’t leave me alone.”

“It’s okay Mick,” Pete whispered. “I’m here, nothing’s going to happen...Dave what does he need?”

“I’ll be back in just a minute,” Dave answered, trying not to panic but the anxiety in his voice was obvious to all of them, Mick included.

As Dave disappeared from the room, Pete and Grenville helped a very pale Mick to his feet. The drummer was still in great pain, though the pains had become less frequent over the past fortnight, and he was hoping they would go away altogether very soon.

As Mick sat down on the sofa, he still had severe pains in his pelvic area.

Pete made him lay down, then Mick heard a strange moaning sound; he was in so much pain that he did not realise as Pete, Grenville and Robert were looking at him completely shocked, worried and horrified, that he himself was actually making this sound. Then everything became blurry, because as the pain became so intense, Mick was unable to take it anymore and for a few minutes, the drummer passed out.
Chapter fourteen

“Mick...Mick wake up, please wake up,” Mick heard a distant voice somewhere in his subconscious; he was completely unaware of what had happened and as the drummer opened his eyes, he saw his lover Dave’s concerned face looking at him. He saw the relief in Dave’s eyes, and then he heard other voices around him.

“Dave are you sure we shouldn’t call a doctor?” This sounded to Mick like Ray.

“I’m sure,” Mick heard Dave say, and then Mick suddenly remembered what had happened, he had been in so much pain that he had passed out, unable to take the agony anymore. “Mick, darling, it’s okay I’m here.”

Then Mick heard a very abrasive sounding voice which he recognised as Robert’s, “Did you just call Mick ‘darling’?”

“What’s going on Dave?” a less judgemental sounding voice said, Mick thought it sounded like Grenville.

“Just wait until Mick’s come to properly,” Dave said, still sounding to Mick quite echoey as he had not fully regained consciousness. “Then I think if Mick’s all right with it, we may as well tell you what’s going on.”

“I’m not sure I like the sound of it,” Ray’s voice said, and to Mick, his surroundings were becoming clearer now and then he fully opened his eyes and remembered what had happened.

Mick was no longer in pain, and he looked all around him, Dave and their band mates, Ray and Pete and the two managers were standing around him. Once they all realised Mick had come to, and they saw that Mick was trying to get up, he heard things like, “Hey Mick...it’s okay mate, you just passed out,” and “Mick, don’t try to sit up, just lay quietly for a minute.”

Also he heard, “What the hell is going on? This is NOT normal, Dave will you please just tell us NOW!” Mick recognised this as being the voice of Ray, Dave’s brother.

As Mick tried to get up, Dave tried to stop him, but in frustration, Mick snapped, “Dave, I’m okay, I’m not in pain anymore, let me sit up and for goodness sake we might as well explain all this!”

Mick sat upright on the sofa, Dave sat next to him, put his arm around him and asked him, “Mick, are you sure you want to do this? Are you sure you want to tell them now?”

Mick looked at Dave, took hold of his hand and said, “Dave, if we don’t do it now, we never will.”

Mick felt another hand on his shoulder, it was Pete who said, “Mick, I’m really scared, what it it? Are you...are you ill? Are you...dying?” Pete’s voice cracked at these words and Mick saw tears well up in the bass player’s eyes.

Mick touched Pete’s hand, “No Pete,” he said. “No, I’m not ill and no, I’m not dying, but what I’m about to tell you all is going to shock you so...be prepared.”
Mick stood up, Dave did nothing to try and stop his lover. He unzipped his coat that was several sizes too large for him, took it off and tossed it aside. He took no notice of the looks that all of them but Dave were giving him, he then lifted up his baggy jumper, to reveal a vest that was also larger than he would normally wear. However, it was not the vest that made Ray, Pete, Robert and Grenville gasp in shock, it was his bump they were all looking at.

“There’s your answer,” Mick said, almost in a whisper. “I’m pregnant.”

There was silence, none of them could speak, all they could do was stare at him wide-eyed in shock; apart from one remark, “What the f...uck!”

The silence lasted at least a minute, then Dave stood up and went over to Mick, and he pulled down Mick’s jumper. Then he put his arm around Mick’s waist and looked at them.

“I’m the father,” Dave said calmly. “The baby’s mine.”

Mick and Dave looked at one another and smiled, they did not know what was going to happen next, but the main thing was, it was out in the open now. They just needed to find out if they were going to get any support from their band mates and managers.

“So...so that was you they were talking about in the paper,” Ray said. “Pete do you remember...”

“Yes I do,” Pete replied. “But we laughed at it didn’t we?”

“So what they were saying was true?” Ray asked, looking at Mick. “You’re the pregnant man they were talking about? And we thought it was just a silly story that newspaper had made up, because they are always printing lies.”

“I have no idea what you are talking about Ray,” Mick replied. “We haven’t seen anything in a newspaper but what we are telling you is the truth, in a couple of months Dave and I are to be parents and you are going to be an uncle.”

“What we want to know is,” Dave added. “Do we have your support on this? Will you all stick by us and keep our secret...at least for now, I especially ask this of you Ray, you are my brother and this baby is your niece.”

“Niece?” Pete said sounding interested. “How do you know it’s a girl? Nobody knows the sex of the baby until it’s born!”

“It’s a long story Pete,” Mick replied. “But we will tell it if you are willing to listen.”

“Never mind that!” Robert said, suddenly slamming his hand on a nearby table and getting up. He walked right over to Mick in a menacing way, he looked so intimidating that Dave had to place his hand protectively round Mick’s bump. “I WANT TO KNOW HOW THE HELL IT HAPPENED! TELL ME... HOW?”

“Hey there’s no need for that!” Grenville got hold of Robert in a bid to get his co-manager to calm down. “Let them explain themselves Robert, there’s no need to get all threatening is there?”

Dave had his arm around Mick, this was one thing that also seemed to arouse Robert’s temper, but Dave was not going to stand idly by while the man he loved and his unborn baby were on the receiving end of Robert’s aggression.

“Come on Dave what’s going on?” Ray sighed. “How the hell can Mick be pregnant and what the hell do you mean when you say you are the father?”
Mick and Dave looked at each other, and Mick said, “Shall we tell them everything, about us?”

“We’ll tell them we’re together,” Dave whispered. “They’re going to find out soon anyway so we may as well tell them now.”

“What have you got to tell us?” Pete asked.

“Mick and I are together,” Dave revealed. “We’ve been having a relationship for...quite some time and now we’re having a baby together.”

“What do you mean?” Ray said, he also stood up now and looked just as intimidating as Robert had. “What are you trying to say Dave? That you’re queer?”

“RAY!” Pete said, looking disgusted. “Don’t use that offensive word!”

Then Ray suddenly lost it, “I WILL USE WHATEVER FUCKING WORD I WANT!” He shouted, this made Dave take a step towards his brother and warn him that if he laid a finger on Mick and put their child in danger, there would be trouble.

“WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU MEAN? YOUR CHILD?” Ray yelled, pushing his brother so that he almost fell backwards. “Why the hell should I believe that from YOU SODOMISING MICK that you actually made a child together? What a load of BULLSHIT!”

“RAY!” Pete shouted, also getting up to try and calm his friend. “Stop it NOW!”

“Well Ray has a point!” Robert butted in, angering Dave. “IT’S GOT TO BE BULLSHIT, maybe you two are just trying to find a way to make us accept this...this so called...relationship you obviously have going...and have been at it behind our backs for quite sometime haven’t you!”

Robert was pointing his finger at both Mick and Dave, “Oh mark my words I already knew, I knew for a long time about what was going on between you two, and you thought you could get one over on me huh? But you were wrong! I’ve been onto you both right from the start, but I didn’t say anything because I couldn’t prove it...but now I know...I know that…”

“Now you know...now we all know that these two clearly love each other,” Pete suddenly piped up. “Yes, I suspected it as well; it was obvious really. From the way they looked at each other, the way they were both so inseparable, and like you Robert, I never said anything because I had no proof. But unlike you, I saw two people who loved each other and had no choice but to sneak around and pretend they were just two mates sharing a flat. Now they have something wonderful together, by some miracle they have made a child together, and you are making out that it’s all bullshit?”

“Oh come on Pete,” Ray said in disbelief at what he saw as Pete’s naivety. “How on earth can you expect us to believe that Mick’s pregnant? Even if he is, I doubt that baby’s a human being.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Not for the first time, Dave squared up to his brother. “That baby’s your niece, you can’t talk about her like that, that’s MY DAUGHTER!”

“How the fuck are two men supposed to conceive a child together and also how the hell could it possibly be a girl?” Ray asked.

“Quite easily,” a voice said, out of nowhere.

They turned to see who had spoken; to the complete surprise of both Mick and Dave, it was none other than Doctors Andrew Bell and Dominic Lestrange, Mediwitch Drizella Churchard and Healer James Pridmore! What were they doing here at Ray’s house? How on earth did they know where to
“Who the HELL ARE YOU PEOPLE?” Ray shouted. “Get the fuck out of my house!”

“What...what are you guys doing here?” Mick asked, wide-eyed at seeing the people who had cared for him over the past few months; not that he was complaining because right now, with the way Ray and Robert were behaving, he and Dave needed all the support they could get.

“Who are you people?” Pete asked.

“Yes, not meaning to be rude but have you never heard of knocking?” Grenville pointed out. “You can’t just walk into someone’s house like that.”

“Yeah get out of here now or we’re calling the police!” Robert said angrily. “We’re actually in the middle of discussing something important!”

“Yes we know,” Pridmore said. “That’s why we are here, to protect Mick; we detected on his tracking spell that he may be in trouble, so we thought we would come to see what was going on.”

“Wait...what tracking spell?” Dave asked, confused. “We weren’t told about that!”

“How...how did you find us?” Mick asked. “Not that I’m not pleased to see you because right before you came, it was becoming a heated argument.”

“Yes we know,” Doctor Bell answered. “We are guessing from what the map was showing that your band mates have discovered your pregnancy.”

“Also I think you should have been informed that it’s the policy of St. Mungo’s to place a tracking spell on patients who are going to be under the hospital for the foreseeable future,” Drizella explained. “I think that was a team failure really.”

“Hang on a minute,” Dave said, clearly not happy with the unexpected visitors. “You mean to tell us that you can track our every move and you’ve done this without our permission?”

“Correction Mr Davies!” Dominic stated. “The healers placed a tracking spell on your partner, not you. Also it’s not so that they can watch his every move, it’s so that they can be sure he is okay, then if any emergency occurs, help can come.”

“Yes, when you moved to Wales,” Drizella inserted. “You agreed to have the fireplace at your new house connected with the floo network, that was so I could visit when I needed to, but also it was so we could get to you if any emergency crops up.”

“So that’s where you moved to,” Pete said. “Dave you never told us you were moving anywhere...and I take it now that Mick lives with you?”

“Yes he does,” Dave replied. “There’s no point in denying it, we have a new home together, and we’re going to raise our baby there.”

“You’re not seriously thinking of raising a child together, just the two of you!” Robert remarked.

“Yes...yes we are,” Dave replied defensively. “WE ARE RAISING THIS BABY, LIKE IT OR NOT. I...I never for a minute, not even in my wildest imagination guessed that this could possibly happen. Never knew that men could get pregnant, but it’s happened. The impossible has happened, by some miracle I have been given this chance to be a father when I thought I never could.”
“I am very confused,” Ray sighed. “Very confused indeed, it’s...this is like a dream, I’ve pinched myself several times but each time it’s hurt...oh my God...what the hell is going on here?”

“How about I make you all a cup of tea and we will start from the beginning?” Drizella suggested. “Mick, Dave, you had better sit them all down and you can tell your story, I will help you tell it of course, as will my three colleagues here; then we had better explain how we have ended up here. It was partly because we could see you were in the last stage of the changing process; the pain becomes so unbearable that you pass out, of course we didn’t want to tell you about that straight away because we knew you were under enough stress already, but it was in that book I gave you, you know the one called ‘Male pregnancy: A guide?’

“Oh yeah I did look at that,” Mick said, rubbing his bump. “But I never thought it would happen to me because I’m too...well a muggle as you all put it, not quite magical enough for any major changes to happen to my body.”

“When I gave you the magical blood test,” Pridmore said. “Your blood passed only just, but it seems you had more magic in you than we first thought, that baby inside you will almost certainly be getting a Hogwarts letter when she turns eleven.”

“But I did do a bit of research,” Dominic inserted. “It may not be Mick’s blood that is magical, it could be the baby that was causing all those changes in his body, to enable him to have a natural birth.”

“Anyway how about I make that cup of tea?” Drizella interrupted. “Mick and Dave may be slowly getting used to the idea but I think their friends are finding all this talk of magic very overwhelming.”

Mick, who suddenly had so much more energy and was feeling a lot better, helped Drizella make the tea, while Ray, Pete, Robert and Grenville were given calming draughts because none of them were willing to calm down and accept the situation was real.

Pete and Grenville were a little more accepting of Mick and Dave’s relationship, but were freaked out by the pregnancy, and by the new visitors.

Robert and Ray were the worst; they made unkind and bigoted remarks, making Dave angry and want to lash out at them both. However for once, Dave decided to be grown up about this; he knew his brother and their manager were the ones with the problem here and he was so grateful to Pete and Grenville for being so much more understanding and accepting, not only of his relationship with Mick, but of the pregnancy too, although it was understandable why they would all be so horrified and not believe that this baby was very much real.

When everyone was a bit more calm, Mick and Dave began to tell their story from the beginning. They told of how they had fallen hopelessly for each other and after a while, just knew they had to be together, but their love was illegal and it had to be kept secret from everyone. They told of how Mick became ill after they had come home from the Kinks’ last tour, how after a week, he decided to seek medical help.

They did not leave a single thing out and, surprisingly, their band mates and managers listened without interrupting once the calming draughts took effect. (Which Dominic would point out later).

They told of how Mick was found to be pregnant despite Doctor Bell checking with the lab to make sure there had not been a mix up, they told of visiting St. Mungo’s and the floo network, which neither Mick nor Dave had reacted very well to. They told of the magic they had found in the place, and how very much like a dream it all was.
Finally of their precious baby that was to be born in a few short months, the baby they had seen with their very own eyes in a pink bubble, and the pink bubble was what told them the sex of their baby.

Also Drizella, Lestrange, Pridmore and Bell gave their own versions of the story, which indeed lasted well into the afternoon and as the calming draughts wore off, questions began to be asked.
“Okay, although I’m trying my best to remain calm,” Grenville sighed. “I’m finding it very hard. I know I’m not dreaming because several times I have tried to wake myself up and several times I have failed. Just look at these marks on my arm where I’ve pinched myself so many times today.”

“Well you can stop pinching yourself because this is very much real and Mick most definitely is having a baby,” Dominic Lestrange assured him. “Though of course I can understand you thinking this can’t be real, as are the rest of you.”

“Even after everything you’ve told us,” Pete added. “From Mick being unwell and going to see the doctor to him getting a positive pregnancy test, and then going to that magical hospital and actually seeing the baby...I still can’t take any of it in. Even putting the whole male pregnancy thing aside, it’s the fact that magic itself is real that I can’t get my head round...although I haven’t seen any magic, I just find myself believing everything Mick says because I know he would never tell a lie.”

“Why thank you Pete,” Mick smiled and stroked his bump. “I hope you will accept this baby when it’s born, I so want you to be part of this baby’s life, all of you.”

Dave placed his arm around Mick and smiled lovingly at his partner, “I would love it if you will all be part of the baby’s life,” he said, kissing Mick gently on the cheek, which made Ray and Robert grimace at such a display of affection. “Also another thing Mick and I have been worrying about is the tour we are doing in the new year. I don’t think it’s a good idea for us to be part of it, you know with the baby coming, we need to postpone it at least.”

“Why Mick may not be able to do the tour,” Robert moaned. “But Dave, you’ve got to!”

“Why has he got to?” Healer Pridmore asked. “Dave’s going to want to have time with his newborn baby; you can’t expect him to abandon Mick so soon...when’s the tour planned?”

“Just before the baby’s due, which is on my birthday,” Dave answered. “And no, I’m not going on tour because I want to be with Mick every step of the way. I never thought I’d be a father with me being...but anyway I want to make sure I’m there to see my daughter born and want to spend time getting to know her when she’s here, I want to bond with her.”

“But what about your fans?” Robert asked. “Won’t they be disappointed when they see that half the Kinks are not there?”

“Wait a minute,” Pete chimed in. “You mean to say that we’re still doing the tour regardless of Dave and Mick not being able to be with us?”

“Damn right you are!” Robert declared, matter of factly. “We can’t cancel this one sorry, which is why at least Dave has to be there; Mick’s only a drummer, he can be replaced temporarily.”

“Only a drummer?” Grenville said in disbelief. “He’s the best drummer the Kinks will ever get and the fans will miss him, I know we shouldn’t cancel the tour altogether but...I think we should postpone it. You know, push it back a few months?”

“Oh yeah and what do we say?” Robert said in a sarcastic tone. “That the Kinks are pushing back their tour because the drummer is up the duff? Don’t think so!”

“I don’t care what you say,” Drizella responded to Robert’s remark by standing up in a confronting way. “You can tell them what you want but let me tell you, whether the tour goes on as planned or
whether you push it back, neither Mick nor Dave are doing any touring any time soon. You can tell them any excuse you want, that somebody’s ill or that your bloody rabbit died but you are not having your way mister!”

"Who the hell do you think you are?" Robert demanded. “You don’t get to tell me what to do, if I say the tour goes as planned then it goes as planned. Dave is coming on this tour and you, woman, you don’t get any say.”

“Oh come on,” Doctor Bell reasoned. “If Dave was expecting a baby in the...what you would call ‘normal way’ with a woman, would you still be trying to make him come on tour?”

“Yes I think I would,” Robert replied. “This tour is important, it can’t just be cancelled like that except under certain...circumstances and...this isn’t one of them. Come on Dave, there are lots of new fathers who have to be away from their kids, so be a man and...”

Dave stood up and squared up to Robert. “YEAH, WELL, I DID EXPECT AT SOME POINT TO HAVE TO BE AWAY FROM MICK AND THE BABY, but there’s NO WAY I’m going anywhere just before or after the baby’s born, or during the birth so I miss it. I DON’T CARE what other dads have to do. OTHER DADS ARE NOTHING TO DO WITH ME!”

“Hey calm down little brother,” Ray said, standing up and trying to get Dave to sit back down again. “There’s no need to get like that, Robert has a point!”

“What!!!!” Dave screamed. “YOU GET YOUR HANDS OFF ME RAY YOU...”

“Hey no need for that,” Ray said calmly, in a way which Dave always hated because it made him feel his older brother was being patronising. “Just sit down and we’ll discuss this like adults, I don’t like this whole thing of you and Mick being...” Ray trailed off as he tried to think of a way to explain what he meant, but he had no need to, because Dave knew exactly what his brother was trying to say.

“Me and Mick being what?” Dave hissed. “Oh...you mean us being together? Yeah that was what you were going to say wasn’t it? You don’t like us being a couple, you don’t like us being queers, you wish you could change things so that we are back to how things were before Mick got pregnant with my child, only you wish you could make it so that we were just two ‘normal’ guys don’t you? So it will save you the embarrassment, ‘cos it will embarrass you greatly won’t it Ray?”

Then Robert said something he would instantly regret, “It will embarrass me too and it will embarrass the music business greatly, you don’t seem to realise Dave that...”

Robert could not say anything more; before he was able to finish his sentence, Dave’s fist landed hard against his jaw. Dave hit the band’s manager so hard that Robert fell back against the wall and landed in a heap on the floor.

“DAVE,” Mick cried. “There was no need for that love.” Mick got up and tried to calm his boyfriend down.

“Yeah there was,” Dave said, shaking with anger, and perhaps with shock at his own actions. “He deserved it, he was being a bastard! It was just the sort of thing he would say too, but I wasn’t going to stand by and let him think he can get away with it!”

Mick was almost in tears, “Dave, there’s no need for violence, we can work this out without getting angry, please I don’t need this stress right now, I’m tired.”

“Mick’s right Dave,” Doctor Bell said, looking at Robert who was being helped to his feet by
Pridmore. “Yes, maybe that idiot over there did deserve a good smack in the mouth for what he said but, if you all talk rationally among yourselves, I am sure you can come up with a solution to this dilemma.”

“We already have a solution and that DICKHEAD won’t listen!” Dave ranted. “He just wants everything his own way as usual and he has no regard for anyone else’s feelings, and neither does Ray.”

“Hey that’s not fair!” Ray said defensively. “In case you hadn’t noticed, even though I don’t like the whole affair, I was willing to discuss this like an adult.”

“We still can,” Drizella said, then looking at Robert, who had a cut lip and looked furious but otherwise would live, added, “Perhaps you had better put something on that, Dave hit you pretty hard, not that you didn’t deserve it.”

“No I’ll be fine,” Robert muttered in a passive aggressive tone. “I just don’t know what to make of all this.”

“None of us do Robert,” Pete pointed out. “But there was no need to say those things, it may be hard for us to take in but imagine how Mick felt when he was told he had a baby growing inside him just like a woman does, I’m surprised he didn’t die of shock.”

“I’m slowly getting used to the idea now.” Mick murmured, rubbing his bump lovingly as he often did, which Dave always found adorable. “Even though this pregnancy’s been quite stressful and I’ve not enjoyed it because I’ve been so ill and in pain a lot of the time.”

“At least we know why you and Dave have been acting so strangely,” Grenville said kindly. “Even though this is not what any of us were expecting, even in our wildest dreams but...at least we know that you’re not dying of some horrible illness, because that was one thing that had crossed my mind.”

“I wish we could have told you,” Mick sighed. “I hated having to keep our relationship a secret, but trying to hide the baby from you all as well was even harder.”

“I can imagine,” Pete sympathised. “But it’s all out in the open now; there’s no need to hide anything anymore.”

“Wait a minute Pete,” Ray said in a tone Mick did not like. “Don’t tell me you are supporting this!”

“Well what do you want me to do then?” Pete asked.

“You can’t go letting them think that this sort of thing is okay.”

“Er, what sort of thing exactly?” Dominic Lestrange asked Ray. “Come on tell us. What exactly is it that you think isn’t okay?”

Ray was not expecting to be put on the spot in this way, in fact he was angry that someone was even debating two men should have a loving and sexual relationship, let alone raise a child together.

The revelation that it was even possible in some circumstances that two males were able to conceive a child together was devastating beyond words to Ray, because now there was no way he would be able to use the Adam and Eve argument to justify why it was unnatural and wrong for a man to love another man. He was also angry with Pete for blatantly accepting the whole damn thing as he was supposed to be a Christian, and as a Christian he was supposed to condemn homosexuality.

Pete was supposed to condemn people like this to hell, and yet there he was supporting Mick and
assuring him more or less that now there was nothing to worry about and that he no longer had anything to hide. How dare Pete be supportive!

Ray had no idea of how to answer Lestrange’s question, and so he remained silent, but luckily, Ray’s silence and awkwardness seemed to answer the question anyway, because Lestrange spoke up, “It’s okay, I know what you are thinking mate, you’re angry with your brother for being in love with a man instead of a woman, I’ve met your type before. You’re also pissed off that two members of your band are not the red blooded males you want them to be because you’re worried that your band won’t get nearly as much respect as you get now, and you just want this whole thing to go away. You want to try and change your brother’s mind...because you are convinced that it’s Mick who put all these ideas in his head about liking men. Am I correct?”

“Yes, my guess is...you’re pretty much spot on,” Grenville muttered. “Is he correct Ray?”

“What the HELL?!” Ray thundered. “WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW ABOUT ME AND WHAT I'M THINKING?”

“I’m just stating the obvious is all,” Lestrange shrugged. “I can read you all like a book; you two (he pointed to Ray and Robert) are not taking the whole thing very well at all, and are hoping that you are in some kind of a nightmare, and when you wake up, things will be as you want them to be, with Dave and Mick as two ‘normal’ guys who eat, sleep, play music, think about sex with girls and get laid as often as they can...maybe fight with each other. Whereas you two (Lestrange indicated to Pete and Grenville) are slightly more open minded, and are trying your best to be supportive, and yet understandably are struggling to take it all in and have a load of questions you need answering.”

Pete sighed, “Well yes, can’t deny you are spot on, you seem to be a very good judge of character sir.”

“Oh there’s no need to call me ‘sir’,” Lestrange smiled. “The name’s Dominic, known to close friends and family as ‘Dom’, and I’m a doctor. Yes you are right, I don’t like to brag, but I am a very good judge of character, I also seem to have the gift of making people listen to me just by looking at them, not sure why.”

“Yes that is very strange with you being a squib Dom,” Drizella laughed. “But then some squibs are known for their unexplainable gifts, though I have to say it is quite rare.”

“The point is,” Pridmore inserted. “These two are going to be parents in three months time and, as the tracking spell was indicating, there seemed to be a bit of a fallout at this place. As we know, the reason for that is, Mick has revealed his pregnancy. That’s not the only thing though, the map also showed that he was in some kind of distress, which was the main reason we portkeyed over here.”

“I was in so much pain that I collapsed,” Mick explained. “It’d been happening for quite a while, and we got told it was normal by the healer I was referred to in Wales where we live now. We didn’t quite believe him and I kept having them, even when you (Mick indicated to Drizella) came to visit, we thought you might be able to tell us different, but you said the same, that there was nothing to do but take the potion and put up with it. But then today it came on again, only it was worse this time than it had ever been, so much so that I passed out. When I came to, the pain was gone and I felt fine. It’s weird how I feel much better than I have done in months...I feel quite good actually, which is why I’m so worried.”

“It’s a good sign darling, trust me,” Drizella stated. “It means that your body has finished the final changes that are vital for the baby to be delivered. There will be no c-section for you Mick; you have a birth canal.”
“Still he ought to get checked over properly just to be on the safe side,” Lestrange pointed out. “Can’t take any chances with him not being fully magical.”

“Absolutely,” Pridmore agreed. “Mick, we need to see you after Christmas, at St Mungo’s, do you think you two will be able to travel there for an appointment?”

Mick looked questioningly at Dave, who nodded, then Mick replied. “Yes, I am sure we could.”

“Look I’m still not seeing it,” Ray remarked. “There are so many issues still to be addressed and I’m not satisfied.”

“Well they’ve told us the whole story.” Robert said while holding an ice-pack to his mouth that Pete had quickly brought him from Ray’s freezer while they were all talking. “But yes you are right, I’m not seeing it either.”

“What are you not seeing?” Drizella asked them both.

“None of it makes any sense to me I’m sorry,” Robert replied. “I can’t help but think it’s a joke...or a plan those two have come up with to try and get us to accept this so called...relationship.”

“Here we go!” Lestrange muttered.

“Well maybe Robert has a point,” Ray said. “Maybe Dave and Mick both thought that if they could make us believe that they are able to have a baby together, they might think that we would accept that they are together. Maybe they thought other people in time would accept them as a couple too, but guys come on, you know that’s not how things work. Mick, I’ve always suspected you were a queer, there’s no doubt about that, but you can’t go messing with my brother’s head like that. I should have realised all along what you were doing the moment Dave invited you to move in with him. You put it into his head that your way of life was better, but Dave, it’s time you woke up and started to put your career and your reputation first.”

Dave squared up to his brother once again, intending to give Ray the what for just as he had done Robert, “I’m going to prove you wrong once the baby’s born,” he hissed.

Drizella, Lestrange, Pridmore and Bell were actually laughing at what Ray had said because to them, it was one of the most stupid and narrow-minded things anyone could possibly say.

“Oh come on Dave, don’t hit your brother, he’s not worth it if he makes comments like that,” Lestrange said, barely able to speak with laughing so much. “Besides, how many heterosexual men allow themselves to be talked into having a homosexual relationship? Not many I can assure you.”

“Does that mean to say that if I took a fancy to you or Pete,” Mick grinned, addressing Ray. “Then all I have to do is talk to you and try and convince you to sleep with me.”

That made them all laugh except Ray and Robert, it also made Dave feel very proud of Mick for sticking up for himself and more in love with him than ever.

Robert threw his ice pack on the floor and made his way towards Mick before Dave could try to stop him, “All right Mick Avory,” he growled aggressively. “I think it’s about time Ray and I took you outside and taught you some manners.”

“I DON’T THINK SO!” Dave thundered as he did his best to protect his lover, who Dave knew never reacted very well to aggression and bullying. “If you and my brother want to take it outside you can do so with ME okay!”
“Didn’t we tell you that muggles make a big deal about this sort of thing for some reason?” Doctor Bell said to Drizella and Pridmore. “You didn’t believe me and Dom did you!”

Robert did not listen, “I BET THAT’S NOT EVEN A BABY BUMP!” He yelled getting hold of Mick’s jumper in an attempt to yank it up. “You’ve got a cushion in there or something!”

Dave pushed Robert away from Mick, who looked as though he was about to cry, “LEAVE ‘IM ALONE YA BASTARD!”

Lestrange took hold of the band’s manager and grabbed him by the shirt, “Look pal,” he threatened. “Do you want a black eye to go with that fat lip of yours?”

“Get your FUCKING HANDS OFF ME!” Robert yelled. “I don’t even know who the fuck you are anyway. YOU’RE NOTHING, JUST A FUCKING WEIRDO!”

That was when Dominic took hold of Robert by the throat, looked straight into his eyes and said, “Now you listen here, I don’t know what makes you think you have the right to go ordering people around and bullying vulnerable people, especially someone who’s pregnant. I get that you muggles are not used to pregnant men, I get that you don’t see that love and sex are not confined to a male and female and you are used to a world where a love like Dave and Mick’s can be classed as ‘gross indecency’. Indeed, it was ‘gross indecency’ that was the cause of Mick’s pregnancy. I know people like you are not prepared to accept when the impossible happens, but you are not going to be a cunt in my presence anymore!”

No-one expected Robert to say, in a very timid voice, “Oh...okay...I’m...sorry. It...it won’t happen again.”

“You’re damn right it won’t my friend,” Dominic said in a dangerously soft voice, then he turned to Ray. “So, do you still want to make trouble?”

Ray simply sat awkwardly on the arm of a chair, and shook his head. The band’s lead singer and songwriter was clearly taken aback by the doctor’s outburst.

“Right then,” Dominic said, with what seemed to everyone like a self-satisfied smile. “Problem solved, whether you people like it or not, Dave and Mick are together, they are in love, they are not just friends. They are also having a baby together and will be raising the child together. You are all welcome to be supportive and a part of their lives and the baby’s life, if you can’t accept any of it, you will know where to go. Any questions?”

“Yeah I have one,” Robert said, making Dominic roll his eyes; even after a good talking to, this man did not know when to shut up. “Even after the whole story you lot have told us, I still don’t get how it happened. How’s the baby supposed to come out of Mick?”

Before anyone could answer, an upset Mick stood up and stormed out of the room, followed by Dave. Mick could not take any more listening to people arguing about him.

“Oh nice one Robert!” Grenville complained. “You really do know how to upset people.”

“I wasn’t trying to upset him,” Robert sighed in exasperation. “I just don’t get it that’s all, this just doesn’t seem real to me, and I’m concerned for Mick, believe it or not.”

“Well it is real whether you believe it or not,” Drizella stated. “It’s not going away, this baby’s happening, and their relationship is happening too...in fact...no, I will wait until Dave’s brought Mick back to bring up the next subject.”
“Oh yeah?” Doctor Bell asked with curiosity. “What else would you want to talk to Mick about? I thought we’d just come to make sure him and the baby were okay.”

“Well yes, that was the main reason for us coming here,” Drizella answered with a thoughtful look. “But also there were a few other things...well, one other thing really that I thought I would bring up...not that it’s any of my business but...” The mediwitch trailed off.

“But what?” Doctor Bell asked, looking really interested now.

“Oh no Drizella,” Dominic gave the medi-witch a warning look. “They have enough on their plate as it is, you can’t go telling them they have to get married so soon.”

“I...I just...thought it might be nice if the baby’s born inside wedlock,” Drizella said, a little awkwardly.

“And I’ve already told you that it doesn’t matter,” Dominic replied. “Seriously, they both have enough to deal with right now, such as having to announce their relationship and Mick’s pregnancy to their friends, and Merlin knows how their families will react. Honestly, getting married can wait...at least that’s what I think.”

Doctor Bell nodded, “I agree, they have enough to deal with right now...I mean, same sex couples can’t even get married in the muggle world, so I don’t know what they will make of it if we suggest it to them.”

“Wait a minute,” Ray butted in. “Are you suggesting that my brother should marry Mick? Why of all the ridiculous...”

Before Ray could finish his obviously negative remark, Mick reappeared in the room, of course followed by Dave, and Mick had a book in his hand.

The drummer marched into the middle of the room, slammed the book on the coffee table and said, in a very overwhelmed and frustrated tone, “There, look at this book, it explains everything you need to know about my pregnancy. Perhaps you would all like to take it in turns to read it and then you will have more of an understanding of how it happens. Then you can decide for yourselves whether you want to accept that this is happening and support me and Dave on this. We’re leaving now because I’ve had enough!”

With that, Mick took hold of Dave’s hand and together, they left the house, leaving the rest of them stunned at his outburst, simply because it was not like Mick to get so worked up.

“Hormones I would say,” Drizella told them. “That, and stress, I er...don’t suppose he was planning on telling you about his pregnancy?”

“We confronted them both to be honest,” Grenville confessed. “We were concerned because they were being so secretive every time the band met up and both were behaving very strangely, so we called a meeting. They thought we were going to be looking at new songs, but in fact we wanted them to tell us what was going on so we could help them.”

“Question is,” Doctor Bell said. “Now you do know the truth, are you going to be supportive?”

“It really is quite a mess you know,” Dominic said matter of factly. “And to be honest, none of us have handled the situation very well.”

“For us, it began with a story in the paper about a pregnant man,” Ray said. “Which we laughed at of course.”
“Yeah well that was my fault,” Doctor Bell replied. “I shouldn’t have phoned the lab when I got Mick’s test results, that was the biggest mistake I made. I didn’t quite know how to fix it, I kept getting phone calls from people...the papers, asking me to talk to them but I refused.”

“Funny thing is we sent owls to each other at the same time,” Dominic laughed. “I wanted your help in persuading Drizella that I needed to be in on Mick’s pregnancy. You needed help in erasing people’s memories of that phone call you made.”

“Yes I had to face my fears in the end,” Doctor Bell admitted. “I couldn’t have that on my conscience, I couldn’t have Mick’s life ruined because of a mistake I had made.”

“Sorry we’re losing you now,” Pete said, confused. “We don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You tell them what you and Dom had to do then Andrew,” Drizella said. “I’m just going to go and see if I can catch up with Mick and Dave before they leave.”

The mediwitch left the room, leaving the two doctors and the magical healer to explain yet another story to Mick and Dave’s band mates and managers.
“Okay then let’s hear it,” Ray sighed. “How did Mick’s pregnancy make the papers?”

Then it was Doctor Bell’s turn to sigh, “Because when Mick first came to see me and described his symptoms, I thought it worthwhile to do a pregnancy test. I’m from a magical background and where I’m from, it’s not unheard of for a man to become pregnant through homosexual activity. I didn’t want to alarm Mick, so I sent him away with a prescription for fluid replacement because he couldn’t keep anything down, and I told him to come back with a urine sample. I should have sent it to St. Mungo’s I know that now, but my own anxiety prevented me from doing that because of the way the wizarding world had treated me and so I wanted nothing to do with them. Also, Dominic and I were not exactly on friendly terms and so I wanted to avoid contacting him if I could, so I sent Mick’s sample off to the hospital lab with the women’s samples to be tested...in the hope that it would come back negative...but to my horror, the test was positive.”

Doctor Bell certainly looked to the others to be thoroughly ashamed of the way he had handled the whole affair, and Healer Pridmore did not make things any easier for him by the next thing he said, “That was when you messed up big time Andrew; you phoned the lab to make doubly sure instead of sending Dominic an owl like you were supposed to.”

“And basically that was how the papers found out about a pregnant man,” Dominic added. “Because some idiot from the lab who couldn’t keep their mouth shut had to go blabbing to the papers about the phone call you had made to them.”

“Yes yes I know I messed up,” Andrew sighed. “But thanks to you and James here, we finally have it sorted.”

“What do you have sorted?” Pete asked.

“I had to sneak into the lab and erase everyone’s memories from the day Andrew phoned them up,” Pridmore explained. “Then I had to do the same thing at that muggle newspaper place whatever it was called...the Daily sun, Daily star...oh I forget but the point we are trying to make is, even though it was printed in the paper, everyone’s going to see it as a joke anyway and really, who would believe such a story about a pregnant man in the muggle world? No-one, not a chance, apart from you guys and you’re not going to be telling the world are you?”

“I would like to think you can all be trusted not to betray Mick’s confidence,” Dominic stated.

“Well as the band’s manager,” Robert muttered. “It’s not exactly something I want the world to know.”

“Well I suppose that can only be a good thing,” Doctor Bell replied. “Believe me, Mick does not want that kind of attention!”

“I want to be there for Mick,” Pete said. “And also for Dave because he also needs support; becoming a father is a big step as it is, but in this situation it must be...wow!”

“Me too,” Grenville agreed. “I’m happy now that we know what we’re dealing with, which was what we all wanted in the first place after all, and I’ve said this before, although this whole baby thing has come as quite a shock and it’s going to take a while to get my head round it all, I’m glad not have received worse news, such as Mick having a terminal illness or something like that.”

“What about you Ray?” Pete asked the Kinks’ lead singer. “I know this wasn’t what you wanted or
what you were expecting, but you are going to be an uncle, and Dave’s with someone he loves whether you approve or not. Are you going to stand by your brother now?”

Ray sighed for what must have seemed like the millionth time that day, “Yes you are right, I’m not happy about this and I’m worried to death about what this might do to the band, but I’m done being the bad guy. If Dave is happy, then I’m going to stand by him.”

“And you are going to accept Mick as well?” Dominic asked him.

This was where Ray went silent, which would have annoyed Dominic if Grenville had not spoken up. “Of course, we are here for both of them...aren’t we Robert?”

Robert frowned at his co-manager’s stern expression, but then seemed to admit defeat, “Very well,” he sighed. “I’m too tired to keep fighting with everyone; I’ve already been punched in the face by Dave and threatened by him,” Robert pointed to Dominic. “So I just give up now, if...if there’s anything I can do to help then I’m right here.”

“You know what you can do to help,” Dominic stated. “There’s to be no touring for the band any time soon; it’s to be pushed back at the very least do you hear me?”

“I hear you,” Robert murmured. “Message received and understood.”

Pete looked on the table at the book Mick had left behind; he picked it up, on the front it read, Male pregnancy: A guide. It showed a picture of a man with a bump, the man’s face reminded Pete somewhat of Mick, and there was something about the book that made him open it and really look, “I want to be the first to read this,” he said. “Then I hope you will all have a look; I might as well learn something if I’m going to support Mick.”

“I’ll be happy to read it when you’re finished with it,” Grenville shrugged.

Ray and Robert said nothing but both looked thoughtful, and Dominic could not tell if that was a good thing or not, simply because he was unsure of their intentions as of yet.

Still, the doctor did not know them very well, even though neither of them had given him a very good first impression, but there was still time to work on them so he decided to give them the benefit of the doubt for now.

As Dave was about to get into the car, he was stopped by a voice, “Hey you two hold on a minute, where are you going?”

Dave looked up, sighed and rolled his eyes as he saw it was Drizella, what did she want? He was not ungrateful she and her colleagues had turned up when they did, but at the end of the day he only put up with them for the sake of Mick and the baby. People who claimed to be magical or in any way out of the ordinary gave him the creeps big time, and he doubted very much that he would ever change his mind.

“Look Mick’s very tired; we’re going back to our hotel for some rest and then we’re going home, please don’t try to stop us,” Dave pleaded.

“Oh I wouldn’t dream of it,” Drizella said looking surprised. “Mick’s health and that of the baby is very important; why on earth would you think I would try to stop you going anywhere? I just wanted to make sure Mick was all right; I know how hard it must have been for you both to confess your love.”
“Yes it was,” Dave agreed. “We certainly weren’t planning on revealing the pregnancy either but I for one am glad we did. Putting on a charade was getting quite exhausting.”

Mick opened the window of the passenger seat so that he could hear their conversation and join in if he had to, but although he felt much better than he had in months, he was feeling quite tired now, so he hoped they would not be kept talking for long.

“I just thought I would come after you to make sure you’re both keeping well really,” Drizella continued.

“We’ll be fine,” Dave answered. “Mick will be fine but we’ve had enough today; we’re both tired. We’re going back to our hotel to get some rest and then we’re going back home.”

“Can’t say I blame you,” Drizella shrugged. “But why make such a long journey? I mean...didn’t you say you were doing band stuff? It seems you did not expect to have announced the pregnancy.”

“I wanted to tell people sooner anyway,” Dave sighed. “I wanted to tell my family I was going to be a dad.”

“I didn’t want Dave telling anyone,” Mick chimed in from where he was sitting in the car. “But we couldn’t hide it forever; I’m just so scared of what Dave’s family will think.”

“They can either love the baby and accept you or they can stay the hell out of your lives that’s what I say,” Drizella stated matter of factly, but Dave did not want to hear his family being put down by anyone who did not know them.

“Hey that’s not fair,” Dave said, looking and sounding annoyed. “You don’t know my family; you can’t go assuming the worst of them.”

“Can’t I?” Drizella grunted. “Well if you say so, but I am thinking of Mick’s welfare and that of the baby, I wasn’t seeking to attack your family. He is under St. Mungo’s remember and there’s a high chance this baby is magical, so the Ministry will want to know about her so they can protect her. I am sorry but if your family are like the many muggles who are under the crazy illusion that a child needs a mother and a father, I won’t let them interfere. I am not trying to go against you Dave, I am trying to look out for you. You want to raise this child together don’t you? Without anyone’s interference?”

“Yes we do,” Mick said. “So does Dave, he’s not going to let his parents or anyone else try to tell him what is best for the child, it’s my baby too and nobody gets any say what happens to her.”

“Well I am glad to hear it,” Drizella smiled. “Of course I don’t know your family Dave, you know them best and I know you love them but I am worried they might try to manipulate you and…”

“It’s not going to happen,” Dave raised his voice slightly. “Mick and I are the parents, no-one else, but I feel my mum and dad have a right to at least be a part of their grand-daughter’s life; I want to give them that opportunity.”

“Right so can I ask, when do you plan on telling them?”

“Well, the baby will be born in the not too distant future, so it will be soon,” Dave answered. “But Mick’s really nervous about me telling them.”

“As he should be,” Drizella said, raising her eyebrows. “You want me to be there when you do?”

“No that won’t be necessary, thanks,” Dave said, trying to be polite but feeling more annoyed with
this witch every second. “I can handle my parents on my own.”

“Actually…Dave,” Mick said, his voice shaky with sheer nerves at the idea of facing Dave’s parents. “I would rather she was there because…well…I know we discussed this but...maybe we should go and see your mum and dad now and tell them about the baby because...well Ray knows about it now so...we might as well let everyone else know.”

“I’ll go with you now if you like,” Drizella offered.

Dave sighed in frustration; he felt he was not allowed to take control of anything anymore.

“Look woman,” he growled. “It’s not that I don’t see that you’re only trying to help...I mean, hell me and Mick need all the support we can get but…”

“Of course you do,” Drizella interrupted, annoying Dave a little more each time. “So what’s your problem?”

Dave sighed and leaned against the car in an attempt to think of the best way he could answer the annoying witch’s question. “My problem is that...look, don’t you magical people have other things to do? I mean, you work in a hospital right, how do you find the time to go chasing after us to try and solve our problems for us? Have you nothing better to do?”

Drizella shook her head, “Nope! Well...I’m kind of meant to be starting a shift at St. Mungo’s in… (the mediwitch looked at her watch) five minutes. But don’t worry, I’ll still make it after I’ve gone with you to see your mum and dad.”

“How on earth will you make it in five minutes?” Mick asked. “Or don’t I want to know?”

Drizella fished something out of her pocket, it appeared at first glance to be a gold necklace, “You know what this is...either of you?”

“Umm...a necklace?” Dave shrugged.

Drizella shook her head, “Wrong!”

She gave it to Dave to hold, and the irritated young man sighed and looked at it reluctantly. As he took a closer look, he noticed that what was hanging from the chain was what looked like a small hourglass, it was very beautiful, but what was it’s purpose?

“What is it Dave?” Mick asked curiously from the passenger’s seat.

“An hourglass,” Dave replied. “But...why are you showing it to me?”

The mediwitch took the golden chain from Dave and passed it to Mick to look at, “Well your partner asked me how I will manage to go with you to see your parents and then make it on time to St. Mungo’s to start my long shift,” she explained to the confused couple, “There’s your answer.”

Drizella pointed to the beautiful hourglass that Mick was looking at with great interest.

“I don’t understand,” Mick said, looking at Drizella totally bewildered. “How does this answer my question?”

“It’s a time-turner,” Drizella explained. “Basically it’s purpose is to help people who have a lot of things planned but can’t get to them all in time, sometimes because the two things clash. So what you do is, you go to one of the places first, then when that’s over, you turn this little hourglass here and it transports you back in time so that you can go to your other appointed place. It’s what Dominic’s
been using to help you two as-well as doing his regular shifts at the muggle hospital; you two kept him pretty busy and so the Ministry of magic agreed to let him have this. But anyway, however many hours you need, say if you need to go to an appointment that was two hours ago, you turn this hourglass twice, or if you need to go back five hours, you turn it five times...well you get my drift.”

“Yes I think we do,” Mick said after having taken every word she had said into consideration.

“So Dave,” Drizella said with a mischievous smile. “Are we going to see your mum and dad or not? You can drive me there in your car, then when it’s over, I will use this to make sure I get to work on time.”

“What do you think Mick?” Dave asked.

Mick sighed, “Like I said, your brother knows now so...yeah we may as well go and tell your mum and dad while we’re here, but I am really scared about it which is why I want to either have Drizella with us or not go at all.”

“Come on then, get in,” Dave said to the mediwitch with resignation apparent in his voice.

“Excellent!” Drizella said excitedly, and without a moment’s hesitation she got into the back seat of the car.

Dave shook his head as he watched her get in, he wondered if there was something wrong with this woman to behave the way she did; she seemed harmless enough, but was really quite eccentric in her manner.

As Drizella got in behind Mick, she leaned forward and whispered to the pregnant drummer, “Hey Mick, can you keep a secret?”

“Er...sure,” Mick shrugged.

“I’m not really supposed to have this time-turner at all, I nicked it from Dom’s pocket,” she said, looking a little guilty. “Hopefully I should get back before he notices it’s gone. I don’t normally steal things or break rules...well that’s a lie because I’m a Gryffindor and we Gryffindors are known for breaking the rules just a little bit.”

“Gryffindor?” Mick said with a puzzled expression.

“Oh never mind about that, I’ll explain it some other time,” Drizella said with a dismissive wave of her hand. “The point is, I just want to help you lift a weight off your shoulder, because I see from your face the stress you are under, and I want to be there when Dave tells his parents his news, just in case...well, just in case I need to...calm them down.”

“I am more than grateful to have you here with me Drizella,” Mick smiled with gratitude. “Your secret’s safe with me.”

“What secret’s that?” Dave asked as he opened the door and sat in the driver’s seat.

“Let’s get going,” Drizella replied. “I will explain about it on the way, we need to get this over with so I can be sure the time turner works; I’ve never used it before but I will be in deep shit if things don’t go according to plan.”
Chapter 17

Chapter Summary

Dave tells his sister his news.

Chapter Notes

Okay so I'm not very good at chapter summaries or author's notes but all I have to say is I am very grateful for the new friends I have recently met on Tumblr who are following my stories and are always so excited to read new chapters. I appreciate any feedback but all I ask is if you don't like the way I write and that my real person stories are not biographical enough for you, you don't have to read them, I just like to write about how I like to see the Kinks and my main story, Love me til the sun shines is what I wish had happened with the band rather than what actually happened which in my opinion is nowhere near as cool...not that I'm saying that what happened to Mick was anywhere near cool but sometimes bad things have to happen which leads to something good if that makes sense. I am keeping the band's music the same though because their music is totally cool. Anyway hope you enjoy chapter 17.

Dave took a deep breath and nervously knocked at the door of number six, Denmark Terrace, the house he had grown up in. It was strange that he felt he had to knock at the door of the house he had lived in for most of his childhood, but since his parents had not seen him in such a long time, knocking seemed like the polite thing to do. It also gave him a little more time to think about what he was going to say to his mum and dad, after all he was going to be giving them big news, and Dave knew he could not hold it back any longer. Now was the time to come clean about how he was about to become a father, how he was in a relationship with another man, and that ‘other man’ was the one carrying his child.

Dave turned around to look at where his car was parked, he could see Mick sitting in the passenger seat, and it looked as though he and Drizella were conversing. Dave sighed; as much as Drizella made him uncomfortable in many ways, he was grateful that she was there. The sound of the front door opening made him turn around quickly; the person who had opened the door to him was Joyce, the only one of his seven siblings who was still living at home. Joyce was extremely pretty with smooth, sleek, dark hair that fell down to her waist. Anyone could tell she was related to both Dave and Ray; she resembled both her brothers the most out of all of the Davies sisters.

“Dave!” Joyce cried out, clearly overjoyed to see her youngest brother. “Oh my gosh I can’t believe it...it’s been months since I’ve seen you!”

Joyce threw her arms around her younger brother, and Dave accepted the hug. Joyce then looked at him with a confused look, “Hey,” she said. “Why the hell did you knock? This is your home; you could have just come in you know.”
“Yeah...that was a bit silly wasn’t it,” Dave laughed. “I don’t know, maybe it’s because I haven’t lived here for a long time and…”

“Oh never mind that, come on in,” Joyce said cheerfully. “We have so much catching up to do...oh and also Dave, I have a bone to pick with you!”

Dave followed his sister into the house, wondering what Joyce was talking about; usually when someone told him they had a ‘bone to pick’ with him, it meant they were not entirely happy with him. Joyce seemed cheerful enough though, and so Dave assumed that whatever it was could not be all that serious.

Dave shut the door behind him and took off his coat, which Joyce took from him and hung up on one of the hooks on the wall.

“How about a nice cup of tea?” Joyce offered, heading into the kitchen with Dave following her.

“Umm, yeah I’d love one thanks,” Dave was never one to say no to a cup of tea or coffee when it was offered.

“I’ll put the kettle on,” Joyce said jovially. “Why don’t you sit down because we need to talk Dave.”

Dave sat down at the kitchen table, wondering what on earth Joyce would want to talk about when he had things he wanted to tell her as well. She seemed so happy which made him more worried about giving her his news.

“Well that’s why I came here,” Dave murmured, then he realised something. “Hey, where’s Mum and Dad?”

“Oh, they went out earlier,” Joyce answered as she filled the kettle. “Visiting some old friends they’ve known for years, no idea when they’ll be back,” Dave’s sister turned to look at him. “Of course if they’d known you were coming they would’ve arranged to go out another time.”

Dave felt a little guilty and looked at the floor, “I...er, I didn’t know I was coming here myself to be honest,” he said truthfully. “It was a last minute decision really,” Dave looked at his sister, his heart pounding with nerves. “I actually have something to tell you.”

“Do you?” Joyce said smiling, she not once looked at her brother as she got two mugs out of the cupboard, then she looked at Dave, “Would it have something to do with you moving out of your flat and not telling anyone where you’d gone?”

Dave saw the questioning expression on his older sister’s face, and even though he could tell she was not cross with him, he still felt guilty, so Dave asked her, “So...is that what you meant when you said you had a bone to pick with me?”

Joyce nodded, “Yep,” she said. “Indeed, that’s exactly why. Not that I had any idea you were coming here, but I spoke to Ray on the phone this morning, and he said you were visiting his house with the band, so he promised he would try and get some answers from you.”

Dave sighed, “Well in that case I’m glad I came here.”

“Has Ray spoken to you?” Joyce asked.

“Yes he has,” Dave replied. “And yes, he got his answers, which is why I’m glad I came here so that I could tell you myself rather than having Ray come here blabbing to everyone about my business.”
“Okay well just a minute, I’ll fill the teapot then we can talk,” Joyce said calmly, and after she had poured boiling water into the teapot, placed a tea cosy over it and brought it over to the kitchen table, she added, “just so you know Dave, whatever it is you have to tell me, I won’t think any less of you, I promise.”

Dave felt touched by her words, but would not be convinced this was true until he had actually put it to the test, “Well perhaps you had better wait until I’ve told you everything before you decide that for sure,” he said matter of factly.

Joyce said nothing and poured tea into both their cups and handed one to Dave, then she handed him the sugar bowl so he could help himself to his usual spoonful, “Would you like a biscuit?” she asked her brother as he was taking a sip.

Dave was not normally one to refuse a biscuit, but he felt far too nervous of what he was about to tell his sister to think of eating anything, “No thanks,” he said politely. “I’m feeling far too nervous and it’s going to kill me if I don’t get this out of the way.”

Joyce said nothing and watched as Dave put his mug of tea on the table. Dave scratched his head in a nervous way, then he spoke, “Okay, listen carefully Joyce...I...there’s no easy way of saying this but...well the first thing I want to tell you is that...I’m going to be a dad.”

Joyce’s eyes widened in surprise, “What...really?”

“Yeah,” Dave nodded. “But there’s more.”

“Oh Dave that really is wonderful news!” Joyce had obviously not listened when he had told her there was more. “I can’t believe I’m going to be an aunty at last, but...wait, Dave you’re not married...” Dave rolled his eyes at this but Joyce continued, “Dave don’t you think that if you get someone pregnant then the right thing to do is...”

“Joyce it’s not as simple as that!” Dave said in a frustrated tone. “I can’t marry...”

“Dave I’m sorry but haven’t mum and dad always taught us that sleeping with someone you’ve no intention of marrying is not only selfish but also...”

“Again, it’s not that straightforward really it’s not!” Dave got up from the table and paced around the kitchen frantically, not knowing what to do.

“It’s...it’s okay Dave,” Joyce said reassuringly. “Whatever the reason, I’m sure it’s a good one and that your heart’s in the right place, but you are going to have to tell me everything because I know from your body language that something doesn’t quite add up.”

“I came here to tell you everything, to tell Mum and Dad everything before the baby’s born,” Dave said, still pacing up and down frantically. “Now I don’t know if I have the courage to, but it’s too late to go back, it’s too late to leave this house, get in the car and go back home so that you’ll never hear from me again. Joyce, I am going to be a father and when I first found out, oh God I was speechless because I thought it was impossible, I thought I would never have children because of...”

Joyce got to her feet and took hold of her brother to stop him from pacing around, because it was getting on her nerves and because she wanted Dave to see that he had nothing to be afraid of.

“Dave, Dave!” Joyce held her brother’s face in her hands and begged him to stop being such a nervous wreck. “Please tell me everything and I promise I won’t say a word until you have finished talking; I will do everything I can to help you.”
Dave sighed and stepped away from his sister, “Thank you Joyce,” he said, calming down a little. “Okay I will tell you everything, but it’s going to sound crazy, so much so that I have someone outside in my car who is there to help me if things get...well, ugly.”

“Things won’t get ugly with just me here,” Joyce reassured him. “With Dad...I really can’t say, but Mum...well let’s just say that I’ve confided in her about one or two things regarding...well regarding me.”

“Right,” Dave sighed again. “Then I will tell you, I’ve been in a secret relationship now for...well it’s been over a year now and we are about to have a baby together.”

“Okay,” Joyce nodded in understanding. “But can I ask, why the need for secrecy? Again, I know you must have your reasons, major reasons otherwise you wouldn’t be so paranoid about things, I can see how anxious you are to tell me, but you are afraid.”

“Oh believe me Joyce,” Dave said, trying to catch his breath. “When I tell you, you sure as hell are going to see why I thought it was impossible, and why I had to be secretive, and why I kept quiet about moving to Wales.”

“What...is that where you’re living now?” Joyce asked, with a thoughtful look. “And I assume the girl you’ve been secretly seeing is living there too?”

Dave looked at his sister, he knew now that he was going to have to come clean and there was no getting out of it now, “There is no girl,” he told her, looking Joyce fully in the eye and making sure she knew he meant every word.

“No girl?” Joyce asked, very puzzled. “But...you said you were going to be a dad...I don’t understand.”

“Oh I am going to be a dad,” Dave said. “Like I said, I know you were going to find the whole thing crazy.”

“What I said before still stands,” Joyce said after looking at her brother for a good five seconds. “Nothing you tell me will ever change things between us, you are my brother and I will always love you but...right now I’m worried about you Dave because you are just...you are not making any sense.”

“I’m in a relationship with a man!” Dave finally confessed. “I am madly, deeply in love with Mick Avory and we’ve been seeing each other secretly since...well a few months after he joined the band. Mick is the only one I’ve ever loved, the only one I can ever love, and there’s nothing that you, Mum or Dad, or any law can do to try and change that...and yes, Mick and I have been breaking the law, we’ve been having a sexual relationship and I don’t care...I don’t care. They can throw me in prison for two years, but nothing they do to me will ever change the way I feel about Mick, he is my life...he’s my everything!”

There was silence, Joyce looked at her brother, and Dave looked back at her, then he suddenly realised what he had said, “Oh...oh my...fucking life, have I just said that? Oh say something Joyce please, don’t just look at me like that.”

Joyce still said nothing and looked at Dave with a blank expression.

“Oh for fuck’s sake Joyce!” Dave almost yelled. “Even if you hate me for it, just fucking tell me to get out the house and I will go...or if you’re gonna call the police on me just do it because Mick and I can still get away in our car; like I said, the police or the law can’t do anything to change how I feel.”
That was when Joyce’s blank expression changed, and she did something Dave was never expecting her to do in a million years, she smiled, then she burst into a fit of laughter. Dave was confused. Why was his sister laughing? It was not a mocking laugh, it was the kind of laugh you would hear when someone told a really funny joke, “What’s so funny?” Dave asked, but now he could not help but smile.

Joyce was laughing very hard but she managed to say, “I’m...I’m sorry Dave...but I was waiting for you to tell me that for a long time now.”

Joyce went on laughing but Dave was very puzzled, “Umm...what do you mean Joyce?”

It...it was obvious,” Joyce said, still laughing. “The way you looked at Mick, the way you would follow him around. Dave, you’ve always behaved like a lovesick puppy whenever you’ve brought Mick here to visit. I knew something was going on between you two.”

“Well you’re very good at working things out then,” Dave laughed, feeling relieved that Joyce had not condemned him but also gobsmacked that she had known all this time.

“Dave, come on,” Joyce said, rolling her eyes. “How many men bring their male friends to meet their parents?”

“Umm...well Ray’s brought Pete here before,” Dave shrugged. “And I’m pretty sure that nothing’s going on between those two.”

“Yeah but that’s different,” Joyce pointed out. “Yes, Ray has brought Pete to the house a fair few times, but not in the same way you’ve always brought Mick here. They’ve both come here with their girlfriends and they’ve never sat ridiculously close to each other like you and Mick, and I hope you won’t get too upset when I say this but...well it hasn’t gone by un-noticed you know, just thought I’d warn you that when you haven’t been in the room, there were times when Dad used to make some really nasty remarks in Mick’s direction...I don’t mean he said those words to him but...well, he would mutter things and…”

“I know,” Dave said. “Mick told me, and I didn’t believe him at first, I fucking wouldn’t believe him and I even got mad at him for telling me but...well I know Mick would never lie to me; it’s not in his nature. Oh fuck, I’m not looking forward to telling Dad that’s for sure.”

“I don’t blame you,” Joyce said with a matter of fact expression. “I’m not looking forward to you telling Dad either, but...Dave, something you said doesn’t quite add up. You’ve told me that you and Mick are together but...how does the baby fit into this?”

“Y...yeah,” Dave said awkwardly. “Well that’s why I said you’re going to find this whole thing crazy,” he sighed, then confirmed, “Joyce...Mick’s pregnant.”

Everything became so silent that you could have heard a pin drop, this silence reminded Dave of the way he himself had reacted when Mick had first told him about the pregnancy, and Joyce was standing there looking so stunned that Dave pointed it out to her, “The way you are reacting now is exactly how I reacted, I didn’t believe it either. Believe me I understand why you’re speechless, but what I’m telling you is true Joyce, every word.”

“How...how is that possible?” Joyce queried, still staring at her brother in disbelief. “No...no wait…”

It was Joyce’s turn to behave in a flustered way now. “Why am I even entertaining the idea that this is true, Dave...why...why are you talking such nonsense? And where is Mick anyway?”

Dave smiled, “He’s outside in the car,” he answered, happy that he was able to prove to Joyce that
he was telling the truth. “Shall I bring him in?”

“He really is pregnant?” Joyce said, still understandably not able to believe this news until she had seen it for herself. “This really isn’t some kind of joke?”

“I will prove it to you,” Dave smiled. “I’ll go and get him, then you can see for yourself.”

With that, Dave turned and headed for the front door, leaving his sister still not knowing what to make of all this.

Chapter End Notes

Comments please!
Chapter 18

Chapter Summary

Now Dave finally tells his parents.
So sorry that I suck at writing summaries.

Chapter Notes

I am hoping to end this story in the next few chapters or so, though I'm still unsure as to how many it will have. This story has turned out longer than I thought it would and keeps making lots of different twists and turns but I kind of know how I want it to end.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As Mick waited for Dave to return, he was becoming more and more anxious with every passing minute, and his heart kept jumping nervously every time he thought of how Dave’s family were going to react when their son revealed their news.

“I can’t take this anymore,” Mick said to Drizella. “I thought he was only going to be a few minutes, and I’m getting so tired and stressed with waiting.”

“Hey, calm down,” Drizella said, soothingly. “Don’t forget, he’s giving them really big news, just about the biggest news in the whole history of the world if you think about it, and there’s also the possibility that he might chicken out of telling them altogether.”

“I have to admit, I’m not sure I want them to ever know,” Mick sighed. “Maybe we shouldn’t tell them after all, maybe I should just quit the band, go back to Wales and live there with the baby for the rest of my life.”

Drizella laughed, “Don’t talk nonsense, quit the band? Really!”

“I’m being serious,” Mick cried. “I just don’t think Dave’s family are going to accept our relationship, especially not his dad, and what if they try to take my baby?”

“Hey, they won’t be allowed anywhere near your baby if they even hint that you can’t look after her,” Drizella reassured him. “The Ministry of magic will see to it that they never find you; you’re on their protection register now...ooh...bet you didn’t know that did you eh?”

The mediwitch gave him one of her cheeky winks.

“No I didn’t know that,” Mick muttered with a deep sigh. “There’s a lot of things that you magic people are probably doing without keeping me and Dave informed...am I right?”

“Hmm...kind of...yes and no,” Drizella looked at him mischievously. “But I can assure you that everything we do is all in your favour, trust me.”
“I’m gonna have to,” Mick sighed for what he thought must have been the millionth time. “What choice do I have?”

“None whatsoever,” Drizella answered in a way that made Mick smile. “Oh...here he comes now.”

Mick looked out from where he was sitting in the car to see Dave make his way out of the house towards them; his heart leaped because he felt that Dave going in to see his parents was one hurdle, now the question was, had Dave told them everything? Mick looked at Dave’s face as his lover got nearer; he did not look unhappy so Mick only saw that as a positive sign.

Dave opened the door of the driver’s seat, stuck his head in and said, “Hey Mick, come on in, my sister wants to see you; I’ve told her.”

“You’ve told your sister?” Mick said in disbelief. “And your parents?”

“No, they’re not here,” Dave answered. “But Joyce is cool with our relationship, though she doesn’t quite believe me about the baby so that’s why I want her to see you, come on.”

Mick breathed nervously and stroked his bump, “Okay, here goes,” and got out of the car.

As the two made their way towards the Davies house, Drizella stuck her head out of the backseat and asked, or almost begged, “Hey I don’t suppose I could come in with you could I? It’s just that I’m tired of sitting in this car and...after all I came with you in case things got ugly.”

“Well things won’t get ugly with only Joyce there,” Dave said, reluctant to have her in the house simply because he was worried her clothing and hair colour might scare Joyce the way it had unnerved him.

“Oh please let her come in,” Mick begged. “I know she looks odd to you but she’s really not that bad, I think she’s quite nice.”

Drizella got out of the car and smiled gratefully at Mick, “Thank you Mick, it’s nice to be appreciated by at least one muggle, and Dave, I wish you would understand once and for all that just because I’m a witch doesn’t mean I’m up to no good. I’m here to help you...and I think, given your circumstances in the muggle world, you should know what it’s like to have someone prejudge you because of who you are.”

“I’m sorry,” Dave said, looking ashamed. “I am trying really I am, and I know you’re not the enemy, I know it’s my problem that I feel this way towards...well...magical folk but...I’m still getting my head around everything you know, until not long ago I thought magic was only in fairy tales.”

“And you also didn’t know that men could get pregnant,” Drizella pointed out. “But they can...at least in the wizarding world...but anyway, let’s not stand out here blabbing, let’s go in and see your sister.”

The three of them made their way to the front door, but just as Dave was about to open it, Drizella stopped him and asked, “Did you say your sister was called Joyce?”

“Umm...yeah,” Dave replied with a shrug. “Why do you ask?”

“Funny...” Drizella said thoughtfully. “I know a Joyce and she lives around here I think but...oh never mind, let’s go in.”

Dave made a ‘whatever’ face at Drizella’s rambling on, and opened the door for them all to go in, and when they were inside, he called out, “Joyce, where are you? I’ve brought Mick in to see you!”
“Okay, just coming,” her voice called out from the kitchen, and then Joyce came out into the hallway. There was no mistaking the look of complete surprise on her face, and at first, Dave assumed it was because she had seen Mick and his unmistakable baby bump, but then he realised her shocked face was not for Mick when she said, “Drizella!”

“Joyce!” Drizella seemed just as surprised as Joyce was to see her. “What the...why didn’t you…”

“Uh...how...how do you two know each other?” Dave asked, confused.

“Ohhh...wouldn’t you like to know!” Drizella answered, not taking her eyes off Joyce.

“I know it’s a small world,” Mick muttered. “But never in a million years would I have guessed just how small.”

Joyce never kept her sapphire blue eyes off the medi-witch as she murmured, “See Dave, this is why I said there was nothing you could tell me that would make me think any less of you.”

Dave noticed, as his sister was saying these words, her voice sounded shaky, as if she was finding it hard to speak for some reason...then it hit him! The sound of her voice reminded Dave of the way he himself struggled to speak when he was first getting to know Mick, oh the way Mick used to make him feel was out of this world, not that he did not still feel this way now of course...if Dave was not mistaken, his sister and the mediwitch were looking at each other like...two people in love. Surely he was mistaken...surely to God!

“You didn’t tell me you were coming Drizella,” Joyce said, still looking hypnotised by the mediwitch.

“I didn’t know I was coming here love,” Drizella confessed. “You also didn’t tell me your brother was the famous Dave Davies.”

“Well as much as I love both my brothers, and as proud as I am of them,” Joyce explained, “I get sick of people only wanting to talk to me because of them and not because they want to know me, that was why I kept quiet about them when I agreed to go out with you. I wanted to know that you care about me for me and not because of who my brothers are. I was getting sick to death of people who I thought were my friends constantly asking me to get autographs from them...that’s why I didn’t tell you...I was going to eventually!”

“Joyce why would you ever think I would only care about your brothers?” Drizella asked looking aghast at what Joyce had said. “Of course I’ll always love you for you, nothing will change that, and besides I’d never even heard of the Kinks until I met these two.” Drizella pointed to Mick and Dave, then added, “I’m not familiar with muggle bands.”

“Will you two please tell me what this all about!” Dave pleaded. “What are you two going on about...and please fill me in on how you both know each other.”

“Well, Dave told me his own piece of shocking news so maybe I should tell him my own,” Joyce said to Drizella, still not taking her eyes away from the medi witch’s own, and that was when Dave noticed that Drizella was looking at his sister in the same way.

“Oh...surely not...seriously?!” Dave said, half with horror and half with curiosity. “Please tell me you’re not involved with her Joyce...please, this is all I need!”

“Excuse me?” Drizella said, turning to Dave with a look of utter disgust at his never changing attitude towards her and people of her kind. “What exactly is that supposed to mean?”
“Yeah, what do you mean by that Dave?” Joyce asked him, sounding nowhere near as happy as she had been when he had first arrived at the house. “Are you saying you don’t approve? Drizella and I are in a relationship yes...I thought you of all people would understand that...you’re...you’re in no position to judge me!”

“Hang on have I missed something?” Mick asked. “Dave what are you saying? We came here to tell your family our news and you’re more or less frowning on your sister’s relationship? Seriously?”

“Ok...ok,” Dave said, almost as if he was trying to stop himself from hyperventilating. “I need to sit down.”

Dave made his way into the lounge and sat on a sofa, he looked utterly pale, as if he had had all the blood drained from him.

The other three followed him in and Mick hobbled over to where Dave was and slowly sat down next to his partner, being pregnant really took the energy from him at times and made it hard to walk and sitting down was sometimes a struggle too, “Dave what exactly is the problem?” Mick asked once he had got his breath back. “Why are you being like this towards your sister?”

“Yeah I would sure like to hear it!” Joyce demanded. “If it’s okay for you to have a relationship with your band mate and get him pregnant, then why is it wrong for me to be with a woman?”

Joyce and Drizella settled on the other sofa, their fingers intertwined together; clearly they had been seeing each other for quite some time.

“Yeah Dave seriously,” Mick pointed out. “Don’t you think you’re being a bit hypocritical?”

“It’s not because she’s a woman,” Dave sighed. “It’s just...you know...I’m sorry Drizella but I was hoping that once the baby had been born that I wouldn’t have to put up with any more of you magical people, because I’m sorry but you really do give me the creeps and I don’t know if I will ever be able to change how I feel about...people like you...fuck even that Dominic guy gives me the creeps...no, especially him!”

“What do you think she’s going to do?” Joyce asked. “Turn you into a frog?”

“Don’t put ideas in my head darling please,” Drizella joked with a flirty wink at her girlfriend. “I’ve already wanted to hex your brother many times, but I can’t do that without the Ministry finding out; they keep an extra close eye on St. Mungo’s staff for some reason, but hopefully I should get away with using this time turner for work.”

She showed Joyce the golden hourglass she had around her neck, Joyce smiled and said how pretty it was, then she gasped when Drizella told her that she had borrowed it and was not supposed to have it.

“Where did you two meet?” Mick asked with curiosity. “If you don’t mind me asking.”

“We met last year, outside the Leaky Cauldron,” Drizella explained. “We got talking and one thing led to another...after a few weeks that is.”

“Leaky Cauldron, what do you mean?” Mick asked.

“It’s a pub,” Joyce replied. “Well...for witches and wizards.”

“Where is this pub?” Dave asked. “And Joyce, what were you doing there?”
“I was standing out there wondering why I bother arranging to meet so-called friends who don’t bother to turn up,” Joyce explained. “When Drizella came out of nowhere and told me to cheer the hell up!” Joyce and Drizella both laughed.

“Hey that’s a great idea Dave,” Drizella said. “We should all go for a drink at the Leaky Cauldron, then you can get to know some magical folk and see that we’re not as scary as you think we are, believe it or not we are human like you, with just bit of added...magic.”

“I wouldn’t mind me and Dave meeting some of these people,” Mick smiled. “Dave does need to get his head round things, but maybe not until after the baby’s born.”

“It must have been a shock to you to find out you were pregnant,” Joyce said to Mick. “I mean...how did you deal with it?”

“I’ve no idea,” Mick laughed and stroked his bump. “I’m still getting my head around it now, as is Dave.”

“Yeah but Mick, you’re not being a complete twat about everything like my brother is!” Joyce said, scowling at Dave.

“I’m not being a twat about anything,” Dave said defensively. “But you must understand that it’s been hard enough to deal with Mick’s pregnancy, and even harder to deal with the fact magic is real and not just in fairy tales as I keep trying to explain, why can’t you understand that?”

“But if Joyce is happy for us having a baby, then why can’t you be happy for her?” Mick asked his lover. “I’m sure she must be shocked to see this,” Mick pointed to his bump, “but she’s being supportive and you need to support her in return because...I’m guessing your parents don’t know...about you two?”

“Mum knows,” Joyce replied. “Dad doesn’t and he’ll probably throw me out when he finds out.”

“Yes but as I told you before my darling,” Drizella said, stroking Joyce’s hair. “You can come and live with me; you’re too old to be living at home now anyway.”

“I know, I know babe,” Joyce sighed, kissing Drizella on the cheek. “But I’m worried about Mum; I hate leaving her with Dad when he’s so…I don’t want him taking things out on her.”

“So what are you going to do then?” Dave asked. “I mean, I was hoping to be able to tell Mum and Dad my news before I went home but…”

“What news?” An unexpected voice said.

They turned and saw that two other people had just arrived in the house; they were none other than Mr and Mrs Davies, “Mum, Dad,” Dave stood up and walked over to greet his parents, he gave them both a hug together.

“Dave, sweetheart,” Mrs Davies said happily. “Oh it’s wonderful to see you; why have you stayed away for so long?”

“Yeah, great to see you son,” Mr Davies mumbled, not sounding as enthusiastic as his wife. “But yeah, why haven’t we heard a word from you for months and months...and don’t say you’ve been busy cos that’s bullshit!”

“Fred!” Mrs Davies scolded her husband for his grumpiness and harsh words. “Don’t be like that, I’m sure Dave has a good reason for not being in contact with us, and he’s here now so let’s make
Mr Davies looked around and noticed Drizella sitting on the sofa with Joyce, who immediately got up and introduced her to her parents, “Mum, Dad, this is a friend of mine, Drizella...erm, Drizella these are my parents as you’ve probably guessed.

“A most unusual name,” Mrs Davies remarked, a little awkwardly.

Drizella shrugged, “Oh well,” was all she managed to say with an awkward giggle.

“A most unusual hair colour,” Mr Davies remarked on Drizella’s white-blond hair with purple streaks, and looking her up and down, he then added, “what kind of dress is that? Have you been to a fancy dress party?”

Drizella was wearing a long, dark green velvety dress which must have been quite normal for wizarding folk but to Mr Davies and any other muggle, she looked as though she was dressed for a Halloween party; all Drizella was able to say in response was, “Er...erm…”

Luckily, Joyce came to her girlfriend’s rescue by saying, “How about we put the kettle on yeah?”

“Absolutely I could do with a cup of tea love,” Mrs Davies agreed. “In the meantime your father and I would love to catch up with Dave.”

Joyce dragged Drizella into the kitchen away from her parents, feeling upset at her father’s rude attitude. They found that Mick had sneaked in there too while they had been busy talking.

“Mick are you all right?” Drizella asked the drummer, concerned when she saw him leaning against the table looking anxious and scared.

“No not really,” Mick replied, almost in tears. “I’m fucking scared to death to be honest.”

“We all are,” Joyce said soothingly. “I love my parents very much which is why I don’t want to break either of their hearts, but I may have to.”

Mick sat down and rested his head on the table, Drizella put a comforting hand on the drummer’s shoulder, “You’ve got over one hurdle,” she said kindly. “You’ve told Ray and the other band mate...what’s his name?”

“Pete,” Joyce said as she began to fill the kettle.

“That’s it,” Drizella said. “Ray, Pete and those other guys...your managers, we’ve managed to get them on side pretty much. Joyce knows, and it turns out she and I are together.” Drizella and Joyce laughed at this, and it made Mick smile a little but he still kept his head resting on the table. “Now there’s the issue of letting Dave’s parents know, then you can go home and get some rest.”

“I wish we’d never come here really,” Mick sighed looking up at the mediwitch. “I just want to go back to our hotel and rest...maybe we could invite Dave’s parents to our house after the baby’s born because right now, I feel I’ve had enough.”

“I don’t blame you,” Drizella agreed. “I shouldn’t be here either to be honest; I just wanted to offer you moral support. I sure as hell am going to be knackered when I finish my shift tonight, hopefully, this time turner won’t let me down and the future me is at St. Mungo’s now.”
“What happens if it doesn’t work?” Joyce asked with concern.

“Oh it will,” Drizella laughed. “But if not I’ll just have to call Dom and get him to help me out with it, he will kill me of course but...well I can live with that.”

“What if he refuses to help?” Joyce asked. “I mean, you could lose your job if you can’t make it work.”

“Oh he will,” Drizella replied, confidently holding the golden chain she was around her neck. “Fingers crossed though I won’t need his help; when I’m done here I’ll use this thing to take me back to the time it was when I left your brother’s house...oh what’s his name...Ray?”

Joyce nodded.

“That’s it then,” Drizella continued. “This time turner will take me back to Ray’s house and I will have about five minutes to apparate to St. Mungo’s, pretty cool isn’t it?”

“Well sure it will be if it works,” Joyce said, raising her eyebrows and looking doubtful. “But then what do I know?”

Before anyone else could speak, they heard loud voices coming from the living room; from the sound of it, Dave was having an argument with his parents.

They heard what sounded like, “For fuck’s sake Dad I’m a fucking adult; why can’t you treat me like one? You never give Ray this kind of grief!”

As they heard Dave and his father shouting at each other, Joyce groaned, “Oh no...why didn’t I guess this was going to happen?”

They heard more shouting and it sounded like Mr Davies was having a go at his wife about Dave, “IT’S YOUR FAULT A LOT OF IT YOU KNOW, MOLLYCODDLING HIM LIKE A BABY EVEN NOW...NO WONDER HE THINKS HE CAN GET AWAY WITH EVERYTHING!”

“EXCUSE ME...YOU’RE BLAMING ME FOR THIS?” Came the loud shouting of Mrs Davies, which made them wonder exactly what Dave had told them.

“OH I’VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS, I COME TO SEE YOU AND ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS FIND FAULT WITH ME DAD!”

The kitchen door opened suddenly and Dave stormed in with a face like thunder, “Come on Mick, we’re leaving, I’ve had enough!”

“What’s going on?” Joyce asked. “What’s all the shouting about?”

“He thinks I’m too young to be a dad!” Dave ranted. “I’m nineteen; that makes me a fucking adult.”

“Oh come on Dave!” Mr Davies had followed him into the kitchen. “You’ve done some irresponsible things in your time but this takes the bloody biscuit...you’re still a kid really and you’ve got your whole life ahead of you, your music career has always taken priority; how can you think of becoming a father yet?”

“IT’S ALREADY HAPPENED DAD!” Dave bellowed in sheer frustration. “And anyway you can talk, how old were you and mum when you got married? How old was mum when she became pregnant for the first time?”
“That’s exactly why I didn’t want any of you kids making the same mistake!” Mr Davies tried to sound reasonable but it was only angering his son all the more. “I hoped that you would have more sense and want to see a bit of life first!”

“OH MY...I’m not listening to this!” Dave argued. “This is probably the ONLY CHANCE I’m gonna have to be a father and you’re trying to take it away from me Dad!”

This made Mick feel uneasy! He was sure Mr Davies would want to know what his son meant by that last statement; he was not wrong, “What do you mean ‘your only chance’? How can it be your only chance Dave? You’ve got your whole life ahead of you, you’re still young, you’ve got plenty of chances.”

“Oh you’ve got no idea,” Dave sighed, not really thinking.

“Can we go home please Dave?” Mick said suddenly, getting up from the table and frantically trying to get away. “I’m not feeling too good; I just need to go home and rest.”

“And that’s another thing,” Mr Davies said. “Why is it that nearly every time you come here, you bring him?”

“I didn’t bring him last time,” Dave answered honestly. “Because he refused to come! I didn’t know why at the time but it turns out Dad, that you make Mick feel unwelcome.”

“Really?” Mrs Davies who had not said very much, looked surprised. “Why is that Fred? I’ve always tried to make sure that any of Dave’s friends...and indeed Ray’s, are made to feel welcome, so what’s the problem?”

“When did I say he wasn’t welcome?” Mr Davies asked, looking confused, but Dave knew his father was just putting on that look. “It’s just that Mick seems to follow Dave around like a shadow; whenever Dave comes, Mick comes...it’s like Mick has nothing else to do but follow Dave around all the time.”

Mick was lurking out in the hallway, hoping that both Mr and Mrs Davies would forget that he was there; he was afraid of how both of them would react when they saw his baby bump, so he thought he would just listen to Dave trying to reason with his father.

Mick wanted to go back to the hotel for a good night’s rest; he was feeling so tired and he just wanted to get out of this house.

“Why shouldn’t I bring him here?” Mick heard Dave demanding. “I love having him around; he’s the closest friend I have.”

“Fred if Dave wants to bring Mick here, there’s no reason why he shouldn’t,” Mrs Davies said. “And look, he’s not here now; you’ve probably scared him off with your shouting.”

Then Joyce was heard saying, “Hey Dad, why don’t you calm down and have a nice cup of tea, is there any need for all of this arguing? I mean, what’s your problem really?”

As Mick was listening and chewing his fingers nervously, Drizella came out in the hallway to join him, “You okay?” she asked with concern. “Did you want to go and sit in the car and wait for Dave?”

“I knew this was a bad idea,” Mick said quietly so he could not be overheard. “Why did I even agree to come here? I just want to lie down and go to sleep, forget about this for a while.”
Before Drizella could reply, they heard Mr Davies shouting at Joyce, “AND WHO THE HELL IS THAT WEIRDO YOU BROUGHT HERE?” These words made Drizella see red, after all, it was not actually her girlfriend who had brought her, it was Mick and Dave, and she had seen Joyce unexpectedly, though it was indeed a pleasant surprise because otherwise, Drizella would not have been able to see her until the following week.

“That’s it...I’ve had it,” Drizella hissed, and she began to go back into the kitchen.

Mick took hold of her arm and asked in a worried voice, “Wait, what are you going to do?”

Drizella took what looked like a long, shiny stick from her pocket and said, “I have my wand ready, just in case of an emergency, I knew it was a good idea for me to come; I’m very glad I came. I won’t have people calling me a weirdo like it’s a bad thing.”

“Calm down,” Mick said to her. “Don’t forget, Dave’s dad doesn’t like me either, and when he finds out about this (Mick put his hand on his bump), he’s going to hate me...and possibly won’t want anything to do with Dave. Trust me, I know how you feel, he’s prejudging you, but he’s always done the same with me, so we’re both in the same boat, so let’s just leave him to it.”

“Yeah you’re right,” Drizella agreed. “That man isn’t worth the stint in Azkaban.”

“Azkaban?” Mick asked, raising his eyebrows curiously.

“It’s a wizard’s prison, don’t worry about it,” Drizella said dismissively. “Yeah come on, let’s go and wait outside.”

As the two began to make their way towards the front door, they heard more shouting, they looked and Dave had come out of the kitchen and was saying, “Look, I didn’t come here to allow you to lecture me on what’s right and wrong Dad. If and when you decide you are happy for me, you are welcome to come and visit me at my new home; until then, I just can’t be bothered.”

Dave’s mother followed her son out, “Oh don’t go Dave,” she pleaded. “Stay a little bit longer and let’s catch up, you know what your father’s like, he’s...”

Mrs Davies stopped suddenly, she looked at Mick, who knew straight away why Dave’s mother had suddenly froze in horror, she had caught sight of his swollen belly, it was obvious that she knew this was not normal.

“You...you’ve put on some weight Mick,” she said without thinking.

“Mum you don’t say things like that to people!” Dave scolded his own mother. “What is it with you older people? Why can you never resist pointing out things about people’s appearance?”

“I’m...I’m sorry Mick,” Mrs Davies apologised. “I don’t normally comment about people gaining weight but you...you look...”

“Mum, with respect, shut the fuck up!” Dave swore, making Mick gasp in shock; he had never known anyone to talk to their mother or father like that.

“Oh Dave,” Mick sighed. “Give it up will you, just tell them I’m pregnant then let’s get going.”

“Beg your pardon?” Mrs Davies said, taken aback by Mick’s statement.

“What’s going on now?” Mr Davies said, walking out from the kitchen...then he also saw Mick’s pregnant belly, “What the...good Lord Almighty...how did you get so...
“Well are you going to tell them Dave?” Drizella said calmly. “After all, this is why we came here, to tell your parents the impossible has happened.”

By now, Joyce had joined them, “You may as well tell them Dave,” she said. “It’s now or never; you may as well get it out of the way because they’re going to find out eventually. It’s best to let Mum and Dad get used to the idea now...before the baby comes.”

Dave sighed, and walking towards Mick and placing one arm around his waist and his other hand over his lover’s stomach, he nodded, then finally told his parents the truth, “All right,” he admitted. “I’ve already told you I’m going to be a dad, so I’ve given you one shock, now prepare yourselves for a couple more. Mick and I are together, we have been for quite sometime, we love each other, and Mick is carrying my baby.”

Mrs Davies fainted.

Chapter End Notes

Any feedback would be much appreciated, thank you for reading.
Chapter 19

Chapter Summary

Mick and Dave visit St. Mungo's again and meet another magical healer, who tells them Drizella and Pridmore are under investigation.

Chapter Notes

I can't believe I didn't know when I first began writing this story how many chapters it would have, but this time I am determined that there will only be one more chapter. I hope you have enjoyed it but it was only supposed to be a one shot, it really was, however, new twists and turns definitely prevented that.

After the traumatic and emotionally draining events of the day, Mick had finally collapsed on his hotel bed, not wanting to do anything but fall asleep. Although he now had a bruise on the side of his face where Dave’s father had hit him; all the same, he was relieved to finally be away from that house.

Tomorrow, he and Dave would be making their way back home to their lovely house in Pembrokeshire, where they intended to stay until the time came for the baby to be born, with the exception of that brief visit they had to make to St. Mungo’s in the new year.

Neither Mick nor Dave were prepared to allow Frederick Davies to come near them or their baby, until he apologised and accepted wholeheartedly that what he had done was wrong. Drizella had certainly played the hero that day, if it had not been for her doing her *Petrificus Totalus* spell on Dave’s dad, then Mick may have come off a lot worse. Dave had done his best to intervene and protect his pregnant lover, but not before his angry father had, in his fury, punched Mick on the side of his face, which still hurt even now after two hours.

Drizella had accompanied them back to their hotel and quickly checked Mick over, making him lie on the bed so that she could perform a magical head scan with her wand, as well as checking on his unborn, which may have been a bit over cautious in Mick’s eyes.

Dave however, wanted reassurance that Mick and the baby had not been seriously hurt after Mr Davies attacked him. Not only that, Dave felt guilty that he had placed extra stress on Mick that day; maybe going to see his parents had been a mistake, but as Mick kept reassuring him, they were going to find out sooner or later.

As the baby was still very much active, Drizella agreed to spare Mick any more poking and prodding before disapparating. The mediwitch very much needed to get to St. Mungo’s and do her long awaited shift. She told them to call Dominic if ever they needed anything, or go to the healer they
had been seeing in Pembrokeshire, “Dominic was right I think,” She had told them before leaving. “It is a good idea to still have him involved, especially as Doctor Bell doesn’t really give a shit. It’s a good idea to have a go between person for you two right the way through the pregnancy.”

Mick now lay in Dave’s arms, with very little energy, and he felt he would fall asleep any minute. Dave stroked Mick’s head gently, just wanting to forget today. It was funny how they had gone to his parents’ house to give them shocking news, and Dave had received a shock of his own, that his sister Joyce was romantically involved with Drizella, which would mean that the mediwitch may well become a part of their lives for at least the foreseeable future, possibly even for life. Would Dave be able to cope with that? He was still getting his head around everything even now; he probably would be his whole life.

Christmas came and went, and both Mick and Dave spent it at home together. Dave was still not talking to his dad, though they had been thinking of inviting the other two Kinks to their house for dinner. In the end however, they decided against it; Ray still needed the space to take everything in, and Mick did not think he could face any visitors yet, so they just relaxed together, having very little to do with anyone.

It was now the new year, 1966. The baby was due in a month’s time, and Mick was becoming fairly nervous every time he thought about the forthcoming birth. He was due to visit St. Mungo’s in a couple of days and so he and Dave prepared to travel to London again; neither of them were prepared to accept Drizella’s offer of being accompanied there via floo, because after last time, they both swore they never would again.

It had been a long journey, but the couple were back in London once again. Dave looked at the map in his hands, and he was fairly sure he had found the right place. They were in the right part of the city for sure, and on the right road, so that was a good sign. Drizella had told them to look for the abandoned department store of red brick, called Purge and Dowse, Ltd, which they had found relatively quickly.

“Okay so we’ve found the right building,” Dave said putting the map in his pocket. “Now all we have to do is wait outside I think.”

The building did seem to be abandoned, so how could this possibly be St Mungo’s?

Mick remembered the last time they had visited the place, it had been via a different route, through Dominic Lestrange’s fireplace by pretty unpleasant magical means. It had been an unforgettable day, and when they had left the magical hospital the last time, they had refused to leave via the floo network and had been shown out the same way they were going in now. They remembered walking past the shop dummy that was visible through one of the broken windows, but they had not thought to look back while they were leaving the last time, and so did not remember what the hospital looked like from the outside at all, only the inside. It did seem confusing, but if they just waited near the window where the dummy was, Drizella would show up shortly and they would not have to worry about a thing.

Well, the mediwitch had promised she would meet them at one thirty that very afternoon. They waited…it was now one thirty five. Mick was already feeling pretty nervous about the appointment anyway, and so being kept waiting even longer was making him feel even worse. Dave always
knew when his partner was feeling anxious and on edge, by the way the drummer would stare into space and rub his bump as if to try and comfort himself.

“Hey,” Dave said, stroking Mick’s arm affectionately. “Stop worrying; nothing to worry about when I’m with you. I love you.”

“Love you too,” Mick smiled, but it was a very weak smile. “I just…”

Whatever Mick was going to say, he was interrupted by someone saying, “Hi there, is one of you Mr Avory?”

They had never seen this person before; it was a woman with pale skin, sleek black hair with a slight tinge of red to it. She was wearing black velvet robes and she certainly looked to Dave like one of Drizella’s kind, “Umm…yeah, this is Mick, and I’m Dave…but…who are you?”

“My name’s Tabitha Crowley,” the strange looking, but friendly enough woman answered in a gentle voice. “I’m one of the healers newly assigned to take Mr Avory’s appointment today, and was informed at the last minute to come and meet you out here.”

“Oh…” Mick was a little confused. “Well thing is, we were expecting…”

“Drizella Churchard, yes I know,” Tabitha said with what Mick thought looked like a regretful, sympathetic face. “I’m afraid she’s unable to be here today…erm, for reasons I’m not at liberty to discuss. Also Healer Pridmore was the one you were supposed to be seeing like last time but…well he can’t be here today either so…well, you’re stuck with me.” Tabitha laughed at her own statement, then added, “Right well, if you would both like to come this way.”

Mick and Dave both looked at each other, very puzzled, but they followed Tabitha inside the building. Again, the place still looked very much like an abandoned retail store, that is until Tabitha placed her hands on the very ordinary looking shop dummy that had somehow grabbed their attention from the beginning, and she whispered something in its ear. Mick could not quite tell what she was saying, but he got the feeling it was an incantation. That was when, and for some reason they expected it, something happened. The walls that were in front of them opened up, and they found themselves in the hospital entrance. Mick remembered this place very well now, and he could never easily forget having to cough up the soot he had swallowed from the journey via floo, so he was glad that this time, he was entering the place by a different, less unpleasant means.

The place still looked the same from when they had last visited, there was the seating area and the desk with the person known as the ‘welcome witch’ sitting behind it. Mick saw it was the same woman as last time, who had told Dave off for his bad language; Mick could not help but smile at that memory.

“Just wait here for a moment,” Tabitha told them. “Sit down if you like; I just need to speak to this lady at the desk.”

The couple sat down, and Tabitha walked over to the welcome witch and spoke to her. Mick could not catch what was being said, but the welcome witch listened to her intently, nodded her head a few times and then did something that really sparked Mick’s curiosity. She picked up what looked like an ordinary hand mirror, looked into it…and from what Mick could see, she appeared to be speaking into it...surely not! Then again, why not? In the past few months, many impossible things had happened to him. He had got pregnant with Dave’s child, discovered that magic was real, travelled through a fireplace, a kind of travelling they call ‘floo’. So why on Earth should he be so shocked that someone was talking into a magic mirror? Mick had to try not to be too nosey, but from what he could see, this woman was talking into the mirror the same as you would on the telephone...then the
woman handed it to Tabitha to talk into. Mick told Dave to look at what was going on, which he did...but Dave once again was creeped out by the whole thing.

Mick felt frustrated that magic did not seem to sit well with Dave, because Mick found it fascinating and he wondered if their daughter would actually possess magical blood. Perhaps it was best not to talk about it to Dave too much, because right now Mick just needed his support with the pregnancy; there would be time enough to find out about magic later on. Of course, his relationship with Dave was far more important to him however, and if magic was something that would come between them, he would much rather forget about it altogether, but he told himself, *One step at a time, baby first, other stuff later.*

Mick loved Dave so much; looking at him now and how unsure he was of everything made him want to put his arms around him, tell him everything was okay. That was exactly what he did, Mick put his arms around Dave’s waist as the guitarist was sitting, staring into space, looking as though he would rather be anywhere but where he was. Dave looked at Mick in surprise, smiled and put his arm around him, stroked his hair, but had nothing to say, so Mick was the one who spoke first, “Dave, you okay?”

Dave nodded his head, “Yeah, course.”

“I love you, you know?”

“I love you too,” Dave said, kissing the drummer’s forehead gently.

“It’s just...”

“What’s wrong?” Dave asked him.

“I’m scared.”

“About the baby coming?” Dave asked. “You’ll be fine Mick, these people seem to…”

“No, not about the birth,” Mick sighed. “About you...I’m worried this is going to…”

“Going to what?” Dave asked, taking Mick’s face in his hands and looking into his partner’s eyes. “Mick, talk to me.”

“I just want to know this whole thing won’t come between us,” Mick said, trying not to cry. “I mean, magic and stuff...I...I know you’re not comfortable with it...but me...I...you’re going to hate me now...maybe now’s not the time to talk about it...no...forget it.”

“No...tell me Mick please,” Dave begged. “I want to know what’s bothering you.”

Mick ran his hands through his hair and sighed, “I’m just scared that one day...you’re going to leave me and the baby because...you can’t cope with us.”

Dave’s eyes widened in disbelief at what his lover was saying, “Mick...I can’t even...” he began, then he was unsure of what to say next, but knew he had to say something to calm Mick’s fears, “Mick...I love you, I love this baby.” Dave put his hands on Mick’s stomach as he said those last words, “How can you even think I’m going to stop loving you and walk out on you and on my child?”

“There’s supposed to be a chance that...that she may possess magic,” Mick sighed. “I have magic in me too...that’s how I was able to get pregnant...and I know you hate magic...I...I can tell.”
“Okay, I admit,” Dave said matter of factly. “This whole pregnancy thing...at times has freaked me out a bit...no, a lot at times, but I haven’t just been thinking of myself, I’ve been worrying myself to death about you too. It’s scared me because, as much as I’ve always wanted to be a father one day, I wanted you much, much more than that. When I met you, I fell in love with you on sight, even with the sad state I found you in. Right there and then, I thought you were the most beautiful human being in the world. I loved you so much and so deeply that I was willing to sacrifice everything else. When you told me you were pregnant, I couldn’t believe it was even possible; whoever heard of men getting pregnant? That was one of the thoughts that crossed my mind. Once I’d sort of got my head round it, I started to like the idea of you and me raising a child together, but then I got scared, because after all, a man’s body isn’t built to carry offspring. So I thought, what if something happens to you? What if the worst should happen and I’m left to raise this baby all by myself? Then I started to get even worse ideas, I even started to think that these magical people aren’t as wonderful as you seem to think they are, because I know you’ve taken to them Mick, I can tell.”

“I wouldn’t say I’ve taken to them,” Mick replied. “It’s just that they seem very accepting of our love for each other; they want to support us in raising this child together. The rest of the world would not, even your brother I still don’t trust...I’m scared he's going to…”

“Hey, my brother is one person I’m not afraid of!” Dave reassured him. “You let me deal with him. What I’m scared of, and I know this may sound stupid and prejudiced, but I’m scared these magical people are...really bad people who want to harm this baby...Mick, sometimes I get paranoid that they have a hidden agenda for when this baby is born...what if…”

Dave did not finish his sentence, he was interrupted by a laugh, he looked up, and the woman who had greeted them at the door, Tabitha Crowley, was standing there, almost crying with laughter, “Is that what you think my dear?”

“Umm…” Dave looked embarrassed that someone other than Mick had heard him. “Well...I don’t want to believe it but...umm…”

“Look it’s okay, Dave’s had a lot to take in for the past few months,” Mick told her. “He wants to be a good dad and he’s just being protective of me...he...he doesn’t really mean…”

“That’s all right I quite understand, don’t worry,” Tabitha said, still struggling not to laugh. “Would you both like to come upstairs with me? We can have this discussion in my office.”

Tabitha winked at Dave, then beckoned for them both to follow her.

They went upstairs in the lift like last time, and Tabitha led them into a different room from the one before; it was slightly larger than Healer Pridmore’s office, with more colours. Again, it did not look like a normal doctor’s room, it looked far more like something out of a fairy tale, and Mick pointed this out too. Tabitha smiled and replied cheerfully, “Well, I am a witch; I do magical healing, and as you probably know by now, it is very different from how a muggle doctor would treat you.”

Mick and Dave looked at one another and smiled, they could do nothing but go with the flow.

Tabitha removed her cloak and motioned for them both to sit down at her desk, when they were both sitting down, she said, “Right let’s start, as you know, my name’s Tabitha Crowley; I am the healer, here to do your prenatal examination today.” She looked at Mick. “Now I just want to make sure, you are comfortable with a woman doing it?”

Mick felt nervous at this question, “Umm...I suppose so but...I’m not sure…” he held onto Dave’s hand; he felt slightly scared. “What...what do you need to do?”
“Well, this examination is just for pregnant men,” The witch answered. “Basically it’s to check your ability to give birth naturally...from what I have in your records, you have endured that very painful first time change, so it looks promising that you can give birth without any intervention and without a c-section, but because you are muggle born, we have to double check, because sometimes the ‘change’ doesn’t always complete itself and as a result, a natural birth can be dangerous.”

“Okay...so...shall we get this over with then?” Mick knew he was going to have to undress, and he knew what part of him this witch was going to have to look at.

“Okay well it’s nothing to worry about.” Tabitha reassured him. “Also, it’s nothing I haven’t seen before.”

Mick nodded in understanding, then the witch continued, “Is there anything you’d like to ask me first?”

“Umm...can Dave be with me?” Mick asked in a scared, shaky voice.

“Of course he can,” Tabitha smiled. “He is your husband, and the baby’s father so…”

Mick and Dave looked at one another at the word ‘husband’.

“Umm...actually, I’m not his husband,” Dave corrected her. “I actually didn’t even know two men could even get married.”

“Oh...silly me,” the witch laughed. “I keep forgetting you two are muggles. The wizarding world is very different; we’re centuries ahead of you...in some ways at least!”

“I was hoping I could marry Mick one day but…” Dave began, then he saw the anxious look on Mick’s face and decided he had better stop prattling on and let the woman do her job. “Okay sorry, let’s just get this over with.” He stroked Mick’s hand to comfort him.

“Okay I’m going to take you behind this curtain,” Tabitha said, getting up and walking over to a beautiful pink curtain with so many different coloured patterns and pictures on it that it was impossible to tell what they all were. As Mick got up to follow her, making sure he still had Dave’s hand in his, he looked at all the tiny pictures printed on the large curtain. He thought he could see cats...and were they moving? There were other silhouette shapes on there too that looked like different animals, and also swirly patterns that looked as though they were moving...just a little. He could have watched them all day. The witch noticed that he was entranced by the pictures on the curtain, and chuckled, “I see you like my new curtain, “ she said cheerfully. “That was what I was hoping for; I had it put in only last week and so far with all my patients, it seems to have done the trick.”

“What trick’s that?” Dave asked curiously as Mick continued to stare.

“Basically it’s becoming popular with healers and also the wizarding world in general,” The witch explained. “It’s called ‘The Calming Curtain’. It’s used mainly in hospitals and it’s designed to calm people’s anxieties when they’re about to undergo an operation, or like your partner here, is about to be examined intimately, something that many people are not comfortable with. They look at the images on that curtain, and it has a calming, almost hypnotic effect on them; it really helps. You can also buy them for your home; the material is really popular with people who have depression or anxiety, or people who have been through something deeply traumatic, also parents whose children sometimes suffer from nightmares or are scared to be left alone in their bedrooms at night; they’ve bought the curtains and put them up and they’ve had a much better night’s sleep.”
“Wow!” Dave murmured, starting to feel the effect of the curtain himself, and wondering if magic was scary after all. “Could do with something like that myself.”

“You can also get the pattern in the form of simple material,” The witch told him. “Not just in curtains but in bedding, or just a simple cloth to hold, but it will cost you dear I can tell you...oh...I think we’d best get on with this, looks like your other half’s becoming hypnotised by it.”

“Come on Mick, this way,” Dave said sleepily, gently trying to get his pregnant lover out of his trance, as well as trying to prevent himself from also falling under the spell of the magical curtain.

“If you would just like to take off the bottom half of your clothing, including your underwear,” The witch requested. “Then lie on the couch and cover up with the sheet I’ve put on there. I’ll close the curtain, then when he’s ready if you’d just like to give me a shout, that would be super.”

The witch closed the curtain to give Mick some privacy while he undressed, he had now come out of the trance that the calming curtain had put him in, and so now was feeling nervous again, though he did not quite know why. Mick sat up on the couch while Dave helped him take off his shoes. Then Mick lifted his feet onto the couch so he could remove his trousers and underwear, then Dave quickly covered him from the waist with the white sheet. Mick then relaxed...or tried to, and Dave could tell he was still nervous when Mick said to him, “Just...just give me a few seconds;” then he inhaled and exhaled slowly while Dave waited patiently, stroking Mick’s shoulder to remind him that he was not on his own. Mick looked up at the ceiling for a few more seconds, then looked at Dave, “Okay,” he whispered. “Tell her I’m ready.”

Dave went to the curtain to tell the healing witch they were ready, “Okay.” Mick heard her kind voice say, then Tabitha appeared through the curtain; she had changed into light green robes, the same colour as Healer Pridmore wore at their last appointment. She smiled and came over to Mick, “Are you all right?” She asked with a kind smile, Mick nodded. “Okay,” she said as she started to put on a pair of rubber gloves. “I will try to do it as quickly as I can. Basically, all I’m going to do is examine you down below with this wand.” She held up a curious looking stick that they only assumed was a magic wand; Mick remembered Pridmore using one when he performed the magical ultrasound.

“Wait...what exactly do you plan to do with that wand?” Dave asked, trying his best not to sound suspicious.

“Nothing to worry about,” Tabitha assured him. “I’m not going to be sticking it in there, all I’m going to do is shine a light in there so I can see what’s going on; if your body has a fully formed vagina and birth canal, I should be able to tell straight away.”

“Dave please,” Mick begged with a sigh. “Stop asking questions; I’m nervous enough as it is and I just want it all over with.”

“Sorry babe,” Dave said, kissing Mick’s forehead.

“S’okay,” Mick sighed.

The healing witch moved down to the other end, asking Dave to stay at the top, not that he had any desire to be anywhere else of course, “Okay Mick,” she said gently. “If I can just ask you to open your legs for me?” Mick did as he was asked, and the witch then told him to put his hands under his bottom so she could see a little better, then she lifted up her wand and spoke the word, “Lumos!” Instantly, a small but brilliant light shone from the tip of her wand, then the witch lowered it to Mick’s intimate area. Mick then felt her gloved hand touching him down below, she told him to relax while she had a look. Mick was not enjoying this but held on to Dave’s hand, and Dave stroked his
hair. Mick was looking up at the ceiling, breathing in and out, trying to think of other things.

Dave watched as Tabitha examined his partner, the outlook seemed to be good as he saw her nodding to herself and then she muttered, “Yeah...yeah it’s all looking pretty complete to me...don’t need to intervene any more today.”

She then withdrew her wand from Mick, and smiled, “Okay, I’m quite happy with what I’ve seen, just put your legs down for me and cover up again. Now if you could just lift up your top, just want to have a quick feel of your tummy.” Mick sighed with relief as the part he had been dreading was finally over, and it had not taken too long at all. Dave watched as the witch felt Mick’s bump and asked him if he had experienced any pains at all in the last twenty four hours, Mick shook his head, “No,” he replied.

“I only ask because the magically formed cervix you have was quite low and I can feel now that the head’s engaged already, and...how long do you have before your due date?” She asked. “Not long is it?”

“Another four weeks yet,” Mick answered.

“It’s due on my birthday,” Dave smiled proudly.

“Is it?” Tabitha said, sounding delighted. “Well that will be a nice birthday present for sure, though there’s only a very small chance of the baby coming on that day; it could come early, could come later...would you like to see the baby now?”

Mick and Dave looked at one another and smiled, they would not say no to seeing their baby, “Yes please.” They both said.

“Okay just stay there, I’ll be back in a minute,” she smiled, and went out into her office, then came back after a few minutes with a pot of jelly she had quickly mixed, placing it over Mick’s stomach. She spread the substance around with her wand, then whispering magic words, a pink bubble began to appear, and a graphic image of their beautiful baby girl could clearly be seen in front of them. The baby had been only a foetus last time they looked at her, now she was fully formed and perfect. Not only could they see her little arms and legs moving around, but Mick could also feel her movements, reassuring him that she was healthy. Not that Mick needed very much reassurance on that, because all she had done that day was kick constantly. Yet Mick had been worried it was because the baby could sense how nervous he was. Suddenly, their baby daughter’s head seemed to turn towards them, and they could see her face...so beautiful, so perfect...and...was Mick imagining things, or did the baby smile at him?

“She did smile,” Dave said to him.

“She’s happy because I’m not nervous anymore,” Mick agreed, and leaned over to kiss Dave.

Tabitha chuckled at what he had said, “Aww, there was nothing to be nervous about to begin with,” she laughed. “There is one slight thing that’s concerning me though, this baby’s moving about so much, probably because she hasn’t got very much room to move around and wants to be born. Here’s me hoping she will wait until at least next week but...what concerns me is how far out you live.”

“Well...yeah we were kind of...well, planning to worry about that nearer the time,” Dave said. “We might stay in London for a bit I think.”

“It might be a good idea if you want to have the baby here,” Tabitha pointed out as she twisted her
wand around several times to make the pink bubble disappear. “It wouldn’t be a problem of course if you were to use the floo network to get here from your house.”

“We don’t like the floo network,” Mick sighed. “I found it unpleasant to travel through.”

“It takes practice,” Tabitha said as she wiped the jelly from Mick’s stomach with a piece of wet cloth, then dried it with a towel. “But if you really don’t like it, I want to lend you something for when you need to be here. Okay you can get dressed now and come and sit down again.”

The witch went back to her desk, giving Mick time to put his trousers back on, but Dave had to help him with his shoes, because of his bump being fairly large, and Mick was finding it extremely difficult to bend down.

When Mick was dressed, they came into Tabitha’s office, where the healing witch was writing with a quill and parchment, she looked up at them and smiled as she saw them walk in, “Please, sit down,” she said warmly. “I’m filling out a form for you both to borrow something from the hospital, you will find it most useful when the time comes I assure you.” She then went back to writing.

“What is it?” Dave asked.

“A magic mirror,” the witch answered, not looking up.

“Umm...what?” Mick asked, confused, yet he decided he should have known it would be something like that.

Tabitha stopped writing for a second and opened her drawer, she took out a small hand mirror and placed it on her desk, then went back to writing, “Just a sec,” she muttered. “Then I’m going to get you to sign this form Mick.”

Mick took hold of Dave’s hand while they waited for the witch to finish writing, then when she had finished what she was doing, she put down her quill and said, “Right, so I filled in a form for you to borrow this,” she said holding it up for them to see.”

“Oookaay, it’s a mirror,” Mick said, unsure what to make of it.

“Basically, it’s very easy to use,” she explained. “All you do, is when you want to call someone, you say the person’s name and their face appears in the screen once they have answered.”

“Okay so...who do I call?” Mick asked.

“Just look straight into the mirror,” the witch demonstrated, and say ‘St Mungo’s hospital’ and they will answer. Just then the mirror gleamed a bright blue light, and a voice was heard talking out of the mirror, this was an awesome yet shocking thing to see.

“Hello there Tabitha,” the voice said cheerfully. “How can I help you.”

“Hi Belinda, sorry about that,” Tabitha replied back into the mirror. “Just lending this mirror out to a muggle patient and was testing to make sure it works, hope that’s okay.”

Belinda’s voice laughed, “Ah not a problem at all; don’t forget about the forms…”

“Yes, yes,” Tabitha replied cheerfully. “I’m just about to get him to sign them okay, thanks for that, see you later.”

“Bye,” the voice said, then Tabitha put the mirror down on the desk.
“Okay so basically it’s just the same as talking on the telephone,” the witch explained. “Only difference is, you just say the person’s name...or in your case, the hospital’s name; none of this messing about dialling a number...okay so I need two signatures from you”

The witch handed Mick two pieces of parchment and showed him where to sign; Mick was just about to sign, when Dave stopped him, “No Mick, not yet. Always read what it says before you sign anything, just in case...you never know what you could be signing!”

“It’s just a form to say what he’s borrowing, and that he promises to return in the condition it was in when he borrowed it,” the witch said, rolling her eyes at Dave’s mistrust.

“I just want to read it first,” Dave said, making Mick roll his eyes too; he loved Dave, but sometimes he was just a little too over cautious and protective.

“Go right ahead,” Tabitha said with a wave of her hands. “Then you’ll know he’s not signing away his soul to the devil.”

Mick waited, a little annoyed, as Dave read both pieces of parchment in his hands thoroughly, twice over. When he was satisfied there was nothing to worry about, he gave the papers back to Mick for him to sign. When that had been done, Mick handed the papers back to the healing witch, who smiled and said, “Well, that’s pretty much it really,” she said. “So remember, all you have to do when the baby’s coming is use the magic mirror...also I think it was mentioned you have a muggle doctor you can call for help if you need it...a go between squib.”

“Oh yeah...Dominic,” Mick said. “Yeah I have his number written down.”

“Okay and I want to be sure you can get here without any problems,” the witch said, looking serious.

“We will,” Dave nodded to reassure her. “I look after Mick, and we found this place pretty easily so it won’t be a problem to get here.”

“Glad to hear it,” the witch said, satisfied. “I take the welfare of all my patients seriously.”

“There’s another thing that worries me,” Mick inserted, as much as he liked this new magical healer, he could not help but feel suspicious over why Drizella and Pridmore had been unable to be there today. “Is Drizella okay...and Pridmore?”

The witch looked awkward, “I’m not allowed...”

“I know you’re not allowed to say,” Mick said anxiously. “But they have been really helpful to me and...they are okay aren’t they?”

“Physically yes,” Tabitha sighed, still reluctant to discuss anything she deemed inappropriate. “Let’s just say that...I’m not prepared to break any rules by telling you exactly what’s going on because I refuse to risk my job as they seemed to think they could get away with doing. Just so glad sometimes I was a Hufflepuff rather than Gryffindor, they’re so...unafraid to bend a few rules; me, I’m more cautious, always happy to help but am still respectful of the rules. Anyway, if you must know, they’ve both been suspended, but that’s all I’m going to say in the matter, and I would greatly appreciate it if this small bit of information didn’t leave the room.”

“It won’t,” Mick promised. “But I’d hate to think I’m the reason for them getting suspended.”

“I assure you it’s not your fault,” Tabitha assured him. “And now I think it’s best the subject was closed...so is there anything else you want to ask me? About the pregnancy and birth I mean.”
Mick shook his head, “No,” he said sadly as he thought about Drizella and Pridmore. “No I think I’m good. What about you Dave?”

“No, I’m okay,” Dave answered, not looking up, making Mick wonder if he was worried about them too.

“Okay, well then we’re done,” the witch said as she placed the mirror into a box and handed it to Mick. She led them to the door, “Are you okay with using the lift?” She asked. “Sometimes muggles have trouble operating it; takes some getting used to, or do you want me to come with you? Or alternatively, you can use the stairs.”

“Shall we use the stairs Mick?” Dave suggested. “I think we could do with the exercise.”

Mick nodded in agreement, and took Dave’s hand in his, and they proceeded to make their way out, but the witch briefly stopped them. “I know it’s hard not to feel responsible,” Tabitha said sympathetically. “But I would stress to you that you forget what I told you about Drizella and Pridmore; it’s out if your hands now, and it’s for the St Mungo’s board now to decide their fate, and also the Ministry of Magic. They are charged with quite serious offences you know; please don’t try to get involved.”

Mick really did have genuine worry for the people who had been nothing but a godsend to him throughout his pregnancy, but he knew worrying himself to death about them would probably not help them much, and he needed to put the baby first, so he simply said, “Okay, I’ll try not to worry.”

“No, just don’t, please,” She said. “Mr Davies, make sure he doesn’t.”

“He’ll be fine,” Dave reassured her. “I’ll make sure he gets plenty of rest, I’m good at that.”

“Dave, do you think it’s because of the way they’ve been turning up and saving the day every time we’ve had a problem?” Mick asked his lover as they were heading towards their car which was parked a few yards down the road.

“Probably,” Dave shrugged. “As grateful as I am to them, you have to admit, the way they’ve behaved at times...was it professional?”

“Maybe not,” Mick agreed. “But...I have to admit, I’ve never known a medical professional to...put themselves out so much, go the extra mile to help...but yes, now I think about it, they weren’t always professional...I mean, one of them’s dating your sister...as if things weren’t complicated enough.”

“Look I know it’s hard Mick,” Dave said as they got to the car. “But we need to stop worrying about them; hey, you have your magic mirror for when you need it, so it’s not as if we don’t have any backup.”

“True,” Mick said as he opened the door to get in the car. When they were in the car ready to leave, the drummer added, “It’s going to be hard for me the next few weeks; I don’t think I can cope with any more travelling back and forth from Wales to London...I think...”

“Then we’ll stay in London until the baby’s born, how about that?” Dave asked.

“Where will we stay?” Mick asked. “We can’t go back to our old flat because someone else will be renting it now I expect.”

“Why would you want to go back there?” Dave asked. “We can afford to rent somewhere far better;
we have the money, we can get an apartment overlooking the Thames.”

“I never did like the way famous people buy second homes,” Mick sighed. “There’s just something incredibly vulgar about it...it’s just not my style.”

“Yeah but we wouldn’t be buying, we can just rent somewhere really expensive,” Dave pointed out. “Just until the baby’s born, then we’ll go back home, how does that sound?”

“If it means not having to travel via floo, I’m all for it,” Mick agreed with a smile. “Yeah let’s go for it.”

So they did not go back to Wales for the remainder of Mick’s pregnancy, Dave managed to find an apartment in just the place he wanted, and it did not take him very long either. The landlord who owned the flat was a rich young man who was a huge fan of the Kinks and had seen them play live several times. He had no idea that Mick would be living with Dave, though Dave did point out to him that there would be someone living there with him, but the man did not ask any questions. Dave did think at times that being famous did have it’s advantages, and if he pulled the right strings, things could easily go his way. So it was only a week later that the couple moved into this luxury apartment, which was far bigger than the flat they had been living in before, though not the same as their beautiful house in Wales. Still, it would do and Mick soon found himself settling in nicely.

Little did they realise, that Dominic Lestrange was living in the apartment just above them.
Chapter 20

Chapter Summary

Mick begins to get early labour pains, and bumps into a familiar face after an incident while out shopping.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 20

Mr Avory grabbed his terrified son from the car and told him to get a move on. He paid no attention as Mick cried, begging him not to do what he was planning on doing. Mick had not realised this until he noticed that his father was not driving to the place he said they were going. Mr Avory had said to him that evening, “Grab your coat son, your mother and I are taking you out for a meal.”

Well this had confused Mick to begin with; when had his parents ever taken him out for a meal or even fed him properly at all?

Though there had always been plenty of food in the house, he would often go hungry. Even at twenty-one, he was still too afraid to disobey them. For as long as he could remember, he had been forced to cook, clean and wait on his parents hand and foot and never received a word of thanks for any of it. His clothes were always shabby as they never bought him any new ones until it was obvious he had grown out of them, and he was mercilessly laughed at and bullied at school. Mick had never once received any love or affection from his parents; it was a wonder they had even given him a name at all. There seemed no point in a name when usually all they would say was, “Oi!”

Mick had never had any friends, except the mice that would sometimes keep him company in the basement, where he had always been forced to sleep.

It was a cold night, and all poor Mick had on was an old t-shirt, which had been torn right down the middle. Mick also had no vest on; he had never had a vest in his life. He was also wearing an old pair of jeans which were ripped and the worst thing was, he had no shoes.

Mick was forcibly grabbed from the car by his callous and uncaring excuse for a father. It was not easy for Mick to fight this man as his father was bigger and stronger; Mick was thin, weak and frail from lack of food. He had in fact not eaten for days. Yes, he worked long hours in a factory, but was forced to give the money he earned to his lazy parents who would spend it on cigarettes and alcohol. His mother had a cigarette in her hand now, and showed no feeling as she watched her husband cruelly pull Mick out by the hair.

“Right,” his father growled. “Let’s walk a little way out shall we? In case you get any ideas about trying to find your way back home.” Mr Avory turned to his wife, “You coming too?”

The woman, who had for twenty-one years dared to call herself Mick’s mother, decided she would
wait for her husband in the car.

Poor Mick felt that his father must have been dragging him through the woods for about half an hour or more. All the time they were walking, Mick began to wonder what would become of him. Was his father going to kill him? This seemed unlikely, because of what he had said previously about ‘getting ideas about finding your way home’. So where were they going?

It seemed to Mick that he was going to be left out here to die; it was very cold and so what were the chances of him surviving the night?

Suddenly they stopped. His father pushed him to the ground and laughed as Mick began to cry again. In all the time they were walking he had not dared say a word; his father had beaten him many a time for speaking without being spoken to first.

“Your mother and I don’t want you at home anymore, you ungrateful little faggot!” Mr Avory spat. “All these years, we sheltered you, clothed you, fed you and what do you do in return? You invite some queer round to our house to fuck while we’re not there!”

“P...please Dad,” Mick sobbed. “It...it wasn’t...like that.”

“ENOUGH!” Mr Avory yelled. “I DON’T WANT TO HEAR ANYMORE FROM YOU OR SEE YOU AGAIN! YOU CAN DIE OUT HERE FOR ALL I CARE!”

Mick awoke with a start. He had been having that dream again, a dream that forced him to re-live the last time he saw his abusive and neglectful parents. It had been a horrible memory, but he would not have changed it if he could, because that was also the first time he had met his lovely Dave, who had rescued him and nursed him back to health. Although he had moved on with his life and never...or rarely even thought about his nightmare past anymore, every now and again, that dream would come to him and when it did, he would wake up covered in sweat and he would not sleep for the rest of the night.

He knew this dream only came to him in times of stress and anxiety; his due date was only a couple of weeks away, and every time he thought about it, fear would take over his mind no matter how hard he tried to focus on other things.

Mick sat up in bed, breathing heavily. He needed a glass of water. He was heavily pregnant, and sometimes even getting out of bed was a momentous task, yet he managed it after a moment’s struggle. When he had finally heaved himself out of bed, he stood up, felt his large bump and looked at Dave, who was fast asleep. Sometimes, when Mick had this occasionally recurring nightmare, it woke Dave up, but luckily Dave was understanding and always offered comfort to Mick when he needed it. Dave had even told Mick to wake him up if he had that dream, but Mick never did this; he may have needed to in the beginning, but now, just knowing Dave was there and that he loved him was enough for Mick. So the drummer made his way into the kitchen and got himself a glass of water.

Mick sat at the kitchen table, feeling a little better, but did not want to go back to sleep just yet. Perhaps he would do a little reading; that always took his mind off his nightmares, both real and imaginary.

He got up and wandered into the lounge, sat in his favourite, most comfortable chair and picked up Male Pregnancy: A guide. Yes he had managed to get it back from Pete the previous week, after the couple had invited the bassist over to visit them. Pete had told them it had helped him understand
things a little more, but he had not been keen on looking at the ‘gory’ photos at the end of the book where it described a male birth. Mick smiled as he remembered how Pete had confessed he had never even seen a woman give birth, let alone a man, and that the pictures in the book had almost made him faint, especially as unlike ordinary photos, they moved about. Yes, it had also shocked Mick to learn that magical photos moved, instead of staying still like normal, non-magic photos.

Mick turned to the page he had got to. It certainly was the most interesting non-fiction book he had ever read; he had been following the week by week guide at what goes on in a male pregnancy. He started reading about the stage he was at now, week thirty-eight. He was indeed already half way through that week, and in the past few weeks since Christmas, Mick had begun to feel on edge every time he reached the end of another week of his pregnancy. If Mick was feeling this scared now, he had no idea how he was going to be at the end of week thirty-nine if he got that far; he had been told that labour can start any time from three weeks before the due date to two weeks after.

Dave had kept telling him everything was going to be fine, and as much as St. Mungo’s hospital gave him the creeps, he had told Mick he had every faith that they would look after him.

As Mick was reading, he suddenly heard a tapping at the window that startled him. Mick’s heart jumped; it had been the second time that had happened since they had moved into the flat. Mick knew exactly what it was, it was that owl that lived in the flat upstairs. Two nights ago, Dave had been with him and suddenly they had looked out of the window and a beautiful, snowy white owl had been hovering outside, as if it was asking to come in. Mick had been unable to resist opening the door that led out onto the balcony, just to see the beautiful night creature. Then he had heard a voice from the flat above them calling out, “Athena, up here...you’ve got the wrong flat...again!”

Mick remembered how the man’s voice had sounded familiar, but he could not think where he had heard it before, but anyhow, Athena the owl had heard the voice that was calling and flew up to where she was being called from.

Mick sighed as he heard the fluttering of wings against the window pane yet again; he closed his book, stood up and made his way to the window. Mick opened the curtains and smiled as he saw the owl’s beautiful wings flapping about in the dark. He opened the doors to go out and say hello.

The white owl called Athena perched on the balcony as Mick made his way out. He smiled at the owl, and she looked at him with unblinking eyes, “You’ve come to the wrong flat again haven’t you?” Mick said in his gentle voice. “Or perhaps you just like coming here to see me; shame Dave’s fast asleep and can’t see how beautiful you are.”

Mick slowly reached out in the hope that he might feel the bird’s soft feathers, but Athena was not quite ready for that, and comically moved sideways out of Mick’s reach. Mick chuckled at this, “That’s okay; you don’t know me, so you don’t know if you can trust me yet do you? I understand. Perhaps you’d better be getting back home then. It was nice of you to drop in though.”

The owl took one last look at Mick, and flew up towards the balcony above. Mick smiled to himself; he had always loved animals, and seeing Athena the owl for a second time had certainly cheered him up, taking his mind off his nightmares and the upcoming birth of his baby. He could not help but be curious about the person who owned her.

Mick awoke to Dave kissing him on the side of his head; he remembered he had been doing more reading after the owl had gone and without realising, had fallen asleep and had slept all night in the armchair, “Good morning sleepy head,” Dave whispered.
“Mmm morning,” Mick yawned.

Dave handed him a cup of tea, which Mick had only just started drinking again after all those months of being off it, because it was just another of those things that had made him feel sick. Yet now, he had just started wanting it again. This was one of the things mentioned in the male pregnancy book; often, pregnant men go off a certain thing, and then in the late stages of pregnancy, start to fancy it again. Now Mick could not get enough of it, “Thanks babe,” he said gratefully.

“I do hate it when I wake up and find you’re not in bed with me,” Dave moaned.

“I’m sorry,” Mick said, feeling bad. “I had that nightmare again and couldn’t get back to sleep, so I came out here and did some reading. Oh and that owl came to the window again.”

“Really?” Dave said, wide eyed. “That’s weird...a bit creepy if you ask me.”

“Why?” Mick asked, giving his partner a weird look. “It’s only an owl; I think it’s domesticated, and that’s why it’s so tame.”

“Come on Mick,” Dave laughed. “Who the hell keeps an owl as a pet? You just can’t.”

“Some people do take in birds of prey actually,” Mick informed him. “When they’ve fallen out of the nest or whatever, and they hand rear them, it can be done, and don’t forget about the owl we saw in St. Mungo’s.”

“If you say so,” Dave shrugged, picking up his own cup of tea and settling down on the sofa. “That owl must like you, not that I can blame it of course.”

“I tried to touch her feathers and she wouldn’t let me,” Mick chuckled after he had took a small sip of tea. “A shame because they have beautifully soft feathers, but Athena hasn’t quite learned to trust me yet; she likes staring at me though.”

“Again, can’t blame her,” Dave grinned. “You are after all, the most beautiful creature on the entire planet...no...in the entire universe.”

Mick looked at Dave, “Why did you think I was beautiful?” He asked. “I mean...even when you found me...you said you thought so...but why? I can’t have been that beautiful then; I was so...so skinny and frail.”

“I don’t know,” Dave shrugged. “You were beautiful, even with the torn clothes and cuts and bruises everywhere...you...you melted my heart and I just wanted to take care of you, never wanted to leave your side. Your eyes were one of the first things I loved about you, so beautiful and green, but so sad. I knew that I wanted to be the one to make you smile.”

“And you did,” Mick said, looking at his partner lovingly. “You made me smile for the first time in...well, my entire life, but I never thought you would feel...that way about me.”

“You were the only one worth getting up for in the morning,” Dave smiled. “You still are.”

Without quite knowing why, Mick suddenly found himself moved to tears.

“Mick...what’s wrong?” Dave asked, getting up and sitting next to Mick’s chair. Mick was soon sobbing uncontrollably, and his face was wet with tears.

“N...nothing,” he sobbed. “Just...hormones.”
“Are you sure that’s all it is?” Dave asked. He always hated seeing Mick cry; it broke his heart.

“I d...don’t...know,” Mick found it hard to speak when he was crying like this. “Maybe...I’m scared...and I’m sick of dreaming about my past. I just want to forget about it. I...I wish I’d...had a better childhood. Why...did my parents hate me so much?”

“Because they were cunts who deserve to die a horrible death!” Dave growled. “I hope they do. They probably didn’t even want children!”

“But why...why did it happen to me?” Mick’s body was now wracked with sobs. “I grew up...thinking that I didn’t deserve...to be loved, even though...I did everything...to please them, it...was never good enough. I couldn’t believe it...when you said...you loved me.”

Dave stood up and held Mick’s head in his hands, “Of course I did,” Dave said, stroking his hair. “I love you even more now. Even after all that happened to you, from being beaten and starved and pretty much treated like a slave by those...bastards, you’re the kindest and sweetest person I’ve ever known. You’ve made me so happy Mick, and I’m even happier now you’re carrying my child.”

“But...it was just so...different...so lovely being treated so kindly,” Mick sobbed, holding Dave tightly and crying, making the guitarist’s jumper wet with tears. “After...so many years of...being hated...never a kind word...it just...seems like...you’re...too good to be true; I’ve often told myself that.”

“Mick, finding you out alone in those woods...it was the best thing that ever happened to me,” Dave said, kissing Mick and wiping away each tear as it fell. “You were also perfect for our band, the best drummer we ever had.”

“I...you know I nearly joined another band before my parents found out?” Mick said, sniffing, wiping away his tears and doing his best to stop crying.

“Yeah I know,” Dave nodded. “Pity the Rolling Stones didn’t think enough of you to even ask where you’d gone; when you didn’t turn up to their band practise, what did they do? They replaced you just like that.”

“It was all because I brought Keith back to my home,” Mick told him. “Not that it was much of a home. By then I’d...I’d scrimped and saved up enough money to actually decorate the basement they forced me to live in. Managed to convince Keith I liked it down there; thought up a good reason for it too and Keith believed me. I was clever enough not to let anyone work out what my parents were doing to me. In a way...it was kind of a blessing that Keith decided to take off his top when he did, so that my dad would walk in just at the wrong time, get the wrong idea and then do...what he did...drive me into the middle of nowhere and left me there to die.”

“What makes me mad is...Keith, your so-called friend, thought you were just being rude when you didn’t turn up to play with the band, instead of finding out what had happened” Dave said, annoyed. “The band just replaced you like that!” Dave clicked his fingers at the words, ‘like that.

“But on the plus side,” Mick smiled, beginning to feel better. “I met you and Ray instead...you both found me and rescued me, took me back to your...camp or whatever it was, and Pete was there of course. It was lucky you had all the survival skills you needed, and those few weeks I spent there camping with you...it was the most wonderful few weeks of my entire life. I almost felt like I’d died and had gone to heaven, you were all too kind and I’ll never forget that.”

Dave smiled at what Mick said, “And we were happy to have you with us,” Dave said, lovingly stroking Mick’s bump and smiling when he felt a sudden kick from their unborn daughter. “It was
actually nice for me not to feel so left out, with Ray and Pete being such close friends, I sometimes felt I was in the way of them and it was like they only wanted to talk to me when discussing guitar chords for Ray’s songs and stuff. But having you there was...special, because I finally had someone to talk to. I would just sit there and talk to you when you were lying in my tent, recovering, when you were asleep...I...I had to confess I used to watch you.”

“I can’t think why you would enjoy watching me sleep so much,” Mick chuckled. “It must have been incredibly boring waiting for me to wake up.”

“Watching you sleep was one of my favourite pastimes when I wasn’t playing one of my guitars or listening to music,” Dave confessed. “I think sometimes...as tragic as it was, the way I found you...somehow...someone up there was leading you to me.”

“Yes, I believe God was taking care of me all along,” Mick smiled. “I know you’ll laugh at me for thinking that like you always do but...”

“No...no I wouldn’t laugh at you for believing in God,” Dave said. “It’s just that...Ray and I were made to go to Sunday school a lot and it was boring, and not only that, I was fed up of hearing about how I was going to hell if I didn’t sit still and behave...so that kind of...you know...”

“Yeah I know,” Mick smiled, stroking Dave’s cheek. “But despite what I’ve been through...well, somehow I believe in a more loving God than that.”

“Well, it’s nice that one of us does,” Dave said, leaning forward to kiss Mick on the lips.

Mick suddenly felt a strange sort of pain that started out in the groin area; if he had been a woman, he would have recognised it as feeling a lot like a period pain, but as it was, he had no idea what was causing it. The pain disappeared in a matter of seconds, and it had not been all that bad, just weird, and so he dismissed it as nothing. Dave noticed him making a small grimace when the pain came on, so asked Mick if he was all right.

Mick nodded, “Umm...yeah...yeah I think so,” he said, feeling a little confused at what had happened. “Just the baby I think.”

“What, did she move again?” Dave asked him, feeling his bump.

“No it wasn’t a kick,” Mick answered, leaning forward and reaching for his male pregnancy book. “I think I need to check something out.”

“Should I be worried?” Dave asked him.

“No, no,” Mick said flicking through the book until he got to the page about when labour starts. “I just need to check something out, no need to worry.”

“Okay, if you’re sure,” Dave said, kissing him on the cheek and getting up. “If you need me I’ll just be having a play on my guitar in the bedroom.”

Mick smiled and nodded, “Okay,” he whispered, before turning to his book. He looked at the early stages of labour and read:

*It is slightly harder for pregnant men than it is for pregnant women to notice what the first labour pains feel like, especially a man having his first baby. This is because women are used to getting period pains and so they know that the first contractions feel very similar to that of a period pain, yet as men do not menstruate in the same way women do, they often dismiss this small pain as nothing at the very beginning, that is until labour becomes more established and the pain becomes more*
Mick looked up from his book, wondering if the tenderness he had felt was one of these pains. He had also read about Braxton Hicks last night too, which the book described as ‘practise contractions’. Therefore, it was hard for Mick to know exactly what that slight twinge was. He was already halfway through week thirty eight and he knew that the baby could come any day now, but he and Dave had been hoping their daughter would wait just a little longer; Dave had even said how wonderful it would be for the baby to come on her due date, then the baby would celebrate her birthday on the same day as her daddy. On the other hand, Mick was now tired of being pregnant and wanted to meet the baby sooner rather than later, so decided he would have to keep an eye on any more twinges he got.

Still, he knew that worrying about it would not do any good, so decided to get a shower as he was still in his pyjamas and dressing gown. He got up, and made his way into the bedroom where Dave was strumming his guitar, playing a tune from a piece of paper on his music stand. When Dave caught Mick out of the corner of his eye, he looked up and smiled, “Are you feeling better my beauty?”

Mick blushed at the words ‘my beauty’ because he still could not believe someone would think him beautiful, “Yes...for now,” he nodded. “I’ll let you know.”

“Let me know what?” Dave asked, looking alarmed.

“Nothing…yet,” Mick said calmly, not even looking at Dave as he took some underwear out of a drawer and opened the wardrobe to pick out a fresh change of clothes.

“What do you mean?” Dave asked. “Did you find out something in that book?!”

“Might have,” Mick muttered as he began to make his way out of the bedroom, but Dave was panicking and got up immediately and followed Mick.

“Mick is there something I should know about?” Dave asked anxiously.

Mick sighed at Dave’s overreacting, “I’m not sure,” he replied. “But don’t forget that I am...I’m halfway through week thirty eight now, and babies can come early sometimes so…”

“Oh...OH MY GOD ARE YOU IN LABOUR?!” Dave said, almost pulling his hair out anxiously.

This annoyed Mick, “NO DAVE, NO I’M NOT…” he sighed and said more calmly, “at least...not established labour...look come with me and I’ll show you what I read okay, and will you please calm down because you won’t help me anyway by getting in a state like that.”

“Sorry...sorry Mick,” Dave took a few deep breaths. “It’s just that I worry about you and...and I want to make sure you’re at the hospital in time for the baby to be born.”

“The baby’s not coming yet,” Mick said calmly. “Now come with me and I’ll show you the page I read.”

Mick took Dave by the hand and led him back into the front room where he had left his book, he opened it at the ‘early stages of labour’ page and handed it to his partner, “Here,” he said. “Have a read, maybe then you won’t get so panicky.”

“Oh I always panic when it comes to you and the baby,” Dave took the book from Mick and sat down to read.
“Now will you please calm down and let me get a shower?” Mick asked him.

Dave smiled, “Don’t be too long sweetie,” he said, stroking the drummer’s hand.

“I’ll be as long as I need to be,” Mick rolled his eyes yet again at what he saw as Dave’s overprotectiveness. Dave stroked Mick’s bump lovingly, but he was already starting to drive Mick crazy and so the drummer was keen to get away from him for a little while. “See you later Dave!” He said, slightly annoyed, and made his way into the bathroom.

When Mick closed the door and started undressing, he felt a little guilty for getting annoyed with his lover, after all, Dave had been the first person ever to show him any love and care for him so much. Yet his hormones were playing havoc and in the past few days, he had sometimes found himself crying for almost no reason at all, either that or he would get extremely irritable and snappy. Dave however, always tolerated this with love and understanding, and Mick thought it must be because Dave was just so happy they were having a child together and was prepared to take the rough with the smooth. He decided he would give Dave a hug later and apologise, besides, Dave may have come across a bit silly with the way he panicked, but Mick had to remember it was only because he cared about him so much.

Mick felt much better once he was in the shower, and feeling the warm water against him helped him to relax. He wondered if that small twinge he had felt earlier had just been one of those many aches and pains he had suffered earlier on in his pregnancy, but then again, he had not been in any pain for a couple of months at least; he was now less than two weeks away from his due date so that was what got him wondering. Still, he refused to panic, even though he was still scared stiff about the birth. He practised his breathing techniques as he was washing his body with the soap.

One thing Mick found almost impossible to do was bend down since he had got so big, so he could only wash the top half of his body well and the middle part, but anything below the knee was a real challenge and he needed Dave’s help for that. The guitarist was always more than happy to do this when they took a shower together, which they did many a time, or sometimes a bath, which was far more relaxing to Mick in his condition.

After Mick had washed his body and his hair, he stepped out of the shower and wrapped a large towel around his bump. Yes, since his tummy had grown so large, he hated looking at himself after he stepped out of a bath or shower and preferred to cover the whole thing up. He looked at himself in the mirror with the towel covering everything but his chest, and even that had grown!

Mick was still undecided whether or not he wanted to breastfeed, but he had been told a while back by Drizella, that St. Mungo’s encouraged all new mothers...and fathers to at least try and breastfeed their newborns because of the health benefits for the baby. Mick obviously wanted his daughter to have the best start in life, but he could not help but find the idea of a man with a baby attached to his chest a little...weird. Then again, he had not been expecting to get pregnant either; was that not weird as well? This was why he could not make up his mind. He thought of what Drizella had said, “Even if you only do it for the first few weeks,” the mediwitch had said, “the health benefits for the baby are amazing; breast milk helps protect against all kinds of things like coughs, colds, ear infections...you name it, and it also helps you get back into shape quicker.”

Well, Mick certainly liked that idea because he really missed his washboard stomach, which was another reason why he refused to say no to breastfeeding altogether.

Mick combed his hair as he looked into the bathroom mirror, he smiled as he heard Dave had gone back to his guitar and was singing away. He was glad that his lover was still cheerful even after he had grumbled at him.
Later in the day, Mick was bored because they had nothing planned. He had already spent a bit of time playing on his drums and jamming with Dave like they used to, in fact it was only now that they had got back into it. So as he was tired from all that drumming, but did not want to be stuck in the flat all day, he decided he wanted to go for a walk in the fresh air.

“Make sure you cover up well then,” Dave said, sitting on the sofa still holding his guitar. “You don’t want anyone to see you with that bump.”

“I know that Dave,” Mick rolled his eyes. “It will be fine; I’ll even put on a hat so I’m not recognised.”

“It’s harder to hide your bump now,” Dave pointed out. “Even with that big coat on I can still tell you’re pregnant.”

“Only because you know that I am,” Mick sighed. “No-one else is going to think anything of it, they’ll just think that I’m a bit fat, a beer belly or something.”

“You’re not going to go too far are you babe?” Dave asked him.

“No I’m not,” Mick reassured him. “Do we need anything from the shop?”

“We got pretty much everything we needed yesterday,” Dave said. “But we might have missed something now I think of it.”

“I’ll go and have a look in the kitchen and see,” Mick hobbled his way into the kitchen to check for things they might need.

He took the notepad and pen he always used to write shopping lists and looked around in all the cupboards and in the fridge. No, they seemed to have plenty of everything, which was frustrating because Mick was desperate for an excuse to go to the shop.

They had milk, they had butter, cheese, potatoes, eggs, fruit and veg and enough things to make different meals for the rest of this week and next week. Mick suddenly remembered bread; he went to check the bread bin to see how much was left since they had bought a new loaf yesterday. There was now only half a loaf left, so to Mick’s delight, he had found at least one thing that needed to be bought from the shop, thanks to Dave’s habit of having several rounds of toast some mornings, but the guitarist never seemed to put on any weight no matter how much he ate. Mick wished he did not have to watch his own weight; he always found he had to work out to keep his body looking great, and as he was pregnant, was unable to do that which was why the drummer was keen to keep as active as he could.

When he had looked around the kitchen and did not think there was anything else they particularly needed, Mick decided he would buy a few treats from the shop anyway. He kissed Dave, who was by now very busy playing and working on a new song he had written, and walked out of the front door.

Even though it was cold, Mick was glad to be out in the fresh air. He knew of a shop not that far away from their flat, and cheerfully walked along by the Thames. There did not seem to be many people about that afternoon; perhaps most people preferred to stay indoors. Mick did not understand this, as yes it was cold, but the air was dry, crisp and fresh. There was no wind and rain and so he strongly believed that so long as you wrapped up warm, being outdoors was good for you.
Mick made sure his face was as covered as possible so he was less likely to be recognised; so far, it was working and the people he passed did not give him so much as a second glance...then again why would they? He was after all Mick Avory from the Kinks, and since when had Mick Avory worn a ridiculously large Parka coat with a collar that covered most of his face as well as a hat? So the drummer was confident that as long as he kept his hat on and his face well covered, he was safe from being targeted for an autograph because people would think he was just some weirdo with a funny dress sense, or preferably they would not take the blind bit of notice of him. However, as he got nearer to his destination, he began to think that being recognised might be the least of his worries, when all of a sudden, he got that small twinge he had felt earlier on.

It was, he thought, slightly...just slightly more painful than the last twinge, but not unbearable and it certainly did not make him stop and clutch his stomach, it just made him wince slightly.

Still, it had been several hours since he had got the last one, and so Mick assumed that it may be a long time before another one came on. He decided once again not to panic, and continued on his way to the shop for goodies.

His visit to the shop was pretty uneventful to begin with; he found the bread and had a look at things he could treat himself to. He ended up getting chocolate, cookies, ice cream, sweets and several cans of coke. He had a think if there was anything else that might be necessary to pick up, but Dave had done a big shop the other day and they had everything they needed including toothpaste, shampoo and cleaning products, which Mick could not live without, and so he was satisfied they needed nothing else.

Mick went to the checkout and paid for everything, then walked towards the exit with the bag of goods. He had not realised at all that some people were giving him weird looks because of the large coat he was wearing, which almost covered his face, scaring the lady who had served him.

Just before Mick got to the doors, he felt a rough hand on his shoulder, “Excuse me sir,” a gruff voice said in his ear.

Mick turned to look; a tall man in a uniform that read ‘Security’ on his jacket was looking at him as if he were some kind of criminal, “Umm...w...what...what do you...want?” Mick felt intimidated, and did not like the way the man was looking at him.

“A rather large coat you’re wearing,” the guard pointed out. “I know it’s cold outside, but there’s no need to cover up and hide your face in the shop; anyone’d think you were up to no good.”

“I...I...paid for my stuff,” Mick trembled with fear as he realised the whole thing was drawing attention. “Please...please let me go.” He was doing his best not to burst into tears, but his hormones were not helping matters at all.

“But until you undo your coat so I can see what you’ve got hidden in there,” the security guard seemed to think he could talk to him however he wanted; this was totally unfair because he had done nothing to deserve it. His only crime as far as he could see was wearing a large coat and keeping his face well hidden.

Mick knew he would not be able to hide his baby bump at all if he did not have his coat on; he could not risk being exposed and he suddenly felt angry that he was being bullied in this way for almost no reason at all. He would not be accused of being a thief when he had paid for his shopping; he had not been shown any threatening behaviour and was hurting no-one. Mick was also becoming angry with the people who were gathering around him as if he were some kind of freak. He was not going to cry
and he was not going to be made to take his coat off either, so he decided to stand up for himself, “You want to know the reason why I’m wearing this coat?”

The security guard was suddenly taken aback by Mick’s sudden change from a ‘suspicious looking’ individual to a person with attitude, but he listened as Mick continued, “Do you want to know exactly why I’m wearing this hat and this massive coat?” He blinked back angry tears as he said this. “It’s because I want to go to the shop and back home without being recognised and bothered for autographs; I can’t go anywhere in London at all without being recognised!”

“Recognised?” The security guard questioned, looking confused. “But who are you? I… I can’t even see your face.”

Mick let out a sob; his hormones really were playing havoc now and he could not help but wish he was a woman so that he would be treated considerately, and he would not have to hide something he should be shouting to the world about. Mick took off his hat and threw it onto the ground in frustration. He then pulled down the zip of his coat so that the man…and several other people who were staring at him in a rude and invasive manner could see his face, “There,” He said, wiping away a tear. “Satisfied?”

Mick turned to the group of people around the shop and even outside the doors who were looking at him with great interest, “Any of you recognise me? Can any of you understand why I have to go around looking like this sometimes? I do it in the hope that I can go out without being noticed and back home again in peace. Oh don’t get me wrong; it’s very flattering that people want an autograph or want to have their picture taken with me, but sometimes, I just like to be left alone okay!”

He turned back to the security guard, “You still want me to take off this coat?”

“I recognise him,” a voice said from the crowd.

“Yeah…I think he’s from a band but I can’t think which one,” another piped up.

“He certainly looks familiar but…I can’t think…” a third voice interjected.

“THE KINKS THAT’S IT!” An excited voice called out.

However, Mick was not prepared to hang around so that people could bombard him with requests for autographs, not after the way he had been treated, and all because of what he was wearing. He glared at the security guard, who looked quite guilty now, “Happy now?” Mick asked him. “Are you still going to make me undress or can I go home?”

The security guard said nothing, he just nodded and allowed the drummer to be on his way. A few young people called out to Mick, wanting to talk to him, but the security guard stopped them, “Leave him be guys,” Mick heard him say as he walked out of the shop. “He’s not working today or signing any autographs.”

Mick could not get out of there quick enough. In a way, he wished he had never left the safety of the flat and he longed to get back to Dave. He hurried along as fast as he could, his shopping bag in one hand. He was now feeling so upset that he no longer cared who saw his face. Tears once again began to well up in his eyes as he hurried along, back the way he came and not really thinking of the few people who were looking at him, either with concern or slight disgust. He did not stop once, that is, until something forced him to slow up a little.

For the third time that day, Mick felt that twinge again, only this time, it was a little more than just a twinge because although it was not excruciatingly painful, yet it made him come to a sudden halt and
grab his stomach. The pain was, as before, in the groin area, but now he could feel a tight and uncomfortable sensation making it’s way to his hips, which caused him to squeeze his eyes shut and tense up. The pain disappeared after a few seconds and he felt normal again. Mick grabbed hold of the railing beside him, took a deep breath and told himself to calm down and make his way home.

Just as he was about to carry on, a voice beside him said, “Are you all right?”

Intending to politely ask the man who had spoken to please mind his own business, Mick looked up, and instantly recognised him as Dominic Lestrange.

“Mick!” Dominic said, a look of deep concern on his face. “What are you doing around here by yourself?”

“Not that I should have to explain myself to anyone,” Mick sighed, trying his best to be nice but failing after the way everyone else he met that day had treated him, “but I came out for a bit of fresh air and to buy a few things from the shop, but now...now...I’m starting...to wish I hadn’t.” Mick burst into tears.

“What’s wrong?” Dominic asked, placing his hand on Mick’s shoulder. “Can I help?”

“I just...want to go home now,” Mick sobbed.

“Where’s home?” Dominic asked him. “And more importantly, where’s Dave?”

“We’re...staying in a...flat just a few yards from here,” Mick said, trying to stop the crying and wiping away tears. “Just to be nearer St. Mungo’s ‘cos we don’t wanna travel through the fireplace from Wales. You know...just until the baby’s born.”

“Yeah, that makes sense,” Dominic agreed. “Your baby’s due pretty soon isn’t it?”

“Yeah the due date’s in a couple of weeks,” Mick confirmed. “But...so far today I’ve had three...not really bad pains but...weird because they only last a few seconds and then I’m all right again.”

“How often are you getting them?” Dominic asked.

“Very infrequently,” Mick shrugged. “The last one was while I was walking to the shop...must have been about...I dunno...half an hour ago. Then I got one just now, that made you come over and ask if I was all right.”

“That could be the start of it then,” Dominic told him. “It may take a while until you’re in established labour though, that is, when the contractions are very severe and you can’t bear them anymore, that’s when you need to get yourself to hospital.”

Mick nodded and wiped away his tears, and blew his nose on a handkerchief, “I’m gonna go home now,” he said. “It was nice to see you again.”

“Do you want me to walk with you?” Dominic asked. “I don’t live that far away either.”

“Okay,” was all Mick could say in a quiet voice.

As Dominic walked with Mick by the Thames river, the drummer could not resist asking why Drizella had been suspended from St. Mungo’s.

“Do we have to talk about her?” Dominic sighed. “I’m really mad at her.”
“Why?” Mick asked him.

“Because she nicked my time turner from my pocket for a start,” Dominic grumbled. “That could have cost me my job with the Ministry of magic. Also she was using it without authorisation; that’s a serious offence...or can be if something bad happens as a result. Overusing a time turner can create paradoxes and cause you to age slightly faster; really fucks you up badly if you’re constantly using it, I should know. She’s also in trouble because she used magic on a muggle; a stunning spell apparently. And Pridmore’s another one.”

“What did he do?” Mick asked.

“A similar thing,” Dominic replied. “Using a memory erasing spell on several muggles; all of it was to help you of course; same with Drizella, but the fact remains they broke the law...they’ll both be lucky not to land themselves in Azkaban for a short time, let alone be allowed back to work.”

“Azkaban?” Mick asked, puzzled.

“It’s a prison for witches and wizards,” Dominic explained. “Trust me, the less you know about it, the better.”

“Why?” Mick asked, unable to help his curiosity.

Dominic sighed and explained, “Azkaban in on an island in the middle of the North Sea,” the doctor told him. “But that’s not the worst part, it’s guarded by what you call Dementors.”

“What are they?” Mick asked him, not liking the sound of the word at all.

“They’re...things,” Dominic murmured. “Black things that fly about...foul creatures that suck every bit of happiness out of you so that you’re incapable of a happy thought and it’s very very hard to even think of a happy memory.” The doctor looked at Mick, “That’s why I’d hate for both of them to end up in Azkaban,” he said, anxiety clear on his face. “As annoyed as I am at Drizella, and as much as I sometimes want to punch that arrogant prick Pridmore, no-one deserves that. I am hoping that the reasons for them doing what they did will be taken into consideration.”

“Is there anything I can do to help?” Mick asked, feeling sorry for the healer and the mediwitch.

“I doubt it,” Dominic sighed. “And besides, you have enough to be thinking about, with the baby on the way.”

“I will pray for them both,” Mick said kindly.

“If you think that’ll help then by all means pray,” the doctor shrugged.

“Don’t you have any belief in God?” Mick asked him.

“No offence but I’m a Wiccan,” Dominic informed him. “I’m trying out a few spells to see if I can help them, but if you believe in prayer then by all means do it.”

Mick nodded sadly, and they continued walking in silence. As they arrived at the apartment building, Dominic asked, “Are you renting one of these apartments then?”

“Yes we are,” Mick replied, and told him their flat number, and Dominic’s eyes widened.

“I live on the floor just above yours then!” He gasped.

Then Mick suddenly remembered when Athena the owl had come to his balcony the previous night,
and the time when a familiar voice called out her name; he wondered now, “You don’t happen to have an owl do you?” He asked the doctor.

“Yes, Athena,” The doctor confirmed. “How do you know?”

“She’s been outside my flat a couple of times,” Mick chuckled. “She was tapping at the window trying to get in.”

“Oh that silly bird,” Dominic sighed and rolled his eyes. “Yes she keeps getting confused; I think it’s her age to be honest, either that or it’s because all the balconies look similar and sometimes I forget to leave the window open for her.”

“I saw an owl in Pridmore’s office too,” Mick pointed out. “Is it a ‘magical person thing’ to have an owl?”

“Very much so,” Dominic told him as they walked into the apartment block. “We use owls to send letters to each other. That was why I would send your letters to Doctor Bell so he could send them on to you; we thought you might freak out a bit if we sent an owl directly to your place.”

“Dave would have been a bit freaked out by it,” Mick laughed; he had actually cheered up considerably after meeting Dominic and learning he lived near them, though he was sad about Drizella and Pridmore. He got the feeling that Dave would not be happy. “But I think your owl’s beautiful; she was on my balcony last night.”

“I’ll try and make sure that doesn’t happen again,” Dominic sighed. “It’s not so bad if she just comes to you but she might go to the wrong person who might steal her and try to sell her. She’s a valuable species you know.”

“Birds of prey are valuable,” Mick agreed. Then suddenly, a sharper pain than the three previous ones took him by surprise and he grabbed the nearest thing he could, which was the handrail at the bottom of the stairs and also Dominic’s jacket. “Oh God,” Mick gasped as the contraction faded. “That one was more painful!”

“Okay, well next time you get one, don’t tense up like you just did,” Dominic advised. “Just take deep breaths in and out as each contraction reaches its peak, just breathe through the pain until it fades.”

Mick nodded, “I’d better go up to the flat and tell Dave then,” Mick said, taking in deep breaths because of feeling nervous about what was to come before he could meet his baby daughter.

“Do you have plans for the birth?” Dominic asked. “I mean are you able to get to the hospital okay?”

“The woman we saw a couple of weeks ago gave us a magic mirror to call St. Mungo’s,” Mick informed him. We just hope it works and someone answers.”

“That’s good and I’m sure it will be fine,” Dominic reassured him. “Magic mirrors are actually better than telephones; you’ve nothing to worry about.”

Dominic accompanied Mick to his and Dave’s apartment, and before he left, he told the drummer, “I usually get home around eight in the evening, unless I’m needed at the hospital and I’m called out, but if ever you need anything, let me know.”

“Thanks, that’s really kind of you,” Mick smiled gratefully.

“I can’t promise to always be around though, not with my busy job,” Dominic said regretfully.
“Which is why I’m glad you’ve got your magic mirror...hopefully you won’t need me, but I should be (fingers crossed) at home all tonight so if for any reason at all you can’t get through to St. Mungo’s, which is unlikely because magic mirrors are brilliant, well my apartment number is 247.”

Mick felt blessed to have someone nearby he could call for help if he needed it, but as he walked into the flat, he got the feeling that Dave was not going to be too happy to hear that one of ‘those people’ was living right above them. Indeed, he was right; Dave did indeed groan when Mick told him he had seen and spoken to Doctor Lestrange, “Is there no getting away from any of them?” The guitarist asked with a roll of his eyes as Mick settled on the sofa beside him.

“I think God is just looking out for us,” Mick smiled as he kissed his lover passionately. He had pretty much got over what had happened at the shop and decided not to tell Dave about it because they both had more important things to worry about. Mick knew that Dave would be upset, and would probably march right into that shop and punch the security guard and then get arrested for assault which was the last thing he needed when he could give birth any time.

Mick was just glad to be back with his lovely Dave, cuddling up on the sofa. He of course told Dave about the twinges he had been having and how Dominic had mentioned it could be the very early stages of labour.

“SERIOUSLY?!” Dave gasped in alarm.

“Don’t panic Dave!” Mick told him. “The best thing you can do for me is to just be with me while I’m getting them. They’re about half an hour apart and not very strong yet, so it could take a while.”

“Do you think we should contact that hospital with that…” Dave lowered his voice as he said the next part, “magic mirror?”

I’d like to stay at home for as long as I can,” Mick said, stroking his bump...then Dave noticed his pregnant lover closing his eyes, tilting his head backwards and breathing in a strange way.

“Mick are you all right?” Dave said, concerned. “Are you...are you sure I shouldn’t call the hospital now?”

Mick shook his head, his eyes still closed, “Not yet,” he whispered. “If...if you want to help me, run me a nice bath.”

Although the couple would not find themselves back at St. Mungo’s that night, or for the whole of the next day, Mick was to be woken up around every half hour with pains that were slowly but surely getting stronger.

Chapter End Notes

***NEXT CHAPTER*** Mick's labour progresses but he's in for a long and painful birth.
Chapter 21

Chapter Summary

Mick’s labour progresses, and Joyce is determined to track down Drizella.

When the impossible happens

Chapter 21

It had been twenty four hours since Mick had begun having the mild twinges, that he had later learned were the very early stages of labour. The contractions had slowly but surely been getting stronger since then, so that every half an hour or so, they had been waking him up in the night. Of course, the drummer remembered what Dominic had told him; not to tense up, to breathe in and out until each contraction eased off. However, as the pain became stronger, it was hard to simply take in calm, gentle breaths, and he found it much easier dealing with the pain by breathing in and letting out loud moans.

Mick had not slept very well during the night, simply because as each contraction came on, they had woken him up every time. So before it was even six o’clock, he had decided he may as well get up and pace around the flat. That way, he would not have to keep tossing and turning in the bed, groaning in pain and disturbing Dave, who never complained, but was too tired to be of much help to Mick, not that Dave could really have done much anyway. So deciding that Dave may as well rest while he had the chance, Mick heaved himself out of bed and staggered to the bedroom door, wondering if he should use Tabitha’s magic mirror to let St. Mungo’s know that they would be seeing him in the not too distant future.

As the pain was becoming stronger, Mick decided it would not be a bad idea to talk to them now; the contractions were still every half an hour and not too unbearable yet, but as they had been waking him up all night, the hospital needed to know what was going on.

Mick had barely walked out of the bedroom before he had a sudden urge to be sick; he quickly put his hand to his mouth and ran into the bathroom, just in time to retch into the toilet. Luckily as he had only just got up, there was very little in his stomach to bring up, and so all that came out was a small amount of water and bile.

After that, he felt a little better, but still knew it was going to be a long and not too fun day. Mick brushed his teeth to freshen his breath, which he always did after being sick, then he wet his face with a little cold water because he was sweating just a little. Just as he was drying his face with a towel, a sudden sharp pain in the centre of his abdomen caught him off guard, making him cry out and collapse to the floor, clutching his bump and making him stay on all fours for about three minutes, unable to move. He hoped Dave would come in to help him; surely his partner would have heard that, but no, Dave slept on and did not come to help...typical.

Mick could not bear to try and stand up, so he crawled as quickly as he could (which was not
particularly quick) to the bathroom door. Using the door handle to heave himself up with great
difficulty, then holding onto the walls, he made his way into the living room, where the magic mirror
was resting on a table next to his favourite chair. He badly wanted a drink of water now, but felt he
would not be happy until he at least had spoken to someone at St Mungo’s; he had not yet used this
mirror, so he hoped he would not have too much difficulty with it.

His last resort would be to go upstairs and ask Dominic for help, but he wanted to manage things
himself first; he wanted to be in control as much as he could.

Mick sat down in the chair and took a few breaths, relieved that he was finally sitting down
somewhere safe where he knew he would not collapse to the floor again. Just as he was about to
reach for the mirror, he got another contraction, much stronger than any of the others. Once Mick
had breathed through that one...or rather, breathed and moaned through it, he reached for the mirror,
picked it up and looked into it. He could hardly believe he was about to speak into what looked
simply like an ordinary hand mirror, and there seemed to be nothing magical about it on appearance;
it just had a pretty, floral pattern on the back and the mirror part just showed Mick’s own reflection.

The drummer sighed, stroked his large bump and said the words, “St. Mungo’s hospital.”

Mick looked in the mirror and waited, still seeing nothing but his own reflection and the wall in the
background...but then...instead of the wall, his face was surrounded by a strange, light blue
background, then his face disappeared altogether until there was nothing but blueness. The blueness
was then followed by weird, swirling patterns that lasted about five seconds...and then...Mick waited,
his heart racing, his back aching...then the swirling patterns disappeared, and he saw a woman’s face
looking back at him, making Mick almost drop the mirror in surprise. It looked like she was sitting at
the welcome desk in the hospital reception area; it did sound very much like he was talking to
someone on the phone because he could hear sounds in the background, only unlike on the
telephone, he could see the person as well...plus the sound was better.

“Good morning, St. Mungo’s magical hospital,” the woman with bright red hair smiled; Mick
thought this lady seemed far too cheerful for this time in the morning as she continued, “this is
Bridget the welcome witch speaking, how may I help you?”

Mick smiled nervously and said, “H...hello...umm, my...my name’s Mick and…”

The witch called Bridget smiled at him kindly and said, “Hello Mick, what can I do for you?”

Mick felt less nervous because of her friendly manner, “Well umm...I’m having a...a baby and...I’m
getting quite...no really strong contractions now and umm…” Mick was unsure what to say next, but
luckily the welcome witch smiled and spoke to him again, “Okay Mick, how often would you say
these contractions are coming on?”

“Umm...I’ve been getting them all night,” he said after thinking for a couple of seconds; the woman
nodded and waited for him to continue. “They were waking me up every half hour...but I think now
they’re getting a bit closer...umm like...ahhhh!”

This contraction was even stronger, and it came on so quickly that he was unable to do the breathing
that he had managed to do before. Bridget seemed to know immediately why Mick could not talk to
her, and she said to him, “Okay Mick, if you can manage it, try to take slow, long breaths okay?”

Mick nodded as the pain eased off, and he got the feeling any more pains were going to get far worse
that day, “I have been breathing like the book said,” Mick wheezed as he got over the pain quickly,
“but this time it came on really quickly and it was much more painful than before.”
“When exactly did your contractions start?” Bridget asked him.

“Yesterday,” Mick answered, trying to calm down. “But...they weren’t as painful as they are now and as...as I said...I’ve been getting them all night.”

“Okay well if you can manage it,” the red haired woman said, “I’m going to take a few details off you...now if you’re planning to have your baby at St Mungo’s then you should be on our system...just bear with me for a second while I check out this parchment…” the woman looked away for a few seconds and Mick waited patiently, hoping he would not get another contraction yet; he was starting to wonder if he should wake Dave. “Okay then Mick,” Bridget said, looking back at him through the mirror, “would you please tell me your full name and the address you’re living at?”

“Umm...yeah,” Mick sighed. “It’s Michael Charles Avory...and my address…”

“Oh yes,” the witch said before Mick could say any more. “I have here that you’re a muggle is that correct?”

“Umm...yeah it is,” Mick said, puzzled as to why she would need to know that.

“Okay so in that case we can get someone to come out to you this morning and assess you,” the red haired witch smiled at him warmly. “Would that be okay?”

“Umm...well yeah I suppose so,” Mick said. “But I don’t…”

“Basically we send a medi wizard or witch out to you,” Bridget explained. “Then they’ll examine you and decide if you’re far along enough to come in, would that be okay?”

“Yeah...I...I suppose so,” Mick replied with a shrug.

“Can I just check with you,” Bridget had one more question, “have your waters broke yet?”

“Not yet,” Mick said, worried; he had forgotten about that part of labour.

“Okay well the good news is,” Bridget told him, “I’m able to send someone out to see you by nine o’clock this morning, but if your waters go before then, you need to contact us...or if your contractions are so strong that you can’t hang on until then, use your mirror to let us know, then you might have to come in, okay?”

“Okay,” Mick nodded his understanding, hoping that the baby could hang on until somebody came, and he was also pleased that St. Mungo’s seemed willing to help him.

“Okay I’ll just need your address,” the welcome witch requested, and Mick told her where their flat could be found, and as he was telling her the address, she wrote it down, then said, “Try and time your contractions if you can, and hopefully we’ll see you later.” She smiled at him cheerfully.

“Okay...thanks...bye,” Mick managed a weak smile as she waved to him through the mirror.

As Mick put the mirror back down, he decided he had to go and wake Dave to tell him that his labour was progressing and that someone would be coming to see them later. He knew that Dave would not be happy about another magical person coming to their flat, but if they wanted this baby, then it could not be helped.

The drummer heaved himself off the armchair, and slowly made his way into the bedroom, his hips aching and hoping that Dave would not be too disagreeable about being woken up or about what he was going to be told. Mick opened the bedroom door and was pleased to see that Dave had woken
up, even though his lover did not look fully awake and was lying there staring into space, as was normal for Dave first thing in the morning. Still, Dave being awake was a good start. Mick sat on the bed and smiled at Dave, who, in his dreamlike state, did not smile back and just looked at him.

Mick rubbed his bump, a thing he had taken to doing when he was nervous about something, then took Dave’s hand, smiled at him and said, “Dave, I’ve used the mirror and spoken to someone,” he sighed. “The pains have been getting stronger in the night and even worse this morning, so I called St. Mungo’s and they’re sending someone out to see me; they’re coming at nine.”

Mick waited for Dave to answer; at first it did not seem to register with Dave what he had said. Dave just kept looking at him sleepily, but then he made a grumpy face and muttered, “What?”

Mick was half expecting Dave to be a little difficult, but still could not help but feel hurt at his attitude. Mick sighed and said, “Look, can you just be up and dressed by nine o’clock...please?”

Dave said nothing and just nodded.

“Thank you,” Mick said, leaning forward and giving Dave a kiss on the cheek, which made Dave smile a little, also making Mick feel slightly better. He could not really blame Dave for being just that little bit irritable, after all it was still early, not even half past six yet.

Not only that, Dave had dealt with a lot over the past few months, with finding out that some men could get pregnant, that his boyfriend was expecting their baby, finding out that magic was real, dealing with his family, protecting Mick from them and supporting Mick, and Dave was barely twenty. He was still very young to be dealing with so much...and hell, being in a band was a big enough thing for him to cope with, yet he still chose to stand by Mick and he still wanted this baby very much. Mick really could not complain about a thing when Dave had been so wonderful, and although he himself was comfortable around magical people and knew that they were human beings just like everyone else, he completely understood why Dave was uneasy with it.

Mick smiled at Dave and, deciding he needed to keep himself busy, asked Dave if he would like a cup of coffee; Dave smiled and nodded. Mick rolled his eyes as he staggered out of the bedroom towards the kitchen; Dave should really be looking after him.

Once Mick had struggled to the kitchen with his bump, he leaned against one of the kitchen units and stopped to rest; both his back and hips were aching and he really could have done with Dave massaging him. Still, he knew that walking around and keeping busy was the best way to help labour progress, and making Dave a coffee gave him something to do.

He staggered to the cooker and picked up the kettle, took it to the sink and filled it with water. He took it back to the stove, placed it on the hob and lit the gas. While he was waiting for the kettle to boil, Mick then decided to sit down at the table because right now, his feet and just about every part of his body was aching and tired. That was another symptom Mick had read about that was common in a male pregnancy, especially as labour progressed and particularly with a first baby, that it did not always take much moving around to make you feel unbelievably tired.

It was funny because only yesterday he had gone out for a walk and apart from the mild contractions, his body did not ache then like it did now. Then suddenly, he felt another contraction coming on, and once again as the pain reached it’s peak, Mick was unable to handle the pain by simply breathing in and out; the pain was too intense, so he breathed in and as he breathed out, he let out a moan that for some reason, made the pain somewhat easier to manage.

Once that contraction had eased off, Mick looked at the kitchen clock; it was now twenty-five to seven, and he made a mental note to make sure he looked at the clock again when the next pain came
on, because he was fairly sure that they had now gone down from half an hour apart to about fifteen minutes.

Dave woke up properly just before seven o’clock. Though it was still pretty early, he had been woken up by Mick’s constant tossing and turning all night, and now Dave was properly awake, he now realised the reason why his pregnant lover was not able to sleep very well.

He remembered that yesterday, Mick had told him he had started getting contractions. Dave had felt a feeling of panic because he had never dealt with childbirth before, excitement that he was going to be a father any time now and sheer worry because he was unsure if he was going to be able to cope with seeing Mick in such pain. It had been bad enough a few months back when Mick was suffering through the prenatal change that all pregnant men go through, because he had so badly wanted to take Mick’s pain away, but there had been very little he could do except massage Mick’s back and hips and fetch him the pain numbing potion that tasted so horrible.

Now that Mick was in labour, Dave was going to have to deal with seeing the man he loved in pain again, and this time, it would last a lot longer than half an hour.

Dave sat up just as Mick came into the bedroom with his coffee; he could not believe how beautiful Mick still was, even though he was as big as a house. Dave smiled as Mick handed him his cup of coffee and sat down on the bed next to him.

“Thanks baby,” Dave whispered and took a sip of the hot drink; it tasted so much better when Mick made it for some reason, in fact everything Mick did was perfect...Mick was perfect. Dave smiled at how beautiful Mick was, how amazing his smile was...but then the drummer’s smile faded, and Dave tried not to worry when he realised why, it was clear from the grimace on Mick’s face that he was getting a contraction and trying his best to remain calm as he breathed through the pain.

Dave quickly put his coffee on the bedside table and took hold of Mick’s hand, “Mick baby,” he said, his heart racing. “Are you okay...is there anything I can do?”

Mick squeezed Dave’s hand firmly and shook his head; Dave did not know what to say to be of any help.

“How often are you getting them now?” Dave asked.

“They’re still about fifteen to twenty minutes at the moment,” Mick replied, resting his head against Dave’s shoulder. “But they’re starting to really hurt now.”

“Oh poor baby,” Dave said, gently rubbing Mick’s back. “Just let me know if I can do anything or get you anything.”

“Umm...maybe you can start by getting dressed,” Mick said, looking at Dave with pleading eyes. “Just so you can be ready for when that person comes to see me at nine.”

Dave chuckled at this, “Yeah maybe you’re right,” he agreed. “It won’t do for them to find both of us in our pjs would it? I have to look like I’m looking after you, and I want to come across as a responsible father to this baby.”

“You are without a doubt the best I could ask for,” Mick said as he kissed Dave on the cheek. “You’ll be a wonderful father to this baby as well, I know you will.”
“I hope so,” Dave sighed. “I really want to be; it’s just that I’m so young, and I wouldn’t have chosen to be a father at this point in time.”

“Nor would I,” Mick agreed. “But I know we’ll do a wonderful job of raising her together, and we just have to be grateful that we have the money to be able to provide for this little one.”

“That sure does help,” Dave nodded. “And now she’s almost here, I can’t wait to meet her.”

“Me neither,” Mick said, kissing Dave again. “But not until I’ve gone through the agony of giving birth to her.”

“I know,” Dave said, stroking Mick’s hair. “But I’ll be right here with you, I may not be able to do much about the pain you’ll be in, but I’ll still be here.”

“There’ll be little things you can do for me,” Mick said. “Like rubbing my back, wiping the sweat from my face, putting up with me shouting at you.”

They both laughed at this, and Dave said, “Oh dear, I hope I won’t be that useless that you have to shout at me.”

“No, you’ll never be useless,” Mick reassured him. “But I did read that I might temporarily lose my mind; it’s called the ‘Transition phase’.”

“Okay,” Dave said, trying not to laugh. “I’ll try and be prepared for that then.”

For the next hour, Mick’s labour pains continued to come on every fifteen minutes and they became more and more intense. Although Mick knew that keeping active and walking around was the best way for it to progress, he actually tired himself out that morning by going around the flat and cleaning the place in order to keep busy and active. After Dave had got showered and dressed, he came out to find Mick leaning against the kitchen table and breathing loudly through another contraction, he ran over to Mick and tried to get him to come and sit down.

“No!” Mick said as Dave tried to lead him to the sofa to lie down. “Lying down is only going to slow the contractions.”

“That might not be a bad thing,” Dave told him. “I think you could do with a lie down; you look completely exhausted.”

“I tell you what you can do for me Dave,” Mick said, panting, “you could run me a bath; that will help me to relax.”

Dave looked at the clock; it had just gone past eight, so there was certainly time for Mick to have a nice relaxing bath, which would hopefully help to ease his pain a little. So he agreed to run Mick a nice bath, on the condition that he go and lie on the sofa while he did it, or at least sit down and not pace around. Mick agreed to sit in the armchair because he did not find the sofa very comfortable to lie on, and he preferred to be sitting upright, so Dave was happy with that so long as Mick relaxed.

Dave ran Mick a lovely warm bath with aromatherapy oils in; Mick really had gone to town on his pregnancy and Dave thought his partner had really prepared for labour well, with the breathing techniques he had learned and all the natural remedies he had read about that were helpful in labour.

As the water was running, Dave poured in two small bottles of oil; he was not entirely sure how much of it he was supposed to put in but as the bottles were only very small, he thought he may as
well empty the entire contents into the water. Then when he had tested the water with his elbow and decided it was at the right temperature, he lit four candles and placed one at each corner of the bath and put a few rose petals in the water...another thing Mick had bought himself but so far had not yet used. When Dave was done, he stood back and admired his handiwork, the water smelled wonderful and he hoped Mick would love it too.

Dave then went to fetch Mick, and became worried when he saw his partner was no longer sitting in the armchair but was on all fours, clearly in pain with tears streaming down his cheeks, “Mick...Mick what’s wrong?” Dave said, trying not to panic.

“I think...I think my waters have broke,” the drummer sobbed.

“Okay come on love,” Dave said pulling the drummer to his feet. “Do you want me to call the hospital?”

“Have...have you done my bath?” Mick asked, shaking.

“Well yes I have but…”

“Good, “ Mick said, leaning on his lover. “Take me to the bathroom and help me undress.”

“But…” Dave began.

“Please Dave,” Mick begged. “My pyjamas are soaking wet; I need to get out of them.”

Dave looked at the carpet where Mick had been and he noticed it was stained with a wet patch; he decided not to cause Mick any further distress and just do as he asked for now. He took Mick into the bathroom and started to undress him.

“Can you get me some clean clothes while I’m in the bath?” Mick requested.

“Of course babe,” Dave said as he took off Mick’s dressing gown and large pyjama top. “But I think you need to go to hospital soon.”

“Help me get these pyjama bottoms off,” Mick said as though he had not heard what Dave had said. Dave did as he asked; the pyjama bottoms and underpants were wet through where Mick’s waters had gone, and so Dave thought Mick having a bath would be a good idea, but he was keen to speak to St Mungo’s as soon as he could because he had heard that once the waters had broken, the baby was more susceptible to infections. Still, he did as Mick asked him because he did not want to stress his partner out by contradicting him.

After Dave had helped Mick into the bath, he asked him again if he ought to call St Mungo’s; Mick nodded, “Yeah but can you get me my clothes ready for when I get out the bath?”

“Okay,” Dave sighed. “But then I’m calling the hospital; we’re not waiting for that person to visit.”

Dave made sure that Mick was relaxed in the bath before he left his side; it was a shame his pregnant lover did not notice the effort he had gone to in order to prepare the lovely bath for him, but it could not be helped. After all, Mick was in quite a lot of pain now and his mind was elsewhere.

Dave kissed Mick on the side of his head before heading to the bedroom to find his partner some loose fitting clothes that he would be comfortable in. He picked out one of the cotton tops Mick had taken to wearing the past few months, that were a few sizes bigger that he normally wore but one of the few things they had been able to find that would go round Mick’s pregnant belly. Just as Dave was getting out a pair of loose fitting trousers to go with it, he heard Mick call out to him from the
bathroom, sounding like a call of distress, “DAVE!”’ Mick called out in a terrified voice. “DAVE HELP ME PLEASE!”

Dave rushed back to Mick’s side, “Mick what’s wrong?” Dave asked, putting his arm round the man he loved, trying to comfort him.

“I...I d...don’t know,” Mick said, his voice shaking, his eyes red from crying and his face pale. “I just got this really sharp pain...I...I got it earlier as well but this time it seems much worse!”

“Right I’m calling the hospital!” Dave insisted. “We can’t wait for people to come out and see you...just...just stay there and I’ll get the mirror!”

“Don’t leave me on my own,” Mick begged. “Please come back here!”

“I won’t be a minute,” Dave promised, and he ran to the living room where Mick had left the mirror earlier, picked it up and remembering what Tabitha had told them, hastily said, “St. Mungo’s hospital!”

Dave could no longer think about how freaky using a magic mirror was when his beautiful Mick needed him to take care of him, so he watched with a beating heart as his reflection disappeared in a misty blue haze, then swirlly patterns appeared and that was followed by a woman’s face looking right back at him. She looked very friendly, not that Dave could really think about that now.

Before the woman was able to speak and introduce herself, Dave hastily said, “Can you help me please; my er...my...boyfriend is going to have a baby...really soon...he’s...he’s in labour and I don’t think we can wait for someone to come out to us.”

“Okay I think I may have spoken to your boyfriend earlier,” the woman with bright red hair said, smiling kindly. “What’s his name?”

“Mick...I mean...Michael...” Dave stuttered awkwardly, unable to think straight. “Sorry...Michael Avory, but he’s generally called Mick...but his name’s not important because...”

The woman cut off Dave’s anxious babbling by saying, “Yes...yes that’s the one who called earlier this morning,” the woman confirmed. “Have his contractions progressed further since then...how often are they coming?”

“Just a minute,” Dave said, quickly walking towards the bathroom with the mirror, and where he could hear Mick calling out his name. “His...his waters broke earlier, and he’s in the bath at the moment.”

“Okay well if his waters have gone then I should be able to arrange for the medi witch to come sooner to examine him,” the redheaded witch told him. “If you could just hold for me.”

Dave looked and the witch seemed to have got up from wherever it was she had been, and he felt he had no other choice but to wait until she came back, but then he heard Mick’s voice from the bathroom, “Dave,” he called out in a weak voice, “come and be with me please...I need you...God I’m in so much pain now!”

“I’m just coming darling,” Dave took the mirror and made his way to Mick’s side. “It’s okay I’m talking to them now; the woman said to wait ‘cos she’s gone to talk to someone!”

Dave crouched down next to the bathtub where Mick had his head bent back and he was breathing, panting and groaning through what Dave could only assume was a super strong contraction, “It’s okay Mick I’m here,” Dave soothed, allowing Mick to squeeze his hand tight. “Someone’s coming
“Dave...I can’t cope with this pain much more!” Mick panted, the pain clear to see on his face.

“Yes you can Mick…” Dave began, before a voice from the mirror interrupted him.

“Hello are you there?”

Dave looked in the mirror while still holding onto Mick’s hand, “Yeah I’m here,” Dave said, “he’s getting the pain really bad now,” he stated. “I can tell he’s in absolute agony!”

Suddenly Mick gave out a loud cry of pain, lifting his body out of the water and throwing his head back, making Dave worry that the baby would be born in the next few minutes. The witch on the other end of the line must have heard it too because she said, her eyes wide, “Wow...sounds like that might be it love, but don’t worry because someone has already apparated to your place. If I could ask you to go to your front door now to let Healer Tabitha Crowley in!”

Dave did not hesitate to do exactly as he was asked, he put the mirror down on the bathroom floor and quickly made his way out to the front door to see if anyone was waiting to be let in. He had to ignore the pleas from Mick not to leave him.

Someone was knocking on the door just as he was about to answer it, he opened it and sure enough, he recognised Tabitha at once, “Hello there,” she said cheerfully. “I hear someone is having a baby.”

“Umm...yeah he’s in the bath at the moment though,” Dave pointed out awkwardly.

“That’s fine.” Tabitha said as she stepped inside. “Nothing I haven’t seen before, and believe me, I’ve seen just about everything in my career as a healer.”

Just then they heard Mick call out from the bathroom, “DAVE...DAVE COME BACK...PLEASE!”

“Oh dear,” Tabitha said looking towards the bathroom. “Am I all right to go in there.”

“Yeah come with me,” Dave said, leading the way, and Tabitha followed him to the bathroom, where Mick was now leaning over the side of the bath, breathing in and out, the expression on his face so obvious that he was in pain. “Mick, there’s someone here to help you,” Dave told him gently. Mick looked up and saw Tabitha, and smiled weakly, clearly happy that someone was there to help him.

“How are you doing Mick?” she asked him, placing her bag on the bathroom floor and going over to see the drummer.

“Not...good,” Mick managed to pant, in too much pain to say an awful lot.

“Nonsense I think you are doing marvellously well,” Tabitha said encouragingly. “You certainly have the right idea about being in water; that helps with pain relief considerably well, but just remember your breathing.”

“Water’s...not helping much...now,” Mick murmured, placing his head down on the side of the bath, then letting out another cry of pain as he got another contraction.

“You’re managing the pain really well Mick,” Dave said, kneeling down to look at his partner and massaging his shoulders. “I’m sure I wouldn’t handle it very well.”

Tabitha opened up her bag and as she rummaged at the things inside it she asked, “So are the
contractions quite close together now Mick?” She asked.

Mick was unable to answer her question straight away as he tried to remember his breathing techniques; all he could do was nod, but Dave answered the question for him, “Sounds like it.”

“Okay well I’ve got something here for you,” Tabitha took from her large bag what looked like a bright green lollipop, but how on Earth would that help Mick? “Suck on this and it will block out the pain, but you’ll still be able to feel the contractions...they just won’t be painful.”

The witch pulled off the wrapper and handed it to Mick, who put it straight into his mouth; the pain was just so intense now that the drummer would have done almost anything to stop it.

“Those lollies are made using a very strong anaesthetic potion,” Tabitha told him. “Only a few drops are required for very severe pains but they work wonders; you will feel the difference in your contractions in less than two minutes, only downside is it might make you drowsy; the full dose is used to knock people out for major surgery.”

Mick took the lolly out of his mouth, “I think it’s working already,” Mick smiled.

“I told you it would,” Tabitha smiled back. “But if you want it to work properly, you have to keep it in your mouth, otherwise the pain will come back.”

Mick immediately did as Tabitha told him to do; he certainly did not want to feel that pain again, because it was quite possibly the worst pain he had endured, and that is saying something, considering the abuse he had suffered at the hands of his parents, only now he was around someone who loved and cared about him. Sucking on this magic lolly gave him a strange, overly happy feeling, almost like he was on drugs. Another contraction came, but all it felt like was a fluttery feeling, which he later described as feeling a lot like bubbles floating around and gently popping inside him. He looked at Dave, who was sitting by the bath stroking his hair, Mick smiled at him in a silly way that made Dave comment, “You’re loving that lolly aren’t you babe?”

Mick kept the lolly in his mouth and nodded, then Tabitha asked him if he would mind getting out of the bath so that she could examine him, “Did you want to lie on your bed so I can look at you?” She asked the drummer.

“You can wait in the bedroom while Mick get’s dry,” Dave suggested.

“Sure, where is it?” Tabitha asked.

Dave showed the healer to their bedroom, then came to help Mick to get out of the bath. Mick had had difficulty getting in and out of the bath for quite a few months with his bump being so huge and the aches and pains he had been getting in the last stages of his pregnancy, so Dave took hold of his arms as he struggled to get up and he had to support him by placing an arm around his waist.

In the end, Mick decided to just put on a towel and his bathrobe; it seemed like too much effort to put all of his clothes on, especially as Tabitha might make him undress again anyway.

“Okay, you’re seven centimetres at the moment,” Tabitha said, withdrawing her gloved hand from in between Mick’s parted legs. “Not quite time to push but I recommend you going into hospital now; as it’s a first time baby, we do recommend you give birth in the hospital. Now I would apparate you there, but it’s not safe in pregnancy, and as you’re not too far from St. Mungo’s, you should have time to drive over there immediately. Are you okay with that?” She turned to Dave as she asked this question.
“Yeah we should be fine getting there,” Dave agreed.

“Do you have your hospital bag packed with all the things you need?” The witch asked him.

“Yeah luckily Mick got his bag ready last week,” Dave smiled.

“Excellent,” Tabitha smiled, picking up her bag. “I’ll go back to the hospital and inform delivery suite they’re to expect you within the next half hour...you all right with that Mick?”

Mick, who had kept the magic epidural lollipop firmly in his mouth the whole time because he could not bear for the pain to come back, simply nodded, looking and feeling quite out of it.

Once the healer had disapparated from their flat, Dave hurried to help Mick get dressed so they could be on their way. He guessed from the way Mick sucked hard on that lolly and his refusal to remove it from his mouth that the pain must have been horrendous, so he did not pressure Mick to take the lolly out of his mouth so they could talk. After all, Dave was not the one having the baby and he had no idea what agony you had to go through to give birth.

They gathered everything as quickly as they could and made their way to the car, though Mick lagged behind a little because of carrying another life inside him that was soon to be brought into the world, and this time, the drummer was so anxious and stressed (although he tried not to be) that he did not even bother covering himself with his oversized parka coat.

Luckily, their car was not parked too far away, and so they managed to get to it without anyone noticing Mick with his large bump; sometimes they both wondered if he was carrying more than one baby in there, yet they had only seen one in both the scans Mick had, but the drummer was so huge that anyone would have thought he was having at least two babies, but apparently it was all to do with how much water was around the baby.

Dave helped Mick with his seat belt, another thing that being pregnant was making very awkward for him, also there was the fact that Mick was acting in an intoxicated manner due to whatever substance the lolly contained, and Mick was sitting there, the stick in his mouth, and he was laughing. Dave had always loved Mick’s laugh and even now, when he should have looked very silly indeed, looked simply adorable; it was certainly better than seeing Mick in pain.

Once Dave had fastened Mick’s seat belt, he kissed his pregnant lover on the cheek and said, “Off we go then.”

Joyce Davies was going out of her mind with worry. Her girlfriend, Drizella had not been in contact with her for quite a few days now. She had always thought Drizella was in it for the long haul, even though in truth, they had only known each other a matter of months. Surely the witch had not been messing with her, surely there had to be a reasonable explanation as to why she had not called her or sent an owl to her.

Joyce had been pretty freaked out by the revelation her girlfriend was a witch, but she had quickly got over it and now she could not imagine her life without Drizella. She had been worrying for days if she had done something wrong; Drizella was one of the few people who understood her and loved her for her. This witch did things to her sexually that she had not known women could do to each other. It was only after meeting this eccentric but beautiful woman that Joyce had finally accepted she was a lesbian, yet why had Drizella not spoken to her in almost a week?
Usually Drizella would either call her on the phone and they would talk for hours, or else she would receive an owl asking if they could meet at a certain place and time. Yet in the last few days, Joyce had heard nothing, and she did not buy into the possibility that Drizella was simply busy with working at St. Mungo’s because that was bullshit; Drizella had always been busy working and yet had always made time to see her, and the medi witch had even wanted them to move in together. Joyce did not understand her lover’s sudden failure to contact her, so she decided to find out for herself because this was not good enough; if Drizella no longer wanted to see her then Joyce wanted to hear it from her own mouth.

Only problem was, Joyce had no idea where Drizella lived...then she had a sudden idea. Maybe Mick and Dave still saw her for all Mick’s antenatal appointments, so she could go and see them. She did not really want to bother her brother with her love life, but Joyce was desperate now. Joyce was in love, and the sooner she found out what the problem was, the better. As soon as she was alone in the house (her father was at work and her mother had gone to a friend’s house), Joyce picked up the phone and called her brother Ray; there was a good chance that he would know where Dave was, as they were in a band together after all, even if they did not get along. Joyce waited as the phone rang, hoping to God that Ray would be in. Then someone picked up and said, “Hello.”

Joyce smiled, pleased that for once her brother was at home, or at least able to hear the phone ringing, because sometimes he was either busy playing music or ‘otherwise engaged’ with his girlfriend.

“Hi Ray it’s me Joyce,” she said, hoping with all her heart that this phone call would get her somewhere.

“Hello Joyce,” Ray sounded happy to get a phone call from one of his favourite sisters (though she suspected that would change once he knew of her sexual preference). “How are you?”

“I’m okay thanks,” she said, but then decided to be truthful, “well actually...no...I’m not.”

Shit, she thought to herself, because maybe that was not a good idea to reveal that much if she had a secret to keep from him.

“Why what’s wrong?” Ray asked her.

“Well actually it doesn’t really matter at the moment,” she said, desperate to get to the point. “I was wondering if you could tell me where Dave lives...I mean I know him and Mick have a house in Wales but...I heard they’re staying in London until...well…” She felt awkward mentioning the baby.

“Until the baby’s born,” Ray finished her sentence for her. “Yes I know, I heard all about it from Pete but...well I’m sorry Joyce but I can’t help you.”

Joyce’s heart sank, “Can’t help me?” She said, puzzled. “Why not?”

“Because I heard from Pete that Dave doesn’t want me to visit him,” Ray sighed. “You see Pete went over to see Dave and Mick but…”

“So Pete knows?” Joyce asked hopefully.

“Well yeah I should think so,” Ray replied in his usual dopey voice. “But...Joyce, why are you so keen to see Dave?”

“Will you just give me Pete’s number Ray...please,” Joyce all but begged, trying not to cry because she was desperate to find out where Drizella was; she had a pen and paper and was waiting for Ray to tell her, hoping against hope that she would get somewhere.
Ray was so worried about his sister because of the obvious distress in her voice that he gave her Pete’s number, but was desperate to know what was wrong. So after she had written down the bassist’s phone number on a piece of paper, Ray asked Joyce, “Is there anything I should be worried about?”

“Not at present,” Joyce answered, wiping away tears from her eyes, “but I’ll let you know if and when I sort all this out.”

“Sort what out?” Ray asked in a frustrated sounding voice. “Joyce, I don’t underst…” but Joyce, desperate to talk to Pete to try and get closer to finding the woman she loved, hung up before her brother could finish her sentence. She did not want to waste any more time and immediately started dialling the number Ray had given her. She was going to find Drizella even if it killed her.
Chapter 22

Chapter Summary

Joyce and Drizella are reunited, and Mick is still in labour (sorry I suck at summaries).

Chapter Notes

It's about a year since I begun writing this story and still can't believe it's not finished. It was only meant to be a one shot but I have dragged it on and it's taken a fair few twists and turns...oh well let's just go with it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When the impossible happens

Chapter 22

Drizella had not been out of her apartment for several days, the reason, she had been told that while on bail, she was not to leave her home or make any attempt to contact anyone, otherwise there would be consequences. Those consequences being that she would immediately be sent to Azkaban until her trial. She had even had her owl and her house elf taken away. This was beyond injustice, since yes, she had broken several wizarding laws, but she had not done so lightly, and had only ever been trying to help someone...yet she was being treated as if she was a danger to the public, a danger to muggles.

She had only used the stunning spell on Mr Davies to stop him from attacking a pregnant man, who was her patient and thus, she felt she had every right (morally at least) to do what she did and even now, the mediwitch did not regret a thing...but in a way, she wished she had not taken Dominic’s time turner, because that thing had been more trouble than it was worth, although using it meant that she had been able to get to work on time.

Luckily, she was allowed to have visitors, and she was now kicking herself for never bringing Joyce back to her place or giving her lover her home address. She was hoping against hope that her girlfriend would be clever enough to find a way to reach her, because there was no way she was able to contact Joyce herself.

Dominic was refusing to talk to her, so it was no good expecting a visit from him.

Her colleague, James Pridmore was in the same situation as she was, so she could not expect help from him either. No-one seemed to want to visit her, and so she was isolated and alone, with the feeling she was going out of her mind...maybe she was.
Joyce knocked on her youngest brother’s door, hoping against hope that by some miracle, Dave would be able to help her. Yes, he had bigger commitments, like how he was about to become a father, but Joyce would do anything to get to the woman she loved.

She waited; no-one answered...her heart sank...but then maybe Dave was out and would be back shortly, so Joyce decided to wait a little while. She sat down by the door of her brother’s flat, determined not to leave until she had seen him. Then after a few minutes, she began to think that of course, Mick’s baby was due around this time; maybe the child was finally on it’s way and that was why Dave was not in. Of course if that was the case, Dave would be a long time in coming back.

She had no idea how to get to St. Mungo’s; if she did, she would go there immediately and try to find out where Drizella was. Joyce was just about to give up, when suddenly, a man’s voice made her almost jump out of her skin, “They’re not in; Mick’s been in labour since yesterday and I saw them go out this morning.”

Joyce looked up and saw a man standing over her; she got up to get a look at him properly. It was a man about her own age, dark hair tied back, but that was not the strangest thing about him. One of the most interesting features she noticed about him were his eyes. At first, Joyce thought they were brown, but on looking closer, they seemed much lighter, then...did this man’s eyes keep changing colour? Surely she must be seeing things, after all, she had not had much sleep the past few days, worrying about Drizella and whether or not the witch actually intended on calling her, writing to her or coming to see her again.

When she was unable to speak because the man’s eyes were somehow hypnotising her against her will. He asked her, “Are you related to Dave? You look a lot like him.”

Joyce finally found her voice, “I...umm...I’m his sister,” she answered, unsure whether or not this man was a friend, and yet there was something about him that gave her the feeling she had nothing to be afraid of. Again, it was his eyes; it was almost as if they were doing things to her mind she could not explain.

She asked him, “How well do you know my brother? Or...or are you just neighbours?”

“Actually,” the man said, “I kind of knew Dave before he moved into this place...I was...well his partner Mick was my patient for a short time...I’m a doctor, and it’s really just a coincidence that we’re neighbours too.”

“Wait...Mick was your patient?” she asked. “Do you...do you work at St Mungo’s hospital?” Joyce was already beginning to think that this stranger was the key to solving her problems.

“I don’t work at St Mungo’s exactly,” the man replied. “I work in a muggle hospital but…”

“Muggle,” Joyce muttered to herself. “I’ve heard Drizella use that word before.”

The man’s eyes widened in shock, “Did you say...Drizella ?” He asked, with what looked to her almost a look of disdain.

“Yes I did!” Joyce said excitedly. “Do you...do you know her?”

“Yes unfortunately,” the man groaned.

“Can you tell me where she lives?” Joyce asked, immediately getting out a pen and paper. “Please...if you do know it would mean so much to me for you to tell me...please !”
“W...why?” The man asked, looking puzzled.

“She’s my...she and I are very close,” Joyce said, quietly cursing herself for almost giving the game away.

“She’s been unable to leave her home,” the stranger told her, taking her pen and paper off her and writing down an address. “She’s going to be standing trial in a few weeks for using magic on a muggle and in front of muggles, using a time turner without authorisation among other things...she’ll be lucky not to be put in Azkaban for a year or more...as for ever getting her job back...well.”

“What’s your name?” Joyce asked curiously.

“Dominic,” the man said as he continued to write. “Known to my closest friends as Dom.”

“And...what is Azkaban?” Joyce asked, a worried look on her face.

“It’s a prison for witches and wizards,” Dominic replied, handing her notepad back. “Honestly, the less you know about that place, the better.”

“But...why?” Joyce asked.

“You’re a muggle,” Dominic sighed. “A muggle who’s in love with a witch, so you’ve already made your life…”

“Hey hang on a minute,” Joyce interrupted him, feeling herself burning bright red and also feeling alarmed, as she had never mentioned she was in a relationship with Drizella. “What makes you say...I mean...when did I say anything about being in love?”

“Sorry I sort of guessed,” Dominic said awkwardly. “Drizella’s my cousin and I know she’s a lesbian...it...doesn’t matter in the wizarding world, and it doesn’t matter to me; I prefer men myself. I could also tell by the way you were blushing when you were talking about her...and by the way you dress I know that you’re…”

“What does the way I dress have to do with anything?” Joyce asked defensively, unsure whether or not to feel insulted.

“Nothing really,” Dominic shrugged. “It’s just that most muggle women these days wear mini skirts and stiletto heels; you seem comfortable wearing jeans.”

“Yes I do actually prefer to wear jeans,” Joyce admitted, then she remembered Drizella, “but anyway, should I be worried? I mean...about Drizella?”

“She is facing serious charges,” Dominic stated bluntly. “But for the record, as mad as I am with her, I don’t want her to go to Azkaban.”

“It’s because of my dad isn’t it?” Joyce sighed. “He never came to any harm and he doesn’t remember a thing...maybe there’s something I can do to help keep her out of prison.”

“What could you possibly do to help her?” Dominic asked with a frown.

“Well it was my dad she hexed,” Joyce replied with a shrug. “I have no problem whatsoever with what she did; Dad was being unreasonable, a complete idiot and Mick’s carrying my baby niece...so of course that baby’s safety is far more important to me, and as I said, Dad doesn’t remember a thing.”
“I’m still not sure how that evidence will help Drizella,” Dominic looked doubtful.

“But I’m a witness,” Joyce stated. “I saw what happened; my dad freaked out about Dave’s relationship with Mick, then came the shock news that Mick was carrying Dave’s child, and Mum fainted, but instead of going to see if Mum was okay, Dad completely ignored her and went for Mick...I mean I’m sorry, but what kind of person behaves like that?”

“Indeed,” Dominic muttered. “Yes I understand why Drizella stunned your father with a spell, and I’m glad Mick wasn’t hurt...fuck he’s been through enough already...but...I can also understand your father’s reaction, even though it doesn’t justify attacking Mick.”

Joyce said nothing; she felt she was running out of options. She knew next to nothing about the wizarding world and their justice system, but this was not justice. Her father had deserved what he had got, as much as she loved him. Yes, maybe Drizella had been a little foolish and unprofessional using the time turner, and Joyce was sure that Dave could have arranged for a better time to tell them about his relationship and the baby, a time perhaps when Drizella did not have to work, but it was all done now. Was Drizella really going to be punished for simply helping someone out? Was there really nothing more she could do?

“Look,” Dominic said sympathetically. “I understand how you feel; I know what being in love is like...a few years ago, I lost the man I loved and since then, the only thing that’s kept me sane is my job.”

“I’m very sorry,” Joyce said, a numb feeling in her chest at the thought of not seeing Drizella again. “But I don’t know what I’d do without Drizella, and I haven’t even known her that long.”

“Go and see her,” Dominic advised as he saw tears spilling out of her eyes. “Chances are she’s been bound to her home by the Ministry and if she sets foot outside or sends an owl, they’ll know about it.”

“Do you think that’s why I’ve not heard anything from her?” Joyce asked, quickly wiping away her tears.

“I’m sure that’s why,” Dominic replied. “Chances are she wants to see you as much as you want to see her,” he looked at the address he had given her, “oh...this is going to be a long drive from here.”

“But I don’t drive,” Joyce said. “I’ll just have to catch a train; I’m used to that anyway.”

“You’ll have to catch more than one train to get there,” Dominic shook his head. “Oh come on, I’ll drive you; I’ve got nothing else to do today. Let’s just hope I don’t get called into work.”

“What...will you really take me to Drizella?” Joyce asked, cheering up.

“Honestly, sometimes I think that woman deserves to suffer a little,” Dominic rolled his eyes as he led Joyce down a flight of steps. “But I like you, and besides, she’s been stuck in her flat all alone for a week or so now; I think she’s learned her lesson.”

Labour was going to take even longer than Mick thought; he had felt every contraction as Dave drove him to the magical hospital, but keeping the magic lolly in his mouth ensured he only felt a tingling, bubbly sensation. Once they got to St. Mungo’s, someone was there to let them in, and soon, Mick was lying on a bed in the labour ward. Yet another healer who they had not met before was sent in to examine him; it was a man this time, and he seemed nice, Mick thought...in fact, since he had got pregnant, he had not really met any medical professional, magical or not, that he really
disliked.

With Dave of course, it was a different matter; despite how pleasant they were, magical people were always going to give him the creeps, though Mick hoped Dave would have a change of heart in time, because so far, magical people had been their only allies when it came to their relationship.

The young healer, who only looked in his early twenties and was quite camp, examined Mick’s cervix; when he withdrew his fingers, he informed the drummer that he was still seven centimetres, which was good, because although he was not dilated any more since he was last examined, he was still progressing nicely, “I must warn you though,” he said, kindly but matter of factly. “That pain numbing lolly you’ve got in your mouth can sometimes slow labour down...sometimes...especially with a first baby.”

Mick was not sure he was going to like what the healer was going to say next, and he was right to worry as the healer continued, “We’d like to examine you every half an hour, but if we think that lolly’s slowing things down, we might have to ask you to give it up.”

Mick shook his head in alarm; he really did not want to have to feel that pain again, and the lolly had got considerably smaller because he had been sucking it so hard and had refused to take it out of his mouth once since Tabitha had given it to him...what was he going to do without it? He had been hoping that the baby would be born before the lollipop dissolved in his mouth completely, and he had hoped that he would be fully dilated once he arrived at the hospital, and to think he might have to endure real labour pains again made him want to cry, fortunately Dave decided to speak for him, “I think he’s scared of the pain,” Dave said. “You didn’t see him when we were at home; the pain was really bad; he tried having a bath to see if that would help but it didn’t much.”

“I understand it’s painful but…” the healer began, but Dave interrupted him.

“Look, no offence but have you ever given birth?” Dave asked. “How can you understand what it’s like…”

“Yes I have as it happens,” the healer stated with a smile. “I have an eighteen month old son...I know what it’s like, trust me.”

“Wait...what...you mean you actually gave birth to him?” Dave asked in surprise.

“I did,” the healer confirmed. “I’ve been through it the same as your partner; I know what it’s like, and I understand him wanting to keep that lolly in his mouth, and to ask for another one if he needs one, but I also think he needs to try and go without that lolly if labour doesn’t progress any further. We could examine him in half an hour and find his cervix has gone down in centimetres because of the intoxicating potion that lolly’s made up of.”

Mick, who had not spoken at all since he had first put the lolly in his mouth, bravely took it out for the first time after having his latest contraction—and they were very close together now—and his mouth was stained green inside and Dave noticed some traces of green around the side of his mouth too, and spoke for the first time in about an hour, “Is there any other pain relief I could have that won’t slow down my labour?” Then he put the lollipop straight back in his mouth and went on sucking it.

The young healer answered his question by saying, “Well what I would advise you to do if you’re going to keep the lolly, instead of lying down on the bed, go for a walk; the more active you are, the more you’ll help the contractions progress. Keep the lolly for now and then I’ll come back in half an hour.”

Mick and Dave were both happy to do this, and Mick especially was happy that he would get to
keep his lollipop for a little longer.

When the healer had gone off to check on another patient, Dave helped Mick off the bed and put his arm around him. The drummer did not seem able to walk properly because the substance in the lollipop was making him drowsy as well as more than a little out of it. Still, Dave thought...or at least hoped that it would benefit him to try and walk at least once up and down the ward. There was no-one else there at the moment, and so they did not need to feel self conscious about other people looking at them. They walked to the window at the far end of the ward, where Mick said (with the lolly still in his mouth) that he wanted to take a rest before doing any more walking. Dave sighed. It was going to be a long day.

Dominic pulled up his car outside a round, grey tower that looked like a little castle and had a small flag flying right at the top.

“That’s where she lives?” Joyce asked, feeling delighted at the beauty of the historic and quaint looking building that was in front of them.

“Yes,” Dominic replied, looking as though he would rather be anywhere but where he was.

“It’s beautiful,” Joyce murmured. “I love it here,” she added as she looked out at the small, unspoilt beach and caught a glimpse of the sea, although it would have been more beautiful if the weather was nicer.

“It certainly is,” Dominic agreed. “Drizella is lucky to be connected with the floo, otherwise she would have a long journey to work every day.”

Joyce then became serious, “Will you stay here just in case she doesn’t want to see me?” She asked, hoping to God it would not come to that. “Or are you planning on coming to see her anyway?”

“No I don’t want to see her,” Dominic said bluntly. “I’m still mad at her and can’t forgive her for nearly costing me my job with the Ministry; that’s the only tie I still have with the wizarding world now!”

“But you’ve travelled such a long way,” Joyce protested. “And as much as I’d rather have Drizella all to myself…”

“You will,” Dominic said stubbornly. “You have nothing to worry about I promise; she’ll be over the moon to see you...I mean, even if she had decided in the last few days she didn’t want to see you anymore, I think the isolation and loneliness she’ll have felt with being cooped up all day everyday will be driving her crazy; trust me, she’ll be desperate for human contact.”

“Okay but…I still want you to stick around if you don’t mind,” Joyce did not want to cry in front of this man, but she felt her voice cracking up and tears threatening to spill out of her eyes. “If...if she rejects me…”

“She won’t,” Dominic said as though he was very sure on the matter, then he sighed, “but if it makes you feel any better, I’ll walk you up to her apartment, it’s on the second to top floor.”

“Really...will you really do that?” Joyce said, feeling grateful to have moral support.

“Sure,” Dominic sighed. “But I’m not going to talk to her and as soon as I can see that you two are happy, I’m gone!”
“You won’t stay for a cup of tea after such a long drive?” Joyce asked.

“Nope,” Dominic shook his head. “But if it makes you feel any better, I fully intend to make the most of my day off; I’ll stop by for lunch somewhere and...well I’ll just enjoy my day and not be in too much of a hurry to get home.”

“I’m glad to hear it,” Joyce smiled as she wiped away an annoying tear; she really did hate crying to strangers. “But how can I ever repay you?”

“There’s no need to repay me,” Dominic smiled and looked amused. “You don’t have anything I want and I don’t expect things in return for kind favours...but if I ever think of anything you can do for me, I’ll be sure to let you know.”

“Sounds fair to me,” Joyce shrugged, then smiled in amusement; she liked this man, he seemed like one of the few decent males that were left on the planet.

“Well, shall we go and face the music then?” Dominic said as he opened the car door.

Joyce took a deep breath, hoping for the best but preparing for the worst, then she too got out of the car and they both made their way to the mini castle, which was what Joyce began to think of it as.

Dominic led Joyce up three flights of stone steps; this place was really medieval looking, and she pointed this out.

Dominic simply replied with, “Yeah...it dates back to the medieval period I think; I’m surprised it’s still standing...but then it has always had witches and wizards living in it; it was built by wizards and so magic would have been used to preserve the foundations and what have you...oh and guess what, the apartments themselves look lovely inside, you will really like it here.”

“Yeah if my girlfriend still wants me,” Joyce muttered.

“She will,” Dominic promised. “And if she doesn’t, she’s an idiot!”

“Thanks,” Joyce said, still unable to believe after not hearing from her lover for days that Drizella really wanted her at all.

“Okay this is Drizella’s floor,” Dominic said, stopping suddenly.

Joyce sighed nervously; she had been feeling nervousness physically in her chest ever since they had set off in the car. Every thought of meeting Drizella made her heart skip a beat, and not in a good way because she had been constantly thinking of the worst possible scenario, such as Drizella rejecting her, telling her they cannot be together, that she no longer loved her, either that or she never loved her and their romance had just run it’s course.

“It’s all yours,” Dominic told her as he showed her Drizella’s front door. “She’ll be in, I know it.”

Joyce was still reluctant, so, sighing, Dominic knocked loudly, “I’m still not talking to her after this,” he whispered.

Joyce waited nervously; she wanted to see Drizella more than anything, but she also wanted to run away for fear of being rejected, “What if...” she could not help but say, her voice trembling again with nerves and anxiety.

Dominic said nothing, he just waited for the door to be opened as Joyce waited out of sight, so afraid of what was going to happen...or not going to happen.
They waited; no-one answered, so Dominic knocked again, “I know she’s in there,” he said, shaking his head. “I think she’s probably so depressed that she’s in bed and doesn’t want to do anything, but I’m not leaving until she answers, even if it takes me all fucking day!”

“I thought you didn’t want to talk to her,” Joyce pointed out.

“Oh I don’t,” Dominic said. “Believe me I don’t, but I’m doing this for you; I like you, not her.”

“Maybe it’s time you two buried the hatchet,” Joyce suggested. “I mean...it’s not as though she murdered anyone, she was only ever trying to help people...my brother and Mick. Yes she went about it the wrong way but her heart was in the right place.”

“Trouble is she’s broken rules to help people before and has usually got away with it,” Dominic said, looking and sounding defeated. “But that was during her time at Hogwarts, and they were only little things...well...compared to this anyway.”

“Still...you say she nearly cost you your job, but she didn’t,” Joyce pointed out. “You haven’t come to any harm from what she did.”

“Are you kidding?” Dominic said in disbelief. “I was brought before the Ministry, I honestly thought I was going to lose my job and never have ties with the wizarding world ever again...I couldn’t believe it when all they gave me was a disciplinary hearing.”

“Then why do you stay mad at Drizella?” Joyce asked him. “Yes she was stupid, but she’s getting punished far worse than you.”

Dominic ignored this and knocked on Drizella’s door again, “I know you’re in there Drizella and we’re not leaving until you come out!”

They waited, then they thought they could hear movements behind the door, then a voice called out, “Who is it?”

“It’s Dominic, and I’ve brought someone here to see you!”

Joyce waited nervously by the wall, not daring to be at the door; as the door opened, Drizella’s familiar...yet unhappy voice said, “I thought you weren’t talking to me.”

Joyce noticed that her voice sounded shaky, like Drizella was completely broken.

“Oh I’m not,” Dominic folded his arms, almost as if he got satisfaction from seeing his distant cousin look so forlorn. “But I thought Joyce deserved an explanation as to why you haven’t been in touch with her...yes I know, I have told her the actual reason and she already knows, but she wants to hear it from you!”

“Joyce is here?” Drizella said, her voice sounding more cheerful, which gave Joyce hope that she would be welcome. Joyce immediately found courage after that and showed her face at the door. The minute Drizella saw Joyce, her face lit up, “Baby...you...you found me,” she said as she approached Joyce and threw her arms around her and sobbed into the younger woman’s shoulder. “I...I can’t...believe it; I thought...I’d never see you...again!”

“And I thought you didn’t want to see me,” Joyce replied as she began to cry again. She pulled away from the hug and noticed now that her lover was not looking her usual best. Drizella had dark circles around her eyes, in fact she looked as though she had not slept in many days and...was the witch wearing her dressing gown?
“I wanted...to see you so much,” Drizella tried to calm herself enough to talk properly. “But until my trial which is in two weeks time, I’m not allowed to leave my home or send owls...they’re treating me like a...like I’m dangerous,” Drizella’s face became angry, “all because I used a stunning spell on your dad to protect Mick...fuck...that’s what you get for protecting someone.”

“And stealing my time turner which is a serious offence,” Dominic added. “They keep those things locked up at the Ministry for good reason you know, and I had to sign so many different papers before I was allowed to have one. There were some members of the Wizard’s council who were and still are opposed to squibs working on behalf of them and believe me, they would have loved to see me fired from my job...but fortunately for me, the Minister for magic, Nobby Leach decided in my favour, as did the majority of the council...fuck it...even my...so called father is on that council and he voted against me...bastard!” He hissed the word ‘bastard’.

“I’m sorry that you got into so much trouble on account of me,” Drizella sighed, wiping away tears. “But they can’t track a time turner; they only found out because they found it in my pocket and demanded to know where it was from.”

“And you told them it was me!” Dominic growled.

“Some of the aurors are very corrupt,” Drizella protested. “They used the cruciatus curse on me...and they would have found out eventually anyway.”

“That is true,” Dominic agreed.

“What’s the crucio...the curse thing you just mentioned?” Joyce asked curiously, not sure she liked the sound of it.

“Not now love,” Drizella replied, placing her hand gently on Joyce’s arm. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

“You two do have a lot to talk about though,” Dominic pointed out. “Perhaps I’d better be going.”

“I need to catch up on sleep,” Drizella said. “But now Joyce is here I think I’ll be able to sleep for England...you are staying right?”

“If you want me here,” Joyce smiled. “And Dominic’s right, we do have a lot to talk about, but it’s nothing that can’t wait, in fact you look dreadful, why don’t you get some sleep babe? I’ll be here when you wake up.”

“Come and see inside my apartment,” Drizella said, taking Joyce by the hand. “I can’t believe I’ve never shown you this before, it’s magic.”

“I’d better be going,” Dominic said, suddenly feeling like a spare part that was not needed. “It was nice meeting you Joyce...and Drizella, I want to say, best of luck with the trial, I will be there giving evidence, but not against you...I’m still mad at you, but I understand why you did what you did...and...I don’t want you sent to that awful place.”

“Thank you,” Drizella whispered to her cousin, completely touched by his words, especially as last time they had spoke, Dominic had told her he was unsure if he wanted to see her or speak to her again.”

“By the way Joyce,” Dominic said before leaving. “When she said her apartment’s magic, she really did mean it; you’ll see when you go in.”

Joyce was more curious than ever now, because to her, this little castle did not look as though the
apartments would be anything special, if anything she was expecting a cosy, quaint little room, a sort of fairy godmother’s place perhaps, just enough for one person.

However, when Drizella took her in, she could not believe what she was seeing and had to pinch herself several times to make sure this was not all a dream...a beautiful dream, but a dream at that. The whole place was bigger on the inside, in fact it was like a mini fairy tale palace, with colours she did not expect to see on the walls and all around the room, that was decorated with beautiful paintings of too beautiful to be real places.

The furniture was the most comfortable she had ever sat on, the sofas that were large and facing each other were a soft, light pink and when they sat down on one of them to talk, Joyce felt she did not want to get up again and could fall asleep.

The ceiling was higher than expected, with a large chandelier hanging from it. The fireplace was made of marble, in fact there were a lot of things in the large room that were marble. Joyce was so in awe of Drizella’s home that she had to ask her how exactly she was able to afford such a place. Drizella told her that she had no mortgage or rent to pay on the place, simply because it had been left to her a few years ago by an elderly relative who had died and had no other family to leave the apartment to. Drizella also explained that the job she had at St Mungo’s earned her enough money to pay for the other upkeep of the place, not that there was an awful lot to pay out on anyway as magical homes were not connected with electricity, so that was one expense she did not have to worry about.

This was when Joyce began to worry, “But you may not get your job back,” she pointed out with concern. “What are you going to do if you don’t?”

“Well luckily I’ll still have this place,” Drizella said, trying to sound positive. “If I don’t go to prison then I may have to find myself a new job, and if I have a criminal record then it will be hard to get another job in magical healing...if I do go to prison…”

“I’m still out of work,” Joyce said suddenly. “I can look for a job out here and live with you instead of going home; I’m not leaving you again.”

“But what if I’m sent to prison?” Drizella asked her. “You’ll be here all on your own, and you’ll have to look after Persephone.”

“Who?” Joyce asked.

“She’s my owl,” Drizella told her. “She was taken away from me and I won’t get her back until after the trial, but she’ll be brought back here and you’ll have to feed her and let her out at night...you can also use her to send me letters and I can send them back to you from Azkaban...oh and also there’s my house elf, Garnet.”

“House elf?” Joyce said with raised eyebrows.

“Yes, she was also taken away,” Drizella explained. “And I’m her mistress so she really only takes orders from me...but if I tell her that while I’m away she is to do everything you ask her to do then she will obey...she’ll do anything for me, absolutely everything...she loves me…”

Drizella started to cry as she thought of her beloved owl and house elf and how she longed for them to be back with her, “It’s so unfair,” she sobbed, “why do they have to be punished because of me?”

“Come on, it’s going to be all right,” Joyce said, pulling her into a hug. “Is there no way to get them back?”
Drizella shook her head, “I’ve got no idea where they’re keeping them for the time I’m on bail,” she said as she buried her face in her younger lover’s chest and continued to cry. “I just hope they’re being looked after...but I know they’ll be missing me so much...fuck I’ve been going out of my mind worrying about them...and about you...this...this is why I feel so happy that you’re here right now...things don’t seem so bad now that you’re here.”

“I’m not leaving you, not ever,” Joyce promised her lover. “It’s you and me against the world, and against this whole crazy injustice that’s being forced upon you, and it doesn’t matter that…”

Before Joyce was able to say any more, she was cut off by a loud, tapping sound on the window pane at the opposite end of the room. Joyce was surprised that it sounded so loud, but did not care about that as the excited sound of Drizella’s voice was so lovely to hear. At the window, was a beautiful owl, with white and speckled brown feathers and it looked as though it was trying to get in, “PERSEPHONE!?” Drizella called out, getting up and rushing to the window. “Is it really you?”

Drizella opened the window and the owl hopped onto her mistress’ hand. Drizella shut the window again and brought the owl inside, placing her on a nearby perch and looking at the envelope the bird had brought in, she turned to look at the owl, stroked her and smiling, said to her, “There’s no way I’m letting you go anywhere again young lady, you’re staying right here with me...and this letter, I recognise the handwriting...but...no...it can’t be. It just can’t be from Garnet.”

Joyce watched as Drizella paced up and down the large room, ripping open the letter and unfolding it to read it. Whatever was in the letter was obviously making Drizella smile, and so if her girlfriend was happy, Joyce was quite sure that it would make her happy too.

“Well would you believe it,” Drizella said as she looked up from the letter. “They’ve got her working in the kitchens at Hogwarts, but she said she’s coming home as soon as my trial’s over...that’s assuming she has a home to come back to.”

“Well why wouldn’t she?” Joyce asked. “I’ll still be here.”

“Read it,” Drizella said, handing her the letter. “I’m so glad she’s okay, but she’s so angry that she’s been taken away from her home...she came with this house you know.”

Joyce took the letter and started to read it; obviously house elves-or this particular one at least-were not very good at spelling or writing in general, and so she could only just make out what this Garnet was saying:

My dearest mistress,

Hope ewer are well and don’t worry about me. I have a job at Hogwarts school but I can’t wait to come home i hate it ther and the other elves are annoying. Just wanted to let ewer no im ok and will escape home as soon as i can.

Luv from garnet.

Xx PS Don’t reply to this letter just keep the owl at home where she belongs cos she hates Hogwarts.

“Well at least you know she’s okay,” Joyce said, wanting to find something positive to say. “And you’ve got your owl back so that’s something.”

“I can sleep a bit easier now,” Drizella sighed with relief. “But I just can’t wait for things to be back to the way they used to be...only now it will be even better because you’re here.”
“I always will be here love,” Joyce told her, pulling her into a hug. “For as long as you want me.”

“Joyce,” Drizella took her lover by both her hands and made her sit down. “You know I may be going to prison don’t you? Are you prepared to wait for me?”

Joyce nodded, “If I have to I will,” she said, stroking Drizella’s wavy blonde hair and feeling its softness. “But let’s not think about that now, let’s spend what time we have left together and make the most of it.”

Drizella picked up one of the cushions that was on the sofa and placed it on Joyce’s knee, she then lay her head on the pillow and closed her eyes, “Stay with me while I sleep Joyce,” she murmured. “I’m so tired and even though I may lose my freedom soon, things don’t seem so bad now that you’re here.”

“I’m not going anywhere my love,” Joyce said as she stroked the older woman’s hair. “You sleep as long as you need to.”

Chapter End Notes

UP NEXT: Mick finally gives birth!
Chapter 23

Chapter Summary

Mick finally gives birth to a beautiful baby girl.

Chapter Notes

I still can't believe it's been over a year since I started this story, which I only planned to be a one shot. Thanks to all who have supported me, though if it were not for my first beta, Lady Giovanna and her inspiring mpreg stories, this story would not be here. Thanks to all who have read this and supported me especially when i felt like giving up. Happy Christmas to you all.

Chapter 23

It was now one o’clock in the afternoon, and Mick was exhausted. There was still no baby and Dave had been right in predicting that it was going to be a long day.

Because his labour had slowed down due to the magic lollipop, Mick had been advised to give up that method of pain relief and doing so had not been pleasant. Poor Mick soon felt the difference without the green lolly and it had been indescribable. The staff had still encouraged him to walk up and down even with the pain he was in, but in the end he had just tired himself out and burst into tears, begging them to give him something for the pain. Dave felt utterly useless as all he had been able to do was rub his partner’s back and give him words of encouragement, such as how well he was doing, even pointing out to Mick, “Fuck there’s no way I’d be able to do it...you’re coping with it really well; I’m proud of you.”

In the end, they gave Mick a potion which would help Mick catch up on the sleep he had missed out on the previous night, also to protect his stubborn baby (as Mick called her since she refused to just be born) from any infection because Mick’s waters had gone hours ago and also it would help his labour progress a little more as he slept. It would only allow Mick to go into a light sleep, which was just as well because they would still need to come back every half an hour to examine his cervix, which, again because of the lolly, had only expanded half a centimetre since he was first examined.

Still, this potion put Mick into a blissfully relaxed state.

Dave sat by his bedside, holding Mick’s hand and stroking it, feeling pleased that Mick was getting a break from the pain, “You look nice and relaxed now babe;” he said serenely, and admiring just how beautiful Mick looked.

“I feel it,” Mick murmured dreamily, with a tired smile. “I really do love this potion they gave me, even though it tasted nasty.”
“That’s good,” Dave smiled, feeling amused at what his pregnant lover had just said. “Try and get some sleep while you can my angel.”

Mick smiled again in a tired, sleepy way, then murmured, “I love you Dave,” then closed his eyes.

Dave kissed Mick’s hand before whispering, “I love you too Mick, more than anything.”

Dave then made himself comfortable in the chair beside the bed, and leaned his head back, still holding Mick’s hand. He was beginning to feel a little sleepy himself, and so he closed his eyes, hoping that he would meet his baby daughter sooner rather than later so that Mick would not have to endure any more pain.

Dave opened his eyes; he had been woken by a loud cry of pain and the sound of panting. He was not sure how long he had been asleep but in a way it felt like only a few minutes, but then he got the feeling it must have been longer than that. Then he remembered where he was and it registered that it was Mick who was crying in pain. He then heard a voice he did not recognise, a woman this time, telling Mick to calm down and to take deep breaths when he felt a contraction. Dave immediately sat up, saw the woman dressed in green robes looking into Mick’s eyes and telling him he was doing exceptionally well.

Dave took hold of Mick’s hand again to let him know that he was there.

“Sounds like your labour has progressed with the help of that potion,” the medi witch told him as she put a plastic glove over her right hand. “Just part your legs for me and breathe like I told you to and I’ll just see how far along you are.”

Mick bravely did as he was asked, and Dave held his hand as the healer examined him. Mick took slow, long breaths and Dave could see that his partner looked very uncomfortable physically.

“Okay well there’s good news,” the healer told the two of them. “We can take you up to delivery suite now; you’re just over nine centimetres dilated. So it will soon be time to meet the baby.”

Dave felt elated just hearing this, and Mick smiled with relief, but then his face dropped suddenly. Dave guessed why this was; Mick was getting another contraction and this time the pain was so intense that Mick was no longer able to take the calm, deep breaths he had been taught. Dave felt Mick taking hold of his hand and this time not only was Mick in pain but Dave too, as Mick was squeezing his hand so tight that it hurt him, although Dave knew that Mick was in far worse pain so he had to make allowances.

About quarter of an hour later, Mick had been taken in a wheelchair through to delivery suite. He had no pain relief whatsoever now and Dave was sure his screams must have been audible from the welcome desk on the ground floor. Still, it did not matter; they were told that because the pain was so intense and because Mick could not talk with the pain, that they were closer than ever to finally meeting their child.

Mick was sitting up on a bed with a white sheet covering his bottom half, his legs apart once more so that yet another healer could examine him. Dave thought it was crazy how many different people had been looking after Mick today. This time, the healer was a wizard who looked around forty with olive skin, probably Asian who was examining Mick...Dave had lost count how many times his boyfriend had had fingers inside him...poor Mick, but it was necessary and he did not suppose
anyone else who was having a baby would get out of having it done either. Plus he and Mick had kept telling each other throughout his pregnancy how worth it the whole ordeal would be once they were holding their sweet child in their arms.

“You’re fully dilated Mick,” the healer told him. “You can start pushing as soon as you get the next contraction!”

Mick nodded, sweat pouring down his face; Dave took a wet cloth that was nearby and dabbed Mick’s face with it so he would feel much cooler. Mick looked at Dave and smiled weakly, looking completely drained and pale, but to Dave, he was still as beautiful as ever.

“You can do it Mick,” Dave told him, holding his hand and bracing himself for Mick getting the next contraction. He did not have to wait for long. Dave watched as Mick’s face screwed up in pain yet again and the healer told him, “Push with the pain, with all the strength you have!”

Dave watched, and felt pain in his hand once again as Mick gripped it like a vice and his face went pink from pushing so hard, the healer encouraging him by saying, “Keep it going, keep it going, keep it going…”

“NNNnnnnnnn gggghhhh!” Was all Mick was able to say, then his face relaxed as that contraction eased off.

“It shouldn’t be long now,” the healer reassured him. “Already I can see the baby’s head, hopefully with the next push it should crown!”

Mick lay helplessly on the bed, completely exhausted and longing for rest, but knowing that would not be possible until this baby was out, “I’m so tired,” he muttered. “I don’t think I can do it.”

“You can Mick darling,” Dave told him.

“You have to do this Mick,” The healer replied. “Come on, as soon as you get the next contraction, push as hard as you can into your bottom!”

The next contraction did not take long to come, but because Mick was pushing with the pain, he was making good use of it, (whereas before he was just riding the pain and so it had felt far worse) so as he felt the next contraction, Mick pushed with all the strength he had, with the healer telling him to keep it going over and over again. The same thing happened for the next half an hour or so, this was because even though the healer thought the head was going to crown with the next push, there came a slight hiccup and somehow the baby had gone back in again.

Mick felt he could no longer push and he longed for it to be over after all the pushing that seemed at the moment to be getting him nowhere.

However, he knew he could not just give up; this baby needed to be born and soon, and so when the overwhelming pain started again, Mick pushed as hard as he could, and he felt something…it was not a nice feeling of something that was coming out of him down below.

The only way he was able to describe the stinging, burning pain was that it felt like he was ‘shitting out a cannonball’ as he was to later describe it. He screamed as the stinging became worse, and also felt annoyed with the healer for pointing out how he was ‘scaring’ the labouring woman in the next room who was waiting to give birth. Mick was in too much pain to be concerned for anyone he may be apparently scaring at this point in time. He also felt pissed off when he felt like the healer was implying that he was not putting in any effort, though the healer told him this was not true and that he was just going through the transition phase...how else could he explain why Mick was shouting at
him and at Dave also?

“Just a few more pushes and this baby should be out in a few minutes,” the healer said encouragingly. “You can do it Mick, and you’re going to feel so proud of yourself for doing it too.”

Mick felt he had no more strength left to do any more pushing, but he knew he had no choice; his baby was just seconds away from being born and he longed for this ordeal to be over. He once again felt another dreaded contraction, the mother of all contractions and the healer told him to do a few tiny pushes with the next few pains. Mick did as he was asked, but it was not pleasant and he kept saying, “I can’t do it, I can’t do it!”

Dave and the healer kept saying, “You can do it Mick.”

“Okay when the next one comes on,” the healer told him, “you can do a really big push and we should have baby out!”

“Oh fuck!” Mick cried as he held tightly onto Dave’s hand. “I can’t…”

“Concentrate Mick!” The healer stated, bluntly but kindly. “Wait for the next contraction...keep panting until it comes on!”

Mick did the breathing techniques he had learned, with the healer reminding him of how to do it...then he felt another strong contraction coming on...he hoped with all his heart that this would be the last one. As the pain intensified, Mick pushed with all his strength, as he did so, the burning feeling down below became so horrific that he screamed and squeezed Dave’s hand tightly, making Dave hold tightly with his other hand onto the bed...fuck, he was sure this was not doing the blood circulation in his hand any good.

“Keep pushing Mick,” the healer said encouragingly. “The head’s crowning...keep it going...okay and stop...don’t push for a minute...take some breaths…”

Mick was feeling more and more frustrated as he felt that at this rate, the baby was never going to come out, then he felt another contraction and he pushed with all his strength, which he felt was almost gone.

“Yes...yes...you’re doing it...baby’s here just one more push!” The healer said, sounding excited, though it was hard for Mick to feel the same way because he was in too much pain and too exhausted to care. Still, longing for the birth to be over, he pushed as hard as he could; that horrible, stinging pain was there again...then all of a sudden he heard it...the sound of a baby crying...he also heard Dave gasp in disbelief, then he heard Dave say, “Mick...Mick you’ve done it.”

“Congratulations to you both,” the healer smiled. “You have a healthy baby girl.”

Mick however, was so completely exhausted and drained that it did not register what was being said; he just lay back on the bed, feeling pretty much like he could sleep for a whole month or more.

Dave gave Mick’s hand a kiss, then suddenly the guitarist got emotional as he saw his new baby daughter being quickly weighed on the scales (she weighed in at 7lbs 5oz) and then handed over to her mother...or father? Yes, that was something he and Mick would have to talk about at some point, what their daughter was going to call them both. Dave felt that strictly speaking he was the father and so he should be the one who got called ‘Daddy’...and strictly speaking, Mick was the mother...but it would seem kind of strange to hear Mick being called ‘Mummy’, because after all, Mick was still a man, that was one thing that had not changed. Still, there was plenty of time to worry about that, because right now Dave was too happy to care.
He burst into tears of happiness as the healer, who was called Aki (Dave quickly caught sight of his name badge) placed the beautiful and crying baby girl onto Mick’s chest, but Mick did not seem to notice because he looked so tired and out of it and only seemed to want to rest at that point. The baby stopped crying once she was handed over to Mick, who she seemed to know was her ‘mummy’.

Then Aki asked Dave, “Would you like to cut the cord?”

“Umm...what?” Dave asked, confused.

The healer handed him a pair of scissors, “When a baby is born, we always ask the father if he’d like to cut the umbilical cord...it’s just a gesture really so the father feels as involved in the birth as possible.

“Oh...oh right,” Dave said, taking the scissors and, not quite sure what he was supposed to do, Aki clamped the cord just above where the baby’s belly button would be, then showed Dave exactly where to cut it. At first it was a little awkward as even though the scissors were very sharp, umbilical cords are obviously very tough. Dave felt how rubbery it was when the healer told him to hold it as he cut it...and finally he managed it.

“That’s great,” Aki complemented his efforts. “You’ve done a superb job, and now I just need to give Mick this.”

The healer held up a small bottle and Dave asked what it was for, “It’s just a potion that will help to expel the placenta, because it needs to come out...Mick, if you could just take this for me.”

Dave watched as his partner, too tired to argue about anything, took the bottle and drank its contents; it must have tasted horrible, because Mick made a face, but then the drummer put his head back down again to rest, but held his baby daughter against his skin.

As the healer worked to deliver Mick’s placenta, Dave sat on the bed beside Mick and the baby, who at the moment was snoozing in her ‘mother’s’ arms. Dave stroked Mick’s hair, and Mick very weakly looked up at him and smiled. He looked so beautiful lying there with the baby in his arms. Dave leaned down towards his lover and kissed him, feeling the warmth of his mouth, “I love you Mick,” he whispered.

“Love you too,” Mick whispered back, then looked at their sleeping child. “Isn’t she beautiful?”

“Yes, beautiful just like you,” Dave said, gently touching his daughter, not wanting to wake her up. “Mick, you’ve given me the best gift I could ever ask for.”

The baby did nothing but sleep after that and so Mick decided that even though he was very tired (he had also needed a few stitches), that he wanted to get a shower and put on some clean pyjamas.

The sleeping baby was placed in a little hospital cot and after Mick had eaten some toast and a nice cup of tea, Dave watched her as Mick got his shower in the next room.

When Mick came out, he still looked not unlike a zombie because he was so tired and longed to get some rest before the baby woke up wanting to be fed. The post natal care medi witch talked to Mick about breastfeeding and he decided that he wanted to give it a try. Dave was supportive of this, but his only concern was the fact that only Mick would be able to feed her and would not get a break. Dave pointed out that with bottle feeding they could take turns, but the medi witch, who once again was another member of staff they had not seen before, was adamant that all new mums...or dads should try to breastfeed their babies for at least the first twelve weeks because of the health benefits.
Dave thought this woman sounded a little pushy but decided to give her the benefit of the doubt for now, after all she could well have a point.

Mick was given the baby to hold and was wheeled out to the maternity ward where he could get some rest, with Dave following because he wanted to be with Mick for as long as possible before he was asked to leave for the night, although the baby had actually been born at three thirty in the afternoon and it was now only four fifteen, so there was still time for Dave to stay with Mick for a while.

Mick slept for the rest of the time that Dave was with him in the hospital, and luckily for Mick, so did the baby...the baby. Dave knew he and Mick needed to decide on a name for her, but Mick had such a long list of names he really liked that he could not decide which name he wanted, so in the end they had both decided to wait until she was born.

Right now, Dave was holding his tiny, sleeping daughter and thinking because she was so beautiful, she should be named after a flower or a gem. There were only four flower names that were acceptable and had all been on Mick’s list: Rose, Lily, Daisy and Violet.

As for gem stones, Dave only liked Amber, Jade or Ruby...he supposed that Sapphire (which Mick had originally put on the list but had then changed his mind) was not too bad, but they did not wish to give their child a name that was too unusual; they were both adamant that their child would have a relatively normal name.

Dave remembered the list of girls’ names that Mick had written and the drummer had told him to cross off the ones he did not like. Well Dave had gone through the list and saw that Mick had a pretty good taste in girls’ names; there were none that he disliked as such, so he had not been able to cross any of them off. While Mick was pregnant, they could not decide on a name and so had just called her Junior for the time being, but of course they could not call her that now.

“We’ll think of a name for you Junior,” Dave whispered as he kissed the tiny baby on the forehead, noticing that her skin was so beautifully soft that he could hardly feel it. “Just as soon as Mummy wakes up...well...if we can call him Mummy, but I’m your Daddy and we can’t both have the same name; that would be just way too confusing.”

“Actually,” a voice said quietly from behind him. “Some men who give birth to babies do like to be called Mummy.”

“Bless you,” Tabitha smiled. “But recovery time is longer if you have a cesarean.”
The witch looked at the tiny baby in Dave’s arms, “She really is beautiful, congratulations.”

“Thank you,” Dave smiled. “Yes she is.”

“What have you called her?”

“Oh...umm...Mick and I haven’t decided on a name yet,” Dave replied. “But we have a few names in mind...I’m just waiting for Mick to wake up really, I hope he does before it’s throwing out time. She’s not had a feed yet, she just wants to sleep.”

“It happens sometimes,” Tabitha reassured him. “Some babies can also get very sleepy after being born you know, and so they won’t feed for the first twenty-four hours or so.”

“Really?” Dave asked. “I find that worrying because she’s going to be so hungry when she wakes up.”

“Not only that,” Tabitha explained. “She could also be full up with amniotic fluid you know, because they take sips of it while they’re in the womb, and plus they only have tiny stomachs.”

“Oh...right,” Dave said, feeling surprised. “You learn something new every day.”

“Oh and another thing,” Tabitha said, changing the subject. “You’re allowed to stay over for the first night did you know that?”

“What...really?” Dave said, happy that he may not have to leave Mick too soon. “I didn’t know that.”

“We can magically expand these hospital beds,” Tabitha informed him. “So you’ll be able to share Mick’s bed, and help with the baby.”

“What about the second night?” Dave asked. “Oh yes and how long do you think Mick will stay in hospital for?”

“Well they like to keep men in for a bit longer than women,” Tabitha explained. “Only because the chance of postpartum haemorrhaging is slightly higher and we want to look out for it, so just to be on the safe side it’s recommended they stay in for at least three nights, but that’s only because Mick had a natural birth.”

“I think he’s in the right place at the moment,” Dave said, looking at his sleeping boyfriend. “He’s just so shattered after giving birth.”

“He will be,” Tabitha agreed. “I mean even for women it’s exhausting, but men seem to feel it more, and even now, new information is coming out all the time about male pregnancy.”

“Do you get many men coming here to give birth?” Dave asked.

“Seems to be every few weeks a man comes in to have a baby,” Tabitha told him. “Obviously it’s more common in women, also in werewolves…”

“What...werewolves?” Dave asked in alarm. “Surely they can’t be real!”

“Oh yes,” Tabitha said. “But there’s a prejudice against them that’s totally uncalled for; all of my werewolf patients so far have been decent, hardworking people who are not at all the monsters people make them out to be, but sadly some of my colleagues refuse to treat them.”

Dave was only just beginning to get his head round the fact that magic was real...but werewolves?
He had no idea what to say.

“I keep forgetting you’re a muggle,” Tabitha said apologetically. “Of course you have enough to get your head round, I apologise.”

“N...no...no it’s okay,” Dave said. “I don’t think anything’s going to surprise me now...I...I sometimes feel like I’m living in a fantasy book or something...but then...to be honest I’ve felt that way ever since I laid eyes on Mick.”

“I could see from the moment you two came into my office how much you love him,” Tabitha said, smiling almost fondly. “Just the way you looked at him, the way you care for him...I know you two are going to be wonderful parents.”

“Thanks,” Dave said, touched by her words and feeling himself blushing. “I want to be the best dad I can, and look after both of them...I’ve always wanted to be a dad anyway but thought it would never be possible...but...the impossible has happened.”

“Yes, although in the wizarding world we tend to take this sort of thing for granted really,” Tabitha shrugged. “Men have been giving birth for centuries...it’s mostly werewolf men...but a few magical men too.”

“Wow...that’s a lot to take in,” Dave murmured with a far away look.

“Oh dear, it that the time already?” Tabitha gasped, looking at her pocket watch in surprise. “My shift finished ten minutes ago, but I just had to see how you two were doing, and to say congratulations...oh and if you need anything, Harriet is here until eight o’clock, then I don’t know who’s coming to do the night shift; he mustn’t be afraid to ask for it.”

Mick opened his eyes, at first he was confused and had forgotten where he was, then it registered, he was in hospital and he had just had a baby!

Mick sat up when he remembered the baby girl he had given birth to several hours ago...where was she? He sat up too quickly and felt a stinging pain down below; he remembered what had needed to happen for this baby to come into the world: the pushing, the pain and the stitches afterwards. He realised he must have been asleep for a long time but now he wanted to see his daughter; he was ready to bond with her.

Slowly and quite painfully, Mick sat up and looked around him. The maternity ward was dimly lit and he realised it must be night time now, but he heard a few voices not that far away and decided to get out of bed to see if there was anyone who could help him, but before he got out of bed, he heard little gurgly, squeaky sounds coming from somewhere close by...it sounded like a baby that was stirring after a long sleep. Mick put his hand to whatever he could get hold of on his right, in the hope he might find a lamp he could turn on so he could see what he was doing a little better. Mick knew these little baby noises belonged to his newborn child, and he wanted to be able to see her properly as he had been so exhausted after she was born that he had not been able to bond with her properly.

Then Mick heard what sounded like muttering beside him on his left...then got the feeling there was another person in bed with him...he gasped in alarm. He looked around him...funny...he was sure when he had gone to sleep that he had been in a single bed, but not now, it was double and...Mick looked more closely at the person sleeping beside him...it was Dave! Not that Mick would complain
about this, as he had in actual fact been dreading when his partner would have to leave him here and go home for the night, but he was very surprised indeed that Dave had been allowed to stay the night with him. He supposed he would get his explanations in the morning, but for now, he decided to be glad of the situation and in the meantime, spend some time getting to know his newborn, who still did not have a name. He and Dave would have to talk about that tomorrow without fail.

Mick slowly made his way out of bed—having decided to let Dave get as much sleep as he could—and found a lamp on his bedside table. He turned it on and looked at the baby lying in the plastic cot next to the bed. She had her eyes open and was looking around curiously. Mick noticed what a beautiful ocean blue they were, and then noticed her pretty, rosebud lips and immediately fell in love. The little girl looked up at her mother and yawned with her delicate little mouth; Mick thought this was adorable. He picked up his tiny daughter, unable to believe just how light she was; she seemed to weigh absolutely nothing at all.

Mick held her close to him and kissed her soft little head, taking in that amazing, newborn baby smell. This was the first time Mick had actually held a newborn baby; he never in a million years would have even imagined the first newborn he would ever cuddle would be his own child. He sat down in the chair near the bed (doing so very slowly and carefully because he was still sore and uncomfortable from giving birth) and wrapped the blanket round her.

“You’re so sweet,” he whispered with a smile and felt a few tears of happiness forming in his eyes. “I can’t believe you’re mine.”

Then he thought, she had not been fed yet, or at least he had not yet attempted to feed her himself, so he wondered if after all this time of being asleep that she might be hungry. He was completely unsure of how to do this, but thought he ought to try, so he pulled up his pyjama top and held the baby’s mouth against his right nipple, hoping that she would work out what to do herself.

“Come on baby, you must be hungry,” he murmured when she did not even attempt to latch on and just fidgeted about, her tiny hands (that had little mitts on) groping about on his chest. Mick wondered if he ought to go and ask for help from one of the staff that would surely be around somewhere, but felt nervous about wandering about on his own. Yet he was not going to rest until he knew his baby had been fed, and already because she was refusing to feed, the anxiety that he may not be a capable parent started to creep up on him. So he knew he had to go and ask for help, no matter how awkward he felt about it, because his baby would always come first.

Mick cuddled the tiny girl close to him, making sure she was properly wrapped up, and made his way out of the ward to where there was a reception desk. There were two witches in green uniforms sitting talking together, one was asian with long black hair, the other had pale skin and short ginger hair. They both looked up when they saw Mick nervously approaching and smiled, which made Mick feel a little less nervous.

“Hello there,” the ginger haired witch greeted him in a friendly manner. “Can we help you at all?”

“Well umm…” Mick stuttered nervously. “I’ve only just this minute woken up and… and so’s my baby and…I wondered could I… is there any chance someone could show me how to feed her?”

“Of course,” The ginger witch replied. “So are you wanting to breastfeed your baby?”

“I umm… yeah… I want to try,” Mick stammered, trying desperately to overcome his nerves.

“Omreec will show you how,” the ginger haired witch told him. “When was the last time she had a feed?”
“Well...she hasn’t had a feed yet,” Mick told them anxiously. “We’ve both been asleep for the past few hours.”

“Ah, as is normal with a male pregnancy after the birth,” Omreet told him as she got up from the desk and came over to look at Mick’s newborn. “Is this your first baby?”

“And last,” Mick chuckled. “Don’t really want to go through that again.”

“How many times have we heard that Helen?” Omreet grinned to her colleague. “They all say that and about two years later...sometimes less than that, the same person comes back to us with their second...sometimes third child.”

“I’m quite sure one’s enough,” Mick stated, feeling fairly certain on the matter. “But I really want to do my best at raising this one, so if you could help me feed her, I’d really appreciate it.”

So for the next hour, Omreet, who Mick learned was (as was Helen and the other staff who worked on this ward) a postnatal medi witch, showed Mick the best way of getting his baby to latch onto his breast. At first, Mick found it painful, the reason being, Omreet explained that his daughter was not latched on properly; once he ensured she was, then breastfeeding her should not be painful. Mick found that this woman was right; after he allowed Omreet to latch the baby onto him, he felt so elated when he saw her sucking contentedly, and he knew then that he wanted to continue feeding his child in this way until she was old enough to be weaned.

Mick sat comfortably in the chair while ‘Junior’ fed for the next ten minutes, then she fell asleep again. Mick panicked about this, thinking she could not possibly have had enough, and why would she go back to sleep when she had been sleeping for several hours already? Omreet explained to him that sometimes babies get too relaxed when feeding, and perhaps he could change her nappy so that she would be woken up and then he could try feeding her again. Mick thought this a good idea, as he was not sure if the baby had been changed at all while he had been asleep.

It was a good thing that Mick was not particularly tired at this point, because once he had changed her and put her on his breast again, she had been feeding for what could only have been five minutes and he heard a nappy noise. Mick sighed, knowing he could not possibly settle her until he had changed her nappy again. This was going to be one of the not so fun parts of caring for a newborn.
The couple bring baby Lily home...and Mick has a few anxieties about how he will raise his daughter.

Thanks for waiting patiently for this update, sorry it has been so long.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When the impossible happens

The new baby soon began feeding very well, and because of this, and because Mick was doing well too, they were both allowed home three days after the birth.

It had also taken the couple this amount of time to finally decide on their daughter’s name. They had gone through all the girls’ names they had thought of and kept changing their minds because they had so many pretty names that would all suit their little one.

They would both think they had decided on a name several times, but then one of them changed their mind and they would be back to square one. Most of the time, it was Dave who changed his mind.

During the second day Mick was in hospital, his hormones were playing havoc and the drummer was becoming increasingly frustrated, feeling like he was a terrible parent for taking so long in deciding on a name for his child, especially when a lot of parents decide on names for their babies before they are even born. In all fairness, he had wanted to get to know his daughter properly before he gave her a name, yet he was now beating himself up for it and took it out on Dave.

It did not help that the tiny girl, on her second day in the world, decided that she wanted to feed off her ‘mother’ constantly, which certainly made up for the amount of sleep she had had, but it gave Mick a whole other set of problems. He would be sitting there feeding her, then after a few minutes, she would either fall back to sleep (making Mick worry she was not getting enough of his milk) or she would make nappy noises in the middle of a feed. This was frustrating because he knew that once he had finished feeding her, whether she was awake or asleep, he would have to change her as he could not abide the thought of putting her down in a dirty nappy, even if the child did seem quite settled.

So feeding his daughter, settling her and changing her seemed like one vicious cycle.
Twice, Mick had ended up with a whole pile of dirty nappies in a bucket that the medi-witches who were on duty had to keep collecting. Luckily, because magic was used to clean them, the nappies would be brought back in a neat pile as good as new within minutes of being taken away.

Mick was exhausted by the end of day two, exhausted because he had been feeding the baby and changing her nappies all day; he only got a rest for half an hour when the child decided to sleep. Dave had not been allowed to stay for the second night but he promised to be back as soon as he could the next day, when he hoped that both Mick and the baby would be able to come home. They both hoped that they could work on a proper name for ‘Junior’ as they kept calling her.

Finally, on the morning of Mick’s third and last day in St. Mungo’s hospital, the two of them agreed on their daughter’s name. It had taken a lot of consideration, but they eventually settled on Lily. Mick did not quite know why, but he knew it was the perfect name for her; it was short, sweet and easy to say. It was a pretty name, just what he wanted because Lily was an exceptionally pretty baby. Dave also knew that Lily was the perfect name for their daughter; this time, he knew he would not upset Mick again by changing his mind.

The new parents got back to their apartment just after midday. Mick was feeling hungry, as was baby Lily...again, so as soon as he had taken his coat off, Dave began cooking lunch.

Mick sat and fed his newborn daughter, deciding that now he had named her, he was not such a bad parent after all and he could finally bond with Lily. Being back at home certainly helped him relax a little more and he no longer had the St. Mungo’s staff breathing down his neck just because he was a new parent. Even though most of them were caring and helpful, there were one or two older medi-witches there that had treated Mick as though he had no idea what he was doing. In all fairness however, he tried to reason with himself that as a new parent, no, he did not quite know what he was doing, but he had still felt undermined; they had seemed to think they knew his child more than he did. Mick would no longer have to put up with that, and he, Dave and Lily could be together as a family.

Mick held his tiny child as she fed from him, he smiled as he listened to the adorable sounds she was making with her mouth, he felt comforted to hear her swallowing the milk and he felt a rush of love that he had not felt before...then he felt guilty because he thought he should have felt that rush of love sooner rather than later. As baby Lily placed her tiny hand over his chest, he suddenly felt not only love, but sadness that he could not explain. As he looked at her, he could not control the tears that rolled down his cheeks before he could stop them. What was wrong with him? He had a beautiful baby...a baby that strictly speaking, should not even exist...yet here she was. How was he going to look after her? Would him and Dave really be able to do this together? It had never been done before that was certain, never before had two people of the same sex raised a child together...or at least not in the world he knew. What would happen as she grew up? Would she be happy? Would she be confused to have two male parents? Mick loved this baby with his whole heart but what if she did not have all she needed?

A sudden feeling of panic came over him as he thought of all these things. Would Lily be laughed at? Would people judge them? Mick suddenly found himself sobbing uncontrollably. He must have been sobbing louder than he intended to because it made Dave drop what he was doing and come out of the kitchen to see what was wrong.

“Mick...what’s the matter?” Dave asked, worried when he saw his partner so upset. He went over to Mick, knelt down beside him and put his arm around him. “Mick what is it?”

“Oh...Dave,” Mick sobbed. “S...sorry...I just...hormones I think.”
“Really...still?” Dave asked doubtfully. “Are you sure? You’ve had a few small meltdowns the past few days since the birth but never like this. Is something bothering you?”

“I...I don’t know really,” Mick replied, still not feeling any calmer. “Just...worried I suppose.”

“What’s worrying you?” Dave asked, moving Mick’s hair away from his face and placing it behind his ear. “Talk to me.”

“I just...I don’t know if I...if I have what it takes to bring Lily up,” Mick replied, sobs wracking his body. “I’m...I mean...I didn’t exactly have the best parents myself; they locked me in a cupboard for most of my life...how...how can someone like me look after a baby when I never knew love and kindness...at...at least not until I met you...what if I...what if both of us make a mess of this?”

“Oh Mick...how can you say that?” Dave asked, stroking their daughter’s head and smiling at her with love. “What you and I have together, it’s something I never thought possible; I don’t just mean Lily, I mean us, you and me. We found each other in the most unexpected way; we fell in love within days...no...for me it was within seconds of meeting you, even though I thought you were dead, I looked at you and saw the most amazing thing and the feeling I got was so wonderful I couldn’t even describe it. I knew I’d never had that feeling with anyone else I’d ever been with.”

“I...I know,” Mick sobbed. “But how are we to raise her? She...she doesn’t have...a mother and a father...what if...”

“Mick, Mick you can’t think like that babe,” Dave reassured him. “Okay I have to admit, I did have my qualms about the two of us raising a child together; the idea did seem a bit unconventional...but being a dad is something I’ve always wanted. I never thought I would get that chance and I’m damned if I’m going to let a minor detail like how a baby ‘needs a mother and father’ get in the way of that, not now, and neither should you. Stop worrying about the future and just enjoy what you have...yeah?”

Mick tried to calm down, “Yeah...you’re right,” he agreed, a few sobs still escaping him. “I’m...sorry...I think...I’m just really tired...and emotional.”

“I understand baby,” Dave said, stroking Mick’s cheek and wiping away a few of his tears. “Hey, looks like Junior...I mean Lily’s fast asleep now. Why don’t I put her down and you get some rest while I finish making the dinner?”

Mick agreed to this, and went over to the sofa to lie down under a blanket that Dave had brought in from the bedroom. He loved the baby but never imagined being a new parent was so hard. He needed to get all the sleep he could. He managed to drift off to sleep until Dave woke him up to tell him dinner was ready but not to move from the sofa because he had brought it to him, “You need to eat babe,” Dave told him. “It’s very important when you have a baby to feed.”

Mick finished everything that was on his plate for the first time in God knows how long. He had never been able to eat properly while pregnant and so made up for it now. When he had finished, Dave asked him if he wanted anything for dessert, but Mick was content just resting his head on Dave’s shoulder and looked as though he was about to drift back to sleep.

Dave cuddled Mick close to him and stroked his hair, then looked over at the moses basket in the middle of the room with their sleeping baby girl inside. He listened as she stirred in her sleep, occasionally making gurgling noises but apart from that, she did not wake. Dave hoped she was having a lovely dream. He then focused once again on Mick, who had closed his eyes. Dave smiled and hoped his lover would feel better once he awoke. Poor Mick needed all the rest he could get. Dave felt so proud of him to have bravely gone through so much pain to bring a wonderful gift into
the world...and to think other men had done so as well.

The guitarist grabbed the blanket Mick had been using earlier and covered up both himself and the drummer; he felt his heart skip a beat as Mick suddenly opened his beautiful eyes, looked at him, then cuddled up close to him once again, “Love you Dave,” he whispered.

Dave kissed Mick’s forehead and breathed in his lover’s beautiful, out of this world fragrance, “Love you too angel,” Dave whispered back before closing his eyes, not to sleep because he was not tired as such, but he just wanted to snuggle up next to Mick because he had missed him when he had been in hospital and just wanted to hold him close.

Dave stayed where he was with Mick, who was sleeping soundly for the next couple of hours, until baby Lily woke up.

Chapter End Notes

I hope to make the next chapter a bit longer. I kind of know where it's going to end now.
Chapter 25

Chapter Summary

Just a short chapter to update this story because I realised that I haven't updated it since last year and at the moment I am a little blocked on this one. I hope to return to it very soon but at the moment I am a little burnt out on it. I have plans and ideas for it but unsure as to how to write it. All being well I will return to it in the not too distant future. Hope you enjoy this short chapter and thanks for reading.

When the impossible happens

Chapter 25

The couple stayed in the flat for the next two weeks until St Mungo’s officially discharged Mick and the baby, although they told the drummer that once he and Dave returned to their home in Pembrokeshire, he would still need regular visits from the local healer there, and also he needed to register baby Lily with the Ministry of Magic and was advised to do so before leaving London.

This caused Mick to stress out even more than he was already, because he thought it was just more hassle to go through when he had enough on his plate, what with Dave’s family wanting to see the new arrival and the constant fear they would undermine him as a parent. Indeed, the only one he trusted even remotely was Joyce, who had recently paid them a visit once she had heard the child had been born and had fallen in love with her new niece. She had, with her brother’s permission taken some photos of Lily to show Drizella who was due to stand trial any day now. The mediwitch apparently stood a good chance of being acquitted of her crimes due to the circumstances of her actions, as did Healer James Pridmore, but Joyce did not dare get her hopes up because it was very rare anything ever went her way. However, she had left her brother’s apartment decidedly happier than when she had first arrived, not just through seeing the baby, but also because she had got to know Mick a little better and had found out how sweet, loving and compassionate he really was. In spite of the enormous stress he was under, Mick did a good job of hiding it and went out of his way to make Joyce look at the positive side of things. Mick also calmed down a little after seeing Joyce; he did not know why, but perhaps Drizella’s cheerful vibes had rubbed off on her and she had then passed them on to him.

All, the same, Mick was keen to get away from London and escape back to the country. He was in love with the house he and Dave had bought there and could not wait to return to it.

Even though Dave felt his family had a right to see Lily, he decided in the end to put Mick’s feelings first, and so wrote a letter to his parents informing them of the birth, along with some photos, before the couple travelled back to Wales. He would try to sort something out with Mick later.
Returning to their beautiful country home was a wonderful feeling, especially for Mick, and soon, it began to feel like they had never left the place. It was funny how, despite nobody having lived in that house for a good few weeks, there was no dampness to it. It almost felt as though someone had been taking care of the place while they were gone. It was as fresh and fragrant as it had been when they had left it...possibly even more so. Nothing was out of place...it seemed even cleaner and tidier than they remembered it...had someone been taking care of it? Mick felt he ought to have been worried, but something was stopping him from doing so. Something about the place: the scent, the whole...feel of the place made him feel somewhat...safe. Not even Dave’s grumpy, suspicious attitude could ruin his mood. In fact, Mick did not actually remember feeling this happy...this safe.

For the first time in what seemed almost like an eternity, he felt he could fully relax. He had a beautiful home away from anyone who knew him (and there were very few he knew that he liked and trusted), which was just what he had always longed for, he had a wonderful partner who he loved and who loved him in return and now he had a beautiful baby daughter to smile for. Mick relaxed on his favourite sofa and smiled as he watched Lily sleep. He felt like his life was finally complete.

Everything was perfect. He was away from toxic people, and it was just the three of them. Of course occasionally thoughts of Drizella (who he hardly knew at all but had taken to her without really knowing why) came back to him. He hoped things would work in her favour and he hoped her and Joyce would be very happy together just as he and Dave were. He also hoped their bandmates, Ray and Pete were okay too; in spite of Ray’s behaviour, he had loved being in the Kinks and playing the drums was a great passion of his and something he had enjoyed immensely since discovering his talent for it. Drumming had always given him something of a release, something to take his mind off things that were worrying him.

The problem was, as much as he loved the drums and as much as he did not regret a moment of his time with the Kinks, he was beginning to feel that he needed a long break from it all. Right now, he just wanted to stay where he was. He wanted to enjoy being a father...or mother...parent...whatever the hell he was supposed to be and he wanted never to leave his home again. He no longer wanted to see anybody. All he wanted was Dave and the baby. He knew of course that this may be a problem; even if he himself did not want to return to the band, Dave may well have to. After all, they still needed to make a living to provide for their daughter. All the same, there was something about this house that was preventing Mick from worrying about anything. He did not know what it was, and he did not care.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed, I have begun work on the second part of this story but although it’s intended to be a short story, I’m not sure how many chapters there will be.

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