

Crossroads

Sequel to King's Cross

Summary: It's Scorpius' first summer at home with Draco and Harry. What is it like for all of them in their new lives? And then there is something about a wedding...

This is dedicated to Corey on his birthday!

Chapter One—Scorpius

Scorpius watched the scenery rumble by him as he gazed out the window from his compartment on the Hogwarts Express. His first year was over and it was time to go home. But go home to what? He wasn't to live at the manor anymore. He was to live in that tiny London house with his father and Harry Potter, his father's...well. Lover, he supposed. He tried not to think about it all year, but now that he was heading home, he wondered how uncomfortable it might be, though it was a relief not having to endure the few straining bits of attention from his mother. She was gone to the continent already. She had written him a brief letter that could have been written to anyone. He had thrown it away.

How would it be to live with Harry Potter? He had heard so many stories about him over the years. Grandfather gushed about him to the point where he began to wonder a bit about his grandfather. But Scorpius himself had a Chocolate Frog card of Potter which he kept in a secret location. After he had met Albus Potter he had been embarrassed for his friends to know he had it, let alone for his own father to know. Scorpius had always admired Potter, thought of him as some sort of rock star, someone always distant that normal people weren't allowed to know. And here was Scorpius going to live with him now!

The door slid back and Albus Potter staggered in, his arms full of sweets from the cart.

"Albus! Did you buy the whole lot?"

"Nearly!" He dropped them all onto the seat between them and they both dug in.

It had been difficult at first, looking Albus in the eye once they both found out about their fathers, but on that first train ride back to Hogwarts they had told each other things they never would have gotten around to, he was certain. They were even faster friends after that. And it was a good thing, too,

because the ribbing from the others once *they* found out had been horrendous, even after the Big Detention.

Albus grabbed a Chocolate Frog first and tore it open. Before the frog could leap away he stuffed its head into his mouth and chewed. Then he looked at the card. "It's Dad, again," he said, mouth full. "But the cv has changed." He tossed it disinterestedly onto the pile and Scorpius couldn't help but snatch it up and read it.

Instead of saying "married to Ginny Weasley" it said "divorced from Ginny Weasley after a marriage of sixteen years. Currently in residence with Draco Malfoy." Scorpius hoped it would say more, at least more about his own father, but nothing ever went into detail about the Malfoys. It was as if no one wanted to think about them.

"Didn't my father go to school with your Dad?" asked Scorpius, looking at the smiling face of the "hero pose" of Harry Potter. Potter gave an embarrassed wave from the card.

"Yeah," said Albus, a Cockroach Cluster hanging from his lips.

"Well, why don't the books ever talk about him? Didn't he ever do anything worthy of note?"

Albus stared at Scorpius. "You're kidding, right?"

"What do you mean?"

"Haven't you ever read *Hogwarts: A History*?"

"No. My father said it was full of all sorts of lies and not to bother."

Albus rolled his eyes and sat back. "Oh, boy. Listen, Scorp. We're best mates, right?"

He gave a quick nod. "Absolutely."

“Then...if I tell you some stuff—stuff that you may not like—we’ll still be mates. Right?”

Now Scorpius was feeling uneasy. “Yeah. I guess.”

Albus swallowed the last of the Cockroach and sat back. “Well, they did know each other in school. As a matter of fact, they were enemies.”

Yes, he had gathered that much. Especially from some of the things Grandfather had let slip. Though it didn’t seem to make any sense. If they had been enemies why were they so lovey dovey now? “Seems strange,” he said.

“I know,” said Albus with a portentous tone. “They hated each other. They competed in Quidditch, they dueled, they...they...did horrible things to each other. And in Dad’s sixth year, your dad allowed Death Eaters to get into Hogwarts and they killed Albus Dumbledore.”

“Severus Snape killed Dumbledore. And why would my father do that?”

“Because he was a Death Eater.”

Scorpius jumped to his feet. But the train lurched and he fell back to his seat again. “My father was *not* a Death Eater!”

“Yeah, he was. And so was your grandfather.”

“I know about my grandfather,” he said, thinking of the stately Lucius Malfoy. He didn’t seem like the type, though, except for a few things he said in passing. “But not my father!”

“Haven’t you ever seen the Dark Mark on his left arm?”

“No!”

"Have you ever *seen* his left arm?"

"No...." He stared at his friend. Albus wouldn't lie. He couldn't, not about something so easily checked. "Was he really?" he said in a smaller voice. It kind of made him sick to his stomach.

"Well he didn't want to be," said Albus in a gentler tone. "They said he was forced to it 'cause Voldemort threatened your grandparents. So he had to do all these terrible things. And he was supposed to kill Dumbledore but he couldn't do it."

That made Scorpius feel a little better but not much. He was determined now to ask his father. He'd be the laughing stock of Slytherin next year if he didn't know all these things.

He fell silent and returned to looking out the window.

"Scorp?" came a shy voice beside him.

He continued to look out the window. "Yeah?"

"Are we all right? I mean, I didn't make it up to hurt you, or anything. It's just...the truth. And it was a long time ago 'cause obviously Dad doesn't have any hard feelings. Well, you know."

Scorpius heard the last and muttered, "*Hard* feelings." He suddenly burst into giggles. He looked at Albus who started laughing too. They didn't understand much about sex yet, but they knew a few obvious things and the idea of two men seemed ridiculous. They had heard all year how disgusting it was from their fellow classmates, but they had seen firsthand the love shared between the two men and they didn't find it disgusting any more than when heterosexual couples got too romantic in public.

"Hey Scorp. Do you think your dad will let you spend some of the summer at my house?"

"Maybe. Maybe you can spend the first part at *my* house!"

"Yeah! That's brilliant! Then I can see Dad too!"

That settled, they began feasting again on all the sweets Albus had collected.

* * *

The train was slowing down which meant it was pulling into the station. Albus and Scorpius collected their things and readied with the other students to depart for the summer.

“Do you suppose Dad will be here?” asked Albus.

“I should think so. He’d want to see you and James.”

Scorpius thought it was a bit sad that these two wouldn’t get to spend the whole summer with both of their parents. At least he would be with *his* father.

He ducked down, looking out the window as they pulled into the station. Would he be able to see his father?

“Come on, Scorp. The train’s stopping.”

“Okay!” They pushed their way down the corridor and got to the door just as the train hissed to a stop. The conductor opened the door and put down the step. He and Albus were the first to exit and they wandered down the platform looking for their fathers.

“Albus!”

“Dad!” Albus broke into a run and fell into his father’s embrace. The man kissed his son and Albus tried to squirm out of it. “Dad. People are watching!”

“Oh. Sorry.” He wore a wide grin.

Scorpius came up behind Albus. “Hullo, Mr. Potter.”

"Hi, there, Scorpius. Dear me. We can't have that all summer, can we?"

"What, sir?"

"'Mr. Potter' this and 'sir' that. I think you'd better call me 'Harry'."

"But I'm never to address an adult by their first name, sir."

"And rightly so," said that familiar drawl Scorpius loved. He turned and saw the scowling countenance of his father. But he knew he wasn't scowling at him. It was just his way. "Where were you raised, Potter? A commune?"

Potter laughed. "Where did you hear that word?"

His father straightened his robes. "I've learned a thing or two over the years, you know." He turned to Scorpius and smiled. "How's my son? Was it a good year?"

"It was quite good, Father, despite a few things. Father, Albus and I were wondering if he couldn't spend the first part of the summer with us and I could spend the next part with him at his house. What do you think?"

They both looked at Potter who wore a brilliant smile. "Albus would spend part of the summer with me? That would be brilliant! Um...but we'd have to ask his mum first."

But Scorpius saw the saddened look on Draco's face. Was it because Scorpius wanted to spend part of the summer at Godric's Hollow?

"It would only be part of the summer, Father," he said, laying a hand on his arm. "Maybe just for a fortnight? We'll still have plenty of time to be together."

His father looked toward Potter who also tried to assuage him. "He'll be all right, Draco. It will be good for them. And we'll do plenty when they're with us. Pretty please?"

His father sneered at Potter. "Oh, Potter, do shut up."

"Yay!" said Albus. "I'll go find Mum!"

"Uh oh," said Potter. "I'd better go with him. Maybe I should use a *Protego*."

They both headed down the platform leaving Scorpius alone with his father. He looked up at that familiar pointy face and blond hair. "It's good to be home, Father. I can't wait to see my new room."

His father looked down at him uneasily. "It's not very big."

"I don't mind. Is it big enough to share with Albus?"

"Yes, I suppose."

"Is it all right that he stay?"

"Anything you want."

"Good. Thank you."

"We will have to go to the manor for dinner a few times. Grandfather and Grandmother wish to see you."

"Of course." He was a Malfoy. He understood his duty. "Father, may I call Mr. Potter 'Harry' like he said?"

He sighed heavily. "I suppose he will insist on it. He wasn't brought up very well."

“I know. I read about it on—” He was going to say “his Chocolate Frog card,” but he thought better of mentioning it.

His father ignored the hanging remark or was too distracted. He laid his hand on Scorpius’ shoulder instead. “I am very happy to have you home. I missed you.”

“I missed you, too, Father.”

“We’ll have plenty of time to hear all about your first year. I am anxious to know the things you’ve learned.”

“Yes. I want a chance for us to talk, too. Privately.”

His father looked down at him, a puzzled and worried expression frowning his blond brows. Scorpius smiled, trying to take the sting away.

Albus and Harry returned by then and his friend was smiling broadly. “It’s a go! Mum said I should let you be home alone with your dad for at least a week and then I’m coming.” He looked up at Scorpius’ father. “I hope that’s all right with you, Mr. Malfoy.”

His father stared down at his friend for a long moment before he replied, barely concealing a sneer, “I suppose you had best call me...Draco.”

* * *

Scorpius was amazed when his father announced they would be taking a Muggle taxi back to the London house. They shrank his trunk and hauled his owl cage into the cab with them and, cramped together, sped through London’s streets.

Scorpius glued his eyes to the window, looking at all the sights and all the Muggles! They all rode in taxis and cars and buses and bicycles. He wondered where they were all going.

His father and Harry were quiet as they rode, looking from time to time at each other in that sappy way. Scorpius rolled his eyes at it and continued to study the Muggles in their funny clothes and all the strange adverts on buses and shop windows.

Finally, the taxi turned down a lovely tree-lined street and Scorpius wasn't surprised to see them stop before a large, brick house with spires and crooked towers. The obvious Wizarding house made him feel more at home in the midst of all these Muggle houses and he breathed a sigh.

He jumped out of the taxi and climbed the steps with his owl cage, not waiting for the others. He felt the wards peel off of him as he entered the foyer and looked around. He instantly liked it and thought he would like something similar when he was done with Hogwarts.

"Where's my room?"

His father sighed. "I will forgive your deplorable lack of manners, owing it to all those students you were living amongst for the last ten months. But do get them back soon."

He laughed and gave his father a hug—difficult with an owl cage in one's hand. "Sorry, Father. May I *please* see my room?"

"I'll take him," said Harry.

Scorpius beamed. Harry Potter was just like he thought he'd be. He was friendly, courteous, and always cheerful. He even winked at Scorpius and led him up the stairs.

He pointed out various other rooms once they got to the landing. "That's your dad's and my room—" and then he stopped himself and reddened. "Well...er...it's...um...your dad's room and I—" He looked around vaguely when Scorpius decided to rescue him.

"I know you sleep in the same room, Harry. I'm not a child."

Harry laughed uncomfortably and ran his hands through his messy hair. "And...um...this is your room!"

He opened a door not too far from his father's room and Scorpius looked inside. His face broke into a grin. It was perfect! It was in one of the crooked towers with windows from floor to ceiling overlooking the Muggle street. And a big bed like his own at the manor stood in the middle with a large wardrobe and an adjoining bathroom.

He set the owl cage by the windows and looked down to the street. "It's brilliant!" he cried.

"I knew you'd like it," said Harry. "Your dad tried to tell me that you'd prefer the one down the corridor but it was dark and the only view you had was the back garden. I reckoned a boy your age would prefer to look at the street."

"Thank you, Harry." He didn't want to seem as if his father would have chosen unwisely, so he quickly amended, "Not that Father's idea was bad. It's just...I like this one much better."

Draco brought in his shrunken trunk and set it down, *Engorging* it again. "Is it all right?" he asked worriedly. "Will all the street noises bother you?"

He forgot to assure his father and shook his head wildly. "Not at all. It's perfect!"

"Oh," said his father. "I...just thought you'd want something more peaceful. Like the manor."

"Oh, I love the manor, Father. It's so green and all. But it's still green up here amongst the trees. And the street is so interesting."

"We don't have to stay away from the manor forever, you know. You will inherit it someday."

"Uh huh," he said absently. "But I think I would like a house like this when I get out of Hogwarts. Maybe Albus can be my flat mate."

"Don't be ridiculous, Scorpius. You won't need a flat mate. We're wealthy."

He turned to Draco then, just knowing he would see his scowl. "I know that, Father. But I want a flat mate just the same. So I won't get lonely. The manor could be sort of lonely sometimes."

Draco stared out the window. "Yes," he said softly. "It can be."

Harry chose that moment to put his arm around his father. It was kind of strange to see it firsthand and he turned away, a little embarrassed.

"I suppose I'd best let you get cleaned up," said Harry, heading for the door. "You're to dine at the manor tonight with your grandparents."

"What about you?" he asked, stopping Harry's progress out the door. "Aren't you coming, too?"

"No. Just you two."

"But...won't it be lonely eating here all by yourself?"

"Oh, don't worry about me. The house-elves will fix me something."

"Father!" he appealed to the blond. "Shouldn't Harry be invited to the manor?"

"In point of fact he was. But he has politely declined."

"I just thought it should just be *your* family, Scorp."

"But *your* Father's family now. Aren't you?"

"Er...." Harry looked to Draco who looked back at him with a cocky sort of look. "D-do you really want me to go?"

"Of course!" cried Scorpius, answering for his father. "Besides, I'd love to watch you and grandfather in the same room."

* * *

They arrived at the manor, all in dress robes as that was how the Malfoys sat down to dinner. Scorpius was happy to see the manor again. It was comfortable to him, but he could see how Harry seemed awkward being there. He kept pulling at the neck of his robe and his green eyes darted back and forth. Scorpius noted that Albus looked a lot like Harry, only without the glasses.

A house-elf took them to the dining hall which was already set up with crystal and silver. Harry looked even more uncomfortable but Scorpius saw his father surreptitiously take his hand, hiding it in their robes, and walk with him to the proper seat.

Scorpius took his usual place, knowing that Grandfather liked to make an entrance. Just then, he and Grandmother strolled in. He was holding her hand and first allowed her to sit before he took his place at the head of the table. Someday, Scorpius knew that his own father would sit at the head of this dining table. It saddened him that Lucius would die at some point, but Scorpius was satisfied that the Malfoy line and its heritage would continue. He supposed he would take his place at the head of the table one day, too. And he'd be sitting beside his wife, a person whom he decided would be chosen by love, not by arrangement, and he'd look at his row of children. (He had also decided that being an only child had many disadvantages. The first being how alone he felt. He planned on having several.)

"Welcome home, Scorpius," Lucius announced. "And you, too, Draco. And a special welcome to our guest. I do believe this is the first time you have seen the manor, Mr. Potter."

"Not the first time I've seen it, but the first time I've been here. As a guest, that is," said Harry. He seemed to lift his chin and look directly into his grandfather's eyes when he spoke. Interesting.

"Oh?" said Lucius, raising a thin brow.

His father muttered something into his serviette that sounded like "Voldemort" and Lucius pulled back, his usual calm exterior cracking. He reassembled his placid countenance and nodded. "I...seem to recall that now," was all he said. Then he changed the subject to wine.

Scorpius waited politely. It wasn't his turn to speak or to be spoken to, but he knew that soon his grandfather would open the discussion to talk about Hogwarts. Scorpius had prepared several amusing stories as well as some interesting side notes about various classes, his instructors, and things he observed in Slytherin.

After listening to the adult's polite discourse on wines, Wizarding politics, and other Ministry matters, it was Scorpius' turn. His grandfather asked, and Scorpius answered as succinctly as he had been trained. His father was positively glowing with pride when he was done. His grandfather, too, looked surprised and pleased and said, "Thank you very much, Scorpius. That was very well done."

Then Narcissa asked him some things and he answered her and they laughed together and by then the house-elves brought the first course.

Scorpius was allowed to drink wine at home, and took small sips. He liked the red wine especially from the manor's own vineyards and looked at it sparkle in his crystal goblet as he speculated on the vintage.

Harry was looking at him strangely and Scorpius smiled back. He supposed Harry wasn't used to this sort of thing. He began to wonder what dinners would be like at the London house. Would it be more like Hogwarts with everything just sitting on the table, or would house-elves serve it? He got excited thinking that maybe they sometimes did takeaway. He'd like to try that. Father had said that they had house-elves at the house, but he knew Harry didn't like to be served by house-elves. Would Harry cook for them? What a novelty that would be!

The food was as good as he remembered it. Hogwarts was almost as good but not quite. The meal went along with Harry saying little unless actually spoken to, which wasn't often. His father talked of his work at the Ministry in vague terms, and Scorpius realized for the first time that he really had no idea what his father did. But Harry was looking at Draco with what could only be described as "love". Whatever it is that his father did, Harry seemed proud of it.

At last the dinner was over, and they all rose to retire to the parlour for port.

Scorpius tried to stifle a yawn. It wasn't polite but it had been a long day. He should have taken some Pepper Up potion.

But his father noticed and after a short time in the parlour he excused them to his grandparents. "It's been a very long day for our student. I think it time we get him into bed."

"I would like a private word with young Scorpius before you go," said his grandmother.

It surprised everyone that she said that. Not that she didn't hold her own in conversation when there was company and when they were just family as they were tonight, but it was an unusual request, to be sure. Scorpius knew she reserved her funniest stories for when he was alone with her. She used to tell him stories of the Black family. She was now the last one. He wondered if she was going to tell him one of those stories tonight.

"Of course, Grandmother," he said, and followed her into the study. She offered him the sofa and she sat beside him. Scorpius always liked this room. It had a large hippogriff head mounted on the wall and he thought he should like to have one in his study someday.

She took up his hand and gave it a kiss, smiling at him. "Scorpius, I wanted to afford you the opportunity to refuse to go back to the London house."

That surprised him. "Why would I do that?"

She sighed and folded her hands neatly in her lap. "I know you love your father, but it might be uncomfortable living with two men...as *they* are living."

"You mean two gay men?"

She raised a brow at that.

"I've been looking into it," he said, trying to sound worldly, "and I don't see anything wrong with it. I love Father, and I like Harry Potter. And they seem to really love each other. I don't see anything wrong with it."

"No one said anything is wrong with it, Scorpius. It merely might be awkward for you being under the same roof."

He felt his cheeks blush a little. Yes, he'd thought about that quite a bit, too. Though he didn't understand the details, he reckoned it was something he didn't really want to know much about. "It's all right. Really. It's fine. I like the house."

Resigned, she rose. "Very well, then. But if at any time you feel the least bit uncomfortable, you will Firecall your Grandmama, won't you?"

"Yes, of course. And Albus Potter will be coming in a week, too, and he's going to be there for a whole fortnight and then I'm going to go spend time in Godric's Hollow with him."

"Oh. I see." She didn't look too pleased with that news, but she took him back to the parlour where his father gave him an anxious look.

"Everything all right?" asked Draco.

"Just fine," she said. She dropped a kiss onto Scorpius' cheek and he shook hands with his grandfather.

"I'll see you soon, Grandfather, Grandmother. Bye."

They stepped into the Floo, the three of them, and whooshed away.

* * *

Scorpius awoke the next morning, slightly dazed at his new surroundings. But when he fully awoke and realized where he was, he leapt out of bed and threw open the drapes. Standing in his nightshirt, he looked out the window at all the sights. Muggles were heading out of their houses and some cars were moseying down their street. They dressed so funny! He wanted to share this with his father and tore out of his room and across the hallway to his father's room, forgetting until the instant he opened the door that he should have knocked first.

Harry Potter scrambled away from his father's arms so fast he nearly fell out of the bed. And that would have been bad since it was obvious they both weren't wearing any clothes.

Scorpius froze in the doorway. "I-I'm s-sorry."

Composed except for a deep blush, his father sat back against the pillows, the duvet covering his lap. His arms were crossed over his pale, bare chest. Scorpius noted that his father had skin just like him. He didn't remember ever seeing the man's chest before. Malfoys made a point always to be properly attired. "That's all right, son. I know you've never had to knock before, but I think we must employ some new rules in the mornings, eh?"

"Y-yes, Father." Scorpius darted a glance at Harry, who was sinking down lower under the duvet until only a tuft of dark hair poked out.

"Now, what is it you wanted?"

Scorpius pointed behind him as if it were obvious. "The street! I just wanted to share it with you. It's very exciting. But...I suppose...you're used to it."

His father smiled. "Seeing it through your eyes will make it new for me. Just give me moment and I'll join you. Close the door on your way out, please."

"Okay, Father." Scorpius bowed out of the room. Crikey! That was embarrassing. And then he giggled. Caught! He'd owl Albus. The boy would laugh his head off.

After a few moments his father joined him by his window, resting his hands on his shoulders. He explained to Scorpius some of the things he was seeing, why there were wires strung across the street, what those phone boxes were, and anything else that seemed strange.

"Why do you have a house on a Muggle street, Father? I didn't think you liked Muggles all that much."

"Where did you hear that?"

"From Grandfather."

Draco snorted. "I've told you before. You must take what Grandfather tells you about the Muggle world with a grain of salt. That was all a long time ago."

Scorpius looked at his father's left arm by his head. As usual, the sleeve covered it. He'd never seen his father in anything other than long sleeves. Except for this morning, that is.

"Father, I wonder if I may ask you something."

"Of course, Scorpius. Would I ever deny you anything?"

"No, Father. It's just that...I've...heard a few things and they disturbed me. I wonder if you'd tell me."

He felt the man stiffen behind him. "Yes?" he asked with a cautious voice.

"It's just that I heard rumours that you...when you went to Hogwarts...that you became a...a...Death Eater. Did you, Father?"

The man cleared his throat above Scorpius' head. "And what if I had been?" he asked, voice a bit hoarse suddenly.

"I would love you just the same. I heard that you had to do it to save Grandfather and Grandmother's lives. Did you, Father?"

In answer, he slowly pushed up the dressing gown sleeve of his left arm. Scorpius looked, seeing nothing at first. But then he discerned the vague outline of something that began to look like a snake slithering out of the mouth of a skull. He let out a long breath. He hadn't wanted to believe it but he was happier knowing the truth than being out of the loop.

With courage he didn't know he had, he reached out with tentative fingers and traced the scar. The man flinched but allowed it. "Did it hurt?"

"Yes."

“Did He make you bring Death Eaters into Hogwarts?”

“Yes.”

“Did he tell you to kill Albus Dumbledore?”

“Yes.”

“Did you used to hate Harry Potter?”

He paused. “I...did, but I can’t remember it now.”

He turned to his father then. “Those were bad times, weren’t they?”

“Yes. And we are all working very hard to make certain they never happen again. Harry is in charge of the Aurors, you know. And for years, he was an Auror himself.”

“I know. I have a Chocolate Frog card of him,” he admitted bravely. “I’ve had it for a long time.”

His father looked at him curiously before a smirk curled his lips. “May I tell you a secret?” He leaned down and whispered, “I have one, too.”

Scorpius smiled. That wasn’t so bad. His father had told him the truth. He knew if he asked he wouldn’t lie. “Thank you, Father, for your honesty. I appreciate it.”

A kiss dropped onto his head. “I’ll never lie to you, son. You know that. It’s you and me. We’re Malfoys. We always stick together.”

“Yes, sir. We’re Malfoys. And we’ve also got Harry Potter to protect us.”

“Amen to that,” muttered Draco.

Chapter Two—Draco

It was good having Scorpius at home after their tumultuous year. So much had changed that he was desperate for something familiar. He was annoyed that he couldn't have Scorpius to himself *all* summer, that Harry's son was coming today and that after a fortnight, Scorpius would be going away again. But what had overshadowed Draco's disappointment was watching the dynamic of Harry and Scorpius.

It was plain that Scorpius doted on Harry Potter. He supposed Harry had celebrity status with many of today's children—hell! He had the same status when he was a boy himself. The Boy Who Lived. The Chosen One. How Draco had wanted to be friends with Harry when they started school! He thought it was only right. He, a Malfoy with status and wealth, and Harry with his fame and supposed extraordinary Wizarding powers. How disappointed Draco had been that Harry had shunned him. But then he turned out to be an ordinary boy after all: uncouth, untrained. Like a peasant, really. Still, he was attractive for his unattainable position as much as his rival house. It had angered Draco how many special privileges the man seemed to have been afforded, but looking back on it, Draco felt a bit ashamed. After all, Harry had nothing else. No family, no home to speak of, and really hadn't a clue about the Wizarding world. Despite all that, Harry excelled on his own, mostly because he inspired others to follow him through his loyalty, his offers of friendship to the lowliest creatures and half-humans, and because he really was something extraordinary.

And now he belonged to Draco. He smirked. Got him at last. *Patience is a virtue.*

The object of his ponderings came out of the shower, scrubbing a towel over his wet hair. Harry squinted, having left his glasses on the bedside table, but he smiled at the blond blob Draco must have looked to him. Harry leaned in and kissed him before he circled the bed and donned his glasses again.

He knew Harry was excited to have Albus here. It had been a tougher year for his lover. Harry had actually cared for *his* wife. And his older son James had taken the marriage break up pretty hard. Draco didn't suppose it would have been easy for any boy, let alone a boy stretching into adolescence who suddenly had to deal with having a gay father. But Harry and Scorpius had gotten along like a cauldron on a flame. Harry had started his garden behind the London house and he'd actually gotten Scorpius to help him. Without magic! What had gotten into the boy?

Harry was a good father. Of course he was. How could he not be? He was still a little boy himself, doing all the things he had never been allowed to do as a child. Draco indulged him in puddings, for he knew that Harry loved them. And presents. He gave Harry small trinkets all the time. The man's eyes would shine at the mere thought of ribbons and wrapping paper. Harry was extraordinarily easy to please.

Draco was surprised at himself these days. He hadn't realized how much he liked doing things for others—other than for Scorpius, that is. And his job at the Ministry. But that was something else. That was necessary. He had done it at first to get the Malfoy name back in the good graces of society, but when he discovered he wouldn't be allowed to broadcast that information, he hadn't considered quitting. Somehow, it seemed like the right thing to do. The more he got into it, the more interesting it became. He wasn't certain how Harry found out what he was doing—well, he was in charge of the Aurors, after all—but he was particularly pleased that Harry did know and was thrilled with it.

“Albus will be here soon,” said his lover, throwing his towel aside.

Harry Potter starkers was a sight Draco never thought he'd tire of. The man had achieved average height and was no longer rail thin and underfed, as he was in school. His shoulders had broadened a bit and his skin was a light honey-colour. Black thatches of hair sprouted from between his pectorals with a long dark line to his pubes. His arms and legs were dusted with dark hairs, giving him a distinctly masculine quality. His cock was thick and large, even in its quiescent state, as it was now, and his sac was a good handful with dark hairs curled on its blushed surface.

Draco's cock was rising just from looking at him.

Harry was saying something, until his gaze dropped to Draco's groin, where his hardening cock was jutting up the duvet. “Oh,” said Harry. “Is there something we should be taking care of first?”

At his own words, Harry's dick began to thicken, redden, and slowly stand to attention. There was nothing as exciting as that, unless it was Draco lying on the bed with Harry crawling naked over him, ready to give his arse a pounding.

“If you like,” said Draco, trying for a calm voice and ill-succeeding.

Harry approached him and knelt on the bed. Draco couldn't help but dart his gaze between those intense, green eyes and that amazing erection. Harry took the duvet in his fingers and slowly peeled it away from Draco's lap, revealing his hardness. Harry looked down at it unashamedly. “Beautiful,” he whispered. He threw the covers all the way back and slid down the bed a bit, resting on his elbows between Draco's thighs. He gave Draco's cock a lick which made it bob. Watching his cock, Draco suddenly thought of his wand and grabbed it from the bedside table. He waved it at the door, double-locking and warding it.

Harry smiled up at him. "Good idea. Not used to locking. I'd hate to have Scorpius walk in again—"

"Yes. Let's not think about it."

"Yes," said Harry, returning his attention to Draco's dick. "Let's not." He licked and nibbled on the spongy head before covering it with his lips and sucking just the tip.

Draco settled back. "Oh, Harry."

Harry chuckled around the cock in his mouth, making the best vibrations on Draco's skin. He started licking and sucking in earnest, closing his eyes and looking for all the world as if it was the best thing he'd ever eaten.

But Draco kept his eyes opened, watching those lips stretch over his flesh, leaving a wet trail as that dark head rose and devoured his cock, up and down. There was nothing hotter than Harry Potter giving him head. Unless it was Harry Potter fucking him madly, or Harry Potter kissing him passionately, or...

The sucking was growing more intense. Harry's cheeks were hollowed with it, drawing up and down faster and with more licks. Draco's hips rose into it and he couldn't help but fuck that mouth that welcomed him so intimately. He grabbed onto Harry's hair and pumped, thrusting now. Harry opened his throat and Draco could feel his cock strike the back of it. God! Harry was so good at this! It was all feeling so good. He was writhing now, thrusting, heels jammed into the mattress, when he suddenly came. His hips continued to slam into Harry's face and he milked himself on those lips, emptying his release in spurts into his lover's warm mouth. Harry swallowed around him, taking it all. He pulled back a bit and licked Draco's penis clean, laving his balls tenderly, until Draco stopped trembling and his breathing evened.

Then he grinned up at Draco as if he had invented sex. Hell, for all Draco knew, he had.

Draco gave him a lazy smile in return. "What does my Harry desire?"

"Your Harry desires that you turn over."

No surprise there. Though they tried many different positions, Harry's favourite was to fuck Draco from behind. Truth be told, Draco liked it best as well. He could control more from that angle, thrust his arse up when he wanted to and pump Harry's cock by clenching and releasing. The only downside was that he couldn't watch Harry's face as he came. But he could certainly feel it.

Harry summoned his wand and cast a lubricating charm. But once he threw his wand aside, he commenced touching Draco's bum, smoothing his hands over both cheeks at once, sometimes squeezing them and bunching them together, but never leaving them. He dropped a kiss on each in turn, and Draco wriggled his backside appreciatively. He decided to give Harry his money's worth and got up on his knees while laying his head on his folded arms. With his arse was up in the air and with his legs spread a bit, Harry had the full view of wide-open arse and enticing, dangling bollocks.

Harry gasped. "Oh. Damn." Yes, Harry truly appreciated the view.

A hand cupped his sac and toyed with the testicles within for a bit. He kissed them, licked them, and then kissed them again. And then the bed moved and Draco knew that Harry was positioning himself. Yes! He felt that cock at his arsehole, trying to intrude. Draco tried to push back to make it easier, but try as he might, he couldn't take Harry's girth the first few inches without some sort of pain. But it didn't matter. A little pain for so much pleasure! Harry's fingers dug into Draco's arse as he pushed in, determined to be seated deeply as soon as possible. He usually waited for Draco to get comfortable, but there was none of that today. "Want you so much," rasped Harry behind him.

He began to fuck him immediately. The thrusts were smooth and unhurried for such an eager top. Draco rode with it, rocking back and forth as the thrusts delved deeper each time. Sometimes Harry was chatty when he fucked him, saying dirty things like, "How does it feel, Malfoy? Hard enough for you?" or sometimes sentimental, like, "You're so beautiful like this. I love you!" or even kind of goofy, like, "Harry's gonna give it you, yeah. Daddy's here!" But this time, Harry was quiet, grunting occasionally as he plowed the Malfoy arse.

Harry was hitting his prostate almost every time and Draco's head was floating. The tingle in his flaccid cock soon materialized a burgeoning erection. His arse muscle was stretched wide to accommodate Harry's large prick and it felt a bit sore at its violation, but the tingle inside and the hardening in his own cock made it worthwhile. And Harry was getting close. Draco could tell because he was stabbing more wildly into him and his breath was speeding up. Harry would fill him at any moment.

But then Harry surprised him by suddenly yanking out of him. Draco looked over his shoulder, and Harry was holding his dick, aiming it like a wand at Draco's bum and coming in long, sloppy spurts. Draco felt the hot cum fleck against his bottom but he also felt it squirt against his open hole. Harry was covering his arse in cum and it felt so very naughty, especially when he finally finished and began to rub it in.

"I wanted to come on your hole, Draco," he said breathlessly, finger rubbing the slick stuff on Draco's spasming sphincter. "I wanted to see what that would be like. And to spread it all over your arse."

"Why Harry," said Draco shakily, arse still high and pulling slowly on his cock. "You get naughtier every time." He purred. "And I did feel it strike my arsehole," he said, voice seductively low. "It was intense. I can still feel it." And with that, spurred on by the thought of Harry coming *on* him instead of in him, he hurried his strokes and came hard into the sheets.

Harry held Draco's arse as Draco came for a second time, squeezing the wet cheeks, almost pushing the jizz out of him.

Draco held his moist dick until it was completely milked and then let it go, panting with his head hanging low between his shoulders. "Damn, Potter. You are too good."

Harry grabbed his waist and gently turned him over, lying him down beside Harry. The sheets stuck to Draco's wet bum, but it didn't matter. Harry nuzzled Draco's neck, licking the salty sweat. "You're pretty marvelous yourself."

"And we're going to be late. I had best get my shower...since I'm now covered in spunk."

Harry grinned. "I guess I'll have to get another shower, too. Shall we take it together to save time?"

"That won't save any time, you randy bugger, and you know it. I'll be quick and you just wait here." He punctuated the last by prodding a finger into the man's chest. He kissed Harry to soften the harsh tone and Harry lay back, still grinning.

Draco trotted to the shower and as promised, finished quickly so Harry could clean up again. Albus was going to Floo over and he knew they couldn't put Scorpius off for too much longer.

Scorpius had certainly learned a lot of new habits that Draco wasn't certain he liked. He was forgetting to be polite and respectful, speaking hurriedly throughout dinner, and even begging for takeaway one night! Harry, of course, indulged the boy. Draco found it hard not to do so himself, but he was worried that Scorpius' habits might become permanent. And he hated to admit it, but it might have something to do with Albus Potter's influence.

Finally, they were both dressed and waiting in the sitting room for Albus to arrive. The Floo whooshed, but instead of Albus Potter walking through, it was Ginny.

She stuck her head out and looked around.

Harry jumped back. "Ginny! W-what are *you* doing here? Is everything all right? Is Albus okay?" Harry was stepping toward her as her eyes fastened on Draco.

"He's fine. Everything's fine. I just wanted to see where it is I was sending my son for a fortnight."

Harry rocked on his heels uncomfortably. Draco thought he should have rounded on her. As if Harry would bring his son to a hovel! Is that what she was suggesting? A Malfoy? Live in a *hovel*?

Scorpius walked right up to her. "Hullo, Mrs. Potter. It's nice to meet you. I'm Scorpius Malfoy."

Ginny was taken aback. She had certainly seen Scorpius before on the platform but it must have been different actually speaking to him. "Er...Hi, Scorpius. It's nice meeting you."

"I hope this won't be an inconvenience my coming to stay with you later in the month. But I assure you, I'll be very well-behaved."

She cocked an eye at Harry that seemed to say, "Is this for real?"

Harry cleared his throat. "Scorpius is exactly as you see him, Ginny. He isn't like Draco was at all."

Draco lunged forward. "What's *that* supposed to mean?"

"Just what it sounds like, you git," Harry answered. "He's much more polite than you were at that age. He's got refinement."

"So did I!"

"Well, you never showed it to us," said Ginny, hiding a smile.

Draco sneered at them. Stupid Potters.

Harry smiled at his soon-to-be-ex-wife. "Albus will sleep in Scorpius' room. It's upstairs."

"And where is your room?"

Harry's cheeks reddened. "U-upstairs."

"Near the boys' room?"

"Look, Weasley," said Draco, getting angrier by the minute. "Harry and I sleep together. Everyone knows it. The boys know it, the press knows it, and *you* have surely figured it out by now. It's no different from his being down the corridor from your room, so quit giving us a hard time. Either you're allowing him to stay or you're not. Make up your mind, because we aren't changing our sleeping arrangements to suit your medieval tastes."

She looked as if she was ready to curse Draco. Fine. Let her.

She glanced at Harry who was turning all sorts of red and at Scorpius who looked more worried at what his father's outburst may bring than what he'd actually said.

Finally, she took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "Okay. You're right, Malfoy. I guess I came ready for a fight...ready to *pick* a fight. I'm...sorry. It's been a really bad last few months." She wiped something

from her eye and suddenly Draco found himself empathizing. When Draco thought he had lost Harry he had fallen apart too.

He settled his shoulders and said very quietly, "I understand, Ginny. I'm sorry, too. Please allow Albus to come. Everything will be all right."

Harry was slack-jawed. He didn't dare look at Harry again for fear that the man would get stuck that way.

Ginny nodded. "Truce, then? For the kids?"

Draco offered a smile. "For the kids."

She stepped back into the Floo and whooshed away. A few seconds later, it was Albus stepping from the fireplace. He looked around. "Wow, Dad! It's cool! Hi, Mr. Malfoy...I mean, *Draco*." He giggled. Then he saw Scorpius. "Hey, Scorp. Nice crib."

"Yeah. Want to see upstairs?"

"Yeah!"

And they were gone. Draco stared at Harry. At least that was one drama down.

* * *

It was strange having essentially two sons. Draco had never considered having another child. It was simply out of the question with his former wife. But he wondered what life would have been like if *he* had had a brother or sister. Would he have been less anxious? He would still have been the heir but would he have felt the same pressure to please, to always do what his parents expected? He had never asked them why they only had one child. Perhaps they couldn't have any more. It certainly wasn't the same case with Lucius and Narcissa as it was with him and his former wife. For one, his parents seemed to genuinely love each other, and two, they had always shared a bedroom suite.

But it didn't take him long to decide that one, very polite child was better than two. As Draco suspected, Albus Potter had atrocious table manners. And Harry's were really no better. They all talked through meals, not even waiting until they had swallowed their food. It was probably what he'd learned at the Weasleys, a brood of ginger-haired savages stabbing at the communal plate and tossing gnawed bones over their shoulders. Draco shuddered.

"For Merlin's sake finish eating before you speak," said Draco to his son for the hundredth time.

Scorpius only smiled at him, gulped whatever he had in his mouth, and eagerly joined back into the conversation.

Harry, of course, was blissfully unaware of everything, especially of Draco's mood. He was too excited to have his son with him. He seemed to have reverted to his own son's age, making imbecilic jokes and threatening to throw his food at them. When Draco arched a brow in his direction, Harry set down his spoon, which he had been ready to use as a catapult. He smiled sheepishly at Draco. "Sorry. I suppose I'm acting a bit like a child."

"A bit," said Draco tightly. Harry behaved himself after that.

It was decided that they would go to Diagon Alley today for some ice cream and shopping. Draco was a bit nervous, knowing that reporters would be stalking them. It would be a great picture to have the new "couple" out with their children. And he was wondering how they could avoid it.

He felt an arm around his shoulder. Harry gave him a squeeze. "It will be all right, Draco. We have to go out in public sometime. And yes, I expect they'll snap a picture or two at us, but it's better a picture as the happy family rather than something with the caption 'those swinging homosexuals', don't you think?"

Swinging—? Argh! Harry could be so crude some times, and not in a good way.

They Flooed directly to the Leaky Cauldron, since Tom always left it open for Harry. It was one of the few perks Harry confessed to taking. The boys went on ahead to open the brick wall in the back while people turned their heads to stare at Harry Potter and Draco Malfoy making a day of it. It was an uncomfortable walk through the tavern, as far as Draco was concerned. Harry was beloved but the jury was still out on

Draco, and now that he could add “home wrecker” to his many titles, he deduced the sneers were plainly for him.

They passed through the opened brick gateway. They hadn’t made many sojourns to Diagon Alley together but the few times they had, Draco noticed how very much Harry enjoyed it. Draco understood that, like Hogwarts, this had been Harry’s initiation into the Wizarding world and it always held a special place in his heart. Draco tried to imagine what it would have been like never knowing about magic and the world he had known since the cradle, but couldn’t fathom it.

Without seeming to think on it, Harry took Draco’s hand excitedly, and strolled down the lane, stares of people in their wake.

The boys trotted ahead. It was their day, after all. And they seemed to be quite fond of one another. Draco wondered how he’d respond if his son turned out to be gay, and though he felt ashamed at an unnerved reaction, he supposed he’d be obliged to accept it. Though he was more ashamed at worrying about an heir than he should have.

“Harry,” he said quietly.

“Yes, sweetheart?”

Sweetheart. Whenever Harry called him that he simply melted. He cleared his throat and tried to get past it. “Um...what if the boys aren’t just friends. What if it turned out that they were...you know. Gay.”

Harry whipped his head toward Draco. “*What?* You don’t think they’re gay, do you?”

Draco shrugged. “They’re awfully close.”

“They’re mates. I was that close with Ron.”

“Yes, and you’re gay.”

“But I never had those feelings for Ron.”

Draco snorted. “Thank Merlin!”

“But you don’t seriously think—”

“Harry, I don’t know what to think. I thought I was straight.”

Harry fell silent, chewing on his lip. “Well, it’d be awfully hypocritical of us to make a fuss over it, don’t you think?”

The boys awoke his reverie by yelling back at them. “Come on, Dad!” cried Albus. “Quidditch supplies!”

Harry and Draco looked at one another. Both seemed relieved that the discussion was put off.

Though the boys were decent at Quidditch, neither had shown an exceptional aptitude. Harry had said that that was more Lily’s territory, having inherited her passion and her skills from both mother and father. But the boys enjoyed the sport just the same.

And there was nothing quite like looking at the new brooms and dreaming. Especially watching Harry look at them.

And sure enough, when they entered, the boys were ogling the brooms. Albus turned to his father. “Dad! Look at this!”

There was a large sign over the display of brooms that declared: “For the upcoming 20th anniversary of the destruction of You-Know-Who, Quality Quidditch Supplies is proud to bring you our newest and fastest broom to date: Introducing, *The Harry Potter*.”

Harry’s cheeks blushed as he stared at the sleek, new broom. Inlaid into the handle was Harry’s teenaged face and the name “Harry Potter”.

“Dad! You’ve got your own broom!”

Harry turned to his son. Albus seemed prouder of this than any of his father’s many other accomplishments. Oh, the innocence of youth!

But Scorpius proved his worth as a Malfoy. He turned to Harry and said in a serious voice, “But Harry, did you authorize this? It seems to me that you are entitled to certain royalties if they are using your face and name.”

Amused, Draco smiled at Harry. “Yes, Harry. If I were you, I’d contact my solicitor straight away. Seems like someone’s taking liberties. And you do want to provide for your children’s future.”

Harry smiled sheepishly. “As it happens, I did know about this and I agreed to it. So we *will* be making a spot of money from it.”

“Dad! That’s so cool!” Albus hugged his father and stared at the broom again. “Not that I could have one. That would be too weird. But I think it’s cool that you did it. All the new Quidditch players at school will probably be dying to get one. We’ll be rich!”

“Well, I don’t know about that.”

He looked embarrassed now. Honestly, what was wrong with making money? Draco held Harry’s hand tighter. He wondered if Harry had made this agreement prior to their getting together or afterward. And how many people would still buy it knowing Harry’s orientation and family matters now?

Just then the owner came bustling forward and shrieked in pleasure upon seeing Harry. “Mr. Potter! What a pleasure to see you again, sir! Do you like our new display?”

“It’s great!” cut in Albus.

The man chuckled. “And who is this?”

"I'm Albus Potter. Harry Potter is my dad!" A proud smile widened on his face. "Oh! And this is my mate, Scorpius Malfoy. And that's his dad." He pointed a finger at Draco. Draco saw the man's eyes narrow ever so slightly and his smile dim just a bit.

"Oh. Oh indeed. A pleasure, Mr. Malfoy."

Draco nodded to him.

The man turned back to Harry. "Mr. Potter. I wonder if I could get you to autograph a few of the brooms. We would certainly be able to demand an extra fee for those."

"Well," said Harry. "All right. But I'd like one to be auctioned off for charity."

"Oh absolutely! What a benevolent suggestion! Which charity?"

"I don't know. You should consult Mr. Malfoy here on that. I'm sure he'd have a good idea."

The man looked absolutely perplexed being directed to Draco but he nevertheless recovered and was able to put on a good front. Draco explained and offered some suggestions and the proprietor seemed genuinely appreciative.

After the boys spent some time looking at everything on offer, Albus made the worst suggestion ever.

"I know! Let's go to Uncle George and Uncle Ron's place!"

"Oh God," muttered Draco.

Harry squeezed his hand. But there was nothing for it. They headed toward Weasley's Wizard Wheezes.

Scorpius, who had never been allowed in the shop, peered in with widened eyes. Draco scowled at Harry who was studiously not looking at him.

“Hey! It’s Albus Severus Potter!” cried George Weasley, rushing him and lifting him up into the air. Albus cackled like a banshee.

George swung him down and his eyes lighted first on Harry and then on Scorpius. “And who is this?”

Scorpius put out his hand. “Hello. I’m Scorpius Malfoy. I’m pleased to make your acquaintance.”

“What?” said George, laughing. And then he turned to Draco, noticing him for the first time. His wide smile faded and he glared openly at Draco.

Draco shifted and lowered his gaze. “Greetings, Weasley,” he said, keeping his voice steady.

George looked from Scorpius to Draco and made the mental connection. “Oh. I see. So the Ferret has bred.”

“I will thank you not to use that *word* in front of my son,” said Draco tightly.

George ignored him and gave Harry a polite nod. Even though Molly and Arthur Weasley had accepted Harry’s situation, George clearly had not. Draco saw Harry’s face lose its animation and he, too, looked at the floor.

Draco squeezed his hand comfortingly.

Albus had already dragged Scorpius to a far corner to show him the wares. Scorpius looked back anxiously at his father. Draco put on a brave smile for him.

Ron emerged from the back room and smiled on seeing Harry and the others. “Oi! Harry. Why didn’t you tell me you were coming?”

Harry seemed to brighten upon seeing Ron. “It was a last minute decision. We were just playing today by ear.” He glanced at George.

Ron seemed to understand immediately. He pulled Harry and Draco aside. "He's still a might peeved about the whole you and Ginny thing," he said quietly. "He'll come 'round. Everyone will."

Harry smiled weakly. Harry was clearly used to people liking him. What a difference from Draco's life.

"It's almost lunchtime," said Ron. "Let's all go together. If it's all right with Draco."

Draco looked at him and for the first time, was grateful he was Harry's friend. "We'd be delighted if you'd join us...Ron."

Ron's face wore astonishment. "Blimey. Did hell freeze over when I wasn't looking?"

Draco sighed wearily.

Harry elbowed him good-naturedly.

The boys tried to buy their goods but George wouldn't hear of it. He said a curt but polite farewell to Harry and continued to ignore Draco.

Draco looked into Scorpius' bag once they left the shop. "Scorpius. Just where do you plan to use these things...and on whom?"

He shrugged in that same annoying way he obviously picked up from Albus. "Don't know, Father." And then a decidedly devious smile passed over his lips. "I suppose you'd better watch your back."

Draco stared at him while Harry laughed his fool head off. He was definitely going to have to have a quiet talk with Scorpius later.

They ate at a small restaurant that Draco had never been to but that Harry and Albus had evidently frequented. Draco watched with interest the interaction of Harry to everyone he encountered. And he encountered many. People from all walks of life were constantly bombarding him for attention. Some to

merely thank him. Some to ask for his autograph. Some of the older people seemed anxious to simply touch his robe. Harry endured it all with the utmost politeness, listening to people tell him their tales with attentiveness and nods. Finally, the proprietor shooed the people away, begging them to give Harry some peace. After twenty years, he was still the Boy Who Lived. And they loved him. They all did. And Draco sat somewhere outside that gentle glow. No matter how long he and Harry stayed together, Draco knew he would never be inside that tight circle. And he wondered as their sandwiches arrived, how he felt about that.

"You're being awfully quiet," Harry said after a time. Ron was amusing Albus and Scorpius with a few stories about the shop.

Draco sipped at his water. "It's nothing."

"No, it isn't. I know that look."

And Harry did. Draco warmed at that. Harry knew him. Knew him as no one else now knew him. Knew him inside and out, both figuratively and physically. "It's just that...." How to say it so it didn't sound too petulant. "You seem so much a part of everything," he said quietly. "And I am apart *from* everything. You're light, I'm shadow. How will this ever really work between us?"

"Hm," was all Harry said, with a thoughtful expression.

Ron was saying something to the two of them, and then lunch was over. They walked Ron back to the shop and by then the boys seemed anxious to get home. Scorpius pleaded with Draco and Harry to take a Muggle bus home. Draco allowed the compromise of a taxi.

Once they hit the wards, the boys scrambled up the steps to do whatever mayhem they had planned with their booty from Weasley's Wizard Wheezes. And Harry flopped down into the sofa in the sitting room. "They tire me out! And I'm supposed to be this great Auror."

"Yes, it is pathetic," said Draco, relaxing on a chair.

Harry concentrated a stare at Draco and then patted the seat beside him. "Come here."

“What did you have in mind?”

“Just...come here.”

Draco rose and sat where Harry indicated. Harry sat up and slipped his arms around Draco. The blond squirmed. “Harry! The boys!”

“They’re busy,” he said, voice muffled by Draco’s neck, which he was nibbling on and kissing.

Draco almost let go of all control at that. He loved it when Harry nibbled on his neck. With as much strength as he could muster, he sat up, letting Harry fall away from him. “Harry, no.”

Harry pouted. “Spoil sport. Do we have to wait for night all the time now?”

“Only when they’re here. I can’t relax.”

Harry’s wicked smile curled Draco’s toes. He started crawling toward Draco. “I know a way to relax you.”

“Harry!”

“Draco! They’re busy. They won’t come down. If it makes you feel any better I can put some wards on the stairs.”

“And then they’d know for sure what we’re doing.”

“They already know what we do.”

“But I don’t want to spell it out.”

“Geez, Malfoy.” He sat back and pushed his fingers through his already messy hair. “I thought we were both out of the closet.”

“I just....” He fiddled with a tassel on a pillow.

“All right, all right.” Harry reached up and kissed him on the top of his head. With the heel of his hand, Draco saw him push at the obvious erection in his trousers. It was marvelous to be so desired, but Draco felt a little pent up. He didn’t want Scorpius to leave but it was decidedly different around here when he and Harry were alone.

* * *

That night the fireplace whooshed and Teddy Lupin strolled out of it. Draco poked his head into the sitting room to see who it was and was taken aback. “What are you doing here?”

“Nice to see you, too, Goddaddy Draco.”

“Stop calling me that!”

Teddy smiled. “I am here at the behest of one Harry James Potter. I am to take charge of two young boys tonight while the two of you scamper off to do God-knows-what.”

“What?”

Teddy sniffed at a bottle sitting with decanters on the drink cart and decided to pour himself a glass.

“Here now,” said Draco. “That’s two-hundred-year-old scotch.”

“Too good for the likes of me, eh?” He knocked it back and gasped. “Smooth,” he said hoarsely.

“Bloody hell, Lupin. You just barge in here like it’s your own home—”

“Wherever Harry is, is my home. So he’s said.”

“Great.”

“So now. Where are the kiddies?”

“And with you drinking? Harry never told me anything about this—”

“Draco,” said Harry, trotting down the stairs and straightening his jacket. Jacket? “I thought we might go out to dinner tonight. You know. Just the two of us. I’ve asked—”

“Lupin is here.”

“Oh.” Harry stopped and looked down the stairs at Teddy. Teddy waved and saluted with his empty glass. “So...er. Yeah. I’ve asked Teddy to watch the boys. That okay?”

Draco punched a fist into his hip. “I would appreciate being told when someone of a questionable nature is going to be left in charge of my son.”

“Well...I’ve just told you.”

Draco rolled his eyes and stared at the fire.

“Oi! Who’s ‘questionable’?” asked Teddy. “He’s not talking about me, is he?” And his nose changed lengths and shapes in the span of less than a minute.

Harry tried to keep a straight face. “Come on, Draco. We need some alone time.”

“But...my son—”

"Is in perfectly good hands." Harry turned to look at Teddy, who was downing another scotch. "Teddy!" He pulled his wand, aimed it at the youth, and said, "*Enervate!*"

Teddy rocked on his heels from the spell and shook out his head. "Wow! Gosh, Harry. Your spells pack a wallop."

"You just make sure you stay sober tonight or I'll show you a few that pack quite a wallop indeed."

Teddy set the glass down with care. "You don't have to tell me twice."

Draco was still glaring at Harry. Harry went to him and held his arms. "Draco? Don't you want to go out? It's your favourite French restaurant. Why don't you run upstairs and get dressed? Do I look all right?"

Harry looked better than all right. He looked downright edible. Draco didn't say a word but marched past Harry up the stairs. He wasn't certain until he reached their room whether he was planning on changing his clothes or sulking. He opted for clothes. He was hungry, and his favourite restaurant sounded good to him.

They left by Floo and arrived a few doors down. Draco wondered if they would get a seat at the last minute, but Harry had apparently made reservations. How long had he been planning this?

Chapter Three—Harry

Harry was buzzing in anticipation but managed to keep a cool exterior. At least Draco didn't seem to suspect anything. Harry made sure they were seated in a dark corner, with only a small tea light illuminating their table. Draco looked exceptionally handsome in the muted fireglow. His hair shimmered and his eyes were a soft grey, like a gentle rain. Harry let Draco order for them, since he knew what everything on the menu was, and Draco seemed to like having this over Harry. Harry didn't mind. He was so soporily in love with the man it certainly didn't matter.

It had been a mad eight months. Living with Draco had been eye-opening. Not that he hadn't enjoyed living with and loving Ginny. But this was an entirely different home life. This was love as he had never experienced it. A completeness he never expected. He smiled to himself, reveling in that warm glow in his chest where something inside him purred contentedly.

Draco lifted his wine glass and gazed at him quizzically. "What are you smiling at, Potter? Not that I mind. You are extremely charming when you smile like that."

Harry shook his head. "You know, it's really hard to believe sometimes that we actually like each other now."

"Like? We practically drool on each other."

"Yeah. But even a year ago, I bet you never even thought about me."

Draco paused and cocked his head to one side. "I gave you the occasional passing thought. I was trying to figure out if I owed you a life debt."

Harry fidgeted with the salt cellar. "I don't think so. I think your mother made us even."¹

"So?" said Draco, leaning over the table, his chin on his hand. "Did you ever think about me?"

"Sometimes. I wondered...I hoped you had reformed."

Draco frowned. "Reformed from what?"

"You know what I mean."

"No. I'm afraid I don't. Just what are you insinuating, Potter?"

Harry could tell that Draco was not playing with him. His hackles had gotten up. Blimey. The least little thing could set him off. "I wanted you not to be a Death Eater anymore, okay? You bloody well knew that I meant that." Harry's mood soured a little. But he shook it off and edged closer to the table. "I didn't know what you did for a living... Look, forget this. I don't want us to ruin tonight. I wanted to ask you something—"

But Draco plowed on. "You know, that's a lot of nerve, really." He drank his wine and set the glass back down, twirling the stem of the goblet between his fingers. "You can't expect everyone to reform to your standards. There are Gryffindors and Slytherins in this world for a reason and we need them both."

Harry was trying to catch up to that thought when the waiter arrived with their soup. Once he left, Harry leaned in. "I don't think we really do need both. I mean I don't think having that sort of an attitude is healthy."

Draco sipped delicately at his soup, scooping his spoon away from him. He didn't look up at Harry. "What sort of an attitude do you mean?" he said tightly. "Devious? Cunning? Those seem to have been qualities you valued when you were looking for those damned Horcruxes."

Harry slurped his soup, fisting the spoon. "Everyone sort of needs those qualities to a certain extent. I meant all that Pureblood claptrap."

Draco dabbed at his lips with the serviette and laid it again into his lap. "Pureblood claptrap? Well that's fine, isn't it? It was Purebloods who preserved Wizardkind, you know. If not for Purebloods, we might have blended completely with Muggles, disappearing or getting killed. I don't suppose you'd fancy being burned at the stake, eh?"

The waiter took their bowls away and brought the entrees. "Where are you getting this stuff? Some propaganda you got at your father's knee, no doubt."

Draco cut angrily into his Chateaubriand. "It is *history*, Potter. Ever heard of that? Apparently, you never did. We learned all of this in History of Magic in our first year."

Harry tried to recall it but couldn't. History of Magic had been so boring, he had remembered very little from that class. "Well, anyway! It's not like we have to perpetuate that idiotic philosophy now. After all we went through."

"'Idiotic philosophy'? Do you know me at all? I still think we are a stronger race if we breed with Purebloods. It can only prove to strengthen us. There's nothing idiotic about it!"

"Then why do you teach Scorpius otherwise."

"*Because I don't want him making my mistakes!*" Draco had gotten too loud and he just now realized it. He looked around at the other diners glaring at him and lowered his face to his plate. "I don't want to discuss this anymore."

"I didn't want to discuss this in the first place!"

They ate in silence for a while until the waiter returned to take their plates. He soon brought their salads.

Draco speared the baby greens and lifted his fork. "I wanted to talk to you anyway. It's about Scorpius and Albus."

"Not that again. Who cares if they're gay?"

"It's not that. It's...I don't like the things Scorpius is picking up."

Harry chewed for a moment trying to figure out what Draco was talking about. He soon gave up. "What do you mean? Picking up what?"

“Bad habits. Talking with his mouth full. Speaking ahead of turn. Running through the house—”

“Wait a minute.” Harry lowered his fork. “Do you mean picking up bad habits...from *Albus*?”

Draco sipped his wine without looking at Harry. “Yes,” he said quietly. “I think you should talk to him.”

Harry was speechless with outrage. He stared at Draco so hard the blond suddenly looked up, no doubt feeling his emotions emanate from across the table. “You have *got* to be kidding!”

“I certainly wouldn’t ‘kid’, as you say, about something as important as this. Scorpius will have heady duties someday. He will probably serve in the Ministry. I have hopes that he will serve *high* in the Ministry. But he won’t have a hope in hell if he is perceived as an uncouth barbarian.”

“Like my son, you mean. Dammit, Draco. That is the most insulting thing you’ve ever said to me!”

Draco considered this. He took his wine hesitatingly. His hand trembled and he set it down again without taking a sip and sloshed its contents on the tablecloth. “Well I...I didn’t mean it like that—”

“Just how did you mean it? What else was I to infer from that?”

He waited. Draco squirmed. It seemed he had gotten himself into a tight corner. He bit his lip. “Okay. You’re right. I...that was very rude. I just....” He sighed and seemed to sag in his seat. “Scorpius is all I’ve got,” he said in a voice full of surrender.

His expression served to mollify Harry somewhat. Especially when Draco looked up at him and said, “I apologize. I never meant to insult Albus. He’s very dear to Scorpius. Just...Never mind. It doesn’t matter.”

But Harry knew that wasn’t the end of it. He smoldered and drank a gulp of water loudly.

Draco went back to eating his salad, trying to recover his dignity. “Didn’t you say you wanted to ask me something?”

"Never mind," grumbled Harry, chomping on his lettuce.

"No," said Draco, somewhat conciliatorily. "Go ahead."

"I don't want to ask it now, okay!"

"Harry. Come on. What is it?"

Harry slammed down his fork. "I was going to ask you to marry me!" He snatched up his goblet and drank down the wine, barely avoiding choking.

When he looked up at Draco, the blond had frozen in place, his fork lifted to his opened mouth. A piece of lettuce fell from his fork and hit his salad plate with a soft pat.

Harry wiped his mouth with his serviette and scowled at the table. He had been looking forward to this dinner. Now all he wanted to do was go home.

Draco hadn't moved. "What?" he finally managed to say.

Harry motioned to the waiter for the bill. He took the Muggle money from his pocket and put the pound notes on the table. "I'm ready to go," he said, rising.

Draco put down his fork and closed his mouth. Without saying anything, he rose and followed Harry out. They said nothing as they walked side by side into the night. It was cold, and Harry hunkered in his jacket. He touched his wand in his pocket and cast a warming charm on both of them. They didn't hold hands and Draco didn't take his arm.

Sullenly, they walked silently almost all the way home when Draco simply stopped. Harry took a few more steps before turning back.

"Were you really going to ask me?"

Harry sighed and drew his fingers through his hair. It was a gesture that usually annoyed Draco but the blond said nothing. In fact, he had an anxious look on his face. "Yes. I thought...since our divorces will be final in a few months, we could plan on a Christmas wedding."

"And now?"

"Now? I don't know."

"Oh." Draco kicked at nothing on the pavement. Quietly, he asked, "So...you don't want to marry me now?"

Harry shook his head. "I'm not in the mood to talk about it now."

"Not in the mood? Well just when do you think you'll be in the bloody mood to talk about it?"

"I don't know! Not when you're being an arse."

"I'm always an arse!"

"Too right."

"Well that's just great." He flapped his arms and walked in a tight circle, staring at the parked cars and the empty, damp street. "I just thought you sort of loved me."

"I do, idiot."

"For richer for poorer. An arse or not. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

Harry's anger was beginning to thaw. "I don't think it goes like that."

"Well it should. I can't be the perfect mate to you at all times. Do we both have to wait till we're both in a good mood? Because I don't recall loving you any less when you annoy the piss out of *me*."

Harry couldn't help but smile. "Well...that's a good point."

"Too right, it is. Geez, Potter! I don't think it's fair you holding something like that over my head." He stood with his fist at his hip. But Harry could see he was trembling. His face was beautiful in the streetlight's glow. Even when his lip was curled up in that familiar sneer. It was endearing these days. And it wasn't so much sneering as quivering. Draco's eyes were glistening suspiciously, too. Harry hoped he wasn't about to cry. He hadn't wanted that.

Harry took a step closer. "You're right. It isn't fair. I don't know what I was thinking."

"You're an idiot, that's why."

"I surely must be." He drew closer, close enough that he could slip a hand to Draco's hip.

Draco stared up into the light of the streetlamp, blinking furiously and darting an occasional glance at Harry's face. "So I hope you plan on remedying the situation."

"I do." He crept closer until he was up against the man and cupped his cheek with his other hand. "I love you, Draco," he said softly. "No one has made me as happy as you have. You know I am deeply in love with you."

Draco squirmed, trying to be nonchalant. He toyed with Harry's lapel. "And I...I love you, Harry. More than you'll ever know."

"I know. It would be a shame not to show that love to the world, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know," he said coyly. "What did you have in mind?"

Harry leaned in and kissed Draco's lips very softly. "I was rather hoping...what I'd like to do...Sweetheart...." Draco's grey eyes fixed on his and he held his breath. Draco's gaze was disarming. Harry knew how much the Slytherin loved it when Harry called him that. "Sweetheart," he said again in a whisper, just touching the man's lips with his own. "Will you marry me?"

Draco's anxious features relaxed into blissful contentment. He smiled. His lids lowered and those snow-tipped lashes brushed across his cheek. "I'd love to marry you, my Harry. Any time you'd like." And then he kissed Harry. They kissed for a long time under the street lamp, holding each other tightly.

They walked and kissed, until they reached the steps of their London flat. At the threshold they succumbed to another bout of unrestrained kissing and groping...just as Teddy opened the door.

"Thought you were ho—Oh, bloody hell!" He covered his eyes dramatically and pushed the boys back out of the doorway. "Come, away boys. This is not a child-friendly view."

"What?" cried Albus. "Are they kissing again? They do that a lot."

"Yeah," said Scorpius. "A bit disturbing, but you know. They love each other so what is one to do?"

Both blushing furiously, they entered the foyer. Teddy was smirking at them.

"Um...well. I guess we have news," said Harry.

Draco glared at Harry. "Potter, I don't think this is the time."

"Why not? Scorpius lives here. He's going to find out—"

"Not if you keep your bloody mouth shut!"

"Now that's a rotten attitude, Malfoy."

"It's not something you spring on your own child just after a divorce, you know."

"But it's a good thing, isn't it?"

"Potter!"

"Father? Are you getting married, or something?"

They froze and locked their gazes on Scorpius.

Albus shrieked with delight. "Dad! No way!"

"Er...."

Draco smacked Harry on the shoulder.

"Ow!"

"You somehow let on!"

"I didn't say anything! You wouldn't let me!"

"Good God," sighed Teddy. "You *are* getting married! At least you know how to bicker like an old married couple. You might as well."

That stopped Harry and Draco again and they both looked sheepishly at the floor. This time, it was Draco who slipped his fingers into Harry's dangling hand. "Yes," said the blond. He looked with concern toward his son. "Is...is this okay with you?"

"It's not really up to me," said Scorpius quietly.

“But it affects you. I would never do anything that wouldn’t be right for you.”

“So if I said I didn’t like it, you’d not marry Harry?”

Draco seemed to choke. Harry was very interested in Draco’s reply, considering Harry was ready to break it off with him for the sake of his own children. His hand tensed in Draco’s.

“Well...no. I...I love Harry too much to give him up. I need him. But I need you too.”

Scorpius’ serious expression broke into a sunny grin. “Well that’s a good answer, Father. Very Slytherin.”

Draco laughed with relief and grabbed his son in a hug, kissing his cheek. “Not in front of Albus,” the boy chuckled.

But Albus was already hugging Harry and the feeling of it was like nothing else. Albus looked up at him, a face so very like his own. “I think it’s brilliant, Dad. I want you to have love in your life. You deserve it. And I like Mr. Malfoy— Hey! That will mean that Scorpius and I will be step brothers! Cool!”

Scorpius looked at his friend with wonder. “Yeah! That’s great!”

Teddy put his arm around both fathers. “And I will have two Goddaddys. Bless them.”

Draco didn’t shrug off Teddy’s hand as he was wont to do. Instead, he gazed happily at Harry. “We have some planning to do.”

“Yes. But it can wait till morning.”

“I can’t wait to see James and Lily’s faces,” said Albus. “Remember, Dad. They’re coming to tea tomorrow.”

Harry did remember. And suddenly he was feeling a little less comfortable.

* * *

The next afternoon, the Floo whooshed and in walked Lily holding on to James' hand. Harry made sure he was there to greet them. He grabbed Lily and hoisted her up in the air. "How's my little Lily Flower?"

She giggled and let Harry give her noisy kisses at her cheek and neck. He set her down and looked at James. After the incident at Hogwarts when James was almost expelled, James had been a different person. But Harry always approached him now cautiously. "James," he said. He wanted to hug him but didn't know if the boy would allow it. He needn't have worried. James fell into an embrace that didn't last as long as it used to but Harry owed it to his age rather than any left over rancor. Harry smiled at the two of them. "Are you ready for tea or would you like to see the house first?"

"I want to see the house!" squealed Lily. He took her hand and made sure he included James in the invitation. They encountered Draco in the foyer. His expression was cool as his grey eyes swept over Lily first and then James, where it stayed. James strode directly up to Draco and put out his hand. "Mr. Malfoy. Thank you for having us to tea."

Draco took it and gave it two firm shakes. "It's my pleasure. Hello, Lily."

"Hi, Mr. Malfoy. You have a nice house."

"I was just giving them the tour," said Harry happily. It was great to have all his children with him.

"That's fine," said Draco. He looked over the kids again. "Albus calls me Draco. You should probably do the same. I sound a bit like a solicitor with all these 'Mr. Malfoys'."

Lily giggled. James looked on. Harry put his hand on his eldest's shoulder and steered him up the stairs. Lily took them two at a time, running ahead. James walked up silently beside him. "You okay, James?" he asked quietly.

James nodded, looking around at the portraits on the walls and the other strange objects on side tables.
“Uh huh. It’s just...weird, that’s all.”

“I understand. I appreciate your coming.”

James looked up at his father. “I wanted to, Dad. I want us to all get along.”

Harry swallowed a lump in his throat and said nothing more as he showed them into Scorpius and Albus’ room, where the two boys were ensconced looking at Quidditch magazines.

“There’s the squirt,” said James upon spying Albus.

Albus looked up and smirked. “Look, Scorp. It’s the Boy Who Got Perpetual Detention.”

Harry hid his smile behind a cough.

Lily jumped on the bed and bounced. “This is your room? You’re so lucky! Look at the Muggle street down there!”

“Lily!” said Harry, thinking about what Draco might say. “Stop jumping on the bed.”

“I like this room,” she said, coming to rest on the bed’s edge.

“That’s fine. But you’re not staying,” said Albus protectively. “You’re just here for tea.”

“I can stay if I want to. Can’t I, Dad?”

“Er...after Albus goes home, perhaps.”

“When’s tea?” asked Albus. “I’m starved!”

“You’re Scorpius,” said Lily, rising from the bed to stand in front of the blond boy who looked so much like the man Harry loved.

“Yes,” said the boy. “And you’re Lily Potter. I wish I had a sister.”

“You can have her,” said James. “Only three Sickles.”

“James!” said Harry, nudging him good-naturedly.

“But you will,” said Albus. “Remember? When Dad and—”

“Albus!” Harry glared at his son. “Later.”

He didn’t want to spring this news on his other children right away.

But it was too late. James caught up to the conversation. “Something you need to tell us, Dad?” His expression was tight and he looked worried. Would they lose all the ground they had gained since James’ near expulsion?

Well, the Snitch was out of the box now. Harry sat on the bed. “Come here, kids.” Harry was startled to see Scorpius include himself, and he moved in with the others. He put his arm around Lily and Albus. James stood before him. “Scorp and Al already know. The thing of it is, Draco and I...we’re going to be married.”

“To each other?” asked Lily. “Can boys do that?”

“Yes, sweetie. We can. We love each other very much and we’d like to make it permanent—”

“But you loved Mummy, and that wasn’t permanent,” she said, clearly voicing what the others were thinking.

"I did love Mummy," he said. He absently rubbed his finger where his wedding band used to be. "And I still do. Just in a different way. I love Draco in a permanent way."

"Oh." That seemed to satisfy her. Albus had already come to terms with it. Harry raised his head to James.

The boy, who seemed to take after Ginny's features with brown hair and eyes, looked thoughtful. Harry could tell he was struggling. He meant what he had said to Harry that horrible morning at Hogwarts when it all seemed to fall apart, but Harry wondered if the reality might be a bit too much for a thirteen-year-old to take.

"W-when would you get married?" asked James.

"We were thinking of a Christmas wedding. That way, if you wanted to, you could all come. If you wanted to."

James nodded, biting his lower lip. "I see. It will get into the papers again, won't it?"

Harry sighed. "I'm afraid so."

James nodded again. "I think...I think...I'd like to be best man, if you'll let me."

Harry nearly slipped off the bed. "What?"

"James!" cried Albus. "That's brilliant!" He jumped up and slapped his brother hard on the back.

James cracked a smile. "If it's all right with Dad."

Harry leaped up and threw his arms around his son. He didn't care that he was crying.

“What’s going on?” Draco stood in the doorway, a worry line creasing his forehead.

Scorpius grabbed his father’s hand and told him excitedly, “James is going to be Harry’s best man and I want to be yours!”

“You told them! We were going to wait until lat— What did you say, Scorpius?”

He smiled up at his lanky father. “I want to be your best man. May I?”

Now Draco had tears in *his* eyes. He licked his lips and touched his son’s face. “A-anything you want, son. Thank you.”

Everyone was crying except for Lily who didn’t seem to understand what everyone was getting so worked up for. She stomped her foot. “Are we going to have tea or not?”

Harry laughed and took her hand. “Yes, milady. We are going to have tea right now.”

* * *

After tea Lily wanted to see their rings but when Harry said he hadn't bought them yet, Scorpius piped up that they should all go immediately and buy them.

“But we’ve just been to Diagon Alley yesterday,” said Draco.

But he was horrifically out-numbered.

They traipsed back to the Wizarding street and Lily dragged them to a jewelry shop just down the lane from Gringott’s called Sperkling’s. Mr. Sperkling recognized Harry immediately and came around the counter to greet him. He met Harry's brood. “Well, how can I help you, Mr. Potter?”

“Er...” Harry felt his face warm to all kinds of red. He looked at Draco eyeing the proprietor coolly under his white-blond fringe. Draco didn’t deign to help. “I...need some rings,” said Harry in nearly a whisper.

Mr. Sporkling matched his tone. “Some rings?”

“Um...yes. Rings. You know. Rings.”

“What Mr. Potter is trying to say—and doing a miserable job of it—” said Draco, “is that he is looking for a pair of men’s rings. For a wedding.”

“Men’s rings? But I don’t understand. Are these gifts for the wedding party?”

Lily laughed. “No! We’re the wedding party!”

The man looked down at her until Draco tapped his shoulder. “Up here. Now try and assimilate this. We—” and he motioned between Harry and himself— “are getting married. To. Each. Other. We need rings. Get it?”

To Mr. Sporkling’s credit, he did at last ‘get it’ and showed no astonishment, though he was almost buzzing with excitement. Harry could see the Galleon signs flipping through his lids.

“Yes, of course, Mr. Malfoy. I have some excellent rings right over here. Do you two have a preference? Something simple or something with more panache?”

“Panache,” said Draco the same time Harry said, “Simple.”

They looked at one another. Harry smiled. “Maybe something simple with a little panache?”

Draco smiled back. “Just what I was thinking.”

Draco and Harry peered over the glass case and four more heads joined them, nearly blocking their view.

"Ooh Dad!" cooed Lily. "I like that one!"

She pointed to a gold ring with a very large and gaudy stone in it. "You would. That would take all the money we have in our vaults, dear. Something a little more simple than that."

"Should we go with gold, Harry, or platinum?"

"Hmm." Harry stared at Draco's hair. "I like platinum."

Draco smiled. He elbowed him. "That's not what I meant."

"Gold, I think," said James.

Everyone swiveled toward him. He looked at everyone in turn. "Gold is for permanence. That's what they said in Potions. Isn't it, Mr. Malfoy?"

Draco raised a brow at the eldest Potter. "Indeed. What does the father say?"

Harry shrugged. "Don't care."

"Of course you care," said Draco, slipping his arm in Harry's. Harry noticed a large witch staring at them from across the shop, who was supposed to be trying on necklaces. Though the gesture made Harry uncomfortable, he was secretly thrilled that Draco made a blatant display of their affection. Harry touched the hand on his arm and petted it.

"I mean, whatever you want. As long as it's ours."

Draco's smile warmed. "That's sweet," said he and Lily at the same time. Draco looked down at her and smirked. "I like her."

They looked at several styles, but each one was turned down by one Potter or another. Scorpius seemed partial to rings with stones in it while Albus liked the more elaborate designs. Lily liked whatever Draco chose and James tended to side with Harry.

After an hour, and nearly testing the patience of Mr. Sperkling, a pair of rings were chosen: gold bands, with a leafy filigree surrounding a small faceted stone of Alexandrite, red for Harry, green for Draco. Mr. Sperkling explained that the stone was quite rare and symbolized good health and longevity and has been long renown in both the Muggle and Wizarding worlds to possess regenerative powers.² Draco was entranced by the notion.

Harry just liked the way they looked.

Draco looked over the design one last time and turned to Harry. "They're perfect. Except for one thing."

Everyone groaned. "My feet hurt," complained Lily.

"Gosh, Potter. Have you no control of your brood?"

"We've been at this an hour, Draco."

"The rings are fine. I just meant...*you* should wear the green one and *I* should wear the red one."

"But they're for Gryffindor and Slytherin, aren't they?"

"Yes, which is precisely why you should wear mine and I should wear yours."

Harry's lips broke into a smile. "I see. Sweetheart, that's a wonderful idea." And without a moment's thought, Harry leaned over and kissed Draco on the mouth.

And that's when the photographer took their picture.

* * *

A Howler arrived the next day from Ginny.

HARRY POTTER! HOW COULD YOU HAVE MADE THAT BLATANT DISPLAY IN PUBLIC WITH YOUR CHILDREN RIGHT BESIDE YOU! AND BUYING WEDDING RINGS! YOU COULDN'T HAVE TOLD ME FIRST! NO, BECAUSE THAT WOULD HAVE BEEN THE POLITE, THE RESPONSIBLE THING TO DO. IT'S GOING TO BE A LONG, COLD DAY UNTIL LILY, JAMES, AND ALBUS RETURN TO THAT LONDON FLAT, I CAN TELL YOU!

Harry quickly wrote a reply:

Ginny,

That is patently unfair of you. We didn't know a photographer had snuck in there. And the kids were perfectly okay with it. I talked to them as it affects them first, you second. I fully intended to tell you but didn't get the chance. I'm sorry it hit you like that. You know I wouldn't hurt you for the world. Please don't use the kids between us. Please, Ginny. James wants to be my best man and I want him to do it. It's very important for all of us. I would like you to come, too. But I will understand if you chose not to.

Please, Ginny. Should I come over to talk to you?

Harry

'Cue returned after a long while with a reply. Ginny simply said to come.

Harry Apparated, feeling strange at the familiar surroundings of the house in Godric's Hollow. A place that was no longer his.

Ginny stood to one side, her arms tightly crossed over her chest and a scowl on her face. She looked thinner, more drawn. She clearly wasn't taking all this well despite appearances.

He approached her with arms extended, intending to take her in an embrace, but she shied away. Her arms were still protectively tight around her.

Harry let his arms fall to his sides. "I never meant to hurt you."

"You keep saying that," she said in a barely controlled voice. "But you keep doing it time and time again. It isn't bad enough that you left me for a man, but does it have to be everywhere! Do the children have to be involved in everything! And they want to be with you now, not me. I'm just a worn-out old shoe." She began to cry.

Harry couldn't stand it. He took her in his arms and this time she allowed it. He rocked her and kissed her head. "Ginny, Ginny." Pressing his cheek to hers, they stood that way a long time. It was good to hold her. He hadn't realized how much he had really missed it. It was familiar to him, like being with his children. How he wished things had not changed. How he wished they could have stayed the same. But then he thought of Draco and if he had never known love like that something large and wonderful would have been missing from his life. It was all so fucked up. It really was.

He let her go and she wiped her face. He conjured a handkerchief for her and she gratefully took it. "You know the kids love you, too. They always have and they always will," he told her.

She nodded and dabbed at her eyes with the damp cloth. "I know. I just feel so alone, you know. Abandoned."

"I'm sorry."

"You can't keep apologizing."

"I have to. It's my fault."

"It's not your fault. You know that. You can't help how you feel."

"But I wish I didn't."

"Nonsense." She vanished the handkerchief without her wand. "You love Malfoy and he loves you. I saw the picture."

"I'm sorry about that too."

She laughed with eyes still damp from crying. "There you go again."

He smiled softly. He tugged at her and they sat together on the sofa, his arm still around her. "I meant to tell you first. I really did. It just all got away from me."

"So...when?"

"We were thinking Christmas. That way the kids could come. You're invited, too."

She shook her head. "I don't think so. I don't think I could watch that."

"That's okay. I just wanted you to know you're included."

"Thanks. That's so 'Harry Potter' of you."

He frowned. He never liked when she said that. It was one of those things she said to him when she was annoyed with him. "Well anyway. Do you still feel like having Scorpius stay with you? I can make him understand if you don't want to."

She waved her hand. "No, that's all right. I don't want to disappoint Albus."

"But he looks so much like—"

"Yeah, I know. It will be good to get to know him. Really."

"Well that's...really 'Ginny Potter' of *you*."

She looked at Harry and smacked him good-naturedly on the shoulder. They smiled at one another. Harry sighed inwardly. Maybe it would all be all right. Maybe happiness delayed was the best kind. He knew Ginny would be all right. She was pretty enough and gregarious enough to find someone someday. There was always hope.

"I have to get back. Scorpius is helping me with my garden."

"Oh. You've got a garden again?"

"Yeah. Scorpius seems the only one interested in it, though."

"He seems like a nice boy."

"He really is. Much nicer than Draco."

Ginny gave a genuine laugh at that. "Well, I guess I will be looking forward to his visit."

Chapter Four—Albus

Harry arrived out of the Floo at dinner time. Albus looked over at him worriedly. He had heard the Howler from his Mum. Heck, *everyone* in the house had heard it. But his dad looked okay. They must have worked it out. Sometimes he felt sad about his Mum and sometimes a little angry at his Dad for the way things turned out. He even felt guilty about liking Mr. Malfoy so much. But in the end, when he looked at it logically, he couldn't see how it could be any other way. He supposed he and Lily were the calm ones in the family. At least James wasn't being such an arsehole anymore.

They sat down to dinner: Harry, Draco, Albus, and Scorpius. It was a more subdued dinner but still all right. And at the end of it, Draco and Harry looked at each other in that sappy way they had. Albus rolled his eyes, commiserating silently with Scorpius who looked equally ill at ease. After dinner, he and Scorp escaped upstairs to play exploding snap when they heard their fathers go to their room and shut the door. But it wasn't long until they began to hear noises and then voices.

Oh, God, Harry!

Daddy's gonna give it to you hard.

Oh yes! Oh yes! Want it hard and deep!

I'm going to give it to you the way you like it.

Oh Daddy!

Oh! How's that, baby? How's that?

Harry! I'm...I'm close!

Come on me, baby! Come all over me!

And then there was one long, protracted howl.

Open-mouthed, Scorpius looked at Albus and Albus stared at his friend. Suddenly, the two of them burst out laughing.

“Oh. My. *GAWD!*” squealed Albus. “I’ve *never* heard anything so awful in all my *life!*”

“Merlin’s pants! I’ve *never* heard my father use that tone of voice,” choked Scorpius.

“I never want to hear it again!” Albus aimed his wand at their door and muttered a spell to muffle sounds outside. “Holy crap, Scorp! Do all parents sound like that in bed?”

He shrugged. “I never knew. Never thought about it.”

They settled down and sighed. Albus looked at his friend. “When Dad first told us, I began to wonder if...you know. Maybe I would be, too. Gay and not know it.”

“Me, too,” said Scorpius, seriously. “But I don’t think I am. I mean, I like girls. I think they’re pretty.”

“Me, too. Sort of. I mean, I don’t want to be kissing anyone right now. Do you?”

Scorpius reddened. “No.”

“Liar!” Albus scooted closer. “Who are you thinking about kissing?”

“No one,” he said in a tone that clearly proved he was lying.

“Who? Come on. Tell me.”

“You promise not to tell anyone, living or dead?”

Albus nodded eagerly. "I promise. Who?"

"Well...it's...it's Rose. Rose Weasley."

"What? My cousin? Eww!"

"She's not *my* cousin. I think she's cute. But she won't look twice at me." He said it unhappily. Albus didn't want his friend to be unhappy.

"I could introduce you," he said.

"No! Then everyone would think I liked her."

"But you do!"

"But I don't want anyone to know, least of all her!"

"But what if she likes you back?"

"She doesn't. I'm a Slytherin. I heard her talking about Slytherins one day." He shook his head miserably.
"She doesn't like me."

"Well, one only has to look at our fathers to see that nothing stays the same. I bet someday she'll like you." Scorpius still looked miserable when Albus scooted even closer. "Then she'll say, 'Oh Scorpius! Oh baby. Kiss me like that, yeah!'"

Scorpius looked up with a horrified expression.

"She'll get all lovey and say all those awful things."

Scorpius' face froze for a second before he burst out laughing again. The two rolled on the floor wrestling, and after a while, they got out their bag of Weasley's Wizard Wheezes to see what they could do with them.

* * *

The next morning at breakfast they kept looking at one another and giggling.

Exasperated, Draco set down his coffee cup onto the saucer with a clank. "What is wrong with you two? What is so darned funny?"

"Nothing, Father," said Scorpius, straightening his face.

"I think you two forgot to do something last night," said Albus, repressing a snicker.

Scorpius looked at him aghast and kicked him under the table. But Albus knew this would be good. "You know, it's a sign of old age to become forgetful."

"Oh?" said his father with a glint in his eye. He smirked and continued buttering his toast. "And just what is it we forgot to do?"

"You two should *really* remember to put up a Silencing Charm on your room at night."

Albus waited. Harry and Draco froze and slowly looked at one another. Suddenly both their faces flushed with a horrified blush. They stared down at their plates and no one else for the rest of the meal.

Albus chuckled to himself. Priceless.

* * *

It had been a fun two weeks at the London house, but Albus had to go back to Godric's Hollow. It would be nice to see Mum but he worried she would be sad and weepy. At least he had Scorpius for another week there. On their last night, they were all invited to Malfoy Manor for dinner. Scorpius was excited to see his grandparents, but Albus was a bit nervous going to such a grand place.

“Don’t worry,” said Scorpius, shrugging on his dress robes. “Grandfather and Grandmother will like you.”

“I don’t see why,” he muttered. After the Big Detention, Albus had made it his job to find out about the Malfoys. It seemed he couldn’t discover anything about them without his dad also being intimately involved. No wonder Dad and Draco got together after all these years. It seemed sort of inevitable. In a kind of gross way.

Even if Draco had been a reluctant Death Eater, Lucius Malfoy was not so much. He was the genuine article. And Albus was a little scared to meet him. He would never admit that to his friend, but it was there nonetheless.

They Flooded over and Albus stared open-mouthed at his surroundings. The place was HUGE! It was like the Ministry only it was a house. There was marble all over the place and sculptures and paintings of stern-faced witches and wizards, and house-elves kept popping in all over the place, not the same one twice.

Scorpius was rich!

“I never knew you had this much money,” whispered Albus to his friend. “*You’re* buying the sweets on the Hogwarts Express from now on!”

Scorpius merely smirked. He looked a lot like his father when he did that.

They walked into a room that was clearly a library. It seemed to have more books than Hogwarts did and Albus repressed the urge to whistle. A good thing, because Mr. and Mrs. Malfoy walked in at that moment.

Lucius Malfoy was very tall. He had a look about him that seemed to imply that everything that was not him or his was beneath him. Albus instantly disliked him, especially remembering the things he had read the man did to his dad.

Narcissa, on the other hand, was difficult to fathom. When she saw Scorpius and Draco, her face immediately became animated and beautiful. But before that, she looked as if she was smelling something unpleasant.

Albus noticed his dad physically stiffen when they came into the room.

“Welcome, Mr. Potter,” said Lucius Malfoy. His eyes swiveled toward Albus. “And...Mr. Potter.”

Harry cleared his throat. “This is my youngest son, Albus.”

“Charmed,” said Lucius, who looked nothing of the sort. “Youngest? Oh that’s right. You have...several.”

“An older boy—he’s thirteen—and a daughter, nine.”

“Quite the brood.” His attention flickered away and landed on Scorpius. He, too, brightened upon seeing his grandson. “Scorpius. Have you been enjoying your summer?”

“Oh, yes, Grandfather. I’ve been spending it with Albus. We’ve been having a great time.”

“I see. Perhaps you would like to give your little friend a tour of the manor while we talk with the adults.”

Albus sensed this was more of an order than a suggestion. And Scorpius was on it immediately. They hadn’t gotten far up the stairs when the loud voices began. He and Scorp looked at one another and straight away crept back down the stairs. Albus took out a pair of Extendable Ears and fed it through the crack in the doors.

“I see by the *Daily Prophet* that the two of you are...engaged?” said Lucius in a tone that indicated he was less than pleased.

“Father, we came tonight to tell you—”

“Why must all the most important details of your life, Draco, be told to us in the public eye!”

“Hey,” said Harry. “You’re the one who gave your ‘blessing’ should we decide to get married. And now that we are you’re suddenly pissed? Make up your bloody mind!”

“I don’t think that tone is necessary, Mr. Potter,” said Narcissa coolly.

“Of course it is. You’re husband is being an absolute prick and I won’t have it.”

“May I remind you,” said Lucius, “that you are a guest in my house.”

“Yeah, I remember being a guest in your house. Many years ago. I didn’t much like it then, either.”

Lucius made a strangled sound. “The Dark Lord had commandeered our home for his own purposes!” he sputtered. “You know that very well—”

“And you were just chomping at the bit to deliver me to him, weren’t you?”

“Dammit!” yelled Draco. “This is insane! Do we have to rehash something that happened *twenty* years ago?”

Everyone fell sullenly silent.

Narcissa finally cleared her throat. “The damage is done. And now we are joining both our houses. I think we must move on from the past and plan the future. Draco, have you decided any wedding plans?”

“Er...we...we wanted a Christmas wedding. Before or after. You know.”

“And guests? Have you considered this?”

“Um...no. We’ve only just—”

“Mrs. Malfoy,” said Harry softly. “Perhaps you would consider planning the wedding for us. That is, if you want to. Draco and I would be pants at this sort of thing.”

“Speak for yourself, Potter,” came Draco’s mumbled reply.

But there seemed to be delight in Narcissa’s voice. “What a wonderful suggestion, Mr. Potter. Have you chosen groomsmen?”

“Scorpius wants to be my best man,” said Draco proudly. “And Harry’s eldest James will be his. We’ve already got the rings. As...as you already know.”

“Yes,” said Lucius.

“Then it’s settled. Mr. Potter, do please supply me with a list of preferred guests. May I suggest we have the ceremony here? It is quite private and can accommodate many guests.”

“It will probably be a small wedding,” said Harry, his voice less than composed.

“Nevertheless,” said Narcissa. “Even a small wedding will be wonderful here. A lovely warming charm in the snow near the gazebo or an intimate dinner in the downstairs ballroom.”

“Is there an *upstairs* ballroom?” asked Albus, turning to his friend.

Scorpius looked at him as if the question were stupid. “Of course.”

They reeled in their Extendable Ear and pondered the conversation. “They have a lot of history,” said Scorpius finally.

“Yeah,” said Albus, almost embarrassed.

"Is it all really in *Hogwarts: A History*?"

"And loads of other books."

"My family doesn't come off too well, do they?"

"Well...that *was* a long time ago."

Scorpius walked thoughtfully across the foyer. "I know what people say behind my back. I heard it the moment I arrived at Hogwarts, the moment the deputy headmaster called my name for the Sorting Hat." He pivoted and his grey eyes fixed on Albus. "Why did you want to be my friend?"

Scorpius looked uncomfortable and a little lost. Albus didn't like that expression on Scorpius. It made him look hard and cold. "We were partnered in Potions, remember? You seemed all right to me. And you seemed to know what you were doing. More than I did." He smiled crookedly before that smile faded. "Why did you want to be my friend?"

"My father encouraged me to make friends outside my house. You were the only one who was even remotely nice to me."

"Really?" Albus felt his stomach do a flip. "My dad always told me to trust my instincts and not take things at face value. I guess I never really knew what that meant before. You were a Slytherin but I was scared that I'd be sorted into Slytherin."

"Why?" Scorp's tone was edgy but still curious.

"Well...you know. You hear things. Voldemort was a Slytherin."

"So was Severus Snape and you're named after him."

"I know. Dad said he was the bravest man he ever knew."

“So why were you afraid?”

Albus shrugged. It seemed stupid now and he felt his face burn with embarrassment. “I just thought—”

“You’d turn evil?” he snorted. Scorpius wasn’t smiling. He had obviously heard it all, too.

“Not exactly. It was that I wouldn’t fit in. That I wasn’t...you know. Clever enough.”

Scorpius’ serious expression opened into a smile. “Weren’t clever enough. Only you would worry about that.” He walked over and put his arm around Albus’ shoulders. “You’re damned clever, you know. And you have all that dorky Gryffindor bravery. I don’t know what you’re worried about.”

Albus felt a burst of camaraderie in his heart for his friend. He smiled sheepishly. “Get your hand off!”

Scorpius stepped back and laughed.

* * *

If *before* dinner was strained, dinner *itself* could be cut with a *Diffindo*. There was very little conversation. Most of it was between Narcissa and Draco.

Near the end of the meal when pudding was served, Lucius turned to Albus, who froze in place with that implacable stare.

“Albus Potter, you are friends with my grandson.”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“I commend you on your choice. A Slytherin can be a most exceptional ally.”

“Ally?”

But Lucius Malfoy did not elaborate. His gaze swept away from Albus and the boy felt as if he were dismissed.

After pudding they retired to the library for more strained chat until his father finally suggested that they leave. Albus was first to the Floo.

That night, he and Scorpius talked late. It was their last night together in the London House and Scorpius wanted to know what to expect at Godric’s Hollow.

“Mum is really fun. She’ll probably challenge us to Quidditch. She’s really good. Not as good as my dad, but she’ll beat us. Lily is even better than me. But I’ll hex you if you tell her that.”

“Is it nice having brothers and sisters?”

“Well...I don’t know if it’s nice exactly. James can be a pain. He’s always teasing me. Sometimes I really hate him. And Lily whines a lot though she’s better now that she’s older. She’ll be going to Hogwarts in a year. I guess at Christmas and stuff it’s fun. We get a lot of family to come then.”

“The Weasleys, you mean?”

“Yeah. Everyone comes over and then we all go over to Nana and Papa Weasley’s.”

“Who are they?”

“My grandparents, stupid. It’s in Ottery St. Catchpole.”

“That’s a Wizarding village, isn’t it?”

“Just like Godric’s Hollow. Only it’s sort of both.”

"I've never been. I've only been to Hogsmeade."

"It's fun."

"So...with this wedding being at Christmas, will Rose be there, do you think?"

"Probably...Oh. Yeah. You're *sweetheart* will be there."

"Shut up!"

Albus smiled and batted his eyes. "Then maybe you can *kiss* her under the mistletoe."

"There won't be mistletoe there...will there?" His tone was hopeful.

Albus laughed but sobered quickly. "Say Scorp. What do you really think of this wedding? Don't you think it's kind of...well. Gross?"

"They already live together."

"And do stuff," said Albus, remembering the night his dad forgot to use the Silencing Charm. He shivered thinking of it.

"So I guess it's okay," said Scorpius. "It will just be kind of...weird. It's already kind of weird to see my father...*kissing*...another man."

"Me, too." He rolled over in bed and looked across the room to Scorpius. "They're happy, though. I guess that's what counts."

Still, he was not exactly looking forward to Christmas this year.

Chapter Five—Draco

The wedding was scheduled for Boxing Day and Draco realized with a shriek that it was only three days away. He ran the plans again through his head. Was everything settled? Planned? Something was bound to go wrong, he just knew it.

Strong arms closed around him and that unmistakable scent of Harry Potter engulfed his senses. A kiss warmed a spot on his neck. "You're tensing again," purred that deep voice. "Relax. It's all taken care of."

He turned in Harry's arms and embraced him properly. "Of course *you're* relaxed. You haven't lifted a finger to do anything!"

"You wouldn't let me. Told me straight away I'd bollix it up. You have no one to blame but yourself."

He scowled. There had to be a way to make his anxiety Harry's fault. But he couldn't really think when Harry was doing that to his neck. Lips nibbled up and down the column of his flesh, sucking, nipping. Draco threw back his head to help.

"Gonna fuck you, Malfoy," growled Harry.

"Oh?" he asked dreamily.

"Yeah. Right here, right now."

"Silencing Charm!" he squeaked.

"Already taken care of. Silencing Charm—" *Kiss*. "Door triple locked—" *Suckle*. "Warded." *Nip*. "It's just you and me."

"Oh good," he sighed, falling back on the bed.

Harry pounced and immediately wrapped his lips around Draco's throbbing erection. "Ah!" Draco lifted his hips, unable to control them when Harry's warm mouth enclosed him like that. Then that tongue! It slithered and swirled up the shaft, dug into the ridge at the crown, slurped up the pre-cum at the slit, and then covered it again in lips that dragged down and up, sucking, creating incredible sensations that tightened Draco's balls. And then his warm hand rested there on his sac, just holding it. He fondled it, rolling the testicles, pulling gently on the flesh. The hand crept upward, behind. Draco had no choice but to open his legs as wide as they could go, opening his arse for Harry. And then that finger. Harry took the sweat from his crack and used it as lube to run around that tight ring, but it wasn't enough to push inside. A nonverbal served to lube him inside and out after that first attempt. Harry was thorough in his lovemaking. He knew every button to push, every place that Draco like to be touched and fondled. That lubed finger pushed inside that furled entrance, teased the hole a bit, and thrust hard, pumping in and out, and just scraped that spot inside that drove Draco mad.

Draco arched his back and lifted his hips again, and Harry swallowed him down to the root, sucking hard. Draco barely had time to say anything, didn't know if he actually did, when his balls contracted in a swirl of intense pleasure and he came, pumping into his lover's face, unloading into Harry's mouth. And Harry, sucking and slurping all his cum, seemed delighted to be doing it.

Draco pried open his eyes at the last second to watch his Harry, saw the blissful look on his face as he sucked and licked, knowing it was true, that he did love every moment of it.

"You've completely undone me," sighed Draco, meaning more than the sex. Harry couldn't seem to stop licking his penis. But then the sensation became too intense for Draco and he grabbed Harry's hair. "Stop! Please."

Harry grinned. His glasses had been abandoned earlier and he was putting them back on. He obviously wanted to see the next bit. "Too much for you?"

"You're always too much for me."

"Hope not. Now comes the best part."

Draco grinned back.

Harry pushed Draco's parted legs upward and looked down at his exposed arse with glittering eyes. "This is so mine," he rasped.

"So yours," Draco agreed.

Harry's dick was dark and pulsing. The tip was absolutely dripping with pre-cum. A long strand of it slid toward the bed. Draco licked his lips. He wouldn't have minded lapping that up but he was quite in the wrong position to do so.

Harry didn't prepare him. He didn't need to. Draco was so relaxed and open and lubed it wasn't necessary. Harry plunged, his thick cock spreading Draco wide.

It burned a bit, but Draco reared back, aiming his arse into Harry, and Harry buried his length inside him. He didn't wait. He pulled out a bit and then rammed in again. Draco rocked back with the force of it. "Oh yes!" he groaned. He loved being filled with Harry's cock, loved the thickness and the steely hardness of it, whether it glided over his prostate or not. "Fuck me, Harry! Harder!"

Harry obliged and Draco's whole body shook with the force of it. Harry's mouth was open as he panted and his eyes were rock steady either on Draco's eyes or his cock. Age was making it difficult for Draco to get hard again right after Harry made him come, but it didn't matter. Harry fondled it anyway and it still felt good.

Harry stiffened and changed his hands to Draco's waist and pumped hard for several seconds, jutting his hips, until he cried out and came. Hot juices flooded Draco's channel and Draco felt them slither out of him around Harry's deeply embedded cock.

They froze in that tense tableau for a long moment, until Harry's dick popped out and he gently relaxed beside and a little on top of Draco, helping him lower his leg so he could nestle his own legs around it. He laid his head on Draco's chest and kissed the flesh where his mouth rested. "Love you," he purred.

"I love you, too, you great, sexy man."

"Mmmm." He squeezed Draco and sighed. "We're going to be married."

A little thrill of excitement coursed through Draco's gut. "Yes. We certainly are."

"Then the whole world will know how much I love you." Harry was smiling, his eyes closed. Draco wanted him to take off his glasses as the frame was digging into his chest, but he didn't say anything.

"Is that important to you?"

Harry sat up, straightening those plain spectacles. "Of course it is. There have been so many lies printed about me over the years, so many people with misconceptions. And I want them to know how much you mean to me. How much you've always meant."

"You used to hate me."

"Maybe."

"And I used to hate you."

"No. You were just jealous."

"Was not!" and he pushed Harry off of him.

"Ooh. Struck a chord, did I?"

"Shut up, Potter." Draco slid out of bed and headed for the loo. He did his business, cast a cleaning charm on the sticky dried cum on his thighs, and returned, rather sulkily, to the bed. Harry smiled at him indulgently. He couldn't even sulk properly with Potter around. The man wouldn't allow him to. Thought it was "cute".

"We can't stay in bed all morning," said Harry.

"Well, I *had* been up, you know, until you dragged me back. You're such a mountain troll."

“And you hated every moment of it. I could tell.”

He huffed impatiently and turned to give Harry a quick kiss, but the man had other ideas. He embraced Draco tightly and started a slow, seductive kiss, taking Draco's lips in his and gnawing and sucking on them. He opened his mouth and covered Draco's, sending his tongue exploring, lapping inside. Draco sank against him. It was no use when Harry wanted him. He was a goner. And Harry's kisses were too delicious. He forgot why he was annoyed and slid his hands around his man and dissolved into the kiss.

A few minutes later and they were drawing back from one another with wide grins on both their faces. “In three days,” said Harry, “you are going to be my husband.”

Draco couldn't get over how “into it” Harry was. He was pretty sappy about it, to be frank. But it made Draco smile. He stroked Harry's face, fingers running over the stubble. “You're a hopeless romantic, aren't you?”

“I guess so. I never thought of myself as that. But I really am looking forward to this. Almost more than my first wed—” He caught himself and bit his lip. The mood broken, he released Draco and sat back.

“Have you heard from Ginny?” Draco asked guardedly.

Harry shook his head. The man still thought that his ex-wife would come to the wedding after all. But she had been too hurt by the whole business. Draco didn't expect her to come. Arthur and Molly Weasley declined as well, in deference to their daughter's feelings. Harry said he understood, but he was hurt nonetheless. Ron and Hermione were coming, of course, along with their children Hugo and Rose. Teddy and Draco's Aunt Andromeda were also coming, which counted for guests on both sides of the family, he supposed. There was also Neville Longbottom and that strange woman from the *Quibbler*, Luna Lovegood, whom Draco hadn't seen since she was a prisoner in Malfoy Manor all those years ago. Draco's parents were obviously going to be there and Minerva McGonagall as well as that frightening giant Hagrid. Because the guest list was decidedly one-sided, Draco had invited his associate from work, Philo Philips who was delighted to come, along with his wife and three children. And that was all. That was enough, as far as Draco was concerned. He had sent a notice—not an invitation—to his former wife and she had sent a vague note in return along with a gift. Draco never bothered opening it. It was the first time he'd ever done that with a gift.

He petted Harry's hand in sympathy. Harry felt his emotions so deeply. Anything could hurt him and Draco hated to see it. He felt an almost feral need to protect him just as he felt for Scorpius. But in this, he was powerless.

Harry looked down at his hand and at Draco's ministrations and offered him a smile. "Thanks, sweetheart. Is there anything left for me to do? I feel rather badly that I haven't done anything."

"You've already got your dress robes, right?"

Harry nodded.

"And my wedding gift, I suppose."

Harry's eyes suddenly flew wide. "Er...."

Draco pouted. "You forgot."

"I...I...just need...to...ah...pick it up. Yeah. So I'll get dressed and do that right now, shall I?" Harry scrambled out of bed and into the bathroom. As soon as the door slammed Draco rolled back and laughed himself silly. It was impossible to feel this good. This *loved*! He'd never felt the like before. Oh, maybe when he was a child, but this was different from a parent's love. So different. He gloried in the feeling. Amazed that it had happened to him at all when he never, ever expected it. And with Harry Potter! Never in a million years would he have imagined it.

After Harry left the shower, dressed, and Flooed away, Draco got himself a bath. He had to Floo to the manor to make sure everything was settled. He wasn't quite sure about the menu and wanted to make a small change, clearing it first with his mother.

After dressing, he strolled down the corridor to Scorpius' room and gently knocked on the door. "Come in," said his son. Draco walked in and smiled. His son was lying on the bed poring over a Quidditch magazine that Albus had given him. In spite of it all, he really liked Albus, and even though his habits weren't the best, he thought he was good for his son. Which brought up a question he had wondered about before.

He sat on the bed and his son looked up at him, swiping a bit of blond fringe from his eyes. "Hi, Father. What's up?"

What's up. That was definitely an Albus-ism. Draco smiled anyway. "Just seeing how you're doing. The wedding is in three days."

Scorpius sat up and looked at his father with dark, slate eyes. "Yes, Father, I know. Are you getting cold feet? I've heard adults can get that."

"Of course not. I love Harry. I want to marry him. With all my heart."

Scorpius squirmed a bit at that and lowered his eyes.

"You're okay with this, aren't you?" said Draco. "It's okay to back out of the bridal party if you want to." It stabbed at his gut to say it, but he never wanted his son to feel ashamed of him or the Malfoys.

"Oh no, Father! I'm proud to stand up for you. I love you. And I really like Harry. You seem to belong together."

Draco pulled at his robe's lapel distractedly. "You think so?"

"Oh yes." Scorpius fell silent. "It's just...you know."

"Is it...about you and Albus?"

"Is what about me and Albus?"

"Well...I just wondered if your feelings for Albus...well...were more than friendship. And if they were then this marriage would complicate things."

Scorpius had a dull look in his eyes as he considered what Draco was saying. All of a sudden his eyes rounded wide. *"What? You think Albus and I—Father! No!"*

"It's all right, son. Who better to understand than me?"

"No, Father! NO! It isn't that way at all. I don't feel that way about Albus and he doesn't feel that way about me! Really! We're just mates. I like girls. I like—" And he blushed furiously and turned away.

Was it a sense of relief or disappointment he felt? Draco looked down at his son and shrugged. *"Oh. Well, I just didn't want you to think we disapproved or anything."*

"Merlin. No, Father. We're fine."

"So who is this girl you like? Anyone we know?"

"I don't want to talk about it."

"Oh." So it begins. He sighed. Secrets. Adolescence. Sex. Draco suddenly felt more distant from his son than he had ever been before. *"Girls. Well, I'm afraid I won't be much help there. I suppose—"* He reached into his thoughts and unpleasantly had to pull out one name. *"There's always...Teddy Lupin...if you need girl advice."*

He looked up at his father gratefully. *"Yeah. I haven't thought of that. Thanks, Father."*

Draco smiled weakly. *"You're welcome. I'm going to the manor to check on wedding plans. Want to come with me?"*

"No thank you. I want to read my magazines. Albus gave me a stack of them."

"That was nice of him."

“Father,” he said soberly. “I know you don’t think Albus Potter is a good influence on me, but he really is my best friend. *Just* friends,” he emphasized with an embarrassed smile. “And he really means a lot to me. He was the only one—well. He had the courage to be a friend to a Slytherin. That means a lot to me. More than you’ll ever know.”

“Actually, I do understand. If Harry Potter and I had been friends all those years ago—”

“Then Albus and I wouldn’t have existed.”

Draco frowned. “Hmm. Maybe. But I do understand.” He rose. “Then I’m off to the manor. If you need anything, the house-elves are here.”

Scorpius rolled his eyes. As if he didn’t know that.

Draco left for the Floo and walked out into Malfoy Manor.

Chapter Six—Harry

Harry had a bit of wedding jitters. After all, it was to be at the manor and that was a place that still made him nervous.

Ron, Hermione and their family were sitting with him in the library of their London house with Albus, James, and Lily. Everyone was in their finest dress robes. Harry pulled at his collar again and James nudged him. “Dad! Leave it alone!”

“All right. I just think it’s a bit tight.”

“It’s perfectly fine, Dad.”

“You look very handsome,” said Lily.

He smiled at his daughter. “Thank you, sweetie.” He sighed deeply. “Isn’t it time to go yet? What time *is* it anyway?”

“Same time it was five minutes ago when you asked,” said Ron. “Only now it’s five minutes later.”

Hugo grinned up at his father.

Harry stood. “Maybe we should just go.”

“Blimey,” said Ron. “You’re as nervous as a rat at a Kneazle convention.”

Hermione stood. “We might as well.”

“Lily,” said Harry, whipping around toward his daughter. “You have the rings, right?”

"Of course, Dad, They're right her—uh oh."

"No! No, don't say that, darling. Draco will kill me."

She looked desperately in her little flowered basket before raising a wide grin to him. He could see faint freckles running along the bridge of her nose. "I was only joking. Here they are, Daddy."

Harry pressed a hand on his heart. "Ha, ha. Yeah. Maybe jokes later, sweetie."

She turned to James and wrinkled her nose at him. "See! I told you I had the nerve. You owe me five Sickles."

Harry leaned into James, who was trying to control his giggles. "I'll deal with you later, young man."

Harry lined up his children in front of the hearth. "Hermione, maybe you should go first."

"All right." But she paused and took Harry by the shoulders. "You have nothing to worry about. It's going to be beautiful. And you are a very lucky man."

He smiled. "Thanks, Hermione."

"Come along, kids," she said, including her own. She Flooed over first and then the others went one at a time.

Ron and James were left and Harry looked over at his best friend. Ron cocked an eye at James who seemed to get the secret message and stepped away from them. Ron put his arm around Harry's shoulders and led him a little ways away. "Look, mate, I know this is tough."

"I wish your parents had come."

"You know they couldn't."

Harry sagged. "I know. Have you...have you talked to Ginny?"

Ron nodded. "Yeah. She's...as good as expected." He withdrew an envelope from his robes. "She gave me this to give to you. Maybe you'd like to read it now."

Harry took it and looked at the familiar writing on the front. It said only "Harry." "What kind of mood was she in when she wrote this?"

Ron chuckled. "I'm sure it's all right."

He slipped away from Harry to talk quietly to James.

Harry turned the sealed envelope over and over in his hands. Finally, after a deep breath, he tore it opened with a fingernail. Pulling out the folded parchment, he straightened it and read:

Dear Harry,

I've thought about writing this a thousand times at least, and each time I just couldn't seem to do it. We've talked, I know. But I could never seem to say all the things I needed to say. Just too hurt, I guess.

I really loved you. Of course you know that. I will always love you. Some part of me will always feel like a part of you. Do you think that's true? And not just because of the children. I know we were happy once. And I felt so special knowing that it was me making you happy after all the crap you had to endure over the years. Now, I suppose, that role belongs to someone else.

I guess at first I hated you for this. What else was I to feel? And the fact that it was Malfoy on top of it? We all hated him so much. Even after all these years had past, it still felt normal to at least dislike him. I felt doubly, maybe triply betrayed because it was a man and because of who it was. And I've been trying to deal with it. Everything I've heard from the kids seems to tell me that Malfoy is all right. So I guess he is.

The kids seem so resilient. I resented that, too. But despite their show, it has been quite hard for them, even Lily. But. That being said, they are Potters and they know how to overcome any obstacle. Me, too. I'm learning.

If Malfoy makes you happy, if you really love him, then I truly do wish you well. I can't be at your wedding. Too painful. But it will all be fine. I can't really believe the Ferret is your true love but you never have done anything the easy way, have you, Potter? J Anyway, have a great wedding day. I'll see you soon.

Love, always,

Ginny

Harry hadn't realized that tears were streaming down his face until James touched his sleeve. He looked up. Ron had gone and Harry hadn't even heard him.

"Is it from Mum?" asked James.

Harry nodded, throat still too constricted to reply.

He looked at his son, slowly becoming the spitting image of his mother. "Don't worry, Dad. I know she wants the best for you. And Aunt Hermione is right. I think that Mr. Malfoy is a pretty lucky man as well."

Harry hugged his son. "Thank you, James. For everything."

"Dad, it's probably not going to be easy for any of us for the next few years. At least until we really get used to it all. And all the teasing," he added sullenly. "But just...understand how it is for us."

That boy was growing up before his eyes. Harry nodded solemnly. "Oh, Jamie, I know. I do."

James wore a small smile. "You haven't called me 'Jamie' in a long time."

"I don't know why I did. You're such a young man now."

James straightened a little taller. "Sort of the man of the house these days."

It took the air from Harry's gut and he clutched the boy's shoulder. "Yes. You know, Mum will come around eventually. When she gets over being hurt."

"I know. We all will."

"And yet you are all here today. You don't know how much I appreciate that from you kids."

"We do know. And we love you, Dad. We just want you to know that."

He hugged his son, squeezing, until James squeaked, "Dad! Can't breathe!"

Harry released him. "Sorry." He pushed the boy's fringe off his forehead with a gentle gesture.

"Let's go, Dad. After all your pacing, you don't want to be late."

"Okay." He tucked the letter into his robes and prodded his son into the Floo first.

When he stepped outside at Malfoy Manor, a pavilion was set up in the snow. Warming charms pulsed everywhere, and even though there was a light snowfall, the evening air was perfectly comfortable, thanks to the Malfoys' spell expertise.

Harry looked around. It was incredibly beautiful, in fact. The horizon was a deep blue set with a crimson line, and the snowflakes caught the hundreds—no, thousands of candles floating above the heads of the guests. An officiating wizard waited at the far end of a long trail of green pine needles under an arch of winter-blooming white roses. Fairies lit the arbour and with the snow, everything seemed to be glittering.

There was music coming from somewhere, counterpoint to Hagrid's loud weeping. Minerva McGonagall was patting him hard, trying to stop him.

And then, suddenly, Draco was beside him. "Welcome to your wedding, Harry."

He smiled and kissed Draco's soft, slightly pink cheek. "Thanks. You look, gorgeous, by the way." And he did. Malfoys were designed for dress robes, Harry decided. They never looked stiff in them. He noticed Scorpius beside him and was taken aback. The boy was Draco in miniature.

"Hello, Harry," he said. "Hello, James."

"Hey, Scorp," said James. "Ready to become step brothers?"

Scorpius smiled. "More than ready."

Harry felt his heart would burst. He was filled with such a sudden rush of emotions he didn't think he could contain it. He took Draco's arm and looked at their two groomsmen. It had never occurred to him before that they would be, in effect, step brothers but they had obviously given it more than a passing thought themselves.

Down the aisle they went, Lily in the front with her basket couching their rings.

They stopped before the old wizard, who was smiling at them. "It is always my very great privilege," said the man, "to preside over a gathering of love. And tonight is no exception. Who speaks for this man?" he asked, gesturing toward Draco.

Lucius and Narcissa rose. "We do," said Lucius and with a stately glance around to the small gathering, sat again.

"And who for this man?" he asked again.

Albus, Lily, and James cried in unison, "We do!"

The assembled laughed. "Very well. I take it there are no objections?" He made a cursory glance across the faces and nodded. "Well, then. Please join hands, gentlemen." Harry took Draco's hand. He could feel it tremble under his grip. Harry had married for love once before, but Draco had not. It probably meant quite a bit to the Slytherin. "Draco Lucius Malfoy." Draco raised his chin and Harry gazed fondly and probably quite goofily at his lover. "Do you take this man to be your husband; to love, honour, and cherish; to have and to hold from this day forward; for better or for worse; for richer or poorer; in sickness and in health; till death do you part?"

His voice was hoarse when he replied, "I do."

Turning to Harry, the old wizard said, "Harry James Potter. Do you take this man to be your husband; to love, honour, and cherish; to have and to hold from this day forward; for better or for worse; for richer or poorer; in sickness and in health; till death do you part?"

"I do!"

They looked at each other then, and smiled.

"Have you the rings?"

Lily dug into her basket and handed the correct rings each to James and to Scorpius. Scorpius looked so pale that Harry thought he might faint. Each best man handed their ring to the wizard. "The ring is a symbol of permanence," he went on. "It is a neverending circle, with no beginning and no end. Each will wear a ring as a symbol of this permanence and a symbol of their love."

The assembly all startled when Hagrid sobbed loudly. They all looked at him but he waved them off when he buried his face into a large, tablecloth-sized handkerchief. McGonagall gave him a withering look.

The wizard handed Draco a ring first. "Please place this on your beloved's finger." Draco took Harry's left hand and smiled a soft smile. "My beloved," he whispered for Harry's ears alone. He slipped it on his finger and Harry felt its warmth. He did the same for Draco and they held hands again.

"Then, with vows and rings exchanged, it is my very great pleasure to pronounce you two married! Congratulations. You may now kiss one another."

Harry had been waiting for that all day. He leaned in and took Draco in his arms, pressing a delicate kiss to his new husband's lips. "I love you, Draco," he whispered. There were tears in those grey eyes.

And then it was a whirlwind of congratulatory slaps on the back, kisses, and cheering. Harry and Draco were led to the head table where champagne from the Malfoy cellars was poured and toasts were given. Scorpius rose with his glass. Everyone suddenly quieted.

"Ahem. Grandfather, Grandmother, Father, and Harry. On behalf of the Malfoys, I should like to welcome everyone here on this happy day." He turned to Harry and Draco. "I don't suppose a year ago any of us expected to be here." There was some laughter and Scorpius waited until it died down. "But here we are now." He looked at the assembled faces peering up at him and his own face grew solemn. "I should like to tell you all a bit about my father. I know that some of you have your own perceptions from years gone by. All I can tell you, is that I know the man he is today, not the boy he might have been. My father is a fine man. He's clever and he's loving...and he's always let me have my own way." Scorpius smirked. Harry couldn't believe how much like Draco he looked in that instance. "But in this, in this wedding to Harry, no one could have stopped him. Why? Because it's love. I think we can all agree that love is the strongest magic there is. And although I know that there might have been much pain associated with all this—" He glanced regretfully at the Potters all sitting together and watching him. "--I know that for whatever you truly want there is always a price to be paid. As for me, I'm gaining a whole family—" His voice broke and his mouth trembled. But he mastered himself by raising his chin—a very Malfoy-like gesture, Harry decided—and ploughed on. "A whole family of brothers and a sister. I've met an aunt whom I didn't know existed and a cousin I have finally met. If love can do all that, then it can't be wrong. So...." He raised his glass even as silver tears ran down his cheeks. "Here's to my father...and my new father. A very hearty congratulations. I love you both."

Everyone drank. Harry put his arm around Draco who was openly sobbing. There wasn't a dry eye in the house.

The house-elves began to serve the feast and all the intimate tables, lit with fairy lights, were as beautiful as anything Harry could have imagined. Harry glanced often at his lover—husband, he supposed—catching him unawares, watching his interaction with Harry's children and the other adults as they conversed. He felt that goofy grin on his face again. Gosh, he liked Draco! Wherever had that come from? He liked the sound of his drawling voice now, the tilt of his head, the look of his graceful fingers on the Malfoy silverware. He liked his playful jokes, his turns of phrase, his pouting, his tantrums, his insistence on his own way, his—

"Potter," hissed Draco. "You're staring at me."

Harry blushed and smiled. "I know. It's a lovely view."

Now it was Draco's turn to blush. He tilted his head in that delightful way. "What am I going to do with you? You are an unabashed romantic."

He leaned over and kissed Draco's cheek amid the expressions of disgust of his children. "Yeah. Aren't you lucky?"

After the dinner, everyone mingled. Neville came up to Harry after the dancing began. He looked around. "I don't see Ginny," he said.

Harry offered a weak smile. "She wouldn't come. Who could blame her?"

"Ah," said Neville, nodding. "Still too fresh, eh? Well, we'll give her time, won't we." And he wandered away. Harry frowned at the strange use of "we" but thought no more about it when Andromeda sauntered toward him.

"It was a beautiful wedding, Harry," she said. She seemed to be trying awfully hard to look only at Harry, but Harry could tell she was snatching wistful glances all around her.

Then Draco arrived with his mother in tow. "Aunt Andromeda," he said to the startled witch. "My mother expressed a desire to talk to you."

Andromeda stiffened. "Are you certain about that?" she said. "It has been well over forty years since we last spoke."

Narcissa moved forward. "Andy," she said softly. "I've been such an old fool. I have missed you."

Andromeda looked up at her sister and Harry could well see the resemblance. "Blood traitor that I am?"

Narcissa waved her hand at that. There were crystal tears glistening on her pale lashes. "What does it all matter now? Bella and Ted are long dead."

"Yes. They are. I wished you had gotten to know him. And my daughter."

Narcissa lowered her head. "I do regret that."

"Although," said Andromeda, her voice less strained. "I think your grandson, Scorpius, is making up for much. He seems like a fine boy with a good head on his shoulders. And my nephew." She looked Draco up and down. "He's improved considerably."

Harry had to agree but he didn't say anything. He felt he was eavesdropping enough as it was.

It seemed difficult for Narcissa to say it, but she raised her head and boldly offered, "I should like to meet your grandson."

Andromeda raised her brow at that. "Really?"

"Yes," said Narcissa softly.

Andromeda looked around and spied Lucius coming toward them. "Here comes your husband. Should I go?"

Narcissa whipped around and Lucius was there. He scowled at Andromeda, his nose in the air. "Narcissa. Getting reacquainted?"

It was Lucius' attempt at cordial but Harry was ready with his wand if things got ugly.

"Lucius," said Andromeda tightly. "You're looking fit. For a man your age."

A sneer pulled up his lip but he morphed it into a smile. "As do you, Andromeda." And then the conversation languished. Andromeda sighed into the uncomfortable silence. "Well, I should let you get back to your party—"

"My dear," said Narcissa, turning to Lucius. "My sister was going to introduce me to my grand nephew."

Lucius glared at her. "The *werewolf's* son?"

"His name was Remus Lupin," said Harry, nearly growling. "And he was one of the finest *men* I ever knew."

Lucius turned to Harry, sparing a glance for his own son. "Of course. Forgive me."

But Harry didn't.

"I should like to meet him," said Narcissa, a hand on her husband's chest. "I should like *you* to meet him."

"He's all right, Father," said Draco. "He looks after the boys sometimes. I...like him." Draco swallowed. Harry supposed, even after all this time, Draco had a hard time standing up to his father.

Lucius sighed and closed his eyes. "Very well," he conceded. Narcissa looked anxiously at Andromeda. Andromeda turned around and waved to the young man with the ever-changing hair.

Teddy approached, his hair settling down to a mousy brown like his mother's. He looked apprehensively from one Malfoy to another. "Everything all right here, Gran?"

"Yes, Teddy. Your relatives merely wanted to meet you."

"Oh? I'm not so sure I want to meet them."

"Teddy!" said Harry.

Teddy had a determined look on his face, but Harry's stern countenance must have persuaded him.

"Well, I think it's *long* overdue. But if Gran wants me to—" He extended his hand to Lucius first.

"Greetings, Great Uncle Lucius. I'm Ted Lupin." Just as Lucius tentatively reached for his hand, Teddy's ears grew and sharpened to wolf's ears and his canines lengthened to fangs

Lucius snatched his hand back.

"*Teddy!*" said Harry again. He nodded his head toward Lucius. "He's trying."

Teddy allowed his features to return to normal. "I hear he's *very* trying." He looked at Draco. "Hard to believe he's your dad, Draco. You're so likeable. In a hard-to-like sort of way."

Lucius' face was rigid with repressed rage.

"Everyone," said Harry. He couldn't believe he was forced to be mediator. All the Malfoys had stiffened and Andromeda was trying to keep her face composed and not burst out laughing. "Can't we just start over? This is a *wedding*. A celebration of love and families. Don't you think it's time to put all that old stuff aside and be friends again? Andromeda, your sister made the first move. Don't you think it would be the gracious thing to accept it?"

Andromeda nodded. "I do. Cissy, I am glad to see you again."

"Me, too, Andy," she said.

"And Lucius," said Andromeda, "this is my grandson Teddy. Teddy, behave yourself and meet the Malfoys."

Teddy waved. "Hi, Malfoys. Be nice to my Gran or I'll swim in your punch bowl."

Andromeda laughed, breaking the ice. "He doesn't mean it," she said, recovering. "At least I don't think so."

Teddy waggled his brows, which changed colour rapidly.

Narcissa smiled politely. "It is nice to meet you at last, Theodore."

"Oh God! Don't call me that, Aunt Cissa. 'Teddy's' fine."

Harry plucked at Draco's sleeve and pulled him away. "Let's leave them alone. I don't think there will be any hexing now."

"Oh no?" said Draco angrily.

"Come on, sweetheart. This isn't our fight. Let them work it out."

As Harry predicted, the use of the endearment served to calm Draco and he looked over at his husband dreamily. "Okay, Harry."

The partying continued for a long time, but Harry and Draco found a moment to slip away and Floo back to their London house. Scorpius would be staying on in the Manor until New Year's, when they would pick him up before delivering him the next day to King's Cross.

Harry and Draco fell back onto their bed, bereft of clothes thanks to a disrobing charm. Harry looked across the pillow at his husband and couldn't stop grinning. "We did it."

"We certainly did."

"And no one killed anyone else."

"And my parents were perfectly polite to everyone. Sort of."

“And my kids were great and so was Scorp. I'm so proud of all of them.”

Draco slid into Harry's arms and kissed his chest. “Are we going to talk about our children just now?”

Harry felt a hand start to drift down his body and head steadily south. “Hmm. I guess there are better things to do at the moment.”

He pulled Draco up and kissed him and soon they both succumbed to a long bout of snogging, mouths plastered hard together and getting more passionate. Harry feasted on Draco's sweet mouth, tongues twining together, sucking and slurping.

Harry tore his mouth away to plant it firmly on Draco's neck. He sucked and licked until the Slytherin was writhing beneath him, moaning out his pleasure. “Harry,” he murmured. “So hard.”

Harry's hand snaked down to cup Draco's sac. The rod of Draco's cock bumped his wrist and he dug the heel of his hand into it, rolling it along Draco's pubes.

“I want to suck you first, sweetheart,” Harry rasped. “Then I'm going to fill that sweet, hot hole of yours.”

Draco exhaled a long moan.

Harry kissed his way down Draco's torso, lingering at his nipples and tweaking them with his teeth. With his nose pressed against his lover's flesh, he inhaled Draco's scent, a mixture of tangy arousal and that luxurious pear soap he always used. Harry stuck out his tongue and licked the white flesh, trailing it in swirls down his belly and stopping at his navel. He dipped his tongue in, knowing that it tickled and was rewarded when the stomach twitched and Draco squealed. He nuzzled lower until his face reached Draco's silky blond pubic hair. He rubbed his cheek against it, smiling lazily at the reddening erection rising out of it just inches from his face. *Draco was hard.*

He kissed his way lower, dipping into the hollow of his hip. Tenderly, he kissed the inner skin of his thigh and breathed onto the pink sac bunching up in the man's groin. Harry bestowed a loving kiss to it, lingering on it with his lips. Draco had shaved it, either the Muggle way or with magic and it was

marvellously smooth under his lips. He mouthed it a bit, feeling the testicles within nudge his lips. He absolutely had to taste it and stretched out his tongue for a long lick.

Draco groaned above him. He opened his legs wantonly as wide as they would go. Draco's masculine scent drifted upwards, and Harry caught it with a sigh. He closed his eyes and licked again, trailing his tongue up the side all the way to the line of pubic hair. Draco's hips rose a bit at that and his body continued to writhe. Harry closed his lips over one globe and sucked gently causing Draco to cry out. Harry smiled around the ball, released it, and sucked in the other.

He cupped the sac with his hand and gently stroked it, leaning in to flick his tongue at the root of Draco's cock. He lapped upward, striping the shaft with saliva and teasing the ridge of the crown with just the edge of his teeth.

"Potter! I can't stand it! Suck me, already!"

"So impatient, Malfoy. Where's your sense of adventure, of anticipation?"

"Fuck that! I want you to suck me now!"

Harry chuckled and licked his lips. He opened his mouth over the head of Draco's dick and swallowed it down.

"Aaahhhh!" sighed Draco, hips lifting into it.

Harry sucked and teased his tongue around the shaft, relishing the flavours of his lover's cock. His nose pressed into his pubes, inhaling the heady scent and he closed his eyes and fell into the simple delight of giving his beloved husband intense pleasure.

The way Draco was moving, Harry knew he hadn't long to wait. He reached up and pinched a nipple in his fingers, and just with a little twist—

"Oh, Harry!"

Draco's cock throbbed and pumped its juices into his mouth. His throat filled with the bitter flavour, and Harry swallowed and lapped it up, sucking every last ounce from the man. Draco seemed to be emptying himself and came and came. Finally, when his release was spent, he relaxed back into the bed and Harry gave his penis and his bollocks a final few licks.

"Mmmm, Draco. You are delicious."

Draco's lazy smile curled from ear to ear. His half-lidded gaze languidly perused over Harry. "And you have a positively wicked tongue, Mr. Potter."

"Don't I, though." He sat up and just gazed at his spent lover. "You know, there isn't any other bloke that I find as remotely as interesting or as attractive as you?"

Draco stretched. "I know. Why would you, when you have me?"

Harry chuckled. "Humble much?"

Draco shook his head. "When it's true, it's true."

Harry grabbed his own throbbing erection and squeezed. "It is true," he rasped. "And I'm going to show you right now how true."

Draco obliged by pulling his thighs up to his chest, exposing everything to Harry. "You want this, Harry?" He wiggled his bottom and Harry could see that Draco had already used a lubing charm on himself.

"Yeah, I want it. Are you giving it up to me?"

"It's yours," he whispered. "I'm *all* yours, body and soul." He gazed at Harry was a sheen of lust in his eyes. "Fuck me."

Harry didn't need any more prodding. He held his dick and aimed it at Draco's quivering hole. He grabbed the man's hip with his other hand and pulled it toward him even as he edged forward. His cock

kissed Draco's entrance and he pushed in, feeling the tight, tight flesh slip around him. "Oh God," he sighed. "You're so tight."

He waited as long as he could for Draco to grow accustomed to him and then he began to thrust in earnest. Draco's entrance stroked him tightly with each ramming thrust in and each pulling out. The slick heat of him was almost overwhelming. Harry tried to prolong it, but when Draco matched his movements thrust for thrust, Harry couldn't hold back any longer. A surging ache started in his balls and swept up to his cock, and he unloaded his release, pumping it madly into his lover. His hips snapped into Draco's thighs over and over, never slowing until all of his cum was spent. He grabbed Draco's hips to steady himself, and then gently pulled out. A flood of sticky fluid followed but he knew that Draco liked the feel of that as well.

He flopped down beside him and enclosed him in his arms, kissing the top of his head. "Well, I'm dead."

"Ah. I've killed you, then."

"Yes." He nuzzled Draco's soft hair. "So this must be heaven."

"It surely must be."

They sighed and said nothing more, lying in each other's arms.

Draco finally broke the companionable silence. "I'm really glad we couldn't control ourselves at King's Cross that day."

"Me, too."

"It scared me, though. At the time."

"Me, too," said Harry.

"I just couldn't understand it. I never thought I felt any gay tendencies before. But of course, when I searched my memories, I did have several wet dreams about you."

Harry sat up, tumbling Draco from his chest. "You what?"

Draco lay on his side and propped his head on his hand. That irrepressible smirk was back. "I'm afraid so. It started in fourth year. I quite forgot about them until after we...well. Started rutting."

Harry leaned back on his pillow, feeling unaccountably proud of himself. "Oh really? Tell me about them."

Draco's cheeks blushed. "You don't want to hear that."

"Oh yes I do!"

"It's what probably made me hate you all the more. That I couldn't even sleep without you humiliating me in my dreams."

"And did I? Humiliate you?"

"I thought so at the time. You were...*doing* things to me."

"What kind of things? Come on. Tell me."

"Well, you sucked my cock and fondled me and...I suppose...you shagged me."

"Was I mean about it?"

"That's just the thing. You weren't. You were being nice and loving and I thought it was totally out of character for you. At the time." Draco blushed the whole time he talked of it. "And then I always woke up with completely messy sheets. I hated you for that."

“And just think. All you had to do was snog me a bit and we would have gotten on fabulously.”

Draco slapped his shoulder. “Not when I was in the middle of hating you.”

“And you conveniently forgot about that until we were clandestinely meeting?”

“Hey, it wasn't anything a bloke wants to think about, especially about his mortal enemy.”

“But I bet you think about it now.”

Draco slipped back into Harry's arms and kissed him tenderly. “You'd be surprised how much I think about it,” he purred.

“Oh, Draco. I love you. I do.”

“I love you, too, Harry. I feel like, somehow, the world is now back on its axis. That everything is aligned the way it's supposed to be.”

“Yeah. Strangely, I do too. In spite of all the heartache.”

“Ginny will get over it. You'll see. And the kids are great.”

“Yeah, they are, aren't they. Hey, wasn't that quite the speech from Scorp.”

“I'm so proud of my son.”

“Me, too. You know, I saw him dancing with Rose Weasley.”

Draco shot up. "You're joking! Say you're joking."

"Nope. I think we'd best keep an eye on those two."

"Oh God!" Draco sank back down and pulled the pillow up over his face.

Harry laughed and nudged him. "It's not that bad. She isn't a Pureblood herself but she's from a Pureblood family. Doesn't that count for something? Draco? Draco?"

But Draco remained under the pillow, moaning aloud about something Harry couldn't quite make out. But that was all right. Harry had years and years to never hear the end of it now.

Epilogue—Fifty Years Later

Draco pushed up his reading glasses and sat back against the headboard. He tore open another letter and snorted a laugh.

Harry brought tea on a tray over to the bed and set it gingerly near Draco's pile of letters. His hair was now more silver than black and his lenses almost as bad as Trelawney's had been back in his Hogwarts days. "What's so funny?"

"It's from Scorpius," said his husband. He continued to read as if Harry could read his mind. As if Harry had ever been able to. He smiled at Draco, gazing at the well-loved face, the laugh lines at his eyes, the lines scoring either side of his still delectable mouth. "He and Rose took that Muggle ski trip to Norway."

Harry began to fix Draco a cup. "No! They didn't!"

"Says so in black and white. Oh. And Ophelia is pregnant again. We'll be great-grandfathers a second time by late spring."

"Excellent!"

Draco lowered the letter and looked up at Harry. "You never get tired of it, do you?"

"Hmm? What's that?"

"I say, Potter, you never get tired of it."

"Get tired of what?"

Draco took the cup and saucer offered. "Get tired of adding to your outrageously growing family. How many grandchildren do we have at this point?"

"Mmm." Harry took a sip of tea. He smacked his lips. "Can't remember. Give me a moment."

"But that's my point."

Harry chuckled. "Well Draco, I can't very well tell them to stop...you know."

"Gods, Potter. Even after all these years you still can't say it?"

"Sex! Okay?" He smirked at his husband and took another sip.

Draco sat back and glanced at all the letters. "I'm too tired to look at all these now. How did they pile up anyway?"

"Because you keep shoving them aside saying you're too tired to look at them."

"Are these from all our children?"

"And grandchildren."

"Can any of the great-grandchildren write yet?"

"Dunno." Harry took a biscuit from the tray but Draco snatched it out of his hand.

"You know what the medi-witch said."

"Can't I have just one?"

"You probably had three bringing up the tray."

Harry smiled sheepishly but said nothing.

“Why don’t you let Kreacher or one of the other house-elves do that? You’re too old to be carrying trays upstairs.”

“Draco! I am not too old. I’m only 86! That’s half as old as Dumbledore when he...you know.” He glanced at Draco. Even after all these years, Draco was still sensitive about the night Dumbledore died.

But Draco only pouted a little. “I know, but let’s face it. We aren’t as young as we used to be.”

Harry slid the tray out of the way and sidled up to Draco. “But we’re not too old to fool around.”

Draco’s smirk had never changed. Harry was a great admirer of the Malfoy smirk these days. “You are seriously entertaining the idea of sex? When was the last time you got it up, Potter?”

Harry got out his wand. “I’ve learned a new spell. Watch and learn, Malfoy.” Harry swished the wand in the air over his groin. “*Windgardium Levitra!*” As he watched, his flaccid cock slowly rose, pushing out the seams in his trousers.

Draco stared at it wide-eyed. “Brilliant, Potter. Finally. You’ve learned something useful.”

“Want to take it out for a test drive?”

“A what?”

Harry leaned over and nuzzled Draco’s ear. “Want to give it a go? Are you feeling frisky, Malfoy? You’re still the sexiest thing on two legs, sweetheart.”

Draco shivered. “You know I melt when you call me that.”

“That’s because you are my sweetheart and always will be.” He kissed the ear and suckled his ear lobe. Draco half-sighed, half-groaned. “You were always so randy, too.”

“Look who’s talking. In all our years together, I’ve only topped a handful of times.”

“That’s because,” said Harry to Draco’s neck—skin perhaps not as smooth as it used to be. “You are such a perfect bottom. And you’ve got one, too, by the way. A perfect bottom, that is.”

Draco smirked again and turned his arse toward Harry, pulling down his pyjama bottoms. “You mean...*this*?”

Two perfect, white orbs peeked over the pyjama waistband. Harry smiled and shook his head. “Oh yes. That. Gorgeous. I may have to lick it.”

Draco shoved his hand down the front of his bottoms and worked at his cock, getting it harder with each pull and stroke. “You may have to.”

“Then turn over, sweetheart. Give daddy a good view.”

Draco slipped his bottoms off completely and turned onto his stomach right over all the parchments laid out on the bed, jutting his arse into the air. Harry’s hands were all over them, smoothing over the white flesh, thumbs dipping sensuously into the crack. “You have the most spectacular bum, Draco Malfoy....”

“Less talk, Potter. More licking.”

“Impatient bastard,” he muttered, his nose running over the curve of his buttock. He lapped at one cheek close to Draco’s crack, and Harry heard him moan. There was no sweeter sound in all the world than one of Draco’s moans. Harry dug his fingers in and spread him wide. That pink hole winked back at him and Harry smiled. Gently, tenderly, he flicked his tongue at it just once. Draco had never failed to raise his hips and make a drawn out moan the first time Harry licked him and he didn’t fail him now.

“Oh Haaarrrry!”

“Like that, don’t you.” He made little flicking touches until Draco was wriggling uncontrollably and then he laid his tongue against that pink furl and licked it hard, stabbing his tongue into the tight muscle, still tight after all these years of shagging. He swirled his tongue all around that rosette and Draco humped the mattress, moaning Harry’s name and bobbing his arse up and down.

Harry kissed it and leaned back. “Want me to fuck you, Draco?”

“Mmmm. Yes, Harry! Please. Please now!”

Staccato sentences. Draco wasn’t going to last long. Harry shifted upwards and slipped his trousers and pants off. The lubing spell was second nature: nonverbal and wandless. He grabbed Draco’s buttocks and shoved forward, sinking his meaty erection hard into Draco’s waiting arse. Draco stumbled forward but exhaled a long groan of pleasure. He wriggled his bottom up into Harry’s groin and Harry obliged him by fucking forward, gripping Draco’s hips almost too tightly.

“You want this, don’t you? You crave it, don’t you?” he panted above his lover, his husband.

Draco replied in gasping gusts of breath: “Yes...yes...*God* yes!”

“Oh Draco. You’re so beautiful. You feel so good. I love you so much!”

“Harry! I love you! You’re so strong and sexy. You’re so...so...mine!”

“So yours!”

They fell silent except for grunting as Harry got down to the business of fucking Draco into the mattress. Draco pushed back, swinging his hips at the same time, groaning louder with each thrust in.

“Harry...Harry...gonna come—”

“Come for me, sweetheart. Come all over this fucking bed!”

And with that, Draco did, hissing his breath through his teeth as he pumped into nothing, shooting his load below him into the jumbled sheets. His anus squeezed down on Harry's cock—that hot, velvety warmth that Harry so adored—and pulled the orgasm right out of him. He flicked his hips into Draco's arse several times as his seed shot high and deep into the man he loved, until there was no more to give. He froze in place, arched above his husband, just holding his hips, head thrown back, eyes closed.

He breathed, slowing his heartbeat. The warm glow overtook him, and he leaned on Draco's now prone body before finally succumbing to lethargy and lying fully on top of him, his cock slipping out with a generous amount of cum.

He blew a breath into the nape of Draco's neck. "Now that's...the way we used to do it, old man."

"Who...are you calling...an old man?" wheezed Draco.

"Us. That took everything out of me."

"I know. It's now in my arse."

He swatted that fleshy behind and was pleased with the answering yelp. "I can't use that spell too often you know."

"I know. I haven't got the strength for it. But it's nice to know we still got it."

Harry kissed the back of the man's neck and slipped to the side, dragging Draco over to face him. Draco lay on the pillow and looked into his love's eyes. He reached up and put his arm around Harry's shoulder. He kissed his chin. "You've still got it, Potter. You're still the sexiest hero on record."

He smiled. "Gee. Thanks, Malfoy." He kissed those coral lips. They curved into a smile under his touch.

Draco brushed a silver lock from Harry's lined face, the lightening bolt scar still visible though considerably faded. "I love you, you know. Every moment of every day."

Harry's smile turned to a tender one. "I know. I love you the same way. You'd think things would have cooled down between us over the years."

Draco shook his head into the pillow. "Not a chance. Not with you. You're dead sexy, Mr. Potter. You always have been. Even in my adolescent wet dreams."

"You don't still dream that, do you?"

"The hell I don't. Why do you suppose I wake up with a smile?"

Harry twined his arms around him and dragged the man into his chest, holding him gently. "I wake up with a smile because I can hardly wait to be with you again."

"You are so full of sentimental tripe, you know that?"

"Yeah. And you love it."

Draco snuggled into the grey hair on Harry's chest. "Yeah. I do."

Harry and Draco held each other tightly as they dozed. There was no better way to spend their Sundays, after all.

The End

A/N: And so. This pretty much marks the end of my HP career. I guess one should never say never, but at this point, with the site going down for good only a month and a half away, it's a pretty good bet. I've enjoyed it immensely. I've made some lovely friends. Thank you all so much for stopping by.