The Burrow

by andx06s

Summary

Harry James Malfoy spends three Christmas days at the Burrow with his new kinky husband, Lucius Malfoy. Three gifts for three days and three people traumatized by the couple's sex life. Second part of ("I'm not calling him father, Father!")

Notes

So, this is the second part of "I'm not calling him father, Father!" Some people asked for more and, let's be honest, I wanted to write more about these two. You don't really need to read the first part to understand this one, which will consist of 3 chapters, each for each day Lucius and Harry spend at the Burrow.

Hope you like it.
Lucius and Harry were going to spend their first Christmas together. Harry had been invited to the Burrow, as usual, but, shockingly, Draco and his husband had been invited too. Three invitations had arrived, all signed by Mrs. and Mr. Weasley. They would stay there three days.

“Would you like to come?” Harry said. He was in the bathtub with Lucius, lying on top of him, Lucius’ arms around Harry’s waist.

“Would you like me and Draco to go? Would that make you happy?” He said, kissing Harry on his temple.

Harry nodded, “Yes, it would. You’re my family now, after all.”

Draco wasn’t happy with his father’s new husband, but he was more accepting now and agreed to go with the couple on holidays, or just to a restaurant. However, he still got angry when he caught them both in rather intimate… situations. And this was, obviously, always.

“Will you tell Draco tonight?” Lucius asked, and Harry nodded against his chest, “Perfect, then. Now, let me wash your pretty body.”

Harry loved this part, when he stood there and Lucius washed every inch of his skin, kissing him in some of his pleasure spots. He did it with love, but he also let the boy know who was in charge.

After a long day at work, he could feel his muscles relax under his husband’s hands, letting all the pressure go. Then Lucius put a towel around him and brought the younger man to their huge bed in a bride-like style. If they were up to it, they had sex before dinner, if not, they just snogged.

The family was now having dinner, Harry and Lucius to each end of the long table, Draco in the middle. “Draco?” Harry asked, looking at him. “Yes, Harry?” He didn’t like it when the Gryffindor called him by his first name, even if he was now more accepting of the… thing he had with his father.

“We’ve been invited to the Burrow this Christmas. We’re all going. Three days.”

Draco just groaned, “You must be kidding! I’d rather spend Christmas’ Eve here with you two fucking in front of me.”

“Draco!” Lucius growled, “Show some respect to your father! And address him as you should.”

Draco rolled his eyes, “Just because I’m more accepting of your relationship, it doesn’t mean that I’m gonna call him Father, Father!”

“Your Father will be very happy if we visit the Weasleys, so you’re going. And you have a friend there now.”

Draco sighed, “Okay, fine, whatever.”

“Harry!” Hermione screamed when she opened the door of the Burrow, hugging her best friend, “So
good to see you.”

Harry held the other girl, “Hermione, we saw each other last week.”

“Still, it’s really good to see you,” she looked behind Harry, where Lucius stood, smiling. Draco was next to him, pretending that he was interested in what was happening, “Mr. Malfoy,” she said, shaking his hand.

“Oh, no need to call me Malfoy. We’re not enemies anymore.”

Hermione just nodded, “Harry has told me all about you.”

Lucius looked at Harry, “Has he? I hope he has kept some things to himself, they’re not that appropriate,” he laughed and went inside, leaving a rather shocked Hermione Granger outside.

Draco came next, “Hi, Granger. Good to see you.”

“Draco, you work for me and we have lunch together every day, stop pretending that we hate each other or something.”

Draco smiled and hugged her, “Just wanted to see how Harry would react. To be honest, you’re the only reason I came here.” Hermione smiled at him. They had both become really close after they had started working together, which nobody expected.

They were all inside and greeting each other when Molly Weasley came from the kitchen carrying some food. Lucius and Arthur were talking amicably, and the rest treated Malfoy as one more. Ron was quite used to him, Hermione and Draco spent many hours in their flat working on their projects, and he was now quite fond of the blond’s sassiness, something he used to hate.

Fleur was talking with Hermione and Ginny, probably complaining about her pregnancy, while George, Bill and Charlie had cornered Draco and were asking him all kind of questions, “So what is it like to live with these two?” George asked. “You don’t want to know, trust me. I wish I could forget some things.” The other men laughed.

Ron was talking with Harry when the Boy-Who-Lived felt someone staring at him, he turned around and saw Lucius smiling at him, Love you, he mouthed, smiling again. Harry smiled and blushed in return. Had anyone else seen that?

“Could you all sit on the table?!” Mrs. Weasley shouted, after realizing they hadn’t even noticed her.

Everyone did as they were told. Husbands and wives sat next to each other, so Lucius and Harry sat as the Weasley tradition said. Ron sat next to Harry and Hermione in front of them, between Ginny and Draco. Mr. and Mrs. Weasley sat at the end of the table, as usual, Fleur and Bill at the other end. They had that right, they had been the first to get married in the family. Charlie, who was still single, was sitting next to Draco, and George sat next to him, Angelina sitting next to her husband. Percy,
also single, was between his mother and Angelina.

“Your luggage is already in your bedrooms, Lucius,” Molly said.

“Thank you, Molly,” Lucius replied, taking a sip of his cup of wine.

“Mum, are we and Harry sharing a bedroom?”

“Of course not, Ronald!” She said.

Arthur Weasley spoke before his son replied, “You know how tradition works, Ron: married couples sleep together. You’ll share a room with Percy.”

“Why did you think I’d share Harry with you, young man?” Lucius said, making the rest of the table laugh and Ron blush. He then winked at the ginger boy.

“So… who am I sharing with?” Draco asked.

“With Charlie. And Hermione with Ginny,” Molly replied while serving herself some food.

They all ate and chatted, until Molly’s voice rose, “So, how is marriage going for you two?”

Harry smiled, happy that Mrs. Weasley was interested in that, “It’s been great, fantastic, actually. We sometimes argue, but it’s okay.”

The married couples laughed. Bill was the first one to talk, “Yeah, it can be difficult sometimes.”

“Indeed,” Lucius said, “Luckily, I have some experience with marriage, and in all kind of… fields, if you know what I mean.”

Ron and Ginny spit what they were drinking and Bill blushed. Harry pretended that he hadn’t heard his husband. Lucius talked about their sexual life as if he were talking about what he’d just bought at Diagon Alley. The other day, in the office, he told a colleague about Harry’s oral skills, making the girl clearly uncomfortable, but he just kept going.

“Are you gonna have kids?” Angelina asked.

“We have Draco,” Lucius said, smiling at his son, who just rolled his eyes.

“You’re lucky that you don’t have to get pregnant for it, having a baby is a nightmare,” Fleur complained.

“Don’t complain, Fleur, I’ve given birth to seven children. Seven,” Molly said, pointing at the girl with her spoon.

“Will I be the godfather?” Ron asked.

“We haven’t thought about having kids, okay?” Harry said to everyone in the room.

“It’s not like they have time,” Draco added, hiding a smirk. Everyone looked at him, all confused. Only Bill, George and Charlie got the ‘joke’.
Once they had all finished their dinner, they decided to open their presents. What surprised Harry was that there were three gifts for him from the blond. Lucius and Harry had bought clothes for Draco, and Harry’s gift to Lucius consisted on a bottle of cologne.

“Cologne?” Lucius asked after kissing his husband, “Don’t you like the way I smell?”

“Oh, I love the way you smell. That’s why I bought it for you, I don’t want anyone else to have the chance to smell your… fragrance.”

Lucius smirked, “You’re such a teaser. Anyways, open your gifts: there are three, one for each day we spend here. But you can open them all now, of course.”

Harry frowned and looked at the gifts. He unwrapped the first one, a black bag. Inside he found two black harnesses. “How did you know I wanted one?” Harry asked.

“I know you better than you think,” Lucius said while he kissed him on his cheek, “We’ll use these today, I want to see if yours fits well.”

Harry nodded, smirking, and went for the second present, a small, black box. Inside there was a pair of handcuffs. They were covered in black feathers, which would make Harry tickle, he was sure.

“We will use these tomorrow, okay? I know what I will do with them, I’m sure you’ll like it,” Lucius laughed.

Harry gulped. He knew that Lucius would never hurt him, but not knowing what could happen made him anxious.

“Anyways, open the last one. We’ll use it in our last day.”

Harry unwrapped the third box. It was large, like a box from a wand.

Harry’s mouth almost fell open when he saw what was inside. A dildo. But not a normal dildo. It was made of… diamonds.

“Lucius… this must have cost a fortune!”

“Indeed, but you deserve it. Don’t you recognize the shape? That’d be disappointing, considering how many hours you’ve spent with that inside your holes.”

Harry hadn’t, but after Lucius had mentioned it, he realized that it was his husband’s penis, sculpted in diamonds.

“This is great,” he whispered.

“Well, you know, only my cock gets to fuck that ass, whether it’s real or not.”

Harry laughed and kissed him. “Harry, Lucius, I got something for you and Draco!” Molly said. She approached and gave them two bags. They both took the jumpers out from the bags. They were Molly’s handmade jumpers. Harry’s was red, with an H, and Lucius was blue, with an L, “I don’t you if it’s too tight for you, Lucius,” Molly said. Lucius shook his head while he put the jumper on, “Don’t worry, Molly, this is perfect.” She smiled at them and kissed Harry on his cheek, “Draco also has one. Green, of course. Merry Christmas to you too,” she said before going up to Ron and Hermione, who were unwrapping some presents.
They were all in their bedrooms now, after dancing and singing to some Christmas songs. Lucius hugged Harry from behind and liked his husband’s earlobe, “I want you to put that harness on and wait for me in all fours, asshole already dilated for my dick. I’ll be in the bathroom putting mine on. Oh, and no Silencing charm, darling, I want to see if you can control yourself.”

Lucius left Harry standing there, his dick growing hard. He got naked, as Lucius had ordered him, and put his harness on. It suited him well, it was a bit tight but the contrast with his pale skin was beautiful.

Harry took his wand and pointed at his entrance, casting a charm, dilating his own anus. He could easily fit four fingers in. Lucius liked that.

He then sat in all fours in their bed, head down, in his submissive role, and ass in the air, asshole wide open.

After a few minutes, the door opened. Harry couldn’t see it, he was facing the headboard, but he had heard the click.

Lucius Malfoy was standing behind him. His harness tight around his pecs, a leather jockstrap covering his private parts. He approached his husband and slapped Harry’s ass, causing the boy to moan, “I wouldn’t do that, you don’t want everyone to know you’re being fucked,” Lucius’ hoarse voice said, “I’m gonna thrust in, without preparation. Sluts don’t deserve that, and I can see that you’re already open. What could I expect from a whore?” Harry whimpered, he loved how Lucius changed when they were in bed.

Lucius grabbed Harry by his harness and thrust in, all his shaft going inside at once, reaching Harry’s prostate. “Fuck, Luc-“ But the boy closed his mouth when he realized that someone could hear him moaning.

Lucius pulled from Harry’s harness until his built torso was against Harry’s back. He bit Harry’s neck and placed three fingers in his husband’s mouth, while he rammed him. “You greedy slut, you want more, don’t you?” Lucius whispered against his neck. Harry nodded, he didn’t one anyone to hear them.

The Malfoy patriarch pulled out with a ‘plop’, and pushed Harry against the mattress. The boy, confused, looked at him, “Wh- what?” Lucius didn’t reply, he just laid there, “Ride me, Harry.” The Gryffindor obeyed and started sinking on his lover’s dick, kissing him. This was how Harry knew they loved each other. The way Lucius moaned in his mouth reassured him.

Harry started riding his husband, always looking at him, without breaking contact. “You’re so beautiful, Harry,” Lucius said. Harry bit his lip and Lucius started wanking his husband with one
hand, pulling from the frontal part of the harness with the other one. They were so into it that they didn’t hear the door opening.

“Harry, you forg-OH MY GOD!” Hermione covered her eyes but stood there, petrified. Harry was about to stop but Lucius held him from his hips and started thrusting, Harry’s eyes rolling. “You can watch, Hermione,” Lucius said, laughing. The girl, still covering her eyes, turned around, about to leave, “Trust me, it’s not something I want to watch. Eh… see you tomorrow,” she said, and she left, clearly embarrassed.

Lucius thrust in a few more times until he came, gasping, inside Harry. “You can do it,” he said when he saw Harry’s pouty look. Harry released himself and spilled all over Lucius chest. He then took the Slytherin’s cock from his ass and laid on top of him, exhausted, his muscles aching, “I cannot believe that my best friend has just caught me having sex with my husband.” Harry whispered against Lucius’ torso. The other man laughed, “Now we have two people traumatized: Draco and Hermione. I wonder who will be the next one,” he finished while he started to take Harry’s harness off. It had left some red marks on Harry’s back, “Oh, my poor boy. Perhaps it was too tight. We’ll see how we heal that. Did you like your present?”

Harry nodded, “Of course, you knew how much I wanted one of those. I’m eager to try the rest.”

Lucius smirked, “Indeed. Now we can wear them when we go to clubs and parties. I want everyone to know that you belong to me.”

“I’ll always belong to you,” Harry said, falling asleep.
Chapter Summary

Why skiing when you could be rimming your handcuffed husband?

Chapter Notes

This is the second chapter of the second part of "I'm not calling him father, Father!". The third and final chapter will be posted soon.

The next morning, they all had breakfast downstairs. Hermione avoided speaking with Harry or Lucius and whenever one of them looked at her she just looked down, blushing. She was not going to lie, although she hadn’t seen that much, it’d been hot, however, it was still… awkward. She had never thought about Harry having sex, and certainly not with Lucius Malfoy.

Lucius tilted his head until his lips were touching Harry’s ear, and, after kissing it, he whispered, “Your friend doesn’t seem that happy about having caught us making love.” He smirked. Harry kept eating as if they were talking about the weather, “Ready for day two, little lion?” Harry gulped.

They were all going skiing. It had snowed that night, and the Weasleys decided that it’d be a good idea for the day. It was a Muggle sport, really, but it had gotten popular in recent years and Wizards had adapted it to magic. Fleur was going as well, but she’d sit at the end of the hill, waiting for them. It wasn’t safe for her.

Harry, Draco and Lucius borrowed some clothing, since Harry’s and Draco’s were in the Manor. Lucius had never gone skiing, but Harry was more than keen to teach him.

They were all there. Harry loved what Lucius was wearing. All black, of course. But he looked gorgeous with the snow around him and the sunglasses made him look even sexier.

“Do not let me go or I’ll fall,” he told Harry.

“Don’t move your hand from my shoulder, then. What is it like?” Harry asked.

Lucius frowned, “What?”

“You know, knowing that I am the one in control right now.”

Lucius laughed, “Yeah, that’s what you think, darling. But I’m still in control.”

“Ok,” Harry sighed, “Shall we start? Just hold my hand and do not pull, okay? Just let yourself move down the hill and if there’s a rock or a tree you only need to move your body left or right, so you won’t fall. Got it?”
“No.”

“Let’s go, then.”

Harry moved a bit with his husband, and they both started skiing. The hill wasn’t that big, so it wouldn’t take them long, and it’d be easier not to fall.

They were half-way through when Lucius lost control, “Harry, Harry, I’m going to fall!” And he did, taking Harry with him. They both fell until they hit a tree.

Harry was now between Lucius’ arms, looking at the other man, worried, but Lucius just laughed and kissed him, telling him that everything was okay. But then his face changed. He was Master now, and Harry knew. “Want to try your new handcuffs?” Lucius smirked.

“What? Now? We’re in the middle of a snowed hill and we can be seen by anyone.”

“And that’s exactly what I want, little lion.” He handcuffed one of Harry’s hands while the boy complained and placed the handcuffs around the thin tree, handcuffing then the other hand. “Lucius, this is not funny. I’m not joking.” Lucius grabbed Harry by his jaw tightly, “I’m Master now, okay?”

Harry was now facing a tree, handcuffed and in the middle of a snow tree, lying on the freezing ground. He then felt Lucius pulling off his jeans, “Luc-Master, what are you doing?”

“Silence.” Lucius uncovered Harry’s ass and bit him, causing the boy to moan. He then grabbed the cheeks and opened them, leaving Harry’s entrance visible. “Fuck, Harry, you should see yourself. Your amazing ass surrounded by nature, your pink bud closed, even after yesterday’s fuck. So beautiful.” Harry groaned due to the words and the cold breeze that froze his anus. “We should probably warm that up, I don’t want ice cream right now,” Lucius laughed and breathed against his lover’s rosy asshole, his breath warming that area of Harry’s body.

“Please, Master,” Harry begged. Harry knew that Lucius loved when he begged.

“Please what?”

“Eat me out, Master.”

“As you wish,” Lucius replied, placing his mouth between Harry’s cleft. He used his mouth to massage Harry’s puckered hole. It tasted amazing, as usual, and the smell made the whole experience even better. He moaned in his lover’s ass while he fucked Harry with his tongue, squishing his asscheeks as well. Harry withered against the snow, the feathery handcuffs tickling him. He needed to touch himself, but whenever he pulled the handcuffs dug in his wrists, marking him.

“On your knees,” Lucius said, with his face still between Harry’s ass. Harry obeyed, and now Lucius had more space to play. He was slurping when Harry saw someone coming down, and they
were about to crash against the tree where Harry was handcuffed now currently being rimmed. But Harry was aroused, he loved the fact that they were out there, and that anyone could see them. This was different than with Hermione, that had been an accident, but here they were both trying to be seen, and Harry’s penis liked that.

Harry saw red hair soaring in the air, and in that moment he knew that Ginny Weasley was about to collide against them, and Lucius did not stop.

Ginny couldn’t do anything and crashed. She could see Harry’s hand in each side of the trunk, adorned with the handcuffs.

She looked around, confused, “Harry? Is that you?”

She then saw Lucius at the other end and burst out laughing, “Really, couldn’t you wait?” She sat next to them, taking off her skis. Lucius looked at her, but he wasn’t embarrassed, just, uncomfortable. “Go on, don’t stop just because I’m here,” she laughed. Harry thought that Lucius wouldn’t dare to do it, but after a few seconds he felt the tongue inside his anus again. Of course, he couldn’t let the girl know that he wasn’t okay with the situation, he had too much pride. Harry groaned. “It feels good, doesn’t it?” She asked. Harry tried to look at her, blushing, but he felt the need to roll his eyes whenever he felt the tongue, “Ginny, isn’t this a bit… awkward?” he asked. She shook her head, “If you are doing this here it’s because you want to be seen, am I wrong? By the way, what are those handcuffs? Didn’t know you were into kinky sex, Harry.” She laughed again. Harry was about to come right there, in front of one of his best friends, when he felt Lucius covering his bum with his clothing.

“Hope you enjoyed the show,” Lucius told the girl, winking, while he stood up.

“Hermione told me she caught you yesterday. Glad to see that I’m one of the privileged who can see THE couple in action,” she giggled, “Shall we go?” She asked them.

Harry was still handcuffed to the tree, “Wait, she told you?!”

“Yes, me and Draco. Draco was blushing so hard, I guess that he’s used to catching you two.”

Harry sighed, “Great, then. By the way, Lucius, could you, you know…” Lucius looked down, “Oh, right, sorry.” With a flick of his wand his lover was now free.

Harry stood up, his wrists marked, “Don’t we put our skis on again?”

Lucius smirked, “I’m not putting those things on ever again, you almost got me killed. We’ll reach the bottom of the hill walking.”

Ginny was putting her helmet on, “Ok, see you there, then.” She was about to leave when Harry grabbed her by the arm, “Ginny,” he said. She looked at him, or so he thought, he couldn’t see her eyes through the glasses she wore. “Do not tell anyone about… eh… this.”

The Gryffindor girl laughed, “Of course not, Harry, I don’t want everyone else to enjoy what I’ve just seen.” She left them there, her giggle floating in the cold air.
Day 3

Chapter Summary

Harry and Lucius have fun with their dildo, but they are not the only ones in the Burrow enjoying themselves.

Chapter Notes

The kitchen scene is based on SKAM's scene with Isak and Even.

Harry felt kisses against his cheek. He moved on the bed, but two arms grabbed him tight, “Good morning, sleepy lion,” Lucius said, kissing his neck now.

Harry groaned, “What time is it?” He turned around, facing Lucius now, eyes still half-closed. “Everyone is probably still sleeping, but we should probably have breakfast,” Lucius said.

The couple went downstairs. Someone had used a pan, which meant that one of the members of the Burrow had already had breakfast. Lucius had his night gown open, revealing his chest and underwear. “So, what do you want me to cook for you?” Lucius asked, approaching the kitchen. Harry looked at him, rising his eyebrows, “Wait, the Malfoy patriarch can cook?” He asked. The other man stopped, holding a pan in his hands. “What? Just because I’m a Malfoy I cannot cook?” He said, looking deep inside Harry’s eyes while he placed the pan on the stove.

“It’s not that,” Harry said, giggling.

“What is it, then?” Lucius asked him.

“Well, it’s not like you get married to the man of your dreams and-“

“I’m the man of your dreams?” Lucius asked, getting closer to his husband.
Lucius interrupted him, “Say it again,” He placed his forehead against Harry’s, their lips almost touching.

“You are the man of my dreams,” Harry whispered, feeling Lucius’ lips against his when he talked.

Lucius kissed him, the pan now forgotten, and Harry placed his arms around his lover’s neck.

“Fuck, you’re so hot, Harry,” Lucius said while he placed the boy on the kitchen sink, Harry putting his legs around Lucius’ waist. The Slytherin kissed him and took Harry’s pyjama jeans off, “Look inside my night gown’s pocket, little lion,” Lucius whispered, tracing kisses down Harry’s pale neck. Harry, squirming, did as he was told, and he felt a cold shaft touch his fingers when he put his hand inside the pockets, “Ready for your last toy?” Lucius asked with a deep laugh.

Harry laid on the kitchen sink, his pyjamas T-shirt, with a lion cub on it, still on. Lucius placed Harry’s knees against the man’s chest, exposing his asshole. He then took the diamond dildo, which had been shaped like his dick, and placed it against his husband’s bud. It shivered, probably because it was still cold, but Lucius pressed, starting to open Harry. “You should see yourself down here, Harry. A dildo, well, me, really, fucking you. My diamond dick entering you.” The head was already inside, “Fuck, you’re so tight. That’s what I love about your ass. It’s always as tight as when I first tore it apart.” Lucius kept pushing inside. Harry could feel the diamonds against his skin, stretching him.

“Lu… cius,” Harry gasped. His husband had touched his sweet spot, and he couldn’t help but moan and moan, writhing on the kitchen sink. The Slytherin removed the dildo and hastened to kiss Harry on his lips, “You’re fucking gaping, Harry.” Lucius took his night gown off and got rid of his undies, standing completely naked in Molly Weasley’s kitchen. He then pushed inside Harry in one thrust, causing the other boy to arch his back and moan. Lucius took the chance and bit his ear, “Not done, love.”

Harry felt something else thrusting in. He then realized that his lover had his own dick and his diamond-version dick inside him. He had never felt his hole so stretched before, and the best part was that it was his husband’s dick multiplied by two. “Fuck, you should see yourself, Harry. My dick and my diamond dick. Same shape, same veins, same everything. You’re so fucking beautiful, I’m so lucky to h-“

A dish shattered. Lucius turned around to find Ron Weasley standing there, watching how Lucius had his dick and a diamond dildo inside his best friend’s ass. Lucius was fast and grabbed Harry by
his armpits, pushing him against his chest, making sure that Ron could not see Harry’s private bits.

“So t’s true then?” Ron asked.

“What do you mean?” Harry replied.

“Ginny and Hermione said that you were easy to catch. Not that it was my intention!”

In that moment Draco Malfoy appeared, his hair disheveled and blushing, “Oh, great, you’ve caught them too!” He told Ron, who could not believe how Draco could take it so easily, “Welcome to the club. We could actually do a club, you, me, Ginny and Hermione. We could call it, The club of those traumatized by Lucius and Harry Malfoy having kinky sex, or just CTLHKS, for shorter. Anyways, I just need two cups of tea and I’ll leave you three minding your own business.”

Ron, still shocked, left them there, turning around from time to time to see what was happening. Draco was preparing two cups of tea, “Honestly, you two, control yourselves. I’m pretty used to it, but this people are traumatized.”

Harry still had Lucius’ cock and the dildo inside him, and he was half-laying on the kitchen sink, next to Draco, “Hmmm… Draco, why are you preparing two cups?”

Draco looked up and smirked at him, “None of your business. See you” He took his cups and left.

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Draco finally arrived home. He had had amazing sex, but he had to work on the next day and he needed to sleep, and he knew he wouldn’t have done that if he’d stayed. What he did not expect was to find his father and Harry having sex on the fucking central stairs of the Manor.

He rolled his eyes when he caught them, “Honestly? Here?” They didn’t even stop, “Isn’t it uncomfortable?” His father didn’t stop, Harry moaning. “You know what, I’m moving with Charlie. We’ll all get intimacy.”

His father suddenly stopped, “Wait, which Charlie?”
“Weasley, Father.”

“You’re with that man?” His father asked, approaching his son, naked.

“Come on, Lucius. It was kind of obvious. They didn’t leave the room they shared except for the meals and when we went skiing. And then Draco, who looked as if he’d just been shagged, prepared two cups of tea.”

“Damn, Harry, you sound like Hermione now. Yes, you are right. Now, if you don’t mind, I must come back to someone’s flat.” Draco said before leaving.

Lucius looked at his husband, “Kinda suspected that he was bended. So, I’m related to the Weasleys now, I guess,” he said while he sat next to his husband on the stairs.

“Indeed,” Harry replied.

Lucius smirked, “Imagine how many chances we have to traumatize them all now.”

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