Can you keep a Secret?

by KusanoSaku

Summary

Haunted by the realization that he caused harm to another in a temper Harry tries desperately to apologize to Malfoy. His rash offer to do anything to make it up to Draco results in a passionate sexual relationship that not only gives them both a bit of peace in a mad world but also helps them find love. How can Harry, the Chosen One and Draco, the reluctant Death Eater manage to keep their relationship a secret when they are on opposite sides in a war neither chose to be a part of? What will happen when their secret is discovered?
Compatible up to the bathroom scene between Draco and Harry in Half-blood Prince minus the Ginny interest. After that it is completely AU…
Prologue

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Title: Can you keep a Secret?
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Pairing: DracoxHarry, implied RonxHermione,
Fandom : HP
Notes: Compatible up to the bathroom scene between Draco and Harry in Half-blood Prince- minus the Ginny interest. After that is completely AU…
Warning: drarry gets rather aggressive so be warned.

Prologue

More out of habit than anything, Harry made his usual detour along the seventh-floor corridor, checking the Marauder's Map as he went. For a moment he could not find Malfoy anywhere and assumed he must indeed be inside the Room of Requirement again, but then he saw Malfoy's tiny, labeled dot standing in a boys' bathroom on the floor below, accompanied, not by Crabbe or Goyle, but by Moaning Myrtle.

Harry only stopped staring at this unlikely coupling when he walked right into a suit of armor. The loud crash brought him out of his reverie; hurrying from the scene lest Filch turn up, he dashed down the marble staircase and along the passageway below. Harry was walking by the second floor girls' bathroom when he heard a quiet sniffling. It wasn't feminine at all. He very quietly pushed the door open.

Draco Malfoy was standing with his back to the door, his hands clutching either side of the sink, his white-blond head bowed.

"Don't," crooned Moaning Myrtle's voice from one of the cubicles. "Don't… tell me what's wrong… I can help you…"

Moaning Myrtle was counseling someone, he opened the door enough peek inside and saw the last person he'd even expect to find crying. Their reflection in the mirror showed eyes filled with hopelessness and despair as if everything was wrong and nothing was right.

"No one can help me," said Malfoy. His whole body was shaking. "I can't do it… I can't… It won't work… and unless I do it soon… he says he'll kill me…"

And Harry realized, with a shock so huge it seemed to root him to the spot, that Malfoy was crying — actually crying — tears streaming down his pale face into the grimy basin.

Malfoy gasped, gulped and then, with a great shudder, looked up into cracked mirror and saw Harry staring at him over his shoulder.

"Cru…"

"Sectumseptra." Harry's wand swinging wildly, a deep gash opened on Draco's chest and a slice on his cheek. There was so much blood, he screamed. "Oh god. What have I done?
He stood shaking, he had sworn never to hurt someone in anger. In defense was one thing but
never in anger. He deserved for the first time in his life to be caned, belted, beaten. He'd committed
a heinous act.

How could he do it? Lash out like that? In a duel he always tried to disarm rather then fight. He
didn't even remember actually raising his wand and discovering the identity of the Half-blood
Prince. He was lost in memories, cringing. His powerful glamours that sucked away at his magic
and shimmered off and on.

He wasn't cruel, he wasn't even brave, so what had he done?

Chapter End Notes

Dreadful? Troll?
Chapter One

Harry hadn't forgiven himself for what happened in Moaning Myrtle's bathroom between himself and Draco after he'd found the Slytherin crying. The only person he'd even seen cry like that was himself after Uncle Vernon beat him; something in him wanted to comfort his rival. He hadn't know what that spell could do and in his mind he'd nearly killed Draco. Bloody Hell, he'd screamed after the spell sliced Draco's cheek and his chest. There had been so much blood…

It haunted his dreams like Sirius disappearing behind the veil or watching Wormtail murder Cedric. Which was strange because, he'd loved Sirius and Cedric just in different ways. He saw Draco as a rival but not an enemy right?

After Harry had heard Draco was out of danger, he'd snuck into the infirmary to apologize. Draco hadn't responded, undeterred Harry had gone out of his way to not antagonize the Slytherin. The guilt was practically suffocating him and after losing Sirius not very long ago (according to him, considering Sirius died months ago), he was a complete basket case.

He was planning on apologizing again when the boy was alone…

But it was days before that happened, he followed Draco to the Black lake on a foggy morning, hiding under his cloak. He waited until the Slytherin's goons Goyle and Crabbe left while he stood about five feet away. His hands out of his robes and his wand buried in a pocket. He had to be appear very non-threatening and appropriately apologetic. He called out softly, actually just loud enough so only the blonde boy could hear him, "Malfoy…I wanted…to apologize for what I did to you. I'll do anything to make it up to you. I…am sick of our issues getting worse." their interactions had been escalating and it upset Harry. He was scared next time one of them might be killed and he didn't want that on their consciences.

Draco tackled him, glaring, "You? Apologize…" he got a wicked gleam in his eyes, "Anything…you mean that…"

Harry gulped, looking up at the Slytherin, "Anything…I can't believe I hurt you. It's not like me. I promised to never do something like that. How can I forgive myself for causing pain to someone else?"

"Promising to do anything I say to earn forgiveness is something one shouldn't promise to a Slytherin."
"On my honor as a Gryffindor, I promise…"

"Honor as a Gryffindor? You really have taken hurting me hard."

"I hurt you… I thought I killed you… I'm not sleeping… I live on potions… I'll do anything…" Harry whispered.

"You brood a lot don't you…" Draco asked looking down and the boy pinned beneath him.

Harry said quietly, "When this war ends and there is peace, will there be a place for me in it? Sometimes, I wonder if a weapon is allowed or worthy of being in love." the only people he cared about romantically were Cedric and Cho. Cedric was dead and Cho had betrayed them all to Umbridge. He was starting believe he really wasn't worth being loved.

"Peace..." the word rolls off the blonde's lips, "that would be nice... even if it was five minutes long, I'd like that so much," he sighs. Malfoy chuckles, "You're Harry freakin' Potter, loves would probably be staring you in the face and you won't even see it..."

Harry shook his head, "I don't believe that, who would love scum like me? Besides, I'm just a weapon to destroy HIM. After that do I have a purpose..."

"...You can you know, just live a life free with your debt to the world paid off. And you and your friends can live happily ever after... what's so wrong with that?"

Harry sighed, "Will I ever be anyone but the Boy Who Lived? If I hadn't been born my parents would be alive and happy... I don't want to kill anyone. I can't cast anything deadly... I don't know how I can manage this... I'm just a kid."

Even though, came here with the intention to clear his mind; but here he was on top of Potter outside in a dense fog with the other ranting on and on and really he couldn't take it anymore so he took hold of his face. "Stop thinking so much, that's an order. Be quiet or I'll make you myself."

Harry gulped, "Make me... make me how..." he didn't mind his supposed enemy had him pinned, Harry could have gotten up but he could hurt Draco again and that was the last thing he wanted...

The evil plan formed quickly as he lean over once more, Harry's face mere centimeters away, "There's only one way to keep your mind and mouth distracted at the same time..."

Harry licked his lips, he was shy and slightly confused now. What was Draco thinking...

Draco reached for Harry's robe and tops, but he held them up as a shield as he pressed his lips on Harry's cheek. He was already blaming it on unwanted stress. He gave a small smirk before fully kissing him on the lips.

Harry froze as Draco leaned over, lips brushing his cheek, his eyes widening in shock. He didn't fight now either and then Draco's lips were on his. A slight moan escaped him, that hadn't happened with Cho... oh god... this was Malfoy... no... Draco... in the last few minutes the boy on top of him became Draco... a person, not his enemy. He told him things he hadn't told Ron or Hermione... they were too close and couldn't handle the truth...

Draco broke the kiss, "Are you crazy..." he spat, "Sounds like that would get us both caught stupid." His breathing was uneven and his heart was racing. Why was he doing something so wrong with someone he 'hated' was a question beyond reason at this point really... stupid.

Harry wildly cast a privacy spell silently as he let Draco kiss him. He had this sudden
overwhelming urge to throw his arms around Draco's neck and pull the Slytherin close. He didn't care about anything right now; not school...not Voldemort...friends or fate. All that mattered was Draco; his kiss and he felt that maybe everything would be okay...

Malfoy shook his head but resumed kissing the other boy. This was crazy, yes. But hell if it wasn't entertaining and plus it felt good...doing something of his own choosing to someone just as unlikely...

Harry moaned, giving in and kissing the other back. This...was good...he could feel a blush creep over his body and the warmth of the other teen's body felt good...too good...

Minutes past and Malfoy was in need of air. He sat up, sitting more on Harry's legs. he refused to make eye contact...he was too sober for that...

Harry blushed, trying to breath, "That...would shut me up..." well...tone him down...

"There you go talking again," Malfoy grumbled. Really? How can someone's mind start working this fast to form words after something like that?

Harry sat up and smiled, "Then don't let me...' he shyly pressed his lips to Draco's, he didn't care who saw him kiss the Slytherin seeker...

Draco gasped, surprised that Harry hadn't punched him in the face for doing something like this. If this is what happens when kids are under pressure now, then the ones who come afterward are really screwed. He kissed back with just as much vigor as the first kiss...this...didn't feel wrong at all...

Harry's arms slid gently around the blonde's neck, pulling him closer. Who would win in a fist fight didn't matter so much...neither did anything besides those lips. Those lips made him ache...longing for something to fill the emptiness. Could...would Draco even try?

Draco didn't fight Harry's pull. he was actually enjoying their make out session...too bad it was going to be their first and last...

Harry whimpered softly, "Mmm..." he didn't want this to end...this blissful feeling he couldn't describe. He felt like he mattered to someone, he didn't feel like he was the Boy Who Lived...he was just a boy. Ron would hate him...if he knew...not at it mattered to the lonely boy who clung to the blonde...

Draco could feel his walls breaking down from Harry's touch. It was as if his heart could finally breathe...what? Malfoy froze, pulling away from Harry's lips with a shocked frown on his face. "...are we really doing this right now?"

Harry blushed, "Did I do something wrong..." Draco's frown hurt, yeah about thirty minutes ago he'd have been shocked. Now, he doesn't care. He was scared...but he didn't want to stop whatever this was...

"No, you didn't I did," Malfoy jumped up, and started to pace, "you weren't suppose to like it...I wasn't suppose to like it either. We have enough going on in our lives without this..." He panicked and just like Harry, started thinking about stuff again...

Harry bit his lip, "If I liked it...and you did too so why is it wrong..." unless...this was wrong in the Wizarding world as well as in the Muggle world. Being on opposite sides hadn't sunk back in again...Draco was assumed to be a Death Eater...and he himself was the greatest threat to Voldemort...
Draco ran his hands through his hair, he had to figure this out. He took a step away from Harry, and felt the world crashing in on his shoulders, he took a step forward and the pressure was gone...literally, he kissed Harry; and felt like he was...like he was okay... "I like kissing you," he stated, "I don't hurt as much either..."

Draco looked honest, Harry said quietly, "We don't have to tell; it's no one's business right? We won't be killed for this..." he meant them wanting each other...not being on opposite sides of this damn war...

"I would," Malfoy answered with a smirk; but he really didn't care at the moment.

Harry blinked, "Oh...because I'm the bloody Boy Who Lived" he said soberly, "I'm sorry about that but I don't want to not kiss you or not let you hold me..." something about the blonde anchored him in a way that he had never been. "I'll protect you...we can find ways to be alone right? They all think we hate each other right? No one would suspect us of anything," he wouldn't ask Draco to change sides, it wasn't fair and it was a choice that had to be made on his own...

"This coming from someone who said they couldn't believe in..."he shook his head "...but I doubt I can keep from doing that again either..."

Harry reached for his wand, "I want...this...I don't know why I do. I don't feel scared anymore...it's nice..." his face shone pink. "...please...come here..." he wanted the other teen to hold him, was that wrong? He could heard the Dursleys' words, that he was useless...a freak... "Could you hold me...just for a minute..." letting a death eater see him like this was strange but he trust Draco somehow...

Maybe it was because they had been through so much in their short life time or maybe the fact that something had awakened in his heart but Malfoy found himself wrapping his arms around Harry. "I can do this for more then a minute you know..."

Harry said softly, "I just wanted to know...if you could make me forget what they said as well as everything else..." he was being weak, but knowing you were weak at things made you want to be strong right? He swore he remembered Hermione saying something like that...

"You mean create a world for just two of us and no one else..." he asked.

Harry nodded, "I'd...like that...it's so hard to pretend that I am who they need me to be. I just want to be me..."

"You mean the four-eyed boy who uses spells he has never heard of..." he teased gently "...meeting up somewhere is going to be the hard part..."

Harry stammered, "I won't do it again..." he touched Draco's scared cheek, it marred his beautifully handsome face, "..." he dropped his hand and rested his cheek on Draco's chest, he felt so small next to the Slytherin, "There is the Shrieking Shack...and the Room of Requirement...my cloak...a few tunnels that aren't guarded." Draco knew about the cloak...the other boy could sense (or was it see?) him through it, the only one who could apparently. He had the Marauder's map, they could use those tunnels.

"Don't make promises you may have to break" he whispered but quickly changed the subject, "The Room of Requirement would work just fine." he smirked, "Would you be able to meet me tonight after everyone goes to bed?"

Harry kissed him, "I won't use anymore of those spells I promise...not after I saw what that one did
to you. I'll come…" he paused, asking softly, "So...what does this make us...besides not enemies..." he wanted something to call Draco and his 'relationship' in his head...

"I believe the term will be secret lovers, Potter." Draco answers, leaning against his forehead.

Harry whispered, "Lovers...I can live with that... " he stammered, "I should go its almost dinner time. I'll see you later, are you on rounds tonight, Prefect Draco..." he ended up talking long walks at night after Sirius' death. He didn't sleep well...his dormmates wouldn't notice...

"Yes, I'll meet you there as soon as I can." was the last thing Harry heard as he reluctantly walked away.

Chapter End Notes

Harry arrived over an hour and a half after dinner, asking the Room of Requirement to give him a place to relax with his lover, Draco Malfoy. Someplace with a comfortable couch with a blanket and a fireplace. He entered when the door appeared after glancing around the hallway, he smiled in contentment as he went to curl up on the comfy looking couch pulling the blanket over himself. After about an hour he had dozed off, when he woke he cast a tempus spell, it was after ten. Draco was late, had he been held up? He was a prefect after all, or had this been a joke? He closed his eyes, please...come...

Patrolling was going longer then Draco intended. He started to get worried...what Harry didn't wait for him? Why did the thought of him not showing up at all disappoint the blonde so much? Finally the time had come and he stopped in the hall, "I'm looking for my boyfriend," he whispered and the door appeared.

Harry looked up as the door opened and when he spotted blonde hair, he smiled, "Did I do a good job..."

"You sure do look comfortable." he smirked, "Did I take too long?"

Harry shook his head, "I figured you'd wake me up if you showed up too late. I...didn't think after this afternoon that you were playing with me." if Draco was...he wouldn't have come right? It was just so hard to trust...

Draco removed his robe and joined the other on the couch, "Let me in, we've both had a long day and I...missed you."

Harry lifted the blanket, "I missed you too..." he snuggled, "I wanted you to hold me again..." his cheeks pink with embarrassment...

Malfoy cleared his mind and he pulled the other closer to his body, "Now that I don't mind doing," he smirked. He had gotten so cold from walking around; this was just what he needed to warm up.

Harry snuggled, "I'm glad you came...it's hard to pretending to be okay isn't it? Everyone thinks we're so brave...they can't bear to believe that I'm scared..."

"Normal people won't ever understand. They are on the outside looking into our own worlds...I'm surprised we haven't gone mad right about now..."

Harry held onto the blonde, "I'm used to not being noticed when I'm upset...so I expect no one to care. If they can't see...it's not worth getting mad about." he whispered, "I never wanted you to think I hated you, you were just the only person that made me want to fight back. That was mostly because you were hurting the people I cared about..." he didn't understand what was so
bad about being a Muggle-born anyway, it had made him a stronger person if he stopped to think about it. The shy abused child he had been when he found out he was a wizard had become a sort of hero who stood up for the weak. Well, someone had to…

Draco sighed, "I'm raised to be just like my father Potter, its what's expected of me actually...which is sad...and stupid," his near death experience gave him a new outlook that made much more sense to his reason...

Harry caressed the scar on Draco's cheek, "I'm surprised...he didn't show up and want my head. I wish we could just run away..." he'd forgotten Lucius was in Azkaban and couldn't threaten his life. He was tired of being brave...being a Gryffindor or the son of Gryffindors didn't make you a hero.

"That won't work...sometimes we have to do what others expect from us to live...we don't get to have peace until we're older...that was until we made this time just for our selves....

Harry sighed, "Should have let the Sorting hat put me in Slytherin...then maybe...I wouldn't have so much pressure to be brave..."

"Which house wouldn't have mattered anyway, Potter. You still would be the Boy Who Lived, we may have been best friends if I wasn't so mean to you..."

Harry asked softly, "Why did you act like you hated me? Did I do anything to you? If I did I'm sorry, I kind of liked the boy I met in Madam Malkin's Robe shop. You just seemed so different on the train."

"I'm a jerk and a stuck up rich kid, I thought I had the right to do and say whatever the hell I wanted. Now I'm the one who's sorry, I really have no right to be able to have you like this." he felt his hold loosen...

Harry kissed him softly, snuggling, "We know I have a temper and I say things I don't mean. You don't have to be a spoiled rich kid all the time and you aren't. A spoiled rotten Muggle wouldn't have noticed much less cared about my scars. I glamorous them so often I wonder if Madam Pomfrey has actually seen them. You got angry on my behalf but you listened when I said they weren't worth it." he pulled Draco close, "Don't let go...please..."

"Can't you at least let me take the blame for being a jerk to you," he held on even tighter then before, "I'm sorry for putting you through that..."

Harry smiled, "We're equally to blame, we can agree to that right? We're together now, I don't want to go. So, I don't know much about relationships if you hadn't noticed before...especially one like this. Got any pointers..." he would be surprised if Draco hadn't been with anyone, they were sixth years as for himself he just seemed to mature late. He didn't like thinking about anyone being this physically close to his Draco...

"Well, it's safe to say you are my first boyfriend so we're both new to this." Draco chuckled, "We get to learn together."

Harry blushed, "So...were you actually dating that Pansy? I swear I never did more then kiss Cho. After she turned us in, I haven't looked at her twice. Though Ginny's stalking is getting annoying. Maybe I should have left her in the chamber..." Pansy wanted his head for hurting Draco, she scared him...

Malfoy couldn't help but laugh, "Yes, she's my ex...so does this mean we are legit? You're
mine and I'm yours right?"

Harry nodded slowly, "I wanted to be sure you knew I was definitely single. Wouldn't want you to get in trouble for strangling Ginny for touching me or thinking I'm cheating. Because...I sort of...am starting to think...that I always liked you. Probably because you didn't treat me like the others did..." Draco never treated him like a god...but like a person...

"You like me because I was mean to you, and I sort of liked you cause you're just too nice, and caring and..." he paused staring into those green eyes, "...you're very nice to look at..."

Harry blushed, "I don't like you because you're mean to me, you could have ignored me...it would have been more appropriate if you wanted to hurt me. I'm nice because..." he ran his thumb over the faint scar, "Because...I'm scared of what I can do if I'm not. I don't subscribe to the freak theory of my relatives but talking to snakes...and I don't mean Slytherins...randomly vanishing glass...making my aunt a human hot air balloon...and...vanishing to a rooftop when Dudley and his friends wanted to use me as a punching bag when I was nine was all really weird stuff. Hurting you like I did was the last thing I wanted..." his cheeks flushed more as Draco called him nice to look at and stared into his eyes...

The blonde gasped under the other's touch. "So you need help to control your anger when you're upset; that's all." Malfoy's thoughts were becoming clouded with Harry being so close and warm and- he swallowed, "Remember when you said you'd do anything for me."

Harry bit his lip, nodding, "Yes..." his voice almost to faint to hear, "...that was when we weren't like this though..."

Malfoy rolled himself on top of Harry, "...I believe kissing you as much as I want or needed to keep you from thinking about anything else was a part of that deal..."

Harry nodded slowly, "Yes...I did say that..." having Draco on top of him again was making him very...it made him feel like he needed to wank off. Draco made him feel things he never felt before...

"I thought so," he smirked, eyes hooded as he kissed the other. Draco didn't want to talk anymore. He needed to feel Harry shut up and enjoy himself...and this was the only way to get it...

Harry moaned into the kiss, giving in because they couldn't be found...or heard. He wrapped his arms around Draco's neck tighter, his naive body pressing tight to his boyfriend's.

Draco ran one hand down Harry's front and stopped on the side not too far from the other's groin as they continued to kiss...

Harry moaned, shivering beneath the Slytherin's hand, "Dray..." his voice trailing off...he'd never been touched like this. It was...gentle...and made him feel even more like he needed to wank. God...was he really a poof or was this just what Draco could do to him?

The blonde took this opportunity to explore the other's mouth even more. his tongue massaging Harry's as both hands were now running up the boy's body...

Harry closed his eyes as he felt two hands on his body and an inquisitive tongue enter his mouth. He moaned more but let Draco do as he liked, Ron would kill him...not that Harry gave a damn about his best mate's opinion just now. Not with Draco on top of him and not trying to throttle him he didn't...
Draco moved his legs so one was in between Harry's. The growing bulges were signs enough that they were thinking of the same thing right now, or at least feeling it. He made contact with Harry and almost had to catch himself from moaning louder; it felt so good, he had to do it again and again...

Harry whimpered as he felt Draco's leg against his groin, "Dray..." he felt the blonde's hard-on against his thigh and blushed, "Did...I do that..." he asked softly.

"With those sounds you keep making; how could you not." Draco stated as he started to kiss Harry's neck, sucking down his nape and only leaving a mark that would be hidden by his robe.

Harry blushed, "I can't help it...you make me feel things..." those addictive lips on his skin weren't helping, he moaned softly, "Good thing no one but you actually sees what I look like beneath my shirt." No one really needed to know the 'Boy Who Lived' was beaten within an inch of his life sometimes. He may suck at potions but he did order healing ones often...and was clever enough to hide them beneath his floorboards...

Malfroy met his gaze, "No matter the scars you're still beautiful..." he said with a kiss, "and all mine for the taking..."

Harry kissed him back, Draco's for the taking? Oh yeah, he'd admitted to the wily Slytherin that he was single and very virginal. He giggled, "You say that like I'm a girl..." beautiful? Him? He was ugly...a waste of space...lower then a bum on the street. The neighbors on Private Drive thought he was a criminal in the making because he 'attended' St. Brutus' Academy for Boys, where they sent the worst of the worst. "I'm...not beautiful...with that hair...someone might think you were...then they'd realize you're a guy..."

"Don't sell yourself short," he whispered into Harry's ear, "...you're the only boy I plan on making come for me in his pants, that says a lot about my taste..."

Harry bit his lip, "Well...you may have been a prat...but you've never lied to me yet so I guess I have to trust you about that too." Wait! Draco wanted to make him come? Oh god...in his pants? "You must really like me to do that..." he whispered, his face bright red like a Weasley's hair...

"I like you and what you do for me mentally and physically," grinding into the other, "I can do that can't I." he asked voice deep with wanting, "let me relive your stress Harry..."

Harry groaned, "I said I'd do anything to make it up to you...if you really want me...I'll let you...only because it's you. Anyone else...I'd probably kill them or hide behind Fluffy or Hagrid..." he'd only stared at Draco since they'd met...so he had to be the only guy he noticed like this right? "You relieve my stress by being close to me like this..." he rest his hand over where he knew Draco's Dark Mark would be, "I know you didn't have a choice in this anymore then I have for my scar...I don't blame you or hate you for it..." Draco never showed off his arms anymore...to hide the mark...

Draco's eyes widened and sat up, "W-what are you talking about..." He hadn't told anyone about his Dark Mark. How did Harry know it was there? Could he have seen it in the bathroom?

Harry bit his lip, "I'm not stupid...you mentioned being stuck doing as your father says. He'd make you take it, he is pretty high up in the ranks. He was invited to the rebirth I know because I was there. He wouldn't let you not get Marked. I notice you never push up your
sleeves anymore and in Diagon Alley you acted like your arm hurt. I figured it out...you didn't see me. Crabbe and Goyle act more...waspish then their usual prat selves like they have a secret and we're all scum that will be eradicated..."

Malfoy sighed and stopped rubbing at his arm. He chuckled sadly, "So you are as smart as you look with your spectacles. Ugh, I thought we were doing this to not talk about our lives...not that it doesn't feel good to not keep it all in anymore..."

Harry sighed, "If you can handle the scars that I was given unwillingly, then I can handle yours. If we decide to go all the way sometime in the future, it requires us to be naked. and I know you'd be embarrassed about it. So I thought I'd mention that I already guessed and I don't care. If I did, I wouldn't be trusting you. It is just as easy for you to curse me into oblivion as it is to kiss me because I'm not fighting back and my wand on top of the cloak. I wanted to say I accept you, no matter what. Now, I've said all I need to, so kiss me." he'd missed seeing more of Draco's body...sometimes after Quidditch matches he'd caught Draco with his shirt off and he'd been decently built...

Malfoy chuckled, from the heart this time. Harry was an...odd one at times, but could explain things a lot faster then the blonde could. He stood up, "We need a bed...," his eyes found one seconds later, close to the fire, he reached for Harry's hand, "Come on."

Harry blushed, the embarrassment spreading from his face to no doubt his toes. "I didn't mean we were doing it now..." his pants tightened at the thought. He sort of liked letting Draco make decisions, the Prince of Slytherin wasn't bossy or authoritative. Draco wanted him close, that was the difference...

Draco only smirked and shook his head as he pulled Harry on to the bed, "I said I was going to make you cum IN your pants remember." This was their first time doing any of this...they didn't have to rush...

Harry undid Draco's pants with shaking hands. He ran his thumb over the bulge, whispering, "I can't believe being with me like this, does this to you..." he rubbed Draco slowly, he wanted to touch him properly but he needed to get the courage to do it first. He was out of his element but he didn't care.

"Well, believe it," Malfoy said kissing Harry as he slowly worked on his member. He knew that they were both new at this so there was no rush. He started to moan, hoping that would encourage Harry..."You and me both," the blonde answered licking his now dry lips. Being here with Harry tonight was so not what he would have ever planned, but they needed this...needed each other...

Harry gasped as Draco started to moan, "It feels okay..." one of these days, they were going to have to see what being completely skin to skin felt like but it was too soon for that. He ran his hand up the front of Draco's boxers and before he changed his mind, it slipped inside. He sucked on his lover's bottom lip. "Never thought my first time doing this would be with you. You know, being intimate with someone..." not the handjob of course..

"You and me both," the blonde answered licking his now dry lips. Being here with Harry tonight was so not what he would have ever planned, but they needed this...needed each other...

Draco started get heated even more then before, he was sure he was red by now. Harry's hand was firm and everything he could dream of at a time like this. "Yeah, like that," he swallowed, "please don't stop doing that..."

Harry moved so he was kneeling between Draco's thighs, his boxers tented again. He wrapped
his free arm around Draco's neck as they kissed, "I...don't want to stop but hold me...please..." although a little touching wouldn't be protested...ever...

"Then don't you don't have to." If Harry decided to get up and walk away from this, from them the blonde would cry, hard. Draco wrapped his arms loosely around Harry this time, glad they were both liking this; very much.

Harry slowly worked up the courage to slip his hand inside Draco's clothes to touch him, their mouths still intent on snogging.

Draco could feel his nerves melting into nothing as he felt Harry on his skin. They had so much going on...would this be enough? Late night hook ups and nothing between the day? No. This castle was big enough for them to find some place to meet.. "Ah, so close," Draco moaned out...yeah they were going to have to find a daytime alternative...

Harry kissed where he'd been biting, "I want to see you come..." he whispered softly as he felt more wetness in his boxers again. "Please...touch me...I'm so close..." Draco could make him hard by kissing him, touching him...hell, even looking at him like that...

Draco reached and took hold of Harry's member, "You think we could come together," he asked. The other was rock hard, it didn't seem like it would take long to catch up...

Harry whimpered slightly as he felt that warm hand on his leaking member, "I'll...try..." he kissed the blonde, "Merlin..." Ron's swears had rubbed off...

Draco tried his best to remember the up and down motion but he was closer then he thought, "Harry," he moaned out, over and over; feeling himself about to climax.

Harry leaned into Draco's touch, coming with almost a scream, "Dray..." he practically collapsed in his lover's arms.

At the sound of his new name, Draco came hard in Harry's hand. He didn't think he would ever see stars but he was blinded for a few seconds. His loose arm around Harry's waist, he waited to say anything...

Harry curled up, their hands still inside each other's boxers dripping with seed. After a while he mumbled, "So glad...I'm not leaving until morning..." if then...

"We can't fall asleep like this though, your hand is going to feel weird," he reached for something to wipe their hands with and found a soft cloth, "give me," he said motioning to Harry's hand.

Harry let Draco have his hand, "We're sticky...I wish we could wash..." the words were barely audible...but a bathtub appeared filled with steaming water. He gasped, "I...didn't...expect that..." he wouldn't protest...but he didn't know if they were ready for that...

Draco smiled, "I'm really starting to love this room," he sat up, still holding onto Harry, "Come on, since there would be no reason to waste good water like that."

Harry held onto the older teen, "You're stronger then I would have expected..." he snuggled, "I like this place too...it feels like ours..." it didn't matter the D.A. used it or that anyone else did, it was a welcome escape from their lives...

Harry's words made the blonde feel as certain warmth in his heart. 'Ours' did have a nice ring to it. "Come on," he said softly guiding them over to the bathtub. It was just right for their
size, and not too big at all. The water was great and comforting...

Harry slid down Draco's taller leaner body, turned slightly. Was he more ashamed of his back or his member? He didn't know exactly and stepped out of his slightly damp boxers. The glamour on his back was fluctuating...he hadn't...actually uncast it...

Draco trained his eyes on Harry's face as he made his way to the tub, "Come on in Harry the water's fine," he said half way in and playing lightly with the water...

Harry slid in, he was somewhere between Draco and the opposite side of the tub. "It...does feel nice..." he agreed, being naked with a group of boys you rarely glanced at with or without clothes was different that having that Quidditch toned Seeker's body that close. He licked his dry lips, "Bloody hell..." he was in Draco's lap before could think to stop himself...

Draco brushed his nose against Harry's neck softly and mumbled something inaudible that only the room could hear. He look over and found what he asked for. "...you remember that stuff you ate to swim under water..."

Harry blinked, "Gillyweed..."

"Sit back," Malfoy instructed as he leaned over the tub to eat a piece of what looked like seaweed then lowered all but his eyes under water. He smiled as the sides of his neck split and he could breathe underneath the water...

The blonde dove completely down and giggled from Harry's touch on his neck, he playfully brush his fingers away as he hovered just above the other's member. If his count was correct; Harry was about to have his third of the night. He kissed the tip of his member then slowly started to suck him off...

Harry blushed, Draco wasn't, he ate Gillyweed so he wouldn't need to breathe. Draco was pushing him back and spreading his legs a little making Harry flush a brighter shade. Gasping as he felt and watched his lover take him in his mouth.

Draco hummed as he bobbed on Harry's member. He almost laughed at how different it felt not to breathe with his nose.

Harry moaned, his fingers buried in Draco's hair, "Dray..." he tried not to thrust into the taller teen's mouth. Now he knew why the older Gryffindors would make comments about blow jobs and handjobs. He didn't blame them, they were amazing, but maybe just because this was from Draco.

Draco placed a hand on Harry's hip to keep him steady. He slowed down only to speed up again. His mouth was starting to feel the strain of being this open but Malfoy was not about to stop...

He was so close, if he was Draco's first boyfriend that meant Draco was a natural at this. Harry wouldn't protest if Draco wanted to do this again.

Draco rolled his tongue over the tip of Harry's member then blew as he went back down. He sucked harder and left his other hand to stroke the other off..

Harry came hard with a groan, "Dray..." it was a different feeling to come for someone you cared for.

Draco gasped as he tasted something that wasn't the water in his month, he stroked faster and
gave one last long suck to tip of Harry's cock.

Harry shakily pulled him up, kissing that glorious mouth. "Dray..." hands full of water spilling it down the boy's neck.

Draco wrapped one arm around Harry's neck as they kissed, "So I take it I was okay for a first timer." The thought of pleasing Harry made the blonde happy and...satisfied...

Harry nodded, "Definitely..." he reached to run his thumb over the slit of Draco's cock, "I love what you do to me...and how you make me feel..."

"Like something out of this world," Draco said, giving a nice moan to the hand on his member.

Harry kissed him deeply, "Yeah..." he stroked him a little more, "I'd do anything for you..."

Draco kissed back as he leaned into Harry's touch. Did the other boy really mean it? Anything for him? The boy who he had always picked on and treated like he didn't have the right to share the same air to breathe?

Harry dropped a handful of water on Draco's gills as he continued to kiss and stroke him. "I heard you're better at that mental magic then I am. I'm sure you can tell...I'm being honest.." he muttered through kisses.

Draco gazed into those green eyes, it was like seeing Harry handing him his heart. What is this...love? Was the blonde falling for Harry Potter?

Harry had heard from Sirius that Potters fall in love once in a lifetime. If it was this boy...it wouldn't be so bad. He had a lot of good qualities. He poured more water on Draco's neck as he stroked him faster. "What did I ever do to deserve a guy who looks like you..."

"What did I do to be able to feel this way about you..." he asked back. There was a tightening feeling coming to his neck; he was starting to breathe from his nostrils again

Harry smiled, "You were born with a good heart..." he kissed him, "...and one hell of a body...probably the only Seeker besides Cedric who can keep up with me..." his face paled, he still had nightmares about that night...

"You've always been a kind person, no matter who you're dealing with. If you wanted to play Quidditch for the rest of your life, you're good enough to do just that...plus you know how to change people for the better..."

Harry smiled, "I know being with me is dangerous enough for you. I won't ask for anything more. But if you ever feel like telling me why you were crying that day or what's been going on, I'll listen. I know it's not your fault. I'll believe you. You know that right..." he yawned after obsessing with Draco's disappearances into the Room of Requirement and stalking him all year it was quite the step to back off and trust him.

Draco leaned his forehead against Harry's, "...thanks...I'm...glad to have that option." He'd been dealing with so much this year. He looked into Harry's eyes, "It's not like this isn't dangerous for you as well..." Harry had friends who only wanted what was best for him and Draco Malfoy would probably not make the cut...

Harry shrugged, "I've been doing dangerous things since first year. I've taken HIM on more
times then I want to remember. Bloody hell, sometimes...I ended up watching him kill people." he rubbed his scar, "I don't care who finds out about us...as long as no one tries to kill you. If you wrote an apology to Hermione...even Ron wouldn't dare say a word. Just an option, not a request. Trust me, I'll protect you with my life." he couldn't lose Draco, not if he was the one person he could love...

"That's...whether you like it or not, very brave of you...but if I had to make the choice, I couldn't let you lose your life for me...I'd miss you too much," he admitted. Draco closed his eyes feeling the tears coming, "I couldn't put someone else I love in danger like that..."

Harry said softly, "I'm a weapon remember? I can't be killed until I do my job. If we could...I'd take you into hiding. If my godfather can do it, we can...I inherited a certain hippogriff that you owe an apology to..." he teased to take the edge off...

"Ha, he hit me first." Draco pouted, then smiled, "That would be nice but...there's something I have to do first, for my mom and dad..." He decided not to say anything else. The pressure was started to come back and he really didn't want that. "Come on lets get dry..."

Harry asked for towels and the bathtub disappeared, He grabbed one and dried himself, embarrassed about his scarred body, "I'd offer them help because I know...HE's been treating them like crap but I don't think they'd accept it..." He stood there drier, holding the towel. He wasn't sure if he was willing to or wasn't brave enough to sleep naked in Draco's arms.

After his body was dry, Draco used his towel on his hair, which left it going everywhere. "Something comfortable to sleep in please," Two outfits appeared on the bed and Draco dressed himself. "You're right they won't...too afraid of what HE could do to them..."

Harry dressed in what the room provided, "I'd protect them...because they deserve it no matter what anyone says. Plus...last I checked we were sort of family. I'm legally a Black..." He said curling up and immediately falling asleep in Draco's arms.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter Three

Harry dressed muttering in Parseltongue knowing full well it made his dormmates uncomfortable, why was he doing this? He DID NOT want to go to Hogsmeade...he wanted to stay in the castle and meet Draco in the Room of Requirement. But no he was being dragged by Ron and Hermione to Hogsmeade. He had been told he had no choice, that Sirius wouldn't like how he was behaving. Like they would know! They didn't see he was actually happy...that he was madly in love. Oh that's right, they DIDN'T know. WHY? Because they hated the man he loved and they were trying to set him up with Ginny. He knew they were going to try to make them spend time together now that Ginny had broken up with Dean. Like he cared...he grabbed a coat and a scarf from Mrs. Weasley. He was going alright...but he wasn't staying. He had plans. He was meeting Draco at the Shrieking Shack...after he feigned a headache and ran...

XoooooX

Draco was more then bored as he waited for his friends to order something to eat. They were at one of the pubs, almost freezing their butts off waiting for nothing really. He was suppose to be here enjoying himself but was far from that.

"Someone's pouty," Pansy stated leaning onto Malfoy's shoulder.

"It's too cold to be in a good mood," he answered, gently shaking her from his side. He found himself looking around. He didn't want anyone to get the wrong idea. Even though his friends and family had it in their mind he was going to make the girl his wife, yeah, maybe in another life time...

XooooooX

Harry glared as Ron dragged him down to meet Hermione. He cursed, standing with his friend was Ginny. This was so bad! He stomped off, "I agreed to go as friends...not on a blind date." he stormed off towards Hogsmeade with the other three behind him. He wanted Draco; damn, why did it have to be so complicated? He ignored them when they yelled at him to wait up. "I'm not happy you are making me go...nor am I happy you tricked me damn it. I'm going for a butterbeer and that's it." they were half way there when he stopped long enough to snap at them.

XooooooX

"You're no fun anymore Draco," Pansy was the one pouting now.

The blonde sighed, she still was a good friend so he couldn't be too mean to her, "Hey, you want to play a game," he asked digging a small man out his pocket, his leg joints hanging from four strings. "You used the strings to make him run like this." he whispered trying but failing.

Things when from bad to worse for Harry when he walked into the Three Broomsticks and he spotted Pansy Parkinson all over his boyfriend. He cursed again, disappearing into the bathroom to put on his cloak.

Pansy tried and failed but it was so funny as well.
'At least I'm not bored while I wait to meet Harry later,' he thought; then wondered how he'd ditch his friends...

Harry came back and tripped the waitress so her tray of drinks ended up in Pansy's lap. He glared at Draco, knowing the blonde could see him. "Bastard. How dare you! You're supposed to be mine." he hissed before he stormed out, forgetting his friends were waiting for him. He was mad; how dare Draco flirt with that girl? He was his...was it all a lie? He...had never been so angry...

Malfy flew to his feet as the drinks were spilled on Pansy. He was more shocked from seeing Harry there and was thankful for Pansy's screams that drowned out Harry's words to everyone but him...Harry was furious. He'd never seen his eyes so angry before it was scary. He had to fix this...and fix it right now. With all the commotion he rushed out side looking for the other. Draco couldn't see him, so he rushed to their meeting place as fast as his feet could fly. Not that he was still expecting to meet the blonde, he needed time to mourn his betrayed heart and plot revenge.

Harry kicked snow drifts and tried not to scream. It felt like that stupid git had ripped his heart out. He wanted to die...or destroy something. He wasn't used to feeling like this...but when he got this new life as being Draco's secret lover; it opened up emotions he had suppressed. He was a fool...

Draco pushed past people as he looked for that coat Harry had on. Finally he spotted him down the road and away from everyone else so he ran towards him, "Harry...Harry will you stop please," he breathed hard, running in front of the other, "What are you so upset about? I wasn't doing anything back there."

"Don't lie to me. I saw you. I'm not someone whose heart you can just play with. I loved you...and you're still with that stupid brunette. She's a bitch, she was all over you and you let her. What the hell was I thinking? I catch you like that again, I will out us and I don't care what your house does to you." He dropped him, "You have two minutes to make your choice..." he stormed off heading towards the Shrieking Shack once more...

"What do you mean-Harry," he screamed running after him, "I don't have to make a choice since the only option is you," he step in front of his lover, voice shaking, "Harry, please you have to believe me. I-we were just playing a game that's all I swear," he cried, "I haven't been playing with your emotions. I wouldn't do that, please you have to believe me. I'm sorry."

Harry stared at him then grabbed him by the green and white scarf, pulling him close and kissed him, "I mean it...Mine..." his other hand slipped inside Draco's robe, blindly grabbed his belt and pulled him tight to him, "I can't lose you...you're the only person or thing keeping me sane..." he groaned as he felt Draco's body pressed to his...

"You won't I swear," Draco promised, relieved the angry 'I'm going to kill you' look wasn't in Harry's eyes anymore, he gasped as his body was pulled into his lover...

Harry kissed him hard, moving to shove Draco against an abandoned building. "I gave you important things from me...I want something from you..." he ground against the blonde, more aggressive then he had ever been. His anger was still simmering but it wasn't hatred...

Draco groaned from the contact of Harry, Harry so close and the fact he was still upset at him...made him feel really small..."Whatever you want you can have it Harry...I'm yours...all yours..."

Harry growled, "I want you...the way I've let you have me." he let Draco in too far...and he wasn't sure if the blonde was worth trusting anymore...
Malf..." he blushed. Harry was still so mad and first time angry sex sounded painful.

Harry glared, "I don't think so...but I'm not really giving you a choice. You chose to be here and that's the only choice you get. Consider this our first make up sex..." well as close as it could be when he was still angry...

Malf..." he mumbled, he was starting to feel somewhat sadden by the fact Harry thought he was cheating on him...but it was his own fault for having Pansy close to him like that...

Harry kissed him harder, his hand moving to grab Draco's groin, "But first...you...are going to let me do what I want..." being attacked by someone invisible would be fun...

Draco gasped and closed his eyes. He pinched his lips together, trying not to make a sound, "Harry..." he whined. If someone walked by, he'd been in so much trouble...

Harry growled, "What? Want me to open that door, drag you inside. Rip your clothes and make you scream? Because somehow I don't think we'd make it to the Shrieking Shack..." Forgetting it didn't have an entrance from Hogsmeade but Draco could Apparate them in right? Certainly, Draco had passed his Apparition test.

"This-this is fine," Malf..." he shook under Harry's gaze. The building looked cold and unkempt...he knew the Shrieking Shack had a bed...

Harry smirked, "The wall is fine...where my hand is fine...tell me..." he squeezed again, Harry jealous was weird...and probably very scary...

Malf..." he gulped, not sure it he could survive this punishment.

Harry chuckled, "That was a question...not telling you what to think..." his hand slid inside Draco's pants, "But since you agreed with me..."

If it was any other situation Draco would push Harry away, yell you're crazy and run for it...but he couldn't run...running would only lead to more trouble. His breath hitched, and his face, he knew, was tomato red by now, "oh shit..." thank goodness it was snowing...

Harry smirked, "Better cast a privacy spell...and maybe one to hide you..." his fingers wrapping around Draco's length. Embarrassing Draco...by doing this to him...outside while he was invisible but the blonde wasn't would be fun...

"If I admit that this is more of a turn on would you stop," he asked, blush deepening. He was addicted to Harry; there was no way deny that now...

Harry said nothing as he continued to molest him.

Malf..." he leaned into Harry's touch; shaking his head, "no," he tugged on the invisibility cloak, "let me in..."

"Let you in? It is awfully cramped in here..." Harry smirked, "Why should I..." he was still annoyed with his boyfriend...

"Because," Malf..." he whined...trying to think of what could get him in, "...you can punish me better
Harry snorted, "Oh really..." his hand squeezing more, "And being sexually attacked by someone invisible isn't enough? Anyone who sees you will think you're crazy..."

Malfoy cast a privacy spell and swore. "They'd just say I was drunk anyway," he said trying to keep his legs from buckling..

Harry laughed, "Letting me embarrass the great Prince of Slytherin..." he smirked, unlocking the door of the building, "Enough games...I want your ass..." He locked the door behind them, practically dropped Draco, "Strip..."

Malfoy waved his wand and his clothes undressed him themselves but leaving his shirt on...

Harry had brought lube just in case, his first time making love to Draco would be in an abandoned building; that had to embarrass the pure-blood. He transfigured the broken wooden crates into a mattress of some kind. He pushed Draco back onto his back, "So sexy..." he kissed his way up Draco's thighs, licking his cock and smirking as he poured lube on his fingers. "Mine..."

"Yes, yours..." Draco was still a little wary because of how angry Harry was...

Harry groaned, "I'm so tempted to take you right now..." he wasn't angry enough to hurt his lover physically as bad as he had been hurt him emotionally sinking two fingers into the, "I can't lose you...don't you know you're all that's keeping me from falling apart..." his voice so low it was hard to hear...Harry wasn't even aware he'd spoken out loud...

"If you want me, then take me Harry; if I didn't love you would I be here right now? I wouldn't have came after you if I was playing around. We keep each other from giving up on it all, how could I ever let you go..."

"It's hard to trust you...after seeing that..." he sighed, covering his cock and moving to slowly enter his boyfriend, "You'd have been just as angry if it had been me..." He kissed him deeply, "Mine..." Groaning at the tight warmth of his lover, Harry gave Draco another of his firsts; this was the first time he'd ever made love to anyone...

With their history, Draco couldn't blame Harry for the way he was feeling...He would have been upset too...Malfoy shut his eyes as Harry entered him and kissed back. He felt so open with Harry inside of him...

It took a while before Harry felt comfortable moving, his hips thrusting in and out of his lover. He kissed him hard and deep as he reached down to stroking him quickly.

Draco couldn't find the words or thoughts to explain what Harry was making him feel. The fact that Harry doubted his trust now...was... "...I don't deserve this...I don't deserve you making love to me..." This was another time Harry was going to see him cry...

Harry closed his eyes, "Seeing that...may have ripped my heart out...and made me very angry...but...I still love you." Draco could have let him leave...instead of chasing him. He'd been hurt and harsh after he'd made sure those drinks ended up all over Pansy. "I don't deserve you either...does a weapon deserve to fall in love..."

Draco smiled wrapping his arms around Harry's neck, pushing him deeper inside of him, "I'll just have to make sure to keep your heart where is it then."

Harry kissed him, "You better..." his thrusts deeper, more insistent as he tried to find what made
him scream inside his lover. "...Dray..." his name for his lover falling from his lips as the heat...pulled him closer to the edge...

"Ah Harry," Draco cried out as the other made contact with his prostrate. His moans grew louder as his balls tighten and he came in Harry's hand.

Harry came hard, moaning, "Dray..." the warm splash of cum between them, his cock buried inside Draco as their mouths connected in hungry kisses.

The blonde kissed Harry back as if he really couldn't get enough. He was spent but damn if that wasn't the best sex he'd had yet...no wonder everyone says make up sex is some of the best...

Harry asked softly, "I...didn't hurt you did I? I was...a little rough..." the last thing he wanted was to hurt Draco...even if he was mad at him...

Malfy shook his head, "...it was going to hurt some anyway right? Besides..." he smiled, "...make up sex is suppose to be rough..."

Harry blushed, "I wanted your first time to be as good as mine was...you were gentle...and considerate...I don't think I was..." he was angry...rude...

Malfy full on smirked, "Harry who am I," he laughed, "I don't mind rough remember...yeah my walk may be a little different tomorrow but it was worth it..."

Harry blushed, "I know...you're no pathetic weakling..." he caressed Draco's cheek, "I still wanted to be good enough..." Draco was usually gentle which made it easy to act as if he didn't have a lover. "I don't want you..." to change your mind about being with me...

Malfy's eyes snapped open, "wait what? You don't want me? Please tell me there was more to that statement, Harry..." They had just made love; what in the world was going on in his lover's mind?

Harry blushed, shaking his head, "Sorry...I didn't mean it that way...I...don't want you changing your mind...I'm nothing like the person you probably expected to be with. We're on opposites sides of a war. A war neither of us got to choose to be a part of. I'm terrified of losing you..."

Draco sighed and held Harry's face, "Since there is nothing I can still tell you to not worry about that all I can say is I love you Harry. From the bottom of my heart. Yeah, things my get more dangerous for the both of us, but please don't forget I love you...no matter what happens; I love you okay..."

Harry kissed him, "I have to believe you...you're the only thing keeping me from falling apart. I was so mad that Ron and 'Mione tricked me into hanging out with Ginny and then I saw Pansy. It just all blew up...I was coming out here reluctantly only so I could see you..."

"In the future I'll watch out for myself...I want you...no I need you to know my feelings...earlier I thought...I thought you weren't going to hear a thing I had to say..." Draco thought he'd lost him...

Harry snorted, "I hope you are...because...I can't handle feeling like that again..." he hadn't wanted to listen to Draco. He had been sure the blonde would tell him lies...

"I am, I am." Draco tried to reassure him. He didn't know how he was going to gain Harry's trust fully again...

Harry pulled away reluctantly, "We should get going...I disappeared into thin air. You chased someone no one could see and left poor Pansy wet and alone. I doubt we'll be on our friends' good
side when we get back." Hermione would lecture longer then Ron...seriously, Ron was so eager to
please now that he agreed with her like her word was infallible. Brightest witch of her age she
maybe but that didn't mean she could make mistakes.

"Crabbe and Goyle were getting their own food from the bar so Pansy was okay...," Draco winced
as he sat up, "I'll go back to school alone and take a bath or something..." He'd apologize tomorrow
at breakfast...

Harry kissed him, "When can I see you again? Next time, it's your turn alright..." he was shy about
his reaction before...

"I'm free in three days," he said after thinking it over, "I think the Room of Requirement is going to
have its own 'Welcome Draco and Harry' banner as much as we use it..."

Harry smiled, "Someday...I want to have our own place someday...so we can have a place to
ourselves..." He slowly reached for his wand and mumbled a spell to clean them both up. Harry
reached for his clothes and started to dress, "Three days...is a long time...we need to trick Slughorn
into making us partners. I...want to be able to spend some time with you...that seems reasonable..."

Malfyoy has his clothes putting themselves back on, "He likes you...I don't think it can take much to
convince him..." The blonde eyed the door...he really didn't want to walk at all but there was no
other way...

Harry blushed, "I'm pants at potions without that book. Maybe...we should ask for it back..." he
was only kidding...he really didn't want it...not after what happened to Draco when he used that
hex...

"We could say it was to get better acquainted with each other...for peace," the blonde shrugged, "or
I could accidentally drink a love potion and 'fall' for you?"

Harry blinked, "Love potion? Oh god...the last thing we need is that..." he sighed, "Have you ever
seen someone on a love potion? Ron ended up eating chocolate frogs two weeks ago meant for
me...it was insane. I'm surprised he hasn't teamed us up yet...you would think he would want the
Slug club to stick together..." not that Harry enjoyed being a part of said club...

"It could be fake you know," Draco added, "its not like I need it since I've already fallen for you..."

Harry smiled kissing him, "Yeah...but Slughorn will insist on giving you the antidote but if you
don't need it, aren't there side-effects..." he wasn't the junior potions master so he had to defer to
Draco's judgment. "If your House find out you're in love with me...every snake will hate me more
then they already do. And...oh I don't know...Ron will say I should insult the hell out of you when
all I want to do is snog the hell out of you in the Great Hall and to hell with everyone. I'm tempted
to just run...we're sixteen, why can't we do what Fred and George did..." it was so unfair...

Chapter End Notes

Dreadful? Troll?
Harry was waiting for Draco on the couch before the fire in the Room of Requirement five days after their make up sex in Hogsmeade. Moaning Myrtle had not been happy to be used as a messenger after his attack on Draco weeks ago. She told him a certain someone expected to see him tonight. He smiled, when he heard the door open and soon his arms were full of a lithe blonde Slytherin.

Draco kissed Harry deeply, running his hands under his shirt, "It doesn't take much of nothing for me to start wanting you..."

Harry smiled, "That's good…now hurry up."

Draco chuckled, "You can't rush a good thing Harry." he worked on the other's pants and got them off. The blonde bent down and took Harry's member into his mouth.

Harry lifted his hips so Draco could remove his pants. He groaned, "Dray..." almost whining when his member disappeared into his lover's mouth.

It amazed Draco how much he loved hearing Harry call his name like that. He found the bottle of lube and rubbed some on his fingers and Harry's entrance before sliding one in.

Harry felt Draco's first finger sink into his body and groaned. He tried not to buck into his lover's mouth...he had missed him too much...

Malfroy pulled back from Harry's cock as he pushed another finger inside, "Do I have to bind your hips to the couch, Potter?"

Harry groaned again, "Threatening to tie me up? I didn't know you were into that..." he attempted to tease. He didn't like being called Potter, it reminded him of how they used to be. He preferred it when Draco called him Harry, at least when they were alone, "I'm trying not to move...it's not my fault you're so damn good at this...don't forget...we've only done this like three times..." his cheeks flushed with excitement...

"Well thanks," the blonde smirked, "I try to do my best," he pushed his fingers deeper into Harry, knowing he was close to that all loving spot.

Harry cried out, "Dray..." when his boyfriend found his prostate with his fingers. "There...please..."

Draco placed his mouth around the tip of Harry's member as he stroke him off on the same rhythm of his fingers.

Harry moaned, trying to keep still...Draco was overloading him with pleasure and he hungered for more. "Hurry up..."

Malfoy sat up, using both hands to put lube on his member. "Says the boy who didn't have the decency give me so much as a sign or note about why he was delayed for two days,"

"It wasn't my fault. Ron and 'Mione…thought I needed to actually sleep in my own bed. Ron stole the map and my cloak while 'Mione cast sleep spells on me. You know I wouldn't not meet you by choice."
Draco shook his head, going all the way inside of the other, "Why am I not surprised?" he kissed Harry deeply as he started to move.

Harry moaned, as he felt Draco enter him, "Sorry...you know I wanted to be here with you...I know they are trying to help...but they are going about all wrong. I need you...I couldn't think of a way to leave you any message without giving us away." If anyone found out Draco was his boyfriend...the other student Death Eaters would hurt him. Harry couldn't lose Draco...he'd do anything to protect him.

"Ok fine," he mocked a sigh; kissing up Harry's neck, "I'll let it slide...this time," he whispered, thrusting deeper inside the other.

" A sign in Myrtle's bathroom maybe," the blonde panted, reaching down to stroke Harry off, "she wouldn't mind that you know..." She was beaming when Malfoy sent her to find Harry...after he told her that everything was okay between them.

Harry rocked up into Malfoy's thrusts, "We did something like that last year...with the DA...it was 'Mione's idea...I just have to come up with a mundane object."

Malfoy laughs, "You say that like someone would walk in and see it...but your idea sounds better..."

He kissed him, "I don't want you to think I don't want to see you anymore...you know I need you..."

"And why in the blazes would I think that; with the way you like me to be inside you...that's the least of my worries, babe." he finished kissing Harry back.

Harry groaned, "You seemed so upset that I missed our dates twice..."

"Because I was...wouldn't you be? You could have mouthed a 'Sorry; held up' at breakfast; but its fine...I have you now..."

Harry said softly, "I don't want to get you in trouble...your House would turn against you if they knew about me. We don't talk remember? We hex each other..."

"Like they would be watching you while stuffing their faces," Malfoy shook his head, "it takes one and a half seconds for three words." Malfoy wrapped his tongue around a nipple, "...they're my house remember...not much they can do to me..."

Harry whimpered, "I know you aren't the only one with the mark love...they'd likely see you being with me as a betrayal..."

"That or some weird plan to bring you to He Who Must Not Be Named," he shrugged licking at Harry. He ran a finger along Harry's cock while staring in his eyes, "...they wouldn't doubt my ability to overtake you some way...they'd just be sorely mistaken about my motives..."

Harry whimpered at the attention, "I need you safe..." if Bellatrix found out...she'd kill Draco he knew she would. He couldn't handle it if she killed another person he cared about...

"I think you worry too much about me Harry. But you on the other hand...that's a whole other story..."

Harry begged softly, "Harder.."

"So needy..." but he gave Harry what he wanted, driving himself harder inside, Harry felt so good
and his arse fit like a glove around his cock; the Malfoy heir didn't know how long he could hold out for.

Harry came hard, "Dray..." he snapped his hips up into Draco's thrusts.

A few seconds more and Draco came inside of Harry, "...and because I love you, I know that would never change..." He kissed the other deeply, "you are mine anyway so...there is no reason to doubt it..."

Harry kissed him snuggling, blushing slightly at the warmth inside him. "Always yours..." he wasn't sexed up enough yet but a break for a few minutes were be alright...

Malfoy rolled to the side, still inside Harry; and started running his fingers threw the strands of the other teen's hair, "aren't you glad opposites attract?"

Harry blushed, "I'm glad you forgave me...and took me up on my offer of anything and stole my heart..."

"If I wasn't so evil I wouldn't have to do that in the first place," Malfoy sighed, "...I can't get over the fact you didn't push me away when I kissed you..."

Harry grinned, "You know you are hot don't you..." yeah and irresistible...

"Yeah," Malfoy smirked, "but even as a hot guy; I'd understand if you would have told me to get the fuck off you."

Harry bit his lip, "Maybe...I've always been attracted to you...would explain why I practically stalked you all this time. Besides, I knew I was gay for a while..." the...crush on Cedric had been a huge clue...but he'd never gotten the courage to tell the Hufflepuff before. Harry giggled, "I wouldn't care if you were part Veela...you have the same pull on me as I observed Fleur had on the straight guys.."

"So what you're saying is I should be happy I made you follow me around all these years and just so happen to get caught crying like a baby," he chuckled.

Harry blushed, "I don't know...I guess...if you like that we're together now. I didn't tell anyone you were crying did I? I didn't think it was any of their business."

"Thanks," Draco said softly, "...I would have just said you were lying anyway if it hadn't ended like it did..." he cupped Harry's cheek, "...you woke me up that day..."

Harry kissed Draco's hand, "I wouldn't have told..."

Draco let out a soft moan, "You're too much of a loyal person to do something like that..."

Harry smirked, licking his palm to his fingers. It wouldn't be hard to get Draco wanting him again...

Draco let out a low growl, "stop trying to be hot; we're suppose to be relaxing..." He said, but didn't move his hand away.

Harry pouted slightly, "Maybe...I'm done relaxing..." he needed more...they'd been apart too long and he needed a lot more...

Draco raised an eyebrow suggestively, "oh...would you rather I be doing the sucking," he ask,
voice low and deep. He grabs a towel and gets out of the tub, "We need a bed." This one was a bit larger, like the one the blonde has at home.

Harry grinned, drying himself off. "Wanking is decent, sucking is good...but shagging is better. I haven't been pounded enough to be satisfied. I'll all relaxed and slick...so I should be easy for you..." the bed looked comfortable...and inviting...perfect for getting naughty on...

Draco licked his lips, "I really like the sound of that," he smirked, giving his hair one last drying and throwing his towel to the side. He sat down on the bed and waited for Harry to get done.

Harry moved beside him and kissed Draco hard, "I know how to get you completely interested..."

Draco kissed Harry back, "I know you do..." he scooted back on to the bed and climbed on top of his boyfriend, "one of these days that tongue is going to get you into trouble."

Harry smirked, "Trouble? Never...it's only for exciting you..." and pleasing...

Malfoy chuckled, "that's the trouble I'm talking about," he wiggled his way between Harry's legs as he sat up and rubbed at his entrance then sliding himself inside, the warmth surrounding him instantly.

Harry moaned. "You inside me isn't trouble..." the feeling of Draco's cock rubbing his entrance and then pushing in was...so erotic. "Merlin...you get hard fast...move damn it..." he was slightly bossy...he knew what he wanted...

"You can thank your tongue," the blonde winked as he moved in and out of Harry. He held on to his lover's waist to go deeper, reaching for Harry's spot...

Harry groaned, his legs wrapped around Draco's hips. He lay down pulling Draco with him. "Wow...you must really like my tongue..." he grinned, Dray was going really deep now and he loved it. "Harder Dray..."

Draco gave Harry what he asked for and drove into his lover. He knew if he kept this up he'd hit it; his aim was rarely off...

Harry growled, "Yes..." rocking up into Draco's thrusts. He was turning into a sex with Draco addict and he loved it...

Draco slammed back into Harry's thrust, taking hold of the other's member and started to jerk him off.

Harry leaned up to kiss him hard, "Yes...hard..." he liked it like that...Draco was all male...he maybe pretty but Draco wasn't really girly. He tried moving both with and against Draco, trying to find the most pleasurable rhythm...

Draco kissed back, smirked, sat up and stopped.

Harry growled, "Why..." Dray was teasing...and Harry wasn't happy...

Draco's eyes were dark and stormy, simply stated, "on your hands and knees..."

Harry blushed, "Ooo? You want me like that then..." he did as he was told and gave Draco his 'come and get me' look..

Draco was all too pleased, pushing inside of Harry and picked up where he left off, pounding to his
lover. One hand on the other's hip, connecting sweetly with his thrust.

Harry groaned as Draco started pounding into him again. He did his best to rock back into them, eager for more. "Dray..."

Draco grunted, too far gone to say anything at this point. He reached down to jerk Harry off. Thankful for his skill of multitasking as he gave Harry's arse a smack.

Harry yelped in shock and pleasure as Draco's hand came down on his arse. His lover's hand was much appreciated as he started stroking him again. God...Draco's pounding felt amazing...

Draco let out a growl as he felt himself getting closer, but he refused to come before Harry, so he sped up, going even deeper; how that was even possible he had no idea.

Harry felt Draco going really deep brushing his prostate. "Dray..." he came with a loud cry At the sound of his name, Draco couldn't stop himself from releasing inside of Harry. He was speechless as he caught his breath...

Harry groaned, collapsing slightly as he felt Draco come inside him. His own had sprayed the sheet...

Draco rocked them sideways to lay on the sheets that weren't messed up and he sighed, "..sorry if I was too hard on you," he said, "..but why do I get the feeling you liked it...a lot?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah...I liked it...it was interesting and exciting..." he'd come probably the hardest he had yet...

Draco chuckled, wrapping his arms around Harry's waist and resting his chin on his shoulder, "there's some chocolate on the night stand for you...I doubt walking will be easy after that one..."

Harry turned his head to kiss him, "I'm sure you can find a potion to remedy that...or some kind of spell..."

"I can probably make one in the morning if I can get all I need...," the room seem to get the idea and set a small table to the side of the bed. Malfoy ran his hand across Harry's stomach, "...I think its safe to say I won't be using any spells on you..." He didn't want to make a mistake and say the wrong thing...

Harry smiled, "You're better at charms then I am...but I do trust your potions as much as I trust Snape's. I'm willing to take any potion you think is right." Draco could be both gentle with him and aggressive. He liked the aggressive...he was no girl and aggressive Draco was hot...

Draco pulled out of Harry and got up from the bed, "I need a bathroom," he told the room and got what he asked for. "I have a question for you," the blonde ask when he step out of the bathroom, "what was up with you and that Ravenclaw girl...Luna something..?

Harry blinked, "Luna Lovegood? She isn't as clueless as most people assume. She is a valuable member of the DA. I think...she has a crush on Neville but he is more oblivious then she is. She has her own way of looking out for the 'Chosen One'. She tends to mother..." he worried Draco might be jealous of her...

"Neville bi," Draco stated popping a grape in his mouth as he sat down on the bed.

Harry blinked, "What? Neville is Bi..." maybe he was clueless, "I think Colin had a crush on
me...but he'd been hanging around Seamus since our third year...

"The one with the camera," the Slytherin smirked, "he's kind of cute if you ask me..."

Harry nodded, "Yeah...but the camera was annoying...too much flashing. He does make a decent announcer with Seamus. I'm surprised that Quidditch fanatic noticed the tiny boy. Seamus is careful, I doubt Ron or Dean noticed..." how he could pay attention and only realize one of his roommates was a bent wizard was sad...

Draco was quiet, too quiet as he turned to Harry, "I wonder...how thin are your bed curtains..."

Harry blinked, "They are red velvet...pretty thick I think...never really thought about it. I don't think I've ever heard anyone but Ron wank off. I only heard him once..."

Draco shook his head and pulled himself on top of Harry, "would they hide me...?"

Harry smiled, "Ron wouldn't at first...since you arrested them as part of Umbridge's evil minions you might have to stow your pureblood pride and..." he smirked, "beg for forgiveness..." It would be funny to see his sexy aggressive reluctant Death Eater having to beg forgiveness. "Neville doesn't hold grudges...it wasn't your father who Crucioed his parents. If anyone should have a grudge it should be me and I don't. You aren't Bellatrix and you...only acted the way you did because you didn't feel you had another choice..."

"That's nice to know," Draco chuckled, "but I was initially talking about your curtains hiding me while we snog in your bed...and I can ask for forgiveness but I'm not begging anyone for anything..."

Harry said softly, "I know...but they may make you repeat it until they believe it....'Mione is the type and you did reduce her to tears enough..."

Draco tried not to growl at the thought. Like hell he would!...Then he looked at Harry; squinting his eyes, "you do know I'd only do that for you right?...So does this mean we're having sex in your dorm room tomorrow night?"

Harry stared, "You're actually willing to do that? I would never ask you to...its too dangerous for you...I'm not ashamed of loving you. I just don't want you in more danger..." it would be interesting, explaining to the entire Gryffindor Tower that he wasn't actually single...that he was madly in love with the Prince of Slytherin and he had no intention of betraying the Light. He wasn't old enough to join the Order but they still used Grimmauld Place.

"You could just let me borrow your cloak to get me in..." he whispered hotly against the others ear as he grabbed Harry's member, "They don't have to know..."

Harry groaned, "If you think it's safe...I don't want you to think I'm ashamed of loving you." he arched into his hand, "We know I'm loud...and if you want to pound me into the mattress...then...we'd need serious silencing spells...ones even the extendable ears can't get around..."

Draco tightened his grip as he moved his hand, "with a few spells and your tie I think we can make it work...it's the rocking the bed that's going to be the biggest problem...that and the fact we'll be visible if someone wakes up," he smirked, "..I believe the higher the risk, the better it'll be...."

Harry groaned just thinking about it he was harder, "Risk? We've never...actually made love where we could be caught...though when I groped you in Hogsmeade on the street you like it...how can we be visible if we're behind curtains? I'm sure you know a charm that makes them unopenable..."
"But where is the fun in that Harry," he asked with mischief in his voice, "...If I am seen, a simple sleep spell would work and someone wouldn't be able to look you in the eye for a few days because...well, who could explain a dream like that..."

Harry groaned, "I'm only pretending I'm single so you're safe...I don't want to keep you a secret. I don't care if my dormmates find out. I'd love to seen what would happen if Ron found out..."

"Me either," the blonde laughed kissing Harry, "You're one secret getting harder and harder to keep. You know if he did happen to wake up I wouldn't pull out until I'm done...you could play it off like its normal; he'd really think he was dreaming then..."

Harry groaned into their kiss, "I think...I'd be too focused on what you or I would be doing at the moment to care what my best mate saw or said. Besides...you inside me...is normal...for us..."

"Then," Draco smirked, "...how about we play a game," he said guiding himself outside of Harry's entrance, "if I can make you cum in 30 seconds I get to blow you without a silencing spell tomorrow night..."

Harry stared at him, "Not...fair..." he was close...and if Draco wanted...he could probably make him come that fast. IF the Slytherin spanked him and fucked him into the mattress like he had before. He felt that hard...familiar length and groaned. "Without silencing spells...would be rude...and we might as well announce to the whole tower anyway..." he'd yell loud enough that "Mione and Ginny would hear him. Beside, who else would 'Dray' be but Draco Malfoy?

Draco pushed his way inside of Harry with a pleased grunt, "We could use your tie for a little extra protection since you are vocal," he added moving painstakingly slow as he sucked on a nipple, "Then again your moans could wake anyone in a 45 mile radius..."

Harry groaned protesting, "Faster Dray...please...I need it harder..." to go slow after last time was so good...and Draco had said he could make him come in thirty seconds and going this slow he couldn't come that fast. "My tie? What would you use it for a gag? Or my hands..." this kinky side of Draco was very erotic...

"A gag of course," he smirked darkly, "we could find other things to tie your hands up with." He grabbed Harry's hips, "I am wasting time aren't I?" He pinpoint the location from memory as he aimed for Harry's spot, slamming perfectly into the other teen.

Harry cried out loudly as Draco slammed into him again, the friction against his prostate was so unexpected it nearly made him come. A gag? Draco wanting to gag him was hot...it would really disturb Ron and he was sadistically pleased by that. "Ron...would think you were attacking me if I was..."

"All the better for you to be more quiet right," he groaned, continuing to pound into Harry's spot; hungrily kissing the other as he resumed his hand movements on his member.

Harry clung tightly to his lover, kissing him roughly as he was pounded into the mattress again. "Perhaps a gag would make me quiet...you want the 'Boy who Lived' at your mercy that badly Dray?" he did come in thirty seconds and lost the bet, poor Gryffindor would be subjected him being sexed up by the Prince of Slytherin. Poor them...not...
Chapter 5

Harry had put his cloak in Draco's bag during Potions when he'd gone to retrieve his Potions Making kit. He was still nervous about this but he had lost the bet and didn't care really. He stood up from the table, "I'm...going up to the Tower. I don't feel well..." he glanced at the Slytherin table, waited to catch Draco's eye. He glared at him for appearance's sake and then winked before striding off to the Tower so he could shower. He wanted to be clean...and ready for his boyfriend. He was anticipating their night together...

Draco smirked at Harry and caught the wink. His friends besides him paid him no mind since they thought he still hated the other teen. Half an hour later Draco dismissed himself. He wandered into a hall and put the cloak on and waited outside the great hall to until another Gryffindor came out. He smirked when it happen to be Ron. Some type of teasing was in order along the way...

Harry took a slow meticulous shower, he was looking forward to seeing Draco tonight. He wrapped up in his bathrobe and headed to the room he shared with his fellow sixth year Gryffindors. He put on a simple t-shirt and boxers, he pulled the curtains a little but left enough space for his lover to slip in. He lay back and waited...if Ron saw anything it would serve him right. Neville would be clueless. Seamus was a sweet on Colin and well Dean dated Ginny until recently...

"I swear," Ron said entering their shared bedroom, "I feel like someone was watching me the whole way here...it was so creepy," he shook on his way to the bathroom.

Draco had to stop outside the bedroom to stop his laughing. He waited until he heard the inhabitants climbing into bed and sneaking inside; spotted Harry's bed and crept closer..

Harry chuckled to himself, Draco didn't? Of course he would...payback for the blind-date his best mate had tried to trick him into and refusing to let him out of the Tower at night. Harry yawned calling out, "Probably Peeves...or someone who doesn't exactly wish you harm." he heard faint steps, hopefully it was Draco...his body warmed with excitement and anticipation...

Draco slipped into Harry's bed soundlessly, laying half way on top of the other. "Miss me," he faintly whispered into Harry's ear. ".i if I remember correctly someone owes me a blow job..."

Harry moaned softly as he felt weight on top of him, "Of course I missed you...being your partner in Potions is one thing...I just can't...touch you enough..." he reached to touch his currently invisible lover.

Draco popped his head out of the cloak for a hard kiss, something he'd be waiting to do all night. He glanced between the curtain then back at Harry, "I guess moans like that won't travel too far then...?"

Harry kissed him back, wrapping his arms around Draco's neck after he tugged the curtains closed. "We barely started...I always get louder as we...get more intense..."

"So how about a small compromise...we only silence us and not the bed? I'd be super pissed if one of them wakes up and stops us," he whispered, taking his pants off and unbuttoning his shirt.

Harry nodded, "It's up to you...if Ron found out...maybe he'd get it through his head I don't want his sister. I want you..."
"Okay then," Draco did as he said he would and then fully came out of the cloak. He rolled to the side and looked at Harry, "now...are you going to put that wonderful mouth of yours to work or what?"

Harry moved smirking, "That eager Dray? I hope you have plenty saved up for me...because I don't want to sleep until I feel your seed deep inside me..." he tugged off his shirt, kneeling to kiss and lick his lover's cock. "I've been wanting you all day..." if Draco had touched him sexually during potions he would have let the Slytherin fuck him against their cauldron and damn the consequences...

"Its you..." he said back, "...of course I'm eager..." Being so close to Harry in class made it almost impossible to concentrate on anything. More then a few times had the blonde had to catch himself from getting too close while making a potion. "Believe me...I understand the feeling..."

Harry caressed his lover's thighs, alternately kissing and licking the erection. "I'm...glad...we feel the same way..." he manipulated his tongue to dip into Draco's weeping slit as he started to suck.

Draco did his best to keep still, but it felt too good. He grunted to keep from moaning. Harry knew just what to do to get him even harder then he already was...

Harry reached to cup his lover's balls, rubbing his palm against them as he started bobbing. His lips running up and down the stiff organ. He couldn't wait to feel it inside him. He wanted to be inside Draco tonight too but he had to wait until he fulfilled the consequences of losing their bet...

Draco's mind went blank, nothing but a strong desire to reach his high. His breathing became more erratic as Harry sucked. Then he felt the tightening of his balls but he held out for a bit longer...

Harry took Draco as deep as he could, sucking harder as he kneaded his lover's balls. He had no problem swallowing by now...he wanted Draco to enjoy this...

Draco swore as he came inside of Harry's mouth. "...damn Harry.." he huffed catching his breath, "...were you trying to suck me dry?" he chuckled pulling the other up for a kiss.

Harry groaned at the thought of four rounds, "Sounds...amazing...as long as one of them...I get to make love to you..." he smirked, "I want you to make me come...and then use it to prep me...I think it's hot..."

Malfoy rolled them over, "Mmm, now that I think I can do...," he assumed the position Harry was just in, licking the tip of the smaller teen's cock as his hand pumped below.

Harry whimpered, "Merlin...yes..." he spread his legs more, he wanted Draco to make love to him...but he also wanted him to fuck him wildly into the mattress. He wanted it definitely broken in...Draco knew how to wrangle an orgasm from him..."

The sound of Harry's voice was always encouraging for Draco. He sucked and lick his member before he started to bob in a rapid pace.

Harry buried his fingers in the perfect, silky blonde hair, he couldn't keep still...
Drac held Harry's hip down with his free hand and took him in deeper.

Harry didn't fight as Draco held him down, "Fuck..." he was close... "Close..."

That just made Draco sucked harder and made sure he was ready for what was about to happen next.

Harry groaned, "Don't...suck it all...we need it..." he wanted Draco...needed Draco...NOW...

Draco smirked as he continued to jerk Harry off, "Just come already would you." he said before returning his member in his mouth.

Harry came with a muffled scream, "Fuck..."

Draco stilled his head and held his hand out under Harry's balls as his seed trailed down into this palm. "You thought I was going to take it all...? Silly Harry, then I would have to do this twice..."

Harry whimpered slightly, "You...wouldn't...complain much...you like...sucking me off...now hurry up...I've been wanting you to fuck me all day..."

Draco coated his fingers and Harry's entrance before moving a finger inside. Another joined as he started to go deeper inside.

Harry groaned, "YES..." the familiar fingers stretched, caressed and fucked him. "I need you...don't...be slow..."

Draco smirked and had a third finger join the party and sped up his movement inside the other. He sat up, eyes on Harry as he enjoyed himself at the feeling of his hand.

Harry arched up, forcing Draco's fingers deeper when his lover brushed his prostate, "There...Merlin...Dray...again...harder..."

"Oh? But I think I know something that can reach 'there' better," Draco removed his fingers and after coating his member with what was left of Harry's seed, he entered Harry, "Now...doesn't that feel better?"

Harry pulled him close, shifting so Draco could fuck him properly. His knees were touching his own shoulders. "You know how to please me..." his voice dripped with desire, "Show Ron...I'm taken...that I don't need Ginny shoved in my face...fuck me..."

Draco kissed Harry as he started to do as he was told. He could feel the bed move but couldn't care less at this point in time. It felt so nice to be inside Harry again.

Harry kissed him back, "Harder..." he didn't care how much the bed moved...Seamus wouldn't care...Neville was clueless...Dean slept like the dead.

Draco complied and took hold of Harry's hips to go deeper inside of him with every thrust. He started to hear the small creaks in the bed. What if they break it, he thought with a smirk and sped up some more.

Harry groaned and cursed as Draco went deeper, plunged into his body harder. "Dray...yes..." his words shifting into Parseltongue as he clawed at Draco's back.

Draco kept his pace, aiming for Harry's spot as he sucked on the other's neck.

Harry clawed Draco's back more, "Merlin...I love it when you do this to me..." he hissed in
Parseltongue. He would come soon and hard...

The Slytherin was about to answer when he heard another set of curtains move and for a second he thought he heard someone whisper Harry's name...

Harry almost didn't hear the red-head, he turned briefly and then kissed Draco. He...wasn't done with the blonde who'd haunted his thoughts for years and owned his heart.

Ron gasped, "Harry...what..." he'd heard sex...he'd recognized Harry's outline and that of an unfamiliar male. He...had opened the curtain when the bed moved...like when he was...with Mione. He hadn't expected to see the ferret...fucking Harry...what Dark Magic was this?

Draco didn't think he'd have to use this but, he had no choice then to take the potion he had and throw it in Ron's face. The blonde cleared his throat then spoke in a calm voice, "Return to your bed...this was nothing but a dream...go...and don't bother Harry in your dream if you don't want to see or hear how Malfoy makes him really feel..." He watched as the dazed Ron got back in his bed and closed his curtains... "wow...I didn't think that would work..."

Harry kissed him, "I want you..." he did...he didn't care they got caught. Ron's reactions tomorrow would be hilarious thanks to that potion. "I think...if we could restrain ourselves using a cold water charm we could give Ron a torturous show..." he was devious...definitely part Slytherin...

Draco chuckled, "Then he'll definitely never look at you and I the same for the rest of his life."

Harry smirked, "No kissing...just...fingers brushing when we hand each other tools and ingredients...maybe looking at each other when he is watching but the other isn't. We could stand closer...we'd have to reverse the charm after lunch. it...would be too hard to let it last three days..."

The Slytherin couldn't believe Harry was thinking this up. It was too good of a plan to pass up. "And he's bound to tell his girlfriend about what he sees, but who in their right mind would think you and me are...you do realize later on; he'll hate you for this," he smirked.

Harry snorted, "It's his own fault for opening my curtains, forcing me on a date with his sister when he knows I don't want her and for locking me in the tower for a week. 'Mione would never believe him, she'll think he's been drinking. If she does ask...I won't lie about us. I'll tell her I do care about you...I may avoid mentioning we are sleeping together. If she corners me...I will probably tell her you're spying for me and beg her not to tell anyone even Ron. I would never ask you to do that though...it's too dangerous. If you got hurt...I wouldn't have a reason to survive defeating the dark lord..."

Draco shook his head, "And what if you were just pleasing yourself, what would he have done then?" the crazy git, but he wasn't going to say that out loud. "I know you wouldn't...but she'd have to wonder how the hell me spying for you end up happening..."

Harry chuckled, "He may not look like you would but it isn't anything he hasn't see in the shower. My bed wouldn't move like that if I was just wanking...I had to be in the process of shagging or being shagged. He should have worried he might see Ginny starkers...he is sure we're meant to be..." he kissed him, "Hermione knows I took nearly killing you hard...that...I was traumatized...that...I apologized at least once. I confide in 'Mione more then Ron...she...was the one who blamed the book for me using that spell..."

"She's a good friend," Draco said pulling out of Harry, "...too bad they'll just have to deal with the fact she won't be your wife...there is no way I'm letting that happen..."
Harry bit his lip, "I don't want a wife...I want you...I wouldn't have a reason to want to live after defeating HIM." saying the Dark Lord's name always upset Draco so he avoided it. "I...could never be happy without you. Which is why...I'll do anything to keep you safe."

The Slytherin Seeker sighed and rolled to lay beside Harry. "How am I suppose to keep a straight face when you say things like that," he ask, running a hand from his forehead through his blonde hair. "I worry about you more then I do myself, and you do the same for me...I can't even imagine life without you now...that wouldn't be a life at all..."

Harry kissed him, moving close so their bodies molded together. "Straight face? What I said wasn't funny Dray...I mean it..." He rolled them over so he was on top, "I need you...in every way...you're...my light..."

"I didn't mean it as funny...overwhelming," Draco blushed, "I...really...sometimes, I have to ask what right do I really have to get your love, like this..." Some times it doesn't seem real, but it is, he had to tell himself...

Harry said quietly, "You did...earn it...twice...once...when you were kind to a scared little boy in a dress robes shop. You may have insulted others...but you didn't insult me. You...also...accepted my apology...for hurting you..." he kissed the scar of Draco's face, rubbing the one on his chest. "You...just need to learn...to treat others better...at least...the people you know I care about..."

"I'll try," he said; knowing full well, he'd give it his all. He gave a light shiver under Harry's touch, "...but...wouldn't it make them uneasy...if I did that now...?"

Harry smirked, "Not...if 'Mione thought you were spying for me...she'd keep us a secret. You know...she'd like you better if you told her...you deserve to get punched that time and you never used the word to her face again..."

"If I tell her I'm sorry for being such a prat and I'm spying for Harry...we'll see...okay I'd admit I was...wrong...I have been on so many occasion. Hopefully...after all this is over...I can do better..."

Harry said kissing him, "Only apologize...if you mean it. I...would only tell her the thing about spying...to protect you. I know you have a good heart...you love me...you...say those things because you were raised on it. I don't blame you completely...I...know you are a better person then anyone else would believe..."

Draco tsked, "I may have lied in the past, but I wouldn't lie if I had to apologize for being immature Harry...I'm not that evil...I'm barely that anyway." He laughed, "Of course you do, or you wouldn't be between my legs like you are now..."

Harry palmed him, "I'd like to be more then between your legs. I...want to be...inside you..." he whispered into his lover's ear, "I know...you're growing up...the war...is doing that to all of us..."

Draco leaned himself into Harry's touch with a low grunt. Harry inside him was what he needed right now, "I think we have to make too many life changing decisions for our age..."

Harry nodded, "The only one that matters right now...is that I choose you..." he covered his fingers with his own sticky cum, blushing, "Relax okay..." using his own seed to prepare his lover...was a little kinky..."

Draco blushed as his body knew what was about to happen, "Okay..."

Harry whispered, "Touch your wand...you know what spells to cast...I...want you to be comfortable tomorrow. I already cast them on myself..." he rubbed his own cum into Draco's entrance, "Being
wizards...makes this easier..." he'd hate to do this without being able to make it more pleasurable...

Draco smirked, "but I like when it hurts a little," but he grabbed his wand just in case and felt himself relax more. "I'm ready now," he said laying his hands on Harry's shoulders

Harry kissed his nipple, forcing two fingers into his boyfriend. "Yes...we can make it hurt more or less. But...we don't want him thinking what he saw was real yet do we? We should stay here for the holidays...more us time..." he'd worry if Draco was home...he knew that the Dark lord often stayed at the Manor...

The blonde moaned, "You're right but I can fake a fall during Quidditch if it comes down to it," he said rocking against his lover's fingers. "I plan to stay...I can't leave you alone..."

Harry plunged his fingers in deep and fast, "I'd...feel better if I knew you were safe...if I faked a fall...I get hurt so often...they'd assume you did it. I can't do that to you..."

Draco arched into Harry's thrust, "If I jump off my broom too soon at practice, that would cover whatever I feel in the morning..."

Harry smirked, "I...may have to let you...if you're that desperate to have a reason to a limp. Keep acting this sexy and needy...and you won't be able to sit on your broom well enough to make Cho look bad..." He buried his fingers in deep, caressing and pressing Draco's prostate. "...maybe next time we're in the Come and Go room we can...see what surprises it can give us...maybe...toys and handcuffs...I wonder...what I could get away with it you couldn't get away..."

The blonde gasped as the pleasure from Harry's fingers flowed through his body, "Mmm yes, right there...you think the room will give us those things...?"

"It will supposedly give us whatever we ask for so why not those..." he hissed in Draco's ear, "How much do you want me to fuck you..."

The Slytherin whimpered, he was about to lose it and Harry knew it. "Really bad," almost to the point of begging for it. "Please Harry..." So he was reduced to begging and wasn't ashamed of doing so. He needed Harry inside of him now...

Harry kissed him, "Good answer..." he removed his fingers and thrust in balls deep. He groaned, "So tight...Merlin...how could anything feel better then your ass..."

Draco wrapped his arms around Harry's neck. "Yes," he moaned. Harry was a perfect fit. "Nothing can," he answered with a half-hearted chuckle. With every thrust Malfoy couldn't help fight his own moaning aloud. Harry's aim was on point; it had him weak from pleasure. But he had sense enough to rock back against Harry's thrusts as he pounded into him.

Harry reached between them to touch his lover, wrapping his fingers tightly around his cock and pumping it. His thrusts deep and pounding that spot. He kissed him intensely, they were always intense together. "I...can't wait to come inside you...I know you love it when I do..."

"Harry...I..." before he could finished the sentence he came; hard into the other teen's hand. This was the first time he'd actually seen stars when he climaxed. He continued to rock against Harry so he could feel him seeping into him.

Harry came as felt his lover tense up, filling him with his seed. He groaned into their kiss, "Fuck Dray..." sheathed tightly inside his lover, exploding practically into him. "I love you..." he broke their kiss to rest his head on the other's shoulder, as he gasped trying to catch his breath.
Draco blushed slightly as he felt the warmth of Harry's seed in him. He'd never get use to the feeling, he thought with a dazed smile on his face. "I love you too..." he said running his fingers through Harry's hair. He chuckled, "I think, I am going to have to fake that fall..."

Harry reached under the pillow for their wands, "Maybe...I snuck into the seventh year potions lab...and made us a few pick me ups. one...that I think will help." he played with Draco's soft hair, "You staying? I...did get a little more aggressive then I probably should have..."

Draco smiled as he whispered in Harry's ear, "What if I like it better that way.? A sting that last for days...that helps when we can't meet....," which was starting to happen more then the blonde liked. "I'll sleep here until an hour before everyone gets up if you're okay with that..."

Harry pulled out and snuggled, "...just...don't leave...without saying goodbye okay..." he nuzzled the Slytherin's neck, "If you like it so much...maybe neither of the best seekers in Hogwarts should be able to sit comfortably on their brooms."

"Like you'd stay asleep if I pulled out of your arms." he chuckled, "Just in case you do I'll wake you up, alright..." The Slytherinknew what it felt like to wake up alone...even though he never did anything with Pansy, she would fall asleep in his arms but would leave before he woke...

Harry smiled, "Thank you..." his eyes shut, "For...understanding..." it was hard enough letting Draco go back to his den of snakes; that contained at least a few Death Eaters besides Draco...he hated being apart...

Draco watched Harry as he drifted off to sleep and thought about how their relationship had started to change him. He didn't want to think about what he was told to do...but he knew a choice had to be made if he wanted to stay by Harry's side...he just didn't know how...
Draco poked at the already almost finished potion in between he and Harry. He felt eyes on him as he watched the green eyed boy scribble on his parchment. His eyes trail down to the writing and he leaned in to whisper, "You wrote that last part wrong...you stir counter clockwise three times instead of four..."

Harry smiled at him, "Four you say? I'll fix that..." he broke the short glance and corrected the notes. Thank god the cold water charm was working...or he'd definitely have jumped Draco by now. He slid a scrap of paper from under his notes, scribbling, 'he's watching huh? wonder what he's thinking? want to spy? I give you permission...I'd do it but I'm a failure at legilimency..." he set down his quill down and stretched, his fingers brushing Draco's chest intentionally accidentally

Draco eyed the hand momentarily before flicking it away with his best no-you-did-not-touch-me look. He read the note and had to lean to the side to joke with Crabbe so his laughter at what Ron was thinking wouldn't look suspicious. He wrote what Ron was thinking: 'What the hell was that? Oh no, Ron get a hold of yourself. This is Malfoy! Harry wouldn't-it was just a dream. Yeah just a very very WRONG dream-yeah that's it just a-

Draco reached over Harry to get some powdered beetle, his face inches from Harry's lips.

Ron's head was screaming "NOOOOOO' I'm losing it...'

Harry let himself blush when Draco swatted his hand away. He froze when his boyfriend leaned over to write Ron's thoughts...he smirked. He shivered more when he felt Draco's fingers on his face and then pushed him back, hissing, "Hands off...Malfoy..." his eyes were welcoming...Malfoy wasn't said with the same venom as it used to be...

"Just trying to help you out Potter," he frowned, shaking his head. "Can't a guy try to be decent once in a while. His good mood was showing and he laid a finger on Harry's answer to one question, "and that's wrong too...you write it like this," he started; taking Harry's quill from his hand.

Harry pouted slightly, "Thanks...everyone knows I'd flunk without you or 'Mione. Still a shock for you to be decent..." Draco's fingers on his hand, this was a very bad idea. He wanted more then this. Fuck lunch after class...he was dragged his boyfriend to the Room of Requirement... he stole the quill back to write on their scrap of parchment, "Forget lunch...Dobby will bring us something. I can't handle waiting for the charm to wear off..."

" 'Tutoring' again, Goodness Potter, you're really hopeless sometimes," he sighed, "but that's fine..." He flicked his finger at Goyle and the boy nodded, and started for the front of the room, Knocking Draco practically into Harry's lap. "Oops," Draco smirked, pulling away, running his hand teasingly along Harry's thigh as he sat back up and away from him.

Harry glared, "I know...I didn't inherit my mother's gift at Potions. I can do well...sometimes..." yeah if he had the half-blood prince's text.. his eyes went wide as Draco was knocked into his lap, his boyfriend...was so sneaky. Practically molesting him in class? He hissed, "Hands off Malfoy..." he muttered in Parsel tongue, "Fucking Draco...if the charm broke...we'd both be in deep shit..." his brain was in the gutter but thankfully his groin was incapable of responding...
"Thankfully its a strong one," he whispered back, before turning back to his potions book. ". . .it would be a sight to see you fidgeting from a hard-on though. . ." he teased, but he wouldn't try to break the charm. That would just be mean.

Harry glared, "Don't you dare...or I swear...Ravenclaw will win...I'll be sure of it...because...we'll both be in detention..." His fucking boyfriend must be studying Parsel tongue behind his back, he was starting to understand him. He was so getting Draco back...he should never have decided to torment Ron last night...

The Slytherin Seeker raised his hands in front of him in surrender, "I won't, I promise...I have no intention of making headline news in the paper..."

Harry sighed, rubbing his eyes, "This is harder then I thought it would be...you know...I'd run first...the consequences would be too dire..." it would put Draco in danger if he jumped him in front of Slytherins...

Class was dismissed and Draco stood up, and leaned over, "I'll be waiting," he winked and caught with his friends. It wouldn't take much to ditch them on his way to the Room of Requirement.

Harry packed away his things, he ignored Ron, still annoyed with him for catching them last night. He muttered, "I'll ask Dobby for something...I have to study..."

Hermione blinked, "You...spend a lot of time alone Harry it isn't healthy..."

"Just...go eat okay..." Harry sighed walking off...

"Wait up Harry...uh...never mind...Coming Mione..."

Harry snorted, Ron was too chicken to ask if there was anything going on between him and Draco...bloody perfect...

"I need a bed please..." Draco asked as soon as he got inside the room, ". . .and lube." It appeared on the night stand besides the bed. He contemplated getting undress, but decided against it, and sat on the bed, like he wasn't ready to have Harry break the door down any second...

Draco chuckled; Harry had no idea just how evil he could be. As soon as he was out of his clothes he sat back on the bed and after touching his wand to make sure Harry's clothes acted harder to get off then usual; he poured lube on his own hand and started to prep himself.

Harry stormed into the room had trouble getting his own clothes off and cursed, "Damn it Malfoy..." Draco was prepping himself? Merlin's ballocks this was hell... "Dray...this is ridiculous..." I need a drink..." a full bottle of Firewhiskey appeared on the bed beside him, "Thank Godric..." he threw the cap and took a swallow. "Gimme a minute..."

Draco moaned, as he had two other fingers join the one, "I'll try..."

Harry closed his eyes taking another sip before handing Draco the bottle. Hopefully he'd stop and have a drink so Harry could come up with a countercharm...oh "Disperso..." his clothes went flying...he smirked, "I win..."

Draco did drink and licked his lips as he put the bottle down. "So you do," he said removing and using a cleaning charm on his hand. "So what are you waiting for..."

Harry tackled him, thrusting into Draco, "Nothing..." his hips snapping as he went in deep, "Fuck..."
Draco felt himself tighten around Harry's cock. He already knew; there was no way he was getting on a broom tomorrow.

Harry kissed him, "You are such a bloody tease you know that? Wonder what Ron would say if he caught us now...you went a little far Dray..."

"But I barely did anything," Draco defended. "You touched me first remember," he said wrapping his legs around Harry's waist.

Harry growled, "I was just stretching...I barely touched you. I didn't touch any of your more sensitive spots. You know my thighs are sensitive...you might as well have grabbed my cock while you were at it..."

"But it was an accident," he faked innocence, "and I can't help it if my hands dragged a little..."

Harry glared, "I know your buddy pushed you on purpose...you can't lie to me Dray...I always know when you're up to something...call it radar or something..."

Draco ran his hands up around Harry's neck, "Okay you caught me. I couldn't help it...you're so sexy when you're horny."

"And you just love making me that way..." his thrusts picking up speed and power...

Draco cried out, loving every inch Harry inside of him. "I can get a pretty good idea if I wanted," he groaned. He thought if Harry kept this up, he was going to break him...or the bed. He was getting close with every brush to his prostrate. "Ah so close..."

Harry whispered licking his ear, "Come...show me what I make you do..." he pounded into him harder, "I know you love what I do to you...how it makes you feel..."

Harry's tongue sent Draco over the edge; coming hard, spilling everywhere. It was hard to even catch his breath as Harry didn't slow down. He kissed the other teen, "Fuck, you're so good."

Harry kissed him, groaned, "So are you Dray..." he came hard, filling Draco with his seed. "Bother everything...I don't want to move..." he collapsed on his lover, "...Divination is redundant anyway..."

The Slytherin cursed. "We can't both be missing from class...and you're the only one that can walk so..."

Harry silently asked for two pepper-up potions and a pain reliever. He chugged a pep-up one and handed the others to his lover. "Sorry...I shouldn't have been so rough...you make me lose control..."

Draco kissed Harry before taking meds. "It was intended for you to do so anyway so there is nothing to be sorry about...but I'm still not going to class..."

Harry sighed, "We should eat..." he smirked, "Wonder if we can get Dobby to keep a secret? Should we try..."

"He likes you more then he likes me...not one to tell the world your business remember..." he said laying on his side.

Harry kissed him, "He is still a little loyal...you aren't your father..." he tugged the blanket over them, "I want Dobby..." Dobby did try to throw himself into the fire for saying bad things about
the Malfoys.

Dobby arrived with a pop, "Master Harry? You wanting Dobby..." his house elf eyes got huge, "Master Draco? Oh oh...Masters Harry and Draco..." he shifted nervously, "Dobby won't be telling no one...not even Kreacher...what does Master Harry want..." free elf he maybe but he knew he had to protect Harry Potter...he swore.

Harry smiled, "I'm glad you won't tell...Draco and I are hungry...would there be anything left from lunch...we got distracted..."

"Distracted,"the Malfoy heir chuckled, wrapping his arms around Harry's waist underneath the cover, "that's a nice way to put it..."

Dobby gulped, "Dobby will be bringing some food back for Masters Harry and Draco. Dobby promises not to tell. If Miss Hermione or Mister Ron ask...Dobby hasn't see Master Harry..."

Harry waited for Dobby to pop out, "He owes me...he almost got me kicked out of Hogwarts...and I got him freed." He kissed Draco, "Well do you think he wanted to hear I skipped lunch because you got me so horny that the cold water charm was...threatening to break on its own..."

"No, he may have fainted from shock after hearing something like that," The blonde was tempted to touch Harry but thought it better to wait for Dobby to come back with the food.

There was a pop, "Dobby back..." a basket full of food in his arms, "Dobby going now. Call if Master Harry or Master Draco need Dobby..." pop and Dobby was gone again...

"Poor thing...maybe we should have dressed first...not that I want to move. I love being inside you..." He asked for the basket to be on the bed. It moved, he opened it, "Mmm...chicken sandwiches...deviled eggs...egg sandwiches...a thermos of tea I think..."

The blonde grabbed one of the thermoses, "I wonder if he remembered I like eggs. "

Harry smiled, "He might have..." he flipped them so Draco was sitting in his lap. he handed his lover half an egg sandwich, "Eat this...I'll pour us tea." He snickered, "I bet he never imagined seeing us in bed together. He knows I'll make sure you are good person..."

Harry groaned, "Just thinking about how much I need you to fuck me...how good you are at it..." he returned everything to that basket, sending it to a table. He was going to let his lover have his way with him. They were so not going to class...

"Good," Draco smirked, "I'm the best," he said kissing the boy underneath him before getting a better position in between Harry's legs.

Harry smirked, "Wouldn't know...I've never wanted to be fucked by anyone before you. I doubt I would surrender my body that intimately to another." he muttered between kisses...

"Not even your crushes," Draco asked sucking a nipple.

Harry moaned, "Cho doesn't count and you know it. As for Cedric...nothing ever happened...he never looked at me the way you do..."

Draco reached down, starting to stroke Harry not so soft member. He placed his middle and ring fingers on Harry's lips, "suck."

Harry's body arched into Draco's touch needing more. He took his lover's fingers in his mouth
sucking, "You could use a lubrication spell Dray..."

"This will help the little we have left in the bottle; since we are short on time and have to get you to class soon," he smiled.

Harry pouted "A spell would be quicker...and it works better..."

"In a hurry are we, Potter..." Draco sat up and said to the room, "Can I get a bottle of lube in my hand?" A small blue bottle appeared in his palm, "Happy now..."

Harry growled, "Of course I'm impatient...I haven't forgotten yet that little stunt you did in Potions. I will be jinxing Goyle for it later. You could have used a lubrication charm..." he huffed, "Just fuck me...and don't call me Potter in bed..."

"I know you haven't." he smirked, squeezing him, "Didn't take long for you to feel it down here...and I like using the room, I'm lazy like that," he shrugged coating his fingers and pushing them inside of Harry.

Harry cried out as he was squeezed and penetrated, with a mixture of pleasure and pain. "Bloody hell Dray..." he thrived on the mixture...

The Slytherin stilled his hand, "If you were any tighter, my fingers would be falling asleep," he stroked him slow, letting him get used to his hand.

Harry groaned, "You like me tight..." he bit his lip trying not to beg, "...you have to do better then that to make me come Dray..."

Draco chuckled, "I see someone doesn't want to fly for a few weeks," he said slipping a third finger in. "I could take my sweet time," he said running his thumb up the sensitive vein on Harry's cock, "then it would take me what; two minutes to make you spill all over us..."

Harry groaned, "If we don't fly Cho will win by default..." not that he cared right now. His body was very easily stimulated by his lover, "You won't fly either after the fucking I gave you..."

"Unless I find some thigh to butt pad," he said as he pushed deeper inside of Harry, "besides, my alternate would be enough for your ex-girl crush. My house would still win in the end.

Harry groaned "But could they take on Ginny? The girl is an exceptional Seeker...not our level but professional grade."

"Its my duty as the Prince to say yes; but one seeker to another, no; but he could still win, if he plays smart."

"Smart? Snakes play dirty...I ought to know...I bed one..." he groaned, "Just fuck me..."

Draco pulled his fingers out, "Snakes can also be evil...like I could leave you here like this all work up," he said letting his cock fill the place his fingers just where, "but that would be too mean wouldn't it..." he asked going all the way in.

Harry tilted his ass more, letting Draco go in deeper. He clung to his lover, like a drowning man, "I wouldn't let you out alive if you did that..." he groaned, "You're not evil...just sneaky and underhanded..."

The blonde let out a low grunt as he snapped his hips into Harry, "But my underhanded tricks gets me in bed with you," Being sneaky was too much in his blood.
Harry tried not to whimper and failed, "I'm not complaining...you want me in your bed for more reasons then just because you can..."

The Malfoy heir hummed in pleasure, "that's true...," he said kissing the other teen, "but it is a plus."

Harry kissed him back deeply, his obsession, love and need for the blonde spilling into the kiss. "You need me...harder..."

Draco gripped Harry's hips and gave him what he wanted, "You need me more," he kissed back with just as much force."

Harry thought, 'more then you'll ever understand'. "Perhaps..." he moaned as he let Draco fuck him into next week. His kisses were filled with equal need and passion. "The Great Chosen One isn't supposed to need anyone...they don't know me so well do they?"

"Not if they think the Weaselette could satisfy you."

Harry chuckled, "Yes they do think my companion should be Ginny...but I need someone who can dominate me like this...she will never be able to do that..."

"She'd want you to do all of that," he whispered, digging into Harry's ass. 

Harry cried out at the pleasure and pain his lover was giving him. "I couldn't bed a girl like I bed you. They'd break...and you aren't weak..."

Draco chuckled, stroking Harry faster, "You almost did break me a few minutes ago..."

Harry thrust into his lover's hand, "Did...not...besides...you liked it...you wouldn't cry or whine at me for being too rough..."

"No," Draco agreed; biting Harry's neck, "I'd only cry for you to give me more," he whispered hotly into Harry's ear as he quicken his pace. 

Harry hissed, "Yes...that's one of the reasons I would never let you leave me..."

"I wouldn't let myself leave you," he said into Harry's neck. He pulled back and almost gasped at what he did, but covered it with a pleased sigh as he felt himself getting close...

Harry came with a cry, "Dray..." hearing that Draco wouldn't leave him pushed him over the edge. 

With one last good thrust Draco spilled inside of Harry. He laid his forehead on his catching his breath, "...don't be mad at me okay..."

Harry asked softly when he could breathe again, "what...do you...mean..."

"I...didn't know I was sucking too hard..." the blonde mumbled, biting the his lip. 

Harry was completely confused, "What do you mean?"

Draco was about to tell him, but decided not too, "Never mind...its nothing, really..." The lovebite was dark but could pass for something else; he tried to reason in his mind. Harry would more then likely try to hide it if he told him now...

Harry snuggled, "I still wanna stay..." he was sated and a little sleepy after their fucking...
There wasn't much Draco could do now. The thought of walking away from Harry at this point was just too hard to even think about, "If you go back after classes; you can't see me tonight."

Harry growled, "I can't see you? Bloody hell Draco...after last night and right now you know I'm addicted to you..."

"It won't be me that's the problem; your friends aren't going to let you go. Staying out late, cutting class, and showing up to dinner with a lovebite on your neck. Yeah, you won't be let out of their sight after this..."

Harry chuckled, "You still have my cloak don't you? If I can't leave...you'll have to come to me. The Prince of Slytherin infiltrates Gryffindor Tower twice, now that must be history..."

Draco paused, "...what if I can't...?"

Harry sighed, "Then it will be a long, lonely night for the both of us..." how long could they keep the intimate turn their relationship had taken from the school at large?

"I can't believe even after this, you still want me tonight..." the blonde Slytherin shook his head, "...that is an addiction..."

Harry kissed him, "I sleep best when we hold each other...it's the only way I know besides sleeping draughts that keeps my nightmares at bay." sleeping with a Death Eater kept his lord out of the chosen one's head; that had very little logic even if it was true.

Draco got more comfortable, "...you make me want to skip dinner and just spend the night here with you..."

Harry smirked, "We still have some of our lunch left...Dobby can always bring us more..."

"You really don't want to leave do you?" he laughed, burying his face in Harry's hair, "I feel the same..."

Harry said quietly, "Being the Boy Who Lived get harder...being with you...I'm just Harry...I'm not some great savior..."

"Just Harry," the blonde Seeker repeated, "that likes to sleep with Draco.." 

Harry kissed him, "Who loves Draco...and enjoys fucking and being fucked."

Draco blinked a little shocked, "You...what," he...just didn't hear what he thought he heard did he?

Harry turned red, "I...didn't mean to say that..." it was too Gryffindor no doubt. He wouldn't force or expect Draco to be able to voice his feelings the same way. He believed that was how the other felt...that's what mattered...

"No. No, you meant that..." the Malfoy heir gaped, "You...you love me?"

Harry closed his eyes, "Would I have been so terrified I killed you if I didn't have some feelings for you? I've been stalking you for years..." he was avoiding the question...for now...

"I get that you had feelings for me but..." Malfoy paused, "You...love me," he said pointing to himself, "You're in love with me..." The shock wasn't wearing off...

Harry didn't look at Draco, he couldn't, "Guess I really am a Gryffindor...would never have cut it in Slytherin..."
"Harry, look at me will you..." he asked softly...

Harry opened one eye, he stayed silent...he wouldn't push...he hadn't even meant to say it despite how true it was...

Draco chuckled, "Both of them..."

Harry sighed, doing as his lover asked, "Alright, they're open..."

"Look...I'm about to tell you something that very unSlytherin...that is if you want to hear it..."

Harry bit his lip, Draco...wasn't going to admit he felt the same way was he?

"I couldn't say you had my heart if I didn't feel the same way about you, could I?" he asked, "...do you really mean it, Harry? Do you love me...?"

Harry nodded, "Merlin help me...I do...you're snarky...you took great pains to get me in trouble last year. We're on opposite sides in this still stupid war. I know you're the Prince of Slytherin and I'm the Bloody Chosen One but I love you..." his voice trailed off...

Draco caught Harry's lips in a passionate kiss, and only pulled back when he needed to breathe. He leaned in to whisper in his ear, "I love you too, Harry."

Harry held onto him, kissing him back, "Other then Sirius...and Mrs. Weasley...I think you are the only person...those words really mattered from..." a tear slid down his cheek, Ron and 'Mione proved he was worthy of friends...Draco proved he was worthy of being loved...wanted...his uncle's hateful words were losing their sting...

Malfoy smiled, "I can truly say you've seen every side of me...some newer then others. Honestly, I thought you would follow me around to catch me doing bad...who would have thought you had other motives..."

Harry chuckled ruefully, "I did...I actually used the Polyjuice potion to see if you were the Heir of Slytherin. You told me you didn't know I could read..." he teased. "I wanted to see what dark deeds you were up to when I hide on the train...and I followed you into Knockturn Alley before..."

"And just actually when did this stalking turn into want..." the blonde asked, "Because its seem like all you did was turn into an investigator."

Harry said quietly, "When I heard you crying...I didn't want to get you in trouble...I didn't want anyone else to see you like that. I wanted to comfort you...to accept the offer of friendship I'd rejected years ago. When I saw you bleeding and I thought you were dead, I felt like the world was going to end. That I killed you. I couldn't see why we were always fighting...I didn't care you were going to use the Crucius on me...I had to know you were okay...I wanted you forgive me..."

"I don't know if I was protecting you or me when you came in...I'm Draco Malfoy...I couldn't ask for your help or let you be my friend. Our worlds were too different for me to think otherwise. You were too nice and I...didn't know how stupid I was...I think I was just angry that you had the life and name everyone knew...But the fighting...ultimately got us where we are now, for that I'm grateful..."

Harry kissed him, "I'm sorry I used that dark spell on you but I'm glad you didn't get caught actually using an Unforgivable..."

"Well, I have to say thank you; for knocking some sense into me and not leaving me to wallow."
Harry held tightly to his lover, "I'll knock sense into you anytime..."

Draco sighed and rolled to the side and rested his head on the pillow, "Even though we might get in trouble; I'm not sending you to your dorm until tomorrow morning..."

Harry kissed him, knowing Draco loved him, made him happy. He didn't want to be away from him for a while. "No complaints from me...I still can't believe you love me...there was a time I was convinced no one ever would..." his voice quiet...

"You don't have to worry about that any more," he said kissing Harry's forehead, "Because I do love you and I always will..." at least; he hoped he did...

Harry said quietly, "Make love to me…” his exhaustion, forgotten.

Draco rolled on top of Harry, kissing him deeply. It was easier this time for him to slip inside of Harry, since it wasn't long since he had been out.

Harry kissed him back, putting all he felt for Draco into that kiss. He moaned softly as he felt the wonderful feeling of being filled by his lover. He relaxed, knowing that he was loved...that Draco loved him...
Draco watched as the Great Hall was slowly emptied of students then decided it was time for him to make his own little show. He smirked and winked at Harry before doing so. He was halfway down the hall when he bumped into someone and with a small 'Oh' and without giving it much thought reached out to steadied the person, "I'm sorry," he said and it took him five seconds to realize who the girl in his arms was..

Hermione noticed who was holding her and kept her from falling, she growled, "Not sorry anymore are you? You'll have to go wash now won't you? Can't have a pureblood like you dirtied by a Mudblood like me. Now let go of me."

Harry had seen Draco getting up from the Slytherin table and followed him but not before seeing Hermione leave first. His eyes widened when he saw Draco collide with Hermione...this would be interesting...

Draco gasped and frowned, "I wasn't watching where I was going, so I'm apologizing." he released her, fighting not to roll his eyes, "Believe it or not I can be nice..."

Hermione backed up, "You nice? I didn't know you could be. You've spent the last six years making our lives miserable."

Harry sighed, this was bad...

"Yeah, well, you can say I had a change of heart," he smiled and turned to walk away.

Harry snickered, walking towards Hermione, "Mione...what happened..."

Hermione blinked, "Malfoy was...nice...he ran into me and apologized."

Harry patted her on the back, "Guess he isn't an evil conniving snake all the time..." he walked towards the Room of Requirement, she was in shock. 'Change of heart indeed'...

It was a little weird for a Malfoy to be nice so he had to be mean to someone... He smirked "I need a walled bathroom that only I can open and close with a large tub." This room was great, the blonde teen thought as he found himself in the bathroom. He turned on the water and almost jumped into the steaming water...

Harry pouted, he couldn't get into the Room of Requirement. Draco was being sneaky again. He snapped, "Acio Dobby." poor Dobby ended up in a mess of dishes at his feet. He pointed, "Go in there and tell Draco to let me in or I'll spend the night in the tower alone."

Dobby sighed, this was too much. Being stuck in a power play between Masters Harry and Draco was not his idea of a good day. He Apparated into the Come and Go Room, "Master Draco..." he was not enjoying this task. He was a free elf but he couldn't deny Master Harry anything...

Draco popped his head out of the water and smiled at Dobby, "Good evening Dobby, what brings you here?" He was smiling at the small elf, Harry must have called him up.

Dobby sighed, "Master Harry says you better have the Come and Go Room let him in or he is going to spend the night in the Tower alone. Can you please not make Harry Potter this upset?
Dobby not enjoy being magically tugged across the castle. I'm a free elf don't you forget.

Draco nodded, "I remember, I'm sorry he dragged you into this, but making him upset is fun." He laughed and leaned back in the tub, "The door can be found now," he said to the room and whispered a command and unbreakable glass walls surrounded the tub.

Harry stormed in, "What the hell Dray? Why did you lock me out? You knew I'd come here."

The Malfoy heir shrugged, writing his name in the steam on the glass wall, "but you're hot when you're upset. Gives your eyes this fiery green look to them," he said turned to look not at Harry, "Don't you agree Dobby?"

Dobby sighed, "Dobby wants no part of fight between Masters Draco and Harry. Dobby leaving now." he popped out with his dishes, presumably back to the kitchen.

Harry growled, "You're my lover...you're not supposed to lock me out..." he tried wrapping his arms around Draco pulling him close. He liked feeling the other's wet warm body fresh from a bath against him.

The Slytherin chuckled, slipping out of Harry's grasp, "What; I have to be nice to you too? Being mean is good for your health...or so I've heard..."

"Get back here and stop teasing, you know I need you."

Draco smirked, his eyes dark with want, "Who says that was it?" he whispered in Harry's ear.

"I've had to pretend I haven't wanted you all morning. I wanted to jump you during breakfast. Couldn't stop thinking about you fucking me all through class...so stop acting like a brat."

Draco outright laughed. It was amazing how even school couldn't keep Harry's mind off of having him. He kissed him, "Yeah, bratty and in love with you. Deal with it."

Harry moaned softly as his lover kissed him, "I'm still here aren't I? I knew what you were like when we got together..." he knew Draco flaws and all...

Draco pushed away from Harry and grabbed a towel before getting out of the bath tub. He tied one around his waist and picked up a smaller one to dry his hair. "And I can't help seeing those piercing green eyes every time I blink, or thinking about the feel of your body under mine," he smiles, sitting on the bed. "I'm surprised my grades are still good with you in and out of my head like that..."

Harry chuckled, "I barely remember to complete assignments, but I have "Mione to bully me about it..."

Draco threw his smaller towel to the side and pulled Harry on to the bed, throwing himself on top of him, "I'm surprised you don't have to wank off during the day, thinking like that..."

He blushed looking up at his lover, if he was going to see Draco why waste his sexual energy early?

Draco started to kiss down Harry's chest, "I know that's what you do when we don't get a chance to meet," he smirked, holding the other teen's member in his hand, "Am I right?"

Harry snorted, "Not all the time. Only at night...and that's rare...I prefer you to fantasies..."
"You prefer me over a lot of things I believe," he stated, thinking as to whether he was going to suck Harry off or not. "Choices, choices," he mumbled as he absentmindedly started to move his hand.

Harry lay beneath his lover, smirking, "So? I'm supposed to prefer you to a lot of things..." he moaned as Draco started stroking him, "Faster..." he was far too easy for Draco to distract him; considering he had been angry at his boyfriend a few minutes ago.

"It's no good to rush it all the time Harry," Malfoy stated in a teacherly manner, feeling the other getting harder with each stroke of his hand...

Harry groaned, "Just because you are older...doesn't mean you know everything..." he rocked into Draco's hand, 'I know what I want...I want you...to fuck me..."

Draco charmed himself some lube with his free hand, leaning up to kiss Harry deeply, tongue tasting every bit of his mouth as he slipped a finger inside the slightly younger male.

Harry moaned kissing him as he felt a finger push inside him. "Dray..." he need this...

Draco smirked going even deeper, aiming for Harry's prostrate, "You have no idea how good you feel..."

Harry groaned, "I know how good you fucking me feels...and how good it feels when I fuck you..." all true...he thought as he rocked back into those thrusts. "I love you..."

"I love you too," he whispered kissing Harry, as he reached down to stroke him in time with his thrust.

Harry groaned kissing him back, "I know you do..." he loved what Draco was doing to his body and how it felt...

Draco forced down the tightening feeling in his groin and sped up his pace, "And you better not forget either."

Harry whimpered at one particularly hard thrust, "Couldn't...who would be more intense then Prince of Slytherin? Hardly believe one of the hottest bloke in Hogwarts wants me..."

'Jackpot,' Draco thought as he fixed his aim, completely inside of Harry, "Still in shock you let me have you...all to myself..."

Harry came with a loud cry, "Only yours..."

After a few more thrusts the blonde came as well, feeling his seed pour into Harry. He kissed him, "Always will be..."

Harry kissed him back thinking, 'if we both survive this war. "Don't want anyone else..."

Draco smiled at Harry, then, trying to hide the burning pain he felt in his arm, he buried his face into Harry's neck...

Harry realized something was wrong, he rocked Draco, "Do...you have to go?" his scar started burn. He flinched, grabbing his head, "Not now..."

"No," he heaved a breath, "...the mark isn't meant to just call one or two...I have to be at school remember..." He wondered why they were meeting this time, normally it wouldn't be this late at
night...

Harry winced, "Hold me...please..." he hated his 'visions'...

The blonde wrapped his arms around Harry. He sighed as the mark stopped burning. "Those dreams haven't came back have they?" he asked worriedly.

Harry hid his face in Draco's neck, "Not for a while...I hate being in his head...it's so...creepy..." watching Voldemort kill people made him feel so dirty...as if it was himself who cursed them...

Draco used a cleaning charm on his hands before running a hand through Harry's hair, "Hopefully they'll stop completely soon..."

Harry sighed, "They haven't yet, Honestly? They've been getting worse, not that I tell Ron or Hermione that. I'm pants at Occumency...I drive Snape crazy because I'm so terrible..."

Draco smirked down at Harry, "You know the good guys always win right?" But then a lot of people would die for the right side to win a war...but he wasn't going to mention that.

Harry's face was twisted in grief, he'd lost Sirius only to hear a prophecy that he or Voldemort had to die. He said quietly, "Ron and Hermione don't even know the contents of the prophecy. They were unconscious or occupied when it broke..."

Malfoy grabbed Harry's face with both hands and sighed, "I swear you are much worse then I am. You're going to stress yourself out if you think too much...you know what happens to me when I stress too much. Whatever the prophecy said...don't let it drive you crazy, okay..."

Harry said quietly, "The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches...born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies...and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not...and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives." He looked into his lover's eyes, "It's hard to think of much else with that in your head."

Draco blinked, "Well...allow yourself to think about better things, like the future you want...with me," he whispered, "after all this is over...how I'll tell the world I'm in love with you and that I plan to spend the rest of my life by your side..."

Harry kissed him deeply, "If we both survive...I want a future with you. I want you with me...I won't let them take you away from me. I promise...if I have to cash in on my hero status to keep you I will."

Draco chuckled, "I have a stronger reason to live now, remember? So don't think I'm going away easily...hero status," he laughed, "picturing you saying 'I just saved us all, now give me my man!' is really..." the Malfoy heir almost rolled over laughing...

Harry pouted, "You know I don't like it when I get called the Chosen One and all that. I hate it worse then being called The Boy Who Lied." he rubbed the words etched into his hand, "I would do anything to keep you including kidnap you from the battle the moment I've done my duty. I dare them to tell me what I can and can't want. I would tell them you're mine. I want to find a quiet place in the country...away from people...Bill says I have a few places like that..."

But Draco liked being around people. Living in the country wouldn't be too bad though, he'd be with Harry and...well, he could always visit his friends...that is if they would still be his friends then... "Can we get a dog? I've always wanted one," he asked suddenly.
Harry nodded, "I always wanted one too...when things calm down we can spend more time around people. Unless...we decide to go on a tour of the continent. I always wanted to travel...any chance you speak other languages Dray..." He certainly had the money to do so, his Potter vaults were overflowing and he'd only seen one. He hadn't seen the Black ones yet.

Draco shook his head, "...oh I learned a little French during fourth year," the blonde answered as he blushed lightly when he turned away from Harry to get an apple.

Harry shrugged, "We could use a comprehension spell or just wander blindly for a while. After the war disappearing might be in our best interest..."

"We should at least learn the basics, like 'water' and 'bathroom' just in case," he said, sitting up. "...I like thinking about my future with you," he smiled, "its...nice..."

Harry nodded, "If being on the same side as your father gets to be too much you know I'll hide you. If we tutor each other we'll learn better right? I like having a reason to think about a happier future. I couldn't want to spend that future with anyone else..."

"I'll keep that in mind..." it would only be Malfoy's pride that would stop him from doing such a thing...but there was nothing wrong with getting help if it meant saving your life.

Harry snuggled, "I won't force you to do anything. I won't ask questions. It has to be your choice." his visions had mentioned a task...he didn't want to know what it was. He wanted Draco safe but forcing the Prince of Slytherin to do anything was unfair. He couldn't take Draco's right to choose away. He needed Draco's love and trust, he didn't want to do something his lover saw as a violation.

"I know," he said holding him close, "...can you do something for me at lunch, Harry?" Draco had been thinking about the idea since his night in Harry's dorm room. Harry may not like the rumors that could come from it but, it would be fun to try out...

Harry tilted his head, "What would you like? Will it compromise your safety..." For a Death Eater to date the Chose One would be very dangerous...

The blonde shook his head, trying to keep a stright face, "Remember you telling me about when Weasley ate some chocolate that was laced a love potion that was meant for you...?"

Harry nodded, "Yeah...it happened after I won the Felix felices with my shocking perfect potion."

"What if...I had a run in with some of that myself," Draco smiled

Harry blinked, "What? I wouldn't give it to you..." was Draco planning on 'faking' an attraction to him? "You know Slughorn would try to give you the antidote..."

"Yeah, but that would be after the fact, no one will know until I'm done," he smiled, "I just need you to be there and it would be even better if your friends where there too..."

Harry chuckled, "Poor Ron...who is going to be dosing you with love potion in theory?"

Malfoy smiled widen, "Crabbe will be doing the honors all by accident. I'll fix something that seems identical to the love potion and drink it, leave the class with all evidence pointing to the potion making the drinker find you and the rest...will be school history for sure."

Harry laughed, "Really? You are the next great potions master after all. I really hope it works...you won't get into trouble will you?" love potion or not few would want a Death Eater in close quarters
with the Chosen One; well besides himself and Draco of course. "I'll do what I can to help..."

"Trouble…" the blonde almost rolled his eyes, "Does anything besides trouble go with my name outside these walls? Just as long as you play shocked and surprised when I…" he stops, "you'll find out the rest tomorrow..."

Harry chuckled, "Shocked you'd come onto me in public won't be hard to fake. Keep in mind...no one but you and maybe Seamus knows I'm bent. I might have an embarrassing reaction...you are the Prince of Slytherin and the hottest guy in school."

"I don't get to work on my acting skills often so it this is going to be fun," he said excitedly, "Maybe you could trip or something, and I can get to you before Weasley or the bookworm can. I bet Ron would say this was a sign or something," he chuckled, "...you know...I thought about using her instead at first...but I thought you'd track down who would give me a love potion for the bookworm so it wouldn't work..."

Harry grinned, "Play it off well and you know I'll do anything you want. Have Goyle run into me or something like he knocked you into my lap. Maybe we get knocked into each other? You could land on top of me, poor Ron he'd swear he was hallucinating...

"Then I could blush like crazy and actually reach out to keep you closer to me." This plan was getting better and better.

Harry chuckled, "I rarely get to see you blush...usually I'm the one with a pink face..."

"Blushing will be easy," the blonde smiled, "I'll just think about how you make me feel when you're inside of me..."

Harry coughed, they'd only done that maybe four times since Hogsmeade. Okay that wasn't true… they just hadn't done it enough. "Dray..." he got hard when Draco mentioned that. "You are terrible..."

"What…" he laughed, "It's true," he snaked his arms around Harry's neck, knowing actually what he was doing to the other teen, "...I can hardly think straight when you fill me up..."

Harry moaned, "I can't think with you inside me either. Sometimes I swear...I feel empty without you inside me..."

"It's even stronger when I can feel your seed still there," he kissed him, "Now that makes class unbearable..."

Harry groaned, "Same here you brat." holding tightly to him, "Are you going to be acting like a Chaser or a Keeper...I need to know how to react." like Draco would spill all his secrets and plans...

Draco shrugged and slipped out of Harry's hold completely, "Don't know could be both...I'm not really sure yet, sorry."

Harry growled, "Get back here..."

The Slytherin looked over his shoulder at Harry in defiance, an eyebrow raising, "...make me."

Harry glared, "Make you fuck me? I don't think it works that way Draco..."

"Who's says I was talking about me Harry," he asked back, eyes on the growing bulge under the cover. Why the blonde enjoyed making Harry this way was probably due to their time back in
Harry groaned, "I want you to fuck me. I want you to make me scream...unless you can't." he knew Draco could and Harry didn't want to pin Draco to the bed and fuck him.

Draco was going to glare back along with a snarky remark but didn't and pointed down at himself, "It's kind of asleep down there," he said turning back around, "mind waking me up," he asked with a smirk.

Harry snorted, "You know you want me..." he pulled Draco back roughly, "I'm tight...hot...think about how it feels to be inside me...knowing I've never been with anyone but you...that I belong to you..." He kissed his boyfriend, squeezing the Slytherin's cock.

So Harry knew the right things to say to get him worked up but Draco wasn't called a Prince for nothing and he surely was not going to be easy. He thought about the one thing that turned him off to stay half soft, "Sorry love," he said into Harry's lips, "you're going to have to do better then that."

Harry groaned, "You're just being difficult..." he didn't want to play it that way. He wanted Draco inside him, pounding him so hard he couldn't ride a broom for a week...so hard they broke the bed and anyone passing outside the room would hear him scream.

Draco smirked, "I think I like you best when you're like this," he said wrapping his hand around Harry's member, "it makes my job a lot easier...'

Harry snorted, "You like me best when I'm randy and all I want is you to fuck me? Sometimes I want you like this...hmm...if I thought I could get in and out without the possibility of death I'd let you fuck me in the Slytherin dungeons..."

"It would be interesting to see how many places we could do it in," he mused charming himself some lube and he started to stroke Harry off.

Harry groaned "With the cloak and the right silencing charms? I don't know...I wish you could come to the tower more often..."

"The first time we were thankful no one caught on to me," he said lubing his hand and Harry's entrance, "some random bathroom goer could run into me or something..."

"You were in my cloak...they couldn't see you..." Draco's touch felt so good... "fuck me Dray...please...."

Now; the blonde was hard. "Prep or no?"

"I don't care...you were in me not long ago...but you like fucking me with your fingers...I know you do..."

The Slytherin Seeker chuckled as he lubed his member, "That's because when I do that and suck you off, you make the most interesting sounds..."

Harry groaned, "can't help it...you make me feel so good..."

Draco slowly pressed himself against Harry's entrance, as he slid inside, "Something I've come to really enjoy doing..."

Harry cried out as he was entered, his arms around Draco's neck and his legs spread wide, "You better..."
Draco griped firmly on Harry's hips as he built up momentum. He kissed the other deeply.

Harry kissed him back hard, "Yes...fuck me..."

Draco worked himself deeper inside of Harry. His body seemed to miss the feeling or being in the green-eyed teen.

"You got me addicted Dray...can't get enough..."

The blonde sucked on a nipple as he pounded into the other teen, wanking him off at the same time, "I think...I can say the same for you too..."

Harry cried out with each thrust, "Of course I'm addicted. Who could measure up to the Prince of Slytherin..."

"No one," Draco confirmed grounding into Harry.

Harry groaned, "That's why I was a virgin for you...because I didn't want anyone before you..."

"Let's just hope I never disappoint you then," he kissed Harry, aiming for his spot.

Harry groaned, "When you fuck me like this you won't..." as long as Draco was only with him, he didn't see how he could be disappointed...

Draco sped up, giving Harry what he wanted, "Then I'm good."

"Always...Dray..." he'd come soon because Draco was an excellent lover and each thrust made him closer...

Draco groaned, "I could never get tired of this...making love to you is the best cure for anything...I swear..."

Harry entwined their fingers together, "Good...because you promised...we're both going to survive and be together..." it was all that kept him from depression.

"Yes," Draco said confidently, "I promise...I'm never leaving you Harry."

Harry groaned, "You better keep that promise..."

"Don't worry," the blonde said kissing the other deeply, "I don't plan on breaking it."

Harry came hard, "I love you Dray..."

"I love you too," a few more thrusts and Draco was spilling inside of Harry.

They curled up together and fell asleep in the Room of Requirement.
Chapter 8

Draco looked over the classroom. Everything was set up to seem as if he was trying to make an insulting potion but messed up and made a love potion instead. His friends had no idea what he was doing and were about to get the shock of their lives.

He drank it and they walk to the great hall. He saw Harry walking and smiled, from the heart of the sight of his secret boyfriend. This was going to be fun...

Harry was still slightly clueless, which was probably good. He was willing to do anything if it meant they wouldn't have to hide they were a couple and serious about each other. But for future Potions Master Draco Malfoy to mess up a potion it seemed wrong...he had managed not to blow up anything despite not being paired with Draco today. He was on his way to the Great Hall while Ron argued with Hermione on how exactly he was not at fault for the failure of their potion. Harry sighed, it was nice they didn't have to hide how THEY felt about each other, unlike himself and Draco.

Draco checked his time piece and started to talk to Crabbe about something until the spell he put on Harry's shoes decided to set itself off, which would trip the younger teen up.

Harry's worn sneakers untied themselves sending Harry falling to the stone floor. He grumbled silently, this would hurt and Draco would pay eventually. He hadn't quite made it to the entrance to the Great Hall so he wasn't going to be a hazard to the other students milling about.

Like the speed of light, Draco flew to Harry's side, "Harry, are you all right?" his concern and worried written on his face as he slowly helped the other boy up, "You're not hurt anywhere, are you?"

Harry blinked, "Malfoy? What the hell? Did you trip me or something? It's not like you give a damn about me. " he snapped, "Wouldn't your side be happy if I just took myself out and saved you the trouble?" his words were cruel and untrue but his eyes were apologetic.

Ron tried to tug Malfoy off, "Gerroff him. Why do you care you stupid snake?"

Hermione stared in confusion, Draco had been acting odd the other day. What was the matter with him, being kind to Harry? He hadn't cared when Harry showed up with Cedric's corpse injured or when he fell from his broom two years ago against Hufflepuff...

Everyone around watched him and if he wasn't acting, he would have laughed. The sadness in his eyes as Ron pulled Harry away shocked Crabbe and Goyle. "Harry, I... I just wanted to," he blushed but went on. "Can a guy care for once? I just don't like you getting hurt..."

Ron stood in front of Harry, "Never cared before. Always trying to get him in trouble. Laughing when he was hurt. Taking bets how long he'd last in the tournament two years ago. The Potter Stinks buttons..."

Harry put a hand on Ron's shoulder, "That's enough, we know he isn't always as bad as we've suspected." meaning that Draco had not been the heir to Slytherin.
Hermione stammered, "You don't care about anyone but yourself, Purebloods being better then anyone and the disappearance of my kind, Mudbloods."

Crabbe stepped forward but Malfoy spoke up, "You're right. I've been horrid since we first met and I'm... I'm sorry," he looked at Harry, his gray eyes showing remorse, "Even if I wanted to change now... I don't deserve your friendship," he smiled sadly at Hermione, "I guess I didn't want to admit how amazingly talented you are... or how funny a person you are," he told Ron, "and I couldn't admit how much I really like you, Harry Potter..."

Harry stared, how much of this was acting? He glared, "Are you making fun of us? We don't have time for this." he bit his lip, "Didn't I already answer your request to be your friend years ago? Of course 'Mione is the brightest witch of her age and Ron is funny but George and Fred were funnier."

Malfoy gave a sad chuckle, "I guess... I guess I'm too late," he nodded tears welling up in his eyes, "I'm sorry..." with that he turned, leaving his friends stunned and confused as he almost ran out of the castle.

Harry stared after him, maybe he'd gone too far. He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose, "I've lost my appetite. I think I'll go up to the Tower." He moved to a dark corner, tugged on his cloak and took off after Dray, he had make sure his boyfriend didn't think he meant the cruel things he'd said. He hated to see Draco crying and dodging students wearing an invisibility cloak was difficult. He couldn't be see going after Malfoy though... not yet anyway.

Draco made it out to the edge of the lake and sat down. Almost the same place Harry found him that day. He wiped away his tears and thought about what the others told him. It was pretty sad.

Harry reached the outside of the castle and started looking for Draco. Had his boyfriend's friends found him first?

Draco turned around to see Crabbe and Goyle looking on unsure of what they should do. "Leave me..." he whispered loud enough for them to hear and once he was alone, he laid back on the grass.

Harry waited until the goons had left, he called out softly, "Dray..." still hiding in his cloak, Draco could see beneath it somehow, he would find him.

Draco closed his eyes, "Shouldn't you be eating? " he asked as he looked in the direction of his boyfriend, "or did I worry you again?"

Harry sighed, "I worried I might have said too much and actually hurt you. Besides, we can always yell for Dobby. I have an open period next anyway. Did I react properly...?"

"Yeah, you did and I haven't been found out so I guess its okay... I know how you feel about me Harry, so it can't really hurt as much..."

Harry moved to lay beside his boyfriend, "I just wanted to be sure, you know I can't handle it well when you cry."

"But, I'm not crying," he said pointing to his eyes, "look all gone."

Harry smiled, "I can see that now. I just had to be sure."

The blonde Slytherin chuckled and, to everyone else, kissed the air. "You're so cute when you care."
Harry draped an arm over Draco's chest, kissing him back, "Well, I did mean it… you aren't evil…"

Draco wrapped his arms around Harry, "With our weeks of confessions and love making I'd say I never was truly evil at all.

Harry blushed beneath the cloak, letting Draco pull him closer, "So... when should we have another public performance?"

Draco snuggled, "I don't know yet, we'll come up with something…” meaning as the Slytherin, he was the designated plotter.

Chapter End Notes

As for coming out to persons, sooner or later Ron and Hermione will have to be told. Those as one might imagine it wouldn't go well considering the history the two have with Malfoy. Especially since they are dating. Hermione sees Harry a bit like a brother, which explains her attempts to mother him. Considering that Ron owes Harry a Lifedebt for saving him from poisoning, [that can be traced back to Draco but Ron doesn't need to know that] he can't really turn his back on Harry. Hermione would probably break up with him and I'm sure the other Weasleys except for perhaps Ginny or Percy would be angry with him. If Harry and Draco are serious about staying together since Mrs. Weasley called him son she will have to be told eventually [Chapter 20]. Remus as well but that's far in the future [Chapter 22]. Given the divided loyalties in Slytherin, I doubt many could be told safely. Being their Heads of House, in time McGonagall and Snape will be told. Snape won't like it but won't have much say in the matter.

Dobby respects Harry because he got him free. He even agreed to spy on Draco despite being a former Malfoy elf. He even stood up to Kreacher who is insufferable and will be making his debut in the story around chapter 21.

I hope that answers your questions!
Draco Malfoy, Prince of Slytherin was trying to figure out what he was going to do next for his
devious plan to go public without causing the chaos that they knew would ensue, when Goyle
coughed; he went to see what it was, when the thing went flying towards Harry. "No!" he gasped and ran, intercepting in just in time and landing on the floor after the impact.

Harry was practicing jinxes and shields when he saw a flash of light in his direction and then a blur of blonde. The flash; a curse or a jinx he didn't know had hit Draco. He turned white, "No..." running to his boyfriend's side, he glared at the class, "Who did this?" it had been aimed at him, he was sure of it. From a Slytherin, was it payback for his treatment of Draco? Or an assassination attempt? He fell to his knees, taking Draco's hand, "Draco... are you okay?" please Merlin, god, anyone, don't let Draco be hurt.

Draco coughed and stood up, "I'm... I'm fine. You didn't hit, did you?" he asked Harry.

Harry squeezed his hand, "I'm fine, what were you thinking? We're in class... you got hit with something. How do you know you're fine? You should see Poppy."

Draco sighed in relief, "You weren't hit, good," he smiled at Harry and smiled at the hand holding his, "So, its not too late, huh?" he whispered so only him and the other two could hear. Malfoy slipped his hand from Harry's and walked over to Goyle, furious. "And just what the hell was that?" he whispered, "if I don't tell you to do something, don't try thinking on your own..."

Harry was torn with the role he was supposed to be playing and being Draco's lover. He stared at him, worry, anger and fear warring on his face. When he realized it was Goyle, he grumbled, "Stupid snake."

Ron had been shocked that Draco would try to save Harry. He wasn't sure what to think. One minute, Harry was acting like he didn't want to be friends, disappeared to mope and then, seemed terrified when Draco got hit with whatever spell it was. The professor hadn't noticed and everyone was too in shock to say anything.

Hermione stared, Harry's reaction was wrong. As if he'd genuinely been worried, and why did Draco save him? The blond couldn't actually like Harry, could he? Was Draco angry at Goyle? It hadn't been staged to get Harry's attention, had it? That snake was up to something... she'd figure it out; she didn't trust Draco one bit.

Draco went back to his desk to sit down. To see just what was he hit with so he could reverse it. "You git," he snapped at Goyle, "learn to care some other way instead of attacking will you?" He touched his side lightly, the pain was dulling already. It was nothing he couldn't handle.

Harry watched Draco still worried, he looked angry. Was Draco alright?

Ron patted him on the back, "He's fine, its probably an act to get close to you. Remember what you said after we went to Diagon Alley or when you got locked in the train."

Harry pushed him off, "He wasn't acting damn it! Back off Ron. You don't have a clue." He fell into his desk and stared blankly at his textbook. If it had been planned he would have known, right? Draco wouldn't look like he was going to kill Goyle for that stunt if they'd planned this, he
could read his lover pretty well by now. Why did this have to be so hard?

The blond Slytherin sighed and figured it out pretty quickly. Thank Salazar, his 'friends' were lacking in the creative department. He muttered as he pointed to his side and the pain went away.

Harry saw Draco do what seemed to be a counter curse and let out a sigh of relief. At least, Draco knew what he'd been hit with. He hissed under his breath, 'This is harder then I thought. What if that curse had really hurt him? It would have been my fault. I can't lose Dray...'

Hermione and Ron winced when he started muttering in Parseltongue. It was always disturbing when he did that...

Draco flicked his eyes towards Harry. Thankful not to be seen by the other teen's friends. He'd had to not be as obvious. He could tell they were disturbed, but he could almost feel the sensation of Harry's hand holding his and it made him smile.

Harry coughed, when their eyes met. He had been terrified and almost pulled Draco into his lap. Yet, he had been afraid of hurting him more.

Class was dismissed and Draco went straight to the Room of Requirement, "Can I have some chocolate?" he asked and it appeared on a table. He really needed the boost after that hit.

Harry stumbled about blindly for a while before ending up at their place. He asked, "Let me in if Draco's there."

Draco turned as he heard the door, "Hey." He removed his robe and moved closer to Harry, "So, about Defense. I didn't plan that. I had no idea Goyle could think of using that..."

Harry gently hugged him, sighing, "Thank Merlin, you're okay. I wanted to kill him. I was sure you didn't plan it because I would have known about it right..." he started to shake I was so scared...that'd I might have lost you. I didn't know what you'd been hit with."

"This is Goyle we're talking about Harry," the blond said softly, "He can't even kill a fly... I'm fine," he tried to soothe the younger teen, running one hand through Harry's hair, "I'm right here, alive and well..."

Harry let out a broken sob, "The last person I really cared for died. I was scared I'd lost you too."

Draco held Harry tighter, "And how many times do I have to tell you, I Am Not Going Anywhere. Okay?"

Harry let Draco squeeze them together tighter, "I'm trying to believe that..."

"It seems like I haven't inscribed it in your heart deep enough," Malfoy said pulling back to look into Harry's eyes.

"That you love me has been..." he gasped mid-sob, clutching Draco.

"I feel the same way about your tears as you do mine," he said kissing Harry, "Stop crying...there's no need for tears about something that could have happen but did not. I'm here Harry. Right here, in your arms..."

Harry asked quietly, "What did he use? Did you fix it completely with the counter curse?"

"Yeah," Draco nodded, "its suppose to feel like a punch but it wasn't as strong as what it could
Harry sighed with relief, "Thank Merlin..." he pulled him towards the four poster bed, kissing him. "I had to be sure...you're okay."

"I'm the Prince of Slytherin, remember?" Draco smirked between their kisses, "That little thing was not going to bring me down.

Harry smiled, "Yes, I suppose the Prince of Slytherin and the Hero of Gryffindor is a fair match. " he chuckled, "You do realize, you're starting to disappear with me now that you pulled me on top of you..." he wondered if a ferret could safely reach the knot of the Whomping Willow...

Draco chuckled as he looked down, "It is an interesting sight, why don't you take it off since we are inside now?"

"Yeah, we are alone. So, I don't have to hide." he chuckled, "How much do you want off?"

The Slytherin let out a pleased growl, "Everything..."

Harry touched his wand, using a spell he'd learned early in their relationship to undress himself. He smiled, "Happy now, Dray?"

"Very," the blond smirked and did away with his own clothes before pushing Harry on to the bed, kissing him.

Harry moaned softly, "You sure you're okay to do this? Don't hurt yourself..."

"Shouldn't I be asking you that, you did take a bad fall earlier," he said running his hands up Harry's body.

Harry shook his head, "I'm worried about you, I had no idea what Goyle shot at me. You can do whatever you like if you feel you're up to it..."

"To be honest, what I want, I haven't gotten from you," Draco stated.

"What would that be?" Harry asked quietly, had he disappointed Draco somehow?

"I want..." Malfoy tried not to blush, "I want you..."

"You've had me...many times...I let you have me..."

"No, I mean..." He grumbled, "I want you, inside me this time..."

Harry smiled, "Of course..." he wouldn't deny Draco anything. "Tell me how you want me to do that..."

"I'll just say this, if you go slow, I'll never ask you for it again," he said rolling them over so Harry was on top.

Harry looked down at him, "So you want me to take you dry and hard then Dray?"

"I didn't mean it like that," he snapped blushing, "lube is our friend," he smiled, it did make things easier.

Harry touched his wand, casting a lube spell on both Draco's ass and his own cock, "Lube does make it easier." he kissed him, "I want you so much..."
The coolness had Draco gasp as he kissed Harry back. "Then have me as much as you want."

Harry entered him hard, kissing him deeper, "I love this... being inside you..."

Draco cried out in pleasure, "Yes, its been too long since I've felt you like this..."

His thrusts hard and deep, "You like it when I'm rough too much..."

"Well, you did start me out like that... you can say I became addicted to it," Draco panted out.

"Glad I'm the only one who knows your body like this."

"My first and only," the blond moaned, finally remembering to meet Harry's thrusts with his own. The added friction hit the spot perfectly.

Harry kissed him, fiercely pounding into Draco as he reached for the other's cock. He stroked and squeezed him.

Draco couldn't stop himself from crying out in pleasure from each thrust, "Yes. Right, there. Harder. Please."

Harry fucked his lover as hard as he could, reaching to play roughly with Draco's sack as he gripped his boyfriend's cock hard. "Is this what you wanted Dray?"

Draco came hard, spilling all over them, "Yes, yes, yes!" he answered catching his breath.

Harry fucked him a few more times before coming hard. "Mine..." he bit leaving a mark just above the taller boy's nipple.

Draco grinned, "Maybe one day you can mark me where others could see."

Harry lay on top of him, "Perhaps, though your marks on me would still be hidden. No one wants to see the Chosen One with more scars then the known one..." it wasn't his fault his uncle had beaten him a few times. Draco didn't care about them...he always took off the Glamour with his clothes." He traced the scar on Draco's chest and cheek, "Didn't I mark you enough already?"

"Not a battle scar Harry," he wiggled under the touch, "..you know, you could leave one on my neck if you like, I wouldn't mind."

Harry blushed, "Then people would ask questions...why you would have a lovebite when you seem to be chasing me?"

"It's not like I have to answer them, cause I won't I'll only make it visible at school if I have to leave for something..."

Harry chuckled, "Sneaky..."

Draco gave him a full blown smile, "It's better then being evil."

Harry snuggled, "You've never really been evil...I just wanted to think that...so I wouldn't realize...I was the poof I was accused of being. Now...I don't care...I'm yours and your mine. Labels are a nuisance..."

Draco waved his wand, cleaning them both, "You can say that again. My own label keeping me away from you during the day is tiring..."
"I wonder if we…could do something my Dad and his friends managed when they were our age…"

Draco blinked, very interested, "like what?" He and Harry had shared a lot with each other but nothing much about his father...

Harry said quietly, "What I'm about to tell you is only known by Remus, Sirius, Ron and Hermione. My father and his friends except for Remus were unregistered...animagus..."

Malfoy's eyes widened. "Unregistered," he said in disbelief, "how was that possible; no, why did they do it?" He knew it was hard work to become one. What did they have that was so important to become one.

"You remember when Professor Snape told everyone Remus was a Werewolf? Well...they knew...so they became animagus to be with him then."

"That's...really cool..." True friends, real friends...something Malfoy had but kind of didn't. Crabbe and Goyle mostly followed orders but would they do something like that for him?

"Sirius was...something like a Grim- a large black dog affectionately know as Snuffles...they called him Padfoot. Remus was Moony because he was a werewolf. My dad was a stag so he was Prongs." he growled, "Peter, the traitor was Wormtail because he was a rat. He was the one who opened the Whomping Willow for them."

"...what do you think you would be if you were one," he ask, fingers playing in Harry's hair.

Harry smiled, "I don't know...maybe a lion...a Phoenix or a stag like my father. Though...I won't mind being a Grim...Sirius could always handle Remus when he was one. They were very close...so close...sometimes I wonder...if they were ever together..."

"That...wouldn't shock me at all, seeing as we aren't the only ones who could have this type of relationship."

"Remus is taking the loss of Sirius as bad as I am...was. So...would you like to try to be animagus together? 'Mione would never let me be unregistered. I might need to be one later...you never know."

"You think we can do it." It wasn't easy. Draco had looked into it once when he was curious. Yeah, they were smart and gifted wizards but could they do that...

Harry shrugged, "If dad could do it and I'm just like him why not? As for you, aren't your marks as good if not better then 'Mione's? Your OWLS were published if I remember correctly. If that Rita Skeeter can do it, why can't we?"

"Rita Skeeter...I forgot all about her. It would be interesting to do..."

Harry chuckled, "She's a beetle. 'Mione had her locked in a jar for a while." he snorted, "I really can't stand her for some of the things she prints about me." he cleared his throat, "What would you be? After the debacle with Barty Jr, who was pretending to be Mad-Eye and your dislike for Weasleys I doubt you'd pick that animal..." although, ferret Draco had been so cute...

Draco cocked an eyebrow and flipped his hair, "I'd prefer a wolf. A white one..." There was a certain peace he only got at night...plus, that was the one time he'd seen a white wolf howl.

Harry smiled, "You'd still match that beautiful hair of yours, a wolf would be nice." he played with
it, "Promise me, you won't cut it. I like it like this...it's so soft..." he chuckled, "Maybe, I could be something similar..."

"If it starts to grow longer then my father's I will. I don't want it that long. But I promise not to walk in with hair styled like a Durmstrang student or bald..." he chuckled. "...like what?"

Harry asked quietly, "Why don't you braid it? I'd help, then it would seem shorter sometimes." he blushed thinking about Draco as a wolf, it suited him, they were both loyal and loners. Which was Draco? "If you're a wolf, maybe I could be a Grim... or something canine at least..."

The blonde Slytherin almost glared, "You like it long, don't you?"

Harry stammered, "It's so beautiful... it doesn't make you look like a girl though. One of us has to have nice hair." he pulled on his own perpetually messy hair, "It will never be me... I still say you are the better looking bloke."

Draco laughed out loud at that, "Why, its not like we can pass it own to our kids or something..."

Harry blushed, "It's the Wizarding world... aren't there ways? We can always pay someone to carry a child for us right?"

"There are a lot of ways... some I think no one wants us to know about, hell even I can carry a kid, but it's a lot, and I mean a lot of potions needed just to make that one..."

Harry smiled, " So... you aren't adverse to a child with me?" he blinked, "Wait? You can carry a baby..."

Draco shifted a little, "Kids I don't mind... my dad has a big library and I read some books I had no business looking at... I couldn't believe what I saw in there..."

Harry kissed him, "What exactly did you see in those books? So the library at Malfoy manor doesn't just have books on dark magic."

"Harry," Draco deadpanned, "That is dark magic. I read about three stages that a man could use to have a child. I would rather just form an egg from the sperm cell and give it to some woman to have then try to do it ourselves..."

Harry gulped, "How could it be dark magic? I don't understand... what could be wrong about two people loving each other..."

"Nothing about love is dark... it's not normal for a man to have a child. We're not made for it at all... one mistake could put both lives in danger..."

Harry gulped, "I guess that's true. I'd hate to put you in more danger then we already are because of this war." he took Draco's hand, "I would like to have a family though... it's something I've never had... I was told I wasn't good enough so my parents died... that no one would want me..." he looked down in Draco's grey eyes, "But you want me..."

"Me? I want kids yes, but... why would I have the baby?"

Harry gulped, "You said you could have them... I'm not a pure-blood. I assumed I couldn't..."

"It doesn't matter what you are with the right potion..."

Harry blushed, "I see... we can decide that later, maybe we can take turns. I want more then one.
Not as many as the Weasleys but at least two; it would feel more like a family that way, right?"

Draco smiled, pinching Harry's cheek. "You're so cute sometimes you know that? To answer your question, yes...two would be just fine."

Harry smiled, "Then we're in agreement, I'm just happy you aren't adverse to having a family with me.

"Me too," Draco kissed Harry, "lets just make sure we get there okay."

Harry flipped them over, "Yes, I will win...so we can have that. I don't want to lose us."

"I don't either," Draco agreed, "Just remember I know how to act, just don't get caught by them..."

That was Malfoy's biggest fear...

Harry smirked looking up at him, "So, when do you want to start practicing to become animagus?" distracting Dray a little, "I won't get caught, I've survived this long. I think I'll have a chance..."

"Why not every night we meet before we hop in bed, or will I be too much of a turn on for you to wait," he asked with his own smirk.

"Let's use sex as a reward." he snickered, "I wonder, if we were both canines, ...if you would still find me attractive..."

Draco blinked, "Harry," he smiled eyes almost predatory, "Do you not know how easy it is for them to do it?"

Harry snorted, "Don't watch animals fucking, but if Sirius was as good at calming down Remus as he claimed; maybe, they were involved. If they could make it work why not us? You want really want to try fucking me if I was a Grim or some other canine..."

"Its easier and less messier, then when we do it," he stated, "there's a park in the forbidden forest, saw it during first year from the owlry." Draco's eyes landed on some of Harry's scars. "...I wonder can I heal these fully...?"

Harry said softly, "Do they upset you? I know they aren't flattering...they mark what I've overcome in some ways. I only managed to take minor healing potions and nutrition ones. I couldn't hide more powerful potions..."

"It upsets me that you have so many...it must have been painful." he said tracing one with his finger, "...I could try to make something stronger to grow the skin back to normal..."

Harry sighed, "Can't fight back when you're four...or when you know using magic outside of school will get you kicked out of the one place you know that feels like home or where you feel safe. I wish I could have, I just feel so small and they keep saying I'm safe there. From outside threats maybe..."

"Now I can't wait to give you what deserve. Who knew I was only causing you more problems…"

Harry shrugged, "No one in the Wizarding World knows about these..." pointing to the scars on his body, "Ron, George and Fred know I was locked up for the Summer before our Second Year. Hogwarts knows I was living in a cupboard under the stairs because that's how my letters were addressed.. Who wants to know the Boy Who Lived slept in a cupboard and was treated like a house elf? It's better to keep it a secret. I wouldn't want them to think I might turn into the next Dark Lord again." everyone had been sure he was the Heir of Slytherin when he spoke in
Parseltongue the first time.

"No wonder you are so tough..."

Harry shook his head sadly, "I don't think so, I...dealt with it because I had to. Some days I just cooked and clean for them, trying to earn my keep. I did my best to do as I was told so I wouldn't be punished. Those varied, it depended on Uncle Vernon's mood that day. I don't tell Ron because he doesn't want to know and I think it would be too much for him to handle. I can't rationalize keeping secrets from you..."

Draco looked away from those green eyes, how could he tell Harry what he was told to do...

Harry sighed slipping his hand into Draco, "I was told that everyone thought I was being raised in a happy home. Mrs. Weasley said that the boys were exaggerating about me being locked up in a room with the windows barred, my school things locked in my old cupboard with a doggy door to slip food inside for me. She told them they shouldn't lie. I have no idea what Dumbledore told anyone about my situation, if anything." he said quietly.

"No one was ever told about your life before coming to school. All we knew is the Dark Lord was almost killed trying to kill you...

Harry closed his eyes, "That's all anyone besides you needs to know..."

Draco leaned his forehead against Harry's, "...you didn't have to tell me all of it you know...but I'm glad you did..."

Harry smiled, "I did...because, lies won't work between us. The only way we can make this work is with truth." he rubbed a scar on his arm, "You've seen these; seen the real me beneath the glamour spells...you know they aren't self-inflicted. You deserve to know how they came to be, if I trust you enough to see them."

Draco held him close, "I wonder sometimes, how long this will last," he looks at Harry, "how long until I've known everything about...what makes you happy, sad, your hurt and pain and inner pleasures...share as much as you want...I don't mind taking it in..." Harry trusted him. Hopefully, he'd be able to let him into his heart more like that...

Harry smiled, "I hope we have a long time for you to get to know everything..."

Draco gave Harry a soft kiss on the lips before yawning, "We will," he smiled, confident their future was.

Harry snuggled, "Thank you...for still wanting me when I look like this..."
Chapter 10

Draco had the afternoon off from Prefect duties so they were studying. He had sort of forgotten during Draco's staged confession that the Slytherin had been tutoring him in Potions. They were seen together more since then though Harry hadn't given Draco a public reply to his confession. They were currently using Harry's desperation to pass Potions with higher then an Exceeds Expectations to spend time in public together. Potions homework finished, they were in a quiet section of the Library with texts on Transfiguration and Animagi charmed to look like Potions texts. Both trying to avoid the piercing gaze of Ms. Prince.

Harry rubbed his eyes in exhaustion, pointing at a comment in the current text, *A History of Animagi*:

The animal more often chooses the wizard rather than wizard choosing the animal. Often animagus forms are the same as one's Patronus.

Harry sighed, Draco was a Death Eater, as far as he knew Draco hadn't learned that spell. He scribbled on their scrap of Parchment, 'do you know how to do a Patronus?' his was a stag which upset him a little...but that was probably because of his admiration to some extent of his father. Finding out Draco's Patronus would probably help a little…

Draco read the text and then Harry's question before shook his head.

Harry smiled writing, 'Then I'll teach you. I'm sure I can get the room to give me a boggart. They always become Dementors for me."

Draco nodded and went back to his notes, reading and rereading the potion. It didn't look to complicated but there was little room for mistakes.

Harry stretched, "I guess we should work on the practical side right? We know my brewing skills are limited compared to yours."

Draco smirked, "I guess you're right, besides I'm doing the potion and you just… watch okay."

Harry nodded, "The usual practice room…" meaning the Room of Requirement of course. He was aching to feel Draco's arms around him as they kissed, when that need was satisfied then he would gladly teach him to make a Patronus.

Draco proceeded to close his book, "Yeah."

Harry packed his half of the books, briefly touching Draco's hand, "Thanks, for tutoring me. You're good at it. Ever thought of following in Snape's footsteps? I think you'd make an excellent Potions professor." it was true but he wanted Draco to have more then that…

Draco had to stop himself from chuckling as he closed his books, "You're welcome. You're not as much of a fool as I thought. I'll consider it."

Harry stood up and put his bag over his shoulder, "Shall we…" he couldn't wait to be alone with
his boyfriend."

"We shall." Draco answered before standing up as well. He picked up his books, "I'll meet you there in a few minutes okay…"

Harry nodded, "You're the tutor..." as far as anyone needed to know Draco was that. The look in his eyes said clearly, 'Hurry. I'll miss you.' before he hurried up to the 7th floor corridor. Harry closed his eyes, 'I need a place that is both for Training and sex. I need a cupboard with a Boggart and a bed.' a door appeared and Harry went in. He whistled, 'it looked good.'

The Malfoy heir playfully rolled his eyes before he went about returning the books he didn't feel like checking out and the ones he had no business with in the first place. When he did get to the Room of Requirement, he was impressed. "Nice..."

Harry reached for his hand, he kissed him, "Finally. I should actually give you a chance outside this room. When you come up with a plan."

The taller teen wrapped his arms around the other, leaving no space in between, "The pictures around here talk too much for that..."

Harry chuckled, "Don't care about portraits. I need you. I just needed a quick Draco fix before we got to work. I can't have you running around with Death Eaters and Dementors without knowing how to cast a Patronus."

"Hey, I thought we agreed; work first then play," Draco pulled away some, "I mean, really, what's a quick Draco fix anyway?"

Harry smirked, "A kiss and you hugging me. I got that." he backed away, pulling out his wand, "Now be a good temporary student and go open that cupboard. I promise I won't faint on you."

Draco laughed, "Why would you faint?" he said and walked over to opened, and walked back, behind Harry this time. He knew what was going to come out...

"Remember? I used to faint near Dementors." the boggart became a Dementor, Harry pointed his wand at it and yelled, "Expecto Patronum."

Draco watched as the boggart was trampled by a silvery giant dog. "I've seen this before...not yours but someone else's... how do you do it?"

Harry stared at it, "That's not my Patronus. That's...Sirius'..." his eyes filled with tears. "I thought it would still be a stag like my Dad's. I guess it changed. You think of your happiest memory. For me, it's when you first told me you loved me and the scars didn't make you think I was ugly." he smiled at his lover, "I dare a Dementor to take such a memory from me. It's too happy...too perfect..."

Malfoy took out his wand, "I just think about my happiest moment, you say...," he gazed at Harry and smirked before looking back at the fake Dementor, wand raised, "Expecto Patronum." He smiled as a wolf appeared, "Cool."

Harry watched Draco cast the Patronus, his canine turned Draco's wolf as if in greeting. "I guess it changed for you. I don't mind. If that becomes my animagus form I wouldn't mind. Would you still want me if I looked like that..." who was the person Draco knew who could make a Patronus?

"You'll still be my Harry no matter what form you're in," he said going to close the cupboard.
Harry smiled, "So, who is the other person you know who can cast a Patronus..."

"That...I don't know...I saw something at the beginning of the term," he blinked in thought, "I running to the Great Hall when I saw something like them in the distance but didn't pay it any mind..."

Harry shrugged, "Then it doesn't matter. Come here. Do we want to discuss becoming animagi or us..." his eyebrow raising in a laughable copy of Draco's. "Still your Harry no matter what form I'm in? I like how you think Dray."

Draco chuckled at Harry's impression, "ha ha," he deadpanned and walked over to the other, removing his glasses, "I think you'll enjoy discussing us more then anything," he smiled, feeling very relaxed at the moment. "You know I don't think it will be hard for me to remember how to this charm..."

Harry kissed him, letting Draco take off his glasses, "I'm sure you can figure out away for those to become useless can't you? It's not like I need to look smart. You've got enough brains for the both of us." he teased. "So you going to tell me what memory made that sexy wolf?"

"But I like the glasses," he pouted putting them on a near by table. Draco gazed back at Harry with glinting eyes, "Hmm...lets see," he runs a hand down Harry's front, "I...just thought about you...and the love you give me, from me," he touched Harry's heart, " and here," he whispers into his ear as his hand travels further south.

Harry sighed, "If you like me with glasses so much, I guess I can keep them." that look sent a roar of heat to his groin. He shivered in pleasure beneath Draco's hand, first sliding to rest over his heart and then moving towards his cock. he gasped, "That would be a very happy memory. I made sure there was a bed. Tell me how you want me..." right now Draco was very magnetic and aggressive, he'd give his boyfriend anything he wanted.

"Ah...but class isn't over just yet," Draco took a few steps back from Harry. "It's best for you to start learning when I'm feeding you a load of crap when things get a little intense, out there I mean," he sits on the bed, eyeing Harry.

Harry pouted, "Really? Who is the teacher now?" he blinked, "Wait? Feeding me what load of crap? You confessed to me in front of a third of the school and your friends."

"Harry, do you honestly believe they all think I'm being honest? Half of them may think its a scheme to bring you to The Dark Lord..."

Harry smiled, "We both know you would never do that to me. You aren't lying about loving me and you wouldn't trick me into the Dark Lord's clutches. I trust you. You just have to prove me out there that I should give you a chance publicly." he cupped Draco's face, "I love you...more then anyone I've ever known. You're the reason I'm fighting. The reason I'm training to find a way to defeat him. You promised me that we'd escape after the Final Battle and run away together. That nothing would keep us apart...I believe you."

"And I'm going to keep that promise no matter what," Draco took Harry's hand in his own, "and you have to promise me that no matter what, you won't forget that, okay?"

Harry smiled into those stormy grey eyes he loved so much, "I trust you to keep that promise. Professor Dumbledore and I are working on a way that might make it so I don't have to die to take away his power. I can't really tell you about it but I think it will work. You're the person keeping me strong. Remember I was a mess before we were together?"
Professor Dumbledore...Draco tried to push the thoughts about his given order about the headmaster...He couldn't tell Harry... not...not yet, it would just complicate things... He pulled Harry onto the bed, "We both were as I recall..."

Harry smiled grimly, "I know. I remember. A part of me still resents the Headmaster. I hold him responsible for these..." his glamour dissipated, "He sent me there...when I begged him not to. It was okay for a while until they found out I wasn't allowed to use magic outside of school. Though summer before our Second Year was really bad. Even with witnesses no one believed me how bad it was. So, I stopped telling. Besides the twins and Ron, no one really knows but you're the only one to see beneath the glamour." a tear slid down his cheek, "That's how much I trust you..."

Draco kissed the tear away, "Don't resent him for it, even though it wasn't the best childhood...you are alive, and you don't have to deal with them anymore..."

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco, "It was horrible. I was so jealous of you for the longest time...it looked like you had everything while I had nothing. I am alive, since I'm turning seventeen this summer I can live on my own. I have Grimmauld Place from Sirius...it doesn't feel like home yet. Then again his mother's portrait is always yelling."

"And here I was jealous of what I thought you had...we are one in the same," he burred his face in Harry's neck, "we could make it our temporary home if you want?"

Harry smiled, "Well...I was thinking since you know more about such things then I do. If...you know...we were partners or whatever the Wizarding World would call us, you could look at what Gringotts says I own. I wouldn't understand much. Maybe you'd find a better place for us. Grimmauld has some sad memories. I'd prefer a new place. If we have to buy one I'd trust your judgment..." he sighed contently, feeling Draco's face pressed to his neck.

Draco smiled, "Yeah, I heard you do have a nice amount of money with your name on it...I can look into a few countries that sound up our alley.

Harry snuggled, "I wouldn't mind that. So you don't mind that I sort of..." he blushed, "...proposed?"

Draco gave a deep chuckle, "We are going to spend the rest of our lives together anyway, right?" he smiled at Harry's blushing face.

Harry nodded. "Yes, but...sometimes making something permanent scares people. There will be lot of foolish people who will say you aren't good enough for me. If you're talking about blood, it's me who isn't good enough for you. When it comes to money, we are closer to equal, I think."

"It's kind of like saying the bookworm is better off with someone other then the Weasel. I think I stopped caring about what other people thought about me when I was five and knew no matter what people said, they could never be me or tell me how to live my life...you're mine and I'm yours; something that will never change."

Harry kissed him, "Then...we'll be okay. I think Hermione and Ron balance each other- when they aren't trying to play matchmaker that is. I wish I'd realized that at five. All I learn...was how to cook and clean. I actually like cooking as long as it isn't for the Dursleys. Better at it then potions. I hate to clean. Kretcher is a terrible cook but he can clean. He likes you better. You're a true Black. Whenever you think the time is right...I'll agree to bond with you. That is the right term right?"

"It sounds right to me?" Draco paused, "Wait, you cook? And you're just now sharing that with me? You know you're making breakfast for me in the morning right?" The blonde sat up and took
off his clothes.

Harry smiled, "Cooking for you would be nice, but it probably wouldn't be what you're used to. I've learned a few dishes from Mrs. Weasley but I mostly cook the Muggle way..."

"I like you, so I'm bound to enjoy anything you give me, Harry..."

"You love me...there is a difference." Harry started to undress, "You never did answer my question. How do you want me?"

"On your back if you don't mind." He answered eying Harry's body; like always; enjoying the view.

Harry slid back on the bed, lying down and spreading his legs. He'd gotten over his shyness in bed a while ago. He loved how Draco looked at him, like he was beautiful, or at least priceless despite the terrible scars that marred his body.

Draco smirked, "So ready aren't we..." he teased before kissing his way from Harry's lips down to his groin. The blonde was in a giving mood today so blowing Harry was the option he chose first.

Harry blushed, "Cold water charm? I was thinking some kind of fall where you land on top of me. Our lips meet. You say something and then you really kiss me. I'll have a hard time pretending to doubt you. I already spend more time with you publicly now...and you saved me from Goyle's stupidity."

Draco laughed, "So who do you want to witness this? Bookworm and weasel I know...Crabbe and Goyle may faint from shock, but they should be there. It sounds like fun...but where to do it."

Harry gulped, "Umm...outside the Great Hall? Easy to trip or collide there, it's very congested. Maybe we're talking and don't see each other..."

Draco let the idea play out in his mind, "It'll work if it happens almost around curfew, I think...just before the stairs maybe. You could be walking out and I could be heading there from the south entrance."

Harry grinned, "It would be interesting...wonder it I could resist your charisma..."

Draco's laughs resounded through the room, "...you do know you have to push me away right? Or at least looked shocked at what I'm doing..."

Harry nodded, "Yes, but not at first...we fall...you end up on top of me...it's too perfect. You kiss me. I feign shock. Then I start to respond a little. You break the kiss. Then I shove you off right..."

"So, we do some rolling around on the floor before I end up kissing you." it sounded like a good plan, "I think that would work fine."

Harry grinned, "I like that idea a lot. Maybe we should throw in a bit of a wrestling match." Draco would win, he was bigger and stronger after all, Harry was just quick.

Draco shook his head, "No way, you may need the cold water charm but I'm not using it. It's not completely easy not to get hot while rolling around with you."

Harry sighed, "Oh well, it would push our relationship along outside." he wiggled a bit, "Because, I'd prefer not to sneak around. I can hardly believe the hottest bloke in school is mine," he kissed him deeply, "and I'm his..."
"If you want, we can just let Peeves catch us kissing? HE can never keep anything to himself." Draco sighed contentedly into the kiss, "For some reason this never ceases to be amazing…"

Harry chuckled, "Peeves nearly gave me a heart attack First Year. Every year I ended up dealing with one danger or another. This time, I'm not alone," he squeezed Draco's hand, "I have you."

Draco kissed Harry before rolling to the side, still soft inside his lover as his own grip tightened on Harry's hand, "Yes. You do…and I'm not leaving your side…" the older teen hoped he could keep that promise….

Harry smiled, "I won't either. I'm fighting for you. For us. For peace. Because with all we've been through we deserve a little happiness."

Draco looked at the happiness in Harry's eyes and couldn't help himself from falling deeper in love with him, "I know I've said this before but…really…I love you…"

"I know you do…scars and all. Not many people would. Saviors aren't supposed to be like me. They are expected to be more like Charlie Weasley…"

Draco stared at Harry, "You love me with all my scars so I think we can say we're even when it comes to that…"

Harry kissed the scar on Draco's cheek and caressed the one on his chest, "I accept these…because I made them. Mine are different…"

"I'm not talking about those Harry." Draco shivered, "I'm talking about the ones here." he said placing his hand over his lover's heart, "the fact that you still want me…' he smiled sadly.

Harry said quietly, "You proved them wrong…you make them lies. The more we are together, the freer I feel. I don't know all of the scars you have inside but I want to do more then accept them. I want to heal them so we're stronger."

"We're healing each other." Draco smiled, "Oh yeah that reminds me. I can do something about your scars." how could he forget? "I looked up a few potions that renew your skin."

Harry's eyes filled with tears, "You can take them away? You can make me look whole…"

Draco nodded, yes, sitting up a little, "Hey. I thought we said no more tears."

Harry kissed him, "They just multiplied…even beneath the glamour they were always there mocking me. Reminders that I was different. I can't help crying. I'm happy you love me so much."

Draco wrapped his arms around Harry, "It's really simple even though it took a few days to brew. You just pour it into your bath water, then sit and bathe for half an hour."

"I'm too lucky…I have you and you take such good care of me. I trust you. If that potions is what you want to give me its fine." he paused, "You already made it…Dray…"

"You…you hate your scars…which means you hate a part of yourself and I…you shouldn't have to hide all the time."

Harry said quietly, "I do hate them…because I couldn't protect myself. So it makes me think how can I protect everyone. Besides, if anyone besides you, Ron and 'Mione knew then they would think it would make me evil."
"Ah…but that would be kind of stupid for someone to assume. Well the potion is right there when you decide to use it," he said with a flick of his head toward the nightstand.

"I was feared and hated before…I don't want to experience it again but I wouldn't be alone. Even the Wizarding world has it's fools. Skeeter would have fun with my past." he smirked sadly, "Then I'd just turn the beetle in…"

"We know one thing…after all this is over. You won't have to worry about that anymore." Malfoy said and ran a hand through Harry's messy hair.

Harry kissed him, "I don't want to be a part of that world unless you were in it too but you wouldn't be happy there." sighing contently at the hand in his hair.

Draco trailed his hand down to caress the younger male's cheek and he kissed him back, but pulled away before he could ignite the fire of their passion.

Harry kissed him back, "It's okay to want me. I'm wouldn't say no. Besides, I'm not sore yet."

Draco smirked, "Oh really." he asked, kissing Harry only to stop looking away, "That's okay…we…we should sleep…" he didn't expect the scar to burn this late at night…

Harry noticed his discomfort, then lifted the arm with the mark and kissed it. Pulling Draco closer, "Mine. I want you here and he needs to learn to be more careful who he summons."

"He's not calling for me…" he bit back the pain, "He's doing this on purpose…" but it was stronger then the last few times. What in the world was going on out there…?

Harry rocked him, "Why? What is the purpose? He doesn't know about us…does he?" he wanted to understand so he could help.

"That…I'm not going back to find out." Draco sighed into Harry's neck as the pain subsided, "they don't meet often so this hasn't happened in a while. No one here talks or reports to him, so I'm pretty sure he doesn't know about us."

Harry clutched him tight, hissing fiercely, "You're mine. I won't let him have you. I hate that he hurts you. I want to take that away." he held Draco's marked arm to his heart, cradled between them, "I won't lose one more person I care about. You're not going to end up like my parents, like Sirius or Cedric." he grit his teeth, sinking deep inside himself.

"I have a power he can't understand. You awakened it to it's potential. I'm not a coward. I won't slink into the shadows. I'm going to save you. To protect you. He can't hurt you. Never again. I love you." with those last words, Harry's magic reached out, pulsing from his hands, wrapping around Draco like an embrace before flowing into the mark, twisting and changing it's shape, it's nature and making it pure. The snakes within the skulls transformed into a golden lion embracing a silver dragon without legs no, a serpent perched over outstretched hands a symbol of peace.

Harry gasped on the verge of passing out, "Does she have the Mark? I have to know…" using this much magic at once was draining, he didn't understand what he was doing exactly…but he had to do it…for Draco. Because he loved him…

Draco felt the mark on his arm shift and really couldn't believe his own eyes. He could feel Harry getting weaker, pushing himself to the edge for the one he loved, "Harry…we need chocolate…" he told the room. He had no idea, Harry had that much power.

Harry smiled, "I need you…" the arm pressed to his heart, as he asked again, "Does your mother
have the <ark?" he wasn't really paying attention to the chocolate comment.

"Yes, but a chocolate shake would give you more energy and no, there is no need for her to have one with my father or I around." he answered.

Harry snuggled, "You're safe...he can't hurt you..." he didn't know exactly what he did, just that Draco was safe. "Okay..."

"You never cease to amaze me Harry." the blonde chuckled pulling the other boy even closer to him.

"I'll do anything to keep you safe. I love you. You make being alive important."

It was bitter-sweet to hear Harry say those words. He gazed into those green eyes and couldn't help but connect with those lips of his.

Harry kissed him back, "Dray...my Dray..."

"Always yours..." he whispered mouth moving down leaving small love bites along the other's collarbone.

Harry moaned, "Chocolate first...then you can have me." he wanted to feel Draco love him...to feel his lover was real...safe...and out of Voldemort's reach.

Draco smiled, kissed Harry and sat up a little to grab the chocolate milkshake; wanting a sip for himself before handing it to Harry.

Harry kissed him and drank the milkshake, "Better..." he looked at Draco's mark, "I did that..." he asked softly, "It's us...I think..."

Draco chuckled, "Its much better then before...I wonder," he said eying the mark, "if you want me bad enough will this let me know..."

Harry blushed, "I...don't know...I don't know much about the mark...so all I know is that...I think it's mine and not his...take me...please...I want you as close as you can be..."

Draco kissed his boyfriend; deeper this time, moving in between the other teen's legs smoothly. "The take me would have been all you needed to say...the 'please' makes it that much hotter..."

Harry kissed him, his legs spread and his knees pulled up nearly to his chest, "You know I need you...and I know you want me..."

Draco sat up, one hand feeling around to check if Harry was still wet enough, he added some more just to be safe and pushed inside his lover.

Harry cried out as he felt Draco inside him, "Yes..." he was getting hard already. "That feels so good..."

Draco smirked, warped his fingers around Harry's member and in a teasingly slow manner; began to rock his hips.

Harry belonged to Draco Malfoy and didn't regret it. He trusted Draco with his heart and his body. He loved him...needed him...worshiped him...he moaned, "So good...more...please..."

Draco leaned forward, kissing Harry deeply as his member also went deeper. He made sure not to brush the other's prostrate, he wanted him to enjoy it for a while..
Harry clung to Draco, reveling in the feeling of his lover moving inside him. "Mmm...yes...so deep..."

Draco sped up his thrusts to meet his stroking pace with his hand. He liked watching Harry when they made love. His face was so pleased and hot, "uh, you're so sexy..."

Harry blushed, "Only to you..." Draco's thrusts were harder now. "I love how you make me feel...like I matter..."

"You've always mattered Harry," He smirked kissing the other, "you just found a better purpose now a days."

Harry smiled, "I'm your lover...you know my secrets...and you still want me. That makes it so wonderful..."

"I wouldn't be human, if you told me I'm in your heart and I just walked away...you...you're too precious to me Harry..."

"It's nice to belong...to be loved like this...I can't wait for the war to be over...so we can be together..."

Draco smirked, "Believe me when I say I feel the same way." The blond let himself slip and hit Harry's sweet spot since he was getting close...

Harry cried out, he was so close. "Dray...yes..." trying to move with Draco's thrusts.

"Ah, so...close," he panted, making sure he made contact with Harry's prostrate, over and over and over again.

Harry came with a cry, "I want to feel you come..."

With one almost shudder, the blonde came, filling Harry with his seed. He gave a lazy smirk, "...you like me overflowing from inside you, don't you...?"

Harry blushed, nodding, "I like how you fit inside me too..."

"I like how you seem to 'wrap' around me," Malfoy teased.

Harry looked up at him, "Can't help it...I want all of you..." blushing.

Draco laid to the side, still inside the other, "you always have all of me...maybe not inside you all the time but," he chuckled working a cleaning charm on them both.

"I have your heart..." Harry whispered snuggling.

"And I'm never letting yours go," he told the other..

Harry smiled up at him, "I'd be lost without you."

"That means we have to make sure we are never without each other...now sleep," he said giving his lover one last kiss before pulling up the covers around them.

Harry smiled, "Don't leave without saying goodbye. Promise..." his eyes closing.
Chapter End Notes

A/N: Harry can alter the Dark Mark due to his connection with Voldy. It was a manifestation of his desire to prevent Voldy from hurting Draco and was accomplished by his wild Magic.

Before you yell at me for it; remember in canon he Apparated in a desire to get away from Dudley during a game of Harry hunting, he alters his hair, shrinks ugly sweaters, inflated his aunt and managed to open the cupboard under the stairs to retrieve his trunk without his wand. He has to be pretty powerful to be expected to defeat Voldemort, he just goofs off in class like James, instead of applying himself like Lily. He does well in any class he gives full attention to. He rarely pays full attention in Potions, Charms or Transfiguration but manages to score decently on his OWLS to continue in them.

This is a joint story and my partner had no problem with the idea when I posed it.
Harry had been sick for a week, he woke up nauseous...and could only keep pumpkin juice and bread down if that. He kept getting sick in Potions, but during Transfiguration, Defence and Charms, the casting made him exhausted. He walked into the potions and ran out, his hand over his mouth at the smell of something his stomach didn't like.

Draco was really getting more then worried. Harry was sick and not the normal everyday cold someone could get. The blond couldn't put his finger on what was wrong. He almost had to glue himself to his seat from running after Harry...

Harry hadn't managed to keep anything down in three days, something he kept from Hermione and Ron who still hadn't figured out the truth about the extent of his illness or that he was seeing someone. Harry was feeling really faint. He leaned against the cubicle wall and whispered, "Draco...help me..." before passing out.

Draco was writing when his Mark awakened and he shot from his seat. "What the," The whole class looked up.

After asking he was excused and without knowing it, found his way to Harry. "Harry," he half screamed before gently taking him in his arms. He was afraid to move him, "Harry… Harry can you hear me," his heart was racing, when could a cold get this bad? He placed a hand on Harry's head as he tried to get him to open his eyes. Draco gasped. There it was…that feeling again...

What was this, he wondering as he shook Harry lightly...

Harry was weak and limp, the lack of nutrients was weakening him quicker than it should because of the Dursleys' abusive treatment of him. He was conscious for a second, "Draco...help..." he needed Draco, if Draco was there... he was safe...

Even though it was a big risk, Draco somehow got the both of them to the Room of Requirement. He laid Harry on the bed and conjured up pumpkin juice and a bit of chocolate. He sat beside Harry, stroking his hand; trying not to focus on that strange feeling again "Harry..."

Harry slowly woke, his stomach reeling, "Draco..." he called out weakly, he knew he needed to eat...but he couldn't keep anything down. It was like he was allergic to food or something.

Draco took a bottle from his pocket, "I was planning on giving you this later but I think now would be good," he placed the small bottle to Harry's lips, "since I don't know what's making you sick, I can at least help you eat and keep the food down..."

Harry asked hoarsely, "What is it?" he trusted Draco but he at least liked to know what he was taking. "Maybe, it's time to see Madam Pomfrey...I fainted didn't I?" he had no memory between passing out as he whispered for Draco and waking up here.

"It works like a cold water charm but it takes away the need to want to throw up." Draco nodded, "The mark called me to you...if you hadn't changed it no telling how long you would have been there..."

Harry blushed, "I'm glad I changed it then. At least I know you're safe...I need to eat. I ran out of
potions...forgot to order more. I never miss meals at Hogwarts." neglecting to mention he did at the Dursleys before he asked quietly, "I might need a little help...I used the last of my strength already..."

"Say no more," Draco smiled, "Dobby, please."

The house elf appeared with food in hand, surprising the blond. "Something told Dobby to always be prepared for Master Potter." He put the food on the night stand and disappeared.

Draco grabbed what looked like soup and after blowing on a spoonful, held it out for Harry.

Harry drank the potion, and then let Draco fed him. He had ben surprised Dobby showed up with food and attempted a smile. "I don't know what I would do without you. Don't understand how 'Mione hasn't realized how sick I was."

"She may have and thought you drank something tainted like that group of Hufflepuff girls in third year..." Draco was trying to focus on Harry and that feeling he couldn't figure out...

Harry sighed, "I don't know...she's always been so protective. Like with my Firebolt being checked for jinxes or insisting I not go to Hogsmeade when we thought Sirius wanted to kill me."

"Hmm," Draco nodded and continued to feed Harry. Some of the soup spilled onto Harry's shirt and he reach down to wiped it away and gasp, sitting back. "...what," he frowned and placed his hand on Harry's stomach. He felt something...something strong and...and... "...Harry, h-how long have you been sick...?" This...this couldn't be, he thought, it...it wasn't possible...

Harry was embarrassed when the soup spilled but Draco's reaction scared him, "Dray? What's wrong? I've...only been sick a week. I've been nauseous...I can't keep food down the last few days...and using magic exhausts me. Is that bad?"

Draco turned away and rubbed his forehead. "...no, not bad but...you...I...it...if this was different, I'd thought you were pregnant but," he gave a nervous chuckle, "you...you can't be.." He said it more to convince himself but...the symptoms...

There was just no way...

Harry blushed, "Pregnant? I can't be right? We didn't use that spell...I haven't taken any potions besides my energy and nutrient potions...though I have taken pain relievers when we got too...eager..."

"But, yeah, you can't be anyway...its not possible..." He sure thought it wasn't. Not without help. He was starting to get scared and nervous. Unsure of everything all at once...But it was no deny what he felt when he touched Harry's stomach...there was life there...Life. A life they created..."...I think you need to see madam Pomfrey.."

Harry said softly, 'I'm not a girl...so...I shouldn't have gotten pregnant even though we've had sex a lot. If you think I need to see her...I agree. It's a hell of a way to come out to the school if I am. I hope you'll be safe." he bit his lip, "You'll come with me right? Please? I...am a little scared..."

Draco nodded and took hold of Harry's hand, the feeling of someone else coming back to his sense, "this...maybe be nothing but the feeling is just...I don't know...you...we may be expecting...

Harry said softly, "How can we be expecting? I don't understand? I want a family with you...you know I do...but it's too dangerous. What are you feeling...talk to me..." he was scared...
"I don't what it is...but I've been feeling it for a while...coming from you...right here," he said placing his hand on Harry's stomach, "and it's strong...that's why it's unbelievable, I've only tasted the potion but for you to get it in your system to cause this is...I don't know..."

Harry whispered, "Our baby...is inside me...why couldn't I feel it?" He was having a hard time, coming to terms with the possibility. He was supposed to hunt for a Horcrux with Dumbledore soon...how could he do that if he was pregnant? If he was pregnant, he'd want the baby despite the danger he wanted Draco's child, to finally have a family. Was this how his mother felt when she found out she was pregnant? Knowing all the possible dangers and still wanting him?

"Maybe you did but didn't know it...you said you feel drained right? It may be because of the baby...I mean...if it is a baby..."

Harry snuggled, "You'll probably have to carry me. I don't think I can walk. I won't let anyone think you hurt me. You keep my safe..." Draco came when he needed him...that meant a lot...

"We can go between classes and use your Firebolt since I don't want any accidents..." Draco's mind wouldn't let him calm his nerves. He was about to be a father at what could be the worst time.

Harry was confused about the Firebolt, "Aren't we going to see Nurse Pomfrey..."

"You want to go tonight..." Draco sat up, "...we can if you want to..."

"Isn't everyone in class or studying? It is not safe right now..." Harry was scared and waiting wouldn't help. "You're not going to leave me, are you?"

Draco's grip tighten around Harry, "there is no way I'm doing that...rest for a while and then we can go see Nurse Pomfrey..."

Harry kissed him, "Good...I don't know what I'd do if you did..." his hand on his stomach, "I guess...I'll have to tell you what Dumbledore and I have been doing...pillow talk alright? I'm trusting you with something I wouldn't tell Hermione..." he had to tell Draco about the Horcruxes. He would have to refuse to go, he couldn't put a baby in danger...

"Okay," Draco nodded. He wasn't sure if he could tell Harry about the plans he'd been assigned to do...it may be too much with this...unexpected turn of events...

"You know the diary I returned to your father during our second year? It was a Horcrux... do you know what that is?"

Harry had Draco's full attention, "...yeah, but I've only read about them..."

"HE made them. The diary was one...the Gaunt family ring was another. We're trying to destroy them...he promised I could go with him after the next one. Dumbledore I mean. I don't think I should...not with a baby..." Harry said, telling a Death Eater, reluctant or not about Horcruxes was dangerous, but he had to trust Draco with this one last secret.

"...yeah, I don't think you should either...I didn't think we needed to use protection...if I thought this could happen...I would have..
"

Harry blushed, "It's unexpected...and bad timing...but...I want it... is that wrong?"

Draco smiled softly, "No there is nothing wrong with that...I...can't help but be curious as to what
this little person is going to look like..."

Harry rubbed his stomach, "I hope they look like you..." he'd hate to pass on his terribly messy hair... though his eyes were nice. "You can't go back...if anyone finds out...he'll want you dead. Then there is Bellatrix, I don't want her to kill you too..." he was scared about what would happen if the Death Eaters found out.

"I know," Draco answered, "but, I was suppose to do something Harry. It is something for them that I don't think can be avoided but don't worry, I'll find a way around that..."

Harry asked softly, "Can you tell me? May be I can help..."

"I think I've burdened you enough for now. Don't worry. I can handle this one..."

"Is it dangerous? Please tell me...I don't want you to get hurt."

"I think we should be more worried about keeping you safe. I'll be fine Harry. I promise okay..."

Harry bit his lip, "Is it something I'll forgive you for? You aren't one of them anymore..." he rest his hand on the new mark on Draco's arm. "...do you have to?" his reactions were probably hormones, but he didn't know anything about being pregnant. He was a teenage boy, this shouldn't be happening right?

"You trust me right Harry? So trust me when I say I'll take care of it." he said gently, unsure of how to answer Harry without worrying him.

Harry closed his eyes, "Alright I just worry about you. I wish you'd trust me..." then again, he'd kept the Horcruxes to himself...

"I do trust you Harry, I just... you don't need something else to be worried about when it comes to me; that's all."
Draco sighed as he woke up from his little nap. He’d been watching Harry as he slept. Everything running through his mind. Now they were about to find out if this was really what they thought; or what he felt it was... "Harry," he called softly, nudging lightly, "Babe... its time to wake up..."

Harry woke slowly, "I don't feel good... Dray..." he felt weak and his stomach was little queasy. "Please tell me there are potions, I want to finish our year..."

Draco had started to feel uneasy again, "We need your cloak," apparently the room was able to call that too. The blond didn't want to run into any professors on patrols. He stood, "can you stand?"

Harry held onto Draco's hand, "If you hold me up, I can try. We'll have to tell Snape... McGonagall will be upset. I don't think I should be flying... they are in charge with Dumbledore gone all the time." he was scared, but he had Draco and Draco wasn't leaving him.

Draco picked Harry up, noticing how light the other was in his arms. That couldn't be healthy... "You're right... they'd probably already noticed something different about you but just didn't understand what it is..." he stepped into the hall, making sure his steps were quiet.

Harry rest his cheek on Draco's shoulder, holding onto his boyfriend's robes. "I'll have to tell Hermione... she'll worry if she finds out from anyone else. Hopefully, they'll stop trying to play matchmaker now."

"She still won't like me," Draco smiled ruefully, "the weasel may think this was all a joke or something... Snape may have a heart attack."

Harry smiled, "She'll have to learn to like you if she has any hope of being a godmother to our future children. I trust 'Mione... she's been there for me more then Ron. Ron's friendship has always been conditional..." his voice trailed off, "Snape... doesn't like me much. I hope he won't be too angry. I understand why he hates me..."

"She loves you and will love the kids... its just me she'll have a disdain feeling for," Draco gave them a privacy charm, "he doesn't hate you... he just... dislikes you?"

"He hates me... I'm my father's son. A glory seeker. He sees my bully of a father in me. I thought my dad was a hero... only to find out he was just a man with faults sometimes bigger then most. Remus was perhaps the most honest. Hagrid and Sirius glorified him... I saw a memory of Snape's he hated me for seeing once. He'll probably blame me for this. He is still punishing me for my attack on you. He won't understand. He is the Half Blood Prince... it was his book I was using... he made that spell..."

"That's... unbelievable... but... he cares a lot for me, and I care a lot about you and take full responsibility for this..." Draco knew things about Snape that Harry would be shocked to find out. Like how he really felt about the late James Potter...

"If you say so... You probably know him better then I do." Harry didn't feel well enough to argue. He saw the infirmary door, "Finally..." he paled, "Oh... I can't go back to the Dursleys... I'll have to run away. They're Muggles... they wouldn't take my pregnancy well." He shook, they'd beat and starve him until he lost it...
"I thought we decided before, you were not going back there...I was thinking...even though you may not want to but...what about staying at the house you got from Sirius?"

Harry shook his head, "It's...being used...the occupants...wouldn't approve. They'll see your father in you...they wouldn't see you. They'll probably think...you raped me or something. I want this baby...but...what are we going to do?" he clung to Draco, "I'm scared..."

"It's okay Harry, we don't have to figure this all out in one day...let's just take this one step at a time okay," he opened the door and saw a light on in Madam Pomfrey's office. This was it...

Harry blushed, this was going to be awkward... "I'm trusting you...to keep helping me stay sane..."

Madam Pomfrey stood to pour herself more tea when he heard footsteps. She opened her door, "Malfoy? What is it..." She was shocked to seeing him...

Draco gave a nervous cough, "well...I...have a special emergency situation that needs your attention," he finished.

"Oh really and what would that be young Master Malfoy? You do realize that you should still be in class..."

Harry was shaking in the cloak, he was only sixteen...this...was too much...

Screw this, Draco thought and decided to get right to the point, "I think I got my boyfriend pregnant and I don't know how it happen; it just did, but we're not really sure, so, we're here..." He let out a small sigh. That wasn't THAT hard...

"Your boyfriend? Pregnant? That shouldn't happen...unless you fed him the potion. I doubt Severus would brew it for you...or that you could. I know Slughorn wouldn't. Who is the boy?" Just who would Malfoy being seeing? Obviously in secret, who was he that close to? She'd assumed he was seeing Ms. Parkinson. It couldn't be Crabbe or Goyle...Zabini maybe?

Harry was so embarrassed...

Draco glanced down at Harry, "you won't believe this but..." he waited for the other's signal to remove the cloak...

Harry slowly, poked his head out of the cloak, "Hi Madam Pomfrey..." his cheeks flushed with embarrassment but he was very pale otherwise...paler then Draco...

"Harry Potter? Oh..." her hand over her heart, "Set him down on one of the beds. He doesn't look so good."

Draco did as he was told, "I gave him something to let him eat without throwing up earlier...that wouldn't hurt the...child could it?" He was a ball of nerves and the last thing he wanted was to hurt the baby...

Pomfrey fussed about, pulling out her wand. "He's malnourished. Morning sickness...the pregnancy is straining his magic."

Harry but his lip, "It...that nausea lasts longer then just the mornings...until Draco gave me the potion...I hadn't kept anything down in three days. I've been sick a week...I ran out of nutrition potions...energy ones too." he grabbed Draco's hand, scared, "It's gone...I didn't realize it wasn't working anymore..." his glamour had shut off...probably when he fainted...
The blonde held on to Harry's hand, caressing his thumb across it, "so...it is a baby..."

"What did you think it was? Children having children...always one couple a year. Never expected you two. Seriously, you've been at each other's throats for years. What Harry needs is rest, a special potions diet and the right food."

Harry bit his lip, "Can I go to classes?"

"He's not showing so it should be okay right? Plus school is almost over...with the robes and the right charm; won't it be okay?"

Pomfrey sighed, "If he wasn't showing signs of severe malnutrition and weakening easily. His body is having a hard time adjusting to being pregnant. he is..." she used a quick spell, "Just barely over two months, nearly nine weeks hard to judge exactly."

Harry blushed, nine weeks...that was...when they had sex the first time right? oh...this was...he asked softly, "How did this happen? I only know of a potion that lets males get pregnant...but I didn't take one..."

"Plus this was way before I started looking into it," Draco admitted, "we at least wanted to wait when...we didn't have certain elements to deal with or complicate our lives," he ran his other hand through his hair, "...so the only option we have is Harry getting rest and building his strength up, no class until then...does that mean he stays here?"

Pomfrey clucked her tongue, "Accident then? I know Slughorn wouldn't be brewing male pregnancy potions. I doubt even Severus would teach them. There is one other possibility...there is an old wives tale about two wizards...that if they are soulmates, true soulmates and their magic is compatible then they are able to conceive...but it hasn't been proven. Let me check something." she muttered a charm, "No trace of the pregnancy potion. He really needs rest. He shows signs that this nutrition issue is not new. Don't know why I didn't notice before. You've been in here plenty young man." fixing Harry with a penetrating look.

Harry gulped, then gasped when she brought the concept of soulmates. "I'm sorry...I didn't want anyone to know...I was...embarrassed..." He whispered, she was upset that his health hadn't been what she thought it was...

Draco tried his best to look anywhere but the other two. It was hard to admit to himself, that, in fact, he had heard the same thing from an old man a long long time ago...

Madam Pomfrey sighed, "You do know I will have to inform your Head of house respectively and the Headmaster. I should inform your mother Mr. Malfoy. Though I doubt informing your relatives would be appropriate they are Muggles correct Mr. Potter?"

Harry nodded, "I expected you'd have to tell Snape and McGonagall. I'll have to resign as Seeker right..." not that Snape's detention would let him play in the next game...

"I'm sorry but my parents can't find out, Father is still in Azkaban anyway so it can't affect him." Draco's eyes widened, "If they know something bad may happen to Harry..." He didn't care about the Professors knowing but his family could not find out about this...

Pomfrey snorted, "Should have thought about that before. Seriously, children having children..."

Harry nodded, "Please...don't tell Mrs. Malfoy...she's got enough problems with Mr. Malfoy. I don't want her worrying about Draco. I know I can't go back to the Dursleys...not if I'm pregnant. They won't understand..."
"Fine but I am informing your Heads of House and the Headmaster when he returns." Pomfrey stalked off to summon Minerva and Severus respectively.

Draco ran a hand through Harry's messy hair, "I'm so glad you're okay..."

Harry squeezed Draco's hand, "I...don't like the thought of having to miss classes...but I know I need rest..."

Minerva McGonagall was being tugged into the Infirmary by Pomfrey, "Poppy, what is the matter? Why all the secrecy?" her eyes widened seeing Draco and Harry, "Not again..." then she realized that...they were behaving remarkably different.

Pomfrey sighed, "We should wait for Severus...since it concerns his student as well..."

Severus Snape rushed into the infirmary, not one liking to leave his students unattended, "What is all this abo-" he took one look at Malfoy then Harry, and their hands. He turned to Madam Pomfrey, "What...?" not sure how to ask...

Pomfrey let out a sigh, "Oh good you're here. It seems that your two most infamous students have been keeping a secret. They've been seeing each other and by some quirk of fate and not potions, Malfoy managed to impregnate Potter."

Minerva gulped, "What? That's impossible...!"

Snape braced himself against the nearest wall, then stood straight again. He knew he wouldn't be called for just anything, so this couldn't be a joke, "...how far along is he?"

"He's nine weeks..." Draco answered unsure of what was going to happen to them next.

Minerva gasped, "Isn't that not soon after you were injured in Moaning Myrtle's bathroom?" how could they go from trying to kill each other to lovers so quickly?

Pomfrey tapped her shoe, "He's showing signs of severe malnutrition. Morning sickness is very hard on him. I recommend bed rest and a strict diet with plenty of potions. I know you aren't our potions instructor anymore Severus but Potions for this type of male pregnancy I would only trust a Potions Master of your caliber. I think their connection that allowed their pregnancy will require them to stay in close contact."

"Close contact? What do you mean Madam Pomfrey?." Harry was almost afraid to hope...

Snape pinched his nose. It wasn't like he could say no. This was... "I...I'll make them and give send them to you," he said to Madam Pomfrey. Potter should be well enough to go to some of his classes...he doesn't have to come to mine, though," he finished; his nerves couldn't deal with a pregnant Harry Potter...

"Does that mean we'll be staying somewhere together on the grounds, or just in here?" Malfoy asked.

Minerva remembered herself, "It has long been Hogwarts' policy to house married students in private rooms. Given the current situation I guess that is our best choice. If he attends any classes he must attend with Draco. I don't think their attending classes with Slytherin would be smart. Harry should drop Potions for now or at least not attend. Some ingredients I believe are harmful to pregnant persons. History of Magic will be fine. Not sure about Charms or Transfiguration. Harry can probably do theory but not practical. He can continue Defense if he does mostly essays if he still wishes to be an Auror."
Pomfrey nodded, "Private rooms will be fine. I am not an expert in male pregnancies. We will have to arrange for a private Healer. I don't mind if he does mostly essays until he is healthier but using his magic should be limited. I believe it is what is allowing the pregnancy."

Harry grinned, "I get to stay with Draco?" Somehow missing classes didn't seem so bad...even if it was just temporary...

"That was what she said," Draco smiled back only to straighten it when he locked eyes with Snape. He was sure this would be the thing to make him fall to the curse, the curse of the Defense Against the Dark Arts position.

Pomfrey muttered, "Their rooms should be near the kitchens...that is best. He'll need all the access to nutrition he can get."

Minerva smiled, "Or we could just assign Dobby. I'm sure he would enjoy being at Harry Potter's beck and call. Not sure about his reaction to serving a Malfoy."

"It...won't be the first time," Draco added sardonically.

Snape shot him a look. "With the present circumstances it is decided no parents will be called about this..." There was no way in hell the Malfoys were going to hear about this. It would be too dangerous for both Malfoy and Potter.

Minerva nodded, "I believe there is a suite of rooms near the Kitchens that we can escort you to later. I'll have Dobby put your things there. It would probably be best for Potter if Malfoy spent the night here with him. You should stay until Poppy says he is stable. Malfoy, you are excused from attending my class until Harry is cleared by Poppy to return to class. Though you are still responsible for keeping up with the reading and essays."

Pomfrey toyed with her wand, "If I receive the proper potions soon then Potter might be able to leave in two or three days. I'll need that much time to stabilize him. If he faints or feels ill I want him brought here immediately. No waiting. I mean it Malfoy."

Harry blushed, smiling at Draco, "We get to share rooms? I'd like that..." Draco had a comforting presence...and he felt safer with Draco around...

"I'll get on it as soon as classes are done, they should be ready before the dinner," Snape nodded, "Malfoy I'll need to speak with you later," he nodded and looked back at Madam Pomfrey, "there should be a book in your office that can help me..."

Draco nodded to Madam Pomfrey, "I understand and I promise my grades won't drop." It felt like a weight lifted off his shoulders...

Madam Pomfrey nodded, "You are welcome to look through the books in my office. Minerva, would you rather locate the Healer for Potter or should I?"

Snape seemed to disappear after that.

Minerva shook her head, "Healing is under your purview. You should arrange for a private Healer. Preferably someone who is trustworthy, given the sensitive nature of the child's parentage..." she called out, "Dobby? We might as well get this over with."

The house elf popped up, and almost gasped, "Yes, Madam," he looked around shaking. What was this all about...?
Minerva tried to smile at him, "I need you to retrieve Potter and Malfoy's things. They are to be taken to the rooms between the kitchens and Severus' office. They are behind the statue of a gargoyle. Should be easy enough to find. You are also since you are being paid by the school to have new duties. It seems by some miracle Potter is expecting a child. You are to get him anything he needs. If he is ill and you are called for you are to take him directly to Madam Pomfrey. For his safety and Malfoy's you are not to tell anyone of his pregnancy."

Pomfrey went to go to the kitchen and arrange for certain foods to be sent to the infirmary for Harry and Draco. She'd give Draco a calming draught later.

Harry nervously attempted to smile at Dobby, he did sort of like the elf. Dobby had been helpful a time or two...

Dobby gasped but quickly sealed his lips, "Yes Madam, Dobby understand he must tell not one soul about this," he disappeared away to his new job.

Draco glanced at Harry and for the first time in a long time felt that everything would really work out for them.

Minerva sighed, "You do have a habit of surprising us Potter. Please try to keep them to a minimum now. Do be careful. There will be many angry with both of you for this. Tell only those you can trust."

Harry snuggled against Draco, "It's going to be okay right?"

The blonde fought a smile, "Of course it will be...and he will be careful," he told the professor.

Minerva nodded briskly, "I'll be heading out to dinner. Do you want me to send Ms. Granger? She was expressing worry because you missed classes."

Harry glanced at Draco, "Do you think it would be okay to tell her now or wait?"

"I'm fine with whatever you're up too," Draco answered holding on two Harry's hand.

Harry bit his lip, "We'll have to swear her to secrecy first...we'll decide about Ron later. I can't keep it from him for long." He glanced up at Minerva, "Go ahead and send Hermione. Don't let Ron come though...I can't tell him yet."

Minerva nodded and left them.

Draco let his hand drop to Harry's stomach, "I...can't believe this is happening..."

Harry nodded, "Neither can I...it's sooner then I wanted but knowing you still want to stay with me means a lot. Thank you for coming when I called." he covered Draco's hand with his own, "Our baby..." he whispered, "I can't believe I didn't realize it before. Do you really think we conceived the first time we made love?"

"Why wouldn't I want to stay with you?" he frowned, "you have a part of me in you too, you know." He thought over Harry's question, "she said nine weeks...even though it feels like we've been together longer then that..."

Harry nodded, "We've known each other for ages...just haven't been friends or lovers that long..."

Hermione burst in, "Harry..." her eyes widening when she saw how Harry was practically curled up in Malfoy's lap. Harry's hand was on top of Malfoy's resting on his own stomach. She stammered,
"What is going on? Why is Malfoy here? Why did McGonagall tell Ron he couldn't come?"

Draco looked to Harry, "Do you want to explain this, or do you want me to?" his version would be much shorter but, it may be better for her to hear it from Harry...

Harry bit his lip, squeezing Draco's hand, "I'll...tell her. 'Mione...you might want to sit down..."

Hermione nodded dumbly bringing a chair to sit next to Harry's bed. "Talk."

Harry said quietly, "Remember how upset I was after Draco and I ended up dueling in Moaning Myrtle's bathroom? How upset I was because I thought I killed him?"

Hermione kept silent but nodded again.

"I...apologized twice...the second time...it ended better. We discovered that being near each other calmed us both. We've been lovers ever since."

Hermione gasped, "Lovers? You've been sneaking around to see Malfoy? But Harry...I thought you were convinced he was a Death Eater. He was planning something...that Snape was involved."

"I've been a lot of things to all of you in the past, that's true, I couldn't stand any of you...but things have a way of working themselves out in some unconventional ways...like us," he motioned to him and Harry.

Harry smiled at his lover, "Yes...they did work out...I think I was obsessed with Draco because deep down I liked him. He cares for me..." he caressed the mark on Draco's arm lightly, "He knows all of my secrets...including the shameful ones and doesn't judge me for them. He came when I called...I was ill and passed out. Draco found me and helped me..." he was still wary about mentioning the pregnancy.

"You were a jerk. You've been awful. But you have been acting differently like that time when we crashed into each other." her eyes widened, "Change of heart...you meant Harry didn't you?"

"This may be hard to believe but, I'm in love with Harry," the blonde stated, his eyes shined with fondness, "I love him and I don't plan on leaving his side..."

Hermione stared, the Malfoy mask was gone and there was genuine emotion in Malfoy's face. She sighed, "Alright. I'll believe you. Now tell me why Harry was ill and why Ron can't come see you?"

Harry gulped, "You...see...well...it seems...that...Draco and I...are soulmates. We...accidentally...got pregnant..."

Hermione fainted.

Draco gasped and called for Madem Pomfery. Thankfully Hermione fainted in her chair.

Harry sighed, "I'd probably react the same way if Colin said he was pregnant..."

Pomfrey managed to arrive in time with Winky who was carrying a tray of food...

"I'd ask for proof," Draco added as the other two came in.

Harry smiled, "You're right. Poor 'Mione...she's a Muggle-born. She probably didn't know wizards could get pregnant..."
Pomfrey took a deep breathe, "Told her you were pregnant, I guess." she levitated Hermione onto one of the other beds. "I'll have to treat her for shock."

Winky set the tray down. "Call Winky when you're done eating."

Draco thought about how he would react if Goyle said he was having a kid...he stopped himself from shuddering. He picked up some and took a bite, "Up to eating again?"

Harry sighed, "I know I have to eat...because of the baby...so I'll have to try..."

Draco got in a better sitting position on the bed and smirked at Harry, "Do want me to feed you again...?"

Harry smiled, blushing, "I still don't have much energy...hopefully those potions Snape gives me will help. I sort of liked it..."

Pomfrey tried to make Hermione comfortable, glaring at them, "You should have managed to tell her without making her faint. Seriously, children..."

"He said it better then I would have," Draco said, "anything involving me with Harry would make anyone faint from shock, since the track record is like ours.." he raised a spoonful of soup to Harry and whispered, "the weasel may shit his pants..."

Harry barely managed to avoid choking and burst out laughing after he swallowed his soup, "He'll be mad...he will probably be uncomfortable. We should leave out the bit about Seamus, Colin and Neville." he said softly. "So...how did you guess about Neville? Never asked..."

Draco chuckled, "You start to pick up on a lot of things when you look for faults in other...he...likes to watch others...not like that kid who worships you, but...he had a habit of staring at guys..."

Harry blushed, "Did you ever catch me staring at guys before we were together? I tried not to watch Cedric. Do you think Neville has anyone? If anyone deserved to be loved it's him. His poor parents, I saw them once. They don't even know him...his grandmother is overbearing but I'm sure she cares. She reminds me of McGonagall."

"He will...one day; with or without help," Draco started to feed Harry again, "...and maybe its not just 'you' whose hungry..." he suggested with a raised eyebrow.

Harry smiled, "Our baby probably is too. I don't feel as sick when you're around. Do you think that is normal?"

Madam Pomfrey poked her head in, "I expect you and Granger to take the calming draughts Malfoy. Don't keep Potter up too late. You know he needs rest..."

"Yes, ma'am," Draco nodded before turning back to Harry, "it may be because we are soul mates," he smiled. Once all the food was gone he called for Winky to get the tray. She took it with a nod and went her way. He really didn't feel up to taking anything but Draco doubted Madam Pomfrey would let him slide...

Harry snuggled, "I'm glad we're soulmates. It explains how we fit and calm one another right?" he rubbed his stomach, "Guess we'll have to do some research on pregnancies...especially male to see what to expect." he was overwhelmed that he was Draco's soulmate and the carrier of their child...

"And we have plenty of time for that so no worrying okay," he said taking out his wand, "what do
you want to sleep in?"

Harry smiled, "I'm not worrying, just want to know what to expect. I can't wait to find out what we're having." he leaned back against Draco, "A nightshirt and shorts would be nice. I'm glad I get to be close to you all the time now."

Draco put Harry in his clothes and got a nightshirt and pants for himself, "...I still can't believe we are having a baby..."

There was a moan from the bed beside them.

Harry turned, "Mione? You alright? I didn't mean to upset you. Tried to be gentle..."

Hermione whispered, "Tell me its a lie. You can't be...you're a boy Harry. Boys don't have babies..."

"None outside of our world, yes...but it happened with us," Draco stated sharply.

Hermione opened her eyes spotted the potion beside her bed and drank it in one swallow.
"Ron...oh...I don't know how we can tell him. He'll be so upset. what about your house Malfoy? Snape? This is bad...the whole school will be in chaos..."

Harry sighed, "We'll handle it. Draco won't leave me. I trust him..."

"And our Heads know. Our houses can not find out; Harry's safety may be in more danger. Having a lot of people know, could lead to it getting back to the wrong people," he meant his aunt or worse; the dark lord..."

Hermione sighed, "How far along are you?"

"About nine weeks...shouldn't show for awhile. Just have to deal with morning sickness...but we get to have our own rooms." Harry said with glimmering eyes.

"And I'll be taking classes with your house after Harry is well enough to go to classes again. I don't know what Snape is going to use for a reason but I don't like the idea of leaving Harry's side," he took his potion as well.

Hermione rolled to face them better, "You'll have to explain yourself to Gryffindor. They'll want to know why Harry is always glued to your side. They won't be happy about this. Ginny and Ron will be so upset, Ginny really likes you Harry and Ron wanted you for a brother."

Harry shook his head, "I never saw Ginny as anything but a little sister, that's why I was so mad when I thought you tried to put us on a blind date. If Ron hasn't realized we're practically brothers already it isn't my fault. I'm sure Colin, Seamus and Neville will accept it easier then Ron. I'm sure Dean will be glad I'm not in the dorm anymore." he was worried Dean might be homophobic...

Draco checked the clock, it was close to curfew, "Listen...today has be hard on all of us, so lets just get some sleep now, okay?"

Harry closed his eyes, "At least I know you won't be leaving me for a while. Hold me...I like it when you do."

Hermione watched them, they did have a connection and Draco did seem to care for Harry. Harry acted like he trusted Draco completely. A baby? Now was a very dangerous time for that but Harry seemed to be happy about it. Surely, it wouldn't hurt Harry right? He couldn't go back to the
Dursleys if he was pregnant...where would he go and what would Dumbledore say? It took a while for her to sleep with all those thoughts but she did.

Malfoy slid his arms around Harry as he got comfortable to sleep, "Sweet dreams," he whispered before kissing Harry softly, as he closed his eyes...

'always sleep well when you hold me' was Harry's last thought as he fell asleep.
Chapter 13

Harry was enjoying his dream…

*It was summer…*

Normally, an unhappy time for him but this time he had Draco.

Draco came out onto the veranda of their house, it was called Ivy Hall and was a home Harry had inherited from the Potters.

"Here, I brought you lemonade. Dobby made it."

Harry smiled patting the cushioned wicker sofa, "Come sit with me." He had gotten pregnant in mid March and they’d found out in late May. It was July now, nearly his seventeenth birthday. He was now seventeen weeks pregnant and starting to show even when he was dressed. He wore baggy clothes, not as baggy as Dudley's old clothes, they are more comfortable and stylish. He loved being with Draco like this, he caressed his stomach, "It's been a while since I've been troubled with morning sickness, maybe I've gotten stronger. I think we're getting stronger, I love you. Thank you for coming with me." He still had to take potions to stay strong, he loved their child so much. He or she was an expression of their love and the connection between them that allowed him this gift. Draco was his beloved and his soulmate, he loved him very much and the closeness of sharing a home together was helping him so much.

Draco rubbed his back which was often sore, "You ready for our appointment with Healer Apollo?"

Apollo Grannus was their healer, he specialized in male pregnancies and had been convinced to keep their case a secret. He had taken an oath not to harm his patients and to publicize the Boy Who Lived's Pregnancy would put the entire family in danger.

They had their appointments here to keep their relationship and the child a secret.

Today was the day they would finally find out what gender the child was, they knew that Harry was only carrying one baby.

There was a pop.

Dobby stood in front of them, "Healer Grannus is inside."

"Tell him we'll be right in."

Harry smiled, "He'll say it's a girl, I know it is."

Draco picked him up and carried him inside, "Sometimes a mother knows, though I know you aren't a girl." it was true that 71% of 'mothers' correctly guessed a baby's gender.

"Of course I'm not a girl, I'm just their papa and you're dad." Harry said resting his head on Draco's shoulder.

The healer was a handsome man, slim like Draco with gentle hazel eyes and wavy chestnut hair. Harry had liked him from the start.
"How are you Harry, any morning sickness?"

Harry shook his head as Draco set him down on the settee, "No, I'm still taking my potions. Professor Snape has continued to brew them for me."

"Which ones have you taken recently?"

Harry blushed, "Calming draughts, I still get rather emotional. He made me a salve that relaxes my tired muscles. Draco helps me out when I get too sore to move, he's very good at massages. I have had some cramps though, I think it's because my body is adjusting to the growing womb. I've been reading books on pregnancy and I think I'm progressing properly even though I'm not female and I didn't use a potion."

Draco smiled, "I've followed your recommendations. We make sure he eats and drinks frequently, but in small amounts as soon as he is hungry or thirsty. He used to get sick more often on an empty stomach than one that is full. We avoid foods that are spicy. We are served clear cold liquids such as lemonade or Muggle soda. He takes vitamins and nutrition potions at bedtime rather than at the start of the day to make sure he keeps them down. Dobby fixes meals with ginger because it seems to alleviate Harry's nausea and vomiting. My massages help him relax."

"I see, so are you ready for me to examine you?" Healer Apollo asked.

Harry nodded, "I can't wait for you to prove me right. I'm having a girl, I know it."

The healer used his wand to run the charms that checked on Harry's condition, "Harry is fine. You're a little over three months pregnant and...." there was a slight pause and the healer grinned, "Harry's right, he is having a girl."

Harry caressed his stomach, "I was right, it's a girl. I love this child. I love you, Draco."
Chapter 14

Snape sat back in his chair with a heavy sigh as he finished the potions for Harry. He was on his third calming draught. But was just starting to work. What was he going to do? Harry's pregnancy just threw plans out the window...but he couldn't think on that now; he picked up the potions and headed to the infirmary.

Draco opened his eyes only to see darkness; with the small flames coming from the dying fire. He held onto Harry, looking him over. His scars were slowly healing; then he worried could that have an effect on the baby?

He turned when he heard footsteps and slipped one arm from around Harry as he turned to face his professor.

Snape shook his head with a sigh and placed the potions on the night stand, "This," his eyes flicked to Harry, "has got to be the riskiest thing that could have happen. You are grown so I take it you thought about the consequences."

Draco nodded, "I have..."

They stared at each other.

Snape gave a nod back, "if this is found out, it could buy you some time," he meant the two dating; no one needed to learn of the baby from his stand point.

"I figured as much," Draco added softly, "thank you Professor."

Snape half frowned, "save it for when this is all over," he added then left.

Draco turned back to Harry, he looked so peaceful when he slept...

Pomfrey came in, stifling a yawn to find Malfoy awake. There were potions on the table beside the bed, Severus. He must have been up all night brewing. Bless him. She noticed Harry was still asleep and ran a few diagnostic spells. She gasped, his magic was stabilizing and the severe malnutrition had reversed itself. She glanced at Malfoy, "Did he take any potions? He's stabilized...I can't explain it. I...might be able to release him after breakfast. Did he eat everything I had sent up for him?"

"No ma'am, he only ate and I told him to rest, like you said. I'm so glad he's gotten better," Draco sighed, brushing Harry's brow lightly.

Pomfrey sighed, "Then I suppose you can take him to your rooms. Don't let him do anything too strenuous and do make sure he eats plenty. I'll track down a healer. It will be a challenge to find one who will agree to take on such a patient."

Harry moaned softly as he snuggled, "Dray...mmm...so warm..."

"I'll take good care of him and I'll bring him straight here if he starts to get sick again" Draco nodded, ",..how do I get to the room?"

"I believe your rooms are near the kitchen behind a gargoyle." she flicked her wand, "Acio
password list to student suites." a list flew into her hand, "let's see it seems like it's bringer of life. Obviously it's for an expecting student." she stared at Malfoy, "His pregnancy is very delicate. You'll have to look out for him. We know very little about this type of male pregnancy. It's supposed to be an old wives tale."

"I promise you I will. His appetite came back so that's good and he ate all his dinner." Draco sat up, careful not to wake Harry just yet," and I won't forget his potions either...so...how is the baby?"

"The baby seems to be healthy. We won't be able to tell the gender for another two weeks or so. It's hard to judge how far along he truly is. It's all guess work, being his first pregnancy there are so many variables. He could have it early, late or on time. He may not be able to hold onto the pregnancy. You have to understand the possibilities. He'll need you, he'll be highly emotional. His morning sickness could last a few weeks, the rest of the first trimester or for the entire pregnancy. Potter might crave strange things. Stay with him, if anything happens to you it could send his body into shock. There are more dangers then just that he is the Boy Who Lived and He Who Must Not Be Named is after him."

"I understand," Draco tried to keep a steady voice. The thought of losing the baby or losing them both were scary possibilities so he knew he couldn't risk not being around Harry. "I'll make sure he has everything he needs."

"I'm not telling this to scare you Malfoy. You're a smart young man, I don't think you would appreciate if I lied to you. I'm not saying you can't attend a class or two without him. I'm sure that for you to be soulmates you have to care for him. Try to keep his stress levels down. It's all guess work and you're going to be a father. You're responsible for two more lives now. He'll need you now more then ever." she checked over the potions, to distract herself, "Looks like anti-nausea, calming draughts, and nutrition potions. It will be up to you to make sure they are taken. Anti-nausea in the morning at least, if he needs it again that's fine but no more then two a day. The nutritional potion should be taken when he wakes up. If he gets overly stressed then he should have a calming draught. It would probably be smart to research male pregnancies just to have an idea of what to expect." She hurried off to take breakfast in her office.

Harry woke, a smile on his face. What a dream, if only it was true but he had a feeling there was some truth to it. He snuggled into Draco's arms, "Morning," his hand rest on his stomach, could he really be having a girl? He let out a contented sigh, "It will be nice to wake up in your arms for what is left of school..." he wasn't going to like summer unless, Draco really was going to spend it with him. He'd like that, if only the dream could be real. He wasn't a seer though, he was just a boy in love who was having a baby. The dream was probably just a way for his unconscious to make him relax...

"Oh," Draco sat up, "I'm guessing it was about all of us," he said eyes flicking to Harry's stomach.

Harry smiled, "It was; it was July, close to my birthday. You were there with me, we had a place to call home and Dobby took care of us. It was a pretty place called Ivy Hall. Our Healer came to see me, he told me that our baby was a girl."

"Mm, I like the sound of that dream very much," Draco smiled back and kissed Harry. "We should have breakfast. Then you can take your potions before I have to go to class."

Harry snuggled, "Breakfast is good. I think we're both hungry," he probably did need his potions, he pouted slightly, "You have to go to class?" his stomach lurched at the idea of Draco leaving him, he moaned, "I don't think she likes Daddy going away."
Draco rubbed Harry's stomach, "We all heard the professor last night. Plus, it's just one class today..."

Harry sighed, "I wish you could stay." he didn't like it when they were apart and baby didn't either. She needed a name, he couldn't call her baby forever.

Draco smiled, "Harry, we kind of just found out about her...but testing out names wouldn't hurt."

Harry said quietly, "Both our mothers are named after flowers, maybe she should have Flower name?"

Draco nodded, "I think that's a great idea," he took a bite of toast, "something that's soft and kind of rolls of the tongue..."

Harry nibbled on some grapes and apple slices, "What flowers do you like? we can choose a star or constellation for a middle name. Maybe someday your parents might have a chance to meet her."

Draco paused but didn't say anything as they ate. He pointed to a vase full of flowers across the room, "My mother loves them...I'm just use to having them around..." Irises always gave him a feeling of home.

Harry smiled, "Iris is a pretty flower. I think Hermione mentioned it was the flower of May and it is May right now. If she looks anything like her dad, she'll be beautiful." he hoped someday that Draco's parents would accept their daughter.

"If she comes out with your eyes, we will have a problem." He didn't want to think about her growing up and dating; it was way to soon for that...

Harry blushed, "You really like my eyes don't you?" they were his most notable feature... "I can't believe I'm having our baby...it seems almost unreal..."

Draco stared into Harry's eyes, "they are one of the many reason's we're in this situation." He laughed, "that goes for the both of us."

Harry smiled slipping his hand in Draco's, "I'm just glad that out soulmate bond only made me pregnant. It would be weird if you were too." he leaned over to whisper, "Because I play Keeper most often."

Malfroy thought for a moment. Mentally checking his vital signs. "Your right, it would be weird...I wonder how many times this can happen to you..."

Harry kissed him, "I don't know, but I like the idea of having our children myself. Unless you want one." he didn't know why he want the one who got pregnant and not Draco unless it was because he let Draco make love to him first. Perhaps, a pregnant wizard can't get another wizard pregnant. He chuckled, "Maybe you just got me pregnant before I had to chance to get you pregnant. Maybe only one of us can be at a time."

"No no, I'm fine with this just happening to you, not saying that it would be bad for me or anything, I just...think I'd have a heart attack if you got me pregnant."

Harry chuckled, "Then we'll just have to make sure I'm the only one who ever gets pregnant then."

Draco laughed too, "and I promise to protect ourselves until we want another one."
Harry said quietly, "Unless...it's because I am the physically weaker one. I am much smaller then you are." but he did have a temper...

"But you're scary when your pissed," Draco stood, "your eyes get this fiery look...but its hot too..."

Harry blushed, "If you say so. I don't like being mad at you. It's hard to trust people but I want to trust you though we have past history of not getting along."

"And I'm grateful," Draco sighed with a smile, "and I want you to put your trust in me, that's what lovers do right?"

Harry nodded, "Yes, especially ones with babies on the way. We want to be together for a very long time."

Draco found his robe, "I think I'm going to take a shower, after I take you to our rooms..."

Hermione woke slowly, sitting up at rubbing her eyes. She saw red...red hair...and freckles...she yelped, "RON! What are you doing her? Professor McGonagall said not to bother Harry."

Ron didn't pay her any mind, "Harry? Wotcha doing? In bed with the Ferret? Why dincha come back ter tha Tower? Hermione too? Whot's going on?" Harry in the amazing bouncing ferret's arms? He suddenly remembered his dream and started to sweat...not to mention Draco's strange public confession. He swayed, "Yer not bent..."

Harry turned red when Hermione mentioned Ron, oh no...he turned in time to hear Ron's reaction. He gulped, "I decided to give Draco a chance. Like I said...he isn't as evil as we've suspected in the past. He can be really nice, he's been helping me with my brewing remember?"

This was about to get more complicated. "Yes," Draco stated, "Harry is very bent. We both are." He knew if the baby was mentioned Ron would most likely faint from shock.

Harry nodded slowly, "Ron, you know I love you like a brother. Please understand. This is what I want." he couldn't mention the baby...not now...

Hermione wrapped a robe around herself, grabbing her boyfriend's arm, and pulling him to her bed, "Sit down. It's easier to take in that way."

Ron stammered, "But 'Mione how can you be okay with this? It's MALFOY! The evil prat who calls you that name! He spent last year making our lives miserable with Umbridge. He's had it out for Harry since forever."

"It is a bit unbelievable but...its true," Draco stated honestly, "I'm in love with your best friend. I was the biggest prat...but I'm not like that anymore..."

Hermione bit her lip, "Because Harry is my friend and though I have no love for Malfoy even I can see the git cares for Harry. You weren't here last night, Harry was sick and it was Draco who knew he was in trouble. Why do you think he went tearing out potions when Harry didn't show up? Draco found him and brought him to Madam Pomfrey, is that something an enemy would do? Ron, would Harry be in Draco's arms and relaxed about it if he didn't care for him?"

Harry nodded, "Like he told 'Mione. He had a change of heart."

"It's a trick. Malfoy fed him a love potion. We have to take him to Slughorn and get him the antidote. He's supposed to be my brother. He's destined for Ginny."
Harry snapped, "I have not and never will want Ginny. So stop shoving her at me. I want Draco." he hugged his stomach, feeling ill. Iris obviously didn't like fighting, "Dray..." he reached to pull Draco back to him and buried his face in his lover's chest as he tried to calm the nausea.

Hermione smacked the back of Ron's head, "He's been ill, you're stressing him out."

Ill? Most illnesses can be cured with a potion and you're right as rain? What did Harry have that would make the Prince of Slytherin ditch his favorite class? "Whot's he got?"

"Weasley, would you please calm down," Draco reached for a potion and gave it to Harry. "Again, this may not seem real but it is." He kept his voice calm, Harry was upset enough. "And why would I make Harry in love with me? There are plenty of other potions I could have made to give him."

Harry took the potion, drinking it quickly, "Thank you." he whispered weakly, "It was my choice from the beginning. I started this."

Ron was too in shock and betrayed to see how comfortable they were together. He didn't even notice how Malfoy was worrying and taking care of Harry. "What did you give him? Another dose of your potion? The Harry I know would never want you."

Hermione snapped, "Ronald Bilius Weasley! You be quiet. Harry will tell you what he has when he's ready. Right now you're being a right awful git. You've said enough." she smiled sheepishly at Harry, "Sorry about Ron. I'll try to calm him down. Take care of Harry Malfoy, or I'll hex your bits off." she dragged her stubborn red-head boyfriend out of the hospital wing.

"Bilius," Draco smirked to himself, but quickly nodded, "Don't worry I will." He watched them go, "don't worry to much about him, he'll come around..."

Harry sobbed quietly, "I knew he wouldn't take it well." he clung to Draco, embarrassed about his emotional response but Ron had upset him badly. "I'd hate to lose Ron." at he still had Mione right?

"I should get you into bed," Draco said gently picking Harry up, "good thing our room isn't that far."

Harry curled up in Draco's arms, "okay. Just...don't leave before I fall asleep." he just woke less then an hour ago and he was already exhausted, no wonder they didn't want him in classes. he said quietly, "Dobby."

There was a pop, "Yes Master Harry Potter."

"Get our things please."

"I won't," Draco said softly. After he was sure his grip was secure, they made their way to their new room. "Woah," was all he could say.

The mini apartment was impressive. He found the bedroom and laid Harry down.

"I'll take a quick shower while you get comfortable okay?"

Harry liked it that Draco cared about and curled up against his chest. Blushing, he took in the surrounding, "For us?" He's never seen anything this nice...he nodded dumbly as Draco said he'd take a shower. "just...don't lock the door in case I feel ill..."
He kissed Harry, "I won't." He said he wouldn't be long but he needed to shower. The water calmed his spinning head. So much had happened, but he couldn't freak out. The last thing he wanted was to worry Harry.

Harry curled up in the bed, it was much bigger than the one he had in Gryffindor Tower. He still had that tiny bit of himself who couldn't believe any of it was real. He was a little scared of waking to find all of this a dream. Harry knew that was just hormones, baby Iris was inside him, depending on him to take care of himself so she would grow properly. Then there was Draco, they had both changed so much since that time in the bathroom when they tried to curse each other. He loved Draco, he really did. He was truly happy...a family...Draco and himself were making their own family.
Chapter 15

Draco was checking the last of Harry's new clothes when he heard banging and loud voices in the hall outside their rooms. He got up to peek outside and nearly facepalmed as he stepped out into the hallway. "Goyle, what the hell are you doing?"

Surprised, his group of friends turned around.

"We-were looking for you." Goyle declared, then went silent as if he didn't know what else to say.

"Draco!" Pansy called out excitedly, hurrying to hug him before looking him over for injuries, "Has that dirty rotten half-blood hurt you? When I find out who cursed you, they'll wish they hadn't been born. Who would dare curse my future husband?"

Blaise wouldn't admit to being worried but he had seen what happened when Potter cursed his friend. "Glad to see you haven't killed each other yet. Is he dreadful to live with? Muggles raised him so he must have terrible manners. Is he slovenly?"

Draco was more then a little shocked when he was hugged and promptly placed space between him and his ex-girlfriend. "Pansy, I'm fine, get a hold of yourself." He fixed his shirt, looked over to Blaise and tried to think up something. "Its do able. He's...I'm managing." He finished.

Crabbe looked confused, "Is there anything you want us to do for you?"

Draco shook his head. "I'm fine really guys..."

Pansy pouted, "I'm allowed to worry about you." she really cared about him, as much as pureblood woman was supposed to care for her future husband.

Blaise crossed his arms, "You could at least acknowledge how much worry you've caused them. Crabbe and Goyle have been absolutely lost without you. I swear they don't have a brain between them."

Draco nodded with a small smile, "I appreciate the concern guys, really."

Crabbe looked over him, as if checking for...anything really.

Goyle stared at the door. "So...is he in there?"

Draco nodded. "We were just taking a break from Potions homework..."

"You're still tutoring him? Isn't he completely hopeless? The only ones worse at potions are Weasley and Longbottom." Blaise sneered a bit.

"Is there anyway to break this curse? He tried to kill you, are you worried he'll try again Draco?" Pansy asked worried.

"He's getting better," Draco snapped, and then quickly covered, "I'm his tutor, he has no choice but to get better marks. Don't worry. He won't try it. We have...worked out a compromise. We're fine."
"If you say so." Pansy said not looking convinced,

Blaise noticed Draco's reaction to his slur on Potter; something wasn't right about that...

"Trust me," Draco smirked, "everything is under control." Draco shook his head; He'd have to remind them who he was.

"Can't we talk about this inside?" Goyle asked.

"Under control Draco?" Blaise smirked back, "Is he your little slave now?" that would be an interesting development…

Pansy wasn't sure she liked that…

"Yes. Since we have no choice and have to be together most of the time. I will not let this get to me." he turned to Blaise. "Slave? Ha. This is Harry Potter. It's all in the mind with him, easy as reading a book. I have this completely under control."

Blaise wasn't so sure he completely believed Draco. After all the Prince of Slytherin had been acting strange since Potter attacked him...

Pansy pouted, "Now we can't even spend much time with you? It's not fair Draco. We miss you..."

Draco had to admit he'd missed his friends as well, but he had other things on his mind. "The curse doesn't last forever..."

"Can't it be broken soon? Professor Snape said he was working on it." Pansy asked.

Blaise smirked, "With you out of the Dungeons that makes me the most influential Slytherin."

Draco shrugged, "Don't worry so much, the Professor will have something figured out in no time..." He chuckled at Blaise's statement, "don't get too use to it either."

Blaise snorted, "Used to it? I'm just going to enjoy it while it lasts."

Pansy pouted, "I wish you could come spend the night in the dungeons with us. Does the curse really make it impossible to be apart more then an hour? Does it hurt you?"

Draco leaned against the door, a laugh in his voice, "I guess that's allowed. He gave Pansy a friendly smile. "No it's painless to be honest. I just...can't fight the urge. Without thinking I seek him out," he admitted, with a lazy shake of the head. "Whoever created this thing is a gifted wizard or witch; you know once the shock of it passes..."

Pansy blinked, he couldn't actually like Potter now. Could he? Potter did try to kill him before. Had he actually forgotten?

Blaise was almost convinced that Malfoy actually liked Harry. "I hope you're too busy to actually come. I like having the dungeon to myself." he was afraid that Draco wouldn't be able to stay away long and would damage his reputation.

He hoped Harry was sleeping and not listening to what he was about to say and glad the door was not see through. He brushed a stray hair behind Pansy's ear and let his hand linger on her cheek.

Crabbe looked away, while Goyle stared on.

"Maybe I can find out how to use this curse later on...but it wouldn't really be a curse at all," he
"Maybe a small visit can be arranged, who knows?" he said leaning back against the door to his room. "Its getting late guys, you better get back before someone comes looking..."

Blaise thought Draco's behavior towards Pansy seemed forced. Not that he'd admit it but he was starting to worry.

Pansy blushed, "You're welcome in the dungeons Draco. You know that, you are our Prince after all."

"I know-" a door was heard but no one came down the hallway. Crabbe turned his head around, "Maybe we should get back..."

Pansy said quietly in his ear, "I know we aren't officially a couple anymore but you're still welcome in my bed." she kissed him quickly, "After all I am the future Lady Malfoy." waving she strode off.

Blaise shook his head, Draco may have been egging her on but he didn't think that Pansy should have kissed him. He shrugged, "I'm off."

"Alright then," Draco said bidding then goodbye, but not before whispering to Crabbe and Goyle, "since things are like this, its best to stay away from that room, it may not be safe."

The two nodded and went off with the others.

Once they were gone Draco gave a sigh of relief, then went inside the room.

Harry woke as the door opened, "Dray?" he hadn't even realized Draco had left. "What time is it?"

"A little after five," he answers, sitting on the bed, "how are you feeling?"

Harry smiled sitting up some, "Hungry?" Iris made him hungry often, which was good because he was so underweight. He smelled a perfume and gagged, summoned an anti-nausea potion. He waited until he didn't feel sick, "Did we have company?" he thought the scent smelled familiar.

"You could say that...rather I did, the guys were getting worried and decided to find me."

Harry said quietly, "At least your friends came by." Ron and Hermione still hadn't, he blinked, "Oh so Pansy came by." He felt uneasy, "I hate to be rude but it seems I can't handle the smell of her perfume." why did he smell like Pansy?

"She wasn't even that close," Draco frowned at his clothes, "I should change then." He did just that. "Don't worry so much, I'm sure Hermione will get Weasley straightened out..." It felt weird calling Hermione by her name.

Harry stared at the bed sheets, "Remember? Those pregnancy books you bought said that our senses get more sensitive." he said quietly, "I really hope that Ron forgives me. It hurts so much when he breaks off our friendship. Hermione was standing by me last time but now that she's dating Ron I'm afraid she'll choose him."

When Draco was done he walked over and kissed Henry on his forehead, "You're worrying too much, let him get over the shock. It will be fine...Now, let's get you two some food.

Harry closed his eyes to enjoy the attention. He felt a movement and his eyes flew open, he
grabbed Draco's hand. Putting it on his stomach, "Don't move. Wait."

"What is," Draco started to say but almost gasp, "Wha-she-but-was that a kick?"

Harry grinned, "She moved. It's so different to know she's living inside me as opposed to feeling her move." he was so excited...

Draco smiled back, "Before we know it she's going to be here. In our arms...this is so amazing..."

Harry kissed him deeply, "Yes. I can't wait."

After some cuddling they discovered that it was dinnertime and they were hungry…

Deciding to chance it, they made their way to the Great Hall for supper.

Draco let his eyes roam around on their way to dinner. He couldn't help just smiling at Harry. He'd just felt their daughter. He could scream it to the world, but knew now was not the time.

Members of his house, people he considered friends, surrounded Harry. He was dragged away before he could say a proper goodbye to Draco.

Draco watched as Harry was taken away from him. He walked over to his table, hiding his smile the best he could, "Surprised to see me?"

Pansy almost squealed with joy.

Crabbe and Goyle were outright smiling in their usual stupid way at him.

XoooooX

Harry was led over to the Gryffindor table; where there were whoops of joy.

Hermione leaned over to ask him a question after shoving Ron over to make room, "Harry, so good to see you. How are you doing?"

Ron made nasty comments to himself under his breath.

For which Hermione stomped on his foot.

Ron hissed and glared at them both.

Harry was hurt but did his best not act like it.

"Harry! Oh Harry! We missed you!"

Harry did his best to hide a wince, Ginny. The very last person he wanted to see right now.

Ginny moved as if to hug him.

Hermione held her off, "He hasn't been well with the curse and all, give him some room Ginny."

"Curse? That slimy git." Ron grumbled.

Harry nearly dropped the pitcher of pumpkin juice.

Hermione steadied his grip on the pitcher, her face didn't betray the kick she gave Ron, "Careful now. How have you been? You haven't been to classes. How are you keeping up?"
Harry gave her a weak smile, "Extra reading. Lots of essays and occasionally Dray...I mean Malfoy's notes when I find them out. Not that he can always go to classes. The um curse you know."

Ginny pouted, "Who would curse you to be inseparable from that snake? We miss you. Hurry up and come back to the Tower."

Hermione waved her hand, "Forget the curse for a minute. How are you? Feeling better?"

Harry nodded, "Yes, I got so sick because I wasn't close to him. I couldn't keep anything down, I never eat as good during the summers at the Dursleys as I do here or at the Burrow." He was being nearly honest...

Colin came up and shyly asked how he was before disappearing back to Seamus and his brother Dennis.

Harry did his best not to look at or for Draco; he felt Iris kick and his hand drifted to his stomach.

Ron started to say terrible things about Draco, how he was just taking advantage of him. How a snake like him couldn't be trusted. That nothing good ever came out of Slytherin...

Harry's wand was in his hand and he was about to curse Ron when he heard Hermione speak softly and push his hand down.

"Harry, you know he really doesn't mean it. He's your best friend."

Only Hermione could say that or touch him right now to make him stop. "But he said…"

Ginny could only look on in shock and horror.

"He doesn't understand because he doesn't want to. Remember? His family and Draco's have been in that feud? He has a hard time believing anything good about him. Remember the Battle of the Department of Mysteries? Who was there? Can you blame him?"

Put it that way and his anger almost melted. He was still mad at Ron but he didn't want to curse him black and blue. He almost pitied him, which was probably worse.

"Harry?" Ginny asked, "Are you alright?" Had a Slytherin cast this awful curse?

XoooooX

Draco was glad he chose to sit in between Crabbe and Goyle, that way Pansy's smell won't bother Harry and the baby. His smile slipped out.

"Happy to join us, Draco," Blaise asked with a smirk.

"You could say that," Draco answered back.

Draco kept his hands busy, not giving Pansy a chance to garb hold of them. He felt eyes on him and looked up to see Snape watching him closely.

"Crabbe move, I want to talk to Draco," Pansy insisted.

But Draco shook his head, "We can talk later if you want, before I have to go back with H-Potter."

"Fine," she pouted.
Blaise merely glanced up at his friend; the feeling from their last meeting earlier that day coming back full force.

Crabbe looked up from his food, "Hey, do your parents know about the curse? They're smart like the professor too. They could help him?"

Draco paused to find a suitable answer. "They don't know. Even if they did, they would ask the Professor."

Draco had just put down his cup; when he felt the strong need to turn around. His actions didn't go unnoticed.

"Are you okay?" Crabbe asked, worry in his eyes.

"I'm fine I just…" he burped, "Pardon me, I was waiting on that."

The other boys all laughed but Pansy looked a bit disgusted. Draco couldn't fight the urge any longer and turned to find Harry at the Gryffindor table.

"He's fine," Blaise said as if he was talking about Draco, instead of to him, "the servings have been a little strong this month."

Draco turned to face the others, but tried to play it off.

Blaise was not fooled.

The feeling came back to Draco and he just could not take it a moment longer. He glanced at his watch and cursed. "That's my time guys, something slipped my mind." He stood up and turned to Pansy, "Don't worry, " he gave a half smile, "we will talk, soon."

That seemed to please the pouting Slytherin witch.

Draco made it in time to hear the Weasley chit ask Harry if he was okay. "I don't think he is, seeing that it's around the time for his potion."

Harry turned at the sound of Draco's voice; warmth and pleasure flowed through him pushing aside the pity and the anger. "Draco!" he grinned with pleasure, then caught himself, "Yes, potion." he blushed, "Away from each other too long and we're both quite ill, if not weak..."

Draco blinked. "You are the first person I know who smiles about taking potions," he shook his head, being careful not to let his eyes fall on the surrounding students.

Harry left the table, barely having been able to eat much because of Ron and Ginny. He didn't care, because he was going with Draco. "Bye everyone." it took all of his will power not to reach for Draco's hand or to move so the slightly older teen could wrap an arm around him. "So what if I'm okay with taking potion? Even if it tastes bad it has a purpose. A good one." ignoring them all he had eyes only for the father of his child and the man who owned his heart.

"Yeah, well..." was the only answer Draco could give. It was only when they made it to their hallway did the blonde wrap his arm around Harry's waist. "I'm glad I had an excuse to get you out of there...you kept calling me out to me..."

Harry shifted nervously, "I didn't mean to. Our first time out of our rooms and I can't even let you spend much time around your friends." he leaned into Draco's embrace, leaving out that he'd been upset because of Ron.
Blaise is the second smartest snake in their year. He is suspicious that Draco likes Potter or at least that there is something between them that he doesn't know about. However Blaise is not a Death Eater and has no loyalty to them while agreeing with their ideals he doesn't agree with the methods or being subservient to anyone. He knows nothing for sure and sees no benefit in telling Draco's Mother. Blaise will be told eventually, he is probably the only truthworthy person in Slytherin.

Since Lucius is locked up in Azkaban so he wouldn't even be allowed to receive owls that wouldn't be read by the guards first. As for Goyle and Crabbe believe everything that they are told. They aren't very bright, so if Draco says everything is alright they believe him. When telling his parents about the 'curse' was brought up Draco told them that they- his parents would trust the professor- Snape.

Snape is a Death Eater and a ranking one at that. He reports directly to Voldy. Therefore he would outrank any baby Death Eaters among the students like Draco was. Its in Snape's hands. The Slytherins think Draco's under a curse not that he's with Harry as in dating/engaged/expecting a child. Draco said don't worry about it, so being their Prince they'll obey. As long as Pansy thinks its a curse she'll be looking for who cast it. Not looking at Harry and Draco closely. As long as Ron doesn't pick a fight accusing Slytherin of a plot of getting Harry pregnant to weaken him and turn him over to the enemy.
Chapter 17

Draco checked over his class work and handed it in before class let out. He knew the homework would be a breeze, Potions was becoming too easy. His mind was on Harry during classes anyway. The other was getting bigger; soon it would be hard to hide Iris. He entered their mini apartment and was surprised to see Harry with papers spread out in front of him. "Hey...you look like you've been busy..."

Harry rubbed his temples, "I don't understand any of this. A little help, Dray? It's all numbers...and accounts...and I can't tell which is which; what's Potter and what's Black."

Draco pulled up a seat next to Harry and peered down at the documents, "Oh...this is your accounts from Gringotts? When did you get these?" he asked picking through a few.

"Bill Weasley works at Gringotts. I asked him to bring me this stuff. He dropped it off while you were in Potions."

"Oh," Draco nodded and gaped as the numbers started to fall into place, "You...have never seen any of this have you?" He picked up more documents, "Your parents...left you a LOT of money and so did Mr. Black...you have some property too." He started to separate them into piles.

Harry shrugged, "I saw a Potter vault just before we met in Madam Malkin's, it was full of money. I don't know anything more then that. Keep in mind the Dursleys practically starved me...I never got more then ten pence from them." Forgetting that Draco probably didn't have a clue what a pence was let alone ten, "I was grateful for one vault..."

"From the look of these, it's going to stay that way," he shook his head in amazement. There was some of everything in these, "You have three rental properties and stock too, one is for in a broomstick company," he put that in the Black stack.

Harry stammered, "I have stocks?" he remembered Uncle Vernon mentioning stocks...they are supposed to be a good thing to have.

"Yes," Draco smiled, "Even in some brick factory." He placed that in the Potter stack, must be from an 1st generation Potter... "There are five companies total. Three from Black and two from your parents."

Harry stammered, "Stocks in five companies. I'm glad the Dursleys don't know. They would try to take it from me..."

"They wouldn't have been able to; these are were meant to stay in the hands of the bank until you become an adult..." This made Draco think of his own savings. "Here is a list of places you own..."

Harry stammered, "I'm not seventeen until July, will Bill get in trouble?"

Draco shook his head, "It's not like you're far from it, Harry and these are yours anyway."

Harry blushed, "Can we speed that up somehow? I don't want anyone to be able to say that I have to go to the Dursleys..."

"I'm sure we can do that; with our special circumstances and everything," Draco knew about that.
He had since others do the same with their families to join the dark lord.

Harry looked at the list of Properties, he whispered, "Ivy Hall? That's a real place? I thought it might not have been just a dream..." there was a slight flutter from his stomach, "I think Iris liked that name..."

Draco stopped reading and looked up, "You had a dream about this place?" Draco found a picture of Ivy Hall, "Whoa..."

Harry gasped, "That's it...I was on the porch...you brought me lemonade from Dobby. My healer came and told us we were having a girl. I knew before...must have been because I dreamed about the day before it happened. I sort of mentioned it the other day remember?"

Draco did remember. "I do but I didn't know the place had a name in your head..."

Harry blushed, "I remember thinking that it was nice to have a home. Something about the name of the place...I don't remember exactly..."

"So do you want to move here," Draco asked softly, "after school is finished?"

Harry nodded, "Yes, I want to. I remember it was really nice inside. I love you, and we should have a place to raise her. We can't stay at school. We will need safety measures to protect us though..."

"Of course," Draco nodded, reaching out to caress Harry's jaw then he let his hand fall on the other's growing belly, "you're getting bigger everyday..."

Harry blushed, "I know; she's growing a lot but it's just a little bump. My Muggle clothes are so baggy, that you can't even tell. If I get away from the Dursleys, and I really don't have to be careful what I spend maybe I can get some clothes that don't look like they belong to a small whale."

Draco chuckled, "that reminds me... you really should have some new clothes." Draco hoped Harry didn't have to go back to that house. If they found out Harry was having a baby; there was no telling what dangers they would face in that house. Draco wanted none of that; no Muggle was going to abuse his Harry or endanger the life of his daughter.

Harry kissed him, "We have to find a way for me never to have to stay at Private Drive. I don't know much about the magical world outside of Hogwarts but I just want to be with you..." he wanted to leave the Muggle world behind. He wished there was no war then they would all be safe.

"Maybe you can ask Bill the next time you see him," Draco offered, "I know there are ways."

"Do...I have to tell about what they did to me? Or the baby?" Harry was a little nervous...

"No," Draco answered, "since you are so close to your birthday, it should be easier to emancipate yourself from them."

Harry nodded, "You know more then I do. How soon can we see it? We can't Apparate because we have the trace but maybe Dobby can? We can pay him extra to set up the house can't we?"

'If you'd like too," Draco looked at the picture of their future home, "Winky should go with him too, since he is a little...unconventional."

Harry chuckled, "Or we could give them a shopping list? We should probably look at the place first. If a House Elf buys something is it questioned?
"They are sent to stores normally to pick up items for their masters so it shouldn't be a problem. Do you think we could get a portkey to the place? Or would it be safe for you to use it?"

Harry shrugged, "I don't even know if Apparation is safe. I know flying isn't. You picked up some books from Hogsmeade the other day. Where did you put them? Winky or Dobby might know about pregnancies in general. Dobby could probably tell us what your mother didn't do when she was pregnant with you..."

Draco snickered, "That might be an interesting story," he got up to find the books. Where did he put them? He wasn't surprised to find them in the kitchen.

Harry chuckled, "We may have similar cravings in common. After all, Iris is your daughter..." he couldn't ask his mom and as far as he knew...he asked suddenly, "Did the papers say if I had house elves?"

Draco blinked, "I don't think I remember seeing any in the paper work but I'll check again," he said bringing the books over to the table.

Harry said quietly, "Maybe they can tell me about my mother's pregnancy. Unless...they perished with my parents. Sirius never told me much about that time in their lives. Remus was off playing spy...so he wasn't there at all."

Draco checked and re checked for house elves, "Your parents don't give off the old-fashion types feel...they probably wouldn't have had a house elf with...how busy they were..."

Harry sighed, "I was just thinking, they couldn't leave the house so maybe they sent a house elf off shopping when they were in hiding..."

"Any homework?" Draco asked.

"Just History of Magic, I was going to ask you to read over my essay."

"That's no problem at all." History of Magic was both easy and fun for Draco, his mother loved to tell him bedtime stories from their history.

"At least you won't put me to sleep like Binns. How can you make bloody Goblin wars boring? I don't know but he manages." Harry kissed him, "I probably should get dressed I just wish I had nicer things then Dudley's old clothes to look at our future home in," he glared at his trunk in distaste.

"Harry, when's the last time you opened your trunk?" Draco asked. He remembered his order had come in already and he'd put everything away neatly.

Harry blinked, "Um? I don't know. I've been wearing the laundry Winky brought in three days ago."

Draco sat up with a small smile, "Why don't you go see what's inside."

Harry hurried to his trunk and then paused, "What did you do Dray?" he was excited, but a bit shy for some odd reason.

"We're both starting a new life together right? So why not have new things to go along with it?" Draco shrugged, still smirking.

Harry gave in that through open the trunk, new life indeed. With Draco beside him, he could
handle everything. He gasped, the clothes in his trunk were far better then he'd even seen Dudley wear. Actually they were very Draco-like. He kissed his lover, "Thank you, thank you. When did you do this?" he was overwhelmed, now he didn't have to worry about Draco being embarrassed to be seen with him because of how he dressed. The idea of Draco being ashamed of him was utterly foolish and he knew it but the feeling of inadequacy was still there sometimes.

"Just an owl to a few places here and there. Like them? I don't know what style you like so I hope that those are okay."

"I don't have a style really.' Harry grinned, "I did take baggy to a whole new level. I trust your taste."

Draco laughed, "I'm glad you like them," he walked over to Harry, wrapping his arms around his mate, "Want to burn your old clothes?"

Harry grinned, "Can we? I've always wanted to burn them. They are just awful. Wearing clothes that looked like they should be wore by a whale."

"We can burn them in our new fireplace if you want," he said, kissing Harry, "I wonder how the elves are doing..."

Harry kissed him back, "Interesting housewarming idea. Burning what I have from the Dursleys. I like it. Call Dobby back and ask."

"Dobby," Draco called and seconds later the elf appeared.

"Yes, sir."

"How is it?"

The house elf smiled, "Wonderful. We're just finishing now."

Draco smiled, "Thanks Dobby."

Harry bounced up and down like an excited child, "Make sure the floo is open. Please? Can we go ask Professor Snape to use his floo?"

"Okay, okay," Draco said, "we can go ask, after you get dressed."

Harry pulled out navy trousers and a crisp white short-sleeve dress shirt that one wouldn't know had been folded. He dressed quickly; he was really excited about this.

Draco watched as Harry dress while putting on his own clothing after changing out of his uniform and robes. He patted down Harry's hair before fixing his own. He couldn't help his own heart from beating excitedly about seeing the new place.

Harry reached for Draco's hand, "Our home. It will be nice to have a place where I feel at home beside Hogwarts."

Draco kissed Harry before they left their rooms and then walked to Professor Snape's office, "I really like the sound of that..."

The door opened and the Professor was surprised to see the two in front of him. "Yes?"

Draco smiled, "Professor, Harry and I would like to use your floo; we want to look at our new home. We will be careful and won't stay too long."
"...I knew you were coming when I ran into one of those house elves. Be very careful."

Draco nodded, "We will, we will."

"Thanks professor," Draco stepped in front of the fireplace and gave the address, "Ready Harry?"

Harry grinned, following him, "Yes." rubbing his stomach, "She's moving. I can feel it. Iris must be excited too."

"It's because she feels what you are feeling," Draco said rubbing at Harry's tummy too as the fire lit.

Harry smiled, feeling Draco's hand on his slight baby bump. "Well we know why I was so clingy before. She will be a Daddy's little girl I'm sure. You'll be scaring off anyone who thinks they like her." he teased.

Draco dropped his smile. "Of course I will. She's our baby; no one else's"

"Ours, it has a nice ring to it. I wonder if my parents were this excited when they knew about me?"

"Parents love kids. Why wouldn't they have been? You were their first baby."

I don't know. I never got a chance to ask." his only memories were from when his wand reacted to Voldemort's and they came out of his wand like ghosts.

Draco brushed Harry's cheek, "Now...she's going to have the chance to ask us," he said, holding Harry's hand again. "Really to go?"

Harry nodded; "We can exit the floo now." he was really excited. He wanted to explore the place and plan for furniture, paint and other things.

Draco blinked and silently gasped when they stepped inside what looked to be a sitting room. It was a little old fashioned but that was okay. "I wonder, are all the rooms this big?"

"Not sure. This was the only room I really saw in my dream, this and the veranda." Harry said quietly, "I think we paint this room a silvery blue to give it more light."

Draco nodded in agreement, "We can change the drapes as well; something not so heavy." He opened the hallway door and looked around. The smell of food was in the air, "Winky must be cooking us a snack for later..."

"She knows I have to eat." Harry smiled, "Not lace curtains but something sheer. Maybe a soft yellow?"

"Whatever you want to do," Draco would be content with whatever Harry decided.

"Its your home too." Harry was already imagining Draco having him in that room.

"I know," he smiled, "I'm just letting you know I will more then likely agree to whatever you want to do. Unless you want to paint a room black, that I will not agree to."

Harry was eager to be with Draco in their soon to be new home. He put his arms around Draco's neck, "I would never paint a room black, it would remind me of my cupboard...or my bedroom at the Dursleys when they boarded my window. I want our home to be happy."

Draco hummed in agreement, wrapping her arms around Harry, "Oh, just please...no pink. Yellow
is a nice color for Iris's room."

"How about purple? I hate pink." Harry asked pressing himself, baby bump and eager body to Draco.

"Good, now," the blond smiled, "lets see our bedroom..."

Harry grinned, "Carry us?"

Draco smiles and picked Harry up. "You better be glad she's in there or else I'd be tempting to throw you over my shoulder."

Harry blushes, "I'd let you do that." his body was very much needing Draco. "We could do it on that couch and I'd be happy."

The blond shook his head, "No, I want you on a bed, our bed," he whispered nuzzling Harry's neck," that way I can be all over you without worrying about fallen off..."

Harry moaned, "Yes. A bed would be nice."

Draco chuckled and thankfully it didn't take him long to find the master bedroom. He made a note to thank the house elves as he walked to the king size bed. "I think starting with this room is very good."

Harry looked around nodding, "Oh yes." he wielded just a bit of magic to undress himself

"Someone's in a hurry," Draco smirked, spending at least six seconds removing his clothes the old fashion way. He took one look at Harry and wasted no time kissing him deeply.

"Always eager you know that."

Draco's hand trailed down to Harry's member, "I can tell."

Harry moaned, "Yes"

Positioning himself in between Harry's legs, Draco stoked him at a steady pace, "prep or no Mr. Eager?"

"Use the spell and then take me."

"As you wish." With his free hand he muttered the spell and another one for the lube. He slowly pushed inside Harry.

Harry groaned, "Dray!"

Draco kissed at Harry's neck as he worked up a steady rhythm, "Say it again...say my name."

Harry groaned, "Dray...more please."

Grabbing hold of Harry's hips, Draco pushed deeper inside his lover, but making sure not to brush his prostrate just yet.

Harry groaned; it felt so good. "Harder..." trying to rock back into his thrusts.

The blond smirked and after a few moments thought enough was enough as he fixed his aim and he slammed into Harry's ass.
Harry screamed with pleasure. "DRAY!"

Draco quickened his snaps, feeling himself getting closer. He stoked Harry faster. "Fuck Harry..."

Harry groaned, "Draco..." he was enjoying himself completely. "Yes fuck me. I need to feel you come inside me."

"Really," he chuckled, "if it wasn't for that, we wouldn't be here right now." He was so close. Harry felt so good around him.

"Yes, we're here because we can't get enough of each other." he rocked back some more "please."

With a few more snaps, Draco was blinded by pleasure as he spilled into Harry.

Harry gasped, laying back and grinning up at his boyfriend.

Draco found Harry's lips once more, "I swear this just gets better with time..."

"In our home, in our new bedroom you made love to me and that's what matters." Harry cupped his cheek, "You're so good to me."

Draco smiles, "even if I feel undeserving, I'm glad I have you to love."

"I'm yours completely. I shouldn't deserve you either." Harry hugged him tightly

Draco sighed contently with Harry in his arms. "I love you so much."

Harry snuggled, "I love you too. She's very happy now."

"Why wouldn't she be?" Draco smiles, "Who wouldn't be happy after something like that?"

"Iris knows her daddies love each other." Harry said with a grin.

Draco watched Harry and smiled, kissing him on the forehead. "Does that mean, if I'm gone for a few hours she'd be unhappy, just like you would be?"

Harry blushed, "It might be her that makes it harder for me to be away from you."

Draco made a mental note of that as he ran his hand across Harry's growing baby bump. "That makes me want to see her even more."

"They said sometimes the pregnancies are shorter if the parents' magic is strong enough."

"That means we'll have to be even more careful the further you are along...the bigger you get...I don't want to send you into an early labor in the middle of making love..." Draco hoped Harry got what he was implying...

Harry pouted slightly

"Hey, you and I both know that would be too awkward. Besides," the blonde whispered, "it gives me more reasons to have you over and over and over again while I have the chance."

Harry nodded, "I know. I just need you. I need you so much"

"And I'll always be here, by your side..."

"I like knowing you're here, holding me"
"You're so cute sometimes," Draco shook his head, "why don't we catch a nap then have dinner?"

"Whatever you want Dray." Harry said snuggling.
Harry was working on an essay for McGonagall since he was temporarily excused from her class. Apparently Self-Transformation was dangerous but he was theoretically allowed to practice on Draco. Though he did better without Ron's constant babbling or Hermione's incessant correction he didn't trust himself not to cause Draco harm.

There was a knock outside their rooms…

He got to his feet and padded over to open the door, quickly casting the glamour to hide his baby bump.

"Hello Harry."

Harry grinned, "Bill." hugging the man gently.

Bill hugged the tiny Gryffindor, "You asked me to bring your emancipation papers?"

Harry nodded, gesturing for the man to take a seat and curling up with a pillow on the sofa, "With Sirius gone I want to be responsible for myself. I know that technically I'm not truly an adult until I graduate but given the circumstances it might be better for me if I set up a small house and I can have members of the Order help me with my defensive and offensive magic. If I'm at my aunt and uncle's then I can't train because I have the trace. I don't know when I'll have to face Voldemort but I want to be ready. As much as I don't like my family I don't want them to be targeted because of me."

"Why don't you like them?"

Harry chewed on his lip, not keen on telling Ron's brother too much, "I don't fit in with them, not like I do with your family. I'm a Wizard and they're Muggles, there is always that wall separating us."

Bill was pretty sure after having grown up with Fred and George that Harry wasn't being entirely truthful but the boy was nearly of age. "Well you can file through Gringotts or through the Ministry?"

Harry knew nothing about these things, "Which would be faster and easiest?"

Bill sighed, "Gringotts, they don't have as many paper-pusher hoops to climb through. If Gringotts declares you an adult then we can file to have the trace removed. I have a friend I went to school with who went into Law, a nephew of Madam Bones who is Dad's overall boss, I'm sure we could see if he could petition the Department of Under-age Magic to have the trace removed."

Harry bounced in his chair, "That would be lovely." He felt a sudden rush of nausea and summoned a potion.

Bill raised an eyebrow, recognizing it. "Harry? Is there something you haven't told me?"

Harry blushed, hugging the pillow after banishing the empty vial to the kitchen to be washed. "Umm…”
You ask me out of the blue to retrieve documents regarding your inheritance and now you want to be emancipated early?"

Harry chewed on his lip, "I…sort of…accidentally…got pregnant…"

Bill's eyes widened, "How do you accidentally get pregnant? You're a bloke."

"I know I'm a bloke." Harry said testily, "Apparently, the baby's father and I are soulmates. The connection between us allowed me to conceive. At least you took it better then Ron. Then again he walked in on us cuddling."

Bill stared at the boy very hard, "Who is the father?"

Harry gulped, shifting nervously, "The last bloke anyone would have guessed given our history."

"Harry," Bill said giving him his best 'I am the big brother' look.

Harry looked at his stomach, smiling; "It's Draco…"

Bill blinked, "Draco? Draco Malfoy? Are you mad? His father is a Death Eater, he probably is too."

Harry glared at him, "Draco isn't a Death Eater. He isn't." he wasn't anymore, he'd changed the mark, "He's a wonderful person who loves me and forgave me for almost killing him by using a hex I didn't know the consequences of using. He bought me these nice clothes and takes care of me, he makes sure I sleep enough, I eat enough and he helps me with my classes. I'm doing so much better with potions now between my first Advanced Potions text and Draco's tutoring me. It was an excuse to see each other during the day."

Bill was a bit surprised at Harry's righteous indignation of his maligning of his lover, "I'm sorry, I just was sure you told Dad that he was."

"I didn't say he wasn't, I said he isn't." Harry pouted.

"What does that mean?"

Harry smirked, "That means," he rubbed his stomach, "I changed the mark and good thing too, I fainted soon after because I was getting inadequate nutrition due to morning sickness. I just thought I was sick but he came because I called him…" he smiled to himself, "Hermione said he tore out of Potions. I woke up in his arms, he made sure I ate and then took me to Madam Pomfrey."

"I guess he's not a bad sort despite his parentage." Bill reluctantly agreed.

"You know Percy has great parents and he's an arrogant twat. Sirius wasn't perfect, he was a dreadful bully and he's Draco's cousin, so are Andromeda and Tonks." He wanted Bill to remember that Draco had good people in his family too.

"How did you change the mark?" Bill asked curious.

Harry blushed, "I don't know exactly. Voldemort was summoning his Death Eaters and Draco was in pain. I hate seeing him hurt," he frowned, "especially since I was the person who almost killed him." He said quietly.

"What?" Harry seemed like such a nice kid; Bill was shocked that he would do such a thing.

"I stumbled in on him in a…compromising position. We both overreacted." He couldn't tell the
whole truth, he promised Draco he would never tell that he had been crying that day. He would never break a promise on purpose to the person he loved more then anything.

Bill raised an eyebrow curious, what would be a compromising situation to a bloke like Draco Malfoy? Something that would spark a duel that almost killed one of them…

Harry smirked, "I made a promise to him and I won't break it so please Bill, don't ask. You wouldn't like it if you made a promise to Fleur and one of us tried to make you break it."

"True. So you're trying to be emancipated because you're pregnant and you're living with Muggles." Bill said with a slight headache, "the father of your child is a former Death Eater. Harry can you do nothing the easy way?"

Harry blushed, "I suppose not." He didn't seem to do things easy, trouble always found him.

"Draco is seventeen soon?"

Harry nodded, "just after exams are finished next month, on the fifth."

"His aunt is still loose, the crazy one? Bellatrix? Does his family know?"

Harry shook his head; "I don't think so, so I just hope we can keep him safe."

"Do you need him to be emancipated too?"

Harry put his hands together, "Please? He wants out of his Dark Family."

Bill held up his hands, "Just fill out the paperwork and owl me when it's done."

Harry jumped up to hug him, "Thank you Bill!"

"I've got to get back to Gringotts. Please stay out of trouble. I'll let mum know you're alright. Does she know you're pregnant?"

Harry gulped, "Not unless Ron or Hermione told her…"

"She sees you like a son, she'll be worried about you. Especially now with the baby…"

Harry sighed, "I just hope she can happy for me. I know your family doesn't think much of the Malfoys but Draco isn't his father. He's a better person…"

"Take care of yourself alright Harry?"

Harry nodded, "Promise."

Bill let himself out.

Harry went back to work on his Transfiguration assignment…
Chapter 18A

Not long after Gringotts accepted their emancipation papers and their family's vaults and properties reverted to them, the door to their rooms was thrown open while Draco was in Defense with Slytherin, Snape and the rest of Gryffindor.

Harry gulped; standing there filling the doorway was the Headmaster, "Pro…professor…"

Dumbledore looked him over, in a voice like the dead, "So it's true then. Harry, what were you thinking? Malfoy? Especially now?"

Harry wrapped his arms protectively around his stomach, "Things changed while you were gone Professor. I love Draco, just as my mother loved my father. Though I'm young to have a child and this is probably the worst of times to bring one into the world, this baby is loved and we want her. We're engaged and planning a future together." He'd voiced his concerns before about Draco most likely being a Death Eater and felt compelled to say something, "He isn't a Death Eater anymore."

"My dear boy, you'll be even more of a target right now," Dumbledore grumbled as he began pacing.

"Don't you think I know that?" Harry said taking a tone very similar to when he broke things in Dumbledore's office after Sirius was murdered and screamed at him. "So will he, everyone will assume he either raped me or is trying to get me to join Voldemort's ranks! I don't care I really love him."

"You know you have to return to the Dursleys, for your own safety! You can't have a child now. Are you out of your head?"

"NO! You said as long as I see the Dursleys' house as a home, my mother's protection will protect me. I haven't ever! It's not home! It's HELL!" Harry used the spell that banished his clothes to the floor, ending the glamour he'd weaved into his magic to hide his terrible secrets- his scars. "Why would I want to return to a place were there are people that would do this to me? That would make me sleep in the kitchen cupboard and then the cupboard under the stairs? They beat me, starved me and locked me in spaces with no light for days at a time! Dobby found me and thought I was safer there then at Hogwarts. Dementors found me, how do you call that place a home or safe?"

"Harry, Harry you just don't understand! You don't see the bigger picture. They were supposed to take care you, they're your family."

"They hate me because I'm a wizard, they swore to beat it out of me! You're supposed to be the wisest of us, why didn't you at least check on me instead of having a squib spy on us? Surely, she tried to tell you something wasn't right. It doesn't matter anymore, I'm not going back, I don't have to."

"You're only sixteen still, you're not truly an adult until you finish school. You must remain with," Harry rolled his eyes, "If that was entirely true then Fred and George would be forced to return to school. No, I don't. I'm emancipated. Gringotts has granted me full access to both Black and Potter vaults. I have possession of my properties and ownership of my stocks. I will, just to be safe be drawing up a will soon. I am filling to have the Trace removed. I have engaged a lawyer on behalf of my estate; Draco has been emancipated and granted the Malfoy inheritance by Gringotts. Since
he is legally of age and his father imprisoned, he is his own man. Draco is my reason for wanting to fight, I'm fighting for our future."

"You know to defeat Voldemort you have to die."

"I can't think like that. I want to live with Draco and raise our daughter together. I know it's dangerous, was it any less dangerous when my mother had me? Or when Molly brought her seven children into the world? Does my daughter deserve any less a chance? A bright future, close proximity to my soulmate and his tutoring I am getting better at fields of magic such as Potions and History of Magic that gave me trouble. I've helped Draco with some Defensive Magic; he can cast a Patronus now.." He wished Dumbledore could just be happy for him.

"I once loved a wildly talented boy, who had a dark streak running through him. He was expelled from Durmstrang for being too Dark. I was young and naïve, I wanted to change the world with him, I thought I could change him. I believed my love could change him. I learned the hard way that I was terribly wrong, it cost me what was left of my family. My brother hates me and my sister died, I'm not sure who killed her. I don't want to know. I don't want you to feel the same betrayal..."

Harry was too annoyed to feel sorry for him, "I'm not you. Draco isn't this person. We're different; he forgave me for nearly killing him. He's my rock, the person I can lean on. He accepts me scars and all," he shivered, wandlessly summoning a blanket and wrapping it around himself. "Hermione can accept us, why can't you?"

"You're young, you'll learn. I wish you would have considered that it was too dangerous to have a child. Really Harry, you shouldn't even think about children now of all times. You can't focus on your training if you're worrying about a baby or trying to keep Draco out of trouble." Dumbledore glared.

"Draco and Iris are my family, it doesn't matter if she isn't born yet or that we haven't been officially bonded yet. I will protect my family: from Voldemort, from Draco's parents and his aunt, and even from you. I don't want to be just a weapon; I don't want to be destined to die. I've been researching prophecy; it's not always a hundred percent accurate. The prophecy that you hold so much stock in, you admitted that the Boy Who Lived who was to be marked by Voldemort as his equal could have been Neville or myself. That means that I still have some control of my future. I want to live, for my friends but most of all for Draco and our daughter."

"Don't be foolish! I'm just trying to look out for you."

"Looking out for me? You want me to end my pregnancy! Are you insane? I've had her growing inside me almost four months, I've bonded with her."

"You've only known for a few weeks, you know you can't raise a child right now."

Harry's wand flew into his hand, "GET OUT! YOU AREN'T WELCOME HERE! NO ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO DECIDE A CHILD DOESN'T DESERVE TO LIVE! I WANT MY BABY!" his magic crackling around him, "GET OUT!"

Dumbledore backed out of the room, "Soon my dear boy you'll see I'm right. Draco has a task he's been entrusted with. Has he told you about?"

Harry growled, "What my fiancé and I discuss in private is none of your business. You are not welcome. Leave."
As the door closed on the Headmaster, Harry threw up a magical barricade only Draco could pass. Wrapping his arms around himself, he slid to the floor and started to sob. A man he respected wanted his child dead, their baby they conceived when Draco made love to him the first time. He wanted Draco…
Chapter 18B

Draco was reading over a problem when his changed mark exploded with pain in his arm. He flew out of his seat. "Something's wrong." Even when Harry fainted it wasn't this bad.

Snape dropped his quill, "What on earth was that?" He frowned; feeling the power but not really knowing where it was coming from.

Draco rushed for the door, "That was Harry. Something's happened." His heart pounded in his chest. Was Harry hurt? Did something happen to the baby?

Harry clutched the blanket to his scarred frame, Draco...he rocked one hand on his stomach. "I'll protect you Iris. I promise."

Draco couldn't get the words out fast enough as the door to their room opened. "Harry," he looked over the other, eyes worried and frantic, "What's wrong? I felt you. The professor did too." He took Harry into his arms, "Are you okay?"

Snape stayed closer to the door but looked at Harry as well. Power like that doesn't show up without a reason.

Harry let Draco pull him into his arms, "That worthless excuse for a headmaster was here." he spat bitterly. "He...he..." he couldn't say the horrible word... "...wanted to kill Iris..." his voice broke with a sob. "...told me I had to go to the Dursleys." he was so angry he wasn't thinking what this news might mean to Draco...

Draco did his best to hide his anger. What right did Dumbledore have to tell Harry such a thing! Quickly, the blonde pushed his thoughts aside and focused on Harry. "Professor, give us a minute please?"

Snape's wide eyes returned to normal size. He nodded and stepped into the hall, letting the news sink in.

Draco's eyes soften as he looked into Harry's, "It's okay," he said gently, "everything's going to be alright. Nothing is going to happen to you or Iris. I won't let that happen."

Harry waited for Snape to leave and started to cry. "He was so...cruel. Telling me things like I didn't already know. How I would be a bigger target now. He wanted me to let him kill Iris. I told him I'd already bonded to her. He said I hadn't known about her that long so I'd get over it quickly. I don't know why he would want to send me back there. I hate it there. When I showed him my scars he just said I didn't understand the big picture. He even told me that I didn't know you..." his voice broke again.

Draco was furious. Dumbledore had crossed the line. "Harry," he soothed, wiping away the others tears, "calm down; we're fine. He just doesn't understand. Nothing is going to happen to you or Iris," he stressed. "Breath baby...it's okay. He won't hurt you. No one will." Draco would die to protect his family and if that meant getting rid of their Headmaster and fulfilling his mission from the Dark Lord then so be it...

Harry let Draco soothe him, "Isn't there a rule about...threatening the heirs of a bloodline? Can we use the curse story? I want him ruined."
"Hey hey, lets not think such thoughts, even though I'd love to do the same thing." Even though he was chuckling softly, Draco felt he could kill the headmaster with his bare hands right about know. His head ran down from Harry's jaw to Harry's stomach, "We don't want Iris thinking that too."

Harry swallowed choking on a sob, "I don't want her to grow up hating anyone." It made him happy to hear Draco being just as upset as him.

"And she won't, will you Iris?" Draco asked looking down. "Here that she said no." He was shaking but tried to make sure Harry didn't notice. Never in his life had he'd wanted to hurt someone this bad. Dumbledore was going to pay.

Harry let Draco comfort him. He was still angry but he didn't want Iris to be exposed to his murderous rage. "I want her to be like my Mum. Everyone says what a wonderful person she was..." he really hoped that Draco was that connected to their child, to know that she wouldn't be a bad person. He swallowed, "So I won't let myself be so angry...why don't we let Professor Snape back in? Maybe he can help us find a way to be safe. He knows that Person better then we do." he was terrified that Dumbledore would find a way to hurt Iris so he would lose her hoping to break him and Draco up.

Draco slowly let Harry go and opened the door. "Professor?"

Snape was frowning at the wall but looked at his godson who ushered him back inside.

Draco sat down next to Harry. "Professor. Is there something we can do to keep any one from hurting Harry?"

"I was just working that out myself," he took a few steps in thought. "There are several ways," he started. "The easiest would be to get Harry got of Hogwarts..."

"Can I still take my OWLS if I'm not in Hogwarts? I know you're supposed to be a really talented wizard..." vaguely remembering Snape was the Half-Blood Prince. "Could you ward our home? I'd trust your wards..."

"Suppose to be?" Snape repeated but didn't dwell on the almost insult to his skills. "That's another option. I can make it strong enough to keep anyone out."

Harry swallowed, "I didn't mean any insult. I've heard more about that person's intelligence. I don't know who is truly the better wizard that's all. I mean in ability. That task you mentioned you were given...can it help us? I told you what that person was doing. I wonder...he claims to trust you but did he inform you Professor? About Vol...He Who Must Not Be Named's Horcruxes?" changing his mind about speaking the name of the dark lord.

Snape and Draco exchanged looks.

Draco took Harry's hand. "That right now is not important. I'll deal with that later right now it's your protection that's the main issue."

"Malfy is right," Snape added, "making sure you are protected should be our main priority. The place you two visited through my floo, you could be able to live there while still taking class or some place closer to here."

"You're tutoring Draco. Can you help us both so we can pass without coming back? Is it true we're not really adults until we graduate? Can I be forced to attend?"
"Harry has a point," Malfoy added, "there are forms for that right?"

Snape nodded. "There is. But it will take a few weeks for them to pass through the proper channels to avoid certain pitfalls. You would have to show up a few times, Draco, since Potter is pass the hiding stage."

Harry sighed, "That task you don't want to discuss. Can we trade Dumbledore's life for mine? Would he accept?" He didn't really want to fight in this war if he didn't have to. He didn't like Voldemort, he thought he was mad but he was starting think Dumbledore was too. Where did the Wizarding World turn if the two greatest wizards of the era were both crazy?

"Its not the simple Harry," Draco almost whispered. "Even if the Headmaster was gone...the Dark Lord...he would still..." Draco couldn't finish his sentence.

Snape shook his head. "He would still have you as a target Potter, there is nothing that is going to change his mind."

Harry laughed, "When he looks at Draco's mark maybe he'll actually have a reason to fear me. I never asked Professor, if that mark could be changed, would you accept?" he still didn't really understand what power he had that Voldemort did not. "HE didn't hear the whole prophecy. I wonder what you would make of it. You are smarter then both of us...would you like the hear it?"

Draco stilled. "Harry...it's only changed for me and you. It looks the same to anyone else. I don't know if it will work on the Dark Lord though."

"Maybe some other time Potter," Snape declined. Having something in his mind that the Dark Lord wanted so badly was not such a good idea when everything that has been going on. He was already straining his talents as an Occumens and Legimens.

Harry chuckled, "Worth checking. I don't know any other Death Eaters who might ever want out. Besides, I owe him a life debt." Giving him his freedom would make them equal right? He didn't hate Snape, he just didn't understand him. "I wanted to tell you because I want your interpretation. I don't trust that Person. Not anymore."

Snape gave an almost smile. "Maybe after Draco's next tutoring session."

"I like that idea," Draco gave a nod, happy to see Harry's mood lift.

"So when should we leave? I'm sure we can get Dobby and Winky to take our stuff." Harry smirked, "If we tie them to the Potter line as house elves doesn't that break their contract to Hogwarts? They can't tell him anything right? Dobby can't really say anything bad about Malfoys still. Besides, Kreacher might like me better if I'm carrying your daughter." three house elves should be adequate for their comfort right?

Draco chuckled, "Woah woah, one thing at a time." He turned to the professor. "Would it be okay to move in the morning?"

Snape thought about that. "...That can be arranged."

Draco nodded; glad they could get as far away from the Headmaster.

Harry blushed, "I'm just excited. Hermione will worry but she's at least trying to accept us. Ron will say you've kidnapped me. I haven't heard from Mrs. Weasley. I guess Ron and Bill hadn't told her about Iris. I'm a bit scared to tell her. Ginny has been pursuing me for a bit, since she broke up with Dean. I hope they don't all think I'll end up with Ginny..." he shivered, he wanted to be with
Draco...

Snape cleared his throat, "I'll make sure you are protected tonight and get everything prepared for your move in the morning."

"Okay, and thank you Professor," Draco said and waited until the door was close to get something to drink. "You don't have anything to worry about Harry. Mrs. Weasley loves you, anybody with two eyes can see that."
Chapter 19

Draco sighed softly as he slowly set up in bed with Harry's arms around his waist. He kept thinking about everything that's happen in the last 24 hours, his mind couldn't calm down, but he couldn't let Harry find out. He had to hold it together for the safety of his growing family. He'd deal with the headmaster later.

Snape took a deep breath and was relieved to find that his efforts to thwart the headmaster's charms to keep Harry in the school found success. Now it was time to move.

There was a knock on the door and Draco unlocked it with out moving.

Snape stepped in. "Alright. I can get the two of you out, but it has to be before the headmaster wakes up in twenty minutes. As soon as you two are ready come to my office."

With that he was gone and Draco locked the door again.

"Harry," Draco said softly, "babe its time to get up."

Harry was having a decent dream...which took a sour turn.

He and Draco had walking together. Then Draco was hit with a spell, one that flattened him quickly.

"Did you think you could escape your destiny? That I would allow it?"

Harry couldn't cast a shield fast enough.

Dumbledore! Here at Ivy Hall? NO!

Then he heard Draco's voice. He forced himself to wake, gasping for breath as he threw himself into Draco's chest. He would not cry! He was legally an adult, a soon-to-be parent and a man. He blamed his worries and his hormones that were mixed up due to his pregnancy.

"Harry," Draco wanted to pulled the other back to get a good look at him but didn't, instead he kissed his forehead, "Bad dream?"

Harry nodded breathing hard, "Yes. I know i should worry so much. It's not healthy. We were safe at Ivy Hall...walking through the gardens...and then...you were hit with a spell from behind. I tried to cast a shield but I wasn't fast enough. I know it wasn't real...but it felt like it was. One minute we were safe and happy then it all fell apart." He took slow steady breaths to calm himself; casting a tempus he realized it was far too early to be awake. He said quietly, "Why are we up so early?" he hated being weak, not that he really was. He was just so used to taking care of himself. It was both weird and wonderful to rely on another person...

Draco held Harry close, "Thankfully it was just a dream. You won't have to worry about not feeling safe in our home. I promise you that," he kissed the other's forehead. "Uncle Sev said everything was ready for us to leave," he said calmly, "we have an opening so we have to leave..."
Harry hugged Draco, "I'm probably just worried because of hormones. Is everything packed?" he used to see this place as home despite the dangers here. Dumbledore's insistence that he let Iris be killed had ripped that away. "I just want to go home." by home he meant Ivy Hall, the home he'd share with Draco and soon Iris.

"Dobby and Winky have got everything when we were sleep," Draco said as he smoothed down Harry's bed hair, "We'll be there soon, come on, lets get ready."

Harry got up and wrapped himself in his new coat before glancing at Draco, "Think we need to use the invisibility cloak?" he'd forgotten it didn't work on Dumbledore.

Draco shook his head, "I doubt it, mostly everyone is still sleep, we should be fine," he said stretching as he stood.

Harry slipped into his shoes, "If you say so."

After Draco put his shoes on, he took Harry's hand and headed for the door, and grabbed the cloak anyway. "Just in case." He didn't want to take any chances of ruining this.

Harry let Draco lead him; he just wanted to get out of there safely. He would have preferred to have already sat his exams but they hadn't started yet. They were still doing revisions. Harry would have to retake his Potions exam because he couldn't do the practical whilst pregnant. He couldn't do most of the practicals because it would exhaust him. Sometimes, being pregnant wasn't all that much of a blessing. He received a kick and winced. Iris was not happy...

They were right outside the professor's door when Draco caught the look on Harry's face, "Hey, are you ok? What's wrong?"

Harry looked up at him sheepishly, "I had a thought that Iris must not have approved of. She kicked me. I'll have to be more circumspect next time."

Draco frowned, looked around the hall and leaned over to whisper but loud enough for Harry to hear too, "Iris, no kicking papa. Be a good girl and play nice for us." He shook his head. She's not even out yet and showing attitude. He knocked on Snape's door twice before entering.

Harry smiled to himself when Draco chided their unborn daughter who quieted at once. "More proof she'll love you best." he teased softly just before then entered Professor Snape's school apartment.

Snape was waiting by his fireplace, "Everything is set. The Headmaster will not be able to harm either of you, unless he wants everyone to find out his intentions." He waved his wand at the pair, "That's just some added protection, for the three of you." He turned and the fire place lit up," Winky says she has breakfast ready as well."

"Thank you Uncle Sev," Draco said gratefully then looked to Harry, "Ready?"

Harry nodded, smiling up at the Professor, "Thanks. You're welcome to come over." He knew that Snape had put himself in danger of a sort to protect them.

Snape shook his head, "I'll call for you Monday morning."

Draco nodded, "Okay. Lets go." He tightened his hold on Harry's hand and stepped into the fire.
Harry waved just before the flames took them away. He stumbled out of the fireplace at Ivy Hall feeling more than a little nauseous. "I'm glad we weren't portkeying..."

Draco steadied Harry, "Careful now," he let out a sigh of relief. "I'm just glad you two are safe."

Harry wrapped his arms around Draco's waist and rest his cheek over Draco's heart, "Me too." he just hoped his nightmare wouldn't come true. Harry sighed, "I suppose I'll have to bite the bullet now. I'd rather Mrs. Weasley hear from me about the baby. I don't want that Person trying to use her to find me."

Draco hummed in agreement. From what he knew Mrs. Weasley was a nice woman. He just wished he didn't have to watch his back at home and school. Thankfully no one really knew about him and Harry's situation. "Do you want to go back to bed and have breakfast there or no?" It was still early in the morning, even the sun had yet to rise. He could hear small footsteps in the kitchen, Winky no doubt still learning the layout of the room.

Harry's stomach growled, he blushed, "I'm a little hungry. I did fall asleep without having dinner." he was too upset after that person showed up. "Maybe we could eat something and send Winky after Mrs. Weasley around breakfast time. If we don't tell here exactly where we are, she shouldn't be able to track us right?"

"That sounds like a plan," Draco smiled, subconsciously rubbing Harry's belly. "She can only find us if you tell her."

Harry leaned into Draco; "She'll probably be upset I didn't tell her sooner. I'll just tell her I was scared. I'm sure she'll understand. I was secretly seeing the son of a Death Eater." he was going to avoid mentioned Draco had been one himself. "I ended up pregnant and....we needed to stay together. Plus there was school."

"You should be fine," Draco assured him, rubbing small circles on his boyfriend's back. "I think you should let her know that Hermione and Ron know about us too, but lets get you two some food." He walks inside the Kitchen to find Winky setting the table.

"Breakfast just finished up Master Draco." She beamed at Harry, "Your medicine is here as well Master Potter."

Harry dutifully sat down to eat, taking a few bites before drinking his potions. Winky seemed almost happy now, after being given clothes she'd taken to drinking. Draco didn't know about that. He knew that being given clothes to Winky was horrible even if her personally couldn't understand. He smiled at Winky, "Winky, would you like to help me look after the baby when she's born?" There was no way he was trusting Dobby with his children. All the times Dobby nearly killed him were too poignant memories.

"Oh yes Master Potter," she bowed bouncing as she went about cleaning the kitchen.

Draco smiled again and went back to his food. His eyes landed on Harry's hand and he almost gasped. "Um, I'll be right back, forgot to check something," he gave a small smile, and made his way to the bedroom. It took all his nerves not to throw everything out of his trunk.

"You're so stupid Draco," he groaned. Then his hand found the small box his was looking for.
"Thank god," he said leaning against the wall, letting out the breath he didn't know he was holding. The headmaster was sure to search their room once he found out they were gone. There was no way the ring would have been found then.
Harry was a bit worried when Draco took off; he trusted that he would come back. It wasn't like his boyfriend would be going back to school. He continued to eat and sip some tea that calmed his stomach.

"Sorry about that," Draco smiled sitting back down, "I thought I'd left something really, really important back at school."

Harry smiled at him, "Must have been important for you to be tearing out of here like Dobby had sent a Bludger after you." he was teasing, he would have said that his pet Hippogriff was after him but that would be bordering on cruel.

Draco chuckled, "yeah it...it is," he finished; breaking eye contact with Harry so his cheeks would keep their natural color.

Harry's eyes scanned Draco's features, "Are you alright? Did you find it?" what would be so worried he'd forgotten to run off like that? He didn't like secrets between them. the only one he 'allowed' was Draco's task from Voldemort.

"Yes, I found it, thankfully. Its nothing for you to worry about," Draco answered, a small smile still on his face.

Harry was going to insist and then changed his mind, "If you say so." he yawned, pushing away his half finished plate, "I guess I'm still tired."

Winky was there to collect the plates and Draco took Harry's hand, "Come on then."

Harry looked around with a smile, "Home." a word that held less weight before and felt like the most important thing in the world worth far more then all his vaults. It was true, he'd trade everything he owed to be able to live here and grow old with Draco. This was their home; this was where they'd raise their family. Harry would accept no other future.

"Yes, home," Draco said kissing Harry on the cheek," out home." This reality seemed like a dream at time. Here he was making a home with the one person he couldn't stand and now they were starting a family.

Harry let Draco kiss him, "I'm tired. As much as I'd like to celebrate being home I don't have the energy." he smiled at him, reassuringly, "Maybe tomorrow?"

Draco laughed, "You do realize that I mean for you to sleep anytime I put you to bed now, right? You have to have energy for two, more then before, so we are going to do this right." He wanted Harry to be comfortable and healthy. The memory of him on the floor will forever stay in his mind. He swore to make sure nothing like that ever happens again.

Harry sighed, "You're not going to turn into one of those overprotective father's to be who carry their pregnant spouse everywhere and refuse to let them do anything are you? That be would tiresome and far from romantic. If we're careful, we can still make love. We made love for weeks and it didn't hurt her. I don't mind napping but if I want to cook I don't want to be told no." He liked that Draco wanted to take care of him but he wasn't going to let his boyfriend walk all over him like he was a girl.

"I don't know," Draco shrugged, "but I am not carrying you everywhere. If I think you're on your feet too long I will tell you to sit, then go back to what you were doing after at least ten minutes...things like that," he walked into their new bedroom. He eyed the folders on top of his
schoolbooks. "Better sort those out now," he told himself out loud and took a seat on the floor to get to work.

Harry felt terrible, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Please," he asked holding out his hand, "come to bed?" he didn't want to start things off on a bad note. He need Draco, the slightly older teen was his rock. They had to stay a united front...they had to...especially if he had to tell Mrs. Weasley about Iris tomorrow.

Draco looked up, surprised, then smiled gently, "you didn't hurt my feelings, Harry," he replied, but standing anyway. After placing the folders on his nightstand he takes Harry's hand and climbs into bed. "I won't baby you. I promise."

Harry cuddled up to Draco, "It's okay sometimes. Just not all the time. I'll get mad and I don't want to." he yawned closed his eyes and drifted off. Everything was alright if Draco was with him.

Draco chuckled again and settled in with Harry next to him. "Okay, I'll do my best to remember." He closed his eyes as well and didn't have to wait long before he was in dreamland.
Harry slept fitfully for a few hours and about six was woke with a sudden rush of nausea. Draco was wrapped tightly around him and he could hardly get free. He tried to swallow the bile rising in his throat and started shoving Draco off him. He needed to get to the bathroom...

Draco was startled away when he felt a push at his arms, "Harry," he said groggily, letting go of Harry, "Whas' going on?"

Harry was finally free and stumbled as he tried to reach the bathroom but his feet were tangled in the sheets. He tripped and was promptly sick on the floor beside the bed. His eyes prickled with tears.

"Harry," Draco almost screamed. He knew something was wrong and grabbed his wand banishing the covers and something told him to grab the trash bin, which was thankfully close. "Use this."

Harry was thankfully sick in the bin and not the floor anymore. he shakily summoned his wand. He cast a scrubbing charm on his mouth and banished the mess from the floor. He sagged, "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

"No," Draco said softly rubbing Harry's back, "Do you need your potions?" he asked conjuring a damp towel to him to wipe Harry's mouth.

Harry sighed, "I must still be upset..." his stomach was still reeling. He smiled shyly, "Just an anti-nausea potion i think." a part of him wanted to be upset at Draco for clinging to tightly but he'd needed the comfort. Besides, he had a feeling Iris would kick him hard if he was angry with her Daddy. It would be a hard enough morning without borrowing trouble.

Draco reached over to the nightstand to grab the one needed and gave it to Harry. "Was it my fault? I'll try to be more careful when I go to sleep."

Harry choose his words carefully because he had no real desire to blame Draco or fight this morning. "No, it's not your fault. I was so busy trying not to be ill that I didn't wake you properly and ask you to let go. I needed you to hold when we went to bed. I didn't expect to get sick first thing this morning."

Draco nodded, "Do you want to lay back down? I can go bring breakfast back to bed for us." He ran his hand through Harry's hair.

Harry shook his head; "We're supposed to have company for breakfast. Remember? I'm sending Winky for Mrs. Weasley..."

"Your right," Draco nodded, "I almost forgot," he ran a hand through his own platinum strands of hair. "So a bath then?"

Harry smiled at him; "A bath would be nice." he blushed thinking about sitting in a nice warm bath naked with Draco. He liked the feeling of their skin touching.

Draco stood, reaching his hand out for Harry to do the same, "yes indeed, yesterday seemed like it took forever." Draco was glad to be in their home and Harry was safe.
Harry accepted Draco's hand and let the taller teen help him up. "Thanks."

"You're welcome," Draco answered with a small smile, brushing his nose against Harry's. "Hopefully staying here will help to ease the sickness..."

Harry undressed, leaning up to kiss his boyfriend. "I hope so too."

Draco hummed into the kiss and backed away a little to start walking to the bathroom. Dobby or Winky must have heard him say something about a bath, because the bath was already waiting.

Harry followed Draco to where the welcome bath was waiting. He practically purred at the sight. "That looks very comfortable."

Draco hummed in agreement and took off his cloths. He stepped into the large tube and sat down. "Are you coming in or not."

Harry couldn't stifle a giggle, as he slipped into Draco's lap and leaned back against his chest. "Would I refuse the honour of a bath with you? I think Iris would protest..."

Draco chuckled as he pulled Harry closer to him. "Your mind would do the same anyway."

Harry snorted, "You say that like I'm addicted to you or something..."

"Oh and you're not?" Draco teased as he washed Harry's back, "but from the way you say 'Dray' I'd swear you were."

Harry's entire body flushed pink. He turned and playfully punched Draco's bicep, "Like you aren't yourself. I've heard the way you say my name when I'm fucking you."

Draco rested his chin on Harry's shoulder, "that's because it felt sooo good."

Harry smirked, "Of course it does. Why do you think I beg for it?" he wandlessly, absently cast a coldwater charm on him. As pleasurable as sex was, they didn't have time for it.

Draco started to wash Harry's hair, "A lot of these feel good when its done by two people, like eating."

Harry blushed remembering their first bath together when Draco gave him his first blowjob. "I never had any good memories of baths until you. Aunt Petunia used to complain about them when I was little. When I got old enough to shower I just did to avoid being subject to her wrath."

"Now you can take whatever you like, as long as you like," Draco smiled as he continued to clean Harry.

Harry enjoyed the attention, mumbling, "Sometimes I think you treat me better then I deserve..." he had his clingy moments, and he had his 'I need to be independent' moments. He not only was addicted to Draco he leaned on him and needed his support or he was afraid he would fall apart. After fifteen years of being of being told he was worthless, would never amount to anything and didn't deserve anything good it was both flattering and nerve-wracking to have someone like Draco.

They supported each other; they were each other's calm eye in the middle of this storm. On opposite sides in a war fate didn't give them the choice to choose they should be trying to kill each other. Instead they were a loving, passionate couple that was expecting a baby.
"We're both new at this right," Draco commented making sure they were both clean, before moving to stand up. "The least I can do for the one I love and who's amazing enough to love me back. He picked a towel, "come on you first, I think the robes are in the bedroom."

Harry had to stand when Draco did or he'd have sprawled face first into the tub and probably smashed Iris. He blushed a deeper colour, "I'm not amazing." he muttered as he climbed out of the tub carefully. He had no intention of falling again. The books he read about male pregnancies said that they were extremely delicate. Intense emotional or physical trauma could cause spontaneous miscarriages. He couldn't lose Iris. It would destroy him.

"You have a scar on your forehead and a soon to be hu-breakfast," Draco horribly tried to play off his sentence, "I wonder what's for breakfast don't you?" he started to whistle as he dried himself off.

Harry was soon dry as well, "Whatever it is I'm sure it will be wonderful." he laughed, "Probably not as wonderful as food at the Manor..." He'd overheard Draco telling his friends that food at home was better then when they'd started there.

"Food at the-," Draco raised a playful eyebrow, "Do you forget who use to cook for me. Dobby was ok, but Winky is more skilled. My mum's though could use some work." He shook his head laughing at the thought.

Harry blinked, "Your mother can cook? I thought such menial labour was beneath purebloods? I thought that was why they kept house elves." he coughed, "I didn't mean that in a rude way..."

"How can it be rude, its true." Draco gave a small nod, "she did try, when I was home for the summer. Then she gave up and got another house elf."

Harry's eyes widened, "How many do you have?" he had Dobby, Winky and Kreacher. Not that he liked to remember that particular house elf. Hopefully by carrying a Draco child he might have redeemed himself in Kreacher's eyes. He really hated to be called the son of a Mudblood or a bloodtraitor or whatever else Kreacher muttered when they were at Grimmauld

"What's with that look," Draco chuckled, "Dobby did the cooking and tending to me when he wasn't cleaning. He was our only one-no there was another one, a female but I never saw her. I never had the time to meet the new house elf..."

Harry blinked, "I would have thought that you had an army. Hogwarts has at least two dozen and that's not including my three. Those are just the ones I saw, there could be more. How big is the Manor really? You were always bragging so much I half thought you were either lying or it was the size of a castle. The only person whose bragging ways who was more annoying was Delacour."

he turned to dress.

"No, I don't think we did. I never paid that much attention to details," Draco picked some blue slacks and a white shirt to put on. "Three floors 16 bedrooms. Some are sitting rooms though and seven baths. I have no clue why unless the whole family lived there."

"How many are in the family anyway? Besides you, your parents and Bellatrix. Of course there is her husband and his brother as well." Harry was curious. He smirked, "Any chance we could secretly send your mother a portkey? I know the charm to make one. That is if she'd consider getting to safety."

Draco stop to think, then his eyes widen, "Harry...I forgot about our Family Tree Tapestry... But its in the sitting room next to my room behind my dresser...but I forgot all about it."
Harry turned pale and shook, "Merlin!" he felt very ill now. "Would anyone read it? Can we steal it? Dumbledore's bad enough but if your aunt sees it..." he couldn't complete the thought.

"Don't worry. Don't worry; they have no business rearranging my bedroom. I don't think its that easy to remove either. My mum may think it too hard to go into my room without being emotional...We should be fine. Right now, its more the likely to be the last thing they are thinking about..."

Harry sat on the bed, "Are you sure Dobby couldn't sneak in and take it or hide it? He is a former Malfoy elf..." He wasn't going to panic, Bellatrix coming after Draco was about as traumatizing as Dumbledore killing Iris.

"He's smart enough for sneaking around, he could, just to be a hundred present safe no one sees it until this is all over..."

"The last thing we need is that group of people discovering you betrayed them, slept with the their archenemy who is carrying the Malfoy Heiress."

Draco surprisingly started to laugh, "that's...something right out of a really, really interesting story," They had been through so much and had even more to face but he could not help himself. He looked Harry in the eyes and smiled. "Who knew falling in love would turn the world up side down."

Harry gave him a shy smile and then his face fell, "Oh no...the Black Family Tapestry. The Order is still using Grimmauld. What if they see? I didn't think about it before. If they tell the wrong person and it gets to Skeeter. Merlin they'll think you raped me..."

"Where is it in that house though?"

"The study, the Drawing room or is it in the library I don't remember. Ask Kreacher. He would know. Sirius only showed me once. Pointed out where he was blasted off."

"Okay let's get Dobby to sneak back to my bedroom first. The Order doesn't meet that much at the house right now do they? Its really hard for the Headmaster to be away for too long. I doubt he'd go checking it out. I don't think he wants anyone to find out."

Harry snorted summoning his shoes, "They have all their meetings there. Mostly because I never forbid it after losing Sirius. They stopped for a month out of courtesy and then went along as if nothing happened. Honestly, I think very little of that brainless group of Dumbledore worshipers right now." He swallowed, "Only because I'm worried they'll want your head. Dobby can sneak into the Manor. Maybe we can use him to spy a little. I don't know. Only if it's safe."

"I just don't want him to know what I'm having. We haven't had a scan yet...I know that heirs are supposed to be safe..."

Draco took a brush to his hair. "Dobby may be clever but he can be loud. It's best not to have him doing too much right now. We'll deal with the tapestries after Mrs. Weasley."

Harry shrugged, "You'd know his capabilities better then I. His ideas he comes up with on his own are down right dangerous. He nearly killed us both with that Bludger he messed with." he cast a tempus charm; it was a quarter to seven. "Guess I better send Winky after Mrs. Weasley. He summoned parchment and a Quill scrawling a request for her to join them for breakfast. Telling her that Mr. Crouch's former elf would gladly take him to his location.

"Yeah, how can I forget that." That was an eventful second year, Draco thought as he put on his
shoes.

"Tell me about it, between the Muggleborns being petrified and Ginny nearly dying it was
dreadful. Not that I enjoyed being treated as a suspect. Like it was my fault I was a Parselmouth.
The highlight of the year was what Ron and I did right under your perfect nose." he teased.

"You two went into the woods then too. I overheard Hagrid talking. Ok I was eavesdropping; and
you talked to some spider. Have you ever had a normal school year?"

Harry snorted, "Normal school year? Not on your life. Not even in Muggle School. I wasn't taking
about visiting the Acromantula colony. I wouldn't dare call that an adventure. When a Giant talking
 spider offers you to his children for dinner that's like a horror movie not an adventure. No I was
talking about something I did and all your nosy spying ways never even caught a whiff of." he
smirked, winking at his lover as he headed down to the parlour to hand Winky the letter.

Draco scoffed, "Its funny how badly I did try to get all the dirt I could on you. You were like the
greatest thing to ever happen to the school...and now you the greatest thing that's ever happened to
me," Draco walking in to the kitchen at sat down at the table, "funny how things work out..."

Harry smirked, "I still did something you never did." he was just waiting for Draco to ask before he
crowed about it. He couldn't remember right now if he told him or not about sneaking into
Slytherin disguised as Goyle who was the better looking out of his worthless shadows. Only
because they had about as many brains as a flobberworm.

Draco looked at Harry, "How is that possible?...what was it..." The blond was curious.

Harry giggled, "So I didn't tell you? About the time we brewed a sixth year level potion? And used
it to sneak into Slytherin? Escorted by you dragon?"

"You did what? How, how was that even-," Draco shook his head, "why?"

Harry shrugged, "I let Ron convince me you were a candidate for the Heir of Slytherin. Hermione
brewed us Polyjuice. I was Goyle and Ron was Crabbe. You said you didn't know I could read.
Considering that you were very explicit in your desire to know who was the Heir it was clear it
wasn't you. Which put us back to square one. Though Hermione turning into a cat monster by
accidentally drinking Bulstrode's cat's hair thinking it was Bulstrode's was a tiny bit funny but don't
you dare say so. I'll deny it."

Draco stared at Harry for a few moments. "I have to say you do live up to your house name. That
would not have crossed my mind at all...is there any pictures of the said cat monster?"

Harry tapped his head; "Someday I'll put that memory in a pensive for you." He tossed his letter at
Winky, "Go retrieve our guest please. Now," he said turning back to Draco, "I saw we have ten
minutes to figure out how to do this."

"Okay," Draco nodded, "I think I should be standing for some reason, maybe it won't cause too
much of a shock when she finds out we're expecting..."

Harry shook his head; "I thought I could be sitting and talk to her quietly for a few minutes and
then invite you in. I don't want to spring you being here on her the moment she arrives." he wrung
his hands nervously, "Does that make me a coward?"

"No, it doesn't. It makes perfect sense." Draco stood, "I'll wait in the other room, then." He leaned
in, kissing Harry on the lips, "Everything's going to be fine."
Harry kissed him back, his voice low as he spoke, "We'll miss you."

"But not for long," Draco brushed Harry's cheek with his hand, and then left the room.

Harry sat smoothing out his robe so it wasn't as apparent that he was pregnant. He was barely starting to show though he was over three months. He summoned Dobby asking for tea before Winky arrived with Molly.

Harry kept sipping his tea when there was a muffled crack of Apparation.

Standing there looking confused was Mrs. Weasley. She looked around taking in her surroundings before turning her attention to him, looking at him quizzically. "Harry? What are you doing here? You're supposed to be at Hogwarts. Where are we?"

Harry set down his tea giving her a shy smile, "I'll tell you what you want to know. You said once that I was just as much your son as Ron, Fred and George or the rest of them. I hope you still feel that way when I'm done telling you what I have to. First I must apologize, for not having told you sooner. You've been so kind to me and you are the closest thing I have to a mother. I'm sure Hermione kept Ron from telling you knowing that I would in time."

Draco stood by the cracked door of the sitting room as Harry explained. He was starting to get a little nervous but made himself breathe calmly.

Mrs. Weasley stared at Harry before taking a seat across from him. "What do you have to apologize for? You already apologized for Ron and Ginny going to the Ministry. They insisted it was their choice and that you were going to go without them. They maybe my children and I maybe overprotective but we do owe you a life debt."

Harry winced, "I...don't care about life debts. Ginny is Ron's sister and she's important to you. I've left school but I plan to take my exams still. It's not safe. I wish I could tell you where you are right now but that's not possible. It's not that I don't trust you it's that I don't want you used to hurt me."

Draco tried not to peek through the door. He stayed where he was, wanting the conversation to not be suddenly interrupted because he was spotted.

Mrs. Weasley was stunned, "Left school? Not safe? Hogwarts is supposed to be the safest place in Britain." Forgetting the terrible things that happened the last few years since Ron started. "How could it be not safe for you? You faced He-Who-Should-Not-Be-Named and survived. You're the Boy-Who-Lived..."

Harry sighed, "A title I never asked for. To become that person I had my family brutally murdered. First my parents and then Sirius. I won't put my new family in danger. I won't have you used to hurt me."

"New family? What new family? Are you quite alright Harry? Shouldn't you see a Healer? The only Healer we have in the Order is Poppy and we desperately need a Mind Healer. After all you've been through I begged Albus to make you see one. He insisted you were strong. That you would never be tested beyond what you could handle..."

Draco stood a little straighter next to the door; he knew it was getting close to time for him to be coming out...

Harry rest his hand over his stomach and felt faint kick from Iris. "You know the Prophecy that Vold...He-Who-Must-Not Be-Named wanted? It says we have to kill each other. I don't want to die.
I want to live. I have to live. I have people to live for. Not just my friends. My family...I can tell Ron and Hermione didn't tell you. I'm glad. You see...I fell in love. I'm not sorry it's not someone you'll approve of at first. It's the person I would never have expected to love. He supports me. He takes care of me. Protects me. We've hurt each other in the past but we're keeping each other sane, grounded." he bit his lip, "We didn't choose to be a part of this war. We were forced to by wizards more powerful then us. Using us as pawns to kill their enemy."

Mrs. Weasley stared at him like he'd gone mad, "Harry child are you quite alright? Who is this person? Why wouldn't I approve of him? Him? A wizard?" the meaning behind Harry's carefully crafted words finally hit her. "Death Eater? You're in love with a Death Eater? Have you lost your mind? Have you been checked for the Imperious? Amortentia?"

Draco held his breath, hand resting on the doorknob.

Harry looked up at her, "It's Malfoy. No he hasn't used any of that anymore then I have. Draco's so protective. He takes care of me. He's not a Death Eater. He doesn't bear the Mark. It's not safe for either of us at Hogwarts...because I'm carrying his daughter."

Mrs. Weasley's eyes widened, "Malfoy? Lucius' son? He's Bellatrix's nephew! How could you? He'll turn you over to his master. You told us he was Marked. You thought he was behind Ron's poisoning. Harry please think about this rationally. This is Malfoy..." how could he trust one of them?

Harry knew Draco was just outside; he turned smiling at the door. Glowing, he knew he was. Iris was very active it felt like she was swimming or flying. Daddy's girl. "I love him and he's with me. He's protective. He's in just as much danger as I am. Bellatrix will kill him for what he's done. I can't let that happen. I need him. After Sirius died I couldn't sleep. I was so alone. So was he. We were two lonely people...who found completion with the enemy. He's not the enemy anymore. He's with me..."

Draco took a deep breath and opened the door. He calmly stepped into the room. "It's true Mrs. Weasley. Every single thing Harry's said. " He stood next to Harry's chair. "We know it sounds unbelievable, but...its not. We are in love, have been for quite some time." Draco looks down at Harry and then been back at Mrs. Weasley in all honesty, "this is not trap or a joke. I would never do anything to hurt Harry again. I'm not that boy any more."

Mrs. Weasley looked for the arrogance and the legendary Malfoy mask that Lucius and his father possessed. This Malfoy didn't have it. He seemed honest; then again Malfoys were only honest when it suited them. She turned back to Harry ignoring him, "You can't be pregnant without a spell or a potion. Couldn't he using it to control you? Are you sure you're even pregnant?" Her prejudices might be blinding her but she wanted to be sure Harry was safe. Her definition of safe didn't include hiding in a secluded secret place with a Malfoy.

Harry smiled up at Draco taking his hand, "Nurse Pomfrey told us. I thought I had the stomach flu. It's not a potion-caused or spell-caused pregnancy. She thinks its because we're soul-mates. I got pregnant the first time he made love to me." Iris kicked hard he winced rubbing the spot, "I'm not ignoring you love. Just telling your grandmum about you. If she'll have you..."

Draco placed a hand on Harry's growing bump, "she's kicking again," he tried not to frown, "she was suppose to-," he paused trying to keep his cool, but hoping Iris knew he was not happy with her. He composed his expression. "We're having a girl...its the main reason for our move here."

Harry covered Draco's hand, "She likes being the centre of attention. Reminds me for a certain blonde Seeker." he teased before reluctantly giving Mrs. Weasley his attention. He was dressed
beneath the robes. Harry unclasped his robes and unbuttoned his shirt. Both stayed open and his baby bump stood out probably more then it should due to his small and starved frame.

Mrs. Weasley was struck by how they seemed to drift into their own world. Eyes only for each other, could it be true? Were they in love? Could Malfoy not be a Dark Wizard? Could Harry really be pregnant? Then the boy she loved like a son partially undressed and revealed a baby bump. She wasn't that tall compared to her brothers, husband or sons. Molly was curvaceous in her youth and plump in her matronage. She knew a baby bump when she saw one having been pregnant six or seven times. Harry Potter was pregnant with the child of a Malfoy. What was the world coming too?

"I know this is a lot to take in, in one sitting, but it's the truth. Draco didn't remove his hands. "Hogwarts is a safe place but no one knows what plan the Dark Lord has and if something happen to Harry or our child," he gave a small shake of his head. "I won't let them be in danger. Ever."

Harry felt Iris still under Draco's hands; she was such a Daddy's girl. He smiled, hoping she loved him as much as he loved her. "I wish I could have told you differently. I wanted you to hear it from me first. Dumbledore will be contacting you today. He'll probably tell you Draco's a Death Eater. He'll tell you that Draco's using the pregnancy to get close to me so he can betray me to You-Know-Who. He wants me back. I won't go back. I'll protect my family from anyone who threatens them. Draco won't hurt me. He can't hurt me." He wasn't sure what he did to the Dark Mark exactly but he knew Draco couldn't hurt him. He touched Draco's left arm, "Show her."

Draco rolled up his sleeve. "No one has seen it like this, I don't think the Dark Lord knows it's changed either. If something's wrong with Harry, it pulses. It's no longer a calling beacon for the Death Eaters."

Mrs. Weasley stared at it; she'd seen Severus' Dark Mark. She'd never seen anything like the mark on Malfoy's arm. She gasped, "The Dark Mark can be changed? HE doesn't know it's changed? You're not connected to them anymore? Why were you? I thought they didn't mark children? You're not seventeen yet...you're younger then Ronald right?"

"I was Marked as a punishment for my father," Draco admitted, rolling his sleeve down. "If he knows he has told no one but I doubt it would be let alone if it was found out."

Mrs. Weasley stared, "Punishment? For Lucius? Let alone? You think they'd toss you in a cell beside him? Everyone will want your head Malfoy. The Order won't like this. Dumbledore will fight it. Severus hates Harry. What about your family? They'll disown you. Or at least try to kill you."

Harry hissed, "I know no one will like this. They'll think he raped me. He didn't. He wouldn't. I asked him to...I let him...we want a family. Iris is our family. Do you want to be grandmum to this baby? Merlin knows she needs one with my parents dead and Lucius in Azkaban. Who knows what He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is doing to Narcissa..."

Draco ran his hand up and down Harry's back, "It's okay Harry," he didn't want him getting worked up. "Her questions are all valid. I will do what I have to do to keep this family I have right to, here safe. Even if it means putting my life on the line or standing between Harry and people he trusts...but I hope it will not come to that. But if it did, then so be it. I will fight with all I have to keep this family."

Mrs. Weasley winced, Harry's defensiveness hurt. She was making important points. "I'd be happy to be part of your child's life. Every baby needs a grandmum. Merlin knows I've tried to convince Charlie and Bill that I want them. If Narcissa doesn't want her I'll take her. If it was anyone else
Harry I could understand wanting to have a baby even now. You're the Boy Who Lived it's more dangerous. Especially when the sire is a former Death Eater."

Harry tried to calm himself, high emotions upset Iris. "I'll fight for us too. I won't let anyone say anything bad about Draco. I'm grateful you want to be a part of her life. You really, really need to talk to Bill." Why hadn't Bill told his mother about Fleur being pregnant? Bill kept his secret, letting him tell Molly. He had to return the favour.

Draco felt his shoulders relax; he hadn't even noticed he was tense in the first place. He was more then happy with Mrs. Weasley's decision. He just didn't know whether to thank her or not. He was glad the he wasn't hated by the only 'real' family Harry has.

Mrs. Weasley blinked at him, "Why do I need to talk to Bill? Is he keeping secrets too?"

Harry ignored the question, "I really, really am sorry I swore Ron and Hermione to secrecy. I wanted to tell you myself. I don't think Ron's taking it well. I think he hates Malfoys too much. He's got it in his head that I'm supposed to marry Ginny and be his brother that way." he pouted, "I thought I already was..."

Draco founds himself chuckling at Harry's cute face. "You are brothers, he just can't believe that this," he says pointing to the both of them, "is real."

Harry laughed sadly, 'We're more then real. I think Iris is plenty of proof.'

"Harry child, you didn't mention how Hermione took the news." Mrs. Weasley asked gently. "I suppose you didn't tell Ginny?"

"She fainted," Draco answered, "never seen it happen that up close but she's okay."

Harry stuck his tongue out, "What did we expect? She thinks I'm single, then I pass out in a toilet stall and you tear out of Potions like Voldemort's chasing you. She gets told I'm in the hospital wing but Ron can't come see me. She found us in bed together cuddling. I have to confess not only have we been sneaking around to see each other but also that you knocked me up the first time we have penetrative sex!" his face was going pink and then darkened to red by the time he finished speaking.

Mrs. Weasley would have reprimanded Harry for his childish behaviour but he wasn't seventeen yet. He'd always acted a bit more mature then Ron so she could have turned a blind eye to it for a bit if he wasn't pregnant. She sighed, "Oh Harry. You didn't tell anyone until you were pregnant that you were seeing Draco?" had he really been that frightened of what others might say? Of course, with Lucius in Azkaban and Bellatrix free, could she blame him? Especially how Ron and Arthur complained about Malfoys. Oh dear...

"We both have been hiding this...if anything slipped out, things would not be in our favour,"

Mrs. Weasley sighed, "Far be it from me to tell you not to do something like this," she turned red, "Don't tell but I was pregnant with Bill before I graduated. I wouldn't be lying if I said that Arthur and I loved each other so much we didn't see the point of waiting. I can see it's the same for you. Your mother was stronger then I was. She refused until there was a ring on her finger. I know because you were born about nine months from their Bonding."

Harry grinned, "I hoped you'd be happy for me. Its sad that my parents can't be here but at least I've got you and Mr. Weasley as well as Remus." his face fell, "I know Sirius wouldn't especially like Draco but I hope he'd at least be happy for me."
Draco ran his hand through Harry's hair. They hadn't talk about his godfather; but from what he'd heard, he was good to Harry.

"Oh Harry, I'm sure Sirius meant to be good. He was, forgive me, an immature prat. He loved you but he wanted you to be just like James. Even Remus saw it. He would never make a good role model." Mrs. Weasley winced, "Then again neither does Arthur though I love him dearly. I'll admit I'm too protective but like any mother I don't really want my children to grow up. Even though I want grandbabies. I want to hide them away from dangerous things. I know I can't really but I want to."

Harry was tempted to argue with her but he was too hungry and he didn't want to upset Iris. "Anything has to better then I got handed. If I ever get my hands on Pettigrew, I swear on Sirius' animagus form, I'll turn him over to Severus to be parcelled out for illegal potions. I'm sure he's worth more alive then dead." Harry was assuming there were dark arts potions that call for 'blood of a traitor' as an ingredient or something. He didn't mean anything bad by what he said; he wasn't implying that Professor Snape dealt in illegal potions. After all Professor Snape who had no reason to like him had helped him out of his pregnancy from concocting the lie of the curse to brewing potions for him to earlier this morning sneaking them out of Hogwarts. He just was angry enough to think that being sold to be parcelled out into bits for illegal potions was the worst punishment in the world.

Draco lays his hand on top of Harry's. "Let's not talk about evil thoughts, or think them. Only good thoughts. So Iris won't feed off them..."

Harry turned white, "Papa's sorry. He really didn't mean it." then he winced, because that was a lie. He'd wished Pettigrew ill from the moment he believed the snivelling, whimpering, obese, balding rat of a man had callously betrayed his friends and almost had him murdered.

Mrs. Weasley was stunned by Harry's words; the venom was almost physical. She really, really hoped he left Pettigrew to the Aurors. He was such a sweet, loving child and she didn't want his hands stained with blood even indirectly if she or he could help it. "Now Harry, Draco is right. You don't want to be upset. Powerful negative emotions can harm a child or badly impact a pregnancy. I almost miscarried Ginny because I heard what happened to my brothers. Do you know what you're having yet? How far are you?" having been too in shock earlier to take in that they'd both said it prior.

"It's a girl. Her name is Iris," Draco answered.

Harry giggled, "Not that it's been magically proved I'm having a girl. I just know. Madam Pomfrey said I'm at least three months because of the morning sickness. She said I was extremely malnourished and was going to keep me in the hospital wing. I guess my magic fixed it. I don't know how because she let me go the next morning. Last I heard I was to be a good boy and take my potions while she looked up a private responsible healer who wouldn't tell about the baby and specialised in male pregnancies."

Mrs. Weasley nodded, "I had boy after boy, they told me Ginny was a boy and I laughed at them. They all thought I was crazy even Arthur. I don't think he believed the healer until he saw her naked after she was born."

Harry's stomach growled and he blushed.

"Winky, I think its time we had breakfast," Draco called lightly. It wasn't a good ten seconds before the food was being place on the table with Dobby's help. "His weight is picking up and I'm glad. Scared the life out of me when I found him passed out."
Harry blushed, his face regaining colour as he let Draco help him to the table. "It wasn't my fault. I thought I had the stomach flu. I normally don't get sick at Hogwarts" he hugged his slight bump, "I try not to get sick...after the two times I was as a child I forced myself to never get sick."

Mrs. Weasley glanced over the meal set out before her head spun to Harry, "What do you mean you forced yourself not to get sick? There is nothing wrong with being sick. It's part of life."

Harry looked to Draco with panic in his eyes; he didn't want to tell her really. She hadn't believed Fred and George when they told her about the bars on his windows. He only told Draco because he didn't want to keep secrets...

"Harry's like me," Draco said quickly, "being sick meant I couldn't be outside or out of my bed too long. Life's better when good health goes with it."

Harry felt awful about Draco having to lie but he was too emotionally raw right now to be completely honest. He nodded glumly but instead of devouring his food because he really was hungry, he picked at it. His stomach was in knots. He knew he had to eat but he was worried forcing himself to do so would do more harm then good.

Mrs. Weasley wasn't a mother for nothing; she knew when she was being lied to. Harry was clearly panicking and he looked a bit ill. She knew he was hungry because his stomach growled. So why wasn't he able to eat? Her voice was gentle, "Are you alright Harry? You don't look well..." reaching over to check his temperature.

Harry flinched when a hand darted towards him. "I'm sorry!" his hands coming up in a defensive gesture, "I'll be good I promise! I didn't mean to make Draco lie. Don't hurt us..." his eyes filled with tears he couldn't fight. Was this because of the Dursleys or because of his hormones? He didn't know but he was still frightened.

"Harry, its okay," Draco says firmly but gently, "She was just checking your temperature. She wouldn't hurt you. You're safe, It's okay," he cooed, brushing away Harry's tears. "No ones trying to hurt you."

Harry threw himself at Draco burying his face in Draco's neck. "I'm sorry!"

Mrs. Weasley was stunned by Harry's reaction. He thought she was going to hit him? Sure she'd spanked her kids a time or two- in the case of the twins often for what little good it did. She cuffed them upside the head or lectured but she would never actually beat them. Who could have made Harry that jumpy? Malfoy? She somehow doubted it; he was too attentive and seemed genuinely worried. He couldn't be that good an actor.

Then she remembered the twins mentioning something about bars on the windows at the Muggles' house. "Harry? Mal...Draco's right. I won't hurt you. You did nothing wrong. Sweetheart? Did those Muggles hurt you? Did they really have bars on your window?" She couldn't believe anyone even Muggles could hurt someone like Harry.

Draco did his best to calm his boyfriend down. "Slow breaths okay Harry? You heard Mrs. Weasley, no one's going to hurt you," he rubbed his lower back, "Everything is fine. You, Iris and I are fine and will be fine Harry."

Harry did as Draco said and did his best to calm down. He hiccupped and cuddled as he finally stopped sobbing quietly. "I'm sorry..."

Mrs. Weasley was by now very upset, something was very wrong with Harry. He seemed ashamed
and frightened, "Draco's right. You're alright now. We won't let anyone hurt you..."

"You have nothing to be sorry about," Draco whispered into Harry's ear, "its been a long two days; but we are fine now, baby."

Harry whispered, "Draco...she sounds like she suspects? What if she doesn't believe me?" out of all the things he hated being treated or called a liar was the worst.

"She will. She loves you Harry. She won't think that of you," Draco whispered back, brushing the back of hand gently on Harry's cheek.

"She ignored Fred and George when they tried to tell her about the bars..."

Mrs. Weasley could hear what he said and it broke her heart. "Harry? I was wrong. I shouldn't have immediately assumed Fred and George were fibbing. I was so mad they took the car. I thought they were making up a story to get out of trouble. I should have questioned them. I also should have known better. They may always be up to tricks but they usually don't lie. So they really were telling the truth? Those Muggles had bars on your windows?"

"Go on," Malfoy says softly, "tell her Harry..."

"There were bars...but first...there was the cupboard." Harry said quietly from the safety of Draco's arms.

"Cupboard? What cupboard child?" Mrs. Weasley asked gently.

"The cupboard under the stairs. It was my bedroom from the time I was about three until I was eleven and my Hogwarts letter came. They got upset because it was addressed to:

Harry Potter,
The Cupboard under the stairs
Number Four Privet Drive
Little Whinging, Surrey

They thought you lot were spying. That's when I was moved to Dudley's second bedroom. I stayed there uncomfortable, sure they'd tell me to get out and get back to my cupboard."

Dracos hold around Harry tightened. He knew it was hard for him to be telling about that time in his life. It was hard for the blond to hear again, but Harry couldn't keep it bottled up inside.

"Cupboard? Those Muggles made you sleep in a cupboard? What kind of monsters were they?" Mrs. Weasley stammered before glaring at Malfoy, "You knew already didn't you? That's why you tried to lie to me wasn't it?"

Harry nodded, mumbling, "Monstrous enough that I Apparated to a roof top at age seven to get away from my cousin."

"Harry had to be ready to say this himself; when he felt like sharing. If I would have told you it would not have the same effect as hearing it from the source, besides," Draco gave a small sigh, "I'm not exactly the first person others can consider trustworthy...not yet anyway, but I'm working on that."

Mrs. Weasley nodded, sadly understanding and believing Draco Malfoy. "You're right. He had to
tell me himself. I wouldn't have believe you if you had. Not because I would have thought you were lying mind but out of pride. Because I wouldn't want to think myself so blind. You'd think as a mother I'd notice Harry was a lot thinner when he arrived at the Burrow then he was when he left King's Cross. I'm sorry. I should have noticed."

Harry stammered, "You believe me?" tears of joy slid down his cheeks and he let the glamour drop.

"The scars are not as bad as they were, we've been treating them," Draco commented running a finger on one of Harry's forearms, "it won't be too long until they are gone completely.

Mrs. Weasley gasped at the old scars, burn marks, scalds, and healed welts that scarred. "Sweet Merlin...they must be monsters. Who could treat a child like that? If I'd known Harry I would never have let you go back there."

Harry searched her face for truth and that's all he found. "Really?" then he frowned, "Dumbledore wouldn't let you. He thinks I have to go back there. I showed him what they did to me and he told me I didn't understand. Mrs. ...is it okay if I call you Molly?"

Mrs. Weasley shook her head, "No child, you can call me Mum."

Draco kept his comments about Dumbledore to himself and focused on Harry. "Are you feeling better now, because I really would hate for us to waste this food," he motioned in reference to meal in front of them.

Harry stared at her, "Mum? I can call you that?" then at Draco's mentioning of the food he felt suddenly hungry again, "Yes! Let's eat. I did invite Mum for breakfast...

Draco didn't ask because it would be too weird; besides, he saw nothing wrong with calling Mrs Weasley, Mrs. Weasley.

Mrs. Weasley slowly reached over to pat his arm, "Thank you for telling me. Right now there is nothing I can do to get justice but one this whole debacle is over with. I promise I'll be asking my Muggle expert husband exactly how Muggles deal with people who hurt kids. The answer I get better be a good one. If it isn't, I'll be burning down his precious shed. See if I don't. Now this looks lovely Harry." she tasted a fruity breakfast casserole. "Mmm...I must get the receipt for this. The Twins would love it."

Harry hungrily started to eat, only half paying attention to "mum' muttering about talking to her husband about Muggles.

Draco finished his scallop potatoes first before grabbing a biscuit and a piece of ham. He was happy they were all eating now.

Harry happily poured himself more tea, and then it hit him. "Oh dear...there is no way I can go shopping for anything for the baby."

Mrs. Weasley chuckled, "The war isn't so bad in France. I'm sure you could sneak off there. I'll be happy to knit all the sweaters, socks, mittens, booties and mufflers you could ever want. I even have blanket patterns. I'm sure in a house like this you have a crib, a cradle or a bassinet somewhere."

Draco raised his eyebrows in interest. "France? ...that's not a bad idea at all and you hardly show when you cover up...we could change our features to avoid being spotted, just in case."

Mrs. Weasley nodded, "I only know because Bill is over there a lot. He's courting that Fleur. I don't
think much of her. She's a bit uppity, I had hoped Bill would fall for a more down to earth girl."

Harry stopped fork half way to his mouth. If that's how she felt no wonder Bill hadn't told her about Fleur being pregnant. "If you can accept a Malfoy, why not Fleur? She's alright. How could you feel if you thought Fleur's mother thought bad things about Bill?" If Fleur was pregnant and Bill spent a lot of time in France, he was worried they'd eloped. Bill was probably pulling his hair how trying to figure out how to tell his mum. Fleur was pregnant before he was. How far along was she?

"Opposites do find a way of attracting most of the time," Draco added lightly. What he could remember about the girl was her looks and she was pretty.

"How could anyone say anything bad about Bill? He's a hard worker, smart and a former Head Boy. My only complaint is he keeps his hair too long. That and his fang earring..."

"Do you think he would pick someone who doesn't love him for all the things that were just said?" Draco was curious to know.

Mrs. Weasley stared at him, "No..." then she sighed, "You're both right. If I can accept a Malfoy as my youngest son's partner then I guess it's only fair that I accept her. I suppose I should talk to Bill and apologize. If he loves her I've been rather rude. Just because you're having a baby doesn't get him off the hook."

Harry started laughing, off the hook about babies? Bill? If only she knew. Bill was probably going to make her a grandmother before he would. Wouldn't that be something?

Harry's laugh brought a smile to Malfoy's face. It had been too long since he'd heard it. It was beautiful. He decided he would put more effort into hearing it more.

Mrs. Weasley looked at him oddly, "Harry child what is so funny? Are you quite alright? I didn't say anything funny did I Draco?"

Draco shrugged with a smile, "I have no idea Mrs. Weasley."

Harry finally stopped laughing, "I'm sorry. I just thought it was funny. That you're going to tell him you're accepting his choice. That just because I'm pregnant doesn't mean he's not still expected to give you grandchildren. I can just imagine his face. I do hope you're both sitting down. I'd like a copy of that memory or at least to be a spy on the wall." he snickered. "Make sure the twins aren't at home." He was so not telling her that Bill was expecting a baby or that he was suspicious that Bill was married. "Don't worry. Draco and I will be getting married if we have to sneak out of the country to some place that lets us with no fuss."

Draco wondered briefly if they could marry before Iris came. Harry's health had to be better, much better if they were going to travel...

Mrs. Weasley was now very confused about what was so funny. Did Harry know something about Bill that he wasn't telling? Boys and their secrets. She shook her head, if he hadn't told her yet he probably wouldn't. "I'll write Ron. He has no choice but to be okay with this. He's your friend."

"He's still going to dislike me though," Draco added, "but that's understandable."

Harry shrugged, "If he can't handle that's not my fault. I'm not giving up Draco. Not even for my best friend."

Mrs. Weasley nodded, "Good for you. He's got no right to bully you about it. What did you mean
about Hogwarts not being safe? Did someone threaten to tell He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named or something?"

"Too many people," Draco drank some tea, "Harry's not showing much but he'll start. Things can get complicated quickly."

Harry sighed, "Do you think we should tell her the real truth? That is part of it, especially with that crazy Parkinson bint all over you."

Mrs. Weasley nearly choked on her tea, "What do you mean 'real truth' young man?" was it Malfoy or the twins rubbing off on him that he was telling her partial truths?

Draco looked at Mrs. Weasley. "He means one of the main reason's we moved in. The Headmaster does not agree with this relationship and wanted Harry to abort the baby," he paused, "there was no way we were letting that happen. Just the thought of leaving Harry alone at school was too much, the risk for something to happen to him was too great."

At first Mrs. Weasley was speechless, then she was practically spitting with anger, "Albus is against your relationship? You're a Malfoy but having you join his side should be a coup. AN abortion? How dare he! He's got no right to recommend something like that. I'll be speaking to him about this! No one has the right to decide my granddaughter doesn't have the right to live. You did the right thing get him out of there. I do expect you both to take our exams and complete your education!"

"We will Mrs. Weasley," Draco said, "Professor Snape is helping us to get back and forth into the school when we are needed." He couldn't help but be thankful there was another adult that had their backs.

Harry was gratefully that Mrs. Weasley was supporting them. He hugged himself, thinking very happy thoughts. "Draco even helps me with potions and you know that's one of my worst subjects."

Mrs. Weasley was stunned, "Severus is helping you? He hates Harry..."

"But he's like a second dad to me, after all he is my godfather," Draco admitted, "and he's helping with the potions for Harry as well."

Mrs. Weasley rubbed her temples, "Would wonders never cease. I'll be able to avoid Albus because of a headache..."

Harry was concerned, "Is it my fault?"

Draco leaned forward a bit, "we have plenty of potions besides Harry's if you would like something for that, its right in the next room?"

Mrs. Weasley smirked, "What? And have no excuse to avoid him? He'll come trying to see if Harry's hiding out at the Burrow. He'll search Grimmauld top to bottom. He'll look for you. He doesn't enjoy being disobeyed. Sirius hated Grimmauld and there were other properties he could have hidden at. Albus choose Grimmauld. Sirius wouldn't even defy him and Blacks can be very stubborn."

Draco barely stopped himself from smirking; "No one can get their way all the time."

Harry snickered, "You try..."

"That was how we got to this point right," he whispered then sat back, full in his chair besides
Harry. He didn't want to ruin the now good mood with that much talk of the Headmaster.

Mrs. Weasley finished her tea and stood. Leaning over to kiss Harry's cheek, "You take good care of yourself child. I want a healthy granddaughter." she stiffly held a hand out to Draco, "I'm trusting you Draco. You make sure he rests, takes his potions and eats plenty. Don't forget studying. If it's too dangerous to go back to Hogwarts don't you let him go there. I expect a ring for his finger next time I come. I've got lots of knitting to do! Where is that house elf? I need to go home."

Draco shook Mrs. Weasley's hand, "don't worry I'll make sure to do all of that. And there will be one there," he mouthed the last sentence so Harry couldn't see. "Winky will more then likely be-" He blinked and the house elf was in front of them. He smiled. "Right on time, have a safe trip back."

Mrs. Weasley smiled, "When you get a picture I want one. Thank you Winky. I'd like to go home now. Bye boys. Take care." she was very sure that Draco just promised her he'd have a ring on Harry's hand and good for him.

Harry let out a sigh of relief when she'd gone. Then he snickered, "I really wish I could listen into her conversation with Bill. It would be almost as interesting as listening to you tell Narcissa. You'll never guess what Bill hasn't told her..."

Draco raised an eyebrow, "what that he's already married?"

Harry laughed, "That I'm only suspicious of. Worse..."

Draco thought. "But nothing could be worse unless she's pr-," he eyes widened in realization, "Oh! ...She's going pass out when she finds that out...I'm glad we told her first..."

Harry nodded, "Bill figured it out. He recognized one of my potions from Snape. He accidentally mentioned that Fleur took them too. A bachelor shouldn't know what prenatal potions look like unless they're a potions master right? He knows about us. He told me to tell mum and I told him right back. I do wonder whether she actually got pregnant before me. She thinks she has a headache now? I feel sorry for her."

"In that case I hope she waits a few days to find out." Draco wrapped his arms around Harry, "this went better then I hoped."

Harry snuggled, "Me too."
Draco waited until Harry's breathing evened out before he slipped out of bed, but not before kissing the other softly on the forehead. He made his way to the study, he thought better at a desk.

"Winky," Draco called. "Yes, Master Draco sir?" He thought a moment. "A glass of water; with a pitcher as well."

"Yes, Sir."

She popped away and back a minute later.

Draco nodded his thanks, "Oh, could you check up on Harry while I work and tell me when he wakes up?"

He was halfway through when he thought about the family tapestry. He didn't want to wait too long and have it discovered. "Dobby," he called out.

Dobby popped in, his eyes wide with worry, "Yes old Master Draco?" he was worried now that they were alone without Master Harry Potter as a buffer between them. He still felt guilty about spying on his former master despite not being servant to the Malfoy Family any longer.

Draco took in the elf's look and held back a sigh, a bit grateful that this wasn't awkward just for him either. "Dobby, I need you to...do Harry and I a favour," he started. "We need you to tell us if anyone mentions coming for Harry."

Dobby blinked at him, "Old Master wants me to do you and Master Harry Potter a favour? Someone coming for Master Harry Potter? Who would..." his face fell and he twitched, "Bad wizards...Dark Wizards. People like Mistress Bella." he gasped and started hitting his head against the desk.

"Dobby! Dobby stop. Stop," Draco held the elf back from harming himself. "That won't help Harry if you do that to your head." He wondered was this the side effect of his wrong doing towards the house elf. More then likely it was.

"Could you bring Kreacher to me?" Draco asked, hoping something to do would stop Dobby from hurting himself for the moment.

Dobby stopped and rubbed his head. He was surprised that Master Draco stopped him from punishing himself. "That won't help Harry if you do that to your head." He wondered was this the side effect of his wrong doing towards the house elf. More then likely it was.

Draco let out the breath he didn't know he was holding and took a drink of his water. His eyes landed on his family crest again as he waited for Dobby to return.

Dobby returned popping in holding Kreacher by the ear. "Master Draco be wanting Kreacher."

Kreacher continued to pummel Dobby until his ear was released. He spotted Draco and bowed, "Master Draco be wanting Kreacher? How might Kreacher be of service to young Lord Malfoy?" his ear obviously was throbbing but he didn't act as if it bothered him.
"Kreacher," Draco said trying not to shake his head at them. "I need your assistance in a matter," he stated. "The people at Grimmauld will start talking about me and Harry. I need you to report to me if any start to do so. If they mention about finding where I am, or Harry."

Kreacher peered at Draco with wide eyes, "Lord Malfoy be mated to Lord Potter-Black? Oh...we be returning to right and proper ways?" he smirked, "Kreacher be very happy to pass on information to Lord Malfoy. Is it still alright to tell Miss Cissy things? Miss Cissy has been kind to Kreacher."

Dobby folded his arms glaring at Kreacher; he did not like the old elf. "Missy Cissy tell Miss Bella and then Master Harry Potter is being in danger. Kreacher is bad elf. Kreacher should not be putting his master in danger."

"I trust you to do the right thing," Draco paused. "I will be telling my mother myself so you don't have to say anything. When you do go back to the Manor, I need you to tell me when she is by herself or if its just her and my aunt. Don't tell them anything about me."

Kreacher shrugged, "Kreacher will do so. Kreacher won't tell Miss Cissy anything. It be Master Draco's right. Kreacher tell if."

Dobby interrupted, "Dobby be a Malfoy elf! Dobby tell if Mistress be alone. Dobby tell if Bella gone or they be there together. Bella scary but Dobby be good elf and spy on the bad wizards."

Kreacher glared, "Dobby is a free elf. Kreacher be a good elf. Kreacher follow old ways. Kreacher never want to be free."

"Okay. Okay," Draco held up his hand to get the two to stop bickering. "You two can return to what you were doing; and thank you both."

Dobby bowed, "Dobby hide family tree so no one be discovering Master Draco's secret. Dobby good elf." he glared at Kreacher before disappearing with a pop.

Kreacher sniffed but bowed, "Kreacher gladly spying on the squatters. Will Lord Malfoy be turning them out?"

"Soon, Kreacher," Draco smirked, "Very soon."

Kreacher bowed, "Kreacher be proud to serve Master Malfoy. Kreacher be going to follow his orders." he left with a pop still bowing.

Draco turns back to his desk and sets to work out the documents. It did feel weird to be doing so much at his age but he was an adult. Soon he was going to have another addition to his family. Thinking about Iris made him smile. It was up to him to keep her and Harry safe and he'll do anything to make sure they are.

XooooooX

Harry woke from his nap and cast a tempus charm, discovering to his delight that it was also lunchtime at Hogwarts he summoned Winky and asked her to bring Ron and Hermione there.

He showered and dressed in some of his delightful clothes from Draco before making his way to the dining room. Draco must be doing something somewhere in their home but it would be best to have this discussion without him.

He'd barely made it to the dining room when Winky popped in.
Hermione looked worried and Ron sullen.

"Oh Harry! I was so worried. Dumbledore told us at breakfast that you were missing. I thought something might have happened. Someone removed your tracking charm."

Harry frowned, "That meddling old coot! He better leave mum alone."

Hermione's brow furrowed, "Mum?"

Harry grinned shyly, "I told Mrs. Weasley about the baby. She's so excited! Mum promised us socks, blankets, jumpers, scratch mitts, hats and just about anything one can knit for babies. She's even accepted Draco!"

Ron was dumbfounded, "Mum? That's my mum! What right do you have to her? You can't call her mum if you don't bond to Ginny!"

Harry glared, "Your mum told me I could call her mum. That's a title she extended to me the courtesy of calling her. She is excited about my daughter being her first grandchild, although it won't be really, " more referring to Bill's expected child rather than his not so close relationship. "I'm a bit happy about that. Being adopted as I am, mine should be second."

"What about school? How did you get out? Where are we?" Hermione asked concerned.

Harry gestured at the table that was now filled with luncheon, "Shall we eat first?"

Ron glared, "Where are we?"

"You're not in Hogwarts anymore." Harry said dryly.

"Don't mess with me Harry. I want a straight answer. You've not given me one yet!"

"Where I am I can't tell you. I'm safe. I'm happy. I won't go back to Hogwarts as long as that conniving old coot is there."

"Harry that is really too bad of you!" Hermione reprimanded him sharply.

Harry snorted, "I've got no love for the headmaster. I hold him partially responsible for Sirius's death. He is also liable for the suffering under Umbridge. He wants me to allow him- HIM! He's not even a Healer! What right does he have to tell me that I ought to decide that my daughter doesn't have a right to live! What right does he have to decide that? He's not GOD! I don't believe in God! I never have. I don't buy his kindly grandfather act any longer. He has no right to decide who I spend my life with. He has no right to tell me I don't deserve to be loved. He has no right to demand that I return to the Dursleys! They'd kill me if they knew I was pregnant! I wouldn't trust those people with a dog much less my daughter."

"Harry I know they aren't kind to you but why such venom? Such hatred?" Hermione said trying to calm him.

"Don't mother me Hermione. I'm not in the mood. If I find out you've told Dumbledore one thing about me I'll...refuse to name you godmother!" he knew that would hurt her the most and he was too upset to care.

"Dumbledore wants you to have an abortion? Good! That will cut Malfoy out of your life. He'd never agree to an abortion. Now if we could just prove he assaulted you..." Ron mused.
Harry held his wand to Ron's throat, "I'll have you know Ronald Bilius Weasley that I begged for it. I begged for it every time and I still do. Draco is the sire of my child and I took him to bed willingly. You remember that dream you had? The one about Malfoy fucking me?"

Ron turned white and looked ill.

Harry sneered, "It wasn't a dream. I gave Draco my invisibility cloak. He followed you into the Tower and joined me in bed. You're lucky we did it with a silencing charm or I'd have worked the entire Tower with my screams. 'Harder Draco! Fuck me Draco! Faster! More! Harder!' we were purposely baiting you in Potions."

"Harry!" Hermione exclaimed in shock.

"It was a test. Actually it was a punishment. Ron spied on us making love so I messed with his head."

"Harry that was a rotten thing to do! Ron's your friend!"

Harry shrugged, "Like he wouldn't have tried to punish me somehow if I'd spied on you two in bed. Friend or not I've got no desire to see you two play hide the salami."

"HARRY!" Hermione yelped turning red.

Ron glared, "Don't you put a fine witch like Hermione up against that nasty Malfoy! She's worth ten of him!"

"Yes but at least he doesn't help people cheat! He doesn't do anyone's homework for them. He expects them to do their own Ron."

"Shows what kind of friend he is, letting his friends fail."

"Rather I think it shows what kind of man he is: that he's too honourable to cheat." Harry retorted, "For your information due to the way you're acting I won't be asking you to be a godfather to my daughter either. I couldn't choose someone who so clearly hated their dad!"

"Some mate you are sleeping with the enemy. You swore blind he was a Death Eater. What spell did he cast on you?"

"I stopped him from casting an Unforgivable that night in the bathroom. He never finished the incantation because I cast a nonverbal spell that sliced his cheek and chest. If anything I'm the violent one. I offered myself to him. Draco is not a Death Eater."

"Did the great and mighty Potter make a mistake?"

"No, I turned the Dark Mark into something else. He's no longer a Death Eater. He's free. We're legally adults in the eyes of the Wizarding world, we were declared emancipated by the Ministry and Gringotts. Draco and I have complete control of our finances." Harry said sharply.

"So this is one of your properties?" Hermione asked.

Harry sniffed, "I couldn't tell you. It's too dangerous. I can't have it getting back to Dumbledore."

"You don't trust us?" Hermione gasped.

Harry shrugged, "At this point I can't afford to trust anyone. Between Dumbledore, Voldemort and Bellatrix I've got enough to worry about."
Ron was a bit confused obviously.

Hermione nodded, "A completely Loyal Death Eater with a nephew who is dating the Chosen One who is also carrying his child. I can see what the problem would be."

"I think you're a fool Harry!" Ron glared, "Taken up with Malfoy. As if you've not got enough problems. You really think you'll be safe wherever this is? Someone's going to find out and tell."

Harry snapped, "Not if you keep your big mouth shut! I told you because as my best friend you should know. I don't want you worrying about me. I'll send you messages and you can send them back at the same time. However I will not tell you where I am hiding. Not until the threat is over."

Hermione clapped a hand over Ron's mouth. "I understand. I don't have to like it but I understand. I still don't see why Dumbledore would want to kill your baby. The only lies you've told me are lies of omission so I'll believe you about Dumbledore. Whether or not I like your boyfriend or not doesn't matter. We've been friends far too long to let Malfoy come between us. I'd like to be your daughter's godmother but only if you feel you can trust me. I've gotten better at knitting. Mrs. Weasley helped me over the summer so I'll make you some things too.:"

Ron shoved her off him, "I can't understand why you're supporting this flight from reality. He can't be with Malfoy!"

"I am and I will. I want you two to be happy for me. I'm in love and I'm having a baby. Can't you be happy for me on principal? I'm not asking you to be his new best friend. I'm just asking you to give him a chance damn it. Oh go sod off! Winky get him out of here. Thanks 'Mione!"

Harry had a headache and Winky handed him a potion before she left.

That's the last time he invited Ron right after a nap.

Harry lay down his head on his arms. Merlin, Ron was tiring when he was stubborn.

Draco pushed the door open. "Well, that was informative," he said sitting down next to Harry. He ran his fingers through his love's hair, "headache?"

Harry shivered with pleasure under Draco's touch. "Ron can be trying. Especially when he's being stubborn. I want him to at least try to deal with our relationship. At least 'Mione is trying..."

"He'll come around...after he lets go of the fact that you won't be marrying his sister," Draco shook his head. "He's as stubborn as the rest of our kind."

Harry was a bit surprised that Draco was putting himself on the same level as Ron. "Stubborn as our kind? What do you mean by that?" he sat up straighter, rubbing his temples. The potion seemed to be working quickly. Professor Snape was an excellent brewer...

"Yes, our kind. What wizard or witch do you know that's not a little stubborn when it comes to they think is right?" Draco let his hand trail down Harry's neck and arm until he told hold of the other's hand. "Look at us. We're stubborn enough to fight for this relationship; and there is no way I'd give you or Iris up."

Harry snickered, "I thought you were referring to purebloods being stubborn. Yes we are stubborn..." He loved it when Draco was affectionate "I would fight to be together. I'm not giving you or Iris up. Not even for my friends."

Draco leaned forward and kissed Harry. "I heard," he smiled. "You seem to enjoy calling a certain
headmaster a...what was it, oh 'that old coot'?

Harry snickered, "I would have called him something more appropriate but Hermione would have slapped me. I didn't want her to blame my behaviour on you."

Draco chuckled, "Yeah, there's already enough they blame on me...Are you going to lay back down?"

Harry shook his head, "My headache is going away. I thought after lunch I'd see if there is anything interesting in the library. What did you do all morning while I was napping?" his stomach growled. He felt bad for sending his friends away without lunch but he might have really lost his temper. He worried Iris might have been hurt if that had happened.

Draco ate a carrot out of the closest salad bowl. "Sorting out our legal paper work. I got most of it done the other day, so I only have a little left to put away and sign off on."

Harry filled his plate like a true Weasley and ate with less then refined manners.

Harry ate until he was comfortably full. He kissed Draco on the cheek; "I'll see you at dinner. I'll be in library if you finish before them. If I get tired I'll just curl up in front of the fire and take a nap. I'm sure Winky would wake me up for dinner."

Draco chuckled and wiped his hands on his napkin pushing his now empty plate away. "Alright then, I'll be in the study if you need me."

Harry grinned, "Don't work too hard." he teased before scampering off.

"Don't worry I won't," Draco smiled and watched Harry go before going to the study. He should have them all finished right before dinner and he could check them off of his to-do list.
Chapter 22

Molly Weasley over Breakfast, Ron and Hermione over Lunch so that meant it was time to tell Remus, Harry thought sighing after putting aside his book after he finished it.

Remus was Harry’s last link to his parents especially now with Sirius gone.

Harry summoned Kreacher and asked him to bring him Remus.

The elderly grumbling house elf doddled but muttering how upset his old mistress would be about the people living in her house.

Harry smirked, “Kreacher you bring me Remus and I’ll see to it that the squatters are turned out! Every last one of them! It’s my house and they don’t pay me one Knut for rent.”

Kreacher eyed him critically, “Master promised to turn the filthy bloodtraitors, diseased creatures and Mudbloods out?” had Master Draco told him his plan?

Harry nodded, “As Lord Black I solemnly promise to turn the Order of the Phoenix out of the Most Noble and Ancient House of Black.”

The wizened old house elf seemed apparently satisfied that Lord Malfoy had, “Kreacher bring the werewolf here.”

“I forbid you to tell anyone where I am. If you hear anything about me said in Grimmauld I want to know. Or anything about the Dark Lord.”

“Kreacher promise.” The house elf said grudging giving Lord Black the same promise he’d given Lord Malfoy.

Harry wondered whether Draco was still busy with paper work and hoped he’d remember to turn
up for dinner.

Remus showed up wiggling and shouting that the house elf to let him go.

Harry sighed, “I’m sorry for the lack of proper invitation but unfortunately I find myself needing to keep a tight hold my security.”

Remus sniffed him, examining his for injuries. “You seem alright. Albus told us that Malfoy’s kidnapped you.”

Harry snorted, “Draco? Kidnap me? Hardly. We left the castle out of both our free will. As you can see I’m pregnant. With all the possible Death Eater loyal Slytherins it was getting too dangerous. This is my home. I am emancipated Remus. Draco is as well. I am Lord Potter-Black. It is too dangerous for me to return to school. So I have a proposition. You renounce the Order and I’ll pay you most handsomely as well as offering you room and board to tutor us for our end of year exams as well as our NEWTS.”

“Harry!”

Harry continued, “Plus I’ll throw in your inheritances from my parents and Sirius. You’ll be a well taken care of man. You can’t live at Dumbledore’s whim and we both know your spying on the werewolf packs is just going to get you killed. So I’d prefer it if grandpa Remy was about.”

“Grandpa?”

“Well with my parents gone and Sirius too someone’s got to be her grandfather. I’d be honoured if it was you.”

“Surely Malfoy has a problem with that.”

Harry chuckled, “He agreed that Mrs. Weasley should be her grandmother, so I don’t think he’ll have a problem. I’m going to be turning the Order out of Grimmauld so I’d hoped that you’d prefer to have a stable place to stay. I’ll ask Severus to brew Wolfsbane for you again.”
“Severus? I thought he hated you?” Remus stammered stunned.

“When I’m carrying his godson’s child I doubt think he has that luxury anymore.” Harry shrugged.

“You have to do everything the hard way don’t you Harry? A Malfoy? Merlin. Your father would be so shocked…”

“It gives me a stronger tie to the Black Family. I’m only the grandson of a Black by blood but the godson of one as well. Draco is the son of a Black.”

“I know. Narcissa. We had classes together in school. I know Bellatrix will be furious but as for Narcissa it’s hard to know what she thinks.”

“So will you teach us?” Harry asked giving his best puppy face.

"Yes, please do," Draco added as he stepped through the door, "If not we would sort of be out of other options..."

Remus blinked at his former student’s politeness. "Out of what options?" he was surprised that Malfoy appeared out of nowhere. He hadn't agreed to tutor them yet and he wasn't sure how Harry could be in a consensual relationship with Draco Malfoy of all people. Wasn't this the same person Harry was convinced was a Death Eater over Christmas?

Harry held out his hand to Draco and then patted the seat beside him. His face lit with a smile, "Did you finish your work early?"

Draco took Harry's hand and sat, "I was just finishing when Winky told me we had a guest." He turned back to Remus. "Professor Snape is doing enough for us already and there are very few people we can trust as it is. We would really be glad if you said, yes."

Remus saw the way Harry gestured for Malfoy to join him. He was struck by the memory of Lily greeting James similarly. He blinked away tears, “You are more like Lily...you may more physically resemble James but you are more like Lily..." that resemblance would have been painful for Severus who had been so close to Lily and so distrustful of James.
Harry blinked, "You think I'm like my mother? I've never heard that before. I've always been compared for my father..."

Draco was somewhat curious, too about the statement. Even Professor Snape only talked about Harry's dad.

Remus took a seat in a comfortable armchair across from them. "Lily was a kind person. She was Severus' best friend for years. They grew up together in the same town. James had it out for Severus from our first year. He thought bullying Severus was the way to get Lily's attention. Lily ignored him mostly except when she told him to lay off. She was a prefect and quite skilled at a variety of subjects. She was academically like Miss Granger but your friend is more like me. She is easily influenced by her friends even when she doesn't agree with them."

Harry listened avidly. He knew so little about his parents that he treasured every mention of them like Ron horded his money protectively.

Draco was surprised to here that Professor Snape and Harry's mother was close, since he knew she was Muggleborn.

"I suppose telling the son of his pureblood idol that he was best friends with a Muggleborn especially one who died at the hand of their Lord would be not a good topic. Severus was a nicer person when he was around Lily, she would make him almost friendly one might say. They were so close, almost like siblings. When they argued it was watching Gideon and Fabian or Sirius and Regulus." Remus said with a far away expression.

If Harry's mum was like a sister, no wonder the professor disliked Harry's dad, Draco thought. "Who's Regulus?" he couldn't help but ask. The name was new to him.

Remus blinked, "Regulus? He was your mother's cousin. He was in the year behind us. Narcissa was once betrothed to Sirius. As was Andromeda to Lucius." he sighed, "I thought it was part of a pureblood's education to memorize names and genealogies. I know Sirius used to complain a lot about it. James too. Being a Halfblood and not expected to sire children my pureblood father didn't bother teaching me such things."

Draco racked his brain, "Was he killed? I mean, when I was a baby or something? I think I remember the main people more then someone's children or in this case cousins."
Remus sighed, "It's hard to know. According to the Black Family tapestry he's dead and has been for a long time. Sirius heard roundabout about it. You would have been not even conceived yet. Your parents' Bonding was postponed a few months due to the shock. He died just after our graduation, in early June I think. So it would have been the summer before his Seventh Year. I may not have liked your Great Aunt, Draco but I pity her. He was a Death Eater. Sirius was furious because his parents were more proud that Regulus was one than that Siri was a Auror."

Draco nodded at the information. Maybe he will be able to find out more from his mother, when all of this was over. It was very interesting hearing about all of this.

Remus looked at them both, "I think I will stay. It would do me good to talk about James and Lily. It's about time I had to talk about Sirius. People keep tiptoeing around the issue." He coughed "And your cousin's doting attention is getting onerous."

Harry giggled, "Are you talking about Tonks? She's been all weird. She helped get me into the castle after Draco locked me in the train carriage under my cloak."

Draco hid back a smile. "Doting attention...no one in my family dots on anything or anyone without a reason," he said offhandedly. "But we are glad you’re staying."

Remus winced, "I'm thirteen years older than she is. She takes after her father. I can't see Andromeda doting on anyone. She's too much of a Black for that. It takes one hell of a woman to turn her back on her entire family to elope with a Muggleborn and a Hufflepuff at that. She was a Head Girl too. Bella hated her so much...being embarrassed by an elder sister made Bella furious."

"A lot of things makes my aunt furious," Draco sighed. "The way she talks sometimes..." Draco shook his head; "but I guess doing things out of love that's stronger then anything can make a person do things they never dreamed of doing." He ran his thumb across the back of Harry's hand, "I guess that runs in the family as well."

Remus nodded, "I can see Andromeda agreeing with you about that. Perhaps, I could introduce you. It would be wonderful if you accepted Andromeda back into the family, Harry. Sirius' mother blasted her off the tree as well. She is a healer and she helped deliver you Harry."

Draco tried to hide his smirk, "We can assure you, that there will be quite a few changes that will be made in the near future concerning a lot of things family wise..."
Remus raised an eyebrow in an unconscious imitation of Severus Snape. "Changes? If it will cause a fall out I'm glad I'm safely with you two." an odd concept being safe around a Malfoy but stranger things had happened. James and Lily were shocking despite James' worship of her. James had been a real jerk to Severus when they'd been in school.

Harry nodded, "I'm planning on kicking the Order out and charging Dumbledore back rent. He made 'an agreement' with Sirius but not with me. Consider it revenge for wanting my daughter dead. Besides, I'm sure I am too far along for a legal abortion." he shivered and cradled his stomach.

Draco rubbed Harry's back gently. "I'm taking my home back. I doubt my mother is happy about her guests and I don't need them finding about her grandchild. I am not going to let anyone take my growing family away from me." Draco smiled, "but enough about that, we all are hungry so lets eat."

Remus was reminded about how James interacted with Lily during her pregnancy. "Are you really going to turn He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named out? That is dangerous business. I hope your mother has matured since I knew her in school. She rarely ever had an opinion." insulting anyone's mother was unwise, but insulting a pureblood's mother could be terribly dangerous. His stomach growled, "At times I miss Molly's cooking...Kreacher is about useless."

Harry smirked, "Oh he has his uses. You just have to know how to talk to him. I think we're both hungry..."

"The Dark Lord is only there because he's punishing my father for his failed attempts at bringing Harry to him. I'm more then ready to do what I have to." Draco smiled at Remus. "Winky and Dobby cooks for us so it will be much better then what you've been getting."

Remus shrugged, "I am sorry your family is suffering but I am glad he failed. If only we could make Bella pay for killing Sirius." he gazed at Harry fondly, he was all that was left of his pack.

Harry stood, tugging gently on Draco's hand so they would leave the library. "Less talk more moving. The dining room is on another floor."

Draco stood and smiled, "Okay, okay Mr. Extra Hungry." He led the way. "We can have your things brought over by the end of dinner," he said to Remus, "You have every type of room to choose from, so which ever you prefer is fine."
Remus followed them nodding, "I will pick out a bedroom." he chuckled, "If Harry is anything like his parents either you'll need silencing charms or I'll have to sleep in another wing. If it can be arranged I'd like a lab. I'm trying to piece together Lily's research. Brilliant witch that she was, she wrote in code. Which I have yet to break." sheepishly he added, "Sirius built me a room in Grimmauld to spend the full moons. Would you prefer I returned there on those nights after you evict the Order?" he would understand if they said yes...

"It won't be hard to convert a room to a lab, there's two on the other side of the house that's like a third study connected to a bedroom. It'll be perfect." Draco smiled; trying not to think too much about what Remus just said. "There won't be a need for you to do that...We've been looking into Animagus."

Harry wouldn't care personally; he'd leave the choice up to Draco.

Remus grinned, "That sounds perfect. Considering the dangers of Charms Research I'd prefer to be as far from your quarters as possible." He blinked at the mention of Animagi. "Are you crazy? That's dangerous. If I'd known what James, Sirius and Peter were up to I'd have strangled them. It's too dangerous. Especially while pregnant. Any sort of Human Transfiguration can harm a growing foetus."

"Harry won't be practicing it while pregnant. We were just researching into it," Draco assured once they reached the dining room. Winky had already set the table. The food smelled great. "Its only research we're doing." Draco added for good measure as he pulled a chair out for Harry.

Harry snorted, 'just researching'? They'd had plans to actually do it before they found out he was pregnant. He was eternally glad they hadn't had a chance to attempt it before finding out about Iris. He smelled Roast Beef and treacle tart. Damn house elves were observant.

Remus knew that look, Harry was not agreeing to Draco's claim and it didn't smell completely truthful but he let it slide; for now at least. He whistled, "It smells amazing. I can't think back to when I ate like this except at Lily's."

Draco fought not to roll his eyes at Harry's snort; instead he removed the lids from the dishes. "Have you been requesting this?" he asked Harry.

Harry shook his head, "I never request food. I'm thankful for what I get. I may have favourites but I never make requests. I didn't know I could..."
Draco blinked. "Oh. Right. Well, you can if you want to." It was hard for Draco to remember Harry was not use to wizard life at home.

Harry shrugged; "It's not important." while his manners weren't refined like Draco's Harry was more polite than Ron. He merely was hungry...with his poor health pre-pregnancy he really had to eat for two.
It was their first morning together…

Remus’ things had been moved to Ivy Hall. He was going over their revisions and homework so that he could give them lessons to help them prepare for their exams. Which would have to be taken later that summer since Hogwarts wasn’t safe.

As legal adults they were not required to attend Hogwarts, they could hire private tutors and taken their exams when they made an appointment.

While Harry was not too keen on being an Auror at the moment since he was going to become a parent, he was still considering his options. He was angry with the Ministry for how they handled Sirius’ case and how they swept Umbridge’s abuses of power under the rug.

Maybe he’d go into law instead…

XoooooX

After sending Albus away due a headache yesterday and sending her old nurse elf Nina to inform the twins and Arthur to eat out that day, Molly had agonized over a letter to Bill which she’d sent to Bill around lunch before going to bed with a migraine.

She had requested that Bill join her for lunch, only to wake up to a reply inviting her to lunch in Paris the next day.

Heart in her throat, she had put up her hair, put on her nicest dress and flooed to the Rue de Leon.

Her wand had been a Garrick Ollivander but her brothers Fabian and Gideon had Louis Ollivander’s.

She was really nervous about this, something about Harry’s comment about talking to Bill as well as the chiding she got from Harry and Malfoy had done that to her.

Not to mention losing all trust in Albus, maybe Percy was right…

Admitting that was hard, how she was going to explain that to Arthur after the fight they had…

She reached the restaurant and was pacing…

The door opened and her tall handsome son stepped out of it.

He looked almost the same as ever; the long hair in a tail and that dragon fang earring…

But there was something different…settled about him.
He hugged her and grinned, “Hey mum.”

She hugged him back, holding extra tight. “Bill, its great to see you.”

He backed up rubbing the back of his neck, like he was nervous, “I should have contacted you before. I’m sorry. I was upset, shocked and a bit embarrassed. I know you don’t like Fleur but Merlin mum I love her. Well, you’ll know when you see her but…”

Molly frowned, “But what Bill?”

“She’s pregnant, six months gone. I did the proper thing, asked her parents for her hand and we ran off to Scamander. It wasn’t intentional, she got a job at Gringotts and well us humans sort of party sometimes when we get a new member of the team. We’d liked each other at first sight but we didn’t mean to end up in bed. You met her after that but before we knew, you seemed to hate her so I was afraid to tell you.” Bill showed her the plain gold ring on his left hand, “I love her more today, then yesterday. I don’t think we made a mistake, she’s brilliant mum and I want you two to be friends.”

Molly sighed, “I was told off about how I’ve treated her, they told me that if you were as wonderful as I said I should trust your judgement. Asked me how I’d feel knowing if her parents were saying unkind things. It made me feel just awful, I still want to believe that you’re the little boy I carried my last years at Hogwarts but you’re not. Honestly, I don’t think I would have liked anyone you brought home. I may want grandchildren but letting you go, find love and get married to have them was hard to handle. I know that makes no sense,”

Bill waved her off, “It does, I’ll probably feel the same. It’s two girls and the healers say she’ll be born about the anniversary of the Triwizard. Fleur wants to name them for the champions not that I blame her. She promised I can name the next two but she wants to commemorate Cedric…”

Molly gasped, “For all the champions?”

Bill nodded, “Victoire Cedrina and Harriet Fleuretta.”

Molly smiled, “Beautiful names, they have good looking parents so they’ll be as lovely as their names. I want to meet my new daughter properly, escort me will you?”

Bill let out a sigh of what must be relief as he took her arm and led her inside, “It’s a French Restaurant but I wanted Fleur to be comfortable. She’s nervous; it was bad enough haven’t to ask the goblins for maternity leave. They wouldn’t grant it so she had to quit. She really wanted to be a Cursebreaker…”

Molly chuckled, “Why don’t you two start your own business? You’ve got enough experience and you could apprentice her to you. You don’t have to go treasure hunting forever. You could break different types of curses can’t you?”

Bill grinned at her, “I could and that’s great idea. Weasley and Delacour Cursebreakers…”

He opened a door to a private dining room before she could comment about why Fleur wasn’t a Weasley…

Sitting there wringing her hands was Fleur Delacour, the Beauxbatons Champion. She looked so
small, frightened and lost…

Not at all like the girl who had entered the Maze during the Third Task…

Had Molly done that? Her heart broke, that poor girl having to give up her dream job because of an unexpected pregnancy…

Frightened of her? Merlin, she was so sorry…

Molly made her way over to Fleur, and took her hands in hers, “Welcome to the family.”

Fleur looked up at her, her ice blue eyes sparkling with unshed tears, “Yoo mean it?”

Molly took the seat next to her, “Yes, I want grandbabies more than anything but I still wanted Bill to be my little boy. Silly isn’t it? He loves you I can tell, he was my firstborn and my mother-in-law despised me. She wanted Arthur to bond to my brother Gideon and she thought I was a flighty piece. We were afraid to tell and then I fainted during my Potions OWL, I didn’t know I was pregnant and I didn’t know I would have Bill. A baby eventually but not that it would be Bill. He was so much more then I ever expected, I don’t have to tell you how wonderful he is.”

Fleur shook her head, “ ‘e is wonderful. Ee loove ‘em.”

“I can tell you do, I am so sorry I upset you before and was cold to you. I ought to have been nicer. You were the first girl he ever brought home; I didn’t want to believe he was that grown up. Now you’re family and having my grandbabies, can we start over? My name is Molly but you can call me mother if you like. It’s a pureblood custom to call your in-laws that.” Molly said holding out her hand.

Fleur took it in her own but it was still shaking, “Mother…I’m Fleur.”

“Nice to meet you Fleur, now how are you doing? Is morning sickness still bothering you? Any back pain? Sore feet? Cravings? I used to crave hot things and ate spicy peppers by the jar full. I made Arthur buy all the wizard and Muggle peppers I could stand for both Bill and Charlie. The other girls thought I was crazy, but with Percy it was Lemon. I had to have lemon everything. I even ate them like an orange.”

Fleur blinked at her, “’oney. I drench everything in ‘oney.”

Molly giggled, “Then I bet your girls will be sweet.” Then she frowned, “Oh dear, I forgot to ask these things about Harry.”

Fleur frowned, “You know about ‘arry? Gabrielle was so disappointed when I told ‘er zhat ‘e was spoken for.”

“You know about Harry?” Molly frowned.

Bill sighed, “I retrieved his Gringotts papers and helped him file for emancipation. I recognized one of his potions as being for pregnancy. He was nervous and then he realised that it must be because of Fleur so he told me to tell you but I was afraid.”

“Posh, I was pregnant with you during my Fifth and Sixth Year, who am I to cast stones? And Charlie the next year, so your father had two children of his own when he was in Auror training.
He transferred out of the field and accepted his previous post so he’d be safer after we lost Fabian and Gideon. Nearly losing Ginny over the news frightened him and he didn’t want to leave me because something happened. Especially, since his parents didn’t approve of me.” Molly said quietly.

Bill sighed, “I knew that, that’s why I pushed myself so much. I was embarrassed when I found out that Fleur was pregnant, I did the only thing I could: I bonded to her. I didn’t know that she was the heir to a fortune or that her parents own a famous winery. She was just Fleur to me, when I think I might never had met her…”

Molly frowned, “Why?”

“I am Veela. I was frozen during ze zird task.”

Molly gasped, “You poor thing, I wouldn’t have met you then. We wouldn’t be expecting little Vickie and Harriet; you take good care of yourself. I have a small property from my mother’s family, its small less of a conversational piece then The Burrow but its lovely. We used to vacation there when the boys were little, before I had Ron of course. It’s a lovely place in Cornwall, right on the coast. You two could fix it up, it had a really lovely garden.”

Bill frowned, “Shell Cottage? I’ve been thinking about it lately, as lovely as the Chateau is I want a place of our own. I didn’t know who ended up with it but I wanted to see if I could buy it.”

Molly sniffed, “Nonsense, its mine and I want you two to have it. It’s a bonding present from me, a bit late but who cares.”

“What about dad?”

Molly snorted, “Leave him to me, like I said we didn’t see the point of waiting and we got you. Now you ended up in the same boat and you did the right and proper thing. Wish you’d invited me but I wouldn’t have been ready then. Three baby girls? I’ll have to start knitting day and night to catch up.”

Their food arrived, over onion soup and a lovely shrimp salad Molly caught up with Bill and got to know Fleur.

She needed to get to know Malfoy; but she hoped he meant it when it came to a ring…

XoooooX

Hermione was beside herself Ron was being so hateful…

The cosy toes she’d knitted for Harry’s baby girl he’d shredded.

It had been almost perfect…

Now it was a pile of tattered yarn.
She sat in a secluded alcove and cried.

Since Ginny heard the news that Harry ran away with Malfoy she had taken to glaring at her so she’d lost her as a friend.

She felt so lost and alone…

Two sets of footsteps approached her alcove.

“Professor Burbage?”

“Miss Lovegood?”

“What brings you here?”

“It’s all over the castle isn’t it?” came Luna’s familiar voice.

“What is?” her closest professor’s voice had a frown in it.

“Lavender. She thought Ron dumped her after his poisoning…then she ended up in the Hospital wing. Pavarti told him that she fainted…now they’re back together.”

Hermione let out a cry of pain.

Then there were running feet.

Luna burst in first, “Hermione? Oh Merlin, you didn’t know? I’m so sorry. I know you end up here when you’re upset. I thought that’s what you were hiding here about. You came here after Ron got with Lavender, then before that…”

Hermione toyed with the bits of yarn, “He didn’t even tell me we were over…I came because he took this from my bag.”

“Bits of yarn?” Charity asked frowning.

Hermione shook her head; “It was a present…for Harry. I promised it to him and Ron used it to practice his blasting curse.”

Luna smiled, “I thought his aura changed, he and Malfoy were quite different after the bathroom incident. He’s going to have a baby isn’t he?”

Hermione paled gripping the yarn bits, “You can’t tell…”

Charity sniffed, “Now Hermione since when have I ever betrayed your confidence?”

Hermione tilted her head in shame, “I’m sorry, but with his status I’m frightened for him. I would never have chosen that person, but they strangely seem suited but Ron doesn’t think so…”

“Ron Weasley has Blibbering humdingers, Wrackspurts and Nargles in his brain. He’s acting like a narrow-minded bully.” Luna sniffed, “I know you think you love him but there is someone close to you who loves you more and would applaud you for standing by Harry. Harry is lucky to have a
friend like you.”

Hermione sniffed, “Who? I’m not pretty, all I have is brains and cleverness.”

“You are so pretty!” Charity snapped, “You are so much better then Lavender Brown even if she’s a wealthy heiress. You’ve got ambition, brains and loyalty; what does she have? Money and looks, ha! Trust me I grew up in a family of four girls, I thought I wasn’t pretty. Faith was a Ravenclaw and so was Constance, Irma was a Slytherin and I was the only Hufflepuff even though Burbages have been badgers for ages. Irma has never been a people person because she lives for her books. Quite fitting now that she’s Hogwarts’ librarian, she got me this job. She and I are the only unmarried ones in the family. Connie’s got kids; Lysippe and Hippolyte while Faith has Adrian and Gaheris. I always wanted kids but when someone falls hard for the likes of Sirius Black…” she shrugged.

Hermione gasped, “Sirius? You liked Sirius?”

“He had a bad boy aura, mixed with that of a lonely abandoned puppy, quite irresistible. More the fool me, I believed in his innocence and then he was gone. I finally managed to get my courage up to ask him for a drink. I was the last person he dated before Harry’s parents died. I wanted what Faith and Connie had but it wasn’t meant to be.” Charity gave a cold laugh, “I want you to find someone worthy of you; don’t settle for second best.”

“Don’t worry about Ron,” Luna said sagely, “You’ll find your true soulmate this summer.”

“I thought we were happy, I know Harry was suffering having lost Sirius but I thought Ron really liked me.” Hermione sniffed. “Thought the three of us were okay, that we trusted each other. Now I’m all alone.

Luna sighed, “I don’t think Ron could. He puts on a front but he has just as many prejudices as Malfoy had. As for Harry, I’m sure it happened so fast and he was embarrassed. Malfoy was supposed to be an enemy and they fell in love.”

Hermione rocked, still holding fistfuls of tattered yarn, “It hurts…”

Luna patted her head, “You’ll be alright, its okay to be upset but you will have a happy future with someone who loves you.”

Sitting there with Luna and her professor-confidant, Hermione wept for her broken relationship and for the destruction of her present to Harry.

XoooooX

Ron and Hermione knew, Bill, Molly, Remus and Draco’s Uncle Severus; that left only Fred and George.

Honestly, Harry worried about their reaction…

He nervously admitted he wanted to invite them to lunch the next day.

Draco winced, “You’ve told so many people and I’ve told no one but my godfather.”
Harry kissed him, “That’s alright, given your house and how many have Death Eaters in the family, I can’t blame you for being wary.”

“I can’t tell Pansy because she still believes she’s going to be Lady Malfoy and her father is a Death Eater. I’d really like at least one person I know well at my bonding…” then Draco paled.

Harry blushed, “We haven’t really talked about that. I don’t really know who I can ask…”

Draco grinned, “I know someone, an old friend, he has a Death Eater father but he is staunchly resistant to them. He holds all Death Eaters as equals with his father. He used to dislike me so much but if he knew I broke with the Dark Lord, he might become a very valuable ally. Then there is Blaise, his only link to the Death Eaters are through his stepfamily. Blaise is a first generation Slytherin so house rivalries never really mattered to him. Blaise is the closest thing to a best friend I have. Though maybe I can talk to Adrian…”

“Why don’t you talk to them, have Dobby fetch them? Maybe? Sound them out and then see if they’ll accept us. I can talk to Fred and George at the same time…” Harry offered.

Draco linked their hands and covered Harry’s baby bump so Iris was between them, “I want her to be safe. If we have a chance at a strong bonding and a healthy relationship we need all the allies and support we can get.”

Harry looked into those molten silver eyes, “I trust you.”

Draco felt a rush of pride; “I love you for that…”

The two of them curled up together for a quiet moment before sending Dobby and Winky for their respective friends.

They shared a kiss before separating: Draco for his study and Harry for the morning room.

XoooooX

Harry sipped on ginger tea while he waited.

His two ginger elder brothers were delivered by Dobby.

“Mister Fred and Mister George Wheezy as ordered Master Harry Potter sir.” Dobby said with a bow.

“Thank you Dobby. You go now.”

“Dear me am I seeing things Forge?”

“Not if you’re seeing a glowing Harry sipping Ginger tea Gred.”

“Yes I’m happy and yes I’m pregnant. Four months gone actually.” Harry blushed.

“Merlin, who’s the sire?”
“Um…” Harry swallowed.

“Malfyoy. Harry went and seduced his Slytherin.” George chuckled. “Can’t say I blame him they are rather passionate behind the mask.”

“Forge I’ve been rather agreeable about your snake but don’t torment me like that.” Fred grumbled.

“You have a snake lover of your own?” Harry yelped.

“Yep, but I haven’t told anyone outside of Gred aside from Sirius.” George swallowed, “Sorry Harry.”

“Don’t worry about it. I’m as close to being ‘over it’ as I can be. I’ve got my family; I have a daughter coming, a lover who adores me and a mum.” Harry waved his hand dismissively.

“So mum was serious about you being like a son to her then? I thought she was just, you know, trying to boss Sirius around.” Fred said frowning.

“She meant it, mum promised me a bunch of knitted baby things for her. So who is it?” Harry frowned.

“He’s the son of a Death Eater so we’ve been rather quiet about it. Mostly because he doesn’t want me in danger…” George blushed. “His father really would hurt me, he’s that sort of person. Theo isn’t a Death Eater and he’s stayed far from his father for his own protection. He would refuse the Dark Mark and that would cause a serious, irreparable rift between them. Given that he’s trying to keep a distance between his siblings and their father, it’s troublesome enough that they ended up in other houses: Ned’s in Gryffindor and Gracie’s in Ravenclaw.”

“That’s a problem?” Harry frowned.

“For a Death Eater? Of course…” George shrugged, “They’re swell kids, love ‘em like they’re mine own, same as Theo…”

Harry’s jaw dropped, “Theo Nott?”

George blinked, “Of course, why? Who did you think I meant? Zabini? No offence, he’s cute and all but the boy is far too effeminate for me. I like my man rather…possessive and dominant.”

Fred groaned.

Harry giggled; “I have to say that is rather enjoyable isn’t it?” he winked at George, “So you’re okay with us? With my being with Draco and us having a baby?”

George snorted, “Okay with it? You’ve been watching him since your first year! You were hurt when he started the ‘Support Cedric Diggory’ campaign so you had a crush on the git. No offence but Diggory was a man whore; they called him Hogwarts Slut and Fred was the Stud of our year at least.”

“Flirt with a handful of girls and they all think you’re walking sex.” Fred said with a yawn, “like I’d touch ‘em if they were throwing themselves at me. I’m waiting for just the right someone, I’ll know if I find ‘em but until then turning heads is enough.”
“So if Draco asked, which I know he will he just hasn’t yet…would you…” Harry swallowed.

“Be your witnesses? Only if you’ll return the favour little brother.” George smirked.

“You’re the best!” Harry grinned.

XoooooX

Draco would have paced but he was too well bred to do that when he was expecting persons other then Harry.

“Dobby let go of me this instant before I hex you.”

Draco flinched slightly at the venomous tone, “Theo.”

“Malfoy! I see the rumour of Dobby’s release from your employ was false.” Theo snarled.

“Actually he is not a Malfoy elf at all, Dobby is in the employ of the Potter family as is Winky.”

Draco drawled lazily.

“So my suspicions of the true nature of your relationship to Potter was not amiss.” Blaise smirked.

“Oh?” Draco cocked an eyebrow, “What have you supposed it was?”

“That you were lovers and that Professor Snape was assisting you in a cover-up with the tale of a curse. Really Draco, with the history of your father’s association with the Dark Lord was this really a prudent move?”

“Since when do reason and love have much to do with one another? Love is beyond logic.” Draco chuckled.

“What would you know of love?” Theo snorted. “You’ve always been the sort to follow your father’s choices.”

“My father was wrong, it was he who is responsible for the predicament I was in prior to my relationship with Harry. I have broke with the Dark Lord and he knows it not. I have yet to free my mother from the Manor but that is not the issue.”

“You broke with the Dark Lord?” Theo sniggered, “I find that rather ridiculous. One does not do so unless they are dead.”

Draco let out a weary sigh as he unbuttoned the cuff of his shirt and began to roll up his left shirtsleeve to bear his mark. “See I no longer bear his branding. I was never branded of my own free will I was forced to take it after my return to the Manor last summer following father’s arrest. I suspect it was a result of his failure to retrieve the prophecy and his subsequent capture. Apparently, he thought there must be something remarkable about the youth of our generation if we were able to resist and subdue his minions. It is due to my relationship with Harry that I found the courage to stand apart from either.”

“So you’re not a Death Eater?”
“Greg isn’t entirely loyal either, surely you noticed that Giselle did not return this year. She was to be Head Girl, however she’s imprisoned at Lanesborough. Were we to find a way to have Lord Goyle imprisoned and Greg emancipated, Giselle might be freed. He can’t harm her or else she’d have little use to him. He has harboured hopes of using her to entice Lord Pucey and Madam Burbage into supporting the cause.”

Theo snorted, “As if. Neither family would allow such a thing, Slytherins do not as a rule turn on one another unless it were in their own best interest but I am quite convinced that both of those individuals would never join or support the cause. It would violate their principals as odd as it is to say that a Slytherin would possess them.”

“Murder is against mine, no matter what others would have of me.” Draco sniffed, “I am quite glad that I have not succeeded though I have reasons of my own to detest the loathsome person masquerading as the esteemed Headmaster.”

“You wished our presence to inform us exactly of what?” Theo sneered.

“That while I have broke with the Headmaster and with the Dark Lord I have need of ears and eyes in our mutual House. Due to our love affair and child I am planning on a quiet bonding and I had hoped being my two oldest friends that I might prevail upon you to stand for me. I could ask my cousin Adrian but I would much prefer you both.” Draco said nervously.

“We have not been friends since before my mother died.” Theo coughed.

“Have we not? You looked after Blaise after I was injured by that Hippogriff.” Draco shrugged. “You’ve lectured me about the dangers of being so under father’s thumb. I’m free of anyone’s expectations other than my own, well with the exception of Mrs. Weasley who expects a ring on Harry’s finger by her next visit. I had already planned to ask him…I would have asked sooner but with the Headmaster trying to talk Harry into aborting the child and ending a relationship with me, I has his protection as my first priority.”

“As it should be. Were my Gryffindor,” Theo began.

Draco forgot himself and his jaw dropped, “Are you serious?”

“It’s no more dangerous for me to take one then you.” Theo scowled. “He’s positively brilliant I couldn’t abide a fool.”

“Anyone I knew?” Draco swallowed.

“No one in our year if that’s what you mean.” Theo snorted.

“Older I suspect…” Draco mused.

“Definitely.” Blaise chuckled, “Unlike you, both of us like older wizards, only difference between Theo and I would be that I’d rather be ravished and he’d prefer to do the ravishing.”

“Quite true.” Theo coughed.

“So would you consider it? I know that Theo wouldn’t support a farce and I’m deathly serious. You are I am sure just what Aunt Bella would do to me if she knew I betrayed her Lord and
impregnated his enemy.” Draco swallowed.

Blaise pouted at him, “I’m just peeved you didn’t trust me. I thought we were best friends.”

“If you’ll forgive my reticence I’m sure that Harry would agree to let you be godfather.” Draco grinned.

Theo smirked, “What about me?”

“I’m sure Harry could be persuaded to allow you and your Gryffindor to be godparents to our next child.”

“If you both survive a conflict with your former lord.” Theo said sharply.

“Of course. I believe Harry had tea readied in the breakfast parlour if you’d like to join us.” Draco asked rising.

“I have no other plans.” Blaise grinned.

“I could be persuaded.” Theo shrugged.

Draco led them to the morning room with pomp.

XooooooX

George was just reaching for a second ginger snap when he felt familiar magic. “Theo…you didn’t tell me he was here…” he leaped from his chair and ran towards the door, darting around Draco and threw himself at his Slytherin.

Theo looked surprised to see him but nevertheless caught him and kissed him. “George…?”

Harry giggled to himself and smiled at Draco, “Where’s my kiss?”

Draco took the ‘hint’ and joined Harry to kiss him.

Blaise whistled, “I feel quite left out. Any chance I could talk you into giving me a kiss?” he playfully batted his eyelashes at Fred.

The elder former Gryffindor coughed, “Sorry, you don’t seem to be my type.”

“A pity,” Blaise announced dejectedly, “for you are definitely mine. It’s just as well, since you’re not my mate.

The party sat down to take tea together and catch up as best they could to one another’s lives.

XooooooX

Remus had been asked to teach the pair but some subjects such as potions were definitely not his skill so even if he had agreed he asked two interested parties to meet him at the Three Broomsticks.
A third had begged off claiming illness but he has suspicions that she was wary of speaking to him due to his ‘membership’ in the Order; Remus would clarify that another time.

Severus being the closest arrived first, the second was a former Head Girl and Queen of Slytherin.

“Lupin.” Andromeda Tonks, Draco’s maternal aunt greeted them stiffly as Remus brought up privacy wards around their corner table.

“Remus.” Severus glared.

“Do desist in this ridiculous show of hatred Severus.” Andromeda snapped.

“I have my reasons.” Severus grumbled.

“Remus Lupin has never wanted your injury and most assuredly never would have been involved in any of my deceased cousin’s pranks. You know this and you still abuse him, for shame.” Andromeda snapped.

“I am sure that Remus didn’t summon us both due to his own issues with me.” Severus scowled.

Remus nodded, “Severus is right, actually I’m here to ask you both to assist me.”


“It is in regard to your godson so I would hope you would hear me out.” Remus sighed.

“Narcissa’s child?” Andromeda frowned.

“Indeed.” Remus went on, “He and Draco had me brought to his current residence. I don’t know it’s name and I won’t ask. They have run afoul of the headmaster and will soon I’m afraid have Bellatrix after them so their safety is quite important. Now they asked me to tutor them for their NEWTS but honestly, Potions is quite beyond me. I had hoped that Severus might spare an hour or so for them in the evenings or weekends of course so not to affect your Hogwarts duties. I can of course teach charms as well as some aspects of Defence specifically Dark Creatures but perhaps one of you can help them learn to recognize and defend against Dark Magic? I think the two of you would be excellent resources actually.”

“As for Draco’s ridiculous task the Headmaster is dying and well I’ve strategically been weakening the potion that I brewed at his behest to hold back the curse. My plan is to make it look like the Dark Lord killed him instead of Draco. I would not have murder on my godson’s conscience anymore then I want it on my own. Albus made the mistake of confiding in me prior to trying to convince Harry to kill his child.” Severus grumbled.

“Harry Potter is pregnant?” Andromeda gasped.

“With your great niece hence why Bellatrix would want both of their heads. Pomfrey has yet to find a suitable healer for him to oversee the pregnancy. We will need someone discrete of course.”

Andromeda smirked, “My cousin Edmund Delacour, formerly for the House of Rosier had a Healer from the Veela court deliver his daughters. I will ask him if he could request for the healer to visit me at St. Mungos. I have overseen a few births to wizard bearers but I am far more comfortable and skilled with witch deliveries. Anyone who is both skilled enough and discrete
enough to treat the Veela Queen should do quite nicely for Harry Potter.”

“I will leave vetting a birth healer in your capable hands Andromeda.” Remus inclined his head respectfully.

“I will find time to tutor both boys in potions. While Potter can’t brew or be around brewing he can of course do the written I suppose. Though his practical exam will have to wait until after the birth of course. I am pleased they are thinking ahead as to their lives after the war.” Severus muttered darkly.

“I can help them with a subject or two, perhaps Astronomy or Ancient Runes. But aside from healing my main talent still lies in Dark magic. Quite appropriate with a oleander wand.” Andromeda offered.

Over drinks, which Remus fetched, the three of them plotted out a plausible tutoring schedule that would accommodate Andromeda and Severus’ schedules.

Of course he would have to discuss bringing in extra tutors to Draco and Harry to gain their consent. While he had little doubt of their agreement to Severus’ assistance, Andromeda might be a harder option to convince the boys of.

Legally adults or not, they still were boys to Remus…

And someone had to look our for them…

Chapter End Notes

Severus walked back into his office after meeting Andromeda and Remus at The Three Broomsticks to find Albus pacing.

Inwardly groaning, he tightened his Occlumency shields, "Albus." He said coolly.

"Severus, don't play games with me. The safety of the entire Wizarding World is at stake here. Where is Harry? I know you helped him escape the spells I put on the castle to protect him after the Third Task."

Severus said in his chair with an air of perfect indifference, "What is it you think I did?"

"Damn it Severus you're the only one who could! Besides Voldemort that is of course, I have to talk to Harry."

"I don't know exactly where he is." Severus said, "and I couldn't tell you if I did."

"Your vow to me!"

"Is negated," Severus shrugged, "now I can't help you and even if I could I wouldn't. Draco is my godson; it would violate the oath I took for him, the multiple oaths I took. Now, if you're quite done,"

"You don't understand Severus, only Harry can,"

"Voldemort is a man, a powerful man but still a man. Harry is a boy; a child and eliminating that monster should not and never should have been his duty. If you're so damn powerful and you took down Grindelwald then you do it already. I've never believed in premonitions and prophecies, you will not sacrifice Harry or Draco's child because you're too cowardly to deal with him yourself." Severus snapped.

"You! I got you off! You were released on my word!" Albus snarled.

"You came to me Fifth Year, asking me to step up the animosity between James and I. You want me to make myself the perfect candidate for a Death Eater even being the son of a bloodtraitor. You put me on the path to being a Death Eater; you told me I had to stop being Lily and Remus' friend. You thought that my joining them would protect Lily, you made sure I heard the prophecy and that I left before hearing all of it. As your precious spy I had to go tell him that prophecy, then it turned out miraculously that it was about Lily's child. Lily was like a sister and you made me turn against her. I couldn't even attend her bonding or the birth, she never knew what I did in the hopes of protecting her!"

"You've played your role quite well by bullying Harry since he started so that you've stayed on their good side, the good side of those Death Eaters who got off. Now I need you to take me to Harry he has to be the one to kill Voldemort!"
"I refuse. I didn't tell you what Draco's task was, safe to say he won't do it now." Severus sneered, "but multiple oaths bide me to complete it. Now Albus I suggest you leave before I find a way to ensure that the task is carried out or have I?"

"You can't turn on me Severus! I made you! I took you out of the gutter!"

"I made myself thank you, I apprenticed, I surpassed my masters and I'm a damn good potions master. I had to turn my back on the two people that mattered most to me, because you told me it would protect them. I sold my soul to two masters who turned out to be devils at heart. I am a Potions Master, First Class and the foremost potions master in Britain. Now I'm asking you to leave my office."

"I am the Master of this school!"

"You sir are a dying man and no potion will ever save you. Go back to chasing your ghosts and leave me alone."

"You'll pay for this Severus!"

"No I won't. I have my memories preserved of all of your orders and your negotiations to ensure my cooperation. Now I'm sick of being your little whipping boy, if Emelia Bones were alive, I'd give all of that to her to prove my innocence. You like having your pawns, so much so that you played Sirius until the very end. It was too late by the time I realised what Harry was trying to tell me, it wasn't that I purposely delayed I had my role to play you saw to that. You abandoned your students just like you abandoned Lily, James and Sirius! Damn you to Dante's circle of Hell for traitors. Get out!"

The door flung itself open.

"You don't know who you're dealing with." Albus Dumbledore said harshly.

"On the contrary Albus I know you for exactly what you are. I would rather die then betray them. I'd start revising your will and making your end of life arrangements. That potion is failing and death creeps closer with each breath you take. I for one will dance on your grave!"

The Headmaster of Hogwarts stormed out, "You'll regret this Severus!"

With a flick of his wrist the door closed, Severus smirked, "Damn that felt good! I've wanted to do that to the old man for ages. Really, tricking and betraying a Slytherin is very hazardous to your health. After all Albus, you would do well to remember whom it was who brought the Horcruxes to your attention."

XoooooX

"Tell me where the Malfoy heir is! What is the status on the outcome of his task?"

"Draco slipped his leash my lord. A source of ours in the Ministry said that Young Master Malfoy filed for emancipation and laid claim to his entire inheritance. Lucius Malfoy is now worth nothing." The masked Death Eater stammered.
"What of Potter?"

"Gone as well. Someone supposedly cursed the both of them, Potion Master Snape was working on it."

"Was there any sign that Young Malfoy betrayed us and defected?"

"As far as our sources can tell, Dumbledore has been out of the castle and has had no contact with the students."

"Where is Severus? Why hasn't he come?"

"My apologies my lord for my tardiness!" Severus Snape said magnanimously as he approached the large table in the formal dining room at Malfoy Manor.

"About time! Cru,"

"Cast that spell and I might forget my pertinent information, information on the certainty of Albus Dumbledore's death." Came the annoyingly smug voice of his spy at Hogwarts.

"Talk now."

"Albus is currently dying, he's been dying since summer. He forced me to agree to brew a counter potion. Unfortunately, my potion has weakened or to be exact he has been overdosing himself by ignoring my prescription. Now, the potion is working less and less so that a curse of your creation is killing him. Such a pity that Malfoy had to be convinced that he had to do the job, a feint perhaps of your lordship's or was it merely a trap for the Malfoy heir? After all, Albus couldn't resist your game and he's become obsessed with it. He fell to temptation as you so wisely guessed so now Albus is weak and dying fast. Soon, Dumbledore will be gone and you will be the most powerful wizard alive." Severus bowed.

"What about Potter? Tell me about Potter!"

"Dumbledore turned on him and made an attempt to end his life, which resulted in turning Potter against him."

"Potter is mine!" Voldemort said as he thumped his fist against the table top.

"Unfortunately, Dumbledore is so obsessed with the prophecy that he's been arranging matters to that it has no choice but to come true. No offence meant but really sir I've known babies, they are comparatively weak. I've taught Potter, I don't know what happened in its entirety in that cottage on Halloween, but I have a difficult time believe an infant could be responsible for such damage. At his point, I can't help but wonder whether the prophecy was made up or not…"

Voldemort hissed in displeasure, "I would hate to find out that he manipulated me that badly."

"As would I, after all my Lord in my childhood I was friends with Lily Evans and I did deliver a prophecy that resulted in her death. The echo of our old closeness shames me that I had a part no matter how small in her death."

Voldemort scowled, "Do you blame me then?"

Severus momentarily pondered the query, "Honestly, I might have but if Dumbledore manipulated both of us no matter how the friendship disintegrated, I hold Dumbledore responsible for her death. So I feel vindicated for the small part I have played in the slow but painful death that he will
"A diplomatic answer," came the familiar deriding tones of Bellatrix Lestrange.

"Bellatrix," Voldemort said sharply, "I asked for honesty."

"And I gave it." Severus sneered at the mad witch.

"I don't trust him Master." Bellatrix grumbled.

"It's your duty to be suspicious of everything and everyone." Voldemort said dismissively. "I trust Severus to keep faith with us."

"Then where is my nephew? Why does he not come when you summon him?" Bellatrix sneered.

"Do you have any clues to Young Malfoy's location or reasons for his disappearance?"

Severus chose his words carefully, "I have no clues at this present time. If he left Hogwarts willingly then he did not tell me exactly where he might go. We know that Draco still has just as much of a reason to want Dumbledore dead as he did when you gave him your Mark, even if it is likely that your curse will kill him first. I am yet unsure if you assigned Draco this task to test his loyalty or to set him up for failure."

"Listen to his words master," Bellatrix hissed, "He is leaving something out."

"Why would he?" Voldemort snarled, "What would it benefit him to do so?"

"He's protecting Draco." Bellatrix spat.

"He is my godson and a member of my House at Hogwarts, of course I have some concern for his welfare." Severus said coolly. "We both share the same loyalties, if I remain faithful so does he."

"While your paranoia is usually beneficial Bellatrix I find your constant barrage of distrust in regards to Severus to be very irritating." The Dark Lord glared.

"How could anyone trust his word? He's a dirty Halfblood and the son of a bloodtraitor." Bellatrix sneered.

"Bella, Bella, Bella you're getting on my nerves. Crucio." Voldemort hissed before turning his attention back to Severus. "It was good of you to come so promptly but you do have classes and Hogwarts duties to attend to, it is imperative that you remain undercover."

"It is possible that Draco is working on the second half of his mission." Severus said thoughtfully.

"The finding a hole in Hogwarts' defences?" Voldemort said leaning forward with great interest.

"Yes my Lord, if that is where he is then it is understandable that he is impossible to track. We all know do we not that Hogwarts is unplottable?"

"Of course," Voldemort sounded rather mollified. "Very well, keep me informed as to Draco's progress. Perhaps after his two stumbles he thought it best to slip out of sight to avoid detection or he needed a chance to think without distraction."

"Very likely my Lord." Severus bowed.
"You are excused." The Dark Lord hissed.

Bellatrix followed Severus from the dining room, "I know you're hiding something. I can sense it."

"I'm a potions master and a Slytherin Bellatrix I always keep secrets and my own counsel." Severus said before he left Malfoy Manor via the Receiving Room floo.

XoooooX

George had left Hogwarts early last year right after his N.E.W.T. exams but he still had probably only seen Theo on Hogsmeade weekends if then…

Harry felt a little sympathy for them and leaned in to whisper, "Want to let Theo and George escape for a bit?"

Draco blinked at him, "Oh…good idea…” he snapped his fingers.

Immediately, Winky and Dobby arrived.

"Winky we'd like for you to prepare a guest room for Theo and George. Dobby can escort them."

George turned red, "What?"

"Likely you two haven't seen one another except on Hogsmeade Weekends and then only for a few hours. If you would like to take advantage of our hospitality, then we'll excuse you for a bit."

Draco said with a lecherous look.

Fred gagged.

Blaise looked jealous, "If I had a lover would you be that generous?"

"Are you kidding? You'd have a room here if you came for a visit." Draco snorted.

Fred swallowed, "Me too?"

"Of course." Harry blushed.

"Don't tell me you have a crush on me." Fred teased.

"No way, I like Draco thank you." Harry coughed

"Good because I don't plan on sharing."

"That's perfect because I won't."

"I know, Pansy's perfume makes you ill and her clinging makes you uneasy."

Draco half teased.

"I really, really hope I don't develop a crazy nose when I'm pregnant." George blanched, "It could set us back months…"
"Don't worry, I can brew for two if I have to." Theo said with a smirk.

"But I love brewing..." George pouted.

"Oh go get a room and no brewing pregnancy potions until after George passes his Potions Mastery exams." Draco snickered.

"I would tell you the same thing but it's a little late to insist you pass yours first." Theo chortled.

Then Theo herded George from the room.

"Well as much as I'd love to stay I still have work to do at the shop and if George is distracted then I really have to move the stock from the labs to the stock room or floo." Fred grimaced.

"What should I tell Greg? He is the more intelligent of the two."

"Tell him keep his head down, study hard and leave the plotting to me." Draco shrugged. "My original plan has been thrown out because the situation changed. Tell Pansy I'm working on the task assigned to me by the Dark Lord; she'll just have to trust me. As for Vince, tell him to look after Pansy. I don't want her to do anything foolish like say attack Granger or something...if she might get suspended he should prevent her from doing it."

Blaise bowed, "Of course Prince."

"If you ask Dobby really nicely, he might take a message to us. You know my password to my previous private rooms, you and Theo have my permission to meet there to exchange information or to summon Dobby." Draco smirked.

Blaise gave him a jaunty wave. "Sure thing."

Immediately, Dobby and Winky reappeared.

"Take our friends back to where you found them please." Harry said sweetly.

"Yes Masters." Winky curtseyed.

"Anything for Master Harry Potter sir." Dobby preened.

Then Draco and Harry were left alone again.

"The more support we have the better." Draco smirked, "With Theo and Blaise on our side, we have an ear in Slytherin. Theo will hear things among the other years while Blaise will keep an eye on my group."

"I'm just glad the twins were okay with us..." Harry said quietly.

"That means you have at least five Weasleys if you include Fleur in that number who are supportive."

"We also have five prospective godparents and four witnesses." Harry blushed.

Yes, he really did need to plot up the proper scenario for a formal proposal...

They would be better off either filling a Gringotts contract, which Bill might procure for them or slipping away to Scamander...
Draco smirked, "What do you say we sneak away for a little alone time…"

Harry's flush deepened, "Draco…"

Draco cast a silent featherlight charm on Harry before carrying him to their rooms, watching Theo snog his Gryffindor had stirred up his own ardour…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 25

Harry and Draco were working on their studies when Dobby appeared.

“Masters, Dobby be needed in Diagon Alley!”

Draco frowned, “Why?”

“Master Harry Potter sir’s friends be in danger! There is to be an attack there.”

“Is the Manor empty?

“It should be soon old master Draco.” Dobby bowed.

Draco finally summoned an actual Malfoy elf, “Dippy!”

His replacement elf scowled at him, “Dippy been waiting for Master to call. Mistress is worried out of her mind.”

“The moment the manor is the staging point for this attack on Diagon, Dippy not surprised that Dobby know about it. Dobby have big ears.” Dippy said snidely.

“The moment mother is alone remove her from the Manor and bring her here. I will be sealing it.”
Dippy bowed, “Yes master, of course.”

Harry spoke up abruptly, “Dobby go to Diagon Alley and help George and Fred. Take Remus with you.”

Remus blinked from his grading essays, “Why?”

“Defence, the Death Eaters will try to destroy as much as possible. They will set George and Fred back years if their inventory is destroyed.” Harry said quietly.

“Very well, since Sirius and I helped get them started; I suppose it makes sense to help save them.” Remus said rising and holding his arm out to Dobby.

Dobby immediately disappeared taking Remus with him.

Draco summoned Kreacher.

“Yes great Master Draco?” Kreacher said in his oily voice.

“Today is the day Kreacher for a two-prong attack. Let me know when Grimmauld is emptied. There will be an attack on Diagon Alley today and I suspect that the ‘Order’ will turn out in force.” Draco smirked.

Harry called for Winky.

“Yes Master Harry?”

“Have Fred and George’s rooms cleaned and prepared for them please.”

“Yes Master Harry.” Winky said bowing before she vanished with a soft pop.
Draco kissed him, “I’ll let you greet our house guests I have houses to seal.”

Harry snogged him back, “Be safe.”

Then Draco left the library leaving Harry alone to wring his hands.

XoooooX

Fred was playing salesman while George was in the lab as usual it was only during peak sales that both were on the floor.

“George? Can you look over my work?”

One thing George hadn’t mentioned when he visited Harry, was that since he left Hogwarts he’d helped Theo keep his sister away from Lord Nott…

Actually they’d hidden her a few times in the Room of Requirement last year for large stretches of a time sometimes.

She also sometime hid out in the Gryffindor Head Boy’s apartments, the location George knew from when Percy was Head Boy. Since Gryffindor hadn’t had a Head Boy since Percy, they were empty. It had got harder to keep her safe with Ned and Theo at Hogwarts. Luckily, George and Theo had become close that year so they worked together…

Theo was practically invisible in Slytherin House so he passed on information like Inquisitorial Squad rounds last year.

Gracie was a lovely girl, so much more loveable then Ginny and for the life of him, George couldn’t understand why anyone could want to hurt her.

Much to Theo’s annoyance, his father hadn’t been among those captured in the Department of Mysteries so they were still seeing one another hopefully, in secret…
“Let me finish this and then we’ll go up and make lunch. I’ll look over them then.” George said barely look up from his potion when a knocking came from the door.

“Master George Weezy sir? It be Dobby.”

George groaned, “Open the door Gracie, would you?”

Gracie bounced up and pulled the door open.

George placed his potion under stasis. “What is the matter Dobby?” he said turning towards the door.

“Master Harry Potter be sending Dobby to fetch Master George Wheezy. Death Eaters be coming to Diagon Alley to attack. Master Remus be helping Master Fred Wheezy pack product and cast defensive spells to give you more time.”

George swallowed, “Take Gracie upstairs. Gracie dear tell Dobby what to pack alright? We’ll send Dobby with a note for Theo to let him know alright? I’ve got to pack the lab and I’ll have to scrap this experiment.”

Gracie shivered, “Father’s coming because I’m here, isn’t he?”

“There now pet, he won’t find you where we’re going and Harry will look after you. Hurry up now, we probably don’t have much time.”

Her face pinched and white, Gracie led Dobby up the back stairs to her room.

It had formerly been a closet that they’d enlarged when it became far too difficult to hide her at Mansfield or at Hogwarts.

Thankfully, George was exceptional with the packing portkey charm as well as the vanishing charm.
He had his entire lab packed in a trice…

That just left his bedroom and the office…

XoooooX

Fred was surprised to see Remus of all people walking out of the stockroom.

“I’m afraid there is an emergency stockholder’s meeting at the main shareholder’s location.”

Fred frowned, “Really?”

Remus turned to Verity, “I suggest that you go to your grandfathers’ place in Ross. Take the floo.”

Verity flinched and glanced at Fred, “Sir?”

“Best do as he says.” Fred sighed.

Verity herded the few straggling customers out of the shop before scurrying off to the back of the shop.

Fred closed and locked the front door only to frown when Remus threw a ton of spells on it as well as the windows.

“What is the matter?”

Remus scowled, “Dobby says that the Death Eaters are coming to attack Diagon Alley, Harry has offered his home as a sanctuary and sent me to help you pack. He doesn’t want to have your dreams crushed because of this. Come on let’s pack everything quickly.” Fred nodded and they started packing immediately.
Harry was surprised when Dobby showed up with a young girl about ten or eleven and a battered trunk.

Clutched in her hand was a battered, clearly very loved stuffed rabbit.

Harry frowned, “Hello and you are?”

The girl shivered, “Gracie Nott? Theo is my big brother?”

Harry beamed, “Were you staying with Fred and George?”

Gracie nodded, “My father is a very scary man and he is going to do bad things in Diagon Alley because I was there. George promised I could stay and I’d be safe here, is that true?”

Harry nodded, “I’m hiding here because of bad men too. So you’re welcome here as long as you need to stay.”

Gracie smiled at still clutching her rabbit, “Thank you.”

Harry held out his hand, “Why don’t we go pick out a bedroom for you? You can even chose the colours for your room if you like?”

Gracie beamed, “Really? I got to do that at George’s…”

It took so little to make this girl happy that Harry wondered if her home life had been anything like his…

Harry pushed the unhappy thought away and returned to escorting the girl up to the same wing that Fred and George had rooms in. remembering Remus’ comment about wanting a room far from his
own so not to be disturbed by the sounds of their lovemaking, Harry opened a door opposite George’s room, “How about this one?”

Inside, it was surprisingly a girl’s room…

The wood was silver lime much like Draco’s bed in Slytherin but it also had a sky blue canopy, it looked like one that the Muggle Telly would call a grown-up princess bed.

The furniture was silver as well and the curtains were a darker shade of blue silk under a layer of sky blue velvet.

Gracie beamed at him, “Is it really mine?”

Harry smiled, “For as long as you stay and every time you stay.”

“I like it just as it is!”

Her trunk was clearly waiting for them and Harry tapped it, it opened and so did the drawers.

Harry cast the unpacking spell that Tonks would have failed at and Gracie’s clothes soared into drawers.

“Now, what would you like to do?”

“George promised to go over my homework after lunch, but before then we’d make lunch together.” Gracie said quietly.

“You know what? Why don’t we go make lunch together? I think that everyone would be very happy if they came back and it was ready.”

Gracie clapped her hands, bounding her toes, “Really?”
Harry nodded, “Of course,” then he frowned, “But you’ll have to help me. I only know how to cook the Muggle way.”

Gracie grinned, “I’ve watched George cook lots of times!”

Harry used the point-me spell to lead him to Ivy Hall’s kitchen; which was very similar to Hogwarts only much smaller.

Gracie was very helpful in showing him how to use the stove and the oven; which were like Mrs. Weasley’s.

Harry wondered why Mrs. Weasley hadn’t mentioned Gracie, unless she didn’t know about George and Theo anymore then she had know about Bill being bonded…

XoooooX

George had cast the duplication charm on his old Hogwarts trunk and had packed both the office and the items in his room as well as those from the shared upstairs bathroom into his Hogwarts trunk.

All of which were just in time…

They could hear screams and running footsteps as well as the crash of Dark spells coming from where Knockturn Alley met Diagon Alley…

Dobby appeared immediately and grabbed George; dumping him in the room he’d met Harry in prior before disappearing.

Soon after the weird little elf appeared with Fred and Remus.

“Where can we store these?” George asked tapping the office trunk.

“And the product, is there an empty cellar?”
“Dobby take, Dobby put with rest of Wheezy’s things.” The elf took all of the product and the office trunk in three trips.

When the elf returned and stayed Remus asked, “Where is Harry?”

Dobby tilted his head, “Master Harry Potter is being in the kitchen cooking.”

George groaned, “I promised to let Gracie help me with lunch.”

“That be what Master Harry Potter be doing Master George Wheezy.”

Fred patted his shoulder, “Why don’t you write a note for Theo to let him know that you and Gracie are safe before he hears about the Attack on Diagon Alley.”

George blushed, “Sometimes, you have very wise moments.”

Fred puffed up, “We are identical twins, at times I can borrow that skill.”

George scurried off to write that note…

XoooooX

The moment Dippy returned with his mother, Draco winced slightly at her physical state, and then he summoned Winky to send for his Aunt Andromeda because he knew somehow that she was a healer before he had Dippy take him to the Manor.

It was empty and he felt it…

Draco walked out to the front stoop of the Manor and summoned the family ritual knife, slicing his palm he swore the words in Latin to lock down the Manor and sink it into the earth from which it was risen.
“Blood consecrated earth defend me now. I, Lord Malfoy speak with the power of my ancestors behind me, our sacred home is in danger and I call upon the elements to defend us. Earth hide us now, Air vanish our scent, Water cleanse the air and earth of our magic, Fire burn those that come and share not our blood. This I humbly request!”

The earth immediately opened up and the Manor sunk into the ground.

Draco could feel ancient wild magic rising as his father had told him, as Lord Malfoy the earth, air, fire and water of this place were his to command. His father could not revoke the command of the true Head of the House of Malfoy.

Lucius was now useless to the Dark Lord…

His father had said that everything to the Anti-Apparition wards would vanish as if it had never been even if someone knew the apparition coordinants of the Manor.

Draco summoned Stria, “Inform those closest in blood to father, his cousins that the Family seat has been locked to blood and that they should take all precautions to seal their own residences in case of revenge by the Death Eaters.”

Stria bowed, “Stria pleased to see that back of those persons and Miss Cissy is safe?”

Draco nodded, “As safe as she possibly can be.”

XooooooX

Andromeda was surprised when an elf appeared in her private office at St. Mungos’, she raised an eyebrow, “Yes?”

“Lord Draco Malfoy be asking for healer Annie to come tend to his mother whom he had rescued from Malfoy Manor.” The elf bowed.
“Cissa? She’s safe? Thank Salazar!” Andromeda said clenching her left hand, “Take me to her at once.”

The elf wrapped their long spindly fingers on Andromeda’s robe-covered arm and they popped from her office to an unfamiliar room.

Andromeda felt to her knees and cast spells to ascertain her baby sister’s condition; she was weak, tired, starved, dehydrated and had been subjected to the Crucius courtesy of Bella.

The mad witch, how she’d enjoy ‘pruning’ the family tree and removing that branch of the Black Family…

Bella would pay for hurting Narcissa…

XoooooX

Draco exploited a loophole in their brilliant 'lets try using the Fidelius charm;' strategy…

He was half Black and thus would be admitted to the House of Black…

“The son of a Black and consort of Lord Black I am, with a sacrifice of blood shared I lock the Ancient House of Black and remove it hence. From whence you came, whence shall you return. Only to receive the Lord of the Ancient House of Black or his consort shall you. Repel all those aside from these.” Draco intoned in Latin.

The house’s walls echoed with magic and it shuddered, twisted and moved like that of a portkey.

His mother had told him from the cradle that the rightful heir to the House of Black could remove it from Muggle London and return it to its former place…

With her cousin Regulus dead and his brother imprisoned, Aunt Andromeda had a daughter and Bella presumably barren; that left Draco the supposed heir to the House of Black.
‘Take that Dumbledore!’ Draco thought with a vindictive snigger, ‘Your weapon lost and independent, your Order’s home stolen and the Dark Lord has resumed his public reign of terror. How will you deal with this?’

He sealed all the floos with a charm and then ordered Kreacher to return him to Ivy Hall.

XoooooX

Andromeda sent her personal elf Gina to fetch potions from her private store to treat Narcissa as well as sending the elf who fetched her for Severus Snape. Surely, a brewer of his caliber had created a potion for those subjected to the Cruciatux…

Narcissa might wish to disappear into quiet retirement far from Wizarding Britain after this outrage.

Whatever her choice, Andromeda would be there for her…

XoooooX

Draco sent his patronus to Uncle Severus to let him know that a decisive blow had been made against Dumbledore and the Dark Lord.

Both had lost their main base…

Then Draco went to lockdown Grimsby Hall which according Gringotts; Dumbledore had hid out after being ‘chased’ from Hogwarts last year. It had been renamed by Harry’s godfather Sirius to Baskerville Hall and had been his inheritance from Draco’s great uncle Alphard for his godson.

Dumbledore had also ‘rented’ the cottage for some time prior to when the Potters had hidden back in 1981…

Dumbledore wasn’t going to set foot in any property of Harry’s if Draco had anything to do with it…
Smug, Draco had Kreacher finally take him home to Ivy Hall…

Draco arrived in his office and summoned all Potter, Black and Malfoy elves who were not currently under the authority of a master or in his aunt’s case mistress.

They arrived promptly, of course.

“Black Elves you answer only to Narcissa Malfoy, Andromeda Tonks, my gracious self or to Lord Black. Malfoy Elves respond only to orders from myself, mother, my consort, or my Malfoy relations who live in France. Father has been cut off due to his arrest and he is not to be treated as a Malfoy or to be responded to if summoned. Potter elves are to respond to myself or Harry.”

“What about Master Remus?” an unfamiliar elf asked.

Draco frowned at the interruption, “What about Professor Lupin?”

“His grandfather same as Master James’ were Lord Potter… sure he be a Lupin and Master Lyall still be around…”

Draco scowled, “Remus doesn’t seem aware he has family.”

The elf shrugged, “His father and grandfather had a falling out but his grandfather paid for his apprenticeship. He be living at Potter Hall alone when he be home. He still be chasing after Boggarts when the Ministry call.”

“Well, I'll inform Harry that he has a living great-grandfather and Remus of his grandfather, he might be contacted. That is if his silence is deemed forgivable on their part.” Draco snorted; Harry was extremely forgiving if himself was any indication.

Given that all of Harry’s known family were his abusive Muggle relations, then he might enjoy have magical relations he actually liked…”
Back to back Severus had notes delivered during class and he was furious!

He snapped at the elves and shoved them in his pocket and returned to ‘tormenting’ his Sixth Grade Defence class.

Hermione missed Harry like crazy…

With Ron following Lavender Brown around like her worshipful puppy and Harry vanished with Draco Malfoy that left Hermione alone again.

Just as much alone as she was back in Third Year after Ron determined that the Crookshanks had killed his distasteful ‘rat’…

Crookshanks had good taste and knew that Ron and ‘Pettigrew’…

Hermione buried herself in her books, only emerging for Prefect Rounds which Luna had gotten herself assigned as Hermione’s prefect partner [instead of Ron].

She might be considered well-looked after between Luna and Charity but it wasn’t the same as having Harry…

As long as Harry believed that Dumbledore was after his daughter, he wouldn’t come back, which left her alone…

Ron ignored her in classes and danced attendance on Lavender as if their ‘romance’ had meant nothing to him…

She shouldn’t have caved so easily to his persuasion after he was poisoned…
Her parents would be so disappointed in her…

To find out from Luna that Ron hadn’t been her soulmate or the person who truly loved her, hurt far worse than having Ron dump her as both lover and friend without even bothering to tell her. All he had done was destroy her gift for Harry…

Even if his happiness with Lavender pained her, Hermione would give neither the satisfaction of seeing her crying so she did her best to put up an indifferent front but she was so lonely…

Hermione almost hoped that she’d be Head Girl next year just so she’d have a private room away from the other girls…

She was nervous that Harry wouldn’t let her be his child’s godmother, and it worried her more than his silence…

Chapter End Notes

Molly was baking cookies for Harry and Draco and knitting more things for Harry and Bill's girls.

Then a phoenix patronus appeared in her kitchen…

"Diagon Alley is under attack!"

Molly pulled the cookies off the fire and placed the rest of the cookies in stasis…

Then she grabbed her wand and flooed straight into a war zone.

"Oh look it's a Weasley! Hey Ed, there's a Weasley!"

"Thanks Ave! I've got a score to settle with that family! Her son seduced my heir!"

Curses started flying at Molly imediatately.

"You came here to go after my children? You rotting useless pureblood! I was a prefect!" Molly yelled, "I'm also a Prewett and my uncle owns Borgin and Burke's you toad!"

So her spells were a bit darker then most Light Witches ought to know but she was a mother after all.

By the time the battle had wound down there were broken windows, cracked cobbles and Molly had two unmasked Death Eaters at her feet unconscious and tied up.

"Come after my children will you?" Molly kicked them, "Look who won? The dumpy stay at home witch!" she tugged off their masks.

"Lord Nott and Avery, well well interesting…” Kingsley drawled.

"Fortecue's is empty and so is Ollivander's, the doors were blown in and the stores are a mess.”

Tonks reported briskly. "It seems that Garrick Ollivander and Florean Fortescue were kidnapped…"

Molly flinched, "That's really…really…bad…"

Kingsley frowned, "Why?"

Molly blinked, "You don't know?"

Kingsley shrugged, "Would I be asking if I did?"

"The Fortescues are Archivists…always have been. We were partners on rounds together and he was an encyclopaedia of knowledge. There is a reason that librarians and prospective archivists apprentice to that family." Molly grumbled, "Having one of them vanish during a Death Eater
attack is really bad for you."

"And you know this why?"

Molly smirked, "Who do you think verifies that the books the Burke family considers buying? I believe that the Bulstrode family also relies on the Fortescues to some extent…"

There came the pop of apparition and Arthur appeared, "Molly!"

Molly turned with a smirk, "Took you long enough, I already took out two Death Eaters by myself."

Arthur hugged her tightly, "Thank Merlin you're safe! Where are the twins?"

Molly shook her head, "I was protecting them, their shop as ridiculous as it is, was never touched. That one," she pointed at Nott, "was coming after me because I was a Weasley and claimed he wanted revenge for something our son did. I'm not sure which son though…"

"I'll be sure to question them Mary." Kingsley bowed.

Arthur approached the twins' shop only to encounter wards. He frowned, "This is Remus' magic and those are Order spells derived from Auror ones…"

Molly let out a sigh of relief, "That means that Remus got them out safely…"

"Then where are they?" Arthur blinked.

"The Safe House?" Molly asked.

They immediately Apparated to Number Twelve Grimmauld only to find it vanished as if it had never existed.

Molly giggled, that seemed like interesting revenge for Albus attempting to force Harry into an abortion. She summoned her own elf that she rarely ever relied on.

"How may Nina help Mistress Mary?" the elf bowed.

"Can you find George and make sure he is alright? We're a little worried."

"Yes Mistress Molly." The elf said before disappearing with a pop.

"I'm going to head to Paris to check on Bill and then Apparate to Romania to look in on Charlie." Molly said quietly.

"I'll poke my head in the Minister's office to see if Percy is safe." Arthur grumbled. "Then I'll visit Hogwarts. See you at home for dinner?"

They shared a kiss.

They were about to Apparate away when Albus appeared.

"Why can't we floo into the Headquarters!" the Headmaster fumed.

Molly twittered, "I think the house vanished. Did someone anger the owner?" then she Apparated to The Burrow to pick up some of her cookies and knitted items for Fleur's twin girls.
Harry was just finishing making egg salad sandwiches and chips when George appeared in the kitchen.

"I'm sorry Gracie."

"It's okay George, Harry let me help him." Gracie beamed.

"Thanks Harry…" George said tugging on his ear nervously. "I sent a note to Theo to let him know we're okay."

Gracie blushed, "Theo will be so upset…"

An unfamiliar elf appeared, "Master George? Miss Mary be worried about you."

"Aren't you Mum's elf?" George blinked.

The elf nodded, "I be Nina."

"Let Mum know we're safe," George began.

"Tell mum that they are with me." Harry interrupted.

George blinked, "Oh, okay."

"Help me with this." Harry said shoving a huge platter of sandwiches into George's arms before taking the two things of chips, "Gracie would you open the door please?"

The girl fairly hopped over to the door and opened it for them, "Yes, Mr. Harry."

Then Harry led them to the dining room where they were met by Remus, Draco and Fred.

The aura in the room was tense but they ate silently…

It wasn't until he dismissed his students that Severus read the notes.

'S,

Attack on Diagon planned. Keep me apprised of
Dumbledore's movements and plans if you can.

V"
'Severus,

*Diagon is under attack. Please send all in progress potion orders to St. Mungos*.  

*Albus*

Severus growled to himself before casting a controlled incendio at them before welcoming his next batch of Defence students. Unlike Umbridge, Severus knew that Voldemort lived and he was going to kick his students into being decent at duelling. Strangely, they actually strived harder than in potions…

Severus wondered and worried how this would affect Draco and Harry who were in hiding…

He'd send a prince elf to check on his godson during dinner.

He had done more then just remove Harry's tracking charms, he'd erased his floo's history so even the Ministry couldn't track it and cast a spell make using his floo use untraceable.

No one was putting his godson in danger…

_____________________________________

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 27

Albus Dumbledore stared at the place where Molly Weasley nee Prewett had stood glowering at it.

Arthur had disappeared nearly synonymously so he couldn’t question him…

He had thought that Molly having the headache, a migraine the same day that Harry vanished from Hogwarts was suspicious.

It was very suspicious that that Number Twelve Grimmauld Place vanished during a raid on Diagon Alley.

Surely Harry wouldn’t have done it, he wouldn’t know how to seal a property anymore then James knew how to unseal one. He’d seen to that, it had been a stroke of pure luck that James Potter fell for a Muggleborn nobody and then was orphaned. That put Albus in a position of almost grandfatherly respect and James Potter had hung on his every word. He had hoped that being with Petunia would make Harry look at him in the same light.

Molly’s twittering last words infuriated him…

“I think the house vanished. Did someone anger the owner?”

Anger the owner in deed!

The exact contents of Sirius’ will were known only to himself and the solicitor who had it witnessed and filed properly.

A piece of Slytherin scum named Sancus Malfoy…
Thankfully, he’d kept Sirius locked down at Grimmauld since the end of the Triwizard Tournament.

It wasn’t any noble reason that made him keep Sirius under wraps or keep him from having a retrial to prove his innocence.

Albus had intended to end the Main Black line as well as the Prewett line, the titled Purebloods were small in number had too much power. Dividing them so they would practically eliminate each other was worth it. Break the Purebloods’ strangle hold on power and then the Muggleborns and ‘Halfbloods’ would have to fill in the vacuum, who better to guide them then Albus Dumbledore?

It had been a blow to his scheming when the prophecy about Potter being the one to vanquish Tom but he’d managed to plan out various options to deal with that.

It would prove to be a far too difficult task and while Potter would win, he wouldn’t survive.

His planning had not included Potter having a star-crossed romance with the Slytherin Prince Draco Malfoy, the one charged to kill him!

The Chosen One as he told Harry could not afford the weakness of a family with an acknowledged lover or even children. What was the boy thinking?

Why couldn’t he pick a Gryffindor wench like Ginny Weasley who would weep and wail at his death, live for a time as his grieving abandoned fiancée and then make a respectable bonding to one of his friend, name a child for him and live happily ever after?

No, the boy was pregnant by his old rival Draco Malfoy!

A boy with Black blood running through his veins…

He just knew that this was Malfoy’s doing, Harry was too forgiving and would never turn the Order out. Only Malfoy could be so vindictive, one of the foolish boy’s plans that actually worked surprisingly…
Was this his new plan to take him out?

What exactly did Harry mean about the boy not being a Death Eater?

When he got a hold of Harry Potter, he would make the boy apologize on his hands and knees begging him to help him defeat Voldemort!

In his rage at the lost of their Headquarters, he was totally oblivious to kidnappings in Diagon Alley…

Molly Apparated practically into her kitchen snagging a bag and stuffing it with a variety of homemade cookies and her knitted gifts for Fleur.

She was just about to floo to Fleur’s parents’ home when Nina appeared.

“Master George is being with Master Harry Potter.”

Molly nodded, “I’m grateful that they are safe.” Then she chuckled, “Ask them if I can come for dinner?”

Her elf nodded and then disappeared while Molly took powder from the flowerpot on the mantle and stepped into the floo immediately she called out the name of the home of Fleur’s parents.

Though Percy wasn’t speaking to him, it was no trouble to detour at the Ministry by the Minister for Magic’s office to make sure that Percy was there and safe.

Being there was typical of his son’s behaviour since being transferred to the Minister’s office, the office was busy when he arrived, no doubt related to the attack and kidnappings.
Arthur only peeked in long enough to see if Percy was there.

He only checked the Ministry first because he was already in London.

Just before he left he felt a glare aimed at him, Arthur turned around and Percy turned immediately tossing his head as he turned back to his work.

Arthur wondered just what happened to Percy to change him? Sure he could be rather...pretentious and rule-conscientious but he'd never seemed the type to betray his own family for his own personal gain.

They'd raised their children to look after each other; at least that was what Arthur though they learned. With Percy's current behaviour, Arthur wasn't so sure...

To his surprise, the sound of hurrying feet came from behind him.

"Uh Dad?"

Arthur turned, "Yes, Percy?"

"I, uh heard that you and mum were in Diagon Alley. Mum even captured Death Eaters?" Percy swallowed.

Arthur nodded. "Your mother went to visit Fred and George. But thank Merlin they were already rescued by... Remus."

Percy shifted nervously, "They joined the Order, didn’t they?"

"They are leaning more neutral as are the rest of us."

Percy put up a privacy ward; "I need to talk to you dad... see... Umbridge cast the Imperious on
me. It’s how I didn’t get involved with her trial you see, when I was her subordinate, I unwittingly helped her do dreadful things. I’ve just been too ashamed to, you know apologise. Oliver and Penny have been snipping at me for months…”

“Keep us advised if you can. Slip me messages if you want,” Arthur sighed, “and you’re forgiven, I’d sooner believe that nasty woman cast the Imperious on you then that Lucius Malfoy was under it during the first war.”

“I’ll send messages by Oliver’s elf Nibs or Penny’s Picky.” Percy promised.

Arthur awkwardly hugged Percy, “Stay out of trouble will you? By the way, Bill’s making you an uncle, seems that he eloped with that Delacour girl from Beauxbatons and they’re expecting twins.”

Percy stumbled, not expecting either the embrace or the news, “Uncle?”

“Your mother has gone to check on Bill and let him know that she and the twins are safe. Then she promised to check on Charlie.”

“Let me know if they are all okay will you? I really am… sorry…”

“You hurt your mother by not coming back on your own for Solstice or acting like she wasn’t there. She was the only one who felt very forgiving and you hurt her.” Arthur chided.

Percy winced, “I’ll make it up to her somehow. I’ve had to grovel for my friends for months and family is more important…”

“I’m glad you came to your senses.” Arthur muttered. “I have to go check on Ron and Ginny to tell them that Fred and George are fine.”

Percy stepped back, “I see. I’ll, um talk to you later then…”

“Come to dinner some Sunday soon, you know your mother always makes a lot of food.”
“I’ll think about it…” Percy said quietly before heading back to the Minister’s office.

Leaving Arthur to make his way down to the floos lost in thought.

XoooooX

Molly arrived in the French equivalent of the front parlour in the Delacour Château where she was met by elf. Her French was very out of use but it was enough to communicate with elves.

Fleur arrived looking more pregnant then Harry; then again, she was due in about a month or so and was carrying twins.

“You’re far more mobile then I was with Fred and George.” Molly said complimentarily.

“Iz difficult. No stairs. Maman move rooms down here. No make it to nursery now. We arrange it early.” Fleur replied in stammering English.

Molly gestured for Fleur to sit, knowing walking when one was so far along, tired one. “Sit, don’t stand on my account. I know you need to eat often. I made us lemon, honey ginger biscuits and some things for dear little Vicki and Harriet.”

Fleur’s eyes filled with tears and the normally placid Veela witch burst into tears.

Molly placed an arm around her shoulder, “There there, I understand completely. You’re better off then I, by the time I was pregnant with my twins; I had a five-year-old Bill, four-year-old Charlie and a two-year-old Percy to look after. Thankfully, only Percy was nursing at the time. If it weren’t for my elf I don’t know how I might have managed to care for the children, keep house and take care of myself. My parents were dead, my brothers off fighting and well, Arthur’s parents didn’t approve of me. I’m not going to duplicate Lady Cedrella’s mistakes anymore. Dry your tears and see what I have for your girls now.”

Fleur was embarrassed but she did dry her tears and called for tea to go with Molly’s biscuits.
An elf moved a table near them while another brought tea, Fleur took the time to calm herself and Molly let her.

Then they compared their experiences with pregnancy with twins while nibbling at the biscuits and drinking tea.

Looking after Fleur helped calm Molly after the incident in Diagon Alley.

She didn’t even realise how late it was when Bill arrived.

Her eldest son stumbled at the sight of her, “Mum! You’re alright! I couldn’t get away earlier, you know the goblins; I heard there was an attack on Diagon Alley. Someone said that you were there fighting!”

Molly huffed, “I’m just fine, just because I’m a housewife and not an Auror doesn’t mean I can’t defend myself! I am a Prewett after all and both your father and my brother Fabian were Aurors. Besides, they attacked me first all because I’m a Weasley by bonding.”

Bill blinked, “Why?”

Molly shrugged, “I have no idea, apparently one of my boys was cavorting with his heir.” She cast the time charm, “Oh dear! I promised to check on Charlie before joining your father for dinner and I haven’t even made anything…”

Bill kissed Fleur and squeezed her hands before kissing her rounding belly, “Papa will be back soon. I’ll take Mum to Romania and then we’ll floo back to Britain. I’ll be as quick as I can.”

“Family come first.” Fleur said graciously. “Give my best wishes.”

Molly kissed both her cheeks before they flooed to the village near the preserve where Charlie had bought a house following the World Cup.

They walked from the pub to the house and were surprised to see lights on.
 Normally, Charlie was busy at the preserve working as many shifts as he could get…

Charlie was just as much of a workaholic as Bill was…

They were about to enter the house when a witch appeared from next door, “DON’T!”

Molly blinked, “Why? And you are?”

“Diamante Bianchesshi, I’m mated to Dragomir. You can’t visit them now. Come back in a week.” The witch said wringing her hands.

Bill scowled, “Now see here, this is his mother,”

“I don’t care, it’s too dangerous. Charlie asked me specifically to keep everyone away. He’s grown close to my nephew Viktor since the Tournament, but when he was showing signs, well I had to tell him. Dragomir is very protective of the two of us and he won’t like it at all if you disturb Charlie. Please go home. I promise on my children that I’ll tell Charlie that you were here. Please go… I can’t tell you anymore without violating his privacy and it’s his choice to tell.” Diamante said sternly.

“He’s taken a lover and hasn’t seen fit to tell me.” Molly said quietly. “Am I that much of an ogre that you all keep secrets from me?”

Bill winced, “More like you have high expectations and we’re afraid of disappointing you.”

“Please will you go? I feel much safer behind my own wards and I have little ones to look after.” The woman said trying to shoo them off once more.

“A week?” Bill ground out.

“A week.” The witch repeated.
“Very well, we’ll return in a week and I hope that Charlie mentions that you told him of our visit.”
Not wanting to bother with flooing or portkeying, Bill called the elf his mother-in-law had assigned him and had them return them to The Burrow.

XoooooX

Arthur needed time to think so he flooed into The Three Broomsticks and then walked toward Hogwarts.

No sooner had he arrived then he ran into his former Transfiguration professor and the co-head of the Order.

“Arthur? Are you back? Ronald said that you were away on Order business.”

Arthur blinked, “Away on Order business? What nonsense is this? I’ve been at the Burrow and the Ministry.”

“Oh dear…” Minerva muttered, “I wish I had know he was fibbing…”

Arthur scowled, “What has he done now?”

“Well, he spent a majority of the year having a torrid affair with Miss Brown and following his poisoning incident, he was with Miss Granger. Now that Miss Brown was found to be pregnant, he dumped Ms. Granger and with Mr. Potter’s disappearance, she’s been spending her time either alone or in the company of Professor Charity Burbage or Miss Lovegood.”

Arthur stumbled back, “Ron… knocked up the Brown heiress?”

Minerva snorted, “It appears that the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree, does it?”

Arthur flinched, “Where is Ron?”

“Well, in your perceived absence we had to contact your father and he has begun arguing out a
contract with Lord Brown. Ron has been sharing a couple’s apartment with Ms. Brown since they are being considered betrothed.”

Arthur stammered, “My father? You contacted him?”

“He is the Head of your family and with your perceived absence, we had little choice in the matter. What did you need Arthur?”

“Molly was in Diagon Alley when it was attacked.”

“Oh dear, I was here looking after the school in Albus’ absence. Is she alright?”

“Yes, of course, we wanted to check on the children you see, so I came to look in on Ron and Ginny.”

“I’ll go fetch them, if you’ll wait in my office Arthur.”

Arthur dutifully made his way there, his mind in turmoil. How was he going to tell Molly? Percy’s apology was overshadowed by Ron’s indecency.

He stumbled in and took a seat feeling like he had the morning after he’d been caught wandering the halls with Molly after three o’clock in the morning by Apollyon Pringle.

The door opened and Minerva entered shadowed by Ginny and Ron, Ron had a nervous blonde girl with perfect ringlets clinging to his arm.

Arthur stood, turning to hug Ginny and then scowled at Ron, “Really? Lying to your professor? You knew I wasn’t gone!”

“I didn’t want to bother you!” Ron protested, “You’ve just been promoted and I didn’t cause you any trouble. I figured if it were kept to as few people as possible it would be safe and not blow up into a scandal. We’re telling everyone that Lavender has the flu and she’s not well. She’s going to be tutored at home next year anyway. I’ll see them on weekends and holidays, it’s not like it’s going to be a horrible thing. It could be worse.”
Arthur snorted, “I don’t see how.”

“She could be a stinking Slytherin!” Ron sneered.

“You mean like Harry got cursed to be stuck practically attached to Malfoy?” Ginny asked, “No one’s seen him in over a week. They don’t go to class anymore and it was quite awhile before we saw them. No one will tell us where their private rooms are and I’m worried about him.”

“So worried that you’re still spending time with multitudinous wizards?” Minerva frowned.

Ginny flinched, “So what if I have a lot of male friends?”

“Then why was it that you were caught with Sixth Year Cormac McLaggen’s hand up your skirt last week?” Minerva snapped. “Earning detention for you both?”

Arthur groaned, “Ginny why?”

“It’s not like I have any female friends, Luna doesn’t count and if boys think I’m pretty and desirable, I don’t see a problem with it.” Ginny shrugged. “I met a lot of boys in the DA and well. I’m only trying to get Harry’s attention.”

“Ginny’s not a slut dad, wizards just think she’s naïve and,”

“Ron shut up, you’re both in a lot of trouble. You’ve both lost your Hogsmeade privileges. If you’re caught in another compromising position with any wizard, we’ll be removing you from Hogwarts Ginny. Just wait until your mother hears about what you’ve both been up to.” Arthur snapped, losing his temper.

Ginny looked indignant, Ron horrified and Lavender had a look of panic.

“What right do you have to be mad at us? You had Bill and Charlie when you were both in school!” Ginny sputtered, “Ron heard that from grandfather!”
“While I wouldn’t want to lose Bill or Charlie, I was older and expected to be more responsible. I shouldn’t have allowed myself to sleep with your mother when she was so much younger than I. Especially, since my parents had their heart set on my bonding to your Uncle Gideon. Gideon was my best friend as was Fabian, they saw I was falling for their sister and promised to help bring my parents and their father around. They were very upset when your mother was discovered to be pregnant. It was a moment of weakness that had resulted in Bill; Charlie too was an accident while Percy was our first planned child. Thank Merlin your mother had graduated by the time he was born. I had hoped that my children would grow up to be wiser then myself. I didn’t want you to duplicate my poor choices. Now I suggest that you focus on your schoolwork, as a sixth born Ron you have to get a job that pays as much as you can especially with a baby on the way. You should also quit the team because you have more important things to focus on then Quidditch!”

“You played Quidditch too!” Ron protested.

“For a year because Fabian dragged me to tryouts but we both decided to focus on our education because we wanted to be Aurors.” Arthur shrugged. “As a Chaser, I was still in too much danger for your mother to be alright with so I gladly resigned my place.”

“So Ronald is off the team, Harry had to resign as captain while both McLaggen and Ms. Weasley have been in detentions. It seems that the team should be suspended. They are short too many members and it would show too much favouritism to allow them to continue to try to play.”

Ginny and Ron immediately tried to beg Minerva to reconsider.

“Leave us, I have more to discuss with your father. And you are still expected to attend detention Ms. Weasley.”

Ginny left in a huff, with Lavender leading a furious Ron away.

“The situation with McLaggen wasn’t the first time she was caught in a compromising position with another student. She was caught with Mr. Longbottom after the Yule Ball, all year she’s been caught with wizards. Both Mr. Longbottom and Mr. Michael Corner were found trying to stop her from removing their trousers, they were grateful to be discovered by professors. I warned you that after her experience with that diary that she needed to see a mind healer. It seems that she’s taken to sexually pursuing wizards whether or not they are interested. You’d better keep her on a tighter leash before she ends up like Mary.”
Arthur groaned, “I’ll talk to Molly and we’ll figure out something.”

Ron had gotten a pureblood witch pregnant and Ginny was the Slut of Gryffindor? Merlin! As if having Bill hiding a pregnant bonded, Charlie hiding out in Romania, Percy turning their back on them and the twins dropping out of Hogwarts; they had this to deal with as well?

Was it his fault for working all the time and never being there as a parent?

Arthur was partially in shock and he wavered slightly.

“I’ll just send you home to Mary.” Minerva grumbled.

Arthur didn’t say anything when a Hogwarts elf appeared and Apparated him back to The Burrow.

XoooooX

When Mum’s elf returned with news that she was safe but had duelled Death Eaters and captured them, Harry freaked.

“Draco!” his boyfriend had just walked into the dining room and Harry was wringing his hands.

Draco wrapped his arms around Harry, “What is the matter?”

“Mum was attacked by Death Eaters!”

Draco groaned, “Is she alright?”

The unfamiliar elf nodded, “Yes, Miss Mary be safe. She checking on other children with Master Arthur.”

“It might be wise for all the Weasleys to go into hiding. While I can’t do much, there is room here
as well as other properties we share between the two of us.” Draco mused. “I sealed Grimmauld so the Order couldn’t use it and closed all the floos.”

“Really? You can do that?”

Draco shrugged. “I am a son of a daughter of the House of Black and your soon-to-be consort.; so, it let me. I closed the other Black Property that Dumbledore had access to, the house your godfather was living in prior to his arrest. I took them both from Dumbledore and the Dark Lord lost Malfoy Manor.”

Fred whistled, “Wow! You did all that? For Harry?”

Draco snorted, “Harry can’t leave the house and we planned to start a third power in this war anyway. With Dumbledore and the Dark Lord distracted by an attack on Diagon Alley, it was the perfect time.”

“Nina, was it?” Harry asked.

The elf nodded.

Harry stammered, “Please tell Mum that we’d like for her and Mr. Weasley to come here for dinner to talk.”

The elf Nina bowed and disappeared.

“You mean it? You think we’re in danger?” George said nervously.

Harry sighed, “You are the closest thing I have to blood family and with Voldemort and Dumbledore after me, I want you safe. We might have to consider a Secret Keeper…”

Remus spoke up, “While I don’t mind casting the spell, I really don’t think making Harry Secret Keeper is wise. It’s dangerous to cast on a pregnant person.”
“We’ll have a family meeting and discuss it likely.” George sighed, “I’m not looking forward to telling mum about my personal life but if she’s accepted you and Draco Malfoy, well, I’m sure she’ll come around about me and Theo.”

Draco groaned, “I’ve been distracted recently…” he had promised that when Mrs. Weasley next visited Harry would have a ring. He fished the box out of his pocket and held it out, “Harry, this isn’t quite the proposal you deserve but with things becoming darker, I would like for us to be legally bonded as soon as possible. I love you and our daughter and I want to spend as much time as a family. It would be my greatest honour if you would agree to be my bonded.”

Harry threw his arms around Draco’s waist hugging him tightly, “Yes, a million times yes!”

Fred clapped his brother on the shoulder, “Our little Harry is growing up!”

“They always do…” George said softly.

Draco hauled Harry up for a swift kiss before he sighed, “Maybe it would be best if we talked to Theo and Blaise as well…”

Harry blushed, “Whatever you want love.”

Chapter End Notes

The school day had no sooner ended when Theo Nott; his brother, a Gryffindor who went by the name ‘Ned’ and Blaise Zabini appeared in his classroom.

“We need to talk professor.” Blaise said speaking for them.

Severus grumbled, “I have errands to run and I have no time to deal with student problems.”

“We know you’re going to check on Draco.” Theo drawled.

Severus scowled, “Where would you get an idea like that?”

Theo sniffed, “While I don’t obviously mix with my childhood friends, I distinctly remember you were Draco’s godfather. Just as I know that Lady Malfoy was one of my sister’s godmothers. Now according to my elves, my father is arrested, thank Merlin and my sister is safe.”

Severus frowned, “I did not know you had a sister, your father never mentioned one.”

Theo snorted, “My father counts her his greatest shame and would have killed her if given the chance. Now, I want to talk to my sister and be sure she is safe for myself. My brother Ned would like the assurance as well. My boyfriend also escaped from Diagon and I want to see he is safe as well. They are currently with Draco and Harry but we don’t know where they are exactly.”

“There are murmurings around Slytherin that I have to tell Draco.” Blaise spoke up.

“I may have been informed as to their whereabouts at one time…” Severus muttered darkly.
“We need to go there and we trust you to take us.” Blaise said firmly.

“What about your father?” Severus snapped at Theo.

“My father is a murderous Death Eater and like Draco, I plan to file to have his title put in my authority.” Theo sneered, “He has done nothing but make our lives dreadful and now that I have a chance, I want to cast him out of the family.”

His conscience, what was left of it assured that Theo and Blaise were being truthful, Severus created a portkey and took the three students directly to Harry and Draco’s house in hiding.

XooooooX

They had no sooner returned home then they found an elf and Bill’s father waiting for them.

“Nina be asked by Lord Potter to invite Miss Mary and Master Arthur to dinner.”

“Molly?” Arthur asked quietly.

Molly threw her arms around her husband, “Yes, love?”

“We’re going to be grandparents…”

Molly laughed, “I know dear, Bill’s wife Fleur is having twin girls. I told you that.”

Arthur groaned, “Ron’s girlfriend is expecting. Father knows and Ron didn’t want us to…”

Molly flinched.
Bill turned to the elf, “Best to take them to Harry…”

The elf nodded and took both Bill’s parents by the arm Apparating them away.

Bill secured The Burrow as best he could; he wasn’t a curse breaker for nothing. He knew a whole lot of spells to protect the Burrow as well as sealing it against non-blood and sinking curses into the earth that would attack anyone who bore ill will against their family. He closed the floo and then had his elf take him back home to Fleur.

XoooooX

Molly and Arthur arrived about the same time as Severus and his students.

They were all escorted into the dining room by Winky.

A blonde girl about ten or eleven ran over from George’s side toward the tallest of the students in a Slytherin uniform. “Theo!”

The boy knelt and wrapped her in his arms, “Gracie, you’re safe.”

George didn’t notice his parents and hurried over to Theo who greeted him with a kiss.

Fred smirked at the boy in Gryffindor robes, “Ned.”

“Hi Fred.” The boy beamed before turning his attention to his brother and sister.

Severus watched silently as they were reunited.

“Draco?” Blaise frowned, “We’ve got to talk privately.”

Draco sighed, “After dinner.”
Theo glanced up from his reunion with George Weasley and his sister, “I need to know how you filed for emancipation and control of your estate. My father has been arrested and I’ll like to make sure that he loses everything.”

Molly blinked, “Your father wouldn’t be Lord Nott would it?”

Theo scowled, “Unfortunately.”

Molly chuckled, “Well, I’m the one who captured him.”

George hurried over and hugged her, “You don’t know what a wonderful thing that is, Mum!”

“Father’s really arrested?” the little girl whispered.

Theo kissed the top of her head, “Yes, and I’m going to make sure he goes away forever.”

“So you’re the Weasley that seduced Old Nott’s heir. Nott and the Carrows are after your blood George.” Severus snorted.

George Weasley blanched.

Theo scowled, “As soon as I’m Lord Nott, I’ll be locking down Mansfield myself. I know you aren’t the Head of George’s family but I would like to properly ask permission to make him my consort. I looked up the custody laws and despite being of age, I know that I would never be given custody of both of my siblings…”

Molly frowned, finally recovering from learning that George was the son that Nott wanted dead. “You’re serious about abandoning You-Know-Who?”

Theo sniffed, “I never liked that mad wizard and father was a fool to join him, school friend or not. I haven’t trusted our sire since he was responsible for mother’s death and well, since Ned learned the truth, he understands my hostility toward our father.”
“Who would get custody of them?” Severus frowned.

“I don’t know all of their godparents,” Theo snorted, “I know that Lady Malfoy is one of Gracie’s and her father Ector Rosier who died after the last war was one of Ned’s. He came out of hiding long enough to stand in as a godfather and then was killed soon after.”

Andromeda finally spoke up, “I’m afraid that my sister will be unable to care for anyone. I’m going to help her recover but I don’t think she will be capable of looking after a child for at least a year. She’ll need care from myself and Ted, if she’ll accept it. If not, then we’ll have to find a sympathetic pureblood mind healer.”

“Mother will have the best care possible.” Draco said solemnly.

“It might be best to have her removed to France if possible. That is if your family there will look after her.” Andromeda advised.

“I don’t know about Cousin Sancus.” Draco frowned, “Perhaps, Great-Grandmother Muriel would…”

“A fractious old woman who is a narrow-minded as my deceased Aunt Walpurga, I really would prefer that my sister not be placed in her care,” Andromeda said stiffly. “I don’t know how your cousin Sancus could stand to live on the same property as her.”

Draco shrugged, “Great-grandmother Muriel isn’t my favourite person and I prefer to never see her. I know that Cousin Sancus is a solicitor, but I’m not sure about his wife Celine.”

“Now I agree with my nephew about Severus, he would be a perfect Secret Keeper and likely the last suspect. If I know my sister, she made him swear an unbreakable vow to protect him and he couldn’t allow any harm to come to Draco.” Andromeda sniffed.

“He doesn’t have much reason to like me and he’s helped me…” Harry admitted shyly. “I know I have the misfortune to look like James and James was just awful…”

“At least you’re not putting him on a pedestal anymore,” Severus grumbled.
“So will you do it, Uncle Sev?”

“I plan on making myself Secret Keeper for Mansfield if I can find someone to cast it.” Theo muttered, “I’m a natural Occlumens and I’ve merely learned to strengthen my shields.”

“George is best at charms.” Fred offered.

“If my request to make George my consort is given consent, you are welcome to stay at Mansfield,” Theo added politely.

George shook his head, “Only if it's absolutely necessary. I love my parents but I would like to have our own place.”

Molly was clearly hurt by this but Severus really didn’t care, he ground out, “If I’m the only person reliable to be your secret keeper, then I clearly have no choice.”

Remus smiled, “We’ll have to cast the spell soon and then Severus can write the secret down for all of us who need it.”

Severus sighed, “Better sooner than later, I can’t stay long without arousing suspicion. Oh and Draco, your task is already on its way to completion. Dumbledore is dying due to his own foolishness, he got cursed by a Dark Artefact and has managed to poison himself with the potion I made to keep him alive because he didn’t follow my dosing instructions. If you had come to me for assistance like I told you, then you would have known. I’m only telling you so that you’re aware that ultimately, you’ll be revenged for his attempt to kill your daughter.”

The announcement that Draco had been probably tasked to have the headmaster murdered at his hand was startling for the others.

Once Remus had recovered, he nodded, “Dinner first, then I’ll cast the spell. We can discuss how to manage who is staying where tomorrow.”

Severus was forced to stay for dinner before Remus would cast the Fidelius Charm on him.
As soon as it was cast, he wrote the secret in his own blood and had Andromeda cast an unbreakable vow between them that Remus would only show it to people who could be trusted.

Then Severus flooed back to his office and he could somewhat relax…

XoooooX

No soon had Snape left, then Theo and George went to put Gracie to bed because it was a long and stressful day for a little girl.

Arthur sighed, “It might be a good idea to go into hiding but I do have a job, I’m Head of a Ministry Department attached to Magical Law Enforcement and if I’m there, I can keep my ear to the ground about the war. Plus, I talked to Percy and he apologised. Apparently, Umbridge had him under the Imperious and that was proven during investigation prior to her trial.”

Molly sighed, “It seems that none of my children seemed to want me around these days…”

Fred flinched.

Harry swallowed, “I think it’s because you’re a bit overprotective. Remember how you reacted when we came back from the Department of Mysteries?”

Molly winced, “Not my finest hour…”

“How often have you told Fred and George their inventions were stupid and a waste of time? Look how much money they’ve made since they opened?” Harry reminded her, “Or how you lament that Charlie could have flown for England but he’s off playing with dangerous dragons? Trust me they are very dangerous and he enjoys it, you don’t agree with any of their life choices except for Percy and look how that turned out? You spent most of your time with Bill lecturing him about his hair or his choice in girls.”

Molly groaned, “No wonder I get ordered away from Charlie’s house or Fleur was frightened of me.”
Arthur sighed, “It’s worse.”

Molly frowned, “What do you mean?”

“Well’s see: you were told not to visit Charlie for a week, Bill kept the news of his pregnancy from you for almost its entirety, Percy was too ashamed to tell us that he was Imperioed to act the way he did, George never told us that he had a little girl who was his lover’s little sister living with him, Ron got his ex-girlfriend pregnant and didn’t tell us, while Ginny has been caught in compromising situations with older boys.”

The news was just too much and Molly fainted.

Andromeda scurried up to cast diagnostic spells on her, “I think she’ll be alright after a night’s rest.”

Draco snapped his fingers and ordered Winky to prepare a room for the Weasleys.

Once Molly was sent to bed, Andromeda sighed, “If I have to, there is room at Lavender Vale to take in Narcissa but I can be delivered by elf every day to care for her. I will have to discuss my change in loyalty to Nymphadora. She doesn’t understand why I won’t support Dumbledore but she might if she talked to you, Harry.”

Draco swallowed, “I know she needs care but I’d prefer her close after her being a prisoner in her own home and far away from me since September. If my cousin would agree to meet with us, I would like to meet her officially.”

“I will return in the morning to check on Narcissa before I return to St. Mungos’. If the Weasley family is going into hiding, then I suggest that you inform your family that there are Death Eaters out for Weasley Blood Arcturus.”

Arthur flinched, “I’ll send Nina with a letter to father. We’ll have to meet to discuss Ron and George’s future’s anyway.”

“I’ll need a Lord to support me if I want to seize the estate from father since he’s been arrested.”
Theo sighed once he and George returned holding hands.

Draco snorted, “I’ll send Dobby or Kreatcher with a note for Cousin Sancus, he didn’t get involved with my assumption of the title and emancipation but as Lord Malfoy I can with his help have you made Lord Nott.”

“I will need to file a temporary will making Ned my heir until George and I have a son,” Theo muttered.

“Now can we talk?” Blaise asked sharply.

Draco nodded, “If you’ll join me in my study. Aunt Andromeda, I know you are a healer but could you give Harry a checkup? He hasn’t been seen since we escaped from Hogwarts…”

Andromeda nodded, “Of course, I don’t normally treat wizards but I can cast the proper spells to check his health and progress.”

With that out of the way, Draco led Blaise to his study, “Now what is so important that you had to talk to me right away?”

“Pansy is planning on attacking Hermione Granger. She thinks Granger cursed you so you couldn’t fulfil your task from the Dark Lord and she wants revenge.” Blaise replied immediately.

Draco groaned, “Didn’t you tell her that I said to lay low?”

“She really thinks she’s in love with you and you’ll be married.” Blaise sighed, “You know Pansy, she’s stubborn.”

Draco pulled out parchment, ink and a quill.

‘Dear Pansy,

I had to withdraw from Hogwarts due to personal reasons. The headmaster found out about my task
from the Dark Lord. He is already dying from a slow-acting poison that he’s been unknowingly ingesting regularly. Dumbledore, not Granger, cast the curse I’ve been under in regards to Harry Potter; Malfoys never leave their revenge undealt with as you ought to know. Please do not attack Granger; the Dark Lord needs you where you are so you can observe our triumph when Dumbledore dies. Attacking a Muggleborn at this stage would be unwise in the extreme. Weasel abandoned her for a pureblood witch and Potter is gone, is he not? Being abandoned by her closest friends is punishment enough, don’t you think? From what I have heard, she has suffered. Once the Dark Lord is in power, then the situation would be reversed and there would be none to stop you of course. For now, I advise you to watch and wait.

I will always count you as a dear friend but I was forced to accept a bonding contract to bring a neutral family into our circle against Dumbledore. Mother is extremely unwell and with father imprisoned, there is no one to look after her.

I still plan to finish my education but I don’t plan on returning to Hogwarts. As Lord Malfoy, I have greater concerns than just Hogwarts.

Your friend,

Draconis Lucius Malfoy

The 42nd Lord Malfoy’

Roughly satisfied with his letter, Draco sealed it and then handed it to Blaise, “Tell her that I sent it by house elf.”

“If she asks how you knew?” Blaise winced.

Draco smirked, “Tell her that I have house elves keeping an eye on Slytherin and I will be quick to communicate my displeasure.”

Blaise smirked, “That will make Slytherin extremely paranoid…”

Draco snorted, “Good. Do your best to keep Greg and Vince from taking the Mark if you can. They’re of age now and I don’t want them fighting on the Dark Lord’s side.”
“Greg doesn’t want to, he’s fallen for Bott.”

“The heir to **Bernie Bott's Confectionary** and half Ownership of **Flourish and Blott's**?” Draco frowned.

“The same. I don’t know what he sees in that shy Ravenclaw, it’s probably because he’s open-minded and was assigned to tutor him after his dismal grades last year.” Blaise shrugged. “He has attempted to pay him, so it doesn’t look like a favour. He’s got family in Gryffindor but he has better Marks.”

Draco smirked, “That’s where Theo’s brother ended up, right?”

“Theo’s brother is in Gryffindor, that’s got to make his father hot under the collar.” Blaise snorted.

“I’ll have Dippy return you to my rooms in Slytherin.” He quickly scribbled another note, this time to Uncle Sev, asking him to make Theo his temporary replacement as a prefect. Theo’s marks were just shy of his and it would give the other more standing…

Blaise bowed, “I go at your discretion.”

Draco sent a note with Winky for Hermione and his cousin Luna.

‘**Hermione,**

A female Slytherin blames you for casting the cover story curse on us.

Be advised she wants revenge and take precautions.

DM’

‘**Cousin,**
Your friend Hermione is being targeted for revenge. If possibly look out for her and deflect.

DM'

He sent the notes via Stria and let out a sigh of relief.

While he still wasn’t fond of Granger, she was important to Harry and must be protected…

XooooooX

Harry was nervous, “Are you sure it’s okay? I mean you take care of witches in my condition.”

Andromeda snorted, “I am foremost a birth healer. I can deliver wizard pregnancies, I just don’t usually unless I am specifically requested, which doesn’t happen often. I assisted with Edgar Bones’ care when I was specialising, being a Hufflepuff and Emelia’s elder brother, he wasn’t as narrow-minded as my Slytherin acquaintances.”

“Don’t you have any friends?”

Andromeda shrugged, “Surprisingly, there weren’t very many girls in my year. It was mostly all boys; they were either older or younger. The only girl I really remember was Emelia Bones, who was Nymphadora’s godmother, rest her soul and may it be reborn soon. Alys Longbottom was born a Dearborn and in the year ahead of me. Her niece Gwendolyn was in Ravenclaw and was their prefect my year. Then again, there was my friend Columba but with a father like Antonin Dolohov and a mother-in-law like my aunt Arminta Meliflua, well I didn’t have her as a friend after I eloped with Ted. Arminta actually tried to push forward a bill to legalise Muggle-hunting. I was actually closer to Tiberius Pucey if you can believe it and he’s one of Nymphadora’s godparents.”

“Are godparents really important? I don’t really understand the concept.” Harry admitted reluctantly.

“Godparents can be one’s choice if anything happens to the parents and family isn’t available to take the child in. They are also chosen to give magic to protect the child from harm. You can choose friends, relations or even people you respect. I know that due to her work as an Auror that
Alys Longbottom had a hard time holding on to Neville and because I ensured that she brought him safely to term, she chose me. Frank chose his mentor among the Aurors, Rufus Scrimgour.”

Andromeda said absently while she cast the spells.

Harry blushed, “Is everything alright?”

Andromeda nodded, “I believe so, would you like to see if your daughter will prove herself a girl?”

Harry swallowed, “If she will, I’d like that. But today can’t be the day and you’re not the right healer…”

Andromeda raised an eyebrow, “Really and who is the right healer?”

Harry shifted nervously, “My dream said Apollo Grannus?”

Andromeda chuckled, “He’s a popular birth healer in France, I believe he did take care of my cousin Edmund Rosier’s wife Apolline. He’s also a Veela, so he’s is loosely associated with the Veela Court. With Veela blood, I’m sure he’d gladly deliver your daughter. I don’t know why I didn’t think of him before. If he’s good enough for the Veela Queen, he’s reliable enough for you. Unlike his elder brother Appius Meliflua or his brother Evan, Edmund never held to the pureblood-centric views his mother and father had. He convinced them to send him to Beauxbatons and he never looked back.”

“That must have been really brave of him…”

“He was cut off for bonding without parental consent like me, but at least in his brother Appius’ eyes, he chose someone rich and powerful. So after his mother died, he was somewhat brought back into the family.” Andromeda shrugged. “Well, your baby is progressing well, but isn’t presenting. I could try another method to determine gender,”

“No, thank you. I know she’s a girl and I can wait.” Harry said stubbornly.

Andromeda smirked, “Very well, I’ll collect your file and add to it before I pass it on to Apollo.”
Harry grinned, “Thank you?”

“You’re very welcome. I’ll just see Remus and see if he’ll give me the secret.” Andromeda said brushing the non-existent wrinkles from her robes before leaving.

Arthur Weasley had gone to look after Molly, while Theo and George put Gracie to bed. Ned, well Harry presumed the young Gryffindor was Ned, seemed to disappear as well with Fred.

Draco appeared looking worried.

Harry frowned, “What did Blaise need?”

“Apparently Pansy has it in her head that Granger is the one who cursed us. She’s plotting revenge.” Draco said sighing heavily.

“Where would she get that idea?” Harry winced.

“It’s commonly thought that Granger is the smarter of the three of you and being a, pardon the term ‘Mudblood’, she is clearly jealous of me. Hence cursing me gets me out of classes so she is the clear winner of the highest marks. Given my previous behaviour and my father’s arrest last June, the likelihood of my following in his footsteps was to her obvious. I’ve also made comments unwise that I was entrusted by the Dark Lord with a Task and so she must have presumed that cursing us was a ruse to prevent me from succeeding. Especially given how you have been stalking me all year.” Draco shrugged.

“How... did you handle it?” Harry stammered.

“Sent a note with Blaise, told him to tell Pansy I have elves spying on Slytherin and if she or anyone else tries anything like Cursing Granger out of mistaken revenge, it would hamper the war effort.”

“Mistaken revenge?” Harry frowned.

“I told her that the curse was cast by Dumbledore. Let her hate him all she wants and I told her that
he was slowly dying thanks to a slow-acting poison, so revenge was unnecessary.” Draco snorted.

Harry frowned, “Speaking of Dumbledore, why didn’t you tell me about your task?”

“Why didn’t you want to tell me about Dumbledore’s plan to defeat the Dark Lord?” Draco retorted.

Harry sighed, “Truce. Why are you taking credit for Dumbledore dying?”

Draco chuckled, “Harry, you’re engaged to a Slytherin and a Malfoy at that. Dumbledore is dying, now I didn’t exactly tell her what my task was, I merely implied that it was important and had to be done at Hogwarts. Dumbledore attempted to harm our daughter and the Malfoy code is that Family comes first always. Wellm it was before Grandfather Abraxus had that disagreement with his nephew Xeno, but these things happen; just look at Aunt Andromeda. Now Dumbledore is dying and while it isn’t my fault exactly, as a Malfoy I should claim it as long as it’s beneficial. Blaming Dumbledore for our cover story curse protects us from the wrath of Slytherins loyal to the Dark Lord and it protects your friend Granger from Pansy’s revenge. As long as Pansy thinks I did my duty, she shouldn’t make as much fuss about my disappearance as she could. However, my claim to be bonding to a neutral family to bring them to ‘our side’ was merely a ruse. I was trying to tell her that I was no longer available and that she’d have to cast her favours elsewhere.”

Finally understanding after a fashionm Harry kissed Draco and they headed up to their isolated wing to sleep.

XoooooX

Hermione was shocked when a house elf she didn’t recognise appeared in her bed where she was working on her homework. She had taken to transfiguring her bed into a desk but left the bed frame and red velvet curtains so no one was really aware of the transfiguration.

She blinked at the elf, “Yes?”

The elf bowed, “Master Draco be asking Dippy to bring Ms. Granger this.” It stood straight before handing her a letter.

Draco was writing her? Hermione was grateful that she’d cast strong silencing charms on the
bedstead. She cast curse, jinx and hex detecting spells on the letter before accepting it only to be surprised there was nothing dangerous spelled into the parchment. She worried that something was wrong with Harry and was stunned to read a note warning her that Pansy was planning to attack her. Wasn’t Pansy Parkinson one of Draco Malfoy’s closest friends? Why would Draco be telling her this or was it to protect her on Harry’s behalf?

She wrote a note on the end of the parchment from Draco.

‘DM

Understood. Thank you. Will be careful.

HG’

“Please return this to your…master. Thank,”

The elf glared at her before disappearing with a pop.

XoooooX

Luna was expecting an elf…

Normally, she didn’t interact with that side of the family but with Harry expecting…

Luna was not quite as dotty as she pretended.

She was a seer and she knew that Albus Dumbledore was a dangerous person. So to protect herself, she somewhat emulated her father’s erratic behaviour that had worsened since her mother’s death. Mother had died in a Charms accident when she was nine sadly.

Her mother had been friends with Lily Potter because of their work with experimental charms and Lily had been her godmother; before her murder, Lily had warned her mother that Dumbledore was
not to be trusted.

Luna made up her magical creatures like Nargles and the like to hide her seer abilities. She was self-taught but was careful not to be caught with any divination-related books. She wouldn’t even take the class, even though she knew that aside from prophecy, that Trelawney was useless.

An elf arrived and handed her a note, like a proper pureblood witch Luna held out her hand for the note and handed one back before waving her hand in dismissal.

A quick scan proved that her suspicions that it would be regarding Pansy and Hermione were proven. She burnt the note and then returned to her homework, being number one in her year wasn’t that difficult when she didn’t really have true rivals other than Hermione. She usually toppled Hermione and even Draco’s marks from the previous year.

She would cast Ravenclaw’s protection spells just in case Pansy did do something foolish.

XoooooX

Draco was undressing for bed when Dippy returned with two replied.

He tore open the one from his cousin first.

‘Cousin,

Her father is drugging Pansy with Amortentia; her elf is imperioed to give it to her with her morning tea. Please ask Cousin Daphne to make it impossible for her to drink it.

Pansy is no more meant for you then you are for her.

Will protect Hermione. Tell Harry that my blibbering humdingers are watching over Hermione.
And about Ginny, warn her brothers that she’s been forcing their house elf Nina to bring her their created love potions and she’s been using them to force wizards to be her lover.

She’s been dosing mostly bent wizards and causing hurt to their soulmates.

LL’

Then he turned to Granger’s note and was surprised to see she was at least appearing to take his warning seriously.

With a sigh, he handed the note from Luna to Harry, “She didn’t say I couldn’t show this to you but I think that part of it might be better if you knew.”

Harry blinked at the bit about Ginny, “She’s been giving love potions to blokes? No wonder she’s been going through them so quickly and the break up are so verbally violent.”

“You wondered why Blaise called her nasty, it wasn’t that she was a bloodtraitor exactly, its because she’s a bit of a slut. She can’t stay with a wizard longer then a month; I don’t think that Weasley’s love potions were meant to work on a forcing a bent wizard to like a witch.”

“If it can make Ron like Romilda Vance after eating chocolate frogs and the longer they sit, the stronger they are, I can imagine just how strong the potions she uses are.” Harry snorted, “She’s always been annoying but knowing that I was next on her list of targets and that Ron and Hermione were complacent in her attempts worries me.” Harry frowned.

“Well, you’re with me now and you’re safe from anyone using love potions to take you from me.” Draco said smugly as they slipped into bed.

They were engaged but neither really was in the mood to have sex that night but cuddling was definitely what the boys wanted.
Chapter 29A

Chapter Notes

Here is part of the current chapter. Draco is trying his best to keep Harry safe as well as damaging both the powerbases of Dumbles and Voldy. Slowly they are building their own third front, the loss of the Weasleys as well as Number Twelve Grimmauld Place and Malfoy Manor will be immeasurable to those two 'Dark Lords'...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 29

While it was quiet in their wing of Ivy Hall, it was still startling to have company for breakfast. Molly was pouting.

Draco frowned, "Is something wrong Mrs Weasley?"

"These elves of yours won't let me in the kitchen." Molly scowled.

Harry smiled at her, "I know that you like to cook Mrs Weasley but for now why don't you see this as a vacation? With Dobby and Winky to look after us, you'll have more time to work on those baby things for us that you promised."

Draco had sent a letter off to Millie warning her that someone was dosing Pansy with Amortentia and that it would make Pansy owe her a great debt if Pansy were freed to be able to choose for herself. He did ask her to restrain Pansy from attacking Granger because she would use Dark Arts, which would weaken them.

Millie was protective of other witches even if she wasn't fond of them, Pansy irritated her but if the potion or anything else was responsible for the behaviour then he was sure that Millie wouldn't be too hard on her.

"I am ashamed of my behaviour last night, it was a trying day." Molly said quietly.

"I'm sure you had much to think over." Draco said kindly.

"I'm afraid that today won't bring better news." Harry said holding out his letter from Luna to Molly.

Molly snatched it up and read it with Arthur looking over her shoulder.

Arthur frowned, "This is worse then I thought, is this girl reliable?"

"If Luna says that's what Ginny's doing I believe her. It would explain a lot…" Harry mused.

Molly scowled, "Explain what exactly?"

"Her break ups leave her completely unaffected and well, the wizards hate her." Harry shrugged.
"It would explain why Neville Longbottom and Michael Corner were found trying to get away from her and were happy when professors showed up. If the potion broke when she tried to forced them into sex." Arthur muttered darkly.

George growled, "Where did she get love potions?"

"Apparently, she had an elf take them from you two." Molly snapped.

"WHAT?" Fred snarled. "She dared steal from us?"

George sputtered incoherent nonsense in his rage.

"If her behaviour is predictable, I think she wanted me next." Harry shivered.

Draco sneered, "Next? You may have been her next planned target but she's been obsessed with you for years! She watches you all the time and she sent you that ghastly valentine; 'his eyes are as green as pickled toads'. Surely, you haven't forgotten that!"

Harry groaned, "Thank you so much for reminding me, I've tried my best to forget…"

"She's been obsessed since forever," Fred snorted, "the only story she ever wanted to hear was the Boy Who Lived! Granted we didn't make it better by blabbing that we saw you your first year, sorry about that by the way."

It was easier to tell the twins apart now; George was sitting with Theo who had joined them for breakfast. They had Gracie and Ned on either side of them and looked like a family despite their actual ages.

Draco and Harry didn't like sitting at the ends of the table, so they had let the Weasley parents sit there last night. So they shared their side of the table with Remus and Fred…

Blaise, like Snape, had returned to Hogwarts last night.

"Do you have to go away Theo?" Gracie asked quietly.

"I'm sorry Gracie, I'm still in the midst of exams so I have to, but as soon as both of our exams are over Ned and I will come for you, I promise…"

"Yes, of course, school does come first. How are Harry and Draco going to handle exams?" Arthur frowned.

"They are merely NEWT preparatory exams," Theo sniffed, "I'm sure that they can be taken whenever as long as it's before August, if they are planning to return to Hogwarts."

"Will it be safe for me to go to Hogwarts in September?" Gracie asked quietly.

Theo frowned, "I hope so."

"Uncle Sev promised to help us get to exams if it were safe." Draco offered.

"With Hermione threatened and Albus wanting to force you to an abortion, I honestly don't see how you would be able to attend your exams."

Arthur gaped, somehow, he hadn't realised that Harry was pregnant at all…

"Just how far are you along?"
Harry blushed, "I got pregnant in March and it's well May, so two months or so? I thought I was sick in the beginning because of how far along I was but Andromeda said it was because I wasn't healthy to begin with, plus I was stressed. I'm supposed to eat right, sleep properly and stay away from stress if that's possible with two power mad individuals after me."

"Given that pregnancy is counted conception date plus two week, no matter what gender you are," Molly mused, "You're probably really close to the end of the first trimester, while they count weeks that way, wizards can't carry as long, so the baby is forced to mature at a faster rate. The magic strength of both parents helps determine how long the pregnancy will last since magic is the only way such conception is possible and the sire has to be present to help balance the magic drain. Harry's magic sustains the pregnancy while Draco's will help prevent him from suffering from magical exhaustion."

George frowned, "How do you know this?"

Molly shrugged, "Well, my brother Gideon was bent and I wanted to know how he could have a kid. I wanted to be a healer when I was little, but then I decided that what I really wanted was to be a mother."

Harry swallowed, "All I ever wanted was a family… then I met Ron and I became a part of yours."

"Sirius made you his heir and you're with Draco now," Molly sniffed, "So you've gained his mother, his Aunt Andromeda and her family."

"If my George is now Harry's brother, then since we're together, I guess that means you gained us as well." Theo muttered to himself.

"Since you're going to be a godparent to one of our children, it only makes sense," Draco smirked. "I'd like it if they were godparents together." Harry smiled, "I think that they'll be good parents if their parenting of Gracie is any indication."

George blushed, "I know I'm not old enough to be her dad but I do want to be a sort of parent for her."

"Well, I'm not old enough to be her grandmother but if she wants one…” Molly said kindly.

Gracie perked up at that, "Really? I've never had a grandmother before…"

Arthur chuckled, "I guess that makes me your grandfather."

Theo snickered, "I'm not old enough to have custody of them, but I'll be officially giving it to George, so you're welcome to be a part of their lives. After all, we can't claim any decent family on my side what with us having Carrows, Averys and Yaxleys as the only living relations I know about."

"With Death Eaters gunning for Weasleys, the Dark Lord and Dumbledore both after us, it might be wise for you to go into hiding as well. Your connection to Harry makes you a target for both sides," Draco mused. "I'll write to Cousin Sancus about helping you, Theo; though you probably should file through Gringotts rather than the Ministry but if you have Bill and Sancus, you might be able to do both."

"All assistance would be appreciated…” Theo sighed. "I just hope they don't try to punish us for having him for a father."
"If we can't stay at The Burrow because it's known, where should we live?" Fred frowned.

Harry grinned, "You're welcome here of course."

Arthur groaned, "I suppose the wisest thing that I should do is go talk to Father, we haven't got along or really spoken in years but he has taken an interest in Bill, Charlie and Percy. If I explained the situation and introduced him to Theo; then perhaps, he would help us go into hiding. I am still technically on desk duty due that attack by Nagini last year, but that's mostly because I'm doing administration duties as a Department Head rather then fieldwork."

"Are you sure it's safe?" Harry frowned.

Arthur shrugged, "Someone has to keep an eye on fake defence objects."

"Really," Fred snorted, "they should just buy from us. We're actually certified by the Ministry."

"Shield hats, gloves and I'm working on cloaks. We buy ready-made cloaks with sizing charms from Madam Malkin's and then pack them full of defensive magic." George seconded.

"It's pathetic that even Aurors can't cast decent shield charms." Theo snorted, "You're a fool if you trust them to watch your back Ned."

"Theo, I'm set on being an Auror and you know it! I just want to put guys like father away." Ned pouted.

Dippy, Draco's personal elf appeared, "Miss Cissy be awake and calling for Master."

Draco rose pausing to wipe his lips with a serviette, "I'll attend her straight. Excuse me everyone."

Molly seemed pleased about how diligent he was to his mother and Harry caught his hand before he left.

"Tell her she is welcome in any Black Residence if she doesn't wish to stay…"

Draco kissed him chastely, "Thank you love."

Harry blushed and returned to his meal of lemon ginger pancakes with orange syrup.

Draco slipped out of the dining room and made his way to the family wing where he had his mother placed.

It was far enough from his apartments with Harry and they did have strong wards just to be safe. He would not want his mother to hear him having sex; anymore then he would want to hear her…

It didn't take long to reach her room; he knocked politely on the door because she was a stickler for manners even if she had spoilt him. He hoped she would forgive him for his imprudence…

"Come in!" came a weak version of his mother's normal imperious voice.

Draco let himself in and was surprised to find her wearing a mint coloured dressing gown and reclining on the divan in her boudoir. He knelt kissing her hand and then her cheek, "Mother."

"Where am I?" Narcissa asked slowly, "I thought I was in the Manor."

"You were, I waited until it was emptied and I had you rescued. A healer has seen you, and I've sealed the Manor so that the Dark Lord can't use it any longer. I also sealed the Ancient House of
Black so that Dumbledore and his ilk can't inhabit it illegally."

"But Sirius," his mother interjected weakly.

"Mother, I know. Sirius granted his inheritance to his godson Harry Potter who was his heir by magic and not blood. I know this is going to be shocking but I'm engaged, I fell in love and we're to be bonded. I would like to have you there but if you are too unwell or unable to accept us,"

"Draconis Lucius Malfoy! How dare you imply that I would not want to attend your bonding or to oversee it! I don't care who it is as long as they are worthy of you!" Narcissa snapped at him.

"Mother, it's Harry Potter." Draco said quietly.

Narcissa was of a pale complexion like her sisters but had blonde hair from her Rosier mother, but she turned almost deathly pale and she weakly clutched his hand, "Oh, Draco darling why? Harry Potter? You'll be killed for this, and then what will I do?"

"Mother we're in hiding, in a Potter Property and thanks to your insistence on Uncle Sev taking that Unbreakable Vow, he's our Secret Keeper. We had to go into hiding because Dumbledore found out about Harry and I. You see after our duel in the bathroom back in March, we made up and became close. I'm in love with him and we're soulmates, he's pregnant with my child mother. A little girl,"

The news was just too much for Narcissa after being held captive in their home and tortured by her mad sister, so she fainted.

Draco blinked, "Mother?" when she didn't respond, he forgot his manners and shouted for a house elf, "Dippy!"

His elf appeared, "Yes, Master Draco?"

"Get Aunt Andromeda! Mother's unwell!" Draco ordered.

His elf bowed and disappeared with a pop.

Draco crumpled, still kneeling beside his mother with his head in his hands.

His aunt was delivered quickly and snapped at him, "Move Draco!"

Still worried for his mother, he scurried out the way.

"She's in shock, after her treatment, its no wonder. I'd let her sleep and then you can see her when she's woken up again. I've instructed the elves to feed her invalid food like soup and porridge. If she isn't awake, they are to move it to her stomach with the potions I had delivered." 

"Will she be alright?" Draco asked his brow furrowed with worry.

"With the right potions, proper sleep, and nutrition, I don't see how she wouldn't physically recover. It's her mental health I worry about, don't worry about Bella, I'll be doing some pruning if I meet her."

"Aunt Andromeda," Draco began.

The healer snapped, "No one hurts my baby sister and gets away with it. Especially not Bella who ought to know my wrath quite well…”
Draco gave her a strained smile, "I only hope that our Iris is as protective of her future siblings as you are."

Andromeda sniffed, "I hope she hasn't any cause to become so." Then she cast a few more spells before straightening her robes, "Aside from shock she is beginning to recover but she should rest quite a bit and reserve her strength."

"I'm… fine… just… surprised… oh Draco, you will be in so much danger…" Narcissa rasped, having just barely regained consciousness.

"Mother don't fret, we're safely away and I've managed to return us to the rightful control of the Black Estate. I claimed the Ancient House of Black just as you taught me," leaving out that he had done it mostly as consort of Lord Black but somewhat as a Son of a Black. "I returned it from whence it came and sealed it, so that no one but Harry and I can access it. Also I instructed the Black elves to only serve your gracious self, Aunt Andromeda, Harry and myself."

"A grandmother?" Narcissa whispered weakly.

"To a little girl, Iris Carina Malfoy. Iris for you and his mother Lily but also because they are your favourite flower. It was Harry's idea, he thought she needed a flower name and didn't want to use Lily or Narcissa. I offered the name Iris, as for Carina; it is because we are Blacks, are we not?"

Narcissa smiled wearily, "Iris Carina Malfoy, it's a fine name."

"You just worry about getting stronger mother." Draco said kindly.

"I always wanted a daughter but Bella tried to make me lose you. I couldn't get pregnant after you…"

"That little demon!" Andromeda snarled. "I'll sever her head from her body for this! I thought her attacking me was terrible enough! She tried to get me to lose Nymphadora because her sire was a Muggleborn! Yet Lucius is a pureblood! What right had she to attack you?"

"Aunt Andromeda," Draco said sternly.

"My apologies sister, Bella has always irritated me." Andromeda muttered. "Anyone with a modicum of intelligence ought to have realized that she belonged in St. Mungos' and not Slytherin when she turned eleven."

"She's mad, Sirius was right. She should have been sent to St. Mungos', not Hogwarts." Narcissa whispered.

Draco leaned down kiss her cheek, "Take care mother and rest. I'll come if you call and Harry is eager to meet you but not until you are feeling stronger."

"You're a good boy Draco… I see I have not spoilt you too badly." Narcissa smiled at him.

Draco watched her close her eyes and softly slipped out of the room. He hoped she recovered well from both the shock and her captivity.

XooooooX
While Molly hadn't completely recovered from the shocks of last night, she had realised that Ron and Ginny were a far graver concern then George taking in a girl who was due to start Hogwarts in September. Having personally duelled Death Eaters in Diagon Alley or the kidnappings.

She frowned, "You can return to the Ministry and perhaps talk to your father, I'm heading to Hogwarts. I have children to talk to."

"Molly, do be careful..." Arthur frowned.

Molly glared at him, her hands on her hips, "Arcturus Weasley, I took out Death Eaters our parents age yesterday without even getting a scratch. I think I can handle a castle full of students."

Arthur held up his hands, "I'm just worried, I'm supposed to worry about the people I love."

Molly kissed him lightly, "I know you do, I'm just sensitive because none of our children seem to trust me."

Before Arthur could say anything, Molly who had glimpsed the secret after breakfast was Apparated away by her elf.

Likely to avoid flooing and leaving a trace…

Arthur hoped for her sake that things weren't going to be too painful for her…

XooooooX

To say that Millie wasn't fond of Draco Malfoy would be the understatement of the year.

When a Malfoy elf showed up with the note from him, she almost didn't read it.

She was furious, her girlfriend Giselle had been forced to drop out of Hogwarts leaving that Belby girl who was so embarrassed by her twin that she went by 'Katie Bell' and was Sorted into Gryffindor to be Head Girl instead.

As if she was worthy of replacing Giselle…

Giselle wasn't allowed to write her, even Greg couldn't see her.

The note warned her that Pansy was about to go off the deep end and get them all in trouble.

While she was no more inclined to support the Dark Lord, then was she fond of the Muggleborn Granger; overly controlling fathers were her pet peeve.

If she couldn't take her anger out on her sire's family quite yet, then she'd just pick on Pansy's elf and keep Pansy on a very short leash.

Draco would owe her for this and when she called in the favour, he better be willing to pay.

XooooooX
Being close to the Grey Lady due to her being the descendent of their mutual ancestress Rowena, it wasn't hard to learn how to access the other common rooms specifically the Gryffindor one.

There was actually a secret passage there that was dusty and dreary but with charms shielding her magical signature, she made it passable and emerged in the Gryffindor common room.

It was full of worn furniture and a large hearth that was being tended when she appeared.

Luna held a finger to her lips.

The elf bowed and then vanished.

Luna tiptoed up to Hermione's dormitory, counting the doors and then locating her bed by sensing her aura.

Letting herself into Hermione's sealed curtains wasn't easy, but manageable all the same.

Hermione's bed was missing.

In its place was a desk and she was curled up on the floor with a blanket, tear tracks on her face.

Luna knelt beside her, stroking her hair, "Poor thing." She summoned a Lovegood elf that she requested tea and some breakfast from, before resealing the curtains.

Some wizardspace charms and transfiguring spells to change some scraps of paper into a settee and coffee table for them later, Luna levitated the sleeping witch onto the settee beside her and covered her with a blanket.

Sure it was May, but depressed or not, the girl shouldn't be sleeping on the floor.

Luna was suspicious that Hermione had fallen out of the chair after passing out from exhaustion.

The smell of tea woke Hermione who blinked, looking around with the strangest look of confusion on her face.

"What?"

"Morning Hermione!" Luna said brightly.

"Did Harry ask you to keep an eye on me? Wait, what are you doing in Gryffindor?"

Luna winked, "A pale raven showed me the way and Harry didn't ask me, Draco did."

Hermione was surprised, "Why?"

"Because he knew I'd protect you. He's family and we're friends." Luna said simply, her face surprisingly and calculatedly, absent of dottiness.

The older witch swallowed, "You're play acting?"

"Well done Hermione, fifty points to Gryffindor." Luna twittered putting her mask back on with ease.

"Why?"
"Same reason Harry ran away from Hogwarts." Luna shrugged. "His mother was a very perceptive witch and warned Mummy. Mummy warned me, Daddy's always been an odd one and I never had any real playmates, so I had years to plot out my behaviour around others."

Hermione hugged the witch, "You're trusting me?"

Luna poked her shoulder, "We're blood, you really should have been in Ravenclaw with me. You're a descendant of Rowena, not direct like I am, but still the magic's there."

Hermione gaped at her, "Rowena? Rowena Ravenclaw?"

Luna lifted her hair and turned so Hermione could see her neck, wandlessly adjusting her glamour. "See, we both have the feather. A true daughter of Rowena always has the feather, that's how my great grandmother Maia knew that Mummy was the Lovegood."

Hermione poured herself tea, "I always wondered where I got my magic…"

"I think your magic came from closer but you're a Ravenclaw really. If I don't have any female children, I've already named you my heir, even if you're older then me." Luna laughed airily.

Hermione was floored, "You're joking."

Luna shook her head, "Serious actually, after all, none of my Greengrass cousins, Great Aunt Pomona's daughter or Great Aunt Athena's son for obvious reasons, had the birthmark; so you're it. Don't tell anyone, not even Harry. I shouldn't know you have the birthmark and I can't tell you why, it's not safe for you to know."

Hermione flinched, "So, you don't trust me either…"

Luna covered her hand with her own, "I do trust you, I just don't want you hurt for information about me. I've seen what Dumbledore's done to people with my gift and I won't betray my mother or my godmother by letting myself be used like that, when they tried so hard to protect me."

While Hermione chewed on Luna's words, her friend prodded her to eat properly before they started to talk about Ancient Runes, which was a mutual favourite subject…

Chapter End Notes


A/n: Canon Ginny went through a lot of boys including making Neville take her to the Yule Ball, so I thought the why was believable. I doubt that Neville would have asked her, he didn't even really mix with his Housemates; much less the boys in his dormitory. He probably spent more time with Professor Sprout then anyone. I don't think he really had friends; Dean and Seamus were inseparable until Ginny went after
Dean and Dean ended up on the Quidditch team instead of Quidditch-fiend Seamus. While Harry had Ron and Hermione, so Neville was often on his own.
Chapter 29

When Molly arrived in Minerva’s office; she was edgy, furious and wavering on the edge of tears.

How had she fallen? She wanted to be a good mother and she had tried so hard to be despite being young for it…

Was it her fault? Had she shamed her children because she’d gotten pregnant young? Had she overcompensated due to her teenage pregnancies and become a controlling mother bear?

How could Bill think that he and Charlie were ashamed of letting her down?

She would always be proud of her children for doing well, even if they had dangerous careers.

She winced, while she hated that her babies were a Cursebreaker and a senior dragon keeper, they were both brilliant.

Molly really just wanted them to be happy…

Fleur really was a wonderful girl who loved Bill and wanted to be a good wife for him, but she hadn’t liked Fleur in the beginning because she thought the wealthy Delacour heiress was toying with him.

Perhaps, Draco wasn’t her first choice for the son of her heart, but he was very good for Harry and wanted the best for the poor boy.

She didn’t know much about Theo Nott, but the look in his eyes when he was with George and his siblings made her see that he was a good man at heart, despite being the son of Oran Nott. She recognised that when George was with him, he was happier then he’d ever been and she’d never stand in the way of that.
Molly wondered absently if he was protective of Gracie because he failed Ginny her First Year at Hogwarts.

While all her babies were precious to her, Ginny was her princess. Perhaps, she’d spoilt her and gave her along with Ron more attention because Bill was there to pick up the slack with the older boys.

There was such a tight bond between Bill, Charlie, Percy and the twins…

Had she prevented, though unintentionally, Ron and Ginny from being as close to them?

Ron spent all of his time with Hermione and Harry but when she realised how lonely in miserable Ginny must had been that year, it broke her heart.

She steeled herself and sat primly but her face was set in a mask of distain.

Ginny skipped in and threw her arms around her, “Hello mum.”

“Ginny let go. I’m not in the mood to be bamboozled.” Molly glared.

Ginny flinched, stumbling back with her bottom lip trembling.

“No theatrics either. Honestly, I’m really starting to consider how bad of a mother I really am right now. I’m thoroughly disappointed in the both of you. You Ron, I thought I taught you to respect girls. Hello Lavender, I’m sure you’re a wonderful girl and welcome to the family but my son is an twit.”

“Hey! I used contraceptive charms.” Ron sputtered.

“Obviously, you didn’t read the fine print, they aren’t always effective.” Molly frowned, “Are you taking contractive potions?”
Lavender nodded.

“Then you really are as foolish as your grades imply, Ronald,” Minerva muttered. “Mixing the two causes them to cancel one another out.”

Lavender swallowed, “I told you that I had it under control! Why didn’t you trust me?”

Ron glared, “This is my fault? Sex was your idea in the first place.”

“Says the boy who was always trying to get under my skirt.” Lavender whispered shakily.

“So, we’ve established that Ron’s child is a result of his foolishness and Ginny…” Molly’s eyes narrowed, “I know I taught you not to steal.”

Ginny flinched, “I wasn’t stealing.”

“Oh really? So why was Nina taking love potions from Fred and George’s shop?”

“That shop belongs to all of us! I was only taking my share. It’s not like they noticed.” Ginny stamped.

“That shop is in their names, not ours.” Molly said icily, “While I may not approve of their manner of leaving Hogwarts and not attending graduation, I have to admit that I was a fool not to trust them. They weren’t wasting their time with rubbish; they clearly are brilliant, unlike the pair of you. Stealing from family, I can’t even fathom it.”

“You stole dad.” Ginny said with a stubborn chin.

Molly flinched, “I didn’t mean to, but I couldn’t help loving him anymore, then he could help loving me. My getting pregnant was an accident and my brothers were horrified, Fabian was going to beat your father up and they were best friends. I had to beg them not to, telling them it was just as much my fault as it was his. Gideon didn’t want to bond to Arthur anymore then your father wanted him, it was something your grandfathers cooked up. My brothers tried to convince them not to file the betrothal contract, but it had already been done by the time I ended up fainting during my
potions exam. I wasn’t a thief and I didn’t set out to be a scarlet woman. If you put one more toe out of line, I’ll,”

“You’ll do what? Smack me?” Ginny retorted.

Molly gave her a knife edged smile, “Oh no, I won’t touch you Ginevra Mary Weasley. I’ll sign over custody of you to my least favourite person in the entire world, my mother-in-law.”

Ginny predictably paled, “You wouldn’t…”

Molly’s smile sharpened, “I would. She raised three boys; men like your five oldest brothers, while admitting she was right and I was wrong will be painful, but I’ll do it if only to save you from ruining your life! What would you do if you actually managed to get yourself pregnant because your drugged lover pulled a stunt like your idiotic brother here?”

“I may have snogged them, but mummy I only slept with one!”

“I’ll bet it was Cormac McLaggen,” Minerva mused, “He was found with his hand under your skirt and wasn’t begging us to rescue him…”

“You drugged all those poor boys, why Ginny?”

“I was trying to make Harry jealous!” Ginny said petulantly.

“Ginny, you can’t force him to feel something for you that he can’t. Harry sees you as a sister, you can’t change that and I won’t let you try.” Molly said sternly. “One more indiscretion, one and you’ll be pulled out of Hogwarts and Minerva can have you dropped off by elf at Wellesley Hall. In fact, I’ll be writing the letter before I leave. I obviously failed you Ginny and for that I am sorry. I’m glad that the Gryffindor team is suspended because you both need to buckle down and study. If you don’t have Exceeds Expectations in most of your classes at the end of the year, neither of you will be getting your Hogsmeade privileges back and I don’t want to hear anything about Quidditch from either of you.”

Molly took a deep breath before turning to smile at Lavender, “I meant it, I’m looking forward to having another granddaughter. Welcome to the family as messed up as it is. I may seem harsh but I really do want the best for them.”
Lavender tearfully hugged her, “I was so worried you wouldn’t like me…”

Molly smiled even as she hugged the girl back, “I’ll send Nina over with some ginger biscuits and a blanket or two for the baby.”

“I want biscuits.” Ron pouted.

“The only persons I’m making biscuits these days are for the persons carrying my grandbabies.” Molly said icily. “Now you have studying to do, don’t you? Your pre-NEWT exams are coming up and I will not tolerate you failing to study. Lavender if you feel any morning sickness dear, just nibble on one of those biscuits I’ll be sending or ask for ginger tea. It will help you feel better.”

The girl nodded and then pulled Ron out of the room with her.

Leaving a still petulant but not ashamed Ginny behind.

“I mean it Ginny, behave.” Molly admonished.

Ginny stomped away childishly, “I hate you!”

Molly waited until the door shut before sagging into a chair. “That was so hard…”

“But ultimately necessary.” Minerva said quietly. “I’ve watched my brothers and their spouses as well as my nephews and nieces come down harder on their kids when they get out of line. Thankfully, not for the same reasons though. Hopefully, your strictness helps them. They are both capable students but they lack their elder brothers’ work ethic. I know you’ve complained about their OWLS and marks but they were excellent students. If they both were more responsible out of class, we might have made one of them a prefect, likely George. He had the second highest marks in his year, he was right behind Hadrian Pucey and Brecc Montague.”

Molly flinched, “Then why would they let me think they only had Seven OWLS between them. Tell me did they sit their NEWTS?”
“Mary Lynette Weasley, they left during Ronald’s Charms exam; of course, they sat their NEWTS. Just because they refused to attend Graduation, doesn’t mean they didn’t graduate. I owled them their certificates after I returned to Hogwarts, I’m surprised Albus didn’t give them to you like he bullied us into making Ron a prefect in the first place. His grandfather made him give it up as soon as he heard his marks and knew of the pregnancy.”

“So who is the new Gryffindor prefect?”

“Albus absolutely refuses to let Harry have it, but with his current situation and absence, it wasn’t possible. I thought Harry deserved it due to his obvious maturity and I hoped it would make him closer to Hermione. The best laid plans often go awry,” the Transfiguration Mistress shrugged, “I gave it to Dean Thomas, he looked like he was hit with a shocking spell when I told him. He does have the third best marks overall, between Malfoy and Nott surprisingly enough.”

“As painful as it is to admit, Ron should never have been made a prefect. It wasn’t the making of him at all, I think the authority went to his head worse then Percy.” Molly rose unsteadily after writing the threatened note and handing it to the Deputy Headmistress, before she had Nina return her to Ivy Hall.

She could already feel a headache coming on; she picked out a knitted baby blanket and filled a small tin with her biscuits from yesterday before sending Nina with them.

Pausing to cast a spell that would make the tin unopenable to Ron, she knew her son well and he would not be able to resist her biscuits. Best to prevent him from eating them so Lavender could, especially when the girl needed them more.

XooooooX

Harry was bored.

Draco was with his mother and Remus was still grading their assignments from the other day.

So, he’d decided to help Fred and George pick up places to set up their labs in exile…

Draco had taken over the very large potions lab in the cellar, preparing it since he was apparently at the level of a NEWT brewer anyway he’d taken over Harry’s tutoring, and he also allowed George
to claim a portion of it for his own brewing.

They found a nearby empty room that might have been a Charms lab at one point due to the number of protection spells inside that Harry told Fred they could have for other projects.

“Thanks for sending Remus to help us get set up.” Fred said quietly. “I don’t know if we ever told you that before.”

Harry snorted, “As if you didn’t deserve me siccing a Marauder on you. I would have given you money for the shop regardless of winning the Tournament or not.”

“Marauder?” Fred stammered.

“Yep, he’s Moony if you couldn’t figure it out.” Harry inwardly flinched, “Dad was Prongs, Sirius was Padfoot and Pettigrew the rat was Wormtail. That’s right you called them your gods or something.”

Fred swallowed, “I knew Remus was brilliant but he was a Marauder? Merlin… dunno why I didn’t guess. It was around the time he would have been a student too…”

“I guess you wouldn’t have remembered what names were on the file that you nicked it from.” Harry teased.

Fred looked sheepish, “That’d be why there was a codicil to Sirius’ will that gave us money as an investment in his name…”

Harry frowned, “What do you mean?”

Fred conjured chairs and started to tell Harry about how they’d been using the investments…

Arthur had already sent a note to his secretary, informing them that he’d be a little late. He flooed
to The Burrow, feeling the tingle but not attack of the wards. Though some that felt as if Bill cast them.

Arthur might not be in the running for father of the year but he was proud of what his older five boys had accomplished…

Swallowing what meagre pride he still had, Arthur took from floo powder from the flowerpot on the mantle, stepped into the floo and called out, “Wellesley Hall.”

He appeared in the Receiving room, which also functioned as a front parlour.

Arthur sighed, making his way up to his father’s study ignoring the welcoming squeaks from the family’s elves.

One of the elves or the Hall itself had informed his father or his arrival.

“Arcturus, I would say it was a pleasure but what brings the prodigal son home?”

Arthur flinched, “Good morning father, it’s been a while…”

“To what do I owe the pleasure?” Septimus Weasley asked a little harsher.

“Well… there is the small issue of my apologies. I know that we parted on bad terms but I did try to be a good parent. I may have been a workaholic but I’ve recently learned that I somehow managed to fail both my youngest children.” Arthur admitted like a chastised schoolboy.

“So you learned about Ron’s child then.” Septimus muttered darkly.

“Bill’s twins, Charlie has a lover, Percy was imperioed, George is being courted by the Nott heir, Ron is going to be a father and Ginny is a rapist.” Arthur groaned collapsing in the chair in front of his father’s desk.

“So, why are you here?”
“At least one Death Eater came after our family specifically and we’re defecting from the Order.” Arthur admitted in a grumble.

“So, you want us to put our issues aside and stand as a family? What has made you decide to abandon the great Albus Dumbledore?” Septimus said boredly.

Arthur shifted nervously, “It’s Harry, we let him nudge us into making him family. Yet each year we were made to let him go back to his Muggle relatives who beat him and abused him in other ways- the particulars I am not fully aware of. When the twins mentioned it, Molly was furious with them, so she didn’t listen. When she thought it through, she asked Albus and he lied. We know how much family means to a Weasley, even if they don’t always agree with your choices, you never did insist that Molly terminate her pregnancy.”

“I wouldn’t.” Septimus glared, “She may not have been who I chose for you but, she was of a proper rank in society and was at least a member of the family we wanted to join blood with. We may not have liked Mary but it was you, not us who cut ties.”

“You picked a fight with Molly just after the news of her brothers’ murder, of course we were furious.” Arthur retorted.

“That was foolish of us and we have tried to repair the breech, but you two chose to be stubborn.” Septimus sniffed. “We did our best to reach out to the boys when they were of age and graduated by paying for William’s Apprenticeship, donating to the dragon preserve to help Charlie get accepted there and putting in a good word for Percy at the Ministry so Bartimus hired him.”

“All of which I am extremely… grateful for.” Arthur said through clenched teeth.

“Who all in the family will need to take refuge here?” Septimus sighed.

“Possibly, Ron but definitely Molly, Ginny, and myself over the summer.” Arthur admitted defeatedly.

“Ronald is joining the Brown family, so he’s their problem.” Septimus said sternly. “What about the twins?”
“I believe that for the moment they are staying with Harry, once Oran Nott has been stripped of his title, then his eldest Theo will be taking custody of the estate and he will move to the Nott family seat with his siblings and George.”

“I see, so the reason you’re under fire from the Death Eaters is not because you’re a bloodtraitor due to breaking a berroits because George is in a relationship with the Nott heir. Interesting, I take it you knew nothing?”

Arthur flinched, “I work a lot…”

“I was busy with the Wizengamot and the Board of Governors but I still took the time to consider your futures and your prospective Bondmates. Yet, that is neither here nor there. You are my son, no matter your choices and I will extend the protection of our wards to you, your bonded and any of your offspring that need it.” His father said sternly.

Arthur felt the tension in his shoulders vanish at that announcement. “Thank you father.”

“For what it is worth, I am proud of what you have accomplished.”

Arthur rose staggering to his feet, “Thank you… I really ought to be getting to work even if I sent a note to my secretary letting her know I would be late.”

“Yes, yes can’t have that. I’ll inform your mother about your returning to the Hall. I’m sure she’ll be pleased, even with the extenuating circumstances.”

Arthur bowed before scrambling out of the study and making straight for the floo he’d arrived in using it to arrive the Ministry.

That was the most nerve-wracking experience since he’d had to face both his father and Molly’s to take responsibility for her accidental pregnancy that resulted in Bill…

Arthur was going to throw himself into work and hope to Merlin that things looked up later…
Chapter End Notes

Chapter 30

Chapter Notes

One of my readers here commented that Arthur and Molly [in this story anyway] are not bad parents. This is true, but they were very young and not mature enough to be parents. After all, they were teenagers when Bill and Charlie were conceived. They are just reacting to the realization that their youngest are seeming to replicate their poor choices, even if they wouldn't trade Bill or Charlie away for anything anymore then they would suggest abortion to Ron and Lavender but they would have wanted them to wait until they were older with secure jobs, a house of their own and money saved up before kids were a possibility.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 30

Harry was a bit saddened when Molly and Arthur moved out of Ivy Hall to Mr Weasley’s birthplace of Wellesley Hall, but Draco was more relaxed.

That didn’t mean that Molly didn’t pop over to help plan Harry’s bonding, having been cheated out of Ron and Bill’s, it was distracting her from the trouble with Charlie.

They were progressing quite well academically, Hermione had started sending Harry copies of her notes from their shared classes as well as the list of homework assignments so they stayed apace with their school mates if not ahead because well, they had Remus, Severus and Andromeda to keep teach them.

Molly insisted on taking over Herbology because it was her best subject in school.

Draco didn’t mind having Mrs Weasley around personally because she kept Harry occupied when he was with Mother or meeting with Bill who had been given the secret because Bill needed to meet with him on matters of business.

Fleur came over sometimes as well but she wasn’t given the secret because she had refused. It was safer for Harry when few persons were trusted with it, but Bill still Apparated her over some mornings.
It was over a week before Andromeda deemed his mother well enough to leave her room.

Draco was meeting with Bill leaving Harry with Molly and Fleur…

Harry was pouted, “Can’t we just sign some papers and have a big wedding later?”

Narcissa flinched, “Why in Salazar’s Name wouldn’t you want a wedding to bond to my son even in it has to be small?”

Harry swallowed, “I don’t want a big production now. I mean I’m pregnant and we’re in the middle of a war. I didn’t intend to get pregnant so soon, it just happened. I wanted to marry your son but we wanted to deal with Voldemort first. I want my baby very much but the timing could have been better. I’m so glad you’re safe Mrs Malfoy.”

“Narcissa, if you’re going to be bonded to my only son and are carrying my granddaughter, then I expect that you’ll at least call me Narcissa. It is customary to call your in-laws mother and father but you don’t have to if you aren’t comfortable with that. Now you can at least compromise? Have a two witness bonding and a Gringotts contract, it would be safer to file with Gringotts but you could elope like Annie did if you wish but I would prefer you didn’t.” Draco’s mother said, as she sat primly in a chair.

Molly gave the blonde witch a small smile, “Narcissa.”

Narcissa sniffed, “Mary, I suppose you’re stepping in for Lily Potter?”

Molly nodded, “Harry’s like another son to us, his Muggle relations haven’t treated him right and Albus has never care if he was mistreated, he even practically convinced me that my boys were lying. Even if they were rambunctious and bucked authority, they’ve never out and out told a fib.”

“If they don’t lie then you’ve done a good job raising them even if you had more children then was probably wise.”
Molly sighed, “I did my best, I fear I coddled my youngest too much. Ginny was early and very tiny when she was born and the war was getting darker when Ron was born. I was warned that carrying twins had stressed my body too much and well I never did get all the weight off, thanks to seven pregnancies.”

Narcissa frowned, “Seven? I was only aware of six…”

Molly swallowed, “I lost one…”

Narcissa flinched, “So did I, a little girl after Draco. I was warned that getting pregnant so soon after having Draco was unwise, especially when I almost lost him as well and with the war the stress was so bad that I lost her six months in. It was a bad miscarriage that left me incapable of having more children. It seems to be a common occurrence with Malfoy sired pregnancies in the main line. I was so jealous of Muriel for having two sons and Apollus for siring three children that came to term when I couldn’t have more than Draco. It was quite some time before I emotionally recovered and when I did, I began spoiling Draco because he was all I had.”

Harry sat back and let the mothers argue about the wedding, or the word was bonding?

XoooooooX

Voldemort had been off with the Lestranges drumming up supporters in Europe, starting with the post-Grindelwald dissidents who wanted to slaughter the numerous Muggles, rather than enslave them. Because if they enslaved them, then the law of numbers would eventually catch up to them and their bands of domination would be cast off and they themselves would be at the mercy of their oppressed subjects.

He was surprised when he attempted to floo to Malfoy Manor from Lestrange Castle where he had passed the night and found it closed.

He had to floo to the Yaxley family seat because of their association with the Auror Department; they were overlooked for loyalty to his cause. When he attempted to Apparate to Malfoy Manor, he was bounced out…

He stood on the edge of the new anti-apparition boundaries and saw to his astonishment and fury that Malfoy Manor was gone….
There was no sight or magical trace that the Manor ever existed at that location…

And within five heartbeats of his arrival, fire fell from the sky and attacked him…

Voldemort Apparated away, only the Lord of a bloodline could seal a property. That meant that contrary to Severus’ assurances, that Draco Malfoy had betrayed him…

For what and for whom? Surely the young Lord Malfoy wouldn’t side with the very persons who locked up his precious father…

Just wait until young Draco's Aunt Bellatrix learned of his betrayal, the boy’s suffering would know no limits and Voldemort was inclined at the moment to give her free reign. He hoped that Severus had a very good explanation for this…

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I know the stories that Narcissa told Molly and Andromeda are not the same, but both are true. She did nearly lose Draco because Bellatrix cursed her and she did not intend to get pregnant so soon after having Draco. Since her body had not fully recovered from her first pregnancy as well as the curse, she had a miscarriage that left her incapable of becoming pregnant again. Admitting Bellatrix's role in her resulting infertility to her son and her sister is one thing. If Molly had not admitted to a miscarriage, Narcissa would not have told her at all. Harry probably believed she wasn't talking to him, so he likely won't discuss it with Draco. If Andromeda was Narcissa's birth healer (think OB/GYN), she would have to tell her everything.

Theo was surprised to receive a letter from Lord Weasley so quickly after writing to Bill to formally request his assistance in being legally named the Head of the Nott family and asking George's father for his consent. The request had been delivered by George following his reluctant return to Hogwarts to continue his exams.

Dear Theodorus Nott,

I have spoken to your mother’s Great Uncle Aurelius to ask about her, I hope such a request does not anger you. I have heard little good about your father and after Mary captured him for attempting to destroy Weasley Property, I have even less regard for Notts. Due to our age, neither Cedrella nor I, crossed paths with either of your parents in our Hogwarts days.

With Aurelius’ consent and introduction, I have also spoken to Professors Burbage and Snape who have informed me that you are an amiable, intelligent young man taking more after your mother then your father. Arcturus and Mary have nothing but good to say about you, given that your acquaintance has helped Georgius mature and awakened parental feelings in my grandson, I have decided to grant my consent to your betrothal.

I will also allow your granting custody of your siblings into Georgius’ hands since he already has a relationship with Charis and Darieos. I look forward to meeting you formally after the end of term.

My Lady Cedrella also sends her regards and wishes to welcome you to the family as well.

Sincerely,

Septimus Remus Weasley

Theo let out a sigh of relief, thank Salazar! He had been sorely worried that his father’s status as a
Death Eater who attempted to injury George’s mother and damage Weasley property, would hamper their future bonding…

His worries seemed to be all for naught…

Snape’s approval of his character was no less a surprise than that of Professor Burbage, but the news that he was related to both professors was shocking seeing as he had no idea.

He knew and distained his Carrow relations through his Aunt Clytemnestra…

His Crouch relations had been out of touch for more years then Theo had been alive and were considered extinct in the male line but Theo cared not to whom that Estate would be passed to.

The Yaxleys however, were around too often in Theo’s opinion while he was growing up…

A betrothal to a Weasley would sever those ties to the Carrows and the Yaxleys but Theo couldn’t be arsed to care.

He and Ned spent weekends since the Attack on Diagon Alley at Ivy Hall, they did not have the secret but were delivered by one of Harry’s house elves.

Most house elves couldn’t enter the residence without permission since the Fidelius Charm was placed on the residence that Harry and Draco shared with his siblings and George as well Draco’s mother and Professor Lupin.

Theo put away the letter from Lord Weasley, placing it in the inside pocket of his school robes so it lay over his heart.

It was only his love for George that had Theo approaching Ginny Weasley.

Ginny preened, “Can I help you?”

Theo snorted, “Tie your hair back and put your tits away, I don’t have any attraction to sluts.”
The Fifth Year witch hissed, “What did you call me?”

“I believe in calling things as I see them, I only approached you as a favour to my betrothed and his twin. Now, they asked that I give you this.” Theo shrugged.

Ginny blinked stupidly at the letter, “Your betrothed?”

Theo smirked, “You know him as your elder brother George.”

Ginny gasped, “Why in Merlin’s name would George be betrothed to a stinking Slytherin?”

Theo grinned, “I ask myself why he would care for me every day but I am grateful for it. Your grandfather and your parents have given their consent and I am legally responsible for myself.”

“Aren’t you a Death Eater’s son?” Ginny retorted.

Theo shrugged, “That is neither here nor there. George asked to me deliver this letter, are you going to accept it?”

Ginny glared, “Why should I?”

“Hey Slytherin, why are you bothering my sister?”

Ginny turned to Ron, her lip trembling, “He says he’s George’s betrothed and he brought me a letter…”

Hermione appeared and pointed her wand at the letter, a few heartbeats later; the recently reclusive witch said stiffly, “There are no dangerous spells or potions on the letter but it does carry George and Fred’s magical signature.”

Ginny then snatched up the envelope and tore it open so that she could read it.
The moment it was open, it was revealed to be like a howler…

‘GINEVRA MARY WEASLEY HOW DARE YOU STEAL FROM US!

IF YOU THINK YOU’LL GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU’RE SORELY MISTaken.

WE’VE SPOKEN TO MUM, DAD AND GRANDFATHER.

YES, AND WE’VE DETERMINED HOW MUCH MONEY YOU OWE US.

UNTIL THE DEBT IS PAID OFF, YOU’RE WORKING AT THE SHOP FOR FREE.

IF YOU EVEN THINK OF TAKING PRODUCT AGAIN, YOU CAN BE SURE THAT YOU’LL SUFFER FOR IT.

THIS IS GEORGE,

AND FRED

WE’RE IN COMPLETE AGREEMENT; YOU’RE THE MOST DISPICABLE BRAT! MARK OUR WORDS, GINNY YOU’RE IN BIG TROUBLE WITH EVERYONE FOR STEALING FROM US. WE HOPE THAT YOU’LL LEARN FROM THIS.’

Ginny turned to look for Hermione, while red in the face.

Theo marked that Hermione had vanished as surely as she appeared.

Ginny turned on him, “How could you give me such a letter? In public!”
Theo snorted, “You deserved it.” He leaned in to whisper, “You are lucky that none of your victims have filed reports with the Aurors. If you ever attempt to steal from my George again, then I will insist that they file a report with the Aurors and we will be requesting formal complaints from all of them. Then you will be legally be branded a thief as well as a rapist and no one will hire or bond to you.”

He stalked off to her exclamations of rage.

Even her idiot brother Ron was flabbergasted that she would steal from family and tried to quiet her.

XooooooX

Severus knew much too Dumbledore’s dismay but his usefulness as a spy was coming to an end…

When the note from the Dark Lord arrived full of sound and fury regarding the loss of the Malfoy Estate, Severus had inwardly recoiled.

He had written back that due to his responsibilities as a professor that he was unable to leave the school at this time.

Damn that impudent boy!

Severus had known that as the Head of the House of Malfoy Draco could seal the Manor but never imagined that his godson would dare.

Now all of his false assurances of Draco’s continued support and allegiance were for naught…

Severus hated the man that he had become and wished he’d never heard the names Voldemort and Dumbledore…

Perhaps, he should have taken Harry up on the offer to remove his Dark Mark…
His life would soon be forfeit when he could no longer be useful to the two Masters he was bound to…

Severus wished that he had listened in Sunday school to the lesson about how impossible it was to serve two masters.

If Albus didn’t kill him then, Voldemort would…

Severus prepared his resignation letter and sent it to the Board of Governors to be effective the First of July.

He was finished with teaching, he was quite ill suited and regretted that he had allowed Dumbledore to persuade him to stay on year after year.

The sooner he could get away from the likes of Dumbledore and the Dark Lord, all the better.

XooooooX

Voldemort glared at the reply from Severus; perhaps Bellatrix had been right in her misgivings…

It was hard to put much credence into her words given that Azkaban indubitably drove her mad…

Retrieving those locked up following the Battle of the Department of Mysteries seemed less worthwhile…

That is until he lost followers due to Diagon Alley…

Bellatrix’s Bloodtraitor distant relation Mary Weasley nee Prewett had captured one of his oldest servants and former dormmate in Slytherin House, Oran Nott.

Avery wasn’t as much of a loss; however Oran knew him in most of his moods and had been of
great assistance in establishing his influence among pureblood but mostly Slytherin circles.

“What to do Nagini? Do I have Bellatrix killed to protect my family from falling under her wand? Then there is the case of the little Malfoy; he is becoming more dangerous to me especially since he sealed his ancestral home. What of Severus? I thought that we had an understanding; while he knows nothing of my past, I know everything about his and I thought he would agree with me about wanting revenge on Muggles. Now I find that he’s betrayed me too…”

“Master, I know all your secrets,” Nagini hissed, “the Malfoy youngling may not have succeeded in destroying Albus but we both know you never intended that he should. You were angry with Lucius for failing you. Is it not wonderful that Albus is dying and that he should die by your hand?”

“Not if he’s destroying my dark artefacts!” Voldemort fumed. “Only by destroying the Peverell ring could he have been affected by my curse!

“Master, we know that Potter’s blood has returned your mind, after years lost and driven mad by two goals to return to human form and to kill Potter. Albus has done great harm to you Master; he deserved to die by your hand. As for Potter, he’s beaten you and there is something special about the boy. He sees me, he sees through me and while it is disturbing, I want to know why he can. Rather then attacking them directly; perhaps, we can do this in an unexpected way. Write to Potter but don’t put a tracking spell on the letter. Make it one last test for Severus, if he returns with a message, then perhaps we can ignore his misinformation in regards to the Malfoy youngling’s change in loyalties.” Nagini rubbed her peacock-coloured scaled head against her master’s hand.

“Fine…” Voldemort ground out, “I’ll write Potter.”

“Do be polite Master, but curiosity is allowed. If the younglings are capable of vanishing entire houses after they were cursed together; then perhaps, we ought to be wary of them.” Nagini warned.

“How would I convince them of my sincerity?” Voldemort grumbled.

“I believe that Bellatrix killed Potter’s godfather, her cousin and we know that Wormtail betrayed his parents. Offer to give them to Potter as a sign of faith to deal with as he wishes.” Nagini hissed in a giggle.
The emotions shown by snakes were more ‘human-like’ than surmised by magizoologists. Then again being a Parseltongue, Voldemort knew them far more intimately than suspected…

Voldemort held out his hand wandlessly summoning a quill, ink and clean parchment.

He began working on the letter.

Nagini knew that she would likely have to summon an Ashwinder to deliver it, after all she didn’t believe that his so-called family was really as loyal or trustworthy as Voldemort tried to believe after Potter’s blood regained him his mind.

She tired of battle and intrigue…

Nagini hoped that her advice regarding Severus was good, because she liked him. Anyone who could understand her master so well as to understand one of his curses and create a potion to slow it down in hopes of making it a slower painful death was someone worth keeping close…

Then again, perhaps, Nagini should deliver the letter herself. Alone with Severus would help her determine his true loyalties and thus protect her master…

Yes, that was what she would do; Nagini would infiltrate Hogwarts and delivery the letter herself…

Anything for her beloved master…

XooooooX

Albus was vibrating with anger; by all rights, he should be dead.

Thank Merlin for his ability to call Severus to his side day or night, while he hated the boy, at first sight, his talent with potions, Occlumency shields and deep understanding of Dark Magic made him useful. Otherwise, he would have found reasons to be rid of him ages ago…
Isolating the brat took little effort; Severus was as true a Slytherin as one could get without being a descendant of Slytherin or a Parseltongue. His Muggle blood was essential to make the likes of Bellatrix Black keep putting Severus in his place…

Severus’ magical strength and skill reminded him overmuch of Gellert and that he did not appreciate. By refusing to allow anyone to acknowledge Severus’ genius as well as outright convincing Horace to sabotage his potions or partner him up with the useless likes of Pettigrew or Lupin ought to have ensured that he wouldn’t score well.

Yet time and time again, Severus proved his genius. But, Severus had grown complacent after Lily’s death and seemingly obeyed without question.

Now that Voldemort had returned, Severus seemed to be growing distant and he seemed odd when Albus had been affected by the curse on the Peverell ring that contained the weaker of the Deathly Hallows: the Resurrection Stone.

The loss of Harry Potter, nay the ruin of Harry Potter by his misalliance with the odious Malfoy heir had put a distinct wrinkle in his plans. His weapon was sullied and with child, there could be no worse turning in his carefully devised path for the boy.

Albus wanted Potter’s head but he had his uses, a pity that not one of his little entanglements with Voldemort had had the boy killed. Albus had hoped that they would eliminate one another, hence why he had been so careful to manipulate events to make Harry believe that he must face him.

Albus’ plan called for Potter’s death to weaken Tom so he could eliminate them both and claim that they killed one another.

He did not intend that either should live after their reunion in the graveyard, he had hoped that the forced duel between their two wands would cause an explosion that would kill them both thus eliminating his greatest rivals for power.

Unfortunately, his plan failed as they often did in regards to those two. Thank Merlin, he had plans within plans…

How dare Harry Potter defy him for a Malfoy! He was his superiour! Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore did not bow to anyone!
He did not countenance the name Bay even if it had been given to him at birth, it came from his odious Black relations who had disowned him due his father’s shame of being caught torturing Muggles children. Those little monsters deserved it!

While Albus had seen Ariana as an irritant and later, a millstone after she had killed their mother and forced him to take custody of his siblings at eighteen. He gave up an all-expenses paid world tour to look after them and were they grateful? Of course not! Granted he would never have met Gellert if he hadn’t stayed in Godric’s Hallow. However, he was angry at Gellert for running away.

Who cared really who killed Ariana? She was mad and an embarrassment to the House of Dumbledore! Merlin’s beard, she brought the attack on herself for using magic where she could be seen. They were taught better... but for his father to be caught by Lord Flint who lived nearby, was an irritant as well as an embarrassment.

Aberforth might be a fool but he was intelligent understand at Ariana’s age that magic was not to be used around Muggles ever. The attack was Ariana’s fault and his father was an even greater fool for refusing to explain himself and forcing them all to be publically shamed.

Albus hated children almost to the extent by his cousin, former Headmaster Ophicicus Black did…

He played the part of the doddering old man who considered all of his students as grandchildren due to his never having any himself…

Albus preferred politics to teaching and had almost bullied his way from mere Transfiguration Professor to Head of Gryffindor and finally, Headmaster. He had made sure that his predecessor as Headmaster and successor as Head of Gryffindor were malleable as well as keeping Tom’s jinx on the Defence Against the Dark Art post because it suited his purposes to keep the students impressionable and underskilled.

The easiest way to keep people awed of his power was to keep them from realising their own potential.

To have powerful, extremely talented wizards and witches popping up every generation was infuriating.

He had hopes of Harry and Tom finishing one another off and once Harry was dead, then Severus
would take his own life. Thus, ridding him of all three nuisances and ending three powerful pureblood lines for good.

The offspring of Harry and the Malfoy brat must be killed to bring that dream to fruition.

Neither line must see another generation survive birth…

Dumbledore ignored the pain radiating in his decaying arm as he chugged another vial of Severus’ potion.

He would not fail in his desire to punish both the purebreds and the Muggles for the pain and shame they had brought to the House of Dumbledore!

XooooooX

Molly had borrowed magazines from Fleur and her daughter-in-law had come from France to discuss babies and nurseries with Harry while she and Narcissa met with Bill to discuss how best to handle a bonding between the son of her heart Harry and Narcissa’s only son Draco.

Narcissa spoke first, “You’re absolute certain that Draco and Harry are complete emancipated? They can register a bonding contract with Gringotts?”

Bill nodded, “I would do it soon…”

Molly flinched, “Why?”

“Albus is sniffing around about what is needed to register a betrothal contract, I think he plans to register one before we can file a bonding one.”

Molly gasped, “No… he’s been talking for ages about bonding Ginny and Harry, but I thought he was just humouring her…”

“I really hope that’s not where she got the idea that she would end up Lady Potter…” Bill muttered
darkly. “I informed Griphook not to accept any bonding or betrothal contracts that weren’t magically tying Draco to Harry to avoid Harry throwing a magical tantrum in Gringotts.”

Narcissa accepted the blank contract, frowning, “This is a Black contract…”

Bill smirked, “I thought it would be the least expected, we know that Harry is legally Lord Potter-Black and you are a daughter of the House of Black. I want what’s best for Harry and I can see how happy Draco makes him. I don’t know where Ron got the idea of there being some sort of feud between our Houses. We both know that your bonded’s grandmother was a Prewett same as mother…”

Narcissa gave Bill a fond and grateful look that had him coughing, “As a mother, I want to thank you for what you’ve done for my son.”

“Well, Harry’s a good kid and I know that Fred and George are fond of him. He’s slowly come to feel like family to Charlie and myself…” Bill muttered nervously.

Molly giggled, “Don’t let Fleur see you looking at Narcissa like that…”

Bill gaped at her, “MUM!”

Molly laughed at his discomfort, “So you have the hots for intelligent blonde witches then?”

“Mum… this is embarrassing enough…” Bill muttered.

Narcissa chuckled behind her hand, “It is quite flattering to have a young man such as yourself affected by my beauty. It makes me feel much too young to be almost a grandmother…”

Molly sniffed, “Just because I want grandbabies doesn’t mean I feel old enough to have them…”

Narcissa chuckled, “I am younger then you remember…”

Molly huffed, “Like that matters anymore.”
Bill rose, “I um… trust you both to work out the details before Harry and Draco sign. It’s a template contract and will adjust to the agreement of the Head of both Houses…”

Narcissa snickered when Bill fairly ran from the room. “It does my ego good to know that I can still turn a boy’s head like when we were in school.”

Molly muttered, “You were such a flirt.”

Narcissa looked hurt, “I never did anything dishonourable, I just liked the attention… at least I didn’t use my status to get people to treat others cruelly…”

Molly shrugged, “Not everyone meets their true prince young…”

Narcissa’s eyes were faraway and sad, “Once upon a time, I thought I had… then everything changed…”

It didn’t take long for her to recover and they perused the contract, just because their sons were officially men didn’t mean they know a bit about contracts…

XooooooX

Draco was off working on business in his study, Dumbledore had made a mess of Harry’s inheritance and well, he had to fix things. Unlike him, Harry hadn’t been raised to handle business matters…

Once Draco had a handle on what had been done to the Potter Estate, he promised that he would inform his father’s cousin Sancus and Gringotts…

Draco was pleased that Harry trusted him to make sense of the mess of his vaults and investments…

Harry was nervously listening as Fleur explained the virtues of cradles versus bassinets, as well as
why breast-feeding was important to a baby’s development as well as their bond with their bearer.

Fleur shyly admitted to herself singing to Victoire and Harriet, Bill also liked to talk to their daughters while massaging her aching ankles and feet or rubbing a special lotion to prevent permanent stretch marks all over her baby bump…

Harry quietly recounted Draco’s reading stories to Iris and how he often woke up listening to Draco talk to their daughter.

They were both blessed to have lovers who insisted on spoiling them and were thrilled about their unplanned pregnancies.

It was fun to think that little Victoire, Harriet and Iris would likely grow up best friends…

Luckily for Harry, Fleur had already set up a proper nursery for girls and was full of advice as well as promising to paint the nursery for him.

Harry tried to beg off the painting, not wanting to her to exhaust herself…

Fleur said softly, “It’s a small thing… you saved Gabrielle. You didn’t have to, she was never really in danger but you brought her back to me and that means everything…” she blushed, “Bill wants to ask Charlie and Viktor to be godparents to Victoire but I was hoping that you and Draco would agree to be little Harriet’s godparents…”

Harry swallowed, “You mean it? But,”

Fleur waved a hand dismissively, “I know that you have already selected Hermione and Blaise for the honour but you don’t think that Iris will be an only child, do you?”

Harry blushed, “Well, when you put it that way…”

Fleur chuckled, “Next babe, then?”
Harry nodded, “It’s a deal…”

Then the two went back to arguing over what sort of furniture and theme Iris should have for her nursery…

Chapter End Notes

What one didn’t realise was that once Nagini arrived on the edge of Hogwarts proper on the Forbidden Forest side was that she was welcomed.

After all, she was the familiar of a former King of Slytherin.

Nagini was no fool, her bond with her master allowed her to understand words spoken in any language her master understood. So she knew what Hogwarts was, who Slytherin was and why his relationship to her master was important. Her master was a descendent of the Parseltongue Founder of Hogwarts…

After Nagini had convinced her master to allow her to personally deliver his message to Severus, her master had provided her with a touch-activated portkey.

Nagini had ultimately decided against using an Ashwinder messenger…

Nagini discovered to her delight that there were snake tunnels from the Forest just as there must be owl tunnels from the roof and eaves of the Castle.

The castle must know she came as a peaceful messenger because it gently directed her directly to Severus’ quarters. In fact the snake tunnels widened for her as did the exit and entrance burrows.

Nagini was not at all surprised to sense that Severus stiffened as soon as she slithered into the room.

“Salazar’s wand…so you’ve come for me at last…” Severus grumbled.

Nagini snorted and used her tail to gesture from her mouth to his ears and then to his wand.

Severus blinked in shock before he clearly cast a spell to comprehend Parseltongue.
Nagini snorted, “You humans are more temperamental and suspicious then us snakes. I’m not here to kill you. Out of all of my Master’s companions I like you the most and not in the context of a future meal. Aside from the Parseltongue thing, you two are the most alike out all of those I have met among wizard kind. I want to know honestly if you were aware that the Malfoy youngling’s loyalties had changed and knowingly misled my Master. You know better than to lie to me of course…”

Severus scowled, “Draco is my godson and I am bound by an Unbreakable Vow to protect him by any means. He was never meant to succeed at his mission; both Narcissa and I knew this. It was my duty to ensure that Albus died. He is dying, that much is true. I originally managed to stall our Lord’s curse but I adapted my counter potion to eventually allow the curse to claim Albus’ life in a manner that would leave me blameless.”

Nagini yawned, “How could you be found blameless?”

Severus smirked, “Albus has never followed dosing instructions. He usually takes his potions absently with no notice of how often or how much he imbibes. I purposely brewed a potion that he would build up a tolerance to if he misused it and would enable the curse to cause his death without warning when the counter potion became abruptly ineffective. I predict a late spring, possible May funeral for our esteemed Headmaster.”

Nagini’s tongue danced in amusement, “Perfect, I hate the man. As your Lord’s familiar, I have access to memories even he has forgotten. Master would be a different sort if Dumbledore had never meddled with him. Done to death by his own arrogance and with the aid of two persons’ whose lives he attempted to manipulate. I’m surprised that either of you were fooled by the prophecy…”

Severus gaped at her, “WHAT!??”

Nagini chortled, “Really, Severus you look like a toad hoping to catch flies.”

Severus’ mouth closed quickly, his brow furrowed before he spoke, “What are you talking about?”

Nagini hissed, “That would be telling, wouldn’t it? I think you need to find that out for yourself. Now, Master has become saner since the ritual due to Potter’s blood. He has been acting out like a child and he needs to be reined in sometimes. I’ve convinced him that he ought to write to the Potter youngling, you may test the letter. There are no tracking spells on it. To convince yourself
that it is safe, you may read it but only if you are going to deliver it.”

Severus delicately accepted the letter, “What interest does he have in the boys now?”

“He isn’t interested in a war after Dumbledore is dead. Wouldn’t you be sick of getting bested by a child?” Nagini snorted. “It’s foolish to bait the Potter boy as he has. Clearly, for all his magical prowess, my Master always comes out the worst in their encounters. Wouldn’t it be wiser to ally with the boy?”

“There was something unnerving about that night in Godric’s Hollow…” Severus muttered darkly.

“I think you need to examine certain events in the past to see just what really happened and what you presumed happened.” Nagini said bowing her head, “I’m off to portkey back to my Master but do some thinking Severus. I really am fond of you and I would hate for my master to lose you.”

Then she slipped into the burrow she had previously exited to return to the Forest where she would portkey back to her Master.

XooooooX

Severus stared at the rapidly closing Nagini-sized archway after the Dark Lord’s familiar vanished back into its dark depths.

Nagini liked him?

He was stunned that she was more independent then he had previously surmised…

Severus opened the letter to Harry with shaking hands after testing it for spells of any sort only find none.

That was severely unlike the Dark Lord, he always cast some spell into his missives.

It was rather innocuous, it discussed that their previous encounters since Harry’s First Year were
beyond Voldemort’s control. And other then the ones occurring Harry’s First Year and his Fourth, Voldemort had no memory of the Diary incident. Though he never intended for such a powerful artefact to possess a child and to cause harm to any student but especially not purebloods even if they were Weasleys.

That comment might irritate Harry but most persons had poor opinions of Weasleys after all…

The offers of Bellatrix and Pettigrew seemed surprisingly sincere…

Apparently, Bellatrix’s madness had made her too dangerous to her fellow Death Eaters and the Dark Lord believed that her only worth to the cause was to be offered as a sign of good faith between himself and Potter.

Severus sighed; it was best to floo directly to Harry. Luckily, it was lunch and he did possess a timeturner.

It was also not a Thursday thank Salazar, where he had to teach three classes practically on top of one another…

XooooooX

Draco was in his study perusing and taking notes on the Malfoy, Black and Potter estates when Dobby arrived.

He frowned glancing up, “Yes, Dobby?”

“Professor Snape be arriving and heading to speak with Master Harry Potter. Dobby be wondering if Master Draco be wanting to join them.”

Draco rose, setting his quill aside and capping his inkpot. “Thank you, Dobby. This news is something I would like to be informed of in the future, the arrival of any unexpected visitors, even those with the secret.”

Dobby nodded bowing, “Yes, Master Draco.”
Draco was already crossing the room when Dobby vanished with a soft pop.

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Harry was buried deep in magazines with Fleur when Winky arrived.

Fleur sat up and frowned, “Yes?”

“Winky be telling Master that Lord Prince be arriving.”

Harry blinked, Snape here why?

Then the aforementioned wizard breezed into the room.

“Potter, I had the strangest visitation at Hogwarts.” Snape drawled.

Harry frowned, “Really? Who?”

Fleur rose with some difficulty due to her very pregnant state, “I’ll just be visiting Lady Malfoy to see if I can help her and Molly with the bonding. This is a private matter.”

No sooner had Fleur left, then Draco arrived. His pale face taunt with worry…

Draco blurted out, “Is something amiss Uncle Sev?”

“He’s coming, Draco. You’d better sit down.” Severus snapped.

Draco immediately acquiesced and delicately sat down on the settee beside Harry.
Harry scowled, “Now will you tell us what is the matter and who visited you?”

Snape slunk into an armchair opposite them, “Nagini came to see me…”

Draco swallowed, “At Hogwarts? Is this because of me?”

Severus glowered, “In part yes. The Dark Lord is most displeased with me, I assured him of your loyalty and then you sealed the Manor as well as retrieving your mother.”

Draco scowled, “Mother was a prisoner, her life was in danger. I only did what any loyal son would do: remove her from danger. Father decided to reaffirm our loyalty and put our family’s honour in jeopardy. I never willingly agreed to take his Mark; you know very well that it was forced on me. What does the Dark Lord want of me now?”

Severus snorted, “He wants nothing of you. In fact, Nagini delivered a message intended for Harry.”

Both young Lords stiffened.

Harry frowned, “Why would he be writing to me?”

“With Albus dying and thanks to your blood, while stolen, it seems to have returned his mind and Sanity. Apparently, he’s been thinking and has decided to open talks with you.”

Draco growled, “Why should we consider this? He attacked Diagon Alley and put people in Danger! He kidnapped an Ollivander and a Fortescue.”

“While causing limited damage.” Severus retorted, “As a sign of his good faith, he is willing to offer both Bellatrix and Pettigrew to you. With the latter, I am sure that you can see to it that your godfather’s name is cleared. As for Bellatrix, she did cause your godfather’s death and it would offer some measure of closure. Preferably after Albus is dead so that he can’t thwart your attempt to fix that so-called miscarriage of justice.”

Harry was still dumb-founded that the monster who had killed his parents and tried to kill him
numerous times would contact him like this. There had to be a catch...

Draco scowled, “When do you think that will be? When will that arrogant fool of a headmaster be
dead?”

Severus smirked, “Early May or thereabouts. The sooner the better in our mutual opinion, I have
no respect for a man who implied that he would save your mother or who tried to manipulate you
into an abortion.”

The library door was flung open, Narcissa Malfoy stood there her blue-grey eyes stormy with
anger.

“Who tried to manipulate Harry into aborting my granddaughter?”

Harry tried to hide behind Draco.

Draco’s voice was icy, “Dumbledore, he cornered Harry when he was alone and tried to convince
him that I was not to be trusted and that it was best to give up the baby because he hadn’t know he
was pregnant long enough to truly bond to Iris.”

Narcissa sat down abruptly, trembling in her anger, “As if he could know or truly understand! If I
were to have become ill during my pregnancy with Draco and was recommended to end the
pregnancy, I would have hexed anyone even my own sister for bringing it up. I knew when I
conceived, I sang to Draco all the time and when Lucius was away, I would read him stories.
Lucius was always jealous of the bond Draco and I had. I want that sort of bond for both of you.”

“Dumbledore knew I’d only known a few days...” Harry whispered from behind Draco.

“Did you name her? Did you want her?” Narcissa pressed.

Harry’s expression softened, “We named her almost immediately, since we had already agreed that
we wanted a family together, just not so soon. We picked Iris because both our mums had flower
names and Iris was your favourite flower. Carina was because we both had Black Ancestry and
because of these reasons, we decided she was to be the Malfoy heiress...”
Narcissa reached over to squeeze his hand, her eyes suspiciously wet, “You are a dear one and my Draco is quite lucky to have you.”

“Iris is blessed to have you and Mrs Weasley to dote on her...” Draco said gruffly.

“If we’re quite done with sentiment...” Severus groused.

Harry swallowed, “Yes... the letter... I don’t think I can reply just now. I’ll want to consider it. I’m no longer Dumbledore’s pawn to direct but I’m not sure if I can ally with his enemy especially when I have the history that Voldemort and I have. I’m not sure if we can forgive him for Narcissa’s mistreatment at his orders or my parents’ deaths.”

Narcissa flinched, “My imprisonment I believe was his order, but I am not so sure that my torture was. Draco would work harder on his task with only the threat of my death and torture because the Dark Lord saw the bonds between my son and I as a weakness.”

“Even so,” Harry murmured, “I need time to decide this.”

“I am sure that the Dark Lord anticipated this and will await your reply. Bellatrix has become a greater danger and even though she is loyal to the death to her Lord, her fits of madness put all around her in danger. Her only real use now is to be used as a bargaining chip and the Dark Lord has no real need for those who would betray those who are like brothers. Once a traitor, always a traitor...” Severus muttered darkly.

Harry raised an eyebrow, “Is that like once a spy, always a spy?”

Severus glowered, “It is for Draco and Lily’s sake that I have been good to thee of late, do not test me Harry.”

With that, Draco’s godfather strode out of the library with his drab black robes billowing out like bat wings.

Narcissa waited until he was gone before shaking her head, “Now Harry surely you don’t need to tease Severus so.”
Harry looked at her sheepishly, “He’s always been harsh on me and I can’t help but retort...”

Draco frowned, “If we can bury the antagonism between us and we’ve been at odds nearly as long, why can’t you and Uncle Severus? He’s been more accepting and helpful than anyone else...”

Harry sighed, “Alright, I promise not to bait him anymore...”

Narcissa beamed at him, “You have to practice,” then her eyes hardened, “especially since I won’t tolerate such behaviour around my granddaughter, anymore then Molly will, I suspect.”

Properly chastised, Harry nodded in silent agreement.

Draco made a mental note not to exhibit similar behaviour with Theo or Granger in case of his mother bearing witness. Her censure wasn’t something he enjoyed...

Neither young Lord was certain of whether Harry should accept the proffered olive branch from Voldemort...

Time would tell whether Harry would or no...

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 32

Harry set down his quill, closed his eyes and massaged his temples.

The part of him that used to go raring off into danger without a thought, had gone silent. Was that because he now believed he had worth or because he was responsible for the safe delivery of his daughter, whom they had already decided to name a Malfoy heiress?

Whatever the reason Harry was torn, torn between ignoring Voldemort’s letter and considering the offer.

According to Snape, it wasn’t even charmed to inform the writer of either its delivery or it’s being opened for the purpose of being read by the intended recipient.

Voldemort hadn’t even used a tracking spell to determine his location...

That didn’t mean that the man could be trusted.

Whether it was true that his relationship with Draco had somehow kept him from seeing into the Dark Lord’s was debatable. Perhaps, Voldemort really had been blocking him out after his head game hadn’t gotten him the prophecy last June.

Harry growled under his breath, rather that trick of Voldemort’s had caused the death of the very person that a younger, reckless version of himself had gone in hopes of rescuing. Faked visions of Sirius tortured with the Cruciatus for a prophecy he could never have touched had in the end resulted in Sirius dying by falling through the Veil into a strange sort of unnatural death.

Draco must have gotten unnerved by his silence and lack of quill scratching...
His fiancé looked up frowning, “What’s the matter? Potions problem?”

Harry snorted, “I’m supposed to be revising for Remus’ charms assignment... I was just distracted by that letter.”

“Oh,” Draco said pulling down his own quill, “have you read it yet?”

“No,” Harry said sullenly as he crossed his arms defiantly, “I’m still torn about how to handle Him.”

“Well, father always said keep your friends close and your enemies closer. Or was it the enemy of my enemy is my ally? Can’t recall, he may have told me both. Either way, we’ve got Dumbledore who wants us separated and Iris aborted on one hand. On the other is the Dark Lord who is interested in an alliance.” Draco held up his hands in mockery of a scale. “What incentive does the bloody Headmaster offer? That’s easy: nothing. The Dark Lord however is offering peace between you as well as my mad aunt who killed your godfather and the man responsible for your parents being betrayed to their death.”

“I know!” Harry said in a flash of temper, “I know all that rot! It’s just which of them can I really trust? Both wanted my death, Dumbledore to destroy Voldemort once and for all, while Voldemort wanted me dead because of some stupid prophecy that he’s only heard part of!”

Draco reached to gently squeeze Harry’s hand, “I think you should meet in a neutral place to see if he’s serious. Perhaps, Severus can join us as a neutral party. If he is serious, then demand an Unbreakable Vow, I’ll prewrite it with Mother and Aunt Andromeda to ensure that it’s impossible to find a way to hurt or attack us. If it’s a trap, then we’ll just have house elves to whisk us away.”

“But what if they know about the baby... about Iris?” Harry said covering his stomach protectively.

Draco snorted, “The family tapestry hung in my private parlour, no one had any reason to go there but I had Dobby fix it so it couldn’t be seen. I redecorated my room when I turned fourteen but I never moved out of the Nursery Wing into the family wing. Honestly, it was because the room father wanted for me was next door to mother’s and I did not want to chance overhearing something...”

Harry giggled, “Like Remus refusing to sleep near us?”
Draco coughed, “Something like that...”

Harry said quietly, returning to their previous discussion, “But I can’t meet with Him...”

Draco frowned, “Why?”

“This isn’t like one of my dangerous stunts like the rescue of the Philosopher’s Stone, the Chamber of Secrets or even the Hungarian Horntail. I’ve got responsibilities now; I can’t put myself in danger like before because I have to protect Iris...”

A smile beamed across Draco’s face, “So, no tearing off to recklessly challenge the Dark Lord?”

Harry pouted, “I didn’t do that Fourth Year! He had me kidnapped that time, I was trying to escape I’ll have you know. As for last year, he tricked me into thinking he was torturing Sirius.”

Draco brought Harry’s hand to his lips, “Hush now, I didn’t mean to upset you. I’m proud of you. A third front means that we can toss out previous plans of either party to vanquish the other. I don’t have to assassinate Dumbledore and you don’t have to challenge the Dark Lord.”

That was where Remus found them when he came to check on them before lunch.

XooooooX

Severus, Remus and Andromeda were discussing Voldemort’s overture to Harry...

“You really don’t think Harry will consider meeting with Voldemort do you?” Remus frowned.

“We can’t throw our support behind Dumbledore because he wants Harry to abort his daughter and break up with Draco...” Andromeda snorted.

“I have personally renounced the Order...” Remus muttered
“Nymphadora has agreed to stay in as a sort of spy.” Andromeda said reluctantly, “It took some shouting matches before she agreed that Dumbledore had gone too far and was likely crazy...”

“I can only hold the Dark Lord off so long, I am unsure how much he trusts me after he realised that I lied about Draco.” Severus sighed.

“Perhaps, we can meet at a neutral location like a Prince property and Draco can represent Harry?” Andromeda offered.

Neither Severus nor Remus liked the idea but it was the best option...

Andromeda wasn’t about to let Harry out of the Hall especially not in his condition...

It was only slightly less dangerous to let Draco out of the Hall...

Andromeda knew that the Hall was safe because of the Fidelus charm but she planned to cast a similar spell that could protect a person from being tracked via scrying or even tracking charm, which she fully intended to offer to convince Harry that Draco would be very safe.

She would of course accompany Draco as would Severus, that is if her nephew and Harry agreed to this plan of hers...

Severus had filed paperwork with the Department of Education to have Harry and Draco take their exams there in July after Dumbledore was dead and buried so they would be exempt from the exams at Hogwarts.

It would also allow Draco to study ahead, he fully intended to have Draco sit his Potions NEWT at that time so his godson could begin his Potions Mastery as well as take over the First Year students in the fall. That is IF Horace was still willing to jointly apprentice Draco, for Draco to teach they needed Horace involved with his training unfortunately. Unless Severus changed his mind and decided to return as the potions professor, which was unlikely.

Draco had informed him last year that he fully intended to apply for an apprenticeship in Potions and Severus had promised to arrange it. Not that he had actually informed Draco that he would be taking him on as an apprentice in so many words but he wasn’t about to trust anyone else with his godson...
Chapter End Notes

Chapter 33

Before they proposed their alternative idea for the requested meeting betwixt Harry and Voldemort to either party, Severus had to select an appropriately secluded meeting place that wouldn’t be known or watched by the Order or the Death Eaters.

Severus had decided to annoy both parties by selecting the Folly; his sire’s family had made a lot of money in Trade and had built themselves a castle ages ago but it was called Snape’s Folly by their neighbours in Yorkshire.

It didn’t take long to portkey both Remus and Andromeda to the Folly very early in the morning, Remus was surprised by the choice but Andromeda, the Black that she was, must have recognised its Muggle origins and turned her nose up at it.

Due to its not having been inhabited since the late Seventies or early Eighties, the Folly was crumbling in some places. Severus silently cast an earth anchored glamour that would make it appear to more dilapidate than it was at present mostly as a Muggle deterrent.

Bill and Arthur arrived soon after, throwing their skills as a Cursebreaker and ex-Auror to raise protective wards.

While Arthur had been furious at the idea when he was first informed of it, the man had understood that with Albus proved to be a far darker, crueller person than first believed; Harry had no choice but to figure out how to find his true place in the world without being a pawn.

Severus had mentioned that the Dark Lord was a lot saner these days likely due to Harry’s blood.

Arthur hadn’t exactly forgiven Voldemort, his daughter had been harmed by a Dark Artefact created by the Dark Lord to harbour a part of his soul but as Harry’s honorary grandparents to his daughter, he had little choice but to do his best to protect his emotionally adopted son.
Once Severus was satisfied of the Folly’s safety in regards to both Draco and the Dark Lord, he entered the Folly proper with Andromeda and Remus.

Summoning the Prince elves, Severus ordered that the Muggle furniture and decor be removed and destroyed but that the books were be boxed for him to sort later.

There was surely some unused furniture in the Prince Estate that could be put to use and would be less distasteful.

While the elves were otherwise occupied, Severus began making structural and cosmetic repairs to the Folly.

It was Andromeda who cast spells to alter the floor, curtains and rearrange the furniture delivered by house elf.

There was clearly plenty of unused furniture spread among the Prince properties that could be used to help make the Folly look less distasteful.

Remus did his best to help with repairs but he had little experience with such matters...

It was relatively unknown but Severus didn’t actually reside in Spinner’s End, he merely used it to receive unwanted guests.

Lucius was, or had been one of the few persons who had permission to Apparate or floo to his actual residence, Merrivale Manor.

Having visited Malfoy Manor a few times while he was in Hogwarts, Merrivale felt less ostentatious compared to a Roman style Villa in Shrewberry, a Wizarding castle in Shropshire and the reclaimed Muggle Abbey in Cumberland; all three of which were other properties that he had inherited from his Wizard grandfather.

Having growing up in relative poverty in Cokeworth, Wales well it was still unnerving to know that he owned a Villa, two Castles, an Abbey, a Manor and a number of vaults...
Even Draco and Narcissa hadn’t known, to Severus’ knowledge anyway that he did not reside at Spinner’s End.

After growing up the laughing stalk of Cokeworth and Tobias’ second favourite target of his drunken rages as well as one of James, Sirius and Bellatrix’s preferred target to bully; Severus preferred his solitude.

Thus he resented his accursed servitude to both his masters: Albus and the Dark Lord.

He had been pressured into joining their ranks in his youth, believing that they were his only chance at power.

For his assistance in prolonging Albus’ painful death, Severus wished to request only his freedom as a reward.

Though he very much doubted that the Dark Lord would agree to such a request...

Once Severus was satisfied with the safety of the Folly as a meeting place, they returned to their previous locations: Ivy Hall for Severus, Remus and Andromeda while Bill likely headed back to Gringotts and Arthur the Ministry.

They had come during their lunch hour essentially...

Now came the hard part; convincing Draco, Harry and the Dark Lord...

XooooooX

Arthur had a meeting with Madam Bones, Madam Aurora Greengrass, Lady Augusta Longbottom and Minerva McGonagall as well as Andromeda that was taking place at Wellesley Hall with his father’s consent.

It was harder for the likes of Albus to spy there...
Minerva frowned as she entered the parlour, “What is this about?”

“Harry Potter’s home life.” Arthur ground out, “If we had any idea it was so awful, we would have out right refused to let him go back there. I never heard about the bars on his window and Molly was told that the twins were fibbing to get out of trouble for borrowing the car!”

“What does this have to do with the book of students that I was asked to bring?” Minerva sniffed.

“Albus refuses to inform us of the names of magical children born to Muggles, since he was Deputy Headmaster he claimed to be looking out for them but this proves that he has been less than honest.” Augusta snorted.

“We’ve decided that the Department of Magical Children ought to be informed of the names of all Magical children so that we can ascertain that the children are being treated properly.” Aurora said sternly.

“Surely you are against this demand to see privileged Hogwarts documents.” Minerva scoffed as she addressed Emelia.

Emelia shook her head, “I thought Harry looked as if he wasn’t being treated properly but my attempts to investigate were stonewalled by Order members. Believe me, I have no patience for abuse of children.”

“What will you do if you find mistreated children?” Minerva frowned.

Arthur coughed, “We’ve decided that Molly will be House Mother to the children that must be removed from their guardians’ care. We are looking for a safe place to raise the children until they are placed with magical relations or are adopted by members of our community. Until then, father as agreed that any emergency retrievals may reside here in the nursery under Molly’s care.”

“How does your mother feel about that?” Minerva snorted.

“It was father’s decision and I didn’t ask mother.” Arthur admitted ruefully.
He hoped that Severus might consider allowing the castle they warded over Lunch to be used for such a purpose but first they needed names...

Minerva reluctantly copied the names of Muggleborn children who were still at Hogwarts as well as those who were due to start this coming September first. It was hard to wrangle the names of children who were to start in two Septembers to the child born yesterday...

It was a start and it would also keep him in Molly’s good graces...

XooooooX

With the arrangements made for a safe and neutral location to facilitate a meeting between Harry and the Dark Lord, during the lunch hour Severus flooed to the Bulstrodes’ manor to meet with Voldemort.

He swept through the place to find his master holding court in Millicent’s bearer Malcolm’s drawing room.

Reluctantly, Severus knelt and kissed the hem of the Dark Lord’s robe before requesting a private audience.

Voldemort quickly agreed and ordered the others to leave them.

Once they were alone, Severus and Voldemort cast a series of privacy charms and wards.

“Did he accept?” Voldemort asked quietly as he pet Nagini who lay coiled beside him with her head in his lap.

Severus frowned, “There are extenuating circumstances my lord. He is worried for his safety and Andromeda had decided in light of his falling out with Dumbledore that he ought to remain in hiding. However, he could send a representative and I do have a set of communication mirrors if you insist on speaking to him directly.”

Voldemort frowned, “Who would he agree to send?”
Severus frowned, “Likely Andromeda, I doubt that you would accept Draco and Remus is having a difficult time accepting the idea.”

“Andromeda, as in Bellatrix’s bloodtraitor sister?” Voldemort mused.

Severus nodded, “The very same. Despite being labelled a bloodtraitor, I find that she is very much the same as she always was. Andromeda has always been the Queen of Slytherin and despite her fall from grace as it were, she still possesses the same air and pride.”

Voldemort shrugged, “I have no objection. Now about the meeting place,”

Severus held up a hand, “I have already arranged for one, I inherited a castle from my Muggle grandfather and it is unknown to both sides. Andromeda and I warded it ourselves of course. I would provide you with a portkey once the time is decided. I did have it furnished appropriately in light of the meeting.”

Voldemort raised an eyebrow, “ Appropriately?”

Severus shrugged, “With spare furniture from the House of Prince of course, it isn’t as fancy as Lestrange Castle. It was built by my rich but low Muggle ancestors who made their money via trade.”

It was Voldemort’s turn to shrug, “If Harry is in agreement with the arrangements than I have no objections. Should I expect an evening meeting or around lunchtime? Sometime next week perhaps?”

Severus nodded, “I will check with Andromeda to see when she is free and we can discuss the time at a later date. Unfortunately, duty calls and I must return to Hogwarts.”

Voldemort waved his hand dismissively.

Severus bowed and left the drawing room heading for the floo.
He was eager to put the Villa Bulstroda behind him...

XoooooooX

Andromeda’s arrival in the library at Ivy Hall signalled a break from the lessons that that Remus was supervising.

Draco frowned at her, “Is something the matter with mother? Is that why you are here?”

Andromeda snorted, “Cissy is just fine, and Ted is looking after her as promised. I am here because Severus has made arrangements in regards to the requested meeting with the Dark Lord. We have prepared a property that Severus owns but is unknown to both the Order and persons like my mad sister. Severus has likely gone to discuss this with the Dark Lord and I am proposing it to you.”

Draco scowled, “Am I going in Harry’s place?”

Andromeda scoffed, “And reveal that you are no longer one of that upstart’s minions? Don’t be foolish, i plan on going in Harry’s stead and Severus is intelligent enough to know that. If Voldemort wishes to discuss something with you that is too delicate to be said through messengers than I am sure that we can provide communication mirrors. In my opinion, it is far too dangerous for either of you to leave the Hall until at least one party has taken the price off of your head. If Voldemort is sincere enough to offer both Pettigrew and Bella then you should be safe, mostly because he has more minions than the old fool.”

Harry groaned, “I wonder who will take up the gauntlet once Dumbledore passes...”

Andromeda snorted, “If it’s Moody than I say that we allow the Dark Lord to handle him. I doubt that Kingsley has the testicular fortitude to lead that Order of Misfits and Arcturus wouldn’t dare put his hat in the ring thank Morganna.”

A wicked grin spread across her pale face, “For all her faults, Mary Prewett is extremely protective of children and she would never allow him to do so because it would put her family at greater risk. She already lost two brothers to this insane war; she won’t agree to sacrifice her husband or children.”
Harry knew of course that ‘Molly’ was a nickname for Mary so he presumed that was whom Andromeda was referring to. Likewise he suspected that ‘Arcturus’ was likely Arthur’s birth name.

With that settled the four of them headed for the dining room to see what Dobby and Winky had prepared for them lunch wise...

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 34

Chapter Summary

Andromeda and Severus meet with Voldemort...

Or why three Dark Slytherins should not be allowed to plot...

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 34

Andromeda made arrangements for Fleur and Bill to introduce Harry to his healer while she and Severus attended the meeting with the Dark Lord…

They, Severus and Andromeda portkeyed over, arriving early by ten minutes to do some final checking.

After satisfying themselves with the safety of the Folly, Severus ordered refreshments and went to meet the Dark Lord in the Atrium.

Meanwhile, Andromeda made herself comfortable in the Front Parlour to wait.

Voldemort arrived via portkey with Nagini wrapped around his shoulders, he had clearly left the rest of the Death Eaters behind much to some of their confusion and others’ dismay. He had chosen to give Severus the chance to prove himself.

Severus met him with his usual stand-off nature apparent and yet, he seemed nervous, “Welcome master to the least of my properties.”

Despite it’s clearly Muggle origins, curiously it seemed rather castle-like even inside. Voldemort had grown up in London and seen pictures of Buckingham Palace in the paper. So he had always wanted to live in a castle, which was one of the reasons that he had liked Hogwarts and had been loathed to leave it for the dreary orphanage.
He coughed, “Well, for a Muggle place, it isn’t too terrible.”

Severus snorted, “It’s much better than the hovel I grew up in.”

Voldemort frowned, “You are a Prince, why do you not live in a fine house?”

“You are a Slytherin, why do you not live in a Slytherin property?” Severus retorted even as he led the Dark Lord deeper into the Folly.

Nagini surprised them both by laughing at them having already returned to her usual imposing size after slithering down her master to the checkered marble floor.

Voldemort glared at her before he sniffed “Have you see what’s left? My lauded ancestors gambled away their fortune, only their pure blood allowed them to make proper bondings. My grandfather gambled away his bonded’s dowry and she returned to her family, the Blacks to escape the poverty. There wasn’t enough money to procure proper contracts for my mother or her brother. I have lived on the glory of my ancestor as a guest among my entourage of yearmates such as the Lestranges and the Notts though it does grow tiresome.”

Severus frowned, “My apologies, I do stay in a Prince property during the holidays but to discourage visitors, I keep the hovel. Most would never wish to step foot in such a place; I only picked this place because it was unknown to either side and well, it wasn’t a complete embarrassment.

They entered the parlour together and claimed their seats, across from one another curiously.

Andromeda smootherd her robe, “Lord Slytherin, I presume?”

“Lady Andromeda, how are the young Lords?” Voldemort said courteously.

Andromeda sniffed, “Young Lord Potter-Black is still reeling from the most recent betrayal by the odious Headmaster. They left the castle for their own safety, as you can no doubt understand. I am sure that a wizard as powerful as yourself has had more than a few unsavoury encounters with Dumbledore.”
Voldemort snorted “You sound as if you’ve had your own difficulties with the old fool.”

Andromeda shrugged, “He removed me as Head Girl during winter holidays due to my breaking a betrothal contract, nevermind that I ended up bonded to a Muggleborn and a Hufflepuff at that. He did more damage to my status within Slytherin with that decision than my jilting of Lucius ever could. I was reinstated as a prefect while Emelia Bones was appointed Head Girl in my stead. I don’t regret my choice even now, but the man has never had my respect. I took his measure long ago and found him wanting. A second Merlin, ha! He is overreaching in many ways…”

Voldemort steepled his fingers, “I see, now I promised two gifts to prove my sincerity in reaching a peace between myself and Potter.” He paused to remove to objects from his robes, “Here are your sister and Wormtail, they may be released if one names their greatest betrayal. What he chooses to do with them is his affair.”

Andromeda held out her hand and the vaguely familiar objects soared to land on her palm, she frowned and then sniggered, “A Nimue Air Crystal Prison? How apropos…”

Voldemort shrugged, “It seemed fitting but I altered the lock to suit myself. It is amazing the tomes that the Bulstrodes possess, is it not?”

“And indeed, it makes the Restricted Section look paltry. There is a reason that they are rivals with the Fortescues.” Andromeda said pointedly.

Voldemort raised an eyebrow, “Then you know of the disappearance of Florien Fortescue?”

Andromeda sniffed, “Doesn’t everyone? My daughter claims that your people are responsible.”

Voldemort shrugged, “Yes, he is a guest, reluctant but I heard that Dumbledore was bothering him. Considered him the weak link in the family and I thought he was more protected at the Villa. The debates between Malcolm and Florien are quite informative to say the least.”

“I should think so, after all, they may have different methods but they agree that certain books and artefacts don’t belong in Ministry hands. It is difficult to trust the Unspeakables, but the Fortescues are different. If anyone has the plausibility to raise up the next Merlin, it’s the Fortescues, not the Dumbledores.” Andromeda agreed.
“Excuse me, as enlightening as this is, what does it have to do with our purpose here?” Severus grumbled, interrupting them.

Voldemort coughed, “Yes, of course, my apologies. Turning my followers’ anger towards Dumbledore instead of Potter will be difficult, but not impossible. I don’t want to appear weak but this orchestrated feud between Potter and I has gone on far too long. In fact, it has annoyed Nagini and she has complained often about it. It is curious just how stubborn snakes can be and how opinionated.”

Nagini preened before laying her head in his lap, “Nagini knows Master’s true nature as well as all of his secrets. I only want what is best for master.”

To the wizards’ and the serpent familiar’s surprise, Andromeda covered her mouth as if to suppress a chuckle and her dark eyes narrowed, “I see, this meeting was your idea wasn’t it, Nagini?”

The Dark Lord’s snake nodded, “Well, of course, out of everyone he had met, I have always had his best interests in mind. Our bond much to his discomfort goes far beyond what a normal master-familiar bond does. It exceeds even that of his previous bond with a serpent, you might call me his magical version of Jiminy Cricket.”

Severus gaped at her while Andromeda snickered.

“I always forget that he would have grown up with the early Disney classics…” the imperious witch intoned.

Severus frowned, “How do you know about Disney movies?”

Andromeda snorted, “I did bond to a Muggleborn, you really think that he wouldn’t have introduced me to Muggle Movies? He would take Nymphadora to the cinema all the time growing up.”

Meanwhile, the Dark Lord was muttering under his breath.

“Jiminy Cricket? Really? Where does she get these ideas?”
“From your head, master.” Nagini retorted. “Besides its far past time for you to be twitter-pated.”

This time, it was Voldemort’s turn to be stunned…

Severus was confused while Adnromeda couldn’t resist snickering again, she stared at Nagini who seemed to meet her gaze without flinching.

“How is it Lady Andromeda that you understand Parseltongue?” The Dark Lord said in a failed attempt to change the subject.

Andromeda snorted, “You really think that I would attend a meeting with a known parseltongue and not cast some sort of translation or comprehension charm? I may not have Founder blood as pure as yours but I do trace my ancestry back to Morganna Le Faye who joined the Grimaldi family.”

“A Grimaldi was bonded to Lady Rowena, if I remember my Founder history correctly…” Voldemort said dryly.

“An Aurelia Kastra if I remember my Family history correctly.” Andromeda shrugged. “I believe that Morganna bonded to a nephew…”

“I suppose it makes sense that Morganna would have joined such a powerful Dark Family…” Voldemort mused.

“What true Dark Witch or Wizard wouldn’t have some understanding of parseltongue? After all, many of the best were parseltongues and it was a fine way to record their secrets.” Andromeda sniffed.

“So besides these ‘gifts’, Severus gestured at the air crystal prisons, “what other assurances can you offer Harry?”

“I will forbid my followers to attack him or any who defect from Albus’ inner circle to join him. I can make some snide remark about them coming to realise that Dumbledore really is a rotting
disease in our world, one that I finally defeated through Slytherin cunning after all.”

The Dark Lord was quite different from how he had been described to her, personality wise anyway. In appearance, he was indeed pale, red-eyed and had an unfortunate nose.

Voldemort scowled, “You’re staring Lady.”

Andromeda dipped her head in apology, “My apologies, I am just intrigued. It was once the opinion of much of Slytherin that I was best suited to be either your consort or your equal.”

“You are a raven.” Nagini hissed.

Andromeda sighed, “I have followed my ancestress’ path, but I prefer to intimidate with what I could do, rather than what I have done.”

Voldemort frowned, “Are you implying what I think you are?”

Andromeda shrugged, “If you mean, can I unmake werewolves, then yes. Before I was disowned, I made a study of Dark Lady Morganna’s experiments and accomplishments.”

“Interesting, that is unexpected. Would you be willing to prove it? My control over a certain werewolf is less than I wish.”

“That would be Greyback, would it not?” Severus snorted, “I say we finally allow the Department of Magical Creatures to hunt him. You can see to it that they send their best,”

“That would be Lupin,” Voldemort interrupted.

Andromeda frowned, “Remus? He hasn’t the testicular fortitude for it.”

Voldemort shook his head, “No, Lyall. He has quite the reputation. I believe that Lyall is that Lupin’s grandfather. I know that Greyback had a run-in with a Marrok Lupin and that’s why he turned your Lupin.”
Andromeda sniffed, “How tawdry.”

Voldemort shrugged, “He did it on his own, rest assured I crucioed him soundly for it. I would be interested if you used Greyback as a test subject to prove that you can unmake them, but first we need to plot up how we shall expose Dumbledore.”

“Perhaps, a Slytherin elf can retrieve his memory vials. I am sure that they would be of some use to a certain viper-quilled reporter who has no love for the Headmaster.” Severus smirked.

Voldemort chuckled dryly, “I like the way that you think, I can make such arrangements I believe. While stolen memories cannot be used to try Dumbledore legally, we can crucify him in the court of public opinion. Are there any who can testify to Potter’s mistreatment?”

Andromeda nodded, “I believe that Molly Weasley, formerly Mary Prewett, would be willing to discuss his weight at the platform before summer holidays as well as when he arrived at her home before term began. She is furious and wants Dumbledore as well as those nasty Muggles punished.”

“There is also an Order member, a witness from Harry’s Wizengamot trial, a squib named Arabella Figg, who is a neighbour of his Muggle relations. I am unsure if she would be willing. Dumbledore has a sordid history of collecting misfits to create an aura of benevolence.” Severus offered.

“Poppy is a decent medi-witch, but she is getting on in years and Hogwarts ought to have a proper healer; someone who can do more and has better training.” Andromeda sniffed.

“What about you Lady?” Voldemort asked amiably.

Andromeda coughed, “While I am flattered, I am afraid I must decline. I specialise in witch ailments and pregnancy, not adolescent health. While I do not blame you entirely for the incidents at Hogwarts in recent years, I am aghast that a mind healer is not on staff.”

Severus made a sour face.

Before he could speak, Andromeda glowered.
“Don’t you say anything against it. Think of them as an adult under an Unbreakable Vow to listen and guide troubled students. They would be a second line of defence when it comes to protecting students from abusive home situations like Harry and yourselves suffered.”

Severus flinched predictably but he seemed surprised when the Dark Lord glared at her.

“It is past.” He said sternly.

Andromeda snarled, “Are you seriously implying that after having Dumbledore muck about in your mind that you don’t need healing? You were a child during the London Blitz, were you not? Both of which were traumatic and you know it!”

The Dark Lord scowled, “You have a point…”

Andromeda smirked, “Soon you’ll learn.”

Voldemort raised an eyebrow, “Learn what?”

“That I am always right. Now that we have the traitors dealt with, as well as plans for ruining the old fool, what we need to decide is how to handle a Post-Dumbledore world and how your alliance with Harry is to be fixed.” Andromeda said snidely.

Voldemort sighed, “To be honest, I hadn’t thought that far ahead. After all, I was unsure that Potter would accept an olive branch given our previous interactions. I will order him left alone and likely imply that young Lord Malfoy had a second mission to alienate Potter from Dumbledore. What their relationship is now, I can only guess but if Potter has woken up from Dumbledore’s machinations, it is alright. I am uncertain what happened that Samhain but if I do bear any real responsibility for the deaths of his parents, I will find some way of making reparations. How much I do not know as of yet, because I am unsure of my culpability.”

“I know that you have little use or trust of Muggleborns but my Ted is the best.” Andromeda began and then sighed, due to the expression of distaste on Voldemort’s face, “However, Princes have long been held to be excellent as Mental Magic as well as brewing. Perhaps, you would prefer Severus to be the one to sift through your memories.”
Severus blushed, “If he needs the assistance, then I would agree. I could not seek mental healing of my own due to Dumbledore. He all but forbid it due to his insistence on the ‘Greater Good’.”

“A more self-serving ideology if I ever heard one.” Andromeda sneered.

“If the people weren’t such sheep,” Voldemort muttered.

“We created the problem,” Andromeda retorted.

The two wizards blinked at her.

She guffed, “Do not give me such owlish looks, it is the truth. Why else did my generation of Slytherins join your cause without complaint? Why were Arcturus, Mary, Sirius and I shamed so publically for disobeying our families’ expectations? Why have so many died since our graduations, Severus? Simple, we were taught blind obedience. Age brings wisdom, but so does life and maturity. We ought to be teaching our children to think. I may not always agree with Nymphadora, but she is capable of knowing her own mind and defending it.”

Severus sighed, “When you put it that way, I would have to agree with you. Potter always did follow the likes of McGonagall and Dumbledore blindly despite his prankster bullying personality. Lily was one of the few in Gryffindor who could think for themselves, for a long time I presumed that Arthur and Molly were just a fluke. Now I suppose they are proving that they were more than just reckless and thinking with their hormones. Lupin preferred to be a follower and the only person that Black could defy was his mother.”

“We’ve seen what happens when my followers attempt to think on their own. Quirrell was defeated by your persistence Severus, Bella ended up with herself and three others imprisoned, Lucius ended up demoted from Head of the Board of Governors and Pettigrew nearly ended up canine food.” Voldemort shrugged, “The little worm ended up blabbing everything, if they can’t think for themselves; then, we will have to direct them properly.”

“The Head of a family is its Head yet a consort has the ability to guide them if they cultivate it properly. We just have to apply the right pressure or assurances to do so. First, we will have to find a way of distracting Scrimgour, which is no easy task of course. If we blow up the Potter-Dumbledore scandal enough, we can slowly begin making changes under his nose. McGonagall can’t be trusted with Hogwarts, since she’s been in the Headmaster’s pocket for so long and Severus needs more time. If any current professor deserves the Headship, its Filius Flitwick. After all, he has the most seniority and would strive to undo the damage that Dumbledore has done to our Educational system.”
Severus shrugged, “Filius would be a fine choice. He is respected by parent, professor and student alike.”

“I suppose he is a fine professor, he reacted the best after that whiny Ravenclaw perished. He grew up and it was the making of him, he began taking his duties seriously. While I have no love for Muggles, I had more in common with Muggleborns than purebloods while in school. It is only my ancestry that allowed me to enter your world, Lady.”

“Severus acquired Lucius’ attention during his First Year and I am sure that is how he came to yours. I remember that Abraxus was an ardent follower even if he was as poor of a parent as my aunt.” Andromeda said as she reached for a wine goblet and immediately, an elf appeared to pour.

Likewise, Severus and the Dark Lord acquired drinks.

After quenching themselves, they returned to plotting like the Slytherins that they were…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 34B

Chapter Notes

A surprising twist?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Fleur had arranged for Bill to floo both her and Healer Apollo Grannus to Ivy Hall. Healer Apollo had delivered herself, Honorine and Gabrielle, as well as looking after her own pregnancy.

They arrived just after Breakfast and were escorted to the library, where Harry spent much of his time when they weren’t dithering in the Hall’s nursery.

Harry beamed as they entered; his entire being radiating contentment from his place nestled against Draco’s side. “You’re the healer who is going to tell me over the summer that I am having a girl!”

Draco chuckled, “We’ll see…”

Fleur remembered William’s disbelief that she was having a girl until Healer Apollo showed them and had fainted when he learned it was twins. She would forever tease him for it… privately of course.

Healer Apollo laughed, “Bearers are usually right in the gender when they feel it strongly. Ah the Veela is strong in you Lord Malfoy. I am surprised you aren’t a Veela in truth. We may get lucky with your daughter.”

While being fluent in English, Healer Apollo’s voice was strongly accented.

Harry beamed at Fleur, “Then it really is too bad that you aren’t Iris’ godmother-to-be.”

Then the Veela birth healer began his exam and Fleur sat delicately on a nearby armchair to put up her feet.
Bill kissed her cheek and then her hand, “I will return later 3mri…”

Fleur blushed, William enjoyed using Arabic endearments due to his time in Egypt and it always made her react the same way.

She didn’t mind at all not being little Iris’ godmother, there was still a lot she could do as her Tante…

XooooooX

Hermione wasn’t feeling well at all, she was so hot…

Then abruptly, she toppled over in Charms and fainted.

Ron just sat there and gaped at her from his seat next to Lavender.

Dean however moved to catch her so she didn’t strike her head on the table’s edge or his own chair.

After Harry vanished, Dean as well as Seamus and Neville had taken to keeping an eye on her.

It was hard to miss her depression and loneliness, they would have looked after her anyway but Ron’s defection was sticking in their mutual craw and neither had any respect for the lanky git.

Professor Flitwick scurried over and touched Hermione’s forehead, “Oh dear me, Miss Granger is burning up. Mr Thomas, please carry Miss Granger to the infirmary.”

Dean nodded even as Neville helped him up, “Shay, can you get our bags?”

Seamus dutifully began packing up their things while Neville packed up his and Hermione’s.
As they left, they heard Flitwick releasing their classmates early and assigning outside reading.

The three Gryffindor boys were quite worried, Hermione never fainted to their knowledge and she definitely was never so sick that she was soaked with perspiration and sticking to Dean’s robes.

While hurrying along the Third Floor Corridor to the Grand Staircase, Neville summoned a Longbottom elf to inform Harry about Hermione’s sudden illness and to send for his godmother Andromeda.

Whatever was wrong with their fellow DA member, it was likely beyond the skills of a mere mediwitch…

XooooooX

Harry had just finished his exam and Draco had escorted Healer Apollo out on his way to a scheduled floo call with Bill’s grandfather, when an unfamiliar elf appeared in the Hall’s library.

Harry swallowed, “Yes?”

The elf bowed, “I is being Jory, Master Harry sir. Master Neville be wanting Jory to tell Master Harry sir that Missy Miony be sick.”

Harry gasped, “Oh no!”

Fleur reached over to pat his hand, “I will go check on her for you, after all she is family.”

Harry hugged the pregnant Veela who had become a friend, “Oh thank you!”

Fleur twittered, “Et es no trouble. I ‘ave been wanting to visit a friend zere.”

She called for an elf to take her Hogwarts just as Neville’s elf disappeared with a bow.
Harry lay back on the settee with an arm over his eyes, what was wrong with Hermione?

XooooooX

Andromeda frowned when a Longbottom elf appeared in the drawing room of Snape Folly. “Yes?”

“Master Neville be calling for Healer. Missy Mione be ill and faint. Master Harry sir be worried.”

Andromeda nodded sharply, waving her hand in dismissal.

Severus scowled, “I suppose that means that I ought to be returning to the castle as well.”

Voldemort nodded, “I will begin preparations on my side. Starting with announcing that Harry has been seduced to our side and claiming that Draco’s defection was not a defection, but his following my real orders. Orders that Severus of course delivered in person to the young Lord.”

With that decided, the two younger former Slytherins rose and Andromeda portkeyed to the infirmary at Hogwarts, leaving Severus to escort the Dark Lord to depart safely.

Andromeda had a very suspicions of her own and wouldn’t be against a private conversation with the Dark Lord’s familiar if an opportunity presented itself.

Andromeda arrived in the infirmary to find Medi-witch Pomfrey panicked.

“Andromeda? Thank Helga! Miss Granger was in withdrawal from powerful potions and now is rejecting a new dose.”

Andromeda raised an eyebrow, this was unexpected…

She began casting diagnostic spells to determine which potions the girl was reacting to and cursed, “Salazar’s Cauldron! Someone has been giving this girl strong illegal potions. Pomfrey send for an
Pomfrey scurried away like a mouse while Andromeda ordered her distraught godson to fetch Severus and his strongest antidotes.

Harry’s friend was in danger here and likely must be removed as well.

These potions were illegal for a reason and ought to not be mixed.

Severus arrived via the infirmary floo quickly; Neville must have run while she was distracted.

Andromeda barked at him for specific antidotes, which he promptly handed over without question.

Andromeda cast them into Granger’s blood and stomach; it would take some time for them to take effect.

A slight blonde witch appeared, resembling her nephew Draco. There was Malfoy in the witch and with Draco an only child, she was not his sister. The Ravenclaw emblem on her robes declared her Xenos’ child, which made her Draco’s second or third cousin…

“Is Hermione alright? Is she safe?” the witch swayed slightly, “I didn’t see it, I didn’t know she was being drugged. I never saw it, I should have known…”

Andromeda cast a calming charm at the witch only to have her dodge it.

The young Ravenclaw sank into an empty bed, “I will calm myself, I can’t afford to rely on potions or spells…”

Having delivered Harry, Andromeda recognised Lily’s magic on the girl. A god daughter? How perceptive was this girl?

The young witch calmed herself and then cloaked her magic before casting a memory spell on her fellow students.
When Severus raised a shield to protect his own mind, Andromeda ducked behind it.

Thank Salazar, as powerful a witch as she was, Mental magic was not something that she was highly skilled at. She did not possess particularly strong shields; they were only strong enough to prevent her from absorbing and feeling her patients’ pain.

The witch scowled, reminding her of Draco in a petulant mood, “This is dreadful, I did not intend to speak in such a manner as to reveal myself. I will answer the Professor’s questions in Salazar’s apartment, until then, question me not.”

Severus’ confusion only peaked her own reluctant curiosity but the arrival of Kingsley and Nymphadora changed the situation.

Her daughter frowned, “Mother?”

Andromeda sniffed, “Miss Granger collapsed in class. It appears that someone was dosing her with Unctious Unction and Amortentia. As a Healer and a Potions’ Mistress, I am appalled that anyone would be giving them to a child.”

Kingsley looked stunned while Nymphadora snorted.

“I do not make idle claims, I will be submitting my report to the Board of Governors.”

“While I am not close blood kin, she is of my House.” The Lovegood heiress announced.

Kingsley blinked, “I thought she was a Muggleborn?”

Andromeda snorted, “Do not be obtuse, Muggleborns are descended from Squibs. If our cousin says it is so, it is so. Now if you would like to take it up with Lady Lovegood’s Aunt Aurora,”

Kingsley flinched, “Not especially…”
Despite being a year ahead of her and Gryffindor, Kingsley no doubt remembered Aurora Greengrass who had the misfortune to have been in Bella’s year, so she had been a first year Prefect when Andromeda had been Head Girl, even if it had been for one term.

After that well-placed comment, Kingsley and Nymphadora took notes while Andromeda explained Miss Granger’s condition as well as her own interpretation of the situation as a healer. As a Slytherin with knowledge of Albus’ misdeeds, she was nearly certain that he was involved with this incident. Luckily, after the Headmaster failed to convince Harry to end his pregnancy, Severus and her nephew had gotten him away before Albus could try to force Harry to end it by slipping him an abortion potion. Most wouldn’t agree that the doddering Headmaster would be capable of such things but with Miss Granger’s serious condition as well as his manipulating herself, Severus and the Dark Lord it was easy for her to believe…

Andromeda was also killing time as she waited for the potions to take effect as well as reporting what essentially had put Miss Granger in serious danger medically. If her godson hadn’t sent for her so quickly as well as Severus just happening to have the right antidotes, Miss Granger might be in St. Mungos with her blood boiling her brain, rather than her temperature falling slowly. It was possible that the witch could go into hiding rather than ending up in St. Mungos’ under a glamour like she was concerned that Narcissa might end up. Luckily between Severus’ potions and her own skill, Andromeda was certain that Miss Granger would recover…

Flitwick peered through the open door, “Is Miss Granger well? Ms Delacour-Weasley is here on behalf of her family.”

Translation- Harry was worried so Bill’s wife had come on his behalf.

Severus scowled, “What about your class?”

Flitwick sniffed, “I left it in the hands of one of my apprentices, Albus can eat his hat if it displeases him. I sent an elf to inform their professors about Miss Granger’s friends as well as herself missing class.” He frowned as he entered the infirmary and noticed Lady Luna, “Miss Lovegood?”

Luna crossed her arms, “I am here as a representative of Hermione’s House. I will take the punishment for leaving class abruptly as well as missing my current class if I must but her well-being is important.”

“What class was it?” Flitwick frowned.
“History of Magic.” Luna sniffed.

Flitwick snorted, “Of course, given that you share that class with Master Creevey, I am sure that he will be more than willing to give you his notes. Your current class is Herbology, is it not? In that case, Miss Prewett, who takes excellent notes will likely provide them.” He winked, “That is if Charity’s suspicions are accurate that is.”

Luna turned back towards Hermione, frowning, “Are the potions working? They aren’t exactly my best work although I am passable.”

Andromeda cast spells to determine this and nodded, “Yes, her fever is coming down. She was brought in quickly enough and Severus had the appropriate antidotes available. So I believe that she will make a full recovery.” Then she addressed her godson, “Neville?”

Her godson looked up from his quiet but intense conversation with his Housemates, “Yes, Aunt Annie?”

“Please escort Lady Luna to the Tower so she can pack Miss Granger’s things.” Andromeda said firmly.

Flitwick frowned, “Is that really necessary? What about her exams?”

Andromeda knew that there was still some time, a few weeks before they would begin for pre-NEWT students and waved her hand dismissively. “She can take them with Harry at the Ministry later. For now it is far too dangerous for her health to remain. I will not chance such a health crisis again.”

Likely, Harry would worry himself ill if she left Miss Granger here and it would do him far more good to have her at his side like he had Mary Weasley and Miss Delacour.

Luna nodded, “She can stay with Harry if he will have her, if not then she is welcome at Ravenworth Minora. Grandmother Daria may disapprove but she ought to know that due to my being of age, she has no say really in how I chose to run my House.”
Andromeda was curious, what were the Lovegoods’ definition of being of Age?

Once the Aurors, or at least Kingsley was satisfied that they had all of the pertinent information that Andromeda could reveal, they left. Heading deeper into the castle to determine how such potions ended up where Hermione and only Hermione have could ingest them.

Soon after Andromeda shooed Neville’s housemates out, when Lady Luna returned with Miss Granger’s trunk, Andromeda conjured a stretcher which she levitated her patient onto.

Severus took charge of the stretch, as Harry’s Secret Keeper it fell to him to deliver the still unconscious girl.

Andromeda claimed the trunk, promising quietly to keep the Lovegood heiress informed as to Miss Granger’s condition and to meet with her in person later.

Then the two former Slytherins headed for Severus’ office to floo to the Hall.

Miss Delacour didn’t stick around very long either, a very perceptive witch that one...

Likely, she would be informing her Weasley in-laws about Miss Granger’s health, since Andromeda would be following Severus to the Hall.

If it was determined that Granger would safer elsewhere, then that was fine but given how Harry had made room for Weasleys, it was unlikely that he wouldn’t do the same for his oldest still supportive friend.

XooooooX

Draco had left an excited Harry to floo Lord Weasley, normally a Malfoy according to his father who failed at it, avoided Weasleys but given Harry’s connection with the family of the House’s eldest son and presumed heir, Draco had no choice.

Besides, without his father Draco needed an older, wiser Lord to advise him.
At present, he was uncomfortable reaching out to any of his father’s intimates as it were.

He tossed in floo powder and called out, “Wellsley Hall, study.”

It connected quickly and he heard a booming voice, “Young Master Malfoy?”

Given the wizard’s age, Draco planted himself on a stool and stuck his head in the floo, “Yes sir.”

“Call me Septimus, Arcturus has admitted to paternal feelings towards young Lord Potter-Black. As his consort by law, despite your own title, you are family by our estimation. There is also the fact that Black is strong in you, a trait that has passed to Arcturus and I am starting to come to terms with. Now tell me, what is it that you need? I was surprised when Bill mentioned your wish to speak to me about being mentored by myself.”

Draco swallowed, “Well you see sir, I am quite unprepared to manage my House. My education in such matters was not complete, yet circumstances required my assuming my Lordship early when I filed for my emancipation. So, I find myself in need of a mentor. With my choice in bondmate, I do not feel that any of my father’s close acquaintances in your circles would be beneficial. I had hoped that you would consider assisting me in finding my footing in the Wizengamot and the Board of Governors. I have done what I can with my meagre knowledge and require advice as to how to proceed further.”

“I see,” Septimus mused, “what about your academic education?”

Draco sighed, “We are being privately tutored and will be making arrangements to sit our exams at the Ministry for this summer. As for our NEWT exams, it is my hope that our tutors will instruct us at a fast enough pace that we can sit them early or at least the ones in the subjects where we are ahead of our yearmates. In Harry’s case, he shouldn’t need much help with obtaining his NEWT in Defence since he has a natural grasp of the theory and knew enough to teach it last year. As for myself that would be Potions at least, I had hoped to obtain a Potions Mastery but I am unsure if given my responsibilities to my House will allow it. Between us, I have three Houses to familiarise myself with and two have not been managed properly.”

“Ah, your bondmate’s father spent more time as an Auror or in hiding to bother managing his Estate and his father passed to the Veil before he graduated. So he likely would have found himself in a similar situation, unlike Severus. That young man was quite lucky to have an Aunt who held the estate together until he came of age, he wasn’t politically inclined and perhaps, was unwise to
trust your father to vote for him. As for the Black Estate, it languished after Walpurga’s passing due to its heir being in dispute. By law, it ought to have passed to her sole surviving son but his incarceration made that impossible and due to his living status, his will was not consulted to my knowledge.” Septimus shrugged, “The most well-held belief was that it would pass to a son of one of her brothers Alphard or Cygnus but others believed that it belonged to the descendants of Orion’s elder sister Lucida. In that case, it would pass to one of my grandsons due their mother being the only supposed living descendant.”

“Yet, it ended up Harry’s and to his luck, I had the knowledge through my mother how to claim it on his behalf.” Draco shrugged.

“That only strengthens his claim among the more narrow-minded of our circles. He is by blood only the grandson of a Black, while you are the son of one.” Septimus said thoughtfully.

“Given that one Aunt had a daughter and the other barren, who was another likely heir?” Draco asked curious.

“Before Walburga died, it was discussed often. Especially since neither son was capable of inheriting at the time. Alphard’s eldest son Edgar and his sons were already perished along with my friend Drystan Prewett and his sons as well. That left yourself, young Ethan Bones and my grandsons through Arcturus. The Slytherin contingent of Governors preferred you, so not to lose a loyalist to their Bloc. The Hufflepuffs weren’t as militant about it but gaining the Black vote would be quite the coup. At that point, my grandsons through Arcturus were already expected to inherit my title and the Prewett one as well, a third while not necessary, would boost us socially after Arcturus’ scandal.”

Draco was surprised with how matter of fact Septimus was, he wasn’t like father at all. The elder wizard dealt with him plainly, politely and honestly.

“Surprised ya, didn’t I? Not like your grandfather Abraxus or Lucius, am I? Never crossed paths in Hogwarts with Abraxus, born twelve years apart we were. Same deal with Old Nott, I am older than he is but with his son and heir your age, it stuck. It is Muriel’s fault of course, now I am not speaking poorly of the senior Dowager Lady Malfoy, your great-grandmother. I respect her highly and not because she is of age with my fathers, rest their souls, even if she is outspoken and sharp-tongue. Married one myself, my ‘Rella is very much like your Aunt Andromeda if truth be told. Two stubborn people can be a good match if you work at it.”

Draco leaned over and nodded, waiting to hear how.
“We were set up by my good friend Harry Longbottom and her sister Callie. I set her heckles up our first meeting and she showed me her sharp tongue. Rather than be angry with her for my treatment, I was determined to have her, so I visited every jewellery store I could think of searching for the perfect ring. It was three days and I hadn’t slept when I showed up at her house to propose. That won her you might say, wouldn’t trade her for all the gold in Gringotts that’s for sure. It’s not easy to please her mind and we don’t always agree but sixty-four years later, she hasn’t cursed me yet, permanently mind and I haven’t made a choice that has her avoiding my company entirely.” Then Septimus coughed, “My age is showing, now shall we begin with issues with your shared Estates?”

Draco nodded, summoning the Potter Estate reports and began to explain the discrepancies with George’s grandfather.

With his head in the floo, his connection to the wards was dimmed and his elves couldn’t inform him of unexpected visitors…

XooooooX

Harry waited impatiently, he would have paced but instead he punched pillows in his anxiety.

Hermione fainted? She was sick? Did Pansy do this?

He didn’t calm at all until Dobby arrived to tell him that Miss Annie and Lord Sevy had brought Miss Mione.

Harry stumbled to his feet, only to be steadied by Dobby who blushed when he thanked him absently before hurrying to the first floor where the receiving room was.

He gasped, gripping the bannister tightly when he saw that Hermione was still and unconscious on a conjured stretcher.

“She’ll be fine, we caught it soon enough and Severus had the proper antidotes.” Andromeda said stiffly, “Knowing you would worry and not wishing to chance her being repoisoned, we brought her here where you can assure yourself that she is safe. I am sure that Remus can include her in your lessons.”
Harry hurried down to hug the elder Slytherins much to their discomfort, “Thank you! Thank you!”

Andromeda bore it better, after all, she was bonded to a Hufflepuff and the mother of one, both were far more physically affectionate then she would wish.

Severus hadn’t been embraced like that since Draco was a child and before that it was Lily just before he broke off their friendship to pave the way to being a spy.

Severus coughed, “I must return to the castle.”

He slipped away with Andromeda scoffing at his cool but ruffled demeanour before turning her attention to her nephew-in-law to-be, “Where are we going to leave your friend and her things?”

Harry smiled wearily, “I think she’ll be best placed near Remus where we can’t bother her…”

Andromeda shrugged, “Very well.”

She followed him to see that Hermione was resting comfortably before returning to her other duties…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 35

Hermione woke up slowly, her head was pounding.

She found herself in an unfamiliar bed but she wasn’t alone…

To her surprise, she recognised the unruly hair.

Harry was curled up beside her but on top of the duvet.

She groaned slightly.

“Mmm? Hermione!” Harry said sleepily as he struggled to sit up.

She blinked, “What happened?”

Harry reached out to test her temperature, “Someone was dosing you with technically illegal potions but you had missed enough doses to have partially cleared them from your body. So, when you were given a strong dose, you practically ended up poisoned. You scared us…” his voice trembled.

Hermione smiled wearily, “So where am I?”

“My safe house, Andromeda decided you weren’t safe enough at Hogwarts and I would worry too much so she brought you here after she and Snape saved your life.”

Hermione swallowed, “Was I that sick?”
“Your fever was really high, you collapsed in class. Apparently Neville and Dean had to practically carry you. You had Luna in tears…” Harry blurted out.

“Where’s Draco?” Hermione frowned.

Harry blushed, pointing at a divan, “He stayed because I did.”

“He really does love you, doesn’t he?” Hermione asked quietly.

“Of course I do Granger, what’s not to love? Harry is one of the most honest people I know, finding someone more passionate would be nearly impossible.” Draco said sharply.

“What potions was I on?”

“Andromeda mentioned a something Unction and Amortentia…” Harry mumbled.

Hermione blinked, “Gregory’s Unctuous Unction?”

“Probably…” Harry shrugged, before giving her a weary smile, “I am so happy you’re alright…”

“Someone was keen to ensure that you trusted them…” Draco frowned.

“And nearly killed her…” Harry said quietly.

“I have a feeling that he will be paying for it…Aunt Andromeda and Uncle Severus seemed displeased.” Draco snorted, “Trust me; they are two persons you shouldn’t give cause to dislike you.”

Harry gave her a weak smile, “I’m glad you’re okay, I’ll send Dippy in with something light. If you need anything, Remus is just up the Hall. We thought it would be kinder not to give you a room anywhere you might,” he blushed, “hear us…”
Hermione turned red, “Oh, thanks?”

Draco helped Harry up, “You’re welcome to stay as long as you need to. We may not be close friends but you are important to Harry.”

Hermione stared as Harry nestled himself into Malfoy’s side and they slipped out of her room.

A glance around, proved that this was a very nice room. It reminded her a little of a fancy hotel, they really picked this out for her?

Drugged…

The only person who would want to control her was Dumbledore, had he really tried to make her fall in love with someone?

Luna’s words fluttered in her mind, “You’ll find your true soulmate this summer.”

That meant that everything she thought she felt for Ron was fake, how dare he!

Now she felt guilty for being upset with Harry for speaking ill of the Headmaster.

It was all too easy to believe that Dumbledore tried to coerce Harry into an abortion now.

Hermione blushed, she couldn’t wait. To see that sort of glow that Harry had in herself sounded quite pleasant…

XooooooX

Andromeda sent a message to the Dark Lord.
‘Dear Sir,

Albus is back in Hogwarts. He is suspected of dosing Harry’s friend with Amortentia as well as Gregory’s Unctuous Unction. She collapsed due to it and is currently in hiding for her own health.

I was curious if you had retrieved those memories those from the Tower.

Our plan may need to move forward.

Sincerely,

Andromeda Penelope Black-Tonks

Birth Healer

Potions Mistress, First Class’

A glance over the letter and she was pleased. She sent it via her elf to Severus; she trusted that he would see to it that it was delivered.

XooooooX

While Severus wasn’t fond of Hermione Granger, he despised the misuse of potions.

Granger was much safer with Harry but he wasn’t all that sure that she could be trusted.

Either way, as long as she wasn’t entrusted with the Secret then he didn’t have to worry that much.

He just had to seem loyal until Dumbledore passed.
Andromeda or even someone like Damocles Martin could be trusted to verify that his potion was dangerous if misused.

At least Pomfrey could be trusted to admit that Dumbledore never followed dosing instructions despite her begging.

The sooner the loathsome worm was dead, the better…

Chapter End Notes

Knowing that Dumbledore was likely aware of his horcruxes, Voldemort retrieved all of the ones he could find but was distressed to find that Lucius had allowed the destruction of the oldest of the horcruxes, his mother’s locket was replaced with a fake and his grandfather’s ring was missing.

This left only Nagini and well the diadem, that is if the diadem was where he left it still…

It wasn’t that hard to convince Nagini to send some of her Ashwinders to retrieve those memory phials, after all Albus nearly always had a fire burning in that office of his.

Voldemort chose one last test for Severus to prove his true loyalty, the retrieval and return of the diadem…

If Severus was sincere in choosing him, then Voldemort would be far more at ease despite their alliance with Andromeda.

Surprisingly, once he came to this decision Severus appeared.

Severus bowed slightly, “My Lord…”

Voldemort accepted the proffered letter and skimmed it before he instructed Severus in his newest task.

Nagini knew both her place and her duty, her bond with her master made her quite aware of his wishes, both spoken and unspoken.

It took little effort call up ashwinders and charge them to retrieve as many of those memory phials as they could and deliver them to that despicable Rita Skeeter.

Nagini despised Skeeter but loathed Dumbledore more and a little theft for 'the greater good' didn't bother her at all.

If this brought her master a greater degree of freedom then so be it. Her poor master had suffered so, she wanted some degree of happiness for him and if possible, a family of his own.
Albus fretted and fumed.

His plans were falling through, that thankless Potter boy!

He had allowed him serious leeway, allowed him to provide his worth as the Boy Who Lived and this was how he was repaid?

The boy would regret choosing that Malfoy, as if a Dark Wizard could be loyal or feel love. It was likely a trap and Potter would lose both his life and his child and for what? A fantasy?

People like himself and Potter were icons, they weren't meant to bestow their hearts at a whim to save Dark Wizards.

Romantic attempts in that vein were as worthless as fending off a dementor with a stick and just as effective.

Potter would crawl and admit his mistake in disobeying the great wizard who only had his best interests at heart.

He and Potter were meant to be icons and martyrs rather than family men.

It would be impossible for Potter to duel Voldemort while pregnant or even as a young parent, the idiot boy would distracted by thoughts of his child.

Albus clenched his fist, Potter knew that Voldemort was dangerous and wanted to lay waste to the world.

Malfoy had sworn allegiance to Voldemort, so how could Potter trust him with his life or that of their child?

That was ridiculous!

Clearly, the idiot boy had no idea that there were sacrifices that good men were required to make to keep others safe.

Albus clenched his fist, he’d pay. That ungrateful boy would pay…

The Ashwinders stayed hidden in the flames until the target went to bed.

Only Nagini and her master could direct them out of the fire with orders not to set fire or lay eggs.

The only snake more powerful than Nagini herself, was a basilisk and all fled them as well.
The Ashwinders slithered out of the flame with one objective to retrieve those memory phials.

The only trace they would leave would be a sooty trail to and from the hearth.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 37

Nagini was rewarded by the return of an ashwinder, “Complete?”

The ashwinder bowed, “Yes, mistress.”

Nagini smirked, “Delivered as well?”

“Yes, mistress.”

Nagini regally accepted the report and the ashwinder disappeared into the flames that were their natural environment.

You were to take precautions because leaving a magical fire burning too long left one open to having ashwinders set your place on fire.

Nagini had taught them a spell that allowed them entrance through two floos, but each floo had a specific key hiss. They needed more than just the spell and Nagini already had created the spell for those floos but they weren’t intelligent enough to revise the spell to exit more than the few hearths that Nagini had chosen.

Nagini had the benefit of her being a magical creature coupled with her master’s intelligence and knowledge through their bond. Their bond wasn’t the usual version shared between master and serpentine familiar, the nature of that bond worried Nagini, but gave her access to his mind. This allowed her to calm him on occasion and hope that he remained as sane as Potter’s blood had made him.

Nagini had acquired her master’s ability to plot, but she had far more patience…
George was still at Ivy Hall, with Theo at Hogwarts and his parents technically in hiding, he was a bit lonely.

He had Fred and Gracie but that was different…

Fred had become less important with the family growing between him and Theo, which meant that he was becoming his own wizard as it were.

He was surprised when Theo appeared in his bed.

“George…”

George was pinned to the bed, tied up with silk scarves and naked.

Theo smirked, “Missed you.”

Then he was tackled.

It would be hours before Theo would allow him to sleep.

“Tell me what happened to her.”

Luna sighed, Prewett…
“Do you want the truth? What I believe is the truth or what I can prove?” Luna said painfully.

“Don’t talk to me in riddles, Lovegood! You know I have no patience for them.”

Luna glowered, “She is of my House and my blood! Do not think that I have not considered brave punishments for the person responsible!”

“Damn it, you know how I feel!”

Luna hissed, “I see it clearly, yet currently, she doesn’t know who you are! You’ve never spoken, remember? As of this moment, you are just a nameless Slytherin.”

She watched as Prewett punched the wall and sagged as if Luna had injured her with her words.

It was interesting to see that flash of temper but understandable.

“I know you’re in pain. The thought of such a thing happening to Colin is like having my heart clawed out of my chest. For what it’s worth, they will pay. They are dying, Prewett, and their reckoning with Fate will be more than enough punishment.”

“They?”

“I won’t tell you their name, Prewett… Mal. She’s alive and she’s free, the potions that were being used to cloud her mind and her heart are gone. She’s safe, safe from any and all who hoped to take away her soul. She is under the protection of one who would die to protect her, someone who sees her as a sister. I sent her to the safest place I knew. She’s my friend, a sister of sorts and I want her to find happiness.”

“They will die?”

“Death is too easy for them, but yes, do not ask how I know,"

Prewett snorted, “I’ve learned not to ask how you know anything, Lovegood.”
Luna chuckled, “Having the second-highest marks in our year is not wasted.”

Prewett inclined her head, “You’re someone very special, unique and yet different.”

“I have always been unique.” Luna shrugged.

Prewett retorted, “That’s what makes you lonely.”

“That is until you see the other half of your soul in another’s eyes,” Luna said softly.

“You are wise beyond your years,” Prewett muttered.

“A painful gift and a curse,” Luna admitted painfully.

“And the closest thing to a friend that I have.” The last was spoken softly, almost begrudgingly.

“That is an honour,” Luna said with a smile.

“Let’s see if you are worthy of the title.”

Luna inclined her head, “I hope that you are worthy of my house, worthy of the heart of my friend. I am sure that we will both be found worthy.”

With that, Prewett slipped away but not before leaving parchment for her.

Luna picked it up and smiled, ah notes…

Prewett had an interesting version of loyalty…
The same sort of loyalty that bound her cousin to Harry who was her first friend….

Hermione was a lucky girl, but only if she knew it…

Despite not bearing the surname, Prewett seemed to very much be a Black...

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 38

Dumbledore woke up reluctantly in the beginning of June, not two weeks from Harry and Draco’s escape.

He dressed as usual and headed down to the Great Hall.

The loss of Harry and Hermione grated at him. He would have claimed that Severus’ loyalty to Harry was due to the life debt that he owed the House of Potter and the Unbreakable Vow he made to Narcissa, but Severus had grown cold to him.

The arrival of the Daily Prophet caused an explosion of cacophony in the Great Hall.

Confused, Albus opened his own paper.

*Exclusive: Albus Dumbledore, lover and co-author of Grindelwald’s Reign of Tyranny*

By Rita Skeeter

Abus didn't need to read further, he crumpled the paper and growled as it set itself aflame. "That mad witch! I thought she'd croaked already. Stupid Bagshot, she always did stick her nose where it didn't belong! Skeeter probably talked to Aberforth as well. A witch with her memory addled by disease and a drunk criminal who allows malcontents and scoundrels to frequent his establishment, fine source for a reporter."

"Those were secondary sources to verify the authenticity of memory phials that appeared in her office last week." Filius chided.

Who dared steal from him? His wards had not been set off, nor had he noticed anything missing
recently.

He reached into his robes to down a draught from Severus...

In what one might claim was poetic justice, the phial dropped from his hand and he collapsed seizing.

Rather than send for a healer, McGonagall called out for Pomfrey.

Severus smirked inwardly, justice was like vengeance best served cold.

A potion meant to be taken a sip at a time, but was taken vial by phial instead.

Severus rose, using a silent spell to freshen up before heading towards Albus. He knelt at the fallen Headmaster's side, "I see. He refused to take it correctly to the end...I mentioned it was a dangerous ..."

"Like anyone could trust a slimy snake like you." Ron Weasley snorted.

"Shut it Ron! You dumped Hermione and didn't have the courage to tell her. It was Luna." Longbottom retorted. "It was Snape who saved your father and Hermione. I'd trust him over you any day!"

"Peace Longbottom." Although it was quite rewarding to have a student who had previously had him as a boggart, defending him...

"His heart just burst..." Pomfrey admitted shocked.

Severus snorted, "The arrogant fool, I warned him. That potion was untested, combatting such a dark spell should have been impossible."

"I see, what was the dosage?" McGonagall frowned.
"A swallow, it was a strong potion. I was very clear on that. Overdosing could cause it to build up in the blood and choke the heart." Severus muttered darkly.

"Oh my. A swallow? He took an entire vial..." Minerva whispered in horror.

Severus shrugged, "Then he essentially poisoned himself, any potion is dangerous if not taken according to the prescription."

"Why wasn't I informed of this?" Pomfrey demanded.

Severus sighed as if ill used and he had been, "You know Albus and his secrets..."

The worried professors nodded.

Hagrid took out his tablecloth-size handkerchief and began weeping.

Severus assumed a look of dismay but not sadness. he was far from displeased about Albus' death. Trust the fool to live a month beyond his expectations.

Albus had a heart attack due to his misdosing himself after reading Skeeter's article tying him to one Dark Lord.

Severus could only hope the other memories implicated Albus in more heinous crimes...

XooooooX

Remus' lessons were harder than then Hermione's own revision.

It was interesting having Fred, George, Remus, Draco and a pregnant Harry around.
Andromeda, Tonks' mother who helped Snape save her when she was practically poisoned kept an eye on her when she checked on Draco's mother who seemed quite different without his father.

Fleur came by some mornings but not today.

They were at late breakfast when a note came from Snape.

**He is dead.**

Harry kissed Draco, "Iris is safe!"

Hermione said nothing, but she did not see how this was possible with Voldemort out there.

Was there something that Harry had yet to mention?

Much to Hermione's embarrassment, she wasn't permitted to walk much because of the potions. It was embarrassing that she was practically carried everywhere...

Harry enjoyed it more due to it being Draco who did so, while Hermione was forced to allow Remus or Fred to carry her.

It was strange to not be in Hogwarts this time of year...

This term had been a strange one...

XooooooX

**He’s dead…**

That was all the note from Severus said.
That sent Voldemort into a bout of pleased snickers much to his associates’ discomfort.

“Severus says that the old fool is dead.” He hissed at Nagini who preened.

“Did I have anything to do with that?”

“He apparently overdosed on Severus’ potion causing his heart to explode.”

“Ah, poetic justice that.” Nagini drawled.

“Indeed...” Voldemort murmured as he stroked her smooth head just the way she liked it.

With this news, they could push their plans for revising the wizarding world forward…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 39

Chapter Summary

Severus has a secret talent and an unexpected visitor? Unresolved tension, resolved? Is that a snickering Nagini? And Blaise cuteness...

Chapter Notes

Songs from this chapter belong thus:

Lost Boy- Ruth B
5 Seconds of Summer- Jet Black Heart

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 39

Severus finished his required exams and ordered his things moved to Merrivale.

He was currently in the drawing room, playing on his pianoforte.

*There was a time when I was alone*

*Nowhere to go and no place to call home*

*My only friend was the man in the moon*

*And even sometimes he would go away, too.*

It might surprise most people but Severus could sing, he received piano lessons from Lily’s mum who played for the parish.

Learning he was a wizard, was almost as wonderful in its way as his childhood dream.

*Then one night, as I closed my eyes,*
I saw a shadow flying high
He came to me with the sweetest smile
Told me he wanted to talk for awhile
He said, "Peter Pan. That's what they call me.
I promise that you'll never be lonely."
And ever since that day...

He found his family in Lily even if he wasn’t the greatest of friends or truly deserving…

"Run, run, lost boy," they say to me,
"Away from all of reality."

He felt lost…

Without Albus existing to taunt him and force him to do things against his will, he felt free.

“Do you really feel lost?”

Severus flinched.

“I suppose you forgot that you granted me access to Merrivale after we declared an alliance with Lady Andromeda." The Dark Lord chuckled.

“My Lord, I wasn’t…” Severus murmured.

“Expecting company, I suspected as much. I was getting a bit bored with the others; I needed a bit of fresh air. Go ahead, keep playing. Forget I am even here. You have a surprisingly pleasant voice…”

Severus swallowed. “If you wish…”
He finished his ‘Lost Boy’ and began another…

*Everybody’s got their demons*

*Even wide awake or dreaming*

*I’m the one who ends up leaving*

*Make it okay*

Severus continued to play, drifting off into that place he felt the safest, almost forgetting that he wasn’t alone.

*But now that I’m broken*

*Now that you know it*

*Caught up in a moment*

*Can you see inside?*

Severus was never honest except in his music, having learned a long time ago that secrets were weaknesses waiting to be exploited.

*’Cause I’ve got a jet black heart*

*And there’s a hurricane underneath it*

*Trying to keep us apart*

*I write with a poison pen*

*But these chemicals moving between us*

*Are the reason to start again*

He took a breath, realised what song he was singing and his fingers slid from the keys.

“‘What’s wrong? Did I discomfort you somehow?’”
“No… I… it's unfinished.”

“Why?”

“I don’t know…”

“It’s wonderful… better than that Warbeck or even that Weird Sisters band…” the Dark Lord mused, “Let me help…”

Severus gaped at him.

“Doxies, Severus…”

Severus swallowed, “Are you serious?”

“I said I was bored, I want to try something different.”

“If you’re sure…”

Severus summoned a notebook, “I got stuck after this line… I’m holding on for dear life…”

“I am believed to have a black heart myself, I wish I could take back that Halloween… rewind it almost.”

“I like that…” Severus murmured “What about ‘There’s no way that we could rewind’.”

“In that vein then…”

“Yes…”
Nagini lay curled up before the drawing room fire watching her master, there was something about Severus that woke up his heart…

It made her smug to see these two guarded hearts being brought together by the most unlikely bond: Music. They were unintentionally opening up to one another…

She hissed abruptly, “*That could make you stay.*”

Her master turned to glance at her and then took the quill from Severus finishing the verse.

“Try that…”

*Now I’m holding on for dear life*

*There’s no way that we could rewind*

*Maybe there’s nothing after midnight*

*That could make you stay*

Severus sang the newly completed verse, continuing on to sing the bridge and chorus.

Her master joining in on the chorus caused Severus’ voice to tremble slightly…

Their voices harmonised so perfectly.

Damn it, come on! A snake could taste the unspoken tension…

Then it happened!

Nagini closed the bond between her and her master, to give them privacy.
Her master kissed Severus, causing the younger wizard to gasp and moan.

This was excellent progress!

She slithered out of the drawing room; she’d nap elsewhere like the receiving room to keep out unwelcome guests…

XooooooX

Theo and Blaise left Hogwarts after Ned’s last exam, returning to Ivy Hall.

Theo missed George something fierce, while Blaise was just lonely.

Ned was eager to reunite their family since their father was gone…

Well in Ministry custody for attacking Daigon Alley. Apparently, Draco’s Aunt Andromeda dealt with him…

George was mothering Harry a bit when they arrived.

Theo’s fiancé glanced up and then leapt up to throw himself into Theo’s arms.

Theo held him tight as he snogged him, “Missed me?”

“Home for the summer?”

“All yours George…”

Harry giggled, “Well, go on then… I’ll just go bother my own fiancé.”
“Aren’t you bonded yet?” Theo frowned.

Harry blushed, “Was waiting for you two of course!”

“We’ll discuss that tomorrow. Pardon me while I abduct my fiancé.”

“Have George! Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do!” Harry snickered.

Blaise stayed behind, “Can I.”

“What would you like Blaise, you already have a room here with us.” Harry frowned.

“I can touch it?” Blaise gestured nervously at Harry’s barely protruding stomach.

Harry blushed, “Oh… alright…”

Blaise hoped one day to have his own pregnancy, but he didn’t mind living vicariously through Draco’s mate a bit.

Harry let Blaise feel his prospective goddaughter kick, even showing him pictures of her.

Blaise let Harry talk, he was content to listen.

A submissive Veela who wanted a family more than anything, rarely dare to let his guard down, but Harry was so genuine that he couldn’t help it…

His best friend was so lucky…

Blaise was certain that Draco knew this, that brat. But he was pleased that Draco finally realised
his true feelings and accepted them. Draco had always been far stronger then he gave himself credit for…

Chapter End Notes

In case anyone wanted to know what happened after the kiss and Nagini slithered away, I wrote it. Severus is emotionally stunted and has never had a relationship before so I hope you find his reaction plausible...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Years of living essentially as a monk with no sexual release, Severus was overwhelmed by the force of Voldemort’s lust.

They landed on the drawing room carpet with Severus practically pinned by the older of the former Slytherins.

Severus drowned in those kisses, he failed to react or struggle as he was undressed.

Despite Potter and Black’s bullying, Severus never had changed his habit of only wearing pants under his robes. Part of it was because the weight of clothing was uncomfortable on his scars, the less he wore the better.

This habit made it all the more easy for Voldemort to undress him and soon he was lying naked beneath the Heir of Slytherin.

Voldemort shrugged out of his own clothing so he too was naked. “You have no reason to hide from me Severus, we both suffered at the hands of Muggles. Every scar to me is a victory, you never let them break you.”

Severus drugged by Voldemort’s lust, dropped his glamour.

Voldemort fell to kissing and tracing each scar with his tongue, despite their mutual lack of sexual experience and desperation, the Dark Lord wished to memorise Severus’ body.
Severus twitched, Voldemort’s gentleness seemed so out of character, but it shattered him in a way that nothing ever had before.

It seemed like ages before breath teased Severus’ prick, and then an unfamiliar warmth engulfed it.

The Dark Lord of all persons was sucking his prick; this must be a dream…

Severus was sensitive due to his being a virgin despite being thirty-seven and his skin being mottled with scars, it was not hard to make Lord Prince come.

Voldemort knew Severus was too guarded to ever be ‘easy’ or as desperate to be his lover as Bellatrix had been. Her devotion was flattering but given that she belonged to another, it was distasteful. He had somehow earned Severus’ trust and the abrasive, yet shy man was defenceless and overwhelmed.

Severus could not demand that Voldemort stop, he could not pull away. He had never considered what ‘attraction’ or lust were. When Lily tried to explain it ages ago, Severus had been bewildered. Now, he understood on a visceral level but he still couldn’t put it into words.

Magic reached inside him, caressing him in unfamiliar yet sensual ways and then he felt that wetness elsewhere…

Voldemort was determined to memorize everything about Severus now that he had him, that included an act that he had never before considered…

He found himself licking Severus’ arse, memorizing every crease, growing drunk on Severus’ cries of pleasure, using his mouth to open the Potions Master for the first time.

Severus may not be innocent by many definitions but Severus had never been with anyone sexually.

That filled Voldemort with a smug sense of pride, Severus was his…
Soon, fingers were thrusting into Severus, making him gasp and whimper, struggling to hold himself back only to give in and push back, driving those fingers deeper.

Voldemort rewarded when Severus begged in a hoarse voice, “Master… please…”

Conjured lube appeared, drenching Voldemort’s prick as well as Severus’ thighs and arse.

Voldemort took Severus’ bony hips in his hands, lifted him up and thrust in deep.

Severus whimpered and moaned, struggling not to get away, but to impale himself on Voldemort’s cock.

Voldemort shifted so Severus was perched on his lap, Voldemort’s back against the pianoforte bench. He let Severus ride him because he seemed eager to and used his free hand to grip the potions master’s neck so he could kiss him roughly.

He’d never seen so much emotion in Severus’ face, there was no mask, Severus was completely bare to him…

Voldemort fucked Severus even as the younger former Slytherin did his best to ride him…

It wasn’t until he’d come inside the man twice, that Voldemort felt satisfied.

He abandoned their clothes, picking up his spunk and sweat-drenched lover, seeing Severus this way made him feel very possessive.

A Prince elf directed Voldemort to Severus’ apartment within Merrivale.

A bath was waiting for them of course.

Voldemort was gentle with Severus, the younger wizard was half-passed out from their consummation of their desires, and he wanted to prove he cared enough to clean them up.
Having already known Severus in the biblical sense, after bathing Voldemort saw no need to put on any clothing to sleep in. Besides, Severus clearly wasn’t a fan of it and it was summer after all…

Voldemort had no qualms about falling asleep with his new lover…

But not before giving him a gift.

XooooooX

Severus woke to an aching arse and company in his bed…

He immediately panicked. He windlessly summoned a potion for deep sleep and cast it into Voldemort’s stomach.

He wiggled out of the Dark Lord’s embrace.

He felt ill; he’d slept with the Dark Lord…

Severus couldn’t face the older wizard, he was not Bellatrix and he had no intention of this meaning anything.

He ordered his labs and possessions moved to the French Villa after he decided he had to leave.

As he started to dress, he noticed his Dark Mark had changed…

It no longer resembled a snake emerging from a skull…

Rather it was a broken black heart with an equally black quill through it, much like a muggle arrow through a heart. Beneath it was a hurricane that swirled realistically…
His panic was even worse now…

Wearing the Dark Lord’s brand, the Dark Mark had shamed him, the magical oaths that Dumbledore tied him with broke when he died freeing him but now this…

Severus bolted out of his bedroom; he scribbled a note to Andromeda apologizing for leaving before they could truly begin their plot to remake the world.

He also sent a letter to Minerva formally resigning as a Professor.

He left one for the Dark Lord as well…

He left to floo from the receiving room…

Nagini tried to speak to him but he was too distraught to cast a comprehension spell.

XooooooX

Draco was at breakfast when a note was hand-delivered to him by an elf.

‘Draco,

I am going away. With Albus dead and Harry no longer in danger from the Dark Lord, I am free. I do not know if or when I will return. I know you hoped to apprentice to me but unfortunately, that is not possible. I recommend Andromeda or Damocles. While they are not myself, they are
talented enough to not hamper your
talent.

Sincerely,

Severus Snape,
45th Lord Prince’

Draco was stunned, Severus was gone?

Why? His godfather had not mentioned leaving or anything like that…

How was he supposed to pass his potions NEWT now? In his shock, Draco forgot that he was already brewing beyond that level and could have sat his Potions NEWT ages ago.


“Uncle Severus, he’s left me. He won’t be taking me as an apprentice after all…”

Harry took the note and read it scowling. “How could he leave without saying goodbye properly? He’s our secret keeper!”

“I need to be alone…” Draco went to lock himself in his study; his godfather’s coldness was painful. Was this punishment for refusing to discuss his task with Uncle Severus?

It must be…

Adult or not, Draco wanted to cry…

This abandonment cut more deeply than anything before…
When Voldemort woke, it was quite late, a tempus spell declared it to be dinner time.

He was alone…

Severus had left him…

Angry he rose, dressing and nearly tripped over Nagini who lay outside the Lord’s apartment in a massive coil.

“You idiot!” Nagini smacked him with her tail.

Voldemort blinked at her, “Why do you call me an idiot?”

“You fucked him and never mentioned your feelings! He thinks you used him!”

“I didn’t…”

“You changed his Mark without explaining that too. He thinks you marked him as your whore.”

Voldemort gaped at her, he’d changed the Mark freely and not for that purpose. He chose the design as a symbol of their intimacy, the song they finished together…

“Just when I think you’ve nearly become a human being, you just have to bollocks it up! He’s never been with anyone, he has no one he trusts, and you seduced him out of his comfort zone without telling him anything. He’s running scared. You may have lost him forever because of how you handled this you emotionally-stunted buffoon!” Nagini tail smacked him again.

“I’ll have to go after him then…”
“By the Basilisk, you will not! You will court him; you will find a way to make him see how you feel. You are not to chase after him; you have to make him want to come back! You’re supposed to be brilliant, come up with something! I like Severus! You’ve hurt him badly with your selfishness and I refuse to let you make it worse by cornering him.”

“Consort?”

Voldemort flinched, “What?”

“You is being Master’s soulmate, you is being master’s consort…” the elf frowned.

Voldemort silently repeated the elf’s words, he was stunned. “I see… then you don’t mind if I remain do you?”

“Master shouldn’t be running but Master is…”

“My familiar told me that I ought to have talked to him first…”

“Mistress Snake be right. Master Severus never…” the elf frowned and began again, “Master have no friends after Miss Lily die. Master make no friends. Slytherins not friends, colleagues but not friends. Master Severus keep heart and secrets. Master Severus lonely but not know how to be unlonely. He feel now and it frighten Master Severus. Master not know he be soulmated. Not, he not know he have consort. Master Severus need consort. Must make Master come home.”

“Nagini said I must not chase him…”

“No chase master, if Master Consort write letter Lolly take to Master Severus. Lolly know where Master Severus be. Master Severus no be hiding. He think bad things about himself again. Master Severus always be thinking bad things about him. Lolly try to keep Master from thinking bad things…”

“Is Severus going to hurt himself?” Voldemort snapped.
Lolly shook her head, “Lolly explain bad. Lolly mean Severus think he no good, Master think no one really want him. Master Severus believe he bad person, hate self. Master no see that Consort care for him. Master not feel consort’s gentleness, master fool too.”

Severus ran because he was afraid of his feelings and didn’t trust that Voldemort could care for him. This was ridiculous…

“Master Severus must come back soon. He be needing Master Consort…”

“I’ll need to make an appointment with Gringotts.” Voldemort mused.

Lolly tilted head in confusion, “Why?”

“Well, I can’t very well be Voldemort, Lord Consort Prince can I?”

Lolly giggled, “No Master…”

“May I know why Severus must come back soon?”

“He need Master Consort’s magic. He…”

“Severus is gravid!” Nagini hissed.

Voldemort blinked, Severus was… Salazar’s wand… that was unexpected…

“He doesn’t know?” Voldemort frowned.

“Why would he? You didn’t expect to be soulmates or to be accepted as his consort.” Nagini retorted.

This was getting all the more complicated…
Not that Voldemort regretted last night; he was disappointed that Severus ran.

He would have to figure out how to make the distraught potions master return…

Severus warded the villa against owls so he could receive no messages that way, he was content to just disappear.

He knew he was a terrible professor; he despised teaching almost as much as he was despised.

He felt all the more lonely without the Dark Lord but he refused to let himself become so weak.

Never one for tears, it was ridiculous to find his eyes wet.

He wished to claw the new brand off of his arm.

Out of everything Voldemort could have marked him with, why this? To mock him?

Why would the Dark Lord be interested in a dirty Halfblood like himself? Severus only inherited because when he turned seventeen he was the only eligible heir…

His line would die out with him and Draco was likely to inherit…

If Gringotts demanded blood inherit, then Adrian Pucey who was the grandson of Prince heir or even Theo who was the son of a Prince heiress were options.

Theo might choose Ned to inherit the Prince Estate since he was a spare…
Severus didn’t really care…

Unlike Potter, there was nothing like the connection betwixt Lily’s son and his godson between himself and the Dark Lord.

Severus felt filthy; he’d never considered himself the type to whore himself. A few pretty words to finish his song and he was rutting like an animal. He begged for the Dark Lord to take him…

He was nearly certain that he had acted in a manner that shamed his House…

Severus had never been so disgusted with himself, newly sane or not, Severus was not worthy of anyone.

He hated that he missed the feel of Voldemort’s arms around his shoulders, the touch of those lips on his scars and even more, the ache he felt at being empty.

Severus had no idea what to do with these unfamiliar feelings…

So he chose to live alone in seclusion and hope that they vanished…

Chapter End Notes


Don’t worry! Voldy will get Sev back. Was anyone expecting this turn of events?
Chapter 41

Chapter Notes

Songs from this chapter belong thus: Lost Boy- Ruth B, Blink-182/5SOS – I miss you, 5 Seconds of Summer- Jet Black Heart and Alicia Keys- Fallin’ and Try Sleeping with a Broken Heart. Also I Corinthians 13:4-7, KJV

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 41

Andromeda was beyond surprised to be summoned to the principle family seat of the Prince Family.

Even more surprised to be met by the Dark Lord…

“Andromeda, thank you for coming…”

“Is Severus coming?”

Voldemort stiffened, “No, unfortunately. As discomforting as this is, I find I must ask you for advice.”

Andromeda raised an eyebrow, “Oh?”

“We’re soulmates Severus and I…”

Andromeda swallowed, “You’re what?”

“Trust me, I was as surprised as you are, I am quite aware of our age difference. I am over thirty years his senior after all. Being soulmates, according to Nagini, he is gravid and his house elves claim I am his consort.”
“Oh my, how has Severus taken this?”

“As far as I know, he has no knowledge of being gravid or my being recognised as his consort. I wonder what his reaction to my gift was…” Voldemort mused.

“What gift was that?”

“I released him from the original Dark Mark; I can no longer summon him or cause him pain. It is now different, a personal emblem…he can use it to sense my emotions if he wishes but that is up to him.” Voldemort admitted.

“You claimed him physically and magically.” Andromeda sighed, “Clearly, you don’t know Severus all that well. Severus has always struggled with self-worth issues and my embarrassment of a sister never helped that. Being a Halfblood in Slytherin yourself, you ought to know how difficult things might have been for him. He didn’t have the benefit of being the Heir of Slytherin; he was the lowest of the low in a House that prizes status. Not only did Bellatrix torture him in school and even while in your service, my cousin had it out for him and dragged Harry’s father along.”

“I know Bellatrix could be rude, but I never actually witnessed her doing more than accusing him of being unfaithful to the cause.” Voldemort nodded.

Andromeda snorted, “As if she would dare curse your favourite where it might come to your attention, I may not have numbered among your supporters but I have ears. Severus was quickly raised to your inner circle despite his blood. Yet, he still refuses to acknowledge anything he hasn’t earn, he only sees his potions mastery as something worth accepting because he sweat blood and tears for it. He doesn’t value his Lordship, as others might, or having been lifted to the status appropriate for one of his talent. He likely doubts the sincerity of your motives; you are an impoverished lord who relies on his ‘friends’ to keep him in society. No true Slytherin would turn out a descendent of their revered founder, hence why Severus likely fled rather than cast you out. Severus maybe a Prince in name he is not by status, which lies with the Malfoys, just as Black witches are regarded as its Queens.”

“You’re saying I must court him…”

“Yes, but in a way that honours Severus not his title.”
Voldemort frowned, “How would I do that?”

“How tied is Riddle to the name Voldemort? Perhaps, it is only known to your followers?”

Voldemort nodded, “I believe so, the elder Death Eaters were sworn never to speak that name.”

“Then, why not return? Change your name; it is such a dreadfully common sounding name and unworthy of Slytherin blood after all. Pick something regal enough for someone who hypothetically owns a quarter of Hogwarts.”

“What sort of name would you recommend?”

Andromeda smirked, “Your Gaunt ancestors were less than appealing, thus I would recommend taking a name the honours the witches that you are descended from Elnath Black and Eudocia Prince.”

Voldemort flinched, “Prince?”

“The sister of the previous Severus Prince and his brother Cronos Nott, it was five generations back for your Severus. It won’t matter in the least bloodwise. There are no decent names within the Serpens constellation, but there are a few decent ones in Draconis; Thuban which means the snake, Rastaban- head of the serpent, Eltanin- dragon’s head and Arrakis the dancer.”

“Thuban will be fine. Any recommendations for a Latin name?”

“Alaricus it means ruler of all, close enough to Lord’ isn’t it? Of course there is always Dominicus ‘belongs to the lord’ or Cyriacus meaning ‘of the lord’. Andromeda taunted.

“Alaricus Thuban, I’ll probably go by Alaric.”

“Lord Consort Dominicus Prince has an interesting ring to it.” Andromeda smirked.
“Hold your tongue lady…” the Dark Lord grumbled. “How do you know so much about such names?”

“During our supervised courtship, Lucius and I were often made to discuss such things as naming offspring. Malfoys, Princes and Puceys all chose Latinate names for their Gringotts registered offspring. Now, I suppose 'ruler of all snakes' suits you even as a consort.” Andromeda failed to restrain a snicker.

“You’re testing my patience, Lady Andromeda.”

“You should be grateful to me Alaric; you can come out the shadows and be Severus’ consort publicly. You wouldn’t want his heirs to be mistaken for bastards.”

The Dark Lord flinched. “As soulmates does a contract have to be filed?”

“For Propriety, likely. For Gringotts, I am not sure. Harry is only being legally bonded to Draco for their own protection. I am sure that you can question Gringotts when you file for a name change. You should also request as flexible a bonding contract to Severus, as Consort you can use language that implies you only rule in the sheets.”

“Andromeda…” the Dark Lord growled.

“Behave yourself; are you forgetting that I am a birth healer and likely the only person who should be trusted to bring your expected children into the world?” Andromeda retorted. “Also, I am the only one who likely would support your courtship of Severus and advise you. I don’t know him as intimately as a childhood friend would, but I can help you figure out how to assure him of your intent.”

“How?”

“What do you know about Severus?”

“His father was abusive, his mother resided in the same house but was either too ill or drunk to care for him. His surrogate family was Lily Evan’s; she was half sister and half best friend to him. He excelled in defence, once having beaten Professor Flitwick in a duel and was the youngest Potions Master, First Class. The only Potions Master exam he sat was for the First Class. Being raised in
the Muggle World as the son of an unemployed drunk, Severus has little self-esteem. He is also a fine musician and sometimes writes songs. In fact, last night we finished one together…”

“Court him in music, if you can’t find wizarding songs to express yourself I’m sure I can introduce you to Muggle Music while they don’t possess magic in the truest sense sometimes their lyrics feel magical. The benefit of a Muggleborn spouse, he has introduced me to some aspects of Muggle Culture.”

“You really think that Muggle Music would do it?”

“Slytherins don’t often use words like love and affection, when we feel those emotions, we chose actions to impart them. It takes something drastic for us to ‘fall in love’; often times we need to almost lose something before we truly value it. In my case, I had no desire to bond to Lucius whom my sister was in love with. Given that no betrothal had been made for her, I knew if I broke the contract that she would be offered in my place. Ted had developed feelings for me while I was tutoring him in potions; he sensed my wish to be ‘free’ and proceeded to do what no other wizard would dare: he courted me. He gave me paints, canvas, brushes, books on Muggle artists and art. He listened to my real dreams to be a healer and not a consort. If Severus’ true passion is music, speak to him in music. If it is potions, then find rare potions books and ingredients for him. Make him believe your heart; unlike most persons of his social ranking, he’ll need some vocal assurances of your affection.”

This sounded quite difficult…

Not impossible mind but the Dark Lord had little understanding of love or emotions, he’d never really considered love to have any value. He’d never felt or recognised feeling sexual desire until they were sitting at piano writing the lyrics to that song.

He absently began humming it…

“What is that?”

“Oh, the song we finished…”

’Cause I’ve got a jet black heart
And there’s a hurricane underneath it
Trying to keep us apart
I write with a poison pen
But these chemicals moving between us
Are the reason to start again

“Sing it for me, from the beginning.”

The newly minted Alaric began,

Everybody’s got their demons
Even wide awake or dreaming
I’m the one who ends up leaving
Make it okay

“I see... he ends his relationships by leaving. He left his parents for the Wizarding World; he left Lily and entered your service. Now he’s left you to protect himself from being hurt.” Andromeda mused.

“Do you know the story of Peter Pan?”

Andromeda blinked, “Yes?”

“He was singing a song about being alone and wanting to be a lost boy in Never Land. How his only friend growing up was the man in the moon and sometimes, he’d go away too. Whether that was rhetorical or his life before his Lily, who knows? He sang about flying away from a town that never loved him. Wanting to be free and escape reality, Severus normally comes off cold and heartless.”

“Unless you see him with Draco, that boy has been a surrogate son to him.” Andromeda shrugged.

“Or when he sings, it seemed to be his only release…” Alaric mused.
“Then the way to his heart is music, we’ll discuss how to find the right songs later. I want you to think about what you feel and how to express it without feeling too foolish.” Then Andromeda flited out of the room, leaving Alaric alone with his thoughts.

He would have to file to change his name soon so that he could be almost worthy of Severus.

Perhaps, he could convince Severus to leave ‘Snape’ behind and take a more worthy name such as Prince…

XooooooX

Severus had buried himself in the bed in the villa in France soon after his arrival.

His dreams were haunted by the memory of letting the Dark Lord have his body…

He couldn’t understand why he did that or why he enjoyed it…

He reached to absently touch his dark mark, and felt something different…

‘Severus…’

He jumped, feeling his name like a caress in his mind.

It felt similar to his memories of how the Dark Lord whispered his name…

Surely, he couldn’t have been his first…

The Dark Lord knew how to make him feel pleasure too well…

He couldn’t be special…
It was selfish to imagine such a thing…

Why would a descendent of Slytherin want someone like him?

He summoned an inked quill and scribbled his thoughts.

*Even if you were a million miles away*

*I could still feel you in my bed*

*Near me, touch me, feel me*

*And even at the bottom of the sea*

*I could still hear inside my head*

*Tellin’ me, touch me, feel me*

Severus could almost feel the ghost of the Dark Lord’s touch…

*Oh, oh, I never felt this way*

*How do you give me so much pleasure*

*And cause me so much pain*

*Just when I think*

*I’ve taken more than would a fool*

*I start fallin’ back in love with you*

In a dark place in his heart, Severus wanted a repeat of on his drawing room floor…

Love…

It couldn’t be…
Had he ever felt something like that?

What did it mean?

He struggled to remember his lessons at St. Catherine’s parish…

Was the Dark Lord capable of it? He’d split his soul…

Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

I Corinthians 13:4-7 if he remembered correctly…

None of that seemed like anything the Dark Lord could feel…

Severus didn’t know what love meant in the wizarding world and he doubted that Slytherins would countenance such a Hufflepuff definition as the one he remembered…

Secretly he craved being loved, now that he knew what it was like to be in another’s arms and to give himself up to a lover, it opened an ache and a hunger in him.

Could he accept the Dark Lord? Could he care for someone who might have killed Lily?

Nagini had mentioned that the events that night were not as they thought but he’d blamed both his ‘masters’ for her death and wished for both to die for too many years to bother counting. Albus had died already and he’d had a hand in it even if Albus caused it himself…

Could he forgive the Dark Lord for any part he played in Lily’s death and could he live with himself if he did?

Could he handle being accused of seducing or whoring himself to the Dark Lord after some of the
comments he’d made about Bellatrix in the past?

Severus threw his notebook away and hid in the bed.

He wished he could undo last night…

He’d rather live in ignorance then feel this conflicted.

His life felt ten times emptier then it had when he left Hogwarts…

‘Severus’

‘Where are you, 
and I’m so sorry,
I cannot sleep, I cannot dream tonight.
I need somebody and always,
this sick strange darkness,
comes creeping on so haunting every time.
As I stared I counted,
the webs from all the spiders,
catching things and eating their insides.
Like indecision to call you,
and hear your voice of reason,’

‘Severus come home…’

‘I can’t…’

‘What can I do to make you believe that you belong with me?’
Those couldn’t be the Dark Lord’s words…

Severus trembled; his mind must be already broken by this perceived betrayal of Lily.

‘I can’t cause you pain. I can’t force you to want to come to me. I took that away, I gave you this instead. You can sense my thoughts…if you want.’

Why? He didn’t understand…

‘You will. You will…’

XooooooX

Harry slipped into Draco’s study; he found Draco curled up in an armchair.

He knelt awkwardly to wrap his arms around Draco, “You’re not alone…”

“You won’t leave me too, will you?”

“Hippogriffs and Firebolts couldn’t take me away. I doubt Iris would ever forgive me if I did. Not even born yet and she’s already attached to you. I’m a little jealous…” Harry admitted softly. “Besides, would I want to bond to you if I was going to leave?”

“Severus left…”

“I’m sure he had a reason… maybe Andromeda knows…”

“Father’s gone, not that he really cared about me. Severus was there more than he was…”
Lucius wasn’t gone like Sirius was gone, but locked up in Azkaban well, he wasn’t likely to escape like Sirius did…

“It’s not the same exactly but losing Sirius hurt. I only had him for a short time but he was there. I could turn to him for advice, no matter how minor. Sure I have the Weasleys but I would still give anything to have him back. You can’t let Severus push you away; you’ll regret it anything happened to him.”

“Come here…” Draco shifted to pull Harry into his lap. He’d gotten enough alone time to handle the shock, now he needed to not be alone.

Harry was content to soothe Draco, eventually his lover would demand Severus talk to him.

Draco despised being ignored but hopefully; he would react more mature in this case…

XooooooX

Andromeda was a bit weirded out…

Suspecting a connection between Severus and the Dark Lord was one thing, absorbing its existence as a soulbond was another matter.

Severus running scared wasn’t all that hard to believe, she had once considered that when Ted declared his intention to court her during a tutoring session because she was unhappy with Aunt Walpurga’s declarations regarding her future.

Things were different now; Ted was so much a part of her that he was like a fungus. He put up with her coldness and moods; sometimes, she needed space and brewed for days. Then she’d sleep only to dial back her timeturner to see to patients.

Then there were other times where she needed to ground her dark magic, her use of it was strictly regulated by personal convictions and living in a Black property helped. Being a Hufflepuff, Ted disapproved of her use of dark magic but as long as she wasn’t using Unforgivables or torturing others, he turned a blind eye to it.
Having an Auror for a daughter made that more difficult but luckily, Tonks was living on her own. Not that Andromeda cared to enlighten the brat that she was renting from the Malfoys.

Brat she maybe, but Andromeda cared more for what her daughter wanted, than imposing her own values and expectations like her Aunt who muddled up their lives.

XooooooX

Narcissa and Molly shook hands smirking slightly.

“Finished.”

“There, you really think that is decent enough?” Molly frowned.

“Given that they are both Lords in their own rights, we decided things as fairly as possible. My Draco as the dominant partner ought to have claim to it legally but he would never agree to that.”

“Harry maybe the magical dominant partner but I can’t see him wanting to control Draco legally either. It’s best to make them equals to prevent either side from declaring that they have unduly influenced one another.”

“I know… unfortunately, Draco won’t be in the mood to sign today what with Severus leaving so abruptly. If I were healthier, I would give him a piece of my mind. Since I am not, I’ll let Andromeda speak with him. They have more in common, I have always thought that.”

“Severus is a rather unsocial person; he never seemed to fit in with anyone. I always wondered why he became a Death Eater. With his blood status, it couldn’t have been easy.”

“You never stopped,”

“Actually, I did. I was one of the few. I never had any patience for bullying. Lily and I had that in common. I may not have punished them appropriately, but I did put a stop to it when I saw it.” Molly interrupted.
“Then I sit corrected, I never had the disregard for conventions or expectations that Annie did. Regulus and I both took after Uncle Orion; we weren’t one to rock the boat by making our opinions known. We despised how Bellatrix and others treated Severus but our loyalty to our social equals kept us from voicing it. As the true Queen of Slytherin, it was up to Andromeda to determine what was acceptable or not, but we didn’t expect her to jilt my Lucius even if I benefited. For good or ill, I wanted to be Lady Malfoy and Andromeda discovered that. I just hope that Draco is happier than I…” Narcissa said tiredly.

“I am sorry that this turned out as they have in your case. Yet the future ought to be brighter, we can make sure that our grandchildren grow up in a safer world than our own children.”

“I hope so… we may have been on opposite side of the war but we both were pregnant in dark times and worried about the future…” Narcissa added.

It turned out better than I expected in some ways, I am just saddened by how much Albus made Harry suffer. I believe that your Draco has the best chance of anyone of healing those scars.”

“Draco has always had a kindness in him that was waiting to be awakened, I am glad to see him so happy. I am grateful that he did not need to spill blood to redeem the Malfoys from Lucius’ failure. I wonder which family Iris will resemble…”

“Given that she is supposed to be a Malfoy, perhaps she would reflect Draco…”

The two expecting grandmothers left each other’s company, Narcissa to lay down and Molly to visit Fleur.

Due to Bellatrix’s curses, Narcissa didn’t have the energy or strength that she had had last year.

If she was considered a recluse prior to Bellatrix arriving at the Manor, it had never been due to health reasons unlike her mother. But now, retiring to one of the minor Malfoy properties was sounding more rational.

Narcissa had no interest in any dowager Lady Malfoy responsibilities…

She was only concerned with her recovery so that she could enjoy her granddaughter and treat her things that a pureblood heiress ought to know…
Chapter End Notes

Chapter 42

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 42

Being the last true Queen of Slytherin and a birth healer had its benefits...

Andromeda had persons who owed her favours in many places, but especially among those who were on the Board of Governors or the Wizengamot. She had spent much of her time in Hogwarts with Lucius Malfoy, Tiberius Pucey and Chadwick Montague; rather than witches her own age, much to her Aunt Walpurga’s displeasure.

She was godmother to Tiberius’ second heir Gaheris and Tiberius served as godfather to her Nymphadora. It was a tragic name; Andromeda had been cursed into labour by Bellatrix or her cronies and had been on heavy potions when she was asked to name her daughter by a well-meaning medi-witch.

By the time Andromeda was sobered up, ‘Dora’ had stuck and Nymphadora was her daughter’s registered name.

A fact that her daughter despised thus insisted on being called ‘Tonks’ instead…

Since she was friends with Tiberius, Andromeda had a plan to ensure that Severus was bonded to someone of true prominence.

Tiberius was a Hit Wizard, one month her cousin Emelia’s junior and partnered with Chad Montague, who was his godbrother.

While the Puceys didn’t mind being treated as the Kings of Slytherin, they were called to service careers over politics, so they really had no use for retaining the Slytherin inheritance.

This didn’t mean that a Pucey didn’t wield their Wizengamot seat; just that it wasn’t their first duty.
During her lunch hour the day following the Dark Lord’s revelation of Severus’ pregnancy, Andromeda flooed to the Ministry and walked into Tiberius’ office.

Her old friend frowned, “Andromeda, this is a surprise. Is something wrong? If anything had happened to Faith or our children, I’m sure an elf would come.”

“No, this is in regard to a future patient of mine; their consort is related to a lesser branch of the Gaunt family. You have no need for Elektra Gaunt’s dowry anymore; especially when they are soulbonded and expecting a child. I was hoping that you’d consider giving up the inheritance so that you might distance yourself further from Slytherin’s personal beliefs. Especially, since they are said to be in conflict with the Pucey code of honour.” Andromeda said smugly.

“Future patient?” Tiberius mused.

Andromeda shrugged, “Let’s just say that his house elves are more aware as to his current state of health than he is.”

“I have no need for that inheritance and neither of my sons failed to have our code of honour inborn. Giving it up will be no hardship…”

“Of course, all the income the dowry has resulted in since the House of Pucey took possession would be retained. All that ought to revert would be the properties, they can merely accumulate galleons for the Prince heirs instead.”

Tiberius shrugged, “Although, we would need something in return.”

Andromeda smirked, “Why of course, surely being named godparent would be a suitable return for a Pucey.”

Tiberius coughed, “Of course.”

Andromeda waited for Tiberius to send off a note to Gringotts regarding the former Gaunt Estate before biding her old friend good day.
That should make things less awkward on Alaric’s side; after all, he still believed himself practically penniless.

XooooooX

The newly dubbed Alaric arrived via Gringotts portkey a few days after requesting an appointment, to a private office where he was received by a vaguely familiar goblin.

"You are the new Lord Consort of the House of Prince?"

Alaric nodded, "Soulmate bond, it was a surprise to be sure but not unwanted. Severus is away and I wish to ensure that when he returns, that I am no longer someone he might be ashamed of consorting with. I would like to file a name change to something appropriate as well as request a Gringotts bonding contract. I am determined to prove my worth, I have spent more time among the upper crust of Wizarding society and if he wishes to avoid such duty, as his consort I could deal with them and free him to focus on his brewing. It would be his choice of course."

"What name might be worthy of a Lord Consort?" The goblin sneered.

"Lord Consort Alaricus Thuban."

"As the only legal offspring of the Riddle family, you inherit that estate. We had it exchanged to Wizarding money decades ago. Also, imbeciles that they are, the Pucey agreed to return the dowry of Elektra Ariadne Gaunt. You can claim the properties, but they retain the profits earned since they received them."

"What do I owe them in return?" Alaric frowned.

"Being named godparents to your first heir, a paltry payment by goblin standards." The goblin snorted.

A very weak payment for so large a gift...
Alaric filled out all of the requisite forms to claim everything he was entitled to, but requested that his entire inheritance be placed under the authority of the House of Prince.

This was not meant to degrade the Puceys, but rather to ensure that only Severus' children could inherit from him. Severus would never treat him badly because of how terrible their childhoods had been; they had both been starved and beaten, but Alaric doubted that Severus had ever been sexually abused. At least he hoped not, that was not a burden anyone deserved.

XooooooX

Alaric left Gringotts after finishing such business and making a withdrawal as well as receiving the Slytherin seal to pay his bills.

Alaric stopped at Madam Malkin's to open an account in his own name.

"Welcome, how might I assist you?"

"My name is Alaric Slytherin-Peverell and I am a distant relation of Elektra Pucey. I have only just returned and was hoping to open an account here for myself and my Lord."

"Your Lord...?"

"Consort Prince as your service. I hope that does not displease you. If so, I am sure Lady Malfoy can introduce me to Twilfitt and Tatting..." Alaric said stiffly.

"No, I am quite flattered you chose to make my shop your first choice. How might I serve the House of Prince?"

"First, I am in need of a new wardrobe. As you can see, my clothes are quite worn. While they are acceptable for an impoverished descendant of a pureblood family, they are unacceptable for a Lord Consort. I do not know what is appropriate; perhaps, I can rely on your assistance?"

"A full wardrobe?" The proprietress gasped.
"Not all at once of course, a few everyday robes, two dress robes and robes appropriate for attending both Governors and Wizengamot meetings. Oh and some lightweight but durable brewing robes."

"Brewing robes for you, sir?"

Alaric chuckled, "Perhaps, two if I chose to assist my Lord but most of them are for him. I suppose you have Severus' measurements..."

Madam Malkin gaped at him, "Severus? Snape?"

"He is Lord Prince and I am responsible as a Consort to see to his comfort. I hope my order is not unwelcome; I have no intention of buying anything less than appropriate. Something Titus Greengrass might wear at my age, although I am quite a few years his senior. After all, I am of an age with Titus Greengrass' parents..."

Alaric wasn't ashamed of his age or Severus' either...

It wasn't unheard of Oran; his former Housemate in Slytherin had also been bonded to someone of a similar age difference.

Alaric submitted to being magically measured and picked through the available fabric choices to give Malkin some insight into his taste. Before leaving, Alaric paid for the first order, even as he opened an account there.

Next was Slug and Jiggers, there he chose a selection of ingredients for his own brewing of course. While he was a fair brewer, he was no Salazar or Severus. Satisfied with his own selection, he approached the proprietor.

“Sir, I was asked to make an order for Professor Snape while I was in Diagon Alley; yet, I somehow lost the list. Would it be possible to reorder his most recent ones to be sent onto Merrivale?”

“Who are you?”
“Lord Alaric Slytherin-Peverell, I have only lately come into the titles. My acquaintance with Professor Snape is one of many years and I would hate to make him upset with me.”

Jigger hemmed and hawed but accepted Alaric’s request to reorder Severus’ last few orders and to put the current order on an account. The Slytherin seal or the Prince one would allow them to sign bills to obtain receipts.

Alaric’s next stop was Potage’s, where he invested in a series of brand new cauldrons of varied types, being bonded meant that the cauldrons were for mutual use. Although they were bought so that Alaric wouldn’t complicate Severus’ orders by using one of his cauldrons.

Across the street from Potage’s were Scribblus and a Wiseacre’s, since Alaric was in need of appropriate stationary as well as new quills, potions vials and a new silver knife, he had to stop there as well.

A bibliophile and now, a man of means; Alaric dithered around in Flourish and Blotts where he found books on a few of his favourite subjects, even if they were a bit too 'nice'.

Alaric stepped into Knockturn Alley after that, he ignored his former employer's Borgin and Burke’s choosing to step into its neighbouring establishment, Alexandria’s Inferno.

He was surprised when he was greeted by Geoffery’s eldest daughter Giselle, rather than Rabastan Lestrange and Malcolm Bulstrode’s only child Millicent.

“My Lord,” the eldest Goyle witch curtseyed.

“I had a few books that I was interested in copies of.” Alaric mused, surprised that she recognized him.

“Millie’s in the reading room.”

“I see. Where are Malcolm and Myron?”

“Book hunting trips separately.”
“I see. You’re here?”

“To mind the store and keep me out of trouble.” Lady Giselle said quietly.

A partial truth…

“I’ll just leave a note; I would like copies of some books if possible. Let the Bulstrodes know that I can be reached at Merrivale Manor.”

Lady Giselle offered him paper and a quill for his note.

Alaric scribbled the titles down as well as his current location for contact before leaving.

His last stop was part of the returned inheritance from the Pucey’s, Salazar’s Pythons.

Alaric slipped in and spoke in Parseltongue, “I have a seven and a half meters Anthrax morph Reticulated female who would quite like a mate.”

“I am Helios, Sunfire Motley.”

“Hades, silver Burmese Labyrinth.”

“Leopold, Ivory Leopard Burmese.”

“Hermes, Golden Child Motley.”

“Tartarus, Golden Child Tiger.”

“Titian, Silver-sided Butterscotch Burmese.”
“Can Burmese breed with a Reticulated?” Alaric frowned.

“Of course. Silly human. Bred by a wizard intentionally and we have stronger, more viable eggs meaning larger clutches.” Hades, the Burmese chuckled.

Alaric flinched at being called a silly human, “Would you be interested, Hades?”

“If she is; then I will be. We are not allowed to breed here and the cages are too small.”

“Nagini has an entire room, I believe filled with large rocks and reclaimed logs from the grounds.”

“How large?”

“About the size of this shop’s room, maybe larger. I have found my own mate and I thought perhaps, Nagini deserves the same chance.”

“I would like to be free of this case. I hope that your Nagini and I fit. If not, then might I still have similar freedom to her?”

“Yes.”

“Then pay the wizard.”

Alaric nodded, he headed over to the surprised shopkeeper, “I am Alaric Slytherin-Peverell, you should have received a notice of a change of ownership.”

“Yes sir, I mean my lord. My apologies, I did not expect a parseltongue.”

“No matter, my familiar is in need of a mate and the silver labyrinth Burmese has consented to the possibility.”
“Are you that you wish for a Burmese? What is your familiar?”

“A reticulated python, I believe that she was described as an Anthrax?”

“You wish to mate a Burm to rect? They are huge and such matings aren’t always successful…” the man blurted out.

Alaric snorted, “I asked Hades and he assured me, it was possible. If they do not suit, I have promised he might retain the same level of freedom as my Nagini.”

“Large snakes are difficult to care for…”

“I am a parseltongue, if they are displeased, they would discuss it with me. I have a greater degree of trust by comparison. Now how much does Hades cost?”

“He is a rare snake to be sure, being a silver labyrinth and all. How do you wish to pay?”

“If we can come to an agreement on price, I would be willing to allow a bill to be sent to Gringotts.”

“With you being the new owner and all, that Burmese is worth a 105 Galleons. Can we consider him a deduction from rent?”

“How much is your usual rent?”

“Five hundred and thirty galleons, my lord.”

“So I get Hades now and you pay four hundred, twenty for July?” Alaric mused.

“Yes, sir.”
“That will do.” Alaric signed a bill with that notation and stamped it with the Slytherin seal.

A flick of his hand and Hades’ cage was undone.

The silver Burmese was half the size of Nagini but that wasn’t too unusual, Reticulated pythons could get quite large.

Alaric’s last stop was at The Spiny Serpent where he put his name down as interested in joining its membership before using the floo to get them both home.

Nagini seemed impatient when he arrived and she rose menacingly when Hades exited the floo.

Alaric scowled, “Really Nagini, is that any way to greet a suitor?”

Nagini peered at them both, her tongue darting in and out of her mouth as if in thought. “Suitor, master?”

“A prospective mate, I now own a shop full of snakes. I decided you needed a mate. Hades seemed interested, he’s apparently quite rare.”

“Mistress Nagini, I am Hades, a two-meter silver labyrinth Burmese.”

Nagini glowered, “Why did you not let me pick master?”

“If you know my mind Nagini, might I not know yours?” Alaric retorted.

Nagini slithered towards the door, “Come Hades, I suppose my room we may share, for now…”

Alaric was a bit proud of himself.
He would have to focus on his courtship now that he was worthy of Severus on paper…

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 43

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay but I think this should make up for it...

Chapter 43

It was summer…

Normally, an unhappy time for him but this time he had Draco, Narcissa, George, Theo, Blaise, Fred and Theo’s siblings. Not to mention Molly and Fleur popping in to look after them.

Draco came out onto the veranda of their house where Harry was curled up in a sofa with a book on male pregnancy.

"Here, I brought you lemonade. Dobby made it." Draco beamed, having taken a break from his Lordship duties.

Harry smiled patting the cushioned wicker sofa, "Come sit with me."

He had gotten pregnant in mid-March and they'd found out in late May. It was late June now, nearly his seventeenth birthday. He was now seventeen weeks pregnant and starting to show even when he was dressed. He wore paternity clothes, not as baggy as Dudley's old clothes; they are more comfortable and stylish thanks to Draco. He loved being with Draco like this, he caressed his stomach.

"It's been a while since I've been troubled with morning sickness, maybe I've gotten stronger. I think we're getting stronger, I love you. Thank you for coming with me." He still had to take potions to stay healthy; he loved their baby so much. She was an expression of their love and the connection between them that allowed him this gift. Draco was his beloved and his soulmate, he loved him very much and the closeness of sharing a home together with their extended family was helping him so much.

Draco rubbed his back which was often sore, "You ready for our appointment with Healer
Apollo Grannus was their healer; he had delivered Fleur and her sisters as well as worked for the Veela Court. So, it had been too easy to convince him to keep their case a secret. He had taken an oath not to harm his patients and to publicize the Boy Who Lived's pregnancy would put the entire family in danger.

They had their appointments here to keep their relationship and the child a secret.

Today was the day Harry knew they would finally find out what gender their baby was, they knew that Harry was only carrying a singleton.

There was a pop.

Dobby stood in front of them, "Healer Grannus be inside."

"Tell him we'll be right in." Draco said distractedly, since Severus disappeared on him he was often distracted.

Harry smiled, "He'll say it's a girl, I know it is."

Draco picked him up and carried him inside; "Sometimes a mother knows, though I know you aren't a girl." it was true that 71% of 'mothers' correctly guessed a baby's gender.

"Of course, I'm not a girl, I'm just their papa and you're dad." Harry said resting his head on Draco's shoulder.

The healer was a handsome man, slim like Draco with gentle hazel eyes and wavy chestnut hair. Harry had liked him from the start.

"How are you Harry, any morning sickness?" Apollo asked jovially.

Harry shook his head as Draco set him down on the settee, "No, I'm still taking my potions.
Professor Snape brewed them for me."

"Which ones have you taken recently?"

Harry blushed, "Calming draughts, I still get rather emotional. He made me a salve that relaxes my tired muscles. Draco helps me out when I get too sore to move, he's very good at massages. I have had some cramps though; I think it's because my body is adjusting to the growing womb. I've been reading books on pregnancy and I think I'm progressing properly, even though I'm not female and I didn't use a potion."

Draco smiled, "I've followed your recommendations. We make sure he eats and drinks frequently, but in small amounts as soon as he is hungry or thirsty. He used to get sick more often on an empty stomach than one that is full. We avoid foods that are spicy. We are served clear cold liquids such as lemonade or soda. He takes vitamins and nutrition potions at bedtime rather than at the start of the day to make sure he keeps them down. Dobby fixes meals with ginger because it seems to alleviate Harry's nausea and vomiting. My massages help him relax."

"I see, so are you ready for me to examine you?" Healer Apollo asked.

Harry nodded, "I can't wait for you to prove me right. I'm having a girl, I know it."

The healer used his wand to run the charms that checked on Harry's condition, "Harry is fine. You're a little over three months pregnant and...." there was a slight pause and the healer grinned, "Harry's right, he is having a girl."

Harry caressed his stomach, "I was right, it's a girl. I love you and Iris so much Draco."

“I love you… perhaps; it’s time to officially start preparing for Iris…” Draco mused to himself.

Healer Apollo left them an adjusted diet and potions prescription as he always did but they were a bit wrapped up in one another to pay attention.

XooooooX

Alaric was in the middle of a lonely breakfast when Andromeda arrived.
Nagini was either getting to know Hades in the hopes of mating or considering strangling him. As the larger snake, it was a possibility and it was her choice to accept Hades or not. If Hades wasn’t the right choice, Nagini was welcome to pick her own mate.

After all, he did own a snake shop, if Nagini and Hades did breed together; then he could always sell the offspring on commission but the prospective owners would be vetted by himself or Nagini.

Salazar help the fool who thought they could trick her…

“Are you going to ignore me Alaric in favour of your breakfast or listen to my plan for your courtship of Severus Prince?” Andromeda snipped.

“Pardon me, I was slightly distracted. You see, I’ve decided to embark on a far more neutral career having put my Dark Lord ways officially behind me when it comes to public reputation.”

“Oh?” Andromeda frowned, “Just what sort of career are you considering? Teaching Defence?”

Alaric snorted, “Of course not, my former teachers such as Flitwick and Slughorn would easily recognize me and then I would be turned over the Ministry. My Slytherin allies would shield me in the Wizengamot so that I might not be recognized. Actually, I’ve decided to take after my ancestor in another fashion, he raised a basilisk. I’ve decided to breed a rare crossbreed, my Nagini and a recent purchase, Hades who is a rare silver labyrinth Burmese. His worth is to be deducted from the management’s ‘rent’…”

“Interesting, I’ve considered a snake myself. Snake skin is best fresh in potions but I am not a natural parseltongue, there are spells to comprehend it. I doubt I could have as strong of a master-familiar bond as yourself and Nagini but it might be worth considering.” Andromeda mused.

“If your assistance results in Severus accepting our soulbond and returning to Merrivale, you are welcome to ask Nagini if she would consider allowing you to attempt to choose a familiar among her first clutch.” Alaric offered.

“You succeed in breeding this clutch, I know of an albino Burmese male you might be able to breed one of them to.”

“Oh?”
“Minerva has a son; it’s not common knowledge at present. Albus’ memory charm broke after his death, which has caused serious issues between them. They are Ted’s newest patients. Minerva is uncomfortable about having a Slytherin son who is a parseltongue and has a huge snake for a familiar. He’s not pleased with having an absentee workaholic mother who spent his entire Hogwarts career ignoring him and grading him harshly for being a Slytherin. After you make up with Severus, you might consider involving him in your breeding program.”

“I’ll consider it, what was Albus’ excuse for meddling with McGonagall?”

“He wanted her as his right hand at Hogwarts and in the Order; she was content focusing on teaching and her marriage.” Andromeda shrugged.

“Ah, so about this idea of yours?”

Andromeda smirked, “Oh you’ll hate it, but it’s perfect. I considered every option but when its music you want about love there is one option and it isn’t that sappy Celestina Warbeck.”

“One option?” then Alaric groaned, “Tell me you’re not dragging me, where I think you are.”

“If by that you mean Denmark Street near Charing Cross Road, then yes. Come on now I don’t have all day.”

Apparating to Charing Cross was familiar, but wandering down a street Alaric barely remembered was rather daunting.

They passed recording studios, music publishers, various dance clubs, a comic and science-fiction bookshop called Forbidden Planet, a Job Centre, music instrument stores and a music bookshop called Helter Skelter.

But it was Argent’s that he was led to by Andromeda.

After graduation from Hogwarts, Alaric had chosen to limit his interactions with the Muggle World and it was slightly disconcerting to be dragged there by a well-meaning Andromeda Tonks.

Andromeda led him over to the lyric books, “I recommend glancing through these, make a list of the songs and then, we’ll go have the mix-tapes made.”

“What will you be doing?”
“I? I will be haunting the private museum of music art upstairs or Gioconda Café, the coffee bar down the street. They often have live music or poetry readings by local artists and writers.”

“Music art?” Alaric frowned.

“Framed versions of paintings used as album art.” With that brusque response, he was alone surrounded by Muggles.

Alaric pulled up his ‘don’t bother me or else aura’ and began paging through the lyric books.

While he didn’t possess Severus’ eidetic memory, Alaric had above average retention. He began his list, wondering just how unSlytherin this was…

XooooooX

Draco emerged from hiding out of reluctance, he would much rather spend the day at Ivy Hall with Harry.

Unfortunately, Fred and George’s grandfather had convinced him to make his first public appearance as Lord Malfoy at the Board of Governor’s Meeting, which was being held at Wellsley Hall.

“Ah, Lord Malfoy!” Septimus greeted him politely.

Draco nodded, “Lord Weasley.”

“How is your consort? Mary is forever telling us about him.”

“Harry is doing well; his birth healer was finally able to prove his intuition that he is carrying a daughter.”

“Was that today?” Septimus frowned.
“Yes, but Harry understand that the future is important. In the wake of Dumbledore’s sudden death, there is a need for new leadership. Besides, it gives him time to make final touches on the nursery.”

“Harry?” Dowager Lady Longbottom frowned.

Draco preened, “Yes, we are expecting a child and his best friend Hermione Granger is to be her godmother.”

“I thought that you and Mr. Potter had many differences of opinions. ” Neville's grandmother sniffed.

Draco sighed, “We were both dragged into this war, we decided that we weren’t going to continue to be dragged about. It was certainly a surprise to be soulmates, I am more than grateful to have Harry and our daughter in our lives.”

“How do the Weasleys feel about this, Septimus?” Lady Augusta frowned.

Septimus chuckled, “Arcturus had always been rather stubborn, he gets this from Cedrella. They unofficially adopted young Harry and have decided that his daughter will number among their grandchildren. We’ve all lost so many because of this war, it seems that young Draco here is far more Black than Malfoy. He requested that I become his mentor.”

That would be cause for serious gossip...

Septimus ushered Draco into his dining room where the Board was meeting.

“We have two matters before us…” Augusta snipped.

“There is the matter of votes, Augusta.” Septimus interjected.

“How so?”

“The House of Malfoy has long been the proxy for the House of Prince.”
“What of it?”

“As consort and equal; technically, Lord Malfoy also has claim to the House of Black and House Potter.”

“This is relevant how?”

“I believe what Lord Weasley is referring to is that there is a limit of two votes per Governor. Unfortunately, Lord Weasley also retains the House of Prewett’s vote. Otherwise, I would ask him to hold the Black vote. Yet, I believe my mother’s cousin Ethan Bones is here?”

“Yes? I suppose I am…”

“You are Alphard’s youngest and Susan’s sire?” Draco asked thoughtfully.

“Of course.”

“Then perhaps, you could hold the Black vote for today? I will stick to the Malfoy and Prince vote.”

“May I take Harry’s vote?” Luna beamed at him.

Draco coughed, “I am sure that Harry would approve. Now, I believe the first matter of business is the successor as Headmaster or Headmistress of Hogwarts?”

Neville’s formidable Gran seemed perturbed with him, but Draco wasn’t entirely sure if this was because of himself, his father or his despicable Aunt Bellatrix.

“We have a letter from Professor McGonagall. Apparently, as flattering as our offer is, the betrayals of Dumbledore are far too much for her to consider taking his post.” Augusta scoffed.

“As a relatively recent student, might I offer a suggestion?” Draco asked.

“If you’re going to recommend Snape, then no.” Augusta sniffed disdainfully.
Draco sighed, “While I am of the opinion that my godfather would be far more suited to administration than teaching, that was not whom I had in mind.”

“Oh, do tell Draco!” Luna said, almost bouncing in her seat to Augusta’s obvious disapproval.

“I think that this professor has an outstanding reputation, not only in his subject, but is well respected by students in every House. I think even you Lady Longbottom could hardly find fault with offering Professor Flitwick the position of Headmaster.” Draco said bemused.

“Well, I…” Neville’s gran seemed stunned.

“Yes! I second that. Professor Filius is the nicest and most helpful professor!” Luna said clapping.

“While I never had Flitwick for a professor, my siblings and my children have had nothing but praise.” Ethan Bones mused.

Draco was silently smug when not one Governor was in objection.

“Then there is the matter of a Defence professor since Snape resigned.”

“Quirrell and Lockhart were very poor Ravenclaws. Lupin was a decent Gryffindor. Fake Moody was a mad Slytherin and Umbridge was so distasteful that I am surprised that the Sorting Hat chose to sort her at all. I think it’s time that we have a Hufflepuff.” Draco said thoughtful.

Then was some snickering but Draco ignored it.

“Whom did you have in mind?” Augusta sniffed.

“I believe you are close to former Head Auror, now Minister for Magic Scrimgour?” Draco said with a fake smile.

Augusta grumbled. “Yes? What of it?”
“I think it’s about time we had a real expert. I think we should request that my cousin Dora Tonks be assigned to Hogwarts. After all, we could only benefit from having an Auror teaching. Especially given the lack of consistent instruction, the only decent professors we had were Lupin, Fake Moody and my godfather.” Draco beamed.

Draco’s moves had been carefully planned between himself and Septimus Weasley, he caught the slight nod the elder wizard gave him. His debut into politics had a marked difference from his father’s years as a Governor…

Luna seemed so bubbly that she didn’t seem to be all there, until you looked into his cousin’s eyes. How much of her persona was calculated, he wondered.

With the pressing business put to bed, Draco bid the others good day and was about to floo to Hogwarts.

Luna had asked if she and Draco could let Flitwick know the ‘good news’.

Septimus had chuckled and dismissed them. Clearly, he thought that as cousins, albeit distant ones, they should spend more time together.

Once the two of them reached the receiving room, Luna stopped him.

“I know you aren’t a secret keeper, but might I be allowed to visit?” Luna asked quietly.

“I will pass your wish to Harry, I’m sure he can send an elf for you.” Draco promised.

“Thank you. Is Hermione doing better?”

“She seems to be recovering, but unlike Harry she despises being carried about.” Draco chuckled to himself.

“She has always been an independent sort.” Luna giggled.

“True.”

“Well, give her and Harry my best.”
Draco nodded, he really didn’t like being away from Harry or Iris for very long…

But he did want to make the notification himself, while Flitwick wasn’t his godfather, he had serious respect for the diminutive Charms Master.

XooooooX

Alaric was so lost in the lyric books that he was startled when his notebook was pulled out from under his arm.

“Eighteen artists? I’m impressed. I didn’t expect half so many, especially American ones. Interesting choices.”

“Now what?” Alaric scowled.

“There is a little-known shop down the street that has a large library of music, you give them a list of songs and they make you something that,” Andromeda’s voice dropped, “Muggles,” before returning to her usual tone, “from Dora’s generation would call a mixtape. Usually, these days there those who prefer to make compilation CDs but we’re in the mood for something more esoteric. After all, we don’t possess the ability to play cassette tapes or CDs.”

His list in hand, the Black Witch and Former Queen of Slytherin ushered him out of the Argent’s, though he did wonder why she didn’t dump him in Helter Skelter that claimed to be a music bookshop.

Andromeda led him to a shop called Y.M.Y.W.

Inside was a sort of library of music but most of it was on unfamiliar storage devices.

Having left the Muggle world for the last time to head for Hogwarts his Seventh year, he was only familiar with records.

“My cousin is working on a series of courting gifts.”
The guy behind the counter blinked at them, “Huh?”

“A series of gifts before a ring, his intended is old-fashioned and old money.” Andromeda said exasperated.

“So, ya chose our shop?”

“They were brought together by music, it seemed appropriate. Alaric has a list of songs here. He has an unusual request though.”

The shop boy blinked, “What sort of request?”

“Alaric’s Vera is partial to records. I see you offer for a steeper price that you will record on vinyl.”

It was Alaric’s turn to be confused, Vera?

“What are the songs? Any preference to their order?”

Andromeda was dismissive, “Whatever order seems best.” Then she proceeded to read off the song list as well as their artists.

Alaric was surprised how easily she interacted with Muggles given that she was Bellatrix’s sister…

“I married beneath me, Ted was from a working-class family. His father worked as a longshoreman before and after the war, while his mother was a secretary for a time. He decided I needed to mingle with lesser beings, I couldn’t run around acting like Princess Margaret because I wasn’t.”

Having grown up in Muggle London during the second World War and the Blitz; normally, one would think that Alaric missed the Blitz since it lasted from September 7, 1940 to May 10, 1941 but under Dippet, few were allowed to spend any holidays at Hogwarts.
Orphanages were foreign concepts to Wizarding Folk, and trying to explain it wasn’t home had been like talking to stone. The kids at the orphanage disliked him because they sensed he was different and honestly, they started the mistreatment that was blamed on him but try telling that to Dumbledore.

He was naturally aloof, so it was hard for his abusers at that orphanage to break him. Sadly, the children duplicated the mistreatment thinking it would earn them favours.

If he really hated Muggles as much as it was believed, Alaric would have blown up that orphanage.

He just never truly blamed the other children for how awful some of them became. After all, how would they learn to be good people if they were raised by monsters in human form?

Perhaps, that why he acknowledged magical creatures because he learned long ago that the true monsters were Muggles and keeping that society separated from theirs was not cowardice. It was to preserve their culture, but how could they do that if Muggleborns didn’t know anything about pureblood culture and were ostracized to the point that they ran back to the Muggle world?

Something that he sort of made worse, he had to find ways to incorporate the Muggleborns so they would chose to stay to in the Magical World where they could be free to use their magic and not have to worry about getting yelled at by the Ministry for using magic too near Muggles.

Perhaps, they should create a sort of House of Commons for the untitled to propose laws, but of course they had to pass the Wizengamot before being signed by the Minister for Magic.

Once Andromeda paid, they left the shop with a date for pick up.

They stopped at the coffee shop because Alaric was slightly interested in it before they headed into Diagon Alley where Alaric had to remove monies from his vaults to ‘repay’ Andromeda for her assistance and costs.

XooooooX

Hermione and Harry were in the nursery, Hermione was knitting for Harry again.
Dippy had only been too pleased to fetch her more yarn and to gently wash each finished item.

When Hermione was less inclined to send someone to fetch a book for her or she finished Remus’ assigned revisions in preparation for the lessons he oversaw, she was knitting. It felt a lot safer here, since there was no Ron to destroy her gifts.

Harry frowned at her, “If you were supportive, why didn’t you begin sooner?”

Hermione flinched, “I did… Luna can vouch for me. She found me sobbing over the ruins of my gifts. Ron decided to use them to practice his spell work. All I was left with were singed scraps of yarn that looked more like a pile of lint rather than knitted caps, booties or blankets. I know my previous attempts were disastrous but I was relearning to knit with magic at the time. Thank Merlin that Mrs. Weasley gave me some assistance the last few summers.”

“I see…” Harry didn’t really know much about knitting other than Mrs. Weasley could do it and Hermione used to be awful.

Harry returned to organizing Iris’ bureau while Hermione was curled up in the rocker.

“Well, this is interesting.” Came Remus’ familiar voice.

“Hey Moony!” Harry beamed.

“I remember when it was Lily knitting for you… but James wasn’t pregnant.” Remus let out a nervous laugh.

“Well, even if she won’t have my parents, Iris will still have Nana Molly, Grandpa Arthur, Grandad Moony and I think Narcissa said grand-mère.”

“At least one of the Marauders can be in your children’s lives…”

“Honestly, as much as I miss Sirius, I think I would trust you with my children first.” Harry sighed.
Remus pulled out a handkerchief and started to sniffl. “Your parents said that… well, something like that. They may have made Sirius your godfather but they promised that I would have custody instead. Something about Sirius having no idea how to watch a child. Sirius was always sulking when the ‘broom incident’ was brought up.”

“Broom incident?” Hermione frowned setting aside her knitting.

“Andromeda was Sirius’ favourite cousin and the only Black to stay in contact other than their mutual Uncle Alphard. Andromeda was called in to St. Mungos on an emergency and Ted wasn’t due home for half an hour. Sirius was the only one available at the time. Andromeda never quite forgave him for leaving his broom out where Dora could get it. Ted found a bewildered Padfoot and a screaming Dora when he arrived; she had a concussion, a nasty bump on the head and a broken arm. Sirius claimed he’d never hurt a hair on your head and yet sent you a toy broom for your birthday. Needless to say, your mother Lily was not impressed.” Remus said dabbing his eyes.

Harry swallowed, “Mione remind me to lock the brooms up...”

Remus chuckled, “Won’t do any good if she takes after Dora, walks right through wards that one. I hear she puts it to good use as an Auror.”

“She’s sweet on you…” Hermione pipped up.

“That is just weird, she is Sirius’ cousin… I was THIRTEEN when she was born. Can’t imagine what she sees in me anyway.” Remus mumbled.

Hermione glowered, “You’re the best Defence teacher we ever had! I will hex you if you talk like that.”

“Down Hermione!” Harry teased.

“I am not a dog!” the witch fumed.

“No, you’re a cat.” Harry giggled.
“I thought I was an otter.” Hermione frowned.

“More of a cat. Besides, Crookshanks likes you.”

“He’s a boy!”

“Smart cat, Sirius never liked cats much but he liked yours.” Remus said thoughtfully.

“Remus if you’re going to say bad things about yourself, then you’re going to rearrange the nursery for me.” Harry warned.

“You are just like your mother.” Remus sniffed. “She threatened the exact same thing.”

“Why?”

“James and Sirius were off at Auror training, I couldn’t get hired so I was often around. In fact, I was the only one home with her when she went into labour. I had to send for Andromeda but Lily sent her patronus to tell James.”

“Well, I want you here when Iris in born…”

“But I’m a,” Remus waved his hand.

“Pish posh, I don’t give a knut about that and Draco wouldn’t dare. If my mother trusted you here when she was at her most vulnerable, then that’s good enough for me.” Harry said sharply.

Remus dabbed his eyes again and then began to finally tell Harry stories about himself as a baby to which Hermione began to share some that she’d heard about herself.

XooooooX
Flooding to a professor’s office wasn’t something Draco had ever done before but Luna seemed oddly adept.

“Oh Professor!” Luna called out in a sing-song voice.

“Luna dear, is that you?”

To Draco’s surprise, Flitwick levitated himself over a pile of books.

“We’ve just come from the Board of Governors Meeting and Cousin Draco had the most marvelous Idea. You’d think he was wearing my ancestor’s diadem.” Luna giggled.

“Really, what idea did you have Mr. Malfoy?” Flitwick blinked at him.

“With Dumbledore passed on,” Draco sneered briefly, “and McGonagall refusing the position, I just asked if a current student could make a recommendation.”

“Yes…” Filius frowned.

“And Draco recommended YOU.” Luna skipped around the diminutive Charms Master excitedly.

“Me? Why me??” Flitwick blinked.

“Well, Professor Snape resigned and you are currently one of the most respected professors. I know that you are extremely respected in your field and the vote was unanimous after all.”

“Me… Headmaster…” the bespectacled diminutive professor murmured.

“I think Myrtle would be proud.” Luna pipped up.

“You think so?” Flitwick asked quietly.
“She has been a good friend. My first friend here… she let me use her bathroom when I was being bullied before you intervened. In fact, she told me to tell you…” Luna hung her head.

“There will be a very blatant no tolerance on bullying police if I am Headmaster…” Flitwick warned.

Draco sighed, “I know I was a real prat before. I think Harry and I got away with more than we should have. There was a reason why I didn’t tell anyone Hermione punched me, upon reflection, I realised I deserved it.”

“As long as we’re clear, then I accept!” Flitwick beamed.

Luna pointed her wand at her throat, casting the amplifying charm, “Attention Hogwarts, this is Governors Lovegood and Malfoy with an announcement. Per Governor Malfoy’s recommendation, a new Head of Hogwarts has been chosen unanimously. It is an auspicious day for Ravenclaw House, Hogwarts’ new Headmaster is Professor Flitwick. His replacement as Head of Ravenclaw will be Professor Vector as she is the next senior Ravenclaw alumni among the professors.”

After Luna cast quietus on herself, Flitwick was blowing his nose into a handkerchief.

“You needn’t have done that…” the new Headmaster protested.

Luna beamed at him, “Of course I did! Mummy would have been so proud, she always said you were her favorite professor.”

“I will be needing to find new professors…” Flitwick frowned.

“My cousin will hopefully be assigned to Hogwarts as your new Defence professor.” Draco assured him.

“I suppose with Severus having resigned, I ought to have Horace stay on to teach Potions. Is Harry in contact with Remus?” Flitwick asked.
Draco nodded. “Yes…”

“Good. I have a few apprentices who could take on the younger years but I would like it if Remus considered teaching the OWL and NEWT students. Charms was always his best subject.”

Draco smirked, “I will pass it on…”

“Will you and Harry be returning to Hogwarts?”

Draco shrugged, “I don’t know. Harry won’t be delivering until sometime in the Fall.”

“What if he was given assignments until then? I plan on making you and Miss Granger Head Boy and Head Girl respectively, if you pass your Ministry exams that is.”

Draco asked thoughtfully, “What about my duties as a Governor and a member of the Wizengamot?”

“I’m sure that Luna will be happy to discuss that with you. Now I will have to convince my apprentices to teach the First through Fourth Years. Oh, it is a pity that Severus will not be returning, I had hoped that George Weasley would apprentice to him.”

“I had hoped to as well.” Draco said darkly.

Luna’s response to that was to send him straight home.

Draco was no longer pleased with himself for his success on first ever Board of Governors Meeting.

He ended up spending what was left of the afternoon sulking…
Alone, Alaric [Lord Voldemort] popped back into Muggle London to fetch those records he ordered as his ‘mix-tapes’. He still disliked Muggle London…

He had picked up a drink from the Leaky Cauldron before heading into Knockturn.

This time he found Myron’s granddaughter at the counter.

“Miss Bulstrode.”

“Millie.” The girl groused out.

“Millie, be nice.” The blonde witch from his previous visit chided having appeared from the shelves that contained Ministry appropriate books.

This of course meant that they weren’t Dark enough to be taken by the Ministry or at least, the Department of Mysteries.

“My apologies, I just dislike my name.” Myron’s granddaughter sniffed.

“I was nearby and thought I would check in on that list,” Alaric said politely.

“Grandfather would disapprove of selling those books.”

Alaric smirked, “Sell me copies and I will make you a deal.”
Millie’s eyes narrowed. “What sort of ‘deal’?”

“You are the presumed heir with your sire and bearer separated. I know that a misfired curse caused your bearer to be infertile despite his remarriage.”

Millie nodded sharply.

“You want Lady Giselle as your bondmate and the shop seems to think she is already.” Alaric continued.

“The entail insists that only wizards can inherit,” Millie grumbled.

“You’re not exactly a witch, now are you?” Alaric retorted.

“I identify as agender, not that my bearer or grandfather have any clue.”

“Also, as long as Rodolphus is bonded to Bellatrix and on the run, there is no heir to your sire’s family either.” Alaric sniffed.

“I was born female, so technically I can’t inherit either. What of it?”

“Lady Giselle, I believe you have a brother.”

The blonde witch beamed, “Greg, he is actually the current head of our Family.” Her face then shuttered with the familiar Slytherin Mask. “Father fell in your service, sir.”

“Your father had plans for you…” Alaric said dismissively.

It was Millie who stiffened this time.

“Father hoped to arrange a marriage to the Pucey heir Adrian to bring him to the cause.”
“I want this bookshop to stay in the family as it were. The shop has picked an heir as far as I can see and even accepts Lady Giselle as your consort. I will insist that you two be bonded.”

“What will convince grandfather to allow that?” Millie growled.

“Full access to the books, journals and scrolls that I inherited from the estates of Merlin, Salazar and Peverell,” Alaric said with a hissing laugh.

Millie stiffened, before whispering, “Merlin’s… library?”

“I am sure that Myron and Malcolm could not resist that…” Alaric said dismissively.

“What about Greg, why did you ask about him?” Giselle frowned.

“The only concern would be a male heir to inherit, correct? Millie has no brothers, but you do, I’m sure that as disconcerting as the idea might be, that a child sired her brother would give you the male heir you would be looking for. I believe that there is a potion that is used to allow immediate fertilization without actual sex. It is essentially a fertility potion that you add a wizard’s seed and a witch’s egg to.”

“You wouldn’t be trying to convince me to carry it.” Millie looked disgusted.

“I would,” Giselle said stubbornly. “I will take the potion, I am his sister as long as he isn’t fertilizing my eggs, it should be safe.”

“How do you know about this?”

“I wasn’t interested in sex in school, yet my schoolmates began courting or were betrothed. I was interested in how to continue my line. I just didn’t find the appropriate bearer until now.” Alaric smirked.

Millie blinked, “You’ve taken a consort?”
“Essentially, you could say that finding my soul mate has allowed me to feel emotions I never understood before.”

Millie agreed to this mad plan of the Dark Lord’s to Lady Giselle’s joy.

Alaric promised to discuss this with Millie’s grandfather Myron and Giselle’s brother Greg. While the Bulstrodes had never been Marked, they were essentially his research team.

The Goyles, on the other hand, were usually good for following orders, although Alaric had vaguely been aware that there were anger and defiance in Greg’s eyes.

Alaric had been furious at Lucius, so he had marked Draco but agreed to Greg being Marked as well despite neither being of age. He had refused to mark underage before…

With the copies of the books that Millie had made for him, he left both witches with missives for the Head of their Families before he returned to Merrivale.

He actually liked the heir to Alexandria’s owing him a favour, Alaric wouldn’t ’ consider himself a romantic at all. But perhaps, allowing the Goyle witch who had been polite to him to bond to her beloved would make up for forcibly marking her brother.

XooooooX

Molly had been burying herself in preparing for her grandbabies and setting up that makeshift orphanage for Muggleborns.

She was still upset that Percy was too ashamed to come home while Bill, Charlie and George seemed to be hiding their relationships until circumstance intervened. Ron had been so worried about shaming Arthur that he had contacted her father-in-law Septimus who was his grandfather to keep his accidental fatherhood from being well-known and blowing into a scandal like her own pregnancy as a student.

When an unfamiliar owl, not their Errol, who had been her father’s owl, delivered her a letter.

“Mum,
Signora Bianchesshi informed me that you attempted to visit while I was indisposed.

News from Britain seems to imply that there was an attack on Diagon Alley outside Fred and George’s shop. I hope they are well.

Vitya says it is time, come for dinner. Grandfather is invited as well.

Charlie’

A tempus charm implied that it was just past two.

Molly swallowed, Septimus didn’t approve of her that was true but unlike his bonded, he didn’t freeze her out. He would at least speak to her while Lady Cedrella glowered daggers at her. It wasn’t that Cedrella wasn’t a decent woman, but Molly know that the imperious Black witch blamed her for the scandal that her underage pregnancy had caused. Cedrella, unlike her distant cousin Lucida and Molly’s own grandmother, had been cast out of the Ancient House of Black because of the scandal.

Some blamed her Arthur because of his age, while others had blamed her because it was believed that Arthur was betrothed to Gideon. It was her father Drystan and Arthur’s father Septimus’ wish to unite their families and as a second son, being consort was a good thing for Gideon. Not that anyone asked him…

Just because her Arthur ‘tested’ flexible didn’t mean he truly was, Molly had never really seen any sign that he was attracted to wizards. After seven living children and seven pregnancies, they weren’t as active in their lovemaking as perhaps, one of their children.

At least their parents had ‘tested’ them before considering potential matches…

Septimus had been set up by his best friend Arfang Longbottom and Cedrella’s elder sister Callidora. It had been half arranged, unlike Arfang and Callidora…

Being a proper relationship with two members of the Sacred Twenty-Eight, it was accepted by the Heads of both of their families.
Having broken tradition and essentially married for love, as well as having broken with Septimus and Cedrella, she and Arthur had been determined to let their children chose for themselves. That made them seen as having a lack of proper wizarding pride as Lucius had put it.

It was still odd that the stuck-up prick was rotting in Azkaban while his heir was being bonded by contract to her adopted son. Molly would have laughed at the very idea that she would be hashing out a contract for one of her children with Narcissa. Especially, after Lucius gave a dangerous Dark Artefact to Ginny that possessed her and made her attack her fellow students and Gryffindor’s House ghost.

Despite Andromeda and her bonded’s care, the witch sometimes disappeared into herself; her pale skin turning bone-white, her eyes turning distant and began trembling. Her wand falling away from her…

Molly had spent much of her time during the war at home raising her children, she had heard stories about how some people never recovered. She had begun having nightmares about her children in pools of blood soon after seeing Harry return a bloodied injured mess after the Third Task. It was her first real exposure to how one didn’t just walk away from being tortured and betrayed.

The descriptions of her brothers’ bodies after being caught and tortured by Death Eaters to death had always festered in her mind making her overly protective and likely pushing her children away. She let her children think that her squib uncle was a cousin because deep down he embarrassed her. She chose to avoid most of her relations and they, her.

Draco’s great-grandmother Muriel was a Prewett before becoming consort to a Malfoy heir and she had a younger brother named Jason. Neither of which bothered to stay in contact after she was bonded to Arthur…

Her younger brother had taken her scandal more to heart than their elder twin brothers who were Arthur’s best friends.

He was supposedly married to Gwenog Jones, but Molly still hadn’t spoken to her baby brother in years. She missed Jason, she was ten-years-old when her brother was born and her mother died from complications…

Her maudlin thoughts were because one of the children earmarked to be sent here after Hogwarts
let out for the summer was her cousin, Uncle Bryan’s daughter. The eldest was in Slytherin and second in her and Ginny’s year named Matilda Maia. Her brother was also surprisingly magical and expected to start at Hogwarts come September.

Molly had never considered that her Squib uncle would have allowed his children to be mistreated. It just seemed so foreign a concept for her…

She was grateful that Arthur had seen to this and even talked his disapproving father into temporarily housing the mistreated children until a more suitable place was prepared for them. It would at least give her time to get to know her cousins Mal and Mark.

Despite having seven children and scrimping to make ends meet, Molly had learned to live in a way that would have shamed her mother if Danbrain Burke had lived. Molly had never enjoyed the pomp of pureblood society and had been a little grateful for her scandal having barred her from those circles.

Unlike Andromeda, Molly didn’t have the fortitude to still mingle in them if she wished but she still was able to pick out proper dressrobes. Perhaps, she had unduly influenced Ginny into an unhealthy obsession with Harry. She had bought those dressrobes hoping that Harry would invite Ginny and was pleased when her daughter had a date despite being young for it.

To find out that Ginny had practically raped that date was embarrassing, at least she and Arthur had been mutually irresponsible. Molly was both grateful and ashamed that her victims hadn’t or had chosen not to come forward. Grateful, because her entire family didn’t have to exposed to shame once more. It was horrible that she had to admit to her mother-in-law that not only had Ron impregnated his first girlfriend, a pureblood heiress but also that their youngest was a rapist. Ginny really deserved serious punishment, but turning her in would shame the boys as well and they didn’t deserve that.

Molly regretted that they couldn’t afford a mind healer and that she had listened when Dumbledore insisted that Ginny’s giving up the diary as well as its destruction should have helped her. While she was familiar with Grimoires, Molly knew very little about Dark Artefacts, especially those that had the ability to possess people.

While a part of her was grateful for what Septimus had done for Bill, Charlie and Percy; it shamed her. They should have been able to provide for their children’s future instead of just barely making ends meet.

They had to do better… if only for their grandchildren’s sake.
Ron was the Browns’ problem now, as Septimus put it…

Molly had to stop being so embarrassingly controlling or judgmental, she had to respect her children’s choices even if she didn’t always agree with them. Unlike, perhaps, her mother-in-law; Molly was capable of admitted when she made mistakes. She might take them too much to heart but she was a Gryffindor.

She loved her children and had taught them to use their minds and their hearts; she just had to learn when to let them go and treat them like adults.

She worried what it meant when Charlie’s letter said that ‘Vitya claimed it was time’…

Time for what? Had she alienated all of her children? Was Charlie ashamed to admit to being in love or worse, a relationship because of how she treated Fleur?

She would likely drive herself mad wondering…

Hopefully, her questions would be answered tonight…

XooooooX

Hermione was slowly getting stronger…

But her body’s reaction to a large dose of potions that she was already mostly detoxed from had a dangerous reaction. Andromeda was taking no chances…

Unlike Draco’s mother who was an adult and a bonded woman, while in school, Hermione was considered a dependent adult despite being legally of age.

Most of the work she was allowed to do was revision but not spell casting, Andromeda claimed that if a witch of her skill ‘didn’t have it down now, then there was no point in casting practice’.

Her exams would have to be postponed due to her health, which upset her, Hermione still
anguished over what her scores might have been if there had been exams their second year.

She did wonder what Luna meant about finding her soulmate over the Summer.

Perhaps, her first crush on Ron was ridiculous…

He was a selfish bully after all who refused to accept Harry’s relationship and Hermione couldn’t be with someone who would throw a friendship away like that. She still berated herself for liking Ron at all after how he treated her over the whole Scabbers’ incident. Then there was the abandoning Harry after his name came out of the Goblet of Fire…

Those three weeks of trying to play peacemaker were stressful…

Hermione was pleased that Andromeda had allowed her to knit but under orders to ‘do it the Muggle way’.

At least, Mrs Weasley had agreed to get wool for her…

It passed the time anyway.

XooooooX

Ivy Hall was still very much Harry and Draco’s home.

It felt homier with Remus, Hermione, Fred, George and even Gracie around. There was the addition of Theo and Ned since they both finished their exams but Mrs and Mr Weasley had moved to Wellsley Hall.

How long George and Gracie would stay was up to Theo, the eldest Slytherin wizard in their year was rather insistent on knocking down his ancestral home and rebuilding.

Neither Harry nor Draco would throw them out.
Out of their current guests, only Remus had the secret. It wasn’t that their friends couldn’t be trusted, it was more that they didn’t have the need to.

As long as they were delivered by Potter, Black or Malfoy house elves or even someone with the Secret like Andromeda, Severus or Bill, then it was safe.

His first summer without the Dursleys and his family, his real family was growing around him and not just inside him.

XooooooX

Molly nervously waited for Arthur, they were flooing to Fleur’s chalet before apparating to the village where Charlie had a house. Her dragon-mad son had managed to speed through training and was handpicked to attend the First Task of the Triwizard Tournament.

He had had a house of his own, small but comfortable for a while now. Unlike Bill who had been a year ahead of him in his training, due to the dangerous nature of their jobs they were paid well. Not that Molly liked to consider this…

They arrived to find Charlie’s little house full of light, unlike her previous visit, it looked lived in.

They were greeted at door by a slightly unexpected person…

Vitya was Viktor Krum? The same Viktor who cursed Fleur? What did this mean?

Arthur’s arm was around her shoulders as he held out his hand to Viktor, “Arthur Weasley.”

“Viktor Brankov Krum.” Krum said as he greeted Arthur with a bone-crushing handshake but only after they had entered the house, pausing to shake Molly’s hand gently and kiss her cheek, “Come in.”

Molly shyly held out a box of Charlie’s favourite biscuits, despite her refusal to allow Ron any
biscuits, something had convinced her to bring Charlie biscuits.

Viktor gestured at the neat row of shoes, Molly and Arthur immediate removed theirs and accepted slippers.

“Where is Charlie?” Molly asked nervously as they followed the Bulgarian Seeker.

“Karlik is cooking.” Viktor said with a smile.

Molly remembered spending much of the winter holiday teaching Charlie to cook properly, there was a kitchen in the barracks and he was one of the few dragonkeeper trainees who showed an interest in her ‘lessons’. Ginny was her reluctant assistant that winter…

Bill had learned to cook when he was younger, simple things that he could make without supervision or with her house elf’s assistance. Charlie had helped with prep while Bill minded the children.

She had been exhausted after her pregnancies with Ron and Ginny, leaving her elf and Bill to pick up the slack with Charlie, Percy, Fred and George.

Unlike the twins and Charlie who were forever exploring, Percy preferred to read a book. Ron just liked to get into things if she let him and Ginny who spent much of her time clinging to Molly’s skirt. For a while, she barely had the energy to look after Ron and Ginny.

Viktor escorted them likely in the direction of the dining room only for them to find themselves separated from the kitchen by a breakfast nook.

Charlie was humming a Weird Sisters’ song as he darted around the kitchen, weaving his wand in a familiar pattern.

Unlike Ginny, Charlie had picked up cooking with relative ease.

Despite Percy’s silence, Molly had sent care packages to him via house elf so he had food even if
he was too busy to prepare food or obvious and might forget to eat. Bill had learned some over the years and had accepted a refresher when they visited after winning The Daily Prophet’s Galleon Draw.

Despite the Wizarding World having a greater interest in equality at least on paper, there were far less witches in the Cursebreaker program. Bill wouldn’t allow most of the cooking duties to fall on the few witches, she had raised him to do his part. The witches in the Cursebreaker program were there to the same work as Bill and did not deserve to be expected to look after their wizard peers.

Charlie didn’t seem to notice their arrival, he seemed happy in a way that Molly had never observed in her child.

Had Viktor put that sort of a light in her Charlie?

“Karlik…” Viktor called out.

Charlie froze, eyes darting about in confusion before finally noticing them. “I didn’t realise you’d left, Vitya…”

“You were engrossed in cooking, you didn’t seem to notice the charm alerting us to guests.” Viktor’s voice held a jovial tone, that seemed to imply laughter.

Charlie blushed, messing with his hair that had escaped the tie holding it back.

“A doorbell charm?” Arthur gasped.

Molly pinched him.

Arthur stiffened only slightly.

Her second eldest gave them a nervous smile, “Hi mum, hi dad.”
Molly smiled weakly at him, “You look well. I was worried for a while…”

Charlie looked away, “We’ll discuss that later… I have to finish dinner.”

“I’ll pour us all a drink,” Viktor said with seemingly forced enthusiasm.


The Bulgarian scowled, “If you insist, Karlik.”

“You aren’t getting my parents drunk before dinner, Vitya.”

“Da moye serdtse.” Viktor said with a sigh and then escorted them into the dining room.

Molly let the famous Seeker pull out her chair and adjust herself comfortably while her host went to the sideboard to pour them refreshments.

“Mat’s family recipe, the Ionescues are quite fond and known for their rose rakia.” Viktor said as he handed them their drinks. “My aunt Diamante Genevin Bianchessi’s family, are vinters and she seems to have quite a gift at making rakia.”

“What is it that you call Charlie?”

“Karlik? It is a how you say… a way to show affection. In Russian, his name is Karl, so I call him Karlik.”

“What about the mo…” Arthur stumbled over the unfamiliar word.

“Moye serdtse? He is… my heart.” Viktor said stiffly.
Molly thought he seemed a bit cold at times, then she nearly choked when she sipped the drink. It was far stronger than she expected… no wonder Charlie insisted on small glasses.

Viktor inquired after their family and Arthur’s health, apparently the Bulgarian had heard that Arthur had been injured two Decembers ago.

Molly was surprised that Viktor knew so much about their family, how long had they been together? There was little chance that with pet names like ‘Karlik’ and ‘Vitya’ that they weren’t a couple…

It didn’t take long for Charlie to enter the dining room with floating platters overflowing with food.

Molly was surprised at how much her son had made, it seemed quite a lot for four people.

Both she and Arthur were served first, with Arthur’s plate being filled nearly enough to crack under the weight before her own plate was served.

Despite being older than Viktor, Charlie served himself last.

Molly was curious about their relationship dynamic, but after the mess, she made early in Bill and Fleur’s relationship, she was willing to hold her piece and let them tell her on their time.

Aside from the smaller number at the table and a few unfamiliar dishes, it didn’t feel all that different from a Sunday dinner at The Burrow.

Molly found herself filling Charlie in on the family news, she was not that surprised to find that Charlie not only knew about Bill’s marriage but had served as a witness. The two had been rather close growing up and had both looked after Percy and the twins in their own way.

Charlie was surprised about Ron’s impending bonding this summer as well as Harry’s engagement to Draco Malfoy but skirted over Ginny and Percy. Despite the distance, it seemed that Charlie kept a lively correspondence with Fred and George, out of the rest of the family, Charlie knew the most about George’s relationship with Theo Nott and seemed to approve of him.
George had introduced them during the Triwizard, just before the First Task to Fred’s bemusement apparently.

Arthur had been tongue-tied with Viktor before the rakia but seemed to have relaxed and was telling Viktor stories about the various objects that he had dealt with in his previous job as Head of the Misuse of Muggle Artefacts Office.

Arthur just had to tell the tale of the case of the regurgitating toilets and how he had captured the pranksters who had bewildered the Aurors who had been more annoyed than interested. Viktor was soon laughing loudly at Arthur’s tales to Charlie’s quiet amusement.

Once they were all suitably stuffed and Charlie had tried and failed to insist they eat more, Molly rose and insisted on helping with the dishes.

Charlie, of course, protested that she was a guest but being his mum, he gave in.

Viktor led Arthur to a parlour with larger glasses of rakia while Molly set about to help Charlie tackle the dishes. It was far easier with magic of course and so while their charms handled the dishes after they put the leftovers in the ice box, the two of them leant against the counter sipping tea.

“It’s been a long time since we’ve done this…” Molly said thoughtfully.

Charlie blushed, “I’ve been so busy…”

“Yes, pursuing your career. I know I’ve been rude in regards to that. I probably wouldn’t have been any happier if you had pursued Quidditch. You are happy and clearly have done well for yourself. I am proud of you.” Molly admitted nervously.

Charlie gaped at her. “Mum?”

“Harry gave me a talking to a while back, you are a grown wizard, not a child. I need to be proud of the son I have and not try to change you. I would rather you did something that you enjoyed instead of languishing in a job you hated.” Molly sighed.
“I’m… glad you have decided that.” Charlie began nervously.

“So…” Molly asked conspiratorially, “what is it that you meant by ‘Vitya says it’s time’?”

“You see… I’m a…”

“You’re bent, I’ve thought that for a while now. Your Uncle Gideon was, not that he was interested in your father despite our parents’ intentions.”

“Yes, I am but I am also… a Chuvash… submissive.” Charlie blurted out.

“Well, you might have quite a bit of strength but you were closer to Percy in size rather than Bill. You likely received your creature inheritance from your father’s family. How long have you been mates?” Molly was saddened that Charlie hadn’t chosen to tell her before.

“His uncle Dragomir Radovitch Ionescue introduced us, I had tried to keep my status as a submissive to myself, but he sussed me out and decided that I ought to be family.”

“Ionescue?” Molly frowned.

“The Director of the Preserve, you met his mate a while back.”

“Your neighbour?”

“Yes, Diamante. She is a Veela, not quite alike to Fleur in looks though.” Charlie chuckled, “She has been helpful, teaching me some recipes that Viktor likes.”

“She seemed afraid…” Molly said thoughtfully.

“Her mate Dragos is very protective, they have four children between them; Alessandro, Ambra, Esmeralda and Antonio.”
“Those are unique names…” Molly murmured.

“Signora Bianchessi is named for a diamond, so their daughters are Amber and Emerald but in Italian. Eastern European wizarding culture is very big on names, a name is a sort of blessing on a child. Allesandro means ‘defender of mankind’, it is the Italian form of Alexandre which is a common name while Antonio means ‘worthy of praise’. Sanya is top of his year in Defence and is aiming for the Romanian Ministry’s Auror Department. Toxa plans to follow Vitya and their Aunt Klara into Quidditch.”

“What about Ambra and Esmeralda?” Molly asked stumbling a bit on the unfamiliar names.

“Amya and Esme? Amya is expected to inherit the Bianchessi vineyard in Turino and Esme seems to be an artist. Esme is to start at Beauxbatons in September but Toxa won’t start Durmstrang until next year.”

“Those are unique nicknames, are they like ‘Vitya’ and ‘Karlik’?”

Charlie nodded, “They are used within the family mostly but sometimes by close friends, Amya and Esme take after their madre and are Veela while Sanya and Toxa are Chuvash like us.”

“So what was it Viktor meant by its time…”

Charlie blushed, “He finally managed to get me to conceive. I guess I was still waiting for things to settle down. Dragomir has agreed to transfer me from practical dragon keeping to lecture duties. Our baby is the first since Signora Diamante was pregnant with Toxa.”

“So we nearly,” Molly’s face turned nearly as red as their hair.

“It seems so…” Charlie coughed. “I’m only a week or so. We would have invited you sooner but we were rearranging our schedules and relaxing. I never imagined being mated and informally engaged to Viktor Krum. When we’re together, he’s just Vitya and I’m Karlik…”

Charlie’s lips curved into a slight smile.
“Unofficial?” Molly teased.

“Vitya wants to ask dad first and then negotiate with grandfather of course. But we’re committed to each other, a contract is merely a formality for us. There will be fans who will be disappointed, but Viktor is satisfied with me, even though I’m just a dragon keeper…”

“You’re my son,” Molly said wagging her finger, “a brilliant, handsome wizard and I am proud of you. Viktor is the lucky one.”

Her family was growing. Perhaps, faster than Molly had expected or was comfortable with, but she was going to be a grandmother…

XXXXXXXXX

To be honest, George would far prefer to be in Theo’s arms right now but he and Ned were at Gringotts seeing to Theo’s inheritance now that they were finished with school and their father was arrested.

Like Draco, it shouldn’t be too difficult for Theo to be emancipated and assume the headship of the Nott family on paper so that they could be officially betrothed.

Theo was also threatening to knock down Mansfield and have a new home built in its place to spite his sire. George didn’t really care; after all, Fred could have the apartment above the shop and he could move in with Theo, Ned and Gracie to turn any place into a home. He’d always craved a family of his own, someone who saw and appreciated him as just George.

He found what he wanted and more with Theo who had pushed past his defences to prove that he saw George in Fred’s shadow.

He was determined that Gracie would start far more prepared than he had himself, sure he and Fred had poured over Bill and Charlie’s old textbooks just as Percy had but they hadn’t been privately tutored like their parents nor had they been able to attend magical primary school. They needed to get her a proper wand soon, her practice wand wouldn’t last much longer.
It could be a family outing, Theo and Ned had wands from the Paris Ollivander shop, so it was probable that they would prefer to have Gracie’s first proper wand from the same shop.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 45A

Chapter Summary

Severus’ poor choices in regards to his health, finally catch up with him. Alaric/the Dark Lord, no longer gives him the choice to come to him.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 45

The mix tapes or rather records, along with the player and music had been a surprise…

Voldemort going so far must mean he was serious…

That just made it worse…

The dreams…

Feeling someone that powerful being so gentle at first and then dominating, his body still ached for it…

Did that make him weak? He’d grown up hearing how evil poufs were and how he’d likely grow up to be one, not to mention that world would be better off without him…

Crushing on James who bullied him had been the most painful realisation of all in of his years at Hogwarts…

He never admitted it to anyone, but how could he desire the Dark Lord? He’d been Crucioed by him so many times that Severus hardly attempted to count them all…

How could someone who had Crucioed him, be so gentle…?
Was it guilt? Was Voldemort with him out of guilt?

His heart twisted, that couldn’t be…

Lolly, his head elf arrived with a tray but he waved her away.

“But Master,"

“Leave me,” shoving Lolly made him pass out, stealing his last bit of energy.

“Master!”

XooooooX

“Master Consort!”

“Yes, Barry?” Alaric snapped.

“Master Severus collapse. Dolly sent for Healer.”

Despite orders not to chase after Severus, Alaric had only one thought, “Take me to him.”

Alaric would have thought Severus was sleeping if it weren’t for the Head Prince elf wringing her hands.

“Lolly, that’s enough. Andromeda will be here soon.” Alaric hissed as he slid into the bed cradling Severus in his arms.

Immediately, he felt a huge drain on his magic, shite! What had Severus been doing…?
Andromeda appeared via house elf and immediately fell to examining Severus.

The imperious witch muttered under her breath, “Idiot. Fool. Starving one’s self...oblivious…I ought to curse you for your stupidity.”

After she finally finished casting both magic and potions at him, she glowered at Alaric, “If you let him go, this will happen again no doubt. Your swift arrival saved both your offspring and your soulmate. If I have to tie you two together magically, I will. He will need your magic to stable his health, due to his lack of proper rest and nutrition he has been surviving on magic for a while now. How he is still alive I cannot explain…”

Alaric scowled the unconscious Severus in his arms, “Trust me, he won’t be running away again. He proved he can’t, or at least won’t take care of himself. As his legal consort, his wellbeing is my responsibility.”

“Good. I suggest you set about convincing him of that.” Andromeda sniffed before seeing herself out.

XooooooX

Severus’ head ached and he groaned.

“Awake, are you? What were you thinking Severus? Was being intimate with me so awful that you had to starve yourself?”

“What are you doing here my Lord…?” Severus asked tiredly.

“I think you have that wrong Severus, legally you are my lord.” The Dark Lord chuckled.

Severus opened one eye, “What are you going on about?”

“According to the tapestry in Merrivale, we are soulmates and magically bound together. For you I
filed for an appropriate name with Gringotts; Alaricus Thuban Slytherin-Peverell but you may call me Alaric. I am, or rather we are one signature away from being legally bonded, your signature. As far as the House of Prince is concerned, I am your consort and I am very dedicated to ensuring your wellbeing as well as that of our future children.”

“Don’t tease me. I am not worthy of the House of Prince or bearing children to continue its line. So how could I be worthy of you?” Severus muttered darkly.

“I told you before Severus, I was an impoverished Lord that was kept around on sufferance because of my ancestry. I am a Halfblood just as you are, but unlike you; I had nothing to inherit beyond a name when I came of age. I have never really felt any desire until you, granted my awareness of this has been slow brought on mostly by my return to sanity due to Potter’s blood. If you do not believe me about your pregnancy, we can check the Prince family tapestry.” Alaric sighed.

“Could you not inherit anything belonging to Salazar?” Severus frowned.

“The House of Pucey had to give it up; otherwise all I would have to claim Riddle Manor and the Gaunt shack officially, which was not truly worth the effort at the time. Especially with the blood on my hands…” Alaric shrugged.

“How do you know the blood truly lies on your hands? How often do I need to say review your memories, Master?” Nagini hissed in his mind, interrupting them.

That was annoying, across the Channel and she was still snipping at him.

“Nagini, now is not the time,” Alaric replied sharply.

“You two are the stubbornest wizards I have met, is this a genius complex?” Nagini fumed.

Severus was too tired to make the effort to comprehend the impression that came through the master-familiar bond, “What is she saying?”

“She asked if we really know what blood lies on our hands. Chiding how often does she need to insist we review our memories? She calls us the stubbornest wizards she knows and asked if this was due to us being geniuses…”
“The latter might be true… Lily used to call me stubborn…”

“Should we consider examining our memories?” Alaric mused.

“She’d been insistent on it…” Severus said tiredly.

“I know your mind better than you do, Master, as your conscience, you should listen to me more. Stubborn wizards…”

“Yes, yes,” Alaric said in dismissive annoyance.

Lolly appeared with a tray. “Master Severus going to eat properly?”

Alaric adjusted so they were sitting up, “Yes. I expect you’ve prepared something for Severus according to Andromeda’s recommendations?”

“Yes, Lolly make sure.” The elf nodded vigorously.

“Good. Severus will eat.”

“And if I don’t?”

“Then it will be far longer than you want before we’re allowed to intimate again on account of your health. You can claim all you want that it is unimportant but I know you want it as much as I do. Your mark is tied to my soul,” Alaric showed his own mark, “when I changed yours I received the same mark. I feel what you do when it’s strong but I don’t force you to let me in.”

“How is it that I can sense things from you?”

“You think about me and it opens the soulbond between us wider, I have done some research. My adjustments of the mark had different results than I anticipated, probably a result of my tattered
soul and our soulbond.”

“Oh…”

“Severus understand this, my wish to free you from a binding as my servant seems to have been empowered after we unintentionally consummated our soulbond. As I said before, according to the House of Prince, I am your consort.”

“We’re soulbonded like Harry and Draco? Why us?”

“Perhaps, it was a gift from fate to make up for what we suffered due to Dumbledore’s meddling.” Alaric shrugged, “I don’t care, together we have what we both ached for our entire lives.”

“What is that?” Severus asked quietly.

“To be wanted, to belong and to have a family. I want you in every way, I belong to you as you do to me, and together we are a family. Admitting we care about one another might be the closest we come to expressing our feelings in words. Physically, I have no problem showing how intensely I desire you. It wasn’t a one-off thing for me Severus, I have never shared my body with another.”

“…neither have I…” Severus’ voice was faint and pained.

“You think being a virgin at your age is shameful? I am far older than you, one might argue that I have no right to fall in love at my age and with someone so much younger. Yet I find I care not for other’s opinions on that. Does my age embarrass you?” Alaric was curious.

“I couldn’t condone being with someone weak,” Severus muttered.

“I hope you mean in magical power…” Alaric said dryly.

“What do you think? I am a Slytherin…”

“You have far more power in your little finger than Bellatrix had in her entire body. I was never
interested in her; besides, she was bonded to the son of a school acquaintance.” Alaric shrugged.

“So, you’re serious that you would legally bind yourself to me?”

“I already signed the bonding contract, a permanent one in my blood under my new legal name. When you feel better, you can sign it. We belong together and I despise the idea of being apart again.”

Severus’ heart twisted and he trembled at the thought of being alone again.

“I won’t leave either of you.” The Dark Lord said sternly as he tightened his arms.

Severus could not bring himself to trust the older wizard even if he could sense truthfulness in Alaric’s voice and mind.

Despite his efforts, Severus did not have the energy to feed himself for long and he was far too embarrassed by his weakness to ask his consort for his assistance.

He didn’t have to ask Alaric because the elder wizard shifted him in his arms to be able to take care of him.

Severus was embarrassed but all he could feel were gentle emotions of joy and cherishment, that he was mostly unfamiliar with.

Eventually, he grew sleepy and Alaric dismissed the tray, manipulating Severus’ body into a more comfortable position.

Music was charmed to play and Alaric summoned a book, “Go ahead and rest, I won’t leave except to use the loo. If that happens, I will leave you a note and the door will remain open, so I can hear your call.”

Severus drifted off soothed by one of the mixtapes and the warmth of Alaric’s lap…
Chapter End Notes

Chapter 45B

The last person Theo expected to meet at Wellesley Hall was Viktor Krum, while George had that mentioned a relationship between the Bulgarian Seeker and his elder brother Charlie had begun during the Triwizard. It was a bit shocking to be in a more intimate setting than Slytherin table.

“You are Theodorus Oranov Nott, yes?”

Theo scowled, “My name is Theo…”

“Da, Viktor Brankov Krum. You are meeting your George’s dyado, da?”

“Is that his grandfather? Then, yes.” Theo muttered.

The two suitors were invited to enter Septimus’ office, with Viktor allowing the younger wizard to enter first.

“Ah, I see that you both have impeccable timing,” Septimus said as he put aside his correspondence.

“Why are we both here?” Theo asked with cool politeness.

“Given that you are both interested in negotiating a marriage contract between yourselves and my grandsons, I saw no reason not to discuss this at the same time. You, Theo, are a Lord in name and are responsible for making your own decisions on issues such as your own betrothal and a guardian for your siblings. Originally, I was surprised that you would pick George but he is far more responsible than rumours gave him credit for.” Septimus mused. “While I would approve your betrothals and even bonding to my grandsons, I want to know why you chose them.”
“Karlik… is my heart. I wasn’t all that interested in love when my uncle mentioned wanting to introduce me to a dragonkeeper. I only agreed to… make him stop asking. Then there was Charlie who was more and less than he was described. My heart was his from the moment I laid eyes on him. I was shocked that our paths had practically crossed before. I walked right past him in the top box of Quidditch World Cup Stadium and never noticed. An act I wholly regret…” Viktor admitted nervously.

After the proper introductions and Theo’s blurted out an expression of his own feelings for George, they got down to business. It seemed like George would be his bonded before Theo was expected back at Hogwarts for his seventh year.

Although, it was unlikely that George would be bonded before Charlie. Hopefully, they could agree to a contract bonding to avoid a lot of nonsense given that his sire had attempted to destroy George and Fred’s shop to punish his lover.

While he couldn’t give George up, he could attempt to shield him as much as he could from the reality that he was joining his blood and magic to the family of a proven Death Eater.

It was his duty as his father’s successor to prove that his family was more honorable than his sire…

XooooooX

After Draco’s previous treatment of her, it was likely ridiculous that Hermione was so accepting of his engagement to her best friend and the wizard she loved like a brother.

No matter, she had even found that Draco’s mother was welcoming as well.

With Remus’ assistance, the two of them met in the ladies parlor.

Hermione was aware that Harry had chosen to skip a fancy ‘wedding’ but she wanted to do something for him.

“Miss Granger?” Narcissa said politely.
“I am the closest thing Harry feels he has to a sister… I was hoping you could help me with something. Oh, and please call me Hermione…”

“In that case, you may call me Narcissa. What is it you wanted my help with? I am surprised that you haven’t asked Molly…”

“I would have with so many children with impending bondings and even grandchildren, I thought she might feel overwhelmed trying to keep up. With only Draco and Harry, I thought you might have time since you finished negotiating his bonding contract.”

“I suppose I do have time… now about this project…” Narcissa prodded.

“I wanted to throw Harry a baby shower, I was hopeful that such a tradition existed in the Wizarding word and I did not wish to offend if it did not. I was sure that you would be best to inform me whether this was so…”

“What is a ‘baby shower’?” Narcissa frowned.

“It’s a special party to celebrate a pregnancy that female friends, colleagues and family are invited to. Usually, it is only for females because in the Muggle World, only they can have children.”

“How terrible, what about bent males?”

“It’s not illegal for them to be together, not since the 1970s I believe but it’s not widely accepted. Some families and even faiths are highly discriminatory, there is a reason Harry wouldn’t tell his family about his daughter. He would be afraid for her…” Hermione admitted sadly.

“Discrimination is something I am familiar with, my visits to and communications with Andromeda were heavily curtailed by my parents, Bellatrix and even Lucius for a time. After the Dark Lord fell that Samhain, Lucius was willing to turn a blind eye because it suited his purpose but I was expected to let the relationship lapse after Dark Lord’s return.” Narcissa smiled painfully.

Hermione patted her hand, “Now, Draco has reconnected with her and she is helping us both recover.”
Narcissa turned white and then recovered herself, “Tell me more about this ‘baby shower’…”

“There are often baby-themed games; I believe my mother mentioned a contest to see who could diaper a baby the fastest. Guess the baby was when the guests brought pictures of themselves as babies and the attendees had to guess who was who. I think there was a game where you taste a bunch of different baby food and the winner was who could identify what they were- after the host removed the labels of course. Then there is usually baby themed refreshments; drinks are served in bottles while cupcakes can be decorated with baby themes like toys, bottles and shapes. For those who don’t know the gender or wish to, you can choose a neutral color base frosting. With a name like Iris, we could choose a purple or a lavender.’

“We do have a similar tradition but it is called a ‘Blessing Way’ in our circles, we often invite the same other bearers by primarily close colleagues, family and friends. Perhaps, we could blend the two? While I doubt Harry had attended either since his own and he was in the womb at the time, it would be a nice way to include both Harry’s Muggle Culture and Draco’s pureblood.”

“Which our guests could attest to and would prove that they are a real couple…” Hermione mused.

Narcissa brought up Blessing Way activities; having a small child toss rose petals wherever Harry walked as well as wish beads where guests attached wishes for the bearer and new baby to beads that would be made into a bracelet to be worn during delivery and later gifted to the child on their eleventh birthday.

The two witches who might be thought quite dissimilar set down to blend the two variations of celebrations with the same intent.

Hermione doubted that Remus attended Lily Potter’s baby shower/blessing way, but he or Mrs Weasley might know who had. It would be nice to include something from that event for Harry’s sake to bring his mother into celebration.

Given Harry’s gender and Draco’s doting behaviour, it was probably best to allow mixed attendance. The better to serendipitously spread the news of their current relationship, especially if what she’d overheard was correct and that Voldemort was no longer interested in killing her beloved friend.
Chapter End Notes

Chapter Summary

Harry's birthday and Iris' baby shower...

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the lateness of the update but it took a bit longer to wrap up the baby shower chapter than I hoped.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chapter 46

Hermione had made the arrangements and sent the invitations with only Draco and Molly let in on the ‘surprise’.

Hermione had the Blessing Shower planned for Harry’s birthday, knowing her friend and his modesty, he would far prefer to have presents for Iris than himself.

Luna who seemed to ‘know everything’ sent her a guest list and she was surprised to find Padma Patil of Ravenclaw from the DA. Luna had included a note beside the name- henna artist…

This was apparently a new tradition that bearers in Britain had become fond of and Hermione had considered it but until that note, was going to skip it.

Colin was on the list as photographer but it was the name Matilda Prewett that struck Hermione as odd.

She had heard of the Slytherin witch of course, Prewett was second to Luna in marks and in the same year with her, Ginny and Colin but Hermione had never met her.

Neville was also on the list as was Dean, Lavender had a note about her being loyal to Harry but if
her presence would be difficult for Hermione then she could be excluded. Pansy was not on the list but Millie Bulstrode, Giselle Goyle and Daphne Greengrass were. Professor ‘Snape’ was on the list as Lord Prince as was his consort, wait her potions professor was married? At any rate, supportive guests were allowed to bring a plus one but people like Ron were obviously excluded.

Trusting Luna, Hermione sent out the appropriate invitations that were charmed as time activated portkeys by Remus since Hermione was still under a magic ban. Narcissa had seen to the menu with Dippy and Winky’s assistance using sketches and even cookbooks that Andromeda had fetched for the more muggle dishes.

Everything was coming together…

XooooooX

Severus and Alaric were surprised to receive a joint invitation to Harry’s Blessing Shower. Having never attended one, they had to question Andromeda when she arrived for Severus’ check-up.

After learning it was a conception celebration and that gifts for the baby were expected, Alaric felt both unable and unwilling to leave Severus at the time but sent the Head Prince Elf with some monies to purchase suitable gifts. He might have sent others but he was willing the give the elf a chance to redeem herself after panicking following Severus’ collapse.

Severus was ‘allowed’ to attend the shower if he remained seated and did not use magic but only if Alaric accompanied him.

Severus tried to resist attending but given Alaric’s agreement with Harry’s ‘faction’ as well as his own stasis as godfather, Alaric had insisted they at least make an appearance.

XooooooX

To keep Harry and Draco’s current residence a ‘secret’, Narcissa had offered a known Malfoy property in France called La Miellerie or ‘The Honey House’.

The Malfoys were originally French and came over with William the Conqueror, but had a chateau on the border of the Berry and Poitou regions. Over the years the family had renovated the outbuildings and turned them into residences for the widows of the family. Lucius’ grandmother
Muriel had claimed the La Petite Maison about the time that his grandfather Atticus passed through the Veil.

La Miellerie was used for nights away or even the occasional small party if hosting at the Manor seemed unseemly.

Given that her marriage to Lucius hadn’t been a love match and Lucius had no interest in a romantic honeymoon they had spent a few days there. After she conceived, Lucius had moved into his father’s former apartments at the manor following redecoration.

Narcissa had thrown herself into Draco’s care, choosing not to leave him to house elves and only making the minimum of social appearances for Lucius. She was quite good at keeping up appearances despite her disagreement with Lucius and her family’s support of the Dark Lord.

 Granted, the Dark Lord was no longer the insane man he had been when Draco was an infant. He also apparently never gave Bella permission to torture her either…

Never mind that…

All that mattered was making this blessing shower a success and revealing Harry’s relationship with her dragon as consensual and a soulmate bond…

XooooooX

July 31, 1997

The day of the blessing shower arrived…

Draco had been told that Harry’s birthday party was well in hand and to keep his ‘pointy nose out’ by a snickering Hermione. Mrs Weasley had offered to make the cake and biscuits when she learned of the party, since she hadn’t been involved in the planning, Hermione had agreed since Harry was quite fond of her sweets.

Harry’s birthdays in recent years had been late or only attended by the Weasleys…
It was Harry’s second birthday without Sirius, despite the man’s immature and mentally scarred mindset from Azkaban, his cousin had clearly cared about Harry…

The party was at one o’clock and was expected to last a few hours at most.

Given that Harry was still under the Fidelius for his own Safety, Hermione had also agreed to allow Luna to host because The Burrow was under a host of dangerously protective charms and Draco had informed her that both Malfoy Manor as well as Grimmauld Place were locked to blood. While Narcissa had offered a Malfoy property, they had decided that having it at a ‘neutral’ location was actually better since it allowed Luna to be the ‘official hostess’ and was a strong sign of support for the Malfoy-Potter relationship.

Hermione had allowed Luna to turn each invitation into a timed portkey instead since she knew the coordinates for **Rook's Folly**.

While they could have requested Hogwarts, it was not safe enough given her own and Harry’s experiences for such an event.

XooooooX

Harry was surprised to be flooed to Luna’s home, **Rook’s Folly** on his birthday.

While he had realised that his friends were unlikely to be invited to **Ivy Hall**, he hadn’t really expected a birthday party at all.

Between his living under the Fidelius and his pregnancy, Harry had just been grateful to have a Dursley free Summer for once in his life.

Luna and Neville met Draco, Hermione and himself at the floo.

Luna took Harry’s arm and skipped outside to the front lawn of her home.
Once they were outside she beamed at him, “Happy Birthday.”

There was a chorus of ‘surprise!

Behind Luna were members of the DA, the Weasleys [minus Ron and Ginny], Remus, the Tonks, Narcissa and members of the Order such as Severus who was conspicuously sitting but accompanied by a strangely familiar wizard and a few people he recognized by sight but didn’t know well.

Harry was led to a surprisingly comfortable white wicker loveseat with Draco joining him.

Hermione beamed at the guests, “Thank you for coming. I suspected this being Harry’s birthday that most of you would come. As you were informed in the invitation, Harry is pregnant, Draco and he are soulmates who put their former animosity behind them. This is a Blessing Shower; a fusion of Wizarding traditions from the Blessing and Muggle traditions from a Baby shower. This is because both prospective parents have ties to the Wizarding and Muggle worlds. Everyone here is supportive of your relationship and wish to show you with gifts for your little one.”

Harry noticed a large posterboard set up with baby pictures, “What is that?”

Hermione giggled, “I suppose we could play that first, it is for ‘guess the baby’. Dean created it for us.”

“Oh?” Draco asked with a raised eyebrow.

“We all replied with baby pictures as rsvps.” Narcissa smiled delicately behind her hand.

“Who has to guess?” Dean smirked.

“Not you.” Hermione scoffed, “you probably know the answers but you can decide the winner. We have a few prizes…”

It was a picnic and all of the guests claimed a piece of an impossibly large blanket.
With a few exceptions, most were wizarding pictures.

Draco was among the few who correctly identified which mocha-skinned boys were Dean, Blaise and Lee Jordan.

He recognized Blaise of course having known his friend since he was three, Dean’s was a Muggle picture and thus stationary, while Lee Jordon was the obvious last choice.

Tonks’ baby picture was obvious, she was the only one with purple hair after all.

Hermione and a Slytherin soon-to-be Sixth Year named Mal Prewett were harder to tell apart being both Muggle pictures but when Mal correctly identified Hermione’s, it became clear which one was Mal’s.

Luna and Draco were so similar in coloring with Fleur and Gabrielle Delacour as well as Giselle Goyle that most had a difficult time identifying them but Narcissa could.

In the end, Draco ended up identifying the most pictures correctly and earned a large box of miscellaneous Honeydukes chocolates. He offered the box to Harry immediately earning a kiss.

“Presents!” Hermione announced clapping her hands.

All were wrapped in bright colors such as pink, purple, yellow and white with many having big bows in complimentary colors.

From Neville came baby safe plants that he claimed were edible and had soothing scents, Luna gave Harry a blanket made from spun unicorn hair, Colin gave Harry a baby book to fill with photographs which made sense given that he had never been seen without his camera, Hermione gave Harry a collection of Beatrix Potter books to read to Iris and something she called a cosy toes as well as blankets, Severus obviously gave him a box full of prenatal potions for himself and for the first few years of Iris’ life. His consort who felt familiar but was clearly wearing a glamour had magical monitoring devices that was obviously expensive, they were considered more accurate than a charm, they also allowed a guardian to be anywhere in a home and still be aware. Another benefit was that they could be easily passed from adult to adult without requiring a recasting.
Narcissa prepaid for Iris’ dragon pox vaccinations; after all, her father-in-law had died from the disease. Andromeda had crocheted a blanket for Iris and Tonks had chosen singing blocks, while Molly had gifted Harry more ginger biscuits and knitted things such as sweaters. The Delacour sisters had a Veela protection charm woven from their hair, a powerful gift that Draco recognized and was grateful for. Greg and Giselle Goyle had a gift certificate to Charlene’s, a store in Paris that had fine baby items. Blaise had a stuffed Pegasus with real hair for the mane and tail. The Greengrass sisters: Daphne, Maia and Asteria had chosen a gift certificate from the Rocking Bear, a baby store in Diagon.

Oliver, ever the Quidditch fiend, had gifted Harry with a baby quidditch romper that bore his own name. Angelina and her fellow chasers Alicia and Katie had chosen a rose and crystal chandelier that was meant for Iris’ room.

George and Theo were there and they had chosen a practical gift of baby nappies and white rompers. Likely because they had some experience looking after babies…

Remus’ gift of a stuffed black Irish Wolfhound, a wolf, a stag and a doe weren’t all that surprising. Harry hugged him in gratitude.

“I thought that Lily should be commemorated this time…” Remus whispered. “You had similar stuffed toys, we all gave you one.”

Harry felt that the doe for his mother was a much better choice than a rat for Wormtail…

The gifts continued…

There was a beautiful golden picture frame in the shape of an elephant from Pavarti and Padma.

The Brown sisters had also brought gifts but there was a beautiful iris that Lavender had labelled from herself and Ron.

“Sage’s is Mystic Muse, but mine and Ron's is called Champange Elegance…”

Ron’s absence was noted, Harry was still hurt by Ron’s refusal to speak to him or accept his relationship with Draco. Last time he had spoken to Ron, his ‘friend’ was still contemplating how to break up their relationship and get Draco in trouble.
From Fred was a specially ordered romper- ‘Study like Hermione, Laugh like Fred and Live like papa’; Bill had clearly retrieved a Malfoy claiming bracelet from Narcissa and cast a number of protection spells to keep Iris safe, while Charlie had chosen a diaper bag made of shed skin from a Romanian Longhorn.

There were gifts from Harry and Draco’s former professors; Sprout sent lemon balm and lavender, while McGonagall sent a wall hanging of a plaid with the Potter family crest. It was however, curious that it was silver-grey with black and red stripes. Flitwick sent a crib mobile of winged keys, likely a tribute to Harry having beaten Flitwick’s winged key chamber. From Trelawney, there was another amulet for protection that looked like a silver acorn with a Celtic knot inside it.

There were more gifts but Harry was overwhelmed…

Draco was grateful that Hermione seemed to be taking note of each gift as well as the giver, it would make sending thank you notes easier.

Harry seemed close to tears by the time he reached the last gift: Disney classics hardbacks, what looked to be the complete set.

Dudley had been given a few of these by schoolmates before they, or at least their parents, learned toys were better received. He even remembered there being a few in his primary school library as well, but he was never allowed to read them. The teachers and librarian had it in their head that he would sooner destroy a book than read it. The distrust that muggles had always shown him. thanks to his supposed family’s mistreatment and claims, still hurt.

The thoughtful presents even from Draco’s housemates, made Harry realize just how different his life was now. He loved his new life, he was grateful that all these people were accepting of his relationship with Draco and their baby. Even Ron's fiancee and her sister were there with gifts and good wishes...

The gifts ended but Harry’s tears of happiness had not, there were so many beautiful and thoughtful gifts...

They would make the nursery that Harry had been working on with Draco to make ‘perfect’.

The gift certificates would help expand Iris' wardrobe, with Draco as a father, she would likely
need a large assortment of clothes for all weather and occasions.

Harry couldn't wait to hold Iris in his arms...

XoooooooX

Hermione had been surprised when that Slytherin soon-to-be Sixth Year was the only one to properly identify her baby picture.

Hermione had never noticed her before today, she was obviously in Luna and Colin's year but in a different House. There had been no reason for their paths to cross, despite Luna sending Hermione a list of ‘safe’ guests.

Mal Prewett had spent much of the Blessing Shower watching Hermione but not in a way that made her feel unsafe but rather shy instead.

Was this Mal the person that Luna was referring to when she said that she would meet her soulmate this summer?

Hermione had never considered that she might like girls...

Sure, her parents employed a lesbian dental hygienist who was in a long term relationship with another woman and the two attended the office holiday parties together, but Hermione hadn't considered what her type was before.

She had been dosed into artificial love with Ron using the Amortentia potion so when he began seeing Lavender, Hermione found herself jealous and hurt when there had been no relationship besides friendship between them. The idea that she and Ron had engaged in any type of sexual activity was abhorrent to her.

Hermione had intended to save herself for marriage or at least until she was engaged, the concept that she had waited until neither, infuriated her.

If Dumbledore wasn't dead... she might have been tempted to take a bit of revenge. Not for herself
perhaps, but definitely for Harry. She was more furious about her goddaughter nearly being aborted against Harry’s wishes…

But oh, so grateful that Iris was alive and thriving… it had been a shock that wizards could have children naturally but really, it was because of magic, so she really shouldn’t have had been surprised.

She was looking forward to being a godmother, she was worried about how Harry would handle his education. She would have to return to Hogwarts in September of course, provided of course that Andromeda cleared her to take her Sixth Year exams. She was hopeful of being named Head Girl, she had had the top marks not only out of the girls but also her entire year with Draco as her closest competition. If he was named Head Boy, then he needed to return to Hogwarts when she did, even if Harry hadn’t had their daughter yet.

Their lives were changing, her Blessing Shower had been a success and Hermione had been satisfied that Narcissa and Mrs Weasley were definitely supportive. Her guests had all turned up with gifts and treated Harry kindly. None of them seemed jealous or disapproval, with Luna writing the guest list, should she have been surprised?

Chapter End Notes

Ginny was disconcerted to wake up ill on her sixteenth birthday. She had heard Ron complaining about how Harry was engaged to and expecting a child with a filthy Slytherin. But it wasn’t something that he mentioned to Gryffindor as a whole, he was mostly trying to keep a low profile. Ron had taken his impending fatherhood seriously, even focusing on his school work. Whether he had actual feelings for Lavender, Ginny didn’t know.

She was pissed that Harry hadn’t fallen to her charms, she had hoped that he would least be a conquest if not a prospective suitor. She had tried her luck with most of her brother’s dormitory; she’d had a fling with Dean and a one-off with Neville. Then there was her relationship with Michael Corner, which to her annoyance only lasted until she attempted to have sex with him. It was annoying just how many bent wizards were in her brother’s year: Harry, Neville, Michael and probably Dean. Dean became less interested in her the more Seamus ignored him and the more sexual experimentation they attempted. For all George’s supposed brilliance, his love potions were pathetically weak.

Her wand had been taken by her grandmother upon her arrival from Hogwarts for the summer. Her mother had signed custody over to their paternal grandparents Septimus and Cedrella. Cedrella had insisted that she spend some time practicing the pianoforte as well as knitting, both of which she was terrible at. She was not allowed a broom and was banned from the Quidditch Team.

Ginny spend most of her time working at the twins’ shop, to her annoyance that idiot Warrington already working there. Ginny was furious that her brothers had hired a stinking Slytherin, when they had a former Ravenclaw Verity Eastchurch working the floor and were talking about needing to hire a third full-time employee.
Ginny was stuck in the storerooms without a wand, she wasn’t allowed on the sales floor and Fred really had hexed her, so she would be shocked if she attempted to take any merchandise without having paid for it.

Thanks to that traitor elf who had given Fred and George an exactly list of products that she had claimed as her share, Ginny had to work off the debt.

Her grandmother entered Ginny’s apartment, “Get up. You have to be at the shop in an hour.”

Ginny groaned miserably, “I don’t feel well. Do I have to?”

“Ginevra Mary Weasley, I don’t care if it is your birthday. You owe a debt and it will be paid. Whether your brothers let you off early, is their business. Mine is to send you to the shop,” Cedrella scoffed.

“I don’t want off because,” Ginny started before running off to that bathroom with her hand over her mouth.

“For Salazar’s sake!” Cedrella muttered darkly.

Ginny retched, her magic fighting against what must be a spell meant to see if she was actually ill.

“Ginevra Mary Weasley! As if Ronald’s impending parenthood and your sexual indiscretions as well as theft weren’t embarrassing enough…” Cedrella hissed.

Ginny glanced up at her miserable, confused.

“You’re pregnant.”

Ginny’s eyes rolled up in her head, and she fell forward onto the toilet.

This was not a happy birthday…
Molly’s cousin Mal had been so standoffish, the girl preferred to read and avoid the company of others.

Molly had hopes of talking Arthur into adopting her uncle Atlas Bryan’s children Matilda Maia and Mark Caster. The Ministry wouldn’t allow them to take custody of the muggle, the youngest child Miram Elisa. It was curious that despite living as a Muggle that Mal’s father who went by ‘Bryan’ chose to continue wizarding naming traditions, specifically the Prewett’s Arthurian and the Black’s Celestial. Then again, his mother had been Lord Orion Black’s elder sister and his father was Molly’s uncle despite being near in age to herself.

It was easier to allow him to be thought of as a distant cousin…

However, her interest in Hermione had been a surprise. As had her communications with Colin Creevey and Luna Lovegood. Despite being neighbours, Ginny and Luna hadn’t enjoyed one another’s company as children. Molly had attempted playdates given that they were the same age and the offspring of disgraced purebloods.

The Diggorys had allowed playdates occasionally with the twins but only if Molly was hosting, even if they were Hufflepuffs, it was not good ton to be seen with Molly and Arthur.

Molly hadn’t considered really that it was her children’s choice not to invite friends to visit over the summer. Surely, it must have seemed strange to have Percy and Oliver so close for a time and neither visited the other during holidays. She felt self-conscious about only having Ron’s friends Hermione and Harry visit. It was embarrassing that Ron wasn’t speaking to either of his friends, this didn’t mean that Molly had to let the two of them go. They were still part of her family… which was growing. There were Bill’s Harriet and Victoire, Charlie’s child, Harry’s Iris as well as George’s soon-to-be in-laws Ned and Gracie.

This wasn’t including her cousins Mal and Mark, whom she hoped to add to the family. It would make her happy if Mal and Hermione became a couple, but it was likely best if she watched and said nothing. Hermione was still recovering for her potion-induced relationship with Ron and his renewal of a relationship with the Brown heiress Lavender after the discovery of a pregnancy. She had already made a mess of her relationships with her children, she didn’t want to continue it. Accepting their life choices be it a career or relationship at least at face value was important.
Something that she likely should have learned earlier before such a distance began.

August 15, 1997

Fleur had had an emotional connection to her daughters nearly immediately, while she hadn’t known she was expecting twin girls, she had quickly bonded to them. While logically it was the worst time to become pregnant, she had just started her apprenticeship as a Curse Breaker and she was not even engaged, the idea of ending the pregnancy was impossible for her.

She had been attracted to Bill from their first meeting, he had been so welcoming and gorgeous. She had been embarrassed about how ‘easily’ she had fallen in bed with him, worrying that he would think she wasn’t properly brought up.

Yet, he had blamed himself instead and worried for their child’s sake, admitting painfully to being the product of a scandal himself. He had wanted better for his own children, hence their speedy bonding, practically an elopement. Her parents had been disappointed, but Bill won them over easily.

Now, they were just as excited as Molly. Fleur had been so hurt when Bill introduced her as his ‘girlfriend’ to test his mother’s reception of her before admitting to their hasty bonding and pregnancy, the witch had been rude and left her almost in tears. Molly had since changed her perception and had welcomed her to the family, the biscuits and hand-knitted baby things for little Victoire and Harriet meant a lot. Bill had always been so close to his parents, according to the other Curse Breakers, they even came to visit after winning a million Galleons. So, it had seemed strange that they weren’t invited to their bonding. It had been a surprise when not only did their witnesses Viktor and Charlie show up together together but also requested that they serve as witnesses for them as well. Given that both Fleur and Viktor had cousins and friends close in age, to choose a rival champion might have come as a surprise. However, despite appearances and Viktor being used to curse her, the Triwizard had made them rather close.

Despite not being an official godmother to her fellow Champion’s expected daughter Iris, the three girls would no doubt be close. Especially, if Harry was counted as family. If Iris proved to be a Veela, then she would help her get control of her powers.

Given that Bill could be very romantic, Fleur was looking forward to what surprises he had in mind.
It was mid-August before Draco and Hermione managed to take their Sixth Year Exams.

Immediately, they were presented with their Hogwarts letters offering them Head Boy and Head Girl respectively. They were signed by Headmaster Filius, apparently there was still some issues with the staff. Uncle Severus had resigned, Professor McGonagall had refused to be Headmistress and was suspected of stepping down as Deputy Headmistress as well.

Harry was unable to take his exams until he gave birth and his magic was stable, this unfortunately had his studies on hold.

They were surprised when Remus received a letter as well…

Remus frowned as he read it.

Harry chewed his bottom lip, “Is it bad news?”

Remus shook his head, “No, Filius is asking me to return to Hogwarts.”

Draco scowled, “Not to teach Defence…”

Remus chuckled, “No, he wants me to take up the post of Charms Master and teach the upper years as well as supervise the apprentices.”

Harry beamed, “That’s great!”

“He did send a list of the staff, it seems that your cousin has accepted the Defence post to teach the pre-OWLS students at least.”
Draco frowned, “So who is taking the OWL and NEWT students then?”

“Kingsley, that is a surprise. I hadn’t expected him to leave the Auror Department but perhaps, they felt that your cousin needed supervision.” Remus shrugged.

“They are partners, perhaps it seemed advisable for both to take a year off.” Hermione offered.

Draco nodded thoughtfully, “That makes sense. It would be a good idea, all of us at Hogwarts. Harry will be in my Head Boy suite in Slytherin of course, we’ll have to arrange his tutoring since attending classes that late in his pregnancy would be difficult.”

“It is a pity that Severus chose to quit, I heard he was quite a good professor. Despite being disliked as a potions instructor, he proved to be far better teaching Defence. I heard that between Harry’s DA and Severus’ instruction that the students might be caught up despite Umbridge’s attempts to stifle.” Remus mused.

“It’s settled then?” Harry asked, “Are you going to be taking the post of Charms Master?”

Remus nodded, “Yes, I don’t see why I shouldn’t. I will still be your tutor but thank Merlin, Filius is seeing to it that we aren’t teaching upwards of four classes over three periods.”

Hermione gasped, “You mean that Umbridge had a time turner?

Remus sighed, “To teach Transfiguration, Charms, Herbology and Defence you need one. Do not ask me how a ghost manages to keep that ridiculous schedule that Dumbledore wanted. I am hopeful that Filius replaces Binns, but we’ll see.”

It would be nice to have Remus teaching at Hogwarts again, even if Harry couldn’t attend classes.

XoooooooX

August 21, 1997
It was a few weeks since Severus collapsed; since then Severus had been dragged to witness Draco’s bonding contract signing and Harry’s baby shower.

It was the first time Severus was declared comparatively healthy by Andromeda and the look in Alaric’s eyes as well as the desire flowing through their bond promised hours of ravishment.

The smugness in Alaric’s mind and his aura implied that Alaric had devoted time to study how to pleasure him. That knowledge was humbling to Severus and he wasn’t sure how to take that knowledge.

Andromeda vanished as abruptly as she had arrived leaving them alone.

Then Alaric was carrying an embarrassed Severus through Merrivale like a Muggle bride to the younger wizard’s embarrassment.

Severus floated onto their shared bed only to find himself naked with his hands held above his head by silk rope.

“Alaric?”

“You would hide your body from me Severus, I will not allow that. I want to memorise it again. It has been too long since I touched you this way…”

Alaric’s hands caressed his chest, twisting his nipples until they ached even as the Dark Lord kissed and nipped his shoulders.

Severus moaned and trembled.

Alaric chuckled as he licked and then tugged on a nipple, before kissing it, “I can’t wait to see these swell and you full of child. Our bodies and magic joined together, it is I who am unworthy. How can I be worthy of someone I mistreated…?”

Severus ached to wrap his arms around his consort and assure him that he bore him no grudge but all he could do was moan. His body ached for more…
Soon Alaric’s hands were caressing his thighs and drawing them open, baring his more delicate bits. When the Dark Lord cupped his erection, Severus attempted to frot against that hand.

“Eager, are we? Tell me Severus, would you mind terribly if I made you cum?”

“Master…”

Consort he may be, but Alaric quite enjoyed it when Severus called him Master when they were alone. He would prefer if Severus were the only one to use that title from now on…

Severus was more intimately at the Dark Lord’s mercy at this moment then he ever was beneath Alaric’s wand…

A realization that was quite humbling even if Severus was currently restrained, if the younger wizard truly wished to be free he would be released. Alaric didn’t want him to feel trapped or forced, the silken rope was merely a symbol.

Alaric might still be the Dark Lord to a select group of mostly former Slytherins and Ravenclaws, but he was looking to changing their society through more subtle means than his previous attempts. Bonding to Lord Prince, becoming their family’s politician and freeing Severus to brew as well as supporting his Bonded’s retiring from teaching were duties he found acceptable.

As the Dark Lord, Alaric was a political figure whether he wished to be or not. He just had to find appropriate ways to exert that influence.

But enough of politics, he had a lover to please and prove himself worthy of. He might not be a Hufflepuff or a Gryffindor, but he was determined to assure his self-deprecatting soulmate of his sincerity.

Having never been part of a proper family before, Alaric was looking forward to forging one with Severus. Sure, they would both make mistakes, but it would be worth it…
Chapter 47B

Chapter Summary

Ginny is dragged to a healer and Septimus negotiates a bonding contract

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 47B

Andromeda was only mildly surprised when Cedrella Weasley dragged in Ginevra Weasley, she had been asked to quietly examine her godson Neville Longbottom after he was assaulted by that wench.

“Considering the things that I have heard about you… I expected you to end up here at some point.” Andromeda sniffed.

Ginny flinched, “I’m not pregnant…”

Molly was hiding in the corner, while Cedrella took the place of infuriated guardian.

Andromeda had not delivered Ginny or served as her bearer’s healer for any of her pregnancies. Despite being disgraced purebloods, their paths had barely crossed.

She was surprised by one thing, “Am I correct that many of her unwilling paramours,” avoiding the word victim because Augusta forbade it, “were bent?”

Molly nodded.

“This would explain it as well as why they claim that female Weasleys aren’t really born.”

“I am a witch last I looked,” Ginny said sarcastically.
“Because there was a mistake in the womb, would I be correct that your initial scan claimed she was a boy only for a visual scan to dispute that?” Andromeda asked quietly.

Molly flushed. “Yes, we thought that with Cedrella, Belvia and Lucida’s Black blood that she might be a Metamorphmagus like your Tonks. It was so surprising when she ended up a female…”

“What are you talking about?” Ginny scowled.

Andromeda cast a spell at Cedrella, herself and Molly, “As you see this is the result of a gender determination of female, and this is your result.”

Despite the external appearance, Ginny’s results claimed that she was male.

Ginny shook her head, “No way, this is impossible…”

“If she is biologically male but physically female, how did this happen?” Molly asked quietly.

“While one’s fertility varies when compared to one’s peers; I am only a few years older than Molly while I was only able to have one child that I carried with difficulty to term, Molly carried what seven in six pregnancies?”

“Eight pregnancies, I lost one between Charlie and Percy,” Molly swallowed, “a boy of course. Given my stress level after Fabian and Gideon’s supposed deaths and before that, their work with the Order; I am surprised I didn’t lose Ginny. I probably shouldn’t have attempted to carry so many pregnancies to term. I was described as greedy by more than a few witches.”

Her unexpected confession continued, “I ended up with severe post-partum depression after she was born, I really had too many children. I was too cowardly to admit that I couldn’t handle it, but I should have. Septimus and I had a terrible argument not long after Ginny was born, I should have apologized long ago. Sadly, Bill and Charlie had to take up the slack, as did my house elf. I had heard that Lucius described us as having more children than we could afford, as well as Arthur lacking a proper wizard’s pride.”

“Well, he doesn’t,” Cedrella muttered darkly, referring to Arthur's lack of personal pride and self-
“I’m not a boy,” Ginny said stubbornly.

Andromeda sighed, “There are cases where a person’s biological, mental and physical sex are not in alignment. It is usually a case of biological and mental, resulting in transgenders. You were raised female and so, you’ve always thought of yourself as female because of that. Until now, you’ve never needed to question it. However, you are sexually attracted, for whatever reason, to wizards who are attracted to other wizards. Yet, due to your physical sex, they are not attracted to you. Your sex drive is unusual, would I be correct in assuming that you have used a contraception potion?”

Ginny nodded but clammed up.

“There are specific potions for persons with your condition, there are side-effects when using general contraceptive potions. The only way for wizards or persons with your condition to conceive is with magic, you shouldn’t have a womb at all, but you do. Your magic chose to finish what nature allowed, the development of your sexual organs should be less complete.”

“How so?” Cedrella frowned.

“Ginny is fully feminized; she is developing breasts, has a complete vagina with a connected uterus and cervix. There are no undescended testes that could cause her health problems. Her magic has caused quite a phenomenal accomplishment, fully feminized and fertile, although it would have been best if this had not occurred for many years.”

“Why was this not noticed before?” Cedrella scowled.

“It was not considered necessary; this condition typically affects 1 in 1,000 births. Had I been Molly’s healer, I would have asked permission to test Ginny earlier. Given that she was male at first scan, was proved female at a visual scan and was not obviously a metamorph at delivery; it would be the only logical conclusion. Is it possible that it was a case of too many pregnancies making your chances of having a child with Androgen Insensitivity? I am unsure, it is possible that either of you was a carrier. Among Muggles, the hypothesis is that witches are the parent that is likely a carrier of whatever induced this occurring but given that Weasleys are claimed to not have witches, I am suspicious that it comes from Arthur’s line. Were you and Arthur more closely related, I might have considered that as a factor, but you aren’t.”
“Is this condition something that should be disclosed in a bonding contract negotiation?” Cedrella frowned.

“NO!” Ginny hissed, “I’m not a boy!”

“As long as she is physically female with no apparent ill side effects of having Androgen Insensitivity, no. You will need specific contraception potions; however, since your magic has attempted to fix your condition, it may have inadvertently made you more fertile as a result. You were quite lucky that your contraception didn’t fail before.”

“It wasn’t a matter of concern before…” Ginny said under her breath.

Andromeda barely stifled a snicker, “Are you saying that out of your would-be paramours, that this last one was the only one you actually had true vaginal intercourse with and your contraception failed?”

Molly turned bright red at that and Cedrella glowered, “Clearly, that is a Prewett issue.”

Cedrella had not conceived or bore a child until late in her marriage, much like her relation Doria who was Harry’s grandmother. Not that Cedrella explained why, it may have been by choice or circumstance.

Molly felt a bit faint, “Yes, I was less than circumspect. I conceived Bill our first time together, we were irresponsible. We weren’t even engaged, much less betrothed at the time and I was not yet in my Fifth Year. I should never have been made a prefect… I was among the top marks of my year and it was hoped that people would be less likely to realize I had caused a scandal, was a scandal if I received my badge as expected.”

“I was against it, it felt like it was rewarding you,” Cedrella muttered.

“I should never have been a prefect, while I wouldn’t trade away Bill, Charlie or Percy, I wish I had been older. Perhaps, I might have been a better mother…” Molly said wringing her hands.

While the former Gryffindor was likely too self-blaming, it wasn’t entirely her fault that Ginny was the way she was.
It was unlikely that this could have been entirely prevented if no healer thought to investigate why Ginny was magically deemed male during her mother’s first scan and then discovered to be female upon a visual scan but wasn’t a metamorph. Andromeda just hoped that Ginny learned her lesson about this…

XooooooooX

Septimus chose to meet with the Head of this Cormac’s family: a Colina McLaggen, his grandmother.

With Charlie and George’s bondings taking place this week, Septimus wanted the Ginevra situation dealt with. He was fully aware that Cedrella was taking the wayward witch to see her relation Andromeda Tonks, who like his ‘rella was a disowned daughter of the House of Black. He had no interest in the outcome of that exam, he trusted Cedrella to know that Ginevra was pregnant.

He was not exactly pleased that four of his grandchildren had become pregnant prior to their being bonded. In Bill’s case, he had taken responsibility immediately and taken the effort to build a strong relationship with his Fleur. Despite their unintentional indiscretion and age difference, they had a strong bond between them. Bill was still his preferred choice as his successor, Cedrella even approved of Fleur and she was very… conscious of who was worthy to succeed her as Lady of the House of Weasley.

As for Charlie, his magical creature inheritance and their mateship being recognized by their kind exempted him from equal censure. For them, a wizarding bonding was a mere formality. They were raised partially in the wizarding community and a lack of contract would be noticed, especially since Viktor was a famous Quidditch player. Since their race preferred to stick to the shadows, a contract allowed them to avoid drawing too much unwanted attention.

Ron who also impregnated his former girlfriend and now bonded had insisted on informing the Head of his Family, rather than his parents’ to negotiate his contract. For all the rumours of Ron’s irresponsible behaviour and pathetic marks, he at least had some knowledge and care for proprieties. The bonding had been merely a contract signing and officially took place after Ron arrived at the Browns’ primary residence Wren Grove, which was in the Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire following his return from Hogwarts for the Summer. Ron would spend much of his free time on weekends and holidays there, whether or not it was a love match, really wasn’t a concern at the time. No Weasley had been born a bastard and even his least accomplished grandson wasn’t about to embarrass them by refusing to bond.
The Browns’ near neighbours who shared the Forest had been both the Lupins and the Greengrasses at Stow Green Castle, but Remus Lupin had sold the family home to cover a part of his father’s debts before declaring bankruptcy. There were very strict laws on filing bankruptcy, it only applied to Wizarding debts and you had to pay a portion to each creditor. Usually, only an heir could file it; but only if the debts were not incurred by themselves.

He flooed into McLaggen’s, a hedge witch shop, a bit like an apothecary but fresher.

He was met at the floo by Theodosia McLaggen, the Pucey heiress who had been in Bilius’ years and Cormac’s bearer.

“Lady Theodosia,” Septimus said bowing over her hand, despite having bonded to a pureblood who was untitled, she was still the daughter of an Earl.

“Lord Weasley.” Theodosia murmured. “Máthair is waiting.”

Septimus was escorted to a nearby parlour behind the shop, “Who is watching the shop?”

“My niece Maxine, she was not needed for practice today. She was signed to the Harpies as a Reserve Beater last month. My sister by bonding Mairsile needed to harvest today, she raises much of our product.” Theodosia replied quietly.

“I see, I hope our business does not take long. I do not wish to leave you short-handed.” Septimus said kindly.

He really did not, this store was very popular with Irish Wizarding folk. Even those who married into English, Welsh or Scottish wizarding families continued to patronize this store. For some ingredients, even potioneers from such families visited them.

While being seventeen years his junior, she was still quite active, it wasn’t uncommon for wizarding folk to be capable of living quite a while, many decades at least. Former Headmaster Armando Dippet’s biography claimed he was over 200, that was debatable, but he was growing forgetful and overly reliant on counsel towards the end of his service as Headmaster.

Septimus demurred Mrs Colina McLaggen rising, bowing over her hand in greeting before taking an offered chair.
“While I do know that you are the Head of your Family Ms McLaggen, I am surprised that your son is not present.”

“Daimh, my eldest is serving the Ministry in France. While he can floo there, we chose not to burden him with family matters when I can and would handle them.”

It seemed that McLaggen Sr was an ambassador, not bad for an untitled pureblood.

Septimus nodded, “I see, my son is also busy with Ministry business having been placed in leadership of a newly formed department following the disaster two Junes ago.”

“You mentioned that this was concerning my grandson’s behaviour this spring?” Colina frowned.

“Were you informed of his being discovered,”

“Having amorous congress at school in a deserted classroom?” Colina sniffed.

Theodosia stiffened.

“Yes, that is a more delicate description.” Septimus agreed, grateful that she was the type to call a spade a spade, “While they were both given warnings, they apparently found some time to be alone and took things a bit further. It seems that we are going to be great-grandparents…”

Theodosia moaned in horror.

“Get a hold of yourself witch.” Colina snapped.

“Yes, máthair.”

“So, Cormac deflowered a pureblood witch. I thought we taught him better.”
“We had hoped that Ginevra was better brought up than that.”

“With a mother like Mary Prewett,” Colina scoffed.

“Mary” Septimus shrugged, referring to his daughter-in-law who insisted on being called ‘Molly, “has taken the news badly, she has placed guardianship of Ginevra in our hands. I know that such a bonding is disheartening but,”

“Purebloods do not have bastards, they are not betrothed and there is no impediment to their bonding.” Colina scoffed.

A married pureblood who sired a child, usually paid the mistress or extramarital lover to marry another if their bonded was unwilling to adopt it. Unless of course, they were a titled pureblood and the bearer was a Muggleborn… then, it became an open secret that no one mentioned publicly.

The two Heads of the families involved began to hash out a bonding contract.

“In this case, it would seem foolish to insist on a dowry…” Colina mused.

“I don’t think that requiring a bride price is wise either…” Septimus agreed. “However, there is a matter of her owing a debt to her elder brothers. She was previously under the impression that it was a family business and was due some amount of product. The situation has been dealt with, but she is required to work there until the debt is repaid.”

“I will be sure that the debt is repaid in such a manner, has she any ambitions after Hogwarts?”

“She has a thestral of a dream of flying for the Harpies… yet, with her marks, being suspended from the House team and her pregnancy…” Septimus shrugged.

“Very well, if she is not inclined to raise her child herself as her mother did, then she will be expected to assist here as all witches in the family are. After of course, the debt to her brothers is repaid. Now, about her schooling…” Colina frowned.
“While Dumbledore did not allow Mary to be withdrawn and made her a prefect despite her own ill-timed pregnancy, it might be wise for Ginny to take a leave of absence this year. She has completed at least her OWLS, whether she continues her NEWT studies either with a tutor or returns to Hogwarts would be for yourself to arrange since as your grandson’s bonded, she would be under your authority.” Septimus mused.

“Very well, she will be withdrawn for the year. Has her tuition been paid?”

“Flitwick was kind enough to allow us some time to decide who was returning, I will inform him that she will not and that all schooling related queries will be under your discretion.”

“When can the contract be arranged?”

“I have a meeting with Sancus Malfoy, our solicitor later today. I am sure that you can receive it by tomorrow at the latest.”

“Then, Ginevra will be delivered to us as soon as Sancus advises you of receiving the signed contract.”

“Yes,” Septimus nodded.

“Despite being of age, Cormac is not legally allowed to enter a Gringotts or a Ministry bonding contract without my agreement as well as seal and signature until he is twenty-five. I am still able to give consent for him; his agreement is not necessary.”

“I do hope that given the impropriety of his behaviour, that he sees the wisdom of his bonding.” Septimus mused, he was concerned that Ginevra would fume and fuss but at 16 and pregnant, it wasn’t as though she had much choice.

He bid goodbye to Ms Colina and Lady Theodosia, he did pity them that they were going to be receiving his embarrassment of a granddaughter.

Septimus supposed he ought to discuss or at least make a discreet inquiry about the appointment that Cedrella arranged with her distant cousin Andromeda Tonks. ‘rella could always tell him that it wasn’t his business, all he needed to be concerned with was that his unbetrothed granddaughter had become pregnant and needed to be bonded as quickly as possible.
Chapter End Notes

Chapter 48A

Chapter Summary

Charlie and Viktor's bonding

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Chapter 48A

August 23, 1997- Charlie and Viktor Bonding

With the other expected births and bondings planned, it was a bit surprising to the extended family and guests when Fleur attending Charlie’s bonding with twin girls in tow.

They had of course been born on the anniversary of the Third Task but with Charlie’s surprise pregnancy and Harry’s Blessing Shower, yet she hadn’t wanted to overshadow her fellow champion.

Fleur had chosen to have a silencing charm cast on her maternity robes with both Victoire and Harriet held by a wrap so that they merely had to turn their head to nurse. Fleur had disappeared a time or two that afternoon, to change them.

Fleur could have held her daughters’ wiccaning on her birthday but the shock of Ginny being pregnant had postponed it. Their birthdays were quite near one another after all…

It was of course Charlie’s bonding, with all the family drama, the Wicanning was being held later.

Charlie’s witnesses were surprisingly his Quidditch Rival Dora Tonks and her own William, while Viktor’s were herself and his cousin Tihomir Ivanov.

Ron’s bonding was quiet, as was Ginny’s, since they were merely contract signing but Ron consented to his own bonding despite being under the authority of his paternal grandfather. For all her William’s sister’s promiscuous behaviour, she was still a pureblood witch and her activities had
been hushed up. Not for her sake but rather for her former ‘partners’. William’s grandfather Septimus had neither offered a small dowry, nor did he require a bride price.

Ron was present with Lavender, who must be under a glamor charm, despite the family knowing of her pregnancy.

Fleur allowed Molly and Arthur to fuss over Victoire and Harriet while she and Bill took their places as witnesses.

The ceremony was in Russian with Viktor’s grandfathers Damitar and Nebosja presiding. Fleur was surprised by that, she had expected that Septimus and Cedrella would have insisted on being more involved.

Fleur’s Russian wasn’t as accomplished as her English, despite being raised in France, she did have a British father. She just had taken her mother’s accent…

Nebosja offered a dish of what smelled like honey cake that he fed to both Viktor and Charlie. Then there was something called the stepping ritual where the newly bonded couple attempted to purposefully step on the other’s foot. Despite being a supposedly competitive Gryffindor, a shy Charlie ended up being stepped on.

The bonding complete and the contract produced by William’s brother Percy signed by herself, William, Tonks and Tihomir.

They were followed into Septimus and Cedrella’s home **Wellsley Ridge**, where Charlie turned as red as his hair to walk over white silk and rose petals before entering.

Cedrella welcomed them into her home as Viktor and Charlus Krum, or rather Vitya and Charlie as their families respectively chose to call them. However, Viktor’s family as well as Viktor himself addressed Charlie as ‘Karlik’, which was the Russian version to Charlie.

Despite both having the preferred Quidditch position of Seeker, they had a cake shaped like a dragon guarding golden eggs commemorating the Triwizard Tournament that brought them together.

Viktor’s family seemed to like Charlie, even teasing him about how long he took to allow his mate
The fact that he had conceived first seemed to be forgotten, despite the lip service to gender equality, conception before bonding was treated differently. A pregnant witch was treated as if she had embarrassed her family in some way, while a wizard bearer who conceived, was seen as lucky or blessed. This might have annoyed Fleur but given that Charlie was family and she was still in the ‘honeymoon phase’ of her own bonding, she couldn’t make herself mad. Besides, she knew as a Veela that she was very fertile, and they knew earlier than most. It made it easier to be married quietly and with twins, being born early was easy to explain away.

Luckily, Victoire and Harriet kept the same sleep schedule. She, William and her nanny elf alternated care during the night, so they were rested. Surprisingly, despite the Weasley and Prewett’s red hair and the Weasley’s freckles, Victoire and Harriet were blonde like her but had darker eyes like sapphires rather than shades of lake or sky blue common to the uncles’.

Ginny wasn’t present, her fury at her pregnancy and near-immediate bonding had made that a decision that Fleur couldn’t fault.

Ron had reportedly signed the contract practically as soon as he arrived at Lavender’s home following his train ride from Hogwarts. Unlike her own bonding and now Charlie’s, her younger in-laws Ron and Ginny had merely had contracts.

Fleur had heard that Lavender was going to take a year off from her studies to focus on her and Ron’s daughter. After that, a tutor was expected…

However, Harry was going to return to his studies as soon as his healer cleared him.

A few students from Hogwarts had attended Viktor and Charlie’s bonding, mostly Slytherins. Harry’s Draco and George’s Theo among them… also, there was William’s cousin Mal who seemed to have come has Hermione’s date.

Fleur in her intentionally throaty French accent, mentioned in a toast that her and William’s eldest daughter was named for Viktor and their fallen fellow Champion Cedric who was the Weasleys’ neighbour growing up. It was a fitting double tribute…

Viktor’s Uncle Dragomir, the Head of the dragon preserve spoke on how he set them up as a couple and how pleased Charlie was that one of his finest dragon keepers was now family.
Septimus welcomed Viktor, the Krums, the Ionescues and the Ivanovs to the family. Toasting Charlie’s unborn child and hoping for a true Weasley. Fleur expected that meant a boy, given that Weasleys supposedly didn’t have girls, unless it was sired by a non-Weasley. The news that Fleur was expecting twin girls had sparked comments about her William being more Prewett than Weasley.

Then again, Ron was expecting a girl as well and no one had mentioned what Ginny was having. Perhaps, it was too soon to tell. Either that, or they did not wish to publicize just how reckless the girl was…

There were a number of gifts, from Healer Andromeda came a number of pregnancy-related potions; like Harry, there were gifts from Charlie’s former professors at Hogwarts, Fleur had not had time to shop, though she had intended to, so there was merely a certificate for Charlene’s Baby Emporium.

It was surprising that Hermione had stayed in the company of the witch from Harry’s Blessing Shower, Mal Prewett who was related to her William in some way. Hermione had sat with Luna Lovegood, a neighbour to the Weasleys and her date Colin Creevey who was using what appeared to be a muggle camera to take pictures.

Viktor seemed quietly smug, while Charlie had a look she knew well, there could be no doubt when the couple’s eyes met or when Viktor called him Karlik and the dragon keeper shivered, blushing as red as his hair, that their bond was true.

Since Charlie was only pregnant by a few months and had taken the position of teaching Care of Magical Creatures at Hogwarts, it wasn’t all that surprising that they had rented a house in Hogsmeade but given that classes would begin soon were forgoing a honeymoon.

The Weasleys seemed pleased with the union, not because of Viktor’s celebrity status as either a world-famous Seeker or as a former Triwizard Champion representing Durmstrang but merely as someone that Charlie loved.

As Viktor’s friend and Charlie’s sister-in-law, Fleur was just as pleased to be a witness for them as Bill was.

XoooooooX
Hermione had asked Luna about Mal Prewett, learning that she was being taken in by the Weasleys and had as horrible a home life as Harry. She hadn’t managed to get the girl out of her head, even having a few dreams about dates that included muggle movies and shy on her part, snogging.

It shouldn’t have been a surprise when Hermione joined Luna and Colin to wait for the Weasleys, having arrived early at the ritual site with Harry and Draco.

Mal looked annoyed when she appeared but her expression softened when she spotted Hermione.

Hermione stammered out a request for Mal to be her date.

She had been flattered in the past by Viktor’s request for her to be his date for the Yule Ball, but he had explained that he wasn’t able to take his lover. They had gone as friends, something that Hermione hadn’t explained to Ron or even Neville when they ‘asked’. Hermione hadn’t expected that Charlie was Viktor’s lover but if they got together prior to the First Task, then it made sense why Charlie wasn’t able or ready to appear publicly with him. Hermione wasn’t social and neither Harry or Ron were actually interested in attending with her, so Charlie must have mentioned her to Viktor. Why else would he have asked her?

Mal accepted her request to Luna’s smugness as she leaned into Colin, that had been a surprise. Hermione hadn’t realized that despite Luna and Neville’s closeness last year that they weren’t a couple.

Luna giggled, “Neville is not for me, he is a good friend, but his heart lies elsewhere. Colin wishes to travel with me and take a picture of a Crumple-Horned Snorkack. We’ll probably go after we graduate, I suspect that they will make us Head Boy and Head Girl. Wouldn’t that be something? Four DA members end up Head Girl…”

Hermione was aware that Angelina had been Head Girl serving with Adrian Pucey who was Head Boy, while Katie Bell (Belby) and Aodhan Urquhart had succeeded them. A Gryffindor Head Girl and Slytherin Head Boy three years in a row was strange. During the Triwizard Tournament, they had Slytherin Head Girl Desdemona Meliflua and a Ravenclaw Head Boy Gerald Vaisley. Before them were Percy, a Gryffindor and Penelope Clearwater, a Ravenclaw.

Mal’s arm ended up on the back of Hermione’s chair, making her feel sheltered and shy. They sat on Viktor’s side while the Weasleys minus Charlie, Bill and Fleur sat on what would be Bill’s side. Despite being married… well, bonded in Britain, the ceremony was in Russian.
Hermione had learned a bit of Russian through her association with Viktor but reading Cyrillic gave her a headache. It was so different, if she had learned it growing up, it probably wouldn’t bother her.

Hermione felt so comfortable that seeing Ron with Lavender didn’t bother her at all, sure she was annoyed about the love potion that took her free will away. For all Dumbledore’s comments about choices making you who you are; clearly, his ‘greater good’ outweighed allowing individuals to make choices.

Lavender hadn’t exactly been aware of Hermione’s relationship with Ron, aside from their contentious debate over Hermione’s potion-fuelled attendance at Ron’s side following his poisoning.

Hermione cared more about watching the obvious relationship portrayed between Charlie and his now bonded as well as their extended family. Mal was reportedly being treated as if she was a closer member of the family. Hermione felt an instant connection to the witch, it had nothing to do with becoming an official member of the Weasley family.

The post-bonding dancing had Hermione flustered and shy, she had never danced with a woman outside of her dancing instructor. She was shyly anticipating Mal actually asking her out, after asking Mal to be her date, the witch should be convinced of her acceptance.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 48B

August 25, 1997- Victoire and Harriet Wiccaning

Septimus and Apolline had agreed to share the duties of overseeing the wiccaning of the youngest members of their Houses.

Just as Bill and Fleur each held a babe, with Victoire in Bill’s and Harriet in Fleur’s.

Bill’s grandfather and Fleur’s mother welcomed the elements and the ancestors as well as their guests.

Apolline held out her hands, her glistening golden wings spread, “We are met in this Circle to ask the blessings of those who came before on the daughters of William Weasley and Fleur Antoinette Delacour. May they grow in beauty and strength, joy and wisdom.”

“There are many destinies, and each must find their own. Therefore, we do not seek to bind these heiresses to any one destiny while she is still too young to choose. Instead, we ask the magic that makes us one people and those who have come before to bless, protect and prepare them through the years of their childhood. Then, when they are at last fully grown, shall know, without a doubt, which Path is hers, and shall tread it gladly.” Septimus beamed at his grandson and heir.

“William, you and her bearer have chosen a name for your firstborn. What is that name?”

“Victoire Cedrina after her fellow Triwizard champions, but to be called Tori,” William said proudly.

Septimus turned to Fleur, “You and my grandson have chosen a name for her sister, what is it?”

Fleur smiled down at the girl in her arms, “Harriet Fleuretta, we’re going to call her ‘Rietta’.”
“Also, a wonderful name,” Apolline beamed. "Then to us all and her ancestors, they shall be known as Tori and Rietta Delacour." she dipped her finger in a jar of lavender oil, she anointed Tori and Rietta’s forehead with oil, “In ancient days, the good fairies all blessed the baby with a special gift or blessing, Their parents ass now that a few of you bestow them with a personal blessing. I bless thee, Tori and Rietta with oil, and welcome thee as one witch to another."

Septimus dipped his finger into a chalice of wine, before repeating his grandson’s mother-in-law’s actions. "I bless thee, Tori and Rietta with wine, and welcome thee to the family."

They were family, despite having been born to a Delacour and taking her name- it had been part of the marriage contract. All witches would receive the Delacour name, having not expected Bill to have daughters, it had been easily agreed to. Bill was clearly more Prewett then Weasley to have daughters so easily. After all, Ginny was only seemingly female due to a sort of birth defect according to Cedrella’s healer.

Gabrielle, Fleur’s sister stepped forward, "I bless thee, Tori and Rietta with water, and welcome thee as one sister to another."

Apolline’s husband, born Edmund Rosier, gently rest the palms of his hands on his granddaughter's head, "I dedicate you to a life of peace and love." Unlike his younger brother and sire, Edmund had never taken the Mark. In fact, he had bonded against his parents’ will to be free of their expectations.

Luna, who was their cousin Colin’s date, skipped up to rest her hand over Tori and Rietta’s ‘third eye’ and spoke, "It is my wish that you may see your way clearly."

Colin who had followed her, touched just above Tori and Rietta’s hearts, "It is my wish that your heart always be open."

Oliver, a former Gryffindor Quidditch teammate, grinned at Percy as he offered his own blessing, "It is my wish that you may speak the truth."

Hermione moved to join the blessings, "It is my wish that your will and strength be strong."

Given her brush with potions that had stolen that from her to those who knew, her wish made sense.
Mal bristled slightly but relaxed when Hermione returned to her side.

George flushed as he added his own wish aloud, "It is my wish that you be joyful and loving."

Apolline nodded, holding her hands out, "Are there any here who would stand as Godparents to Lady Tori?"

Tori was being born to Septimus’ heir, which technically, made her and her sister ladies.

Bill nodded, “My brother Charlus and his bonded, Victor.”

Charlie and Victor stepped forward.

Apolline addressed them. “Do you Charlie and Victor promise to be a friend to Tori throughout her childhood; to aid and guide as needed; and in concord with her parents, to watch over her and love her as if she were of your own blood; until she is ready to choose her own Path?”

Victor nodded, “I, Victor Brankovitch Krum, do so promise."

Charlie beamed at him, “I, Charlus Erec Krum, born to the House of Weasley and of the House of Prewett, do so promise.”

Bill hugged them both before placing Tori in Charlie’s arms.

Tori might not be Charlie’s daughter but there was something right about Charlie holding a baby, it made him relax and even glow more.

Septimus let Viktor and Charlie step to the side before asking, "Are there any here who would stand as Godparents to Lady Rietta?"

Fleur gestured with her free hand, “My fellow Champion Harry Potter and his bonded, Draco
Harry and Draco headed over, Harry was still pregnant, making him a bit unsteady on his feet, but Draco supported him.

Septimus addressed them, “Do you Harry and Draco promise to be a friend to Rietta throughout her childhood; to aid and guide as needed; and in concord with her parents, to watch over her and love her as if she were of your own blood; until, she is ready to choose her own Path?”


Draco grinned at his cousin, “I, Draconis Lucius Malfoy, do so promise.”

His maternal grandmother Drusilla Rosier was the younger sister of Fleur’s paternal grandfather Ector Rosier.

Apolline continued, ”We, their friends and family have welcomed them. Therefore, O Circle of Stars, shine in peace on Tori and Rietta. So mote it be!”

The attending throng chorused, "So mote it be!"

Cedrella spoke up, "There is a reception and dinner in the adjoining dining hall for those who wish to attend."

No sooner had the Weasley Matriarch finished speaking, great wizard crackers sparked, zipping through the sky and exploded in flashes of colour.

The flush on George’s face and Theo’s smug look reminded one that their bonding was fast approaching as well.

XoooooooX

August 27, 1997- George and Theo Bonding
Since Theo was now the head of his family and wasn’t exactly on speaking terms with his nearer relations, he had asked George’s grandparents to oversee their bonding.

The Crouchess, Theo’s Uncle Castor had married George’s great-aunt Charis Black were extinct in the Male Line according to Gringotts. The Carrows, through his aunt Clytemnestra were borderline insane in Theo’s opinion, (rumour had it that Amycus and Alecto were forcibly married after being caught doing things that no brother and sister should). Plus, they were obvious supporters of the Dark Lord. As for the Belbys, through Theo’s Aunt Clara, they were in a Cold War with their Smith relatives since the previous Belby heir Damocles had bonded to a werewolf and been disowned by his sire. Madam Abigail Smith had bonded to his Aunt Clara’s son Julius, she hadn’t agreed with her bonded choice to disown her eldest son.

Theo and his siblings Ned and Gracie were from his sire’s second marriage making them closer in age to their aunts and uncle’s grandchildren.

His siblings were excited about George becoming an official part of their family, George had taken Ned under his wing after Theo’s brother was Sorted into Gryffindor and had helped Theo hide Gracie for her own protection at Hogwarts.

Theo was getting ready at Mansfield Hall, his birthplace. He had given Lady Cedrella access to the Nott seal to have the place redecorated, no cost limit or questions asked. He was pleased with her work, she had even redone the potions lab in the basement.

George was getting ready at Wellesley Ridge, likely being teased by his brothers.

Theo wasn’t exactly surprised when Draco and Blaise let themselves in.

Thanks to his sire’s arrest as well as his lover’s business partner being bonded to Draco, he had started getting close to his childhood friends. Draco was proving far less of a Lucius Malfoy sycophant and seemed to be maturing into a thoughtful young man.

Ned wasn’t even upset when he asked Blaise and Draco to be his witnesses… Ned was mature enough to recognise that he was still too young to sign a contract and George couldn’t witness their own bonding contract.

Theo was certain that George was asking his eldest brother Bill and his twin Fred to stand up with
him.

Theo was anxious…

This didn’t mean that Ned and Gracie were being left out, not at all.

Gracie was going to hold the quill and Ned was going to lead them to the Arch of Seven Blessings to give them each blessing. They would also be ‘asked’ if they welcomed George to the family, just as George’s brothers were to be asked. Then, Gracie was going to ask if he wanted to be their official guardian…

Theo was waiting impatiently for Draco to announce that it was time…

XoooooooX

Despite being twins, Charlie had forbidden Fred from helping George prepare.

The only siblings ‘allowed’ were Charlie and a very embarrassed Percy.

Percy was still trying to pretend he wasn’t seeing anyone, but his brothers knew better. He and Oliver had a falling out the summer before their Seventh Year. Percy had tried a relationship with Penelope Clearwater, who became Head Girl but that hadn’t lasted.

Alicia and Angelina were there as well primping George, they maybe Quidditch players but they were as fashion-forward as Pansy or Lavender.

Harry would have been there but he was too close to delivering to be comfortable flooing multiple places or early. It was determined that he should stick to just flooing at the same time as their other guests.

George knew that if they could have done this at Ivy Hall, then Harry would have been there but the fewer people who knew where he was, the safer for him and his daughter.
Being with a partner who was just as potions obsessed as himself, they had brewed or at least procured contraceptive potions. Despite wanting children of his own with Theo, his fiancé was only a Seventh Year and George really wanted to finish his Potions apprenticeship to an accomplished Potions Master first. He had tried to get Snape's agreement for almost a year, he hoped with Dumbledore gone and a more reasonable Headmaster, that Snape might agree.

George wanted to train under the best, for all Snape's snark, he was the best...

It drew nearer the appointed time, Charlie hustled them to the floo and they made their way to the floo in the study so not to block guest traffic.

They were to be bonded outside with George's grandparents presiding, George was excited and nervous. He had no intention of changing their business’ name but he was eager to be George Nott.

Unlike Fred, George had always wanted to take his husband's name, Fred's identity was highly intertwined with being a Weasley. Charlie understood and was legally Viktor's submissive husband, as in the bearer of his children.

Ron and Ginny would not be present because they were not invited, excluding them was not because he disliked them, but rather because they were so anti-Slytherin that they would object. George refused to have that sort of prejudice at his bonding. He had kept his guest list to his friends from the Gryffindor House Quidditch Team and his family. Theo had his siblings and trusted members from Slytherin House, he did not invite any of his paternal relatives. Snape and Harry were some of his trusted maternal relations who could be trusted to attend without drama.

Snape seemed softer at Harry's blessing shower, his consort seemed to be the chaser in that relationship. Skillwise, George respected Snape.

The ceremony was similar in some ways to Bill's, both George and Theo repeated their vows. They made oaths not to go to bed angry, not to use their hands in anger and to cherish every moment together.

Ned led them to the Arch of Seven Blessings, it wasn't required but he had built it himself. He spoke each colour and its meaning confidently, blushing when he came to the colour that meant fertility. “Just because I expect nieces and nephews, don't make it too soon.”

George blushed, “Our plan is to wait until I finish a potions apprenticeship, I do a lot of inventing
but it is more responsible to have at least one Potions Master on Payroll.”

Snape surprised them by speaking up, “Since Theo and I are kin, I would agree to an apprenticeship for the both of you. I always intended to be available if Draco wished to be a Potions Master.”

Theo inclined his head, “Thank you, cousin.”

It was weird being first cousins to the Head of Slytherin, but if they were able to study under the youngest and held to be the best Potions Master in Britain, if not the World, then they would handle the weirdness.

That bit of excitement put aside and Ned's part in the bonding complete, Gracie skipped up with the quill and watched as they signed the bonding contract.

With Bill and Fred witnessing for George, as well as Draco and Blaise for Theo...

The final part of the ceremony was Gracie's, she took George's hand, “You have just become my brother officially, do you wish to be my guardian as well?”

Ned joined her, “Our guardian.”

George swept them in his arms, “Of course.”

When Theo pulled George into their first kiss as Lord Nott and consort, their guests cheered.

There was a brief reception, then Theo and George left for a very short honeymoon. Blaise had gifted them a stay at Atlantia, a wizarding resort in Greece that he had inherited shares in.

Their guests left soon after, Theo would likely not be riding the train with them. Nor, did the new Headmaster expect him to stay in the castle every night. Theo was a bonded wizard after all.

What Theo didn't realize was that the Weasleys had done more than just redecorate Mansfield or
oversee their bonding.

But that was a surprise for after their return from their honeymoon...
Chapter 50

August 28, 1997

Draco could have taken his exams earlier but he had chosen to wait for Hermione to be medically cleared by his Aunt Andromeda.

The two of them had received their Hogwarts letters weeks ago and were already packed of course. Draco was looking forward to being Head Boy, it came with an apartment that was of course already prepared and waiting for them.

They had an exact copy of their nursery here at Ivy Hall, which pleased Harry when he was shown pictures of it. Draco has taken his exams so late that it had been a bit harrowing...

* Flashback *

They flooed to Hogwarts, which was deemed safe since Dumbledore was dead. He was surprised to floo into the Headmaster's office where they were met by Filius Flitwick.

He shook their hands, “Are you feeling better, Miss Granger?”

Hermione nodded, “Yes, professor... I mean Headmaster.”
Flitwick turned to Draco, “How is Harry? I hope he and the baby are doing well.”

Draco beamed, “They are both well, thank you for asking.”

Hermione frowned, “I had been under the impression that we would be taking our exams at the Ministry…”

Flitwick chuckled, “That was the original plan: however, I decided this was definitely safer. I have copies of all of the Sixth Year exams, with the exception of the NEWT Potions exam. We are taking the exams in Professor Slughorn's classroom if you will follow me.”

The two almost seventh years followed demurely.

On the way there, the new Headmaster asked about their summer, if they had difficulty with their summer homework and what plans they had as Head Boy and Girl.

Despite Draco's distraction of his mother's imprisonment and his task, as well as Hermione's illness, they were still being considered for the positions.

Provided of course, that they scored well...

Given that had been first and second in their year since the beginning, this was guaranteed.

They settled in with their exams sheets, written was first of course and then practical

They broke for lunch before continuing, it didn't take as long as it would have if it was during the school year.

Flitwick had graded each written exam as they finished and assured them that they passed admirably.

Mentally exhausted, they were grateful to be escorted to the floo and passed out on couches in the receiving room...
Draco and Hermione had plans to ‘unite the Houses’, given that he was a Slytherin that was bonded to a Gryffindor and Dumbledore was dead, it should work...

He was looking forward to returning as Head Boy, a part of him wished his father was free to be proud of him for his accomplishments.

He was a bonded man, Head Boy, fatherhood was impending and he was making his mark as a politician.

While Politics would never be his first love or first choice as a career path, Draco was determined to be a success...

Remus was returning to teach, Severus was gone and that wasn’t the only change.

At least, Draco wouldn’t be the only married student. So would Theo…

Draco remembered being asked at the blessing shower who he was recommending as his Seventh Year prefect replacement due to his being the prospective Head Boy.

As a best friend, Draco should recommend Blaise, but marks-wise it should go to Theo.

Draco remembered explaining the pros and cons of each getting the badge but in the end, hadn’t made a proper recommendation. He left Flitwick thoughtful, in the flurry of bondings and wiccannings, neither had mentioned it. Draco would just have to wait until the train…

Draco was glad that he no longer had to keep his relationship a secret because Iris was too precious to be kept in the shadows. He was not ashamed of their relationship, with Dumbledore dead and a tentative peace between the Dark Lord and Harry, it was a far safer world for Iris then it had been when they discovered her conception...
Chapter End Notes


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